



# Never Say Never

JENNA BYRNES

ROSE & THORN SOCIETY

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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ISBN #978-1-907280-54-2

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Edited by Janice Bennett

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2009 by Total-E-Bound Publishing 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spredlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

**Rose & Thorn Society**

# **NEVER SAY NEVER**

**Jenna Byrnes**

## *Dedication*

To Janice for patience, and walking me through this one. I appreciate it!

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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Chevy: General Motors Corporation  
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## Chapter One

The buzzer on Adam Reeve's alarm clock sounded extraordinarily loud. He slapped at the box to silence it then laid his arm over his face, covering his eyes.

When it buzzed again, he sat up with a jolt. *Snooze button*. He must have fallen back to sleep. Sure the alarm was really shut off this time, he settled back onto his pillow and glanced across the bed.

*Empty*. At some point, Nick had slipped out.

Adam sighed. Part of him felt a pang of regret, sorry his lover had gone, but another side of him oozed relief. After a long night of rakish sex, every inch of his body seemed used and abused. *In a good way*. Even after catching a few winks, he was still exhausted.

*With one hour until I have to be at work*. Adam crawled out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom. He stood under the shower spray and let the water soothe his aching muscles.

Nicolas Fontana had excited him from the moment they'd first laid eyes on each other at Full Throttle Fitness, the gym where Adam worked as a personal trainer. Lots of great looking guys exercised there, and plenty of them made no secret about the fact they were gay.

Adam had only been employed there a year and a half, following his graduation from college with a kinesiology degree. For the first six months, he'd been in a committed relationship. Or so he'd thought. When his long-time lover, Mitch Silver, had left after almost five years together, Adam had been too hurt to think about dating anyone else. It had taken months to get over Mitch and several more months to realise he loved his job and didn't want to jeopardise it by having sexual flings with clients.

Until Nick.

The new member's muscular physique had been hard to miss. Adam had checked out his body first then his handsome face with its sharply chiselled nose and cheekbones. The stranger wore his black hair cut very short on the back and sides and longer on top. He started each workout with it slicked away from his face, but after an hour of stretching, straining, mind-numbing exercise, his black muscle shirt would be soaked with sweat and his bangs would hang in his eyes. The look twisted Adam's shorts into a knot. The first time

Adam had noticed, it had been all he could do *not* to follow the guy into the locker room and join him in the shower.

For two days, Adam had stolen furtive glances and tried to control his burgeoning hard-on. On several occasions, he'd thought he'd caught the man checking him out, as well. Finally, Adam had taken the first step and initiated gym talk.

Nicolas had jumped at the opportunity, chatting up a storm. After a few minutes listening to his sexy voice, Adam had been hooked. He would have bent over and let the man fuck him on a treadmill if that had been the only way to get him. Fortunately, Nick not only had felt the same, he'd had a little more self-control. They'd arranged to meet for drinks after Adam's shift and had made it as far as a secluded corner of the bar's car park before they'd been all over each other.

They'd been intimate as often as possible those first two weeks. Nick was a busy executive for an organisation whose main objective seemed to be raising money for a local children's hospital. Fundraisers sometimes required him to work late into the evenings, but he'd made time for Adam each day.

Balancing his schedule with Adam's rotating shifts at the gym was still tricky. Occasionally, it meant tugging off his jacket and necktie and meeting over the back of Adam's sofa just long enough for a quick, yet satisfying, fuck.

Merely thinking about sex with Nick had Adam's cock throbbing in the shower. He stroked the skin back and forth a few times before remembering Nick had asked him not to masturbate. He'd made the request nicely, and Adam hadn't questioned it. He understood his new lover wanted to be the one to satisfy his desires. After squeezing his shaft once more, he grinned and released it. Waiting was better. Nick would give him all the pleasure he needed, whenever he asked.

He rinsed and left the glass enclosure then used a thick, plush towel to dry off. The friction caused his sensitised erection to twitch. *I'm such a slut! Sex all night long, and I'm horny again. Only for Nick.*

Adam tossed the towel over the rack and looked at himself in the mirror. There were several dark hickeys on his lightly tanned skin, including one on his neck he was sure his friends and co-workers would see—and mention. He had a turtleneck shirt which would delay the teasing for a day, anyway. Perhaps the mark would lighten.

He ran his fingers through his curly, blond hair and untangled it. It was getting shaggy, but when he'd mentioned a trim, Nick had discouraged the idea. Nick said he liked to run his fingers through the curls, and Adam couldn't argue. He liked it when Nick did that, too.

Adam dressed and got out the door before he could fall into any more fantasies. It was almost a relief to be out of the small house which reeked of sex. He'd go home after work and wash the sheets, unless he went home and had more sex. Then, the sheets wouldn't bother him.

He grabbed a bagel and a small cup of coffee on his way to the gym. He usually shied away from caffeine, but some days he needed the jolt to get him going.

A series of personal training clients would fill his morning, beginning with seventy-year-old Joe Neely. Joe was in great shape—and one of the dirtiest old men Adam had ever had the pleasure of meeting. Everyone who arrived early knew to watch out for Joe, who teased about his bark being worse than his bite, and he only bit when invited.

Adam spotted Joe's truck in the car park and downed his coffee before going inside. After the little amount of sleep he'd gotten last night, he definitely needed the jolt today.

\* \* \* \*

Despite his sex hangover, Adam's morning flew by. He ate a chicken salad from the closest fast food joint on his hour break then got back to work so the other staff members could grab a bite. The gym hit a lull mid-afternoon when the lunchtime exercisers had gone back to work, and the employees had time to clean up the place.

Adam was bent over the lat pull machine, sanitising the equipment, when someone stepped close behind him and pinched his bum.

"Nice ass. I'd bet it tastes as good as it looks."

He took his time standing up then slowly turned to face Nicolas and smiled. "So I've been told. What are you doing here? Don't tell me you're taking off early. I didn't think the esteemed McAllister Foundation allowed anyone to leave before 6:00 and only then when you had a written excuse."

Nick grinned, an endearing, lopsided expression that caused Adam's cock to stir.

"Or a doctor's note. I've faked a few of those. No, I found out this morning I have an event tonight, and I've no idea what time we'll finish. To top it off, there's a board meeting early tomorrow morning."

Moving a step closer, Adam pouted. "How early? Tomorrow's my late day. I get to sleep in but have to work until close."

"I know." Nick nudged his arm affectionately. "So unless I'm able to show up here sometime after my meeting to pinch your ass, it'll have been a whole day, and that's entirely too long to wait." He glanced around the nearly vacant room then back at Adam. "I need to suck your cock, babe. I need you to suck mine to get me through this hellishly long day."

Adam coughed and laughed at the same time. It was hard to deny Nick when the man spoke to him in such an engaging tone. "O-kay. Sounds great, but I'm working, right now."

Nick looked around again. A lone woman huffed and puffed on a stationary bike. A female employee sat behind the desk up front. "Not too hard."

"Sure, but I can't just leave. We'll get busy in a little while when people start getting off their jobs."

Nick cupped Adam's cock through his sweats. "In 'a little while', I'll be back at the office, slaving away. I'm talking about now." He motioned towards the front counter where the perfectly proportioned woman sat in her matching pink leotard and leggings. "Tell Barbie you're cleaning the bathroom. We'll be in and out in fifteen minutes. I'll suck you so hard, it might only take ten." He squeezed the growing erection and grinned.

"Shit." Adam thought of a dozen reasons why a bathroom quickie was a bad idea and only one reason why he should do it. *Nick*. He closed his eyes for a moment and enjoyed the hand caressing him then opened them again. "Five minutes. Ten tops."

The wicked grin nearly split Nick's face. "I can do five. I can do you in another five. Ten minutes will be perfect."

Clutching a cleaning rag in front of his groin, Adam sighed. *I'm such a slut*. Only for Nick, who seemed to have Adam's heart wrapped around his little finger. He took a few steps towards the front desk and called, "I'll be right back." His voice was a raspy squeak.

"Sure." His co-worker Diane nodded and waved as she looked up from her magazine.

Adam spun around and tripped over the machine behind him. He caught himself before falling and heard Nick's soft chuckle. *Bastard*, he swore silently. The outrageously sexy



man knew he couldn't get to the bathroom quick enough and loved the predicament he'd caused.

Adjusting his swelling cock, Adam smiled as he walked on. He loved it, too.

Inside the large bathroom, he opened a supply closet and removed the sign that read, *Showers closed for cleaning – open in fifteen minutes*. He stood the orange placard upright on its triangle base and positioned it just past the urinals and stalls.

"Ought to do it," he said.

"Definitely." Nick unfastened his belt and reached for the button on his fly. He pressed Adam's shoulders, directing him back towards the tiled room with its rows of faucets.

Adam chose a dressing room at the far end with a privacy curtain and separate shower. He dragged Nick inside and drew the hanging drape closed. Another couple of steps and he reached into the enclosure and turned the handle on full force with a cold spray. After closing the plastic curtain, he glanced at Nick.

"A little background noise."

"Good. We'll need it." Nick removed his erection from his trousers and gripped it, squeezing the shaft playfully.

Adam groaned at the delectable sight, licking his lips. "Damn," he murmured in a husky voice. "There's a sight I'll never get tired of. You're gorgeous."

"Right back at you, babe. You're the only one who can get me this hard. Only you."

Adam's chest swelled with satisfaction. *I'm crazy about this guy.*

His mushy thoughts were interrupted by urging from his man.

"On your knees, lover," Nick directed. "I want it fast, but it has to be good."

Chuckling, Adam lowered himself as instructed. His face was mere inches from the swollen shaft, the droplet of pre-cum glistening on the tip beckoning him. "Mmm, it'll be good. Don't worry."

Nick guided his dick into Adam's willing mouth. "I'm not worried. Perhaps you should be, though. You understand there's a risk of punishment if I'm not pleased."

Adam laughed as best he could with his mouth stuffed full of cock. He glanced up but couldn't see Nick's face—just heard the soft chuckle he'd grown familiar with. *Is he joking?* Nick had never talked about punishment before, but the mental image sent thrills down Adam's spine.

Before Adam could dwell further on the subject, Nick began a thrusting rhythm, requiring his entire attention. He clasped Nick's thighs and allowed the thick shaft to drive straight down his throat. He'd always been able to control his gag reflex, a skill which came in handy when deep-throating a lover. It excited him to be able to do it now. *I want to do everything for Nick. Everything.* Breathing through his nose, Adam accepted the face-fucking and returned the treat with unabashed enthusiasm.

"Nice." Nick threaded his fingers through Adam's curly hair.

Adam agreed with an unintelligible grunt. He dug his fingers into Nick's legs, struggling to hang on as the man bobbed back and forth.

"Fuck!" Nick swore. He muttered loudly and yanked Adam's blond locks when he came. Pulsing streams of warm cum shot down Adam's accepting throat.

The orgasm seemed to last forever. Adam was sure his lover's moans and mumblings could be heard outside their dressing room and fervently hoped no other guys were around. When the flow of cum finished, he licked the last drop and sat back on his haunches.

"Damn, you're good," Nick mumbled, tucking himself into his briefs and fastening his pants. "I'm one lucky son of a bitch."

Adam stood and smiled. "Think so?"

Nick grinned and pressed Adam against the dressing room wall. "I *know* so. You were fabulous. Unfortunately, this means I won't have to spank your ass cheeks until they're rosy."

"Where's all this 'punishment' and 'spanking' talk coming from? You've never mentioned anything like it before."

With his hands firmly on Adam's shoulders, Nick lowered the turtleneck shirt and sucked a spot on his neck. "Mmm, baby, it turns me on."

"Obviously," Adam chuckled, attempting to control his nerves. There was no chance of controlling his burgeoning erection. To his great surprise, the talk turned him on, too. Almost as much as the intense interest his neck was getting.

"Have we still got five minutes for me to reciprocate?" Nick murmured. "I want to make you feel as great as I do."

"Not sure it'll take that long," Adam groaned.

Nick cupped his crotch and squeezed. "Oh, yeah. You're nice and hard for me, already. I'm going to gobble you up. Don't really want to get on the floor in my suit, though. Why don't you turn around like this?" Moving Adam's body so it faced the wall, Nick sat on the bench in front of him. "There we go." His face was now at crotch level, a position he took immediate advantage of.

Adam leant forward, pressing his hands against the wall. He inhaled as Nick released his dick and stroked it and the soft balls beneath. "Yes," Adam murmured, anxious for the feel of Nick's wet mouth.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Nick blew a warm breath across his genitals.

Adam's mind raced. He'd just given a fantastic blowjob and was prepared to accept one in return. *Nope, not forgetting a thing.* "What?" he murmured.

The tip of Nick's tongue traced the slit in Adam's cock head. "Ask for what you want, lover. Ask nicely, and I won't make you beg."

His erection throbbed, and Adam shifted his weight from one foot to the other. Nick had a habit of getting him all worked up then pausing, teasing him unmercifully. Adam had grown accustomed to it, and it didn't really bother him. The positives *always* outweighed the negatives. Nick was one person he didn't mind begging. Head over heels in lust, he'd do anything for the handsome stud.

Adam inhaled. The attention to his cock had ceased, and he needed to get it going again, pronto. "Please, babe. Suck me. Let me shoot down your throat. I'm desperate. I need it, *now*. Please."

Nick's mouth captured the shaft and sucked it deep. His moans of approval were almost as loud as those when he'd come.

Adam didn't care. He was close. So close to Nirvana he could taste it, as surely as he still tasted the musky flavour of his lover's cum. Without the support of the wall, he would have fallen. "Yes. Suck me harder!"

Nick's hands slid inside Adam's briefs and cupped his ass. When he squeezed Adam's bum, it was over.

Adam exploded in waves of sensation. His cum shot down Nick's throat as the man's mouth and jaw muscles milked him for every last bit. He forced himself to keep his groan quiet as the water from the shower continued to patter down.

When he could stand again, Adam released the wall and ran his hands over Nick's face and head. "Perfect. So good. Thank you."

Nick sucked a spot on Adam's thigh, leaving a deep red love bite. He straightened and stood, tucking Adam's package into his briefs on the way. "You're welcome. Now, I can get through my long day."

He cupped the back of Adam's head, pulling him close for a kiss.

Adam groaned again. The musky taste of his own seed was fresh on Nick's tongue. Their soul-searing kiss sent tingles over his flesh. If Nick didn't release him soon, he'd be erect again.

Adam placed his hands on Nick's chest and pressed him away lightly. "You've got to go. Now. Or I might not let you leave."

Nick stepped back and chuckled. "My little slut. I love that about you. Always hard for me. Always ready to get it up when I am." He grabbed Adam's crotch and squeezed gently.

"You bet," Adam agreed, the heady compliment floating around in his mind.

Nick handled the cock and balls more firmly. "Only for me, right? The other muscular pretty boys around here won't turn your head?"

"Never." Adam sighed. With Nicolas in his life, he didn't even notice the other handsome guys who worked out.

One hard squeeze to his genitals had Adam blinking into Nick's steady gaze with surprise.

Nick smiled. "And no touching yourself, either."

"Of course not." Adam nodded sincerely.

Nick released him and placed a light kiss on Adam's mouth. "My perfect man."

Adam's heart raced. It felt so damned good when Nick called him 'his man', he could barely stand it.

Nick cupped Adam's face and ran his thumb over the chin. "Remember, if I find out you've been anything other than perfect, there'll be punishment. Something sinfully delicious—a mixture of pleasure and pain you won't soon forget."

A shiver ran down Adam's spine. He'd never been threatened with punishment before today. The way his lover described it had him almost considering breaking a rule just so he could find out what Nick was talking about. His cock thickened and throbbed.

“God damn!” he muttered, aroused.

Nick grinned and shoved the privacy curtain open. No one else was in sight in the shower area.

Adam slapped the faucet, and the water stopped. He glanced back at Nick. “Wait. Tell me more.”

“I have to get back to work. We’ll talk about this again another time.” Nick glanced in the big mirror hanging on the outer wall and combed his hair with one hand.

“Don’t go!” Adam grabbed Nick’s other hand and pressed it to his erection. “Look what you’ve done to me. You need to stay and explain yourself—or better yet, we don’t have to talk at all.”

A rumble of laughter shook Nick’s chest. “Go back to work, lover. I’ll see you tomorrow.” He stopped in front of a sink long enough to wash his hands and give his appearance a final check in the smaller mirror there.

“Nick!” Adam groaned with frustration as the other man headed out.

Nick turned and shook one finger at him, the smile on his face wickedly evil and wildly arousing. He winked at Adam and left.

“Shit!” Adam pounded one hand against the wall. He’d have to remain in the bathroom long enough for his hard-on to deflate, which, if he kept thinking about Nick and his threats of punishment, might take a very long time. Adam smiled, wondering exactly what his new lover had in mind.

When his shift ended for the day, Adam squeezed in an hour workout and lifted weights. With no reason to hurry home, he focussed on each muscle group as he exercised. It was a welcome relief to concentrate on something besides the man he’d been fixated on for weeks. Being with Nick was amazing, but Adam was starting to feel a bit obsessed with him. His mind kept returning to the last time they’d had sex and wondering when they might make love again.

He took a healthy drink of water from the bottle he carried back and forth to the gym. After stretching his muscles gently in a cool down, he gathered his things and headed out to his car. It was a warm evening, and the fresh air smelled good. Adam inhaled, glancing around casually as he unlocked the door.

A flash of avocado green caught his eye. Adam did a double take. There weren't many trucks around town painted that hideous shade. He hadn't seen one since Mitch packed his up and drove away. The ancient green tub he looked at now seemed uncomfortably familiar.

*Mitch?* The truck was a block away, now, so he didn't have a clear view of the driver. His imagination placed a tan-coloured, straw cowboy hat and a long, brown ponytail on the man. He could almost envision the tattoo of a bucking bronco on the guy's left arm and his elbow poking out the window like always.

Adam's gut clenched, and his cock twitched. He mentally kicked himself and batted down the momentary excitement. *Mitch is gone. He's been gone for almost a year, and I'm still pissed as hell about the way he left.*

The confession startled Adam. He'd put on a good show about being over his old flame, had tried to convince everyone, including himself, he was telling the truth. Yet, the first time he caught a glimpse of a vehicle that looked like Mitch's, Adam's insides got all twisted up. It was almost as if he couldn't breathe, couldn't open his mouth or lungs enough to pull in air.

The stoplight down the road changed, and the old green truck moved along. Adam watched it go, wondering once more about the man in the driver's seat. *It can't be Mitch.* He'd left for Texas and the rodeo circuit which had seemed all-important to him at the time. Adam had never heard if things had worked out for him.

As he climbed into his sporty, red Ford Mustang, Adam had the fleeting thought that he hoped Mitch had found what he was looking for. He caught the reflection of his watery, blue eyes in the rear view mirror, and frowned. *No, I don't. I hope he hates the rodeo and comes crawling back to me so I can dump him, this time.*

The admission didn't make him feel better. He pointed the car towards home, wishing Nick would be there, waiting for him. Nick always made him feel better.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch Silver quickly accelerated his old, green Chevy through the intersection. He'd driven past the small shopping centre which housed Full Throttle Fitness several times each day in the week he'd been home. He'd caught glimpses of the hard-to-miss little, red car, but

this was the first time he'd actually seen Adam. It was probably his imagination, but it almost seemed like the blond-haired hunk was staring at *him*.

*Impossible.* Adam had no idea he was home. The horrible way Mitch had left made it tough to reappear all friendly-like. *Hi, honey, I'm home.* He'd been rehearsing what he'd say if he got the opportunity. *I know I treated you like crap, walking out the way I did. I was jealous when you finished school and got a job. You seemed to be living your dreams while mine were stuck in my head. But, hey, the rodeo thing wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Especially, when I fell off a horse and hurt my back, and the doc said I shouldn't ride anymore.*

Mitch shook his head. He couldn't say all that. Adam would want to know what he'd been doing all this time. He'd either have to lie and say he'd simply remained on to drive for one of the other riders on the circuit, or he'd have to man up and tell the whole story. He'd been on the payroll of Rowdy Randy Rhodes, driving the bull rider's truck, taking the man from one rodeo to the next in Southern Texas. He'd played chauffer and done whatever needed to be done, including regular fucking. And not just Randy. A bevy of groupies followed the rodeo star from show to show, and the cowboy's nightly escapades often included one or more of them.

Mitch pounded the steering wheel as he drove, angry at himself for the shambles his life had become. Yes, he'd gone looking for excitement, and yes, he'd found a whole, new world. But the routine of travelling rodeo to rodeo, drinking and partying each night then moving on and doing it all over again was taking its toll. Mitch had never felt worse, physically or mentally.

He needed to see Adam. Adam could always make him feel better. He swiped the back of his hand across his cheek, catching an errant tear. He'd been gone almost a year. It wasn't likely someone as handsome and wonderful as Adam hadn't moved on. He was probably living with someone else by now, warming the bed of some other lucky son of a bitch.

Mitch envisioned his old lover on hands and knees before him. The beautiful head of blond curls bobbed, body swaying, ass clenching, as Mitch took him from behind. It was a sweet memory, but recalling it only made him feel worse. Honourable, trusting Adam had most likely been with the same man since Mitch left. That was his style. He'd never understand Mitch going crazy, participating in wild, drunken orgies with people he'd barely

known. Mitch barely understood it, though he'd never bothered to give it much thought at the time. *I just did it.*

Thank God he was able to come home and get a clean bill of health from the local clinic. He hadn't made any mistakes that were irreversible, up to that point. Mitch thought again about Adam. *Maybe one.* Had leaving Adam been a mistake? *Definitely.* Was it irreversible? He sighed. *Time will tell.*



## Chapter Two

"Ouch!" Adam glanced over his shoulder at the man who'd just bitten his ass. "That hurt, Nick."

The handsome hunk with a devilish grin pressed small kisses on the bite mark. "I'm so sorry."

"No, you're not." Adam smiled and rested his forehead on the pillow. *Nick knows exactly what he's doing – and he does it well.* The thought made Adam's cock thicken. Wedged between him and the mattress, his erection twitched and made him squirm.

Nick traced the crack of Adam's bum with his tongue, using slow, torturous strokes. He pried Adam's cheeks apart and drove his tongue deeper, circling the anus before nudging the opening. After teasing the outer ring with light thrusts, he backed away and patted Adam's hip. "On your knees, lover."

Adam groaned but did as instructed, pressing his hands against the mattress and raising his ass in the air.

"Better." Nick pushed Adam's knees wider and flipped to his back, wedging between Adam's legs. He stopped when his face was just below Adam's cock and balls. He caressed the hefty sac and slid his lips over the engorged erection in a moist kiss. "Mmm."

Adam rocked, encouraging Nick to suck him. But as usual, Nick took his time, teasing every inch of flesh with his breath before getting to serious action. Adam loved Nick's teasing, and, at the same time, it frustrated the hell out of him. Pre-cum oozed from his throbbing shaft. He'd erupt with the simplest of efforts, but sex with Nick was never simple.

"Fuck!" Adam muttered. His groin ached for release. "Do *something*."

Nick chuckled and drew Adam's balls into his mouth. He worked the orbs around slowly before releasing them. He grabbed Adam's thighs, tugged them apart then leaned up to get at his anus.

Adam swore again. From Nick's angle, it was nearly impossible for him to tongue Adam's hole properly. The man was still playing, while Adam was ready for results. "Come on, babe. I'm ready to do this."

Nick's tongue laved his anus several times before drawing back. "You're ready? Have you forgotten the best way to get what you desire?"

Adam closed his eyes for a moment, trying to think. Then they sprang open. *He wants me to ask!* In the few weeks they'd been together, he'd discovered his gorgeous lover had some control issues. Nick wanted to call the shots.

He inhaled then released the breath, focussing on the intense arousal soaring through him. *So what if Nick needs a little ego boost?* Maybe being in charge made him feel important. Adam didn't know, but the sex was worth it. Nick was one hell of a lover.

He thrust his hips forward. "I want to come. Please."

Nick nuzzled Adam's balls then nudged them so they swung from side to side. "Is that the best you can do, baby? I'd like a little more pleading, if you please. You know what it does to me to hear you beg."

Adam knew. If his words were enough, Nick would go at him with more suction than a vacuum. Anything he needed to say was well worth the imminent orgasm. He looked beneath him at the top of Nick's head. "Please, babe. Wrap those sexy lips around my dick and drain me dry. I need it. I'm begging you."

Nick caught Adam's gaze and smiled as he inserted a finger into his mouth. He wet it thoroughly, maintaining eye contact as he reached up and worked the digit into Adam's anus. "Such a good boy. I love to hear you ask for what you want. Take this, for now. My cock is next. After I suck every drop from this raging monster, I intend to mount you and screw your brains out."

Adam broke the gaze and threw back his head, groaning with pleasure. Nick's finger reamed in and out of him, adding to the delicious torment. He bucked his hips wildly, desperate for more.

"Mmm." Nick settled back on the bed and sucked Adam's swollen knob between his lips. He continued the finger fuck, stretching and preparing the hole for what would come next. He finally opened wide and took Adam's length down his throat.

Adam grunted with pleasure. *Finally*. He rocked back and forth, relishing the finger prying his anus and the mouth sucking him in earnest.

"Yes!" Heat and desire rose inside him until he thought he might shatter. Clutching the mattress, he drove his cock deeper, thrusting his entire length into Nick's willing mouth.

"Aw, god." The first wave sent his insides spiralling and a stream of cum straight down Nick's gullet. More spurts followed, and Adam shuddered through an amazing, intense orgasm. *Each one better than the time before*. He stopped rocking and tried to catch his breath.

Nick removed his finger and released his hold on Adam's shaft. "So good."

Nick scooted out from under, and Adam watched him grab a condom and lube from the nearest dresser then return to stand behind Adam. There was a rustling of foil as Nick wrangled with a rubber.

Cool, slick gel slid down the crack of Adam's ass. Nick nudged his cock against Adam's opening and swirled the head in the lubricant. "I'm hot for you, baby. Don't want to wait. I need to be inside you." His cock head slipped in.

"Mmm," Adam thrust his ass back. "Don't wait. Come on. I'm ready."

Nick gripped Adam's hips and shoved his shaft deeper. "So ready. So hot and tight. Damn, you feel good."

"You, too."

When their balls touched, Adam dared to breathe. The pressure was enormous. The massive length and girth filling his ass was about all he could bear. His head fell forward, and he clutched the sheets, prepared for anything.

Nick pulled his slick rod out and drove it back in, working into an intense, rapid rhythm. His movements grew more feral and heated with each thrust.

When Adam believed neither of them could take much more, Nick got a fresh burst of energy and pummelled him until his ass was nearly numb. A mixture of pleasure and sweet pain tore through him. He buried his face in a pillow, the yell he couldn't hold back muffled.

Nick swore and froze. His cock throbbed as he came.

Adam's main sensation was Nick's death grip on his hips, but warm cum began to fill the rubber in his ass. He sighed and relaxed as the heat pulsed into him.

"So good, my darling." Nick eased his cock out and wrapped his arms around Adam, falling sideways on the bed. He spooned their bodies together and kissed Adam's neck and

shoulder. "I don't have words to describe the way you make me feel. I've never experienced anything like it in my life."

Adam nestled against Nick's chest. "Me either. Incredible. Intense. Amazing." Renewed arousal had his cock sticking out straight from his body, and he gripped it. "You've got me hard again."

"Ah, allow me." Nick sucked a spot on Adam's neck as he wrapped his fingers over Adam's hand and shaft. He pulled them back and forth, squeezing gently.

Goosebumps travelled like pinpricks down Adam's spine, and he shivered at the suction on his neck. "You're going to leave another mark. People are talking, already."

Nick stopped sucking and kissed around the spot. "I don't care. Do you?" He licked Adam's inner ear and nibbled the lobe. "Maybe I want them to know you're unavailable. The other guys at the gym will know you're taken."

Adam smiled. "I'm taken, huh?" His cock pulsed in his hand.

Whispering in his ear, Nick murmured, "Oh, yeah. Very much so." He returned to the spot on Adam's neck and chomped down, sucking it hard.

A thrill ran down Adam's backbone, and his eyes rolled up in his head. He gasped and panted as another unbelievable orgasm ripped through him. Ribbons of cum erupted, coating his hand and Nick's.

"My man," Nick murmured. "Mine to pleasure. Mine to train."

The words floated through his consciousness, but Adam couldn't think about anything more than Nick calling him 'his man'. After his staggering break-up with Mitch and the year-long dry spell, the words sounded great to him.

He lifted his face for a kiss, and Nick obliged. Their tongues batted back and forth familiarly. Both men groaned as the kiss deepened.

Nick brought his cum-slick hand up and brushed the curly blond hair from Adam's face. He cupped a cheek and prolonged the kiss, his tongue showing the same dominance his cock had moments earlier.

Adam gasped for breath. He'd just gotten the best blowjob imaginable and the most amazing fuck of his life. His cock had just spilled into his lover's hand, but it was still hard and needy.

"Fuck," he groaned. "I can't get enough of you. Spend the night with me, Nick. Make love to me until I can't see straight."

Nick pressed one leg between Adam's thighs and rolled on top of him. He ran a hand through Adam's curly bangs and shoved them back. "I'm not sure you can see straight, now. Your eyes keep drifting back in your head."

"You do it to me. I'm a fucking, sticky mess, but I still want more. Whatever you can give me."

Nick grinned. "I've got so much to give you, baby. You can only imagine. Yes, I'll spend the night with you. I wouldn't think of leaving, now." He brought his hand to his face and licked drying cum from the palm. "You have much to give me, as well. All of which I accept, gratefully."

Adam groaned. Nick's smooth voice turned him on. *Who am I kidding? Everything about him turns me on.* He was exhausted, sated and a clammy mess, but incredibly, he was horny and wanted to spread his legs and have Nick take him again. *What a good idea!* Adam wiggled his thighs apart and raised his unencumbered knee in invitation.

Nick laughed, his dark eyes sparkling.

\* \* \* \*

Nicolas walked into the lounge at the Rose & Thorn Society's dungeon and found a seat at the bar. His latest fundraiser had gone exceptionally well, and it was late, nearly half past eleven. He needed to get back to his condo and get a decent night's sleep. Another round of seemingly endless meetings first thing in the morning would require all his energy.

How he *wanted* to expend his energy was to knock on Adam's door and wake the man up. What the hell, he didn't even have to wake up—just let Nick in, and he'd take care of the rest. He thought about his new lover, with his smooth, tight ass and hung like a mule, and smiled.

"Evening, stranger." The bartender wiped the counter in front of Nick. "Haven't seen you around for a while."

"Sammy! How goes it, pal?" Nick extended a hand, and they shook.

The handsome, fair-haired man smiled. "Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Ah, busy. Very busy." Nick was trying not to crow about his good fortune, but he knew his eyes were twinkling. Thinking about Adam caused that reaction.

"Busy?" Sam questioned, sceptically. "Looks to me like there's a little more going on. You meet someone?"

"Well, since you mentioned it..." Nick ducked his head, nodding.

"You meet him here?"

Nick shook his head. "No. He works at the gym I go to."

"A gym?" Sam patted his chest over his heart and rolled his eyes upward. "My god, I bet he's in some kind of shape. Is he hot?"

Nick tried to conceal his grin, but it was impossible. "You know it."

"Well, hell. The guys are going to be disappointed. We had some good times, here..." Sam lowered his voice and smiled at Nick, "Sir."

"Good times," Nick repeated. The dungeon hosted monthly play parties, and he'd become friends with Sam and a bunch of the other gay, unattached regulars. Sexually, he'd been able to enjoy a wide variety of scenarios. Most of the guys were open to experimenting with D/s, which was exactly what he desired — no, *craved*.

"So, are you going to bring him around?" Sam's eyes lit up, and he licked his lips.

Laughing, Nick shook his head. "He doesn't know anything about this place. Might have to wait a while."

"But he's into the lifestyle, right?"

"Eh..." Nick couldn't answer honestly. Adam wasn't openly into the Master/slave lifestyle, but Nick sensed potential. He was slowly grooming his lover in that direction — moulding him into the type of man he desired and expected his partner to be.

"Oh, man! He's a D/s virgin? Sweet!"

Nick grinned, his face heating and probably blushing. "He's pretty sweet. I think we both want the same thing. He just doesn't know it, yet."

"Aw, I love it! Well, hey, bring him to the M.A.s.T. social whenever you think he's ready. The fellas will be thrilled to meet him."

"We'll see." Nick nodded. A Masters and slaves Together function wasn't the first place he'd choose to bring Adam. He needed to break his lover in to the lifestyle before he'd be

able to show him off as a proper submissive. The idea made his cock swell inside his suit pants.

Nick thought once again about ringing Adam's doorbell and, as soon as he stepped inside the house, throwing him over the back of the sofa and fucking him. Yet, sleep before his morning meetings beckoned, and he knew his fun would have to wait.

"I really just came in for a drink before I went home. Trying to unwind after a long day. Could I get a vodka gimlet, please?"

"Sure." Sam turned around and mixed the cocktail. When he placed the drink on a coaster in front of Nick, he smiled. "If you really want to unwind, I could find an empty room in the back. I'm off at midnight." He waggled his eyebrows. "I've done some really naughty things since the last time we were together. I should truly be punished."

Nick grinned. "Sounds tempting. But I have a big day tomorrow, and I need to get home." He sipped his drink. "Nice. Just what I needed."

Sam leant forward on the bar and spoke quietly. "I know a few other things you need. Just between us, no strings."

Nick tossed back the rest of his drink and stood. "I'm sure it would be great, but I really have to go."

Sam shook his head, obviously disappointed. "Nobody's ever warmed my ass the way you did. I'm going to miss you if you stop coming around."

Nick patted the man's smooth face. "I'll still be here. Let me get my new fella broken in, first. This place would scare the crap out of him."

Sam laughed. "Probably. Okay, handsome. See you soon."

Nick tossed some cash and a generous tip on the bar. He winked at Sam and strolled out to the private, underground car park. He enjoyed the monthly play parties at the Rose & Thorn. Safe, sane and consensual sex, wild and abandoned, was a big draw. But right then, his focus was on Adam. He intended to make his new lover the best submissive possible.

He simply had to figure out the best way to break the news to Adam.

\* \* \* \*

The meeting with the potential new donors went as well as Nick could have hoped, but it lasted all morning. After an obligatory, long lunch with some members of the McAllister Foundation board, Nick was yawning by the time he returned to his office. Because he'd worked late the previous evening, he had no qualms taking the rest of the afternoon off in exchange. His supervisor, quite pleased with the events of the morning, agreed and told Nick she'd see him the next day.

He thought about his position on the drive back to his condo. McAllister was a non-profit entity whose goal was raising money and directing the use of the funds. Nick's area of concentration was St. Mark's Children's Hospital, and according to the hospital's board, he was quite successful.

It tore at his heart to see the faces of the terminally ill children treated at St. Mark's, but in some ways, the fact it *was* for children made his fundraising job easier. Big budget corporations liked to be affiliated with those kinds of charities. But where he really shone, and his company used him as an effective secret weapon, was appealing to the socialite housewife groups.

For some reason, the ladies loved Nick. With dark good looks, quality suits and a slightly sheepish expression, he bowled them over, time and again. He realised his strengths and used them to the best of his ability.

The events usually played out the same way. When some of the women had a few drinks in them, he knew it was time to be careful. Many of them got touchy-feely, and there was a fine balance between putting them off gently and making them angry. He managed with an apologetic 'I wish I could' attitude along with the excuse someone special waited for him at home. Until recently, it hadn't been true. Since it finally was, Nick amused himself wondering what the socialites would think if they knew the special person was a man – and, and at least in his plans, chained to his bedpost.

In the condo, he tugged off his necktie and strolled through the large, airy living room to his bedroom. He dug around in the closet for the black case hidden there. After retrieving it, he set the case on his dresser and opened it.

The smell of fine leather wafted to his nose. He lifted out the studded, black collar and matching leash. In all these years, he'd never had someone he'd wanted to bestow these gifts upon. Men had come and gone, but no one he'd really felt a special connection to. The pieces



in his hands had been gifts to him from his first Master. Nick held the cool, smooth collar to his nose and inhaled, willing it to bring back the memory.

He'd been a stranger to the D/s lifestyle when Ricardo bound him for the first time. After one intense, sexual encounter, he'd realised he enjoyed the bondage. But it took several years for their relationship to evolve to a certain comfort level. Nick had played out all aspects of the perfect submissive before he'd slowly begun to realise what he really craved was dominating someone as his Master dominated him.

Ricardo hadn't been pleased but ultimately understood and had been a very good sport. He'd trained Nick in the ways of dominance before they'd parted. That had been when Nick had locked his collar and leash away in the small, black case.

There had been other men, a string of unsuccessful relationships, until he'd discovered the Rose & Thorn Society where he'd immediately felt at home. In the safe, clean environment, he'd acted out all his fantasies with other willing gays who'd been looking for much the same things he'd been looking for—sexual release and no strings fun.

When he'd landed his current position, Nick had thought his life couldn't get any better. A job he'd loved, people who'd seemed to adore him, and wild, extreme and amazing sex whenever he'd wanted it.

*Then I met Adam.* Almost as if a light had switched on in his heart, he'd discovered the element missing from his near-perfect lifestyle. *Someone to love.* Someone who loved him for more than his good looks and flirty personality. Adam had seemed like just the right person.

Smart, funny, gorgeous, insatiable in the sack—Nick was at no loss for adjectives to describe his new lover. They all fit the man who in just a few weeks had turned Nick's world upside down. There was just one small issue between them.

Hell, it wasn't a small issue. It was a huge one.

He hadn't come right out and told Adam about his sexual preferences. His lover didn't know Nick was as adept with a whip as he was in talking rich people out of their money. He didn't know Nick craved dominance.

Over the past couple of weeks, Nick had given hints, and so far Adam had played along. But Nick was falling for him, and he knew the time for honesty was at hand. He needed to tell Adam the truth and see what happened.

Nick inhaled the pungent aroma of the leather collar one last time then set it and the leash on the bed. He stripped, hung up his suit and tie then tossed the rest of his clothes into the hamper. After checking the clock, he reached for his phone and punched the memory button for Adam's cell.

"Hello, you," Adam answered after just two rings.

"Hey, sexy. Can you talk?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. I'm working with a client, but he's on the treadmill, so we have a few minutes. How'd your meeting go?"

"Perfect. So good, in fact, they gave me the rest of the day off."

"Lucky dog. I'm stuck here until six."

"Six?" Nick glanced back at the clock and groaned. "I'm horny, now." He reached for his thick erection which pulsed every time he looked at the collar and leash on the bed. "Guess I'll have to do something about it." He grasped his shaft and pulled, dragging the skin down over the head and back. "Um, yeah. I'm stroking myself."

"Probably not the best idea," Adam said in a cheerful voice, as if someone were listening to his end of the conversation. "I, uh, thought that was discouraged."

Nick chuckled. "For you, stud. I can do anything I want. And right now, I want to stroke my cock while you're talking to me."

"Aw, geez," Adam muttered. "Hang on." Away from the mouthpiece, he said, "Crank it up a notch, Mr. Noland. You're slowing down." He returned to the phone. "Okay."

"Mr. Noland? Is he cute? A hot, hunky handful of man flesh?"

"No, I wouldn't necessarily concur," Adam replied in his polite, 'people are still listening' voice. "You know, I really should let you go. I can call you back when I'm done with this session."

Nick moved his hand up and down his shaft. "No. Stay on the phone with me while I jack off. Oh, fuck, it feels so good." He stopped long enough to lick pre-cum from his fingers then proceeded to stroke again. Nick smacked his lips. "Tastes so good."

Adam whispered into the phone, "You're going to pay for this, you know." He spoke up. "Yeah, Mr. Noland. Good. Keep going. I'll be right there."

Nick groaned loudly. His cock pulsed in his hand. An orgasm threatened, so exciting, so close. "Um, tell me some more how I'm going to pay. I'm almost ready to come."

"I'm hanging up, now. I've got a paying client, and if I have to listen to you, um... I'll never be able to finish this session. I'll call you later."

Chuckling, Nick relented. "Don't call. Just come over as soon as you get off work. I need to fuck, babe. I need to fuck *you*."

"You bet. Can do. Have a nice afternoon. Thanks so much for calling." Adam hung up.

Nick punched a button and tossed his phone on the dresser. He laughed all the way to the shower where he adjusted the water temperature and climbed in. He turned the nozzle until the heat from the water nearly burnt his skin. With a firm grasp on his cock, he sighed.

*Tonight, sweet Adam. Tonight we talk. We share the truth. He jerked fast and firmly. If everything goes as I'm hoping, I'll strap a collar around your neck and attach the leash. You'll be on your hands and knees as I take you. I'll pound into you from behind with all my strength. He groaned as his erection throbbed. So close. With one hand, I'll grasp your hip, holding you so tight I'll leave a print on your flesh. With the other, I'll hold your leash. Jerk your leash so you're forced to rear back against me.*

Ribbons of creamy cum splattered the shower wall as Nick emptied his balls. Pleasure coursed through him. He shuddered and gasped, revelling in the lingering, delightful sensations. The fantasy excited him more every time. Jacking off to it was fantastic. The real thing would be even better.

*If only Adam agrees.*

\* \* \* \*

Nick caught a nap and was refreshed when he arose. He dressed in lightweight gauze lounge pants and a tight, black T-shirt. Restlessly puttering around in the kitchen, he finally decided to prepare a green salad and grill a couple of steaks. When his doorbell rang just after 6:00, he strolled towards the entrance with two glasses of wine in his hands.

"Man, are you a sight for sore eyes." Adam glanced up and down Nick's body, a huge grin on his face. "Wanna fuck right here or go to the bedroom?"

"Slow down, lover. Come in. Have a drink."

Adam set down his gym bag by the door. "I brought some clothes to change into. Figured I'd get a shower in sometime tonight." He raised his head and sniffed. "Something smells good."

"Hungry?" Nick thrust a glass into Adam's hand. "I've got a salad chilling, and the steaks are almost ready. Medium-rare, yes?"

"Oh, yeah. Sounds great." Adam nodded, sipping the wine.

Nick ran a hand through the curly head of hair and placed a kiss on Adam's forehead. "I hope so. I prepared everything just for you. Come on, let's eat. We'll need the energy later." He guided Adam by the back of the neck into the kitchen. "Sit. Tell me about your day."

Adam dropped into a chair at the bar-counter. "It was fine. The gym was pretty busy, and I had a bunch of appointments, so it went fast."

Nick served two perfectly cooked steaks off his built-in grill onto plates and set them on the bar. He brought out the salads, dressing and steak sauce then refilled their glasses before he sat, bumping knees with Adam. "I'm glad you had a good day."

"This looks fabulous." Adam dove in. After one bite of steak, he rolled his eyes upwards. "Heaven. Perfect and tender. Just what I needed, tonight."

Nick glanced down at his lover's ass on the barstool. "Yeah. Perfect, tender and just what I need."

Adam stopped chewing and grinned. "Why do I think you're not talking about the steak?"

"Because when I get in the same room with you, hot stuff, you're all I think about." Nick ate but kept his eyes on Adam.

"Um, I know the feeling. I couldn't believe when you called me today and started jacking off. I had such a boner, I had to excuse myself to the bathroom. I stood back there and thought about the price of gas and the state of the economy—anything to get my mind off you."

"Did you touch yourself?" Nick asked, still eating.

"No, sir, I did not. You said I shouldn't. Obviously, the same didn't go for you, bugger."

Nick smiled. "Sir. I like it."

"Oh, yeah?" Adam's eyebrows rose. "There are a couple of other things I think you like, too. Maybe we should talk about them. You said something yesterday about punishing me. You really seemed to get off on the concept."

"How did it make you feel?"

"I don't know." Adam picked over his food. Suddenly, he seemed nervous.

Nick placed one hand over Adam's. "Listen. Eat, now. When we're done, we'll take our wine into the other room and talk. We do have a few things to discuss."

Adam's eyes widened. "Anything bad? I mean, are we okay?"

Nick smiled and squeezed the hand. "We're better than okay. But whether you think it's anything bad...I guess I'll leave it up to you."

With a groan, Adam dove back into his meal and ate, quickly.

Nick swallowed a few more bites and pushed his plate away. Nervous butterflies had taken over his stomach. He'd mentioned talking to Adam. There was no turning back, now. He didn't want to turn back. He wanted to be open and honest for the first time in their relationship.

Adam loaded the dishwasher while Nick refilled their wine glasses and deposited them on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

"Come, sit." Nick patted the sofa cushion next to him.

"Almost done." Adam wiped off the counter with a clean dishrag and tidied the kitchen before joining Nick. He settled back comfortably, tucking his feet under him, and nursed his wine. "So, you wanted to talk?"

"Yeah." Nick stretched his long legs out in front of Adam and sipped his wine. When he couldn't stall any longer, he asked, "What do you know about the BDSM lifestyle?"

Adam's face went blank. "Not much. Big guys in black leather masks carrying whips, I guess."

Nick smiled. "Leather and whips can be part of it. Actually, BDSM covers a wide variety of areas. I'm mainly interested in the B and D, bondage and discipline. Have you ever heard of Dominants and submission in sex?"

Adam shrugged. "I know some guys only want to be on top. Like you. I've yet to fuck you." He added quickly, "Not saying I mind. We've done everything else, and it's been fantastic, but I just noticed..."

Nick nodded. "It's true. And it's not like I don't want to be fucked. But I'm a Dom, babe. If I let someone top me, it's going to have to be one special person."

"You're a Dominant?" Adam repeated slowly, as if trying to take it in. "You never told me. And you haven't let me...so I must not be the special person."

"Whoa, back up the train, there, lover. I haven't told you because I didn't want to scare you the fuck away. I've been dropping subtle hints, trying to ease you into the idea. Because, you see, I've figured out you *are* the one. I care about you more than I have anybody in a long, long time. I'm anxious to see where this relationship takes us. But it's time for me to be totally honest about how I feel and the things I want."

Adam breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes! I want those things, too. Total honesty. I'm crazy about you, Nick. I'd love to see what the future has in store for us."

Nick smiled, injecting a teasing tone into his next words. "What do you think about submitting to me?"

Adam knocked back the last of his wine and set the glass down. "I honestly don't know what submitting means."

"Fair enough." Nick set his glass on the coffee table and moved closer to Adam. "To be clear, I'm not talking about a total power exchange, 24/7. I'm more interested in what happens in the bedroom—or wherever I choose to fuck you. Because it *will* be my choice. Totally up to me. When it happens, and what takes place, will be my call."

Adam raised his eyebrows. "I think our sexual appetites are similar enough. I could live with you calling the shots. But I've got to ask, what's in it for me?"

Nick nodded. "Good question. I was a submissive for several years, and it was incredibly satisfying. The surrender of control freed me. Bound to the headboard, or bent over with my wrists cuffed to my ankles, I developed absolute trust in my partner, my Master. It's an amazing feeling."

"Yet, you're not a submissive any more. Did something happen?"

"No. My needs changed, that's all. Some people go back and forth in their lives or with different partners. We call them 'Switches'."

"What if *my* needs change?" Adam shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "What if I hate it? I've never had someone tell me what to do all the time."

Nick reached out and changed their positions so Adam's back pressed against his chest. He brushed the curly, blond hair away from one ear and murmured, "Don't get ahead of yourself. If the idea appeals, simply agree to try it. You'll know soon enough what you think."

Adam leaned back against him and spoke quietly. "You want me to call you 'Master'?"

"Only when we're playing. 'Master' or 'Sir'."

"Sir," Adam repeated, almost to himself.

"Yes, my sweet submissive?" Nick traced his tongue around the inside of Adam's ear.

"Fuck." Adam closed his eyes. "My cock just got hard."

"Mmm," Nick moaned into his ear. "Remove it from your pants. I want to see it."

Adam fumbled with the zipper on his Khakis. He shoved them and his briefs down just enough to release his semi-hard erection.

"Getting there." Nick admired the thing of beauty. "Stroke it for me. Make it nice and hard."

Adam swallowed. "Yes, Sir." He grasped his shaft in one hand and dragged the skin up and down.

"I like it." Nick nibbled the earlobe. "Rub it harder. Yank that bad boy up and down, back and forth. Jack it until you feel your balls rise and you're on the edge of an orgasm."

"I don't know," Adam hesitated.

"Do it," Nick said firmly. "Masturbate yourself until your hand's slick with pre-cum. I want to feel your body tense. Put yourself right there on the precipice. I want you so hot and hard, the slightest encouragement would make you blow. Are you getting there?"

Adam's arm worked back and forth, furiously. "Close."

"Tell me when you're on the edge. Tell me when your gut and your balls are churning, aching for release."

Adam panted, his face reddening.

Nick's voice purred seductively, "I've been fantasising about you."

Adam's body shuddered, and he gasped. "I'm there."

"Stop." Nick reached for the hand so close to delivering his lover to Nirvana. He sucked the slick fingers, savouring the spicy pre-cum.

“Stop?” Adam opened his eyes and looked at him as if he were insane. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Nope.” Nick wrapped both arms around Adam, effectively binding him. He nuzzled the sweat-slicked neck and nodded towards the weeping flagpole of an erection. “Just look at it, my darling. Isn’t it gorgeous? Couldn’t you just swallow it in one gulp?”

Adam’s head drooped back against him, breath still coming hard. “You’re killing me, man.”

“‘Master’, or ‘Sir’ is the appropriate way to address me. I’m simply explaining something to you. See that cock, there? It’s mine. You don’t touch it except to wash or pee. You don’t make it happy. It’s up to me, now. I’ll decide when—and if—you climax. And remember, there are stiff penalties for breaking the rules.”

Adam’s voice came out in a hoarse rasp. “What kind of penalties?”

“Again, my choice. I might withhold your orgasm, or I might paddle your ass until your balls turn blue.”

“Fuck.” Adam turned his head to look at him once more. “Tell me again, what’s in this for me?”

Nick grinned. “So many things, sweet one. You’re going to experience more bliss than you’ve ever known in your life. My every thought, my every action, will be focused on pleasuring you.”

“It seems to me like it’s all about pleasuring *you*. You doing whatever you want to get your rocks off.”

“Ah, it might seem so, at first. I think you’ll find nothing could be further from the truth. I intend to ravage you like a wild animal, and I intend to cherish you, as well. Discovering your wants and needs and seeing to them is what’s going to—as you say—get my rocks off.”

Adam sighed. “Hearing your words... Shit. I just got hard again.”

Glancing at the waving erection, Nick smiled. “So, we’re in agreement, then? We’re going to give this a try?”

“I can change my mind whenever I want? If something is too intense, I can ask you to stop?”



“Absolutely. Later, we might put a ‘safe word’ in place. For now, a simple ‘fucking stop, you bastard’ will suffice.”

A wide grin split Adam’s face. “Could I have a kiss, Sir?”

Nick responded with a soul-wrenching buss neither man rushed to end.

“Mmm,” Adam murmured. “When you do that, I could come on the spot.”

Nick raised his eyebrows.

Adam gulped. “With your permission, of course, Sir.”

Nick nodded, satisfied with Adam’s progress. “Exactly what you need to remember. Your satisfaction is in my hands. Shall we move into the other room and get this party started?”

## Chapter Three

Adam stripped out of his clothes as instructed and knelt on the bed. He kept his eyes lowered but tried to see what was going on by using his peripheral vision. His 'Master', Nick, had something made of black leather in his hands and seemed to be fingering it lovingly.

Nick moved behind him on the bed, and suddenly, something was around Adam's neck. Adam inhaled as the cool leather tightened, and he realised it was a collar. "Sir?" he questioned.

Nick buckled the thing and placed his hands on Adam's shoulders. "My first Master gave me this. It holds very special memories for me. No one else has worn it. I'd like you to have it."

"May I touch it?"

"Certainly."

Adam felt the foreign object around his neck and realised there were metal studs on it. *Like a fucking dog collar!* "It's like I'm your pet," he murmured, a little shocked.

Nick nuzzled his ear. "All in play. Some Masters call their property 'slaves'. I prefer 'submissive'."

"I'm a fucking wild animal." Adam hadn't entirely wrapped his mind around the idea.

"Mmm, I'm not really into animals." Nick sucked Adam's earlobe and ran a hand over the curve of his ass. "But I do like a nice, hard ride on my sweet subbie. Rather than yanking your hair when I get aroused, I can tug on your leash. See?" He snapped a long leather strap to the collar and jerked it lightly.

"Aw, fuck." Adam closed his eyes. He didn't want to see. He also didn't want his cock to get hard every time Nick spoke about riding him like an animal. He wasn't sure he could control himself.

Nick gave a little tug on the leash from behind, and Adam's head snapped back. "Got your attention."

"You've definitely got my attention." Adam felt his dick wave at full erection. "My question is, what are you going to do about it?"

Nick glanced over Adam's shoulder at the pulsing staff. "Mmm, the first thing I intend to do is to enjoy. Stand up and feed it to me while I lie on my back."

Adam rose off the bed, constrained by the collar and leash which didn't allow him to stray far. Nick flopped on his back, his own cock full and hard.

In the past, Adam would have taken a moment to suck his lover's shaft deep into his mouth. He hadn't been given permission now, so decided against it this time. He crawled back onto the mattress next to Nick's body.

"Up here. Straddle my head with your knees. Fuck my mouth with that monster."

"Yes, Sir." Ready and willing, Adam climbed carefully into position and inserted his cock into Nick's mouth. "There you have it, Sir. Suck it. Take it all."

Nick's eyes flashed amusement, but he obliged. His head bobbed as he sucked and licked.

Adam closed his eyes and basked in the pleasure. A sharp tug to his leash brought him back to attention.

"Fuck my mouth," Nick repeated, almost unintelligibly.

"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir." Bracing himself on his knees, Adam plunged himself in and out of the warm channel. Wet and slick, Nick's tongue massaged every inch of his shaft. Just a few more strokes and he'd be on the verge of shooting.

"Mmm," Nick groaned, seemingly caught up in the passionate act.

Adam sighed and prepared to let go. His balls churned, and the fabulous sensation of a climax prodded his nerve endings. He tensed his muscles and inhaled.

"Enough." Nick yanked the leash and pulled his head back at the same time. "Get down there and suck on me. Bring me to the edge, but don't make me come."

Blinking back frustration, Adam climbed down his Master's body until he was close to the rampant erection. His leash didn't allow him enough room, and he tugged it to loosen it.

"No more slack. Work with what you have," Nick snapped.

Adam could barely reach Nick's cock. Each time he bent to lick it, the collar tightened around his neck. It was as exasperating as hell but, at the same time, strangely arousing. Slightly pissed off at himself for accepting the abuse, Adam determined he'd make the best

of it. He drove forward repeatedly, trying to reach the erection, nearly choking himself. He finally latched on and held tight, his airway compromised.

He sucked the best he could and soon discovered Nick slowly loosening his bond. It became easier to breathe and more comfortable to continue the fellatio. Pleased and grateful, he concentrated on making this the best blowjob he'd ever given. He'd make it feel so good, Nick wouldn't want him to stop.

"Fuck!" Nick swore, cock pulsing and hips jutting forward. "Your mouth is like honey and velvet."

Adam's heart swelled. He paused long enough to return the compliment. "Only for you, my gorgeous Master." The word felt good. He decided he could get used to it and wanted to try it out again. "Master, I could live with your cock in my mouth."

Nick chuckled. "A pleasant thought."

Adam cupped Nick's shaft and balls in his hand. He licked a solitary drop of pearly cream from the tip of Nick's slit.

Nick pushed him away gently. "I'm ready to fuck. Get me a condom and some lube. I'll release you just long enough."

"Thank you, Master." Adam scrambled off the bed and felt around in the drawer of the nightstand. *One foil packet and a tube of lubricant, as requested.* He set them on the bed and looked at his lover expectantly.

Nick wrapped the leather strap around his fist, bringing Adam close again. "Put the rubber on me, then I want to watch you stretch and prepare yourself."

"Okay. I mean, Yes, Sir." Adam ripped open the packet and rolled the condom over Nick's weeping, erect cock. He tugged at his leash so he could lie down but wasn't allowed enough length. Reconsidering, he stayed on his knees. He spread his thighs and squirted a glob of lube onto two fingers.

He fumbled between his legs, feeling his anus. He eased one slick digit inside and worked it around. The pleasure was intense, and he quickly added a second finger. He thrust them in and out and tugged sideways, opening himself for the thick cock he knew was coming next.

"That looks nice. How does it feel?"

Adam grunted. "Fabulous."

“Your cock is purple and twitching. I love it! Make sure you don’t come. Not until I say so.”

Adam rolled his eyes. “You’re killing me, Master. I’m ready to come.”

“I’m sure you are. But think about it. Every climax I deny you makes the one you ultimately experience sweeter. I guarantee it.”

Nearly growling with frustration, Adam hated to admit Nick was right. His cock head *was* purple. The shaft was a pulsing, angry shade of red. His balls weren’t just churning, they were boiling. When he came, it was going to be fucking fantastic.

He blinked, reality setting in. *When I’m allowed to come.* He groaned and finger-fucked his ass intently.

“Enough.” Nick patted his thigh. “On your hands and knees. My turn to play.”

“Yes, Master.” Adam willingly assumed the position.

Nick scooted behind him, grasping Adam’s cheeks and pulling them apart. He buried his face between Adam’s buttocks and growled like a beast. “Fuck! So sweet.” Licking the crease, he tongued the hole deeply. “Did your former lover appreciate what a fine, lovely ass you have? What was his name?”

Adam gulped. *Why would Nick bring him up?* It was almost as if he realised Adam had been thinking about the cowboy recently. Adam swallowed, uncomfortable talking about Mitch while being fucked by Nick. “His name was Mitch, Sir. But I’d rather not discuss him, at the moment.”

Nick chuckled, pushing his cock against Adam’s opening. “Fair enough. I’m going to take you, now. You’re wet and ready, I can tell.” He pressed forward.

Adam inhaled as the thick cock speared him. Heavenly pleasure mingled with tinges of pain. When it was seated, the delicious sensation of being nicely stuffed was upon him. “Yess,” Adam hissed.

Nick froze. He tightened his grip on the leash, and Adam’s head snapped back. “What do you want, animal? Tell me what you desire.”

“Fuck me,” Adam growled, his voice harsh. “I want it—I need it! Ride me like a wild beast, I don’t care. Just *do it*, Sir.”

“My perfect submissive,” Nick crooned. “You know what I can do for you. And you know I control the power to do it. You’ve caught on well.”

"Please, Master." Adam begged, desperate.

"I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to ride you hard, until *I* come. I don't want a drop of your seed to hit the sheets. You hear me? Not one drop. If you can control yourself until I spill inside you, you'll be rewarded."

"Yes, Master," Adam sobbed. Controlling his orgasm would be the hardest thing he'd ever done. Somehow, he knew the outcome would be worth it. "Reward, Master? Will you let me come?"

"Oh, yes, sweet one. I'll drain you dry with my mouth. A blowjob like nothing you've ever experienced."

"Yes, please. Oh, please." Adam raised his ass higher, pressing into his Master's body. He clutched the sheets and gasped as Nick tugged his leash. Not an uncomfortable feeling, suddenly it was something he desired and craved more. He bolted away from his rider and waited for the jolt to draw him back.

*Nirvana.* His climax flitted in and around his consciousness. Yet somehow, Adam knew he could control it. He was desperate to shoot but not then. Only when they were both ready.

"Son of a bitch!" Nick swore.

The curse drew Adam back to reality. His lover, his Master, was climaxing, quivering and shooting streams of warm spunk into the rubber buried in Adam's ass.

Adam sighed with happiness. He'd made it. A little longer, then the reward.

Incoherent mutters rolled off Nick's tongue as he shuddered his release.

"Hmm?" Adam murmured. He had no idea what Nick had just said, but right then, it wasn't the most important thing on his mind. *Must come.*

Nick pulled him up by the leash and wrapped both arms around Adam's chest. He kissed everywhere he could reach and answered, "Never mind. It's hard not to get carried away when I'm with you. That was incredible. Better than I could have hoped—or dreamed." He continued kissing every inch of Adam's sweat-slicked skin.

Adam took a trembling breath. "I made it. Not a drop." He glanced down to where a thick ribbon of pre-cum hung from his cock head, threatening to ruin everything.

"What the hell?" Nick exclaimed. "You did it on your first attempt. I would never have bet on it."

A sigh of relief escaped Adam's lips.

Nick chuckled as he eased his cock out. He quickly disposed of the rubber and flipped Adam onto his back. "Get comfortable, sweet thing. This is all about you. Lie back, enjoy and come when you wish."

"Thank you." Adam gasped as a warm, wet tongue played over his flesh. "Ah, yes. Thank you, Master." He inhaled sharply when Nick engulfed his cock and deep-throated him. He wasn't going to last long. His balls tightened and drew up.

"Mmm," Nick encouraged, sucking with all his might.

"Fuck, yeah!" Adam cried out as the first waves of bliss reached him. He tensed and shattered, spraying wads of creamy seed down his Master's throat.

Nick milked him for the duration then washed him gently with his tongue. When he was done, he crawled up Adam's body and nestled in, half covering him. "Perfect," he murmured.

"Thank you, Master," were the only words Adam could manage.

"Here." Nick reached for the collar. "Let me take it off you."

Adam covered Nick's hand with his own. "No, please don't. I'd like to leave it on."

Nick gazed into his eyes. "You mean it?"

Adam smiled at the look of wonder he saw there. "Absolutely. It's amazing. I'm not ready to lose the feeling, yet."

"Mmm, thank you. Thank you." Nick kissed his face, moving down past the collar to his neck.

Warmth and contentment bubbled inside Adam, along with another emotion. *Love*. It was far too early to voice that thought, yet, but he definitely felt they were headed in that direction. For the moment, he never wanted to move from this spot.

"No, Master. Thank *you*." His recently spent cock thickened and stretched.

Adam smiled as Nick licked his lips and headed straight for it.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch pulled into a stall of the car park at Full Throttle Fitness and shut off the engine of his truck. He'd finally worked up the nerve to stop and not just drive by like he'd done so

many times before. He climbed out of the Chevy and dusted off his jeans. As he opened the door to go inside the building, he swallowed nervously.

In the reception area, Mitch paused, trying to ignore the butterflies zipping around in his belly.

"Can I help you?" The woman at the front desk was someone he'd never seen before, blonde and thin as a pencil.

"I was looking for Adam." He scanned the big, crowded work-out area.

"Adam is..." She peered into the mass of people exercising on a variety of machines. "There he is. Just finishing with a client. He should be right up."

"Thanks." Mitch nodded and stepped away from the counter. He suddenly felt very out of place in his jeans and cowboy hat. He removed the straw hat, held it in one hand and smoothed his hair with the other. He finally spotted Adam, strolling to the front with an older man in hideous, orange sweats.

"Keep going with the same regimen until we meet next week, Ken," Adam told the man. "If it feels too light then, we'll change it up a bit."

"Thanks, Adam." The man stopped at the water fountain and took a long drink.

"See you later." Adam moved towards the front desk, stopping abruptly and staring at Mitch. An expression of surprise crossed his face, but it went away quickly, changing to a slight scowl. "What are you doing here?"

"Hi." Relief shot through Mitch. He'd halfway expected outrage or some kind of negative greeting. *So far, so good.* "I hoped we could talk. Do you have a lunch break coming soon?"

Adam shook his head. "I just got here a while ago. I could take ten minutes, I suppose."

Mitch nodded. *Ten minutes is better than nothing.* "Sure. Can we go someplace?"

"Outside." Adam nodded towards the door. To the girl at the reception desk, he said, "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Adam walked out, and Mitch followed, watching his ass in tight gym shorts. *Damn, he looks good.* Fit, healthy, lightly tanned and still sexy as hell.

"This way." Adam walked down the sidewalk, hesitating when they reached Mitch's truck. "You still driving that old hunk of junk? I'm surprised it even runs."

"They don't make 'em like this beauty, anymore." Mitch touched the green hood.



"Good thing," Adam muttered. He kept walking to the end of the building and around the corner before he stopped to face Mitch. "When did you get back?"

"A couple of weeks ago. I, uh, thought about calling or stopping by sooner. I wasn't sure how you'd react."

Adam's face reddened. With one hand, he rubbed his neck absently as he spoke. "How am I supposed to react? What are you doing, passing by between rodeos? No, it doesn't matter. I don't want to know. We really don't have anything to say to one another, Mitch."

Mitch's heart lurched. Adam was obviously still stinging from the last time they'd talked. *Fought* was a more accurate description. It had been an awful, painful argument with plenty of harsh words on both sides. "We have a lot to say, and it does matter. It matters very much."

He took a breath and continued before Adam could interrupt. "I made a huge mistake leaving like I did. The rodeo thing didn't work out. I was thinking—"

"Wait." Adam raised a hand then returned it to his neck, rubbing out of apparent nervousness. "It's a little late for this, don't you think? You could have come back a month after you left. Or a few months, even. But a year after the fact seems almost absurd, doesn't it? Did you expect to find me sitting here waiting for you to come crawling back?"

Mitch bristled. "Of course I didn't. And I'm not 'crawling' back. I know you've probably moved on with your life." He glanced down at the sidewalk then back up into Adam's eyes. "I accept that. I just needed to apologise."

*And find out if you're serious about someone new. If you're not, I might have a fighting chance.*

Adam stared at him suspiciously. "Why now?"

Mitch shrugged. "I don't know. It's just something I wanted to do. *Felt like I had to do.*"

Adam's wary expression didn't go away. He gazed at Mitch a moment then nodded. "Okay, whatever. Apology accepted. You can go on with your life and stop feeling guilty. That's what this is about, isn't it? Repentance?"

"No!" Mitch wanted to drag the stubborn man into his arms and kiss the frown right off his face. He hadn't expected Adam to welcome him with open arms or accept his apology at their first meeting. *But I'd hoped he would to make life easier for me.* Apparently, Adam wasn't in the mood to make things easy for Mitch anymore. "I'm really sorry for the way things worked out, Adam. I just wanted—"

"I'm seeing someone," Adam interrupted. "He's a great guy. We're very happy together."

The admission struck like a punch to the gut. Mitch had known it was a very real possibility, but once again had let his hopes get in the way. "Great," he repeated, dully. "How long have you two been together?"

"A few weeks."

*Weeks!* His excitement soared. He'd spent five years with Adam. He could compete with 'weeks'. Mitch's mind raced, pondering his next move. "That's nice."

Adam stared at him for a moment then motioned towards the building. "I need to get back."

"Yeah, sure." Mitch stepped aside so he could walk past. "Maybe I'll see you around."

"I don't think so. I've moved on, Mitch. You should, too. Please don't drop in again." Adam's voice cracked. "Bye." He abruptly spun on his heel and rounded the corner.

Mitch glanced around the building and smiled as he watched Adam return to work. *He sure left in a hurry. And he was choking up.*

Their first meeting had gone well, better than Mitch could have expected. He'd laid the groundwork and gained some valuable information.

Now he just had to figure out what to do with it.

\* \* \* \*

Adam set a pizza box on the coffee table and stacked a couple of plates and napkins next to it. He poured two glasses of Nick's favourite wine, wanting to have everything ready and waiting. His body hummed with anticipation. He was ready and waiting, too. Nick's job had taken him out of town. It'd been five days since they'd seen each other.

They'd talked on the phone every night, usually ending the conversations with him listening to Nick jack off. He still wasn't allowed to touch himself, but the denial was fine with Adam. In the nearly three weeks since his Master had introduced him to D/s play, he'd become obsessed with it.

The morning after he'd worn the collar for the first time, he'd been nervous as hell. He'd felt different, and his mind had raced. *Do I look different? Can other people tell?* Something had changed inside him. *Is it obvious from the outside?*

In a weird coincidence, Mitch had chosen that day to stop by the gym and talk. Adam had been surprised to see him, but not entirely. It *had* been Mitch he'd seen driving by the building before. The man had been in the back of his mind ever since then, though he'd tried to keep the thoughts out.

Mitch had seemed tired. A little paler, perhaps, than someone who worked outside should look. But he'd looked good. His dark eyes had still peered right through Adam, almost as if they could still see into his soul. That day, especially, it had made Adam fidgety and nervous. He now had a secret buried inside. *If anyone looks too deep, will they figure it out?*

The role play felt perfectly natural when he was in Nick's arms. The more they experimented, the more comfortable he became. His Master had even allowed Adam to top a few times, which had sent him through the roof.

It had become a secret game he and Nick shared. Merely thinking about it during the day still caused Adam's cock to swell. He'd remained on his best behaviour, not wanting to risk being denied a climax or receiving any other punishment...*yet*. He'd been taking things slowly, one step at a time. His reward had been the most amazing sex he'd ever experienced.

Now, after five days of celibacy, he was tuned and ready. He'd promised Nick dinner and decided pizza would be fast and easy. He was quite sure they were both anxious to move on to dessert.

The doorbell rang, and he strolled across the small living room to answer it.

Nick stood grinning on his doorstep, arms extended. "There's my handsome guy! You look fabulous. I missed you."

Adam glanced around his quiet neighbourhood and noticed a couple walking their dog on the sidewalk. He tugged Nick into the house and closed the door. "Get in here." Folding himself into the slightly taller man's embrace, he murmured, "I missed you, too. But now you're here, and all mine."

"All yours." Nick's mouth pressed against his, and they kissed. Both sets of lips parted, and their tongues attacked each other hungrily. Nick sucked his deep, the battle for dominance beginning.

Finally, Nick pulled away and smiled. "I have a present for you." His voice was mischievous.

"A present?" Adam's eyes lit up. "Where is it? I want it."

"Patience, sweet thing. First, I have to make sure you've behaved yourself and done as I requested. Is there dinner?"

"Yes, Sir. Pizza from your favourite restaurant and a bottle of your preferred wine."

"Perfect. I'm hungry."

"It's all set up here, so we can eat on the sofa." Adam led him deeper into the house and took Nick's suit coat. He laid the jacket over the back of the couch and motioned Nick to sit. Adam dropped to his knees and removed Nick's shoes and socks, rubbing his feet, lovingly, for a moment.

"That's nice." Nick raised his eyebrows. "You're being awfully kind. Are you hiding something? Were you a naughty boy while I was gone?"

"No, Master! I was very good. You'd have been proud of me."

Nick grinned. "No touching my cock? It was my main request, you know."

Adam shook his head. "No, Master. Like you said, only to wash and pee. I haven't come since the last time you allowed me an orgasm."

"Good." He smiled. "Then you'll get your present. *After* we eat."

Adam growled with playful impatience and moved to the table where he dished up pizza for each of them. He crawled onto the couch next to Nick, and they ate while discussing their week.

"The whole trip went very well," Nick assured him, sipping wine. "I made some good connections, and I think we're going to see some donations coming in soon."

"Excellent." Adam nodded. "I'm proud of you."

Nick smiled. "So, what happened to you this week? Anything I don't already know from our nightly, hour-long phone calls? Did you take on the new client you were telling me about?"

"Yes, Mary. She's great. She used to play women's golf professionally and even won a few of the smaller tournaments. She injured her back and had to quit. It's healing, but I'm working with her to keep her in shape with a set of exercises her back can handle."

"What a good man you are." Nick eyed him appreciatively.

Adam grinned. "Well, I'm getting paid for it, after all."

Nick set his half-eaten pizza aside. "You're still a good man. I sensed it from the moment I met you. Which has been what? Six weeks, now?"

"Since we met? Six weeks, yes." Adam nodded.

"I want to give you my present." Nick reached for his jacket and dug around in the pocket, finally coming out with a small jeweller's box. "For you."

Adam set his plate down and wiped his hands with a napkin before accepting the gift. "What in the world?" he mused out loud, lifting the lid from the box.

A shiny, silver necklace lay inside. A thick, masculine, ropy chain with what appeared to be a locking clasp. "It's beautiful." He held the chain up, studying the clasp and the lock. "This takes a key?"

Nick loosened his tie and unfastened the top button of his shirt. He pulled out the chain he wore around his neck, similar in style to the one Adam held but with a key hanging from it. "This key, lover. The key to my heart."

Adam's face grew warm. He loved the idea of wearing a piece of jewellery only Nick could put on or take off. It'd been his idea, actually. He'd seen something like it online and mentioned it.

He fingered the solid metal chain, approvingly. This one was much nicer than anything he'd seen on the internet. He stood and moved around the coffee table so he could kneel in front of his Master. "Thank you, Sir. I love it. Would you put it on me now, please?"

Nick touched Adam's chin and raised it so they could look at one another. "Are you sure about this? This isn't something I take lightly."

Adam sighed, his heart swelling with love. "I'm positive, Sir. *I love you*. I have for weeks. I was afraid to say anything, because it seemed too soon."

"I love you, too. I knew it almost immediately when I met you. I've thought about telling you but didn't for the same reason as yours. It's time, now. I love you, my darling." He pressed his mouth to Adam's.

Happiness bubbled within Adam. He ducked his head. "Would you put it on me, please, Sir?"

"Of course." Nick placed the chain around Adam's neck. He leant forward so he could use the key around his own neck to lock it in place. "There. You belong to me. My most precious and deeply loved possession."

"Thank you." Adam gazed up into his Master's eyes. The lust he saw there reflected what was in his own heart. "To show my appreciation, Master, I'd love to suck your cock. With your permission, of course."

Nick smiled. "Wonderful. Just don't make me come. I intend to fuck your sweet ass as long and hard as possible, tonight."

Adam gulped, a lump of desire forming in his throat. "Sounds good to me."

He unfastened Nick's belt and fumbled with the button on the trousers. Urgently prying the fly open, he unzipped the slick fabric and reached inside, under the tiny briefs, for the object of his desire.

Nick's erection lengthened as Adam released it from its confines. The shaft flushed to a dark, berry shade, and the head glistened with a pearly drop of pre-cum.

"Mmm." Adam licked the slit delicately. He continued to lave the rest of the cock, working slowly, tip to base.

His Master slid lower on the sofa and spread his knees wide, giving him better access. One hand caressed Adam's cheek and ear while the other fisted his curly hair.

Nick's balls drew up, and Adam could tell he was close to orgasm.

"Enough," his lover murmured, attempting to pull his cock away from Adam's hungry mouth.

"Please," Adam insisted, licking long strokes between sentences. "Come in my mouth. I want to suck you dry and savour every drop."

"I told you 'no'. I want to fuck you *soon*. I don't want to wait."

"You won't have to wait." Adam's words spilled out in a rush. "I'll make you hard again, I promise. I won't stop touching you until you're like a rock. I want this so much. Please, Master. I beg you."

Nick chuckled. "Such a slut. Are you my slut, and only mine?"

"Oh, yes, Sir." Adam panted, desperate to convince him. He craved the taste of his Master's warm cum as much as he had started craving submission. "I'm your slut. I'd do anything to make you come in my mouth right now."

"How can I resist such a sweet offer, and such a sweet mouth? All right, my sexy subbie. Suck to your heart's content."

Adam groaned with pleasure and deep-throated the long, full cock. Passion for the man he loved consumed all his thoughts, and he wanted to drink every drop of his offering. He ground his face into Nick's neatly trimmed pubic hair, forcing the head of the cock against the back of his throat. He bobbed up and down, manipulating the orbs beneath the staff.

"Good, yes." Nick grabbed two handfuls of hair and pressed Adam to his groin. His body tensed and, with a deep groan, he came.

Warm cream pulsed out in waves, sliding down the back of Adam's throat. Against Nick's vice-like grasp, he pulled up and back. Desperate for cum to hit his tongue, Adam ignored the tugging of his hair and sighed when he got a taste of salty musk. He swallowed and accepted more, coaxing the last drops out with massaging fingers and mouth.

Nick released him and rubbed his hands over Adam's head. "Fabulous, my sexy slut. Your mouth is like silk. I tell you what, let's take a short break. Get me another glass of wine and clean up the dinner mess. The stench bothers me." He waved a hand over the coffee table.

"Yes, Master." Adam started to rise.

"Remain on your knees. Part of your punishment for going against my wishes."

Adam was about to protest, but Nick raised his hands.

"I know. I gave you permission to suck me to completion. But it's not what you were instructed to do. I haven't decided if I'll turn you over my knee, yet. For now, I'll watch you wait on me from the floor. When you're finished, fetch your leash and leather collar. I'm going to want them when I ride you." He glanced around. "Bring supplies, too, and a towel. I think I'll take you over the back of the chair, tonight." He pointed to a recliner across the room.

"Yes, Master." Adam gathered the pizza box, plates and trash and carried them to the kitchen, crawling. He brought back the wine bottle and refilled his Master's glass. Nick hadn't said he could have any more, so Adam didn't refill his own. He left the bottle there and crawled to the bedroom.

The small, black box containing his collar and leash were in his bottom drawer. Since they went back and forth from his house to Nick's condo, he'd been instructed to make sure

he had the necessary items with him at all times. He even carried the box in the trunk of his car so he wouldn't be caught somewhere without them.

He kept condoms and lube in the box, too, so Adam had only to grab a towel from the closet, which was harder from his knees than he'd expected. He managed, though, and returned to the living room where Nick had undressed and sat stroking himself.

"Nicely done, slut. Look, your servitude makes me hard, already. Bring me the box so we can get started."

"Yes, Sir." Adam crawled in front of Nick and stopped, handing over the precious cargo.

Nick removed the collar and leash, rubbing it lovingly against his cheek before buckling the leather strap around Adam's neck. "The new chain is just for show. I wouldn't want to attach the leash to it. I'm liable to get carried away and break it."

"Yes, you are, Master. You're a wild man." Adam smiled and caught his eye. "I love my new chain. I wouldn't want it to get broken, either."

Nick leant forward and planted a kiss on Adam's forehead. "Ah, I love you, you little smart ass. Now hand me the end of your leash."

Adam obliged, and Nick tugged the leather, moving Adam to and fro.

"Perfect. Damn, it makes me hot to see you collared and leashed. Play with my cock until I'm a little bit harder then slide the rubber on me. While you're doing it, stretch your hole. When I'm ready to fuck, I want to go."

"Yes, Sir." Adam followed all of his Master's instructions. He lubed one finger and stretched his anus while he used the other hand to play with Nick's erection.

Anticipation hummed through him. Preparing them both while his Master watched was more exciting than he ever could have imagined. When three fingers slid easily into his eager, quivering ass, he was ready. Nick's shaft twitched, the tip pointing to the ceiling. Adam removed his fingers and rolled the rubber over his lover's thick shaft. "We're ready, Sir."

Nick motioned to the easy chair. "Throw the towel over the back. Stand up and spread your legs for me. You're about to get the screw of a lifetime."



Adam's cock slapped against his leg as he hurriedly crawled across the room. He was ready — *more than ready* — to be royally fucked. He fought for self-control so he wouldn't shoot on the chair. The towel was a courtesy. His Master did *not* expect him to need it.

He climbed to his feet and spread his legs, trembling at the thought of what was to come.

Nick wrapped one arm around his waist and guided his cock into Adam's well-lubed hole.

Adam groaned. Neither of them was in the mood to bother with pleasantries. He wanted to be filled, and his master wanted to do the honours. *He loves me!* Exhilaration flooded through Adam as his ass heated with a stinging, burning sensation. It had been several days coming, and he relished the pain before it subsided and pleasure kicked in.

"Aw, fuck." *I've missed this so much. I need him.* "Need you," he murmured out loud.

Adam lowered his head and closed his eyes. A tug to his leash caused his head to snap back, and he yelped.

"Stay focused while I put it to you."

"Yes, Master." He fought to remain clear-headed. Euphoria threatened to sweep away his consciousness. This was what he loved best. What he'd come to crave in the short time they'd practiced D/s together. Nick's total control of his body. Nick's cock imbedded deep inside him, his hand on the leash controlling Adam's every move. Adam groaned with pleasure and battled the urge to climax.

Nick grunted and swore unintelligible words. His body tensed, the forceful pounding into Adam's ass taking it's toll. He let out a low moan, and Adam knew from experience his Master was coming.

He closed his eyes to ground himself, to fight back his own burgeoning climax. *Not yet. Ride this out, and he'll allow me to come soon.*

"What the fuck is going on here?" a low, incredulous voice demanded.

Adam's eyes flew open. He blinked to clear the sweat streaming off his forehead and tried to focus his vision. The voice was familiar. He blinked again. *Mitch.* Wearing his signature cowboy hat, ratty T-shirt and jeans, his long, brown hair pulled back into a ponytail, Mitch looked the same as he always did, grounded and real in a suddenly unreal situation.

"Mitch! What are you doing here?"

"My question stands!" the man insisted, a look of utter shock on his face.

Adam's head jerked back.

Nick muttered into his ear, "Don't even think about moving, you little prick. I'm coming *now*." He gasped and shuddered, his hold on Adam's leash stronger than ever.

Horried, Adam closed his eyes. Nick emptied into him with no signs of embarrassment whatsoever. Nick swore and pounded away, finally slapping Adam's ass when his orgasm subsided.

"Oh, yeah. My guy. Such a tight, hot ass."

Adam opened his eyes. He hoped for a moment Mitch might not be there, that it had all been some mixed-up, kinky dream.

The man was still there, the expression on his face changing from shock to anger. "You're one sick son of a bitch," he said to Nick.

Nick chuckled as he eased his cock from Adam's anus. He released the leash and strolled in front of the easy chair to peel away his full, used rubber. "You'll have to excuse us. We weren't expecting company."

Adam couldn't believe the amused expression on Nick's face. He also couldn't believe his lover's cock was still erect after the ass-pounding he'd just given. *He's getting off on this!*

He inhaled to steady himself and stood upright. Facing Mitch, Adam was embarrassed by his dick, which was also full and standing tall. He grabbed the towel and held it in front of himself. "Mitch, what the devil is going on?"

"I still had the key."

Adam blinked, amazed he'd forgotten to change the locks. *Or did I secretly not want to change them, hoping one day he might return?* He shook his head. "That doesn't give you the right to use it. I specifically asked you not to come around."

"Things have changed in a year, cowboy." Nick smiled at Mitch. "I presume you can tell."

Mitch scowled. "I see all kinds of things I never would have believed."

"You need to leave," Adam asserted.

Mitch glanced at him, eyes softening. "I want to talk to you."

"Obviously, this isn't the time."

"It's important." Mitch shifted from one foot to the other, suddenly looking uncomfortable.

"Do you have Adam's number?" Nick asked in a friendly tone. "You could call him tomorrow. I'm sure we'll be done by then."

Mitch's eyes blazed.

"Yeah, call me tomorrow." Adam tried to put meaning into his own expression. *Go. Now.*

"Damn, I can't believe this." Mitch shook his head.

Nick walked to the entry, holding the used condom and still sporting a raging hard-on. He opened the door and smiled. "Have a nice night."

Mitch slipped past him and left, shooting Adam one last, fiery glance.

Adam looked away.

Nick closed and locked the door then turned to face him. "That was fun."

"You're out of your mind." Adam thought his heart might explode with the conflict.

"Nah." Nick chuckled. "Let me get rid of this." He held up the rubber and strolled into the kitchen. When he came out he was stroking his cock. "So, I finally met Mitch. I didn't expect him to be so good-looking. And his long hair! Son of a bitch! I could wrap my fists around those silken strands."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Adam stared at Nick with disbelief. He reached for the buckle on his leather collar, anxious to get it off and start ridding his mind of memories.

"Don't. I'm not finished with you, yet. Hand me your leash and kneel before me. Your little show made me hard again and hotter than ever. Suck my cock. See if you can coax a third climax from my balls in an hour."

"Are you serious?" Adam gaped in shock.

Nick smiled. "Suck it. And you'd better not fucking come. You might be denied an orgasm tonight for your insolence."

"No problem there." Adam dropped to his knees. His erection had long since deflated. His stomach churned, and he thought he might be sick.

Nick spread his feet and thrust his cock forward. "Take it all, slut." He held out a hand. "I'm waiting."

Adam gave his Master the end of his leash and assumed his position. A drop of cum on the slit of Nick's cock glistened. *Like a one-eyed monster.* He licked off the creamy seed. The taste sent shivers of warmth and desire down his spine.

Nick jerked up on the leash, and Adam's head bobbed.

*What am I doing?* Confusion and nerves nearly split him in two. *Mitch should never have seen what he just witnessed. He was disgusted with my submissive role just as I knew he would be.*

Nick thrust into his mouth, and Adam accepted the face-fucking, his mind continuing to race. *What the hell did Nick mean about wrapping his fist around Mitch's hair? Is Nick considering sex with Mitch? Would he make me watch – or let me join in?* A thrill ran down his spine. *Sex with Nick, Mitch and me together.* The idea was preposterous, but it had his erection waving full and thick in no time. Surely, Nick wouldn't consider such a thing. Adam was visualising it, though, and couldn't believe his own thoughts. *Oh my God!*

"Suck me. That's it." Nick held the leash in one hand, Adam's hair in the other. He suddenly disengaged his hold on both and lightly shoved Adam back. Nick clutched his shaft and stroked it back and forth, releasing a stream of cum that sprayed Adam's chest. He continued to jack himself, allowing the spray to drench his submissive.

"Aw, fuck," he finally muttered.

"Please," Adam begged in a throaty voice. His shaft had hardened painfully, his balls ached for respite.

"On your back!" Nick snapped.

Adam quickly obeyed and sighed with pleasure as he watched his Master climb between his legs.

"Your erection is back. For a minute, I thought our guest ruined that for you."

"I did, too, Sir," Adam said truthfully. A switch had flipped in his brain. Now, the image of group sex with Nick and Mitch was the fantasy he'd use to send him over the edge.

"You're still hot for the cowboy, aren't you?" Nick blew on Adam's balls then sent a whisper-thin waft of air across his dick.

Adam's sac crinkled. Shaft erect and weeping, it felt so good, Adam could have wept, himself. "I'm hot for *you*, Sir. I'll do whatever you ask of me." He touched the leather collar around his neck and let his fingers settle on the necklace underneath it, now locked there permanently. "I'm your property, Master. Use me as you wish."

“Damn, I like that. Come for me, slut. Let me drink your cream. Afterwards, we’ll talk about ways I might use you.” His mouth covered Adam’s dick, and he sucked firmly.

Mind boggled, Adam couldn’t think about anything as he bucked his hips to speed his release. His imminent orgasm was his only concern at that moment. The rest – well, the rest was up to Nick. *Everything is up to Nick.*

“Now!” his Master demanded, mouth full, squeezing Adam’s balls.

Adam gasped and shuddered, riding the crest of a climax so intense he thought he might simply float into the air. He closed his eyes, smiled, and let it carry him away.

## Chapter Four

Mitch slipped into his mother's house quietly, hoping not to wake her. He tossed his hat on the sofa then grabbed a beer from the fridge and crept down the hall. Peeking into her room, he heard the chugging and whirring of her oxygen machine. It clicked every eight seconds as it cycled. He'd lain awake at night counting until he'd gotten used to the noise and was able to ignore it.

His mother slept peacefully, but Mitch noticed the nasal cannula intended to supply oxygen to her lungs lying loose on the bed. He entered the room and set his beer on her bedside table so he could reinsert the plastic tubing back into her nose.

She stirred and opened her eyes. "Hey, baby."

"Hi, Mama. Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. Your air thing fell out."

A wracking cough shook her body, and she leaned up then relaxed once it had passed. "It doesn't help, anyway."

"The doctor says it does, so leave it in, please."

She gazed up at him with tired, brown eyes. "Not sure why I ever let you go to the doctor's office with me. I should have known you'd throw everything he said back at me."

"Yeah, whatever." He straightened her covers and glanced at her water glass to make sure it wasn't empty. In the few weeks he'd been back, they'd been over the same subject again and again. Maria Silver suffered from end stage lung cancer and emphysema. Years of smoking had taken its toll. He hated seeing her lying in bed, helpless and pathetic. All he could do was help make her as comfortable as possible.

Mitch smiled into her wrinkled, sun-creased face and pushed her greying hair off her forehead. She'd been a bear when forced to quit smoking. Always had been in the dozens of attempts she'd made in the past.

"Did you see Adam?" She clutched his other hand.

The image of his old lover, collared and leashed like a dog while the arrogant, black-haired bastard fucked him, hadn't left Mitch's mind. "Oh, yeah. I saw him."

Her eyes sparkled. "How is he?"

*I have no idea.* He shrugged. "It wasn't a good time to talk. I'm going to call him tomorrow."

"Tell him I'd love to see him. He was always like a son to me."

"I know." Mitch brushed her hair back one more time. Once pure black, it'd grown in almost completely grey after her last round of chemotherapy. "I'll tell him. Anything you need? I'm going to hit the sack."

"No, I'm fine. Tired." She squeezed his fingers.

He leant down and pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Sleep well, Mama. Call if you need me."

"I will. Goodnight."

Mitch grabbed his beer and walked out, down the hall to his bedroom. He closed the door and opened the bottle, taking a long swig. Never in his wildest imagination had he pictured himself back here, taking care of his dying mother. There was no one else. His father had checked out years ago, and Mitch had no brothers or sisters.

When she'd gotten sick, his mother's church friends had rallied around her, taking her to the doctor and chemo appointments. As her condition worsened, some friends had fallen away. Either unsure about how to help her any longer or uncomfortable with her condition, he didn't know. But there were just a few people who came and went these days. Mostly it was him and one neighbour seeing to her needs.

He chugged the rest of his beer, enjoying the cool burn as it slid down his throat. He stripped and shut off the light before climbing into bed. He should brush his teeth, and he needed to release his hair from the ponytail. But he felt heartsick inside and didn't want to do anything but sleep.

He reached for his dick and wasn't surprised to find it semi-hard. Ever since he'd come home and started thinking about Adam, he'd experienced nightly hard-ons. He'd stroked himself to completion under the sheets, night after night. He'd fantasised about his old lover and how things might be with him again. He'd empty his balls into a towel or T-shirt, suffered a pang of guilt remembering his mother and fallen asleep thinking about Adam.

He'd kept his distance like Adam had requested. He'd wanted to give his old lover some time to adjust to the idea of him being back. Unfortunately, it didn't seem like Adam had been thinking about him at all.

After tonight, he'd certainly picture Adam in a whole new way. Mitch's cock twitched, and he grasped it, dragging the skin from top to bottom. Despite the collar and leash, Adam had looked damn good. *Sexy and hot, just like I remembered.* Watching his former lover being ridden had been interesting but upsetting. The asshole doing the riding had jerked him back and forth like an animal, and Adam had accepted it.

Mitch's erection lengthened and hardened. *No!* He released his shaft and flopped onto his side. *I will not let the image of Adam wearing a collar arouse me. It's fucking sick.*

He closed his eyes tight and willed sleep to come.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch paced around his mother's kitchen the next morning. *I need to talk to Adam, and I don't want to wait.* He'd take care of her breakfast dishes then head over to Full Throttle. Adam might not want to see him, but it was time to clear the air.

A nervous tingle zipped down Mitch's spine. He needed some answers about what he'd witnessed the previous night. He'd remain calm, choose his words carefully and approach Adam with tact.

All his good intentions disappeared when he faced Adam on the sidewalk outside the fitness centre. "What the fuck were you doing last night?"

Adam scowled. "What I do is of no concern to you, anymore. You left a *year* ago. Completely your choice, I might add."

"I know, damn it." Mitch shrugged nervously. "I made some mistakes, no question. But you—"

"Have moved on," Adam said firmly, folding his arms across his chest. "I want my key back."

Mitch's mind raced as he made up a lie. "I don't have it on me. I could drop it by."

Adam's eyebrows rose. "Do you really want to run into Nick again? I can't begin to tell you what a bad idea that is."



"He doesn't bother me." Mitch tried to sound forceful. He couldn't count the number of ways Nick *did* bother him. "A man who does that to another man must be a damned insecure pussy."

Adam took a step towards him, and Mitch felt the warmth of his breath as he spoke. "Nick is no pussy. He's a wonderful guy, and we're very close. This has nothing to do with you, so I don't intend to stand here and discuss it."

"He had a fucking collar on you, man!" Mitch muttered in a rush of emotion. "I mean, what's up with you? You're not a fucking animal."

Adam set his jaw with defiance. "I can be whatever I want with Nick. It's totally my choice." He reached under the collar of his T-shirt and pulled out a thick chain necklace. "Just like it's my choice to wear this. Nick and I are in a relationship, Mitch. I like how he treats me."

Mitch couldn't believe his ears or eyes. *The chain has a fucking lock on it.* He shook his head. "You've changed, man."

"Yeah, well, getting dumped changes a person. It's been a long, fucking year since you left. I'm finally happy with someone else. Don't walk in here and screw this up for me."

"No promises." Mitch shrugged. He fully intended to win Adam back, but had thought he needed to take it slow. Now, he wasn't so sure. "Look, I just wanted to tell you the reason I came back. Besides you, of course."

"Right." Adam snorted.

"It's my mom. She's sick."

Adam's expression changed. Mitch knew Adam had been as fond of his mother as she had been of him.

"What do you mean, sick?"

"It's the damn cigarettes, man. Her emphysema has gotten worse, and now she has lung cancer."

"Oh, wow." Adam looked at the ground. "I'm sorry, Mitch. That sucks. How's she doing?"

He shrugged again. "Not great. Good days and bad." He smiled. "She'd like to see you."

"Oh, you're incredible." Adam stepped back, his face reddening. "Using your sick mother to get me to come back around. Really low, Mitch. But I guess that's about what I'd expect from you."

Mitch frowned. "I'm not using her for anything. I've been back a few weeks. She's continually pestered me to call you. She'd like to see you before anything...well, you know."

Adam poked a finger into Mitch's chest. "Low, lower, lowest, man. What a schmuck you are. Mail me back my key. I don't want to see you again." He stormed around the corner.

Mitch watched him return to the fitness centre. He walked back to his Chevy, heart heavy. *Not exactly how I pictured the encounter turning out.* He'd expected Adam to be mad about a lot of things. He hadn't expected how raw the anger still seemed to be.

Mitch crawled into his truck and sat there for a few minutes before starting it up and going home.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Mitch was washing dishes when the doorbell rang. He dried his hands and went to the living room. He opened the door and tried not to gape when he saw Adam standing there.

"I'm here to see your mother, not you," Adam told him firmly.

Mitch stepped back and motioned him in. "She'll be happy to see you."

"Just so you understand why I came." Adam's eyes flashed at him.

"You've made yourself perfectly clear. Come on." He led the way to the bedroom and tapped on the door. "Mama? You up for some company?"

"Oh, well...sure," she answered uncertainly.

Mitch pushed the door open.

Adam brushed past him. "It's not really company, Maria. It's only me."

"Adam!" Her face lit up, and she held her arms out.

He gave her a hug and sat on the edge of the bed. "It's great to see you. You look...super." His voice sounded strained.

She waved a hand then covered her mouth as she coughed. "You always were a lousy liar. Now, my son, he lies like a poker player. Never can be quite sure when he's telling the truth."

Adam glanced back at Mitch. "Don't I know it."

Mitch's heart lurched with embarrassment. "I'll give you two a few minutes." He stepped out but leant against the wall in the hallway, listening.

He *had* lied to Adam, more times than he cared to admit, towards the end of their relationship. The first few years had been good. Adam had been in college, and Mitch had worked as an over-the-road, long haul truck driver. His job had kept him away three or four nights a week, which had given Adam time to study. Mitch would get home on Friday and do laundry and clean house while Adam finished his classes. When Adam had gotten back from school, they'd had the whole weekend together and had made the most of it.

Once Adam had finished college and gotten a job, his schedule had changed. Mitch had continued to drive the truck, but the two men had seemed to grow apart. Their sex life had become boring then almost non-existent.

Mitch had thought about taking solace in the people he'd met on the road. He'd run into a lot of the same guys regularly at the truck stops and had known for a fact at least a few of them were gay. He could probably have managed a few quickies without Adam ever knowing, but it had never seemed right. When the opportunity with the rodeo in Texas had come up, he'd jumped on it. Adam had thought he was crazy, and they'd argued night and day. The relationship had ended shortly after.

"So how are you feeling, really?" Adam asked Maria.

Mitch leant against the wall to hear her soft reply. "I've been better, kid."

"Do you get out of bed at all? You might feel better if you had a change of scenery."

"It's hard for me to get up and down. Anywhere I go, I have to drag the damned oxygen tank with me. It's just easier to stay right here."

"Make him help you. He's here for you, right?"

"Mitch? He helps me all the time. You'd be proud of him, Adam. He's been wonderful."

"Good. You deserve it. You've always been a super mother. It won't hurt him a bit to take some time out and repay you, however he can."

"He is. He's not working, you know. He's staying here, taking care of me. I know it's been an inconvenience..."

"Nonsense. Mitch loves you. He's doing the right thing by being here."

Conversation fell silent, so Mitch stepped back into the room. "Can I get you anything, Mama?"

She shook her head weakly.

Adam stood. "I'm going. I just wanted to stop by and say hello."

Maria reached for his hand. "Promise me you'll come back soon."

Mitch watched Adam fidget from one foot to the next. "Adam's busy, Mama. He might not be able —"

"Of course I will," Adam interrupted. "I'll come back next week, if you promise to try and get out of bed. I think you'd feel better if you spent some time up each day."

"I will." She squeezed his hand and released it. "Thanks for coming, Adam."

"I'll see you soon." He smiled at her and walked into the living room.

"Be right back," Mitch told his mother. "I'll see him out."

She nodded.

Mitch followed his former lover, who had stopped by the front door. "Your coming really meant a lot to her. Thanks, Adam."

Adam appeared thoughtful. "There's no reason she shouldn't get up, is there? Maybe I shouldn't have said anything."

Shaking his head, Mitch said, "No, she can get up. It just makes her tired."

Adam seemed to want to say something else, but was hesitant.

"What?" Mitch looked at him.

"Was saying next week okay? I mean, she's not going to..." He paused, staring at Mitch.

"She shouldn't. The doctor said three to six months, but they never know for sure. She's doing as well as can be expected...whatever that means."

"So you're going to stay here the whole time? It might be longer, you know."

"I know. I'll stay as long as I need to. She has enough money to keep us going for now. I'll figure out what I'm doing about a job later."

Adam frowned. "What happened to the rodeo gig?"

Mitch's heart sank into his stomach. He really didn't want to talk about that with Adam. "Let's just say it didn't work out. Look, I know I made some mistakes. If we could just talk—"

"Not necessary." Adam opened the front door. "I'll call before I come back next week. Just to make sure she's up for the visit."

"Adam, wait."

The handsome, curly-haired heartthrob didn't even slow down. He just kept walking down the front sidewalk. "Bye, Mitch."

Mitch squeezed the door until his fingertips turned white. He watched Adam go for the second time in two days. It hurt more than he'd thought it would. He'd known for a while he wasn't over Adam. Every time he saw the man he'd lived with and loved for nearly five years, it reaffirmed the feeling even more. *I have to try and win him back.* He had no idea how he'd get past the arrogant, well-hung black-haired stud.

Hopefully, he'd think of something.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch put the rest of the soup he'd prepared for his mother into the fridge and had just finished wiping off the counter when his phone rang. He grabbed it and was surprised to see Adam's name on the screen.

"Hello," he answered, cautiously.

"Mitch, it's Adam. Hope I'm not calling at a bad time."

Mitch's stomach tingled. "No, this is fine." *Why are you calling at all?* He hadn't expected to hear from Adam until next week.

"Look, calling you wasn't my idea. I tried to talk Nick out of it, but he insisted."

"And when Nick says 'jump', you say 'how high?'." He tried to mask the disdain in his voice.

"I do what Nick asks because I choose to, got it? I don't have to do anything I don't want to."

"Except phone me, apparently."

"Yeah, well..." Adam couldn't seem to refute the statement and skipped over it. "Nick wants to talk to you. I told him you probably couldn't leave your mother on such short notice."

"Why in the devil would I want to talk to him?" Even as he asked the question, Mitch knew why. *To get closer to Adam.*

"Nick thinks you two should meet more formally. Since you and I were together for so long. He wants to know a little more about you."

His stubborn streak set in, and Mitch replied, "Why should I care what Nick wants? We've already met, remember, and I didn't think much of him then. Not sure a clothed encounter is going to do much to change my opinion."

Adam sighed. "You wouldn't be doing it for Nick. You'd be doing it for me."

Mitch's heartbeat quickened. An offer he couldn't refuse. "When?"

"I know it's short notice, but tonight or tomorrow night?"

Mitch glanced at the clock. Nearly 8:00 p.m. His mother's neighbour, Emma Whitby, would probably be home. "I might be able to make it tonight," he decided. "Plan on it. If I can't, I'll call you back in the next half hour."

"Thanks, Mitch." Adam sounded relieved.

"You bet," Mitch replied softly and disconnected the call. Familiar feelings were settling back in. The more he was around Adam, the more he knew he'd do anything the man asked.

He called the neighbour, who said she'd be happy to be of service and would come right over. Mitch went to his room and changed into nicer jeans and a clean T-shirt. He brushed his long, brown hair and returned it to a ponytail. The doorbell rang, and before he answered it, he slipped into his boots and grabbed his hat.

He checked his mother on the way out and found her sound asleep. At the front door, Mitch greeted his neighbour and led her into the living room. "I don't want to wake her to tell her I'm leaving. If she does wake up, could you let her know I'll be back in a couple of hours?"

"Certainly." The petite, grey-haired woman set a plate of cookies on the coffee table. "For you, whenever."

He grinned and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "Thanks, Mrs. Whitby. And thanks for coming over on such short notice."

"I'm happy to do it. You're such a good son, but you need some time away, too. I can watch my programmes here just as easily as at home. And if Maria wakes up, I'll sit with her and keep her company."

"My cell phone number is by the phone on her nightstand." He headed for the door.

"I remember. Go and have some fun. You deserve it."

Mitch smiled and walked out to his truck. He wasn't sure how much 'fun' meeting Nick on a more 'formal' basis would be, but at least Adam would be there. He pointed his truck in the direction of his old house, Adam's place, and drove.

The sleek, black sports car in the driveway *had to* belong to Nick. Mitch recognised it from the other night, when he hadn't paid the vehicle much attention. *Now, I know whose it is.* He parked behind it and skirted between the car and the bushes. He had no desire to touch, scratch or leave fingerprints on the shiny paint job. On the front porch, he rang the bell and waited.

Adam opened the door, looking so handsome Mitch's breath caught in his throat. The tight, white tank top did nothing to hide Adam's dark nipples. His pants were gauze, a wild, colourful pattern, loose and breezy. *Thank God.* Had his pants been as tight as his shirt, Mitch might not have been able to handle it.

He was about to speak when the necklace caught his eye. The thick, silver chain was prominent, a reminder of Adam's new life.

"Hey," was the only word Mitch could muster.

"Hey. Come in." Adam held the door open wider. "Thanks for showing up. I hope it's okay to leave your mom."

Mitch nodded. "A neighbour is with her. I've got a couple of hours."

"Excellent." Another voice came from the sofa across the room. "Do come in. Can we offer you a glass of wine?"

Mitch stepped in and saw Nick, each dark hair slicked perfectly in place, wearing black slacks and a matching, button-down shirt. He'd rolled the long sleeves up to his elbows, showing an expensive watch and sculpted, lightly furred forearms. The man had a commanding presence.

Mitch steeled himself and tried to find his voice. "I, uh..."

Nick's gaze travelled up and down Mitch's body. "Perhaps you'd prefer a beer?"

"Maybe one," Mitch agreed.

Nick glanced up at Adam and smiled. "Would you bring drinks for us, please? I'll have the Chardonnay. Fix yourself a glass of whatever you'd like."

Adam nodded and retreated to the kitchen.

"Sit, please." Nick motioned to a chair across from him.

Mitch frowned but sat where Nick had indicated. "He needs permission to have a drink? You told me things had changed in the past year. I guess you were right."

Nick continued to smile. "Adam and I have a wonderful relationship. We do things for each other, because we choose to. Believe me, there's no hidden agenda."

"Yeah, I heard the 'we choose to' line, already. Just not sure I buy it."

Adam brought two glasses of wine and a bottle of beer into the room. He served the drinks then sat cross-legged on the floor at Nick's feet.

"Oh, come on!" Mitch muttered. "What, you're not allowed on the furniture?"

Nick chuckled and ran one hand through Adam's hair, rubbing his head possessively.

Adam smiled. "Take it easy. I'm fine, man. I'm right where I want to be."

Mitch shifted in the chair uncomfortably. "Not me. I'm not even sure why I came here. It's starting to feel like a very bad idea."

"I can tell you why you came," Nick spoke up. "Because you still care about Adam. I can see it in your eyes."

"It's too late!" Adam protested. "He left, Nick. You're here, now. I told you, I'm right where I want to be."

Nick massaged Adam's head, tousling his curly, blond hair. "I'm not going anywhere, babe. I'd just like to find out what Mitch had in mind when he came back."

"My mother—" Mitch began.

Nick raised a hand to silence him. "I know all about your mother, and I'm sorry. I meant, what did you have in mind when you came back here, to this house?"

Mitch took a draw on his beer bottle and looked at Nick thoughtfully. "I wanted to see Adam."

"Because you still love him? Or were you hoping for a quick fuck? You know, for old time's sake?"

Mitch's face heated. "Now, look, I don't think —"



Nick continued speaking. "Who was the top in your relationship? Did you fuck Adam's tight ass, or did you prefer the receiving end?"

Leaning forward, Mitch deposited his bottle on the coffee table. He strained to remain calm, but the arrogant jerk wasn't making it easy. "I don't think our sex life is any of your business."

"Because I've had both," Nick went on. "His cock fills my ass nicely. But I have to say, riding him is my favourite."

"I noticed." Mitch eyed him with disgust. "Do you slap a leash and collar on all the animals you fuck, or are you two exclusive?"

Nick smiled. "We've been exclusive up to now. But there's always more room in the stable."

Mitch leapt to his feet. "You're one sick fucker. I'm not going to sit here and listen —"

"Sit down," Nick commanded.

"No." Mitch stared at him with as much brazenness as he could muster.

They watched each other for what seemed to Mitch like eternally long moments. His heart raced. Something in his gut told him to sit, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.

Nick finally broke off the stare-down and grinned at Adam. "Feisty one, isn't he? So tell me, did he top you, or did you top him?"

"We did both," Adam admitted, then added bitterly, "until he decided the rodeo was more important than me."

"There wasn't much for me here!" Mitch shot back, trembling with irritation and embarrassment.

"I was here!" Adam insisted, his voice shaking.

Mitch inhaled and blew out the breath. He needed to make Adam understand the career choice had been a step he'd felt he had to take. Job-wise, he'd been sinking in a quagmire in California. True, he hadn't made the best decision on a personal level. But at that time, the job switch had felt like something he had to try. Somehow, he had to convey those thoughts to Adam.

Mitch shook his head. He couldn't do it in front of Nick. He shifted from one foot to the other uncomfortably.

“Okay,” Nick raised his hands. “Calm down. We obviously have some issues to work out. But I don’t think it’s anything we can’t fix.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Mitch had taken just about enough from the smooth-talking man.

Nick slid his hand down Adam’s chest and fingered the collar-necklace. He brought the hand back up and cupped Adam’s chin as he looked at Mitch. “I’d like to make you a proposition—seeing as how you’re obviously infatuated with my man, here. And I’m pretty sure he’s still smitten with you.”

Mitch took a step towards the door, not quite sure he wanted to hear Nick’s proposition.

Nick smiled. “We’d like to bring you into our bed. There’d be rules, of course, as far as your contact with me. But you and Adam could pretty much have free rein. I think I’d be quite amused, watching...” His eyebrows rose. “Or joining.”

Mitch clutched the wall so he didn’t fall over in shock. He looked down at Adam, who still sat on the floor with Nick cradling his face. “Did you know about this?”

Adam gazed back, an embarrassed expression on his face. “I’m sorry.”

Mitch saw the proposal was as awkward for Adam as it was him. His former lover’s face was flushed pink. A glint shone in his eyes, and Mitch tried to focus on it. *Desire?* Was Adam aroused by the idea?

There was no doubt about the expression on Nick’s handsome, chiselled face. Pure, animal lust. He looked at Mitch like a starving tiger would eye a chunk of raw meat.

To his utter surprise, Mitch’s cock hardened and lengthened. Embarrassed, he hoped the chair between him and the others disguised his burgeoning erection. Despite his good looks, Nick was an ego-maniacal asshole. Regardless of what the smug bastard said, there was no doubt he’d be in charge and expect to call all the shots.

Mitch tried to clear his mind and think. The immediate reaction of ‘no fucking way’ waned. *Am I seriously considering this?*

Amazed at himself, he realised he was.

## Chapter Five

Adam swallowed nervously. *What the hell is Nick doing?* He'd mentioned nothing about discussing this topic with Mitch. Adam's fantasy of bringing his old lover into bed with them had remained just that, a dream in the back of his mind. Had Nick been thinking about it all along? Adam looked up into his Master's face, but couldn't get a read on him.

"What kind of rules?" Mitch finally asked.

Adam's gaze returned to the pony-tailed man. *Is he thinking about doing it?* If Adam had been a gambler, he'd have wagered the house Mitch would tell Nick to fuck off then stomp out. But he hadn't—*yet*.

Nick continued cupping Adam's chin, holding him possessively as he spoke. "Obviously, you know I'm the Dominant in this relationship. I'd be your Dom, too."

Mitch's face turned red. "I don't think so, partner. Not sure what's happened to Adam, but I'm not into collars and leashes. The whole idea disgusts me."

*Then why are you still here?* Adam couldn't help wondering. He saw something in Mitch's face, and it looked a lot like interest.

Nick spoke up. "The collar wouldn't be a requirement. Submission is as much a state of mind as anything. Adam submits to my desires and, in return, has his every yearning satisfied. It's a fabulous arrangement."

"Says you, sitting on the sofa while he stays at your feet." Mitch shook his head.

Nick smiled. "You're bull-headed, aren't you, cowboy? Perhaps we should go at this another way." He leant down and patted Adam's back, just above his ass. "Crawl over and kneel in front of Mitch. Show him how it feels to have someone submit to him."

Adam's heart beat wildly. *Is he serious? Submit to Mitch?* He looked at his former lover, into the man's eyes which had captivated him for a good part of his early adulthood. He'd loved Mitch with all his heart. Adam had known things weren't perfect in their relationship when he'd started his new job and his schedule had changed. He'd never dreamed Mitch

would leave rather than staying to work it out. The memory cut him deeply. It was hard not to think about it as he gazed into the familiar, dark eyes.

He looked up at Nick. "I'm not sure this is a good idea."

Nick shrugged. "Really? Most of my ideas are next to brilliant. On your knees as instructed, please."

Adam could hear the teasing tone in Nick's voice, but he wasn't sure to what extent the man was joking. He got to his knees and remained in place.

The second bout of hesitation earned him a firm slap on his ass.

"Hey!" The sting of embarrassment hurt worse than the spank.

Through gritted teeth, Nick smiled. "Crawl over and kneel in front of Mitch. You're making me look bad."

"Stop!" Mitch exclaimed. "I don't want this. Adam, stand up."

Adam glanced from Mitch back to Nick. He had a history with the former, but time had passed. Nick was his present and hopefully his future. *I'd do anything for Nick.* "Yes, Master. Sorry, Master." Head down, he crawled until he knelt before Mitch.

"I told you, I don't want this," Mitch hissed. "Stand up and be a man!"

Nick stood, and Adam felt the imposing presence behind him. "Make no mistake, he's all man, cowboy. Submission doesn't take away masculinity, more like enhances it. I have the utmost respect for Adam. I also enjoy keeping him in line. If you ask him, I'm positive he'll tell you he enjoys it, too."

"I'm not going to ask him," Mitch fumed. "And I'm not going to do this. You're a self-centred bastard who gets off controlling people, and I refuse to have any part of it. You might have brainwashed Adam into thinking this is what he wants, but you'll never dominate me."

Adam heard the low rumble of Nick's soft chuckle. "Never say never, cowboy. Things look differently in the throes of passion than they do at other times. I think we might come to an understanding, yet."

"Oh, yeah?" Mitch stepped backwards towards the door. "Well, I think you're fucking nuts. I'm outta here." He glanced down at Adam on the floor. "Get up. Don't be a pussy."

He left, slamming the door behind him.

Adam's heart echoed the thud that seemed to shake the walls. He wasn't firmly invested in Mitch any more, but he hated to see him leave in such an aggravated state.

"Turn around," Nick said softly.

On his knees, Adam turned towards his Master and looked up.

A wide grin split Nick's face. "He's a fiery one, your cowboy. Should make for some good times once we get him corralled."

Adam tried not to gape. "Are you serious? Mitch wants nothing to do with us. He was pretty convincing. Permission to speak candidly, Sir?"

"Of course." Nick ran his fingers through Adam's hair.

"I'm shocked you'd suggest what you did without talking to me first. Mitch and I had a volatile break-up. I really don't want to get involved with him again."

Nick dropped to one knee so they were face to face. "Are you sure about that? I've seen the way you look at him, with a sad sort of longing. Have you noticed the way he watches you? Holy shit! He can barely keep his eyes to himself, let alone his hands. There's no doubt he's still interested."

Adam shook his head. "Don't you understand? *It doesn't matter*. Mitch broke my heart. I was involved with my new job, settling in, trying to do everything perfect. He was unhappy and I never knew it, might never have known it, until he told me he was leaving. A few days later, while I was still processing what he'd said and trying to figure out what we were going to do about it, he packed up his shit and left. No more discussion, no more arguments, he simply left. I was devastated."

"I'm sorry. I'm sure it was awful for you." Nick pulled Adam into his arms. He kissed along one earlobe and murmured, "But it seems to me your heart has mended. Don't you think it's time to move on? Forgive him so you can put the past behind you?"

Adam bent his neck to give Nick better access. "I have moved on. He's the one who showed up here without warning."

Nick shrugged. "So, why not take advantage of it? Honestly, I see a relationship with Mitch as a good thing. A chance for you to exorcise your demons, so to speak."

Adam sighed, tired of talking and ready to get lost in feeling. Nick's mouth caressed him, and he wanted to savour the moment. "Can we talk about this tomorrow? Right now, I want you to make love to me."

Nick growled and pressed Adam to the floor beneath him. They stretched out, Nick grinding his solid erection into Adam's thigh. "Yes," he murmured, continuing to kiss every inch of skin his mouth could reach. "Sounds perfect. No leash tonight. Just you and me, lost in passion."

Adam groaned. Nick's shaft felt wonderful against his leg. It'd feel even better pounding his ass.

"Hang on." He leant up, fumbling around inside the end table drawer. Under some coasters and a magazine, he found what he searched for, a condom and small tube of lubricant. "Here." He thrust them at Nick. "May I help you?"

Nick chuckled. "Anxious boy, are we? No, sweet thing. Tonight, I'll take care of it. Lie back and let me love you."

Adam closed his eyes. He trusted his Master completely. Whatever Nick chose to do was fine with him.

He heard Nick tug down his slacks and the sound of the foil packet ripping. He raised his hips so Nick could drag his pants and underwear off. His erection sprang free, but Nick ignored it.

His Master spread his legs and pushed his knees upward over his stomach. A slick finger circled his anus then dipped inside. Apparently as desperate for the sex as Adam, Nick didn't waste much time on foreplay. He stretched the hole until three fingers went in easily then moved between Adam's legs and nudged his cock to the opening.

"So hot and tight," Nick grunted as he worked his dick inside.

Adam groaned until the initial burst of pain morphed into something more tolerable. It didn't take long before his lover was fully seated, his belly covering Adam's throbbing erection. When Nick began a slow, tantalising thrust, Adam gasped with pleasure.

"Good. Perfect," he gasped.

Nick paused, his face mere inches from Adam's. "I love fucking you. Come here and kiss me."

Adam raised his face so their mouths could meet. He parted his lips and sighed when Nick's tongue drove in, taking over his mouth like his cock had taken over his anus.

The kiss lingered, and Nick resumed his deep thrusts. He ground his body into Adam's each time they met. The mere touch of his sweat-slick belly was enough to make pre-cum drip from Adam's cock.

"Aw, fuck." Adam gasped. "So close."

Nick wrapped his fingers around Adam's shaft. "Look at me when you come." He tugged the skin and got Adam's attention.

"Yes." Adam's eyes felt glazed. He wanted to close them so badly, but he forced them to remain open at his Master's request. Nick's strong hand, wrapped around his erection, squeezed and jerked until Adam exploded.

His eyes rolled back as the orgasm rocked him. Waves of euphoria sent tingles racing along each nerve ending. spurts of warm, white cum coated their stomachs and Nick's hand.

When his twitching subsided, Adam focused his gaze on his lover again.

Nick released him and licked the creamy offering off each finger, saving the last one for Adam. He thrust it in and out between Adam's lips while Adam sucked on it like a miniature cock.

"Such a sweet mouth." Nick removed his hand and grasped Adam's knees, grinding their bodies together. He pulled out slowly and thrust deep again. "I love fucking your mouth almost as much as I love fucking this ass. So perfect, baby."

"Come on," Adam encouraged, bucking his hips.

"Almost there." Nick drove deep a few more times then gasped, collapsing onto Adam. His orgasm left him panting, struggling to resume normal breathing.

Adam let go of his legs and reached for Nick's face. "Say 'come here and kiss me' again."

Nick smiled and repeated the phrase.

"Yeah." Leaning forward, Adam pressed his mouth on Nick's, and their kiss, warm and wet, lingered. "Stay with me tonight?" He wanted to sleep wrapped around his lover.

"I'm not going anywhere." Nick kissed him again.

Adam sighed.

\* \* \* \*

Adam climbed from his empty bed the next morning and sauntered, naked, to the kitchen. The noise of pots and pans banging had awakened him. "What are you doing?" he asked a fully-clothed Nick.

"Trying to make you some breakfast, but I can never find everything I need, here." Nick smiled sheepishly and gave Adam a kiss. "How did you sleep?"

"Perfect. I always sleep better when you're next to me."

Nick squeezed one of his bare ass cheeks. "Well then, perhaps we should make a more permanent arrangement."

Adam's heart soared. "I'd love to. Let's focus on just you and me and the future."

Nick cleared his throat and returned his attention to the counter where he cracked eggs into a bowl. "I wanted to speak with you about Mitch. I had an idea."

Adam frowned. He hadn't wrapped his mind around the threesome, yet, and was hoping the subject might just drop. "What idea?"

As he stirred the eggs, Nick's face eased into a smile. "I'd like you to make him an offer. The two of you can be together privately, but I get to watch."

"Oh, my God." Adam shook his head. "Are you nuts? Why should I?"

Nick shrugged. "Why not? You told me one time the sex with him was good. I think, with a little training, he might prove to be a worthy addition to our team."

"I'm happy with 'our team' the way it is. What's this about, Nick? One minute, you're talking about us moving in together, and the next, you want to bring someone else into our bed. Is it because you can't be happy with just one man? I know you did some group things at that club you told me about."

"The Rose & Thorn Society." Nick nodded. "I did, and they were fun. But I never said I couldn't be happy with only you in my life. I'm inviting Mitch for you. I don't think you're over him."

Adam paced back and forth in front of the counter. "I don't think so. I believe you're interested in Mitch, and you're doing it more for yourself than for me."

Nick's eyes narrowed. "Not a very nice thing to say." He set the bowl of raw eggs on the counter. "In the bedroom, now, you little prick."

Adam blinked at the change in the man. He hurried into the other room, wondering what Nick was up to.



The taller man followed, a towel in his hands. He sat on the edge of the bed and spread the cloth over his knees. "Lie across my lap, fingertips and toes touching the floor."

"Nick, I—"

"I didn't call for discussion. I said to lie down."

Nervous energy surged through Adam's stomach. Unsure what might happen, he assumed the position requested.

Nick's hand slid across the cheeks of his ass. "You accused me of selfish motives when I was trying to do something nice for you. I'd say your insolence deserves ten swats."

The first blow landed in the middle of Adam's ass, and he jumped at the abruptness and the pain. "Hey!"

Before he could say another word, another slap landed on his left ass cheek. "You'll be quiet when you're being disciplined, or the number of swats increases."

Adam sucked the inside of his cheek to help him stay focused and quiet. *Disciplined?* Nick had alluded to punishment, but he'd never carried it out. A third blow warmed his right cheek, and Adam bit back a groan. *Until now.*

"You're my submissive, my slave, in all things related to the bedroom. Got it? We have an agreement, and I expect you to hold up your end." He planted three more swift slaps to the centre of Adam's bum.

The skin tingled and burned as if it were on fire. Adam attempted to hold off a moan, but a portion of it slipped out.

"Quiet!" Nick pried his cheeks apart and fingered Adam's anus. Inserting one dry finger inside roughly, he used his other hand to land three more slaps to the cheeks. "Nine." Reaching between Adam's legs, he cupped the heavy ball sac and the erection there. Massaging them for a moment, holding Adam open wide and exposed, Nick said, "This last swat is going to be where it counts."

Adam squirmed uncomfortably. A direct hit to his balls would kill him. *Surely Nick won't—*

Before he could complete the thought, the blow landed. A perfectly placed slap lightly grazed the edge of his balls. The effect wasn't pain. This one caused pure arousal.

"Do you think you've been punished enough?" Nick released his hold.

Adam's mind raced for the proper answer. 'No' meant more spankings, more pain. But 'yes' meant he'd have to get up, and his lover's hands would no longer be on him. "I don't know, Sir," he stammered.

Nick's voice was low and throaty. "What do you mean, you don't know?"

"I'm...aroused, Sir. I want you to keep touching me."

With a sudden burst of energy, Nick shifted, and Adam flopped onto his back across the bed. Nick crawled beside him and wrapped his fingers around Adam's leaking erection. "Discipline is intended as punishment, you horny little slut, not foreplay. It wasn't meant to arouse you." He stroked the shaft up and down firmly. "Withholding orgasm is another form of punishment. But I do love the look of your beet-red ass after I've spanked it. So perhaps we'll stick with that. Do you agree?"

Adam panted, on the verge of climax with Nick jacking him off. "Yes, Sir," he mumbled.

"I'm going to give you your orgasm, slave, but I want you to remember two things. Are you listening?"

*Barely.* Sweet waves of bliss threatened to overtake him any second. "Yes."

Nick's eyes narrowed.

"Yes, Sir."

Nick nodded, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "First, you'll call Mitch and set up a time with him this weekend. The two of you will be alone, but I'll be watching. Got it?" He stroked and squeezed Adam's cock with just the right pressure.

Adam's balls churned. With Nick touching him so, he'd agree to anything. "Yes, Sir."

"Second, and this is important. Do you hear me?" Nick removed his hand and folded his arms across his chest.

Desperation surged through Adam. "Yes, Sir. I'm listening. Please..."

"Please what?" Nick eyed him sternly.

Adam sobbed with need. "Please make me come, Sir. Please *allow me* to come."

Nick grasped Adam's weeping cock once more. "Always remember, everything I do, I do for you. It's the responsibility I chose when I became your Master. I told you once, and I'll say it again, I don't take this lightly. I'm quite serious about it. When you submit to me, I'll always have your best interests at heart. Do you understand?"

Adam gazed into Nick's black eyes and thought he loved him more just then than he ever had. "Yes, Master. I love you, Master."

"I love you, too. Now, let's see what you've got." He pumped his arm forcefully and grinned when a spray of cum arced into the air.

Adam watched his determined Master break into a sweat working so hard to bring forth the last moments of pleasure. He closed his eyes, allowing the bliss to wash over him. His stinging ass added to the sweet pleasure, and he groaned in pure delight. *Whatever Nick wants, he's got.* If there'd been doubts before, there were none any longer. No matter what term was used, he was Nick's slave. He lived to please his Master.

He fidgeted, and his bum rubbed against the sheets, increasing the fabulous burning sensation. He decided, right then, he'd have to disobey occasionally in order to get more of the delightful, white-hot spankings. Nothing so serious that might cause Nick to withhold his orgasm—just something only slightly naughty. His sated cock twitched, and his stomach tingled. He'd figure out the right thing.

Nick stood, wiping his hands on the towel. "Clean up and get dressed. I'll finish making breakfast before we go to work."

He winked at Adam and sauntered out.

\* \* \* \*

Adam pulled into the driveway of Mitch's mother's house. He needed to speak with Mitch in person, and the thought of putting it off until after work caused nervous butterflies to take over his stomach. *Do it now, and get it over with.*

Nick was determined to get Adam and Mitch together. As much as the idea terrified Adam, once he got used to it, arousal pushed to the forefront. The chance to be with Mitch again was intoxicating. This time, he'd go into the relationship with his eyes wide open. If Mitch suddenly took off, Adam wouldn't let it injure him like it had before. He'd still have Nick. *I'll always have Nick.* He knew that deep in his heart.

The opportunity to be with Nick and Mitch together was too fantastic to pass up. One way or another, he had to make it happen, at least once. They'd see how it went from there.

He approached the house and knocked.

Mitch answered barely a minute later, his face registering surprise. "Hey."

"Hope I'm not disturbing you." Adam suddenly felt awkward.

"Nope. What's up?"

"I, uh...aw, shit. I'm sorry about last night. I swear, I didn't know Nick was going to suggest what he did."

Mitch shook his head. "He's a lunatic, man."

"No, he's not. He's a great guy, Mitch. If you'd just get to know him..."

"Why would I? I have plenty of friends, thank you very much. He's not exactly my type."

"What about me?" Adam blinked, not quite believing he was saying the words. "Am I still your type?"

Mitch's expression turned to one of shock. "Why are you asking me such a thing? Yesterday, you were pissed about the way we ended up. What changed overnight?"

Adam shrugged. "I told you I didn't know what Nick was going to suggest. I never said I wasn't up for it. Nick was right. I've missed you. If you'd like to get together--"

"Nick." Mitch frowned. "He sent you here, didn't he? What does he want? I'm definitely not interested in becoming part of his *stable*."

Adam shook his head. "This is about you and me, being together. I thought it sounded pretty good."

"Just you and me?"

Adam hesitated. "Nick wants to watch."

"You're shitting me!" Mitch's laughter shook his entire body. "He *is* a sick fuck. I can see it now, right in the middle of things, he shows up, expecting to take part. Not going to happen, man."

"He assured me he wouldn't. Apparently, he knows a place we can go with an observation window. A club of some kind. I think it's a BDSM club. Rose & Thorn something-or-other."

Mitch took a step closer to him and gazed into his eyes. "Adam, look. I've missed you. I've already admitted I made mistakes. I couldn't be sorrier, but I know apologies don't make it right. I'd do just about anything to be with you, but this...idea...is simply going too far. I can't do it."

Adam slipped one hand around Mitch's neck and pulled him into a kiss. "Do it for me," he whispered, their lips touching. "Do it to be with me. What do we care if someone watches? Hell, it wouldn't have bothered you a few years ago. We'd do it wherever we could get away with it."

Mitch groaned and returned the kiss. "How do I know you want to be with me? I think you're doing this because Nick wants it. Not sure it's a good enough reason."

"I want it." Adam sighed, sinking into the kiss one last time. "Damn it. It irritates the hell out of me, but I want you. Say you'll be there tomorrow night."

"Saturday night?" The long-haired man seemed to think about it. "I think I can make it."

"Yes!" Adam grinned and stepped back. "Be at the house around seven. Oh, and you'll need a very recent, clean blood test."

Mitch nodded "I've got one."

"Excellent. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yup." Mitch stood on the porch as Adam got into his car and drove away.

Adam's stomach was still a mass of butterflies, but it was a different kind of nervousness. Anticipation and excitement tingled inside him. *What the hell have I gotten into?* He wasn't quite sure, but with Nick and Mitch involved, he was certain it was going to be explosive in one way or another.

Adam smiled and headed to work.

\* \* \* \*

Nick held open the door to the Rose & Thorn Society dungeon for Adam and Mitch. It had been a quiet ride there from Adam's house—a nervous energy had circulated between the three men. Mitch hadn't said much to him, which was okay. *I'm not worried about Mitch.* He looked forward to the challenge of taming the stallion.

"This way." He led them to the front counter, where he greeted the doorman and filled out the guest paperwork. "Either of you want a drink before we get started? A beer?"

Adam shook his head. "No, thanks."

"I'm good," Mitch agreed.

Nick ordered a glass of wine from the bar and smiled. "Remains to be seen, cowboy."

He picked up his drink and strolled down the long hallway leading to the private rooms. At door number six, he unlocked the bolt and ushered them in.

Adam glanced around the interior. "Looks like someone's living room."

"Except there's no TV," Mitch added.

Nick locked the door and smiled. "You won't need TV, cowboy. You'll be otherwise occupied."

Mitch stared at him. "Yeah, you'll be the one watching the show."

"Right." Nick gazed around the large space, remembering when he'd been there before. The plush blue sofa had had a green slipcover the last time. The two easy chairs looked the same, with the sturdy table between them bolted to the floor. *Designed to hold more than coffee cups.* He smiled, recalling bending one man over the table while two more stood nearby, ready and waiting for their chance to join in.

"This is a very hygienic place," he said. "The furniture covers are changed between guests. Under them are plastic covers that can easily be sanitised. So don't worry about anything in here. The Rose & Thorn Society runs a high-class dungeon."

"Looks like it." Adam shifted from one foot to the other. "Where are you going to be?"

Nick opened one of the two doors on the mirrored wall behind him. The first was a bathroom. The second led to the observation area with a large sofa facing the window. He tapped on the mirror. "Right behind here. You'll notice there's no other door to the observation room so no one else can come in without your knowledge."

Adam nodded. "Looks good."

"Glad you think so." Nick grinned, sliding a hand behind Adam's neck and pulling him closer for a kiss. "You two have fun, now. Forget about me."

"We'll try." Adam smiled.

The sight plucked at Nick's heartstrings. He leant in to hug Mitch, but the darker-skinned man recoiled. Nick nodded. "Okay, then. See you soon." With his wine in hand, he entered the smaller room and closed the door.

He made himself comfortable on the sofa, crossing and uncrossing his legs. It felt strange to observe, even if it had been his idea. But he was desperate to keep Adam, and something in his gut told him Mitch was his only real competition.

"This is fucking strange," Mitch announced, looking around.

"Forget about it. Think about something more interesting." Adam faced the big mirror and smiled. With slow precision, he unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it on a chair. He ran his hands over his bare chest, stopping to twist his nipples seductively.

Nick's erection thickened in his slacks, and he groaned. Watching was going to be harder than he'd realised. Adam was taking full advantage of the situation, undressing directly in front of the mirror.

Adam stripped off his pants and briefs, and his thick cock sprang forward. Smiling, he clutched it. "You like this?"

Nick could hear them, but they couldn't hear him. "Cocksucker," he swore in a lewd manner. "Yeah, I like it. Nice and hard."

Mitch tossed his cowboy hat on the chair and stepped behind Adam. "Hey, I thought you came here to be with me."

With one last, long look at the mirror, Adam turned around. "I did. I'm all yours."

"Perfect. Damn, you look even better than I remembered." Mitch dropped to his knees in front of Adam. "Oh, God, this cock. I love this cock."

Nick stood and moved closer, trying to get a better view. Adam's back was to him, and he couldn't see what was going on. "Fuck!"

"Over here." Adam moved to the table and sat on it, facing Nick.

Mitch followed him, seemingly anxious to get back to the cock he professed to love.

"Better." Nick smiled and returned to his seat. It was as if Adam had read his mind. Or else he merely wanted to get comfortable. Nick chose to believe the former. *We have an intense connection.* Adam understood him better than anyone ever had.

Mitch licked Adam's cock from base to tip several times before sucking the length into his mouth. His style was straightforward, his technique seemingly perfect. He managed to swallow Adam's shaft, which was no small feat.

Nick's cock ached. He unfastened his trousers and reached inside. Rubbing the shaft eased the pressure.

Adam clutched the edge of the table with one hand and Mitch's head with the other. "Good, so good." He glanced at the mirror and smiled.

Nick grinned. It *looked* damned good.

Mitch allowed the cock to drop from his mouth. "Here we go again. When you're with me, be *with me*."

"I am!" Adam insisted. "Get rid of those clothes and let me prove it."

Mitch hurried to undress.

Nick watched with interest as the man's smooth skin was revealed. He'd seen glimpses of the large, bucking bronco tattoo on Mitch's left arm. A thin band of twisted vines circled the bicep of his right. A firm physique with a gorgeous, tight ass came into view.

"Turn around," Nick whispered.

Adam gazed at his old boyfriend hungrily. "Damn, you look great. I'd forgotten how well hung you are."

"Turn him around," Nick murmured from behind the glass. The suspense was agony.

"You going to stand there all day and look, or do you plan to do something about it?" Mitch folded his arms across his chest.

Adam smiled. "What would you have me do, Master?"

Nick smiled.

Mitch stammered, "No, I didn't mean to sound like... I'd never tell you what to do."

"Tell me." Adam dropped to his knees, shifting Mitch around then sitting him on the table. "Can't you see I want to be led? Guide me to what pleases you."

Mitch leaned back.

Nick finally got a good look at his cock. "Holy shit! He's huge!" The beast looked as long and thick as any he'd ever seen. Nick's mouth watered, his own shaft pulsing with desire. His hand reflexively stroked, moving lower to massage his balls.

"Don't call me 'Master'," Mitch insisted. "But you can suck my cock. Just a little, because I intend to fuck you with it, and I need it nice and hard."

"Oh, yes." Adam went down on the monster, licking and sucking

Nick thought he'd go insane. He pulled his erection from his slacks and stroked it openly. He hadn't intended to jack off to the scene playing out before him. He'd fully intended to go home and make Adam take care of him properly.

He looked at the curly, blond head bobbing up and down. "Take it all. My guy. Oh, yeah." He stroked in rhythm with Adam's movements.

"Stop." Mitch entwined his fingers through Adam's hair. "I'm close. I need to fuck."



“Yes,” Adam agreed, rising to pull a condom and lube from his jeans’ pocket. His eyes were glazed with lust like Nick had never seen before.

“Do it.” Nick stroked himself aggressively. One way or another, he had to get Mitch into their bed. Adam obviously desired it. The mere thought of a threesome had pre-cum leaking down the side of Nick’s swollen member.

“Can I help you with the rubber?” Adam offered.

“Put it on me.” Mitch jutted his waving cock forward.

Nick smiled. How easily the man had slipped into the role of dominant. It was the first step. If he could just get Mitch into bed, he’d make sure the feisty stud knew his place on the ladder. *Right above Adam, just below me.* A nice place, indeed.

## Chapter Six

Mitch held still as Adam rolled the rubber over his throbbing cock. It wasn't easy, but the sooner he was sheathed, the sooner he'd be balls-deep in the only ass he'd ever truly loved.

"There you go." Adam snapped the rim into place. "Now for some lube."

"Plenty of lube," Mitch instructed. "I'm ready to fuck. Now."

Adam greased his lover's shaft then lifted his own leg, placing one foot flat on the table. "Here, then. Allow me." He inserted a well-lubed finger into his own anus and stretched it. He shifted his position and added a second, then third finger to his hole.

He'd moved to give Nick a clear view of the show. Mitch could tell how Adam's mind worked after all this time. His old lover was into the act, there was no doubt, but he wanted Nick to be part of it, too.

"Enough," Mitch snapped, harsher than he'd meant to be.

"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir." Adam dropped his leg to the floor and bent over the table. "How's this?"

With a quick glance towards the mirror, Mitch grabbed the man's slick ass cheeks and spread them fully. "Fine." His cock throbbed when he thought about the handsome man watching them. Was he beating off to the scene? *How can he not?* The action was hotter than hell. He'd make sure the voyeur got the show he'd come looking for.

Mitch's cock, full and throbbing, nudged Adam's greased hole. He was prepared to spear him—but he also wanted to make sure Nick had the best possible view. He adjusted his feet slightly and pressed his rod forward.

*Now he's got me doing it.* Thinking about Nick. Wanting to make sure he could see. Mitch sighed as his cock head slipped past the tight, outer ring. The sphincter relaxed, and his slick shaft slid into the channel with ease. *Think about it later.*

Adam groaned, a deep, throaty rumble.

"You loving this as much as I am?" Mitch ground his body into Adam's ass. He knew the answer but wanted to hear it out loud.

"Yes, fuck yes." Adam gripped the front edge of the table with both hands. "Do it. Fuck me harder."

"You got it." Mitch held tight to his lover's waist and pulled out slowly. He drove back in, repeating the rhythm, increasing his speed, until a layer of sweat formed on both their bodies. "Good," Mitch grunted. "Just like I knew it would be."

"Yes! Oh, yes. Do it. Harder. Faster." Adam's voice had a note of desperation.

Mitch pounded deep until he couldn't anymore. A blast of sensation rocked through him. Filling the rubber in Adam's ass in spurts, he held on to the man's hips with all his strength. It was all he could do to remain standing. "Fuck, oh fuck," he muttered.

"Mmm, Nice." Adam reached around and rubbed one hand over Mitch's face. "Good as I remembered, too."

Fingers holding the rim of the rubber, Mitch eased his cock out. He disposed of it in a wad of tissue then tossed it into the trash can. He grabbed another wad for Adam to clean up.

When his lover stood, Mitch glanced down at the table and blinked. "You didn't come?"

Adam shook his head, attempting to catch his breath. "It's okay. It felt fucking fantastic."

Mitch grasped his shoulders. "It's not 'okay'. I want you to come. Lie down and I'll take care of you."

Adam hesitated. "Could I stand? You sit, and I'll stand in front of you." He reached for Mitch's arm and squeezed it. "And Mitch? Scold me."

A light bulb went on in Mitch's head. Adam's needs *had* changed. His old lover needed more from a relationship, now. For better or worse, Nick had changed things. Adam was a born submissive, but neither of them had known it until Nick came along.

*Can I be what he needs?* Mitch dropped to the edge of the easy chair and leant forward. *I'll have to try if I'm to have any hope of winning him back, away from Nick.* "Get in front of me, you little cocksucker. Stand here and put your dick in my mouth. I want to see cum in the next few minutes, or there'll be hell to pay."

Adam's shudder washed through them both. He inserted his leaking erection into Mitch's mouth.

"Now, fuck me," Mitch mumbled around Adam's cock, almost unintelligibly.

"Yes, Sir." Adam's grinding rhythm increased in tempo. "I want to please you, Sir. And my Master."

Mitch grasped Adam's ass cheeks and squeezed. For just a few minutes, he wanted Adam to forget about Nick and focus on him.

His lover groaned and grabbed his head. "Yes! I'm close. Please...touch me."

Mitch squeezed Adam's bum roughly and groaned encouragement.

Adam yanked his hair and shouted, "Fuck, yes!" His cock erupted in streams of sticky, white cum.

Mitch held tight as the man's body quivered. He swallowed the first few blasts then pulled back, offering Nick a cum shot. The final spurts caught the corner of Mitch's mouth before they dripped off.

He released Adam and stood. "So hot. I do love your cock." He swiped a finger over his sticky face and inserted it into Adam's mouth.

Adam sucked his own cum willingly, hungrily.

The door to the observation room opened, and Nick stepped out.

Mitch couldn't resist taking a jab at him. He slicked a glob of cum on his finger and extended it to the taller man. "Care for a taste?"

Nick's face was flushed. He ignored the offer and walked to the exit. "You two clean up. I'll be having a drink at the bar."

"Nick?" Adam said, concern evident.

The man didn't turn around. He waved a hand and repeated, "Do it." Motioning to a placard on the doorknob, he added, "Hang this out when you leave." Nick walked out and closed the door.

"He looked pissed," Adam mumbled, hurrying to clean up and dress.

Mitch strolled into the observation room and turned on the light. In the trash can by the door, he spotted a wad of sticky tissue. He smiled and returned to Adam. "He's not pissed, he's just horny. He got off watching us, but I'm sure he'll expect more when you get home."

Adam moved in front of Mitch. "Want to help me give it to him?"

"I don't think so." Mitch cleaned up and dressed and made sure the room was in decent shape. The placard, like the ones in hotels, instructed housekeeping to make up the room. Mitch smiled and hung it on the outer doorknob.

Before they got completely out, he turned to Adam for one last kiss. "Tonight was great. I'd be up for it again if you are."

Adam smiled. "It was great. I don't know. Are you up for Nick joining us?"

Mitch shook his head. "I only want you, babe. You're all the man I need."

Adam didn't return the compliment. It was obvious he'd slipped too far into the world of D/s to be happy with regular sex, anymore. The thought sank in Mitch's stomach like a rock.

"Think about it," Adam urged. "Nick's a great guy. The three of us could have good times together, I know we could."

Mitch screwed up his face and rubbed both hands over it. "Damn, damn, damn! I just can't see myself in a collar, man. Never pictured you in one, either, but I'm adjusting to the image."

Adam pressed him back against the doorjamb, wedging a knee between Mitch's legs. "It's not about the collar, babe. It's the attitude. I love the way Nick makes me feel."

"I didn't make you feel good?" Mitch asked, knowing the answer.

Adam smiled. "You always made me feel good. Being with Nick is different. A different kind of good. It's hard to explain, but I wish you'd give it a try. I know it's what he wants."

"Are you sure, after tonight?" Mitch shrugged. "Let's see what happens. He may not feel the same way, anymore. He left in a snit, remember?"

"Speaking of which, we'd better get out there. If I'm late, there might be punishment involved." Adam stopped and smiled. "On second thought, let's be a little late." He pressed Mitch against the jamb and kissed him.

\* \* \* \*

Mitch picked up some trash from the coffee table in his living room Monday morning. The hospice sent someone to clean house once a week, and he didn't want them to think he

was a total pig. When the bell rang, he opened the door, expecting to see Kim, the usual worker. Instead, he saw Nick in a stylish blue suit, holding a bouquet of roses.

"Going to a funeral?" Mitch crossed his arms over his chest.

"I hope not. I was actually going to work, but I wanted to drop these by for your mother. Adam said she likes flowers."

Mitch scowled. It was hard to read Nick's expression behind his dark sunglasses. "You're joking, right? An egotistical boor like you doesn't care about my mother. What is this, really? A ploy to win me over?"

Nick raised his glasses and rested them on his head. A smile played over his lips. "What, you think I appeared in a cabbage patch somewhere? I have parents like everyone else."

"Oh, I'm sure you have parents. I envision them like Boris and Natasha, a diabolical couple in hiding somewhere, plotting world domination."

Nick laughed.

Mitch looked up as a car parked in front of the house and the cleaning woman got out. Approximately thirty, with shiny, blonde hair and a little extra meat on her bones, she was a nice woman who did a good job for his mother.

"Hi, Kim." Mitch stepped out of the doorway onto the porch, allowing her entrance.

"Good morning. How's Maria today?" She gave Nick the once over, offered him a quick smile and stepped inside.

"She's doing okay." Mitch shook his head at the way the woman had looked at Nick. *He's good looking, sure, but is he worth all the hoopla?* Gazing at Nick with a fresh perspective, he realised the truth. *Nick's fucking hot.* Even the cleaning woman knew it.

From the doorway, she looked out and asked, "Anything special today?"

"Nope, the usual stuff. Thanks. I'll be right in." Mitch pulled the door closed between them.

Nick gazed at him. "Girlfriend?"

He smiled sarcastically in return. "Cleaning woman."

"Ah." Nick nodded. "It's good you have help."

"Yup. I've got pretty much everything I need. Thanks for the flowers. I'm sure my mother will appreciate them." He reached for the bouquet.

Nick held them tight. "You have *everything* you need, Cowboy? Sure there's nothing you'd like to add to the list?"

Mitch rolled his eyes. "You can stop calling me 'cowboy' any time. I wear the hat to keep my hair in place and the sun outta my eyes."

Nick leant against the doorjamb, looking at Mitch as he sniffed a rose. "I like your hair. I think I'd enjoy running my fingers through it."

Mitch shifted nervously from one foot to the other. "Look, Nick. I guess you're an okay guy. Better, maybe, than I gave you credit for at first. But I'm just not interested in--"

"Not interested in what?" Nick leaned in close. "More sex with Adam? My tongue shoved down your throat, or my cock up your ass? Because all those things interest me a great deal. The more time I spend with you, the more I want to bend you over and fuck you senseless. And get my hands on the monster in your pants. A taste of that *really* interests me."

Mitch's heart slammed against his ribs. *The man has a smooth line, no doubt about that.* "You talk a good game, but I have to repeat, I'm just not interested in a group thing."

"You could go for more sex with Adam, though."

"Absolutely. Alone with Adam. With a little more time, I'm sure I can win him back."

Nick chuckled. "Adam and I have a special bond. If we *choose* to allow someone into our lives, fine. But it's *our* choice. Make no mistake about it. Adam is mine. Him leaving me for you? Never going to happen."

Mitch folded his arms across his chest, tossing Nick's words back at him. "Never say never, my friend. You have Adam buffaloed for now. Like I said, I just need a bit more time to remind him how things used to be – when he was an equal partner."

"You think he and I aren't equal partners? You really don't understand the Dominant/submissive relationship, do you? It requires the utmost trust on each part. Adam and I are very much partners. Life partners."

Mitch glanced through the window of the door and saw Kim had started dusting the front room. "I've got to go," he said to Nick.

"Have dinner with us. No strings, just dinner. I'd really like to get to know you better."

"It's hard for me to get away."

"I understand." Nick held the roses out. "Give your mother these, would you? With my best regards."

Mitch stared at the flowers then up at Nick. "You really did this for mama and not me?"

Nick smiled and took hold of his sunglasses but didn't pull them down. "You'd have to be an egotistical boor to think I did it for any other reason."

Uncertainty floored Mitch. If he wanted to get closer to Adam, he needed to snatch every opportunity. "I suppose I could do dinner."

Nick's eyes lit up. "Wonderful! Tomorrow night?"

"Just dinner," Mitch repeated, scowling. He knew it was a bad idea to spend time with Nick, who definitely had his own agenda. He'd have to be very careful.

"See you tomorrow." Nick replaced his sunglasses and strode down the sidewalk to his car.

Mitch watched the sleek, black vehicle pull away, wondering how big of a mistake he'd just made.

\* \* \* \*

Adam straightened a pillow on his sofa. "If anything happens, you think we should stay here or go back to the Rose & Thorn dungeon? I liked it there. It was a very nice place."

Nick strolled from the kitchen with a glass of wine in his hand. "You've fluffed that pillow six times. Sit down and relax." He sat on the sofa. "We should stay here. There'll be plenty of time for the Rose & Thorn. They have lots of different rooms with all kinds of equipment. Sometime, we'll check them out. There's one room with various straps and hooks for tying people up. I'd love to see you spread-eagle, your hands and feet bound."

Adam took the chair across from him. "Sounds interesting. I've never been tied up. But then, before I met you, I'd never done a lot of things."

Nick smiled. "I like that you're open-minded and willing to experiment. I think we're going to have a lot of fun. Now, we just have to convince Mitch to loosen up. He's a little gun-shy."

"He ought to be," Adam muttered. "I want him to be sure about what he's doing. I'm not the same doormat I was a year ago. If he walks out again, there's going to be hell to pay."



Nick sipped his wine. "Mitch is going to do what Mitch is going to do. If he leaves again, so be it. Let's have fun while it lasts. What you need to remember is you'll *always* have me."

Adam fingered the silver collar around his neck. "I believe that with all my heart. At first, I was afraid you were already getting bored with me and that's why you asked Mitch to join us."

"I'll never get bored with you, lover. Variety is one great thing about a BDSM relationship—so much to experiment with, so many things to try. Involving Mitch is for our amusement and pleasure. Looking at him makes me hot. The long hair, my god! I'll have to hold myself back. I'm dying to wrap my fist around it and yank."

Adam chuckled. "Be careful. He might deck you."

"I can't wait to get my hands on his gorgeous cock. Remembering the beast gets me instantly hard. Recalling you, taking the thing in your mouth and your ass...fuck! I might come just thinking about it."

"Now you've got me hard." Adam waggled his eyebrows up and down. "Hope he gets here soon."

The doorbell rang, and they smiled at each other.

"Remember, he thinks he's just here for dinner," Nick advised.

"No promises." Adam went to the door and opened it. "Hey, Mitch."

"Hey." Mitch stepped inside.

Adam thought he looked unusually tasty in his button-down, blue shirt and tight jeans. But something was different. "No hat?"

Mitch shrugged. "I'm not a cowboy, anymore. Maybe it's time for a few changes."

Nick joined them, carrying three glasses of wine. "Change is good. Hello, Mitch. I thought we might share some wine before dinner."

"Mitch isn't much of a wine drinker," Adam said then gaped as his old lover accepted the goblet.

"What the hell," Mitch murmured and took a sip.

Nick smiled, handing Adam his drink. "Dinner is ready, come on in. Mitch, I hope you still like lasagne. Adam said you used to."

"I do," Mitch said affably and followed him to the kitchen.

Adam watched the exchange, slightly surprised at how genial Mitch was being. He'd expected a more ornery attitude. He took a gulp of his drink and headed to the kitchen bar.

Nick served the pasta and a salad, and they each took a seat.

"You made this?" Mitch asked, taking a bite.

Nick nodded, picking up his fork. "I did. I hope you enjoy it."

"It's good. I figured you'd make Adam do all the cooking. He's the slave, right?"

Adam nearly choked on his bite of salad. *Here we go.* Before he could answer, Nick spoke up.

"Only when we're playing. We don't have a twenty-four hour D/s relationship."

"That's something, I guess." Mitch continued eating, staring at his plate. "I just don't see the appeal."

"Oh, come on, now." Nick sipped his wine. "I saw you the other night at the Rose & Thorn. When Adam asked you to dominate him, you fell right into the role. Remember, I told you people do things in the throes of passion they might not expect to do otherwise."

Mitch gazed at him. "I never said I couldn't dominate him. I said I didn't want to submit to you. Big difference."

"Good point." Nick nodded.

Adam watched the back-and-forth, amazed at each of their calm demeanours. It was almost like they were discussing a business arrangement.

Nick continued, "I suggest a compromise. You could be the switch in our relationship. Dominant over Adam, submissive to me. Of course, we'd take the role-playing slow. Adam submits to me willingly. I wouldn't have it any other way. I'd want the same from you. I'd never force either of you into anything you weren't comfortable with."

Adam's heart swelled. *Exactly why I love you so much.* He reached out and squeezed one of Nick's hands.

Mitch set his fork down and pushed his plate away. "That's all well and good for you two. I'm just not sure I could handle it."

"What's the harm in trying?" Adam suggested, suddenly wanting this threesome more than anything he'd longed for in the past. "We have a little fun in the process. If it doesn't fly..."

He shrugged, but he had no doubt it would work out. Nick was just that smooth. Mitch would be hooked before he realised what hit him.

With a determined look in his eyes, Mitch stared at Adam. "I came here to win you back, not get involved in some kinky sex game. If I wanted that, I would have stayed in Texas." His eyes widened as if he hadn't meant to say that last part.

Adam's eyebrows rose. "What exactly went on in Texas? I thought you were working."

Nick chuckled. "Which didn't mean he had to be celibate. Did you have some fun with the rodeo workers, Mitch? Or maybe it was the groupies."

A guilty expression crossed Mitch's face, and his tone grew angry. "Okay, we partied a little. *A lot*. I'm over that, now. It's all out of my system. I'm ready to settle down. I want my old life back."

Adam stood and moved behind his old lover. He put his hands on Mitch's shoulders and rubbed them. "Don't you see, your old life isn't here anymore? I've changed. We've both changed, but it doesn't have to be for the worse. Nick's offering you a chance at a new life."

Mitch rubbed his cheek against Adam's hand. "All this time, I've been thinking I could win you back. I've been trying to get you away from Nick."

"I love him, Mitch." Adam smoothed the long hair with his other hand. "In some ways, I'll always love you, too. But I'll never leave him."

Mitch sighed. "So, if I want you, I have to accept him, too. Like a package deal."

Nick laughed. "Don't make it sound so romantic! Believe me, I'll make it worth your while. You won't regret accepting my package."

Adam grinned, nodding. "He's got a great package."

"Fuck," Mitch muttered, a smile on his face. "How can I resist the two of you?"

"You can't." Adam hugged him from behind. "We're irresistible. Let's go in the other room, and we'll prove it."

Mitch gave a small nod of his head and rose to his feet.

Nick touched his cheek. "Anything you don't like, anything you don't want to do, just say so." He leaned in and placed a light kiss on Mitch's mouth.

To Adam's surprise, Mitch didn't pull away or seem shocked. When Nick backed up, Mitch's only expression was one of lust.

"Hot damn!" Adam couldn't believe the turn of events. He followed the others into the bedroom. "I think I've got all the supplies we'll need." Two dozen condoms and two tubes of lube were on the nightstand. He'd also placed a stack of towels there, turned back the covers and lit some candles.

"Looks like we're ready for anything." Nick's hands went to his shirt, unfastening the tiny buttons. "I know I am."

"Christ." Mitch watched, still seemingly a little overwhelmed by the whole scenario.

Nick tossed his shirt aside and began removing his pants and briefs. "Adam, ask our guest if you can help him get rid of his clothes. Then, I want you naked, kneeling before me."

"Yes, Master." Adam hurried to Mitch's side. "May I help you?"

"Sure." Mitch nodded, and together they removed his shoes, socks, shirt and jeans. His erection sprang free as Adam pulled off his briefs.

Adam eyed it, his mouth watering.

He tossed his own clothes aside, purposely rubbing against Mitch's shaft as he did so. One quick touch of the hard muscle sent an electric shiver up his spine. Adam knelt in front of Nick, his eyes focused on his Master's groin.

"I don't remember giving you permission to touch his cock." Nick gazed down on him. "Do we need to start this evening with a spanking?"

Adam blushed. He'd hoped the kinkier part of their relationship might come up later, not right off the bat.

"Spanking?" Mitch questioned as expected. "You spank him?"

"Only when he's naughty." Nick's voice was smooth, sensual. "Sadly, it seems he's naughty a lot, these days. Would you like to see me warm his ass?"

Adam held his breath. Mitch would go through the roof, he just knew it.

"Yes, I would." Mitch replied. "I'd like to very much."

Adam gulped. He couldn't believe his ears. Mitch wanted to watch him get spanked? "Master," his protest began.

"Silence!" Nick snapped. He sat on the edge of the bed. "Assume the position."

Adam crawled onto his lap, trembling with uncertainty, excitement and more. They'd never discussed this, he wasn't prepared for it. He sprawled across Nick's bare legs and bit his lip.

"See how white the flesh is now." Nick massaged Adam's bum aggressively. "But, watch."

A sharp slap to one ass cheek caused Adam to jump, his flesh to tingle.

"It pinks up nicely." Nick smacked his other cheek then landed a blow in the middle. "Now, it's turning red. Burning, too, no doubt."

Adam felt Mitch's presence next to them but couldn't see him or his expression. He was dying to know what his old lover thought.

"May I touch it?" Mitch asked in a calm voice.

"Please do." Nick massaged the flesh again. "It's nice and warm. Feel the heat?"

"Yes. Interesting." Mitch's voice cracked.

*He's enjoying this!* Adam was stunned.

"Would you like to spank him?" Nick asked, as if he were offering the man a mint.

"Oh, yeah." Lust oozed from Mitch's raspy speech.

Adam closed his eyes as the first blow hit from the other side. His ass was on fire, his stomach a mass of jumbled nerves and emotions.

Another series of rapid-fire slaps seemed to come from both men at once. Adam gasped as his balls rose, cock threatening to erupt.

"Please!" he cried.

Nick laid a hand on his back. "Please, what?"

"Please stop, Sirs. I'm going to come."

Chuckling, Nick slid his hand over Adam's sore ass. "Hmm, not yet, little prick. On the floor. Kneel in the corner until your climax is under control."

Adam scrambled off Nick's lap and crawled to the corner.

"I could be cruel and tell you to face the wall, but I won't. I'm going to make love to Mitch, and I want you to watch."

"Yes, Master." Adam panted, trying to catch his breath and curtail his amazement. In his wildest dreams, he'd never pictured such a thing. He'd expected interaction with Mitch and with Nick, but he'd never believed the two men would play without him. He knelt in the corner, fighting the first tingles of an orgasm destined to linger.

"You think so?" Mitch looked at Nick.

With a sultry smile, Nick stroked his own shaft.

Mitch said, "This first time, I'm calling the shots. Lie on the bed."

Still smiling, Nick obliged.

Mitch crawled over him and straddled Nick's head. "You mentioned wanting a taste of this?" His cock dangled in front of Nick's face.

"Mmm. Yes." Nick's tongue licked the slit and around the crown. "Beautiful. Simply beautiful."

"Suck it," Mitch demanded.

Nick's eyebrows rose, but he did as he was asked. He engulfed the huge cock in his mouth.

Adam bit back a groan. Watching the shaft disappear down Nick's throat was arousing as hell. He resisted the urge to touch himself but wasn't sure how long he'd manage to hold out. His ass felt like a million bees had stung him, and he fought to keep from rubbing it.

Mitch leant forward, thrusting between Nick's lips. "I'll fuck your mouth first. Your ass is next." His words were staccato, his breath laboured.

Adam understood why. Nick gave fantastic head. Watching the scene play out had his own cock leaking a ribbon of sticky pre-cum. He was dying to hear what Nick said about getting fucked, because Adam knew he only allowed special people to top him.

Nick turned his head so the monster slipped out and he could speak. "If you intend to fuck me, you'd better get started. I might change my mind and take this bad boy all the way home."

Mitch climbed off and reached for a condom and lube. "You could drain me dry, no doubt."

Nick looked into the corner. "Adam, come here and stretch me. Get me ready to accept his beast."

"Yes, Master." Adam hurried to the bed excitedly. He took the second tube of lubricant and positioned himself between Nick's bent legs. Oiling one finger, he gingerly circled the dark, puckered hole. His finger slipped past the tight outer ring, and Nick's body took over, sucking the rest in more fully. Adam groaned with lust. "So tight and perfect."

Mitch waved his sheathed cock in front of them. "Not for long. Stretch his hole. I'm coming in."

Adam inhaled, aroused and jealous at the same time. He worked two, then three fingers into Nick and tugged from side to side as he did for himself. The sphincter loosened nicely. "He's ready."

Nick's leg nudged Adam. "Come up here and give me something to play with."

Adam smiled and crawled next to his Master's face so the man could fondle his balls and erection.

Mitch knelt between Nick's knees and, using them for support, pushed them forward as he entered missionary style. "Oh, yeah. Tighter than a virgin on her wedding night."

Nick's face contorted as the cock in his ass plunged deeper. "Sweet Jesus! It's been too long. That's good."

Mitch sank all the way in, seating himself deeply in Nick's ass. "You ready to be fucked, *Master?*"

His emphasis on the word was more teasing than scornful, but Adam wondered how Nick would accept it. He looked at the finely-sculpted, handsome face and saw only a grimace of pleasure.

"Yes. Fuck me. Hard. Fast. Do it!"

Mitch pulled out and drove in fully, wracking Nick's body with shudders each time their groins met.

Adam took advantage of his Master's situation and leant forward to shove his erection into Nick's mouth.

Nick gobbled it willingly and sucked to the same rhythm he was being fucked.

Mitch clasped Nick's cock, stroking it.

Adam could tell Nick was on the edge of an explosion. With both his ass and his mouth stuffed with cock, the stud could only mumble incoherently.

Without warning, Mitch stopped moving. He smiled at Adam then gazed into Nick's eyes. "Feel good?"

Adam pulled back so the man could answer.

"Fuck yes, it feels good!" Nick snarled. "Why did you stop?"

"There's something I need to clarify about this...dare I call it a relationship?"

"Now?" Adam and Nick both said in incredulous unison.

Mitch grinned. "What better time?"

Nick looked at the ceiling and growled. "Damn it! I can't believe you want to talk *now*, when I was so fucking close."

Mitch ground his cock into Nick's body. "You're at my mercy, now, *Master*. We talk, or we're done."

Shaking his head in an apparent attempt to clear it, Nick inhaled and blew out the breath. "Okay."

Mitch nodded. "You two seem to have pretty specific ideas about the way this thing's going to work. No one bothered to ask my thoughts. I've been thinking about it a lot."

Nick's eyebrows rose. "You're absolutely right. I'm sorry, Mitch."

Adam grinned. "We were too busy trying to get you in the sack."

Mitch squeezed Nick's cock, keeping it erect. "I'm not against a threesome. In fact, I think I might like it very much. But I want more. I want to move back in here. And I don't want to be treated like a third wheel."

Nick thrust his hips. "I don't know, Adam. What do you think?"

The idea nearly made Adam swoon, but he tried to remain calm. "I suppose he could move back in. As long as he behaves himself."

Nick watched Mitch as he spoke. "If he doesn't, there's always the leash and collar." The look in his eyes conveyed amusement.

Mitch thrust his groin against Nick's. "Not a chance in hell, buddy. Just so you know, I'm here, but I haven't changed my mind about that."

Nick smiled. "It may take a while, but I'm confident, like a good horse trainer, I can break you, gently. Show you the pleasure of a nice harness and a good ride."

Mitch's face broke into a grin. "You can try. I promise, it won't be easy. Like any strong-willed stallion, I won't go down without a fight."

"I wouldn't want it any other way."

Mitch writhed on top of Nick, teasing him unmercifully. "I might be able to manage calling you 'Sir', occasionally."

Nick clasped his fingers around Mitch's hand that held his erection. "'Sir' will be fine. Do me a favour? Remove the pony-tail holder from your hair. Tickle me with the long strands as you stroke me to completion. I want it so bad."



"Yes, Sir." Mitch released his hair and dangled it over Nick as he resumed jacking the man's cock.

"Adam, position yourself behind Mitch. Lick his balls and ass."

"Yes, Master." Adam hurried to oblige, excitement soaring through him. He hadn't taken part in group sex before, and the possibilities seemed endless.

Adam spread Mitch's cheeks, and the man slowed his thrusts for a moment. He speared the crinkled hole with his tongue and smiled when he heard Mitch groan.

"That's going to make me come," Mitch muttered.

"Not yet," Nick said. "Let's come together."

"Aw, fuck." Mitch's body tensed.

Adam knew he was fighting off his climax. Fortunately for him, Nick was close.

"Now!" Nick muttered.

Mitch grunted and groaned, his moans joining those of Nick. Familiar sounds to Adam's ears. Both his lovers had climaxed. Both panted and gasped for air.

"Adam, get up here!" Nick demanded.

Extricating himself from behind Mitch, Adam hurried around to kneel next to Nick.

"Join us." Nick squeezed Adam's cock and jerked it, aiming the tip at his stomach where his own cum pooled.

Mitch eased from Nick's anus and peeled off the condom. He flopped his dick on Nick's stomach and rubbed it, combining their cream.

Adam gasped, more aroused than he'd ever been. His balls churned and drew up, orgasm close.

"Now!" Nick ordered and stroked him with abandon.

Adam's eyes rolled back in his head as he came, shooting white, creamy jism into the mix pooled on Nick's belly. Sparks flew through his body, and he fought to remain kneeling as he struggled for air. When he couldn't stand it any longer, he dropped onto his haunches and looked at his lovers with amazement.

He couldn't imagine a sexual encounter more erotic but was quite sure his beloved Master would come up with something. Plenty of somethings. Many more scenarios with which to experiment and express their love and desire for one another.

"Fuck me!" Nick swore, a note of exhaustion in his voice.

Mitch stretched out on his side, elbow on the mattress, hand under his head. He smiled. "I believe I just did."

"Oh, yes you did." Nick wove his fingers through the long, silky hair. "Damn, I love this. I'm going to have so much fun playing with this hair."

"I'd actually thought about getting it cut," Mitch mused.

Nick scowled playfully. "Do it and experience an ass whipping like no one would ever believe."

"Ooh." Mitch's eyebrows waggled up and down as if he might just test the threat.

Nick wrapped one arm around Mitch and patted the other side of the bed. "Come here, Adam."

"I'm a sticky mess."

"Eh." Nick waved the hand before pulling Adam into his arm. "We'll clean up later. Tell me what you think about all this."

"Pretty fucking amazing."

Nick placed a kiss on Adam's forehead. "I thought so, too. I see good times ahead."

Mitch's face clouded. "I have to admit, any plans I have for the future are on hold because of my mother's condition. I'm going to be there for her. I'm not sure how often I can get away. The neighbour can come over once a week or so..."

"Once a week isn't nearly enough," Nick admonished. "Something's got to change."

Adam gaped. Maria, the sweet woman, was dying. *Surely, Nick doesn't expect Mitch to abandon her?*

Mitch's eyes darkened with worry.

Nick smiled. "What I propose is Adam and I each take shifts sitting with your mother. Reading to her, caring for her, whatever she needs. The off time will give two of us the opportunity to spend time alone together. If it works for the neighbour to come in once a week, we'll take that time for the three of us."

Adam expelled a sigh of relief. Nick's huge heart and sincere generosity continued to astound him. He snuggled happily next to his Master.

Mitch groaned. "I just have no idea how long--"

Nick pressed two fingers to his lips. "The arrangement should suit us quite nicely, for however long. Don't worry."

Mitch looked over Nick's chest at Adam. "He does have a way about him. Seems to get what he wants without the other guy even realising it."

"He's amazing," Adam agreed. "He'll have you loving him in no time."

Nick smiled. "The feeling will be mutual. You see, I know what I want and understand exactly what I have to do to get it."

A slow smile spread across Mitch's face. "You really think you're going to break me, don't you?"

Nick fingered the silver collar chain around Adam's neck. "I wonder if they have any more of these?"

Adam laughed, his heart soaring with love and excitement for the future. "I'm sure you can find one somewhere."

"What the hell!" Mitch exclaimed. He flopped back onto the bed, grinning wildly, just before his two lovers pounced.

## About the Author

Jenna Byrnes could use more cabinet space and more hours in a day. She'd fill the kitchen with gadgets her husband purchases off TV and let him cook for her to his heart's content. She'd breeze through the days adding hours of sleep, and more time for writing the hot, erotic romance she loves to read.

Jenna thinks everyone deserves a happy ending, and loves to provide as many of those as possible to her gay, lesbian and hetero characters. Her favourite quote, from a pro-gay billboard, is "Be careful who you hate. It may be someone you love."

Email: [byrnes.jenna@yahoo.com](mailto:byrnes.jenna@yahoo.com)

Jenna Byrnes loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

## Also by Jenna Byrnes

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