

La Chambre Sûre

A novella
by
Mychael Black

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About the Author:

Mychael has been writing gay erotica for several years, but he has only recently begun submitting some of his work to publishers. When he's not writing, he can usually be found researching or brainstorming. His favorite subjects of research are: Medieval history, Welsh history, Welsh culture, Welsh language, Swords, Castles, Archaeology, Celtic history, Celtic mythology, Vampires and vampire mythologies, Magick, Christian mysteries, Angels, and other such topics.

Mychael welcomes feedback and will gladly answer all messages. He can be reached at: mychael_black@hotmail.com and also on Yahoo IM as mychael_black.

Website: <http://www.mychaelblack.com>

Chapter One

Dustin stood looking up at the building with a mix of apprehension and eagerness. He looked back down at the paper in his hand and took a deep breath. He had made this trip--nearly two hundred miles to be exact--and now he wondered if it was such a good idea. He had gotten the name of the place from a patron at the club. The man had told him about his own experience here in rather lurid detail, even going so far as to draw a diagram on the napkin in Dustin's hand. At first he had wondered what the hell the man had drawn, but then the man explained that it was a diagram of the degrees. Dustin wondered just what kind of 'degrees' such a place had, as he was bright enough to know that the man wasn't referring to the college kind.

As he approached the massive, double wooden doors that graced the front of the stone house, Dustin looked up to read the quote carved in a flowing script on the arch above the doorway:

"It is always by way of pain one arrives at pleasure."--Marquis de Sade

He swallowed hard as he reached up to ring the bell of La Chambre Sûre--The Safe House. An unassuming chime rang from somewhere inside and Dustin stepped down one step and picked up his suitcase. A few moments later, the door opened slowly and Dustin was afforded his first view of the notorious house. From his vantage point, he was able to catch a glimpse of a grand staircase rising up in the middle of the foyer. From the landing, it branched off to the right and the left, climbing another half-story and circling around the sides until the view was cut off by the doorframe itself. A young man clad only in a bow-tie and a G-string appeared in the doorway.

"Dustin Aldridge?" he asked. Dustin nodded and didn't bother to ask how the young man knew who he was. "Excellent. The owners are waiting for you in the parlor." He stepped aside to let Dustin enter. "They will be pleased to see that you're early," the man said as he closed the door behind them.

Well, this is it, Dustin thought silently. He looked around once more and realized that the hallway above circled around the entire room. The foyer was dimly lit by a chandelier hanging from the plastered ceiling, and a yellowed light settled upon everything, giving the impression of aged stone and worn wood. The young man bent down and took Dustin's suitcase from his hand.

"The owners are just in there," he said, nodding towards a closed door of dark, carved wood. "When they're done, I'll take you to your room. Your luggage will be there waiting for you."

"Thank you," Dustin said with as calm a smile as he could muster. The young man smiled back and turned to walk up the staircase. Dustin turned to the doorway that separated him from this insane idea of his. With a deep breath, he walked over and knocked.

"Come in, Mr. Aldridge."

Dustin drew in a sharp breath at the deep timbre of the man's voice. He turned the handle down and pushed the door open. For several seconds, he could do nothing more than stand agape in the doorway. The parlor looked as if it had sprung from a Victorian painting with its rich, red brocade curtains and its gilded mirrors. A Persian rug accented with deep reds and rich gold lay spread across the polished dark wood floor. In the middle of the room was a sitting area with two loveseats and two high-backed chairs.

Seated on one of the loveseats were two men: one with short blonde hair and brilliant blue eyes, and the other with luxurious waves of black hair and the most piercing hazel eyes that Dustin had ever seen.

"Please," the blonde man said with a smile and a wave to one of the chairs across from them, "come in and have a seat."

Dustin nodded and stepped into the parlor, shutting the door behind him.

"My name is Jake Linton," the blonde man said. "And this is my partner, Shayne Rennick. We are the owners of La Chambre Sûre. We're pleased that you've decided to try out what we have to offer, but before any firm decisions are made--on our part and yours--we ask that you stay one night and one day with us. During that time, you will be free to wander the grounds and get a feel for what we do here. The only thing that you will not be allowed to do is sit in on any private sessions; privacy is of the utmost importance here when it is asked for. Now, I'm sure you must have questions for us."

Dustin settled back into the chair and tried not to show his nervousness too much. "Well, yes, I do. I got the information about this house from a patron at the club that I bartend at on occasion. He told me about his own experiences here, and he drew a diagram on a napkin. He said it represented the 'degrees' that are offered here."

"Ah yes," Jake said with a smile. "Well, I'm sure you understand that he wasn't referring to education." Dustin nodded. "Here at La Chambre Sûre, we have degrees or levels, much like a company has a ladder of advancement. Here we like to call them 'degrees' because it brings to mind a societal atmosphere, which is what we strive for. A new member starts out as a Querant. During that phase, which is the one day and one night period, the Querant is encouraged to ask questions and observe as much as is allowed. Understand so far?"

"Yes," Dustin said. He shifted in his chair, unable to shake the feeling of Shayne Rennick's steady gaze.

Jake smiled and continued. "If after that time the Querant and the Owners decide that it is a good choice, the Querant graduates to the degree of Seeker. Once a Seeker, the member begins to meet with the Masters of La Chambre. It is during that time that the Seeker interviews and is interviewed by many different Masters in order to find the right one for him. Once a partnership has been settled upon, a contract is drawn up between the Master and the Seeker. That contract can be terminated at any time by either party; no questions asked."

"That's good to know," Dustin said with a nervous laugh.

"Yes, it's a high point and part of the reason why so many men come here. The next degree is Explorer. During the Explorer period, the member works directly with his Master to explore favorite techniques as well as new ones that one or the other has been interested in but never tried. It is at that point that a safe word becomes necessary. Here at La Chambre, we have a set safe word that is known by everyone: swordfish."

Dustin couldn't stop the chuckle that escaped his lips and Jake simply smiled.

"Quite a funny one, I know," he said, "but it's not a word that anyone would even think to utter during sex, no matter how bizarre or wild things get. Which brings me to my next point before I continue with the degrees. There are a few hard boundaries that are not to be pushed by Masters or members. Those limits are: necrophilia, sex with anyone under nineteen, bestiality, scat, watersports, and blood play. All other limits are up to the Masters and the members themselves. Any questions about the limits before we

continue?”

Dustin shook his head. “Not that I can think of; those are basically my own limits.”

“Good. When both the Master and the member are ready, the member moves from Explorer to Partner. It is during the Partner period that the true fun happens. That’s when all the preparations come into play--quite literally. If during this time, the member shows interest in becoming a Master himself, he enters the degree of Student. He stays with his Master, but instead of being the object of his Master’s whims, he is the observer. The Master will take on a new member and the Student will observe and possibly assist the Master with his new member. When both the Student and the Master are confident of the Student’s abilities, the Student will graduate to the final degree of Master. Any further questions about the degree system?”

Dustin thought for a moment and shook his head. “Not at the moment. If I have any questions in the next twenty-four hours, I’ll certainly ask.” Jake smiled and nodded.

“So tell us a little about yourself.”

Dustin’s heart leapt into his throat when he finally matched the timbre of the voice that bade him to enter before to the raven-haired Shayne.

“What do you do? What kinds of hobbies do you have? That sort of thing.”

Dustin shifted again in his chair, unable to shake the chill that crept up his spine. Shayne Rennick was easily the most intimidating and utterly gorgeous man he had ever seen.

“Well, my name, as you know, is Dustin Aldridge. I’m twenty-eight and completely single. I just broke off a two-year relationship with a guy who was domineering and not dominating; he seemed to confuse the two. I live on the outskirts of D.C. where I occasionally bartend at one of the local gay bars. My days are spent at the computer writing. I don’t have any sisters or brothers, and my parents passed away in a car accident five years ago. The only thing that I have that is even remotely close to a family is a small group of friends. As for hobbies, I enjoy writing, computers, music, and men.”

Jake chuckled and smiled. Shayne simply nodded and did not take his gaze from Dustin. Dustin wondered if there was more that they wanted to hear, but a knock sounded on the door. Jake and Shayne stood and Dustin followed suit. Jake held out his hand and Dustin was quite surprised at the strength of the man’s grip. Jake was a small-framed man, but he had a decent amount of muscle on him. Shayne, however, was taller than Dustin’s six feet by nearly two inches. His arms were corded in muscle and Dustin felt a flutter of pure lust in his stomach when Shayne gripped his hand to shake it. Shayne’s grip was firm and strong, but most surprising was the softness of his skin. It took all Dustin had to stave off the hard-on that threatened to form in his jeans. When Shayne released his hand, Dustin swore he saw the man wink at him.

The door opened and the young man who had taken his suitcase poked his head into the room.

“Ah yes,” Jake said with a broad smile. “We are done with him, Kyle. He’s free. Dustin, this is Kyle. He’s currently working toward the Student degree under my direction.”

Dustin noted the odd sort of smile that passed briefly between Kyle and Jake, and he suddenly wondered how deep their relationship went. Was it common for the relationship between Master and member to develop into something more? As he watched Jake place his hands gently on Kyle’s shoulders and press his lips to the young man’s, he made a note to ask that very question later. When Jake stepped back, Kyle turned to Dustin.

“Ready to see your room?” he asked with a wide grin.

“Sure.” Dustin followed him out of the room, but not without taking a last look at Shayne Rennick. The man stood listening to Jake, but his attention seemed to be more on Dustin than Jake himself. He smiled, and this time Dustin was sure he saw a wink.

“So, what do you think?”

Dustin hurried to catch up to Kyle, who had already reached the landing of the staircase. “About what?”

Kyle looked back at him and laughed. “Of them! Shayne and Jake. What do you think?”

“Well, they seem nice enough. I gathered Jake is a Master, but is Shayne one as well?” Dustin asked him as they took the left staircase up to the second floor.

“Oh yea,” Kyle said with a chuckle. “In fact, I dare say he’s one of the more brutal ones that we have.”

Dustin stopped and his eyes widened. What the hell was he thinking! Kyle stopped walking and turned around.

“You like him? Can’t blame you; everyone seems to. Jake is a hard Master, make no mistake of that, but Shayne is the type who will push the member’s soft limits as much as the member can take. He’s the resident handballer.”

Kyle turned and fished a key from his pocket. He slid it into the lock on the door they had stopped in front of and pushed the door open. He turned back to Dustin and grinned.

“You know what a handballer is?”

Dustin shook his head slowly. He wasn’t entirely sure he wanted to know. Kyle’s grin widened considerably.

“Fisting. Shayne loves to fist guys.” He stepped into the room and stood to the side as Dustin swallowed the lump in his throat and walked in. “This is your room. If you decide to stay, it will be your own private retreat. No one is allowed in here without your permission, except housekeeping of course. Here’s your key. I set your suitcase in the closet. Dinner is at seven, breakfast is at 7 in the morning, and lunch is self-served whenever you’re ready for it. The kitchen is downstairs, across the foyer from the parlor. If you need anything, please feel free to use the intercom to call for me. I’m the head housekeeper here.”

Dustin nodded and smiled. “Thanks, I think I’ll be okay.” Kyle smiled and started to turn away, but Dustin remembered his question. “Oh, before you go. I do have a question. Is it common for the members and Masters to fall for each other?”

Kyle smiled warmly. “Oh yea, and it’s not discouraged. It happens quite often, but both men have to reach an understanding that the Master has a service to provide, as does the member should he reach Master status as well.”

“Are Shayne and Jake a couple then? Jake called Shayne his partner.”

“Oh no, they are just business partners and best friends. Jake and I have been intimate partners for three years.”

Dustin blinked several times in disbelief. “You’ve been here for three years?”

Kyle smiled. “Yep, and I wouldn’t trade a single second of it. Any other questions?” Dustin shook his head. “Cool. I’ll see you at dinner then.”

Dustin watched as Kyle closed the door. He turned back to look around at his room. It resembled a fancy hotel suite, as it had a front entry room with a couch and a small

entertainment center. To the left of the room was a small coat closet where his suitcase sat on the tiled floor. He picked it up and walked down the short hallway. Two doors, one on the left and one on the right, stood opposite each other halfway down the hall. The right one led into a decent-sized bathroom with both a shower stall and a large, circular bathtub. The left door opened into a spacious bedroom with a king-size bed. Another entertainment center stood against the wall, a dresser stood along the wall to the left, and a table sat at the head on either side of the bed, one with a clock and the other with a lamp.

Dustin set the suitcase on the bed and opened it. After nearly an hour, he had everything unpacked and folded neatly into the dresser drawers. He looked down at his watch and realized that he still had half an hour until dinner. Just enough time for a shower, he thought. He rummaged through the drawers and pulled out a pair of black jeans and a blue T-shirt. He laid them out on the bed and walked across the hall to the bathroom.

For a fleeting moment, Dustin wanted more than anything to sink down into a tub of hot, steaming water, but he simply didn't have the time for that right now. He stripped off his clothes and turned on the shower. As he washed, he wondered again what had possessed him to even come here. Being a sub to a Master had always been a strong fantasy, but it was one that he was never able to play out.

Mitch had proven to be more controlling out of the bedroom than he was in it, and that was simply something that Dustin couldn't handle. He wanted the chance to let go of all control in bed without losing his identity to some power-hungry asshole. He turned the water off and stepped out, pulling a fluffy, white towel from the towel bar and drying quickly. When he stepped back into the bedroom, he realized that he had only five minutes to get dressed and be downstairs. Being late for dinner was the last thing he wanted--it was a surefire way to blow every chance he had for this adventure to work out.

At exactly seven o'clock Dustin walked into the dining room next to the kitchen. Several others were sitting down and Dustin smiled as Kyle came up to him.

"Glad to see you again," Kyle said with a beaming smile. "Since you're new here, we've got a place for you near the head of the table." He led Dustin to the far end of the long dining table and pulled out a chair. "I'll be sitting right across from you; so if there's anything you need, don't hesitate to ask."

Dustin sat down and looked over to the empty chair to his left. "Who sits there?" he asked Kyle, noting the different style of the chair itself. It was more immaculate than the other chairs, like the head of the entire household sat there. Another chair identical to it sat right beside it. The table itself was twice as wide as any normal table, allowing the two chairs to sit at the head without crowding each other.

"Oh," Kyle said as he sat down, "that's Shayne's chair, and Jake's is the one beside it."

Dustin felt another lump form in his throat at the thought of sitting next to Shayne Rennick. He only hoped that his interest in the man wasn't too obvious. However, from the knowing grin that Kyle flashed at him from across the vast expanse of the table, Dustin knew that at least one person knew what was going through his head. He smiled back just as Shayne and Jake entered the room. He watched as all thirty men, Masters and members, stood and bowed low as the two owners approached the table. He looked to Kyle nervously; he had not been warned about this.

“Don’t worry,” Kyle said. “You’re not a member yet, so you aren’t expected to stand, bow, or do anything else.”

Dustin let out a relieved sigh and watched in fascination as Kyle dropped obediently to his knees before Jake. Jake leaned down, kissed Kyle’s hair, and slipped his hand under Kyle’s respectfully bowed head. With a single fingertip, he lifted Kyle’s head. When he leaned down to kiss Kyle deeply, Dustin shifted discreetly in his chair. His heart nearly stopped when he looked over to see Shayne holding him in a tense gaze. At that moment, all doubts went from Dustin’s mind. He would stay, and he would do his best to impress Shayne Rennick into becoming his Master.

* * *

Dinner had been relatively uneventful, although Dustin wondered what exactly he had been expecting to begin with. With Shayne Rennick so close, he had been quite grateful for Kyle’s presence. He raked his hand through his hair as he settled on the couch in his suite, the remote for the television in hand. He flipped through the channels aimlessly, knowing damn well that his interest wasn’t in the local news or anything of the sort. No, his interest had a graceful walk, a sultry deep voice, and piercing golden brown eyes. And Shayne’s manner of dress for dinner hadn’t helped in the least.

Dustin set the remote down on the floor beside the couch and rested his head back against the plush red arm. He only cast cursory glances at the news, as visions of Shayne in black leather pants and a black leather vest were far more interesting than the local politician gossip. That’s what Shayne had worn for dinner. He had worn nothing under his vest, and a thin, dark trail of hair tapered from his chest down to his pants, disappearing into the one place that Dustin wanted to so desperately to go. He groaned at the vision as his own jeans became uncomfortably tight. He could jerk off--wanted to jerk off--but something stayed his hand as he held it poised over his zipper. What would Shayne say? Dustin knew it was an absurd thought, as the man wasn’t even his Master, but by the end of tomorrow, he hoped to change that. And judging by the looks that Shayne had given him throughout dinner, he dared to think that the feeling was quite mutual.

He turned off the TV and stood up, stretching his arms out and over his head. It was nearly midnight, and dinner had gone on much longer than he had thought it would. He was one of the last to actually leave the dining room, along with Kyle and Jake. Shayne had left at least an hour before. Dustin wondered if Shayne had a partner somewhere, but it wasn’t a question that he was willing to ask. Privacy, Jake had said, was of the utmost importance.

Dustin yawned and locked his suite door before heading to the bedroom. He planned on getting up early. Kyle had promised him that he would show him around a bit, provided that Jake had no other orders for him. Dustin had to admit--Kyle was definitely a good-looking guy. He was about Dustin’s height and like Dustin, he preferred his auburn hair long. His eyes were a deep brown and when he looked at Jake, they sparkled with what could only be love. He was built much the same as Jake too--well-muscled and slender. But no one could compare to Shayne; that man was perfection.

Dustin shook his head as he pulled his shirt off. If he kept thinking things like that, he’d never get to sleep. He stripped down to his underwear and crawled under the

sheets. By the time his head hit the pillow he realized how tired he was, and within minutes, he was sound asleep.

Chapter Two

Dustin was up before the alarm of his travel clock went off. He reached over to switch it off just as it started to buzz. He finished zipping his jeans and sat down to tie his boots. As he pulled a grey T-shirt over his head, a knock came from the suite's front door. He tucked his room key into his pocket and went to answer it.

"Wow, you're up early," Kyle said with a grin. Dustin couldn't help but smile at him.

"Yea," he said as he stepped out into the hall and closed the door behind him. "I don't usually wake up this early, but I'm anxious to take a tour of this place." He locked the door and turned to Kyle. "Ready?"

"Sure! Want to grab some breakfast? Jake said I could skip the group meal since I'm showing you around."

Dustin lifted a blonde eyebrow at him. "They tell you when you eat here?"

Kyle laughed. "Not hardly! It's just an arrangement between the two of us. Everyone is free to come and go as they please, unless their Master has other ideas." He gave Dustin a quick little wink. "So, did you sleep well?"

Dustin walked down the stairs beside him. "Actually, yes. The beds are comfortable at least." Kyle chuckled.

"Yea, but it's even better when you don't have to sleep alone."

"So you two share a suite?"

"Oh yea," he said with a wide grin as they stepped into the kitchen. He grabbed a blueberry muffin and offered one to Dustin.

"So I take it you two are in love then?"

Kyle's brown eyes sparkled, mirroring the blueberry smile on his lips. "Deeply. What about you? You have anyone?"

Dustin nearly choked on a bite of his muffin, but managed to sufficiently hide it. "Not anymore. I broke up with my boyfriend a while back."

"What happened?" Kyle handed him a small glass of orange juice, which he thankfully drank in nearly one swallow.

"He couldn't distinguish between 'domineering' and dominating.' He wasn't exactly what I wanted in terms of a playmate, and he tried to control me at all other times. I eventually got tired of being a doormat." Kyle nodded thoughtfully.

"Good reason for breaking it off. I'm sorry for being so direct and nosy, but we haven't had a new person in quite some time."

"How do they make any money? Or do they?" Kyle shook his head. "Okay, then how do they afford all this?" Dustin asked, waving his hand around.

Kyle swallowed the last of his muffin and said, "The house belonged to Shayne's parents. Apparently they were really fucking rich. When they passed away, they left it to him, along with a sizeable amount of money. He stayed at his job for several years while he and Jake were together. When they got the idea for this place, Jake moved in and started working on it. Shayne eventually left his job and joined him. Thus La Chambre

Sûre was born.” He took a drink of orange juice and smiled.

“Interesting. I thought you said they were only best friends?”

“They are now. They were a couple before this place got off the ground, but they soon realized that they got along better as friends.”

Dustin nodded. “So what did they do before they started this?”

“Shayne was a personal trainer and Jake was the CEO of the company that Shayne worked for. That’s how they originally met.”

“Ahh, I see. Well, shall we?” Dustin set his glass in the sink and turned to Kyle.

“You’re really damn sexy, you know that?”

Dustin’s jaw dropped open.

“Sorry,” Kyle laughed as he set his glass beside Dustin’s. “I’ve always been a bit straightforward.” He stood close to Dustin, close enough that Dustin could smell the vaguest hint of cologne from somewhere on Kyle’s scantily-clad form.

“I certainly hope Jake handles it well,” Dustin said, his voice much more husky than he had intended. He hoped that Kyle had missed it; he didn’t. He leaned closer to Dustin and smiled.

“Oh he does,” Kyle whispered. “In fact, he encourages it.” He slid his hand up Dustin’s left arm, causing a chill to steal up Dustin’s spine with alarming speed.

“Kyle, I don’t think...”

Kyle leaned into him and pressed his finger to Dustin’s lips to silence him. “Shh, don’t worry. As long as the Masters are obeyed and there is consent, anything goes here.” He slid his finger across Dustin’s suddenly-dry lips. “Do you find me attractive?”

“Quite,” Dustin managed to whisper. He looked around then, wondering if this was such a good idea. He didn’t want to piss anyone off, especially one of the owners. Kyle turned his head back around and surprised him with a full kiss. Dustin couldn’t help but return it. Kyle pressed into him and Dustin slid his arms around Kyle’s waist to pull him closer.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Dustin asked as Kyle pulled his shirt up and over his head. Kyle tossed it to the side and the sound it made when it crumpled to the tile floor was one of finality.

Dustin closed his eyes and swallowed the nervous lump in his throat, a particular act that he seemed to be doing a lot lately. Kyle dropped to his knees and seconds later Dustin felt his jeans settle around his ankles. When he felt the warmth of Kyle’s breath through the thin fabric of his underwear, he opened his eyes and made a move to stop Kyle before things went too far.

“Kyle, please don’t...”

“Shh,” Kyle murmured.

Dustin groaned and let his head fall back. He felt Kyle pull his cock out and his breath grew shallow. He gripped the edge of the countertop for support as Kyle softly kissed the sensitive underside. When he reached the tip, Dustin took in a deep breath. His knuckles turned white as his grip on the countertop tightened when Kyle’s lips slid over the head. As half of his length slid into the slick, velvet heat of Kyle’s mouth, Dustin sucked in a sharp breath and bit his lip. Jesus, no wonder Jake loves this man, he thought, he can suck a cock like he was born to do it.

“Shit,” he whispered.

He fought to stay on his feet as Kyle began to suck gently on the head. The sensation

left his knees terribly weak and his head spinning. He knew if he looked down that the chances of him shooting his load into Kyle's mouth were pretty fucking good, and so he did his best to resist the temptation. When Kyle moaned around his hardened flesh, however, the urge to watch became unbearable. He opened his eyes and looked down.

Kyle's eyes were open and he stared straight up at Dustin just as he swallowed all seven inches of Dustin's cock. That did it. Dustin gripped Kyle's head and groaned, unloading a torrent of come into the man's throat. When he was spent, Kyle slid his mouth off of his softening cock and stood up. Dustin pulled him quickly into a kiss and moaned as he tasted his come in Kyle's mouth. He had to rely on the countertop for support again as Kyle gave him the majority of it back to him as they kissed. It was something that Mitch was never willing to do, but here was a man who was doing it without even being asked. When they parted from each other, Kyle grinned. Dustin reached for him, wanting to reciprocate somehow, some way, but Kyle backed away with a lighthearted laugh.

"Sorry, while I'm free to do things with my hands and mouth, the rest of my body is Jake's only, unless he says otherwise," he said, adding a wink that told Dustin this wouldn't be the last time for an encounter like this.

"Are all of the members like that?"

"Depends on their Master. Some Masters even enjoy watching," Kyle said with a broad grin. When he nodded to the side, Dustin nearly hit the floor. Jake Linton was standing in the doorway, leaning against the doorframe with a proud smile and a rather sizeable bulge in his leather pants.

"He's good, is he not?" Jake asked.

Dustin pulled his jeans up quickly and fastened them. "I'm sorry," he said quickly as he grabbed his shirt off the floor and pulled it over his head.

"No, don't be sorry," Jake said with a laugh. "Kyle told you the truth--some Masters enjoy watching, myself included."

Dustin looked from Kyle to Jake. "You're not angry?"

"Hell no," Jake said as he pushed off of the doorframe. He walked over to them and stood so close to Dustin that he was sure the Master would kiss him. Jake winked and turned to pull Kyle into a deep, hungry kiss. Dustin felt himself begin to grow hard all over again.

When they stopped kissing, Dustin watched as Jake whispered something in Kyle's ear. It was obviously something that Kyle liked the sound of because he looked over at Dustin and bit his lower lip. His eyes sparkled and he nodded. Jake turned around to Dustin and smiled.

"I know I said that you wouldn't see any actual scenes, but considering that we both would like nothing more than to demonstrate some of the things that can go on, we'd like you to sit in on one of our sessions, provided you are comfortable with that."

Dustin couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Are you serious?"

Jake nodded. "Absolutely. Is that something that you'd like to do?"

"Umm, sure!"

"Wonderful, follow us," Jake said as he circled Kyle's waist with his arm. Dustin followed them out of the kitchen.

Dustin's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest by the time they stopped in front of a wooden door halfway down the hall. Jake slid a key into the lock and pushed the

door open. As if acting on cue, Kyle dropped to his knees and lowered his head. With a snap of Jake's fingers, he leaned all the way down and kissed the top of Jake's boot. Dustin watched breathlessly as Kyle's tongue slicked up the black leather as if he were cleaning it.

"Please Master," Kyle whispered as he moved his mouth up the boot's surface, polishing it with his tongue. "Use me."

Dustin's pulse raced so fast that its thunderous rhythm echoed in his head, making him lightheaded as he watched Kyle's display of loving submission at his Master's feet. This was what he wanted, this was what Dustin longed so desperately for--to find someone who would love him and use him, who would expect the very same submission from him that Jake expected from Kyle. What he really wanted was to do this exact thing to Shayne Rennick's boot.

"Very good," Jake purred. He leaned over and landed a swift, sharp slap to one of Kyle's buttocks. Then he grabbed the back of Kyle's G-string and pulled. Only then did Dustin realize that a small plug was embedded in Kyle's ass. Jesus, he thought, no fucking wonder the guy was so damned horny in the kitchen.

Kyle remained on his hands and knees and crawled into the room with Jake following behind him. Dustin walked in and closed the door. When he turned back around, Kyle was kneeling as Jake locked a leather cuff around each wrist. When he was done, he stepped back and flipped a switch. From somewhere in the ceiling, a low rumble sounded and the chains attached to Kyle's cuffs began to slide up into two holes in the ceiling. He stood, and when the chains stopped, his arms were spread out above his head and he gripped the chains with his hands. He glanced over at Dustin and smiled.

Jake knelt down and buckled another set of cuffs around Kyle's ankles. When he stepped back, Dustin was treated to Kyle's semi-nude form attached to both the ceiling and the floor. His legs were spread apart, but not enough to appear uncomfortable.

"Pull up a chair and enjoy the show," Jake said with a grin.

Dustin nodded silently and pulled up a thickly-padded leather chair. He sat down and watched as Jake left Kyle's side to rummage through a closet behind him. Kyle's eyes were closed, but Dustin knew from the way that the man's chest rose and fell that he was anything but calm. When Jake reappeared, he stood behind Kyle and whispered something in his ear. Kyle whimpered and a gasp escaped his lips as Jake pulled the plug from his ass. Dustin swallowed hard and shifted as his jeans had become ungodly tight. He had to keep a firm grip on the arms of the chair to keep from pulling his cock out and stroking it.

Jake set the plug on a table behind him and turned around a few minutes later. When Dustin saw that his fingers were slick, his heartbeat sped up. Jake pressed his lips to Kyle's ear again and Kyle opened his eyes. He locked onto Dustin's gaze and his dark eyes shimmered as a soft moan escaped him. Jake's arm moved slightly and Kyle groaned. It was then that Dustin realized what Jake was doing. His grip on the chair's arms tightened until his knuckles were snow white as he watched Jake slide what could only be his hand inside Kyle's ass.

"Tell him what it feels like."

Upon hearing Jake's command, Dustin listened intently. Kyle's auburn hair fell over his face, but Jake used his free hand to brush it away so Dustin could see Kyle's heavy-lidded gaze. Kyle gasped and whimpered as Jake pushed his hand further inside him.

“Oh God,” he whispered breathlessly. “Full...” He gasped again as Jake’s arm twisted.

From Kyle’s sudden reaction, Dustin knew that Jake’s hand had just twisted against his prostate. His throat went completely dry as Kyle’s knees seemed to give way beneath him. Jake twisted his hand and pushed harder. Kyle whimpered pitifully and gripped the chains above him tighter to pull himself back up.

“Hard,” he continued. “Tight... oh God...”

Dustin’s heart leapt into his throat as Kyle’s eyes widened and his body shook with the tremors of a deep orgasm.

“Oh God, Master,” he breathed. “Please don’t stop, Master...” He gasped again and cried out as another wave shook him.

Dustin fought back the sudden urge to come; Kyle’s cries of pleasure and pain alone were nearly his undoing. Jake pulled his hand out and turned around. The sound of running water mingled with Kyle’s ragged efforts at breathing. His body was still shaking, although not as much as before. Dustin took several deep breaths of his own to calm himself down.

When Jake turned back around, he was drying his hands with a blue towel. He set it on the table and picked up a length of chain. He stepped around to face Kyle and kissed him. Kyle’s moans echoed in the now-quiet room and served only to quicken Dustin’s pulse again. Jake broke the kiss slowly and reached up to Kyle’s left nipple. Kyle hissed as Jake’s hand moved away, leaving a silver clamp gripping the small bud of hard flesh tightly. Another hiss, and the right nipple was clamped. A thin silver chain connected the two clamps and Jake tugged lightly on it. Kyle cried out and Jake smiled.

Dustin shifted again in his chair as the rumble from the ceiling started again. A few minutes later, Kyle’s arms were free, although his feet were still chained to the floor. Jake pulled up a chair and sat down in it.

“Now that you’ve been nicely stretched,” Jake said to Kyle, “you will pleasure me.” He leaned forward and slipped his hand under Kyle’s chin to lift his head. “And if you do it well, you will be well rewarded.” He placed a gentle, teasing kiss on Kyle’s trembling lips and sat back once more.

Kyle moved closer and unzipped Jake’s pants. Dustin’s eyes widened as nearly eight inches of rock hard flesh sprung from the confines of the tight leather. He watched, unconsciously licking his lips, as Kyle’s tongue slid up the underside. When he reached the head, he rolled his tongue over the tip. A thin, clear string stretched lazily between his tongue and the slit at the tip of Jake’s cock. The sight drew a whimper of longing from Dustin’s throat, but he stifled it without being heard.

Kyle lathed the entire shaft with his silky tongue, bringing memories of that same tongue bathing his own cock back to Dustin’s mind. Jake slid his fingers through Kyle’s hair and pulled his head down. With a low groan, he buried his cock in Kyle’s throat. Kyle’s moan was muffled by Jake’s girth and Jake pulled his head back off of him. Kyle swallowed and rolled his tongue around the head again, collecting another droplet from the slit. With another thrust of Jake’s hips, Kyle swallowed his cock once more.

“Oh yes,” Jake whispered. “You love to suck cock, don’t you, my little slut?”

Kyle moaned and slid his lips up and off of Jake’s shaft. “Yes, Master,” he whispered. He sucked on the head and Jake’s body arched off the chair as a groan escaped him. Dustin’s body wanted to respond in kind, but he kept himself planted firmly

in his chair and struggled to avoid coming in his jeans.

Jake gripped Kyle's head and pulled him off. "Finish it with your hand," he ordered. "I want to see it shoot all over your face."

Kyle obeyed immediately, wrapping his hand around Jake's cock. He milked it with long, firm strokes and kept his gaze firmly riveted on his Master's face. When his strokes sped up, matched by Jake's rumbles of pleasure, Dustin crossed his legs in an effort to stave off the building need for release. Jake's head fell back and he gripped the arms of his own chair as Kyle's strokes tightened. With a final pull from the base to the head, Kyle aimed Jake's cock towards his face. Ropes of white semen decorated Kyle's nose, cheeks, and lips as Jake grunted and thrust into his hand. Dustin tried desperately to stop himself, but before he could even begin to help it, his own cock twitched in his jeans, soaking his underwear and the denim with his come.

When Jake finally slumped into the chair, he reached out and caressed Kyle's face. He scooped up a healthy amount of the semen and Kyle sucked his fingers into his mouth, licking and sucking the come hungrily.

"Time for your reward," Jake said with a satiated smile. Kyle smiled and sat back on his heels.

As Dustin struggled to regain control of his breathing, he watched as Jake went back to the table. He returned to stand behind Kyle with the plug in his hand. Kyle's ass was still slick from the fisting and Jake pushed the plug up inside him. Kyle remained kneeling faithfully on his heels as the plug was embedded in his body. He shuddered and moaned as it popped into place. Jake walked around to the chair, turned around, and bent over.

"Five minutes," he said. Kyle moved forward and spread Jake's asscheeks with his hands. When he buried his face between them, Dustin knew what the reward was: to rim his Master. Jake groaned and backed up against Kyle's face. Dustin watched them with renewed longing and wondered what it would be like to do the same to Shayne.

When Kyle's five minutes were up, Jake stood and turned around. He pulled Kyle to his feet and kissed him. At the same moment, he released the clamps on Kyle's nipples. Kyle cried out and Dustin swore he saw the shimmer of tears threatening to escape Kyle's tightly-closed eyes. Jake kissed him again before kneeling to release his feet. Once Kyle was free, they both finally turned to Dustin.

"This was actually quite tame to what some of the other Masters do," Jake said.

"I assume Shayne Rennick is one of those?" Dustin asked, praying that he didn't sound too hopeful. Then Kyle leaned over and whispered something in Jake's ear.

"Oh really?" Jake said. "Well, I can say, for one, that I don't think that will be a problem."

Dustin wondered what exactly Kyle had said, but Jake's grin told him enough. Now Jake knew that he wanted Shayne as his Master.

"Don't worry," Jake said as he leaned down close to Dustin's face. "Shayne already has his eye on you." He pressed his lips softly to Dustin's, coaxing them open with his tongue. When he pulled away, he smiled. "Now, I believe Kyle has a tour to conduct." Dustin simply nodded.

* * *

“So, that little session didn’t freak you out too bad, did it?”

Dustin looked over at Kyle as they walked down the hallway towards a pair of carved wooden doors. “Hell no,” he said with a laugh. “Quite the contrary actually.” Kyle stopped walking and brazenly grabbed his crotch, backing him into the wall.

“I’ll have to remember that,” Kyle whispered. He gave Dustin’s cock a firm squeeze and smiled as it hardened in response. “I’m training to be a Master.” Dustin swallowed hard and Kyle stepped back with a wink.

“Something tells me that you won’t be as gentle as Jake seems to be with you.”

Kyle grinned. “Not hardly. But make no mistake, what you saw today was only a small taste of what Jake is really like. He can be quite harsh.”

“And what about Shayne?” Dustin asked him, placing his hand on one of the doors just as Kyle started to pull it open.

“You’ll find out.”

Dustin shook his head. “There’s no guarantee that he will definitely want me.” Kyle laughed and Dustin lifted an eyebrow in question. “Is there something I should know?”

“Only that Shayne Rennick gets what he wants,” Kyle said with a wry grin. He stepped forward and backed Dustin into the door. “And he wants you.” He kissed Dustin’s lips softly before moving away. “Now let’s continue this tour.” He pulled open the door and stepped inside.

Dustin followed him inside and stopped cold. The expansive room was divided into four large sections surrounding a larger center section. Each section had the option of privacy by way of a retractable divider on three sides. The largest part of the room was a sitting area. Plush, velvet-covered couches and chairs created a circle and a mammoth coffee table sat in the middle. The square table had three rings on each side and one ring at each corner; it was large enough to hold a full-grown man spread eagle. Dustin wonder, as he looked at it, just how many times the table had served just that purpose. Kyle nudged his elbow and Dustin shook his head, bringing his attention back to the tour itself. He followed Kyle around to the first of the four sections.

“This whole room is the party room. It’s where large groups can gather to play. Parties are always held in this room. This first section is the medical room.”

Dustin felt a nervous chill steal up his spine at the sight of the exam table, complete with metal stirrups. A long counter ran along the wall behind the table. A sink was set in one end while cabinets lined the wall above. A round stool on wheels sat at the foot of the table. To complete the scene, an IV pole stood near the foot of the table as well. Dustin had enough sense to know damn well what was hung from that pole, and it wasn’t an IV bag.

“This one is the warehouse room,” Kyle said, moving down to the next section.

Dustin looked around and had to admire the way the grungy decor contrasted sharply to that of the pristine medical room right beside it. A wooden ladder stood against the wall, anchored at both the top and the bottom. Barrels stood off to the side, and several cans of paint stood beside them. Unlike the spotless white tile of the medical room, the wall in this section was cinderblock and had all manner of lewd comments and pictures spray-painted on its rough surface. A workbench stood in one corner, and in the middle of the room was a dingy mattress. Something about this section reminded Dustin a lot of Shayne Rennick.

“Next we have the bath,” Kyle said as they crossed the room to stand before the third

section.

This one resembled the pictures that Dustin had seen before of the Roman baths. A decent-sized pool graced the room, sunk down into the floor. Unlike the rough concrete of the warehouse or the white tile of the medical room, this floor was marble. Four Roman columns stood along the wall and frescos of men lined the wall behind them. This one reminded him of Jake, most definitely.

“And last we have the stables.”

Now this one was truly interesting. The wooden floor was strewn with fresh hay and more was spread in the trough along the wall. Another, smaller trough sat on the floor, along with a bucket and a hairbrush. A small bridle hung on the wall above the larger trough, and the bit in it was the perfect size for a man’s mouth. A small, light saddle lay draped over a workhorse, and a butt plug with a horse’s tail hung from the wall beside the bridle. Dustin chuckled--it was ponyplay at its best.

“The rest of the rooms in the mansion are the same as these, each scene having at least two separate rooms. There are also four general use rooms like the one we were in earlier. Every room has a closet where all the toys and other things are kept. Upstairs you have the members’ rooms circling the entire house. Shayne’s room and Jake’s room are both downstairs, down the hall from the parlor. Other Masters are on the third floor.”

“Third floor? I didn’t see any stairs going to a third floor,” Dustin said as he turned to face Kyle.

“If you turn right when you leave your room, you’ll run into them eventually. There are two sets, one at the front end of each hallway upstairs.”

“Ah, okay,” Dustin said with a nod.

“Any questions?” Kyle asked him. Dustin shook his head. “Okay, then I have one for you.” Dustin looked at him dubiously and nodded. “Which of these rooms do you think is Shayne’s favorite?” Kyle asked with a wry grin.

Dustin looked around at each room, taking his time. He walked over to the warehouse and looked it over for a moment. Then he walked over to the medical room. Despite his first impression, he had an odd suspicion that maybe the medical room was Shayne’s favorite. He turned to Kyle.

“Let me guess--the medical one.”

Kyle nodded. “Yep, Shayne loves the stirrups. Plus he has a few medical fetishes that he loves to indulge in if the member is willing.”

Dustin turned back to the medical room and muttered a quiet curse as a hard-on began to form. Kyle came up to stand beside him.

“Something tells me that Shayne isn’t the only who favors this room.”

Dustin shook his head slowly. “In all honesty, he isn’t.” He felt his face grow flush and cursed silently again for being so damn embarrassed. Hell, he was standing next to a man who wore nothing but a G-string and who, only an hour ago, had been fisted and humiliated in front of him. Dustin realized he was the last one who should be blushing.

As they turned to leave the party room behind, Dustin gave the medical room a last glance. A vision of him strapped to the table with his feet in the stirrups crept into his mind and he groaned as he closed the door. The more he found out, the more he became convinced that Shayne Rennick was the perfect Master for him.

Chapter Three

“Nervous?”

Dustin turned to look at Kyle and found himself at a loss for words. Kyle’s smile was a comfort and for that Dustin was grateful. It was an unspoken thing that he was staying, but he was still nervous as hell to meet with Jake and Shayne. It wasn’t really Jake as much as it was Shayne, truth be told. Shayne’s gaze could melt solid steel and it certainly had much the same effect on Dustin. He turned back to face the wooden doors of the parlor and took a deep breath.

“Well,” he said with a last glance to Kyle, “here goes.” He reached up and knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

The rich, sultry timbre of Shayne’s voice sent a chill up his spine and he opened the door. Jake was seated facing the doorway in his usual faded jeans and a white muscle shirt. For the first time Dustin noticed the barest hint of a tattoo peeking from under one sleeve. He walked around Shayne’s chair and sat down in the chair beside him. The corner of Shayne’s mouth cocked into a sly grin and Dustin felt his insides melt into a puddle in the pit of his stomach.

Shayne sat with one leg over the other, his ankle resting casually on his knee. His arms were behind his head with his fingers linked together. The sparse dark hair on his chest drew a sensuous line down his belly, leaving Dustin to wonder what waited below the waistline of his painted-on, leather pants. Unlike Jake, Shayne had no tattoos, but the glint of steel that sparkled from the edge of his leather vest told Dustin that at least one nipple was pierced. How he longed to take that piece of metal between his teeth and pull. He shook his head to free his mind of the thought as Shayne’s expression changed to one of knowing.

“Well, how have you enjoyed your stay?” Jake asked him as he stretched one arm across the back of the loveseat.

“Quite well, actually,” Dustin said. “I want to stay.” He looked from Jake to Shayne. “If that’s okay,” he added. Jake smiled, but Shayne’s expression became unreadable. Dustin began to wonder if the man wanted him like Jake and Kyle had said.

“Wonderful!” Jake clapped his hands together and Kyle appeared in the doorway. “Kyle, please bring us the papers for a new member.” He looked at Shayne. “I assume that there will be only one interview.”

Dustin opened his mouth to ask why, but when Shayne’s lips curled into a cryptic grin, the answer was quite clear. Only one interview would be done today and Dustin knew the outcome already. Shayne nodded.

“Very good. Kyle, bring only one interview sheet,” Jake told the young man.

Kyle bowed and gave Dustin a quick, discreet wink. “Yes, Master.”

As Kyle walked away, Dustin thought back to the events of the day and how that tight little ass had been firmly impaled on Jake’s hand. He shuddered then, remembering also that Kyle had told him about Shayne’s popularity for fisting. He risked a glance at Shayne, who had brought his arms down to cross them over his chest. Much to Dustin’s surprise, Shayne was looking at him as well. One of Shayne’s hands cupped the hard bulge of his biceps and Dustin felt another tremor run through him. Shayne’s hands weren’t exactly small and judging by the rest of Shayne’s body, Dustin wondered what

else was on the large size. A few minutes later, Kyle returned with a short stack of papers. Jake snapped his fingers and Kyle dropped to his knees beside him.

"Now," Jake said as he spread the papers out over the coffee table, "everything said here and signed here is strictly confidential. We require that a medical form is signed. It states that you have been tested for HIV and that you agree to practice safe sex at all times, no matter the results of your test. Next is a general information form: name, date of birth, address, phone number, emergency contact, all that stuff. And finally there's the interview form. Normally you'd have several and each available Master would have one, but since there's seems to be an unspoken interest between you and Shayne, we'll forgo the usual protocol and you'll only have one sheet. Any questions?"

"Not that I can think of," Dustin said, glancing over at Shayne again. Shayne was busy looking over his own interview sheet and didn't look up.

"Great! Then Kyle and I will leave you two to this." Jake stood and stroked Kyle's hair. An unspoken command seemed to pass between them, as Kyle stood, nodded, and followed Jake out of the room with his bottom lip caught between his teeth.

Dustin turned back just in time to see Shayne getting out of his chair. He watched nervously as he came to stand between his legs. Then Shayne leaned down, slid one hand through his hair to cup the back of his neck, and pulled him into an enslaving kiss. The papers fell from Dustin's hands as Shayne pressed him back into the chair and deepened a kiss that could scarcely be deepened. When Shayne pulled away, Dustin's breath--and a bit of his heart--went with him.

"I wanted to see how you kiss," Shayne said with a wry grin. "If I don't like the way a man kisses, then chances are I won't like the way he serves in other areas."

"And what's the verdict on me?" Dustin whispered. Shayne's grin widened and he leaned down to capture Dustin's mouth in another kiss.

"Does that answer your question?" he whispered on Dustin's lips as he pulled away. Dustin nodded slowly. "Good because we have an interview to do."

Dustin swallowed his heart back down to his chest and fought down the ungodly erection in his jeans as Shayne sat down once more. He spent the next five minutes filling out the forms while Shayne watched him. He could feel the Master's gaze piercing through him as he signed the medical form. When he looked up, Shayne smiled and held out his hand. Dustin handed him the forms and waited while Shayne looked over them.

"Very good," Shayne said with a nod. He looked up and Dustin watched as his full lips curled into a grin. Shayne set the paper down and leaned forward, placing his forearms on his knees and locking his fingers together. "Tell me," he said, locking Dustin into a steady gaze. "Why are you here?"

It was one of the questions Dustin had been dreading. He settled back into his chair and took a deep breath. "My ex didn't want to explore this, but he wanted to control me. I only want to be sexually controlled--without losing my identity," Dustin said truthfully. He let out a breath of relief when Shayne nodded.

"Understandable. When you give up control here, you won't have to worry about losing your sense of self. It's a very real fear when dealing with people who are on power trips. Now, I'm going to be completely honest with you, Dustin," Shayne said. "Since you stepped foot into our parlor, I've wanted you. You're a strikingly handsome man, and you're honest, clean, and submissive. If you don't want me as your Master, I will be happy to find you someone else. I don't want you to feel pressured by me."

Dustin nodded. "Thank you," he said. "But in all honesty, I've thought of nothing but you since I met you yesterday." Shayne smiled and Dustin felt his heart jump into his throat again. Shayne handed him another paper and signed the bottom of it before handing Dustin the pen.

"It's the contract between us," Shayne explained. "It restates everything that you've been told, including the safe word and the ability to terminate this at any time, no questions asked. The only other clause that was not mentioned is the safe sex clause. Not all Masters and members engage in full penetration, but safe sex is always of paramount importance. I am one of those Masters who will gladly have sex with the member. If the issue of safe sex is something you agree with, initial the box that grants full penetration at the Master's discretion."

Without wasting a single second, Dustin initialed the box beside the clause. He was a staunch supporter of safe sex, especially if it meant having Shayne Rennick inside him. When he looked back up, Shayne's grin had widened. Dustin signed the bottom of the contract, above Shayne's script-like signature. He handed the form back to Shayne and sat back with his interview sheet.

"Now that the boring stuff is done," Shayne said as he sat back in his chair, "it's time to get on with the good stuff. Now is the time to see if some of our personal tastes mesh well. You start."

Dustin let out a nervous sigh and nodded. "Well, I'm fairly open-minded. Aside from my hard limits of no scat, no watersports, no necrophilia, no animals, and no one under nineteen, I'm pretty much open to anything." His heart leapt into his throat again as Shayne's gaze narrowed. It was then that he realized what he had said and to whom he had said it.

Shayne set his paper on the table and sat back, crossing his arms over his chest. "I'm aware that you've been told what I'm known for," he said with a lift of a dark eyebrow. "Is that something you're interested in?"

For the briefest moment Dustin allowed himself to remember Kyle and Jake, and he wondered what it would be like to switch places with Kyle. The thought of Shayne's hand embedded inside him was enough to make him harder than he thought possible.

"Yes," he finally said.

"I heard that you had the opportunity to sit in on a short session between Jake and Kyle," Shayne said as he leaned forward. "Would you be willing to submit to something like that?" Dustin nodded breathlessly. Shayne leaned closer and brushed his lips over Dustin's. "Good, because I want nothing more than to feel you ride my arm." He gripped the back of Dustin's neck and pulled him into a kiss.

"Now, tell me some of your fantasies."

Dustin swallowed hard and nodded. There were fantasies in his head that he had never divulged to anyone, but now he had the chance to act them out--if only he could gather the courage to describe them. Shayne sat back in his chair and waited patiently.

"Well, there are a couple that I've never been able to act out for one reason or another," Dustin said. He looked down to his lap in an effort to hide from Shayne's intense gaze and to hide his embarrassment.

"I have a little bit of a medical fetish," he said quietly. "I've always fantasized about being strapped to the table with my feet strapped into the stirrups while I'm examined both inside and out." A shudder ran through him, but he did his best to hide it. When he

risked a glance up at Shayne, however, he realized that Shayne had seen it. He immediately dropped his gaze again.

"I've also been curious to know what it's like to be fisted. I've never had more than three fingers inside me, so it would be something that I'd have to take slow." He looked back up at Shayne. "Those are my biggest fantasies."

Shayne smiled and nodded. "I know that Kyle showed you the party room, so you've seen the medical set-up we have." Dustin nodded. "Great, then you won't have any problems with a thorough inspection in the near future." He stood and gathered the papers. "I'm going to go file these in the office. I assure you that they will remain in the strictest confidence. And since we both have signed the contract, I have a task for you."

Dustin nodded and stood. "Yes?"

Shayne grinned. "Do whatever you need to do to clean up thoroughly--inside and out. When you're done, you are to report to the party room for your exam." He placed a soft kiss on Dustin's lips and walked out the door.

Dustin's heart raced in his chest as he hurried up to his room. This is it, he thought.

* * *

Half an hour later, Dustin stepped up to the double doors that opened onto the party room. He took several breaths, but he was too nervous to even begin to relax. When he reached up to knock on the door, Shayne's deep voice bade him to enter. As he stepped into the room, he thought he had surely died.

Shayne sat on the stool at the end of the exam table with his arms crossed over his chest. He had traded his usual leather for a pair of light khaki slacks, a white dress shirt, and a white doctor's coat. His long, dark hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and he waited patiently with a smirk on his face that sent Dustin's pulse into overdrive. When Dustin reached the exam room, Shayne stood.

"Good evening, Mr. Aldridge," he said in a convincingly professional tone. "Please take all your clothing off and bend over the table so I can get an accurate temperature." He patted the paper-covered exam table and turned to the cabinets.

As Dustin took his clothes off, he watched Shayne gather several pieces of equipment on a large silver tray. He rolled the tray to the side of the exam table and turned around. In one hand he held a slim glass thermometer that Dustin figured must have been at least six inches long. In his other hand he held a tube of K-Y jelly. Dustin didn't bother to hide the immediate hard-on, which only served to widen Shayne's grin.

"Please," Shayne said, nodding to the table. Dustin obeyed and bent over it, resting his head on his folded arms. "Now this might be a little cold," he heard Shayne say. Seconds later he felt Shayne spread the cheeks of his ass apart with his free hand.

When he felt the glass tube of the thermometer slide inside his ass, Dustin couldn't stop the soft moan that escaped his lips. He bit his lower lip as Shayne wiggled the glass tube in his ass, pushing and pulling it in and out. For three whole minutes, he remained bent over with Shayne's thermometer buried in his ass. Just as his knees threatened to give way, the tube was removed.

"Now I'm going to do a preliminary check of your prostate."

Dustin nodded and felt Shayne's latex-covered finger spread more lube around the outside of his hole.

“Deep breath and bear down on my finger,” Shayne instructed as he pushed his finger inside Dustin’s ass to the first knuckle. Dustin grit his teeth to keep back the urge to shoot a load all over the side of the exam table. When Shayne’s finger circled over his prostate, he gripped the opposite edge of the table and pressed his forehead onto the paper.

Shayne couldn’t believe his luck. He had many men before who enjoyed this type of fantasy, but none of them had ever been as utterly gorgeous as Dustin Aldridge. And here he was, with his finger buried in the man’s ass, enacting out one of his own personal fantasies. He twisted his hand and began massaging Dustin’s prostate with his fingertip.

“I’m going to need to add another finger,” he said in his best professional tone. When he slid a second finger into Dustin’s ass, Dustin tensed immediately. Shayne leaned over his back, his two fingers buried inside Dustin’s body, and whispered, “Don’t worry, I’m not going to fist you right now.” He kissed Dustin’s shoulder and stood back up, removing his fingers as he did.

“If you will please climb onto the table, we’ll get on with the exam,” he said. He pulled off the gloves and tossed them into the trash can marked ‘Biohazard’ and stood at the foot of the exam table.

When Dustin was on his back on the table, Shayne placed both feet into the stirrups and secured them with heavy duty Velcro straps. He walked up to Dustin’s side and secured both arms in straps. When he looked down at Dustin’s face, all he could think about was impaling the man on his arm. He shook his head quickly--that time would come, but not right now. He leaned down and brushed his lips across Dustin’s.

He had only meant for it to be a light brushing and nothing more, but when Dustin’s breath caught, Shayne gripped his head and shoved his tongue down the man’s throat. Dustin whimpered into his mouth and Shayne pulled away slowly. Dustin’s eyes were hazy with nervousness, lust, and what could only be described as sheer embarrassment. It was enough to make Shayne want to immerse them both into this mutual fantasy.

He went to the foot of the table and sat down on his stool. He put on another pair of latex gloves, taking care to make sure that Dustin heard the snap of the latex against his skin. When Dustin sucked his lower lip between his teeth and his cock jumped in response, Shayne couldn’t help but smile. With Dustin’s legs in the stirrups and spread wide apart, Shayne was afforded the most incredible view of Dustin’s cock and balls. He adjusted the stirrups, spreading Dustin’s legs further apart until his hole was fully exposed as well.

“I’m going to check to make sure there are no penile problems,” he said as he took Dustin’s stiff cock in his hand.

He squeezed it and watched, forcing himself to not lick his lips, as a clear drop leaked from the tip. He ran his thumb over the head, slicking it up and grinning as Dustin groaned softly. He squeezed the head to inspect the opening of the urethra and couldn’t resist the temptation. He leaned over and flicked his tongue across the head and dipped it into the slit. When Dustin gasped and pulled against the restraints on his arms, Shayne grinned and released his cock. Dustin’s head fell back with a frustrated groan.

Now comes the fun part, Shayne thought. He turned and looked over the medical instruments on the tray until he found what he wanted. When he turned back around with the metal speculum in his hand, Dustin’s eyes widened. Shayne held his gaze as he slicked up the cold metal with K-Y.

“Now, this might be a little uncomfortable,” he said as he placed the metal bills of the speculum against Dustin’s ass. He slid the speculum inside Dustin and stopped. “Take a deep breath,” he said. “I have to open the speculum to have a look in your rectum.” He glanced up at Dustin and grinned. One of the biggest turn-ons for a fantasy like this is the use of medical terminology, and from the look of tortured lust on Dustin’s face, it was working quite well.

Shayne opened the speculum slowly so as not to overwhelm Dustin too much. When it opened fully and clicked to lock in place, Dustin’s hips lifted slightly off the paper. Shayne kept a firm hold on the speculum, too entranced as he watched Dustin grind on the table, to let go of it. He closed his eyes when Dustin whimpered--this one was working overtime on his self-control.

“Mr. Aldridge,” he said firmly, trying desperately to hide the nearly overwhelming desire, “if you don’t lie still, I’m afraid I’m going to have to strap your waist down as well.”

He looked up and nearly hit the floor when he saw Dustin’s plea in his eyes. It was a plea that he couldn’t begin to resist. He stood and went to Dustin’s side. He leaned over him and pulled two Velcro straps together around his waist. When he straightened back up, he looked down at Dustin.

“I warned you,” he whispered gruffly on Dustin’s lips. He reached down between Dustin’s spread legs, slipped two fingers inside the opening of the speculum, and wiggled it. Dustin’s lips parted in a sudden gasp and Shayne took the opportunity to kiss him again. He wiggled the speculum again and broke the kiss. “Now that you’re sufficiently restrained, I’ll return to the exam.”

He moved back between Dustin’s legs and sat down. For several seconds he could do nothing but stare at the gaping hole of Dustin’s ass, held open by the metal speculum. Dustin’s cock was rock hard and the tip was leaking profusely. Shayne slid two fingers inside the speculum and felt the smooth mound of Dustin’s prostate. He gave it several firm strokes before removing his fingers. Dustin’s legs shook in the stirrups, making his unbearable arousal very clear.

“Now I want to check your response to internal stimulation,” Shayne said as he picked up a slender vibrator. “I’m going to insert an instrument into your rectum and gauge your reaction.” He twisted the base of the vibrator and placed the tip of it against the metal speculum. The vibrations hummed through the metal and Dustin’s hips lifted off the table.

“Oh fuck...”

Shayne watched Dustin’s chest rise and fall quickly as the speculum vibrated inside of him. He turned off the vibrator and slid it inside. Then he turned it on again. Dustin’s hands gripped the edge of the table and he squeezed his eyes shut.

“Oh shit... Oh God...”

“Feel good?” Shayne asked as he twisted the vibrator around in Dustin’s ass.

“Oh God, yes,” Dustin breathed. “I’m so close to coming,” he panted.

Shayne removed the vibrator and turned it off. Dustin raised his head and stared at him with wide, pleading eyes. “I can’t have you orgasm right now. I still have experiments to run.” He picked up a slender metal tube with a bulbous end that was a little smaller than his fist. “Now I’m going to remove the speculum,” he said, “and then I’m going to unstrap you. I’m going to need you on your hands and knees for the next

portion of the exam.”

He unlocked the speculum and slid it out slowly. He felt his mouth water as he watched Dustin’s ass close back up. Dear God, he thought. He wanted more than anything to shove his hand, and eventually his entire arm, deep inside Dustin’s body, but that would have to wait. Dustin wasn’t quite ready for something that intensive. *And neither am I*, Shayne thought as he looked down to see a tiny dark spot on his pants from where his cock was leaking. Jesus, he was going to come in his fucking pants before he ever got anywhere.

He set the speculum on the tray and unstrapped Dustin’s ankles and stomach. Then he went around to unstrap his arms. When Dustin sat up on the edge of the table, Shayne gripped his shoulders tightly and caught his mouth in another heated kiss. Kissing Dustin Aldridge was something he could die happily doing. When he pulled away from Dustin’s lips, he was met with an intriguing gaze. In a momentary slip of the fantasy, he tilted his head in confusion.

“What?”

Dustin smiled. “Just want to thank you,” he said. “This is the first time I’ve ever been able to act out this fantasy, and you’re everything I ever imagined the perfect Master to be.”

Shayne swallowed hard as Dustin leaned forward to kiss him this time. But this kiss was softer and held something in it that Shayne wasn’t quite sure of. He broke the kiss slowly and smiled, despite the sudden onslaught within himself. This was something he had not quite been prepared for. He stepped back and nodded to the table.

“Please get on your knees and place your head down on the table,” he instructed, slipping back into the comfortable role of Master and doctor. Dustin grinned and did as he was told.

Shayne walked around behind him and picked up the long instrument again. It was one of his own design and most definitely one of his favorite pieces. “Now I’m going to be inserting the probe,” he said as he slicked up the instrument’s slender body and bulbous end. “It might hurt a bit when it first goes in, but I need you to be as still as possible.”

He placed the bulb end against Dustin’s hole and pushed gently. Dustin groaned as his ass sucked in the bulb. Shayne waited for a minute for him to get used to it and then he slid it further inside.

“Oh God,” Dustin groaned.

Shayne fed the tube deeper inside Dustin’s body until it reached the end. With all ten inches of the probe buried in Dustin’s ass, he reached over and flipped a switch on the wall. The scope was only medical in part of its design; the bulb end and the entire length of the tube itself housed several tiny vibrators. With the flip of the switch Dustin rocked back as it vibrated his insides. Shayne pulled the scope out to the bulb and slid it back inside. Dustin began rocking back and forth, fucking the scope with deep moans. When his movements sped up, Shayne slid his other hand under Dustin and began stroking his cock.

“Oh fuck,” Dustin whispered. “Please don’t stop...” Shayne firmed up his grip on Dustin’s cock and fucked Dustin’s ass harder with the scope. “Oh yes, Oh God...”

“Feel good?” Shayne asked him, turning up the scope to increase the vibrations.

“Yes,” Dustin growled into the paper-covered table.

Shayne turned up the vibrations more. “Yes, *what?*”

Dustin panted and struggled to catch his breath. “Yes, Master.” He grunted and Shayne squeezed his cock harder. “Oh God, yes Master!”

Shayne held onto the scope tightly as Dustin’s body shook around it. He watched as Dustin’s ass tightened around the tube as his body convulsed in wave after wave of his orgasm. Seconds later, Shayne felt Dustin’s cock twitch and sticky semen shot all over the table and ran down his hand. He removed the probe from Dustin’s ass and his hand from his cock. Dustin collapsed face-down onto the table.

“Dear God.”

Shayne laughed and pulled off the latex gloves. He had surprised himself by not coming, even when Dustin had two orgasms right in front of him. He pushed the tray against the wall and turned back around to see Dustin rolled over onto his side and staring at him with that odd look again.

“And what do I owe you, doc?” Dustin asked him. Shayne grinned.

“On the floor. On your knees,” he ordered. He snapped his fingers and Dustin slid off of the table and settled onto his knees in front of him. He unfastened his pants and let them slide to his feet. His cock strained against his underwear and he watched as Dustin’s tongue slid across his lips. “Suck it.”

With the first touch of Dustin’s tongue, Shayne leaned over him and braced himself on the exam table. He pumped his cock in and out, fucking Dustin’s mouth with quick, short strokes. He thought back to the way Dustin’s ass felt when he fingered him and he stood quickly. Dustin looked at him quizzically when he pulled away, but then he grinned when Shayne picked up a condom package from the instrument tray.

“Stand up and bend over the table,” Shayne ordered him as he unrolled the rubber onto the hard length of his cock.

He stood between Dustin’s legs and spread the cheeks of his ass apart. His hole was still slick from the probe and Shayne slid two fingers inside him. Dustin moaned and backed up onto his hand, shoving Shayne’s fingers as far inside his ass as they could go. When Shayne added a third finger, he felt Dustin tense up.

“Relax,” he instructed as he pushed all three fingers deep inside Dustin’s ass. “I’m not going to fist you.” He spread his fingers apart and grinned when Dustin sucked in a breath. He pulled his fingers out and stroked his cock, slicking up the rubber. “Deep breath,” he said. “I’m a bit bigger than the probe’s shaft.” He held Dustin’s asscheeks apart and pushed the head of his cock inside him.

“Oh God,” Dustin groaned into the table. Shayne pushed in more until all eight inches were buried to the hilt in Dustin’s ass. “Oh fuck. Please, Master,” Dustin begged. “Please fuck me.”

Shayne gripped his hips and pulled out to the head. When Dustin wiggled against him, he slammed back inside. Dustin gasped and backed up. Shayne gripped his hips tighter and began ramming his cock in and out of Dustin’s ass as hard as he could. Dustin met him with every thrust, and Shayne growled as he felt his orgasm grow closer.

“Master...”

Dustin’s voice quavered and his words died out as he bucked against Shayne with another orgasm. Shayne slammed into him with force and growled as his cock shot load after load into the rubber. He leaned down over Dustin’s ass and kissed his back. Dustin panted beneath him.

"That was fucking incredible," he whispered. Shayne kissed his back again and nodded.

"I would have to agree," he said quietly. Dustin turned his head to the side and smiled.

Shayne straightened back up and pulled out of him. He snapped off the rubber and tossed it into the red trash can. "Now," he said, turning back to Dustin, "you will bring me all of your clothing. Do you know where my suite is?" Dustin nodded. "Good, then bring me all your clothes as soon as possible. I'll have your new clothes ready for you then." He stepped up and kissed Dustin's lips softly. "And from here on out, orgasms are forbidden unless I have given permission. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master," Dustin whispered.

"Very good," Shayne said. He captured Dustin in another kiss before stepping away. "I expect to see you in an hour. Any later and you will be punished." He turned and walked away, leaving Dustin leaning against the exam table.

Chapter Four

"So, how'd your first session go?"

Shayne searched through a drawer in his dresser for a small padlock and laughed. "It went fucking great," he said. "Ah, there's one." He fitted the padlock through the hole in the collar and smiled. "Perfect."

"No details this time, huh?"

He turned around and lifted an eyebrow at Jake. "Maybe." He sat down on his bed, crossing his arms and resting them on the footboard. "What do you want to know?"

Jake laughed. "Was it anything like you imagined it would be? Did you enjoy it? You know, that sort of thing."

Shayne grinned. "I enjoyed the hell out of myself," he said. "And it was better than I ever imagined. To see that man on the table with his legs spread wide in the stirrups was beyond anything that I could possibly describe."

"How did he handle the fisting? Or did you not do it?"

Shayne shook his head and stood back up to finish gathering Dustin's things. "Not yet. That's something that we're going to have to take a little longer to work up to. He can handle three fingers, but at that point he tenses up too much. Although he's definitely interested in doing it."

Jake nodded. "Yea, that's what Kyle said."

Shayne cocked his head to the side. "He told Kyle?"

"Not exactly, but Kyle told him that you loved to do it and according to Kyle, Dustin looked to be quite intrigued. He also said that Dustin continually expressed interest in you--personally."

"Personally?" Shayne laid a small butt plug beside the collar and looked over at Jake. "What about me?"

Jake shrugged. "The usual: what kind of guys you liked, any personal preferences for things like cologne and other types of scents, clothing preferences, and other things like that. I think Dustin has more than just a passing interest, Shayne."

Shayne turned back to the array of things on his dresser and grumbled. "Yea, I think

I noticed that.”

“Oh? When? How?” Jake asked. Shayne could hear the amusement in his friend’s voice no matter how hard Jake tried to mask it.

“I don’t know exactly,” he said quietly. “Something in the way he looks at me, I suppose.” He heard Jake get out of the chair and glanced up in the mirror to see Jake standing behind him. “What?”

“Don’t give me that,” Jake said. “When are you going to admit it?”

Shayne turned around quickly, shaking the dresser and nearly toppling a lamp over. He reached out and caught it before it could hit the floor. “Admit what?”

Jake laughed and Shayne narrowed his gaze. “That you have the hots for the man.”

“I do not have the hots for him, Jake,” Shayne said defensively. He pushed by Jake to walk over to his closet.

“Bullshit, Shayne. I’ve known you long enough to know better. You’ve had it bad for Dustin Aldridge ever since you first laid eyes on him at the club a year ago.”

Shayne stopped pushing the clothes along the rack and hung his head down. Damn it, he thought. No matter how hard he tried sometimes, he simply couldn’t hide anything from Jake. Scary thing was--Jake was right. Shayne had first seen Dustin working the bar at the club when he and Jake had taken a drive to DC. That was a year ago, and he was still utterly infatuated with the guy. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever think that Dustin Aldridge was submissive.

“You know I’m right, Shayne,” Jake said from the closet doorway.

“So what if you are? What do you want me to do?” Shayne resumed his search for the harness that he had bought six months ago.

“What do you mean? I want to see you happy for a change, Shayne. You’ve been single since we broke things off.”

Shayne sighed. “Yea, well, maybe I just don’t have it in me to be in a relationship. Every guy I’ve been with has wanted nothing more than a Master. Maybe I should just stick with what I’m good at.” He shoved another hanger full of leather angrily across the bar.

“Or are you sticking with what’s comfortable?” Jake asked. Shayne shot him a scowling glance. “Don’t give me that look. And don’t try the ‘I don’t date members’ ploy either.”

“But I don’t,” Shayne defended. Jake crossed his arms over his chest and leveled a gaze on Shayne that said quite clearly that he didn’t believe him for a minute. “Oh forget it,” he grumbled, turning back to the clothes rack.

Another hanger slid across the pole and he grinned as the new, unused harness hung from the next hanger. He lifted it off the rack and unhooked it from the wire. He stepped past Jake and laid the harness beside the collar, the G-string, and the plug. When a knock sounded on his door, he smiled.

“That’s Dustin,” he said. He chose to ignore the amused grin that teased him from Jake’s lips and went to open the door. “Very good,” he said, switching back into the role of a Master. Jake was right--it was a comfort ploy, but at least he was good at it.

“I brought everything,” Dustin said. He set the suitcase on the floor and treated Shayne to a smile that made him melt from the inside out.

Shayne took the suitcase and set it in his closet. He went to the dresser and looked up in the mirror to see Jake walking out. Jake stopped in the doorway long enough to wink at

him and then shut the door. Shayne just shook his head, gathered the things on his dresser, and returned to Dustin's side.

"This is what you will be wearing from now on while you're here, unless I give you something else. This," he said, holding up the plug, "is to be worn overnight, unless I've instructed otherwise. You're free to take it out when needed, but then it goes back in once more. It's safe enough to wear while you sleep. Now strip."

He sat down on the bed and watched as Dustin removed all his clothes. When Dustin was done, Shayne could only sit and stare at the perfection of his body.

"Master?"

Shayne shook his head and smiled. "Come here and bend over." He crooked his finger and patted his lap.

Dustin stretched out over his lap and Shayne felt his heart leap into his throat. He reached into the bedside table and grabbed a small bottle of lube. He spread the cheeks of Dustin's ass with one hand and squirted a generous amount of lube onto Dustin's asshole. He set down the bottle and began working the lube around, sliding his finger in to the first knuckle. Dustin moaned softly and Shayne slid his finger in the rest of the way. He could feel Dustin's cock grow hard against his thigh and he started fucking him with his finger. When Dustin started bucking up against his finger, Shayne added another one. He spread the two apart and Dustin let out another throaty groan.

"More," Dustin pleaded. "Please, Master."

Shayne grinned and added a third finger. Dustin groaned and his body arched off of Shayne's lap.

"Oh yes, Master," he whispered.

Shayne could feel Dustin's heart racing against his left thigh and he wondered if Dustin could take a fourth. He pulled his fingers out and added a fourth. He slid them back in and Dustin immediately backed onto his hand. He wanted so desperately to feel Dustin's ass close around his wrist, to feel the silky heat of his body envelop his hand.

"More?" he asked. Dustin nodded slowly.

Shayne pulled his fingers out and tucked his thumb in. He pushed inside and stopped when Dustin tensed up. "Just relax," he said quietly. "Bear down on my hand. If you need me to stop, don't hesitate to use the safe word."

"I'm fine," Dustin said. "Just give me a second to get used to it."

"Tell me when you're ready." Shayne spread his fingers apart. "I'm not pushing, just stretching you."

"More, but go slow."

Shayne pulled his hand out. "This isn't the best position," he said. "Get on the bed. Lie down on your back and draw your knees up."

Dustin got up and did as he was told. Shayne knelt between his legs, not believing what he was about to do. Dustin pulled his legs up and gripped them behind his knees, spreading them open.

"You sure you're ready to try this?" Shayne asked him. Dustin nodded. "Okay, just don't forget the safe word if you need it. Bear down on my hand; I'll go as slow as you want me to."

He slipped two fingers into Dustin's ass and watched his face. He added a third finger without a problem.

"Still okay?" he asked. Dustin nodded.

He added a fourth finger and spread them apart. Dustin gasped, but didn't tense up as much as before. "Now I'm adding my thumb." Shayne tucked his thumb in and pushed gently. He felt Dustin push against him and he pushed a little more. "This is the widest part," he said. He pushed again and watched breathlessly as his hand disappeared into Dustin's ass. Dustin sucked in a breath and his eyes grew wide as Shayne stopped with his hand just inside him.

"Oh my God," Dustin breathed. "Oh fuck! Oh shit, don't move... don't move..."

When Dustin sucked in another breath and rocked his hips, Shayne knew exactly what was going to happen. Seconds later, Dustin gripped his forearm and bucked wildly as his body tightened around Shayne's hand. Shayne let him ride his hand as he watched. His own cock was painfully hard in his pants as Dustin's orgasm sucked his hand deeper inside. The one thing that he had dreamt about for the past year was finally happening.

When Dustin's body finally started to loosen and his breathing slowed down a bit, Shayne pulled his hand out slowly. He wiped it on the towel he had set on the table and then leaned over to wipe the lube off of Dustin. Dustin's hand on his arm stopped him before he could finish.

"Please," Dustin whispered. "Fuck me?"

Shayne knew Dustin's ass couldn't possibly feel up to much of anything after his hand, but when he saw the plea in Dustin's eyes, he also knew that he couldn't deny the man even if he wanted to. He reached over and pulled out a rubber from the bedside table. He stood and took his clothes off as Dustin watched from the bed. He unrolled the rubber onto his cock and crawled between Dustin's spread legs.

"You sure you're up to doing anything after that?"

"Please. I need you inside me."

Shayne slid his cock inside Dustin's ass and leaned down to kiss him. Dustin let go of his legs and circled Shayne's neck with his arms. Without breaking their kiss, Shayne began moving in slow, gentle strokes. He didn't want to hurt Dustin, no matter how bad he wanted to just pound the man's ass into oblivion. He broke the kiss and sat up, gripping Dustin's thighs and pushing his legs down and apart.

He watched his cock slide in and out of Dustin's ass. Every thrust was like sliding into a white-hot glove. Every contour of Dustin's body fit his perfectly and for the first time in his life, Shayne didn't have to struggle to keep his eyes open. When he normally would've closed them to relish the feeling of being buried to the hilt in a man's body, he kept them open. The expressions that passed over Dustin's face were enough of an enticement on their own. With a particularly deep thrust, a gasp escaped Dustin's lips. His body arched and he clawed at the bed, bunching the sheet into his fists. As Shayne felt himself growing closer to climax, he focused on the thought of Dustin's eyes, heavy-lidded and hazy with lust. When those eyes opened and fixed a thoroughly unhinging gaze on him, Shayne groaned and buried his cock in Dustin's body as he came.

Seconds later Dustin whimpered and bucked under him. After catching his breath, Shayne looked down between their sweat-slick bodies. Both of their stomachs were coated in semen and he returned his gaze to Dustin's face. When Dustin bit at the corner of his lower lip, Shayne's breath left him once more.

"It was an accident," Dustin said quietly.

"But it's one that you must learn to control," Shayne told him. "Perhaps a lesson is in order, to teach you to control yourself."

“Don’t forget the safeword.”

Dustin nodded and swallowed his nervousness. He had known--the second his orgasm had started--that this would happen. Yet he had no idea what to expect in the way of punishment. With the blindfold over his eyes, all he had were his ears to know where Shayne was at any given point. They had not left Shayne’s room yet; that much he knew.

From his right--or maybe it was from behind him--he heard Shayne’s bed creak. Once Shayne had secured the blindfold, he made sure to turn Dustin around enough to the point where he no longer knew where anything was in relation to himself. For all he knew, the bed could be right in front of him.

He heard it creak again and then he felt something soft and smooth slide across his lips. He opened them instinctively and his surprised gasp was muffled by nearly three inches of soft, slick rubber. He whimpered as the gag was tightened around the back of his head.

“Since you seemed to enjoy sucking my cock so much,” he heard Shayne say from somewhere close by, “I thought you might enjoy one in your mouth for a while.”

He heard the bed creak again and then a single finger stroked his right cheek softly. God, he wanted so bad to see Shayne, but he knew he had no choice but to endure whatever punishment was coming his way. He wasn’t naive enough to think this was it. When Shayne pushed him to his back he wondered what would come next. A few minutes later Shayne was milking his cock, stroking the hard flesh with purpose. With his hands bound behind his back and chained to his collar, Dustin could do nothing but thrust his hips up to meet Shayne’s torturous strokes.

His legs were spread apart and a slick finger circled his hole. He pressed forward, wanting desperately to feel something inside him. When the finger slid inside, he moaned around the rubber cock in his mouth. He rocked his hips, fucking Shayne’s long, slender finger, needing to feel more. Shayne teased his prostate with the tip, rubbing gentle circles around the small gland until Dustin was sucking madly on the gag. He whimpered and bucked his hips, torn between Shayne’s slow, languid strokes on his cock and the single finger buried inside him. At that point, he didn’t know which was worse.

“Now,” Shayne whispered close to his right ear, “I want you to come for me. Come hard, because it will be most painful should you reach that point again later.”

Dustin nodded and started fucking Shayne’s fist with quick, shallow thrusts. Shayne’s fingers curled around his shaft and Dustin felt the familiar fiery ache building in the pit of his stomach. He arched his back and thrust into Shayne’s hand harder.

“Yes,” Shayne purred. “Suck on that cock. You’re such a pretty slut.”

That did it. Dustin sucked frantically on the gag and with a throaty, strangled groan, his body shook as he pumped load after load of come into Shayne’s waiting palm. He dropped flat onto the floor, panting around the rubber cock. Shayne pulled away from him for a brief moment and then Dustin felt the rough terrycloth of a towel as Shayne cleaned him up.

“Now that you’re not hard,” Shayne said, “I can get this on you.”

This? Dustin’s heart leapt into his throat when it dawned on him. The only reason why a hard cock would matter was if he was to wear some sort of chastity device. As if answering his silent question, Shayne began tucking his balls gently through a ring of hard plastic. Once the ring was secure behind them, his cock slid into a hard plastic

casing. He could feel the cold of the plastic surrounding his flesh and wondered just what in the hell Shayne had put on him. The sound of a small padlock clicking shut made his heart skip several beats.

"There is a slit at the tip for hygiene purposes. I'm the only one with a key. When it's time to bathe, I will unlock it. I wish for my slaves to be free of hair, so we will remedy that this evening after dinner."

Shayne unlocked his arms and Dustin pulled them out from under his back. He blinked several times and then squeezed his eyes shut from the onslaught of the overhead light. When he heard a click and the light dimmed, he opened his eyes. Shayne was sitting on the bed and Dustin realized he was beside it, still lying on the floor. He pushed himself up onto his elbows and looked down. His cock was encased, quite literally, in a sheath of hard, clear plastic. He lifted it up and just as Shayne had said, there was a small slit at the tip for him to piss through. When soft, his cock was about three inches long; the cage itself was about the same. Shayne's warning of pain was an understatement waiting to happen. Dustin looked up at Shayne.

"I might just have to get you one of those gags with a hole in the center," Shayne said with a devilish grin. "Just in case I want to fuck your mouth."

Dustin winced and fought with everything he had to will the impending hard-on away. He closed his eyes tight and thought of his seventh grade teacher, the one with the peppered hair and wrinkles galore. When he remembered the flab hanging from her arms and neck, his libido shrank away. He panted and risked a glance back up at Shayne.

"It's fifteen after six in the evening," Shayne said. "I will take you around to meet some of the others and then we will join everyone in the dining room for dinner."

Dustin tried pleading with Shayne with his eyes, hoping he'd at least take the gag out. Shayne stood up and walked over to him, holding a hand out to help him up.

"Bend over."

Dustin bit down on the gag and did as he was told. He bent over the bed and Shayne used his foot to spread his legs further apart. Dustin quickly dug up another high school memory as the cheeks of his ass were spread wide apart. He closed his eyes and hung his head down, imagining his ninth grade science teacher naked. A slick finger slid inside him and he bit harder on the gag while he imagined his old teacher playing with herself. She had freckles over every inch of her wrinkled body and a damp patch of curling red hair between her legs. When the finger pulled out and something larger pressed into him, he imagined the teacher kneading her oversized breasts while fingering herself. He fought back the urge to gag and gasped as the plug seated itself firmly in his ass. He tried desperately to hear the teacher's moans in a rush to kill the quickly-forming hard-on. Once it died down, he collapsed face-first onto the bed.

Just as he began to wonder how he'd ever be able to use the safe word with a gag, the strap was loosened and the rubber cock slid out of his mouth and dropped onto the bed. He licked his lips and propped himself up on his forearms. Once his mouth was no longer aching, he rolled over. The plug shifted in his ass and he fell back onto the bed with a groan. This was going to be a long night.

* * *

Dustin followed behind Shayne, keeping a respectful and obedient distance as they

walked into the parlor. Jake was sitting on the loveseat, chatting with another man who could only have been a Master. Kyle sat at Jake's feet, his hands folded demurely in his lap. He was looking at the floor, not lifting his head even when Shayne and Dustin entered the room. Jake took a drink from the glass he was holding, then handed it to Kyle. Kyle raised his hands and put them together, creating a small, almost flat plane, on which Jake set his glass. Jake and the other man stood up then. They seemed to take no notice of Dustin's manner of dress--or lack thereof.

Shayne snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor beside his favorite chair. As he had been instructed upon leaving Shayne's room, Dustin dropped immediately to his knees and lowered his gaze, but not without catching a quick wink from Shayne. He swallowed hard as Shayne sat down in the chair beside him.

"Dustin," Shayne said, slipping a hand under Dustin's chin and lifting his head. "This is Master Allen. He was one of the first Masters of La Chambre Sûre."

Dustin looked over at the other man, noting the stern features of his face, the bulge of his biceps beneath his shirt sleeves, the hardness of his chest. He looked quite the part of a hard Master. He stepped up to Dustin and gripped his chin firmly, tilting his head up and turning his it this way and that. When he finally released him, he glanced over at Shayne.

"A fine piece of work you've found, Shayne," he said with a thick Southern drawl. "Where'd you find him?"

Dustin felt himself grow flush and Shayne cast an appreciative smile at him.

"He came to us." He leaned forward and slid his hand around Dustin's face, turning his head slowly to meet his gaze. "Didn't you, my pretty slut?"

Dustin shivered under the weight of that piercing, golden stare and nodded. "Yes, Master," he said quietly.

Shayne grinned and leaned forward, pulling Dustin closer until their lips were breaths away from touching. "I'm going to love hearing you beg my name," he whispered.

A soft, longing moan slipped from Dustin's lips as Shayne teased them open with the tip of his tongue. For a single moment, Dustin forgot there were others in the room with them. He fought to keep his hands down in his lap as Shayne's silky tongue slid over his. He wanted to pull Shayne closer, to feel that tongue dart down his throat, to feel those hands glide over his body, bringing all his fantasies to the surface. Yet he also wanted to push him away, to break their kiss in an effort to forget Shayne's touch, at least long enough to quell the surge of pain that rushed through his body. He whimpered softly, struggling not to shift position as his cock began to harden in the cage. Shayne pulled away and teased him with a knowing smile and a wink.

"So, what brings you two out of hiding?"

Even with his head lowered once more, Dustin knew Jake's smooth New York accent. It was quite unlike that of most New Yorkers Dustin had known before. He shuddered as Shayne slid his fingers through the length of his hair, smoothing it down his back with slow strokes. He squeezed his eyes shut, forcing images of Shayne's sleek, toned body out of his mind. He opened his eyes and began to follow the golden swirls on the rug, hoping it would hypnotize him to the point of mindlessness.

"Dinner," Shayne said, "and the need to meet a few of the others."

A few minutes later, a bell sounded and Dustin heard all three Masters stand. Snaps

from two directions echoed off the dark-paneled walls, and Kyle and Dustin both stood. Dustin followed Shayne back out into the foyer and across to the dining room. Several others were already seated and Dustin wondered if he'd even be allowed at the table. Shayne's hand on his shoulder stopped him as they neared it.

"You will sit beside me, in the same chair as last night," Shayne said.

His fingers trailed down Dustin's spine until they reached his ass. He slipped them down a bit further and wiggled the plug. Dustin's legs threatened to give way right then.

"I want you to remember your punishment when you're forced to sit down on this."

Gripping the flared edge of the plug, Shayne pulled it out just a bit and pushed it back. Dustin let out a gasp and nodded. Shayne placed a soft, chaste kiss on his lips and turned away. Dustin followed him to the table and sat down, wincing as the plug shifted from the weight. Shayne had given him permission to speak freely during meals, but with his body in a constant flux between Heaven and Hell, Dustin knew he'd be doing good just to eat.

Chapter Five

Dustin sat down on the edge of Shayne's bed as he had been instructed. Shayne disappeared into the bathroom and Dustin heard the water come on in the bathtub. It was then that he remembered Shayne saying something about shaving. He groaned at the thought; no one had ever done anything like that to him. When Shayne came back out, he had taken his shirt off and Dustin could do nothing but stare. The low light of the lamp on the dresser sparkled over the metal of the rings in both of Shayne's nipples, drawing Dustin to them like a moth to a flame.

When he stopped in front of Shayne, he looked into his Master's eyes, unsure if he had permission to even touch him. Shayne slid his fingers through Dustin's hair and pulled him close. He tilted Dustin's head down and Dustin took it as the permission he so desperately sought. He flicked the tip of his tongue over the ring in Shayne's left nipple, then closed his mouth over it. Shayne sucked in a breath and slid his other arm around Dustin's waist.

"Please, Master," Dustin whispered as he kissed his way slowly across Shayne's chest to his other nipple. "I want to taste you."

Shayne chuckled softly and pulled Dustin's head back by a handful of hair. "That's a reward you'll have to earn," he said. "In the meantime, we have some work ahead of us." He turned Dustin around and steered him towards the bathroom.

Dustin had never seen such an immaculate bathroom in all his life. Two sinks flanked a long marble countertop along one wall and a single mirror spanned the wall behind them. A shower stall stood in one corner, with the toilet beside it. Across from the counter was an oval bathtub which could have easily accommodated four people comfortably. A series of three carpeted steps circled it on three sides. Shayne stopped in the middle of the bathroom and began undressing Dustin slowly.

Dustin stood motionless, hardly able to breathe as Shayne worked to undress him. It wouldn't have been so bad had Shayne not stopped long enough to suck one of Dustin's nipples into his mouth. Dustin gasped and forced his arms to remain stiffly at his sides. When Shayne had the harness loose, he slid it off of Dustin's shoulders. It fell to his feet

and a few seconds later, the cage fell from his cock and into Shayne's hand.

"Turn around," Shayne said with a grin.

Dustin swallowed hard and did as he was told. With a steady pressure from Shayne's hand, he bent at the waist, baring his ass. He gasped as Shayne gripped the base of the plug and pulled. But instead of pulling it out, Shayne stopped just at the widest part and pushed it back in. Dustin braced himself with his palms flat against the wall, not trusting his knees to keep him upright much longer. Shayne pulled the plug out and pushed it slowly back in. Dustin hung his head between his arms and panted, his heart racing as his cock grew harder. Just when he thought he could handle no more, Shayne pulled the plug completely out. Had Shayne not slid his arms around Dustin a few seconds later, Dustin would've ended up on the floor on his knees.

With Shayne's help, he made it to the bathtub and sank down into the deliciously warm water. He reclined back and closed his eyes, sighing as the heat seeped into his body, easing the tension Shayne had built up. When he opened his eyes, Shayne was sitting on the edge of the tub, a sponge in one hand and a bottle of bath oil in the other. Dustin watched as Shayne soaped up the sponge and set the bottle down. Then Shayne leaned forward and began making slow, languorous circles over Dustin's chest with the sponge.

Shayne took his time soaping Dustin's body up and squeezing the sponge over him to rinse him off. When he was done with Dustin from the waist up, he grinned. Dustin knew without asking what he had to do. He stood carefully, gripping one of the towel bars beside him and closed his eyes as Shayne started washing his legs. As he moved up, Shayne's movements slowed down. Dustin's pulse was racing as the sponge inched up the inside of his left thigh. Shayne's hand brushed his cock, bringing it instantly to life. Dustin tried to will it back down, but then tightened his grip on the towel bar as he felt the unmistakable sensation of lips on the head. Shayne didn't take him in his mouth and instead kissed a slow, feather-light trail up the shaft.

Dustin groaned in frustration and Shayne began stroking him, taking care to make sure every inch was slick and soapy. Dustin bit at his lower lip as a whimper threatened to escape. Never had a simple bath been such damned torture. Then again, as Dustin was quickly learning, nothing with Shayne Rennick was simple. He thought back to the exam scene and began to feel lightheaded, as if all his blood was flowing quickly to his cock.

"Tell me, my pretty slave," Shayne said as he turned Dustin around slowly. "What are you thinking about at this moment?"

Dustin swallowed and a shudder stole up his spine. "I'm thinking about... the exam, Master," he said almost in a whisper.

"Oh really. And what about it are you remembering?" Shayne asked as he began to gently wash the cheeks of Dustin's ass. "Are you remembering what it felt like to have that long thermometer deep inside your ass?" He drew a soapy, slick finger down the crack of Dustin's ass.

"Oh God," Dustin whispered breathlessly. His cock twitched as Shayne spread his buttocks apart; the sponge slid into the water.

"You remember how it felt when I slid the speculum in?" Shayne asked him. He circled his fingers around Dustin's hole and pushed two of them inside. Dustin groaned and backed up onto his hand.

"Yes, Master," Dustin panted.

“Then tell me what you remember.”

Dustin moaned as another finger pushed inside him. When Shayne spread all three apart, Dustin gripped the towel bar so hard that his knuckles turned white. “I remember you spreading my ass open with the speculum, how good it felt to be...” He gasped as Shayne spread his fingers further apart. “Stretched,” he breathed suddenly. “Oh God...”

“Do you remember how good it felt to have the probe moving deep inside you? Vibrating every inch of your body from the inside.”

Dustin nodded, unable to do much more. He felt Shayne shift and stand behind him, pushing his fingers deeper inside. “Oh God...” His chest rose and fell in a quickened rhythm. “Master, please...”

Shayne chuckled and kissed his shoulder softly. “I don’t think so.” He pulled his fingers out slowly and Dustin moaned in frustrated disappointment. “We have a bath to finish.”

Shayne turned Dustin back around and motioned for him to get out of the tub. At Shayne’s direction, Dustin laid down on the towel he had spread out on the floor. Shayne parted his legs and for the thousandth time since meeting the man, Dustin felt himself grow flush with embarrassment at being so exposed. It was an absurd reaction, considering all that had happened before, but no one had ever done the things to him that Shayne Rennick had. Shayne slid an inflated bath pillow under Dustin’s head, then sat back down between his legs. Dustin closed his eyes as Shayne spread his legs further apart, placing his feet firmly on the floor.

“Don’t move,” Shayne said. “I’ve done this many times, so there’s no reason for you to worry about getting cut as long as you remain still.”

“Yes, Master,” Dustin said quietly. In truth, he had to force himself to not shake. Shayne lathered his entire crotch--cock, balls, and ass--with shaving cream and wasted no time in starting.

Dustin fought to relax as Shayne meticulously rid him of all hair. As nervous as he was, he was able to remain perfectly still as the razor slid over his cock and his balls. When Shayne rinsed him off and dried him, he directed him to turn over. Dustin got on his hands and knees, and Shayne pushed his front down until his forearms were on the floor and his head rested on them. Shayne caressed his ass as he lathered him up again and with agonizingly slow strokes, he began to shave.

When the ordeal was done, Dustin thought his plight over. However, Shayne held him still and spread the cheeks of his ass apart, revealing a smooth, puckered hole still slick with water. Dustin squeezed his hands into fists and bit at his lower lip as Shayne’s tongue slid inside him. Shayne reached between his legs and wrapped his fingers around his shaft, stroking it as he fucked Dustin’s ass with his tongue. Dustin rocked back, impaling himself further. God, he wanted more than anything to feel Shayne’s cock, buried inside him. Shayne pulled away and Dustin collapsed face-first onto the tiled floor.

* * *

“I imagine you *would* enjoy it,” Shayne said as he circled Dustin slowly.

He stopped behind him and pressed his palm to the inside of Dustin’s right thigh. The leather of his glove grazed Dustin’s balls just light enough to cause his breath to

catch. The sensation from the rows of small, sharp pins on the glove's palm radiated through his body. He shuddered and gripped the chains attached to his wrist restraints. With his legs spread apart and chained as well, he was at his Master's mercy.

Aptly named, the vampire glove had been among Dustin's first choices in pushing his soft limit of pain. While the bullwhip had not appealed to him when Shayne demonstrated it on a nearby chair, Dustin had been intrigued by the cat-o-nine tails. He now eyed it as it hung on the wall in front of him. It was a leather-bound testament to the cruelty of his Master. Dustin's ass was still sore and no doubt very red from Shayne's flogging, and he gasped as the pins on the glove raked lightly over the surface of his sensitive skin. The result was a tingle of sweet pain that slid up his spine. Shayne slid his other hand around to the front and closed his fist around Dustin's cock. He gave it a slow, torturous stroke and Dustin's knees began to buckle beneath him.

"Oh God," Dustin breathed as his head fell back to rest on Shayne's shoulder.

Shayne's breath was hot on his neck and Dustin longed for a kiss. He turned his head and felt Shayne's lips brush his cheek. By the time their mouths met, Shayne's hand had left Dustin's cock and slid up his body to cup his face. There was a degree of tenderness in that touch and Dustin moaned softly into Shayne's mouth, desperate for more. The calm realization hit him then. There was no fanfare, no fevered rush to their kiss, as the ache began to build within Dustin's chest. Everything he had been looking for in a man culminated effortlessly in one: Shayne Rennick.

Shayne pulled away slowly from their kiss. Something sparked within the golden depths of his eyes and Dustin wanted more than anything to reach out and touch him. As it was, he was still chained spread-eagle on his feet. Just as quickly as it had appeared, the look in Shayne's eyes returned to the delicious cruelty of a Master, leaving Dustin to wonder if it had simply been his own hopefulness.

Shayne pulled off the glove and circled Dustin's cock with his fingers. He pumped his hand up and down, dragging a soft whimper from Dustin's lips.

"Yes, I think you will like that," Shayne said, returning to the original issue at hand. "I'm sure the others will most definitely enjoy seeing you."

Dustin swallowed hard. This was another soft limit he had told Shayne about: the attraction of public humiliation. While they would not be leaving the mansion, Shayne did intend on parading Dustin around the house, letting the other slaves watch him at the hands of his Master, and to let the other Masters see what prize Shayne had managed to land himself. The possibility of 'performing' in front of others was a very real--and very intoxicating--one.

The low rumble from the ceiling signaled the end of Dustin's current position, but he knew better than to think it was over. Sure enough, as soon as the restraints were off of his wrists and ankles, different ones were put on. A six inch chain connected the restraints on his ankles, creating a waddle effect when he walked. Normally, it wouldn't have been so bad; however, Shayne had made sure to replace the plug. When Dustin walked the effect was pure hell. Every step he took caused his ass to tighten, which in turn drove the plug in deeper. Had the base not been attached to his harness, he imagined his body would suck the plug right in.

Shayne pulled Dustin's hands behind his back and locked the restraints together. When he moved back around to Dustin's front, his lips curled into a satisfied grin. Dustin could feel the cold metal of a chain running up his spine, from the collar around his neck

to the harness. His wrists were locked to it. When he started to bow his head before Shayne, he quickly understood the look his Master had given him. With the slightest movement of his neck, the chain trailing down his back grew taut, pulling up on the harness, and inevitably the plug. Dustin gasped as the plug pushed deeper inside him.

“Follow me.”

Shayne turned on his booted heel and started out the door. Dustin followed along as best he could, wincing with every step as the plug shifted relentlessly inside him. To make matters worse, he had an erection the size of the Eiffel Tower on full display. As they turned right out of the room, Shayne stopped in front of the double doors to the party room. With a wicked grin gracing his full lips, he opened the doors. Dustin felt his heart jump into his throat. A quick count revealed seven Masters and six slaves in the center of the room. He saw Jake and realized Kyle wasn't beside him. When Dustin's gaze settled on the large table in the middle, however, he was surprised he had missed Kyle at all.

The young slave was on his stomach, strapped down to the four corners of the table. A pillow cradled his head, which left him facing the door and Jake. Red stripes covered his asscheeks, made by the tails of the cat-o-nine-tails in Jake's hand, no doubt. Under the table, Dustin caught a brief glimpse of the head of Kyle's rock-hard cock sticking through a hole in the padded tabletop. Kyle met Dustin's gaze from across the room briefly and bit at the corner of his lip. The sparkle in his eyes was unmistakable, accented by the flush of his face.

“Ah!” Jake exclaimed as he stood. “You made it!” He moved to the door and ushered Dustin inside the room. Shayne closed the doors behind them. “Welcome to our get-together, Dustin. Let me introduce you to the others.”

Dustin wobbled over to the ring of chairs surrounding the table. A few minutes later, Shayne caught up with them. He slid his fingertip down Dustin's spine slowly, catching hold of the chain and giving it a slight tug out. Dustin gasped and bit his lower lip, closing his eyes as his cock jumped. Shayne settled down in the empty chair beside Jake's as Jake walked Dustin around the circle, introducing him to the other Masters and slaves. Once the introductions were over, Shayne snapped his fingers. Without wasting a single second, Dustin went to him, dropping to his knees with a stifled whimper.

Instead of moving back to his seat, Jake circled the table on which Kyle lay. He trailed his fingertips slowly over Kyle's flesh, drawing a shudder from the prostrate man. Jake smiled and stepped back. He stroked the leather tails of the whip slowly, then drew them over the backs of Kyle's legs. Kyle's body tensed visibly as a soft, almost inaudible groan sounded from him.

“As I was saying,” Jake said as the tails from the whip slipped down between Kyle's thighs to brush over the crack of his ass. “Kyle and I will be leaving in a week for Atlanta. While I am gone, Master Shayne will run La Chambre Sure.” He glanced around, his grin widening. “You all have my sympathies.”

Several of the Masters chuckled and although several of the slaves remained respectfully silent, Dustin saw their grins. He looked back to the table as Jake paused by Kyle's head to whisper something to him. When a mumbled ‘yes, Master’ sounded from the depths of the pillow, Jake stood with a satisfied grin. He pulled the whip up Kyle's spine, then let the tails fall over his neck. He moved back down until he was even with Kyle's ass and drew the whip back. With lightning speed, the tails slid through the fingers of his other hand to snap across Kyle's already-red ass. Kyle cried out and ground

his body against the table.

“More,” Jake purred. Kyle nodded. Jake reached down and cupped his balls, giving them a firm but gentle squeeze. Kyle’s hips rocked between Jake’s hand and the table. “Then what do you say?”

“Yes, Master,” Kyle pleaded breathlessly.

A smile played on Jake’s lips and he snapped the whip again. Kyle squeezed his eyes shut and hissed through gritted teeth. Dustin felt both his pleasure and his pain, his own ass still vaguely sore from his brief stint with Shayne’s whip. He shivered when he felt Shayne’s fingers slide under his hair and along the collar on his neck. He wanted to look at him, in hopes of seeing that spark he swore he had seen before. But he knew better than to move. Instead, he kept his gaze fixed forward. Jake was unhooking Kyle and when he was done, he helped the young slave off of the table, cradling him in his arms until he regained a sense of balance. As they walked away from the table, Shayne stood up.

“As you all know, I have a new toy to play with,” he said, leveling a commanding gaze on Dustin. “Come.” He patted the table and Dustin realized with an odd mix of embarrassment and anticipation, that it was *his* turn on the table.

He stood and hobbled over to Shayne, waiting as his Master removed the chains from his restraints. Shayne gave him a single look then, twirling his finger around, instructing Dustin to lie down on the table face-first. Dustin did as he was ordered and felt Shayne locking first his ankles and then his wrists to the corners. He turned his head to the side, closing his eyes as he waited. Shayne’s fingers slipped between the cheeks of his ass and with an agonizing slow motion, he pulled the plug out.

Then Shayne leaned down to whisper in his ear. “On your knees. I’ve left you enough leeway in the chains.”

“Yes, Master.” Dustin shifted, pulling his knees under him and lifting his ass in the air. He wondered what Shayne had in mind, but then his breath caught in his throat as he watched Shayne slide a black rubber glove on his right arm.

Unlike a latex exam glove, this one went all the way to his elbow. As another Master began slicking Shayne’s entire hand and forearm in a white, greasy substance, Dustin caught his Master’s gaze. That was all he needed to know what was going to happen. Shayne’s golden eyes reflected a smile that barely touched his lips. When his arm was coated and ungodly slick, he moved to the end of the table. With a muffled click, the end of the table between Dustin’s legs fell away to hang down. Shayne stepped up and placed his bare hand on the small of Dustin’s back.

“Now some of you have wanted to see a handballing session, so I thought I’d start with a relative virgin to the practice. Dustin has only taken my hand. Now we’ll see how much more he can handle.”

Dustin drew in a breath and forced himself to stop shaking as Shayne slid his fingers down to circle his hole. When two fingers slipped in, he closed his eyes. Shayne added another without any trouble. Dustin resisted the urge to rock back as a fourth finger slid inside him. Four fingers weren’t too much more than the plug had been, but then Shayne tucked his thumb in.

“Deep breath,” Shayne said in a coaxing voice. Dustin nodded and took in a deep breath. Shayne pushed and his hand popped inside Dustin’s ass.

Unable to stop himself, Dustin rocked back on Shayne’s hand with deep groan.

Shayne twisted his hand slightly, his knuckles grazing repeatedly over Dustin's prostate and sending shocks through his body. He shuddered and buried his face in the pillow with a growl. Shayne kept his hand still after gently folding his fingers over into a fist. He caressed Dustin's lower back with his other hand, the sensations helping Dustin to relax further.

"Turn it, just a bit," Dustin said quietly.

Shayne began turning his hand slowly, first one way and then the other. Dustin gasped and buried his face in the pillow.

"Oh God..." His breathing became more labored and he rocked gently back on Shayne's hand. "Don't stop... please Master, don't stop..."

He balled his hands into fists and pulled hard against the chains holding his arms. As the tension began building within him, seeking release, Shayne's other hand left his back to slide under him. With his Master's steel grip milking his cock and his fist filling and stretching his ass open, it wouldn't take long. Yet he had not received permission to come yet. He grit his teeth and growled repeatedly into the pillow, straining against the chains holding him.

Then Shayne released his cock and his hand slowly and gently withdrew from his ass. Dustin collapsed onto the table, panting and thoroughly frustrated as all hell. He ground himself against the table, but it wasn't the same. Chuckling, Shayne unhooked him from the table and helped him to stand on not-so-strong legs. He glanced up and caught that look in Shayne's eyes again. No, he had not imagined it.

"In my room," Shayne whispered. "Now."

Dustin swallowed hard and nodded. "Yes, Master."

"It's been a pleasure, everyone," Shayne said. "However, it's getting late and I think my poor toy has had enough fun for the day."

Dustin walked out of the door of the party room and started up the steps to the second floor. He had just reached the landing when Shayne's hand closed around his arm, stopping him and turning him around. Without warning, Shayne backed him up against the back wall, slipping his tongue inside his mouth. Dustin wanted so badly to touch him, not as a slave touching a Master but as a man touching a lover. As if sensing his desire, Shayne's hands slid down his arms to his hands, drawing them up and around his neck. Dustin wasted no time in pulling him close, deepening their kiss. He moaned softly into Shayne's mouth, feeling himself slip farther in love with a man who didn't seem to want it.

Chapter Six

Shayne followed Dustin into the bedroom, loving the way his body moved when he walked. It was a sight he realized he could never tire of. But even more entrancing had been Dustin's eyes, their infinite depths pulling him in until he began to wonder if he'd ever get out again. As he closed his bedroom door, he turned to see Dustin obediently on his knees, waiting for a command. Yet in truth, he didn't want to play the Master tonight, and he didn't want a slave. As he walked up to Dustin, tilting his head up to see his eyes, he realized all he wanted right now was Dustin Aldridge.

"No," he said with a slow shake of his head. Dustin's beautiful eyes took on a

disappointed cast and Shayne pulled him to his feet. "I don't mean I don't want you," he said with a smile. "I meant that I don't want a slave tonight."

"Mas--"

Shayne put his finger on Dustin's lips to silence him. "No Master," he said. "No slave. Tonight, I want you, as you are, Dustin. And when you cry out for me, I want to hear my name on your lips."

For the briefest moment, Shayne swore he saw Dustin's eyes shimmer with what could only be tears, but then Dustin kissed his finger softly, drawing Shayne's attention from his eyes to his lips. He brushed his finger slowly across them before replacing it with his own lips. Dustin's mouth opened for him and Shayne felt himself tumble headlong into territory he always swore he'd never venture into. *Never fall for a member, never fall for a member.* It's what he had always told himself; his own personal rule of life as a Master. But when Dustin's arms snaked around his neck, pulling him closer and deepening their kiss, he knew he was already doomed. Boy, Jake would have a field day with this one.

Dustin pulled away slowly and traced his fingertip over Shayne's lips. Shayne wondered for a brief moment if dropping the roles was such a good idea, as he was having a hell of a time reading Dustin's expression. Then Dustin's gaze moved up slowly to meet his and everything was laid bare in those eyes. It took Shayne several seconds to recover his scattered thoughts. They needed to talk, otherwise Shayne knew he'd be going nuts all night, struggling with the turmoil inside himself. He turned and sat down on the bed, pulling Dustin down to sit beside him. He opened his mouth to start, but Dustin beat him to it.

"Look, I know this happens on occasion and I'm really sorry if it makes you uncomfortable," Dustin said quietly. "But I've got to say something or it's going to keep eating away at me until it drives me insane."

Shayne lifted a dark eyebrow at him but said nothing. He nodded and Dustin stood. He began pacing back and forth in front of Shayne, looking quite unsure of how to say whatever it was he wanted to say. Shayne's attention was torn between watching his expression and watching the fingers of one hand slide through his golden hair.

"Since the first moment I saw you, I've wanted to serve you, as a slave," Dustin began. "But..." His words trailed off for a second before he continued. "I can't control what's happening, no matter how hard I try." His pacing increased and Shayne continued to watch him, thoroughly intrigued. "Damn it, how the fuck do I say this?"

It was then that Shayne realized what was going on, probably better than Dustin did at that point. He stood and caught Dustin's arm, stopping his frantic pacing. "Just say it, Dustin," he said with a smile. "It's not going to freak me out."

Dustin's blue eyes held a touch of disbelief at that, but he smiled anyway. "Fine," he said with a sigh. "I'm afraid I'm falling for you. Hard."

Shayne's smile slowly widened and he pulled Dustin up against him. "Then it shouldn't bother you if I admit the same."

Dustin's mouth dropped open then. "Are you serious?"

Shayne nodded. "I am. I've never had that happen with a member," he admitted.

"Guess there's a first time for everything?" Dustin asked with a slight grin. Shayne nodded. Dustin turned fully around until their bodies were pressed tightly together. "So now what?"

Shayne grinned and fell back onto the bed, pulling Dustin down on top of him. "I want you, but not as a slave tonight." He rolled Dustin over, pressing him into the mattress with his own body. He kissed a slow trail from Dustin's lips, down over his chin, and across his throat. Dustin arched beneath him, a soft groan escaping him. He threaded his fingers through Shayne's hair slowly, guiding him to the nape of his neck. When Shayne flicked his tongue over his flesh, Dustin shivered beneath him.

"Please," Dustin whispered.

Shayne nuzzled his neck, placing soft kisses over him. "Say my name; please, Dustin," he murmured. He opened his mouth and bit down gently. Dustin gasped and gripped his head tighter.

"Please, Shayne..."

The sound of his name coming from Dustin's lips drew a shudder up Shayne's spine. He moved his lips slowly back to Dustin's mouth, quickly catching him in another kiss. Dustin's hands left his head and slid down his spine. His fingertips danced over the leather pants, making Shayne want something completely different than what he had originally intended. When he brought Dustin up here, he had wanted to slide into his body as deep as he could. Then Dustin's fingers slid down the middle of the back of the pants and Shayne suddenly wondered how it would feel to have Dustin inside *him*. It had been so long since he had even been on the receiving end, save for a few toys in the privacy of his bedroom. He pulled slowly away, rubbing his thumb gently over Dustin's kiss-swollen lips.

"You know what I want," Shayne said as he lifted himself off of Dustin's chest, propping himself up on his left forearm.

Dustin murmured softly as he kissed his thumb, his eyes drifting closed. "What's that?"

"To feel you inside me."

Dustin's eyes opened and he froze, as if unsure whether he had heard Shayne correctly or not. "You're joking," he said quietly. "I thought you were strictly a top."

Shayne pulled his thumb away and angled his head down, brushing his lips over Dustin's but not quite kissing him. "Normally, I am." He slid his hand down Dustin's side to grip his hip. "But for the first time in several years, I'm finding myself wanting to be on the receiving end for a change." He pressed his lips to Dustin's, snaking his tongue out to take the tiniest taste. "Do you think you could?"

Dustin laughed and gripped his head, pulling it back and holding him at bay. "Are you kidding? I'd give anything to slide my cock in your ass."

Without giving Shayne a chance to respond, Dustin pushed him off and over. He slid down between his legs, undoing his leather pants as he went. Shayne raised his hips and Dustin tugged his pants off, tossing them onto the floor. He threaded his fingers in Dustin's hair, guiding him. Dustin settled between his legs and Shayne's breath left him as strong, slender fingers wrapped around the hard length of his cock. His hips instinctively thrust up, sliding his shaft through the warmth of Dustin's fist.

"Jesus," he swore softly as Dustin's tongue probed the slit at the tip. He buried his fingers deeper in the golden strands of hair as his grip on Dustin's head tightened. Dustin's tongue was like a hot brand as it rolled around the flared head of his cock, leaving a slick trail of heat in its wake.

Dustin paused for a moment, pinning Shayne with a hazy blue gaze before sliding his

tongue from the base of his cock to the tip. A shiver slid straight up Shayne's spine. When Dustin's lips slid down over his shaft, enveloping him in slick heat, Shayne groaned and thrust up, impatiently burying himself in Dustin's throat. Dustin's other hand burrowed its way between the bed and his ass, then moved to brush a fingertip over his hole before sliding up to cup his balls. As he rolled and kneaded them gently in his palm, Shayne closed his eyes, losing himself completely in the feeling. To know that he was able to let go of the Master role was beyond more than what he had ever expected.

Shayne rocked his hips, pumping his cock in and out of Dustin's mouth in a slow rhythm. He didn't want to come like this, but it felt too damn good to tell Dustin to stop. He felt one of Dustin's fingers slide in alongside his cock, then withdraw. Dustin circled the finger slowly around Shayne's ass, pressing the tip in but nothing more. Shayne drew his legs up and spread them further apart, grinding down with his pelvis in an attempt to impale himself on Dustin's finger. Dustin chuckled around the girth of his cock as he slid his mouth back up to the head. Shayne raised his head and looked down at him, noting the teasing smile Dustin gave him seconds before pushing his finger inside him. Shayne fell back onto the bed with a groan.

When Dustin pulled his finger out he slid back up Shayne's body. Shayne pulled him down into a kiss, groaning as their cocks slid alongside each other, wet with pre-come. Dustin shifted and his cock slid down, the tip brushing over Shayne's ass.

"Rubber and lube," Shayne whispered in Dustin's ear as Dustin moved to lick a slow, slick trail over his jaw and down his neck. "To your right, top drawer."

"Gotcha."

Dustin pulled away from him and leaned over, pulling open the top drawer in the bedside table. He fished out a foil package and a small bottle, then dropped them both on the bed beside them. He moved back between Shayne's legs and pushed them up. Shayne watched him as his head dipped down. Seconds later his breath left him as Dustin pushed his tongue inside him. He reached down and fisted his cock, rocking his body in answer to Dustin's moves. At this rate, he wasn't going to last much longer.

"Keep that up and I'll come now," Shayne panted.

Dustin chuckled against him before pulling away. He sat back on his knees, letting Shayne's legs back down. He reached over and ripped open the package, unrolling the rubber onto his cock quickly. He popped open the lube and began slicking himself up, his blue eyes blazing with lust...and something much deeper. He closed the bottle and tossed it to the side before leaning forward. Shayne gripped his legs and pulled them up. Dustin rubbed the head of his cock along the crack of Shayne's ass, then drove his entire length inside him in one swift motion. Shayne's fingers closed around Dustin's biceps and his back arched off the bed.

"Dear God, you're tight," Dustin groaned. He lowered his head and caught Shayne in a hungry kiss as they fell into a deep, forceful rhythm.

The friction between their bodies, of Dustin's cock pistoning in and out of his ass, sent shockwaves through Shayne's body. With every thrust from Dustin, their kiss grew in hunger and Shayne's grip on his arms tightened. One of Dustin's hands slid between their sweat-slick bodies and wrapped around Shayne's cock. One hard, long stroke was all it took. Dustin's tongue shot back into Shayne's mouth as Shayne's body shook beneath him. Shayne rocked his hips, thrusting into Dustin's hand, every pulse of his cock feeling like it came from deeper within him. Seconds later Dustin let out a guttural

growl in his mouth and thrust inside him. The force behind it started a chain reaction in Shayne that culminated in a deeper shock. Every nerve in his body, every thought, was trained to the throbbing of Dustin's cock inside him.

When they both finally stopped shaking, Dustin rolled off of him, snapping off the rubber and tossing it into the small plastic trash can by the bed. He looked over at Shayne and smiled. Shayne rolled onto his side, still struggling to catch his breath, and hooked his arm around Dustin's chest. It took only a slight tug and Dustin rolled over to face him. He slid his arm around Shayne's waist and settled close to him. Shayne's last conscious thought was to press a soft kiss to Dustin's hair before they both drifted off to sleep.

* * *

Shayne eyed Jake with a hint of annoyance. "Shut up. Just shut up." A distinct sparkle reflected in his eyes, betraying his words.

"I didn't say a word," Jake said with an unabashed grin. He crossed his arms and sat back against the headboard of Shayne's bed, not bothering to hide his amusement.

Shayne simply shook his head. "You didn't *have* to say anything. I know you well enough."

"Shayne Rennick," Jake teased. "In love. Who would have thought?"

Shayne rolled his eyes and fell back onto the bed, only to see Dustin staring down at him with his own amused smile. Dustin leaned down and kissed him, then stretched out the bed beside him. Shayne tucked a hand between Dustin's thighs and rested his head on his leg. Jake watched them in silence for a moment.

"You want me to leave for this?" he asked Shayne.

Shayne looked down at Dustin and noted the confused look on his face. "For now, yes. Once a decision has been reached, then we'll announce it."

Jake nodded and got up. He flashed them both a quick grin before walking out, closing the door behind him. Dustin rested his head on Shayne's thigh and slid his hand over his stomach.

"What was that about?"

Shayne reached down and slid his fingers through Dustin's hair as a sly grin crept across his lips. The look must have been enough, as Dustin's expression changed from one of curiosity to one of longing. Shayne lifted his hand from Dustin's hair and snapped his fingers. Dustin immediately slid off of the bed and dropped to his knees between Shayne's feet, his head respectfully bowed. Shayne sat up and slipped a hand under his chin, lifting his head to meet his gaze.

"I love you," he said. "And I want nothing more than to keep you with me for as long as you will have me."

Obediently, Dustin nodded, biting at his bottom lip. "Yes, Master," he whispered. "I love you too. And I want to remain with you."

Shayne's smile widened and he leaned forward, pressing a soft, teasing kiss to Dustin's lips. "Then I wish to have a collaring ceremony, a dedication of your service to me and my service to you. Is that something you would want?"

Dustin nodded quickly. "Yes, Master."

Shayne stood and heard the catch of Dustin's breath as he pulled his head back by a

handful of hair. "Then follow me."

Keeping his head bowed but high enough to see, Dustin followed Shayne out and to the main party room. Several others were gathered around, chatting and drinking from offered glasses brought by Kyle and several others. When Shayne opened the doors, everyone stopped and turned to face him and Dustin. Just from the barely suppressed smiles, he knew Jake had been talking. He turned around and pulled a thin nylon leash from his pocket. He hooked it onto the ring on Dustin's collar and kissed him softly before leading him into the room.

"I have an announcement to make," he said. "After discussing things, Dustin and I have both come to want a more permanent relationship." He eyed Jake briefly before continuing. "As I'm sure most of you have been made aware, the relationship between Dustin and I has moved beyond that of Master and slave, and as such, we invite you all to attend Dustin's collaring ceremony. It will be held this evening at eight, in the main parlor. A round of applause sounded before Shayne turned and led Dustin back out.

* * *

"Nervous?"

Dustin smiled as he looked over at Kyle as they waited on their knees for their Masters. "No," he said truthfully. "For the first time since walking into this place, I can honestly say that." Kyle's grin widened and their attention moved to the parlor doorway.

"All rise for Masters Jake and Shayne," one of the other Masters announced.

Kyle and Dustin stood and waited. Jake took Kyle's hand and flashed him a smile before instructing him to kneel by his side as he took his place before Shayne and Dustin. Before the ceremony, Kyle had described the collaring between himself and Jake in loving detail, and the love in Kyle's eyes reflected everything he had said.

"I welcome you all here to witness and share in this ceremony between Master Shayne and his slave, Dustin. These two men have forged a bond between them that encompasses everything about themselves as individuals and as a couple. They are here of their own free wills and consent."

Jake looked first to Shayne and then to Dustin. "Please face each other and take each other's hands. While looking each other in the eyes, declare your consent."

Dustin turned and met Shayne's warm, amber gaze. Shayne took his hands, holding them gently in his own as a soft smile curled his lips. Shayne's thumbs rubbed over his hands softly.

"Dustin," Shayne said. "As your Master, I vow to honor and respect you above all others, to act responsibly and safely at all times, to trust your commitment and devotion to me. I promise to care for you, to always maintain communication between us. Above all, I promise to love you."

Dustin swallowed hard, not out of nervousness but in an effort to keep the tears from falling. "Shayne, as your slave, I vow to honor and respect you above all others, to act responsibly and safely at all times, and to trust your commitment and devotion to me. I promise to serve only you, to always maintain communication between us. And above all, I promise to love you."

Kyle lifted a black leather collar and handed it to Shayne. Jake waited as Shayne took Dustin's left hand, placing the collar in it.

“The left hand is a symbol of love, a direct line from the heart finger to the heart,” Jake said. “Dustin, take the collar from your left hand and place it around your neck.”

Dustin held Shayne’s gaze as he took the collar and slipped it around his own neck. When it was fastened, he smiled and said, “Shayne, I wear your collar as a reminder that I belong to you and you only. No matter where I am, it will be a symbol of our love, our devotion, and my service to you.” Shayne’s smile widened and Dustin watched almost breathlessly as a single tear escaped down his Master’s cheek.

Jake turned them both around, presenting them to the other Masters and slaves. “The contract, both written and spoken, between Shayne and Dustin is now before you. I ask that you all help them when they need it, always offering friendship and remembering the bond between them. It is now my pleasure to present to you, our friends, Master Shayne and slave Dustin.”

A roar of applause filled the room and Shayne crooked a finger at Dustin, beckoning him over. The applause died out as Shayne placed a soft kiss on Dustin’s lips before bending him at the waist. With one hand on his chest to balance him, Shayne’s other hand landed a resounding smack on Dustin’s thong-covered ass. Dustin sucked in a breath and bit his lower lip. Another smack and he closed his eyes as he gripped Shayne’s arm. One last smack and he jumped slightly. Shayne chuckled and pulled him back up and into a kiss. As Dustin slid his arms around his Master’s neck, pulling him close, the sound of the renewed applause became nothing more than a whisper. All he wanted was in his arms.