

A Whore's Salvation is in Sex

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Another short story in the Kindo and Maverick anthology. In this one, they share a bittersweet moment of understanding, is there really any salvation for this young whore?



Published on
Booksie

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â Haâ !.Haâ !. Haâ !.â

â Nnnghâ !.â

â Hehâ !. Such aâ ! Tightâ !. Holeâ !.â

â Nnnngh!â

The wet slap of flesh against flesh sounded throughout the room, a muffled grunt and feverish pants filled the silence, occasionally a whimper of pain would also penetrate the air. Chains clattered as limbs strained against it, instinctively fighting a futile battle against their bonds. Sweat clung to his pale skin, the red marks and scratches standing out angrily against his flesh. The sweat got into his wounds and stung, but even that pain wasnâ t enough to dull the one ripping up his insides.

â Soâ ! Goodâ !Haâ !.Haâ !. Nice little slutâ ! Take my cock into your hole, bitch.â The leather dressed male pushed his cock into Maverickâ s ass; the thick muscle spread his hole over the limit that he could bear, causing pain to flare up his spine and his body to strain away from the intruding flesh, causing the chains looped around the headboard and his ankles to dig deeper into his skin. He suddenly wished that he had gotten on his hands and knees and faced away from him, he didnâ t want to see this manâ s face above his own, sweaty and contorted into a grimace of pleasure that was only one sided.

â Nnnnhg! Nnnngh! Ugh!â He couldnâ t speak, he couldnâ t scream. It was all muffled against the ball gag that had been shoved into his mouth, drool and spittle rolled out of the sides of his mouth, down his chin and traveling over to his neck, pooling on the sides of his nape, a cooling, uncomfortable sensation.

â Hâ !.Hâ !Hurry up already! â Maverick screamed inside his mind, even as his sounds of protests were nothing but muffled sounds that sounded like garbles of some sort of twisted pleasure. He trashed on the bed, the heady scent of sex, sweat and blood filling his nose. He wanted to cry, but he wouldnâ t, not with this beast on top of him, he would not break, even if he wished to.

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â I-Iâ m going to cum!â As if the beast of the man needed to shout out the obvious, Maverick could already feel the flesh inside of his ass pulsing and stretching in warning of the incoming spray. Noâ ! Nooo, he couldnâ t come inside of him! He strained back from the incoming threat, his struggles going even more pronounced, he even shook his head vigorously, he didnâ t care if the other male came on his face or anything, butâ ! Notâ ! Inâ

â A-argh!â The cry was the only warning he had, and to his dismay, he felt the hot splash of liquid spilling into his ass, causing him to arch his back in reaction. He just wanted to get away! Pain infused his chest when the older male collapsed onto him, crushing him under his greater weight. The deprivation of air became so extreme that as he gasped out like a fish out of water, his mind was going dark and his vision was tunneling. How embarrassingâ ! He was going to suffocate under the weight of some brute that had paid for his bodyâ ! Haâ ! Hahahaâ ! Haâ !.

The sound of his cellphone ringing woke him up, his eyes felt weighed down by lead weights, and his jaw was sore and bruised. Opening his eyes was an arduous task; it took him forever to realize that he was indeed staring at the ceiling above his head. His cell stopped ringing as the call went to voicemail, and he sighed. He moved his head to the side on the sweat soaked, cum and blood covered pillow. From his vantage point he could see a flash of green that had been left after heâ d lost consciousness. Money.

He tried moving his fingers and found that the digits were stiff; both of his wrists burned and tingled curiously as the blood traveled back to them. It was a pain he always endured, but never got used to. It took him a few tries until he managed to roll over onto his side, and even then, the stabbing sensation in his asshole caused him to cry out in agony. Jesusâ !â A-ahâ ! It hurtsâ !â His voice was strained and pain filled, and he only lay on his side, trying to recover his breath. When he was satisfied that he would not scream he reached up for the crumpled bills beside his cheek. His fingers shook badly, but he managed to separate the bills and smooth them out on the mattress. \$1,000â ! It was \$200 shortâ ! That bastard had cheated him out of money. Stillâ ! He couldnâ t exactly complain he was lucky the man had paid him at all, since he had passed out when the male had come.

Ughâ ! When he had comeâ ! He could feel the slimy residue of the maleâ s seed between his thighs and bile rose in his throat. That was something he hatedâ ! Feeling the after effects of someone else pleasureâ s in his hole, the slimy feeling, the way it seeped out if he were to stand up. The messy remains was an unpleasant reminder of what he did.

His phone rang again, and he only stared at it. He didnâ t feel like picking upâ ! He didnâ t want to talk to anyoneâ ! Butâ ! What if it was Takemura? With a surge of energy he quickly regretted, he lunged for the phone. Agony clawed its way up his spine, and he bit down hard on his tongue to keep from screaming. â Maverick? Didnâ t you pick up before? Iâ ve called you three times already,â There was no greeting, nor any need for Maverick to speak, because Takemura was just that type of person, down to business, no rest for the wicked they say. â Hell, Iâ ve been trying to reach you all day, have you been sleeping in and slacking off? I told you I would contact you and let you know if Iâ d found anything out

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about your brother.

I'm sorry. Maverick managed to croak. The words were so pitiful, breathless and filled with an undeniable edge of pain. Still listening to Takemura speak.

Maverick? What's wrong? Are you alright? Worry. It seeped into the other male's voice, the emotion was clear even over the phone, and through the pain that wracked his body, Maverick couldn't help but chuckle. You sound like a mother hen Takemura, stop worrying. I'll be fine.

Don't patronize me! Came Takemura's irritated voice, which caused Maverick to laugh outright, Takemura. I,

Kindo, call me Kindo. The other male replied, interrupting whatever Maverick was going to say.

Right. Kindo. His voice trailed off, clinging to consciousness was impossible by this point. The phone slipped from his nerveless fingers and clattered to the ground. The call was still connected, he could hear Kindo calling him from the other end, and although he wished he could reply to that sweet voice, tell him that he was alright, that everything was fine, his lips wouldn't cooperate, and that damn darkness overtook him once more.

.You damn Idiot. Consciousness came back to him followed by gentle caress over his forehead and cheeks. He laid there for a few moments more, soaking in that warmth, unwilling to weak up from his pain induced dream. I know you're awake Mav, Kindo's voice, irritated with him again, those touches ceased and he moaned at the loss, his eyes opening as he searched for the male from his dreams.

There. Sitting beside him, dressed in a crumpled white shirt and undone tie, his dark hair was mussed and sticking up a lot of different directions, had he been asleep? Or just working too hard? Maybe both, God knows Kindo didn't get enough sleep as it seemed.

How did you get in my room? He had to pause in the middle of the sentence to swallow, his throat was so dry.

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“The door was unlocked when I got here,” The other male replied with a sigh of exasperation, as if he were dealing with a forgetful child. He ran a hand through his already messed up hair, making it stick up as if he had been electrocuted. It was a cute look for the strict NYPD detective.

“Oh, heh, I didn’t get up to lock it. Sorry,” Maverick chuckled under his breath and pushed himself up on his elbows into a sitting position, it was agony, especially when his lower body was in such bad shape.

“Why do you do this to yourself?”

The question was soft, but not unexpected. Maverick didn’t pause in his attempts to sit up, when he finally managed it he let out a soft sigh.

“Why? It’s a question I ask myself all the time,” I don’t have the answer you seek Kindo.” He gave a sigh and rubbed a hand down his face. He needed a shower, badly,” But that bathroom was so far away.

“Kindo,” Can you, help me into the bathroom?”

“Fine. But you owe me for this,” Came the detective’s annoyed reply, it was back to normal, that honeyed voice. He’d much rather have Kindo be angry at him, than pitying him. He could handle anger, just, not pity. Not from him.

“Alright, thanks.” Standing took a lot of effort, and he leaned on Kindo for support. The moment he stood, the wet seeping of the semen from earlier slipped down his leg, he let out a shudder and gripped Kindo’s arm all the tighter. It hurt,” No, it disturbed him deeply. Knowing another man’s seed was lodged inside of him,”

“Kindo,” Please,” I’ll

“Just hold onto me,” came the other male’s reply, his grip was secure on Maverick’s waist, helping him to the bathroom. It was a good feeling, secure in another’s hold, with no demands. No groping, or useless caresses. He was just being held, helped. It was such a foreign feeling.

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“Lean here while I set the water temperature,” Kindo commanding, he was in charge again, in control of the situation around him. He seemed oblivious to the fact that he had helped a naked, cum, sweat and blood covered male into the bathroom. He could see stains that had been left behind on Kindo’s shirt, red blood stains, and still, he seemed unaware of it, or he just didn’t care.

Leaning against the sink, he watched the other male work, opening the tap and setting the right customer. The stopper was stuffed into the drain and slowly the tub started to fill with warm water. Steam rose from it in soft waves and filled the room with a gentle heat.

“Come here,” The command was a soft one, as if all of the steam in the room had suddenly softened the mood. The blond took baby steps towards the tub, using the small sink to hold himself up. When he faltered, Kindo’s hand was there to stop him from falling, lending to strength to someone who no longer had any to spare, a slice of dignity that had been long lost in the sea of nameless lovers. He sank down into the tub, the water sloshing up around him, caressing weak muscles, eliciting a soft sigh of pleasure from Maverick’s lips.

“I’ll get your back,” Kindo said, moving to grab the body wash from the mirror above the sink, and sinking down onto his knees outside the tub. His hands swiped the soap over his sore muscles, occasionally brushing against a small scratch, the sting causing Maverick to flinch and Kindo’s hands to become gentler.

“Why don’t you quit?” That question again, spoken in such a sweet voice. Why didn’t Maverick quit? He could. If he wanted to. But then, what else could he do? He lived in New York. They didn’t exactly hand jobs to just anyone, and Mav had never really graduated from high school. He’d dropped out in the 10 grade to take care of his little brother, after the sudden deaths of their parents. He had no choice but to sell the one thing of any value to anyone but him. His body. If it was worth anything, he would milk it dry.

“It’s not as easy as it seems Kindo, I can’t just quit. There’s nowhere else to go. Nothing to do. I know I need to stop this, I’ll end up dead one of these days, but…” His voice trailed off as he stared at the soap suds forming above the surface of the water.

“Let me wash your hair,” They sat in silence after that, only the even sound of their breathing and the splash of water permeated the silence. Maverick let the other man wash his bruised body, shifting around on command. No words were exchanged, just a nudge here, a brush there told him to lift his arm, or turn around so he could be rinsed off. When Maverick was clean, Kindo stood and walked from the bathroom without a word.

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“Is he upset?” Maverick mumbled to himself, his head cocking to the side and his brow furrowing in worry. It was a bad feeling. Knowing the Take No, Kindo was upset with him. Who wouldn't be? Especially someone like him?

A prostitute and a NYPD detective. How ironic. He was lucky he hadn't been dragged off to jail yet, but, the two of them did have some sort of agreement, Maverick had employed Kindo in order to find his brother, who had been missing for years. For a small fee, the other male used his skills to track down possible leads. So far, they hadn't gotten anything of use, but Mav refused to give up.

“Are you still in the tub?” Maverick blinked as he heard footsteps returning to the bathroom, and Kindo appeared in the doorway. He wasn't sure what he had expected. But Kindo was still here. He was here. He hadn't left him alone. Relief flooded him and left him weak, so weak that he could only shake his head helplessly. He couldn't find the strength to stand.

“You're hopeless,” Still, the words were said with a motherly type of irritation, even the sigh that followed them reminded Mav of a mother hen. Kindo grabbed a towel from the wall and reached down to help Maverick stand. As he did, the softness of the towel was wrapped around his frame, covering his nakedness and enveloping him in a welcoming heat and comfort.

Like a child, he was escorted into his room, when he entered it, his knees nearly gave out from beneath him, but luckily, Kindo's steady grip stopped him.

The bed had been stripped and changed with clean sheets. The room had been tidied up slightly; it didn't smell like blood and sex anymore, it had the faint scent of fruit and flowers. Febreze most likely.

“Don't pass out on my now, we're almost to the bed.” Came Kindo's chiding voice as they made their way to the bed. When he got close to it, he simply dropped himself onto it, rolling onto his back and staring at the ceiling.

“Kindo. Thank you.”

“Thanks? For what?”

“For helping me today, and not you know, leaving. For a second I thought you had—” He didn't finish the sentence, he just let it drift in the air between them.

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“Left? If I had left, you would have fallen asleep in the bathtub and either drowned or died from water absorption.”

“Ha,” Maverick laughed dryly and pushed himself up into a sitting position, feeling the bed drip slightly as Kindo settled in beside him. “I’m glad you were so worried about my death,”

“Hey, you owe me money, if you die, you can’t pay me back.” The reply was breezy and easy, they were back to teasing each other. “Well, it was odd for Kindo to be so relaxed. It was a nice feeling, to have someone to just talk to.”

Maverick smiled and leaned over, his arms wrapping around Kindo’s waist, gripping tight. He buried his face into the other male’s chest, just sitting like that. He felt the detective stiffen, but he didn’t push him away, and eventually wrapped his own arms around him.

“Hey! Are you crying?” Kindo’s tentative question broke the silence that had fallen between them.

“No! I just have something in my eye!” Maverick sniffed, his voice muffled by the other’s shirt.

“Oh right, I hate when that happens.”

“Ha! Hahaha! Ha!”

They looked like a couple of fools. The Prostitute and the Detective. An odder couple could not have been found anyway else.

“Hey, Kindo?”

“Yeah?”

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â Can I kiss you?â

â What!? Ugh, you havenâ t changed at all.â

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