



HEAT SHEET

# ROAR

BOUND BY LEATHER

Michael Shayne  
Black & Carmichael

Bound by Leather  
*by Mychael Black, Shayne Carmichael*

**Phaze**

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## **Bound by Leather**

a Phaze Roar HeatSheet by

MYCHAEAL BLACK

SHAYNE CARMICHAEL

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## Chapter One

Master Jacob led out the club's newest addition. Tall and muscular, with ebony hair to his waist, and dark gold eyes, the sub scanned the crowd slowly, as if taking stock of the clientele—which consisted of Masters and their subs, and even some unaccompanied Masters. Not by a single flutter of an eyelash did any semblance of nervousness show on the sub's part. There was respect within those eyes, but it had to be won.

"My friends," Master Jacob announced after stopping in the center of the room, "I present our newest member to you: Nathaniel. I have known him for many years, and he has always expressed an interest in our lifestyle. I hope he finds what he is looking for here."

More than one pair of interested eyes turned to look at Nathaniel. With a casual glance, another Master stepped forward and said quietly, "Welcome, Nathaniel."

"Nathaniel, this is Master Raphael."

A quiet murmur of welcome followed Jacob's introduction. The comfortable atmosphere of the club was by deliberate design. Several of the subs moved silently among the others, serving drinks, while others remained by their respective Masters. None, however, approached Master Raphael, except to offer him a drink. He took one of the glasses of champagne and raised it toward Nathaniel in toast.

A long, black leather coat hid most of the man's form, but still gave hints of the muscular frame. Wisps of pale blond

hair escaped from the tie and strayed across his cheek when he turned his head. The deep blue gaze fastened on Nathaniel.

Nathaniel smiled, taking care to hide the canines well. Aside from Jacob, no one knew of his true nature, and despite his race's tendencies, he preferred not to terrify anyone. "Thank you, Master," he said in a quiet, respectful voice. His gaze lifted, meeting briefly with Raphael's before lowering once more.

Jacob stepped up beside Nathaniel and handed him a glass. Nathaniel thanked him, then sipped slowly, forcing the nervousness back where it couldn't be seen. Heavens above. If any of his kind saw him now, he would be hunted, seen as weak.

"We hope you find what you are looking for here, as Master Jacob said. You are free to make your own decisions, no matter how long it may take." Raphael spoke in a quiet but very deep voice, and Nathaniel could imagine how the man would sound giving commands.

With a chuckle, Jacob said, "You'll find no pressure here, Nathaniel. Master Raphael tends to be extremely strict about the club rules. If you have any questions, you can always ask either of us."

"Thank you both," Nathaniel said with a nod. Jacob directed him to one of the tables and Nathaniel sat down, grateful to be out of the limelight as the others began milling about once more. He sipped slowly on his champagne, simply watching.

He wasn't quite sure what had led him there. His kind were always the dominant type, with the males competing—for females, for power, for the right to eat first. This ... was new. But it was also where his heart brought him—to find someone to serve and look up to. He had been the outcast, always second-place—an omega among alphas.

Another man approached Raphael and asked, "Am I working with Vincenzo tonight?"

"Go ahead and get ready for the demonstrations. Tell Vincenzo to be ready soon." Raphael unbuttoned his coat and slipped out of it. The leather of his pants molded tightly to his body, and the white silk shirt had an old-fashioned elegance that hid nothing of the form beneath the cloth.

Nathaniel barely noticed the activity around him, so focused he was on Master Raphael. As he watched the coat slip from strong shoulders, Nathaniel's gaze slid slowly over the muscular frame. The Master's pants looked like they'd been painted on, and the soft, shining ripples of Raphael's shirt held Nathaniel mesmerized. His fingers itched to stroke over the shiny material, to touch the hard muscles beneath.

Nathaniel shook his head quickly. It would do him no good to think such things, especially about the club's owner. No doubt, Raphael most likely had many subs waiting for his touch.

Nathaniel took another drink, but could not pull his gaze from the man. Raphael settled in his chair, but none came forward to serve him. All around him, the others settled near their Masters, waiting impatiently for the display to begin.

One of the Domes led her sub toward the center of the room. The click of her heels sounded loud in the otherwise quiet room. She wore nothing but black, her face obscured by a black mask. The soft tap of her whip to the side of her leg accompanied her movements and brought a noticeable shiver to the sub who didn't dare turn around to look at his Mistress. Two others came out to truss the sub to the bar above his head. From there, his arms were outstretched, wrists supported in sturdy, thick cuffs. His fingers curled around the chains as his feet were spread apart, attached to the cuffs along the lower bar. When the two attendants stepped back, the sub took a slow, deep breath.

Nathaniel's gaze riveted on the scene ready to play out for all to see. Nothing had happened, yet his chest already rose and fell quickly, his breathing labored. There were times when he really did treasure his sensitive empathy. If he focused enough, he would be aware of what the sub felt. As it was, when the Domme's first strike landed a sharp, red stripe across her sub's buttocks, Nathaniel almost jumped. His body ached for that, to feel the soft, soothing touch of skin on skin after the strike. He bit at his lower lip, nicking the skin enough to taste blood, with the second snap of the whip.

The intensity of the strikes sharpened, drawing soft moans from the young sub. After each one, his Mistress whispered softly in his ear and the caress of her hand smoothed over the burning flesh. When the last snap of the whip left another red strip across the sub's ass, Nathaniel bit back a whimper. His lip hurt from where his canines had made several punctures

in his attempts to stifle his own moans. There were times when he wished he could switch off the empathy altogether.

As the Domme soothed her sub, the young redhead was released. She gathered him close and petted him, then led him away to a more private area. Nathaniel watched them, his longing forming a lump in his throat, but his own wants—and needs—lay not in the hands of a woman. When he turned back to the group, he met Raphael's gaze. How long had the man been watching him?

Raphael lifted his hand and gestured for Nathaniel to join him. Swallowing hard, Nathaniel stood and walked across the room to where Raphael sat. Unsure of what to do, considering Raphael was not his Master, Nathaniel opted for the respectful approach and knelt before him.

"Thank you, Master Raphael," he said quietly.

"Not necessary, Nathaniel." Raphael motioned to the chair beside him. "There is nobody here you have to kneel before until you make the decision for yourself. I simply wanted to talk."

Nathaniel sat down in the chair and smiled at Raphael. "Thank you, Master Raphael."

"You enjoyed the demonstration? Mistress Candida is well-known for her skill, as are many of the others here at the club."

"Yes," Nathaniel said. He cleared his throat. "I did. It was very ... stimulating."

"You can relax, Nathaniel. There's no reason to be nervous here." With a light touch, Raphael reached out and patted Nathaniel's hand reassuringly. "You can observe everything

that happens here and decide for yourself if it's for you. Nobody expects anything from you."

Nathaniel sighed and slumped back into the chair. "I wish it were easy," he said as he watched the others mingle. Jacob had one of his subs at his feet, fingers through the young woman's hair. "Do you know what an empath is?"

"I do. Would you prefer a quieter atmosphere?"

"I don't wish to take you from anyone. I imagine there must be several waiting for you."

Raphael stood in answer and held his hand out to Nathaniel. "Nobody is waiting for me at all. We can go to the library for a quieter discussion."

"Thank you. There are things I don't wish to be overheard."

"Then I would be the one to talk to about such things."

Raphael led Nathaniel into the library and shut the door. He sat in one of the chairs near the fireplace and motioned Nathaniel to sit in the other. Settling himself in the plush leather chair, Nathaniel already felt more at ease. While he didn't mind crowds so much, the situations presented in the other room were almost too much to handle. He let out a slow breath.

"This is much better. Thank you."

"I generally talk privately with new members, so it's no problem. You can speak freely to me. Nothing said will go beyond these walls."

Nathaniel bit his lip again, wincing when a tooth broke the tender skin once more. "I..." He trailed off and sighed, staring into the fireplace. "I am more sensitive than most, to many

things. As an empath, I can feel emotions, yes. But I can also feel physical sensations: pain, pleasure, and anything in-between. I suppose you could say my senses are razor-sharp."

Raphael gave him an understanding look. "It would probably be easier for you to attend our social gatherings without the displays."

"Yes, I imagine so." Nathaniel looked over at Raphael, judging if he could read the man enough to tell him more. "There is something I think you need to know, if only for background purposes, about me."

"As I said, whatever you say goes no farther than me." Raphael didn't appear surprised, and he waited patiently for Nathaniel to explain further.

"Do you know what a lycan is, Master Raphael?"

A brow arched in a look of mild inquiry. "I have heard of the breed, but none are interested in these halls."

"This one is," Nathaniel said evenly. "My kind would not welcome such an admission, and indeed, they would much rather hunt me down in the name of wiping out weakness."

"I believe I know enough to realize the potential problems for you. Weres aren't known for their tolerance. Have you thought long on your own need for this?"

Nathaniel nodded. "I believe ... it has been with me since birth. I don't want to be a doormat or to serve someone without question. What I am looking for is someone to respect me as I am, and to understand the needs one like myself has. I want to serve someone, to fulfill their needs as

well, to the best of my abilities. And, as another thorn in my race's side, it is a man I seek, and not a woman."

"I understand, and you are most likely to find it here. We also have several Masters who prefer their own gender, so it wouldn't be an issue. My aim has always been to help match Masters and Mistresses with appropriate subs, so all interests are fulfilled. None here will judge you, Nathaniel."

"Would it be out of line to ask what some of your interests are?" Nathaniel asked tentatively.

Smiling, Raphael said, "No, not at all. I've never been into the heavier aspects such as humiliation. My interest lies in someone who understands both my needs and their own. I've never been one for simple play, though I occasionally do demonstrations for others. Quite a few here are looking for play sessions, but I would prefer someone more serious."

"I see," Nathaniel said quietly. "I suppose I should tell you what I want, specifically in terms of interest. I do not enjoy humiliation in any form. I do enjoy pain, however: whipping, clamps, that sort. Penetration is a definite interest, and oral service, but only as a reward. I enjoy prolonging orgasm; it heightens the intensity when I am finally given release. As for sessions versus a full-time relationship ... well, let me say this: I am a man, but I am also a wolf. I prefer quality to quantity."

"Then your need is for more than a small taste of the lifestyle. I hadn't expected that. Most simply want only a taste at first to see if it suits them. Some eventually dedicate themselves, and a few of the Masters do have long-term



subs. It narrows your field somewhat in choices, but it isn't necessarily a bad thing."

"It's exactly what I am looking for. I apologize if this will cause problems in finding suitable Masters who might share my interests, but I do hope there are some here."

"It causes no problems. It merely means you are off-limits to a certain number who prefer short-term play sessions only. There are still others who are interested in more long-term commitments, such as myself, Master Darcy, and Master Ian."

"How would I go about finding the right one? And what if I've already become interested in finding out more about someone?"

"The first thing I would suggest is for you to spend time talking with the others I mentioned. If you already have someone in mind, I will arrange for you to spend time with them. At first, things will be fairly casual since all of us prefer to work everything out on a more level playing field."

"Would you object to spending such time with me?" Nathaniel eyed him curiously, wondering if the interest was mutual. He figured it was worth a shot.

Raphael's gaze remained casual. "If I objected, I wouldn't have included myself as one of the Masters seeking someone long-term. I knew when I saw you there was more than a simple interest in the fringes of the lifestyle."

"I would choose you to get to know," Nathaniel said with a smile.

Raphael offered his hand to Nathaniel as he got up. "You will get to know me then, and you will tell me about yourself."

"I'll gladly tell you anything you would like to know." As he gazed at the man before him, Nathaniel took the opportunity to study him. He took in the silvered blond hair, the piercing blue eyes, and the entirely too-tempting lips. He swallowed hard, his own mouth going dry.

Raphael remained still beneath the perusal, his words no more than a quiet whisper. "The attraction is already there, I believe."

Nathaniel nodded slowly. "It is," he whispered.

Raphael's other hand gently cupped Nathaniel's face. "A small taste, Nathaniel."

"Yes," Nathaniel breathed. His eyes closed as he waited, every nerve within him honed to a razor-sharp edge.

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## Chapter Two

Raphael's lips brushed Nathaniel's the moment the word was spoken. A soft pressure silently coaxed Nathaniel to open as Raphael's fingers drifted over his cheek before slipping back into his hair. Nathaniel slipped his tongue out to touch, taste. A soft, pulsing growl vibrated from his throat and he reached up, daring to touch. Slipping his fingers through the blond hair, Nathaniel drew Raphael's tongue deeper into his mouth, sucking gently on it. The growl rose slowly in pitch, but he kept it from getting any louder.

Raphael drew back first. "Tell me what you want from me, Nathaniel."

"To allow me to serve you," Nathaniel whispered. "To pleasure you, to please you in whatever ways I am able. All I ask in return is respect and care, and I will give you the same."

"It must be earned by both of us." Raphael pulled Nathaniel toward the French doors leading outside to a garden. "First I want to start with your limits. What things do you object to?"

"I object to any play involving bodily fluids other than semen, saliva, or blood. I object to humiliation and feminization, and I will have nothing to do with corpses, anyone under eighteen, or, and this might sound rather odd, animals. As for play with others, I am open to it, short of penetration."

The perfume of the flowers scented the early evening breeze, and the undisturbed quiet soothing after the intensity of the scene Nathaniel witnessed. Small, blue solar lights lined the walking path leading to a central fountain. The simplistic carving in its middle represented an open bowl formed of roses, supported by intricately designed stems, with water spilling into the larger pool below.

"Easy enough to handle since my personal preferences don't include any of those. I never allow play with any others. I tend to be a selfish Master, even at the best of times. If any of your fantasies include others, I'm not likely to allow them to be fulfilled."

"They don't," Nathaniel said. "I will only give myself to one person, and I am quite selfish myself. I don't share well with others."

"Not a habit of mine to care for more than one sub. The time and emotional investment are more than enough for me to refuse to have more than one."

Nathaniel stopped walking, the motion tugging at Raphael's hand. "I have never been with anyone else," he said. "All of my experience has been at my own hand or through empathy and sight. However, I know enough to know it's what I want, what I need."

Raphael paused, and the silence lengthened as he stared at Nathaniel. When he finally seemed to find his voice, he said quietly, "You have no experience whatsoever? How is it you know what you really want?"

"Because I was born with it. At twenty-eight years old, I have seen more than many would realize. Such things are

quite common in the lycan society, although it occurs between males and females, always with the males as dominant. I want to serve. I was born to serve."

"Honestly, I would suggest you allow yourself a taste of all of this, Nathaniel. Many do believe it is what they want, but the reality of it is something not everybody can handle."

"I will follow your suggestion. Where do I start?"

"For tonight, I would advise a good night's sleep and tomorrow you can begin your service to me."

"How do you wish for me to address you?"

"For the time being, Sir will do. In the morning, I expect you to be waiting in the dining room sharply at eight AM."

"Yes, Sir," Nathaniel said with a smile. "Any particular way you would like me to dress?"

"You will find the tunics you'll be wearing in your dresser. For the time being, it will be the only clothing you wear unless I say otherwise."

Nathaniel nodded. "Yes, Sir." A moment later, Jacob stepped outside and ushered Nathaniel into the mansion.

\* \* \* \*

At five minutes to eight, Nathaniel stood in the dining room, hands clasped behind his back and feet slightly spread apart, just as Jacob had instructed. His hunter green tunic reached only halfway down his thighs and as ordered, he wore nothing underneath. His hair, freshly brushed, shimmered in the light from the chandelier.

As he entered the room with another man, Raphael said, "We have three more new ones coming in tonight, Ian. After

that, everybody needs time to settle before I plan on allowing any of the others access to them."

"Ben already has their rooms prepared, Raphael. The next party won't be until Friday. Everyone has already been informed."

When Raphael caught sight of Nathaniel, he nodded before sitting at the table. "That reminds me, Ian. I want Nathaniel's bedroom changed. He's to be put in the South room, next to mine."

"I'll get on it right away." With that, Ian turned and walked out, leaving Raphael and Nathaniel alone.

Raphael turned his attention to Nathaniel. "Every morning for the rest of week, I expect you down here waiting for me at exactly eight o'clock. I also expect you to remain at my side throughout the day as I attend to business. During this time, I will be testing your willingness to serve me." He paused and his gaze traveled over Nathaniel. "Come, kneel beside me. You seem to be somewhat pleased about your change in bedroom."

Quick to obey, Nathaniel knelt beside Raphael's chair. He kept his knees apart and his hands clasped behind his back. "Yes, Sir."

Raphael's other hand ruffled through Nathaniel's hair. "At each meal I may feed you if I choose. Therefore, you aren't to eat anything until you are with me or I say otherwise."

"Yes, Sir," Nathaniel said, stifling the soft sound that threatened to escape him. Just the slightest touch from Raphael and Nathaniel wanted to throw himself at the man's feet, aching to please.

"You're allowed to say more than yes or no. I am asking for your thoughts." Raphael tugged gently at a strand of Nathaniel's hair, letting it run through his fingers.

The soft moan escaped and Nathaniel leaned into the touch. "I am eager to please you," he said. "Even now, for the first time in my life, I feel free."

Raphael released Nathaniel's hair and traced lightly over Nathaniel's lower lip. "I believe you want it all."

Nathaniel's lips parted with a gasp and his eyes closed. "I do," he whispered. "Everything." The last was nothing more than an exhale across Raphael's lips.

The chill of a strawberry brushed over Nathaniel's lips, and he ate as Raphael fed him pieces of fruit and bits of meat. Neither of them spoke as Nathaniel's hunger for food was sated at Raphael's hand.

"You accept my control over every aspect of your body, Nathaniel. You will receive no pleasure but what I allow you, and when it pleases me. You understand that?"

"I do, Sir," Nathaniel said. "I enter into this quite willingly." He looked up at Raphael. "I will do whatever you wish of me. My pleasure and my body are yours to control."

"I want you to follow Alister." When Raphael rang the bell near at him, his butler appeared in the doorway. "Take Nathaniel to the spa room, Alister," Raphael instructed the butler. Then he turned back to Nathaniel. "Once you are there, I want you to remove your tunic. While you wait for me, you are not allowed to participate in anything you see happening. You can only watch. I will join you soon."

Nathaniel followed Alister, and when he stepped into the room he paused in amazement. Masters and subs alike were engaged in various activities, some one-on-one, some with many. As Alister closed the doors behind him, Nathaniel slipped his tunic off, hanging it on one of the hooks on the wall nearby. Several others glanced at him, but no one approached him.

Jacob gestured for Nathaniel to come toward him. "Wait for Raphael on the pillows near the hot tub. You'll want to be kneeling when he comes in."

Nobody really paid much attention to Nathaniel since they were all involved in their own play. Jacob turned back to his discussion with Ian. Two subs were lounged out in front of them, pleasuring each other as the Masters looked on. Nathaniel did as he was told. He settled down on his knees, keeping them apart, hands on his thighs. He watched the others. Jacob's sub was on her knees, pleasuring the young woman stretched out before her. In another corner, two young male subs were locked together on their sides, pleasuring one another while a Master and a Mistress watched and chatted. Observing them had a definite effect and no matter how hard he tried, Nathaniel couldn't stop himself from growing hard.

\* \* \* \*

After he poured himself a second cup of coffee and finished it, Raphael made his way to the spa. He wanted to see Nathaniel's reaction to everything going on. As he opened the door, he caught the soft whispers and moans but paid little



attention to them. He slipped off his robe and placed it on a nearby table before he stepped down into the tub.

Ian soon joined him. "I see you've taken the new one for yourself."

"A new crop will be in soon, Ian. Ones more to your liking, I would say." Raphael's gaze followed Ian's to study Nathaniel kneeling nearby on the pillows.

Raphael read Nathaniel's need in the sub's posture and expression. No matter what Nathaniel wanted, it would only be at Raphael's command whether he would get it or not. He knew by looking at the were exactly what Nathaniel wanted. Raphael beckoned Nathaniel to sit on the ledge of the hot tub before he turned back to Ian. His voice lowered as he commented, "I believe this one is only for my tastes."

"Oh? Is he that unique in his desires? Claiming him already?" Ian teased.

Raphael took Nathaniel's hand and drew him down to kneel at the ledge. "Perhaps. But then you already know what I am like."

"Very true," Ian said.

Nathaniel settled down on his knees beside Raphael, entranced by the bubbles in the water dancing around Raphael's body. It amused Raphael to see Nathaniel already hard, the were's cock jutting proudly from its nest of dark curls. He placed his hand on Nathaniel's thigh, having no immediate plan to make it any easier.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Nathaniel?"

"Yes, Sir," Nathaniel answered breathlessly.

With a knowing look at Nathaniel, Ian stood from the water before reaching for one of the towels. "I need to talk to you later about some of the arrangements, Raphael."

Raphael nodded, but kept his attention on Nathaniel. His gaze slowly roamed over his new sub, taking in the thick erection. "Something tells me you would prefer joining in on things."

"No, Sir," Nathaniel said. "Only with you."

It wasn't hard to notice Nathaniel didn't even look at Ian walking away, and Raphael caught a hint of the focus centered on him in Nathaniel's words. "You wish only me to touch you, Nathaniel?" He expected at least a mild interest in the activity around them from Nathaniel. Raphael was also surprised Nathaniel made no attempt at control of himself.

"Only you, Sir." Nathaniel pressed Raphael's fingers into his thighs.

As Raphael stood from the water, Nathaniel's influence on him became obvious. He wrapped a towel around his waist and stepped out of the hot tub, uncaring that his cock tented the fabric. "You control yourself very well."

"Thank you, Sir." Nathaniel's fingers curled tightly to Raphael's as they left the room.

Raphael became far more intent on Nathaniel, sensing the developing need. He said nothing as they walked down the hallway to his bedroom. Instead of releasing Nathaniel after they entered the room, he shut the door and drew Nathaniel against him. Nathaniel's breath left him and his hold tightened on Raphael's hand. He looked up into Raphael's eyes, holding his gaze.

Raphael met Nathan's look steadily and pressed a soft kiss to Nathaniel's lips before he slowly pulled the were to the bed. "I won't do anything to you unless you want me to, Nathaniel. Remember that. If you want me to stop at any time, all you have to say is red."

"Please, Sir," Nathaniel whispered.

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## Chapter Three

"On the bed." It was a command, not a request, Raphael's more congenial manner falling away completely, revealing the dominant beneath the surface. "You will undress and display yourself properly for my inspection on your hands and knees, legs spread open."

"Yes, Sir." Nathaniel stripped quickly, then went to the bed and crawled onto it. Back to Raphael, he went down on hands and knees, legs spread, balls hanging low and heavy, cock hard and dark, cheeks open just enough to show Raphael his ass. He covertly watched Raphael from between his legs.

After removing his towel, Raphael moved casually to one of the tables and inspected the row of bottles. "I will be using several toys on you, pet." He paused, picking up a particularly long, very thin dildo before he continued. "Simply to gauge how responsive you will be to me and what I do to you. As to whether or not I decide to personally taste your charms, we shall have to see."

Nathaniel chewed on his lower lip, fingers digging slightly into the bed. He fought against the shaking as it threatened to take over him. Being exposed—so vulnerable and open, at this man's mercy...

"Yes, Sir."

After he picked what he apparently decided was appropriate to start with, Raphael returned to the foot of the bed, setting his toys down where Nathaniel couldn't see them. An appraising, impersonal gaze ran over Nathaniel as Raphael

stepped slowly around to the side of the bed. His hand fisted in Nathaniel's hair and forced Nathaniel up to a kneeling position. Nathaniel shuddered, unable to hold it back any longer. He felt the gaze like a touch, every nerve in his body reacting, his cock swelling.

A faintly appreciative smile flit across Raphael's lips. "Do you taste as sweet as you look, I wonder?"

With a gentle nudge of his hand to the back of Nathaniel's head, Raphael showed him he wanted him back on his hands and knees. Nathaniel went back down. God, he was so hard, his cock aching, precum dripping onto the bed. His balls were heavy, round, and full. He kept his legs spread, desperate to be touched. As Raphael knelt on the bed behind him, Nathaniel felt the man's hands lightly cup his ass cheeks. The tips of Raphael's thumbs ran lightly along the crease of Nathaniel's ass, then spread him open.

Nathaniel damn near whimpered, biting so hard on his bottom lip he tasted blood. He shook, desperately trying not to move when all he wanted was Raphael filling him, opening him up—possessing him. His claws popped the blanket, piercing through it and into the mattress as he fought to keep the creature down.

Without warning, Raphael's arm slid around Nathaniel's waist and, with a gentle touch, Raphael drew Nathaniel up and back against him. Lips nuzzled the side of Nathaniel's throat. "It's all right, Nathaniel. Perhaps I should save everything else for next time."

"Please," Nathaniel begged, voice a low, throaty whisper. "Anything. I am yours, Sir."

"I know, and I will take what you offer." Raphael's voice remained soft as his hand caressed Nathaniel's stomach. "You will have what you want, I promise. Your wolf needs to be made submissive first, and we will do that, but not right now."

\* \* \* \*

A moment of silence followed before Raphael claimed his were in an unhurried, thorough kiss. Nathaniel opened to him, moaning softly into Raphael's mouth. The dynamics changed between them, taking them from owner and slave, to lovers. Raphael sensed the confusion in Nathaniel's uncontrolled attempt to shift and decided, for tonight, they would play like this. Raphael hadn't been certain how Nathaniel's wolf would react, but he'd quickly found out. Not only did Nathaniel need to be trained, his wolf needed to be tamed as well.

Raphael drew back slightly, whispering, "I would have you as my lover for now." He reached for the bottle of oil and laid the other hand on Nathaniel's shoulder, encouraging the were to turn and face him. "You are simply too beautiful to resist, Nathaniel."

"I ... I didn't mean to disappoint you. I just..." Nathaniel looked helpless, utterly confused.

"You haven't disappointed me at all. You've only changed things for the moment, and I am more than willing to accept it. I usually don't allow it, but for your nature, the rules must be a bit different."

He slipped a hand to the back of Nathaniel's head, pulling Nathaniel closer to silence any more words. He tasted the

delicious curves of the firm lips before delving deeper inside. As they kissed, Raphael pushed Nathaniel back onto the bed. He caught Nathaniel's hand and brought it to his chest, then splayed Nathaniel's fingers against his skin, encouraging his touch.

"Do whatever you want, Nathaniel. I plan on doing the same to you."

Moaning into the kiss, Nathaniel ran his fingers over Raphael's chest, legs spreading so Raphael could settle between them. He found Raphael's left nipple and rolled it under his thumb, hips rocking, pushing their cocks together.

Though he normally would never have changed gears in the middle of a session, Raphael sensed it'd become necessary. His chest and hips arched into the exquisite sensations Nathaniel gave him, and he moaned. The earlier urgent need returned with a vengeance, and Raphael allowed it full reign. He gripped Nathaniel's cock, fingers stroking and increasing the desire between them.

Nathaniel gasped, eyes wide, hips thrusting up into Raphael's fist. "Please." He arched, panting.

Raphael shifted enough to open the bottle of oil and poured some onto his palm. As he slicked over his cock, he watched Nathaniel intently. "Have you ever had a man before?"

"No," Nathaniel whispered.

No way in hell could Raphael control his own pleasure with the knowledge of being Nathaniel's first. "I will have to be a touch more careful." He nudged between Nathaniel's legs,

fingers unerringly finding his were's passage and running lightly in a circular motion over the puckered skin.

Nathaniel drew his legs up more, letting them fall open. "Yes..."

To slow things down, Raphael temporarily subdued his own urges and took time to prepare Nathaniel. His oil-slick finger pressed gently inward. "Just a little time for this. I don't want too much pain marring your first time."

"Oh, God," Nathaniel groaned, bearing down, driving Raphael's finger deeper. "Won't hurt me. More ... please..."

While Raphael knew he couldn't do any damage the were couldn't heal, he still took time to ready Nathaniel. He stretched the inner ring, taking care to stroke the gland within to add to Nathaniel's pleasure.

Nathaniel's eyes rolled back and a full-body shudder ran through him. "Raphael, please!"

A soft groan escaped Raphael at the plea in the form of his name. For a moment longer, he stilled his own impatience as it tried to rise sharply in him. He worked inside Nathaniel, then finally pulled out. He guided his cock to the eagerly awaiting hole and gently pressed in.

"Oh, God ... oh, fuck..." Nathaniel arched, fingers gripping Raphael's biceps, shoulders, anything he could.

The deeper Raphael went, the more he needed, his entire being centered on the heat, the exquisite rush pulsing through him. He drank in Nathaniel's responses, stilling once he was fully inside Nathaniel. His hand moved between them, lightly encircling Nathaniel's cock. "Do you like what you feel, Nathaniel?" It required considerable effort for Raphael to



remain so calm. His instinctive urge to mindlessly rut within the tight confines surrounding his cock nearly overwhelmed him.

"Yes!" Nathaniel shouted, hips bucking. "Oh, God, yes..."

The contortions beneath his body were more than he could handle, and Raphael made no attempt to still Nathaniel. Instead, he moved within Nathaniel more forcefully, and his hand pumped quickly over Nathaniel's cock, pulling the were quickly toward release. His own body sought the same and his balls tightened as the initial pressure broke in waves of pure pleasure. Entire body arching, Nathaniel cried out Raphael's name, shaking uncontrollably as his cock swelled and pulsed in Raphael's fist.

Raphael continued supporting himself one arm and lifted his hand, lightly coating Nathaniel's lips with the were's cum. Moaning, Nathaniel sucked hungrily on Raphael's fingers, licking every trace from them. Raphael pulled back his hand and lowered his head, capturing Nathaniel's lips and savoring the flavor as well. Nathaniel's arms wrapped around Raphael's neck and he sucked on Raphael's tongue, humming softly.

\* \* \* \*

Nathaniel chewed on his lower lip as he waited for someone to come get him for dinner. He'd tried sitting, but within minutes was too restless. He was surprised there wasn't a hole worn in the floor. By the thirty-fifth turn, he figured he could walk the room blindfolded.

Raphael was already gone when Nathaniel woke. Nathaniel didn't know what to think of last night. Things weren't

supposed to happen like that. Raphael said the dynamics had changed, and part of Nathaniel was anxious. What if Raphael turned him out? He'd risked his life coming here, even though the pack had thrown him out to fend for himself.

A light knock sounded on the door, and Nathaniel rushed to answer it.

One of the subs Nathaniel had barely gotten a glimpse of stood outside the door. "Master Raphael wants you to join him for dinner."

Without a word, Nathaniel followed him downstairs and to the dining room. The other man gestured toward one of the tables against a wall. "Master Raphael will be here shortly."

Nathaniel nodded and sat down. "Thank you." There were only two places set at the table and he watched as the sub poured the wine into both glasses. Then the sub left the room, leaving Nathaniel alone.

A few moments passed before Raphael walked into the dining room. Seeing Nathaniel, he smiled and headed straight for the table. "I thought you might be more comfortable talking in this atmosphere."

"Thank you, Sir." Nathaniel smiled as Raphael sat down.

As another man entered the room, he approached the table and bowed to Raphael. "Would you care to order dinner, Master Raphael?"

"Have the cook grill me a steak tonight, Perry, and the usual sides." Then Raphael looked over at Nathaniel.

"Anything in particular you want?"

"The same," Nathaniel said with a nod. When the sub left, Nathaniel stared down at the table, toying with his silverware.

"Nathaniel, look at me please." When Nathaniel lifted his gaze, Raphael smiled reassuringly. "We need to talk about your needs, and what you're thinking."

"Nervous," Nathaniel said quietly. "I don't want to disappoint you. Last night was..." He wrinkled his brow in thought. "Indescribable. I've never felt anything so intense, so consuming."

"You haven't disappointed me at all. I can promise you that. Last night was the same for me, but I want to discuss what you really want. I felt it was necessary to end the session and simply continue with you as a lover would. That's what you needed at that moment."

"I don't know what I need, Sir, but I know what I want. They might be two different things—or both or a combination of many things. I know I want to serve you and please you. I want to feel like I did last night, even if I don't come. I want the high and the rush, and the tenderness when it's done. I want respect and I promise the same in return."

"I also believe you want a relationship outside of that, Nathaniel. Where you are treated as an equal as well. I'm not adverse to it because I am interested in you."

Nathaniel found it incredibly hard to meet Raphael's gaze. "Yes, Sir," he said quietly.

Sighing quietly, Raphael didn't say anything as Perry returned carrying a tray, then set their plates down in front of them. With another bow, Perry left them alone.

"We need to find a way to establish bounds. When it's play time and when it's time to be equal."

"I agree, Sir." Nathaniel glanced up at Raphael.  
"Permission to speak freely?"

"I have given that to you, though I apologize for not making it clearer. Please do."

Nathaniel took a deep breath and let it out slowly. As he did so, he let his guard down for the first time in his life. "I've never wanted anything as much as I want this, Raphael."

"I think the normal arrangements of the house won't be quite suited to you. Subs are normally kept separate from their Masters, and only allowed to sleep in their Master's chambers on the Master's whim. I'll allow you to keep a separate room, but you will be with me most of the time."

To say Nathaniel was shocked was an understatement. He'd expected to be the lowest of the low. "Thank you, Sir."

"It will be different for you, Nathaniel. While I'm willing to train you, our relationship will encompass more. Now eat your dinner and relax."

Nathaniel smiled a little and started on his own dinner. He had to admit: cooked meat was much better than raw. Granted, he only did the raw thing when he was desperate ... which, up until now, he had been. He hadn't had a cooked meal in a long time. The last time he ate, the deer's heart still beat with the first bite.

For now, he relaxed, knowing he'd found the place and a person who accepted him as he was without expectations he couldn't fulfill. He had someone in his life who wouldn't judge him for what he was, and he'd be allowed to serve as he wanted. He studied Raphael in silence, admiring the strength and passion he saw behind the dark gaze that met his. His

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instinct told him he would find what he need within these halls, and at the hand of this man.

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## About the Authors

**Mychael Black** never set out to write erotic romance (or romance or erotica, for that matter). When Mychael first started writing (way back when), it was to be a fantasy author—someone along the lines of Tolkien or Mercedes Lackey. Mychael even thought about breaking into horror. Then, somewhere down the line, Mychael got hooked on gay porn.

The rest is history.

Born in Alabama in 1976, Mychael is known by many names. At this point, most people in the e-publishing world (readers and authors) know Mychael as Kay Derwydd.

The name Mychael Black came about when Mychael started working with Shayne Carmichael. (See Shayne's bio for the progression of that whole thing.) To date, Mychael has written countless works with Shayne, plus several single-authored works as Mychael Black.

When not writing, Mychael can usually be found researching anything medieval—arms, armor, history, religion; anything Welsh—culture, language, history; languages—namely Welsh, Hebrew, German; and only God knows what else.

Aside from research, writing, and editing, Mychael spends most of the time chasing down two young children and fighting off the plot bunnies left and right.

More information can be found at the following places:

[www.geocities.com/mychaelblack](http://www.geocities.com/mychaelblack) mychael-black2.livejournal.com

Who is **Shayne Carmichael**? His real name is Shayne Lee Smith. He was born in Itazuke, Japan to American parents. (ie—Dad was in the Air Force). From the age of three to eight, he lived in Taiwan. He's traveled a lot, and only discovered even more he wants to learn about the world.

When not writing, Shayne is a self taught PHP and MySQL dynamo. Or at least one would think from the number of scripts he's been begged to write for free. With any spare time left to him, Shayne runs ERWI (Erotic Romance Writers International), aggravates his co-author, Mychael, to no end, often drowns under Mychael's plot bunnies, and holds a forty hour a week job.

Currently Shayne is working on a six book series, The Legends of the Romanorum. Blood Ties, Blood Magic and Blood Sins are being written by Shayne. The Prince's Angel, And the Two Shall Become One, and Forever May Not Be Long Enough are being written by Shayne and Mychael. Included in the writing list are a few other books, Magic and the Pagan, Night Song, and numerous novellas and shorts.

Shayne writes under the pen names of Sable St Germain and Shayne Carmichael. Sable was an RP character he used to play. Shayne Carmichael is a combination of his first name and Cian's (Angel/sorcerer in The Prince's Angel) last name. The character Shayne writes for in The Prince's Angel is Mael Black. That would explain why Mychael's last name is Black, and the character Mychael writes for is Cian.

Shayne's first official publishing contact is with Phaze for the Power of Two. A vampire D/s, BDSM story written with Mychael Black. The status of Phaze author has been one of their goals. Having achieved that, their next goal is to take over the world.

Over the last nine years, Shayne has rped (roleplayed) and written both male and female characters. Gay, lesbian and het (vanilla and non vanilla). You could say he runs the gamut.

He's never believed whatever gender he happens to possess dictates what he can and can't write. And he pretty much ignores anybody who thinks that way. Especially since he's never been a vampire, were tiger, ghost or guide, but he writes about them anyway.

Hell, he could be a woman pretending to be a man, or a man pretending to be a woman. He might be a 21 year old sex crazed female or a 60 year old dirty old man. It's the world wide anonymous web, remember? In the anonymous vacuum of web space, nobody can hear you scream. They can't tell your age or sex either.

In the publication of most of his books and for advertising, his persona is male. In the comic strip *The Beleaguered Lives of Mychael and Shayne*, his persona is female. Why? He likes confusing the readers. Then again, maybe he's a bit of both.

Whether he's a man writing gay, lesbian and kinky het or a woman writing gay, lesbian and kinky het, doesn't matter. If he can draw you into a story with his words, he's done his job.

Who is Shayne Carmichael? Does it really matter?



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Shayne shares a website with Mychael Black, his partner in crime at [www.theprinceangel.com](http://www.theprinceangel.com). Excerpts for other works and several freebie stories are available on the site. To contact Shayne, email [shayne@theprincesangel.com](mailto:shayne@theprincesangel.com).

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