



TO
BEND
PEPPER ESPINOZA

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“I am. I’ll do anything to prove it. Please.”

“You can start by keeping your mouth shut.”

“Yes, sir. I can do that. Anything you say.”

“I mean, starting now.”

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Making Waves
Maybe I'm Amazed
My Only Home
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Peanut Butter Kisses
The Prince Who Never Smiled
Quarterback Sneak
The Streets Of Florence
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BY

PEPPER ESPINOZA

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TO BEND
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CHAPTER 1

Frazier Lee could have pled ignorance. Maybe he *should* have pled ignorance. But he saved his breath. Nobody would believe him, even if he turned on the charm and offered his most winning smile. He didn't even think he could joke his way out of the situation, and his ability with glib one-liners had saved his hide more than once. Frazier had no choice but to admit it—he was completely fucked.

The cause of his current problem smiled at him. She actually smiled at him, and she almost looked sympathetic. Rose Leves was the most stunning creature Frazier had ever seen, with black eyes, porcelain skin, and plump red lips. He was quite convinced that if she only had blue eyes, or hazel eyes, he wouldn't find himself in such a horrible position. But her deep black eyes were

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unbelievable onyx pools. They snared him. No, they hypnotized him. And they were still hypnotizing him, even as her husband glowered from what seemed like ten feet above him.

“Sir...”

“What?” Chris snapped.

“I...”

“What?”

“It was just a joke, sir.” Frazier licked his lips and tried to smile, but Chris’s face remained impassive, his eyes like little chips of ice. “I was just messing around.”

“Yes, I heard you were something of a comedian.”

“I’ve been known to make a joke or two.”

Chris narrowed his eyes. “I never said I liked comedians.”

Frazier wished the ground would open and swallow him. He had only been a member of the pack for three weeks, and he had already managed to piss off most of his fellow wolves. Which wouldn’t have been so bad if he hadn’t propositioned the alpha’s wife. And now it looked like said alpha wanted to rip Frazier’s head off and shove it up his own ass.

“I...I didn’t mean anything by it, I promise.”

“I’ve heard other reports about you. Terry said you’ve been very disrespectful.”

Frazier looked sideways to where Terry stood, his blond hair hanging over his eyes, his head bowed. At least he had the decency to look ashamed for his part in this clusterfuck. Everybody else in the room shifted their attention to Terry, as well. Because, of course, Chris had to castigate him in front of the entire pack. This couldn’t have been saved until the party guests had gone home from the evening. Or even the next morning. Frazier knew his obligations. He wouldn’t have ignored a summons.

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"I've been trying to learn my place, sir. It's...difficult adjusting to pack life."

"You weren't warned of this before you became a wolf?"

"I was," Frazier admitted. But he hadn't listened to any of the warnings. Who wouldn't want to be a werewolf? Who wouldn't rush to sign up for super-strength, enhanced senses, and a life outside the normal bounds of society? Terry had told him being a wolf was like a constant party, except you never had to pay a cover charge or go home. All of that sounded pretty fucking sweet to Frazier. "But I don't think I was prepared for the reality."

"Maybe you should leave the pack until you are prepared," Chris said, as though he was suggesting Frazier walk to the grocery store instead of drive. As though it was as simple as that.

"I...would like to stay, sir."

"I'm not sure that would be a good idea. It's my job to keep this pack on an even keel. You've been nothing but a troublemaker."

"Oh, please. Just admit it. You're pissed that your wife is actually interested in me."

As soon as Frazier said the words, he regretted them. His mouth got away from him. He believed completely that he was right, but that didn't mean he had the right to say it. That was always his problem. He never knew when to keep his stupid mouth shut. One glance at the alpha's face told him he had crossed the line. In fact, he had sprinted past the line so fast, he hadn't even seen it.

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“Your problem, boy, is that you refuse to submit. You don’t understand there is a hierarchy in this pack, and that you are at the bottom. I don’t mind that you flirted with Rose. She’s an adult, after all. It’s a matter of respect.”

Frazier opened his mouth to apologize, but Chris held up his hand, stopping him before he made a sound.

“Do you see? I tell you to be silent, and you immediately want to speak. Everything you’ve done since you’ve become a member of his pack comes back to your basic lack of respect. Do you have something to say for yourself?”

Frazier waited, wondering if this was some sort of trap, but Chris looked at him expectantly. “I’m sorry. I want to prove myself. I want to learn respect.”

Chris regarded him for several long beats, and Frazier couldn’t

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help but squirm under the weight of his stare. It was difficult to look Chris directly in the face at the best of times. He was one of those men who seemed to glow, he was so handsome. His face was all sharp, angular planes, and his mouth was succulent but still masculine. Frazier would never forget the first time he saw his new alpha. *Stunned* would have been putting it too mildly. He had no idea how Chris had managed to rise to such prominence in the pack at such a young age—he couldn't have been more than thirty-five—but he suspected it had something to do with the fact that he was like a Roman statue come to life.

“Sir?” Terry stepped forward, still looking contrite. He was technically above Frazier in the hierarchy—everybody was—but Frazier thought he still might kick Terry's ass at the first opportunity. “I've known Frazier for a long time, and I do think he'd be a good fit for the pack.”

“I should kick you out with him.”

Terry immediately shrank back. “I'm sorry. When I...when I bit him, I never thought...I never suspected he would be so...difficult.”

It was all Frazier could do to keep from rolling his eyes. When Terry bit him, he wasn't thinking about anything except getting his dick wet. Though, to be fair, Frazier hadn't been thinking about much more than that, either.

“I don't think I can teach you respect, boy. I don't think you want to learn.”

“I want to learn,” Frazier answered quickly. “I do.”

“Prove it. Get on your knees.”

Frazier felt a cold flush as he looked around the room. He didn't know most of the members of Chris's pack. In fact, the whole point of attending the party was to introduce himself and get

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to know everybody better. For many of the members, this was their first introduction to the new “pup,” as Terry kept introducing him that night. To receive such a dressing down in front of them was one thing. But to actually hit his knees...to be reduced to begging...

“This is your shot, Frazier. Take it or leave it.”

He swallowed around the hard knot in his throat, considering his choices. A werewolf without a pack was very vulnerable. He already knew that much. And if Chris kicked him out, he would be losing his home, and his new job. He didn’t even have the money to move back to California. He needed to make this work. No matter what else, he needed find a way to make it work.

Without taking his attention from Chris’s face, he sank to his knees.

“That’s a start. Now, I don’t want you to move from that position until I say. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, sir.”

Chris nodded with what could only be satisfaction. That was apparently the cue everybody else had been waiting for, because the party began again as if it had never been interrupted by Chris’s fury. Frazier remained on his knees, despite the dancing, and the laughing, and the conversations literally floating above his head, like he was nothing more than a child.

Anger seethed through him at that thought. He didn’t know if they respected their alpha, but they clearly did whatever he said to do. Why? Because he was an expert at humiliation? Because he treated his wolves like they were children instead of adults? Had nobody ever told him that respect needed to be *earned*? That it was a two-way street? Why did Frazier have to kowtow to him just because of his title? Maybe not being an obvious crazy person

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would be a good first step toward garnering respect.

Despite the rage and humiliation winding up and down his body, Frazier didn't stand. He hated himself for it, but he didn't move. Becoming homeless and penniless would be a far worse fate than experiencing sore knees because he was forced to kneel on the hardwood floor for a little while. Besides, Chris had been right. Frazier *had* been warned. He knew the score. And he had agreed to it before he asked to become a member of Chris's pack.

He lost track of time, but he didn't lose track of the alpha wolf. Chris mingled with his wife on his arm, like he hadn't just sentenced Frazier to a night of humiliation. Maybe he did that every night. Maybe it was as common as breathing to him. Frazier didn't know, since this was only the third time he had met the man, and the first time he had been to Chris's house. His very impressive, very large, very beautiful house. Did he have any problems? Other than the burden of being perfect?

Gradually, the guests disappeared. Frazier didn't think they were actually leaving. He thought they were just spreading throughout the house, finding rooms and corners to pass out in. Frazier didn't move. His knees hurt. His back hurt. His head was starting to throb. He was convinced that if he did try to stand, he would immediately topple to the floor again. He was also convinced if he snapped and waltzed out of the room, nobody would stop him. Chris wouldn't even acknowledge him.

"Boy, do you want to stay here tonight?"

From Frazier's position on the floor, Chris seemed at least twelve feet tall. He tilted his head back, peering up into Chris's unreadable face. There was only one right answer.

"Yes, sir."

"This is your last chance to leave. If you choose to stay, you're

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going to be mine for the rest of the night. That means you don't get to go home, and you don't get to say no. Do you understand?"

Frazier licked his lips, his gaze dropping from Chris's face to his crotch. He wasn't entirely sure, but he thought Chris was already mostly erect. "I understand."

"Are you going to stay?"

"Yes, sir. I told you, I want to prove myself. I want to do everything I can."

"This isn't just about proving yourself. It's about..."

"Respect," Frazier finished.

Chris smiled. "Good boy. Rose has something for you."

Frazier perked up. A part of him was sure that, given his current situation, it couldn't be anything good. Another part was just excited to have a chance to look at Rose again. She sauntered into view, her skirt clinging to her lovely hips, her legs impossibly long. He wanted to bend and kiss her feet. He wanted to lick a path up her perfect calf to her thigh. He wanted to smell her skin.

"She seems to have quite the effect on you," Chris murmured, almost conversationally. Frazier didn't know what his point was, but he didn't sound annoyed. "So I know you won't mind being on her leash."

Frazier frowned, dragging his gaze from her shapely legs to the long piece of leather dangling from her fingers. She had a collar in her other hand, and the intent was clear on her face.

"I...you're going to make me wear that?"

"You said you'd do anything to prove yourself," Chris reminded him.

"Right. I did. And I meant it...sir."

"Good."

She crouched beside him, her eyes level with his. He couldn't

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read them, so he had no idea if she enjoyed this, or if she hated it, or if she was just amused by their little joke. Why was it so important to humiliate him? What did they hope to gain? Did they want to crush his spirit? Well, if that was the intended plan, then they had another thing coming. He'd play along with their little game, but he had no intention of actually bending to them.

The collar fit around his neck comfortably, the leather smooth against his skin. She snapped the leash into place, and her smile briefly returned. It was clearly meant to sooth him, and it did the trick. He couldn't stay annoyed with her when she smiled at him like that.

"You're our pet tonight," Chris continued. "That means you don't walk. From now until sunrise, you can only crawl. You don't speak unless you are asked a direct question. You must obey both of us. Do you understand?"

Frazier took a deep breath. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Let's go upstairs."

Rose tugged on his leash, and Frazier had no choice but to drop forward to rest on his hands. He concentrated on Rose's ankles, watching her muscles flex with each step in her stiletto shoes. He supposed there were worst views. His back and knees were stiff, and he would have liked to stand and stretch. Or lay down and stretch. Or do anything other than climb a flight of stairs on his hands and knees.

He didn't hear Chris behind him. He looked back over his shoulder once they reached the second floor landing, but the other man had disappeared. Was he seeing to the guests who passed out? Or maybe he kept all of his really good torture devices out in the garage, and he had snuck away to grab them before joining the two of them upstairs. Either option seemed equally plausible.

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Rose led him to a door at the end of the hall. She produced a key from around her neck and slid it into the doorknob. He expected to find a regular bedroom on the other side of the door, but instead, he saw something that looked more like a dungeon. There was a bed in the middle of the room, with matching, wrought-iron headboard and footboard. But there were also a few strange benches, what looked to be stockades, an impressive collection of whips hanging on the wall, a swing dangling from the ceiling, and a wide range of leather items Frazier couldn't even name.

"You shouldn't be nervous," Rose said. When Frazier didn't respond, she smiled. "You can talk freely."

"It's easy for you to say. I've never done anything like this before in my life. I'm not sure I want to start now. I mean, no offense, but whips?"

"He won't use them on you. He won't do anything you don't like."

Frazier sat back on his heels, trying to stretch his back. "How do I know that? He won't even let me speak."

"You don't need to speak. He'll know when you've had enough. And when you'll want more. Anyway, Chris likes you."

Frazier gaped at her. "This is how he behaves when he likes somebody? Are you serious?"

"Do you think he'd invite anybody in here he doesn't like? He doesn't want to kick you out of the pack. He wants to make things easier on you."

Frazier arched his brow. "How is this supposed to make things easier on me?"

She bent and dragged the tip of her nail along his cheek. "Because you want this. You want a place to belong. You want to

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know where you fit. Chris wants to give you exactly what you need.”

“By humiliating me?”

“I know it seems like that now. But I think you’ll have a different view of things by tomorrow morning.”

“I hope you’re right.”

Rose tilted her head. “You don’t trust him, do you?”

“I don’t know what you mean. I don’t trust him not to beat me with whips? Maybe.”

“No, that’s not what I mean. Ever since you got here, you’ve been waiting for the other shoe to drop. You don’t trust him to keep you here, to protect you, to be your alpha.”

If he lied, would she sense it? He was usually a pretty good liar, but he had the feeling her black eyes could see right through him. “I don’t know. I barely know him. I barely know anybody here. It hasn’t exactly been easy for me.”

“Just trust him for tonight. That’s all you have to do. The rest will take care of itself.”

“I will. Well, I’ll try. And...you know, I really didn’t mean anything by what I said tonight. I was just...”

“You were acting out. Trying to get attention. I don’t hold it against you. Now, get undressed.”

He wanted to ask her why, but his sharp ears easily caught the unmistakable sound of Chris ascending the stairs. Assuring himself that everything was going to be okay, he pulled his shirt off and unbuckled his belt.

CHAPTER 2

Goose bumps covered Frazier's skin like a rash. The temperature of the room had seemed fairly comfortable when Rose let him in, but now without his clothes, and under Chris's heavy scrutiny, he felt chilled to the bone. He usually didn't mind being naked in front of people. He wasn't a model, but he wasn't exactly hideous, either. He tried to eat right, and he led a fairly active life. He still had the year-round tan he had developed in California, and his hair hung down around his ears, the tips still sun bleached.

He tried to distract himself by studying the two of them. They were, of course, as perfect as he had expected them to be. Rose was a work of art. Frazier didn't have any artistic abilities, but if he did, he would choose her as his model and muse and dedicate the rest of his life to capturing her beauty. Chris somehow looked

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more powerful with his clothes off. Some men needed the trappings of designer clothes and perfect Italian shoes to look the part of a successful, highly regarded figure, but Chris was above that. Beyond it, somehow. They made Frazier nervous.

“Have you ever been tied up before?” Chris asked.

“No, sir.”

“Rose, take him to the stockade.”

Frazier didn’t wait for her to tug on the leash. He followed her across the room to the piece of furniture in question. His heart pounded against his ribs, and his mouth ran dry. That wasn’t the worst part. The worst part was the way his cock stiffened at the thought of the cold steel closing around his ankles and wrists. He had never been in a stockade before. He had never fantasized about it. He had never even spanked it to BDSM porn. But now he was aching for it. Or maybe he was just aching for the two wolves looming above him? It was impossible to tell.

He positioned himself in the stockade without further instructions, resting on his forearms and his knees. It was a rather simple contraption. There was a place to rest his neck, and parallel bars that held his arms and legs apart. It left his ass in the air, and his cock dangling between his legs. Rose locked him into place, and there wasn’t even half an inch of room. He couldn’t turn his head, he couldn’t shift his angle to ease the pressure on his back.

He was trapped.

At that thought, his boner disappeared and his blood pressure skyrocketed. He may have actually had a panic attack, but Chris put a soothing hand on his back. It was heavy and reassuring, and a silent reminder of Chris’s powers—and Rose’s earlier advice to trust him.

“I’m not going to hurt you.”

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“Yes...” Frazier licked his dry lips. “Yes, sir.”

“Rose? Get the beads prepared.”

Frazier had no idea what that meant, but he knew better than to ask. It was easier to focus on Chris’s hand, anyway. His fingers were moving in slow, soothing circles. His fingers were a little rough, and his nails were blunt. He tried to watch Chris from the corner of his eye. All he saw was the other man’s rather impressive erection, and his corded thighs. Chris began to move his fingers up and down Frazier’s spine, soothing him into closing his eyes.

“That’s it,” Chris murmured. “I promise, you’re going to love everything we do to you tonight. You might even start begging for it.”

Frazier wanted to protest, but as long as Chris kept touching him like that, he thought maybe it was a possibility.

“I was going to give you a blindfold,” Chris continued. “But I think it would be better if you could see everything. I want you to see how wet Rose gets. I want you to see how hard you make me. I want you to see every detail when I fuck her. I want you to know everything that’s happening. Would you like that?”

Frazier’s mouth was dry. He knew he needed to answer, but the images Chris planted in his mind were too overwhelming. When he put it that way, it didn’t sound painful and humiliating at all. In fact, it sounded pretty awesome.

“Boy?” Chris prompted.

“Yes. Yes, sir. I would like that very much.”

“Good.”

A door behind him open and shut. Rose didn’t make a sound as she approached—there was no tap of shoes against the floor, no swish of her skirt as she walked. Frazier was still trying to adjust to his heightened senses, but until that moment, he hadn’t realized

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just how much he had relied on them. Chris still touched his back, and he could catch two distinct scents—both heavy with arousal—but other than that, he could have been alone in the room.

Chris's hand disappeared, and both of them were out of sight. Turning his head was impossible, so he stared straight ahead at the wall, trying to picture what they were doing. A fresh rash of goose bumps spread over his skin like a blanket, and he thought he felt them watching him. That might have been his imagination. For all he knew, they were locked together, kissing each other hungrily while he waited patiently at their feet for even a moment of attention. But it still felt like they were watching him. Studying him. Maybe even measuring him against whoever had been locked in the stockade before him?

“Start,” Chris instructed.

The word was enough to pull all of Frazier's muscles tight. He tried to brace himself, but it was impossible to prepare for something he couldn't even predict. He went through a mental checklist of every tool and weapon he saw hanging on the walls. A paddle might be less painful than a whip, but he still didn't want to be sporting bruises from the flat leather.

But it wasn't a whip. Or a paddle. Or a flogger. Or anything painful at all. It was something cold, like a dozen little chips of ice, moving down his spine in a slow path. He caught his breath, wishing he could twist away from the cold, smooth beads. His nerves jumped, and fresh shivers rolled through him. Despite the mild discomfort, he felt his body coming alive. Like the beads were only there to make him more sensitive to whatever new torment Chris devised next.

Rose dragged the cold beads over his ass, and then between his cheeks. Frazier arched his back, a shout escaping him. The icy toy

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lingered on his heated skin until it warmed and then suddenly, the beads disappeared. Frazier sighed with relief, but his relief was short-lived. Something the same size and texture touched the nape of his neck, only this time, it wasn't cold. He jumped, a spasm passing through his frame. He knew it wasn't hot enough to permanently burn him, but it was still a hell of a shock to his system.

Frazier wished he could see what she was holding. It must have been something with a long handle, because he knew she wasn't bent over him. It definitely felt like beads, but there were four strands of them. They crawled down his back like four scalding fingers. But the beads cooled faster than the other beads had heated, and by the time she reached his ass, the temperature was bearable.

"Extremes," Chris said. "One or the other is uncomfortable. But when they're in balance..."

The beads disappeared, and Frazier was left quivering, his thighs trembling with fresh anticipation. Several beats passed, and then both toys returned. Hot and cold, burning and icy. Rose dragged the cold beads down his left side and the heated ones down his right. He couldn't escape one without forcing more contact with the other. For a moment, they felt the same. Not cold, not hot, just eight strands of pure sensation, making him twist.

"Hot or cold?"

"Uh..."

"Hot or cold?" Chris repeated.

"Hot. Hot."

"Good choice." Chris sounded like he genuinely meant that. Like he had been secretly hoping that Frazier would prefer the heat.

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“Have you ever been fucked before?” Rose asked.

“Well...yes.”

“Good. It’ll make this part easier.”

What part?

A large hand spread his cheeks, holding him open, making him feel even more exposed and vulnerable. His stomach turned into a swarm of butterflies, their wings beating rapidly in his chest and against his throat. Something warm touched his skin. Lubricant, but it felt far warmer than any other lube he ever felt. A small finger spread it across his skin, and then pushed past the tight muscle, slicking up his entrance. She could only be preparing him for Chris’s thick cock. The thought sent a rush of pleasure through him—he definitely wouldn’t complain about that.

Except, instead of Chris’s shaft, he felt what could only be another strand of beads. Much thicker, much larger beads.

“Just relax,” Chris instructed. “I want to see if Rose can get the entire length inside of you.”

The entire length? Just how big is this thing?

The first sphere slipped into his body easily. In fact, Frazier barely felt it. The second and third beads also passed through easily, despite their wider girths. But by the time Rose reached the fourth on the line, Frazier started to tense. The fifth one made him catch his breath. How far would this go? How much could he take? He had the feeling Rose would keep pushing until he cried out—and then she would probably keep going after that.

At the sixth bead, he moaned. He had no idea how big it could possibly be, but he wouldn’t be surprised if it was three inches around. Four inches wouldn’t have surprised him, either.

“Just one more,” Chris assured him. “You can take it.”

Frazier squeezed his eyes shut, his face twisting as Rose

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worked the seventh, and largest, ball into his tight channel.

“Good. Now keep it inside of you. If you push it out, I’ll be forced to punish you. Do you understand?”

“Yes...yes sir.”

“Your skin is beautiful like this,” Chris added. His fingers traced the marks stretching down his back. “I want to see you red all over. Rose? Get the candles.”

“Candles?” Frazier asked, his voice shaking.

“Yes. Candles. Have you ever felt the sting of wax against your skin?”

“No, sir.”

“It won’t hurt...much. It’ll hurt just enough. Just enough to be good for you.”

“I don’t...I don’t want it to hurt at all,” Frazier said.

Chris suddenly filled his vision. He crouched down in front of Frazier, his icy blue eyes meeting Frazier’s directly. It occurred to Frazier that he was close enough to kiss. He even licked his lips, wetting them, drawing Chris’s attention to his mouth.

“You’ve got beautiful eyes,” Chris said.

The compliment startled any response out of his mind. He could only stare, blinking owlishly, wondering what exactly about his eyes was beautiful.

“I want to see them when you’re completely overwhelmed.”

“I am,” Frazier tried.

Chris shook his head. “You’re not even closed to overwhelmed. So far, you’ve felt nothing except pleasant distractions. I want you to know what your body is capable of. I want you to know what you’re capable of.”

What does that have to do with respect?

But Rose’s earlier words returned to his mind. It wasn’t about

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respect. It was about trust. Chris was asking Frazier to trust him. To let go of himself and be completely lost in pain and pleasure and trust that Chris would never let anything actually hurt him.

“Yes, sir.”

Chris smiled. It transformed his face. Gone was the stern, frightening man who had dressed Frazier down in front of his entire pack. Nobody had ever smiled at him quite like that. Nobody had ever made him feel hot and thrilled and wonderful with just a gentle upturn of his lips. It reached his eyes, even, and the ice melted. Now when Frazier stared into him, he wondered how he ever saw anything besides a lovely shade of gray. Chris leaned forward, and for a glorious second, Frazier thought he intended to kiss him. The inside of his mouth prickled at the prospect, but Chris straightened without bestowing even the lightest caress.

Frazier knew the wax would be much worse than the strands of heated beads. Especially if she started at the nape of his neck, or the sensitive skin along his ribs. But it wouldn't cause him any permanent damage. He just needed to keep reminding himself of that fact. No matter how much it stung, he wasn't going to be maimed, crippled, or injured.

“Just remember to breathe,” Chris instructed. “Take a deep breath now.”

Frazier inhaled.

“Now let it out slowly. Push all the air out of your lungs.”

Frazier did as he instructed, and then took another deep breath. He followed Chris's voices, inhaling and exhaling on command, until the first drop of wax fell on his back. The breath he was releasing stopped and he choked out something that might have been a protest. It felt like a hot splash the size of Rose's palm, but he knew it could only be a small drop or two. His muscles twitched

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and jumped beneath the heated liquid. But something curious happened. Once the initial sting faded, it didn't feel unpleasant at all.

He didn't know if Rose was working with a pattern in mind, or if every drop of wax was totally random. There were long pauses between each new burn, and he imagined her holding the candle high above his back, giving the wax time to melt and pool before slowly tilting her wrist, the flame dancing erratically as the melted wax drizzled to his waiting skin.

The one thing that truly distracted him from the pain was the way his skin felt as the wax hardened. It pulled tight, his nerve-endings becoming more sensitive. The random, tiny burns were a shock to his system, but they were nothing compared to the overall effect on his body. He felt every whisper of air across his sensitized skin. The dance of the flame as she held the candle closer to his back made him squirm. He wanted Rose to touch him, to blow cool air over him, to lick him, to scratch him. He wanted to experience textures and temperatures in ways he never had before.

"Please..."

"Please what?" Chris asked.

"Please...more...please..."

"More wax?"

"Yes. No. I want to feel...everything. Sir."

"That's what I like to hear. Rose? You know what comes next."

Frazier wished he had a clue about what would come next. He didn't want to wait to find out. He wanted to see the item that would be used on him—against him—and begin the slow build up of anticipation. Would it finally be the whip? Would Chris make him suffer through the pain until he reached some place beyond

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that? Could he handle it? He thought he could, if only for Chris's sake.

Every bit of him was poised and ready for the whip, but the first contact against his skin did not come from leather. He wasn't sure, but it felt like a feather duster. Or thick fur, like a tail. Any other time, it would have been mildly pleasant and vaguely ticklish, but now it electrified him. How could something so light, so soft, send sparks down his spine? Frazier didn't know. He didn't care. He twisted against his shackles, trying to encourage more, aching for more contact, and yet, engulfed by the fleeting touches.

Frazier's ability to think in rational, coherent sentences faded as Rose continued her assault, and Chris encouraged her in murmured sentences. She used the feather duster for several long moments, and then the wax returned. She melted everything that had dried along his shoulders and ribs, holding the flame so close to his skin he thought for sure he would be burned by it. He held perfectly still, despite the way his muscles twitched and his instincts told him to move away from the flame, fascinated by the way the wax felt as it melted and rolled down his body. It was thick, and yet flowed easily. It hardened in new patterns Frazier couldn't quite decipher, following the lines and shape of his frame, dipping into hollows, pooling until he thought the sting would become intolerable. A few thin lines of wax found their way to his nipple, hardening at the tip until he cried out.

And just as Frazier wanted to scream, the heat disappeared and the feathers returned. The sudden shift sent him crashing from one extreme to the other. At some point, he realized he wanted his entire body to awaken. He wanted to feel the wax on his chest and arms. He wanted it to drip down the back of his thighs. He wanted to see how it would burn if she drizzled it over his balls. He

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wanted to feel the feather duster on his cock.

The head of Frazier's cock was completely slick with pre-come. He knew he was dripping, since his cock was trapped, pointing at the floor. His balls were heavy. He needed to come. They had only teased him with hot and cold, and he already needed to come so bad he knew he would probably beg for it. He clenched around the beads still in his ass, wishing Chris would pull them out and replace them with his stiff cock. It had been three weeks since he fucked Terry, but now he needed to be fucked as much as he needed to come. If Chris opted to keep the beads in him and fuck his wife instead, Frazier didn't know what he was going to do. He wouldn't be above begging. He suspected he would even be susceptible to tears of frustration.

Chris must have been psychic. He had to have the ability to read minds. Frazier knew no other way to explain what happened next.

"I think you're getting a little too close. I don't want you to come too early and ruin all my fun."

"I won't," Frazier rasped, surprised by the sound of his own voice.

"I think you might. But don't worry. We have something for that."

The feathers still tickled along his ribs, so he knew it was Chris who went to get the mysterious *something*. Any other time, Frazier might have been able to figure out exactly what Chris was talking about, but all of the blood had long ago rushed from his brain. He didn't have the capacity, the energy, or the concentration to figure out what was happening around him. Not until he felt something cold and hard against the base of his cock. Something that felt like the bracelets holding his wrists in place.

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The pressure against his balls and around his shaft made stars burst in front of his eyes. There was no give in the steel ring. There wasn't even a centimeter of space. He was caught, stuck, bound. Something like pain radiated through his groin, though it wasn't quite uncomfortable. It wasn't quite pleasant, either.

"There. Now you won't do anything until you have my permission."

"What..."

"It's a cock ring. Have you ever worn one before?" Chris asked.

"No. No."

"If you were mine, I'd make you wear one all the time," Chris said, almost offhandedly.

His? Frazier had no idea just what he meant, but he didn't think it would be such an unpleasant thing to belong to Chris—whatever that entailed. More nights trapped in the stockade while they pushed him closer and closer to the breaking point? Because he thought he could agree to that. A small voice in the back of his mind—the only thing that hadn't completely given in to baser instincts—warned him that at that point, he'd agree to anything. So it was probably best to keep his mouth shut.

"Mmm." The low rumble of Chris's satisfaction made Frazier's cock twitch, though he knew it had nothing to do with him. Rose's answering sigh of bliss told him they were probably focused on things besides his twitching, desperate flesh. "You're so wet."

Almost as soon as Chris said that, Frazier smelled her arousal. His own distraction and the scent of burning wax had distracted him, but now he couldn't sense anything except her heavy excitement. His mouth watered and fresh pre-come gathered at the tip of his cock. He wanted to see her body, pink and flushed and

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glistening. He wanted to bury his face between her thighs and smell her and taste her.

"I need you to fuck me," Rose murmured. "Right now. I don't want to wait."

"What about our guest?" Every word out of Chris's mouth was silky and dark.

"We'll let him watch."

Frazier bit back his protest. He didn't want to watch. He wanted to participate. But he didn't want to be punished, either, so he didn't make a sound when the maddening feathers disappeared and the wax was allowed to set more firmly on his skin.

They circled his body to stand in front of him, and the smell of their mingled excitement hit him so hard he whimpered. If he concentrated, he could hear Rose's heart pounding. He wanted to crawl over to them. He would be happy to wear the cock ring and keep the beads up his ass all night, if it meant he could taste them, lick the slick juices from their flesh. He knew his hunger was plain on his face. Especially when they both looked at him with knowing smiles.

"It doesn't take much to get this one wound up, does it?" Rose said.

"No. Let's see if we can make him pop."

Frazier thought it was far more likely that he'd break before he popped. His cock throbbed, the blood pulsing harder now that the cock ring held him. That throb echoed through his whole body. He had never been so aware of his own pulse before. Of the way his heart raced. Of the fact that he wasn't breathing at all like Chris instructed him. Instead of taking slow, deep breaths, he was panting, sucking oxygen into his lungs as quickly as he could.

Chris disentangled himself from his wife long enough to touch

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the side of Frazier's face. "You're going to make yourself light-headed if you keep that up. Remember what I said before? Take a deep breath."

Frazier nodded, though his lungs seized as soon as he tried for the deep breath.

"Again," Chris encouraged.

By the time he straightened, Frazier almost had his breathing under control. Almost. It was impossible to concentrate on something so mundane as Chris bent Rose over another stockade. This one was taller, and it was only designed to secure her wrists and head in place as she remained standing. He didn't lock her down, though. He didn't need to. She definitely wasn't going anywhere. But her angle allowed Frazier the perfect opportunity to see her hard nipples, her swollen pussy, and Chris's length sliding into her waiting body.

He watched with mouth hanging open, eyes wide. His ears buzzed. He couldn't even hear her moan over the buzzing, like electricity was passing through his skull. He had never considered himself voyeuristic, and he owned what he considered to be a normal, healthy amount of porn, but the sight of Chris thrusting into his wife easily counted as the most erotic thing he had ever seen. He desperately wanted to grip his cock and stroke himself off. He wasn't sure who he wanted to trade places with—Chris or Rose. Or maybe he didn't have to choose?

Frazier was suddenly grateful for the cock ring. He would have shot his load right there at the thought of being caught between those two beautiful bodies. Chris taking his ass while he pounded into Rose. Her soft breasts pressed against his chest as Chris's harder body slammed into his.

That was what he wanted. That was all he wanted. That was all

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he had ever wanted in his life. He was quite certain every desire he ever felt up to that moment was just a pale imitation to the hunger now clutching him. He wouldn't just crawl for the opportunity, he would happily travel over broken glass or hot coals. He would beg. He would do whatever was necessary.

There was nothing slow or gentle about the way Chris fucked Rose. And every time he thrust into her with a powerful drive of his hips, she cried out, begging him for more. Her eyes were closed, her face twisted with bliss and lust. Her hair hung over her shoulders, shielding her pretty pink nipples from Frazier's view.

But no amount of staring at Rose would make Frazier unaware of the fact that Chris was staring at *him*. His gaze never left Frazier's face, like he was interested in watching every reaction, every twitch, every breath. Frazier boldly met his eyes, though it was almost physically difficult to hold his gaze. The longer he watched, the more certain he was that Chris was thinking of him, imagining him in Rose's place. Frazier's ass clenched around the beads, and even the thickest one seemed too small. He needed something with more length. More girth. He needed something solid and hot. He needed the strength and pressure of Chris's body behind it.

Knowing that it could happen, that he was so close to realizing the fantasy, electrified him. He jerked against the stockade, though trying to escape its bounds was utterly futile. The tip of his cock dragged against the floor, the sensitive crown getting caught on the carpet. He cried out, half in relief, half in pain. Any contact was welcome, but the slick crown was too responsive for such a rough texture. Chris actually smiled at the sound, and warmth pooled in Frazier's stomach.

Chris caught Rose's hair and forced her head up. Her eyes were

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even with Frazier's, but they were unfocused, her pupils blown.

"Look at him," Chris said. "Look at those eyes. He wants to eat you alive. Have you ever seen anybody look so hungry?"

"No." Rose gasped. "No...never."

"Do you want him?"

"Yes."

"Do you want him to eat you out?"

"Yes."

The exchange shut Frazier out completely, but at the same time, put him at the center of their collective attention. He felt excluded from his own fate, even as his body tightened with a fresh wave of anticipation.

"Boy, would you like to eat my wife out?"

Frazier licked his lips. "Yes, sir."

"What if I fill her with my come? Would you still want to eat her out?"

"Yes," Frazier answered immediately. He didn't even have to think about it.

Apparently, that was the right thing to say. Chris's eyes rolled back, and his body stiffened. Rose cried out, though Frazier wasn't sure if she had reached her own release, or if Chris's hand had tightened in her hair. He yanked her backward, until she was standing straight, flush against his chest. Frazier thought he heard the other man cry out, but any sound he made was muffled against Rose's skin, and filtered through the buzz in his ears.

Without releasing her, Chris walked over to Frazier. The scent of their coupling increased as they moved closer, and it went right to Frazier's head. He thought it was probably the best thing he had ever smelled.

"Make her come."

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Frazier had never been so happy to hear a directive. She moaned in protest as Chris released her, but that moan evolved into something like satisfaction as Frazier pushed his tongue between her swollen lips, seeking out her throbbing clit. He flicked his tongue against the flesh, lapping at it, making her squirm against his face. He wished he could grab her hips and hold her in place as he tongued her. He wished he could push her to the bed and spread her out before him, like the feast she was. But he was determined to take full advantage of the situation.

He dragged his tongue up and down her seam, collecting her arousal and drops of Chris's come. It was salty and surprising, and it made him hungry for more. He was so caught up in the taste and texture of her flesh, he lost track of what Chris was up to. Chris might have been in a completely different room for all Frazier knew.

Until he felt the first bead slip from his channel.

"Don't stop," Chris said. "No matter what I do, you better not stop."

Frazier pushed his tongue deeper, seeking out more of her body. She curled her fingers in his hair, holding him tight against her. He wouldn't be able to stop, even if he wanted to.

Chris eased the second largest bead out of Frazier. He thought Chris would continue to take his time, moving slowing, letting Frazier feel each and every one. But Chris yanked the string of beads with a swift jerk of his wrist. Frazier was able to relax, but he felt strangely empty. And disappointed. Each second Chris didn't replace the beads with his own cock, Frazier's disappointment grew.

"Let's see how much you can take."

Something narrow and wet pushed into Frazier's body. It was

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definitely bigger than Chris's finger, but much smaller than his cock. He took it easily, feeling nothing more than a tingle at the base of his spine. Chris eased it in and out of him, each stroke slow, almost thoughtful. It stoked the heat already rushing through his flesh, and his tongue moved faster as a result, beating against Rose's clit.

Several minutes passed before Chris pulled the small toy from Frazier's body and replaced it with something a little wider, a little longer. It still fit in his channel comfortably, but Frazier felt more than a mild tingle. He pumped it in and out of Frazier with the same slow, deliberate movements. Like they had all night. And all the next day. And maybe the night after that.

Each successive dildo was larger than the one before it. Chris would fuck him until Frazier thought he was going to burst—cock ring be damned—and then the dildo would disappear, leaving him aching and whimpering. His ass was already sore, his balls throbbed, and his groin felt tighter and tighter. Rose kept grinding against his face, and every time her clit fluttered and jerked against his lips, he became quite certain that was it—that she wouldn't want another orgasm.

Each time he thought that, he was wrong. She was greedy for it. She was wild. She used his face like he was nothing more than a vibrator. Even when his jaw began to ache, she still pressed her pussy to his mouth and rotated her hips.

It occurred to Frazier that maybe they never intended to stop. Maybe they would just keep fucking him and using him until he wept. Or until he was completely broken. That seemed like a very real possibility. He was so close. He knew as soon as Chris removed the ring, he would explode. He would probably paint his stomach and cover the floor with his come. And then beg for more.

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Frazier finally ripped his head away from Rose's grip when Chris slid a new dildo into him—one that had to be the size of a fist. He could only push it in an inch at a time, and it felt like his entire body was going to split open. There wasn't enough room in his body for such a monster.

"Please..." Frazier panted.

"What?"

"Please...I can't..."

"What?" Chris repeated.

"I can't take that...I can't...I can't..."

"You better." Chris pushed in another inch. "In fact, I want you to beg for it."

"I can't."

"Beg for it, or I'm going to shove it as deep as I can and leave it there all night."

"Please..."

"Please what?"

"Please...please fuck me...with the dildo."

"You're a quick study," Chris said. "I like that about you. I like it a lot. What do you think Rose?"

She caressed the side of his face, studying him with half-closed eyes. "I like a lot about him."

"How many times did he make you come?"

"Five."

"Not bad, boy."

"Thanks," Frazier whimpered. He couldn't take any more of the thick cock. He just couldn't. And yet, Chris was working in another inch.

"Now, I want you to hold this. I don't want you to lose even a centimeter."

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“Yes, sir.”

“How do you feel about a little pain?”

Frazier was already in more than a little pain. Every muscle was being stretched, every nerve ending burning from the intrusion. There was no way to shift his body to relieve the pain, no way to shift away from the pressure. His fingers curled into tight fists, and he tried to concentrate on the sharp points of his nails against his palms, but the sting didn't help. It was like trying to drain the ocean by taking out a thimble.

The sharp slap of Chris's open palm against his ass stunned Frazier out of his thoughts. He slapped the other cheek, then switched again. He went back and forth, gaining force with each swat. Frazier cried out with each blow, shouting in protest. Shouting in pleasure. Shouting just to shout, because there was no other way relieve the pressure building up inside of his chest. The shouts were torn from his throat, until his flesh was raw, and it hurt to make any sound at all.

“Do you want more?” Chris demanded.

“I can't...”

“Do you want more?”

“I can't...”

“Do you want more?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me.”

“Yes, please, I want more.”

“Beg me.”

“Please...please...give me more, sir. Please.”

“I'm not convinced you really appreciate it.” As Chris spoke, he didn't miss a single slap. His words were in the same cadence as the blows, falling around him as the pain radiated up his spine.

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"I do...thank you...sir...thank you...I do...thank you...sir..."

"Ooh, look at his cock. It looks like he's going to burst," Rose said.

"Do you want it?" Chris asked.

"Yes."

"Unlock his wrists and neck so he can sit up."

Frazier barely noticed his freedom. He was too caught up in what Chris was doing to him to care about his freedom. Right up to the point when Chris wrapped his arm around Frazier's waist, hauling him into a kneeling position, and forcing him to readjust around the thick shaft. Rose studied his body, her eyes widening with her desire.

Rose knelt in front of him, her eyes trained on his face. She dropped forward to rest on her stomach, and caught the base of his cock. Her fingernails tapped against steel ring and the vibrations were almost painful. They reverberated through him, each one building on the last, echoing and echoing.

The dildo in his ass disappeared without warning. He almost doubled over from the relief, and from the friction as Chris yanked it out. "I've never seen an ass so ready to be fucked."

"I've never been...oh God, please...I can't...I need you."

"You've never been what?" Chris prompted.

"So ready."

The words were barely out of his mouth before Chris thrust his cock into Frazier's stretched channel. Rose swallowed his shaft at the same time, and his body was torn between the sweet, warm heat of her mouth, and Chris's hard, pulsing length. Frazier closed his eyes, dropped his head back to Chris's shoulder, and let the two extremes consume him.

Frazier had no control. He had no desire for control. He let

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himself move with the force of Chris's thrusts, back and forth, like he had no bones to support him, no will of his own. His mind was empty, washed free of all thoughts by the constant rush of pleasure. The pain he felt before was gone, subsumed by all the sensations Chris and Rose had introduced to his life. It all become one. Her tongue, her teeth, her throat, his cock, his mouth, his hot breath on Frazier's neck—it all felt like the same thing. Like nothing Frazier had ever experienced in his life. Like nothing he could experience again.

"Rose...take off the ring whenever you like."

The words weren't accompanied with a sense of relief. It didn't matter that Rose could remove the ring any time she liked, because that could literally be any time. In a second, in an hour, in a day, in a week—it made no difference. Because regardless of when she snapped the lock free, the ending would be the same.

Chris was relentless. He never slowed. He never paused. He never broke the punishing rhythm he set. Every thrust was a reminder that Frazier was there because Chris wanted him to be. And that Chris had the ultimate control, the ultimate power of his life, the ultimate say over Frazier's fate. He had known it on one level, but now he accepted it. There was no fight left in his body. There was no will to resist.

Frazier had never felt anything as soft, as welcoming, as Rose's mouth. Any other time, he would have been happy to lose himself in the heat of her throat. But now it just felt like some sort of vise, squeezing his sensitive flesh. Each time she swallowed, it felt like she was trying to milk an orgasm that hadn't happened—that wouldn't happen.

"Please...please...Rose..." Frazier didn't know if he sounded desperate, pathetic, or both. However he sounded, it must have

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actually stirred some sense of mercy inside Rose. She sought out the latch, and using her thumb and forefinger, flipped it free.

The steel ring fell away.

As soon as it hit the ground, the entire world exploded. Like Frazier thought it would, yet, entirely unlike anything he could have expected. Unlike anything he had ever experienced. His cock jerked again and again and again, shooting endless streams of his come into Rose's waiting mouth. He shouted with each spurt, pleasure twisting around him, his balls tucked almost painfully against his body.

He didn't know if Chris reached another climax. He didn't care. He would have collapsed on his face if Chris hadn't been holding him with one strong arm.

Frazier didn't want him to let go.

CHAPTER 3

Chris didn't look nearly as intimidating by the light of morning. The eyes that had been so cold and distant the night before were warm with sleep, and his carefully combed hair was mussed, sticking up in all different directions. His jaw was dark with stubble, and there were bite marks and hickeys on his chest that Frazier didn't remember leaving there. He didn't remember a lot of things about the night before. Like exactly how he came to be wrapped around Chris's body, with Rose draped over his back. And he didn't exactly know why it felt like he belonged there.

"How are you feeling?" Rose asked, her lips moving against his shoulder.

"Tired." Frazier yawned. "Sore."

"You want to go again."

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Frazier opened his mouth to answer in the affirmative, but he wasn't sure if he was physically capable of *going again*. He felt bruised and weak. He thought he might need an entire day to recover.

"I don't know. Do you two do this regularly?"

"What?" Rose asked.

"This. All of this."

"Yes." Chris's answer rumbled through him. Frazier turned his head, hoping Chris didn't see the disappointment in his eyes. He would have rather heard *no, you just made us get carried away*. As unrealistic as that probably was. "But it's been a long time since it felt that...like that."

"I've never experienced anything like it in my life," Frazier admitted.

"It doesn't have to be a onetime thing." Chris idly ran his fingers down Frazier's arm. "You're welcome here any time."

"Here? You mean, in your bed?"

"Sure."

"So...how literal should I take that invitation? I could just knock on your door at one in the morning and tell you I need you?"

The corner of Chris's mouth lifted. "Yes, though it might be better if you call ahead first. Just to make sure we're here for you."

"I don't know."

"What's there to know?" Rose asked. "You're a part of the pack. Chris is as much yours as you are his. Your alpha. Your leader. He's here for anything you need."

"It's just...weird." He looked from Rose back to Chris. "It's weird."

"It's weird to be protected? It's weird to be taken care of? It's weird to be loved?"

TO BEND

“Well...yes.”

“You’re going to have to get used to it. But we’ll help you adjust. Won’t we Rose?”

“We will,” Rose promised.

Before, Frazier would have resisted. He would have fought them both, clinging to what he liked to call his independence, even though he had practically begged to be a wolf. But now he knew there was no point to it. He had already surrendered to them, releasing himself into their care. And in that moment, in that bed, between their warm bodies, he knew he made the right decision. One that he wouldn’t regret. One that he wouldn’t try to take back.

“Thank you. For not kicking me out.”

“I wouldn’t have done that,” Chris told him. “You’re too pretty.”

Rose kissed the corner of his mouth. “Told you he liked you.”

PEPPER ESPINOZA

Pepper Espinoza lives in southern California with her husband and her cats. She has spent the last year working as a full time author, and intends to start graduate school in the fall.

You can learn more about Pepper by visiting her website:

www.pepperverse.net

* * *

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