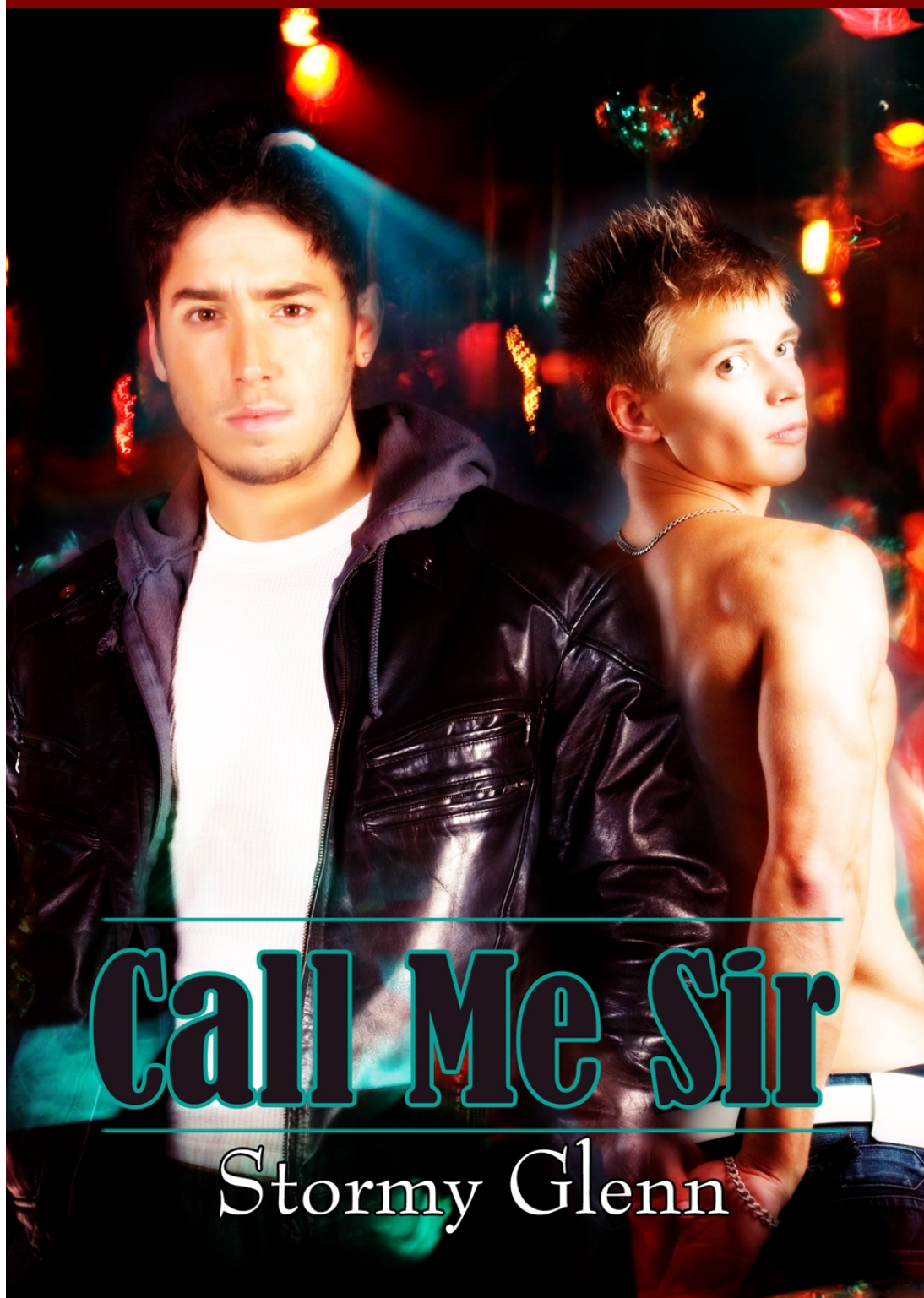


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Call Me Sir

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Book Blurb

The night Logan James subbed for the bartender at his club, he had no idea the love of his life would walk through the door, but the moment he saw Joey MacIntire, he wanted him. The only problem? How to initiate someone so young and obviously innocent into Logan's D/s lifestyle. Logan decides to bide his time and wait for Joey to get to know him better.

Joey MacIntire came to the city to find someone to call his own. Logan James embodies everything Joey could ever want in a man, but while he treats Joey kindly, he doesn't seem interested in anything more than friendship. Still, Joey has hope . . . and *many* late night fantasies. But after a year of waiting for Logan to give him more than a passing glance, Joey finally gives up. He decides to stop wasting his time at Logan's club and try out the

new place across town. Dante's Dungeon is a BDSM club, and Joey is totally unprepared for what he sees there and what he discovers about himself.

When Logan discovers Joey's intentions, he decides he's waited long enough. It's time to claim Joey as his own. Things heat up between the two men and they settle into a life of domestic D/s bliss, but there are outside forces at work — forces intent on destroying Joey and Logan's newfound happiness.

Chapter One

This so sucks, Joey thought. He glanced around the bar. All around him gorgeous men paired up and had a good time dancing, talking, even kissing. And here he sat . . . alone.

What the hell? He had come to this bar for nearly a year. In all that time he had yet to be propositioned, felt up, or even asked to dance. This was a gay bar, for Pete's sake . . . and he was gay and single. Was one little indecent proposition too much to ask for?

Apparently so . . . he'd been sitting here alone — again — for the last two hours. He'd approach one of the single men himself, if he didn't already know it'd be a waste of time. Oh, he'd tried. He'd propositioned a couple different guys, but to no avail. They always said they weren't interested and moved on to someone else. He couldn't even get anyone to dance with him. They always said no and either abruptly sat down or quickly turned away to find another partner. It was almost like they were afraid of him.

Joey took another sip of his drink then sat it on the bar. He glanced at the clothes he wore. Was that the problem? His faded blue jeans had a few rips and faded patches in them but other than that they seemed fine. He had seen guys in here wearing a lot worse.

His shirt, while being a plain white cotton T, looked good on him. The soft material stretched across his chest just enough to show off the tight muscles he'd worked so hard to achieve.

Joey had seen plenty of guys in here wearing exactly the same thing and they got propositioned all the time. So, why not him? What was wrong with him that no one was interested?

He shook his head and he turned back toward the bar. He downed the last of his drink in one swallow then placed the glass back down on the table and reached for some money in his wallet. He tossed a few bills on the bar.

Waving to the bartender, he slid off the stool and headed for the front door. No sense sticking around tonight, and maybe not any other night. He'd struck out again. *Maybe I should head over to that new club, Dante's Dungeon,* he thought. They'd just opened up across town. Maybe he'd have better luck there.

"Hey, Joey, where you headed off to? Kind of early for you to be turning in, isn't it?" Toby, the bouncer, asked as Joey walked by.

"Oh, hey, Toby. No, I'm not turning in. I thought I'd go to that new place that just opened up across town." He shrugged. "I'm starting to feel like I have cooties or something. I've been coming here how long? And no one will give me the time of day. Guess maybe it's time to head for greener pastures, you know?"

"Joey, you might want to reconsider that. Dante's Dungeon is a pretty rough club, especially if you're not into that type of lifestyle. You do know it's a D/s club, right?"

Joey's eyes widened briefly. "Seriously?"

"That place is pretty rough. They already have a reputation and they've only been open a month. You could get hurt. Why don't you just come back inside?"

“No, thanks anyway, Toby. I’m not going to find what I’m looking for here. I’ve tried. Hell, I can’t even get anyone to dance with me. For some reason the people here don’t find me attractive.”

“Joey, you’re great. Everyone loves you. It’s just —”

He shook his head. “Toby, I’m tired of being alone every night. You get to go home to Scott. I go home to an empty apartment. I thought I would find someone here but I haven’t. There’s no point in sticking around.”

“Joey —”

“You’ve been a real pal, Toby, thanks.”

Joey could hear Toby sputtering behind him as he walked toward his car. He almost stopped and went back inside. He liked the people here. They were a friendly bunch, even if none of them were sexually attracted to him. As long as he remained on friendly terms, everything was great. But the moment anything sexual came into it, they ran for the hills.

He realized he wasn’t exactly a sex magnet but he wasn’t a complete goober either. He wore his sandy blond hair short on the sides, a little longer in back, and slightly frosted on the top. He used quite a bit of gel to keep the top spiked just so.

His arctic blue eyes were his major selling point. His mother once told him they were beautiful, and that she could see her soul reflected in his eyes. Of course, she was biased in his favor. She loved him.

Admittedly, he wasn’t very tall, only five-nine. But he wasn’t a shrimp either. After spending hours upon hours working out, he’d managed to define his physique and his muscles were sculpted. He was especially proud of his tight, rounded ass. His friend and roommate, Danny, swore he could bounce a quarter off Joey’s ass.

No, going to the other bar was his best option at this point. He’d never find *Mr. Right* at Club Refectory, or even *Mr. Right Now*. Hopefully, his prospects at Dante’s would be better.

He really didn't *want* a one-night stand — he'd rather find someone he could develop a relationship with — but at this point he was so lonely he'd take what he could get.

* * * * *

"Come in," Logan James replied to the soft knock on his door. He looked up from the invoices he had been going through as Toby, his bouncer, walked in. "Hey, Toby, what's up?"

"Hey, Boss, Joey was just here."

"Okay. So what's the problem? Joey is always here." Logan raised a brow. Joey was pretty much a fixture in Logan's club on the weekends. Why should tonight be any different?

"Well, he just left," Toby hedged.

"And? Did someone upset him?" Logan asked, getting to his feet. He'd wipe the floor with anyone who messed with his baby. All the Club Refectory regulars knew that Joey belonged to Logan. He had made his ownership of the little man very clear. Anyone who crossed him was more than likely to end up on the receiving end of Logan's very famous temper.

"He's heading over to that new club across town, Dante's Dungeon. He thinks everyone here hates him because they won't dance with him or anything. He's going over to Dante's to try to pick someone up."

Logan hands clenched into fists as he thought about Joey trying to find a date at Dante's Dungeon.

“Thank you, Toby. I’ll take care of it,” Logan replied. He spoke through gritted teeth, barely able to control his anger. Joey belonged to him and he’d be damned if he would let anyone else take what was his. He reached for the telephone.

“Uh, Boss? I think maybe you need to let Joey know why no one will ask him out. He’s really starting to think there’s something wrong with him. His self-image is going to start taking a real beating if you don’t tell him soon.”

Logan looked up at Toby briefly then nodded. “Thank you, Toby, you can go.”

Toby hesitated then walked out of the office, shutting the door behind him. Logan quickly dialed the phone number for Dante’s Dungeon’s owner, waiting until Dante came on the line. Luckily, Dante was an old friend, and a sometimes lover.

“Hey, Dante, this is Logan.”

“Logan, you old sod. How are you, my friend?” Dante laughed into the phone.

“I’d be a lot better if you would do me a favor.”

“Of course, Logan, anything you require. Just name it.”

“There’s a young man headed over to your place named Joey MacIntire. He’s about five-nine, a hundred and sixty-five pounds, short, sandy blond hair, blue eyes, and an ass to die for. He should be there in a few minutes.”

“Thank you for the heads up, my friend, I’ll be sure to keep an eye out for him.” Dante chuckled.

“Dante,” Logan growled. “He’s mine and he’s not into the lifestyle. Hands off.”

“Well, bloody hell, Logan. If he’s not into D/s then what is he doing coming to my establishment? You know what kind of place this is. They’ll eat him alive. Are you out of your ever-loving mind?”

Logan knew exactly what kind of club Dante operated. That's what worried him. Club Refectory was just a gay club. Dante's Dungeon was not. It was a serious D/s club. Most of the people who walked through their doors were decked out in chains and leather.

"It's not like I sent him there, asshole."

Logan could hear the sudden laughter in Dante's voice coming through the phone. If he could have reached through and wrapped his hands around Dante's throat at that moment

"Dante," he growled again.

"Okay, I'll keep an eye on your little pigeon."

"Dante" He rolled his eyes. "Just make sure that he stays out of trouble and goes home alone."

"Yes, of course, but I do believe you will owe me for this one, Logan."

"Fine, I'll keep my eye out for you and send you something special."

"You've got yourself a deal." Dante chuckled before saying goodbye and hanging up. Logan shook his head as he too hung up his phone. One of these days Dante was going to push him too far and when he did

Logan sighed and sank back into his chair. For the next few minutes, he tried to concentrate on the invoices in front of him but his thought kept going back to Joey and what Toby had said about his self-esteem. He really thought no one in the club liked him?

Oh, Joey was going to be so mad when he found out Logan had warned everyone away from him. No doubt several people would have put the moves on him if Logan hadn't staked his claim first.

All the regulars knew Joey belonged to Logan, as did his employees. They all made sure no one stepped out of line around Joey. Logan hadn't realized their efforts had made Joey believe the people here didn't like him.

No wonder he'd gone to another club. Logan hadn't meant for things to go this far or for Joey to be hurt. But he knew once he staked his claim that Joey's life would never be the same. He had wanted to give them both some time to get to know each other before their relationship progressed to that point. Apparently, his grand scheme had backfired. *Big time.*

Logan shook his head as he stacked the invoices in a pile on his desk. He wasn't going to get any work done with his mind on Joey. He might as well give up before his brain exploded. He hated doing the paperwork required to manage the club anyway.

But he loved this place, so he forced himself to deal with all the administrative crap. Club Refectory had been his baby for the last ten years and he was very proud of every inch of the place. He made a pretty good living and enjoyed the perks that came with it. Like meeting Joey.

Joey had walked into the club nearly a year ago. Logan had been subbing for one of his bartenders that evening and had spotted the gorgeous man the minute he entered.

Joey's youth and obvious inexperience had drawn Logan like nothing else could. He had been fascinated from his first look, obsessed after Joey's first word. He had known before the evening ended that he wanted Joey to be his exclusively.

Logan's only hesitation was that Joey seemed so innocent. He knew Joey wasn't into the same kind of lifestyle that Logan had been a part of for so many years. Logan liked to be the dominant partner in his relationships.

That didn't mean he liked the darker side of D/s, but he liked to call the shots. He knew Joey would make the perfect submissive but it was something that had to be slowly worked in or it wasn't a true D/s relationship.

It took a lot of trust, understanding, and caring to have the kind of partnership Logan envisioned for him and Joey. And that took time, which was why Logan had waited to stake his claim. Apparently, that hadn't worked out quite like he had planned.

Logan stood and pulled his keys out of his pocket. He'd drive himself crazy if he didn't head over to Dante's Dungeon and find Joey. He might as well give in and just go get him.

He walked out the door, locked it behind him, and headed downstairs, stopping briefly to talk with the bartender and let him know he was stepping out. With a final wave, he headed outside to his car. A moment later he, he headed toward the other side of town.

He just hoped he got there in time to save Joey from himself.

* * * * *

Joey pulled into the lot in front of Dante's Dungeon, found a parking spot, and cut the engine. He pulled the keys out of the ignition and stared at the bar's elaborate main entrance. People came and went through the double-doors. Joey took a deep breath. Did he really want to do this?

A D/s club? What did he know about a D/s club? Would he be considered a dom or a sub? Joey started laughing. He knew he would be considered a submissive. Not only because of his size, but because he liked strong, alpha-type men.

What the hell, what's the worse that could happen? He could go home alone again? He did that every night anyway. Why should tonight be any different? At least if he went inside he might have a chance at finding someone.

Taking a deep breath, Joey climbed from his car. He shoved his keys into his pocket and walked toward the front door. He pulled his wallet out and grabbed his ID. They'd card him. They *always* carded him.

When he got to the entrance he held out his driver's license, waiting for the doorman to let him in.

“You sure you’re old enough?” the bouncer asked him, looking at the ID, then up at Joey.

Joey barely stopped from rolling his eyes. “Yes, I’m old enough.”

The bouncer looked at his license one more time before handing it back. “Okay, you can go on in.”

Joey tucked his ID back in his wallet and his wallet back in his pants, then pushed through the doors. His eyes widened and his mouth fell open. He wasn’t sure what he’d expected, but it wasn’t this. A sea of leather, chains, and nearly naked bodies lay before him.

Some men led others around by long leashes attached to spiked collars. Others had men kneeling at their feet. Some were dressed in leather, some in suits, and some even wore jeans and T-shirts. Apparently, Dante’s Dungeon didn’t have one standard dress code.

What surprised him the most was the serene contentment on the faces of all of them, even the men kneeling on the floor. They all seemed to be happy with whatever role they were in. Joey shrugged as he headed for the bar.

Finding an empty stool, he waved to the bartender and ordered a soda. He wanted a stiff drink to build up his courage but figured he would need all of his faculties tonight. He didn’t feel comfortable being in here and not being sober.

Once he took a sip of his cola he turned to look over the room. He could see several men eyeing him, apparently sizing him up. Maybe he’d made the right choice and tonight wouldn’t be a complete waste of his time after all. He wasn’t too sure he was really interested in the lifestyle these people seemed to enjoy but he could certainly do anything for a night.

“Is this seat taken?” asked a deep voice beside Joey.

Joey turned his head to see a tall, dark-haired man gesturing to the adjacent barstool. He was very handsome, dressed in a black suit jacket, black slacks, and a white dress shirt. The top few buttons were open, exposing a broad, tanned chest. *Yummy!*

“No, not at all,” Joey replied, giving his best sexy smile. He watched the man for a few more minutes before he realized the guy had barely glanced at him once he sat down. Instead, his gaze seemed fixed on the dance floor. With a sigh, Joey turned away. *Oh well, win some, lose some.*

He studied the crowded dance floor himself. He tapped his foot to the music as he watched one particularly hot guy in black jeans and a white shirt, who stood on the opposite side of the room. Alone.

Oh, what the hell. Why not? Jumping to his feet, Joey headed over, weaving his way through the other dancers. He came to a stop right in front of tall, dark and handsome. “Mind if I join you?” he asked as the man turned to look at him. *Please, please say yes.*

“Please do,” he said as he smiled down at Joey. The guy wrapped an arm around Joey’s waist and the two started swaying to the music. *Yes!*

Joey had just started getting into the beat, enjoying the feel of the man’s hands on his hips, their bodies pressed together, when another man joined them. Before Joey could protest the new man had wiggled his way between them, leaning in to whisper into his dance partner’s ear.

Joey watched with a sinking heart as the man cast him a brief, curious look. Then he smiled and turned his full attention to the guy who’d cut in, leaving Joey dancing all by himself. Joey looked around to see if there was anyone else he could dance with but everyone seemed to have a partner. Everyone but him.

Story of my life, he thought. Shoulders drooping, he made his way back to his seat at the bar and sat down. The man from earlier still sat there, his gaze still fixed somewhere over Joey’s shoulder. Joey heaved a frustrated sigh. Why couldn’t he get anyone to spend more than five minutes with him?

Out of the corner of his eyes he saw another man watching him. Joey turned his head to look. Not as nice as the man sitting next to him but still . . . not bad. Not bad at all.

He sent the man an inviting smile, nearly jumping for joy when he stood and walked toward him. *Yes! We have a winner!*

“Hello,” the man said and leaned in close.

“Hi,” Joey replied, hoping he didn’t trip over his tongue.

“Is this your first time here? I think I’d remember if I had seen you in here before.”

“No, this is my first time.” He hoped he didn’t sound too eager.

Joey watched the man’s gaze briefly flicker beyond him. As the man once again met his eyes, Joey knew what he was going to say. He could see it in his face and he had heard it before.

“Well, I hope you enjoy yourself,” the guy said as he turned and walked away. A second later he’d approached someone else and the two started dancing.

“Yeah, sure,” Joey replied, turning back to the bar for another drink of his soda. He tipped the glass up and downed it in one swallow, then placed it back on the bar. He gestured to the bartender, ordering a stiff drink this time.

If he wasn’t going to get laid at least he could numb the pain of being rejected for a little while. He just couldn’t figure it out. Everywhere he looked people were hooking up, but no one seemed to want him. Was he that unattractive? Did he have a tattoo on his forehead, visible only to others, that said stay away? Seriously. What the fuck?

He had half a mind to switch teams . . . if he could stomach the idea of dating girls. But then, what good would that do him? He’d probably strike out just as badly with women.

Oh, this was ridiculous. Why bother hanging out in a bar when he knew he couldn't score? He might as well admit defeat and just go home. He quickly downed his drink, pulled some money out of his wallet and laid it on the bar.

He'd just turned to head for the door when he stopped suddenly. His mouth fell open and his eyes grew wide. Logan James, the owner of Club Refectory, had just stepped through the front doors. What was he doing here? And damn it, could tonight get any worse?

He'd had a thing for Logan since the first night he had walked into his club. The man was breathtaking. He stood six-foot-four with shoulders as wide as a barn and powerful arms that Joey dreamed of having wrapped around him.

His short, wavy black hair, smoky gray eyes, and ever-present five o'clock shadow made Logan seem more rugged. The dimples in his face when he smiled softened his gruff looks, and made Joey's heart stutter when they appeared.

Logan James. Totally gorgeous and totally uninterested in Joey. Somewhat a glutton for punishment, Joey had made several passes at Logan only to be let down every time. Oh, Logan was very nice about it. He hadn't even laughed at Joey's feeble attempts at flirting. But he had made it clear that Joey didn't have a chance in hell of ever winning a guy like him.

But being repeatedly turned down didn't keep Joey from wishing things could be different, or from fantasizing about Logan nearly every night. Or from going to his club every weekend, hoping that somehow he might change Logan's mind.

No wonder I can't find someone, he thought, giving himself a mental shake. *I'm pathetic.*

Joey quickly made his way to the bathroom, hoping to avoid Logan. He really didn't want to run into him right now. That would just be the icing on his cake. He made his way into one of the stalls, closed and locked the door then sat down on the closed toilet lid.

He'd just wait right here until Logan left.

* * * * *

"Where's Joey? I thought he would be here by now," Logan said as he took a seat at the bar next to Dante.

"He just went into the restroom," Dante replied, looking down at the drink in his hands. "Don't ask me to do something like this again, Logan, or it might affect our friendship."

Logan looked at Dante in surprise. He sounded angry. *Really* angry. "What's wrong with you? I just asked you to keep Joey safe."

Dante glared at him. "You didn't see his face every time someone turned him away or wouldn't dance with him. You need to claim the boy or let him go before you destroy him."

Nodding, his shoulders slumping slightly, Logan turned to look across at the bathroom.

"Yeah, I know. Toby told me the same thing earlier." He ran his hand through his black curls. "Hell, Dante, I never meant for things to go this far. I just wanted to give him some time to get to know me better."

"Time is up, my friend. You need to claim him before you lose him. If you decide you don't want him, however," Dante said as he stood and leaned in closer to Logan, his hand on his arms, "let me know. I know several people who would gladly take him—myself included. He's breathtaking. I found it very hard to keep the sharks at bay."

Logan nodded and struggled to tamp down a rush of anger brought on by Dante's words. Maybe not staking his claim in the very beginning had been a bad idea. It certainly started to look that way.

"You said he was in the bathroom?"

Dante nodded, gesturing toward the hallway across the room. "Yes, he headed in there just as you arrived. I believe he was planning on taking his leave, though."

Logan stood, turning to shake Dante's hand. "Thanks, Dante. I'll pay you back for this, I promise."

"Putting a smile on his face is the only thanks I need, Logan."

Logan chuckled lightly. "I'm going to try."

* * * * *

Joey waited in the bathroom for several minutes, tapping his feet impatiently. He ran an agitated hand over his face. How long had he been in here? Five minutes? Ten? He sure as hell couldn't sit there all day. He could hear man after man coming and going from the bathroom. Already several comments had been made about him being in the stall for so long. If he didn't leave soon they were going to charge him rent.

Slowly opening the swinging door, Joey peered around the edge and scanned the empty bathroom. With the coast clear, he crossed to the sink, turned the water on, and splashed some on his face. His reflection in the mirror caught his attention. He stared at himself for several seconds.

How did others see him? Yes, he was young. And yes, he was inexperienced. But how was he supposed to get more experience if no one would have anything to do with him?

Shaking his head in disgust, Joey turned and walked out of the bathroom. His steps slowed as he came to the end of the hallway. He stopped and peered around the corner toward the bar.

There stood Logan, huddled together with the man who had been sitting next to him. The man's head was bent close to Logan's, his hand on Logan's arm. They looked quite cozy together. They looked like a couple.

No wonder Logan hadn't been interested in him. He had the gorgeous man next to him. No way could Joey could ever measure up against him. The man was a poster boy for sex. He made Joey look like an adolescent before puberty.

With heavy steps Joey made his way out to his car. He unlocked the door and climbed in. He put the keys in the ignition, started to crank the engine then let his hand fall. He placed his forehead against the steering wheel. Tears burned his eyes. It just wasn't fair. His family didn't want him because he was gay. His friends back home didn't want him because he was gay. And, as it turned out, gay men didn't want him either.

Was he was asking for so much? He just wanted one person to love him and accept him for who he was, not who they wanted him to be. He just wanted someone to call his own, to come home to at night, someone who was happy to see him.

He shared a tiny little one-bedroom apartment with another man because he couldn't afford anything else on his salary. His room mate was hardly ever around, so he had no company there. He went to work and came home, only to start all over and do the exact same thing again the next day. He'd found his only solace in going to Club Refectory every weekend.

But there didn't seem much point in continuing that practice now. No one there wanted him. For that matter, no one *anywhere* wanted him. His father had disowned him when he came out. He'd told Joey to get out and never come back. He wasn't even allowed to call home and speak with his mother. He was dead as far as his father was concerned.

His friends had dropped him like a hot rock. After calling him every hateful name in the book, they'd beat him and left him bleeding and bruised on the ground. And these were people who'd been his friends since kindergarten.

Now this. Joey's hopes had been so high when he had moved to the big city. There were so many more people there. He had thought for sure he would find someone. Over and over again, he's been disappointed.

Apparently, no one on the planet wanted him. What was the point of coming out of the closet if he couldn't find someone, anyone? He had even thought about paying for sex. He grimaced through his tears. *With my luck, they would tell me no too.*

The sudden knocking on his car window had Joey jumping, letting out a tiny yelp. He looked over to find Logan standing beside his car, tapping on his window. Oh hell . . . just what he needed.

Turning his head while he wiped the tears from his eyes, he prayed Logan would say a quick hello and just go away. Turning back, he rolled down the window. "Logan?"

"Joey, what are you doing out here sitting in your car?"

Joey shrugged. "Thinking."

Logan squatted down next to the car, resting his arms on the window frame. "Are you okay?" he asked, peering closely.

Joey chuckled. "Yeah, I'm okay. I'm always okay."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I'm just going to head home. I'll talk to you later." He reached down and started the engine, grateful when the motor turned right over. Now if he could just get out of there before he made a complete fool of himself.

"How much have you had to drink, Joey? Maybe I should follow you home and make sure you get there okay."

He smiled at the concern he heard in Logan's voice. If only it was the type of concern he really wanted. But no, Logan was just being nice. He was *always* nice. That didn't mean he wanted anything from him.

"I've only had a couple of drinks, Logan. I'm fine."

"Please? It would make me feel better."

Joey stared at him for several moments before nodding. "Okay, I guess."

The smile Logan flashed made Joey feel all warm and fuzzy inside. The grin – and especially those gorgeous dimples – was worth any discomfort he felt about being around Logan or feeling like he was imposing on his time.

* * * * *

Logan climbed into his car and cranked the engine then pulled out behind Joey. His hands shook a little and his heart raced. He hadn't been this apprehensive since he was a teenager going out on his first date.

He'd used every ounce of self-control to keep from yanking Joey's door open and pulling him into his arms when he'd found him sitting all alone in his car like that. He could tell by Joey's red-rimmed eyes that he'd been crying. And Logan knew he was the reason why.

He had really screwed up and he hadn't even let Joey know he was interested. In fact, he had gone out of his way to show him he wanted to be friends, and only friends.

Not because he didn't want more, because he did . . . a *lot* more. But once Joey became his, all bets were off. He knew he wouldn't be able to restrain himself from being dominant and possessive with him and he didn't think Joey was ready for that. Yet.

But maybe it was time to let Joey know he was interested in being more than just his friend. They could move slowly, work into things, take their time and get to know each other, maybe date a little.

It would at least be a start.

Chapter Two

Joey pulled into his parking spot and turned off his car. He watched Logan pull into a visitor's space, climb out of his car, and walk toward him. Shit! What did he want? Why couldn't he have just followed him home and then left?

Joey climbed out just as Logan reached him. He quickly closed and locked the door then looked up at Logan. He swallowed hard. The man took his breath away.

"You want to come in for a drink?" he asked before he could stop himself. He wished he had kept his big mouth shut when Logan began shaking his head. No, of course he didn't.

"I wouldn't turn down a cup of coffee though."

Really? "Uh, okay." Joey turned and started for his apartment, Logan right behind him. Coffee, coffee, did he even *have* any coffee? God, had he even remembered to pick up his apartment before he left this evening?

Joey placed a trembling hand on his roiling stomach and fought back a wave of nausea. Just because Logan agreed to come up doesn't mean he wants anything from you, Joey reminded himself as he unlocked the door to his apartment.

He stepped inside and heard Logan shut the door behind him.

"Make yourself at home. I'll just go put on some coffee," he said without turning. He headed for the kitchen.

Searching through his cupboard he found a can of coffee then quickly made a pot. Now he just had to wait for it to percolate. He drummed his fingers on the counter and watched the dark liquid dribble into the pot. He shook his head. He couldn't just stand here and leave Logan alone for the next ten minutes. Time to face his fears.

Taking a deep breath, he walked back into the living room. He found Logan looking through the books on the bookshelf.

Logan turned and gave him another one of those devastating, dimpled smiles. "You have quite the collection here. Do you read for fun or knowledge?"

Joey shrugged. "A little of both, I guess. I've always liked to read, though."

Logan nodded. "Nothing better than curling up on a rainy day with a good book, is there?"

Joey looked at Logan in surprise. "You like to read?"

"Sure. I love to. You should see my collection at home. I'd bet it's three times as big as this one," Logan said as he pointed to Joey's small, book-lined shelf.

"Any particular genre?" Logan liked to read? How cool! Maybe they had more in common than he thought.

"Pretty much whatever catches my interest. You'll have to come over sometime and see what I have. It's a pretty eclectic selection. You're welcome to borrow anything that peaks your interest."

"That would be great, thanks." Joey tried to keep his voice even although he wanted to jump for joy. Logan had just invited him to visit his house.

"So, where's your roommate tonight? Danny, isn't it?"

Joey's face grew warm. Logan knew the name of his roommate? "Oh, he's at a party or some such thing."

“And you didn’t go?”

Joey shrugged. “Uh, no. I was invited but it’s just not my thing.”

Logan looked surprised. “What kind of party is it?”

Joey could feel his face heat up even more. “It’s at some guy’s house, one of those weekend-long parties. It’s . . . uh . . . I think it’s like a BDSM party or something. Spankings, collars, sort of a master/slave type of thing. Similar to what goes on at Dante’s Dungeon, I guess.”

Logan’s eyebrow shot up. Joey understood his reaction. Danny had this grand scheme to find himself a dominant sugar daddy. Joey thought Danny was out of his mind.

“You don’t like things like that? Then why were you at Dante’s tonight?” Logan asked, his voice soft, cautious.

Joey shoved his hands in his pockets to hide their shaking. This conversation made him a little uncomfortable. He liked dominant men but he wasn’t sure about the rest of it.

“I don’t know. Just thought I’d check it out, I guess,” he replied honestly. “I’ve never tried any of that stuff.”

“Don’t dismiss it until you’ve tried it, Joey,” Logan replied.

Curiosity welled up inside of Joey at the wistful tone in Logan’s voice. Was Logan into stuff like that? Suddenly, the image of Logan paddling his ass filled his mind and his heart rate accelerated. Maybe he *shouldn’t* dismiss it before he tried it.

Joey struggled to hide his excitement as he sat down on the couch. He grabbed a pillow and laid it on his lap to hide the sudden hardness in his pants as he turned to face Logan. He watched him take off his jacket and lay it over the back of the couch before settling in on the opposite end.

Logan looked like he planned on staying awhile. Joey certainly hoped so. Even though he knew nothing could develop between them, he still liked talking with Logan, listening to his deep, rich voice.

“How are things going down at the club?”

Logan leaned back, crossing one leg over the other. “Not too bad. The paperwork is driving me crazy but other than that, it’s okay.”

Joey frowned as he considered that statement. “Paperwork? How much paperwork could be involved in running a club?”

Logan laughed. “A lot more than you would think. Invoices for equipment, stock, operating costs. I’m really starting to hate invoices. You should see the stack sitting on my desk right now. It would scare you out of your socks.”

Joey chuckled, raised the hem of his jeans and waving his ankle around. “I’m not wearing any socks.”

Logan looked down then back up at Joey’s laughing face, lifting an eyebrow. “And you’re not wearing socks because”

Joey shrugged self-consciously. “I hate socks. They make my feet feel funny, like they can’t breathe. I even wear slippers in the wintertime so that I don’t have to wear socks.”

Logan laughed and lifted his own pant leg to show off his bare ankles. “I hate socks too. Not for the same reason, mind you. I just can never seem to find a matching pair.”

Joey couldn’t help but smile. If he was with Logan he would make sure all of his socks were carefully cleaned, paired up, and stacked in his dresser drawer. As the thought entered his head Joey’s smile slipped. What in the hell was he thinking? He’d never be with Logan. He needed to stop having thoughts like that.

“I’m going to go check on the coffee,” he said as he quickly jumped to his feet and headed for the kitchen. He needed to put some space between him and Logan before he made a complete idiot out of himself.

Joey grabbed two cups and set them on the counter. He reached for the sugar and creamer, setting them down next to the coffee cups. Spoon . . . he needed a spoon. Reaching into one of his drawers he grabbed one and set it down next to the cups, sugar, and creamer. Did Logan take sugar and creamer in his coffee?

Maybe he should ask instead of assuming. He turned to go back into the living room and ran smack into Logan, who was leaning against the kitchen doorframe. Joey let out a surprised yelp.

“Sorry,” he stammered. “I didn’t see you there.”

He closed his eyes, half in embarrassment he’d run into Logan, half delighted he’d run into him. Joey could die a happy man pressed against all those hard, sculpted muscles.

He raised his gaze to Logan’s face. “Sorry, I was going to ask you —”

“Ask me what, Joey?” Logan asked after a moment when Joey didn’t continue with his statement.

Joey’s eyes nearly crossed at the low, rough sound of Logan’s voice. If he didn’t know better he would think Logan was aroused. But that was ridiculous. Logan didn’t desire him . . . did he?

“Logan,” he whispered, his gaze dropping to Logan’s lips. *This is a really, really bad idea.* But even as he told himself he was making a mistake, Joey rose up on his toes and placed his lips against Logan’s.

He ran his tongue over Logan’s lips, begging for entrance. His hands curled into Logan’s shirt as he pressed his body against him. He knew Logan could feel his erection, but he didn’t care. He couldn’t help it. Logan turned him on more than any man he had ever met.

“Joey.”

“Yes?” Joey whispered against Logan’s lips. *Yes, yes, yes, anything you want.*

“Joey.” This time Logan’s agitated voice worked it’s through the deep haze surrounding Joey’s brain.

“Joey,” Logan repeated again.

Joey lifted his head and looked up into Logan’s eyes. What he saw there made him wish the floor would open up and swallow him whole. Logan’s eyes were half closed, his brows drawn together. But it was the tight clench of his teeth, the tick in his cheek that said it all. He didn’t want to kiss Joey.

Joey quickly dropped his gaze and released Logan’s shirt. He took an unsteady step back and tucked his hands together against his chest to hide their trembling.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. He couldn’t believe he had attacked Logan like that. He had no right. He wouldn’t be surprised if he didn’t want anything to do with him after this.

Joey turned to face the counter, his back to Logan. He couldn’t face him. He couldn’t stand to see the contempt and disgust on Logan’s face. Doing so would take away the one thing he had left – his fantasies of being with Logan, no matter how impossible they may be.

“Joey – ”

“I made a mistake. Please, just go,” he begged, his eyes filling with tears at the softening of Logan’s voice. He could take anything from Logan except for his pity.

* * * * *

Logan stared at Joey in shock. When Joey started kissing him Logan had nearly gone out of his mind. Joey tasted so good. He wanted to go on kissing him until they both passed out. But if he gave in to that desire, Logan knew he wouldn't be able to stop with just one kiss.

He would want it all, every inch of Joey's body. And there would be no going back from that point. The decision on whether to give Joey time to get to know him would be taken out of his hands. Joey would be his. But seeing him turn away, knowing he thought he was being rejected — it was more than Logan could deal with. *He's in agony, he thought, and it's all my fault.*

Logan stepped up behind Joey, pressing his body tightly against his. He grabbed Joey by his hair and twisted his head around, plastering his lips with his own. He wrapped his other hand around Joey's waist to pull his body back against him.

He didn't just kiss Joey. He devoured him. His tongue ran the length of Joey's lips before pressing in, demanding entry, exploring every inch of his warm, sweet-tasting mouth. He felt Joey start to respond, slowly at first, then, it was as if a dam broke.

Joey opened up, throwing himself into the kiss with absolute abandon. Logan's cock hardened against Joey's hip as he ground against him. *Heavenly*, he thought. Joey moaned and whimpered as he pushed back against Logan.

Logan knew Joey couldn't fail to feel his erection pressing against him. As he moved his hand down Joey's waist to his groin, he wondered if he would find the same hard length in his jeans.

Damn! Joey was so hard his zipper was about to bust. Logan cupped him in his hand, squeezing, gently at first, then with more pressure. The harder he held him, the more unglued Joey seemed to become. He was so damn responsive.

"Logan, let me come," Joey whispered against Logan's lips as he thrust his cock against Logan's hand.

Logan wasn't even sure Joey realized he'd spoken the words out loud.

He lifted his lips from Joey's, growling into his ear. "How do you ask if you want something?" he demanded.

"Please," Joey whispered.

"Please, who?"

"Please, sir, please let me come," Joey pleaded.

Logan flashed a feral grin as he unzipped Joey's pants and pulled his cock out, wrapping his hand around the shaft. His little man deserved a reward for asking so nicely.

"Good baby," Logan said against the side of Joey's neck. "Now come for me, Joey."

As if on cue, Joey threw his head back as he thrust himself into Logan's tight grasp. He cried out as he came, coating Logan's hand with his release. Logan continued to stroke until Joey collapsed against him.

He reached down, lifted Joey into his arms and carried him to the bedroom. He dropped him on the bed then quickly pulled Joey's shoes off, then his jeans, and finally his shirt. Then he paused, taking a moment to study his prize.

Stunning, he thought. Nicely formed shoulders, strong chest, and flat abs. He wasn't hugely muscular, but he had just enough to give him some definition. And his legs were so long they seemed to go on forever. Logan couldn't wait to feel them wrapped around his waist as he fucked Joey's tight little ass. He had drooled over it enough times to know it was perfect.

Quickly shucking his own clothes, Logan grabbed a condom out of his pocket and climbed onto the bed between Joey's feet. Grabbing his ankles, he glanced at Joey's face. Joey simply stared, his beautiful arctic blue eyes widened in surprise.

"Hands over your head, baby."

Joey complied so quickly he made the bed jerk. Logan chuckled at his eagerness. Apparently, Joey liked being told what to do. Logan couldn't be more pleased.

Gripping Joey's ankles, he pushed them back and out, spreading his legs and opening him up to his hungry gaze. Hot damn. He shaved!

Logan scooted up to kneel between Joey's thighs. He reached down to caress the smooth skin surrounding his jutting cock. "You're shaved. Why?"

Joey whimpered, lowering his eyes as his face turned beat red.

"I expect to be answered when I ask a question, Joey," Logan commanded sternly.

Joey whispered something but Logan couldn't quite catch it. "I can't hear you."

"It feels good when I – when –" he stammered.

"When you touch yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you touch yourself often?"

"Yes." Joey nodded again and turned his head, as if ashamed to admit he enjoyed masturbating.

Logan moved his hand up to stroke Joey's hard cock from bottom to tip then back down again.

"Who do you think about when you touch yourself?" he quietly asked.

When Joey didn't answer he stroked faster, bringing his other hand up to gently massage his sac. "I'll stop if you don't answer me, Joey."

"No, please don't stop," Joey begged.

"Then tell me who you think about when you touch yourself."

"You. I think about you," Joey cried out.

Logan's gaze flew to Joey's face. Joey thought about him when he touched himself? He knew Joey found him attractive, but still Of all the people on the planet, he'd chosen Logan as his personal fantasy? He couldn't help smiling.

"Good baby. I think your honesty deserves a reward," he said as he lowered his mouth to envelop the head of Joey's cock. With a loud cry, Joey lifted his hips off the bed, pushing his cock deep into Logan's mouth, nearly gagging him.

Logan moved his hands to pin Joey to the bed as he began licking his cock like a lollipop, up one side and down the other. Joey's moans and groans played havoc on Logan's senses, making his cock grow incredibly hard. He needed to claim him. Now.

He'd never doubted Joey would be his perfect partner in bed, the tranquility for his aggressive nature. Being here, being with him, just felt so right.

Reaching down with one hand he began softly caressing the puckered flesh below Joey's sac. He could feel Joey quiver every time his finger brushed against him. Quickly, he licked his finger then gently pressed into Joey's hole, a little at a time, until he was knuckle deep.

Joey grew restless, his body shaking. Any moment now he'd come again, which was exactly what Logan wanted.

Logan lifted his mouth off Joey's cock as he felt him begin to pulse, announcing his imminent climax. One hand rapidly stroking him, the other pumping into his ass, Logan watched as Joey found his release.

As soon as Joey finished shooting, Logan scooped up the silky white liquid and rubbed it over Joey's eager hole, pushing some inside. He tore open the lubed condom with his teeth and rolled it down his cock.

Kneeling once again between Joey's legs he lifted his ass, aiming his cock at the tight little entrance before him. Ready to claim Joey, he glanced up at him and chuckled. Joey's hands were clenched in the sheets on either side of his head. His eyes were closed tight, his mouth hanging open as a continuous series of little moans escaped his lips.

“Open your eyes, baby. I want to see you when I take you.”

Joey’s eyes snapped open and his gaze flew to meet Logan’s.

“Do you want me to take you, Joey?”

“Yes,” Joey whispered. The tip of his pink tongue darted out as he licked his lips.

“Yes, who?”

“Yes, sir, please.”

“Good baby,” Logan replied as he slowly pushed forward, savoring the sensation.

“My God, you’re tight.”

Seated balls deep, Logan struggled to stay still while Joey’s body adjusted to him.

Finally, Logan heard Joey sigh. Leaning over, Logan put his face right in front of his until their noses almost touched. This close, Joey couldn’t hide from him. Everything he felt would be shinning in his eyes.

Logan began moving his hips, slowly thrusting into Joey’s tight ass, holding his gaze. “You belong to me now, Joey, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

Damn, he learned fast.

“No one’s ever going to feel this sweet ass, touch this beautiful body, except me, correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

Moving slowly, Logan could feel himself starting to build up toward an orgasm. He knew it wouldn’t be long. And even though Joey had already come two times he desperately wanted him to come again, to come with him.

“I want you to come with me, Joey. Can you do that for me? Can you come for me again?”

“Yes, sir,” Joey replied, his voice quickening.

“Then come for me, baby,” Logan growled as he sped up his thrusts, feeling Joey’s inner muscles tightening around him. Joey’s eyes drifted closed and he cried out as he came, coating both their stomachs in thick, hot cum.

“You’re fucking perfect, baby,” Logan roared as he thrust forward again, releasing himself into the beautiful man beneath him. His chest heaved, his head swam. Logan collapsed, momentarily sated.

Unbelievable, Logan thought. Even better than he had dreamed. Joey was perfect, much more than he had ever expected. Logan knew, even as he pulled himself from Joey's compliant body, that his days of wandering were over. He had found what he was searching for.

Logan got up and went to the bathroom. He quickly washed off then came back with a warm, wet cloth to clean Joey up. As he sat on the side of the bed, he chuckled. Joey was out cold, snoring softly.

He leaned down and kissed Joey on the head before pulling the blankets up to cover him, tucking him in. He tossed the washcloth in the dirty laundry basket before donning his clothes.

He wanted to stay and cuddle, sleep with his arms wrapped around him. But, unfortunately, he had a club to run and he had already been gone too long. He needed to get back.

Joey’d know where to find him. Hopefully, when he woke up, he would come down to the bar and join him. Logan couldn’t help smiling as he envisioned the reception Joey would get when the others learned he now belonged to Logan. It was sure to be interesting. He couldn’t wait.

* * * * *

Joey opened his eyes, uncertain what he expected to see. He remembered Logan coming to his apartment and even what had happened afterward. Had he stayed?

But no. As Joey rolled over, he knew Logan was gone. The other side of the bed hadn't even been disturbed. Obviously Logan had cut out as soon as they'd finished.

He couldn't believe he'd had sex with Logan. What in the hell had he been thinking? Or *not* thinking? Joey had actually begged Logan to fuck him. Clearly he'd been out of his mind.

No wonder Logan had left. *He probably thinks I'm a complete loser.* Joey rolled back over, his eyes closing in disgust. He *was* a loser. After seeing the man Logan had been with earlier, Joey couldn't image why Logan had slept with him.

Out of pity? Am I that pathetic? Tears sprang to Joey's eyes as he realized he could never face Logan again. His life had just become more miserable than it had been before tonight. He could never go back to Club Refectory.

At least before Logan had fucked him, he could fantasize that some day he might have him. Oh hell, he'd had him all right. And while the encounter had been everything Joey had always hoped it would be, he knew his submissiveness had to have disgusted Logan. No one wanted a slave in bed. Joey hadn't done anything but lie there and allowed himself to be taken. He hadn't participated in any way.

He pulled himself from his bed and went to the shower. He turned on the taps and climbed under the spray. As the hot water came down on his sensitive flesh, he let his body slide down the wall until he was curled up on the floor, his arms wrapped around his legs.

Under the spray, he let the tears fall, crying for all of the longings and dreams he had before coming to this town and all of the fantasies that had yet to be realized, would never be realized.

Lastly, he cried because Logan, the perfect man in his eyes, would never be his. He was too submissive, too pathetic, and now he knew, too much in love with Logan to ever have any type of relationship with anyone else.

Chapter Three

Logan glanced at the clock on the wall again, wondering where Joey could be. It had been over four hours since he had left his little man sleeping. He thought Joey would have been here by now.

Maybe he should have left him a note or something. But after the night they had together, Logan figured Joey would be down at the club as soon as he woke up. What was keeping him?

"Toby," Logan called out when he saw his bouncer crossing the floor by the front door.

"Yeah, boss?"

"Have you seen Joey back in here tonight?"

"No. Are you expecting him?"

Logan nodded, frowning. "Yeah, I thought he might come back in but I guess he decided to stay home. Hey, look, do you think you could close things down tonight? Just put everything in my office and lock it up. I'll get to it in the morning."

“Sure, boss. Not a problem.”

“Thanks, Toby, I owe you one,” Logan replied as he started out the door. He sure had racked up a long list of people with IOUs tonight. At this rate, he could be paying people off for the next year. But Joey was worth it. Joey was worth everything.

Logan hurried out the door and climbed into his car. He sped down the road toward Joey’s apartment. The closer he got, the more concerned he grew. He shouldn’t have left the way he had. Screw the club. Joey was more important.

Ten minutes later Logan pulled up in front of Joey’s apartment. He dashed inside and up the stairs. When he reached Joey’s door, he knocked softly but got no response. He knocked a little louder. Still nothing.

Screw this! Logan turned the knob. Locked. From somewhere inside, he thought he heard the sound of weeping. Without taking the time to think it through, Logan stepped back then used his foot to kick the door open. He walked in, shutting the door behind him and propping a chair against it to keep it closed.

He quickly scanned the empty kitchen then headed for the bedroom. As he pushed open the door, he could hear water running. He ran to the bathroom, shoved the shower curtain out of the way.

Logan’s breath caught in his throat when his gaze fell on Joey’s wet body curled up on the tub floor. He reached for him quickly, and realized the water had gone cold. Joey was freezing.

How long had he been sitting there? *Why* was he sitting there? What had happened to Joey since Logan had left him satisfied and sleeping?

“Joey? Can you hear me, baby?” Logan asked. He shut off the taps and wrapped him in a warm, plush towel. Getting no response, Logan picked him up and carried him back into the bedroom. He gently placed him on the bed and pulled the covers up over him.

What the hell, Logan wondered. Joey's eyes were open but it was like he wasn't seeing anything. Did he even know Logan was there?

Joey moaned and shivered beneath the quilt. Logan stripped quickly then climbed into bed next to him, pulling him close and running his hands up and down Joey's freezing body, trying to warm him up.

Logan fought back his rising panic. He had never seen anyone in Joey's condition. He was totally unresponsive. Logan grabbed his chin and turned his head until he could look into his eyes. Joey didn't even blink. He just stared straight ahead.

"Joey, baby, please say something, anything," he whispered against Joey's head. Joey remained silent. Logan buried his face in his sandy blond hair. He could feel tears prickle his eyes.

"Joey, please, baby," he whispered desperately.

"Logan?" Joey finally whispered.

Logan raised his head and looked down at him. He could see the shock and confusion in his eyes as they started to refocus. "Baby, what happened to you? Where did you go?"

"Go? I didn't go anywhere. What are you talking about?"

"I found you sitting in the shower under freezing water, just staring off into space. You haven't said anything since I got here. What happened to you?"

Joey started to shake and his eyes grew wide, dominating his pale face. He pushed himself away from Logan, scooting up against the headboard as far away from him as he could get.

"Go, Logan, please," he begged. "I promise I won't ever come down to the club again. I'll never bother you again. I won't ever tell anyone what happened. Please, Logan."

“Joey, what are you talking about?” Logan asked in confusion. “I’m not going anywhere. I told you that when we made love. You belong to me now. I thought you understood.”

“Logan, don’t do this, please. I can’t, I promise I won’t—”

“Joey,” Logan began as he scooted toward Joey.

“No, I didn’t mean it. Please, Logan, don’t do this,” Joey cried out as he tried to get away from Logan’s grasping hands.

Logan managed to grab hold of Joey’s wrists and pin him to the bed. Joey grew even more hysterical. Logan had to hold his head between his hands to keep him from biting. He was totally shocked at Joey’s behavior. He’d been so sure Joey wanted to be with him. Could he have been wrong? Had he been so overwhelmed in his desire to have Joey that he had misread the signs?

“Joey, please, listen to me,” he started then stopped. He had no idea what to say. What if Joey truly didn’t want to be with him? What if his behavior earlier, his dominance, had been too much for him?

“Joey, I meant it when I said that you belonged to me. I want you with me, only you, for as long as you will have me. But if you truly do not want me, if I was too—”

He watched Joey’s eyes widen, his mouth falling open and closing several times as if he couldn’t form the words running through his brain. Logan thought he had started to get through to him until he saw tears well up and spill out of his eyes.

“Oh, Joey, don’t cry, please, baby,” Logan whispered as he tried to wipe up the tears as they fell.

“Don’t-don’t p-p-play with me,” Joey begged.

“I’m not playing with you, baby. I promise.”

Joey cocked his head, looking up at Logan. “You want me?”

“Oh, God, yes, baby.” He chuckled. “I’ve wanted you since the first moment I laid eyes on you.”

“Then why did you – why did you turn me down so many times?”

Logan dropped his head, ashamed of what he’d done. He needed to explain – his desires, his need to dominate, his foray into the D/s lifestyle. But how to do so without scaring him away?

“Logan?”

Logan released him and sat up, scooting against the headboard. “Come here, baby. I’ll try to explain things to you.” He held his arms out, indicating for Joey to come sit between his legs.

Joey hesitated for just a second then moved to sit down between Logan’s outstretched thighs. Logan immediately wrapped his arms around him, pulling him back against his body. “Do you remember when we made love, Joey?”

“Ye-yes.”

“Do you remember when I told you that you belonged to me now?”

“Yes,” Joey replied, sounding confused.

“I meant it, Joey. You’re mine now, baby, every last inch of you.”

“But . . . but, why now? I’ve made a dozen passes at you. You’ve always turned me down. Did you just now discover that you wanted me?”

“No, nothing like that. I’ve wanted you since the moment you walked into my club.”

“Then why did you brush me off?” Joey cried out.

“Oh, Joey, it’s so complicated. I –”

Joey suddenly sat up, scooting away from Logan. "What's complicated about it? Either you want me or you don't. And if what you said was true, and you do want me, then why have you turned me down every time? Is it something I did? Something I said?"

"No, nothing like that, I swear. I just didn't think you were ready. I just wanted to give you more time."

"More time for what?" Joey's voice rose.

Logan let his head drop back against the headboard, his eyes closing briefly as he took in a deep breath then slowly let it out. Finally, he opened his eyes.

Tears shone in Joey's eyes. He looked apprehensive, as if he still expected Logan would reject him at any moment. As much as Logan didn't want to discuss this area of his life, he knew he needed to so Joey would understand why he did what he did.

"Do you remember when you asked me to let you come when we were in the kitchen? Do you remember what I said to you?"

"Yes," Joey replied, his brows coming together as if he was trying to figure out what one had to do with the other.

"What did I say, Joey?"

"You asked me how I was supposed to ask for something I wanted."

"And what did you say?" Logan prompted.

"Please?"

"Please what?"

"Please, sir?" Joey replied, looking even more confused.

Logan nodded. "And do you remember what I asked you when I made love to you?"

“Yes. You asked me if I wanted you to take me.” Joey’s face turned red and he lowered his eyes.

“Do you remember what you said, baby?”

“Yes, sir?” Joey replied again.

“Yes. Fuck, baby, you say that so nicely.” Logan groaned, his cock hardening beneath the sheets. “You just have no idea what it does to me when you say those pretty words to me.”

“Yes, sir?” Joey whispered.

“Fuck, yes.” Logan flipped back the covers, his hard cock springing up. “See what it does to me when you say that?”

Joey stared down at Logan’s cock and licked his lips. “Logan?”

“Yes?”

“What would you say to me if I asked you if I could suck your cock, sir? Please?”

Logan groaned. A look of utter astonishment crossed Joey’s face as Logan’s cock jerked, then swelled right before Joey’s eyes, growing bigger, harder.

“Fuck.” Logan groaned. He grasped his cock, stroking it several times. He brought his other hand up to pull at his nipple. “Again, baby, say it again,” he demanded.

“Can I suck your cock, sir? Please?” Joey whispered.

Logan dropped his head back against the headboard. He jacked his hard cock until his hand was covered in creamy white liquid. A few more strokes then he let his hand drop away. Sated, he lifted his gaze to meet Joey’s.

“Clean me up, baby,” Logan whispered, holding his breath as he waited to see what he would do.

He could have jumped up and danced a jig when Joey leaned over and began using his tongue to clean Logan's cock. And damned if he didn't get every single drop. By the time Joey finished, his talented tongue had Logan hard again.

"Good baby," he whispered and reached down to gently stroke his fingers through Joey's hair. "My good baby."

Joey moved up, laying his head on Logan's abdomen. He had one hand tucked underneath him. The other rested on Logan's thigh. Logan's cock was nestled in the crook of his neck.

"Logan?" he said, drawing little circles with his fingers on Logan's leg.

"Yeah, baby?"

"It doesn't bother you that I'm—" Joey hedged.

"Submissive?" Logan asked.

"Yes."

"No, baby. That actually works in your favor where I'm concerned. Besides your incredible body, that was one of the things that attracted me to you in the first place. You may have guessed that I am a bit —"

"Dominant? Controlling? Assertive? Commanding?"

"Yeah." Logan chuckled. "I guess you could say that."

"Yeah, just a bit." Joey raised his head to look up at Logan's laughing face. "So, I guess you would be considered a dom?"

"How do you know about that?"

"I'm not stupid, Logan. I do know some things."

“What do you know then?” Logan scooted back against the headboard, pulling Joey up against him.

“Well, I know that I would be considered a sub and you would be a dom.” He bowed his head, looked down at his hands, obviously embarrassed.

“What else do you know about being a sub?” Logan moved his hand to rest it against Joey’s naked hip. He wanted to reassure him, to let him know he could say anything.

Joey shrugged. “I don’t know. I mean, I saw all of those guys at Dante’s Dungeon sitting on the floor, being led around on leashes. Why would a dom want to do that to someone they cared about? That just doesn’t seem right.”

“Some people don’t see it as a bad thing. They actually prefer that type of lifestyle.”

“Do you?” Joey asked as he looked up at Logan.

“I definitely prefer a submissive partner. As for the floor sitting or the leashes, no, that’s not for me. In my opinion, that’s not what a true D/s relationship is about. The things that they do at Dante’s Dungeon are very public. I prefer things a little more private.”

“What do you see as a D/s relationship then?”

For a moment, Joey didn’t think Logan would answer. Maybe he shouldn’t have asked. Maybe when Logan said he preferred things a little more private, he meant from him too.

“One of the reasons I didn’t claim you from the very beginning was that I was afraid that you wouldn’t want to be with me when you found out about my desire for a D/s relationship. It can be very . . . *unsettling* . . . to someone who isn’t into that sort of lifestyle.”

Logan reached over and grabbed Joey by the face, turning his head to look into his eyes. "It had nothing to do with whether I wanted you or not, because I do, very much. I was afraid you wouldn't understand what I wanted, though."

"Then explain it to me," Joey said. "How can I understand it if you won't explain it to me?"

"Before I do, I want you to understand that no matter what, I won't give you up now that I've had you. If you're not comfortable with this lifestyle, then we'll forget about it. Having you in my life is more important. Do you understand?"

Joey nodded, speechless. Logan had handed himself over on a silver platter. All Joey had to do was accept him, even if he didn't want the type of things Logan did.

"I've been in the D/s life for a long time, Joey. I've tried collars and leashes, spankings . . . all that stuff. At first, it was a thrill to lead my submissive partner around, showing him off to all of the others in the clubs. But after awhile, it started to lose its appeal."

"Why?"

"I'm not real sure. I guess it just didn't seem true to me. I don't need to lead my partner around on a leash to know that I'm his — his —"

"Master?" Joey inserted when Logan seemed unable to find the right word.

"Yeah, for lack of a better term. I think a relationship, in general, should be more caring, more intimate. It's not about spanking your partner due to some perceived wrong. It's not about being more powerful or even stronger."

"Then what is it about?" Joey asked.

"Any relationship has a give and take type of dynamic. One person gives and the other receives, and vice versa. I also believe that in any relationship, one partner is more dominant than the other and one is more submissive."

“So, you don’t expect me to walk around on a leash or sit at your feet. Then what do you want from me? How do you see my role as your submissive?”

“My submissive.” Logan groaned. “Damn, baby, you do know how to get my motor running, don’t you?”

“I’m serious, Logan.”

“So am I, Joey. Just the thought of you being my submissive gets me harder than a rock.”

“Logan!”

“Okay, okay.” Logan laughed at Joey’s look of outrage. “But no more submissive stuff from you until you’re ready to deal with the consequences.”

“Fine.”

“Okay. You already know I like to run the show. I just don’t think you understand how much I like being top dog. I like being in control of everything in my life, Joey, including my partner.”

“Like asking your permission to go out?” Joey asked.

“In a way, yes. I want to know where you are at all times. If you need to go to the store, call me and tell me. I’d never tell you no, but I don’t want to wonder where you are or worry about something happening to you.”

“Okay, I guess I can understand that. What else?”

“I really like the way you talk to me,” he growled.

“The whole ‘yes sir’, ‘no sir’ thing? Yeah, I kind of figured that part out on my own.” Joey chuckled.

“Yeah, I’m a little obvious, aren’t I? But you need to understand it’s like a term of endearment for me. Just like I call you *baby*. When you call me *sir*, you’re telling me how you feel about me.”

“So, when you call me *baby*, you’re telling me that you care about me?”

“Every single time. I won’t ever refer to anyone else as *my baby*, just you. But the same goes for you. You can’t call anyone else *sir* except me. It would be like—”

“Being unfaithful?”

“Yes! I couldn’t have said it better myself. I just can’t believe you understand that. No one ever has,” Logan said in surprise. “I hear people say it all the time and no one gets that it’s supposed to be special. It doesn’t matter what the word is, but it just needs to be between partners.”

Joey smiled, basking in the warmth brought on by Logan’s praise. He also loved the fact that Logan would never call anyone else *baby*. *That’s all mine*, he thought.

“What else?” Joey asked, hungry to know more, eager to please. He longed for Logan’s approval.

“Well, having a D/s relationship means that each of us has a role to play. You’re role is to do what I say, when I say it. If you don’t, you get punished.”

“Punished?” Joey squeaked. “Punished how?”

“I would never hurt you or embarrass you. But if you do something wrong I will reprimand you. Probably nothing more than a spanking, though. Or maybe I won’t let you come right away.”

“You want to spank me?” Joey said slowly. “But—but what if I like it? How could it be considered a punishment then?” He was pretty sure the idea of Logan spanking him would be something he’d look forward to, not avoid.

A wide smile spread across Logan's face at his words. "Don't worry, baby, by the time you're done with your training you'll know when I'm displeased just by the tone of my voice and you'll want to avoid that. We can leave spankings for other stuff."

"My training?" Joey asked. *What in the hell does that mean?*

"You certainly don't expect to know all my wants and desires right away, do you? It's going to take time. Once you're trained though, anticipating my wants and needs will become second nature to you."

"I still don't understand exactly what you want from me, Logan."

"Well, as I was saying, your role is to do what I say, when I say it. But it's not so much what I want. It's more that you should want to do these things for me."

"What things?"

"Take care of me. It's your job to take care of me and make my life better. I want you to move in with me immediately. I don't want to sleep without you in my bed. I also want you to quit your job and start coming to the club with me every night. I don't like being away from you."

"You want me to move in with you?" In all of his fantasies about Logan, he had never dreamed Logan would want to live with him. As for quitting his job, he didn't have a real problem with that. He hated it. But how was he supposed to support himself?

"Logan, if I quit my job, how will I live? Pay my bills?"

"That's my job, baby. Just as you take care of me, I take care of you. I will provide you with everything you need, including your own bank account so you have spending money."

"So, I'm going to be your — your — mistress?"

"No." Logan laughed. "You're going to be my partner. You have your duties. I have mine. It evens out in the end."

“Duties? What kind of duties?”

“You get to do the cooking, for one. I suck at it. I’d also like you to take over the household chores. When we’re down at the club, you just need to keep me company. You can go dance and hang out, but you’re really there for me.”

Joey laughed and Logan lifted a brow. “What?”

“Do you remember when you first got here last night and we were talking about your lack of socks? The first thought that popped into my head was that if I was with you I would make sure that all of your socks were cleaned, paired up, and folded in your dresser.”

Logan reached up and cupped the side of Joey’s face. “See, that’s exactly what I’m talking about. You should want to do these things for me to make my life easier.”

Joey smiled.

“On the other hand,” Logan said, “I want to take care of you. I want you not to have to work if you don’t want to. I want to provide you with everything you ever wanted. I want to make sure you’re safe. I want to take care of you.”

“So, that’s it? I take care of you and you take care of me?”

“Well, I have final say in all decisions. If there’s something you feel strongly about, we’ll discuss it, but never in public. You don’t disrespect me, or call me names, or even raise your voice to me. There will be times when I will want to show you off but I’d never humiliate you in any way. I also expect you to tell me if I do something that makes you uncomfortable.”

“Would you ever share me?” Joey asked quietly, realizing *that* would make him *very* uncomfortable.

“Absolutely not! You belong to me and only me. The minute you turn to someone else, it’s over. I will not tolerate infidelity,” Logan replied vehemently, his face growing stern.

“What about you? Will you be with others?” Joey asked, thinking about the man who’d sat next to Logan in the bar earlier.

“Of course not. I belong to you just as much as you belong to me.”

“What about that man at the bar, the one who was touching you? Not even him?” Joey asked hesitantly.

“Man at the bar? You mean Dante?” Logan asked, tilting his head to one side.

“Is that his name?” Figures. The guy *looked* like a *Dante*.

“He’s an old friend of mine. I’ll admit we have been lovers on and off over the years but the last time was over a year ago. I believe in monogamous relationships, Joey. I don’t want to be with anyone except you. I haven’t *been* with anyone since I met you. As long as we are together, I won’t be with anyone else.”

“You haven’t been with anyone since the night I walked into your bar? Logan, that was nearly a year ago,” Joey exclaimed, his mouth dropping open as he stared at Logan in astonishment.

“Believe me, I know exactly how damn long it’s been. If something hadn’t happened between us last night, I’m pretty sure I would have lost my mind.” Logan groaned.

“So, basically, you’re just after me for my body?” Joey struggled to keep a straight face.

“No! I would never – that’s not what – I didn’t mean –” Logan stammered.

“I was joking, Logan.” Joey laughed.

“Oh. You really don’t think I just want you for sex, do you? I want a lot more than that.”

“Yeah, I kind of got that idea.” Joey sat up and leaned back a little so he could look him in the face.

“And how do you feel about it? If the whole D/s thing bothers you, we don’t have to do that, Joey. I don’t care how I have you in my life as long as you’re in it.”

Logan spoke with such ferocity that Joey could only stare at him in wonder. He looked like he really meant what he said. But what did that mean for Joey? Could he change his entire life around for Logan? Just pack up his stuff, quit his job, and move in? Logan made the whole thing sound easy, but once he committed to Logan, there’d be no going back. What if things didn’t work out between them?

“Logan, I need a little time to think about all of this,” Joey said. He didn’t want to hurt Logan’s feelings, but this was really something he needed to carefully consider before he made any major decisions.

“Of course. You can have all the time you need. I just hope you’ll let me continue to see you while you think things through. Maybe we can go out to dinner or something. No pressure,” Logan assured him.

“I think I’d like that.”

Chapter Four

A week had passed since Logan had left Joey’s apartment so Joey could think about what they had discussed. Logan knew he was asking a lot of him but he didn’t have any doubt that if Joey agreed to his proposal they could build a great life together.

Logan tried to be patient but the waiting was killing him. He and Joey talked on the phone every night, but they hadn’t seen each other at all in the last seven days. Partly because of work, and partly because Joey requested Logan give him some space and time to think.

Logan wanted to give Joey the time he needed to make up his mind but the waiting was driving him crazy. He'd hardly gotten anything done at work because he couldn't stop thinking about Joey.

He didn't want to lose him. Logan began to think he was asking for too much. Maybe he should have kept his D/s fantasies to himself? Maybe he should have just dated him and forgot all the dominance stuff?

He tossed his pen down on his desk, stood and walked over to gaze out the window at the star-filled sky. What if Joey decided it was just too much for him and he didn't want to be with him? What would he do then? How could he give Joey up, now that he had gotten a taste of what their life could be like together?

"Hello, sir. I brought you dinner."

Logan's head whipped around when he heard Joey's sweet voice. His breath caught in his throat at the vision before him. Joey was dressed simply as always . . . a pair of faded jeans, a pale blue button-down dress shirt, and tan loafers. He looked stunning, as usual.

But the sexy smile on his face was what really took Logan's breath away. Joey cradled a small picnic basket in his hands, his beautiful blue eyes staring hungrily at Logan. He looked hesitant, as if he was unsure of his welcome.

"Hey, baby, I missed you," Logan said as he crossed the room to stand in front of Joey. He reached up to run his fingers through Joey's sandy blond curls and down the side of his face. Logan's heart did a double beat when Joey turned his face into his palm. Joey's eyes closed briefly before he looked up at Logan again.

"I missed you too, sir," Joey whispered. He held up the basket in his hand as he stepped away and walked toward Logan's desk. "I brought you dinner."

"Oh, yeah?" Logan asked as he followed Joey over to his desk. "What did you bring me?"

Joey turned his head to smile up at him. "I think you'll like it."

Logan watched Joey pull out two plates, two glasses and two red cloth napkins and set them on the desk. Then he pulled out several plastic containers and placed those on the desk, as well. Finally, he withdrew a couple of red candles and two crystal candleholders.

At the sight of the candles, Logan raised his brows, chuckling as Joey blushed and shrugged. As Joey set up his little dinner, Logan searched through his desk for some matches then lit both of the candles.

He turned to see Joey looking around the room. Logan sat behind his desk. "What's wrong, baby?"

"We need another chair."

"No, we don't. You can sit on my lap," Logan said as he grabbed Joey around the waist and pulled him down. "Now, what's for dinner?"

Logan laughed as Joey rolled his eyes.

"Chicken Cordon Bleu, white cheddar pasta, and mixed vegetables. For dessert, we have Black Devil Fudge Cake." Joey began opening the plastic containers and dishing up the food.

"Mmm, chocolate—my one major weakness." Logan's mouth watered at the sight of the two big slices of chocolate cake Joey pulled out of a container. They looked incredibly decadent. He couldn't wait to sample them.

"I thought I was your one major weakness." Joey laughed.

"No, baby, you're more like my obsession."

"Your obsession? I think I can live with that," Joey said. He forked up a bite of chicken and held it to Logan's lips.

"Damn, baby, that's wonderful. Where did you get it?" Logan asked around a mouthful of tender, savory chicken.

“I made it,” Joey replied, his cheeks growing red.

“You really made this? It’s wonderful. What else can you – wait, you made all of it? Even the cake?” Logan asked in astonishment.

Joey nodded eagerly.

“Quick give me a bite,” Logan demanded.

Joey scooped up a fork full of cake and held it out for Logan, watching as he took the bite. Logan closed his eyes and groaned with delight. As soon as Logan opened his eyes, Joey had another bite waiting for him.

Before long, all of the food was gone and Joey had packed the empty containers and dishes back into the picnic basket. He stood and carried the basket over to sit it next to the door then came back to sit back on Logan’s lap.

“So, how long can you stay, baby?” Logan asked as he wrapped his arms around Joey.

“Well, sir, considering that I don’t have a job or an apartment anymore, and everything I own is sitting in a moving truck downstairs, I can probably stay as long as you want me,” Joey replied, looking up at Logan from beneath his lashes, waiting for his reaction.

“Joey, are you – you gave up your job and your apartment?”

“Isn’t that what you wanted me to do?” he asked, suddenly terrified he had misunderstood Logan last week. Or, just as bad, that Logan had changed his mind and no longer wanted him.

“Of course that’s what I want. But are you sure, Joey? I know I’m asking a lot from you. Are you sure this is what you want? If you’d rather take things slower, I’ll understand.”

“Don’t you – isn’t that what you –” Overcome with fear that Logan no longer wanted him, Joey jumped to his feet. He rushed across the room and snatched up the picnic basket. “I’m sorry, I thought that –”

“Joey!” Logan called out in a very loud, commanding tone as Joey reached for the door handle. “Come here, Joey.”

Joey dropped the picnic basket on the floor and turned to walk back over to Logan. He bowed his head, his hands clenched tightly at his sides as he stopped in front of him.

“Look at me, Joey.”

Joey took a deep breath and raised his head. The angry look on Logan’s face stunned him. He couldn’t ever remember Logan being mad at him, or even mildly upset. He certainly never heard him raise his voice to him before.

Logan being angry with him wasn’t an experience Joey enjoyed. It made his stomach feel queasy, like a hundred butterflies were on a roller coaster ride. The longer Logan stared down at him, the more nervous he became.

“I’m sorry, sir,” he murmured.

“You are never to run from me, Joey. If you don’t understand something, I expect you to ask in a clear, respectful tone of voice. Is that understood?”

Joey nodded quickly. Logan wasn’t going to kick him to the curb?

“I also expect you to look me in the eyes when you talk to me, not at my feet, not at my legs. Not even at my chest, but in my eyes. When I’m talking to you, I expect the same thing. You will look me in the eyes. Is that understood.”

Joey nodded again.

“I can’t hear you nod, Joey.”

“Yes, sir,” he said as clearly as he could, considering the lump in his throat.

“Now, I very much appreciate the fact that you thought to bring me dinner. Besides the fact that you are a great cook, I like that you thought about me enough to cook me such a delicious meal.”

Logan sat in his chair, pulling Joey down to straddle his lap. He reached up and cupped his face.

“I did want you to quit your job and move in with me. I’m sorry if I gave you any other impression. I just wanted to make sure that this is what you want. If you want to move in with me and we skip the D/s stuff, that’s okay. Like I said, I’ll take you any way that I can get you. If it makes you uncomfortable—”

Drawing up all of his courage, Joey reached out and covered Logan’s lips with his finger. “If I didn’t want to be here, I wouldn’t have quit my job and let my apartment go. I know what you want from me, Logan, and I’m okay with it. I had hoped that my coming here tonight, essentially with my hat in my hand, would prove to you that I’m ready to make a commitment to you. To you *and* the lifestyle you prefer.”

“Oh, God, baby, you don’t know how happy that makes me. Just before you arrived, I was concerned I had asked too much of you. Not everyone is cut out for what I want. And no matter how much I want it, I don’t want to scare you away.”

Joey shook his head. “Not going to happen. I think over the last week we have both discussed what we want, and I think what we want—what I want—you can give me. I only hope I can give you what you want.”

“I just want you, Joey.”

“You have me, *sir*.” Joey watched as Logan’s eyes turned smoky gray and filled with desire. He was still surprised at how much that one little word aroused Logan.

“Baby,” Logan growled as Joey began unbuttoning Logan’s shirt, spreading the material wide so he could lean down and lick at his nipples. He smiled around Logan’s nipple as he heard him groan, his hands clenching tightly in Joey’s hair.

“That’s nice, baby, but it would nicer if you were naked.”

Joey lifted his head to grin up at up at Logan. He sprang to his feet and stood between Logan’s legs. He reached for the buttons of his shirt, delighting in the way Logan stared at him, his eyes filled with hunger.

Joey tossed the shirt over the edge of the desk then reached for the buttons of his jeans. Logan’s eyes darkened even more as Joey slowly pulled the buttons free. He kicked off his shoes then pushed his jeans down and off of his legs.

Naked, he climbed back onto Logan’s lap, straddling his thighs. “Is this better, sir?”

Logan placed his hands on Joey’s chest, drew them slowly down his body. “Oh yeah, baby. This is much better,” he said as he stopped at Joey’s nipples, gently tugging on the hard little nubs. “You ever think of getting these pierced, baby?”

“You want me to?” Joey breathed heavily, catching his lower lip between his teeth to keep from groaning.

“You’d look real pretty with a little gold loop right here,” Logan said as he tugged a little harder.

“Then I’ll get one,” Joey said.

Logan cocked his head. “You’d do that? You’d get pierced just because I want you to?”

Joey shrugged. “I guess, but you’d have to go with me.” His face grew warm. “I don’t much like pain.”

“Of course I’d go with you, baby. When would you like to do this? Tomorrow before work?” Logan sounded like a little boy on Christmas day, eager to open his presents.

Nodding, Joey reached down and pinched his own nipples. “Do you think I would look better with one nipple pierced or two, sir?”

“Joey,” Logan groaned, grinding his hard cock up between Joey’s legs. “You’re going to be a lot of trouble, aren’t you?”

Joey grinned, leaning forward until his nose almost touched Logan’s, his arms wrapping around his neck. “I’m going to try,” he whispered right before he kissed him. A moment later he was groaning as Logan grabbed his ass, gently squeezing each globe in his hands.

“Joey, baby, I want in you,” Logan said as he lifted his head.

Joey grinned again. “Got any lube?”

Logan reached down and opened a drawer, pulling out a large bottle of lube. Joey raised a brow at the sheer size of the bottle and the soft blush covering Logan’s cheeks as he held it out to him.

“I had to do *something* every time I got a good look at your ass.” Logan chuckled.

“You mean this ass?” Joey climbed off Logan’s lap and turned around to lean over the desk. Logan inhaled sharply and Joey smiled to himself.

“Fuck, baby, have you had this in all night?” Logan asked quietly. He twisted the large black butt plug lodged in Joey’s ass.

Joey cried out and dropped his head down to the desk. “I wanted to be sure I was ready for you.”

Logan groaned and gently pulled the plug from Joey’s ass.

A moment later, cold lube dripped down the crack of his ass. Logan massaged it into Joey’s hole.

“Come on, baby, come sit on my lap,” he said.

Joey turned around, smiling at the lubed condom encased cock jutting up from Logan's groin. He climbed onto Logan's lap, placing his hands on his shoulders as he lifted his body up. He slowly impaled himself on Logan's cock.

"Oh, yeah, baby, just like that." Logan groaned as Joey sank all the way down. He grabbed Joey by the hips and began jackhammering into him.

"Logan," Joey whispered, resting his forehead on Logan's shoulder, "I need — I need more. Please, sir."

Joey's hands dug into Logan's shoulders and he worked his hips frantically against his. Small whimpers fell from his swollen lips as he pressed himself down on Logan's cock then lifted himself up only to slam back down again.

Logan smiled, lifted Joey in his arms and stood. He moved forward and sat Joey on his desk. He pushed his legs up to his chest. If his baby needed more, he would give him more. He would give him everything he had.

Wrapping his hands tightly around Joey's thighs, Logan began thrusting into Joey's tight ass. His breath shot from his lungs in great heaves. Joey's inner muscles grabbed him, held him, milked his cock. The harder he thrust, the tighter Joey became. It was paradise.

"Please, sir," Joey groaned as he clutched at Logan's arms, "please, can I come, sir?"

Logan nearly lost it right there and then. Joey couldn't possibly comprehend what it did to him when he begged for release. There was just no way he could understand how powerful it made Logan feel.

"Come for me, baby," he growled. He lifted Joey's legs higher, pegging his sweet spot over and over again. He watched with a sense of awe as Joey's head fell back and he yelled out his release, ropes of pearly white cum shooting from his cock to splash on his chest.

The sweet smell of Joey's seed was all Logan needed to push him over the edge. He gripped Joey's thighs hard enough to leave red marks and roared, filling Joey with his own release. Joey's body quivered around his pulsing cock.

His limbs shaking from the intensity of his orgasm, Logan wrapped his arms around Joey and sat back in his chair, bringing Joey with him. He rubbed his hands up and down Joey's sweaty back as he waited for their breathing to return to normal.

Joey's face was buried in his neck, his hands tangled in his hair. As his heartbeat slowed, Logan regretfully acknowledged that his flagging cock was going to fall from Joey's grasp any moment. He wished there was some way he could stay but he imagined he would look a little strange walking around with Joey impaled on his cock.

Logan brought his hand up to caress the side of Joey's face, lifted his head so he could look into his beautiful blue eyes. "I'm never going to let you go, you know that don't you, Joey?"

Joey nodded, a small smile lifting the corners of his lips. "I may seem submissive, Logan, but if you ever do let me go, you'll find out just how un-submissive I can be."

Logan raised a brow at Joey's statement. Inside, he was secretly jumping for joy. Outside, however

"Are you being disrespectful, little man?" Logan said sternly, trying desperately to hide his grin.

"No, of course not, I w-wouldn't—"

"Ssshh, relax, baby, I'm only joking with you," Logan assured him when he saw the worried look coming over his face. "It's okay. In fact, I like it that you seem willing to fight for me."

Joey straightened and captured Logan's gaze. "Look, Logan, there's something I need to say and I don't want you to take this the wrong way. I'm not trying to be disrespectful or anything. I just want you to understand where I'm coming from. I—"

“Just spit it out,” Logan said, suddenly nervous. Joey had a strange look on his face, like he was worried about something.

“What is it, baby?” he asked softly as he rubbed his thumb over Joey’s cheek.

“I know we both agreed to this dominant/submissive thing, but—”

“Joey, if you don’t want that, we can—”

Joey placed his finger against Logan’s lips. “Please, let me finish. I know we both agreed to this and I am fine with it. In fact, I prefer it this way. I can think of nothing I want more than to belong to you. I want that with you, and all that it entails. Don’t ever think otherwise. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t.”

A lump formed in Logan’s throat at Joey’s words. No matter what anyone thought, a submissive couldn’t be a true submissive unless that was what they wanted. It just didn’t work that way. If anyone thought differently, they didn’t know what it meant to be a true submissive.

“However, despite that, you need to understand that I see this as a relationship, plain and simple, no matter what the dynamics are. As much as I may be yours, you are mine too. And I will fight for what is mine.”

“Joey,” Logan said tenderly, his cock stirring inside of Joey with the intensity of his emotions. Joey was claiming him. Logan couldn’t have been more thrilled.

“You belong to me now, Logan James, and I will not let you go. I may be your *baby*, but you are my *sir*. You’d better never forget that.”

“I won’t, I promise, baby,” Logan said before lowering his lips to Joey’s. He tried to convey his promise and his elation over Joey’s possessiveness in the kiss.

He lifted his lips, smiled down at Joey and patted him on the ass. “How about we get dressed and go downstairs for a little dancing? I think it’s about time that everyone knows I’ve claimed you.”

“Um, Logan?” Joey hedged. His hands twisted together. “While I’d like nothing better than to dance with you, I don’t think the people downstairs like me very much. No one will talk to me, dance with me, or anything. They just ignore me. Maybe we could go somewhere else?”

“Oh, baby, I’m sorry,” Logan said as he pulled Joey’s head down to his chest. Filled with regret, he lightly kissed the top of his head. Joey was going to be upset with him when he found out what he had done.

“Listen to me, baby. Everyone downstairs likes you, some a little too much for my taste. The reason no one will dance with you or flirt with you is because of me. I told them that you belonged to me. I’m not sorry I did it but I am sorry if it caused you any pain. That’s not what I wanted to happen.”

Joey raised his head to look at Logan, confusion shining in his eyes. “I don’t understand.”

“Basically, I warned everyone away from you. I made it real clear what would happen to the first person who even breathed in your direction. You belong to me and I wasn’t about to let someone else claim you before I did.”

Joey’s eyebrows shot up nearly to his hairline. “You – what about Dante’s Dungeon? Did you do that too?”

Logan nodded. He studied Joey’s expression, trying to gauge his thoughts, but Joey gave him a stone-faced stare. “After Toby told me where you were going, I called Dante and asked him to keep an eye on you and make sure you didn’t go home with anyone.”

As the silence lengthened, Logan grew more worried. He was so concerned over what was going through Joey’s mind that he nearly jumped out of his skin when Joey suddenly leaned in.

Joey gave him a deep, soul-searing kiss that made Logan’s toes curl and his cock throb. Of all of the things he had expected from Joey when he told him what he had done,

this wasn't one of them. Logan groaned deeply as his eyes slid closed, his hips pushing up against Joey, pushing his cock deeper into Joey's tight channel.

Logan felt Joey's hands cup the sides of his face. He lifted his head and opened his eyes. Tears swam in Joey's eyes. Had he caused his baby that much pain?

"Baby," he whispered softly. Logan's heart filled with deep remorse at his actions.

"I love you, sir," Joey whispered back, and in that moment Logan could see everything Joey was feeling, every deep emotion. All the tenderness, love, and caring he felt shone brightly in Joey's blue, tear-filled eyes.

Overcome by emotion, Logan wrapped his arms around Joey and pulled him close. He grasped Joey's ass, pulling him down onto his cock even as he pushed up with his hips.

Stars exploded behind Logan's eyelids. He had just a moment to cry out Joey's name before he erupted inside of Joey, shuddering with the effects of the most turbulent orgasm he had ever experienced.

But Joey didn't stop. He moved his hips up and down, continued to ride him, and Logan could only pant helplessly. Every minute movement sent shockwaves along his sensitive cock and throughout his entire body. It was like being devoured by one long, continuous orgasm.

Logan glanced down at Joey's still-hard cock. Dribbles of pre-cum leaked from the tip. His poor baby needed to come. Logan grasped the shaft and stroked him with his fist.

"Come for me, baby," he demanded quietly. "Show me how much you love me."

His eyes widened in amazement as Joey's cock instantly discharged in his hand, covering him with his release. Joey's eyes never left his as he cried out, "Sir."

Joey collapsed against him. Logan wrapped one hand in his hair and held him close to his chest. His other hand stayed wrapped around Joey's cock, occasionally stroking him, wanting every last drop that Joey had to give.

“Oh, Joey, you are such a good baby,” Logan whispered into his hair. “No one has ever made me come like you just did. I knew you were special the moment I saw you.”

Joey smiled against Logan’s neck at his praise. He was stunned that he had admitted his feeling to Logan. He hadn’t meant to say anything this soon but Logan had looked so anxious. Now Joey was glad that he had.

Logan had come so easily. Joey had barely even done anything. There had been no foreplay, no fucking, nothing. Joey had told Logan he loved him and Logan had just exploded. Talk about a boost to your self-esteem!

Joey raised his head to look at Logan, a playful smile on his lips. “So, can we go dance now?”

Logan chuckled as he lifted Joey off his lap and steadied him on his feet. “Yeah, baby, we can go dance now, right after we put this back in your ass,” he said as he reached for the previously discarded butt plug. He grabbed a handful of wet wipes from his desk drawer and wiped it off.

Joey eyed the plug curiously. “Uh—”

“You didn’t think I was done with you tonight, did you?” Logan asked. “I plan on getting more of that sweet ass of yours as soon as we get home. In the meantime, I like knowing that it’s there.”

Joey shrugged and turned around to kneel on the desk behind him. He reached between his legs and held out his hand for the plug. Logan handed him the plug, and Joey gently pushed it back in, a pretty easy feat considering that just moments before his ass had been filled with Logan’s cock. Joey was plenty stretched at this point.

He climbed down from the desk and reached for the clean wipe that Logan held out to him. He quickly washed himself off then got dressed. Joey had just finished the last few

buttons on his shirt when he felt Logan's hand land on his ass, pushing the plug into him just a little more.

"I think you should wear this more often, baby. Besides the fact that it makes my cock harder than fuck knowing it's in your ass, it also means I can play with you anytime I want to, even in a crowd of people."

As if to demonstrate exactly what he was talking about, Logan wrapped his arms around Joey's waist. His hands slowly moved down to grasp Joey's ass, his fingers pushing against the plug, shoving it deeper.

Joey's breath came out in a huff, his sphincter muscles tightening around the plug even as he spread his legs a little. Oh damn, that felt good. Maybe he *should* use one more often.

"I can do this in a crowd and no one would know, baby. They would just think I'm playing with your ass, which I am," Logan said before flipping Joey around so that his ass was cradled against his groin.

"Or, I could do this in a crowd," he said as he pushed his hips against Joey, again causing the plug to move deeper into his ass. "And no one would know I was doing anything but holding you."

"Logan." Joey groaned as his head fell back against Logan's chest.

"Of course, from this position, it's easier to reach your cock." Logan reached down to grab Joey through his jeans. "People would probably know what I was doing if I did that, though."

"I don't care." Joey thrust his hips against Logan's hand.

"But there's one more position that I'd like to try out when you're wearing your pretty little plug. And I think this one is my favorite position. Would you like to know what that is, baby?" Logan purred into Joey's ear.

"Please, sir," Joey begged.

Logan pushed him down over the desk, pulling his hips back until his butt was pushed out.

“Spread your legs, baby.”

Joey quickly spread his legs.

“Oh, you have such a nice ass, baby. Did you know that was one of the first things I noticed about you? How pretty your little ass is?” Logan asked as he rubbed his hand over Joey’s tight cheeks.”

A moment passed and then Logan’s hand came down on Joey’s ass, hard. Joey clenched his hands and bit back a moan. *Dear God.* Logan spanked him again and again, and every time his large hand landed, it shoved the plug deeper into his ass.

“You like that, baby?” Logan whispered close to his ear.

“Fuck, sir, I’m going to come,” Joey cried out as his balls drew up tight against his body.

“Oh, no you’re not. I haven’t given you permission to come yet, Joey,” Logan said in a stern voice.

“Logan,” Joey begged as he tried to stave off his orgasm. Teetering on the edge of an orgasm, he took several deep breaths to stop himself from going over. It didn’t help that Logan continued to smack his ass.

“Good baby,” Logan praised him when he didn’t come, gently rubbing his ass. “Yep, I think you should wear this plug more often, especially when we’re at work. What do you think, Joey?”

Joey nodded quickly. He was still breathing hard when Logan pulled him up. His cock throbbed in his pants. One more touch, one more spanking and he would be helpless to stop his impending orgasm. Hell, it was all he could do right now not to blow.

“Here, baby, put these in your pocket.” Logan handed him several clean wipes.

Joey took them and shoved them into his pocket. He gave Logan an inquisitive look.

Logan just chuckled. "Eventually, I'm going to let you come, baby. I just haven't decided when. So, its better that you keep those on you just in case."

Joey nodded, wondering how long Logan would make him wait. The thought of going downstairs in his present condition made his heart race. One good rub from Logan and he was done for.

"Logan, I'm really, really close."

Logan patted him on the arm. "I know, baby, but don't worry, I won't let you be embarrassed in any way. If it's any consolation, I'm not far behind you."

It was, but not much. Joey reached up and messed his hair just a bit, then rubbed his hands down his shirt to smooth out the wrinkles. He looked up to see Logan gazing at him with hungry eyes.

"What?"

"You're beautiful, baby, just the way you are," Logan replied.

Joey's face heated at Logan's compliment. He dipped his head. "Thank you, sir," he whispered.

"What did I say about looking me in the eye when you speak to me, Joey, and about addressing me in a clear voice?"

Joey quickly raised his head. "I'm sorry."

Logan nodded. "Just remember it in the future. Now come on, we have some dancing to do," he said as he held out his hand.

Joey grabbed his hand, following when Logan led him out of the room. He was a little apprehensive about going downstairs. While everyone was basically nice to him, no

one had really gone out of their way to be overly friendly to him. Would their behavior change now that Logan had claimed him?

Grateful to have Logan at his side, Joey followed him onto the main floor. He could feel the gazes of the patrons as they stared at him. Logan led him onto the dance floor, and the room fell silent. It gave him the willies.

“Everyone’s staring at us,” Joey whispered as Logan turned him on the dance floor and took him into his strong arms.

“So? Let them look, baby. What do we care? Just lay your head on my chest and close your eyes. It’s just you and me out on this dance floor right now,” Logan said.

Joey laughed. Logan was right. Who cared what everyone else thought? It was just the two of them now. No one else existed in the world except the two of them.

He closed his eyes and rested his cheek against Logan’s chest, wrapped his arms around Logan’s waist. The fast beat melted into the chords of a slow song and Logan began leading him expertly around the dance floor.

In reality, they weren’t really doing much more than moving around as they held each other. There wasn’t much dancing involved. Joey could have cared less. Finally, someone was dancing with him.

As the song ended and another fast one began, the dance floor filled with people. Joey looked up at Logan from beneath his eyelashes, wondering if they were going to stay for this one or leave the floor.

“I’ve seen you out on this dance floor enough times, wiggling that sweet ass of yours, to know that you can dance,” Logan crooned as he placed his hands on Joey’s hips. “Now, show me what you can do, baby, and make it good.”

Joey grinned, sliding his hands up to Logan’s chest. He moved his hips to the beat of the music. This, he could do. He pushed his hips closer to Logan’s, lightly brushing

against him each time he moved. Logan's eyes darkened and his hard cock pressed against Joey's.

"You're playing with fire, baby," Logan groaned down at him.

Joey smirked. "No, I'm playing with you, sir."

"Same difference. You play with fire, you're going to get burned."

Joey leaned close. "Actually, I'm hoping to be consumed."

"Joey," Logan growled.

Joey grinned. He twirled around until his ass pressed back against Logan, continuing to move his hips back and forth. Reaching his arms up, he wrapped his hands around Logan's neck. He let his head fall back against Logan's shoulder.

Hard fingers bit into Joey's hips as Logan pulled him closer. Joey could hear the rough breath moving in the chest beneath his head. He turned to press a kiss against Logan's chest.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw several more people move out onto the dance floor, some in couples, some alone. There were a few smiles and nods thrown in their direction but everyone seemed to be giving Logan and Joey a lot of room.

As the song finally wound down, Joey turned in Logan's arms once again until he was leaning into him, his head resting on Logan's chest. Logan gently stroked his fingers through Joey's hair.

"Want to go sit down and get something to drink?" Logan asked.

Joey tilted his head back to look up at Logan. He nodded. "Yes, sir." He couldn't keep the grin off of his face at Logan's groan. That little word was like gold. He'd have to remember not to abuse it because it would be very easy to do.

“Come on, baby,” Logan said. He grabbed Joey’s hand and pulled him toward a table close to the bar. “Let’s get something cold to drink before we go up in flames.”

Joey scooted into the half circle bench seat, moving over far enough to make room for Logan to sit down. The moment he did, Joey moved back over until their thighs were touching and Logan had to put an arm around Joey or be squished.

Logan signaled the bartender then leaned back in his seat. “You doing okay?” he asked as he looked down at Joey.

“I’m good. It’s a little weird being downstairs with you but I’d rather be with you than by myself,” Joey replied. He looked around at the other patrons and grimaced. “It wasn’t always fun being down here by myself.”

“No one ever hurt you, did they?”

Joey shook his head. “No, not really. I mean, they were really nice when they turned me down, but it always made me feel like . . . I don’t know, like I was contagious or something. Beyond saying hello, no one would have anything to do with me.”

Logan pulled him close. “I’m so sorry, Joey. It wasn’t my intention to make you feel bad. I told you that upstairs. I just didn’t want you going home with anyone else.”

“So, what now?” Joey asked as he sat back a little.

“What do you mean?”

Joey shrugged. “Well, obviously I’m going home with you. I have no apartment and no job. Everything I own is outside. What happens now? Do I stay home while you work? Do I come to work with you?”

“Well, either, I guess. There will be things at home for you to take care of.” Logan paused and grinned. “Like making more of that chocolate cake you brought me. I think I mentioned that I can’t cook for shit.”

Joey laughed. “You may have mentioned it.”

“So, after you get done with things, you can stay home or come by here. I guess that’s something we’ll have to work out. Although, I’d really like if you came here and spent time with me.”

“How far away do you live?”

Logan laughed. Joey shook his head. What was so funny? “Logan?”

“Sorry, baby, I guess I forgot to mention that part. My apartment is across the street.”

Joey’s mouth dropped open. Across the street? “Well, that’s terribly convenient, isn’t it?” he finally answered, chuckling.

“Hey, I used to live in the studio upstairs. The apartment across the street is much nicer. Bigger too,” Logan boasted. “I even have a really large soaking tub. Should be just big enough for the two of us.”

Joey lifted one brow. “A soaking tub? And big enough for the two of us, you say?”

Logan nodded almost eagerly.

Joey pushed against Logan’s chest. “Then what in the hell are we doing here?”

Chapter Five

Joey tweaked his hair with his fingers, tilting his head to one side, then the other. He just couldn’t seem to get it to go the way he wanted it to today. Heaving a big sigh, he

gave up. His hair was going to do whatever it wanted, and apparently, he had no say in the matter.

Figures. He'd hoped to look especially nice. He and Logan had been living together for one month today and Joey had something special planned for them to celebrate.

So far, living with Logan was wonderful. The dynamics of their relationship had been a little hard to work out in the beginning. Joey wasn't used to having to report to someone. He couldn't count the number of times he forgot to tell Logan where he was going in that first week alone.

Logan had been understanding but had made his displeasure very clear. He never yelled and he certainly never became physically violent. He just used a strong, stern voice and made Joey feel about three inches tall.

Joey soon learned to tell Logan whenever he went somewhere. After awhile, he got used to it and these days he rarely forgot. It helped him a lot that Logan understood he was still *in training*, as Logan called it.

When Joey had called Logan early today and said he had to run an errand but he couldn't tell Logan exactly where he was going because it was a surprise, Logan had said he just wanted Joey to check in with him regularly.

That's one of the things Joey loved about Logan. He wasn't cruel about being the dominant in their relationship. Logan just wanted to know what was going on. Instead of making Joey feel bad, Logan's attitude made him feel like someone cared about what happened to him.

Of course, Logan's patient attitude wasn't the only thing Joey loved about him. Their sex life was phenomenal. Logan seemed to be truly obsessed with Joey and Joey wasn't complaining a bit. He couldn't be happier.

And unbelievably, the times when they just cuddled were even better. Logan liked to cuddle on the couch, in bed, in the soaking tub, almost anywhere. He was constantly reaching for Joey and holding him close. Joey loved every minute of it.

Now, if he could just figure out how to keep Logan out of the chocolate cake before he was done cooking it, life would be great. Logan hadn't been kidding when he said he liked chocolate. Joey was pretty sure it was number two on Logan's list of obsessions. Logan's love of chocolate had given Joey the perfect surprise for their celebration . . . edible body paint.

He brushed his fingers through his hair one last time then headed to the kitchen. He needed to grab Logan's dinner and get it to him. Besides, he hadn't seen Logan all day and Joey missed him.

Heading downstairs and across the street to the club, he marveled at how convenient it was to live so close to Logan's work. Besides the fact that Joey could pop in and see Logan whenever he wanted to, Logan came home to visit . . . a lot!

Joey nodded to Toby as he made his way into the club. He waved to the bartender, Mack, and a few of the other regular patrons. Since Logan had claimed him, people seemed to go out of their way to be friendly.

Joey quickly climbed the steps. He knocked then opened Logan's door and walked in.

"I brought you something to eat," he said as he crossed the room to Logan's large oak desk. "You hungry?"

Logan sat back in his chair. He ran his hand through his hair and grunted. Joey raised a brow. Logan seemed a little out of sorts. Lines of frustration creased his forehead. His shirt sleeves were rolled up and he had pen marks near his lower lip.

"Something wrong, honey?"

Logan shook his head then let it drop forward on the desk. "I hate paperwork."

"You need me to leave?" Joey asked hesitantly.

“God no!” Logan exclaimed, lifting his head. He reached out and snaked his arms around Joey’s waist, pulling him over to stand between his strong thighs. “You’re the only thing keeping me sane right now.”

Joey laughed and squeezed Logan’s shoulders. “Need me to relieve some of your tension?”

Logan’s head pressed against Joey’s stomach. He groaned. “You brought me dinner. You don’t have to —”

Joey framed Logan’s face with his hands and tilted his head back. Looking down into Logan’s deep gray eyes, Joey smiled. “That’s not what I asked you. Do you need me to relieve some of your tension, sir?”

“Fuck, Joey!” Logan groaned, his eyes drifting closed. “I never should have told you what that word does to me.”

Joey laughed.

Logan opened his eyes and glared up at him. “I think you like using that word just a little too much.”

Joey leaned down and ran his hand across Logan’s erection, squeezing. “I like the response I get from you. I think it’s hot.” Joey dropped to his knees and reached for the zipper of Logan’s pants. “I think this is hotter.”

Joey pulled Logan’s pants apart, watching with great delight the hard cock that sprang forth. He leaned forward and licked up the tiny drops of pre-cum pooling on the large, purplish head.

Logan groaned, his cock jerking. Joey grinned up at him. “Yum!” He leaned in and ran his tongue around the crown and across the top. He sank farther onto the floor. He wanted to be angled just right so Logan could watch.

Over the last month, Joey had learned just how *much* Logan liked to watch. He liked to watch Joey give him blow jobs. He liked to watch Joey stretch and work out. He liked to

watch Joey masturbate. Logan seemed to like to watch Joey do everything. A lot. And Joey loved the attention.

“Fuck, baby, that’s so pretty,” Logan said as Joey ran his tongue up the thick, veined sides of Logan’s cock. Out of the corner of his eye, Joey caught sight of Logan’s hands gripping the edge of his seat. Logan’s fingers were almost white.

“Like that, do you?” Joey asked. “You’re going to love this.” Joey swallowed down Logan’s cock until his nose pressed against Logan’s groin. He tightened his lips and started quickly bobbing his head up and down.

“Joey, baby, you don’t know how good that feels,” Logan groaned. “Your mouth is perfect.”

Joey grinned around Logan then continued to move his head. He wanted Logan to forget whatever paperwork had made him crazy, even if just for a few minutes. Using his tongue, his lips, and his mouth, Joey went about driving Logan out of his mind.

“Gonna come, baby,” Logan tangled his hands in Joey’s hair.

He increased his efforts until Logan’s body suddenly stiffened. The cock in his mouth went rock hard, swelling just a bit then hot cream exploded into Joey’s mouth.

Joey swallowed down as fast as he could, licking and stroking with his tongue. Even when Logan was done, Joey refused to release the cock in his mouth. He just continued to love on Logan.

“Joey! Someone’s coming,” Logan cried out. “You need to come out from under the desk.”

Joey shook his head. He wasn’t about to release his toy. He scooted back under Logan’s desk. Grabbing the edge of Logan’s chair, he pulled it forward until both he and Logan’s lower body were hidden inside the knee hole.

“Joey!” Logan whispered loudly. “Get the hell out from under there.”

Joey shook his head again, jostling Logan's cock. He smiled when Logan groaned. Sometimes a submissive had to misbehave. This was obviously one of them. Joey knew he'd get in trouble for disobeying but at this point, he didn't care.

"Logan?"

Joey froze when he heard a strange voice call out. Oh shit! Maybe he should have moved out from under the desk. He had assumed it would just be one of Logan's employees, not a complete stranger. Logan was going to be pissed.

"Dante, how are you?" Logan called out. "Oh, hey, would you shut the door behind you?"

Joey's eyes widened when he heard the door shut. Knowing he was in deep shit, Joey let Logan's cock drop from his mouth and laid his head down on Logan's thigh. He moved his hand to softly stroke Logan's leg in an effort to show his remorse.

A sudden hand in his hair made Joey gasp. His face was pressed back against Logan's cock. Joey chuckled silently as he opened his mouth and took Logan's cock back into his mouth. But then he hesitated, uncertain of how to proceed. Should he suck Logan off, right here, right now, with another man in the room?

When Logan jerked on his hair, Joey had his answer. He began using his tongue to caress Logan. His reward was a soft stroke of Logan's hand through his hair. Obviously Logan wanted him to continue.

"What brings you here, my friend?" Logan asked.

Joey grinned. Logan's voice wasn't quite as steady as it should be.

"It's been a month, Logan. I'm still waiting for that little present you said you'd send over to my place," Dante replied.

"Oh damn, Dante. I'm sorry, I forgot."

“You forgot? I’ve been waiting all of this time and you forgot? Some friend you are.”

Logan chuckled. “I’ve had my hands busy.”

“Busy?”

Joey could hear the curiosity in Dante’s voice. He rolled his eyes.

“Joey,” Logan said, as if that explained everything.

“Ah, you’re little pigeon came home to roost, did he?” Dante chuckled. “And how is the training going?”

“Not so well,” Logan replied.

“Really? I would have thought you could train anyone.”

“Joey is usually pretty obedient. He tries to be a good baby. He just gets confused about who’s the boss sometimes. Don’t you, Joey?” Logan asked.

Joey’s gaze shot up to meet Logan’s as the cock in his mouth suddenly popped free and Logan slid his chair back and glared down at him. Joey gulped. Oh shit! He was in so much trouble. Joey tried to play it off. He smiled up at Logan and shrugged.

His eyes widened when another head appeared over the edge of the desk and a pair of emerald green eyes peered down at him.

“Hello, Joey. Having a good time down there?” Dante asked.

“I was,” Joey whispered.

Dante turned his head and glanced down at Logan’s naked cock. “I’ll just bet you were.” Dante chuckled. He looked up at Logan. “Is he any good?”

Logan laughed. Joey felt his face burn as Logan grinned down at him. “He’s very good.”

“Do you share?” Dante asked. Joey watched Dante’s head disappear over the edge of the desk. He let out a relieved breath.

Logan shook his head. “No, I promised Joey I wouldn’t share him. Besides, if you had him, you wouldn’t be able to give him up and then I’d have to kill you.”

“That good, is he?” Dante chuckled. “How does he take discipline?”

Joey wasn’t sure how he felt about Logan and Dante talking about him as if he weren’t there. Disconcerted, certainly. He wanted to say something but he was in enough trouble as it was. He’d just have to talk to Logan about it later.

“Well,” Logan drawled as he placed his cock back in his pants and zipped them up, “we’ve learned that spankings don’t work. That only turns him on more. Usually, I just don’t let him come for awhile.”

“You don’t say?” Dante asked. Joey did not like his tone of voice. He sounded too interested. “May I see?”

“Dante –” Logan began.

“You owe me, Logan.”

“Not at Joey’s expense, I don’t,” Logan said sharply.

Joey’s brows shot up. Logan was defending him. How wonderful was that? Logan had promised never to share him or humiliate him and here he was preventing that very thing and to someone who was a good friend . . . an ex-lover, even.

Joey reached out and tugged on Logan’s pant leg to get his attention. When Logan met his gaze, Joey shrugged. Logan’s brows shot up. Obviously, Joey’s nonchalance about the situation surprised him. Joey grinned.

“Well, he was pretty bad,” Logan said. His lips twitched as if he were trying to suppress a grin. “And he *did* disobey me right to my face. Maybe a little punishment is in order.”

“Truly?” Dante asked.

Joey could hear the excitement in Dante’s voice. It matched the excitement in Logan’s face. Joey wondered what sort of punishment Logan would come up with. Logan was usually pretty good at meting out Joey’s discipline.

“Come here, Joey.” Logan’s voice was stern, the no-nonsense tone he reserved for use when Joey did something wrong. It was enough to get Joey climbing out from under the desk.

“Joey, do you mind if Dante is in the room while I administer your punishment?” Logan asked as he looked into Joey’s eyes, which just made Joey love him even more.

Joey shook his head.

“You will be punished until I feel you’ve learned your lesson. Do you understand that?” Logan asked.

“Yes, sir,” he replied. He kept his gaze pinned on Logan’s, taking in the excitement in Logan’s eyes, the lust shining in them at the idea of punishing Joey in front of someone else.

“Then take your clothes off and fold them up. I want you over my lap,” Logan said. “I think we’ll start with a spanking.”

Joey’s hands shook as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled them off. He folded them neatly and placed them on Logan’s desk. He let his hand brush Logan’s, giving him a little squeeze, as he positioned himself over Logan’s lap.

“Oh, he’s wearing a plug,” Dante commented. “Very nice, my friend.”

“Joey often wears a plug when he brings me dinner. He has a magnificent ass, Dante. You could bounce a quarter off the damn thing,” Logan replied.

Joey bit his lip to keep from laughing as he remembered Danny had said the very same thing. A moment later, Joey cried out as Logan's hand came down on one ass cheek. Logan hadn't even removed the plug.

Joey inhaled deeply. Logan usually started his punishment out this way then moved on to other things, never letting Joey come until he was nearly mindless with need. If he'd been really bad, Logan left the plug in. The movement of the plug in his ass when Logan spanked him drove Joey nuts and Logan knew it.

"I tried to spank him in the very beginning," Logan said as he swatted Joey again and again. "It just doesn't work, Dante. It excites him more than anything. But it is a great starter for the rest of his punishment."

Joey squirmed. His cock had grown hard rather quickly. The soft material of Logan's pants caused friction every time Joey's cock rubbed against it. It was a kind of pleasurable torture.

Logan stopped smacking Joey's ass and wiggled the plug around. Joey whimpered. His cock was pressed against Logan's legs, leaking on them. He knew Logan could feel it.

"He marks very admirably, Logan."

"Yes, he does," Logan said. "Such a pretty red color."

Not as red as my face, Joey thought.

"Okay, baby," Logan said. His large hand caressed Joey's burning ass. "Sit up. I want you to face Dante and straddle my lap."

Joey sat and faced Dante. He wasn't surprised by the look of utter lust on Dante's face. Joey had heard it in his voice. He had to admit it was a bit of a turn on being watched by such a gorgeous man.

"Spread your legs over mine, Joey."

Joey spread his legs until they hung on the outside of Logan's. Logan's erection pressed against him right on the tip of the butt plug. The pressure pushed the plug farther in, massaging Joey's prostate.

"Lean back against me and close your eyes, baby," Logan ordered. "And I want your hands up around my neck."

Joey took one last look at the gorgeous man watching him from the other side of the desk then leaned back against Logan's chest and closed his eyes. He lifted his arms and looped them around Logan's neck. Logan's arms immediately came around him. Long fingers wrapped around Joey's cock.

"No coming, Joey, understand?" Logan said softly.

"Yes, sir," Joey groaned as Logan stroked him. His heart beat rapidly. His breath moved quickly in and out of his lungs. He ran his tongue over his dry lips to moisten them, stifling a grin when he heard a groan from across the desk.

Logan continued manipulating Joey's cock, taking him just to the edge then easing off. A thumb moved across the top, pressing down on the small slit. Other fingers moved to caress Joey's tight little sac. Joey whimpered.

"That is so hot!" Dante exclaimed.

Joey opened his eyes just enough to see through his lashes. Dante sat in one of the large, plush office chairs on the other side of the desk. He had his pants undone and his cock in his hand, stroking himself as he watched Logan disciplining Joey.

The sight kicked Joey's arousal up several notches. A tingling at the base of his spine signaled his impending orgasm. Joey tried to hold it off. He didn't want to disappoint Logan, especially with his friend watching.

Joey pulled on Logan's hair. He tilted his head up so Logan could see the desperation on his face. Instead of giving him the relief he needed, Logan leaned forward and claimed Joey's lips.

Joey clutched Logan's neck. He didn't think he could go another moment without spilling. The tingle in his spin radiated outward, expanding his pleasure until every nerve ending burned.

"Sirrrr," Joey begged. He tugged at the fabric of Logan's shirt. He thrust his cock into Logan's hand. He couldn't stop. He had to come.

Logan suddenly lifted him and bent him over the desk. Joey gave a surprised yelp and barely had time to brace himself against the desk before Logan pulled the plug and replaced it with his cock.

"Oohh," Joey wailed as Logan thrust into him. Hard hands gripped Joey's hips, holding him in place. Logan pounded into his tight sheath over and over again. Joey grabbed the edge of the desk and held on for the ride.

He knew it wouldn't be a long one. Logan was too aroused. Joey could tell by the ferocity of his thrusts. They were quick, uncoordinated, and deep – and punctuated by Logan's throaty growls of pleasure.

"Stroke yourself, baby, but don't come until I give you permission," Logan bit out.

Joey gratefully reached beneath the edge of the desk and grabbed his cock, stroking himself to the rhythm of Logan's jabs. He felt so close he had to squeeze the bottom of his cock to keep from exploding.

Hearing a deep groan from in front of him, Joey opened his eyes to see Dante watching them intently. Dante furiously stroked his cock and his breath came in short, quick gasps.

Joey caught Dante's gaze and winked. The small action seemed to send Dante over the edge. He groaned and his head fell back against the chair as large amounts of cum shot out of his cock and all over his hand and lap.

"Close, baby, I'm so close," Logan said.

Joey was too. All he needed were two words from Logan and he would blow, just two little words. He needed Logan's permission.

He tried to remember that as he felt Logan's cock swell inside of him. Joey cried out as Logan emptied his load. He prayed, he begged silently, he pleaded for Logan to give him permission to come. He didn't want to disappoint him.

"Come, baby," Logan groaned as he continued to pump his cock into Joey.

"Sir," Joey cried out loudly as he finally let himself come. He rapidly stroked himself as ropes of pearly white seed shot from his cock and sprayed all over the floor. He whimpered, collapsing against the desk, his hand falling from his spent cock.

He felt Logan shudder against him then carefully pull out. A moment later he heard the bathroom door open and water running. Then Logan returned and wiped him down with a warm cloth. A small pat on his ass told him Logan was done.

"Get dressed, baby," Logan directed.

Joey pushed himself up from the desk and reached for his clothes. He could see Dante out of the corner of his eye. He was putting himself back into his pants and zipping up. *Odd*, he thought, taking in the other man's bright red cheeks. *He looks embarrassed.*

But what did *Dante* have to be embarrassed about? *He* wasn't the one who had his ass spanked, been yanked off then fucked over the desk – all in front of an audience. Of course, Joey wasn't embarrassed but he wondered if he should be.

He turned to glance at Logan, trying to gauge his reaction to the situation. Joey was surprised by the deep grin on Logan's face. He reached up to caress Joey's cheek.

Logan leaned down and gave him a small kiss then he lifted his head and smiled. "You did good, baby. You made me very proud."

Joey beamed. "So, I shouldn't be embarrassed that we just had sex in front of your friend?" he whispered.

Logan's eyebrows drew together in a confused frown. "No, why should you be embarrassed? You did exactly what you were told you to do."

"Well," Joey said, pointing toward Dante, "he sure looks embarrassed."

Logan turned. "Are you embarrassed, Dante?"

"No," he replied, "I wouldn't say I'm embarrassed, exactly. More like envious. You have a very good boy there, Logan. I miss having someone like that. Hold on to him. The really good ones are few and far between."

Logan smiled. He wrapped his arms around Joey and pulled him close to his side. "I know. I have every intention of holding on very tight."

"You do that." Dante chuckled. "And don't forget to send a little something my way. Maybe there's another *baby* out there just waiting for his *sir* to come along and claim him."

"Impossible," Logan said. "There's not another baby out there like my Joey. They broke the mold when they made him."

Logan's words gave Joey an idea. "Uh, maybe not." He laughed. "Have I ever told you about my friend Danny?"

Chapter Six

Joey's hands shook with excitement. He puttered around the condo, arranging and rearranging the pillows on the sofa, lighting the candles, adjusting the tableware. Danny was coming over for dinner. Dante would be there, too. Joey wanted everything to be perfect when he introduced the two of them.

He wasn't sure how Danny would react to Dante's lifestyle, but Danny had some of the same desires Joey did, maybe even more. Joey felt pretty sure Danny would like Dante a lot. And he was positive Dante would like Danny.

"Baby, there are only so many times you can clean that damn table," Logan said as he walked into the living room. "You're going to wipe the paint right off of it."

Joey rolled his eyes. Logan wrapped his arms around him from behind and Joey sighed. He leaned his body back against Logan, tilting his head up to get a quick kiss. "I just want things to be perfect," he said a moment later. "This is the first time since I moved in that we've had people over for dinner."

"Joey, it's going to fine. Besides, once Dante meets Danny I don't think he's going to care what the apartment looks like." Logan chuckled. "I think he's going to be too busy watching Danny's every move. He's a cute little thing."

"Hey! No thinking about Danny in sexual terms," he said, turning in Logan's arms. "I'm the only one you can think of like that."

"No worries, baby. Danny doesn't interest me in the least." Logan lowered his head and rubbed his nose against Joey's. "I only have eyes for you."

"You'd better." Joey laughed. "'Cause if you don't, I'll have to —"

The doorbell rang, cutting off the rest of Joey's words. Joey let his head drop against Logan's chest. He took a deep breath, loving the scent that swirled around him . . . man, soap, and desire. Yum!

The bell rang again. Joey released Logan with a groan and went to answer. He opened the door, smiling when he saw Dante standing there. "Hey, Dante, come on in."

"Hello, Joey. Hope I have not arrived too early," Dante said. He stepped into the apartment, handing his jacket to Joey.

“Oh, no, Danny’s not even here yet,” Joey replied. He shut the door then went to hang Dante’s coat in the closet. “More than likely, he’ll be late. I don’t think Danny’s ever been on time for anything.”

“That’s not an inducement, Joey,” Dante admonished. “Being perpetually late is just bad manners.”

“So? If your relationship with Danny goes the way I think it will, I’m sure you can train that out of him.”

Dante lifted a brow. Joey gave him a nervous smile, but then forced himself to calm down. The only person he had to answer to was Logan. Dante was on his own.

He shrugged. “Can I get you something to drink?”

Dante smirked. “Yes. Some tea would be wonderful, Joey.”

“Tea?” Joey asked in surprise. Seriously? Dante drank tea? Joey would have figured him for a whiskey or scotch man, bourbon at the least.

“I don’t drink alcohol. One tends to lose control when alcohol is involved.”

“Oh,” Joey replied. He guessed that made sense. “Okay, tea it is. Any particular flavor?”

“Earl Grey, if you have it, please.”

Joey nodded and went into the kitchen. Dante was so polite. It was sure to drive Danny buggy. Oh, Danny could be polite when he needed to be but he usually just let his mouth fly with whatever came into his head. And that would drive *Dante* buggy.

Joey couldn’t wait to see the two of them together. The fireworks alone would be worth watching. Joey had known Danny long enough to know what type of male he found attractive. Dante was everything Danny craved. Dante seemed to want someone just for him. Joey crossed his fingers in hope.

A few moments later, he re-entered the living room and placed a small tray down in front of Dante. "I wasn't sure if you wanted sugar or honey, so I brought both," he explained, gesturing to the tray.

"Either is fine, Joey. Thank you."

So damn polite! Joey chuckled and crossed to sit down on the floor between Logan's legs. He had quickly learned that this was his favorite place to sit. Well, sitting on Logan's lap naked was his favorite place to sit. This was a close second.

Logan's legs surrounded him on either side. Logan gently stroked his fingers through Joey's hair. Joey leaned back, enjoying the feel of Logan's cock pressed between his shoulder blades. Ah, heaven.

In the evenings, when they cuddled like this, Joey often turned and loved Logan with his mouth. He felt a bit of regret that he couldn't do that at this particular moment. Maybe later tonight, after their company left.

"I'm impressed with your training, Logan. Joey didn't even hesitate to sit at your feet."

Joey felt a small caress at the side of his face. "Training had nothing to do with it, Dante. Joey is allowed to sit wherever he wants to. He chooses to sit here."

"Is that true, Joey?" Dante asked.

He nodded. "I like it here."

"May I ask you why?"

"I don't know exactly. I like sitting as close to Logan as I can without climbing into him, I guess. This way, he's all around me."

Dante smiled. "Good answer."

"Yes, I agree," Logan said. "I just might have to reward him later tonight."

Joey beamed. He was very much in favor of rewards. Logan would reward Joey when he had been very, very good. Those rewards came in many different forms. Sometimes Logan paddled Joey's ass. Other times, he let Joey pick out a favorite toy and tortured him with it.

Still, Joey's favorite reward was when Logan let Joey fuck him. Joey had to be exceptionally good to earn *that* particular reward. The chocolate body paint had earned Joey two nights of fucking Logan. Joey smiled mischievously. He recently found chocolate bar soap.

"So, tell me more about Daniel," Dante said.

"I've only met Danny a couple of times," Logan replied, "but Joey shared an apartment with Danny until he moved in here. If you want to know more about him, you should ask Joey."

"Joey?"

"What do you want to know?" he asked.

"Does Daniel have your unique interests?"

Joey's brows drew together in confusion. "Huh?"

"I believe Dante wants to know if Danny will enjoy sitting at his feet as much as you enjoy sitting at mine," Logan interjected.

"Oh," Joey said, nodding. "Yeah, pretty much. I mean, Danny is into a little more . . . um . . . well . . . he's . . .," Joey stammered.

"I believe what Joey is trying to say is that Danny is a little more into the lifestyle than he is," Logan said. "From what I understand from Joey, Danny prefers the D/s lifestyle and all that it entails."

Joey nodded. Yeah, Danny preferred things more intense than Joey did. Joey loved his life with Logan. He loved being cared for and loved by Logan. He wasn't interested in being tied to a wall or walked around on a leash. At least, not yet.

"Do tell." Dante chuckled lightly but Joey could hear the interest in his voice.

"Danny is—" Joey began.

The doorbell rang.

"Here, apparently." Logan laughed. He patted Joey on the shoulder. "Go get the door, baby, and let your friend in."

Joey jumped to his feet and went to answer the door. The smile on his face fell from his lips the moment he saw Danny. His friend didn't seem happy to be there. In fact, he looked frantic. His hair was messed and his face pale.

"Danny? What's wrong?" Joey asked, ushering Danny inside.

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry," Danny said quickly. He grabbed Joey's hand. "You're father is in town. He came by the apartment. I told him I didn't know where you were, but I think he followed me."

"My father?" Joey asked. What in the hell did his father want? He had disowned Joey nearly two years ago. Joey hadn't heard a word from anyone in his family since he left home.

"Oh, Joey," Danny said. "I'm so sorry."

"Joey?"

Joey turned to see Logan standing behind him. He just blinked at him, dazed.

"Baby? Are you okay?" Logan asked. He wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close to his chest. "What's wrong, Joey?"

"His father's in town, Logan," Danny explained.

“So?”

Danny shook his head. “If his father is in town, it’s bad.”

Logan grabbed Joey’s chin and tilted his face up. “Joey, you don’t have to see your father if you don’t want to. It’s your choice, but I won’t allow him to hurt you.”

“I don’t know why he would want to see me after all this time. He hates me and everything about me,” Joey said quietly. “They all do.”

“Who cares about them, Joey?” Danny asked. He patted Joey’s arm. “We love you and that’s all that matters.”

“A very astute observation, Daniel,” Dante said as he walked up to hold his hand out to Danny. “Dante Frederic Antonio Lucien Giovanni, at your service. It’s a pleasure to make you’re acquaintance.”

Joey lifted his head from Logan’s chest to stare over at Dante in shock. Dante Frederic Antonio Lucien Giovanni? That was quite the mouthful. Joey hadn’t even known Dante was Italian.

“I . . . uh . . . Danny, please,” Danny replied, shaking Dante’s hand. “God, you’re hot! Do you have a boyfriend ‘cause I have to tell you I’m interested if you’re single.”

Joey rolled his eyes as Dante’s face reddened. *Here we go*, he thought.

Logan covered his mouth to keep from laughing as Danny made another outrageous comment about how sexy Dante looked. A stunned look came over Dante’s face and Logan knew his friend had no idea how to deal with Danny.

The banter had been going on for two hours, ever since Dante had introduced himself to Danny. Dante kept trying to have polite conversation with Danny and Danny kept sticking his foot in his mouth. It was wonderful to watch.

Logan felt pretty sure that Danny would be going home with Dante tonight. Dante couldn't keep his eyes off of Danny, just as Logan had predicted. He wished he could be a fly on the wall when Dante and Danny finally got around to becoming intimate. It was sure to be interesting.

"Don't you agree, Logan?"

"Huh?" Logan asked when he realized Dante had said something to him. "I'm sorry. I didn't hear what you said."

"I was telling Daniel here that obedience is the core of any good relationship. If Joey's main concept is obedience, everything else can be achieved through training. Don't you agree?" Dante asked.

Logan thought about it then shook his head. "No, love and trust should be the core concept. Obedience is good but if Joey didn't love me or trust me, he'd never be able to truly submit to me. Obedience is a by-product."

"My mistake," Dante said, bowing his head at Logan. "Any successful relationship has to be founded on love and trust. I assumed that point was a given."

"Well, assuming that love and trust are given then yes, obedience is the next value," Logan said. "However, disobedience has a value of its own, as I know you are aware."

Dante's gaze strayed to Joey. He grinned. "Yes, in certain cases, disobedience is valued as well."

Danny sucked in a breath and Logan turned to give him an inquiring look.

"You guys fooled around," Danny accused.

"No, Joey and I fooled around. Dante merely observed Joey's punishment for disobedience."

Danny's face reddened then he grinned. "If I'm disobedient, would you like Logan to watch?" Danny asked Dante.

"Are you going to be disobedient, Daniel?" Dante returned. He gazed at Daniel, a twinkle in his eyes.

"I could be, but you'd have to promise to punish me for it."

Logan laughed at the heated look that came over Dante's face. He swore he could see steam coming out of Dante's ears. Knowing Dante, he was so aroused right now he was about to bust out of his crisp black slacks.

"Okay, enough." Logan chuckled. "Any more innuendoes here and I'm going to get a piece of paper and draw you two a map. It's obvious that you want each other. You just need to put all of this evasiveness away and go for it."

Dante looked outraged. Danny looked intrigued. Joey just laughed quietly. Logan patted Joey's shoulder then moved his leg so that he could stand. He shook his head as he stepped over to stand directly in front of Dante and Danny.

"Danny, if Dante wanted to take you home and train you to be his submissive, including disciplining you when you're bad and rewarding you when you're good, what would you say?"

"Hell, yes!" Danny groaned loudly.

"Daniel!" Dante exclaimed. "Cursing is a sign of a lazy mind. You will remove these words from your vocabulary at once."

"Or what?" Danny challenged as he scooted off of his chair and moved over to kneel at Dante's feet.

Logan stifled his chuckle when Dante merely raised an eyebrow at him. He could see the blowup that was coming. Dante wouldn't take a challenge to his authority, which was exactly what Danny was doing.

"Logan, would you mind terribly if I availed myself of your spare room?" Dante asked as he stood, his eyes never leaving Danny's eager face. "I do believe this young man requires some proper instruction in respect."

This time Logan did laugh. "Yeah, go ahead. There are some toys in the dresser; I'm sure you will find them useful."

"Come along, Daniel," Dante said as he walked toward the spare bedroom.

Danny turned and grinned over at Joey and Logan. "Works every time." He chuckled then eagerly jumped to his feet and followed Dante down the hall.

Logan looked over at Joey to see him smiling. "Are you okay with this, baby?"

Joey turned to look up at Logan. He nodded. "Yes. If Dante is anything like you he'll treat Danny right, and I have no doubt that Danny will treat him right."

"You do know that Dante is more domineering than I am, right?" Logan asked.

"Is that possible?" Joey laughed.

"Contrary to popular belief, it is." Logan reached for Joey's hand and pulled him to his feet. "Now, are you sure you're okay with Dante and Danny being together?"

"Yeah, why? Do you have a problem with it?" Joey asked.

"No, not at all."

"I thought maybe with your past, uh . . . relationship . . . with Dante it might be hard to see him with someone else."

Logan heard the uncertainty in Joey's voice. He cupped Joey's face in his hands and leaned down to kiss him gently. He tried to put all of his caring and affection into his kiss, wanted to reassure Joey that he was the only man for him.

Lifting his head, Logan smiled. "I never cared for Dante the way I care for you, baby. We were just friends that occasionally had sex together. We've never even been out on a date."

"Never?"

Logan shook his head. "We care about each other but that's only because we've been friends for so long. There's never been anything between us except friendship. The sex was just a bonus. Now that I have you, I don't need Dante for that and he and are once again just friends."

"What if you change your mind?"

"Not going to happen, baby." Logan smiled. "You're it for me. Why would I need to go to anyone else when you give me everything I need in the world?"

"Everything?" Joey asked.

"Everything, baby."

"Then why don't you love me?" Joey whispered.

Logan's mouth dropped open. He stared at Joey in stunned amazement. Finally, when he recovered from his initial shock, he said, "Joey, I *do* love you. What could ever make you think otherwise?"

Joey's gaze dropped to the floor and he shrugged. "You never said anything."

"Joey, I tell you I love you every time I call you *baby*, every time I make love to you. Hell, I tell you I love you every time I discipline you."

"You love me?" Joey murmured as he glanced back up at Logan.

"How long have you been worrying about this?" Logan asked. He had thought he'd shown his love to Joey constantly. Now, he realized he might be wrong. How could Joey not know he loved him?

"You just never said anything," Joey replied, "even after I said it to you."

"I thought it was understood. Why do you think I wanted you to live with me and be with me? When I said you were it for me, I meant it. You're it, Joey."

Logan could see the doubt still shining in Joey's eyes. He knew it was his fault. He should have made sure Joey knew exactly how he felt from the very beginning. Logan's heart hurt to know Joey had been worrying all this time.

"You listen to me, Joseph MacIntire," Logan said sternly, using his *sir* voice. "You belong to me and I belong to you. There is no you and I. There is only us."

"Logan—"

"Don't you get it, baby? I may be the dominant in our relationship and you may be my baby, but everything that I have, including my heart, everything that I am, it all belongs to you. You own me, baby."

"Sir," Joey whispered, his eyes tearing up. "I love you, sir."

Logan wrapped his arms around Joey and held him close to his chest. "I love you, too, baby. I always will."

"Sir," Joey said, pressing his body against Logan's. Logan could feel Joey's hard cock pressing against his abdomen.

Logan groaned. "I never should have told you about that damn word."

Joey tilted his head back and looked up at him. "Want me to stop?"

"Hell, no!"

Chapter Seven

Joey hummed softly to himself as he made Logan's breakfast. With any luck, he'd have it done before Logan woke up. He wanted to surprise him with breakfast in bed before their guests woke up.

They hadn't seen Dante or Danny the rest of the evening but they had certainly heard them. Joey was pretty sure Danny wouldn't be sitting easily anytime soon. And he didn't think Danny would be complaining.

Listening to Dante and Danny going at it through the bedroom wall had been arousing as hell. The sounds of the other men's intimacy had definitely added something to Joey and Logan's lovemaking last night. Logan had been exceptionally vigorous.

Joey believed Logan had a bit of an exhibitionist-slash-voyeuristic kink to him. If he considered the time Dante had watched them, plus last night, both times Logan had been almost out of control, so aggressively passionate, that, well, Joey wonder if he needed to reconsider going out in public as Logan's baby.

He could only imagine how excited Logan might be if they went to Dante's Dungeon together. He could wear a collar, and maybe a leash, while sitting at Logan's feet. He was positive Logan would be very appreciative.

He chuckled. Yep, looked like kink was now a mainstay in his life. Joey placed the last of the fresh fruit on a plate then placed the plate on a tray. Lifting the tray, he headed toward the bedroom. The front doorbell rang before he made it halfway down the hall.

Joey glanced at the food then at the door. He set the tray down on the sideboard and went to open the door. All the breath in Joey's lungs left in a deep gasp when he spotted his father standing in the doorway.

"Joseph."

"Father," Joey replied.

"Are you going to let me in?" his father asked, nodding to the door Joey held in a death grip.

Joey stepped back. "Please, come in."

"Well, at least you haven't lost your manners even if you have lost your mind."

Joey quietly groaned. Seemed his father still had ill feelings toward him. Then why the hell was he here? Jerald MacIntire had made his feelings about having a gay son more than clear right before he had disowned Joey and kicked him out two years ago.

“Why are you here, Father?”

Jerald turned from his perusal of the room to look over at his son. “It’s been two years, Joseph. I think you’ve had enough time to play around and get whatever this is out of your system. It’s time to come home and deal with your responsibilities.”

“Get what out of my system?” Joey asked.

“This . . . this thing,” Jerald said, waving his hand in the air. “This thing with other men. It’s time for it to stop, Joseph.”

“This thing with other men?” Joey scoffed. “You mean being gay?”

“You’re not gay, Joseph. You’re confused. If you will just come home where you belong I am sure that you will see I’m right.”

“I’m not gay?” Joey laughed bitterly. “Well, considering I had my boyfriend’s dick up my ass last night, I’d say you’re wrong.”

Jerald backhanded him so hard across the face that Joey’s ears rang. “I don’t ever want to hear you speak like that again. Now, get your belongings together, Joseph. You’re coming home with me and you’re going to forget all of this nonsense.”

Joey cradled his cheek in his hand. He pressed his fingertips against his split lip. He glanced down at his hand, grimacing at the blood that smeared across his skin before glaring up at his father. “You can go fuck yourself!”

“Joey!”

Joey turned to see Logan standing in the bedroom doorway dressed in a pair of black silk lounge pants. His arms were crossed over his chest, his brows drawn together in a frown. He didn’t look happy.

“You will not speak to a guest in our home in that manner,” Logan bit out.

“He’s not a guest, Logan, he’s my father.”

Logan walked over to stand next to Joey. He held out his hand to Jerald. “Mr. MacIntire, my name is Logan James. I’m Joey’s partner.”

“Partner? Business partner?” Jerald asked, a confused look coming over his face.

“That is one way we’re partners, yes.”

“Partner in what? Joey doesn’t have the skills to run a pig pen,” Jerald stated, making Joey feel about three inches tall. His father was good at that. He liked to make people around him feel inferior.

“On the contrary, Joey and I own Club Refectory together as well as several real estate properties, including the building we’re in,” Logan said, letting his hand fall back to his side when Jerald didn’t shake it. “We’re also partners on a personal level.”

“Partners? You’re his . . . his” Jerald’s face scrunched up like he had just bitten into a lemon.

“Yes, Father, Logan is my boyfriend. Remember that dick I told you was up my ass last night? It belongs to him,” Joey said. He watched the color drain from his father’s face, feeling a great deal of satisfaction.

“Joey, there’s no need to be rude,” Logan said sternly.

Joey turned to face Logan, his hand dropping to his hips as he readied himself to argue. It wasn’t often that he and Logan argued but Logan had always said that if he felt strongly about something he could say so and he felt strongly that his father was an asshole.

“Joey, what happened to your face?” Logan gently caressed Joey’s cheek.

“*He* happened,” Joey said, pointing to his father.

Logan turned to glare at Jerald. "You hit my baby?" Logan growled. "No one hits Joey, ever."

"Joseph is my son. I can do anything I like to him."

"No, you can't," Logan said. "Dante, I could use your assistance."

Joey watched in surprise as a disheveled Dante came out of the guestroom a moment later. He was dressed only in a pair of slacks, his chest bare. Danny was right behind him, wrapped up in a bathrobe.

"What seems to be the problem, Logan?" Dante asked.

"This is Joey's father, Jerald MacIntire," Logan said, gesturing to the man standing in front of him. "He just assaulted Joey. Would you be so kind as to make sure he doesn't leave while I call the police?"

"It would be my pleasure."

Joey watched his father sputter with indignation as Dante walked over to stand in before the front door. He crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back as if he had no plans on going anywhere anytime soon.

"Joey, go get the digital camera out of my office," Logan directed as he reached for the phone.

Joey, still a bit confused by the sudden turn of events, ran into Logan's office to get the camera. He came back into the foyer a few moments later and stood waiting while Logan talked on the phone.

"Yes, that's correct, Officer, my partner was assaulted in our home by his father. No, this qualifies as a hate crime. My partner and I are gay, Officer. Thank you, we'll be waiting for you," Logan said then hung up the phone.

He took the camera from Joey and turned it on. "Hold still, baby," Logan said. He took a couple shots of Joey's face, tilting his chin this way and that to get pictures from

different angles. Then he turned and took some shots of Jerald before setting the camera down on the entryway table.

“You can’t do this,” Jerald said loudly. “I didn’t assault Joseph.”

“You did assault him. I have proof right there. I am sure the police will be very interested in seeing those pictures,” Logan said as he pointed to the camera.

“No one will believe you.”

“You’re not from around here, are you?” Dante laughed.

Jerald turned quickly to look at Dante. “No, of course not, but what does that have to do with anything?”

“Here in the big city, hate crimes are against the law.” He nodded toward Joey’s bruised and bleeding face. “You go to jail for that.”

“That’s preposterous,” Jerald said. He turned to look at Joey. “Joseph, I’m going home. If you know what’s good for you, you will come home, too.”

“You’re not going anywhere, Mr. MacIntire. The police are on their way and they will want to speak to you,” Logan said.

Joey stood by quietly, watching the exchange with a great deal of stunned amazement. He couldn’t believe Logan had actually called the police on his father. No one had ever stood up to his father, no one.

“Logan?” Joey whispered.

“Yeah, baby?” Logan said. As if he understood exactly what Joey needed, he wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close. “You want me to let him go?” Logan whispered against Joey’s hair.

Joey shook his head. No, he wanted his father to pay for what he did. "He's trying to force me to go home, Logan. He says I have to give up all of this foolishness and go home to take care of my responsibilities."

He lifted his head. "I don't want to go back, Logan. This is my home now, here with you and Dante and Danny and Toby and Mack and —"

"Sssh," Logan said as he pressed Joey's face back down to his chest. "You don't have to go anywhere you don't want to. You're an adult now, remember that. Your father can't make you do anything you don't want to do."

"Now, you listen here," Jerald shouted. "I don't know who the hell you think you are but Joseph is coming home with me where he belongs. He has responsibilities at home that need his attention and you —"

"What responsibilities?" Joey asked as he swung around to look at his father.

"Well, er, well, you owe your mother a grandchild," Jerald said.

"I'm the youngest of five children. Last time I counted, three of your children were married with kids. You already have seven grandchildren. Why do you need one from me?"

"Because that's what your mother wants, Joseph."

"Then she's shit out of luck." Joey laughed. "Unless Logan suddenly grows a uterus, I'm not having any children."

"That's disgusting, Joseph." He said it so snidely, Joey felt like sticking his tongue out at him.

"Not to mention painful-sounding." Logan chuckled. He placed his hands on Joey's shoulders, squeezing them gently. "Not to worry, Mr. MacIntire, if Joey and I decide to have children, you'll be the first to know."

"You can't . . . you can't have children with him." Jerald gasped.

“Why not?” Joey asked. “People have children all the time. Besides, isn’t that what you just said you wanted? A grandchild?”

“Not with him.” Jerald pointed to Logan.

“What? Do you have someone else in mind?” Joey asked, not really expecting a response. He was shocked when he got one.

“As a matter of fact, I do. Susan Davis is the daughter of Charles Davis, the CEO of Davis Real Estate. Charles and I have been doing business for several years and just the other day he mentioned how much his daughter liked you.”

Jerald looked Joey up and down, his lip curling in a snarl of disgust. “While you’re not what I would have wanted to offer, you’re what I have. I’ve already made all of the arrangements. Susan is expecting your call later tonight.”

“You’re out of your mind,” Joey whispered.

“Not at all, Joseph. By marrying Susan, you’ll be merging the Davis and MacIntire families. Charles has assured me that once his daughter is married to you, MacIntire Construction will be receiving the bulk of his construction contracts.”

Joey’s eyes widened as understanding came to him. “You’re trying to sell me for a business contract. You really *have* lost your mind.” He shook his head. “I don’t love her. Hell, I don’t even know her. Why would I ever agree to marry her?”

“Don’t be dramatic, Joseph.”

“I’m not being dramatic. I’m being realistic. I could care less about MacIntire Construction, Davis Real Estate, or whatever plans you’ve hatched up,” Joey shouted. “I’m not going to marry some woman I don’t know and I’m not going home with you.”

“Joseph Sean MacIntire,” Jerald said as he pointed at him, “you’ll do exactly as I say or you’ll never be a part of this family again.”

Like that's a threat, Joey thought as he rolled his eyes. "Been there, done that, had the bruises to prove it."

The moment Logan stepped forward, Joey wished he could call back his words. He probably shouldn't have said that. Logan tended to get a tad upset if he thought someone was hurting Joey, even if it was something that had happened in the past.

"You've beat Joey before?" Logan growled.

Judging by the look on Jerald's face, Joey could see exactly what his father was thinking. He was angered that anyone dared to question anything he did, especially someone he felt was beneath him, like a gay man.

"I don't see what business it is of yours how I discipline my son."

Logan's hands clenched into fists. *Uh oh, here we go*, Joey thought. Logan took a threatening step toward Jerald. Jerald took a step back. Joey jumped in between them. He had to stop this before Logan did something he might regret later.

"Logan, please, as you said, there's a way to deal with him. Violence, no matter how justified, is not the answer." Joey placed his hands on Logan's chest and pushed him backward. "Please, let the police handle it. I don't want you going to jail over my father."

"Well," Jerald piped in, "that's exactly where he's headed if you don't get your act together, Joseph, and come home where you belong."

Joey whirled around to stare at his father. "On what charge? Fucking your son is not illegal, no matter how much you wish it was."

"Try kidnapping, brainwashing, coercion, and sexual assault for starters," Jerald replied.

Joey blinked. "What?"

“Well, it’s obvious to me that he’s done something to you, Joseph. You never would have talked to me in this manner before you met him.” Jerald’s gaze darted from Joey to Logan, then back. “No telling what he’s done to you since he’s held you here.”

“He never held me anywhere. I wanted to live with him.”

“Perverted your mind, that’s what he did,” Jerald said as if Joey hadn’t spoken a word. He waved his hand toward Logan. “I’ve heard about men like him. They find innocent young men and brainwash them into being their little sex slaves. That’s where sex rings come from, you know. He probably has you out selling your body already.”

Jerald glanced back at his son. “Is that it, Joseph? Are you his little whore now? Do you sell your body for money? Are you on drugs?”

Joey’s mind overloaded from disbelief and shock. That’s the excuse he would give himself later for his behavior. His hands curled into claws and he jumped at his father, yelling out all of the anger he had been holding in for the last twenty-four years.

“Oh, no you don’t,” Logan shouted as he grabbed Joey around the waist and pulled him back. “If I can’t hit him, you can’t either.”

Joey tried to lunge at his father again but Logan held him firm. Just as Joey turned to argue with Logan about it, Jerald struck out at him, hitting him in the face again. Joey heard the distinct sound of bone crunching.

His body collapsed as pain radiated through his face. He closed his eyes to ward off the spots bursting in front of them and leaned his head against the edge of the couch. He heard Logan shouting, but the sound seemed to come from a great distance.

A moment later there was a loud crash and several more voices yelling. Joey ignored all of it, no longer caring what happened to his father. The agony pounding through his head told him that something was probably broken.

He just wanted it all to go away, the noise, the shouting, the pain. Then suddenly, the room fell silent. Joey opened his eyes and looked around. He was shocked at what he saw.

Dante and two uniformed police officers were restraining Logan. His hands were clenched, his teeth bared as he growled at Joey's father. Joey instinctively knew that if Logan got free, his father was a dead man.

Jerald, on the other hand, was being handcuffed and read his rights. He was spouting things left and right about Logan defiling his son, that Logan was selling Joey for drugs, that Joey wasn't even gay. A police officer nodded and took note of everything he said.

"Joey?"

Joey looked over to see Danny kneeling next to him. He tried to smile, groaning when pain shot through his face. It felt like someone was thrusting a railroad spike into his cheek. His stomach grew queasy.

"Are you okay, Joey?"

Joey tried to speak, but pain sliced up his face and he shut his mouth. He shook his head and stars appeared behind his closed eyelids. For a moment, he feared he might pass out. He clutched at Danny's leg.

"Logan? I think Joey needs to go to the hospital," Danny called out.

"Joey?" Logan said, his voice laced with concern.

Joey held up his hand, holding it out to Logan so he wouldn't have to speak.

"Damn it, let me go," Logan shouted as he struggled with Dante and the two police officers. "Joey needs me."

"Will you behave yourself?" Dante asked.

“Dante, my baby needs me.”

A moment later, Logan knelt beside Joey and took his hand.

“Hey, baby, how you doing?” Logan asked. “Looks like you might have quite the shiner going here. Does it hurt anywhere else besides your face?”

Joey gave a slow, careful shake of his head. He squeezed Logan’s hand then lifted it to his lips. He couldn’t kiss it, but he could press his lips against Logan’s palm.

“Love you, baby,” Logan said. “The paramedics are on the way. We’ll get you to the hospital and they’ll make you as good as new in no time. After you’re all better, maybe we’ll go down and visit Dante and Danny down at Dante’s Dungeon. Would you like that?”

Joey squeezed Logan’s hand. He hoped Logan knew he was saying yes. Smiling was not an option. It just hurt too damn much.

“Just close your eyes, baby. The paramedics will be here soon.”

Joey squeezed Logan’s hand once again and let his eyes close. He knew Logan would take care of him and keep him safe, even from his father.

Logan cradled Joey’s hand in his as he watched his eyes drift closed. He couldn’t believe the amount of damage to Joey’s face. Something had to be broken. Joey’s eyes were almost completely swollen shut and blood seeped from a split in his lip.

He was never so grateful to see someone as he was when the paramedics came in and rushed over to treat Joey. Logan scooted out of the way, but refused to let go of Joey’s hand. He needed the connection, the lifeline, to his baby.

“Is he going to be okay?” Logan asked one of the paramedics.

“It’s too early to tell, sir, but I think he should be just fine. We’ll need to take him down to the hospital for some X-rays. He might have broken something. The doctor’s will be able to tell you more after they examine him.”

“Sir?” the other paramedic asked as he pushed a gurney over next to Joey. “I need you to let go of his hand so that we can transport him.”

Logan reluctantly released Joey’s hand and watched as they loaded him up on a gurney. He stood, stepped back as they started to wheel him out.

“Can I go with him?” Logan asked, loathe to be away from him for even a moment.

“We need to ask you some questions first, Mr. James,” one of the police officers stated. “Then you can join your partner at the hospital. I’d be happy to drive you there.”

Logan shook his head. “No, I can drive there or Dante can take me.” He watched them wheel Joey out of their condo then turned to the officer. “Can we hurry this up? I don’t want him to be alone for very long.”

“Can you tell me what happened?” the officer asked.

“I’m still not sure I know myself. Joey’s father was demanding that Joey go home and marry the daughter of his business partner or some such thing. When Joey refused, he hit him. He started accusing Joey of being brainwashed, being on drugs, and selling himself.”

The police officer nodded, making notes, apparently intent on recording all the details. “Are any of those accusations founded?”

“God, no. Joey’s father hates the fact that Joey’s gay. He seems to think that I’ve corrupted him and forced him into a life of a drug-addicted sex slave. He even accused me of kidnapping Joey.”

The officer just raised a brow.

“I can assure you, Officer, Joey is here of his own free will. We’ve been living together for a couple of months now. That man is just off his rocker.”

The police officer made a few more notes then flipped his pad closed. “Very well, Mr. James, we’ll be talking to your partner at the hospital and then we’ll get back to you. If you have any more problems with Mr. MacIntire, or if you have any questions, please give me a call.”

Logan took the card the officer held out to him and put it into the pocket of his pajama bottoms. He could really care less about all of this right now. He just wanted to get dressed and get down to the hospital as fast as he could.

He glanced over his shoulder at Jerald, watching as the cops led him out of the condo. If he had had ten more seconds before the police had gained entrance he would have beaten the man to a pulp. As it stood, he hadn’t even gotten in a single shot.

The moment Jerald had hit Joey, Logan had pounced. The only thing that had saved Jerald was Dante jumping in between them. That wouldn’t have stopped Logan except that the police had arrived a moment later.

Logan had to be held back as Dante explained the situation to the police. It was only when Danny had said something about Joey needing help that reason had returned to Logan and he had realized Joey had been seriously injured.

He felt like all kinds of a fool for not seeing to Joey in the very beginning. Joey should have been his first priority, not attacking his father. Not that the man didn’t deserve it. He had attacked Joey.

As far as Logan was concerned, the man could rot in jail for the rest of his life. Logan would be happy to assist in that plan however he could. First, though, he had to get Joey fixed up and home safe where he belonged.

If Joey were really lucky, Logan might let him out of his sight in say, ten or twenty years.

Chapter Eight

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

Joey rolled his eyes. “Yes, Logan, I’m fine.” If Logan asked if he was okay one more time, Joey just might scream. After a four-day stay in the hospital, he’d been sent home with a fractured cheekbone and numerous bruises. But that was more than a month ago.

“Joey”

“Logan, I’m fine, I swear.” Joey turned and lifted his face up to Logan’s. “See, no swelling or anything. I haven’t even had to take a pain pill in over a week.”

Logan rubbed his hand down Joey’s opposite, uninjured cheek. “I’m sorry, baby, I just worry about you.”

“I know, and I appreciate it, I do. But if you ask me one more time if I’m okay, I’m going to get the paddle out and use it on you!”

“Okay, okay.” Logan chuckled. “No more asking if you’re alright.”

“I promise, if I feel the slightest twinge of pain, you’ll be the first to know.” Joey cuddled up to Logan. “Now, shouldn’t we be getting ready to go down to Dante’s club? It’s my first real night out since I got home. I want to go have some fun.”

“Okay, baby, you go change into your outfit. I left it lying out on the bed,” Logan said as he brushed the hair back from Joey’s face. “I have a few things to get ready out here.”

“Really?” Joey grinned. “Like what?”

“If I told you that, it wouldn’t be a surprise.” Logan chuckled. He turned Joey in his arms and pushed him toward the bedroom, swatting at his ass as he moved away. “Now, go before I have to paddle *your* ass for being disobedient.”

“Promises, promises.” Joey laughed and dodged Logan’s playful grasp. He hurried into the bedroom. Just as Logan had said, an outfit lay across the bed waiting for him. He reached down and picked up the pants, stroking his fingers across the soft black leather. *Very nice.*

Under the pants lay a folded shirt. Joey set the pants aside and held up the shirt. “Wow,” he said as he took in the sheer black material. He could see right through it.

Joey giggled. The outfit was basically perfect. He laid the shirt back down on the bed and dropped his bathrobe on the floor. It took him just a moment to get dressed, although the tight leather pants were a little hard to get into.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror, Joey checked himself out. He didn’t look too bad if he did say so himself. The black leather pants hugged his ass like a second skin. Amazingly enough, they made his legs look longer, too.

The sheer black shirt was just dark enough to keep the watcher imagining what was beneath it while giving him a hint of the shadowed body it covered. Joey could barely make out his nipple ring through the see-through fabric.

“Hey, Logan,” Joey said as he walked back into the living room, “what shoes should I wear with thi—” Joey skidded to a stop. Logan stood in the condo doorway, talking to the police detective in charge of the case against Jerald.

“Detective Rodriguez wanted to have a word with us, Joey,” Logan said.

Joey felt a cold shiver shoot up his back. Except for when the police had questioned him at the hospital and when he had to go down to the police station to sign a statement against his father, he hadn’t heard from them.

He had kind of pushed the whole thing to the back of his mind, preferring not to think about it. It was an ugly situation that he wanted nothing to do with. He just wanted it all to go away so he'd never have to deal with it.

Classic avoidance, yes, but Joey didn't care. As far as he was concerned, his father was a monster and Joey would count himself a lucky man if he never saw him again. He did miss the rest of his family but they hadn't tried to contact him since he had left home. He figured they thought the same way his father did.

"What can we help you with, Detective?" Joey asked as he sat down on the arm of the couch. He watched as Logan gestured for the detective to come in then shut the door behind him. Logan immediately walked over to sit on the couch next to Joey, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"I wanted to bring you up to speed on how the investigation is going and ask you a few questions," Detective Rodriguez said as he sat down across from them.

"Okay."

"When we first arrested your father, it was for assault, as you know. However, some new evidence has come to light."

"New evidence?" Joey asked, totally confused. "What new evidence?"

"Have you ever heard of a man named Edward Valdez?"

Joey shook his head. "No, never. Is he a business contact of my father's?" "Yes, in a way. Edward Valdez is a well-known bookie. Your father owes him somewhere in the ballpark of half a million dollars in gambling debts," the detective replied.

"What?" Joey had never known his father to gamble. He didn't even play poker with his buddies. He was too much of a penny pincher to play with his money that way.

"What does this have to do with Jerald's assault on Joey?" Logan asked.

Joey looked at the detective curiously. He wondered the same thing.

“Mr. MacIntire has been embezzling funds from MacIntire Construction to pay Mr. Valdez. From what our investigators can piece together, the company is nearly broke because of it. There’s not even enough money to pay their workers.”

Joey’s mouth dropped open in shock. “My father’s broke?”

The detective nodded. “We believe that Mr. MacIntire saw you marrying Ms. Davis as his last chance to recoup his losses and pay off Mr. Valdez. Charles Davis promised him several lucrative contracts if Joey married his daughter. It would have saved his company and he could have replaced all of the money he had embezzled.”

“My God, he really was selling me,” Joey whispered through his shock. Logan patted his thigh, and Joey reached down and grabbed Logan’s hand like a lifeline. He knew his father had never really liked him but he had never actually thought his father hated him.

“We have a few other leads to investigate but as it stands right now, your father is being charged with embezzlement, assault, and illegal gambling. The district attorney will be getting in contact with you soon to discuss your testimony.”

“Will he get out of jail?”

The detective shook his head. “Not for a long while. The judge has already denied his bail. He’ll stay behind bars until the trial. After that, well, he’s facing about fifteen years of hard time, at the very least.”

“With all of these other things, why do I need to testify?” Joey asked.

“Mr. MacIntire, your father —”

“Please, call me Joey. Mr. MacIntire is my father.”

“Joey,” the detective said, smiling. “Your father assaulted you. From what I understand, this wasn’t the first time he did it, either. He needs to be stopped before he hurts someone else. We need your testimony to put him away.”

“So, what happens now, Detective?” Logan asked.

“We finish our investigation and make sure that Jerald MacIntire doesn’t see the light of day for as many years as we can squeeze out of a jury.”

* * * * *

“You still want to go to Dante’s?” Logan asked as he shut the door behind the departing detective.

Joey took a deep breath then let it out slowly. He nodded. “Yeah, I still want to go. I’m not going to let Jerald MacIntire control my life anymore than he already has.”

Logan crossed the room and took Joey into his arms. He hugged him to his chest and placed small kisses on the top of his head. “We’re going to have a really good time, baby.”

Joey smiled against Logan’s shirt. “I know we will, sir.” Joey tilted his head back to look up into Logan’s deep gray eyes. “You’re such an exhibitionist. You’re looking forward to showing me off, aren’t you?”

Logan grinned. “I have just the thing to go with your outfit, too.”

“Oh?” Joey watched, intrigued, as Logan went to the sideboard and opened the drawer. He pulled out a small black bag. Turning back to Joey, Logan withdrew a long, black jewelry box out of the bag.

“I bought this for you a week after I met you. I’ve wanted to put it on you every second since then. I just needed to wait for the right time to give it to you,” Logan said as he carried the box back over to Joey.

Logan popped the lid open and held the box out to him. Joey’s breath caught in his throat. Inside lay a simple gold necklace. The small chain looked so delicate that Joey was

afraid it would break if he touched it. Two small gold hearts entwined together in the middle of the chain links.

“Logan,” Joey whispered in awe. He had never seen anything so beautiful.

“Will you wear it, baby?” Logan asked.

At the hesitant tone in Logan’s voice, Joey glanced up, surprised to find an uncertain look on Logan’s face. He seemed worried Joey might say no. Like *that* would ever happen.

Joey grinned. He turned around, giving Logan his back. “Put it on me, please?”

“Joey, you know what it means if I put this on you, right?”

Joey nodded. “It means I belong to you. That you love me as much as I love you and you’re never letting me go. That’s what it means, Logan.”

Joey shivered as Logan put the necklace around him. He felt Logan place a small kiss on his neck. Then Logan swatted him on his ass and Joey let out a yelp.

“Call me sir,” Logan said.

Joey was only too happy to comply.

~The End~

About the Author

Stormy Glenn believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three, men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

When she's not being a mother to her six teenagers or cleaning up after her two 70-pound lab puppies, you can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand or her laptop, creating the next sexy character for her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her web site at www.stormyglenn.com.

* * * * *

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