

Farewells

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Prison Farewells

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I never realized how horrible goodbyes can be. I never got a chance to say goodbye to Bunny and Rabbit, but I still remember seeing that sorrow in Deconstruction's eyes when she handed me the Ni-gear and told me to do something about my life. Or something like that, I don't remember and I'm not going to page back to find out. I felt the same thing when Gearshift was taken from my room. He looked back once as Correction pushed past him and turned around. He even gave me a little wave, tears in his eyes as the Exalted shut the door, splitting us apart.

As sad as it was, it was an almost perfect end to my imprisonment. The last night, was one of the most eye-opening ones I've ever had. It started late last night, about an hour before the lights were suppose to go out. I was sitting there, just kind of being dull and lazy, I couldn't find the energy to write anything beyond just a paragraph in my journal and the idea of spending one more night in prison seemed more terrible than two months of it. Only one more day and I was out, and I couldn't wait.

Then, I was surprised to hear the door open. Those huge deadbolts being thrown, that tingling sensation in the back of my spine when Correction undid the locks. I managed to stand up as the door opened. Then, Gearshift was pushed through the door. I saw a brief flash of metal as Correction reached in and shut the door, leaving the two of us alone for the first time. Just two prisoners, no voyeurs, no jaking-off Exalted, just me and Gearshift.

"Um... hi."

Gearshift grinned but didn't move from the door, "Hi yourself."

"Um... what is happening?"

“Well, Correction came by and told me that tonight was my last chance.”

“Last chance...”

He blushed and smiled sheepishly, “You know... for...”

I smiled as I realized, the traitor of my cock jumped up against my robe, “Oh, that.”

He grinned, “Yeah, that.”

I padded over, watching Gearshift. He shivered and leaned against the door, but I could tell that he was already excited. There was a flush to his cheeks and his pants were tenting, but he didn't make any move. I stopped in front of him, feeling more nervous than when I was first left my family. I could tell he wanted to me to pin him to the wall, he always enjoyed that, so I slowly pressed up against him, pinning him to the enchanted door to my prison suite. He moaned softly, lifting his head to look into my eyes as I pressed one of my hands against his, holding it to the cool metal.

For a long moment, we said nothing, just feeling our rapid heartbeats and those shallow loud breaths between us. I didn't know what to do... well, I knew what to do, but I was suddenly too frightened to learn something new, or to try something like this. My stomach twisted with this sudden fear that I would do something wrong.

Gearshift must have seen my hesitation as he whispered to me, his bright eyes shifting back and forth as he looked at me.

“What's wrong?”

I had to frown at that one, not sure how to answer. Gearshift leaned forward, pressing his lips against my own. They were soft, delicate, almost fleeting despite the number of times we've kissed before. I feel this strange... pang of emotion as I kissed him back, leaning forward myself to hold him against the wall. Against my thigh, I could feel his hardness pressing tightly against it, heating rolling off it as he moaned softly.

When we broke, I found the worse.

“This... is new for me.”

Gearshift smiled softly, whispering back, “I've never done this either... but I've looked forward to this for many weeks.”

I swallowed hard, “I... want to disappoint you.”

He kissed me again, his free hand stroking against my side. With my heightened sense of nervousness, it felt like his hand was electrical through the robe. Twisting his arm slightly, he slid his hand underneath the robe, to the naked skin underneath. I shivered myself as he responds.

“You can’t disappoint me.”

I couldn’t figure out what to say, so I looked up at the door, ignoring the hand that stroked against my skin.

“How long? How long do you have?”

Gearshift chuckled, “Correction said I had all night, he would pick me up in the morning.”

I was surprised. For starters, no solitary prisoner was allowed to have guests without a guard watching them at all time, no exceptions. The second, prisoners weren’t really encourage to be, well, fucking like this. But, how could I say no.

Specially when Gearshift starts to slide down the door, his grin growing more playful.

“How about we start with something you do know.”

Oh... I knew where this was going. My cock surged to full length in a second as Gearshift slid down to his knees. I still had one hand pinning his, so he only as the one as he reached down, opening his mouth as he drew me closer. My cock slid into his mouth, a wonderfully familiar sensation and he sealed his lips around my crown. I moaned at the touch of his tongue, him exploring my shaft that he enjoyed so many times.

When he didn’t start to bob up and down, I realized that I was “driving” as it were. Like the first time I did this, everything felt on fire as I leaned forward, sliding that hardness into his lips, feeling the wet warmth wrapping around it, the roughness of his tongue, the smoothness of the back of his throat. His head bumped up against the door and for a moment, I remembered that time with Rabbit in the guard stall.

I almost came right then and there. However, I managed to pull back on that one. It felt like magma was poured into my cock, swelling it larger and harder than ever. Gearshift froze for a moment, but I just rested my hand on his head, holding him there as I pulled half out and pushed into his mouth. Pinned up against the door to my prison, my cock easily sank into his mouth, plunging

past that tightness of his throat and sliding down. I gasped as I felt his lips against the base of my shaft.

Sliding it out, I started to fuck his mouth against the door. My hand held him still, mainly to prevent him from bumping his head, but soon I couldn't hold myself and I was thrusting harder and harder. Gearshift's pin hand wrapped his fingers around mine as his other reached between my legs, spreading his finger over my ass as they flex, shoving my cock hard and deep into his mouth.

I could feel him moaning, gasping between each breath, but I was lost in the sensations, driving hard into that mouth, memories of Rabbit and Gearshift blurring together. I moaned as my cock felt huge in his mouth, the slurping noises when you thrust really deep. I realized my eyes were closed and I looked down, seeing Gearshift watching my cock with every thrust; his hips rocking up and down from his own rock-hard cock.

Just seeing that was enough for me. Then... this feeling of his finger pressing in the crack of my ass and I started to really drive into him. I had to release his pinned hand to hold his head against the door, the force of my thrusts threatening to hurt him and I drove into him again and again with hard, almost brutal strokes. With each thrust, I would almost completely pull out, then shove deep, impaling his throat in one hard stroke. I could feel his lips and teeth against the base, but I kept on thrusting harder and harder until I finally exploded.

It was intense, this shimmering heat of pleasure as I rammed hard into his mouth, burying my entire length into his throat, pumping my juices directly into his stomach. I could feel every surge, like a long jet of pleasure, splattering against him. I could feel him jerking himself off as I came, his entire body shaking.

He also wasn't breathing, when I was this deep inside him, I stuffed his throat, but all of my energies were focused on keeping as deep inside his hot mouth, filling him up. And it kept coming, jet after jet; it felt like gallons of it.

When I finally slipped out, he drew in a long breath, giggling.

“Wow... that was...”

Panting, I stepped back and looked down at my dripping shaft. It was coated in the slick layer of his saliva and my juices, dripping on the ground. He took a deep breath before continuing.

“That was intense, Gears, I almost thought I’d come, just when you thrust into me.”

“You didn’t come?”

He grinned as he stood up, “No, but I’m planning on it.”

He stood there, his cock erect, his clothes half off. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes. I could see the hints of exercise in his frame, nothing compared to me, but still trim. With a firm hand, he pressed his hands against me and guided me to the bed.

“Gears?”

There was a sultry tone to his voice. I looked up at those shimmering eyes, feeling my world threatening to frighten me with what was going to come next. He whispered softly.

“It is time.”

Very aggressive for a prisoner with submissive tendencies. I chuckled at the thought, feeling more juices dripping off my shaft.

“Are you... you know, clean?”

He grinned, “Correction gave me that chance also. And... I want you.”

I have no clue what to say or do, so I kissed him, leaning forward so my cock pressed against his stomach and his own shaft, the slick juices. Despite the fact it was so new, and I was frightened, I whispered into his ear.

“What do I do?”

I was doomed. But, at least it was going to feel good.

Gearshift walked around me and crawled on the bed, his ass up in the air. I watched as he knelt on the edge of the bed, spreading his legs so I could see his cock sticking straight down, his balls tight against his body. His ass was this tiny little wrinkled opening, pink and glistening from a shower. I was surprised as I stepped forward, my cock aiming for it.

Reaching out, I stroked his buttocks. He moaned softly, lowering his shoulder to the bed. I realized I was holding my breath as I let it out in a hiss, spreading the fingers of both hands along it, feeling the hot skin, the muscles underneath. I knew I was stalling so I traced the lines. I could smell soap as I got closer.

I explored this part of his body, something I’ve never done before. My hands were familiar with his shaft and balls, they were easy, but it took a long of effort to trace that first finger up the ridge

of his balls up to that wrinkled opening. I traced around it, then used the very tip to follow those tiny wrinkles toward the center. He moaned and I felt precum dripping out of his shaft as he trembled.

I froze, but he moaned, "No... keep going."

I did, exploring the first anus I've ever (I swear!) considered shoving my cock into. And my member, to speak of it, really, really wanted to be stuck in something. My finger caressed the opening, just going back and forth, teasing the little lines as he rocked his hips around. My lower hand, wrapped around his shaft, was getting really soaked so I reached up with it and circled his opening using his own precum. He moaned even louder as I took a deep breath and started to work it into his hole.

It felt tight, very tight, like pushing your finger in a tiny rip of cloth. He squeezed around my finger, but I could stroke it in and out, just an inch, but that was enough for him to gasp out, clutching my blankets as he moaned.

"Oh... fuck!"

I chuckled, "I'm getting there." With that little humor, I shoved my finger up to the second knuckle into him. It was hot down there, hotter than his mouth. He gasped loudly, biting the blanket as I slowly twisted it around, using the fading lubrication to ease his passage. When friction started to build, I slipped out and recoated my finger with his precum before sliding it back in. It didn't seem so bad as I worked my finger in and out, sliding it in and out until he could take my entire digit.

The entire time, he was gasping and moaning and calling out my name. A few moments later and I didn't feel so anxious. It was just unlike a vagina, except it was very tight and clenched in ways no pussy could ever do. It felt like this o-ring clenching around my finger as I slid it in and out, actually enjoying the sensation on my finger.

"Gears... oh, Gears..."

I stopped my finger buried inside him, slowly twisting.

"Yeah, my Gearshift?"

"I'm going to come."

I froze, not sure why he was telling me. Slowly, I withdrew my finger, watching the tiny orifice close up behind it. He moaned, spreading his legs more.

“Please... put it inside me, fill me up. I want to come with you in me.” He was pleading, gasping and moaning all at the same time.

For a moment, I hesitated, then I reached down to grab my cock. It surged to life inside my hand, dripping clear fluid as I brought it up to the tiny, wrinkled opening of his body. It looked so tiny compared to my swollen member, for a moment, I wondered if it would hurt him to put it inside.

But, we had talked about this for weeks and it was too late. With a pounding heart beating in my chest, I rested the crown of my manhood up against Gearshift’s anus, feeling the heat coursing off his body. He moaned, a long gasping “yes.”

It was a moment of truth and I stalled long enough. Resting my hands on his backside, I curled my fingers into the crack of his ass and leaned forward. My cock started to bend for a moment, then it started to slip in. I felt that tight ring of his body start to part underneath the tip of my member. It was slick and hot and intense; my chest hurt from the pounding of my heart. I leaned a little forward, watching as his ring puckered in from the pressure. Then, he moaned passionately and pushed back against me. It built up between us, a wall of resistance.

Then, it was gone. The ridge of my glans disappeared between one instant and another and I was inside him. I was inside another man. And it actually felt good.

With the same steady pressure, I kept leaning forward, feeling as my member, my aching member, disappeared into his rectum with a slow power of some exalted machinery. It felt hot and tight, an intense power wrapped around my shaft as I burrowed deeper into a man who wanted me. His buttocks danced underneath my grip but I kept on pushing it inside him.

Gearshift cried out when I was only halfway inside him, “Oh... fuck!” Inside, his body seemed to squeeze around my entire shaft, pulsating hotly with hard waves of pleasure. Then the distinctive smell of his orgasm on my blankets, a clean type of smell. I made him come.

He kept on moaning in pleasure, begging for me to continue, despite his orgasm, so I did. It felt like forever, working my shaft deeper into his body, feeling every inch of tightness wrapped around it as it kept on going. Then, I reached the base. His body was

a glove around my shaft and my hips were pressed against his spasming buttocks. For a long moment, I froze there, enjoy swamped with the heated sensations.

“What... what do I do?” I had to ask.

“Just... go... slow...”

Slow, I could do that. He seemed to find just as much pleasure as I started to withdraw my cock, sliding it out. It came out glistening from my precum, the white ring of his opening clutching to every bulge, ridge, and curve of my soulsteel burned manhood. It was... the most intense site I had ever seen. I also started to come myself, just drawing out of him.

I reached what felt like the end, where my glans were teasing the inside of his anal ring and I was pumping hot cum deep inside his rectum. It wasn't too sensitive, so I started to push it back inside. It was hot and wet and slick and this time it was easy to reach the bottom, to feel my member encased in flesh. Breathing deeply myself, I started to rock back and forth, fucking him like I would a woman. I had to go slow at first, his body resisted me with every stroke, but soon he seemed to open up and I was able to go faster and harder, slapping my hips against his ass. And the entire time, I was coming, flooding his insides until the room was filled with wet slurping noises of our union.

Soon, I was grunting as I drove into him just as fast as before. He was gasping and moaning, rocking his hips back and forth as I drove my hardened shaft into his body. I could feel one of his hands stroking himself, then the squeezing pulsations of his orgasm. I didn't even have to listen, with myself inside him, I could feel every squeeze of his balls and every jet of his cock.

It was intoxicating.

It was also getting sensitive, so I slowly slipped out, watching a flood of juices spurt out of his gaping opening as it squeezed back shut. I chuckled as Gearshift slumped on the bed, the biggest smile I've ever seen on a living being's face.

“That... was amazing.”

Wiping my cock off on the blanket, I sat down next to him, feeling my own breath coming rapidly.

“Yeah...” I'm usually very verbose after orgasms, honest.

Gearshift rolled over, his cock dripping, “Thank you, Gears, it was better than I could imagine.”

I chuckled, I could do that. With a fondness, I rubbed the back of my hand against his chest. He seemed to purr for a moment, then stretched out.

“That was really the best.”

I thought back to the times before, then felt my cock. It wasn't nearly as sensitive as it was before. I had an evil idea, but might as well go with my strengths. With another chuckle, I gave him a wry smile.

“We're done?”

Gearshift looked surprise, “I thought...” his voice trailed off.

I gestured to my cock, “With a shower, I think I can go again, or maybe even a couple of times. This is our last day...” I couldn't believe what I was saying, “why don't we see how long my stamina can last.”

I think he came again as he flung himself on my lap, straddling me as he kissed me passionately. It took us a few moments for him to impale himself but soon he was riding me like a piston of the Living God. It was great.

We managed to fuck, suck and try every position we could think of for the next ten hours. There was this sense of frantic need, we both knew why, as he kept on pushing me to keep on going. And I kept doing whatever he wanted, with hard cock and willing lips. I don't want to get into too many details, but I really liked it when he was on his back, knees near his head and I could really drive into him, very deep. Plus, watching him come on his stomach was enough to push me over my own edge.

He even showed me a new trick in the shower, using his tongue on my own asshole. That was... my knees almost buckled from that feeling. If I wasn't pinned against the wall, I don't know if I could have remained standing up. He asked if I wanted him to fuck me... but I couldn't find the courage to do so, but I made sure he could do everything else.

It wasn't until a few hours ago when he finally collapsed, unable to take me one more time. He was half-delirious but very happy. When Correction came, he was still sprawled out naked on my bed,

his cock limp with overuse and exhaustion. The golden exalted waited patiently for us to dress him then took him away.

After all those hours of tender lovemaking and sex, the weeks of growing friendship, and even the trials we were both through, it still felt like Correction was tearing my heart out when he closed that door. I wouldn't see Gearshift again, at least before I leave tomorrow. Most prisoners in the Lost Prison don't get visitors, so I would have to stay here instead of taking a wagon or whatever back home. For a moment, I wanted to stay, wanted to be with Gearshift but that door was closed to me.

Maybe forever.

Farewells are tenderly brutal sometimes.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.