

PHAZE
HEAT SHEET FETISH



MARTY RAYNE
AT THE EDGE

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A PHAZE FETISH HEATSHEET BY

MARTY RAYNE

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ONE

Michael pulled his jacket closer to his body. Still the cold February wind seeped in, making him shiver. He should have known that coming to New York this time of the year it would still be winter, and he wished he'd brought a heavier jacket. But, as another cold breeze slapped at him, he relished the stimulating sensations. It made him feel real. Alleviated some of the burden on his heart.

The city was alive all around him as lights blinked off and on and the never-ending traffic passed by. The sidewalks were still teeming with people coming and going even at this late of an hour. He wished he felt as alive as those around him.

Michael knew that he should be in a much better mood. He was in New York City. The Big Apple. The city that never sleeps. But why did he feel so alone in a city full of so many people?

He crossed the street with a group of strangers when the light told them to walk, his body on automatic. Knowing that this was the way back to the hotel where he was staying. He would have already been there by now if he'd taken a cab, but he opted to walk. He wanted some fresh air along with time alone from the others.

Thinking of his friends, Michael's cell phone started ringing. Seeing who it was, he reluctantly answered it.

"Michael Tanner," Shannon's voice called loudly over the heavy beat of music in the background, her tone scolding, "how dare you leave so early!"

Michael sighed. Shannon was his best friend and the reason for them being in New York. A music scout had heard a demo Shannon had made and insisted that she come and do more recordings. As part of the incentive, the company interested in her work had also taken care of the bill for four of her friends to join her. An all paid, five-day vacation for himself, Shannon's boyfriend Riley, and her twin brother and sister, Christopher and Hannah.

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It had been a whirlwind trip as the quartet visited museums and saw the sights while Shannon busied herself at the recording studio during the daylight hours. The music company also supplied their newest interest with tickets to a Broadway show their first night. The rest of the nights had been spent gaining access to several of the top dance clubs in the area where it was a usual sight to be next to hot young movie stars and musicians. Fun to be had by all. Or, that was the idea.

Yes, Michael had enjoyed his trip to the 'Big City,' but still felt saddened despite the excitement of seeing it for the first time. He only wished that Todd could have been the one to experience it along with him.

Todd Long. Michael's Mr. Right. Or, so he thought. Now he wasn't so sure. Things had been a little rocky in their relationship lately. Michael felt as if they were getting into a rut. A routine that was sure to make any relationship wither and die. Michael was only twenty-one years old, being younger than his lover by seven years, but he knew the signs. Their lives revolved around Michael's school and their jobs. They socialized little anymore and their sex life...well, let's just say it needed help. They were so busy with other things in their life; they hardly made time for intimacy.

"Earth to Michael." Shannon's voice brought him back to the present.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. My head is pounding so I thought I'd turn in early." They had been tearing up the town for three nights straight. He was indeed tired. "Besides, we have a plane to catch tomorrow, remember?"

"Pah...sleep is overrated," she huffed. "Besides, it's Valentine's Day. We are supposed to be celebrating it all together."

"I know, but I'm tired. I'm almost to the hotel now. You be careful, and I'll see you in the morning." Before she could protest further, he closed the phone and tucked it back into his pocket.

It was Valentine's Day, and here he was alone in a strange city. He would rather be back in Florida with Todd, but he wasn't sure if it would have been any more enjoyable. Todd had been so distant lately, and Michael knew he was partially to blame. He had come on this trip hoping that their time apart would give each of them a chance to evaluate their relationship. His only thought had been to be back home spending his time with Todd again.

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Michael nodded to the doorman before entering the posh hotel that Shannon's benefactors of this little trip had set them up in. As a full time student with a part time job, Michael knew that he wouldn't have been able to afford even one night in this place on his own accord. It was top notch. The sucking up they were doing to Shannon was giving all of them a ride. This may be the only time he would ever get a chance to stay in such an elegant place. Teachers normally didn't make huge salaries, but his love of teaching outweighed that of monetary greed.

Stepping into the elevator, Michael turned his thoughts back to Todd and the reasons for his distance. The notion of kicking himself really hard crossed his mind, feeling he was the cause of the further distance between them. Michael had thought that maybe if they brought a little spice into their love life, it would help draw them closer again. So one night, after drinking nearly a whole bottle of wine, he made a confession to Todd.

Michael had always had a specific type of fantasy tucked away in the back of his brain. One he'd told no one before. A fantasy that had made his hands shake nervously as he looked at his lover. Michael had always wanted to try bondage. He had many times fantasized about being bound and helpless at his lover's mercy but was always unsure about seeing anyone's reaction to what he craved, until now.

Todd's reaction to Michael's confession was startling. Michael had held his breath waiting for the expression of disgust, revulsion, or shock to form, but Todd's expression was blank and remained that way. He nodded but said nothing about it. In fact, he kissed Michael on the cheek affectionately before leaving the apartment they shared together saying he would be back later. Later, as in six the following morning later.

That was four days before Michael left for New York, and Todd never did make a comment about Michael's confession or say where he went that night. Now Michael was beginning to regret ever taking the risk.

TWO

Feeling weary, Michael unlocked the door to his hotel room and stepped in. He knew he might get a roommate tonight if Hannah decided to invite her new friend Matt up for one last fling before leaving. It was all right. Christopher was a good guy and didn't snore too loudly. He was only a year younger than Shannon, so he and Michael had been friends for a long time also.

Michael was suddenly thrown against the wall, knocking the breath from his body while the door slammed shut behind him so that darkness enclosed the room. Before he could catch his breath, a body pressed against his, and he felt something cold against his neck.

"Don't move," an unfamiliar male voice hissed in his ear.

Michael assumed that a blade was pressed to his jugular, and resisted the urge to fight his assailant. He swallowed hard, his pulse racing as fear took hold. How did this person get in his room? What did he want?

"My wallet is in my back pocket. Take it." He wanted this person to know that he wouldn't resist. They were just material things, and he didn't have much of that. What he did have could be replaced. He had enough brains to know that if he tried to fight, he could lose his life—especially if this man wasn't alone.

The coldness at his throat pressed deeper, and Michael could feel a drop of liquid slide down his skin. He swallowed the rest of his words.

"Smart man," the voice said. "Now, if you want to continue breathing, I suggest you let me lead you to the bed. I warn you right now: don't try anything you may regret. Understand?"

Michael gave a nod but realized his attacker wouldn't be able to see it.

"Yes," he forced past his constricted throat, wishing he'd taken those self-defense courses that were offered at the college. But would they have really helped him now? He couldn't see his attacker, and he wasn't sure that there was just one.

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The pressure on his neck lessened as a hand gripped one of Michael's biceps tightly. He was guided in the direction of his bed.

"Sit."

The command was gruff, and Michael obeyed, thinking the faster the robbery occurred, the faster he could get to help and report it.

"Lie back." Another order was issued.

Michael did as commanded, now wishing that he'd stayed at the club with his friends; wishing he'd not been so depressed and distracted, that maybe he would have seen a sign of a break-in to his room.

One arm was lifted above his head and secured to the bedpost with some sort of rope. Michael gasped at the feel of the soft yet thick material as it encircled his wrist tightly, but not so tight that it would stop the circulation. He lay there speechless, frozen by fear...and anxiety of what was to happen next. Within moments, his other wrist was secured in the same manner.

A shiver ran through Michael's body even as he broke out in a sweat, and his stomach fluttered with a mixture of fear and excitement. His conscious mind screamed that he should be terrified by some stranger binding him to a bed with unknown intentions, but that couldn't stop the surge of blood that rushed to his groin.

Michael's head was raised with surprising gentleness, and a blindfold was tied tightly over his eyes.

"Please." Michael said softly, feeling suddenly embarrassed that he felt the need to nearly beg. "Why are you doing this?"

There was a rustling nearby followed by a click, and the sound sent his fear spiking. What was this man doing? What did he want? Had he been chosen at random, or had he been targeted for some reason? Michael had little of value, only a couple hundred dollars left over from his spending money, which had put him in debt with his credit card.

The silence grated on his nerves, intensifying the already frightening experience. Why didn't this man answer him? Don't criminals usually like to tell their victims of their devious plans? Okay, maybe Michael had watched one too many crime shows on TV.

"I don't..." He started to speak again when something was shoved into his mouth. Michael turned his head and tried to push it out, but a hand grabbed his chin so hard that Michael opened his jaw wider to relieve the pressure. The object was round and forced his mouth as wide as it would go. Michael realized that it was a gag and was strapped tightly to his head.

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Panic swept through him. His instincts kicked in, admittedly too late, and he started struggling against the ropes that held his wrists and tried to call out for help. But, the ropes held him tightly and the gag made his cries muffled and unidentifiable. That didn't stop Michael from continuing until he lay exhausted, his chest heaving at a rapid pace as he drew air through his nose.

"Done?" Michael's attacker asked. His voice was steady and patient.

Michael tried to plead to be released but only a groan came out as he realized that he now sported a hard-on that pressed painfully against his jeans. How could this much fear be so arousing?

"Don't worry. I'm almost done with you."

What did that mean? What was he going to do next? The entire situation was frightening, but deep down exhilarating. Hadn't he fantasized about being taken similar to this? Being forced into bondage and loving every minute of it. But, it was always Todd doing the forcing. Not some stranger.

Michael's shirt was suddenly ripped open, startling him. Then he felt the blades of scissors as the material was cut away. Michael held perfectly still, not wanting the sharp blades accidentally nipping his skin. Being wounded wouldn't help his situation.

Next went his pants. But, instead of being cut from him, hands unbuckled the belt and released the buttons before pulling them off along with his shoes and socks. He now lay in complete undress on the bed. Powerless. Vulnerable. Sporting a raging hard-on that could hammer nails into wood.

Holding his breath, Michael awaited the man's next move. He had said that he was almost done with him, but what did this man have planned next? Would he be raped? Would he be killed? Not knowing had him ready to scream, to cry, even to plead for his life if need be. He was too young to die. He had so much still he wanted to accomplish in life. He wanted to see Todd one last time. Wished that they were on better terms. The jumbled mixture of emotions flooded Michael making him choke out a gurgled sound that was half begging and half crying.

A moment later the door to the room opened, then closed. Silence ensued. Michael pulled on his wrists but they stayed stubbornly in place. He tried to rub his face on one of his arms, to try and dislodge the blindfold but his arms were spread so wide he couldn't get a good swipe to slide it up. He whimpered, desperate to be freed.

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Weight shifting the bed startled Michael. He had thought he was alone. Thought that his captor had taken what he wanted and left him to be found in a humiliating, shameful position—unharmful.

The back of a hand brushed gently across his cheek wiping the wetness away. The touch was tender and sent shivers through Michael. He hated that he was so aroused by his situation. He hated that his emotions were so conflicted. One moment he wanted to scream and fight his captor. The next, he wanted to submit to whatever was going to happen. A constant emotional roller coaster.

"My brave Michael."

Michael's head jerked toward the voice that was so near. This voice he knew. This voice he had contentedly listened to for many hours as they talked. As they loved each other. Todd!

Michael immediately started talking to him but the damn gag stopped any word from being audible. What was he doing here in New York? How had he managed to go undetected by the robber?

"Shhh." Todd soothed Michael, and he felt Todd's hand brush through his hair. Michael pictured his light brown strands falling between his lover's fingers and calmed down. *Yes, calm down*, Michael thought, then Todd could release him and they would notify the authorities. There was nothing to worry about now. He wasn't alone. Michael managed to force his body to lie still. To relax a little.

"I've been thinking," Todd spoke, his voice soft but Michael heard him very clearly. Todd's hand drifted down the side of his face, down his neck, and grazed his chest briefly making contact with one of Michael's nipples. Michael groaned in response, his body so sensitive in its state of arousal.

"Your recent confession surprised me, Michael. I never dreamed you to be the submissive type. We've been together for two years now, and in all that time you never once hinted or gave any indication that you had such a nature. In fact, I believed our relationship had been one of equality. No one more dominant than the other."

Michael forced his breathing to slow and listened to Todd. What did this have to do with Michael being attacked and robbed? They needed to contact the hotel manager as soon as possible before the culprit got away.

"I thought about your words, and the more I thought about your...suggestion, the more intrigued I became."

Michael felt Todd's hand drift across his stomach, sending his innards into a fluster like butterflies going crazy inside of him. He

pictured Todd's handsome face looking down at him with a slight smile curving his lips as he tenderly stroked his body.

"So I did some research. It's really amazing what can be found on the Internet now. I found a wealth of information. And the people..." Michael waited almost thankfully as Todd stopped his caress and found the right words to express his thoughts. "The lifestyle of bondage is quite...interesting."

Todd's hand continued the soft caresses to Michael's body as he spoke.

"How did you like Brian? He was convincing, wasn't he? I met him online. He's a Dominant and offered to help me out since he is local to the area. His techniques were effective in rendering you helpless." Todd let out a soft chuckle, and Michael thought he heard a bit of nervousness hidden beneath the sound. "I was feeling a little frightened as I watched him handle you."

Michael was starting to put together what had just taken place as Todd's finger swept lightly across the base of Michael's thickened length. He moaned and bucked his hips off the bed a half an inch.

"Watching you like this, Michael, is more stimulating than I ever imagined. I'll admit that I had my doubts about doing this, but now as I sit here looking at you bound to the bed and at my complete mercy..." His voice dropped off for a couple of seconds. "My cock is hard, Michael. And the thought of fucking you while you are like this is very appealing."

Todd took hold of Michael in his hand and gave the hard flesh a tight squeeze. A desperate whimper was wrenched from Michael. His mind was racing. Todd had set this whole thing up. The attack/robbery was just a way to frighten him. To get him tied to the bed. It was all a scenario that Todd orchestrated. Michael wasn't sure how he felt about it. His body was obviously aroused and found the entire situation pleasurable, but his mind was screaming in aggravation and anger that his lover had no right to put him through such mental anguish. Michael didn't know whether he should be pissed or ecstatic over his lover's decision.

Michael felt the gag being loosened then pulled from his mouth. He licked his lips wetting the dry skin.

"Todd..."

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Todd placed his fingers over Michael's lips before he could say more. "You have a choice. But I want you to think about it before you answer. Can you do that?"

Michael nodded, wishing he could see Todd and hating the blindfold. His voice gave no indication as to his feelings. Todd was a master of hiding his emotions, making him hard to read unless you really paid attention to his eyes. Todd's eyes were the windows to his soul.

"The first choice is to stop right now. I can release you and forget this ever happened. We never have to speak of this again. We can get dressed, go have a drink, and enjoy each other's company as if this was a mini-vacation. Then we go home tomorrow together."

Michael's cell phone started ringing. It was still in the pocket of his jeans lying near the door. They both ignored it and the caller was sent to voicemail.

"Or, we could continue with this. You will remain tied to the bed until you have earned the right to be released. You will do everything..." Todd paused a moment. "Everything," he emphasized, "I tell you. This is your chance to live out your fantasy, Michael. This one night you can choose to be dominated by me. When the sun rises, life as we know it will return and we go home. Think carefully, Michael."

With every word Todd spoke Michael's skin sweltered. As much as he wanted to be angry with Todd, it melted under the heat of his desire. Todd was giving him a chance of a lifetime. A chance to fulfill a fantasy long hidden. Michael didn't have to think about it long.

"Please continue, Sir." Michael's response was soft and meek. A perfect submissive. He waited, holding his breath, anxious for Todd's response.

Todd's hands suddenly glided over Michael's chest with a feather-like touch. A tremble grasped his body and forced the baited breath from his lungs.

"Todd."

"Sshhh. Not another word, Michael, or I will gag you again. Understood?" Todd's movements stilled as he spoke.

Michael took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Yes, Sir." His voice was low, but he knew that Todd heard him when his hands started the slow exploratory movements again.

Michael urged his body to relax. To sink into the mattress and enjoy the ministrations of his lover. But as Todd's hands expertly found every sensitive spot on his body, Michael was soon writhing under his lover's

touch, jaw clenched shut so he wouldn't beg. Taking a few deep breaths to calm his burning blood, Todd's masculine scent reached his nose. Michael loved the way Todd smelled. Woodsy, musky, pure male.

Michael never thought that his body could be so sensitive and responsive to the mildest of touches. The feeling of Todd's hands was familiar, soothing, but also a hundred more times erotic. He realized that without the use of his eyes and his hands bound away from his body, he had to rely on his other senses, intensifying the experience.

Todd's hands finally came close to Michael's throbbing erection. The feather light caress across his balls wrenched a whimper from Michael's throat as his hips bucked. He heard Todd's soft chuckle as he did it again. Todd was enjoying the torturous pleasure he wrought on Michael, and Michael was more than happy to know he was enjoying the experience, too.

A hand wrapped around Michael's cock, making him hiss at the heat surrounding him. His pulse raced as his blood pumped faster into his groin. His body was trembling with need, with desire. The entire incident, with Brian's treatment, Todd's surprise appearance, and the thought of acting out a long held fantasy, was overwhelming to his senses. Michael's ache for release conflicted with the need to please his lover, his Master for the night.

As Todd slowly worked Michael higher into oblivion, his mind started creating images of how his lover looked. His expression. Was Todd's breathing as rapid as his own? Was he feeling the same rush of excitement? Michael swallowed around the curses of his blindfold and the sights hidden from him.

"Damn!" Michael cried out, back arching as Todd's mouth covered his cock. Immediately the hot wetness was removed. "No, no, no." Michael pleaded.

"I said not a word, Michael." Todd's voice was cool, but Michael could almost swear that there was enjoyment behind his words. "Now I have to gag you."

Michael shook his head in protest but didn't say another word. He didn't want to be gagged again. He wanted to kiss Todd. To touch his lover. To please him.

The weight shifted on the bed indicating Todd switching positions. Michael could feel that Todd now straddled his upper chest.

Todd took hold of his jaw. "Open."

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Michael hesitated after a moment's thought of protesting. He remembered that he was the subservient tonight. He had told Todd that he would do all that was commanded. He opened his mouth and awaited his punishment. Only it wasn't the hard rubber that his tongue touched but the soft meaty flesh of his lover.

Michael's cell phone started ringing across the room. Both men ignored it, completely immersed in each other.

"Suck it." Todd commanded.

Michael did so eagerly, inwardly sighing with relief and in awe of Todd's imagination concerning his so-called punishment. Michael knew exactly what would give Todd the greatest satisfaction as he adjusted his head, eventually bending his neck back and taking the entire length into his mouth. Michael moaned against the flesh that slid further down his throat blocking his air passages. With another deep growl and forcing his throat to contract, Michael felt Todd's body tremble above him along with hearing a breathless curse as the thick fluid flowed freely down his throat.

Todd slowly withdrew from Michael's throat. Michael took in several deep breaths to calm the burning of his lungs, giving his body back the much-needed oxygen.

"Every last drop," Todd demanded when Michael had caught his breath again.

Michael didn't have to ask what his lover meant. He knew. Using his tongue, he gently licked the length of Todd's softness before sucking on its tip making sure that it was cleansed of any lingering cum.

Todd removed himself from Michael's mouth and moved his body so that he lay over the length of him. His lips touched Michael's and he immediately opened, welcoming the intrusion of tongue.

"Very nice," Todd murmured against Michael's lips. "You have done very well, Michael, and you will be rewarded." Todd shifted his weight, causing Michael's hard, throbbing erection to rub against Todd's bare skin. Michael moaned as pleasure rippled through him. "But not yet."

Michael froze. His blood was boiling with need. He thought he was going to explode if he didn't find release soon. Todd's teasing was maddening. He'd never been so hot and in need of someone in his life. Michael was finding that it could be quite difficult not having the control he was used to. The painful pleasure of releasing control to another was excruciating.

Michael opened his mouth, determined to protest Todd's declaration, even willing to beg shamelessly for satisfaction, but all words were blocked as the rubber ball of the gag was shoved between his teeth. He instinctively opened his jaw wider with the intent to push it out with his tongue only to have it shoved tighter in and quickly buckled into place.

Michael shook his head and his voiced objections came out as muffled moans.

"Do not worry, my love." Todd's voice soothed him enough to quiet down. "When I am done with you, it will be the greatest orgasm you will ever have."

Todd rolled off Michael's body and sat next to him. The back of his hand lightly slid down Michael's cheek. Michael couldn't stop the shiver that shook his body with his lover's touch. He wanted to cry out in frustration. He wanted to scream at the hindrance to his satisfaction. He wanted to demand his release. But isn't this what he wanted? Isn't this what he had craved? To relinquish all control to another?

Michael took in a deep shaky breath and let it out slowly. His frustration only showing with the soft whimper that escaped involuntarily from his throat.

He was surprised when Todd removed the blindfold. Michael blinked several times to allow his eyes to adjust to the suddenness of light though it was dim. For the first time that night, he laid eyes on his lover. His tormentor. Todd smiled and swept Michael's hair away from his face. Michael gloried at the sight of his lover's sculpted frame. Todd didn't go overboard with his workouts, but he liked being in shape. Michael liked it, too.

"You are so brave." He shook his head. "I don't know if I could allow anyone this much control over me." He turned his head and looked at the thickness between Michael's legs. "But it's obviously a great turn on for you. Not once since Brian stripped you of your clothing has your erection deflated." Todd reached out and ran the tip of a finger down the length. It jumped at his touch, eager for it. Todd chuckled. "You are amazing."

Michael watched as Todd shifted and laid a gentle kiss to his tip. The sight was erotic. His hips bucked and growled with the pleasure of the attention. Todd's tongue flicked out of his mouth and lapped at the gathering leakage. With a glance at Michael, a knowing smirk curving

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his lips, Todd slurped the thick flesh into his mouth, tongue swirling around the hardness.

Michael's head fell back, as his back arched in response to the lightening that streaked his body. Heat rushed his veins, and he knew that his release was near.

Michael's cell phone started ringing again. It was ignored. But then another ringing started right after his stopped. It came from the bathroom. Todd's phone. It rang twice, then stopped.

He gave a muffled scream of frustration when Todd removed his mouth. This time Michael struggled against the ropes that held him tightly to the bed. This was too much for him. He felt as if he would implode if Todd continued on this trip of ecstasy.

Todd leaned forward, his mouth just inches from Michael's ear. "I have a confession to make, my love." The words made Michael stop his struggle. He turned his head and locked eyes with Todd's. From the instant he saw the tall, dark haired man Michael had fallen for him. When he first looked into Todd's eyes, the color so dark they looked nearly black, Michael felt as if he were drowning in the mysterious seduction Todd naturally possessed. And it had been that way ever since. Though tonight there seemed to be something extra in that all-consuming stare.

Todd touched Michael's cheek. His hand was gentle and warm. "I too have a fantasy, and according to what you promised me earlier, you are going to help me fulfill it tonight."

Michael's brows drew together. He was desperately trying to claw his way out of the haze of desire that threatened to bury him. He tried to hear Todd's words correctly. Todd had a fantasy? From earlier comments, Michael knew that it was not to be bound and helpless. What was it that his lover desired to do? How could Michael do anything to help with the frame of mind Todd had put him in?

"Do you want to hear my fantasy, Michael? Do you want to know what I've never told another soul, but am about to impart to you, my lover and best friend?"

Slowly Michael nodded as his mind urgently tried to figure out what Todd wanted. Michael's cell phone started ringing again, and Todd smiled. His lips tenderly kissed Michael's cheek.

"I've always wanted a threesome with you, Michael." Todd confessed softly, his lips brushing against his skin. "While you are here

helpless, under my command, aching for me, we will both get to fulfill our deepest, darkest fantasies."

Michael's eyes widened in surprise. What Todd wanted was completely unexpected. He never dreamed that Todd had such thoughts.

Todd rose from the bed and started toward the bathroom. "Think about it, Michael. It won't be long now."

The bathroom door closed behind Todd, leaving Michael to himself, laying on the bed, hands securely bound above his head, and mouth tightly gagged. Even with his feet and legs free, there was nothing he could do to get free. He was strong but not stronger than the knots Brian tied. At least he had his vision back.

Michael took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. He seemed to be doing that a lot tonight. He'd had so many ups and downs that he felt like crying as his mixed emotions swirled violently.

What was Todd thinking? Yes, Michael's request had been a bit on the kinky side as he longed to play the role of a submissive to Todd's dominant, but Todd was looking to bring in a third party. They had never talked about the possibility. They had a couple of friends who played with a third lover, but sometimes that brought in complications. It was hard enough being a gay man in today's world, but to be seen as a *ménage* trio...that was just begging for problems.

But Michael had given his word to do everything Todd demanded for the night. He had asked for it. Had practically drooled over the prospect of being under Todd's control. Would he follow through with that promise? And who was this third person Todd had in mind? Would Brian come back? Michael shivered, and not in pleasure, as he remembered the gruffness of the man. He was intimidating and frightening. He played the part of Dominant too well.

Was it another male or a female? Neither had been with a female since their high school years. They were in a strange city. So, who did Todd possibly have in mind? Michael silently prayed that it wasn't a stranger. There were too many dangers in playing with the whole BDSM lifestyle if not properly introduced, but Michael would put his faith in Todd and in his research from what he accomplished for just tonight.

A knock sounded on the door. "Michael," Christopher's voice called before he knocked again.

Michael held his breath. He couldn't answer, his words would be a muffled mess. He lay there and hoped that Christopher would leave him well enough alone, thinking that he had gone to sleep. Michael didn't

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want Christopher to see him in this predicament. He didn't want to have to explain why he was lying on a bed bound and gagged with a raging hard-on.

Michael wasn't that lucky. His stomach started to churn violently as the lock clicked and the door handle turned. Michael silently cursed himself for giving Christopher his other key before leaving the club. His body stilled and his eyes watched the door waiting and silently screaming for Todd to rescue him of this embarrassment.

THREE

Christopher stepped into the room and froze as his eyes found Michael's. Shock crossed his expression and Michael groaned, his face flaming red. Todd's compliment of him being amazing sounded in his head. Even being found in such an embarrassing situation, his cock stood hard, jutting in the air and ready for action.

The hotel door closed and locked behind Christopher, who was still frozen where he'd stopped. His mouth opened and closed twice before his words emerged.

"What the hell? Michael...?"

Michael didn't miss the fact that Christopher's stormy blue eyes had broken from his face to scan down his body and ended by staring at his throbbing erection.

Michael whimpered a cry and turned his head. This could not be happening to him, he prayed. Surely Shannon would now find out about this, and he would never live it down. What would Christopher think of him? Or of Todd?

Michael heard the quick steps Christopher took to get to the bed.

"Who did this? Are you okay?" Christopher had pushed past the initial shock, and Michael felt him fiddling with the buckles to the gag.

"Please don't do that." Todd's voice made Michael open his eyes. He watched as his lover strode from the bathroom, a bright, white towel hanging around his hips, and his tanned body covered in droplets of water. His dark hair was wet and swept back from his face. Michael sucked in a tight breath of air at the gorgeous picture his lover made.

"Todd? What are you doing here? What's going on?" Christopher stopped trying to release Michael and stepped back.

Michael forced his gaze away from Todd and watched Christopher's reaction to the man. Christopher was bisexual, claiming to like variety. He was a bit of a player, enjoying the benefits of being young, good looking, and having a trust fund to back up his pleasure. Christopher

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wasn't as wild as he liked people to believe, but he liked to let loose on occasion. And being only twenty years old, he had a lot of advantages.

One night not long ago, Christopher had crashed at Michael and Todd's house. He was drunk and knew that his sisters and father would have his ass if he drove in that state. So Todd had offered him their guest room. Christopher, in his drunken stupor, had confessed to Michael that he thought Todd was hot and that Michael was lucky to have a man like him in his life. Christopher hoped to one day find a woman or man that loved him as much as Todd loved Michael.

Michael had been skeptical of Christopher's view on how much Todd loved him at the time. Their problems had broken down a little of Michael's confidence, but he never said anything to either Todd or Christopher about the drunken confession.

Now, as Christopher stared at Todd, his eyes devoured every inch he could absorb, and by Todd's earlier words, Michael wondered if Todd had heard Christopher's words that night.

Todd shrugged. "It's Valentine's Day. Shouldn't lovers be together tonight of all nights?" His voice was casual, but Michael could hear the bit of charm that Todd could exude.

Christopher slowly nodded and took a step back. "But why is Michael tied up? Gagged?" His glance went to Michael.

"I'm helping Michael fulfill a fantasy. Just as he's going to help me fulfill one. Aren't you, Michael?"

Michael's stomach lurched at the smoldering look Todd gave him. His pulse raced so fast that he thought his heart would burst right there in his chest. Christopher. The third to Todd's threesome. Someone they both could trust.

Michael nodded and felt a shiver of excitement rush his spine.

"Being tied up? Gagged? Like a bad..." Christopher stopped and his eyes widened. "Oh. Um..." His cheeks became flushed as he realized what he'd stumbled into. He took another step back toward the door, but his eyes were jetting back and forth between Michael and Todd. "Well, then, I guess I'll go then."

"Wait," Todd said, his voice smooth. Michael watched as he stepped around the bed and approached Christopher. "Michael will need help with my fantasy. We were just talking about it and thought you would be perfect."

Christopher swallowed hard and his eyes went to Michael. "Talking about it, huh?" He licked his lips and Michael saw that his fingers twitched nervously at his sides.

"Of course." Todd assured him. "Weren't we, Michael?"

Michael knew what Todd was doing. Todd wasn't lying to Christopher. He just omitted the fact that he was the one doing all the talking. Michael nodded.

"Are you interested?"

Christopher eyed Todd with uncertainty. Michael understood his apprehension. He wanted to warn his friend but couldn't. What did Todd have in mind? Whatever it was Michael was sure that both he and Christopher would be surprised by it. Especially after having to go through such lengths to get Michael where he was.

"What do I have to do?" Weariness sounded in his question.

Todd gracefully slid around Christopher's body effectively blocking his access to the door. He placed his hands on Christopher's shoulders.

"Look at Michael for me." The words were a command and the stern sound made Michael shiver. Todd had always been an up front type of guy, but now, being in charge of this night, Michael was seeing a side of Todd that strongly aroused something deep in him. Drawing to the surface his hidden desires.

Michael wanted to close his eyes, to hide in shame as his friend's eyes skimmed over his body. But he was oddly intrigued to see if Christopher would go along with Todd. He was fascinated by the way both men's eyes looked upon him. His body igniting, threatening to burst into flames.

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" Todd's voice was low and soft, almost reverent as he spoke of his lover. His hands started kneading Christopher's shoulders. "I never dreamed that seeing him tied up would be such a turn on." Todd's hands slid from his shoulders but continued kneading the muscles of Christopher's arms.

"This is his fantasy. Being helpless for me. Letting me do as I please to him. He's enjoyed every moment of it."

"And what's your fantasy Todd?" Christopher's voice trembled but Michael couldn't tell if it was from fear, nervousness, or excitement.

"To have you join us," he whispered with a sexy drawl.

Christopher's eyes widened, and he turned his head to look at Todd, who had managed to entwine their fingers together.

"What?"

AT THE EDGE

Todd chuckled. "Oh, come on. Don't act so surprised. I've seen the way you look at me. I've seen the way you look at Michael. I heard what you said that night."

Christopher shook his head and looked back at Michael. "I don't know what you are talking about. Michael and I have been friends since we were kids. I don't..."

"Yes, you do." Todd interrupted his objection. "But don't worry. I don't feel threatened. I'm very secure in my feelings for Michael and what he feels for me. But I do know that Michael loves you."

Christopher shook his head. "No."

"Just as much as you love him. Your love is gentle, almost brotherly, with the exception of the attraction the two of you feel toward each other."

Now it was Michael's turn to object to Todd. He gave a muttered reply and shook his head similar to Christopher's.

Todd laughed. "Deny it all you want, but I see it. Why do you think that I chose you for this? We can trust you. I can trust you. Right, Michael? Besides, you're a very handsome young man. Who wouldn't want a chance at you?"

Todd released one of Christopher's hands and wrapped an arm around his waist. Michael watched as his lover's fingers danced over his friend's stomach where he knew lay a toned, defined set of muscles. Instead of feeling jealously, desire swept through him, and he longed to see Christopher without his shirt on so that he could see their skin touching each other.

Michael knew he should be upset, but he found that it was exciting to watch his lover subtly fondle another man. And as much as he tried, he could not muster a single ounce of jealousy...only envy that he was unable to join them.

"What do you say, Christopher? Care to join us tonight?"

Michael watched his friend carefully. He was the opposite of Todd. His hair was blond, his eyes blue. He was light to Todd's darkness. And Michael was somewhere in the middle of the two with his light brown hair and hazel eyes. What a sight the three of them made together.

Christopher's face shifted through various expressions from intrigue to blankness, but his eyes always stayed on Michael.

"What about after tonight?" Christopher asked.

"We go back to our lives with this one memory. It's Valentine's. A night for lovers. A perfect night for fantasies to come true. No regrets. No strings attached."

Christopher slowly nodded his head. "All right. I'm game."

"I knew you would be."

Michael watched as Todd helped Christopher shed his clothing. His fingers itched to be there helping, to brush his fingertips across his friend's soft skin. Christopher's frame wasn't as broad as Todd's. His was more slender, his waist small, but Michael knew that his friend kept in shape by running regularly.

What Todd had said was true. Michael did love Christopher. He held a special place in Michael's heart and life. Christopher had been a steady rock in his life since they were small. Christopher had been the first boy he'd kissed, just as his sister Shannon was the first girl he'd ever kissed. Yes, Michael had always been attracted to Christopher, but it was never the intense feelings he held for Todd.

Todd and Christopher stood facing each other at the foot of the bed. Christopher shifted his weight nervously and kept glancing at Michael. Todd stood there confident...in charge. If he was nervous or anxious, Michael could not tell.

"Touch me, Christopher," Todd said, his voice gentle but clearly a command.

Christopher reached a hand out and gently laid it on Todd's chest. Michael saw that there was a slight tremble to it. He watched as Christopher's hand started exploring Todd's torso. Christopher no longer glanced unsure at Michael, his complete attention on the man who stood before him.

Michael shifted on the bed, pulling a little at the ropes that kept him stationary. His jaw clamped down tight on the gag painfully as his blood heated with arousal. He knew he would go mad if this went on any longer. The erotic scene unfolding before him was almost too much. He desperately ached for release, but his longing to please Todd was stronger.

Michael stilled his struggles and observed as Todd kissed Christopher. It wasn't a soft peck on the lips. Todd delved into the younger man's mouth with exuberance. Christopher returned the kiss with equal zeal. A low, impatient growl escaped Michael breaking the two apart.

AT THE EDGE

"It looks as if someone is getting impatient," Todd said with amusement. He turned and looked at Christopher. "I'm afraid I may have pushed him a little too far. He may not last as long as I hoped."

"Really?" Christopher raised a brow and a smirk fell to his lips.

Michael groaned and rolled his eyes. That's all he needed. With his lover and his friend ganging up on him, he'd never live it down if he couldn't 'perform'. Not something he wanted to happen.

"Michael is especially gifted at blow jobs." Todd spoke as he led Christopher to the bed. "And it would greatly please me if you allowed him to bestow his gift upon you."

It was now Michael's turn to raise a questioning brow at Todd. What was with the formal phrasing? The compliment was of no surprise. Todd often told Michael he had a true gift, but the way he spoke the words of offer baffled Michael. Perhaps it was part of his Todd's fantasy. Who was he to complain? He was getting his fantasy fulfilled and then some.

"But first, you must feel free to touch him as you wish. If this is to be a once in a lifetime thing, I cannot withhold such a thing from you. Or me."

Christopher was hesitant. He looked at Michael. "Is this what you want? Is this all okay with you?"

Those two questions touched Michael. They told him that Christopher cared about him and about his relationship with Todd. He was making sure what he was about to do was all right with Michael.

Michael nodded his head and waited. His breath hitched when Christopher finally reached out and touched him. His hands were soon exploring Michael's body making him writhe under the light caresses. But that's not all that was happening. While Christopher was discovering the pleasures of Michael's body, Todd's hands were doing the same to Christopher's. He was made to watch as Todd finally made his way to Christopher's thick length and brushed his fingers across the stiff flesh. Christopher gasped and leaned back into Todd's supporting body. Michael voiced a moan of need as he watched them meld together.

Todd kissed Christopher's neck. "It's time. Let Michael suck you into oblivion."

Christopher nodded and started toward Michael, straddling his chest and settling into a comfortable position. Todd removed Michael's gag and allowed him a moment to wet his lips and stretch his jaw.

Todd kissed Michael, nearly devouring his mouth. Michael was flooded with a rush of passion, lust, and love for his lover at that one

moment. He knew without a doubt that Todd loved him just as much. That he was willing to do anything for him. Though Michael briefly mused who was getting the better end of this deal.

Once Todd stepped away, Michael turned his attention to Christopher. He opened his mouth and allowed the other man to slip inside. Blood flooded Christopher's cock, and Michael felt it swell larger. He enthusiastically started sucking, his tongue swirling intricate patterns around the hard flesh drawing sighs and groans of pleasure from Christopher.

Lost in the taste, feel, and smell of Christopher, Michael barely perceived the actions of his lover. Todd had moved to kneel on the bed between Michael's legs. He pushed them a bit wider before sliding closer. It wasn't until Todd started slipping into Michael's tight entrance that Michael swam to the surface of his enjoyment.

Michael moaned as his body was filled at both ends. He had never felt so full and complete. Perfect. He slowed his movements on Christopher to take pleasure in the actions of his lover.

Todd was slow on his movements. Michael knew he was taking it easy and avoiding the one place he craved to be touched. He lifted his hips to meet with Todd's thrusts but was disappointed when Todd withdrew enough that Michael could not receive his pleasure. Michael growled in frustration but that only brought a loud gasp from Christopher.

"You must please our guest before taking your own pleasure, Michael."

Michael whined, but continued his attention to Christopher. He didn't think he could last much longer. Sure he would self-combust from the pleasure and frustration that were reeling in him. He knew this had to end...and soon before he went mad. He opened his jaw and forced his throat to relax as he took all of Christopher into his mouth but careful enough that it didn't block his airway. He only trusted Todd with that move.

Michael sighed silently in relief when Christopher cried out, body trembling, and releasing his load down Michael's throat. He watched as his friend ungracefully toppled over to lie beside Michael. Christopher's eyes were closed, a smile on his lips.

Todd stilled his movements and looked down at his lover. "Are you ready, Michael?"

AT THE EDGE

He swallowed hard, his body shaking in need, and near delirious with want. "Yes, Sir." He managed to choke out just as Todd started moving again.

This time there was no gentle slowness. Todd thrust hard and quick into Michael. His back arched and he opened his mouth to scream just as Todd reached down and took hold of his rigid cock. A hand covered Michael's mouth as his body exploded. Bright lights flashed behind his lids and his body convulsed as pleasure coursed through every nerve in his body before being swallowed by darkness.

FOUR

Michael slowly became conscious of weight on his body. He opened his eyes, trying to remember what had happened.

"Are you okay?" It was Christopher.

Michael turned his head and found his friend curled up next to him, a worried expression on his face.

"What happened?"

"You passed out." Todd said as he brushed a fallen lock from Michael's face.

"Passed out? I've never passed out in my life."

Todd chuckled. "There's a first for everything, my love." His fingers were gently caressing Michael's cheek.

"Did I dream that?" Michael realized for the first time that his hands were free. His arms were sore and his wrists a bit chaffed from the rope but he was able to move them as he pleased.

"Not a dream." Todd answered.

Michael's eyes widened. "Oh, shit. I screamed. What if someone heard it? I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"No worries." Christopher smiled. "I covered your mouth and muffled it. We should be fine."

Michael sighed in relief. It was bad enough Christopher had come in on them, but to have the ritzy hotel staff barging in with complaints of screaming...well, he just couldn't take it.

"So it was you that kept calling my cell earlier?" Michael asked Christopher.

He nodded. "Yeah. Shannon was worried, and Hannah wouldn't let me be until I promised to stay with you tonight. They knew how depressed you've been."

"And how did you know that Christopher would be coming to check on me? It could have been Shannon or Hannah." He turned to Todd.

Todd shrugged. "Lucky guess?" But there was no hiding the twitch at one corner of his lips.

AT THE EDGE

"That devious vixen," Michael growled.

"What?" Christopher was confused.

"Todd couldn't have done this all by himself. He had no idea I would leave the club earlier than the rest of you. He had no way of knowing that you would be the one to come and check on me. Not without help."

"Shannon's help." It all clicked together for Christopher. "My sister is so dead."

Todd laughed. "Oh, don't be so harsh on her. She was just trying to help me with Michael. And you, Christopher, got to have one hell of a night. Not like you've had better offers the last couple of months since you broke up with Dawn."

"Hey! I've had plenty of offers."

It was Michael's turn to laugh. "Yeah, but none as appealing as Todd's."

Christopher blushed and sighed. "Okay, you're right. I've been moping over the break up. I really liked her."

"It's okay, Christopher. There are other fish in the sea. Ones that accept you for yourself instead of your reputation."

"I know."

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm exhausted," Michael said, cuddling closer to Todd but grabbing Christopher's hand so he didn't feel left out. He pulled his friend closer so that the three of them were snuggled together. "We have a mid-morning flight to catch and I'd rather have a couple of hours of sleep before stepping onto a steel bird."

Todd laughed. "How bad was the flight here?" It was no secret that Michael hated flying.

Christopher chuckled.

"You promised." Michael scowled.

"Okay, yes, I promised never to tell a soul what happened. But let's just say that it's a moment I will always remember...as will the flight attendant."

"No more," Michael demanded. "Turn off the light and go to sleep, or I'll kick you out of my bed."

"Fine." Christopher reached over and turned off the lamp, but Michael didn't miss the look that he and Todd exchanged. He was in deep trouble now, he knew as he closed his eyes and vowed to worry about that another day. For now, he was happy, sated, and still very much in love with Todd.

MARTY RAYNE

About the Author

Marty Rayne lives in Florida with her twin sons and husband. She enjoys learning karate with her children and spending time on the beach with her husband.

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