



ANYTHING
AT
ALL

A Because of Ben Story

SARAH HONEY

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A BECAUSE OF BEN SHORT STORY

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FOREWORD

Sarah made me this for my birthday, because she is the best. She is welcome to play in my sandpit any time.

-Lisa Henry

ANYTHING AT ALL

"Baby, are you doing this because you want to, or because you're worried about not being enough for me?"

Ben bit his lip, twisting the silk blindfold in his hands where he sat perched on the side of the bed, Marco seated next to him. "Can't it be both?" Marco raised an eyebrow, and Ben swallowed. "I do want to try this, and I know you'll look after me."

Marco didn't insult Ben by asking if he was sure, because one thing he'd learned early on was that for all his inexperience, Ben Selden did, in fact, know what he wanted, and he wasn't afraid to ask for it. "I will, baby. We'll take it slow and easy, and you tell me if you wanna stop, yeah?"

Ben nodded and gave Marco a shy smile and a breathy, "Yeah," that had Marco's cock twitching in his jeans. He ignored it, because this wasn't about him.

This was about Ben, who wanted to try something new, something a little bit kinky, and who was trusting Marco to make it good for him—and fuck, Marco might never get over his pretty boy trusting him like that. He turned and cupped Ben's face in one broad palm, leaning in for a soft kiss. He let himself linger, to enjoy the soft mouth that belonged to this boy with the equally soft heart, before pulling back. Ben's eyes were wide and his cheeks were tinged with pink, and he was the most beautiful fucking thing Marco had ever seen. "You're always enough for me, baby, and I want you to know that, but I love that you wanna play." He tugged gently at the ends

of the silk scarf that Ben was clutching. “Get undressed for me, and lay on the bed.”

Ben nodded and pulled his tee shirt over his head—a Static shirt, and Marco loved that Ben wore those because he knew it made Marco smile—and scrambled to shuck his jeans and boxers down, kicking them off and laying on his back squirming slightly, whether in excitement or nervousness, Marco couldn’t tell. “So, you’ll just blindfold me? That’s it?”

“Yeah, baby. All we’re gonna do is cover your eyes, so you feel it more when I touch you. And if you don’t like anything—”

“I’ll ask you to stop,” Ben said, his lips quirking into a smile. “You said.” And then he tilted his head back and said, “I’m ready.”

A thrum of excitement ran through Marco at the sight. He’d done plenty of kinky shit in his time, but somehow none of it held a candle to his boy, bare-skinned and vulnerable, putting himself in Marco’s hands. Marco stripped quickly, because fuck if he was going to miss a chance to get some skin-on-skin time with the love of his fucking *life*, and then he eased onto the bed and straddled Ben and leaned forward and slipped the silk scarf over Ben’s eyes, sliding a hand under his neck to lift it and knot the ends loosely behind his head. Ben’s hand skittered across the bed as he sought out contact, landing on Marco’s bare thigh and clutching tight. “There’s my good boy,” Marco crooned softly, and the grip loosened slightly. “I’ll be right here the whole time, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Ben said quietly. Marco ran a finger down his jawline, and there was a sharp intake of breath that Marco swallowed up when he leaned in and kissed Ben softly.

“I’m gonna touch you now, baby,” Marco breathed into Ben’s ear, and the eager little whine Ben made was sweeter music than anything Marco had ever written. He sat back on his haunches and looked down at the lean body splayed underneath him, his gaze drawn to Ben’s tattoo. He traced a fingertip over it, following the lines of ink, and then let his thumb travel lower, flicking gently across Ben’s nipple. Ben let out a shocked gasp and Marco did it again, watching with fascination as the nub pebbled under his touch. He didn’t think he’d ever get over how responsive Ben was—it was

as if his body had decided to compensate for all the bullshit he'd been fed as a fundie kid by making him extra-sensitive to any kind of touch. Marco like to think that, anyway— his anarchistic heart rejoiced at the idea of Ben's nervous system giving a great big *fuck you* to his upbringing. He kept moving his thumb in light circles, teasing little whimpers out of Ben. "You like that?"

Ben's reply was breathless. "Yeah. Feels different. I don't know what's coming."

Marco ducked his head and licked at Ben's collarbone, his tongue tracing the length of it, before he worked his way down Ben's chest, leaving a spit-damp trail of open-mouthed kisses and blowing warm breath against wet skin. Ben bucked and squirmed and let out a series of shocked, breathless sounds, and Marco smiled to himself before latching his mouth onto Ben's other nipple, revelling in the way his boy arched up into the sensation. "*Marco!*"

Hearing his name in his boy's mouth like that never failed to get Marco hard, and his cock throbbed. He grinned against Ben's skin and suckled harder, tugging and teasing with teeth and tongue and earning an utterly filthy moan. He pulled off and murmured, "Yeah, make all those pretty noises for me," before trailing his fingertips down Ben's sides and over his belly.

He let his fingertips skim across the head of Ben's erection, the barest of touches, before settling his hands against Ben's hips. The way it made Ben gasp and his hips jolt upwards was hot as fuck. Marco deliberately didn't touch his dick again, instead rubbing against the softness of his belly, making big swooping circles with his thumbs, and Ben made a frustrated sound, but it was tinged with laughter. "You're teasing me."

"Yeah, baby. That's kind of the point." He pressed a kiss to Ben's forehead. "Want me to stop?"

"I didn't say that." And even though Ben's eyes were covered, Marco could imagine them sparkling with anticipation, the way they always did when they tried something new in bed.

Marco slid his hands up Ben's ribs and along his arms, then tangled Ben's fingers in his own and held their hands over Ben's head, leaning in for a kiss. It was messy and awkward, with an oblivious

Ben tilting his head at exactly the wrong moment so that Marco ended up licking his ear, but they worked it out, and Marco kissed Ben until his lips tingled and his dick ached from it—and fuck, if you’d told Marco Chase a year ago that kissing someone would have him this turned on, he would have laughed at the idea of it. But he wasn’t laughing now. Instead, he was kissing his pretty boy and wondering how the hell he’d gotten this lucky.

He pulled back, enjoying the way Ben let out a soft whine as his head tilted side to side, blindly seeking more. He untangled one hand and ran a thumb over Ben’s bottom lip before slipping it into the wet heat of his mouth. Once it was properly spit-soaked Marco withdrew it and ran it from Ben’s navel down to the base of his cock, before circling his fingers delicately around Ben’s erection. He hadn’t been sure if this would be too much for his boy, but judging by the way Ben’s dick was throbbing in his grip, he liked it just fine. Marco stroked his length once, twice, and then took his hand away.

The whimper Ben let out was pitiful and Marco laughed, soft and low. “Relax baby. I’m just getting started.” Ben huffed under his blindfold but his cock twitched, betraying his eagerness. Marco grinned before leaning over to the bedside table to grab the glass he’d put there earlier. The sides were damp with condensation and the ice had started to melt, but that was fine. There was enough left for what he had planned. “Tell me if this is too much,” he said before fishing out a sliver of ice. Ben’s breathing quickened and he tensed, but he didn’t say stop, so Marco took the ice and ran it down the centre of his chest and back up again, watching Ben twitch and squirm and let out a soft gasp. “Frig-friggin cold!”

Marco snorted, entertained all over again by the fact that Ben was happy to take Marco’s cock up his ass, and gave absolutely killer blowjobs, but still struggled to say ‘fuck.’ He slipped an ice cube into his mouth and leaned down, curling his spine and using his mouth to drag the coolness over Ben’s quivering belly, wrapping his hand around Ben’s hard dick and stroking slowly at the same time.

“Oh!” Ben’s hips bucked up *hard*, and Marco pressed his forearm across Ben’s stomach to keep him in place as he nipped and teased and suckled at the skin of his torso, leaving a trail of red marks. He

stretched out so his body covered Ben's, thighs grazing together, and then set to work flicking his tongue across Ben's nipples, just to make him whimper, before working his way back up to his eager, open mouth, kissing him hard and swallowing the urgent, needy sounds he was making.

Fuck, seeing his boy writhing under his touch, hearing the way he begged without words, had Marco's dick throbbing, ready to come at the barest brush of skin on skin. It should have been embarrassing, but Marco had long learned to accept that Ben could take him apart just by existing, let alone being naked, blindfolded, and at his mercy.

He was meant to be teasing Ben, but fuck if he wasn't the one who was desperate here. Fuck it. They could play again another day, if Ben agreed. With one last, slow kiss, Marco pulled back. "Wanna come, baby?" he husked out. "Want me to get my mouth on that pretty cock of yours?"

Ben swallowed, lips kiss-swollen and pink. "Please?"

Marco eased down the bed and swallowed Ben's dick down. It really was pretty, and Marco would never get tired of tasting that first spurt of precome against his tongue, or the way Ben's thighs tensed every time Marco put his mouth on him, only to relax into it seconds later. Marco bobbed his head and flicked his tongue up and down Ben's length the way he'd learned Ben liked, and grinned around his mouthful of cock when a hand fumbled blindly before tangling itself in his hair and tugging, *hard*, as Ben gasped out, "Marco! *Marco!*" like some sort of degenerate prayer, bucking his hips up and coming suddenly, filling Marco's mouth with the taste of him.

Marco swallowed easily, heady with something like pride at how easy it had been to make his boy fall apart like this. He stilled his movements, suckling gently as Ben's cock gave a couple of soft pulses, easing him through the last of his orgasm, and then pulled off and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

Ben's chest was heaving like he'd run a marathon, and Marco grabbed the hand still tangled in his hair and lifted it off, turning it towards himself and kissing Ben's wrist. "You okay, baby?" Marco

asked—just like he always did, just like he always would, because Ben was precious, and Marco never wanted to break him.

Ben let out a long sigh. “Yeah.” He pulled his hand back and shuffled up onto his elbows, then tugged the blindfold away, blinking in the soft light of the bedroom. His eyes had a wet sheen, making Marco’s chest clench for a minute, but then Ben smiled, the wide fucked-out smile he gave when he was utterly satisfied, and Marco relaxed and smiled back. His own arousal was sizzling under his skin, clamouring to make itself known and crackling through his veins, but Marco ignored it for now, too busy soaking in the satisfaction of having found something new that they both enjoyed.

He shuffled up the bed until he was laying next to Ben and cupped his face gently with one hand, sinking into Ben's wide-eyed gaze. “You were so good for me baby, and I'm so glad you liked it.”

Ben’s cheeks flushed pink. “I really did.” He leaned in and for a second Marco thought Ben was going to kiss him, but instead he pushed Marco backwards into the mattress and straddled him. “And now it’s your turn,” he said.

Ben kept one hand pressed into Marco’s chest while he wrapped his other hand around Marco’s throbbing dick and stroked, fast and ruthless and fuck, was there anything hotter than Ben fucking Selden deciding *he* was calling the shots? Marco groaned as Ben grinned with delight and worked his cock expertly, and it took barely any time before Marco’s balls drew up tight and he felt that familiar urgent heat in his belly, and then he was coming all over Ben’s hand in hot spurts.

“Fuck, sweetheart,” Marco groaned, sinking bonelessly into the mattress. Ben beamed at him before scrunching up his nose at his handful of cum as if it was a surprise, and wiping it clean on the corner of the bedsheet before draping himself against Marco's chest with a contented hum.

They lay there for a few minutes catching their breath, Ben idly tracing a fingertip over the lines of Marco’s tattoos. “I really enjoyed that,” he said at last, and Marco hummed in agreement. “But next time—” Ben fell silent.

“Next time?” Marco prompted, filled with a quiet wonder that Ben was even thinking about the next time.

Ben tipped his head back and looked up at him, biting his lip nervously. “Next time, can you wear the blindfold?”

Marco laughed, delighted all over again at his boy’s fearless curiosity. “Of course. Anything for my pretty boy. Anything at all.”

From the way Ben’s eyes widened, and the urgent way he yanked Marco in for a filthy kiss, he guessed Ben knew he wasn’t just talking about the bedroom.
