

The book cover features a warm, golden-brown photograph of two shirtless men. The man in the foreground is shown from the waist up, his body angled slightly to the right. He has a light-colored, possibly tattooed, line running down his chest. Behind him, the head and shoulders of another man are visible. The scene is set against a dark background, with some foliage in the lower left corner. The title and author's name are centered over the image in a white, serif font, flanked by decorative horizontal lines with ornate scrollwork.

Loose Id

A MASTER'S LOVE

MARTY RAYNE

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A Master's Love

Marty Rayne

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Dedication

*To my husband for his undying love and support and to my wonderful editor, Lynne,
for her encouragement and never-ending patience.*

Chapter One

“What the hell am I doing?” Kyle whispered to himself. He had to be mad coming to a place like this, doing something so crazy, so unlike him. But when he’d learned what kind of business Sydney ran, he had been hopelessly intrigued ... wondering if it would actually help him.

Kyle straightened and looked at his watch. Sydney had told him that Nate didn’t tolerate lateness. Taking one last deep breath, he finally raised his hand and rapped on the door. It seemed like an eternity passed, but only seconds later the door opened. Kyle’s breath fled as he beheld the sight before him.

Clenching his jaw shut to keep from drooling, Kyle’s gaze feasted upon the man who had opened the door. He hadn’t known what to expect, but it was definitely not this god of a man. Sydney had only told him that he and Nate were about the same age and that Nate was good-looking. Talk about a damned understatement. She hadn’t let on that he would be the most gorgeous man Kyle had ever laid eyes on.

The man wore black boots and a pair of tight-fitting black leather pants that hugged his crotch. He was shirtless, giving Kyle a full view of the muscular chest and arms that his hands suddenly itched to touch. Kyle followed the line of his long neck upward to a set of sensuous lips and equally striking eyes that made his knees tremble. Their chocolate hue was

flecked with molten gold and surrounded by thick, dark lashes that matched the dark hair adorning the top of his head. It was longer than his own, the length lying over his ears and caressing his neck while the ends flipped up slightly, the front falling just below his eyebrows.

Nate's appearance was a complete contrast to Kyle's, whose dark blond hair was streaked with white, bleached from the sun, his eyes deep blue like the ocean. Nate stood a good three inches taller than Kyle, and his contemporary biker look clashed with Kyle's simple jeans and plaid button-down shirt.

Nate moved to the side and opened the door further so Kyle could enter the room. Taking a few steps in, thankful his legs still had enough strength to carry him, Kyle concealed his nervousness by surveying his surroundings.

The room was masculine. The sturdy furniture was made of dark wood; the décor elegant yet rugged. The four-poster bed was covered in a hunter green coverlet. The blinds were drawn over the only window. A single chair, upholstered in navy and hunter green, sat at an angle so that its occupant could view both the door and window. Along various places on the walls were metal hooks instead of the pictures that usually decorated a room. Kyle's gaze quickly swept the ceiling and floor and saw several more hooks like the ones screwed into the walls. The dark blue carpet was plush beneath his feet. There were several other pieces of furniture in the room, but his observation was interrupted when Nate started circling him. Kyle could practically feel Nate's eyes roaming over his body, assessing him.

"What's your name?" The low, smooth voice made Kyle shiver.

"Kyle," he said, suddenly longing to hear that voice say his name.

"Kyle," Nate repeated as he settled in the chair by the window. "It suits you." Nate continued gazing at him. Kyle noted that the other man didn't bother to introduce himself.

Kyle glanced over at Nate and nodded. He couldn't bring himself to say Nate's name. It felt forbidden in this room.

"Why are you here, Kyle?"

Another shiver ran down Kyle's spine at the sound of his name. The tone was soft and near adoration, but he knew better. It was this man's job to make his clients feel good about themselves, to feel needed, to feel whatever that particular person wanted to feel. Sydney had been very clear about what they did here at Angel's Heart.

Kyle studied Nate's laid-back posture and wished he could be as comfortable. Nate was sitting back in the chair, one ankle propped on the opposite knee with his fingers laced together in his lap. He looked almost disinterested, but Kyle could discern a sparkle to Nate's eyes that contradicted his aloof appearance.

"I'm not really sure," Kyle answered truthfully. "I'm hoping that you can help me. I'm curious about the relationship between Dominants and submissives. I'm wondering if I'm a submissive." He was careful not to mention Sydney. He didn't want Nate to think that he wanted special treatment.

"Why do you believe that? Do you think I have some sort of magic that can make up your mind?" Nate asked, raising a brow in what appeared to be amusement.

"No." Kyle shook his head. "There's something amiss in my life. I want to explore new avenues that others may not be willing to try. I need someone who can gauge if I'm really a submissive, ascertain if that's what I'm looking for. I'm hoping you will...well, help me with this exploration." Kyle's voice was soft and his face felt warm with a rising blush, but he couldn't look away from Nate. "Angel's Heart is reputable, and I am willing to trust in that reputation."

"Tell me, Kyle..." He paused. Kyle felt tingles along his nerves every time Nate said his name. "Are you openly gay?"

"If you are asking if others know I'm gay, then yes. My family and friends know of my sexual preference. But I'm not one to go around flaunting it and telling everyone I meet."

"Have you ever been with a woman?"

"Yes."

“Would you ever be with one again if you found one that you were attracted to?” Nate lifted a hand and let his finger tap his chin.

“I’m not sure. It depends on how I felt about her. But I prefer men and find them much more attractive,” Kyle admitted. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable with the questions. He had no problem with his sexual orientation or what people thought of it. What did his answers have to do with why he was here?

“How many women have you been with?”

Kyle shifted his stance, considering. “Seven.”

“Did you have an orgasm with them?”

Kyle almost choked on his spit as he tried to swallow. Hell, no sugar coating or niceties here. Nate, however, showed no sign of embarrassment, his body still as relaxed as when he sat down.

“Sometimes,” he answered, recovering. He thought about lying to Nate, making up a few things along the way, but somehow he couldn’t lie. Something deep inside compelled him to be honest.

“How about when you are with men? Do you come?”

“Yes.” Kyle’s brows drew together. He hadn’t been entirely sure what to expect, but it wasn’t this.

“Every time?”

“Um, well, yes,” Kyle answered and watched Nate nod as if in approval. “May I ask where all of these highly personal questions are leading?”

“They lead me to helping you with what you seek.” Nate’s tone was matter-of-fact, as if the answer was obvious. He rose from the chair and approached Kyle. “Do you always dress like this?”

Kyle looked down at his clothing. What was wrong with the shirt, faded jeans, and cowboy boots he wore? They were comfortable, and he favored comfort and practicality over

fashion. His work clothes of shorts and a T-shirt were comfortable too, but when he wasn't working he liked his jeans.

"Basically."

Nate said nothing, but reached out and touched the buttons of Kyle's shirt. With a practiced, effortless hand, Nate began releasing each plastic button until the shirt lay open to his waist. Kyle stood perfectly still watching Nate's fingers expertly work, not quite touching his body, his heart pounding louder with each freed button.

Nate pulled Kyle's shirt from his pants and, still without touching Kyle's skin, Nate pulled the shirt off his shoulders and down his arms until it lay in a heap at his feet.

He took a step back and gazed at Kyle's chest. "Take off the rest of your clothing," he commanded. The tone wasn't cold, but it was firm.

Kyle looked at Nate, and it took a moment before the words settled in his brain. Though Nate had stepped away, Kyle could still smell the musky maleness surrounding him. His cock was straining against his jeans and he was amazed that he was affected in such a way when Nate had yet to touch him. Never had he reacted to a person like this. Aware that Nate could see his arousal, a blush crept higher into his cheeks.

Kyle cleared his throat nervously before bending over to remove his boots and socks. Straightening, his hands went to the waistband of his jeans. He looked over at Nate and found that disinterested look again, though Nate's eyes glimmered and watched every movement. Feeling like a clumsy teenager again, Kyle fumbled with the button and zipper. He hesitantly pushed the jeans down from his hips, taking the boxers with them. Finished, he stood completely nude, his cock hard and jutting straight out.

Kyle took a deep breath and waited for a response from this stranger from whom, for some unknown reason, he wanted approval. Kyle's gaze followed Nate as the other man once more circled, assessing. Looking up into the gold-flecked eyes when Nate finally stopped in front of him, Kyle could find no clue as to what Nate thought.

“We’re done for the day.” Nate’s tone was flat. “Stop at the front desk for your schedule. It will be followed without deviation. I do not tolerate tardiness. If you are not here when *my* clock says it’s your designated time, the door will be locked and our session will be over. It will be your dollar, not mine.”

Nate left the room without another word or glance at Kyle, who remained in place speechless and confused. He shook his head and slowly began to dress. “What the hell am I doing here again?” he said aloud, wondering for the hundredth time since entering the building.

Kyle made his way back downstairs to the beautiful young woman who sat behind the front desk. He’d been so nervous when he’d arrived, Kyle hadn’t taken notice of his surroundings. Now that he looked, the reception area of Angel’s Heart reminded him a lot of the lobby of the big corporate office his mother had worked in years ago as a receptionist. The impressions of fetish clubs he’d gleaned from movies faded from his mind. No latex- and leather-clad people snapping whips, no slaves groveling on the floor, no orgies in darkened corners.

Instead, a row of chairs stretched along the wall across from the front desk, flanked by two end tables displaying business and popular magazines. A potted tree stood just inside the front door. Sydney had everything very professional. People walking into Angel’s Heart wouldn’t have a clue this was a business that housed Dominants and indulged its clients’ fetish fantasies. It looked like the waiting room of any other reputable business.

The receptionist smiled at him and handed him a piece of paper. “Here’s your schedule. Have a nice weekend, Mr. Turner.”

Kyle smiled back, unable to resist her contagious cheerfulness. “You too.”

He walked out the door, examining the paper that listed dates and times for him to return for more sessions with Nate. He couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped when he looked at the heading of the paper. It read “Therapy Session Schedule.” Therapy? Not hardly. He had a feeling that these sessions would be unlike any other in the world.

Chapter Two

Nate sat on the roof of the building in which he lived and worked. The place had been his home since he was sixteen and he loved it. With soda in hand, Nate gazed up at the dark sky. The day had been overcast and the clouds still blocked out most of the stars. Despite the gloom of the sky, he was happy for the peace up here.

Peace is short-lived, he thought, as he heard heels clicking, then noticed movement out of the corner of his eye.

"How was your day?" Sydney plopped down in the chair next to him.

"Fine," he answered nonchalantly. Sydney Howell was his best friend. She had taken him off the street and given him a home all those years ago. She had made sure he finished school, then continued with his education. She was also the woman who owned this building and had taught him nearly everything he knew about the business. Though eight years his senior, she was still as beautiful as the first day he'd met her.

He took in her clothing. "Going out?" She wore a little black cocktail dress, its hem hitting her mid-thigh, a matching jacket over her shoulders. Her long blonde hair was pulled up on top of her head, a few locks spilling artfully around her face. Nate knew that she'd wow the people she would be around tonight. It was one of her natural talents.

“Just a stuffy dinner party.” She reached over, lifted the soda from his hand and took a sip. “How’d it go with the new one? He work out for you?”

This was the real reason she’d come up here before leaving for her party. She was digging for information, but he wasn’t going to give her any.

“Time will tell.” He answered her with a practiced look of boredom. Trouble was, he could hide very little from his mentor.

She gave a huff, and he knew she was irritated at his tight-lipped rebuff.

“This is the first new client you’ve had in ages and that’s all you have to say?”

“Syd, I know what you are trying to do. I know it was you who referred him to me. Just give it a rest. I’ll take him, but that’s it. No more.” His voice was expressionless.

Sydney put on her most innocent face. Even though they knew each other so well, he still had his moments where he couldn’t truly read her emotions. “What?” she said. “I just thought that you could use a little spice in your life. A change of scenery, so to speak.”

“My life is fine the way it is.” Nate took his drink from her and looked back up at the sky.

“I know, but tell me...when was the last time you had someone like that at your complete mercy?”

He could hear the amusement in her voice. “I have people at my mercy all the time, Syd.”

“Yes, but how many look like Kyle Turner?”

Nate turned to her and couldn’t stop the smile licking at his lips. Syd was right. He had clients male and female, younger and older, yet none looked the way Kyle had today. None had made his blood heat and rush to his groin the way Kyle had. Just thinking about Kyle made Nate’s body react as a shiver ran up his spine.

“Well, my job is done, so I bid you good night.” Sydney got up and kissed him on the lips before walking off.

He shook his head and chuckled. "Have fun."

"Always!" she called back, leaving him alone with his thoughts, which automatically went to Kyle.

Nate couldn't get the man out of his mind. Those deep blue eyes were embedded in his brain. He had read a lot in those eyes in the short amount of time he'd spent with Kyle. He saw loneliness, desire, and need, along with a sadness he couldn't quite put his finger on. Maybe it was linked to the loneliness. As he had told Sydney, only time would tell.

He knew Kyle's type. He'd seen it time and time again. Kyle sought the need to matter, to be someone special, and to receive the attention that he craved when he couldn't find it out in the world. His type was usually the person who'd yet to find love. Who had not yet found their niche in life, seeking some sort of fulfillment through any avenue that looked promising.

Nor had he missed Kyle's physical need. He could clearly picture Kyle's cock and the way it had twitched when he'd nervously shifted his weight from one foot to the other. But since it was their first meeting, Nate was unsure if it was because of nerves or because of Nate himself. It wouldn't be the first time a client had been attracted to him. It was his job, after all, to appeal to them in one form or another.

Nate took another drink, letting his mind wander over the image of Kyle's body. It was beautiful and sculpted to perfection, a sign he worked out regularly. Nate had had to fight the primal surge of desire that had shot through him when he'd taken off Kyle's shirt and exposed his chest. He'd cut the session short because he couldn't continue

without showing how much he was being affected. Though he'd made Kyle finish undressing, that was just as bad as touching him. Watching Kyle shed his clothing had just about ended his strong grip on control. His gaze had been glued to the muscles that rippled with every movement. It had taken Nate every ounce of willpower to keep from taking him right there and fucking him senseless.

Nate ran a hand through his hair. "Shit," he muttered. He felt jittery and anxious, hardly able to wait to see Kyle again. His stomach roiled in anticipation of what his future sessions with Kyle might bring. He felt much like he had when Sydney had first taken him in and carefully instructed him in the art of domination.

Nate stood and paced the roof, cursing himself for feeling the tingle in his groin. He was supposed to be detached from his clients. Rule number one, never make it personal. It was strictly business. A means to an end, financially. From his reaction, one would think Kyle was his first client, but he'd been doing this for six years. He felt his control slip a little more and cussed again. He did *not* like how Kyle was able to crawl under his skin like this, especially after just one visit.

Nate turned and went down to his studio apartment. Though not much to look at, it was on the top floor, and it was his. The only place he ever felt at home.

Nate stripped out of his sweats and T-shirt and started the shower. He waited until the water ran steaming hot before he got in, then let it run down his body. He closed his eyes and stood perfectly still, trying to wash away the new feelings that were creeping in. But those eyes, those damn blue eyes, stared back at him from the dark depths of his mind.

Nate growled, opened his eyes, and leaned back against the shower wall. He reached down and grabbed his hardened cock. Slowly his hand pumped his length, varying the pressure of each stroke. Moaning, he closed his eyes once more. This time the image of Kyle standing naked before him welled up, unbidden. Nate saw himself move to Kyle to run his hands along the man's smooth chest. Kyle's heat radiated into his palms. Kyle leaned forward, capturing Nate's mouth, pulling them closer together. The kiss was deep and filled with lust as Kyle's tongue quickly dominated his own. He felt Kyle's hands move down his back until they rested on his ass for a moment. Then Kyle tugged Nate against him, their aroused cocks brushing against each other. Silk and steel.

Nate imagined that his hand was Kyle's. That it had slipped between their bodies and started pumping him. He felt his cock swell in his hand, then the rush of pleasure exploding

as he orgasmed, his thick liquid squirting to the shower floor. Nate slid down the wall, his legs giving out from under him. He cradled his head, elbows resting on his knees.

“Damn you, Sydney. Damn you for doing this to me.”

Once the rush of his orgasm subsided, Nate stood, cleaned off, and got out. Barely taking the time to dry off and not bothering with clothes, he climbed into bed, despite it still being early on a Friday night. He struggled to relax, hoping sleep would help him escape the beguiling eyes that haunted him.

Chapter Three

Monday evening, Kyle arrived on time, filled with anticipation as he made his way to Nate's room. He bit back a gasp when the door swung open. Nate wore a tight pair of faded blue jeans and a white button-down shirt, which hung open so his muscular chest was exposed. The corner of Nate's lips lifted just slightly when he saw Kyle. He hoped it was Nate's subtle way of letting him know that he was pleased. As soon as Kyle passed him, he felt a tingling in his groin as Nate's scent filled his nostrils.

Nate closed the door. "We'll start simple today," he said, picking up a riding crop. "I want you to take off your shoes and remove your shirt."

Kyle was very aware of those watchful chocolate eyes as he followed Nate's orders. His stomach flipped when Nate gave a nod of approval.

"Kneel on the floor facing the window. Then cross your ankles and clasp your hands behind your back," Nate coached.

"Good," he praised when Kyle had settled himself as directed. "Now, bow your head and stay that way until I instruct you otherwise."

Nate slowly circled Kyle as if he were stalking his prey. "How old are you, Kyle?"

"Twenty-four," Kyle answered, then yelped in surprise as he felt a slash of pain across his shoulders.

"You are to refer to me as 'Sir' from now on. Is that understood?" Nate swung the riding crop slightly at his side and waited for Kyle's reaction.

Kyle swallowed hard as the sting settled. He caught the tip of the crop in his peripheral vision; the sight sent a chill down his spine. "Yes, Sir," he answered, not wanting to feel the crop again.

"You have come to me for...guidance." A slight pause, as if Nate was deliberating the right word to use. "This is my domain, Kyle. While you are here, I am the Dominant and you my submissive. You will obey my authority. In our sessions I can teach you control. I can teach you discipline. During our times together we will see if this void you feel can be filled through my expertise. Is that what you are requiring of me?"

"Yes, Sir."

Though Nate had stopped behind him, Kyle could feel the weight of his regard. His face heated, knowing Nate's gaze slid over his form. The silence grated on his nerves. With his head down, Kyle felt vulnerable to the man standing over him. In this position, he felt unusually exposed, though he had only shed his shirt and shoes. Not for the first time, he wished he knew what Nate was thinking as he was being studied. He fought the urge to shift position, determined to show Nate that he could take the intense scrutiny.

"In all your twenty-four years, have you not had a role model to look up to? Someone who could lead you, teach you that which you seek?" Nate asked, finally breaking the thick silence.

Kyle thought before answering. "Yes, Sir. My father, he raised me well. He's one of my best friends. But still..." His voice dropped off, unable to articulate exactly what he felt or why.

Though he was content with his life, Kyle felt like there was something missing, a part of him that had yet to be completed. Nate circled around and stood in front of Kyle, looking down at his new client.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

“No, Sir.” What did his love life have to do with these sessions with Nate?

“When was the last time you had sex?” Nate remained still in front of him and Kyle could feel his body warm to a low heat under his unrelenting gaze.

Kyle paused again, reflecting. “Nine months ago, Sir.” The last time he and Steve had been intimate was about a month before they broke up.

“Before we go any further, answer me this, Kyle. Are you ready to surrender to me? Are you willing to completely submit control over your body to me and me only? To allow me full access to your sex life? When and how you may orgasm? To give you punishment when deserved? To speak nothing but honest words? Tell me, Kyle, is that what you really want from me?”

Kyle carefully considered Nate’s words. Did he really want someone to dominate a part of his life so completely? Kneeling, knowing Nate was watching him so closely, Kyle felt compliant and submissive. He realized that by coming back this evening, he’d already made his decision. Already taken the first step and yielded, though a rational part of his brain tried to fight it.

“Yes, Sir. That is what I want.” He tried to make his voice strong and convincing, though he still harbored some doubt in the far reaches of his mind as to whether he could handle something this intense.

With his head still down, Kyle heard Nate kneel in front of him. He felt the hard stiff leather of the end of the riding crop under his chin. Nate pressed the crop up. Lifting his head in response, Kyle looked into Nate’s captivating eyes.

“So, you are telling me that from this minute on I may do as I please with you? If I were to strip you right now, bind your body, and fuck you like a bitch, you would be willing?”

Kyle knew that Nate and the other employees at Angel’s Heart didn’t actually have intercourse with their clients, but the words made him swallow hard, the very image

affecting him more than he cared to admit. Never had anyone painted such a vivid picture for him. A rush of mixed emotions flooded his body, making him shiver.

"Yes, Sir." Kyle's voice was thick and raspy, not sounding like his own at all.

Kyle lowered his head again when Nate stood, instinctively knowing this was what Nate would expect. He heard Nate walk around him and stop. His skin burned, knowing that Nate was again watching him. The sexual scene Nate had created in Kyle's mind still lingered and aroused a swirl of desire and quickened his breath.

"Do you expect to gain a lover from these sessions, Kyle?" Nate's voice was low and controlled.

Another image of stripping Nate's jeans from his body, then drawing his cock into his mouth, flashed in Kyle's mind, making him bite back a rising moan.

"That is up to you, Sir." He resisted the urge to look back at Nate.

"You have much training ahead of you." Nate knelt behind Kyle without commenting on his response. He was so near, Kyle could feel Nate's body heat. "Did you masturbate this weekend, Kyle?" It was barely a whisper but he felt Nate's breath against his ear.

Kyle swallowed before answering. "Yes, Sir." His cheeks flamed. The question was blunt and unexpected. So far Kyle had been very surprised with most of what Nate had done and said. Sydney had said that each person had their own way of doing things, but she'd not prepared him for Nate.

"Did you think of me when you did it?" Kyle felt the end of the riding crop trail down his side.

"Yes, Sir," came the hushed confession.

"Flattering." Amusement was clear in Nate's voice.

Kyle shuddered when Nate pulled away, taking the warmth with him.

“You will no longer touch your dick except to wash it when you shower and to take a piss.” Nate’s voice was commanding and strong now; gone was the deep, hushed whisper. “That means no fondling and no masturbating. Is that understood?”

“I will try, Sir.” Kyle replied honestly, remembering the fantasies he’d created of Nate this past weekend.

The sting of the riding crop made Kyle wince as it struck his shoulders. “Trying is not acceptable, Kyle. You will either do it or not.”

“I will, Sir.” Kyle’s breath hitched.

“Good. That is all today. I want you to count out loud to ten, and then you may get up and dress. I will see you in two days.”

Kyle heard his steps cross the floor, followed by the opening and closing of the door. He did as he was told, counting to ten in a voice that could be heard in case Nate was standing outside the door. He finally stood, stretching his stiff muscles. Taking several deep breaths and trying to calm himself, Kyle closed his eyes. He was frustrated, his cock hard and pressing tightly against his jeans.

Kyle fought the urge to touch himself. He wanted nothing more than to go home, lie on his bed, and relieve the tension consuming his body. But he knew he wouldn’t. He would obey Nate’s command and ignore the ache in his groin the best he could. Wasn’t that the reason he was here?

* * * * *

Travis, Kyle’s roommate and best friend, was sitting on the couch watching TV when Kyle got home that night.

“What, no date tonight?” Kyle asked, plopping down beside Travis.

“Nope. Sydney’s with Nate tonight. Besides, I have an early appointment tomorrow.”

Kyle felt his stomach tighten at the mention of Nate’s name. A new emotion rushed through his veins when he thought about Sydney and Nate together. What was that about?

He couldn't be jealous. He'd just met Nate and, according to Travis, Nate and Sydney had known each other for many years. Besides, Travis was in a serious relationship with Sydney. Kyle knew he was being silly and pushed the thoughts away.

"Speaking of Nate, how was your session tonight?" Travis asked, interrupting Kyle's thoughts.

His face heated, thinking back to the appointment with Nate and the images that were now indelible in his mind. "Fine," he answered noncommittally, even as a tingle started between his legs. He clearly remembered the warmth of Nate's breath in his ear and his body heat against his back.

"So...is he as hot as they say?" Travis asked casually, his attention still on the TV screen.

Kyle's head snapped to look at his best friend. "Travis, you're as straight as a board. Why are you asking if a man is hot?"

Travis shrugged, not looking at Kyle. "Just wondering. Syd still hasn't introduced us and word is, he's a total hottie." He shook his head. "I have a theory. I think that once Nate gets a look at me, he'll try to steal me away from her."

Kyle burst out laughing. He had heard an unusual tone in his friend's voice and noticed a strange glint in his eyes. Travis was jealous of Nate! He relaxed, glad that he wasn't the only one with that feeling about Nate and Sydney's relationship. But Kyle also knew that his friend had little to worry about from Nate.

Travis and Sydney had grown up together in a small town outside Atlanta. They had dated during their junior high years, but then Travis's family moved when he was fifteen. He and Sydney lost touch after that.

Kyle, on the other hand, had only known Travis a little more than four years. They met in Boston where Travis was an art teacher at the university Kyle was attending. However, they met while volunteering at a local community center where they both mentored children. They clicked, despite an age difference. Travis happened to be looking for a roommate. They became fast friends and easily settled into life sharing an apartment.

When Travis was asked to move to New York to boost his art career, Kyle never hesitated when Travis asked if he wanted to go with him. With good references, Kyle easily got a job as Travis settled in and started showing and selling his art.

Not long after they'd moved to New York, Travis met up with Sydney at one of his shows. She had been fascinated by his art. When she realized who the artist was, she sought him out and slowly they rekindled their friendship, which grew into a romance. A serious romance.

Kyle liked Sydney. She had such a big and caring heart that it was difficult for him to picture her being so dominant over another, but he knew she could be stubborn when her mind was set. He'd caught small glimpses of it when she and Travis had their little spats. But from what Kyle had heard, Sydney and her employees were the best at what they did.

Kyle caught his breath, breaking out of his reverie. He looked shamefully over at Travis. "Sorry, man."

"You don't think I'm good-looking enough? That it could be possible?"

"Of course you are, Travis. You're actually very sexy in a rough, artistic way. I guess it was the way you said it. You..." Looking at the pout on his friend's face, Kyle started to chuckle again, unable to finish his sentence. He'd never seen Travis like this. His expression was priceless.

He hoped he wasn't giving Travis the impression that he wasn't a good-looking man. Travis was handsome, with his dark blond hair in its windblown style and serious hazel eyes, but he didn't seem like Nate's type. The thought stunned Kyle since he didn't know Nate enough to be the judge of that.

"Well? Is he?" Travis persisted, not letting the subject drop, despite Kyle's amusement.

He sighed and got up off the couch, heading to his room. "Damn hot." He said the words so quietly that Travis almost missed it.

Chapter Four

Nate walked through the halls with a sigh of relief. It was Friday night once again and he'd just finished his last session of the day. Kyle. This was their third session for the week, but today had been the most frustrating. He'd tried to keep his time with Kyle simple, starting off slow, but no matter how easy he kept it, the sessions ended very intensely, his body aching and screaming for release.

At the beginning of each session, Nate would have Kyle remove only his shirt, shoes, and socks before kneeling on the floor and assuming the submissive pose he'd been taught. With Kyle's head down, Nate would watch Kyle in silence for several moments before asking a few simple questions. Once Nate saw Kyle relax, the answers to his questions coming with ease, Nate would begin asking more intimate, sexual questions.

As the session progressed, Nate would watch as Kyle's breath quickened and the bulge in his jeans grew. Kyle's reaction fascinated him, so much so that it had the same effect on him. More than once Nate had had to back away from Kyle to gain control over his own body before continuing the session.

Nate thought it was an odd reaction since he had yet to touch Kyle physically. He was actually a little apprehensive of what would happen when he did. He had such little control

when Kyle was near. How would he act when he finally reached out and touched all that soft skin?

He couldn't lose control in front of Kyle. He couldn't let Kyle have that kind of power over him. The sessions would be useless if that happened.

Nate rubbed the back of his neck as he fought with his inner demons. He passed a closed door and heard a passion-filled moan drift from the other side. He rarely paid attention to them any more, but this one moan made him think back to the first night he'd come to Angel's Heart. The night Sydney had picked him up off a darkened street corner, trying to earn some money to survive.

What happened that night nine years ago changed Nate's life. He hadn't expected to be given a second chance in life when he climbed into her limo. He'd thought that she would have the driver take them to a dark alley, an empty parking lot, or maybe even a hotel, but instead she had brought him to this four-story building. They'd entered through the back door and she had led him to the room he now used for his clients. She had held his hand from the time they exited the limo until they entered the room, the warmth of her hand giving comfort to his jittery nerves. Walking up the stairs and through the halls seemed to have lasted a lifetime as they passed many closed doors with odd noises coming from them along the way. He remembered keeping his lips tightly shut as he tried to keep the few contents in his grumbling stomach in place.

Sydney had instructed him to sit on the bed and handed him a soda. Terrified of screwing up whatever money he could get from her, he had done what she'd told him. She had sat beside him and questioned him about who he was, where he came from, and how he'd ended up trying to turn tricks on the street. Soon her questions turned to his sexual history, which Nate was scared to admit was nearly nonexistent.

Sydney, though, had a way about her that made anyone feel comfortable in her presence. Though he was hesitant and self-conscious, Nate had been able to relax enough to answer all she asked. As they'd talked, she had occasionally touched his knee with her hand

or brushed her fingers over his ear to sweep his hair back. The gestures were small, but of great comfort to him. It had been so long since anyone had touched him with such kindness.

"I have a proposition for you, Nate," Sydney had said, once again brushing her hand over his knee. "How would you like a job and a place to live?"

Nate had been surprised by her offer. He had gone with her expecting to have sex and then be on his way with a few bucks for food in his pocket. Going with Sydney had been his first attempt at selling his body for money, so his stomach had been knotted tightly with nerves. He'd still felt like he would have vomited at any moment, hoping he could leave before embarrassing himself in front of this beautiful woman. To this day Nate hadn't a clue how he'd kept from throwing up all over himself.

"I don't understand." Nate's hands were nervously clasped in his lap. He didn't want her to see them shaking.

"There's a position open here at Angel's Heart. It's not a glorified or high-paying job. It's more of a janitorial position. Collecting trash, helping with some cleanup, and other duties of that sort. I also have an extra room available where you can stay. It's not much but you can make it your home."

"Why are you doing this?"

Sydney smiled. "I like you, Nate. You're intelligent. Your life has so much potential. And you are handsome as hell." She winked flirtatiously. "Why do you think I picked you? You aren't a drug addict. You obviously haven't been living on the streets for years. Life has dealt you a shitty deal. Given the right opportunities, you can really make something of yourself."

"But you don't even know me. How can you be so sure I won't disappoint you?" *Like I've done with everyone else*, he thought.

"I've got great instincts about people." She shrugged nonchalantly, as if it were common knowledge.

"A job. A room. What's the catch?" Nate was young, but not stupid.

Sydney gave a little chuckle. "See, I knew you were smart. Here's the only catch I have to this arrangement. You go back to school, make good grades, and get your diploma."

"That's it? That's all I have to do to be able to live here?" Nate frowned. It sounded easy. Too easy.

Sydney stood, nodding. "That's it. When you graduate we'll talk about college and your future." She walked toward the door. "Get some rest. We can discuss this more over brunch."

She left him alone, the unexpected turn of events making his head spin.

As promised, they did talk more over brunch. Nate discovered that Sydney was the Mistress of a fetish house. But hers was unlike any he might have pictured or what they showed on TV. Nate found out later that there really were some out there like that, but not Sydney's. Angel's Heart was private, upscale, and definitely not a whorehouse. Each of the employees was handpicked and trained by Sydney herself.

Nate learned that being a Dominant was not the same as being a prostitute. Though sex had a lot to do with the role of a Dominant, the employees never had sex with their clients. Their type of work went much deeper than temporary physical gratification. Sydney had worked hard to keep her business legitimate and discouraged her employees from getting involved with their clients on a personal level outside of Angel's Heart. She refused to let her hard work become tainted by the whorehouse stereotype.

What Angel's Heart offered its clientele was a form of therapeutic escape from the stresses of life, from responsibility, from guilt. Still other patrons sought a Dominant to evoke feelings of safety or protection. Though the sessions allowed clients to live out their sexual fantasies or fetishes, they were also sexual interludes for the Dominants Sydney had under her wing. Some liked the power they held over their clients. Others did it for the good money they earned. Like their clients, Angel Heart's employees, both male and female, had their own reasons for being there.

If Nate allowed a client any sort of release during a session, it was done by the client's own hand or without the use of physical contact at all. A lot of what Nate did was to gratify his clients' needs using a variety of methods. Some liked light bondage, while others needed to be humiliated or whipped; still others enjoyed having someone rule over their lives for an hour. Nate couldn't complain about the money he made since it had paid his way through college and allowed him to make a future for himself.

Nate found his job satisfying most of the time. In subtle ways, he had been able to help many of his clients face their fears and feelings. In fact, just the day before he had received a wedding invitation from a client he'd not seen in some time. He had helped her tell her longtime boyfriend about her specific sexual needs. The boyfriend had eagerly obliged to keep his love happy, so she no longer required Nate's services. It was clients like her that Nate could take pride in.

Yes, Sydney had given him a chance at a life that was better than what he would have had on the streets. She'd seen potential in him, something special, even if she hadn't yet known him. Every year on the anniversary of the night she took him in he always did something special for her to show his gratitude. For saving his life.

Nate entered his apartment and looked longingly to the bathroom. What he really wanted to do was take a long, hot shower, jerk off to the fresh images of Kyle, then climb into bed and hope for peaceful sleep. Instead, Nate went in the other direction to his computer and pulled up the latest article he was working on. He had a deadline on Sunday and still needed to check his students' latest assignments from his Internet lit class. He sighed and got down to work, locking Kyle's image out of his mind.

Chapter Five

Monday reared its head none too pretty for Nate. He'd spent his weekend stuck in his small apartment working on his article and grading his students' assignments. And so far his morning hadn't gone well, either. His first client of the day had been late. And, despite knowing the rules, she had given Tisa, their receptionist, a hard time. Then the other two that filled his morning were clients who demanded a lot of attention and creativity. The only thing that kept him going through the afternoon was the thought of his last appointment. Kyle.

A strange relief swept through Nate once Kyle entered his room. The tension in his shoulders eased.

"Hello, Kyle." Nate's gaze raked over Kyle's clothes and he felt his cock stirring to life.

"Sir," Kyle responded, with a quick nod of his head.

"We are going to try something a little different today. I need you to strip."

"Sir?" Kyle looked uncertain.

"Take off your clothes," he ordered, making sure each word came out clear and precise.

After a brief hesitation, Kyle did as he was told, removing every bit of clothing.

"Have you ever experimented with bondage, Kyle?" Nate asked, his expressionless mask in place, taking in his charge's unclothed body.

"No, Sir." Kyle sounded a little nervous. His eyes settled on the new items in the room where Nate stood.

"Come here."

He watched Kyle approach him where he stood in the center of the room, by the two marble columns that stood waist-high. A blanket lay on the floor between the columns.

"Stand in the middle of the columns facing me."

Kyle took two steps and stood where Nate wanted him.

"Now place a hand on top of each column."

After Kyle did as instructed, Nate used long leather straps to bind each hand to the column it touched. He took his time with each binding, careful not to make it so tight that it cut off his circulation, but snug enough so he couldn't lift his hands from the heavy marble.

"Pull on the restraints." Nate watched Kyle test them. "How does it feel? Do you like it?"

"I'm not sure, Sir," Kyle answered, looking to Nate, uncertainty shining clear in the blue depths of his eyes.

Nate nodded. He understood, remembering the first time Sydney had restrained him. "A good Dominant knows how it feels to be on the receiving end," she had told him as she bound his body. It was a lesson he knew well and respected.

He circled around Kyle once before stopping behind him. His gaze traveled up and down Kyle's backside. He wetted his lips before stepping closer. Raising a hand, he saw how it trembled slightly. He could feel his heart pounding loudly and wondered if Kyle could hear it also.

Taking a deep breath, Nate reached forward and touched Kyle for the first time. His hand lay gently on Kyle's shoulder blade, but at the moment of contact, he felt the muscles jump. Kyle's skin was warm, and that warmth radiated up his arm.

"I want you to keep your head up and stare straight ahead until I tell you otherwise," Nate said softly, trying hard to keep his voice steady.

"Yes, Sir," Kyle choked out.

Bracing himself, Nate placed his other hand on Kyle's back before slowly sliding them up and down his back, over his arms and finally brushing each butt cheek. Nate walked around to face Kyle, his hands gliding over the skin before coming to rest on his shoulders. He could see the trouble Kyle was having keeping his eyes straight ahead. He knew Kyle wanted to look at him and the reaction pleased him.

Nate trailed his knuckles across one of Kyle's cheeks before sliding it down his neck. Kyle shivered in response. He took his time exploring Kyle's chest and stomach. He knew his outward appearance was one of indifference, but inside his body was burning. He fought to keep from clenching his jaw, a telltale sign of how Kyle was affecting him, especially when he could see how hard Kyle's cock was.

Nate circled back behind Kyle, his hands continuing their roaming pattern. His fingers brushed lightly over Kyle's ass cheeks again and he was pleased to see them tighten in response. Images of how tight Kyle could really clench his ass filled his mind. The intense vision made him take a step back, removing his hands from Kyle's body so he could gather the control that, by now, was barely hanging by a thread. After several deep breaths, Nate risked speaking.

"Did you masturbate this weekend, Kyle?"

"No, Sir."

"Good boy. But what about wet dreams? Did you have any of those?" Nate took a step closer, keeping his body an inch away, but he knew Kyle could feel the heat blazing from him.

"Wet...?"

"Yes. Did you wake with your shorts filled with cum?" Nate asked bluntly, his mouth right next to Kyle's ear but still not touching.

Kyle hesitated a second before answering, as if contemplating whether to tell the truth. "Yes, Sir." His answer came out in a near whisper. His head lowered a notch before he caught himself and brought it back up to look straight ahead again.

"Do you remember the dreams that made you come?" Nate's breath brushed over Kyle's ear and he was rewarded with a shiver.

"Some, Sir." Kyle's voice was tight.

"Were they about me?"

"Yes, Sir." Gasping.

Nate placed a hand on each of Kyle's shoulders. Kyle tensed under the touch. "Tell me one."

"Well...you just..." He stumbled over his words.

"Details, Kyle. Where were we?"

"Here, Sir. I was sitting on the bed waiting for you."

"What were you wearing?" Nate's fingers started caressing circles on Kyle's shoulders. He could clearly hear Kyle's breath and felt his pulse racing under his fingertips.

"Nothing." His breath hitched. "Then you walked in."

"What was I wearing?" Nate's tone was deep and husky.

"Only your black leather pants."

Nate's hands slid down Kyle's back and wrapped around to his abs. In one quick motion he tugged Kyle back against himself until his ass pressed roughly on Nate's rock-hard, leather-clad bulge.

"So you like me in leather?" Nate's voice became thick with amusement, but his body burned with desire. Every breath filled with Kyle's scent blasted shockwaves to his cock.

“Yes, Sir.” Kyle’s voice was barely audible over his quickened breath.

“Tell me more.” One of Nate’s hands wandered down over a hip and near Kyle’s groin, where his fingers teased the hair just above the hardened length.

“You came to me.” Kyle gulped and swallowed hard. “I...I...” He stumbled over his words, like his thoughts were jumbled. Nate was sure he’d heard a cuss word under his breath but said nothing of it and continued with the light caressing.

Nate let a finger brush ever so lightly across the base of Kyle’s cock to get his attention. “You what?”

“I moved to my hands and knees, and looked up at you.” Nate watched Kyle’s fingers curl over the edge of columns, going white from the tight grip. “You unbuttoned the waistband of your pants and made me use my teeth to pull down the zipper.”

Nate smiled at the image as his other hand moved up to Kyle’s chest until it found a nipple. He gave it a pinch, making Kyle flinch and groan.

“Go on.”

“You...oh damn...” Kyle paused when Nate’s fingers started rubbing his taut nipple. Without looking, Nate knew that he had closed his eyes for a couple of seconds as he tried to gather himself to continue. “You pushed down your pants and I took it into my mouth.”

“My cock?” Nate shifted his body, pushing his swollen bulge harder against Kyle’s bare ass.

“Yes, Sir.” Kyle swallowed hard as his body trembled with Nate’s touches. “You filled my mouth and tasted...” He became breathless and had to pause.

“How did I taste, Kyle?” Nate felt as if he was about to burst. His body was on fire, his throat tight and head swimming as Kyle’s scent surrounded him. Feeling Kyle’s body against his own was an aphrodisiac. He wanted more, his body demanded more.

“Delicious,” Kyle moaned. “You had this musky taste. Your juices leaked on my tongue as I sucked you. My tongue...sweet Jesus...your heat filled my mouth and I could feel you swell as I took you farther in.”

Kyle was nearly breathless as he recounted his dream. Nate's pounding chest matched Kyle's as their bodies molded perfectly together despite the height difference. The hand at Kyle's nipple moved up until the fingers were tangled in his hair while the other lifted from Kyle's groin to his hard abdomen, holding him in a tight embrace. The sexual excitement pulsing about them was palpable, the air almost too heavy to breathe.

Nate pressed harder on Kyle and shifted, clamping down desperately on the moan stuck in his throat. He cursed himself, knowing that he needed to detach from this, that he needed to move away, but couldn't. His body wouldn't listen to the sane part of his mind. Any desire he ever felt for a client was always kept under tight restraint. But Kyle, he had only to enter the room and Nate's control crumbled.

"Tell me, Kyle," Nate ground out through clenched jaws. His aching, throbbing groin was compressed tightly in his pants. "How do I come? Do you swallow my load?" Nearly moaning the last word, dammit!

Kyle's legs trembled, his breath coming out in short harsh puffs while his ass pushed back against Nate, keeping a steady pressure. Burning pleasure shot through Nate's body with Kyle's desperation.

"You come in my mouth." He moaned, reliving the dream. "You pushed deep in my throat and I felt your hot cum slide down my throat."

"Could you taste me?" Nate was about to lose the last shred of his control but he needed to hear Kyle finish. He had to know.

"Yes..." Kyle's head fell back on Nate's shoulder as he groaned his answer. "Fuck!" His hands jerked at his bindings as his body shuddered in orgasm, his hips thrusting back.

Nate felt his own load shoot as soon as Kyle answered and ground his teeth to keep in the satisfied groan of release. He was glad the thick leather would hide the evidence of his orgasm for a few minutes. He slowly let out a long sigh as his body soared through its pleasure. The orgasm had been more than intense and he was surprised his legs still held him

up, but then he realized he was holding Kyle's weight against him. Using both arms, he easily supported Kyle, fearing they'd both fall if he didn't.

Nate laid his head on Kyle's shoulder, regaining his natural breathing. He was hit with the urge to kiss Kyle. Nate had never kissed a client. It helped keep him detached, separated. Kissing was too personal, so he excluded it from his job.

He thought he could succeed in his resistance, but Kyle turned his head toward Nate and as he took in Kyle's scent mixed with the smell of their release, he lost the battle. Nate turned his head slightly and let his lips lightly brush Kyle's neck. He could feel Kyle's pulse thumping against his skin and wanted more.

Doing what he had wanted to do since Kyle first walked in his room, Nate slipped his tongue with the next light kiss and tasted Kyle's skin. It was intoxicating, sending his head spinning and his body reeling with need.

"Nate," Kyle said with a sigh.

This one, softly spoken word snapped Nate back to reality. Kyle was not his lover, but a client, no matter how beautiful his name sounded coming from those sexy lips in such a hushed voice. Nate lifted his head and loosened his hold on Kyle, glad that he'd been able to regain his balance. He pulled away and watched a shudder shoot through Kyle's body, feeling his doing the same, and feeling the effect of the cool air rushing at their sweat-laced bodies as they parted.

Nate shifted to Kyle's side and untied one hand, then moved to release the other, keeping his body behind Kyle, trying to avoid touching him again.

"You may use the bathroom to clean up before dressing. The same rules apply this week." Nate's tone was a little colder than he'd intended, so he softened it with his next words. "I will see you on Wednesday."

He turned and left the room. He grumbled curses under his breath all the way to his apartment. Never had he lost control like that. No one but Sydney had ever affected him so, and even then, she had been different and he had been so young. Since then, she'd taught

him how to rein in his hungers, to separate himself from his clients' desires. Nate had always prided himself on his impeccable control and his professional responses to his clients. Hell, it was easy for him to be detached; his childhood had seen to that. And with Sydney's training, he was now the best Dominant she had. Only Sydney had broken through that wall. Now it seemed as if Kyle could also.

Nate had known that it would be difficult touching Kyle, but he'd thought that he could steel himself against his reactions. Nate gave a low, disgusted chuckle as he opened the door, thinking how quickly the stone wall had crumbled at Kyle's feet. He went to the bathroom and peeled off his soiled pants. As he did so, he heard Kyle say his name again inside his mind. It was a heavenly sound, a tone he'd never heard from anyone, filled with tenderness and promise. Nate growled, climbed into the shower and let the heat of the water pound away the desire that still drummed throughout his body, lingering in his veins, demanding more. He let the water drown out the sound of Kyle's voice.

Chapter Six

Nate wanted to keep his next session with Kyle as simple as possible. After Kyle stripped and assumed his submissive pose, Nate sat in his chair and admired the man. Nate knew he was treading on dangerous ground after what happened during their last session. He knew that his control was fragile. He knew he should pass Kyle on to another Dominant, but Nate couldn't deny himself Kyle's presence no matter how much he hated that his defenses fell whenever Kyle was near.

So Nate sat quietly and watched. His gaze swept over Kyle's body with appreciation. He still remembered the feel of Kyle pressed against him, the way Kyle's heart had raced at his touch, and how warm Kyle's skin had been against his mouth. Nate shifted in his seat, adjusting his now-hardened dick as images from two days before replayed in his mind. His fingers dug into the arm of the chair, keeping him anchored to it, the urge to go to Kyle welling from deep inside. It amazed him that the images and desire were still fresh after two days. No one had ever had that effect on him.

As the silence endured, Nate gazed at his client and watched him shift slightly. Nate couldn't keep his gaze from Kyle's arms, his muscles rippling faintly under his sleek skin. Heat exploded in Nate's groin at the sight and he swallowed the moan rising in his throat.

Knowing it was beyond a bad idea, but unable to resist, Nate rose from his chair and walked up to Kyle. Taking several deep breaths, he tried to cool his body's reaction to the kneeling man. It worked...but only a little, only enough for Nate to kneel in front of him, barely restraining himself from dragging Kyle to him.

The silence continued, with only the loud thumping of his own heart breaking it. He let his gaze roam over Kyle's body. He liked how his skin was tanned but not too dark. It was like Kyle was kissed by the sun, giving him the perfect amount of color, a feat hard to pull off living in the city. Kyle was shorter than him, but made up for it in bulk as his body sported defined muscles in every limb and a perfect set of abs. Nate allowed the scent of the other man to tease his nose, inhaling the musky fragrance.

He let his gaze finally fall on Kyle's groin. He was pleased to find the man nearly hard. There was a slight tremor to Kyle's body. Was he thinking about their last session? Was Kyle as affected by it as he was? Had Kyle thought about it night and day, as he had? Nate wouldn't know unless he asked, but truthfully he didn't want to go there today. His control was far too frail to explore that possibility.

He reached out a hand and ran it through Kyle's hair, the softness gliding between his fingers. His eyes stayed on Kyle's cock; he was pleased to find it twitching and becoming harder as he touched him. He heard a soft sigh and watched Kyle's rigid form relax just a fraction, as if his caress was soothing. He did nothing more than stroke Kyle's hair, stopping only when Kyle was completely erect, his thickness throbbing.

Nate placed his hand under Kyle's chin. With the gentlest push, his head rose and their eyes met. He clearly saw the lust aflame in the depths of Kyle's gorgeous eyes. His question was answered, but Nate wasn't sure if he should be ecstatic or disturbed.

"Tell me about work." Nate's voice was soft, the breathlessness hidden. He could feel his own cock pressing hard against the confines of his jeans. All Kyle had to do was glance down to see that Nate was in the same condition he was.

"Um...work...Sir?" Kyle's brows drew together in confusion.

Kyle's body was tense, rigid with need, and clearly aching with want. From the way his words faltered, Nate knew Kyle's mind was jumbled with lust. He'd seen it too many times not to know the signs.

"Yes, Kyle." Nate loved saying his name. It rolled so smoothly across his tongue. "Tell me about what it is that you do." He already knew that Kyle was a fitness trainer, the reason for his buff body.

Kyle took a deep breath before he spoke. It amused Nate that it took Kyle two tries before his voice was clear and steady enough to speak. He kept eye contact as Kyle spent the next fifteen minutes telling him about his job at a nearby gym. Nate only spoke to ask questions when Kyle's thoughts lagged. The only contact they had was the side of Nate's hand holding Kyle's head up.

He listened to every word Kyle said. Not that he cared that much about what he did for a living, but more to hear the smooth sound of his voice. The tone not too deep, more of a tenor with a slight rasp. Nate couldn't help but be lulled by the sexy sound.

He removed his hand and Kyle's head lowered. His eyes drifted down and found that Kyle had stayed hard through all the distracting talk. He was thrilled by Kyle's response. Before he could stop himself, Nate leaned forward and dropped a kiss on top of Kyle's head.

"Very good. That is all for today. I will see you Friday." Nate rose and left the room before his control completely broke and he did something really stupid...like what he'd done in Monday's session. He leaned against the door a moment to catch his breath, allowing his chest to heave for the first time since Kyle had entered his room. Pushing away, he walked down the hall.

* * * * *

Nate walked into Sydney's office and plopped down into the chair in front of her desk. She looked up from the papers scattered across the surface. He knew how much she truly hated all the paperwork that went with the business, but someone had to do it. She'd once

tried to turn the responsibility over to him, but he'd vehemently refused it. It was good not to be the owner of the business.

Sydney smiled. "Hey." The smile slowly faded when he didn't smile back. "You okay?"

He inhaled deeply and ran his hand through his dark hair. "No, I'm not. I don't know what the hell I'm doing any more."

She pushed aside the papers and turned her complete attention to him. "What's wrong, Nate?"

"It's Kyle. I can't..." Nate growled in agitation, shifting in his chair uncomfortably. If he couldn't talk to his best friend, how could she help him? He sure as hell couldn't figure out what to do.

Sydney raised a brow in question. She glanced at her watch. The corners of her lips twitched, almost like she was holding back a smile.

"You just finished a session with Kyle." It was a statement, not a question. She leaned forward on her desk, her chin propped on her hand.

"Yes," he grumbled in frustration. He still had a raging hard-on and was certain relief was nowhere in sight. "My control shatters when he's around," he confessed. Nate stood and started pacing the small office. "As soon as he walks in, my body betrays me. Does things I don't want it to. Look at me!" He stopped in front of her desk, holding his hands out from his sides so she'd have a clear view of him. She lowered her gaze to his groin and he could have sworn her lips twitched again. Did she find this amusing? He didn't think it was. Just the thought of Kyle aroused him. It was beyond frustrating.

Nate leaned on her desk, his arms bracing his weight. "I've spent years disciplining myself, keeping control. Even in the beginning, I was never so green. Never has it been so...damn!" He pushed off the desk and started pacing again. "One man and it all goes to hell. Years of control destroyed with just one look from his gorgeous blue eyes."

Sydney sat back in her chair, her nail tapping her bottom lip.

"What?" he asked, stopping in front of her desk again.

“I haven’t seen you this jumpy since the night I offered you a job here.” She let out a small chuckle. “Most entertaining.”

Nate slapped his hands on her desk. “This isn’t meant to be entertaining, Syd. I’m in a real predicament. I need some advice.”

“Do you like being alone, Nate?”

He stared at her, confused. What did that have to do with his problem?

“Do you?” she pressed.

What could he say? Of course he hated being alone. But he’d been alone since he was a young boy. Sydney was his only close relationship. Once lovers, now the best of friends.

“I don’t see what that has to do with Kyle.”

“Answer me, Nate. Do you like being alone?”

Nate hated the fact that Sydney knew him so well. She was aware he hated being alone, but it was the only life he knew. If he stayed distant from others, then he couldn’t get hurt, right? He couldn’t disappoint anyone. There would be no one to leave him or betray him. But Sydney was going to make him say it.

Nate’s expression slid into the aloof, disinterested mask he wore with his clients. “No, I don’t,” he admitted.

“Does Kyle arouse you beyond reason, despite your control?” she asked, locking gazes with him.

He stood straight and ran a hand nervously through his hair. “Yes,” he answered truthfully. He and Sydney had never lied to each other, no matter the subject. He wasn’t going to start now.

She shrugged. “Drop him.” Her tone was flat, emotionless. “Give him to someone else. Dale, maybe?”

His eyes widened in surprise. That was the last thing he expected to hear from her. His shock was so great it was as if she’d told him to chop off his dick.

Nate shook his head slowly. "No, I can't do that. I've never given up on something just because it was difficult." And the thought of someone else touching Kyle made his chest constrict. Kyle was his. He couldn't stand to have Kyle under another's rule.

"No, you haven't. You are a strong soul, Nate. I saw it the first time we met. That night when you were standing on the street corner looking like a frightened child. But it was the strength in your eyes that drew me to you. That told me what kind of person you would turn into."

"And what kind of person is that, Syd?"

She smiled. "A man who has known grief, abuse, and is no stranger to suffering, but has blossomed into a sensual being, filled with compassion, yet with vulnerabilities that he hides from those around him."

Nate was once more surprised by her words. Her insight into his emotions was overwhelming and on target. It was scary sometimes how she did that.

He sighed. "I'll figure a way to deal with this. I'm sorry to bother you with this."

Sydney stood and walked around her desk. "No bother at all." She kissed him briefly on the lips. "This thing with Kyle is not something you can *deal* with, Nate. It's something that consumes you and gives you little choice but to submit. No longer the Master, but the slave."

He wasn't sure what she meant, but Sydney was often like that. Giving advice that made little sense until it smacked you in the face.

"Good night, Syd." Not knowing what else to say, he left. He was more confused now than before he saw her.

* * * * *

Travis finally glanced up from his video game to his roommate. Kyle had entered the apartment five minutes before and sat on the couch, but had yet to say a word.

"You okay, man? You look like hell."

"Thanks," Kyle murmured glumly. He sighed and stared at the TV screen. "Tell me again why I'm taking the time to go and see Nate three times a week?"

Travis shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. You never divulged that information to me. Want to tell me why now?" Travis paused his game and looked over at Kyle.

"I don't know." Kyle's irritation sounded clearly in his voice. "It's just sometimes, I get so frustrated when he's around...well, damn, I don't know. I get confused and can't seem to control myself. I don't know whether to be pissed at him for doing it to me or..." His voice faded.

Travis turned and started his game again; the electronic beeps and blasts filled the air. "I've got a simple solution."

"Yeah, what?"

"Stop going," Travis stated, his voice flat.

He paused the game again and looked back at Kyle when he failed to respond. He looked like he'd just been punched in the stomach. His face had paled and he was looking at Travis like he'd grown two heads.

"What?" Travis asked with brow raised.

Kyle got up from the couch and headed to his room. "You're not a lot of help."

Travis waited until Kyle was in his room before he picked up the phone and dialed the all too familiar number.

"Hey, baby. Yeah, I know we agreed that I'd leave you alone to catch up on some work tonight but we need to talk. Can I come over?" Travis smiled. "Yeah, about that. I'll be there in a few." He hung up, grabbed his keys and left.

Chapter Seven

Friday couldn't come soon enough for Nate. The waiting and the anxiety grated on his nerves. He'd been moody and impatient since leaving Kyle on Wednesday. He'd thought he could relax, push the thoughts of the other man out of his mind, but Nate found it nearly impossible to do so. He was distracted and had trouble concentrating on his other clients. For the first time in his career, he had trouble giving them his full attention and often cut the time short so as not to lash out at them. He let out a loud sigh of relief when the knock on his door came, but he had a feeling this session, like the others before it, wouldn't turn out as planned.

He allowed Kyle into his room and had him remove all of his clothing as before. Nate leaned against the wall near the window. He wore his expressionless mask and tried hard not to be too interested in Kyle's actions as he undressed. Maybe talking would divert his attention. He broke the silence.

"Did you have any more dreams, Kyle?"

Kyle's hands faltered slightly at the question.

"Yes, Sir," he admitted, almost shyly.

"Did they include me?" Was Kyle taking longer than usual to unbutton his shirt, or was it just his imagination?

“Yes, Sir.” Finally the shirt was opened and Nate could glimpse a peek at the smooth, defined chest.

“Would you care to tell me about one?”

His breath caught as the shirt slid from Kyle’s body. Even though he’d seen Kyle’s upper body several times now, it never failed to cause the same reaction in him every time. It made Nate’s hands itch to touch Kyle. To slide his fingertips over Kyle’s entire body.

Kyle paused after unbuttoning his jeans. Was it on purpose? Did he know how much Nate was affected by just the sight of him? Was he purposely teasing? Did Kyle have a clue as to the frustration he caused Nate with every second of his presence? He felt like an addict searching for his next hit and finding that only Kyle could take away the craving.

“No, Sir,” Kyle admitted.

His honesty was refreshing. He knew if he’d told Kyle to tell him about the dreams, he would have. But Nate had asked Kyle this time. Nate felt the need to respect Kyle’s wishes, though he didn’t know why.

His cock hardened as he watched Kyle rid himself of the rest of his clothing. He had worn the black leather pants he knew Kyle liked, to tease him, to give him something to fantasize about over the weekend, but he hadn’t thought of the tightness that would result once he grew with arousal. He bit back a groan of discomfort as Kyle turned to him, nude, and cock stimulated.

Nate instructed Kyle to lie face down upon the bed with his arms over his head and his legs spread apart. Using soft but sturdy ropes, Nate tied Kyle’s wrists and ankles each to a bedpost. He retrieved several items from a drawer of the nightstand and knelt between Kyle’s legs.

“Lift your hips,” Nate said softly. He rarely had to use a hard, commanding voice with Kyle, as the man eagerly did what was bid of him, usually the first time.

Kyle lifted, his body visibly stiffening when Nate took his dick in hand and repositioned it, pointing it toward his feet. Nate knew this position caused Kyle discomfort

due to his cock beginning to swell with blood. He noticed Kyle bite his lip-- perhaps to keep the complaint down? Nate pushed down on his hips for him to lower his body and enjoyed the growl that came from Kyle's throat. He knew it came from his agitation as his weight pressed on the hardening cock.

He carefully placed a ball separator on Kyle, then attached a long piece of nylon cord to it. He pulled the cord taut before tying the other end to the footboard. Taking a moment to observe him, Nate saw how rigid he held his body and how slow his breath was.

"Lift again."

Kyle didn't hesitate, but as soon as his hips lifted he gasped and stopped. Nate knew the pain was from the movement of the nylon cord pulling harshly on his balls. Nate gently repositioned Kyle's cock so that it was more comfortable to lie on, pointing to his chest. Nate couldn't ignore how hard Kyle had gotten and was pleased the pain had not caused his cock to diminish. He once more pushed down on Kyle's hips, wanting him to lower back to the bed. Kyle let out an appreciative sigh once the pull on his balls was relieved.

Nate gently rubbed his hand over Kyle's lower back. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Sir." Kyle's voice was tight.

Nate leaned forward, his arms on either side of Kyle supporting his weight, and spoke softly in his ear. "We are going to do a little test. I want to see what kind of tolerance you have for -- discomfort -- and I want to see how you react to it."

Nate had discarded his shirt before coming onto the bed and now let his bare chest rest upon Kyle's back, skin on skin. He lowered his hips onto Kyle's until his bulge was nestled between Kyle's ass cheeks. Once again, Nate gently pushed his hips down, then shifted up and heard Kyle's sharp intake of breath. The movement had caused Kyle's body to change position, putting pressure on his balls.

"I think your control is lacking." Nate pushed again, and Kyle gasped louder in discomfort. "But I believe your tolerance for discomfort could be very high...if you are motivated to achieve what you seek." He teased again, gaining a strangled whimper in

return. He knew from experience that his actions were not causing Kyle excessive pain or damage, so he continued with his plan.

“Let’s try something else.”

Nate lifted reluctantly from Kyle’s body. He longed to strip his pants off and ram his relentlessly hard cock deep into Kyle’s beautiful exposed ass, wanted to make the man writhe beneath him. He wanted to possess the man lying on the bed, wanted to make Kyle so wild with desire that he could only beg for more. The image was intense, making Nate shudder.

Nate shook the thoughts from his mind and retrieved a cat-o’-nine-tails. He lightly caressed Kyle’s back with its tightly knotted lengths, smiling at the tremor that shook Kyle’s body. The muscles in Kyle’s arms visibly tightened as he held his bindings so taut his knuckles went white. Kyle’s breathing sounded loudly in the room as it became faster and shallower.

“Have you ever been whipped?” Nate asked, letting the tips dance on the smooth tanned flesh that was at his mercy.

“No, Sir.” Kyle gulped, his ass clenching at the feel of the whip.

Nate lifted the whip and watched Kyle’s ass relax only briefly before it clenched again as it braced for the impact of the whip’s stroke. Nate was amused when Kyle jumped and let out a quick breath when the tips lightly touched his foot. He used the tips to brush up his leg, over his ass, and down his other leg. Nate made sure his pace was slow and tortuous, making Kyle shift and groan softly.

Kyle lifted his head to watch Nate, to see if he could anticipate the blow that would surely fall. “Be still,” Nate ordered, pushing his head back down to the bed. Kyle obeyed, to Nate’s pleasure. He saw that every muscle was tense and rigid; he knew that every nerve was on end as Kyle waited in uncertainty of the coming blow of the whip.

Nate continued his teasing, brushing the leather tips strategically over Kyle’s back, then down his arms and legs before sweeping across his ass. He watched, mesmerized, as Kyle’s body alternately tensed and relaxed with each change of movement. From the muscles

twitching, Nate could see that Kyle was holding back. He knew how sensuous the leather could feel across the body and how a person would react to such a sensation. He knew Kyle was trying to keep his body from writhing under the leather, for each movement brought pressure to his balls.

Perfect, Nate thought, as he raised the whip and brought it down hard on Kyle's ass.

"Fuck!" Kyle growled through clenched teeth. The sting and surprise of the leather had made him jump, in turn pulling hard on his balls.

Satisfaction coursed through Nate, knowing that his chosen torture was getting the reaction he desired. He brought the whip down four more times until the flesh was pink and Kyle was shifting within his bonds and groaning, but not once complaining. Nate knew that if done the right way the pain became pleasure, and that was exactly what was happening, judging by Kyle's reaction.

Nate leaned over until his lips were next to Kyle's ear. He flicked his tongue on Kyle's lobe and felt his own body quiver with need as his senses were assaulted again with Kyle's scent and taste.

"I want you to watch me, Kyle." Nate's voice was a strained whisper. "Turn your head and look at me."

He stood and waited for Kyle to face him. This wasn't what he'd planned, but he was unable to stop himself once the thought had entered his head. His body ached with need, stung with lust, and throbbed with forbidden desire. He couldn't resist the opportunity of having Kyle watch him as he was relieved of the building want, and if it also provided Nate with the desired results, it would serve its purpose for this session.

Nate's hands went to the waistband of his pants as Kyle's gaze followed. Slowly his fingers released the buttons, then the zipper. Spreading the leather apart to show he wasn't wearing underwear, Nate hooked his thumbs at the waistband and pushed at his pants. He bent at the waist, intentionally blocking Kyle's sight of him while he slipped off his boots and out of his pants. Before straightening, Nate lifted his head and met Kyle's eyes. Blue eyes

that had darkened in color, that glimmered with lust and want. Nate watched Kyle's body twitch, the need to move becoming desperate. Kyle's body language screamed his thoughts, while his eyes spoke of his wants and that sight rocked Nate, his chest constricting in realization. In that instant, he knew that the bindings were the only thing keeping Kyle from coming to him. From touching him. If Kyle were free to move, he would come to Nate, consequences be damned.

Nate straightened, his posture tall. He was hard and throbbing, blood rushing to his cock. Kyle hissed, getting his first view of Nate fully unclothed. His hands were gripping the bindings, his knuckles white and his arms trembling from the strain.

Nate moved gracefully, his muscles shifting as smoothly as his steps, to his chair. He felt Kyle's gaze move with him. Forcing the held breath from his lungs, Nate sat without saying a word. The silence hung heavy, the air impossibly thick with sexual tension.

Never so bold, but still unable to stop himself, Nate reached down and started slowly stroking his cock. It throbbed in his hand, aching for release. He imagined it was Kyle's hand touching him and he forced his eyes to stay open to watch Kyle's reaction.

Kyle shifted on the bed, biting his lower lip, but he failed to mute the groan that escaped. Nate knew with each shift of Kyle's body his cock rubbed on the satin, the silky material teasing his sensitive nerves. Each move was a discomfort, yet Nate knew that need could overcome pain.

"Can you take the discomfort to achieve the pleasure, Kyle?" He squeezed himself tighter, feeling the rush of blood slow and making his cock swell and the head darken.

Kyle closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Nate waited and watched. After several seconds a growl rose from Kyle's throat, deep and primal. He opened his eyes but instead of meeting Nate's, they looked to Nate's groin where his hand still slowly stroked.

"Show me, Kyle. Show me what you will endure for your satisfaction." Nate tried to keep his voice steady but it sounded winded to his ears. He had to slow his pace, not wanting to come before his plan could play out.

Kyle hesitated a moment, watching Nate's other hand reach down and pull on his own balls. Kyle's body trembled, but Nate made himself wait patiently, so patiently, though his body burned for release. His eyes burned with watching Kyle, saw the conflict in his eyes, and knew that the man's emotions were battling within. Nate wanted Kyle to do this because he wanted to, not because he was ordered. He had to know how far Kyle was willing to go.

Kyle pushed himself toward the foot of the bed as far as the ropes would allow, which really wasn't far at all. Then, taking a deep breath, he started moving his body, sliding it up and down on the bed, getting the right position. With every thrust up Nate saw him wince, the cord pulling on Kyle's balls, shooting pain throughout his body.

"Kyle," Nate breathed out as his pace quickened. He knew the discomfort was great as Kyle kept pace with his rhythm, but he knew Kyle succeeded in riding the pain as pleasure soon suffused his face and grunts flowed freely from his parted lips. Neither man closed his eyes, each watching the other.

"That's it, Kyle," Nate encouraged, his voice barely above a whisper as his own body tightened, but he managed to hold off. He had to hear Kyle, had to watch as the orgasm claimed him.

Kyle's body began to tremble, his rhythm becoming jerky and frantic as his body demanded release. He cried out, gasping for breath, his hips grinding hard on the bed as he came.

Nate growled in response, finally unable to hold off any longer, spewing his thick load on his stomach.

Only the sounds of their labored breath and the strong smell of cum filled the air. Nate rose, standing on shaky legs. He walked into the bathroom without a word and cleaned up. Before walking out, he looked in the mirror and was shocked at the sight. The darkness under his eyes that had been building the past week had lightened. His hair was mussed, the length framing his face making him appear younger, and his eyes had a brightness to them

he didn't remember having before. The aching tension in his neck and shoulders had loosened while his brain was a little less clouded than before Kyle's arrival.

He silently scolded himself for letting his body take over in such a way in front of a client. He'd never even exposed himself to a client before, let alone orgasmed in front of one. Yet, he couldn't argue with the results. The tension that had been building since Kyle's first appointment had been blissfully relieved, but already he could feel his body craving more.

Brushing the hair from his face, Nate walked back into the main room. He had to get out of here. He quickly put on his pants and turned to Kyle, who rested with eyes closed. His breathing had steadied. Nate kneeled beside the bed with the intention of releasing his bindings but the serenity in Kyle's face drew Nate closer. Without thought he leaned in and let a light kiss pass over Kyle's parted lips.

Kyle opened his eyes, not flinching from Nate, but locking gazes with him. Kyle's blue eyes had lightened again, but this time he saw something different in them. What he saw in those blue depths scared him. It was a look he had never expected, nor knew how to handle. No one had ever looked at him in such a way before.

Nate turned away, his insides trembling. He quickly released Kyle, placing all the ropes and tools in a box nearby.

"Feel free to use the shower before dressing. Don't worry about the sheets. I'll be back shortly," Nate said quickly before leaving the room.

He leaned against the door trying to calm his pounding heart. Images of Kyle in the shower invaded his mind, making him squeeze his eyes tightly shut. "No, no, no. Get out of my head," he chanted, trying to think of anything but Kyle standing naked with water sliding down every muscular curve of his body.

Kyle slowly stood, his muscles threatening to cramp after all the tension and strain. Feeling the cooling stickiness, he looked down and saw the result of his orgasm.

“What the fuck is happening?” Kyle asked the empty room. He couldn’t believe what he was doing. Why, for the hundredth time, was he allowing this man to control him? Why was it that just one look into those dark eyes made him go weak in the knees, made him willing to give him whatever he demanded? Not even Steve had wrought such a response from him. What was so different about Nate?

He went to the bathroom and started the shower, waiting for it to warm. His thoughts wandered as he watched the water rush from the pipe. He had a good life, he reiterated to himself. His parents were great and had accepted him being gay. He had a good job doing something he liked and had great friends. What more could he want from life?

Underneath all the rationalization, he knew. Love and trust. He’d been hurt and betrayed so many times that he refused to allow anyone that close to his heart again. He didn’t want to think about Steve, but once his thoughts started down that path, it was hard to stop them. Kyle was surprised to find that, for the first time, the thought of the man didn’t bring a sharp pain to his chest. For the first time in a while, his heart didn’t feel like it was being ripped from his body. There was only a dull ache, for a loss long ago, but nothing more. It was only when Kyle thought of Nate that his body responded with a tingling in his groin, a quickening of his pulse, and a smile tugging at his lips.

He stepped into the shower and let the water wash over him. When had all this happened? When had his heart healed? Was it before he met Nate? Tucking his head under the rush of water, Kyle braced his arms against the wall and let out a breath. He had enjoyed the anticipation of seeing Nate. Had taken pleasure when he figured out that Nate was influenced by their sessions and enjoyed the fact that, as controlled as Nate was supposed to be, he could affect such a man.

There was definitely a shift during today’s session. Something had changed between them. He knew from Sydney that Nate was a control freak, that his resolve was strong as steel. That kiss...just the lightest of kisses had proven to Kyle that Nate’s control could be lost. Nate was human. He had feelings and needs like everyone else. And, Kyle realized, he

wanted to meet those needs and soothe those feelings. He didn't know how or when, but one day he would.

When he came out of the bathroom, Nate was standing there waiting. Kyle was unable to move as Nate looked him over. Kyle wore only a towel around his hips, his clothing still by the bed where he'd laid them. He suddenly felt completely exposed, towel notwithstanding.

Without a word, Nate stepped up to him and pulled the towel from his waist. Kyle inhaled with surprise, not seeing what Nate held in his hand. Nate held up an oddly shaped purple object. It looked like some sort of misshaped dildo. The tip was thin, but the body flared wider, followed by a suction cup type of bottom. Straps extended from the bottom of the device.

"Have you ever used an anal plug, Kyle?"

Kyle's stomach flipped nervously, his hands trembling. He shook his head. "No, Sir."

"Don't be frightened. I'm using a small one." Nate turned the plug so Kyle could see its different dimensions. "I want you to continue with our rules this weekend, Kyle. No masturbating, no orgasms."

"Yes, Sir." Kyle couldn't tear his eyes from the bright purple plug.

"I'm going to put this in you and I want you to wear it until tomorrow morning. You may remove it for the day, but I expect you to reinsert it this time tomorrow. The same applies for Sunday. Each time you feel it shift inside of you, I want you to think of me."

Kyle shuddered. Like he needed reminders to think of Nate.

"Lie on the bed so that your legs hang off," Nate instructed.

Kyle's stomach lurched with a mixture of excitement and alarm as he moved toward the bed. This, like all the other things Nate had done to him, was new and he hadn't a clue what to expect from it.

“This will require a good amount of lubricant so you don’t hurt yourself. It may also be a little uncomfortable at first, but as your muscles adjust to it, you’ll be able to function just fine.”

Kyle let out a breath when he felt the coolness of lubricant being spread around and into his ass. Nate was right when he said he was using a smaller toy. Kyle had had bigger cocks than the plug in his ass.

Nevertheless, he had to force his body to relax when he felt the tip at his opening.

“Relax.”

The toy slowly pushed in, past his muscles and settled into place.

“You can stand up now.”

Kyle slowly pushed himself off the bed, his body rigid and very much aware that the plug was inside of him. Nate reached out and started pulling the straps around his waist and one between his legs, the leather lying next to his dick and balls.

“This will help you keep it on.” He buckled the straps together below Kyle’s navel. “If you feel as if it’s rubbing uncomfortably after a couple of hours of being in, feel free to remove it and add more lubricant. Your body will eventually absorb it.”

“Yes, Sir,” Kyle ground out as his dick began to tingle. The only time he’d ever had anything in his ass was during sex. This was a completely new experience.

Kyle took the tube of lubricant Nate offered.

“Oh, and one last thing.” Nate dug in his pocket and brought out a small silver ring. It looked like an earring...or a belly ring he’d seen women wear. Nate pulled apart the two small balls that were touching just a little and slipped his right nipple between them. Before Kyle could ask what he was doing, Nate pushed the ends together.

“Fuck!” Kyle cried out as pain ripped through him.

Nate stepped back and grinned. “That looks good.” His eyes locked with Kyle’s. “Keep that on all weekend too.”

Walking out of Angel's Heart, Kyle felt wicked. He was having a naughty sexual experience in public and no one was the wiser.

Chapter Eight

"I think I'm going to stay in tonight, Travis. I'm tired and don't really feel like socializing," Kyle said over dinner. Tonight had been Travis's turn to cook. They tried to eat together when they could. They were not like many roommates, each going off in his own direction. They liked spending time together, their relationship more like brothers than roommates.

"Kyle, you promised." Travis fixed his stare on Kyle, his famous pout in place. "We won't stay out late. Just a couple of games of pool, that's it, then we can come back home."

Kyle sighed. He had promised Travis that they would go out tonight, but after today's intense session with Nate all he wanted to do was go to bed. He was physically and emotionally drained. He looked at Travis, ready to protest, but the sight of his friend's puppy dog eyes made it nearly impossible to say no.

"All right. Just a couple of games," Kyle said with a sigh. Travis smiled in victory.

After finishing dinner they headed down to a local club. The music was hopping and the dance floor was full, as usual for a Friday night. The owner was a client of Kyle's and allowed him access to an open pool table whenever he wanted. His usual table was on the second floor in the back corner, away from most of the others, but it was positioned in such a way so they could see down onto most of the club.

Halfway through the first game found Kyle bent over the table aiming for his next shot when he felt hands rubbing his ass and a body pressed against him. Warm lips touched his neck, laying kisses on his skin. Kyle smiled, closed his eyes, and straightened so he could lean back into the body behind him. He was surprised but it didn't show in his expression.

"Hey, Sydney," Kyle purred, somehow making himself heard over the music. Even with the other smells drifting in the air there was no mistaking her perfume.

"Hey, boy wonder." She spoke huskily into his ear. "I hope you don't mind if we crash your little party tonight."

"I never mind having you around." He turned and wrapped her in his arms. He brushed a soft kiss over her cheek affectionately.

"Excuse me," Travis interrupted, pulling Sydney out of Kyle's arms and into his own. "My woman, not yours. Go find your own." Turning, he gave his girlfriend a passionate kiss.

Kyle laughed at his friends, their antics always amusing. Then a movement caught his eye. He turned just as Sydney's words penetrated his mind. She had said "we." His eyes locked with those dark as chocolate with flecks of gold. Kyle froze, his breath caught in his throat. *How gorgeous!* was his only thought gazing at the man dressed in khaki pants and a maroon button-down shirt.

What the hell was Nate doing here? Kyle's stomach clenched in panic. Yes, Sydney would join him and Travis on occasion, but Nate had certainly never come with her. Nate rarely went out, according to Sydney, and even then she usually had to drag him. So why start now of all nights? And why here? Was that why Travis was so insistent on going out tonight? Hell, he would deal with Travis later. At the moment he had to deal with being in Nate's presence in public.

"Um, hey... Nate." Kyle's words stumbled out. He had almost said "Sir," but quickly caught himself. They were not at Angel's Heart. He was in a club, in public. This was not Nate's time, but his own.

Nate's lips twitched before a smile curved them into a luscious delight. Kyle knew then he'd heard the slight hesitation in his words.

"Hello, Kyle."

"So, you're Nate." Travis interrupted the staring contest between the two. "I was almost thinking you were a Snuffleupagus." He smiled and held out his hand. "I'm Travis. Glad to finally meet you."

Nate turned his attention to Travis and took the hand he offered. But instead of letting go after the shake, he pulled Travis to his chest. They were near the same height so it was easy for Nate to move his lips close to Travis's ear. Kyle watched, intrigued. He knew that in his own element, Nate was strong and sure of himself. It appeared that he was the same in public, confident and uncaring of public opinion. Kyle liked that, and liked seeing him in a new light.

"Syd didn't tell me you were so damn sexy. Mmm, hell." Nate inhaled Travis's scent, then gazed deeply into his eyes. "Why don't we ditch these two so I can have my wicked way with your sexy tight ass? I'll show you things you've never dreamed of. Pleasure out of this world."

Kyle watched Travis's eyes widen in shock and he took a step back from Nate, trying to shake his hand free. While Kyle was as surprised as Travis by Nate's actions, Kyle found his best friend's reaction amusing and he had to hide his smile behind his hand. Sydney had turned away but he saw her shoulders shaking slightly as she tried to suppress her laughter. Kyle glanced at Nate and saw a glimmer of playfulness in his eyes.

"Kyle, you ass!" Travis said loudly as he turned to his friend. Nate, Sydney, and Kyle all started laughing. Soon Travis joined in, though he was the brunt of the joke.

Kyle slapped Travis's back. "Sorry, bro. I couldn't help it. I told Sydney what you said the other night and I guess she decided to tell Nate."

"It's all right, man. Just remember that payback is a bitch." Travis nodded as Kyle started laughing again.

“Really, Travis. It’s good to finally meet you,” Nate said. “And you really are a good-looking man, so don’t let Sydney tell you otherwise.” He gave Travis a wink.

“I like him.” Travis looked over at Sydney before turning back to Nate. “Come on, let me buy you a drink.”

The foursome played three games of pool together. The initial uneasiness between Nate and Kyle faded by the end of the first game, allowing everyone to open up and have a good time. Kyle was glad Travis had talked him into going out and thought the night was turning out well.

Before they could start a new game, Nate said he had to take a break and headed toward the restroom. Kyle thought he saw a slight hesitation, and didn’t miss the look Nate gave him before walking away.

“Me too,” Kyle said before following Nate. He didn’t notice the smug expressions on Travis’s and Sydney’s faces.

Kyle walked into the restroom, eyes searching. Nate was standing near the back stall leaning back against a divider as if in wait. Without a word, Kyle went up to him and cradled Nate’s face in his hands before pulling him down for a much-desired kiss. Nate opened his mouth willingly, their tongues instantly tangling together. Kyle’s moan mixed with Nate’s as he finally gave in to the desire he’d been feeling since meeting the other man.

Kyle pushed Nate back into the nearest stall and locked the door, never breaking the kiss. He ran his hands through Nate’s hair, feeling the softness between his fingers for the first time. He pressed his body against Nate’s, his dick swelling and throbbing, pressing against his jeans, aching, but he ignored the discomfort. All of his attention was on the man pressed against him.

He could feel that Nate’s groin had stiffened in response to his touch, the thought sending thrilling chills down his spine. The lust that had filled him since meeting Nate threatened to explode, driving him to act upon his impulses. He ground himself into Nate, his excitement climbing when his movement was met with an answering whimper. At that

moment, Kyle knew he wasn't walking out of this room without fulfilling a portion of his desire.

With effort, Kyle pulled himself from Nate's very addicting lips and let his mouth slide up to his ear and then slowly traveled down his neck, tasting as much of Nate's skin as possible. His hands worked at unbuttoning Nate's shirt, fighting the urge to rip it from his body. He was desperate to feel Nate's skin beneath his hands. To feel his heat and finally touch the skin that had been torturing him for the past two weeks.

His mouth trailed down over Nate's shoulders, his hands pushing off the shirt. His only care was where his lips moved, the skin he touched, and the response he received from Nate. Kyle moved further down until he captured one of Nate's exposed nipples between his teeth and gave it a tug.

"Kyle," Nate moaned softly. His head was thrown back, eyes closed, and his fingers had buried themselves in Kyle's hair. The sound was deep and filled with want. Kyle wondered how long it had been since someone had touched Nate this way. With this much desire and yearning. When was the last time Nate had someone touch him because they desired him, Nate Jacobs? Not someone who wanted a Dominant, but someone who wanted the man who felt pain, lust, and loneliness like everyone else.

Kyle took his time caressing, kissing, and exploring Nate's chest and stomach. He felt Nate's hands slide from his hair to explore his shoulders and every other place he could reach. Kyle kneeled, their surroundings fading away, oblivious to any comings or goings outside the stall. All he could see and feel was Nate. The only sound he heard was his own heartbeat and the quiet sounds escaping Nate's lips.

"Kyle..." Nate's voice trembled when Kyle brushed his lips over his navel; his fingers had made quick work of Nate's belt and pants, and were trying to push them down. "Kyle, we shouldn't," Nate tried again, his hands going to Kyle's shoulders to push him away.

Kyle rose from his knees without a word and captured Nate's lips again. The kiss was deep and unrestrained. He kissed Nate until they were both breathless.

“We are not in your room, *Nate*.” Kyle emphasized Nate’s name. “I am not your client right now. I am a man who is extremely attracted to you and seeks to give you pleasure. So shut your fucking mouth before I’m forced to stuff something in it.”

Kyle saw Nate’s surprise at his aggressiveness, but it showed only a moment as a smirk slowly formed on his lips.

“Promise?”

Kyle’s brow rose and he groaned at the sound of teasing in Nate’s voice. He didn’t respond, but knelt as before. He pushed Nate’s pants down his thighs and handled the hardened cock and tight balls. Kyle wet his lips and rolled his eyes up to watch Nate’s reaction, only to find the man’s eyes growing darker, while the gold streaks appeared to glow brighter. Testing the waters, Kyle licked the tip with his tongue, getting his first taste of Nate.

He growled in delight only a moment before taking Nate’s cock fully in his mouth. Kyle felt the shudder go through Nate’s body and heard his gasp. Kyle’s heart pounded with anticipation as he felt Nate’s body respond to him. Closing his eyes, Kyle let his tongue lap at the thickness inside his mouth. He let his suction vary, continued the teasing, and let his mouth drive Nate absolutely wild. He used a hand to grasp Nate’s balls, giving them a gentle pull, which was answered by a sound that was a cross between a growl and a whimper. That sound was exhilarating, and encouraged Kyle to relax his throat and take more of Nate in.

Soon Nate was thrusting his hips to Kyle’s rhythm, pushing his cock as far into Kyle’s throat as possible. Kyle didn’t complain, and only opened more until Nate’s release slid smoothly down his throat. He made sure he cleaned every drop from Nate before releasing him.

Kyle stood, but before either could utter a word, Nate pulled him in for a kiss. His hands slid down Kyle’s body and brushed over Kyle’s cock before palming the hardened length. Kyle moaned with need, his desire burning like a volcano. Nate’s hands snaked around his waist and grabbed his ass, pulling him closer. Kyle whimpered loudly when the

plug shifted almost violently in his ass. It didn't hurt, but pushed him toward the edge of orgasm.

"Shit," Nate cursed, releasing his hold.

Kyle sighed and pushed past the ache and frustration. "It's okay. There was no way of knowing we'd see each other again. And of course, I have rules to abide by." He tried to assure Nate, his hand lightly caressing the other man's cheek. He ignored the discomfort. He was so aroused, but now was not the time to take care of his needs. This had been about Nate. Wanting to touch him, taste him. "I'll be fine. I think we better head back before Sydney sends Travis in here searching for us."

Nate looked at Kyle, still unmoving. Kyle gave him a smile and stepped away. He handed Nate his shirt that they'd somehow managed to get on the door's hook instead of the floor. This got Nate moving and he straightened his clothing. Once he was put together again he followed Kyle out of the stall. Kyle was a bit surprised they hadn't had any interruptions.

"If I know Sydney, she and Travis are long gone," Nate said softly.

Kyle didn't think so but when they got back to their pool table the two were nowhere to be found. After a brief search through the club, they walked outside and discovered Kyle's car was missing.

"I can't believe this," Kyle muttered, looking around the parking lot, brushing a hand through his hair.

"Told you. Here, I'll drive you home," Nate offered, leading the way to his truck with a smirk.

Chapter Nine

The ride to Kyle's apartment was quiet but not uncomfortable. Nate felt at ease, more relaxed than he remembered being in a long time. He no longer felt the nervousness he'd had when he first saw Kyle tonight. He had been surprised when Sydney had led him to the second floor of the club to join Travis...and Kyle. Nate had kept his cool, not showing his astonishment. And once the four had finished their first game, he felt at ease flirting with Kyle, escalating the already high sexual tension.

There was a change between them. When Nate glanced at Kyle, the passing streetlights illuminating his handsome features, he could feel that their relationship had altered. He wondered how he could go back to the way things were come Monday. After seeing that Kyle was not afraid to take control, not being so much of a submissive, how could he go back to being completely dominant when images of Kyle taking control invaded his head?

Pulling up to Kyle's building, Nate saw no sign of his car and the apartment lights were off. Clearly no one was home yet. They sat in the truck for a few minutes, neither speaking, Nate not really wanting to part ways just yet. He was enjoying being in Kyle's presence, getting to know him without the restraints of the rules he normally lived by.

"Would you like to come up?" Kyle's voice distracted Nate from his thoughts.

He slowly shook his head. "I really shouldn't."

“Oh, okay.” Disappointment clearly sounded in his voice as he turned his head away from Nate. “Thanks for the ride.” Kyle moved to get out of truck when Nate grabbed his arm, stopping him and riveting his attention.

“It’s not that I don’t want to...because I really do in the worst way,” he said, meeting Kyle’s eyes. He hoped his sincerity was evident. “It’s just...” He paused, careful with his words. “I want to be with you, Kyle, but I want our time together to be unrestricted.”

Nate hoped Kyle would understand. He didn’t really know of another way of putting it. Kyle was still his client and had given him strict rules concerning sexual stimulation. Going up to Kyle’s apartment would slap temptation in their faces. Nate wanted Kyle. But without the toys and without the games he played with his clients. He wanted their coming together to be pure, not hindered in any way. He wanted to see if it was he who could give Kyle pure bliss, without being the Master.

Kyle leaned toward Nate and kissed him. It was a slow, gentle kiss, communicating his understanding and laced with desire.

“Good night, Nate. I had fun,” Kyle said softly against his lips.

“Me too.” He smiled as Kyle pulled away and got out of the truck, Nate’s hand reluctantly letting go.

Kyle watched Nate drive off before turning and entering his apartment building. On shaky legs, he climbed the steps to his apartment. His mind drifted to the events earlier in the evening. He still couldn’t believe how aggressive he’d been with Nate. But then, every time he was around Nate, Kyle felt drawn to him, compelled to give him as much pleasure as he knew he’d receive.

Kyle walked into his apartment and without turning on the lights, and sat on the couch. A little light filtered in from the streetlights, creating shadows along the walls. He leaned back and sighed. His mind was racing as the events of the day replayed. His session with Nate had been intensely erotic. Watching Nate stroke himself, wishing it were his own

hand, had driven him insane with desire. That powerful emotion had stayed with him and had been unleashed when he found himself alone with Nate in the club's restroom, well outside of Nate's domain.

Kyle had felt compelled to touch Nate, kiss him, and do things that had been haunting his dreams since they first met. Not even in all the time he had spent with Steve did he feel this way, so out of control and desperate for someone. His body still ached for release, clearly feeling the plug deep in his ass and the ring clamped to his nipple. Just thinking of Nate made his cock swell, hunger eating away at his gut.

The look on Nate's face as he spent himself flickered in his mind. The image was etched into his brain, and he longed to be the cause of that look many more times in the future.

He didn't know how long he sat there watching the shadows, his thoughts running wild, but the sound of the front door closing brought him back to reality.

"I should beat the shit out of you for pulling that stunt," Kyle said without looking up.

Travis stood behind the couch and looked down. "It was Sydney's idea," he said, trying to lay the blame on his girlfriend.

Kyle looked up and in the darkness could see Travis's shadowed figure. "And a strong man like you let a girl drag you out of the club kicking and screaming?" He raised a brow with the question, though he knew Travis couldn't see it.

Travis shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't say that I thought it was a bad idea. So, how did it go? Did you and Nate get some time to...well, get to know each other better?"

Kyle stood and responded with a low growl as he walked to his room.

"I told you that payback is a bitch." Travis chuckled just before Kyle slammed his door.

"I see that," Kyle said softly as he collapsed on his bed, hoping sleep would come quickly.

Nate was finally drifting off to sleep when he heard the door to his apartment open and close. He felt unconcerned as familiar footsteps padded across the floor to his room. The covers lifted and he felt the warmth of a body pressing against his. Turning, he gathered the body into his arms, embracing it like it was a prized possession.

"I should kick you out of my bed and my room right now. If I had half a brain, I'd kick you out of my life. You and Travis had no right doing what you did. You know I don't like being tricked or set up."

Sydney snuggled deeper into Nate's warm embrace. He felt the cotton of her T-shirt rub against his skin. If he had to guess, it was probably her favorite Metallica shirt that had once belonged to Travis.

"I know, but someone had to get things started between the two of you. Neither of you had the guts to do it; besides, it was slowly driving you both insane." He felt her raise her head. "You still love me, right?"

Nate heard the pout in her voice and smiled into her hair after pushing her head back to his chest. He knew he could never stay mad at her for very long. She was his best friend. She'd provided him with the support of friendship and love through both the good and bad times. She had been his anchor for so long.

"I still love you, Syd. Just don't do that again."

"I won't have to after tonight," she said with a sleep-soaked voice.

"You and Travis doing all right?" he asked, his fingers sliding through her hair. He had been truly surprised when she came to him. He'd expected an early wake up call with lots of questions about what happened between him and Kyle.

"Yeah. He needed to be at the gallery early in the morning so he went home. He says that he doesn't do much sleeping when he's with me." She chuckled, then kissed Nate's chest. "Thank you," she said before sleep claimed her.

"You're welcome," he replied softly, not really knowing what she was thanking him for.

He lay awake a while longer, holding Sydney close to him. Sydney in his bed was not an unusual event. Through the years she'd often come to his bed for company, just as he'd gone to hers for comfort. She had been the only one he'd let in, to feel close to, to trust fully. They had long ago stopped having sex, and Sydney loved Travis too much to ever cheat on him. But they were there for each other; their bond strong and intimate, each knowing the other completely.

It was nice to hold someone. To feel the warmth of another human being next to him, even if Sydney did snore and talk in her sleep. He would do anything for her, but no matter how much he loved her, he wished it were Kyle who lay in his arms that night.

Chapter Ten

Nate spent a restless weekend trying to grade papers and work on his latest project. He was unable to concentrate and often got distracted. He couldn't believe how many times he had picked up the receiver with all intention of dialing Kyle's number, only to replace it on the base and walk away. He couldn't forget the way Kyle had touched him, the feel of his lips on his skin, or the way Kyle felt in his arms.

This was completely out of his league. He could easily seduce a man or woman to do his will; he'd had years to perfect that. But Kyle was more than a client. Kyle, he found out from Sydney, came to him out of curiosity, of his own free will. The discovery that Kyle held more of a dominant nature than he'd originally thought was intriguing. Nate was impressed with Kyle's strength, to allow someone to dominate him completely for the length of their sessions and still follow all the rules set for him. Those who were truly submissive rarely exhibited the dominance that Kyle had shown at the club, which only attracted Nate more.

Monday morning dawned like all the other Mondays before, but the day seemed to last longer than usual. Each hour dragged on interminably. As the last appointment of the day neared, Nate felt his stomach churn, rebelling against the food he'd managed to choke down earlier.

A knock on the door made his stomach lurch and tighten. He took a deep breath to settle his nerves. He let Kyle in and closed the door behind him.

“Good evening, Kyle,” he said, his gaze hungrily devouring the other man.

Kyle’s lips twitched before he spoke. “Hello, Sir.”

Nate was having trouble keeping his thoughts from reliving the blowjob Kyle had given him on Friday night. It was clear that Kyle was feeling equally awkward by the way his gaze roamed the room, not looking at Nate.

He took a step toward Kyle, then stopped himself. He was dying to take Kyle in his arms and kiss him. He stepped back again and struggled against rubbing his hands over his arms as if he were cold. For the first time in years, Nate was unsure. Taking a deep breath, he gathered what he could of his control.

“Did you bring it?”

Kyle lifted a brown paper bag and handed it over to Nate.

“Did you follow all of my rules this weekend?” he asked, knowing that Kyle had.

“Yes, Sir.” Kyle nodded and finally met Nate’s eyes. “Permission to speak freely, Sir?”

Nate hesitated a moment. Kyle looked so serious that it was scaring him. “Yes, you may speak what’s on your mind,” he said, but fear rose inside of him.

“Listen, Nate.” Kyle ran a hand through his hair and looked down.

Nate’s body stiffened at Kyle’s sudden somber tone and the way he called him by his name.

“I came here today...” He paused, looking back at Nate. “To tell you that I’m no longer in need of your services.”

Nate’s chest constricted. Had what happened on Friday night been a mistake? Had he done something wrong? Did Kyle realize that he wasn’t interested after all? The thought of not seeing Kyle made it hard for him to breathe, and he felt as if his heart was being ripped from his body.

"Kyle." Nate forced the word out in a short breath.

Kyle held up his hand, stopping Nate from saying more. "No. Hear me out. I don't think what is happening is right. How can I become your lover when I'm also your client? I have a feeling it will be impossible for us to discern between the two."

Breath flooded Nate's lungs when Kyle's words registered in his head and he felt his entire body relax in relief. His body buzzed with joy, knowing that Kyle wanted a relationship with him. Beyond just being his client, or acquaintance.

"You're absolutely right." He stepped up to Kyle. "We can't have it both ways, so you are no longer in my service. I completely release you of my care," he said, right before claiming Kyle's mouth.

Nate moaned as their kiss deepened, passion flaring and leaving them both breathless. Kyle's taste filled him, his scent teasing. They broke apart for some much-needed air, but Nate laid his forehead against Kyle's, his body demanding to keep contact. He felt Kyle's hands slide down to the waistband of the leather pants that he'd worn just for Kyle. The button loosened but Nate stopped Kyle from going further, placing his hands over Kyle's.

"Not here," he said breathlessly. Kyle was no longer his client. He didn't want to be surrounded by the things of his profession. He wanted this moment to be on their own terms.

He pulled away and took Kyle's hand to pull him out of the room, up the stairs, and to his apartment. Kyle went without protest. Once inside, Nate clawed at Kyle's clothing as Kyle did the same. It took only a moment for the material to be freed from their bodies, unleashing the lust and fire they'd felt since their first meeting.

Nate's hands eagerly roamed Kyle's body, trying to assuage the hunger that filled him. He was finally free to touch and do as he pleased, with no restrictions. He could feel Kyle's lips heatedly brushing his skin, fanning the fire that burned inside. Nate trembled with need, not knowing how long he could actually last with this newfound freedom.

His fingers brushed over the nipple ring he'd put on Kyle. A hiss sounded in his ear.

"I forgot about this," Nate said, his fingers reaching up to remove it.

"No." Kyle stopped him. His lips curved into a shy smile. "I like it."

"Really?" Nate's brow rose with interest, his finger caressing like a feather around the stiff nipple.

"Perhaps we can make it a permanent fixture?" Kyle asked with a wicked grin.

"I think it would be very sexy," Nate growled.

He walked them back until Kyle's legs hit the bed. With a slight push to his shoulders, Nate urged Kyle to sit before kneeling in front of him.

"I've waited so long to taste you. My dreams were nearly driving me mad of how it would be."

Kyle's fingers twisted in Nate's hair, pulling him down. "Nothing is stopping you now."

As much as he wanted to take Kyle into his mouth, he took a moment to look at his lover. The thought made his heart pound for joy. He'd never been able to say that he had a lover. No, Kyle hadn't said that he loved Nate, but he knew that Kyle could return the same desire and passion he felt. Kyle was someone who could maybe fill the void in his own life. Someone who wouldn't leave when things got rough. Who wouldn't use his power to abuse him.

"Nate," Kyle pleaded, almost sounding as if he were in pain.

Nate didn't look up, only at the cock before him, every vein that throbbed in it and every fold that creased it. His tongue finally lapped at Kyle; he was pleased to feel Kyle jump at his initial touch, then groan deeply with need.

"Fuck, Nate. Just do it!"

Nate finally looked up at Kyle with a mischievous smile. "Demanding bitch, aren't you?"

Kyle growled and pushed Nate's head closer. Nate let his lips come in contact with the tip of Kyle's cock and he laid light kisses on it before licking the seeping liquid into his mouth. Nate let out a low rumble as the taste of heaven slid down his throat.

"Yes!" Kyle gasped as Nate finally took him into his mouth.

He opened his jaws, allowing Kyle to slide in deeper while his tongue gently stroked him. Slowly he began sucking, savoring the flavor of his lover. Nate eagerly aimed to please Kyle, doing to Kyle what he'd wanted to do on Friday night. He knew Kyle was close to coming, his thickness swelling, stretching his mouth, but before he could suck his lover into oblivion, Kyle stopped Nate by pulling away.

"I want to feel you inside of me, Nate. I want to come with you fucking me," Kyle panted, his voice husky from restraint.

"My pleasure." Nate's cock, already hard and ready, twitched in anticipation.

Nate retrieved the lubricant and condom from his bedside table. He watched Kyle slide back on the bed while he tore open a condom package and slid it over his throbbing cock, then added the lubricant. Nate climbed onto the bed, his body lying against Kyle's side. Their lips met in a welcoming kiss. A kiss of new lovers. A kiss of exploration and restraint until it deepened, turning to heat, their tongues stoking the fire building between the two.

Nate broke away, breath coming out in pants, his control slowly slipping away. He positioned himself between Kyle's legs and lifted them to his shoulders, sliding closer. Taking some lubricant on his fingers, Nate gently pushed one into Kyle's body. It was a tight fit but it went in smoothly. The anal plug had done its job in preparing him for this moment. He took some time to explore, feeling for that special spot and smiling when Kyle groaned as his finger brushed over it.

Nate added another finger, using them to prepare Kyle, not wanting to hurt him.

"You are so tight," Nate uttered in pleasure, anxious to feel that tightness around his cock. He pressed again, harder, on Kyle's pleasure spot.

“Shit!” Kyle cried out, his body stiffening; his hips bucked up, forcing Nate’s fingers further into his body. “Do it now,” he demanded.

Nate withdrew his fingers and moved so that he kneeled, his cock ready to enter the promising tightness. He bit his bottom lip, the pain reminding him to keep it slow and easy. He looked down at Kyle and saw the most beautiful man he’d ever laid eyes on. His body was honed to perfection, his blue eyes darkened with desire and pleading for pleasure.

Nate pushed slowly forward, feeling the tight ring relinquish entrance to him, hugging him tautly and dragging a low growl of pleasure from his throat. He wanted to take it slow and enjoy every second, but as soon as Kyle’s heat surrounded him, his body took over. He’d waited too long for this, resisted and struggled against the needs of his body. His thrusts, no matter how he tried to be gentle, were deep, causing Kyle to gasp with pleasure. Nate forced himself to start slow, but as sweat gathered on their skin, his pace quickened. Their breaths came out in short moans and pants as their eyes stayed locked together.

Kyle reached down and stroked his cock to the same rhythm as Nate’s thrusts. Kyle was the first to break their gaze as his orgasm claimed his body, wracking him with shudders. Feeling Kyle’s hot fluid on his stomach drew Nate over the edge, allowing him the pleasure of release.

Nate collapsed from the intensity of his orgasm but he was able to keep from falling completely on Kyle. He somehow managed to turn them both to their sides so he could hold Kyle close as their bodies calmed. Looking at Kyle, Nate knew he was in love. There was more to the emotions swirling through his head than lust. Nate knew lust. He knew desire. And yes, he was feeling both of those, but there was more. There was the need to spend the rest of his life holding this man. There was the desire to wake to him every day, to make him smile, or to comfort him when he was sad. This was far beyond what lust could accomplish.

He ran a finger lightly along Kyle’s jaw. “I’ve never felt like this before. I know that I don’t really know you, that we only met a couple of weeks ago, but I love you, Kyle.”

Kyle smiled and returned the gentle touch. "You know me, Nate. More than anyone in this world has ever known me. It's me who doesn't know you, but so far I like what I'm seeing and feeling. I'm falling for you, Nate, and I think it started the minute I walked into your room and you said my name."

Nate leaned in and kissed Kyle. It was a tender, sweet kiss, before they fell into a sated slumber.

Chapter Eleven

Nate felt fingers running through his hair and that all too familiar scent beckoning him from sleep. He fought the pull as he drew the hard, warm body closer to him.

“Nate,” her voice called. Reluctantly he opened his eyes.

“Syd. Everything all right? Whatcha need?” His voice was thick with sleep.

“We need to talk to you,” she said, brushing the back of her hand over his stubble-roughened cheek.

We? Nate shifted his gaze and found Travis standing beside her.

“Now?” Nate asked. Sleep still clouded his voice and thoughts. “Can’t you see I’m a little busy? I was sleeping, you know.” His mind registered that he and Kyle were lying in his bed completely naked, with the sheet that should be covering them bunched near their feet. He gave no further thought about their state of undress. Sydney had seen him without clothing too many times and Travis, from the amused look on his face, wasn’t surprised to find the two of them wrapped in a tight embrace. Nate wasn’t about to start being modest now.

“We’re moving,” Sydney announced, her voice excited. Her hand reached out and touched his arm, a glitter in the early morning light catching his attention. Looking at her hand, he saw a large diamond solitaire ring.

"About time, Colburn," Nate said, looking up at Sydney's boyfriend.

Travis shrugged his shoulders. "I was waiting for the perfect time."

Kyle stirred in Nate's arms, the voices waking him. He shifted again and opened his eyes. The first person he looked to was Travis. Kyle jumped, forcing Nate's hold on him to loosen.

"Travis, what the fuck are you doing here?" Kyle asked through clenched teeth while blindly grabbing at the sheets to cover their nakedness. Shifting his eyes again at the sound of a small muffled giggle, he saw Sydney sitting on the other side of Nate, her hand covering her mouth and her green eyes dancing with amusement.

"Uh, Sydney? Why are you guys here?" Kyle asked, confused. Nate smiled when he saw Kyle's face redden with a blush.

"Don't worry, Kyle. It's not like I've never seen a dick before." She leaned toward Nate a little more and whispered to him, though still loud enough for everyone to hear. "You're a lucky man, Nate."

He smiled and looked at his blushing lover. "Don't I know it." He reached out and pulled Kyle back into his arms.

"Uh, guys, excuse me, but once more, why are you here in Nate's room?" Kyle looked over at the clock to draw attention to the early hour. "And so damn early at that." He looked at Nate. "Does she do this often?"

"As often as she wants." Nate chuckled and kissed Kyle's cheek. Kyle knew how close he and Sydney were, but he was getting just a small dose of what it was like living with her. "What's this about moving?" he asked, turning his attention back to Sydney and Travis.

"Moving?" Kyle echoed and Nate could see that he was feeling very disoriented by the entire scene.

"We --" Sydney said, while indicating the four of them. "-- are moving. I found this beautiful two-story homestead just outside of the city on ten acres of land. It needs a little

work but I think we can handle it and get it all together. But you know what makes it such a perfect place for us?" Her voice resonated with the excitement of a child in a candy store.

"What?" Nate asked, unable to stop his smile at her excitement. He loved seeing her this way. She had a bad habit of being too serious much of the time. He knew that since Travis had come into her life again, she was once more enjoying life more fully.

"It has two houses behind it. One is a three-bedroom home for Travis and me to start our family. The other is a smaller three-bedroom cottage. Perfect for you and Kyle."

"Wait, did you just say for me and Nate?" Kyle asked, eyes wide.

Sydney nodded. "Yes, isn't it great?"

Nate laughed at Kyle's expression. He was looking at her as if she'd grown two heads. He reached out and lightly caressed Kyle's cheek with his thumb. "I know that we just got together, Kyle, but would it be so bad living with me?"

Kyle turned his eyes to Nate. His fathomless blue deepened as he gazed at his lover. He shook his head. "It could never be bad, Nate." He tenderly brushed a finger over Nate's lower lip.

Nate felt his body tremble with the touch, his insides melting as he gazed into Kyle's eyes so filled with need and...love?

"What do you say, partner?" Sydney interrupted their moment, her eyes twinkling with humor.

"Partner?" Nate turned his attention back to her.

"Well, yes. If I'm going to start a family, I'm going to need some help with the business, and who else better than my best friend, who, by the way, knows the ins and outs of this place as well as I do. Plus --" She smiled like a Cheshire cat. "-- it will be you who will be training your replacement because I will be unable to."

Sydney's words finally clicked in Nate's head and, from Kyle's expression, he knew that Kyle understood also. If he were Sydney's partner, he would no longer see private clients. He

could spend more time concentrating on his classes, his writing, and...Kyle. He'd only have to train his replacement and the newcomers as time passed.

"Congratulations." Both Nate and Kyle spoke at the same time, looking from Sydney to Travis, who also wore a large smile on his face.

"We're going to be uncles," Kyle said with a smile resembling Travis's.

Nate nodded, feeling elated by the news. "So when is moving day?"

"Sometime in the next eight months for the business, but I want to be moved into our home within the next six months so that we can have everything ready for our newest arrival." Travis wrapped his arms around Sydney.

"It's early but let's go celebrate," Kyle suggested as his stomach growled loudly.

Sydney laughed. "Yeah, I can imagine that the two of you did your share of activity last night."

"Syd," Nate scolded, but couldn't keep his face serious to match his tone.

Epilogue

One year later...

Nate stared at his blank computer screen and sighed. He hated writer's block. It was frustrating for him as his deadline drew closer. He looked at the clock and smiled. Ten more minutes and Kyle would be home and then they would have dinner with Travis and Sydney later in the evening. His gaze shifted from the clock to the window. His thoughts weren't on the beautiful view, though, but on all that had happened the last year.

He and Sydney moved Angel's Heart to the new house within five months of her purchasing it. Business had prospered since the move. Moving Angel's Heart outside of the city limits seemed to have increased business. Nate speculated that their clients were finding it more private and, therefore, felt more comfortable with the new atmosphere.

Sydney found a nineteen-year-old for Nate's replacement. He liked the kid, the younger man reminding him of how he was when Sydney had found him. The boy was a fast learner, taking only six months to completely train, and was doing very well on his own. He had also just released a young woman from training to be on her own with clients, giving Angel's Heart a full cadre of employees.

Travis continued with his booming art career. He and Sydney had married in a small, intimate ceremony a month before handsome David Nathaniel Colburn was born. He was

now three months old and was very spoiled by his two uncles. Kyle had complained that Nate got a child named after him, so Sydney promised the next child would have his name. Nate felt sorry for the child if it was a girl, but knowing Sydney and her creativity, he knew she would manage to make Kyle happy.

Sydney took great joy in being a mother. She only dealt with the financial aspects that went with running Angel's Heart, leaving the managing and rest of the work in Nate's capable hands. He loved seeing her so happy and thriving on it. Of course, being a wife and mother still didn't stop her from barging in on Nate and Kyle's life when she wanted, playing protector and mother hen to them both.

In fact, she seemed even more determined to butt into Nate's life and making sure everything was working well. As if running a business and family wasn't enough for her. But this was Sydney they were talking about. She was born a Dominant and would always be a Dominant. It just wasn't in her nature to be one of those stay-at-home moms baking cookies all day. Nate actually felt sorry for little David when he got into elementary school. Sydney would probably charge in there and somehow find a way to take over the PTA.

Kyle quickly got over his initial modesty, making Sydney's intrusions an uneventful occurrence. Sometimes even locking the door and setting the security alarm didn't ensure that Sydney wouldn't pay them a visit whenever she felt the need. But Nate wouldn't have it any other way.

Kyle. The love of his life. The man who healed his wounds. The man he fell in love with the moment he laid eyes on him. They were happy together. He loved being with Kyle and treasured every day they spent together.

His relationship with Kyle had grown in leaps and bounds in the past year. His feelings for his lover grew with each day. Nate couldn't picture his life without him. He didn't even know how he existed all those years without him.

He and Kyle still had fun with the Master/sub roles, but it was only that. Play. Something to keep from falling into the ruts many couples faced. It also gave them room to

experience new adventures together. Nate's role as a Dominant had played a big part in bringing the two together, but it wasn't the focus of their life. They respected each other as equals and had found a happy home together, filling the voids that had once plagued them.

By moving day, Kyle admitted to being happy that Nate no longer had to see clients. Nate had been amused to find that Kyle was jealous every time he had to work with clients, that he remained jealous until Nate could pass them on to the other employees. He understood Kyle's jealousy, though, and was glad to transfer the duty to someone else.

Sydney built a nice-sized gym onto the main house so that Kyle could now run his business from there instead of having to drive to the city. It also provided Angel's Heart's clients with the opportunity to sign up for its use and Kyle's services. The gym had been open for a month now and was doing well. His regular clients willingly drove out for their sessions, enjoying the country setting. Some had even taken to running on the outdoor track that had been installed.

Nate heard the front door open and close. Heard familiar footsteps approaching his office and then felt strong arms wrap around him as Kyle's scent inflamed his senses.

"Hey, gorgeous. Did you get anything done?"

Nate leaned back into the embrace. "Not much. Still having trouble."

"Hmmm. I think I have the perfect solution."

Nate's brow shot up. "Oh, really?"

"A little time in bed ensuring my pleasure will clear any of your blocks," Kyle said, his voice low and husky.

Nate chuckled and shook his head. "You say that about every ailment." But he was already shutting the computer down.

Kyle released Nate and waited for his lover. "Mind-blowing sex cures all ills."

Nate stood and approached Kyle. His hands lifted Kyle's shirt but stopped halfway up, the shirt keeping Kyle's arms raised and trapped in his shirt. Nate held it with one hand while the other reached down to Kyle's groin.

"Let's see how true it is."

Kyle moaned as Nate used his teeth to tug on the nipple ring piercing his right nipple.

"I have a surprise for you," Nate said, kissing up Kyle's chest and neck, then he finished removing Kyle's shirt.

"Really? I like your surprises." Kyle smiled.

Nate pulled a leather strap from his pocket and showed it to Kyle.

"Is that..."

Nate's lips curved into a wicked grin. "A cock ring. Thought we had time to play before dinner."

"Did you find the whip?" Kyle's words came out breathless as he eyed the small piece of leather.

"It's lying on the bed, cleaned and ready to go."

"I've been naughty today, Sir." Kyle spoke the words softly as his lips grazed over Nate's lips.

"How naughty?"

"Very," Kyle answered, kneeling before Nate and assuming the submissive position Nate had taught him a year ago.

"I see. I guess as your Master, I'll have to punish you."

"Yes, Sir," Kyle answered with a smile.

Pulling Kyle to his feet and practically dragging him to their bedroom, Nate realized Kyle had taught him an important lesson in life. That a Master needs love as much as he needs to give it.

 THE END 

Marty Rayne

When I'm not being a wife, mother, and grandmother, I am creating passionate worlds of fantasy. Pushing the limits and experimenting with new angles and worlds.

Books have been my first love since I could remember. I love getting lost in new and exciting worlds. The characters claim me, even for just a short time. Writing just naturally came next, but I never really took it seriously until a few years ago when I gained access to the internet. With the encouragement and help of a wonderful friend, I decided to venture into the field of writing.

I live in Florida and enjoy time at the beach. Ok, not so much the water. I'm not crazy about sharks, but I love watching the waves roll in and the feel of the sand between my toes. I also enjoy motorcycle rides with my husband and learning karate with my children.