
Jayden Dominating Ethan

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It was the perfect night for fireworks, both literally and metaphorically. Jayden had taken well to his new wealth, and purchased himself a beautiful boat. It was simply named *Lexi* with a detailed graphic on the stern. Very straightforward, very profound. We had partaken in a few drinks while we navigated to a fairly remote area on Lake Michigan to await this evening's festivities. During the last Friday night before the 4th of July, to wind down *Taste of Chicago*, the city went all out on a fireworks display. Having both grown up here, Jayden and I knew that the best place to watch was from the water. Since *Lexi* was out with Nicole, who was also visiting, we had the boat to ourselves. The anticipation and tension between us was mounting exponentially the farther out from shore we went.

Night had fallen, and it was nearly time for the show to begin. Theirs... and ours. I haven't been with Jayden, or with anyone else since that last night. Right now it was taking all of my concentration not to throw him over one of these deck chairs and fuck him into semi-consciousness. *God there is just something about him, something primal.* He turned then and caught me staring at him. Something in his face changed, and he walked over to me. I felt his hands on my hips pulling me into him, and then his breath on my neck as he murmured "I love it that you are so fucking hard for me." I moaned softly, remembering saying those same words to him as I had him pinned against my car at his graduation. He was right however; I was so fucking hard – just for him. Then he grabbed my shoulders, I thought for a fleeting moment that he was going to kiss me, but he just spun me. I felt his hard cock against my ass as he pulled me to him.

"Strip, Ethan," he said low and stern in my ear. At once, I felt a battle begin inside me – the Dom versus the sub. The Dom in me wanted to tell him to get on his knees so I could fuck that insolent mouth. But, the sub in me wanted to please him. Maybe it was the way his breath washed over my neck, raising the hairs there and making my flesh tingle. Maybe it was the air of authority in his voice. Maybe it was just because I had wanted him for too fucking long. Whatever it was, the sub side won out. The epic battle had been lost, and my Dom self knelt quietly in the corner in defeat.

My hands trembled slightly as I began to unbutton my shirt. A quick look around showed that the other boats were far enough away that they wouldn't be able to see, but what if someone happened to drive by? I laid my clothes across the nearest chair and stood naked before him. As I raised my hands to link

my fingers at the back of my neck, out of habit, the first round of fireworks exploded in the air. My naked form was illuminated by the burst of light, and I heard Jayden's sharp intake of breath.

"Do not move," he said softly, and I heard him turn and go downstairs to the sleeping quarters. So, I stood on the deck, exposed as I waited for him to return. The spray from the waves below, caught by the light breeze stuck to my warm body. My nipples were painfully hard, as was my cock. Surreptitiously, I glanced around again as the light from another explosion overhead lit the surrounding water - still, no one in sight. I was so fucking hard now; I was starting to not care if anyone saw. I haven't been in this type of submissive position in so long, and to be in it for a man, in the open, exposed - there were just no words to describe how I felt. I heard his footsteps on the stairs again and then something light fall onto the deck.

"On your knees," he said, and the dominance in his voice shot straight down through to my stomach. I knelt slowly and felt a pillow beneath my knees. My heart swelled at his thoughtfulness. He had turned out to be such a good Dom - just as I knew he would. He slid in front of me and leaned on the railing. He unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans and pulled them to his knees. He was wearing nothing underneath. He must have been anticipating some kind of interaction between us. I smiled inwardly. Stroking his hard cock just inches from my face, he looked down at me with a mild expression.

"Do you want this?" he asked softly. I licked my lips, and nodded slowly. I had never thought that I would ever admit to that, but I did. I wanted his cock in my mouth, I wanted it everywhere. "Earn it," he said with a small smirk. Then he lifted his erection and pushed his balls against my lips. I kissed them reverently, darting my tongue out to taste him, to caress him. He moaned low and deep in his throat and pushed forward. I opened my mouth wider, taking them in and sucking lightly. His hips moved slowly as I moved my mouth farther. I darted my tongue behind the skin of his balls, massaging lightly. A strangled sound came from him and he pulled back abruptly before pushing forward and sliding his cock between my open lips. Then, he groaned in pure pleasure. I had forgotten how gratifying serving someone was. I reveled in the feeling, sucking him harder, moving my mouth faster. The only thought in my head then was pleasing him.

Just as it should be.

"Use your hands too, Ethan. Show me how much you want to please me," he said his voice low and strained. I thought for just a moment, and then used one hand to stroke between his legs, starting where my mouth had just stopped. His fingers tightened in my hair. The slight pain of it shot through me, and

my erection strained in the air. I really wanted to rub it against his leg, like a little dog in heat. The thought shocked me with its utter debasement.

I pulled back from him for just a moment, moving my hand from his balls to his cock. With the other hand, I reached over and snatched the lube from the deck next to the pillow I was kneeling on. Taking him quickly back into my mouth, I applied the lubricant to my fingers and reached behind him. I used my other hand to massage his balls lightly.

I was rewarded with a throaty groan that was then punctuated by the fireworks exploding overhead. As I slid my lubricated fingers slowly in and out of his rectum, I thought wildly of how I no longer cared who saw us. Pleasing him, serving him, was my only thought. His hips moved slowly, pushing his cock deeper into my throat, and then pushing back hard into my fingers.

“Yeah... Fuck... Ethan that’s so good...” He moaned, distractedly. I smiled and hollowed out my cheeks. He couldn’t last much longer as I used my fingers to fuck him harder. All at once, he pushed deep into my throat, holding my head still. His muscles clenched spasmodically around my fingers and he came with an animalistic sound – longer than a grunt, but deeper, more primal than a groan. The sound ran straight down my spine and I swallowed his cum as it shot into my throat. I did so, proudly. Finally, as his orgasm subsided, he pulled back letting my fingers slide from him. He fell to his knees and captured my lips with his. I knew he could taste himself when his tongue sought entry through my parted lips. But, if he didn’t care, I certainly didn’t care either. I moaned into the kiss, feeling it everywhere. *Fuck, I hope he lets me cum soon.*

“Mmmmm... Now it’s my turn to play,” he said with a wicked, impish grin. He stepped from in front of me and reached for the ropes he’d left on the ground. “Lie there, with your head toward the bow.” He said sternly dropped the pillow that I had been kneeling on. When I laid down so that my head was almost in the pointed front of the boat, my hips fell onto the that pillow. He grabbed my wrists and used one of the pieces of rope to bind them together. Then, he bound them to the point of the railing at the very front of the boat – right over my head. The fireworks exploded again, and I looked around but all I could see were the sides of the boat.

He took another length of rope and tied one end to my knee. Pulling the other end through the railing, he pulled my knee up and out and then secured the other end of the rope to my ankle so that my leg was now bound to the railing at my side. He did the same with the other leg. I was bound and exposed

on the deck of his lovely ship. His hands roamed ceaselessly over my bound thighs, my tensing stomach, and over my painfully hard erection.

“Perfect...” He murmured softly and moved back to begin to whip the insides of my thighs. “Absolutely perfect.” I arched my back and moaned, feeling the sweet sting on my skin. My hips began to move gently of their own accord, and I heard Master Jayden chuckle lightly. “That’s it, move your hips. Show me how much you want it, boy.” I rolled my hips again, pushing them into the air. I did want it. I wanted whatever he was willing to give. His hand went to my cock now, stroking, tormenting me. “Don’t you cum until I give my permission, Ethan,” he said in a stern voice. Then, his sweet mouth was on me. I felt his lips, his tongue, his hot breath. I locked my jaw and my hands balled into fists, doing everything I could to keep control.

“Very good, Ethan,” he said, pulling back and reaching behind him. I felt rather than saw the lubricant on his fingers as he slid them deftly into me. I moaned and rolled my hips to match the gentle motion of his hand. “Do you like it when I touch you like this?”

“Yes,” I moaned quietly. He stopped immediately and looked at me expectantly. “Yes, Sir,” I corrected, moving my hips against his hand. He pulled back and used his lubricated fingers to stroke my cock as he entered me. His thrusts were slow and gentle, and I wondered if anyone else could hear my cries and whimpers. I was bound, exposed, and being taken while he was clothed. I felt so vulnerable.

Then, without warning, I saw a light play over his face. *Fuck, it was another boat.* Jayden looked up and smiled at the approaching vessel. He waved and my whole body tensed. *I’m fucking naked here with your cock in my ass, and you’re waving?* I thought savagely, starting to panic. He moved his hips very slowly so that they wouldn’t be able to tell. I didn’t think they could see me at all, yet.

“It’s so hot, fucking you like this with an audience. Should I ask them aboard?” He asked mockingly down at me. I shook my head violently.

“That’s not the proper answer, Ethan. If I want them to watch me fill your ass with my cum, I will. Your only thought should be what pleases me,” he said sternly, and I blanched. Of course it was. It wasn’t what I wanted that matter, but what he wanted. My panic caused me to beg. He waved the other boat off and put his hands on the rail over me. He fucked me hard, his hips slamming into my ass over and over.

“You’d better fucking cum for me. Now.” He growled, stroking my cock harder, faster. I concentrated on that feeling, and on the feeling of being bound and helpless for him. My orgasm started deep within me, and exploded out of me with tremendous force. I grunted, I groaned, and I screamed out – the feeling was so intense as I pulled hard on my bonds. The sight of me losing every measure of my control was too much for Jayden and he soon followed. With one last hard thrust, he groaned deeply as he shot into me. *It was so fucking good.*

He leaned forward to press his soft lips to mine, and then whispered gently to me –

“I think I like you being my sub, almost but not quite as much as I love serving you.”