



Lust Bites

KNIGHT OR DAYE

Jude Mason

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Knight or Daye

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

KNIGHT OR DAYE

Jude Mason

Dedication

To J1. You know who you are.

Chapter One

Jeremy Knight stood outside of his lover's door, his hands clenched at his sides, thinking about knocking, but not quite sure he was ready. Dark wood, marred at the bottom by water damage, was discoloured around the brass doorknob by what looked like years of handling. Beside a tall oak, two guards stood talking. On the other side of the drive, Jeremy knew there were others.

He looked back at the door. "Could use some TLC," he mumbled and shifted from one foot to the other. The thong pulled tight up the crack of his ass. He squirmed, trying to readjust the strap without actually using his hands. It didn't work. He knew it wouldn't.

He looked at the door again and took a deep breath. It was now or never. Standing there any longer wasn't going to help his indecisiveness. He raised his hand and knocked. Stepping back, he waited and his heart raced. He crossed his hands in front of himself, gripping one wrist. Head lowered, he eased his feet apart, shoulder width.

His decision was making itself known.

Jeremy watched the rise and fall of his chest, and worked on his patience. His hands grew slippery with sweat. His jeans felt too tight, his tank even tighter. The boots weighed a ton when he moved his feet. He clenched his fist then straightened his fingers, stretching them, trying to distract himself. Jumbled thoughts and desires plagued him. His cock pulsed, and he wanted to sooth the dull ache he'd been trying to ignore for the last hour.

Footsteps approached from inside.

Should he bolt, flee for his freedom?

He lifted his gaze, just enough to see the doorknob turn. The scarred door swung open, and he saw Nathaniel's long, jean clad legs, his groin. Jeremy looked down, focusing on the man's feet. His mouth went dry.

"You finally decided to knock," Nathaniel said in the satin soft tone he knew made Jeremy shudder. Jeremy had told him often enough. Three months of telling.

"Yes. I didn't realise you knew I was here."

"Course I did. I watched you drive in. I watched you come up to the door."

Again, Jeremy shifted his weight from one foot to the other, incredibly aware of the thong holding his crotch a little too tightly. He forced his hands to remain where they were, not to tug at the too-fucking-tight cup, or the strap between his butt cheeks.

"Would you like to come in?" Nathaniel stepped aside and pushed the door wide.

Jeremy looked up, meeting Nathaniel's deep-set brown eyes for the first time. "Yes..." The next word would seal it.

Nathaniel didn't push, didn't rush him into saying it. He didn't have to. He simply stood and looked ahead, eyes wide, a smile on his face.

"Yes, Sir," Jeremy got out. If he'd thought his mouth was dry a few moments ago, it now resembled the Sahara.

"Excellent, I'm glad you made your decision."

Nathaniel really did sound pleased, and that made Jeremy's entry into the man's impressive home somewhat easier. Jeremy came from the *other* side of the tracks and wasn't used to the finer things. Nathaniel was showing it to him, along with a lot of other things. Jeremy was enjoying it all. Some of the new experiences he was beginning to crave. Others, like his stepping across the threshold into a new life, he wanted so much he could taste it, but he feared it as well. He was here to do a job. He was here for Sam.

"Thank you, Sir." His voice trembled. So did his hands. Fear, excitement, lust, all of that and more tore at him.

"I think before we go any further, I'd like you to strip out of those outer clothes." Nathaniel turned and walked deeper into the house, heading for the large living room.

Jeremy thrust his hands down to the bottom of his too tight tank top and skinned it up over his head. Belly and chest bared, his nipples tightened in the sudden freedom of nakedness. He sucked in a deep breath and unfastened his jeans, thrusting them down over his hips, thighs, letting them drop to the floor. He sat down, the dark wood floor cool on his butt. The thong, in all its brilliant white glory, pulled even tighter when he strong-armed his boots and socks off, then wrestled out of his jeans. He pushed his clothing into a pile, the boots under the rest, and climbed to his feet again. The strap cutting into his ass crack sawed over the sensitive skin.

For a moment, he simply stood there, unsure of whether or not he could follow Nathaniel. Alone, he reached back and tugged the strap free then let it settle in. The cup

managed to cradle his balls, but an inch or more of his cock shaft and the crown poked over the top. The hard-on angered him. Yet, he knew his excitement was in response to Nathaniel's ultra-dominance.

"Fuck!" He strode after the man, his lover, his adversary. His thoughts went to Sam, his life mate and the man who'd stolen his heart years ago. They'd lived together, loved each other and planned to spend the rest of their lives together – until one evening, Sam had tried submitting sexually to him. It hadn't even been anything outrageous. Sam had begged Jeremy to tie him to their bed and fuck him silly.

After the initial shock, Jeremy had done it and experienced a mind-blowing orgasm, but had felt incredibly guilty for his actions and foolishly left the apartment. He'd spent the night out, drinking himself into a stupor and thinking about what they'd done. Neck ties had fastened his lover's wrists to the bed. A towel around his eyes had kept Jeremy's movements and flailing swats to the smooth, muscular ass a mystery until they'd struck. Sam'd cried out with pleasure at each and every one. He'd begged for more, and for some wickedly perverse reason, Jeremy had complied.

Who really controlled? Who submitted?

While he'd lubricated Sam's anus and fingered him into near mindless oblivion, Jeremy had wondered about those two questions. All the while, his own lust had soared. He'd fucked Sam ruthlessly, slamming himself against the sleek, red ass he'd spanking only moments before. The heat of Sam's ass had driven his excitement even higher, as had his lover's pleas for more.

Jeremy had groped and prodded Sam's body in various postures, both masturbating him and teasing the poor man until his cock dripped a continual flow of pre-cum. Sam had begged for release, but Jeremy refused him for hours, revelling in the newfound power he sensed could be his.

Yet, that very thought also terrified him.

The orgasm had been so intense; Jeremy hadn't been horny again for two days—an unheard of occurrence. When he'd returned to the apartment the next afternoon, he'd started the fight to end all fights. He claimed Sam was a pervert and a sicko. He'd refused to listen to the man about his needs, his desires. Finally, Sam had agreed with him, and for the next while, he'd tried to put his submissive tendencies aside. Several weeks later, he'd left Jeremy

a note saying he couldn't ignore that side of his make up any longer. He'd tried, for the sake of their relationship and his love for Jeremy, but he couldn't continue living a lie.

It'd taken Jeremy weeks to understand how wrong he was and how much he loved Sam. After several weeks of researching what BDSM was, Jeremy had realised just how much of an ass he'd been. The thought of dominating Sam took his breath. He imagined using cuffs, gags, and a dozen other toys on his lover, only to come to the decision that if Sam was a pervert, then so was he. A stupid one at that.

He had searched for Sam then, only to discover he'd quit his job and vanished.

Two months later, Jeremy got the first glimmer of finding his Sam. A cop friend, undercover detective Ken Michelson, had seen Sam in the company of a very powerful business man. The man was Nathaniel Daye—young, tall and darkly handsome—who was well known to the cops as one of the owners of a BDSM dungeon where both men and women were enslaved. They'd been watching the man for months, trying to find proof of slave trafficking. They knew he was guilty, but so far had nothing.

At first, Jeremy had trouble grasping the fact that some of these people actually wanted to be slaves. But, the more he looked into it, the more he understood and believed. If Sam had taken up with Nathaniel, it was up to Jeremy to find him. After that, he wasn't sure, but he had to tell Sam he was sorry, at the very least.

It hadn't taken him long to find his way into Nathaniel's dungeon. Taking on the role of submissive, he'd become very popular. Nathaniel Daye had noticed.

"Jeremy, onto the platform." Nathaniel stood beside a raised dais approximately a metre around and a good step up. "I want to check you out. Assess you."

The words sounded odd. It was as if the man planned to check an animal to be sure it was healthy or had no deformities. Jeremy walked over to the small stage and stepped up onto it.

He looked around, seeing the same large room he'd seen dozens of times before. The walls held a dozen prints of varying sizes and subjects. All of them centred on some form of dominance or submission. Overstuffed chairs and couches formed four small groupings where people would no doubt pass their time chatting or discussing business. The platform Jeremy stood on was in the centre of the room.

Nathanial slowly circled him, not touching him, but definitely making sure Jeremy knew he was being looked at. "Feet at shoulder width, hands behind your neck, hips thrust forward," Nathanial barked.

Even though Jeremy was relatively new to the world of D/s, he snapped into the position quickly. With his chest puffed out and his belly sucked in, the pouch of the white silk thong seemed to bulge even more. The dome of his cock pulsed naked over the top.

Jeremy heard Nathanial moving behind him, his clothes shifting, his shoes sliding across the floor. When the man stopped and touched him, Jeremy didn't react, at least not visibly. Inside, he flinched, his heart raced. Blood pounded in his ears. The hand slid across his shoulders, gently massaging the muscles then moved down his back along his spine. Coming to rest of the outward slope of his right butt cheek, Nathanial's fingers suddenly clenched.

Jeremy gritted his teeth, but remained standing as he'd been instructed. The bite of fingers driving into his ass was more than he'd expected, but he knew Nathanial would test him. They'd discussed it days ago when he'd been asked to 'enter' the man's stable.

"Good, now take a deep breath and don't move," Nathanial said in a gruff voice.

"Yes, Sir." Jeremy braced himself for whatever the man had in mind. The hand released his butt cheek, and Jeremy sighed with a momentary relief. He hadn't even completed the exhalation before his ass was on fire. The snap of a flogger's strands told him what had hit, but as he fought to keep still, the knowledge didn't help much.

Twice more the flogger struck, and each time, Jeremy's hips thrust forward no matter how hard he strained to keep still. Something hit the floor beside him, and he quickly glanced down. It was the flogger, and he breathed a grateful sigh.

"Good," Nathanial said and circled to stand in front of him. The man's hands returned to him, touching his chest, pinching his nipples and stroking the ridges of muscles along his stomach. "Time to show you off."

"Sir?" Jeremy shifted his feet. Who would be there, beside himself?

"Come!" Nathanial lowered his hand to Jeremy's crotch.

While Nathanial toyed with his cock and balls through the cloth, two naked men entered the room from a doorway nearby. A tall blond man in what Jeremy thought was his

mid-twenties came in first, the other was Sam. Sam, golden flesh and coal black hair. Sam, whose mouth could drive him insane with the need to come like no other.

Jeremy came close to leaping from the perch he was on and racing towards his Sam. Only the firm grip Nathaniel had on his genitals kept him in place. Not so much the grip as the reminder of why he was there and who he was dealing with.

Nathaniel had security guards. Sam was there, but was he there willingly? Jeremy had to find him and see for himself. He had no idea if Sam was happy where he was and no plans other than to find him and get him out, if that's what Sam wanted. Showing Sam he understood submissive behaviour and what it meant to be dominated were the first steps to regaining the man's trust. Maybe even his love.

The hand on him wormed its way inside the material. Fingers gripped the cloth, tightened then pulled. The strap between Jeremy's buttocks burned as Nathaniel jerked the thong hard. Jeremy cringed, yet remained standing until the strap broke.

"These are my two first boys," Nathaniel said calmly. "Peter and Sam." He tossed the torn thong to the floor, then reached up and gently cupped Jeremy's balls. "They're good slaves, very willing, very obedient." The caress turned to a slow, torturous tightening. "Do you plan to be a good slave, Jeremy?" The pressure increased steadily, sending sharp threads of pain knifing down Jeremy's inner thighs.

"Yes, Sir, I plan to be a good slave." He kept his tone as even as he could. In all honesty, he wanted to yell the words and pull away, but he didn't.

"Good." He loosened his grip, but continued to hold Jeremy's testicles. "I'd hoped you'd become one of my top boys. You've got the right look. The attitude might need a little work, but we'll see what we can do about that."

About then, Sam looked up and his eyes met Jeremy's.

Jeremy winked, and when he saw Sam's eyes widen, he couldn't stop a smile from forming. He forced it back, unsure of how Nathaniel would react. He was unwilling to take a chance of Sam being sent away or chastised for misbehaviour.

With his free hand, Nathaniel slid his fingers under Jeremy's chin and lifted his face. Eyes met and locked while Nathaniel continued toying with his balls. "I'm glad you're here, Jeremy. Our time together, so far, has been incredibly rewarding, but you know I expect more of my lovers."

"Yes, Sir." Jeremy's thoughts raced. Sam was so close, yet untouchable. He needed to find a way to be with him.

"You realise your three months of trial are over. Entering my home means you've accepted the next stage of servitude." He let go of Jeremy's chin, and pinched his nipples just enough to cause a shudder of pleasure.

Jeremy's cock pulsed to full hardness under the man's hand. Sam's nearness had a lot to do with it, but Jeremy knew he couldn't attribute it all to that. No matter how much he wanted to believe Nathaniel's stable was wrong, there were men, possibly even his Sam, who would do almost anything for an invitation. The man was charming, rich beyond most people's dreams and alpha to the bone.

"Yes, I know what my being here now means, Sir. I want you to dominate me completely. I want to be one of your boys." Jeremy said it, but all he really cared about was Sam.

"Did you prepare yourself as I directed?" Nathaniel adjusted his grip, wrapping his long fingers around Jeremy's cock, and began a slow, even stroke.

"Yes, Sir, inside and out, as you requested." Just the mention of his preparation made Jeremy clench his ass cheeks tight. The action made his cock pulse and his excitement rise.

"Excellent." Nathaniel released him and stepped back. "You've also arranged to be here for some time, I assume."

Jeremy took a chance and raised his head so he could gaze at the man. Dark, shaggy brows shadowed brown eyes, giving him a mysterious, almost sinister look. The long hawk-like nose and thin lips did nothing to soften his appearance. The soft wavy hair might have if he'd worn it any other way than slicked back into a short pony tail. Severe came to mind, and that seemed to be the look he was after. Silk shirts and jeans were his chosen attire, and that's what he wore at the moment, black on black.

"Yes, I'm free for the next couple of weeks, Sir." Jeremy hoped he wouldn't need those full two weeks, but was prepared to spend longer if that's what it took.

"And, I know you've had your medical, so we're ready to begin."

"Yes, Sir." Lowering his gaze, he braced himself for whatever was about to happen.

"Peter, Sam, prepare our new boy."

Jeremy's head shot up. He fought back the urge to gape. Across the room, Sam and the other man, Peter, immediately came towards him. On Sam's face, he was sure he detected a hint of a smile. His dark eyes sparkled, and as he got near, Jeremy noticed his erection had a bead of pre-cum clinging to the tip.

It was Sam who said, "Come with us, boy, the Master commands it."

Each man grabbed him by the arm and pulled.

Chapter Two

For an instant, Jeremy was so shocked he refused to let the two men budge him. He was about to take a step ahead when a sharp swat on his butt from Nathaniel sent him dancing off the dais.

"I told the boys to move you," Nathaniel said in a gruff voice. "That's the same as my telling you to move. Don't disobey again or you'll be punished."

"Yes, Sir," Jeremy replied quickly and allowed the two men to guide him forward.

Sam had his right hand, Peter his left. Jeremy was amazed at how similar the two men looked. Of equal height and approximate weight, the only real difference was the colour of their hair. When Peter finally looked over at him, he saw that even their eyes were the same rich shade of brown. They both had long muscular legs, well-developed muscles and firm buttocks. Nathaniel must have been getting a hell of a show, Jeremy thought as he strode ahead.

Peter and Sam guided him towards what he thought was another entrance or a closet tucked away next to a seating group. When each man reached out and opened one of the doors, an alcove he'd never seen before appeared. There were rows of floggers and leather goods hanging on the wall. The biggest shock was the leather bench sitting dead centre. It was tall enough to lean over without having to bend at the knees, and the black top shone as if it had just been polished. Buckles and straps adorned each of the legs.

Jeremy turned and looked at Sam, smiling at the sight of the man he loved. Touching him seemed like the most important thing in the world, and he twisted his arms, trying to get free, but he couldn't break their hold.

"Don't fight us. Master wants you presented in a certain way. It's our job to see to it." Peter tightened his grip and quickened his pace.

Jeremy glanced at Peter. The man was so much like Sam it amazed him. "I'll do my best," he said and forced himself to relax and let them do their jobs.

Once they were all inside, Sam stared at him, eyes still wide with obvious confusion, and asked, "What in hell are you doing here?"

Peter did a double take, looking at Sam then at Jeremy, but said nothing. He led Jeremy around to the side of the bench. "This is where Master would like you bound. Lean over it, please."

Jeremy looked at the device and shuddered.

"You either do it, or Master will ask you to leave and not come back," Sam said in an even tone.

Taking his place beside the bench, Jeremy leant forward. The cool leather pressing against his belly made him shiver. The head of his cock tapped the side.

Sam stepped around the bench and squatted by Jeremy's head. "Reach down more. I need to cuff your wrists lower." He tapped the base of one leg where a leather cuff awaited.

Jeremy spread his arms and reached for the floor. He jerked when hands—Peter's—touched the back of his thighs, pushing his legs apart.

"What am I doing here?" Jeremy repeated. "I'm looking for you. I needed to see you. I need to talk to you."

"Shush," Sam hissed urgently. "Keep your voice down or you'll get us all in trouble. Master prefers his slaves to be silent unless asked to speak."

Jeremy cringed. He knew Nathaniel was a tough Dom, but he didn't realise he was this strict. He'd have to be very careful not to break the rules, at least not too often. "Do you think he'd mind if a slave tells another slave how much he loves him?"

"You can't," Sam replied in a sharp tone. "You...what? Do you understand what's going to happen to you here? Master is going to fuck your lily white ass, or he'll get one or both of us to."

"Yes, I know." Jeremy had been used many times over the last couple of months, so he felt sure he was prepared for what was about to happen.

"You know?" Sam glanced over Jeremy's shoulder towards where Master obviously stood waiting for the preparations to be finished. "Of course you know, or think you do." Sam grabbed one of Jeremy's arms and placed it so his wrist lay over the cuff. A few moments later, he pulled the buckle tight.

"I've been seeing him for some time, Sam. It took me weeks, months to find out you were here. It was the only way I could get to you."

Behind him, Peter spread his thighs and buckled his ankles to the legs of the bench. He didn't stop there, though. The slave ran his hands up and down Jeremy's legs, from ankle to just below his ass.

The sensation was enough to keep Jeremy hard, his cock tapping the underside of the bench. When the man's hands wandered a little higher, cupping his balls and stroking his cock, Jeremy couldn't stifle a soft moan.

Sam sighed. "I was devastated when I left you, Jeremy. I thought you hated what I was, who I was."

Jeremy pulled at the restraints, aching to take Sam in his arms, beg his forgiveness and take him home. The leather held firm. "I'm so sorry, Sam," he murmured, a shiver racing up his spine from Peter's touch at the same time. Emotion warred with sensation within him.

"Yes, I am too," Sam whispered and turned so his lips were inches from Jeremy's. "I loved you, Jeremy Knight, more than I have ever loved anyone else in my life. You were my knight in shining...well, you know." Leaning forward, he pressed his lips tenderly to Jeremy's in a deep, soul-searing kiss.

With Sam's mouth against his and their tongues entwined, it was easy to forget for just a moment where he was and what was taking place. If Peter's hands could only be Sam's, Jeremy would have been in heaven.

"Warming him up for me?" came the gruff voice of their Master from the alcove's entrance.

Sam pulled away, but not quickly or as if he was concerned. He simply sat back on his heels and replied, "Yes, Master." Yet, his eyes said something different—something deep and hungry.

Jeremy turned and watched Nathaniel come closer. He'd stripped down to just a pair of very skimpy, white cotton briefs. The enormous bulge in the front made Jeremy's mouth water. In the past two months, he'd become attracted to the man, even though he was there for Sam and hoped to leave with him.

"I want him begging for it," Nathaniel stood at the end of the bench, well within reach of his slaves. "Lube him, don't forget that."

"Of course not, Master," Peter said, and a moment later, Jeremy felt the cool slickness of lubricant coated fingers circling his anus. When the outer ring of muscle loosened, Peter

eased a finger inside. Another joined it when he'd relaxed enough, then a third. Three digits eased in and out of him, his balls churned with pleasure, and his cock throbbed with the building pleasure. He knew he'd need to climax soon. He also knew he'd need more direct stimulation, and worried that he'd be denied.

"Sir, may I suck him?" Sam peered up at Nathaniel, a look of such longing on his face Jeremy would have kissed him if he could.

The Master chuckled and slid a hand over the cotton clad bulge in his own shorts. "Yes, suck him. But don't let him come, or you'll pay the price."

"Yes, Master." Sam nodded then turned back to Jeremy. He winked and ducked between the slats of the bench.

A soft gust of warm air tickled his pubes. His testicles shifted, moving closer to his body, and his shaft bounced as if seeking the giver of the sensation. An uncontrollable lunge forward sent his prick flailing in the air. Jeremy groaned, his frustration mounting. The touch of softness, of lips pressed against the head of his cock sent a shudder down his spine.

"Yesss." The word gushed out of him in a long, drawn out exhalation. When his lungs were empty, the sudden sensation of wet heat surrounded his cock and sent his mind reeling. A tongue flicked across the head. A heartbeat later, it delved into the slit and tore a grunt from deep inside him. Held fixed in place by the two lovers, Jeremy wallowed in the sweet bliss of oral stimulation and anal preparation.

"Move aside, slave boy." Nathaniel's harsh tone dragged Jeremy back to the present.

Peter crawled towards the suddenly naked Nathaniel and took the foil packet he held out. Jeremy watched the submissive man open the packet and slide the condom over his Master's erection. A quick stroke and the man was ready for action.

Nathaniel strode to his place behind Jeremy. He took a firm grip on each ass cheek and thrust forward, driving his latex clad cock along Jeremy's rear. The smooth expanse of the man's dick sent a thrill of excitement through Jeremy, and he wondered at his reaction. He wasn't submissive. Yet, the sensation was incredible, and he pushed his ass back for more.

"That's it, boy," crooned Nathaniel as he ground his pelvis against Jeremy's buttocks. "Show me how much you want my cock. Beg for it."

Anger reared its ugly head only to be forced down as Jeremy raised his ass as high off the bench as he could. He dared not show the resentment he felt at the man's arrogance and

his treatment of the man he loved. To win their freedom, he'd comply with the man's wishes and learn his brand of domination. "Please, Sir, I need your cock. I beg you, fuck me. I need it bad."

Sam's teeth scraped along Jeremy's cock head just as Nathaniel pressed against his anus, then pushed inside. The thickness of the man's cock still sent a stab of pain deep into his body, even though he was stretched already. He bit his lip and spread his thighs as wide as possible to ease the insertion.

"Ah yes, fuck yes, that's it." Nathaniel's grip tightened as he pushed forward. When he was fully seated, he ground his hips slowly around before pulling out. He stopped when the head of his cock was all that remained clenched inside Jeremy's ass.

Nathaniel held there, and Jeremy tried to remain still. For long moments, they were quiet, still, but Jeremy's body betrayed him with a spasmodic tightening then loosening. As if his ass hungered for its fucking, he gripped and released Nathaniel's shaft.

"That's it, boy. Tug at my cock. Pull it back inside you."

Sam took Jeremy's entire shaft into his mouth and down his throat as Jeremy worked his ass, sucking Nathaniel's prick back in. It was like a seesaw, one taken all the way inside, while the other tormented him with the heart-stopping minimum of insertion. He gasped, he groaned, and soon, he begged for release.

"Peter, take over for Sam," Nathaniel commanded in a gruff voice. He thrust forward hard, his hips slamming against Jeremy's ass, his cock pulsing with need deep inside him.

A burst of hot liquid washed Jeremy's inside as Nathaniel spewed his load. Fingers dug into his hips, and Jeremy clenched his ass, urging the man to send another stream of cum into his ass.

"Yeah, take it," Nathaniel growled and slammed forward, flesh slapping flesh with a resounding smack. "Take my cum, boy. Fuck yeah!"

Sam pulled off his cock, leaving the dripping, pulsing head to bounce in the cool air. He slithered out from under the bench and peered up into Jeremy's eyes. 'Love you,' he mouthed and moved to the side, giving Peter room to take his place.

The pleasure of seeing Sam's excitement—his rampantly erect cock and flushed face—was almost too much for Jeremy to take. When Peter's mouth descended down the length of his shaft, Jeremy grunted at the spasms that raced through him. Peter seemed to know

exactly how much stimulation he could take before slowing the pace down. Jeremy gasped and flexed his ass, straining for the release he so desperately needed.

"Take my place, Sam."

The sudden withdrawal of the man's cock left Jeremy breathless. His anus clenched, trying to trap the man's absent prick. He groaned his disappointment. Yet he revelled in the knowledge Sam was about to take Nathaniel's place.

"Yess," he hissed and again raised his ass.

He heard rather than saw what happened behind him, the gentle brush of Nathaniel's flesh against his an added treat. The man moved to his side, then away. He was gone for some few minutes while Sam took up position at Jeremy's rear. The sound of foil being torn, then the condom being rolled over his lover's cock added to the anticipation.

"Don't let him come, slave," Nathaniel's voice preceded him into the alcove.

Jeremy glanced his way, seeing him and realising he'd gone to clean up. His cock was limp and dry, the used condom gone.

"Yes, Master," Sam replied in a soft, yearning voice.

Jeremy trembled, his cock ached. His balls were full and heavy between his thighs. Sweat trickled off his face, his nose, landing with small, plopping sounds on Peter's back. The man's wet mouth sent shivers of lust knifing through him.

The smooth roundness of Sam's cock pressed against Jeremy's hole. Sam gripped his hip in a way Jeremy had grown accustomed to before his world fell apart. The slow insertion focused him completely. It was only when he felt Sam's belly against his ass that he realised Nathaniel was speaking.

"...will obey any free person you meet. Two, you speak only when spoken to. You're never to ask why or when. If a free person gives you a command, you do it and you do it happily.

"Jeremy, you're the newest slave, and that makes you the lowest of the low. You will obey all the other slaves as if they were free. Got that?"

Jeremy turned his face up, trying to look into Nathaniel's eyes. He could barely see the man's chin, but responded quickly, "Yes, Sir. I understand."

Nathaniel strode forward, straddling the crouching Peter, and stopped only when his prick very nearly touched Jeremy's mouth. "Open your mouth."

Jeremy parted his lips and slid his tongue back and forth along them. Nathaniel's cock touched his mouth, and he opened wider, taking the crown in. He ran his tongue around the soft knob and along the slit, feeling it pulse into a firm mouthful.

"When you come upon a free person, you will present yourself properly." Nathaniel's voice quivered. He thrust his hips forward, pushing the rest of his dick in. "By that I mean, you'll put your hands behind your head, spread your feet to shoulder width apart and push your hips forward. I prefer you to be hard for that. Anyone can inspect you, at any time."

Jeremy's gut clenched. Knowing he'd submit to Nathaniel was one thing, but to others? And slaves? Discussions of his submission had never touched on either.

"You will always ask to climax, whether it's me, another free person or a slave. You will not come without gaining permission." Nathaniel ground his crotch against Jeremy's face, his cock worming its way down his throat.

Behind him, Sam gently seesawed himself in and out of Jeremy's ass. Peter, his mouth still glued to Jeremy's erection, was driving him insane with need. Nipping at the head, tracing the slit with a dextrous tongue, the slave had Jeremy balanced on the verge of coming with every heartbeat racing through him. When Jeremy thrust his hips forward, his cock buried itself deep in Peter's throat. The man automatically swallowed, the muscles flexing around Jeremy's shaft, deliciously tight.

"That's it boy, suck me. Make me hard. Oh yeah, like that," Nathaniel crooned. His pace quickened. The length and breadth of his shaft expanded rapidly, going from a comfortable mouthful to stiffness.

Jeremy gagged. Tears streamed down his face. Yet, excitement had such a grip on him, he'd have happily taken on more. When the man's prick pulsed and sent a gush of cream down his throat, he greedily drank it all. There wasn't nearly as much the second time around, mostly oozing after the initial spurt.

When Nathaniel pulled his cock free and stumbled back to a nearby chair, the other two men continued their tormenting attention. Peter's mouth was like a silken glove. Sam's cock reminded him of the times they'd fucked during happier days. Jeremy whimpered with pleasure, desperate to come yet denied release. The slaves had been trained well, it seemed.

Nathaniel seemed to tire of the show and finally raised a hand and said, "Enough. Take him to the slave quarters. I'm beat. Remember, Jeremy, the only way you can come is if you

get permission. It's up to you to convince someone to allow it." The man rose to his feet and staggered from the room.

Sam gently eased out of his ass and pressed the flat of his hand against Jeremy's distended anus. Peter slid his mouth off Jeremy's cock and gently kissed the throbbing head, making it bounce up against the bench.

Abandoned, Jeremy couldn't control the jerky thrusting of his hips or the trembling of his inner thighs. His balls shifted and the muscles in his buttocks clenched.

The two men bent to release him, fingers quickly unbuckling the cuffs holding him to the bench. When they rose, he tried to stand as well, only to waver. His balance was shot. Hell, his nerves were so jangled he could barely think straight.

"Peter, would you clean up the alcove?" Sam asked his fellow slave.

"Sure thing. I'll see you both in quarters."

"Thanks." Sam grabbed Jeremy by the arm and pulled him from the alcove.

Jeremy glanced back and saw Peter with a cloth wiping down the bench. The man turned his face their way and winked.

"Come on," Sam whispered urgently. "We've got a little time before Peter joins us."

Jeremy tried to hurry, but his thoughts continually went to his excitement, his aching cock and balls. The dull emptiness of his ass nagged at me. "Does he do this to everyone?"

"Yeah, pretty much. It's his way of showing us he's boss."

"Great." Jeremy stumbled after his Sam. He was thrilled he'd found the man, even if it meant he'd die of frustration before they got a chance to actually talk to each other. "So, do I ask you if I can come or what?"

Sam chuckled and dragged Jeremy around a corner. They were in a short hallway and the door to the room ahead was open, its interior in darkness. When they got to it, Sam leaned in and flicked on a light. "Can you come, the new slave asks?" He pushed Jeremy into the room and closed the door behind them. "Yes, it's me you ask, or Peter. Or any free person you feel you can speak to without getting walloped for talking first."

"Ah, I see his wicked intent." Jeremy reached for Sam. "May I come?" he whispered and slipped his hand over Sam's back. "May I spear you with my cock and fill you with my spunk?" He stroked a little lower, cupping his lover's ass as he murmured, "I so love your ass."

"Bugger," Sam groaned and pushed Jeremy towards the small mountain of blankets in the middle of the floor. There was no bed, no dresser or other furniture. A large towel covered the single window. Even the light bulb overhead was bare.

"Yeah, I want to bugger you. Fuck you, slam my cock into your hot ass. May I?" Jeremy slid his finger tips along the deep cleft of Sam's ass. He leaned in and brushed his lips over the man's muscular shoulders.

"Yes, I want your cock inside me." Sam pulled away and sank to his hands and knees on the pile of bedding. Looking back over his shoulder and said, "Lube's in the corner." He nodded to where a large tube of cream lay. "Rubbers with it."

Jeremy went to get the lube and noticed a pile of foil wrapped condoms behind it. He grabbed one of them and the lube. By the time he was back behind Sam, he'd torn into the foil wrapper. He looked down at Sam and smiled. "Here," he said and held out the condom. "Put this on me."

Sam looked thoughtfully at him and took the rubber. "You've changed. What happened?" Not waiting for an answer, he scrambled around and got to his knees. Carefully, he rolled the latex over Jeremy's cock.

"I grew up. I realised how much I loved you. I also got to know myself a little better," Jeremy replied in a trembling voice. "Lube me," he commanded and held out the tube of lubricant. The subtle play of power sent a shiver down his spine. His cock pulsed, and he took hold of it at the base. The desire to masturbate was nearly overwhelming, but the thought of missing out on a great fuck stayed his hand.

"Yes, Sir." Sam squeezed a large dollop of cream into his palm and quickly anointed Jeremy's prick. The man then turned his back and leant forward, pressing his shoulders to the bedding. Reaching back, he pulled himself open with one hand and lubricated his anus with the other.

Watching his lover prepare for the fucking to come, Jeremy fell in love all over again. Months had passed since they'd been together, but it didn't matter. The look in Sam's eyes said the same.

He knelt behind Sam's luscious ass and pushed his hands aside. "Just as sexy and hot as I remembered." He pried the taut ass cheeks apart and peered down at the tightly clenched

hole. With practiced ease, he shifted his own hips until the tip of his cock kissed the wrinkled opening. Carefully, he thrust forward.

"Oh fuck!" Jeremy growled and bit his lip, fighting for some modicum of control. The head popped in, and he had to stop or he'd have shot right then. He chewed on the inside of his cheek until the slight pain allowed him to refocus. He eased forward a little at a time, revelling in the tight slickness held him like a glove.

"Yeah, do me. I love your cock, Jeremy." Sam pushed back. "I love the way it stretches me no matter how prepared I am."

Jeremy tightened his grip on Sam's hips and let the man impale himself. Let him ramble on, as was his want, and tried not to come. He desperately wanted just that—to spew his load, fill the condom sheathing his length and hear his Sam groan as he pumped his ass.

"Hold still," Jeremy gasped, his control slipping dangerously. "Don't fucking move. I'm so close." He pulled Sam back and held him tight against his belly. His cock pulsed, but he managed to hold off.

"I want to feel you come. Jeremy, come for me. Please, Sir." The last two words did it. Jeremy couldn't deny his Sam, or himself. Easing back, he gritted his teeth and remained still for a dozen heart beats. Then he lunged forward, his stomach slapping Sam's ass.

"Yes, do me, fuck me!" Sam lunged back and forth, fucking himself on Jeremy's cock.

"Oh yeah, fuck yourself. Make me come." Jeremy helped his lover move, guiding him and thrusting hard.

Control fell by the wayside, and his need to come took over. He quickened the pace, slamming hard into Sam's body again and again. A handful of thrusts and he climaxed gloriously, spewing his load into the condom. He jerked back then thrust ahead, desperately, forcefully. The shuddering release left him breathless, and as Sam lay beneath him groaning, Jeremy collapsed across his back. Falling forward onto the mound of blankets, Sam clenched his ass.

Behind him, Jeremy heard the door open.

"Hey, you started without me."

Chapter Three

Jeremy lazily turned and saw Peter standing in the doorway. "Sorry. I was about ready to screw anything with a hole in it. Sam made the mistake of saying I could come."

Peter stepped into the room and laughed. "Yeah, well, Sam's too easygoing sometimes."

"Easy, but damn good, I'd say," Jeremy quipped. Still buried in Sam's ass, the clenching of his anal muscles around Jeremy's super sensitive prick caught him completely by surprise. He yelped and eased out. He rolled off and laid his arm across Sam's back, protectively, possessively.

Peter joined them on the make-shift bed, sliding down and cuddling with Sam on the other side. While Sam sighed with obvious contentment, Peter asked, "You're the Jeremy he's talked about, aren't you?"

Jeremy glanced down at Sam and smiled. *So, he's talked about me.* Looking back at Peter, he grinned. "Yes, I suppose I am. Not horrible things, I hope."

"No, not horrible at all." Peter wrapped his arm a little more tightly around Sam's body. "Although it seems when he left, it wasn't what he really wanted."

Lying between the two men, Sam seemed to think the best thing for him was to remain quiet for the moment.

Jeremy sighed and closed his eyes for a moment of thought. "Yes. The parting sucked. I wish I'd known then what I'm beginning to realise now." Opening his eyes, he found Sam staring at him.

"I have to tell you," Sam said in a husky voice, "Peter means a lot to me. We've been together here, taken care of each other. We're both submissives, and Nathaniel has been our Master, together."

"Yes, my sexy slut, I think I knew that the moment I saw you enter the room back there." He nodded towards the door, and the room where he'd first seen Sam after so many weeks. "I had hoped we could salvage something."

"I'm sure we can, Sir," came Sam's soft reply.

"Sir...you call me Sir." Jeremy couldn't control the excitement he felt. "But, what about Nathaniel?"

"Nathaniel." Sam turned his face to where Peter lay and said, "I met Nathaniel at the dungeon club. He spotted me, and I guess I was flattered that someone with that much power was interested." He looked back into Jeremy's eyes and said, "I was at a pretty low time, vulnerable doesn't even come close."

"Yes, and that was all my fault. I'm so sorry, my Sam."

Sam kissed him tenderly, then pulled back. "Mostly, but not all. I should have told you about myself, that part of myself, much sooner. I handled it badly."

"And so did I."

"Anyway, Nathaniel pursued me. Wined and dined me for a month. I've never known anyone more powerful, with so much money. He lavished me with all kinds of gifts. When he asked me if I'd like to move in here, I pretty much leapt at the chance."

A cloud of unhappiness seemed to drift into Sam's eyes. When he spoke again, it was like he was a million miles away.

"I knew Nathaniel had more than me as his submissive. I'd never met any of the others. I thought there was only one, maybe two more." He focused and looked directly at Jeremy. "There are others—dozens of them. He buys and sells slaves. Peter and I are his personal slaves. Well, we were until you showed up."

"Now, I'll be sold along with the others he's got stashed in the dungeon." Peter's eyes gleamed with unshed tears.

Sliding his arm further around Sam, Jeremy touched Peter's side and stroked the man. "We've got some time. We'll see what we can sort out."

Sam flipped over so he was lying on his back and looked at the ceiling. "Can we turn out the damn light?"

Peter scrambled from the bedding and flicked off the light. A moment later, he was back with them, cuddled up against Sam, his hand on Jeremy's hip.

Sam's voice came from out of the dark like some mystical story teller's. "We do have some time, but Jeremy, I really don't know how we'll get out of here. Nathaniel's been doing this for a long time. As far as I know, nobody's ever escaped."

Yawning, Jeremy finally asked, "Has anyone ever tried? I mean his personal slaves, not those he keeps in the dungeon. And, by the way, where is this dungeon? Not here, or is it?"

"Yes, it's here, but not at the house." Peter shifted so he could reach more of Jeremy's body. "When you arrived, do you remember seeing a couple of barns?"

"Yes, one right behind the house, the other in the distance." Jeremy's eyes were growing heavy, and he allowed them to close. After all, it was dark, and he couldn't see anything anyways.

"Behind the nearest barn, there's a trap door. I guess everyone assumes it's for storage. No one's ever even looked there. If you open it and go to the bottom of the stairs, there's another door. It's secured with a combination lock. Through there, Nathaniel has slave cells."

"How many?" Jeremy's mind was dull. He needed sleep. He'd had very little the night before and could barely keep his eyes open. Beside him, Sam's breathing grew deeper, as if he, too, was heading for dreamland.

"I'm not sure. The last time Nathaniel sent me to feed them, I would guess maybe fifty. Most of them are young women, but there are maybe fifteen young men too."

"That's insane!" How did the man get away with it? The mere thought of the man's power sent a chill down his spine.

"Yeah, it is. But he's gotten away with it for so long, he must figure he's invincible."

"Sam." Jeremy stroked his lover's belly, then reached further over and ran his palm along the smooth expanse of Peter's body. "You said you jumped at the chance to move in here with Nathaniel. Does that mean you want to stay with him?" The question hung in the air for a millennium of heartbeats. Tired as he was, Jeremy could scarcely breathe waiting for his lover to reply.

"Until he decided to send Peter away, he was someone I thought I cared for. He knows how I feel, but it doesn't seem important to him. Now, Nathaniel's just a man. Someone who I'd leave in a second, if I could."

"If you could?"

"If we could," added Peter.

"We'll find a way." Jeremy stifled another yawn. "But right now, we all need some sleep."

"Yes, it's been a hell of a long day, Sir."

"We'll talk in the morning, if that's all right with you, Sir," said Peter in his soft voice.

Too tired to wonder at Peter referring to him as 'Sir', Jeremy simply said, "Yes, in the morning." He pulled Sam a little closer and felt himself sink into a deep sleep.

* * * *

"Hey!" Jeremy sputtered, leaping to his feet. A body hit his, knocking him to the side. Something wrapped around his feet, and he nearly fell. Hands grabbed his arms, supporting him. Spinning around, he hauled back, ready to swing.

Standing by the door, an empty, five-gallon pail dangling from one hand, was a laughing Nathaniel.

Forcing down his anger, Jeremy growled, "Fuck!"

Beside him, Peter straightened up and swung his hands behind his neck. Feet at shoulder width, he sucked in his gut and thrust his hips forward. Jeremy glanced to his left and saw Sam doing the same.

"Well?" Nathaniel snarled. "Move it, boy!"

Caught completely off guard, Jeremy managed to assume the proper position, albeit much slower than his companions. His morning erection thrust out, bouncing like an outraged bobble head, as did those of both Sam and Peter.

"Aren't you the lazy bunch?" Nathaniel dropped the pail and strode into the small room. He paced before the three men, eyeing them as if they were nothing more than meat. "Here I am, wide awake and raring to go, and the slaves of the house lay around sleeping."

"Sorry, Master," whispered Peter.

Nathaniel turned on him. "Yes, you certainly are. All of you. I've never seen a sorrier lot of lazy slaves. My breakfast unmade, my clothes weren't laid out for me—what the hell do you think I have you for? It sure as hell isn't your good looks."

Jeremy's temper rose. The man was a lunatic.

Over Nathaniel's shoulder, Jeremy spotted movement and his blood ran cold. Leaning belligerently against the wall just beyond the entrance to the room was an armed man. Brandishing a handgun, the guy looked like he meant business.

Where the fuck did he come from? How many more are there hanging around?

"Today, you'll clean the house." Nathaniel walked easily around them, and Jeremy spotted what looked like a miniature cattle prod slung from the man's belt. "Peter, Sam, you know the routine. Show Jeremy and don't be lazy or you'll all pay dearly."

"Yes, Master," Peter and Sam chorused.

Jeremy gaped, but quickly added his own, "Yes, Master." He then waited for the next instruction. His gaze went from Nathaniel to the guard and back again.

"Before you start, I've got some news you might all be interested in." He stopped pacing, turning to face the three men, arms crossed and a cruel smile on his face. "Peter, you know I keep two top boys. With Jeremy here now, there are three. One has to go, and seeing as I've had you the longest and grown bored with you of late, you're going to be on the auction block tonight along with the others I'll be selling."

"Master, no!" Peter sank to his knees. Yet, even in his obvious confusion and distress, he kept his hands clasped behind his head. "Please, Master Nathaniel. Please, no, you can't."

Nathaniel took a step forward, rage on his face. He raised his arm and snarled, then brought his hand down across Peter's face. The blow sent the man sprawling across the floor.

Jeremy clenched his hands into fists. It took every ounce of strength to keep from pounding his fist into the guy's face. The guard raised his pistol, apparently ready to fire if need be.

"You will never, never speak to me like that, damn uppity slave," roared Nathaniel. His face was flushed with fury. "By the look of it, it's time you left. I don't put up with disobedience." With the toe of his shoe, he nudged Peter's leg. "Get up, present yourself, now."

The guard came into the room and stood just inside the door, gun at the ready. Nathaniel seemed to ignore the man, but Jeremy noticed the master's hand went to the rod on his belt.

This is bullshit. We've got to get out of here! "Sir, please, Sir," Jeremy said in the most submissive tone he could manage. He had to get Nathaniel's attention off the poor man.

The crazed Dominant turned towards him. "Jeremy, you'd better learn the rules fast. You were told never to speak unless told to by a free person, right?"

Swallowing, Jeremy looked into the man's eyes and saw nothing but anger there. "Yes, Sir. I just—"

"No, you don't. I said, you will not speak unless told to. That's the rule. Period!" Nathaniel turned away from him and resumed his place before them. He waited a moment before he spoke again.

Jeremy watched Peter climb to his feet and wipe a drop of blood from the corner of his mouth. He quickly got into presentation posture and looked at the floor before his Master's feet.

"Sam, I'm going to leave Jeremy's training to you. Make sure he complies with my wishes and the cleaning is done correctly.

"Seeing as you couldn't be bothered to drag yourselves out of bed to make my breakfast, none of you will eat until your chores are done. Understood?"

"Yes, Master," all three replied together. Jeremy looked at Sam, who was obviously upset by what was happening.

"Good," he growled and turned to leave. Over his shoulder, he called, "Get to it then. Fuckin' lazy...."

The guard followed him, but only to the end of the short hall where he took up position. He smirked at the three of them, then held his handgun up, as if he was taking target practice on them.

Jeremy's belly clenched. He'd come to rescue Sam, but it looked like it was going to be more difficult than he'd thought. Simply walking out wasn't going to happen. He had to think of a plan.

Peter sank onto the bedding and sat staring emptily at a wall. "What the fuck have I gotten myself into?" he mumbled.

Sam crouched down beside him and hugged the man close. Jeremy went around to the other side and did the same. "Sam, is there any way I can get to a phone?"

"A phone, are you insane?" Sam looked at him as if he'd completely lost his mind.

"I'll take that as a no," Jeremy said, as the three of them got to their feet then left the slaves' quarters.

Sam looked at him and shrugged. "I've never actually looked or tried to get near one. I had no desire to leave here." He reached out and pulled Peter close, hugging the man. "Peter and I... Well, we've become close. I just never thought Nathaniel would separate us."

"I guess we were both pretty blind." Peter slipped his arm around Sam's waist. "Pretty stupid too. We've seen what a bastard that man can be."

They came out into the main room, and Sam veered towards the left. Going through the door, Jeremy found himself in what appeared to be a mud room. Shelves lined the walls, and the smell of cleaning supplies filled the air.

"Peter, get the dusting rags," Sam suggested as he picked up a tray with half a dozen cleaning fluids lined up on it. "Jeremy, this is all pretty basic. We just dust and mop the floors. Once a week, we do the windows and mirrors as well."

"Like hell I will," he grumbled. The way Nathaniel had treated them all was still foremost in his thoughts, and he wanted to do something about it. "Do we ever get clothes?"

Chuckling, Sam looked at Jeremy closely and reached for the hard-on that had reaffirmed itself. "Fraid not. Well, not what you'd call clothing. Occasionally, Nathaniel will dress us in leather or something he thinks is hot. Might sport a cock ring or some tit clamps for a while."

"Nice," he said, sarcastically. "So you're always nude." That was going to make escape a little more difficult. *Three naked men traipsing down the street might draw unwanted attention.*

Peter grabbed a cloth bag full of cleaning cloths and headed back to the main room. Jeremy took the opportunity to speak to Sam. "You said you loved me, did you really mean it?"

Sam met his gaze and smiled. "Yes, I never stopped. I thought I'd spend the rest of my life loving you, but unable to touch you again."

He leant forward and kissed Sam. When he pulled away, he said, "I thought I'd never find you. We'll both have to make sure it doesn't happen again. All right?"

"Yes, very all right."

"What about Peter?"

"I care for him. We didn't have anyone but each other here. Nathaniel turned into...whatever he's become, and Peter and I, we..."

"You want him with us, don't you?" Jeremy wondered how they'd work out, all three of them together.

"Yes, for a while at least. I really do care for him. Not like you, but he's special."

"I see that. He's sexy as hell too." Jeremy winked and reached for the doorknob. "We better get going. He's going to wonder what we're doing in here. The guard might not be impressed if we're gone too long."

"Grab that," Sam said and pointed to a long handled mop leaning against the wall by the door.

He did and followed Sam from the room.

They spent several hours dusting and cleaning the house. Jeremy kept his eyes on the guard while he worked. The man seemed to watch them for a while, then he'd get bored and wander off, only to return minutes later to lean against the wall close by.

When he was sure the guard would be gone for a few minutes, Jeremy hurried to Sam's side. "I'll be right back. Going to find a phone, I hope." Before Sam could protest, he raced from the room, heading for where he thought Nathaniel's office must be.

Down an unfamiliar hallway, he opened door after door until he came to what looked like the right place. He peered inside, making sure there was no one there, before entering. The heavy velvet curtains were drawn so he couldn't tell what time of day it was, but there was enough light to see fairly well. He quickly searched the desktop then the shelves, but found no phone.

"Damn," he muttered and quickly left the room. He looked back at where he knew Sam and Peter were working, but decided to go a little farther down the long, brightly lit hallway. Two more doors opened, both to guest bedrooms, before he again found an office. He stepped inside, looking around hurriedly for a phone.

He thought he'd come up empty again and was about ready to head back to the main room when he spotted a phone jack, with a cord plugged into it. He rushed across the room and followed the cord to a small cubby in the wall-to-wall bookcase. Opening the sliding door, he saw the phone.

"Yes," he whispered and felt his heart leap with joy. He grabbed the receiver and listened. The dial tone hummed in his ear. With trembling fingers, he dialled Ken's phone number.

Chapter Four

"Please, please, be there, be there," he chanted while listening to the rings. After the fourth ring, it went to voicemail. "Fuck!"

For a moment, he stood there not sure what he should do. He finally blurted, "Ken, this is Jeremy Knight. I need your help. Nathaniel Radcliff. Tonight there's going to be a slave auction. Not at the house. There's a barn right behind it, and at the back of that, there's a trap door leading down to where he keeps his slave stock. He's going to be selling some of them. I don't have a clue how many, but he's got the capacity for fifty, maybe more, slaves down there." Before he could say anything else, the phone went dead.

"Fuck!" he snarled quietly.

Time was passing, and he decided he should get back to Sam and Peter before the guard returned and came looking for him. Replacing the receiver, he closed the slider and left the room. He glanced up and down the hall, listened for anything unusual. Once sure all was quiet, he jogged back to the main room.

Sam looked up when he entered the room, cocked his head and shrugged.

Jeremy made a beeline straight for him, grabbing a cleaning rag on the way. He swiped at the top of a coffee table and peered around, looking for the guard. He spotted the man slouched against a far wall, gazing through the window. He apparently hadn't noticed Jeremy's absence or return.

Beside Sam, he bent down and dragged his cloth over the lower shelf of the coffee table near by. He whispered, "Found a phone, but couldn't get in touch with my cop friend."

Sam looked his way and frowned. "Later, we'll talk."

"When will the sale happen?"

"Usually happen pretty late. Master...fuck, Nathaniel likes to give the buyers time to inspect the goods. He also likes to be pleased before the auction."

"Okay, later."

"Time to do some kitchen work. We get to prep for the evening meal." Sam straightened up and motioned for Peter to follow them.

The guard seemed to take notice of them and wandered after them as they returned the cleaning tools to the mud room.

Jeremy learned more about preparing foods for fine dining than he could ever wish to know after that. They washed, peeled and sliced. They trimmed the fat from beef steaks, made countless trips to the pantry for more of this or that at Sam's request. Jeremy finally growled when his lover asked him to scale a large silver fish in one of the double sinks.

"Jeremy, maybe I'll do the fish and you should finish here," Sam suggested, stepping away from the counter. He'd been shucking corn into a bowl.

"Good plan. I'm ready for a break." He took Sam's place and picked up a cob.

"We'll get a chance to rest soon. When we're done here, we'll go back to our quarters and rest until the auction."

"Yeah, you'll get to help prepare me for sale," Peter piped in from his station on the far counter. He looked bleakly at Sam, then returned to his job of slicing vegetables into a large pot.

The guard had wandered off again, so Jeremy went to Peter's side and wrapped an arm around the man's waist. "Peter, we'll find you. No matter what happens, Sam and I will find you and get you out of this."

The man looked up at him and tried to smile. It fell flat. "Impossible. You're talking about a network the cops have been trying to break into for months, if not years."

"Ah, but they didn't get a call from an insider until today."

"What?" Peter stared at him, a hint of hope deep in his eyes.

"I found a phone. I didn't actually talk to anyone, but I did leave a message on a friend's voicemail."

Peter's face broke into a genuine smile, and he wrapped his arms around Jeremy's neck. "Thank you, my god, thank you."

"Hey, you're going to make Sam jealous." But he didn't pull away or try to disengage. The man's body against his felt wonderful.

"What the hell do you two think you're doing?" Nathaniel's outraged voice came from the direction of the doorway.

Peter's arms fell away, and Jeremy turned to face the man. Dressed in a black silk shirt and tight black slacks, he looked amazing with his hair loose around his shoulders. The snarl he aimed at Jeremy turned his face into a mask of ugly disdain.

"Just comforting him, sir. He's not looking forward to the auction this evening," Jeremy said looking over at Sam. He wasn't surprised to see he'd turned and faced his Master. He'd gone into presentation position as well and Jeremy quickly followed suite. Hands behind his neck, legs spread and his pelvis thrust forward. The position that had once seemed so sexy no longer held any attraction for him.

"What the hell do I care how a slave feels?" Nathaniel strode into the room and stopped when he got to where Sam had been cleaning the fish. He looked down at the silver body then at Sam, wrinkling his nose. "I do hope you plan on cleaning up before I need you later, boy?"

"Yes, Master, as soon as we're done here," Sam replied.

"Then get busy," Nathaniel snapped and moved around the room. He seemed to be looking for something they'd done wrong. Finally, he stormed from the room, the guard on his heels.

"Phew!" Peter said and got back to his job. "Let's get this done and get out of here."

"You got it." Sam went back to scaling the fish then washed the scales down the drain. They all finished about the same time and wiped down the counters before heading back to their quarters, Jeremy in the lead.

As soon as Peter closed the door behind himself, Jeremy reached out and grabbed his arm, and Sam's. "Come here you two."

Sam on the right, Peter on the left, the hug quickly turned into a group grope that left Jeremy gasping and as hard as a rock. It felt like each man was trying to outdo the other stimulating him, and he was about ready to explode all over the bedding. He gently disentangled himself and asked, "Bed or shower?"

Sam looked at Peter and took a whiff of himself. "Shower, I smell like a damn fish."

Peter chuckled. "Yeah, you do." He looked Jeremy in the eye then lowered his gaze to the erection that felt like iron. He licked his lips. "Yeah, shower works for me, as long as I get a taste of that."

"Sure will, so where's this shower?" Jeremy looked around the room but saw nothing but walls and the covered window.

"Follow me," Sam said and left the room.

"Oh yeah, I'll follow that ass anywhere," Jeremy said on the way out.

Behind him, Peter reached out and ran his hands along Jeremy's sides, then over his ass. It was a good thing the shower was next door, or he wasn't sure they'd have made it. The door closed, and Peter was on his knees and spinning Jeremy around. His cock wound up tapping the man's cheek and that sent a shudder straight up Jeremy's spine.

"You're like a dog in heat, my man," Sam said from a few steps farther into the room.

Jeremy looked up at his Sam and smiled. The room was simple with unadorned white tile. Four shower nozzles protruded from the wall and a two drain holes would take care of the water. A rack of white towels and a smaller one with shaving gear hung right next to where Jeremy stood finished the room.

"Maybe we'll change his name to Fido or something," Jeremy gasped. The man's soft, wet tongue stabbed at the tip of his cock, just before it vanished into his mouth. Silken smoothness tugged at him. Jeremy would have collapsed if Sam hadn't come up behind him and wrapped him in his strong, tanned arms.

"Yeah, Rex or Fido, although, I do love yelling 'Peter' when he makes me come."

"Oh yeah," Jeremy whispered. His knees buckled and Sam's grip tightened.

"Peter, let's get into the shower," Sam suggested and gently eased Jeremy backwards.

The tension on his cock shaft was nearly too much, but finally, Peter released him. The man smiled up at him and Jeremy grinned. "Go turn the water on, would you?"

"You got it, Sir," Peter leapt to his feet and scooted to the first shower head. He turned the water on and, in moments, was back. "Sir, can I ask about that phone call you made?"

"Yes, of course," Jeremy took a deep breath to calm himself before he continued, "I didn't actually get to talk to the guy I know. Ken Michelson, he's an undercover cop. I did leave him voicemail, though, so he knows where and approximately when this auction is supposed to go down."

"But he might not check his voicemail," Peter said, and his eyes hinted at panic.

"No, he might not." Jeremy wasn't going to give anyone false hope, but he also wasn't going to make it seem any worse than it was already. "But I know this guy pretty well.

Unless he's unable to get to a phone, he'll check it." *Providing he's not on a job*, he thought, but kept that to himself. He'd spoken to Ken very recently, and the man hadn't said anything about a trip, which was his way of saying he'd be gone for a while.

"You think he'll bring the cavalry?" Sam asked. He took Jeremy's hand and pulled him ahead, into the misty depths of the shower.

"Yeah, I do," Jeremy replied. The water sluiced over him, then over Sam and Peter. He wound up the filling in their sandwich, with Sam behind him and Peter in front. They kissed, Peter and he, their lips and tongues slipping and sliding over each other, while Sam massaged his back and butt. Fingers found their way between his ass cheeks and into the warmth of his hole. He clenched on them, and Sam groaned.

"Bastard," Sam whispered into Jeremy's ear. A moment later, the man's fingers withdrew, and he rushed to where the shaving gear was. He returned a moment later, a condom covering his beautifully hard cock. He grabbed a bar of soap and lathered up his hands. "I've wanted your ass for so long. May I, Sir?"

"If you don't soon, I may have to punish you." Jeremy smiled at the surprise mixed with excitement on Sam's face.

"Yes, Sir." Sam moved in behind and again worked his fingers over Jeremy's ass.

With Sam working his magic behind him, and Peter tormenting him from the front, Jeremy was in lust-filled heaven. Peter lowered himself, kissing and licking as he moved down Jeremy's throat and chest. His teeth grazed over each nipple, his tongue wound a crooked trail down the centre of his belly. He twirled his tongue in Jeremy's navel, just as Sam eased the head of his latex covered cock past Jeremy's outer ring of muscle and into the dark depths of his ass.

"Oh my god, oh my god," Jeremy droned as he climbed towards release.

Peter nibbled along the length of Jeremy's cock, taking the head in then sucking hard. He kept it up until Jeremy grabbed his ears and forced him off. Unable to take the teasing of Peter's mouth any longer, Jeremy needed to fuck him.

"The wall," he growled, dragging Peter off Sam's cock and to his feet. He spun his new lover, and gave him a firm push. "Grab the wall." He held the man's slim hips, forcing him to lean forward. Kicking his feet apart, Jeremy groaned when he saw how the man's ass presented itself so beautifully.

"Fuck," he grunted. He had no condom. He needed a condom now.

"Here," Sam said, and over his shoulder, Sam's hand appeared holding the small foil packet Jeremy so longed for.

He grabbed it and tore it open with his teeth. Desperation made his hands shake, his breathing to come out rough gasps. He fought to get the condom on, nearly tore it in the process until steadier hands took over. Peter's hands, lovely, long fingers delicately rolling the sheer latex over the last inches of Jeremy's prick.

Sheathed, ready to fuck, he snarled, "Get ready, I need to fuck you, now."

"Yes, Sir." The lusty dark haired man rose and spun. Placing his hands on the wall, he arched his back and parted his legs, making his ass cheeks spread.

Shuffling forward, Jeremy speared him, unlubed, unprepared, yet so obviously ready for his fucking. Jeremy noticed a ring of foam around the base of his cock and smiled. Peter had soaped himself while Jeremy struggled with the condom.

He was fucked from behind with long, luxurious strokes. Sam's cock filled him then pulled nearly completely free. Fucking from the front, Jeremy's cock eased in and drew out of the sexy man's ass while he gripped hips new to him. His mind a jumble of idiotic thoughts of pleasures passed and more to come. His balls churned, cum rose, an explosion of lust threatened. So near he tasted it, so close he breathed it.

"Yes, fuck him," roared Sam in his ear as he slammed into Jeremy's ass and held himself there. His cock pulsed, sending its load into the condom. He gasped, and his prick throbbed again, just as hard, just as forceful, shooting another stream of cum out. More pulses followed, less forceful, yet equally as pleasurable from the groans and whimpers Jeremy heard.

His own climax hit by surprise. A sudden soaring pleasure took him, sent him, carried him away. His cock throbbed, sending a ribbon of cum into the tightly clenched hole. He echoed Sam's roar of triumph as he too shot another load into a warm ass.

Peter was the first to pull away, his own climax slithering down the white tile before him. He turned and wrapped his arms around Jeremy's neck. "Damn!" he mumbled and kissed his throat.

Sam eased out and stepped around to Jeremy's side. He reached out and pulled the used condom off Jeremy's cock then pulled off the one he'd filled. He tossed them onto the shower floor and reached for the soap. "I think we all need to clean up now."

Jeremy shuddered, his climax just receding. "Yeah, we all stink some." He chuckled.

Soap in hand, he attacked Peter while Sam worked the soap into his flesh. It took them some time to get clean, but finally, when the water was turning cool, Jeremy called a halt to their fun. "I'm beat, you two. Let's see if we can get a little shut eye while our betters eat."

Even Peter seemed more relaxed, not so worried about the auction. Although Jeremy wasn't so sure things were going to go well. *Ken, please check your phone.*

* * * *

"Come on you lazy, good for nothing, uppity slaves!"

The words connected just as ice cold water tore the breath from Jeremy's lungs. Beside him, someone gagged and sputtered. Behind him, another man yelped and pushed against Jeremy's back.

Scrambling to his feet, Jeremy peered towards the voice. Nathaniel stood in the doorway, hands on hips, empty pail on the floor beside him. Peter struggled to his feet, and Sam got into presentation position. Jeremy bit back the curse he longed to say. The guard standing behind Nathaniel the only reason he didn't leap on the man.

"About time you three woke up. Dinner's done, it's time for the auction." Nathaniel stepped aside and the guard, plus three more, rushed in. They went straight for Peter, grabbing him by the arms, and while two watched Jeremy and Sam, the others dragged the poor man out.

"Nathaniel, don't do this, please, Master" yelled Peter, struggling against the men holding him.

Jeremy lowered his arms and took a step forward, only to have a guard close in on him. Nathaniel ignored Peter and strode in, his hand going to the prod at his belt.

"I'm sick and tired of slaves thinking they can get away with disobedience," he snarled and aimed the prod at Jeremy's middle.

When it touched his flesh, Jeremy thought his insides were being torn out through his navel. Pain drove him to his knees. He couldn't breathe or see. For long moments, his world was the agony Nathaniel seemed all too eager to supply.

When his vision returned, Jeremy struggled to his feet. Still shaken, he raised his arms and laced his fingers behind his neck. *Bide your time, he's got to mess up sooner or later.*

"That's better, Jeremy. Being the new slave will only get you lenience for a while. I've about had it with you." Nathaniel turned on his heel and strode from the room.

The guards motioned for Jeremy and Sam to follow him. They walked out, side by side, and saw Peter standing at the end of the hall. Nathaniel buckled a collar around his neck. When it was done, he said something, and Peter raised his hands, which were then cuffed behind his neck to the collar.

A guard jerked Jeremy's hands down and forced them behind his back. The man quickly cuffed him. Jeremy looked at Sam who was also being cuffed. Fear showed in his lover's eyes, but he tried to smile at Jeremy. That was cut off when a large red ball gag was forced into his mouth and buckled in place. Jeremy opened his mouth to protest, but before he could make a sound, a ball was crammed into his own mouth, the straps buckled behind his head.

His mind raced. How was he going to get them out of there? What the hell did Nathaniel have in store for him, for Sam?

"Let's go," their dark-haired Master ordered as he grabbed a trembling Peter by the arm.

A hand on his back urged Jeremy to follow. Beside him, Sam stumbled then regained his balance and followed along.

They left the house through a back door then went to the rear of the closest barn. The trap door was right where Peter had said it would be. Once opened, the guards pushed all three of them inside. Down a couple of dozen steps, they came to another doorway. Nathaniel forged ahead and opened it.

Jeremy gaped. The place was huge. As big as the barn above them, the area must have been able to hold well over the fifty slaves Peter had mentioned earlier. Along one wall, a double tier of cells went from just inside the door all the way to the end of the chamber. On

the other side, at least five metres away, dozens of chairs held what he could only assume were the buyers. Many of them had nude submissives kneeling at their feet.

Jeremy turned his attention to the cages and saw many of them were empty. Many more had slaves secured to the front, where they were accessible for inspection. Men and women mixed together, some stoically silent, others gently sobbing or begging to be released.

Nathanial whispered to one of the guards, who then dragged Peter towards the slave cages.

Enraged, Jeremy roared around his gag and took a couple of steps towards Nathanial, hoping to at least knock the man to the ground. Maybe get a good kick at him before he was stopped.

He never made it. Something struck him on the side of the head, and he went down. He landed on his side, hard. His breath gushed from him, and he lay there gagging, unable to breathe around the large ball. The guard must have thought he was in danger of strangling because the next thing Jeremy knew, the gag fell from his mouth. Even so, he still had trouble taking a deep breath.

He saw a guard drag one of the male slaves, a young man of about twenty, to a raised platform in front of the seated buyers. The man stumbled, but the guard held him while another burly guard cuffed his ankles to a spreader bar fixed to the stand.

"Chain them both to my chair," Nathanial said to the nearest guard as he walked to where the slave stood secured for sale.

"Yes, sir," the guard standing over Jeremy replied in an eager voice.

Unceremoniously, Jeremy was dragged to the elaborate chair that was obviously Nathanial's and his cuffed hands were fixed to a ring at its base. Jeremy and Sam fought the guards, but even though Jeremy managed to kick one of them, they were still secured.

"Gentlemen, may I present you with the first sale item of the evening. He's young, barely twenty-two and new to the collar. His former —"

From outside came a loud, rumbling bang. The door to the chamber flew open.

Jeremy looked up, ready to throw himself in front of Sam if need be, only to see his friend, Detective Ken Michelson, charge into the room. A dozen men, all in the unmistakable uniform of the SWAT team followed and fanned out.

"Police, don't anyone move," Ken roared, his arm raised, his badge held high.

The place erupted. The buyers exploded from their chairs and raced for the door to escape. The men and women they'd had at their feet howled.

More cops came crashing in, all of them with their guns at the ready. Shrieks of terror filled the closed chamber. Jeremy glanced at Sam whose eyes were wide with fear.

"Sam, love, it's all right. That's Ken," Jeremy called, trying to make himself heard over the uproar.

Sam looked at him, gaping.

"It's all right, we're safe," Jeremy said loud enough, he hoped, for Sam to hear.

"Hey, Jeremy, what the fuck are you doing here?" Ken's gruff voice yelled from a metre away.

Jeremy turned and smiled. Relief made him feel giddy as he watched his friend come closer. "Thought I'd do some undercover work for you," he replied when he could get his thoughts together.

"Yeah, well, the next time you leave a message, could you hang around a phone so I can get back to you?"

"Bit tough this time around," he said, grinning. "I'll try to remember next time."

Ken chuckled and squatting beside him, worked at unfastening the cuffs holding him. "Next time? I hope there won't be a next time. The paperwork when a civilian gets involved is a killer." He gave a final tug and the cuffs came free. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, but man, I'm really glad to see you."

"We've been trying to get inside this outfit for awhile. We always assumed he had his *business* somewhere else."

Cops dragged unwilling buyers towards a corner where they were cuffed and forced to their knees. Naked men and women huddled to the side, some crying, others in shock. More cops entered, and blankets were handed out.

Jeremy saw a cuffed and struggling Nathaniel being dragged towards the doorway, his face a mask of rage.

Facing Ken again, Jeremy said, "There's a couple of men I'd like you to safeguard for me. Sam, the guy here." He nodded to where Sam sat staring at him. He turned and tried to see Peter across the room. Panic threatened when he couldn't locate the man. He searched the room with his eyes, finally spotting Peter among a small group of people huddled

together. He sighed with relief and said to Ken, "And Peter, the tall dark-haired guy with the ball gag in his mouth over there." He pointed towards him and smiled.

"Anyone else you want me to grab for you?" Ken asked, a confused look on his face. He rose to his feet and moved away, glancing over his shoulder once before returning to the job at hand.

Jeremy slid over to where Sam still sat gagged and cuffed. He reached for the buckles holding the ball in his lover's mouth. He fumbled for a second, then felt the thing drop away.

"Fuck, I can't believe you did it," yelled Sam happily.

"Oh, ye of little faith. I told you I'd fix it," Jeremy replied then broke into laughter.

Sam turned, as much as he could, presenting Jeremy with his bound hands. A few quick tugs freed him, then they were in each other's arms.

"You're such an ass sometimes, you know that, right?" Sam whispered into his ear.

"Yeah, but you love me, so it's all right."

"True, and you love me, so everything really is all right, Master."

Jeremy pulled away, just enough to look into Sam's eyes. "Yes, I love you. More than you'll ever know, my Sam."

"Yes, your Sam. Always yours."

"And what about me?" came Peter's voice.

Jeremy looked up and held an arm out towards the man. "Come here." Peter looked at him, and for a moment, Jeremy wasn't sure he'd said the right thing. When the man smiled and approached, he again breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yes, Sir. I can't believe the cops got here."

"Me either, but don't tell Sam."

Peter's eyes widened. Jeremy laughed, and a moment later, Sam did too, then Peter joined in.

Ken returned to where the three of them sat talking. "There's going to be one hell of a clean up here. I'm guessing it's going to be an all-nighter. You three got clothes and such in the house?"

"Yeah, somewhere," Jeremy replied.

"I'll need statements from each of you," he said and glanced around. When he looked back, he grimaced. "Not now. There's too much going on and not enough manpower."

"Whatever you want, we'll do."

"Hmm, I can't let you go snooping around. If I give you each a blanket, do you think you can get yourselves home or can I get one of the guys to give you a ride?"

"No, we're good," Jeremy said.

"Hang tight for a second." He hurried over to a pile of rough grey blankets beside the door and grabbed some. When he got back, he handed each of them one and said to Jeremy, "I'll need you to come in to the office tomorrow. There's no way I'll be able to get through this until then."

"You want us there first thing?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, but not too early. Say ten. I'm hoping to get at least a nap before then."

"We'll be there." Jeremy said and got to his feet.

Sam followed him, Peter next. Each of them wrapped a blanket around himself. Ken escorted them to where Jeremy's car sat beside the house. The spare key he kept inside the wheel well was still there, and he quickly unlocked the doors.

"No licence," he said to Ken.

"No problem. Just don't drive like a maniac."

"Ken, thanks." He held out his hand and Ken took it.

They shook, and Ken said, "Thank you. It feels good to finally take this Nathaniel character down."

"See you tomorrow." Jeremy climbed behind the wheel and started the engine. He watched Ken head back to where the action was.

* * * *

"Hey, wake up you lazy beast."

The voice seemed to come from a mile away. Jeremy opened his eyes and blinked. "What the hell!"

Sam and Peter, both naked and obviously ready for sex, knelt just inside the bedroom door. "Sir, it's long past time you were out of bed." Peter said a sly grin on his face. "Sam and I have been working for hours."

Jeremy glanced at the alarm clock beside the bed. Eight A.M., it read. He looked back at his two lovers and growled. "Yeah right, hours."

"Well, maybe not exactly hours. But we wanted you to wake up."

Sam smiled and fingered the gold chain Jeremy had given him shortly after the trial. Nathaniel wouldn't be buying or selling anything for some time, years in fact. It felt good to know they'd helped put the bastard away.

"It's Saturday, and we'd hoped you could spare some time to play with your very obedient slave boys, Master," Peter chimed in.

"Come here, both of you," he said, holding his arms out.

The two men leapt to their feet, cocks flailing against their thighs as they clambered into the king size bed.

"Love you guys." Jeremy took them into his arms.

"Love you too, Master," the two men said together.

About the Author

Jude's imagination frequently leads her astray and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least, not get caught. For those who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy whose only desire is to please. As diverse and richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic locations.

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