



# *Handcuffs and Leather*

*Kim Dare*

Rawlings Men

# *Handcuffs and Leather*

by Kim Dare

*A Rawlings Men Story*

*Resplendence Publishing, LLC*

<http://www.resplendencepublishing.com>

Resplendence Publishing, LLC  
2665 N Atlantic Avenue #349  
Daytona Beach, FL 32118

Handcuffs and Leather  
Copyright © 2010, Kim Dare  
Edited by Christine Allen-Riley  
Cover art by Chel Hickerty

Electronic format ISBN: 978-1-60735-144-3

Warning: All rights reserved. The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Electronic release: May 2010

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

## *Table of Contents*

<i>Chapter One .....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>Chapter Two .....</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Chapter Three .....</i>	<i>31</i>
<i>Chapter Four .....</i>	<i>42</i>
<i>About the Author.....</i>	<i>57</i>

*To finding the courage to take a leap of faith—  
and to the dominants who catch those submissives who leap.*

## *Chapter One*

*Just imagine him naked...* Talk about the single worst piece of advice anyone had ever given a guy.

Constable Joe Hadley held back a sigh and did his best not to gawp like a teenage boy who couldn't sit opposite a grown man without making a complete pillock out of himself.

Dr. Rawlings gazed back at him across the desk—tall, dark and as perfect as ever.

Shifting uncomfortably in his chair, Hadley renewed his attempts not to stare. It wasn't easy. And it wasn't fair either. Psychiatrists weren't supposed to look like that.

They were supposed to be...well, Hadley wasn't entirely sure, but surely any man who spent all his time sitting behind a desk digging through other people's minds should be... Shorter? Skinnier? Generally far less like the guy Hadley had been fantasizing about ever since he'd realized that gay porn was a damn sight more interesting than the straight kind?

And now that he'd started picturing the man stark bullock naked, he couldn't stop. The mental image wasn't making him the least bit less nervous. It was starting to make him hard.

Hadley cleared his throat. "Can we just get this over with?"

The other man's lips twitched. Hadley had seen that smile creep out when Rawlings was at the police station consulting on a case. Except, back at the station, there were always a dozen other police officers in the room, and Hadley had some chance of blending into the background.

In the station, the feeling that his every reaction was being studied and dissected by the other man was obviously paranoia. In the psychiatrist's office, it was hard to believe the idea was anything other than perfectly accurate.

"That's good, Hadley," Rawlings said, his voice slow and rich with amusement. "This sort of session is always far easier when everyone's enthusiastic about it, right from the start."

Hadley wasn't going to blush. He was twenty-five years old, a serving police officer and lots of other things that meant he certainly wasn't the sort of man who blushed like a little girl when confronted by a little bit of gentle sarcasm—even if it was drawled by the same voice he often imagined ordering him down onto his knees...

The constable felt the heat rush to his cheeks regardless of all the very logical things he told his blood supply. "I'm not traumatized," he blurted out, suddenly desperate to just get it all over with as quickly as possible.

Rawlings raised an eyebrow at him. Well, Dr. Rawlings could cheerfully go to hell, because it was the truth. And no man was going to make him squirm like a naughty schoolboy called into the headmaster's office just for telling the truth.

Hadley folded his arms as he leaned back in the deeply upholstered chair and crossed his ankles. A second later, he leaned forward, clasping his hands together as he rested his elbows on his knees.

"I'm not traumatized," he repeated, slightly more calmly. "I don't need a shrink." When Dr. Rawlings said nothing, Hadley had no choice but to push on. "And, since I'm sure there are a great many people who really do need your help, I don't want to waste any more of your time than I already have."

"That makes sense," Rawlings agreed.

Hadley managed a nervous smile. "So, if you'll just show me the inkblots or tick the box that says I'm not psychotic then we could—"

"We could just get this over with?" Rawlings cut in.

Hadley leaned back in his chair once more. Not sure what else to say or do, he fell completely still and silent.

After a few seconds, Rawlings nodded to himself, as if that was what he'd been waiting for ever since Hadley arrived at his office. "Tell me what happened."

Hadley was pretty sure it was supposed to sound like an invitation to share his deepest darkest secrets with a trained professional. Somehow his brain turned it into an order, a command to do as the other man said or accept the consequences when he was turned over Rawlings' knee.

"Doesn't it say it all in there?" Hadley asked, nodding toward the folder resting on the other man's desk. The fact that he was now picturing being spanked by the nude image of the

other man really wasn't improving his ability to concentrate. It was far more fun to wonder if he'd be able to feel the other man's erection sliding across his abs every time he rocked with the force of a blow to his upturned arse.

"Tell me in your own words."

Hadley pulled his attention back to the file. He had a pretty good idea what it said. It was all bollocks, of course, but he'd repeated it so often it should have been easy to rattle off the same stupid story all over again.

"It wasn't like that." The words were out before he could do anything about them.

"Then tell me what it was like," the older man invited.

"Is there any chance you'll tell the Chief Constable I can go back to my regular duties if I don't?" Hadley knew the answer before the question hit the air, but he didn't seem at all able to control the words that left his lips right then. He was far too on edge, too exhausted after not sleeping for a month, too sick of it all to control his tongue.

"No chance at all," Rawlings confirmed.

Hadley sighed and looked back to the file once more. "It says I was taken hostage."

"Yes."

"Well, I wasn't," Hadley shook his head. "I mean, I was, but it wasn't the way it sounds in there."

"Okay."

It had never occurred to Hadley that calm, patient answers could be so infuriating.

The doctor parted his lips. Hadley didn't wait to hear the same question repeated yet again. *Tell him what happened...*

"A call came in from a farmer about three suspicious looking men trespassing on his land."

"So you went to check it out—on your own?"

Hadley shrugged, sure it was only his over active imagination that made Rawlings sound as if he disapproved. "Half the force was down with the flu. There wasn't anyone else. The old man sounded really freaked out."

Rawlings held a pen in his hand. Hadley watched the doctor twist it between his fingers. "And what did you find there?" the older man prompted after a little while.



“Three idiots who were planning to...” Hadley sighed and rubbed at his temple with his knuckle, as if that might finally allow his brain to make sense of it all. “Damned if I still don’t know what they’d have actually done if I hadn’t turned up—they said they were going to rob a security van as it drove down the road running through the farm to deliver cash to the bank in town.”

Rawlings nodded for him to keep going.

“Except there was no delivery. There was no van. There were just three very stoned idiots sitting around in some old barn.”

“That was where you found them?”

Hadley nodded.

Rawlings didn’t say anything for a long time. Hadley couldn’t think of anything to say either. His mind was back on the sight that had first greeted him when he looked into the barn. Two guys, neither of them much older than himself, getting high between the hay bales.

“That’s where I found two of them,” he admitted eventually. “The third guy found me—or at least he found the back of my head with metal bar. I passed out.”

“And when you came around?” Rawlings asked.

“I was still in the barn.” The constable intended the words to come out strong and matter of fact, somehow, they emerged as a whisper.

“Alone?”

Hadley shook his head.

Rawlings seemed to be giving him time to think it all through. Hadley could have done without that sort of kindness. He’d already had more than enough time to replay that moment when he blinked open his eyes and believed he was somewhere else, with a different sort of man.

That second when he’d stared blearily around the barn, his wrists tugging at unexpected bonds. That instant when the feel of the ropes wrapped tight around him made him catch his breath and pleasure rush to his cock. It had been almost indistinguishable from those fantasies he was never quite able to control as his hand worked faster and faster around his shaft. And he’d loved it.

Clearing his throat, Hadley folded his arms across his chest and stared down at his wrists. There was nothing wrapped around them but his watchstrap. He looked away in disgust. His

gaze met the doctor's. Concern filled the older man's eyes, as if he thought his client was having some sort of horrible flashback.

Suddenly, Hadley couldn't stand it any longer. He was sick of it. Sick of feeling guilty for things that hadn't happened, sick of damn near wishing something terrible had happened because then at least—

"Hadley?" The word was very gentle. That just made it worse.

"These aren't master criminals we're talking about," Hadley snapped. "This isn't some stupid Hollywood blockbuster. The mafia isn't conducting a campaign of bloody terror against law enforcement. They were just idiots who panicked when a copper walked in on them."

"And?"

"And what?" Hadley demanded.

Rawlings' fingers tightened around the pen. Hadley couldn't blame him for getting pissed off with his hedging, but it wasn't as if he could tell the guy the truth either.

"They tied you up," Rawlings prompted.

It was petty to feel pleased with himself for making the man admit that it was all in the damn notes, and he'd already read them. Hadley studied him carefully, wondering if he could convince him to just go through the file while he sat there and agreed with it all. He nodded. "Yes."

Rawlings stared silently across at him, as if he thought that would make Hadley continue with his account of that night. Hadley stared back at him.

"With what?" the other man asked eventually.

Hadley frowned. He'd gone through the whole story a dozen times. That wasn't the question that came next. "Does it matter?"

"Does talking about the details make you uncomfortable?"

Hadley shrugged again, unable to keep the nervous little gesture back. "Rope. They took a police officer hostage and they were so stoned out of their minds it didn't even occur to them to use my handcuffs on me." He looked down at his wrists, helplessly imagining how the rope might have looked around his skin. They'd tied his hands behind his back. He hadn't even caught a glimpse. He was still stuck with silly little daydreams.

"Did they hurt you?"

Hadley looked back to the file. "Don't you think it would say in there if they did?"

“I think this,” Rawlings said, resting his hand on top of the file, “is a record of what you *said* happened. The question still stands. Did they hurt you?”

“No.”

Rawlings stared back at him, his eyes unreadable.

“You don’t believe me,” Hadley realized.

“I don’t believe you’ve ever told anyone the whole truth about what happened that night,” Rawlings said.

“So it’s your job to go poking around inside my head until you find out all the dirty little details?” Hadley snapped. “That’s your idea of fun?”

“That’s my idea of doing my job.”

Unable to sit still under the other man’s scrutiny, Hadley got to his feet and started to pace around the room.

“Some things are clichés for a reason.”

Hadley looked over his shoulder.

“Bottling things up rarely helps.”

Hadley turned away from the older man once more. His pacing soon took him to the window. Resting his hands on the sill, he stared down into the car park.

“You really want to know about all the little details that aren’t in the file?” Hadley bit out, knowing he was acting crazy at the worst possible time. Having a crush on the shrink that consulted with the force was embarrassing enough. Being sent to the man for therapy after such a stupid bloody cock-up of a night was nothing short of humiliating.

“Yes. I want to know.”

“Fine,” Hadley spat out. “Details. They went out for pizza. They were high and they got the munchies, so in the middle of their genius plan for an armed robbery, they went out for pizza. But I don’t like pizza, so the guy offered to call in for a McDonalds on the way back. He picked up a kid’s meal because he liked the toy they were giving away free with it. He asked me if I minded him keeping it. He played with the sodding thing for half the night.”

Rawlings’ lips twitched slightly as Hadley looked over his shoulder and caught his eye.

“And now I’m supposed to sit here and tell you how terrible it was. It wasn’t terrible. It wasn’t traumatic. It was annoying. It was stupid. It was a hell of a waste of police time, and I had the mother of all headaches the next day, but that’s it.”

Hadley turned and sat on the windowsill. “I’m not crazy, but it’s a small wonder after all the bloody idiots telling me how *brave* I was, bringing them all in. They don’t get it. They think I’m being modest. You want to know how I made my magnificent arrest? Fine—here it is. It got cold. It started to rain. They got hungry again. I told them if they untied me, I’d drive them somewhere nice and warm and dry, and I’d get them something to eat. They undid the rope and got in the back of the damn patrol car! I drove them back to the station and introduced them to the nice custody sergeant. That’s it!”

He saw something like appreciation in the other man’s eyes. He didn’t tell him to stop being modest. He didn’t tell him that the papers were going to love the story and the force could use some good PR right then the way the Chief Constable had either.

For just a few seconds, the whole stupid situation seemed survivable. Hadley took a deep breath and managed to calm his voice. “I’m not traumatized. I’m not in denial. I don’t need a shrink. I’m fine. Can I go now?”

“No.”

The constable sighed as he turned away from him and leaned his shoulder against the frame as he looked out of the window once more. There was a pretty little park opposite the psychiatrist’s office. It looked so peaceful, so innocent. As his thoughts swirled inside his head, he’d have given almost anything to be there rather than in that room.

“How are you sleeping?”

Hadley opened his mouth, he closed his mouth. As he looked over his shoulder, his eyes locked with the older man’s. He knew it was a mistake as soon as their gazes met.

The constable looked away, but he didn’t bother to tell the familiar lie that was already rushing to his lips. “That has nothing to do with this,” he said instead.

“Nightmares?” Rawlings asked.

“No.” The word came out far more forcefully than he intended. “No,” he repeated with strained calm. “No nightmares.”

“Dreams, then?” Rawlings suggested.

Hadley pushed his hands into his pockets. “It’s nothing. Everyone gets strange dreams sometimes, right? It’s no big deal.”

“Sometimes the brain can process things in a roundabout way.”

Except he'd had similar dreams, long before that night. The only differences now were that the dream was always the same, it was more intense, it had a touch too much reality about it, and it came every single bloody night.

"Tell me about it."

Hadley stared blindly at the little bit of parkland. One solid night's sleep. If he could just get a few hours where his brain would quit and let him forget about it all.

"There's nothing you can tell me that I haven't heard a thousand times before."

Hadley shook his head. "It's just a dream," he said again. His eyes dropped closed for the briefest second. The images that had kept him awake ever since that night rushed back as easily as ever.

"Hadley?"

"It starts the same way that call started," Hadley whispered, suddenly unable to keep the words back. One night's sleep. If Rawlings could get rid of the dreams, then it would be worth the embarrassment.

The other man said nothing.

With his eyes closed, Hadley found it was easier to pretend he wasn't actually saying anything out loud to another person. He was just getting the ideas out of his head before they actually drove him so crazy he really would need to be in the psychiatrist's office.

"It starts the same," he said again. "But it's nothing like that night. They aren't high. They aren't silly little men who have no idea what they're doing."

Silence filled the office once more. Hadley swallowed rapidly before forcing himself to continue.

"The men in the dream don't fumble about trying to remember how their scout master taught them how to tie knots. They're used to tying men up. And they don't ask me if the bonds are too tight—I don't get to complain about being uncomfortable when I'm with them. They don't ask my opinion. They don't ask my permission. They do whatever the hell they like with me and..." *And I love every minute of it.*

Eyes closed very tight, he tried not to imagine how pathetic he had to sound to the other man. Desperate to be able to wake up one morning and actually feel as if he'd slept rather than tossed and turned pulling against the bonds that he wished were there, he forced himself to go on, even when his throat closed up around each word.

“It’s nothing like it was with them. There are orders and rules. And if I don’t do as they say, there are punishments. They screw me. Whip me. And at the end of it all they just walk away without a word.” Hadley managed to force out a pathetic little chuckle. “I had the good fortune to be kidnapped by men who meant me no harm in the world, and all I can do is dream about how much more interesting my time with them would have been if they’d been sadists.”

He wrenched open his eyes, stopping himself just short of admitting that the man he’d been picturing in every single dream wasn’t a cop or a criminal. Rawlings didn’t need to know he was the star of all the dreams to make them go away.

The older man said nothing for a long time. Hadley stood there for several minutes before he finally turned his attention away from the window and looked across the room at him. His expression was unreadable.

“So...” Hadley cleared his throat.

“I think,” Rawlings said very slowly. “That it would be best if you left now.”

Dr. Michael Rawlings watched the younger man’s expression flicker. For a second, a nervous little smile fluttered around his lips. Then it was gone. A few seconds passed. A frown crept across his forehead, beneath the messy blond fringe.

“I don’t understand.” The younger man looked to the clock on the wall for guidance.

The hour-long session wasn’t up. Rawlings didn’t need to follow the younger man’s gaze to know that.

“It’s only half past.” Hadley’s tone of voice made it clear he was talking to himself more than anyone else—a policeman putting together the evidence and trying to work out the most likely explanation for a situation that didn’t make sense to him.

“Yes, I realize that.” To Rawlings’ eternal relief, the words came out calm and level. “I still think it would be best if you left now, and that I transferred your case to another the member of the practice.”

Yes, Rawlings silently repeated to himself. The younger man had to leave now, before the situation became even more complicated than it already was, before he went from what was on the borderline of acceptable psychiatric practice to full out unethical.

“What?” Hadley just stared across the room at him, confusion filling in his eyes.

“One of my colleagues will conduct the rest of your counseling sessions. If you stop at the desk on your way out, the appointment secretary will schedule something for you.”

Hadley just kept staring at him. Unable to rise from his chair, all Rawlings could do was stare back.

“I...”

Rawlings turned his attention to the other man’s coat, where he’d tossed it over the back of a chair by the door. Hadley followed his gaze. Striding quickly across the room, he snatched up his jacket. A second later, the door slammed closed behind him, and Rawlings was alone in his office.

Bowing his head over his desk for a moment, Rawlings tried to think of another term for the session—bar an almighty cock-up. He found a few words that fitted and muttered them under his breath.

Leaning back in his chair he looked down at the ink that covered his right palm—they just didn’t make pens as strong as they used to. Either that, or he suddenly had far less control of his reactions than he grown accustomed to over the years. He shook his head as he placed the snapped biro on the desk and pressed the heel of his other hand to his tenting fly. Of course, it was the pen makers who had the problem...

All his worries about the younger man as he watched Hadley withdraw further and further into himself since the hostage-taking lined themselves up inside his head. All the hours he’d spent imagining what might have happened to him presented themselves likewise for his inspection. All the wrangling to make sure the constable saw someone he could talk to about it fell in place beside them. And now this was what it finally came down to.

Rawlings closed his eyes for a moment, and for the first time since he’d heard what happened to Hadley, he didn’t see what he’d been afraid might have taken place that night. He saw the fantasy Hadley had described to him in every perfect detail.

The need in his voice, the submission in every line of his body, and all of it in the middle of a session where a psychiatrist would deserve to be struck off for doing anything in response.

Rawlings forced his eyes open as he stood up. As he ran his palm under the tap in the little bathroom off his office, he couldn’t stop the other man’s words rolling around and around inside his head. His own thoughts chased after them, tangling around them.

It wasn't wishful thinking. It wasn't malpractice. Hadley wasn't a patient in need of help coming to terms with a violent horror. He was a submissive in need of something completely different.

As soon as he was vaguely presentable, Rawlings went out to the desk to check when Hadley would be returning for his session with one of the other members of the practice.

No appointment had been made.

As he retraced his steps back to his office, Rawlings couldn't bring himself to be surprised. He shouldn't have thrown him out the moment the confession left his lips—he could only imagine what the younger man thought. Wandering over to the window that overlooked the car park, he sighed. He couldn't have kept him in there when he had no chance of maintaining any semblance of a professional distance from him, either.

Hadley's car was still there. Rawlings' eyes darted around the view, trying to catch a glimpse of him. There—in the park.

A second later, Rawlings was back at the appointment desk. Less than a minute after that, he was in the car park.

It was some twenty minutes before he finally saw Hadley walk out of the park, his head down, his hands pushed deep into his pockets.

Rawlings stayed exactly where he was, leaning against the boot of the constable's car, quietly ensuring there was no way in hell the guy could reverse out of his parking space without running him over.

The blood seemed to drain out of the younger man's face as Hadley spotted him. His steps faltered, but he pushed himself forward until he stood a yard or two in front of Rawlings, feet shoulder width apart, chin tilted back as if to say 'take your best shot'.

"You were right about one thing," Rawlings told him.

Hadley made no comment.

"You don't need a psychiatrist."

Nothing. Rawlings wasn't quite sure if the constable was still too shaken to speak or if he was going for the silent treatment.

"You need a master," he said.

Hadley opened his mouth. It was obvious he had his answer prepared long before he heard those last words. "You..." Hadley blinked as he quickly trailed off. "What?" A muscle in



his jaw twitched as he obviously battled with his anger. “If there’s a punch line coming, get to it.”

“I don’t joke about leather.” Rawlings let that sink in for a little while.

Hadley looked away from him for a moment, when he looked back, he was studying him very carefully.

“You left without making your appointment.” Rawlings held out the slip of paper the receptionist had printed out for him.

“Appointment,” Hadley echoed, blankly.

“Dr. Stephenson. Ten o’clock tomorrow morning,” Rawlings specified, still holding out the slip.

“You just said...” Hadley stepped forward and accepted the slip, but the movement seemed to be more about his body working on automatic pilot than him having any inclination to come closer to him. “Dr. Stephenson?”

“She’s a good doctor, and she specializes in trauma counseling,” Rawlings told him. “Keep the appointment.”

“You just said there was nothing wrong with me,” Hadley reminded him, eyes filled with confusion once more.

Rawlings stared down at the smaller man. If he walked away right then, he’d technically done nothing more than follow him to make sure he got the appointment. He smiled slightly. The chances of him walking away now, after all the months they’d spent hovering around the attraction between them were microscopic.

“If Dr. Stephenson agrees with my assessment, you have another appointment to add to your diary.” Rawlings held out another piece of paper with a hand written address and time scrawled on it. “If she agrees that you’re fine, come and see me this weekend.”

“Why?”

Because if he didn’t get a second opinion, there was no way he’d feel sure in his own mind, that he wasn’t taking advantage of one of his patients. And, at the same time... “Because I’ve already told you my diagnosis. You don’t need a psychiatrist. You need a master.”

“You?” Hadley blurted out.

“Yes.”

“You...?” He obviously had no idea how to finish the sentence.

Rawlings smiled slightly.

Hadley looked back at the address. “Your house?”

“Technically an annex off the main building that I used as an office when I was in private practice, but broadly speaking, yes.”

Hadley nodded.

Rawlings waited to see if there would be a verbal response. None was forthcoming. Hadley stared down at the piece of paper Rawlings had written his address on, as if it held all the secrets of the universe.

“Any questions?”

“It would be like I said?” Hadley blurted out. “Like...?”

“Like the dreams?” Rawlings’ lips twitched into another smile. “Something like, but not exactly like.”

Hadley took a deep breath. When their eyes met, Rawlings saw the need burning in them. Very slowly, Hadley nodded.

The younger man already had too much thrown at him to have any chance of processing it all at once. Rawlings forced himself to step past him and walk back to his office. It was the only way he could make sure the younger man would have plenty of time to deal with any second thoughts before he found himself in his first scene.

Hadley’s hand was already on the car door when Rawlings gave in to the temptation to say just one more thing.

“Constable?”

The younger man turned and looked over his shoulder.

“Bring your handcuffs.”

Hadley’s lips had already started to form a ‘why?’ when he stopped himself short, as if he’d just realized just how daft a question it was to ask under the circumstances. All credit to him, he bounced back quickly. “You don’t have any of your own?”

Rawlings grinned. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’ve got lots of toys for us to play with. But that doesn’t mean the idea of having a policeman helpless in his own cuffs doesn’t still amuse me.”

Hadley nodded.

Rawlings turned away without another word. That time, he didn't look back—not even when he felt Hadley's eyes tracing his progress all the way into the building.

## *Chapter Two*

If it weren't for the fact two well-respected psychiatrists like Dr. Rawlings and Dr. Stephenson had cleared him to return to his regular duties, Hadley would have been pretty sure he was certifiably insane for even being there.

He glanced over his shoulder, down the path that led through the garden, past Rawlings' house, and to the main road. A second later, he turned back to the door into the annex. If he couldn't use insanity as an excuse, he'd just have to settle for knowing he was a bloody idiot for keeping the appointment.

Lifting a hand, he quickly knocked on one of the dark wooden panels before he could lose the last of his courage and run.

The door swung open so soon after he tapped the woodwork, it was impossible to believe the older man hadn't known he'd been there. Rawlings had to have been standing on the other side of the woodwork the whole time, wondering if his 'date' would ever grow the balls to knock on the damn door.

Hadley swallowed several times, unable to think of a damn thing to say while the other man stared silently down at him. The larger man stepped back to let him in. He immediately nodded to a coat stand just to the left of the door. "Leave your clothes there."

Hadley took off his coat and hung it up. It was only then that the rest of the order sank in. Not coat—clothes. "All of them?"

"If I only wanted you to remove specific items, I'd have made that clear."

Dear Lord, this was really happening... Hadley turned his attention back to the coat stand, as if where he was about to leave his clothes might make some sort of difference to his decision.

Rawlings made no comment on the fact he hesitated to follow the order, and Hadley knew without doubt that it was an order—one the other man expected to be obeyed.

“And if I don’t?” he asked, never once turning to face the dominant.

“You’re free to leave at any point.”

Yes, he was. But he wouldn’t be for very long. Rawlings had been quite clear about that. He was going to tie him up—handcuff him with his own cuffs.

“What if I...?” What if he didn’t have the stones to go through with the reality rather than the fantasy? He couldn’t make the question leave his lips, couldn’t bring himself to admit that he might actually be that much of a coward.

“What if you change your mind later?” Rawlings asked.

Hadley nodded.

“Red.”

Hadley looked over his shoulder.

“That’s your safe word,” Rawlings said. “If you say it, everything stops.”

Hadley nodded his understanding. “You’ve done a lot of this.” He wasn’t sure if he should feel very reassured or a just little bit terrified.

“Sir.”

Hadley stared at the coat stand as if he’d never imagined being told to address another man that way.

“I’ll answer whatever questions you have—providing you ask them with respect.”

“It wasn’t a question. It was an observation. You’ve done a lot of this...sir.” The very word made his throat go dry with anticipation.

“Yes.”

Hadley nodded. Far more willing to look back and realize he’d been a fool than remember that he’d been a coward, he pulled his t-shirt over his head before he could change his mind.

Rawlings said nothing.

Hadley went down on each knee in turn and pulled off his shoes and socks. He placed them neatly at the base of the coat stand and rose to his full height. As he undid the top button of his fly, something shifted in his jeans pocket. He dug the handcuffs out, along with their key.

Finally turning to face Rawlings, he held both items out to the other man. “I... You said you wanted them...sir.”

Rawlings held out his hand.

Hadley stepped forward, the tiles cold beneath his bare feet. His fingers brushed against Rawlings palm as he placed the restraints into the other man’s grip. His touch lingered there as he slowly raised his gaze and their eyes met.

Rawlings nodded once.

It was stupid to take comfort from that little gesture. It was even more idiotic to keep standing there, staring up at the older man like a love sick, little puppy. Hadley forced himself to turn away, back to the coat stand. The top button on his jeans was already undone. The others didn’t take long.

He pushed the denim down his legs, hooked his boxers on the way past, and kicked the tangle of material from his feet. Playing for time, he folded his jeans and set them neatly with his other clothes. He was still wearing his watch. He stared down at it for a few seconds.

“I’ll tell you when it’s time for the scene to end.”

“Yes, sir.” The word came slightly easier each time he said it. Even as his heart raced faster and faster, something inside him calmed. Rawlings would tell him what to do. All he had to do was obey. It made for a very simple view of the world.

Setting his watch on top of the little pile of clothing, Hadley waited for the next order.

“Do you know why I ended our interview earlier this week?”

Hadley shook his head. His first guess had obviously been wrong. It wasn’t because Rawlings thought he was some sort of demented pervert—or if he did, it seemed safe to assume that the doctor didn’t think that was an entirely bad thing.

The other man’s boots clicked against the floor as he stepped forward. The warmth of his body caressed Hadley’s skin as the larger man stood close behind him. “Psychiatrists aren’t supposed to get off on hearing their patient’s fantasies,” Rawlings told him, lowering his voice so the words became a secret they shared.

Needing to see the truth in the other man’s eyes, Hadley tried to turn and face him.

Rawlings’ hand settled on his shoulder, holding him where he was. “What did you fantasize about, Hadley?”

The constable swallowed. All the fantasies were there, right in the front of his head, but he couldn't bring them to his lips. All he could do was stare at the empty patch of wall next to the coat stand.

The hand on his shoulder pushed him one step forward. Another, until he was pressed against the wall. The paintwork was cold against his skin. Rawlings' hand stroked down his arm, caught up his wrist and twisted his arm back to pin it against his spine. Heat rushed to Hadley's cheeks.

He'd imagined being trapped against a wall a million times, but never like that. He'd never thought that he wouldn't curse and shout and fight. He closed his eyes and forced himself to try and pull his wrist out of Rawlings' hand.

"Hush."

Hadley froze. He'd expected to be pushed roughly back against the wall—an angry yell and a wrenched arm. Rawlings' grip tightened around his wrist—just enough to hold it exactly where it was. The word was gentle, more the way someone would speak to a fretting puppy than another man.

Hadley's other hand came to rest against the paintwork. He frowned as his fingers failed to even try to gain a purchase on the smooth surface so he could push himself away from the wall.

"I'm not some silly little junkie you've stumbled upon in a barn, Hadley. If I give you an order, you obey. If I ask you a question, you answer. Understand?"

Hadley closed his eyes for a moment. He was right there with the kind of man he'd been pretty sure only existed in his fantasies, and even if the whole world had stopped making sense, there was only one thing he could ever say to the other man. "Yes, sir."

Rawlings pulled him away from the wall. Turning him around, he pushed his back against the paintwork.

"If you're good, and do as you're told, I'll make sure you'll get your fantasy, too. Would you like that, Hadley?"

The constable dropped his attention to somewhere around Rawlings' shoulder. It was far easier to speak to him once he gave up trying to look him in the eye. "Yes, sir."

Rawlings hand rested against his chest, holding him against the wall. The heat from his palm quickly soaked into Hadley's skin as the older man kept him exactly where he wanted him. His touch was strong and steady—reassurance, praise and perfection, all rolled into one.

Without warning, the other man stepped back, putting several feet of cold tile floor between them. Hadley remained exactly where he was, sure that he'd have been ordered to move if Rawlings wanted him to be anywhere other than where he was.

"Tell me the fantasy," the dominant ordered again.

"Sir?"

Rawlings raised an eyebrow at him. "Is there something about the order you don't understand?"

Hadley closed his eyes. He couldn't do it. He couldn't stand there, naked in the other man's hallway and ask him for things that no man in his right mind should want. His throat closed up around the possibility.

"I wanted them to do whatever *they* wanted, sir," he managed to rasp out. "My permission wasn't part of the deal." What some nameless faceless *they* wanted. Yes, it was far safer to pretend he could remember a time when the men in his dreams had been someone other than the doctor.

"Then start by telling me what *they* wanted to do with you."

Hadley swallowed. That was easier. The other side of the equation made far more sense than his own. "They wanted to tie me up, sir." To have him helpless and at their mercy—that was something it made sense for someone to want.

"With your own handcuffs?" Rawlings asked.

Hadley blinked his eyes open, his gaze fell on the floor, just in front of the dominant's feet. As he dragged his gaze up the other man's legs, a glint of light caught the handcuffs where they dangled from Rawlings' fingers.

The dominant stepped forward, closing the gap between them once more. "Do you know the main difference between the men you imagined and me, Hadley?"

Hadley shook his head. His breath caught in his throat at the possibility that the other man might somehow guess there were no differences at all.



“*They* might have let you get away with playing reluctant. I won’t.” Rawlings lifted a hand and slid it through Hadley’s hair, seeming to assess every strand that passed through his fingers.

“I liked it when...when *they* tied me up, sir.” Eyes closed very tight. Hadley rushed the words out as fast as he could, stumbling over the half-lie as he went.

Hadley didn’t open his eyes as Rawlings’ fingers stroked along his jaw line and tilted his head back.

“Good boy.” Rawlings whispered the words against Hadley’s lips.

Hadley whimpered as their mouths touched for the first time.

Rawlings didn’t seem in any particular rush to turn the brief contact into a real kiss. Hadley parted his lips in invitation, but the other man’s mouth remained nothing more than a tease at the edge of his senses.

The older man chuckled slightly. The air brushed against Hadley’s lips.

“Good boy,” Rawlings repeated. His tongue caressed Hadley’s lips as it finally slid into his mouth.

Hadley reached out to him.

Rawlings pulled back. The look in the older man’s eye was correction enough. Hadley dropped his hand back to his side. A second later, Rawlings resumed the kiss as if the interruption never occurred.

Hadley leaned back against the wall and simply gave himself up to the kiss, to everything, until Rawlings eventually stepped back. Hadley automatically tried to step forward. Another look put him back against the wall.

“Hands.”

Hadley looked down at his hands, then at the cuffs, still hanging from the dominant’s fingers. He held out his hands. The restraints were locked in place in seconds. Hadley stared at them as if he had never seen the pretty bits of metal before in his life. He couldn’t look away. They held him enchanted until Rawlings reached out and hooked his fingers through the short chain linking the cuffs.

The older man tugged at the glistening silverwork, finally permitting Hadley to step away from the wall.

His eyes remained fixed on the other man's hand as Rawlings took several steps back. He took the same number of strides forward, keeping pace with the dominant as Rawlings led him out of the little hallway and into another room.

The older man let go of the cuffs and took another few paces back.

"Stay there."

Hadley did as he was told, his toes curling against the tiles as he struggled to let the dominant move further and further away from him without uttering a single protest.

Rawlings watched the younger man very carefully, reading his body language as the seconds slowly passed.

The submissive managed to remain completely still for far longer than Rawlings expected. Finally, the constable's fingers twitched. His hands curled into fists as he seemed to fight against an instinct to move. Toward his master—Rawlings didn't doubt that was the only way Hadley wanted to move.

"Hands on the back of your head."

Hadley closed his eyes for a moment before he obeyed the order. His movements were slow, as if he was fighting his way through treacle, but he laced his fingers neatly on the back of his scalp without any comment.

While the submissive remained on display in the middle of the room, Rawlings walked around him several times studying him carefully from every angle. He'd been imagining what he'd look like when he wasn't hidden behind his uniform for months. Now that he had him in his playroom, he couldn't help but make the most of the opportunity to see how accurate his mental picture had been.

He was stunning. His skin was pale, but his build was strong—and Rawlings had no doubt he'd look even more glorious in bondage.

Moving closer to him, the dominant traced a few of the lines where the leather would lay with his fingertips before turning his attention to correcting the younger man's stance.

Pulling his shoulders back, Rawlings encouraged him to stand straighter, prouder. A touch of his well-polished boot to the younger man's ankles placed the submissive's feet shoulder width apart.

He took the silent corrections very nicely, allowing his temporary master to arrange him in whatever position would please him best. When he was satisfied with the submissive's posture, Rawlings took several paces back.

Folding his arms across his chest, he studied the other man's reactions just as much as his body.

Hadley's eyes had dropped closed at some point. He blinked his eyes open as he seemed to sense his master had put some distance between them. The younger man's doubts suddenly seemed to return. He began to lower his arms.

"When you have permission to move, I'll tell you."

"Yes, sir." Hadley resumed his previous position.

Rawlings walked around him again. He stroked across the small of the other man's back as he made his final decision on exactly how he was going to bind the submissive that night. Hadley jerked away from his touch as if scalded.

"Do I need to repeat my order, Hadley?"

"When I have permission to move, you'll tell me, sir," the constable recited.

Rawlings smiled. "Memorizing the commands is a pretty start," he said as he walked around to face him. "When you begin to actually follow them, I might begin to be impressed."

"I'd like that, sir." Hadley dragged his gaze up to meet his master's eyes as he said it. Rawlings had no doubt that he'd have kept the words back if he could have. They'd been all submission, full of longing for a master's praise as much as his control.

Rawlings moved behind him once more. Settling his knuckles at the top of the submissive's spine, he slowly, traced them down the middle of the younger man's back to the base of his shoulder blades and back up.

"When was the last time you had sex?"

"What?" Hadley tried to turn around the face him.

Rawlings' knuckled tapped the little knot of bone that topped his spine. "Recite."

Hadley blinked. A second later, he resumed his original position. "You'll tell me when I have permission to move, sir."

"Good boy. I'm going to enjoy exploring that little knack for parroting back orders."

"Yes, sir."

Rawlings smiled as he began to stroke his knuckles up and down his back again. "Are you a virgin?"

He didn't try to turn again. The answer sounded almost calm. "No, sir."

Another stroke down his spine. This time the contact traced a little further down the vertebra. "Then there was a last time you had sex. Answer the original question."

"A few weeks ago, sir."

"In a relationship?"

Hadley shook his head.

"I'm right in assuming there's no ongoing relationship?" Rawlings pressed.

"Yes, sir."

"Good." So good. Rawlings wondered if the other man had any idea how glad he was to finally have that confirmed.

Rawlings' knuckles made their way up, then down, his spine again. They strayed even lower that time.

Hadley's head dropped forward. He pushed his arse out slightly in instinctive offering. Rawlings let his knuckles brush down to the cleft between his cheeks and across his hole.

A deep breath shifted Hadley's spine under Rawlings' fingers as he toyed with him, letting his fingers brush against his hole but never lingering to play there for as long as he was sure the other man wished he would.

"Every bit of you belongs to me, Hadley. I decide which pieces of you I'll take an interest in."

"Yes, sir."

Rawlings drew a line across his back, then another, and another. "You're very pale. Your skin would take the whip very prettily."

Hadley's knuckles turned white on the back of his head but he stayed silent.

"No comment?" Rawlings prompted.

The constable cleared his throat. "You didn't give me permission to speak, sir."

"I didn't tell you that you need permission to speak either." Rawlings' drew another line across his back.

Hadley took a deep breath. "I told you I'd do whatever you said. I keep my word, sir. If you want to whip me, I'll take it."

“Do you like the idea of being whipped?”

Apparently, Hadley didn't have an answer prepared in advance. Rawlings let him think it through as he painted several more fingertip lines across his skin.

“I like the idea of not having a choice if I'm whipped or not, sir.”

A few more lines and Rawlings walked around to face Hadley.

“If you make a habit of coming to this room, sooner or later, I will whip you. Unless I'm very much mistaken, you'll love it.”

He didn't give Hadley time to ask what he meant about coming back there. It was too soon to have mentioned the possibility in the first place. Trying to turn that into a discussion, would have been even more foolish. Rawlings walked over to the other side of the room before the younger man had time to wonder and worry about it. A cage filled one corner. Next to it stood a spanking bench.

“Come here.”

It was a simple arrangement. Leather covered supports for the knees—spaced far enough apart that the submissive's legs would be spread wide when he knelt upon them. Another higher support for the body, cut into a V at the end where it was joined to the knee supports, and tilted forward slightly, so the kneeler's buttocks would be offered up very prettily. Rawlings trailed his fingers over the leather as Hadley cautiously obeyed the order.

“Over the bench.”

Rawlings didn't tell him to remove his hands from the back of his head. They stayed there as Hadley carefully folded his body along the contours of the leather.

Rawlings had already waited what felt like several lifetimes to see him there. He soaked up every detail of him kneeling there, not bound, not chained, just there because he wanted to be.

When Hadley shifted uncomfortably, Rawlings reached out and took hold of one of his hands. Hadley startled a little, but he didn't try to pull away as Rawlings guided the smaller man's bound hands off his head and onto a padded leather support beneath the bench. A second later, he'd wrapped wide leather cuffs around the submissive's wrists, just above the line of his handcuffs.

Moving around the bench, Rawlings methodically buckled the other restraints. Ankles. Knees. Thighs. Strip after strip of leather crossed the constable's skin.

Another wide strap fastened across the small of his back. Rawlings pulled it tight, prompting Hadley to arch his back and fit his body more snugly against the curves of the bench.

The leather was buttery soft, the restraints were as well padded as the bench itself, letting Rawlings fasten them tightly around the other man's skin without worrying they would do him any undue harm.

As the last fastening was put in place, the dominant watched Hadley's shoulders tense as the constable tried to work out how much freedom of movement remained.

Nothing.

He shifted slightly as he seemed to truly realize that every bit of his body was bound in place. The only thing he could move was his head. The younger man looked from side to side, twisting his neck. As he tested his bonds, something inside the submissive seemed to realize just how well restrained he was. The instinct for flight or fight kicked in, but neither response was possible.

Rawlings settled his hand on the back of the submissive's head. "Hush."

Neither the word nor his touch made any noticeable difference. Hadley's attempts to free himself doubled, and there was nothing his master could do to stop his descent into complete panic.

## *Chapter Three*

Hadley tossed his head back, as he pulled ever more frantically at his restraints. His breaths came faster and faster, but no oxygen seemed to make it into his lungs.

Some tiny part of his mind that was still capable of rational thought, wept in shame, knowing he was ruining everything, but instinct still won out over logic. No matter how hard he tried to stop struggling, his muscles wouldn't co-operate.

Rawlings' other hand settled calmly against Hadley's scalp, alongside the first. Fingers spread, he cradled Hadley's skull, holding his head steady. "That's fine, sweetheart. Just get it out of your system. You can't do anything that will hurt you."

Hadley's last bit of freedom of movement disappeared under Rawlings grip. His heart raced faster than ever as the sound of his panting breaths filled the otherwise silent room. Every so often, Rawlings made a soft soothing noise in the back of his throat, the same way a skilled horseman might calm a frightened colt put under the saddle for the first time.

A whimper escaped from Hadley in response as he tried to move his head once more. The doctor's grip on him tightened a fraction, keeping him still and secure. The strength of the other man's hold on him wrapped around Hadley, blurring together with the bonds around his limbs until it was impossible to tell one from the other, impossible to believe he wasn't completely cocooned safely in the other man's touch.

As suddenly as the panic entered him, the energy required to maintain it vanished. Hadley's limbs fell limp within his restraints. Rawlings' hands kept his head supported for a few moments before he guided him to turn his face to one side and rest his cheek against the padded leather.

Fingers stroked through his hair, gentling him down. His muscles burned. His whole body ached. But where he expected his limbs to be battered and bruised from their battle with the leather, there was nothing. Rawlings had been right, there was no way he could hurt himself while he was bound that way.

He was perfectly safe, with no way to free himself from that safety.

The panic he expected to rush back into his veins at the idea, failed to materialize as Rawlings' fingers continued to stroke through his hair. Hadley's eyes dropped closed, letting everything else fade away, until those fingers were the only thing left in his world.

Hadley finally managed to take a deep breath, and let it out very slowly.

"That's better," Rawlings said. A moment later, his hand disappeared from Hadley's hair.

For several long seconds there was nothing. One footstep sounded on the tiles. Then another. Hadley blinked his eyes open just in time to see Rawlings walk out of his field of vision. The spanking bench put him at just below waist height to the other man. His eyes found their focus just in time to notice that Rawlings was still hard behind his fly. He wasn't so disgusted with him that he'd lost all interest. Relief swirled inside Hadley, wiping away the last traces of his panic.

"Do you know what I could do with you in this position, Hadley?" It was impossible to tell from the other man's tone of voice what sort of answer Rawlings expected.

"Whatever you want, sir?" Hadley suggested cautiously. Against all his expectations, the words actually sounded perfectly calm, he felt more serene than he had ever realized was possible.

"Yes." The doctor said, as if there was nothing at all shocking about that, as if it wasn't the most amazing piece of knowledge anyone had ever presented to Hadley for his consideration.

The other man could do whatever he wanted with him. *His master* could do whatever he wanted with him. Any blood that hadn't already rushed to Hadley's cock sped there without further delay. It didn't matter if he'd only spend a few hours with him. In that moment, he had no doubt that, while he was in that room, he belonged to the other man.

Instinctively trying to rock his hips, Hadley found his bonds prevented him from thrusting against the spanking bench. Even if he had been able to shift far enough to achieve any kind of movement, the wide V cut in the kneeling end of the bench ensured that nothing but empty air caressed his shaft.



The only way he was going to feel anything, was if Rawlings decided to grant him that privilege.

He heard the older man chuckle as if he knew exactly what he'd just realized. It was a warm, rich sound. It wrapped around each part of Hadley that wasn't already bound by the leather, telling him that his master was way ahead of him. Rawlings knew exactly what he was doing. He wasn't finding things out for the first time.

Footsteps sounded on the tiles again, moving behind him. A second later, large hands settled on his shoulders, letting Hadley know exactly where the other man was. They stroked over his skin, slowly exploring his body.

The older man's palms were slicked with something. Hadley didn't know what it was, he didn't care. He helplessly arched into the other man's touch as best he could. Strong fingers massaged his muscles, testing the flesh beneath the skin as he worked his way over his body.

"How long have you thought about this?"

Hadley swallowed.

"You have thought about it, haven't you?" Rawlings prompted.

"How do you...?" Hadley closed his eyes.

"I've yet to meet a man who didn't hide in the kinky closet for a long time before he was so desperate, he was finally willing to admit it to another person."

"You know a lot of men who...?" Hadley closed his eyes even tighter, wishing he could find a way to finish a sentence—any sentence, wishing he had the sense not to start most of them in the first place.

"A fair number, yes." Rawlings' hands worked their way down Hadley's legs, his thumbs pressing into the tense muscles, coaxing them to relax, working around the leather straps so naturally, it was hard to imagine the doctor had ever explored a body that wasn't bound.

Hadley felt all the anxiety drain out of his body under the other man's attentions. There was a faint trace of scent to the oil. It mixed with the aroma of leather that filled the room, taking over all his senses.

Hadley tensed as Rawlings' fingers slipped between his buttocks and stroked his hole. They teased him, not even trying to enter. Finally, just as Hadley was trying to work out how to tell the other man that a lack of experience with leather didn't mean a lack of experience with *everything*, something drizzled against his hole, slicking the exploring fingers further.

Hadley couldn't help but try to push back against them. A lifetime later, just as Hadley was on the verge of insanity via frustration, one of Rawlings' fingers slid inside him. He whimpered.

Biting his bottom lip as he fought to stay silent and not beg the other man to hurry the hell up, the constable formed his hands into fists under the table, pulling at his bonds even though he had no desire to be freed from them.

The other man obviously liked to work to his own rules, his own timetable. Hadley was helpless to change even the tiniest little detail of their time together. Suddenly, Rawlings' fingers disappeared, leaving him empty and lost.

"What—?" Hadley's body kept trying to push back against the empty air.

Rawlings made that reassuring noise in the back of his throat again. Hadley was already starting to fall in love with that sound. Dropping his head forward to rest his forehead against the leather, he murmured his acceptance of the other man's decision. Rawlings would touch him as and when he wanted to. Hadley's input was not required. There was something about knowing that, which made the whole world a very simple, very wonderful place.

For a few seconds, nothing, then he sensed Rawlings move to stand in front of him. He ran one of his palms up Hadley's back toward the nape of his neck.

Hadley lifted his head. Rawlings' jeans were just an inch or two away from his face. He strained forward against his restraints. There was just enough slack for him to briefly rub his face against the other man's fly.

Rawlings pulled away. Hadley closed his eyes, not sure if he should apologize or stay silent.

A second passed. Rawlings stepped closer. Hadley still had to strain against his restraints, but he could reach the other man more easily now.

He nuzzled against his master's jeans, letting his lips play over the fabric. Pressing a kiss against the older man's shaft through the material, he moaned his pleasure.

Rawlings let him linger while he stroked his fingers through his hair, gently petting him as Hadley flicked his tongue out and lapped the denim. When the dominant pulled away, Hadley strained to follow him. Twisting his head back against the hand that still lay against his scalp, he desperately tried to look up at the other man and find out what he'd done wrong.

Rawlings stroked his cheek with the thumb of his other hand. Hadley turned his face and pressed a kiss to it. The doctor smiled at the action. But he left his hand close enough to his mouth to be kissed again. When his hand eventually moved away, it went straight to the dominant's fly.

Hadley watched, fascinated, as Rawlings freed his cock. The older man wrapped his fist around the length, slowly stroking himself. Rawlings moved back toward him, but his hand stayed around his cock, blocking any possibility of Hadley taking him into his mouth. Dipping his head, the constable nuzzled his way below the older man's fist and worked his tongue against the base of his shaft instead.

Rawlings' hand moved up and down the length again. Hadley's attentions dropped lower still. Turning his head on the side, he lapped at the dominant's balls, running his tongue over them. The other man's left hand still rested on the back of his head encouraging him closer. Already pulling at his restraints, Hadley moaned his frustrations, unable to follow the silent command.

His master swayed forward, allowing him to obey without actually giving him any freedom to move. Hadley pressed a kiss against the other man's skin as he quickly made the most of the other man's permission to let his tongue play properly over his sacs. Opening his mouth, he took each one into his mouth in turn, sucking gently around them, laving them with his tongue before pulling back to offer more licks and kisses.

The doctor let him continue when he could easily have stepped back. Hadley sensed the other man's approval of him. It sung through his body, crackling over every point where skin met leather.

His master's hand stroked his shaft again before he rocked his hips back, taking his body out of Hadley's range. Before Hadley could even think to protest, the older man offered the tip of his cock to Hadley's mouth.

Flicking his tongue out, Hadley licked at the head, stealing his first true taste of the other man as pre-cum leaked onto his tongue.

"Good boy. That's right." The words were soft, barely more than an encouraging whisper. Rawlings rocked his hips forward a little, letting Hadley take the head into his mouth. Hadley suckled gently, swirling his tongue against the glans as Rawlings slowly fed more of the

shaft between Hadley's lips. The younger man welcomed him in, unable to keep his enthusiastic whimpers to himself.

Rawlings filled his mouth, overpowered his senses and took over his whole world. There was nothing that mattered but Rawlings, and for the first time in Hadley's life, it didn't feel wrong to think that way, to want to feel that way about another person.

His master understood. He belonged to his master. He sucked greedily around the other man's shaft, wanting to make him come into his mouth, wanting to know he'd pleased the other man in the most basic way he could.

Rawlings was getting closer to the edge. Hadley could feel the change in his master's body, sense the change in the air around them. At the very last moment, the older man pulled away. Hadley blinked up at him, desperate to know what he'd done wrong.

It took more strength of will than Rawlings knew he possessed to turn his back on the submissive and walk away.

"Sir?"

"Hush," Rawlings tried to soften the word, but his voice was still rough as he fought for control over himself.

Hadley squirmed within his restraints again, trying to look over his shoulder and see his master as Rawlings stepped out of the submissive's field of vision. "Sir?"

The tearing of the condom packet seemed loud in the near silent room, Rawlings let the sound speak for him. Slicking the latex with extra lube, he pressed the tip against Hadley's hole, removing any doubts his submissive might have about why his master had walked away from his mouth.

Hadley moaned his approval as Rawlings settled his hands on Hadley's flanks. The submissive stopped trying to push back against him, he stopped trying to move within his restraints.

Rawlings didn't say anything—he offered his praise in a far more immediate form. Pushing slowly forward, he stared down between their bodies, watching his slicked shaft disappear into Hadley's hole, inch by inch.

The younger man groaned his pleasure. Rawlings' grip on his sides tightened. Buried inside him as far as any man could ever get, he stilled, letting the younger man relax around him.

The submissive slowly turned his face to the side. Rawlings remained perfectly motionless, staring down at the younger man's profile. Hadley's eyes were closed, his lips slightly parted as he rested his cheek on the leather. His hair had fallen into his eyes. He was stunning.

Rawlings watched as a frown gathered on the submissive's forehead. Hadley's lips came together as a frustrated little whimper escaped from the back of his throat. He arched his back, trying to wriggle his way further onto his master's cock in spite of his bondage.

Obviously desperate, he still made no verbal request. Somehow, he found the strength to let his master do as he pleased with him. Rocking his hips, Rawlings pulled away from the younger man for the briefest possible moment before thrusting back inside him. Slow and easy, he made sure the submissive felt just how much control his lover had over each movement.

Leaning forward, Rawlings moved one of his hands to the constable's shoulder. The change of angle made the smaller man murmur his pleasure into the near silent room. His hole clenched tighter around Rawlings shaft as if trying to beg his master's orgasm out of him.

Rawlings thrust harder, speeding up as he sensed the other man getting closer. His first foray into submission has already taken Hadley to the edge. The dominant had no doubt it would only take the least little thing to bring him off.

"Come."

Hadley came, entirely untouched, spilling onto the floor beneath the spanking bench. There were few things more erotic than a submissive's obedience. Mixed in with the younger man's pleasure, it was irresistible.

Rawlings jerked, thrusting rapidly into the other man as he came just a moment later. For several long seconds, there were no thoughts inside the dominant's head. There was just pleasure and Hadley, Hadley and pleasure, each intertwined with the other so perfectly it was impossible to tell where one started and the other ended.

When Rawlings blinked open his eyes a few minutes later, he was just in time to see the submissive do the same. Hadley lifted his head off the leather and tried to turn toward his master.

"Hush."

His voice had returned to normal. Even to Rawlings' own ears, he sounded completely composed, completely in control. He wasn't sure if he should consider that impressive or merely dishonest. His mind spun as he slowly started to soften within the younger man.

He had to force himself to pull away from him and separate their bodies. He took his hands from the younger man's skin. He'd held on tightly—maybe too tightly. He trailed his fingers over the younger man's shoulder and flank. There was no evidence of any mark that would last through until morning.

Letting his body take over for a little while, Rawlings allowed his muscles lead him into familiar movements, even as his brain swirled with unfamiliar thoughts. Dispensing with the condom, he tucked himself neatly away behind his fly.

Still working on automatic pilot, he began to walk around the spanking bench, undoing the submissive's restraints as he went. As he undid the first ankle strap, Hadley tried to straighten his leg. Rawlings rested his palm on his calf for a few moments. The muscle relaxed. When he took his hand away, Hadley made no further attempts to move without permission.

As each buckle was released, and each strip of leather moved aside, he carefully inspected the skin it had covered. No marks remained. There would be no evidence of the bondage—not physically, at least.

As the last bit of leather fell away from the younger man, Rawlings helped him to rise from the bench.

Hadley's legs didn't appear to be in favor of the idea of him standing. They tried to disappear from beneath him. Rawlings guided him to rest against the edge of the spanking bench.

The submissive's gaze drifted to his own body, to the handcuffs still wrapped around his wrists. He didn't say a word. If Rawlings had been sure that was simply because he was unwilling to break the strange sense of peace that had settled over them, he might have been content to leave it at that. But for all the months he'd spent thinking of the constable, he still didn't know him well enough to be sure.

He tucked a knuckle under Hadley's chin and made him look up. The tranquility he saw in his eyes made any of the words he'd been about to say irrelevant. He tried not to care that he wasn't sure what emotions the younger man might see in his own eyes in return.

His hand slid up to the submissive's cheek, still keeping his head at exactly the angle he wanted it. Rawlings smiled at the easy way he accepted that. The dominant's last doubts over Hadley's true preferences drifted away.

Hadley smiled back at him, apparently pleased simply because his master was pleased with him, even if there was no way he could really understand why right then.

Dipping his head, Rawlings brushed their lips together in a brief little kiss. He didn't ask Hadley's opinion on the move. He didn't ask him for his permission to start the kiss or end it, either. Hadley accepted what he was offered, no protest, no comment.

There weren't any excuses for letting the scene linger on any longer than it already had. Rawlings did his best to hide his reluctance as he undid the cuffs. He'd had Hadley under his protection for such a short length of time. It was hard to remember he was doing the right thing by letting him go.

Hadley lowered his gaze and watched the silver fall from his wrists. A moment later, Rawlings encouraged him to step away from the spanking bench.

His legs seemed to have come back to him. One hand on the small of his back just in case he was less steady than he looked, Rawlings guided the naked submissive back into the little hallway.

"Clothes on, Hadley."

No response.

Rawlings put his hands on the constable's shoulders and turned him toward the coat stand. "Clothes on," he repeated.

Hadley's hands were unsteady, his movement's clumsy. Still, he did as he was told. Rawlings watched over him until only Hadley's coat remained on the rack.

"Hands."

Hadley immediately held out his hands. Rawlings fastened the cuffs around his wrists and draped the constable's coat over the restraints. Taking him by the arm, he guided the younger man out of the annex and to his car.

Hadley frowned down at his hands before looking back to Rawlings. "I..."

Rawlings stopped and waited for him to find the rest of the sentence.

"I can't drive like this, sir."

"You're in no condition to drive, anyway. Keys."

Hadley looked at his jacket. "In the pocket, sir."

Rawlings fished out the keys, and opened the passenger side door without a word. Hadley got in, and Rawlings leaned across to fasten the seat belt around him. The submissive watched the process in silence, still slow and sleepy with afterglow and his newfound submission.

The constable didn't ask how Rawlings knew where he lived. The dominant doubted Hadley remembered putting it on the forms he'd filled in at his office. The younger man's head dropped back on the headrest. He closed his eyes and simply trusted his master to drive. By the time they reached his house, Hadley still hadn't said a word. He blinked open his eyes as Rawlings stopped the car.

"Would you like to come in, sir?" He frowned slightly, as if a little surprised with himself for asking the question.

Rawlings got out of the car and collected him from the passenger side. The car keys were on the same fob as the house keys. Rawlings let them both into the other man's house. Hadley stood inside his own front door, as if not quite sure what to do with himself.

"Kitchen." Rawlings prompted.

Hadley nodded, and led the way.

A hand on his shoulder put Hadley in one of the kitchen chairs. It seemed far easier to find things for himself than to ask for directions from the submissive while he was still so off kilter. Before long, he'd put a steaming cup of over sweetened tea in front of the younger man, along with two pieces of slightly burned toast.

Relieved of his coat and the cuffs that had been concealed beneath it, Hadley wrapped his hands around the mug in between nibbling at the toast. Rawlings sat with him, allowing himself the pleasure of watching over the submissive for a little while longer. Hadley glanced up at him for a moment.

"Sorry, I'm not very good company at the moment, sir."

Rawlings smiled slightly. He really had no idea how fascinating he was, poised right there on the edge of his submission. "Small talk isn't required," Rawlings told him, doing his best not to betray his amusement in case the younger man should take it the wrong way. "If there's nothing important you want to say, silence is fine."

Hadley nodded. He was still silent a little while later, when Rawlings led him upstairs. He watched over him as he stripped himself down and slid between the sheets.

The younger man looked across at him as he laid his head on the pillow.

"Do you want to...?"

Rawlings shook his head. "Go to sleep. I'll have to leave in a few minutes."



Hadley apparently lacked any kind of instinct for self-preservation once he lost himself in his submission. He closed his eyes. Within a few seconds, he was fast asleep, not the least bit bothered by the fact a relative stranger was still lurking in his bedroom.

Rawlings stayed for a few minutes, just watching over him as he slept. Turning and walking away from him was just about the hardest thing he'd ever done.

Downstairs, he rinsed the mugs and plates and set them on the draining board. There was nothing to do then, except leave.

Dropping the latch on the front door, Rawlings closed it carefully behind him. Dominant or not, the scene was finished, and whatever happened between them next was in ultimately Hadley's hands.

## *Chapter Four*

“If you’re not on your knees in the next three seconds, I’ll turn you over my knee, right here, in front of everyone.”

“What the—?” Hadley swung around in his chair.

Rawlings stood directly behind him. He looked perfectly serious.

Hadley just stared up at him as if he’d...well, as if he’d just propositioned him in the middle of the police station canteen.

“That’s what you’ve been waiting for me to say all day, isn’t it?” Rawlings asked, as a half-amused smile twisted his lips.

Hadley started to breathe again. He shook his head. “I just—”

“Decided that avoiding me was easier than facing me?” Rawlings suggested as he took a seat opposite him. “Before we did a scene, you panicking and leaving the room whenever I walked in, was an amusing character quirk. Now, it’s annoying.”

Hadley stared down into his coffee, sure the other man wouldn’t be the least bit impressed if he gave in to the temptation to look over his shoulder and make sure no one was watching them.

“No one’s within ear shot. Keep your voice at a reasonable level and no one will think we’re talking about anything more interesting than your current case.”

Hadley looked up and met the other man’s gaze.

“I have no interest in telling anyone about anything that happened between us on the weekend. Whatever happens in that room can stay in that room.”

Hadley took a sip of his coffee in the vague hope that the hot liquid might untangle his vocal cords and let him speak in something lower than soprano. “Thank you.” It took everything he had not to call him sir.

Staring down at the steaming liquid as if it held all the answers in the world was easier than facing the situation before him. Unfortunately, there were no solutions hidden in the black depths of his coffee. When he finally convinced himself to look up, he felt just as clueless as he had when he first saw Rawlings walk into the station that morning.

Four days wasn’t nearly enough time to get it all straightened out inside his head. The time he’d spent with the dominant still seemed more like a fantasy than any of his dreams had been.

“What happens now?” he managed to ask, after a few more minutes of uncomfortable silence.

“Now, you make a decision. Last weekend should have gone a little way toward helping you work out if this is what you really want, or if it was just something you were curious about and needed to get out of your system.”

Hadley wrapped his hands around the coffee mug and let the heat soak into his palms. He had a vague memory of doing the same thing while he sat in his kitchen the previous weekend, but that part of the night was even more confused in his head than the rest. “You must think I’m an idiot.”

“I think you’re very young, very new, and standing right on the edge of it all. Everyone who gives in to curiosity stood there once upon a time. Some leap in. Some don’t.” The older man shrugged and took a sip of his own coffee. “Some have no interest in leaping.”

“You wanted to...you leapt,” Hadley observed.

“Yes.”

“And if I...if it wasn’t it a onetime deal—for curiosity or whatever?” Hadley asked, trying not to stumble over his words.

“I think we suited each other very well,” Rawlings said, perfectly calmly.

Hadley nodded, afraid to lift his gaze from his coffee, just in case he saw amusement in the other man’s eyes. It was hard to believe he was anything less than a joke to the dominant after the way he’d acted that night.

“Look up.”

Hadley obeyed. There wasn't even a thought process—just the order and the obedience of it.

Rawlings took a key out of his pocket and put it on the desk. “For the playroom. Let me know when you’ve made up your mind about visiting it again.”

Reaching out, Hadley picked up the key. He held it so tightly, the jagged edge dug into his palm.

Rawlings continued to hold his gaze for several long seconds, as if he really could see straight into his mind. He nodded once before he rose to his feet and walked away without another word.

\* \* \* \*

*I've made up my mind, sir.*

The moment Hadley pressed send on his mobile, he was filled with a desperate desire to claw it back. He pushed the phone back into his pocket, as if that would somehow stop the message from escaping.

Taking a deep breath, Hadley looked around the little hallway that led into the proper playroom, not sure what to do now. He was pretty sure that when Rawlings had given him the key to the playroom, he hadn't included silent permission to go into the main room and play with his toys.

His gaze fell on the coat rack. Leaving his clothes by the door had been a damn sight easier when there was someone there to see him stripping down. Getting undressed when an order hadn't actually been issued didn't feel the same. Standing naked in the middle of the empty room quickly made him feel like a complete pillock.

He didn't even know if Rawlings was at home. He'd seen a light on when he snuck past the house and to the annex, but the other man could have left it on when he went out. He probably was out. He probably had plans. For all Hadley knew, the other man had plans to bring another guy back to the playroom that very night.

Staring at his mobile phone, where he'd placed it on top of the pile of clothes, Hadley silently begged for it to ring, for Rawlings to phone him back and tell him that...to order him to... Hadley sighed. Pushing his hand through his hair, he began to pace around the small space that bridged the gap between the playroom and the real world.

Glaring at his phone every three seconds didn't make it ring. He was on the verge of scrambling back into his clothes and running away when a noise on the other side of the room caught his attention.

The door to the outside world swung open. Before Hadley had time to panic, Rawlings stepped inside and calmly closed the door after him. He didn't even look surprised to see him.

Hadley looked at his mobile. He hadn't told the other man where he was. The guy was a shrink, fair enough. He could probably predict behaviors and whatever—but there was no way in hell he should be so far inside Hadley's head that he'd know where he was right then.

"I knew you were here the moment you stepped into the room." The calm certainty in the other man's voice was reassuring. It was hard to believe that Rawlings wasn't in complete control of the situation.

Hadley forced himself to think rationally about the possibilities for a few seconds. He looked to the upper corners of the room. "Closed Circuit TV, sir?"

"Silent alarm on the door."

Hadley frowned. "You said you knew it was me." He dropped his gaze. At least he hadn't been disappointed when he'd found which of his submissives was waiting for him in his playroom. He supposed that was something he should be grateful for.

"I don't give out keys on a whim."

Hadley nodded.

"And I don't make a habit of taking more than one lover at the same time."

"So I'm..." The only one with a key. He didn't say the rest out loud.

Rawlings raised an eyebrow at the half sentence.

Hadley took refuge in nodding again. "Yes, sir."

Rawlings seemed to be waiting for him to say something. With his brain running on a severely reduced blood supply since Rawlings walked into the room, and most of the blood had been diverted straight to his cock, Hadley decided silence was probably his best option.

"You said you've made your decision," Rawlings said after a while. "Tell me what it is."

Hadley merely stared across the room at the other man. His decision was to return to the playroom, to submit to the other man, to...he wasn't exactly sure. To be available whenever the other man wanted to tie him up or screw him? He had a vague idea that was the way situations like that were conducted.

Rawlings stepped forward. As he studied Hadley's face very closely, it took all Hadley's self-control to maintain eye contact.

"What do you think happens next?" the doctor asked.

"I do whatever you say, sir?" Hadley suggested. It had worked out very well for them last time. He didn't see any reason to mess about with a recipe that could make him come harder than he'd ever thought possible.

"And what then?"

Hadley thought about the question, trying to decipher what the other man was getting at.

"I told you what happens in this room stays in this room, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"And perhaps, if I were in the mood to take you on as nothing more than a play partner, I'd be happy for everyone to believe we were no more than casual acquaintances outside the room, too."

The younger man remained silent.

"I don't want a casual play partner, Hadley. I want a submissive."

Hadley stopped trying to think of something to say. His brain simply gave up.

"Did you bring your handcuffs?"

Hadley blinked and tried to change mental tracks, as quickly as Rawlings changed topics. Finally, he stopped trying to make sense of it and just answered the man. "Yes, sir."

"Bring them with you." Rawlings went into the main room, not even looking over his shoulder to check that Hadley was doing what he said. It was as if it never occurred to him to doubt that his submissive would trail along behind him, following his orders as he went.

His faith was well placed. A few moments later, Hadley stepped into the room after him, handcuffs hanging from his fingertips. Placing them on Rawlings outstretched palm, he considered his next move, but he didn't actually do anything until Rawlings' hand gesture indicated the dominant wanted him to. Hadley turned his back on the other man and put his hands behind him.

Two deft movements and he was neatly bound. Some stupid little bit of Hadley felt a little better about the world.

He turned back to the doctor.

Rawlings waved a hand to the room in general. "You can look around."

Hadley nodded, but it was several seconds before he tore his gaze away from him and actually began to make his way around the room. His bare feet made no sound. The whole room fell completely silent. Hadley couldn't help but look over his shoulder and check that the older man was still there. He discovered Rawlings sitting in a leather armchair on the far side of the room, watching him very carefully.

Aware that both he, and his reactions to everything he saw, were being studied and assessed, Hadley tried not to make a fool of himself. He also tried not to get harder with each toy and piece of leather-clad furniture that he turned his attention toward. Hadley doubted he was successful on either count.

His breathing turned shallow. His movements slowed. His head seemed to become lighter and emptier by the moment. Part of Hadley was aware of it all happening as if from the outside. He wondered if Rawlings could see it all as well. A glance back to the dominant told him that Rawlings saw even more than he did himself.

Hadley's slow circuit around the room eventually brought him to the spanking bench he'd become so well acquainted with on his previous visit. There was a shelf on the wall behind it. A bottle of massage oil caught the submissive's eye.

"What was in that stuff anyway?" Hadley asked.

"The oil?"

Hadley nodded. "I damn near floated away on it."

"I think you'll find that's called sub space, and it has nothing to do with the oil."

Hadley stared at the bottle. "You're sure."

Rawlings nodded.

Hadley turned his attention back to the spanking bench.

"Has it occurred to you that I'd be well within my rights if I turned you over my knee for accusing me of getting you high during a scene?" Rawlings asked, but he sounded faintly amused rather than truly angry with him.

Hadley shook his head. "I think refusing to spank me would be a much more effective punishment, sir." He managed a small smile at the sheer truth of it.

"You like the idea?"

Hadley nodded. He met Rawlings' gaze for a moment and held it.

"Did you really think I'd get you high?"

“No,” the submissive’s smile turned rueful. “But if I did make a fool of myself by going doopey for no reason, I’d rather we pretend it was the oil, if it’s all the same to you, sir.”

“Submissive, not doopey, there’s a difference.”

For a few seconds, Hadley said nothing, unable to find the right words. “I’d have done anything you ordered me to do, sir,” he finally confessed, his voice barely more than a whisper.

“Yes. You did take to it rather well.” Hadley glanced sideways at the other man. He didn’t seem to find anything the least bit strange about it. “It can take some men like that, the first time they submit.”

“It won’t be like that every time?” Hadley blurted out, his horror at the idea of something he’d fallen so instantly in love with, being snatched away, filling every word.

Rawlings smiled slightly. “Some men develop some degree of control over the depth to which they submit. Others never seem to lose the ability to throw themselves into another man’s care and trust that their master will look after them.”

Hadley nodded. He was pretty sure any sensible man would want to be the first sort of submissive. Apparently, he wasn’t all that sensible.

He stared at the spanking bench for a little longer, but he eventually had to turn his attention back to his master. Hadley’s feet carried him to the other man without asking his brain’s opinion.

Standing before the dominant, he had no idea what to say. The handcuffs behind his back saved him from reaching out for the other man without permission, but they couldn’t stop him from staring.

Rawlings glanced at the floor by his feet. The base of the chair gave way to a thick leather cushion that covered the tiles in front of it.

Hadley knelt. Rawlings ruffled his hair, the same way Hadley thought he might praise a puppy that had learned a new trick. Hadley still found himself relishing the gentle bit of contact.

His tongue flicked out over his lips, but he kept his request to be allowed to serve and service his master back. He was pretty sure Rawlings would tell him what he wanted him to do. Staring at the floor to one side of his master’s chair, he simply waited upon his pleasure.

“Do you have any idea why you spent the last few months avoiding me?”

Hadley glanced up at the other man. “You think it was because I knew you were a...?” A frown gathered between his brows. Knowing the other man was a dominant didn’t have a damn



thing to do with it. He was equally sure he'd see himself damned before he'd willingly blurt out that he'd developed a soppy crush on the other guy.

"Because you recognized a dominant and panicked?" Rawlings finished for him. "That's one possibility."

Hadley went back to staring at the floor for a little while. The room wasn't cold, but as his gaze travelled over the other man's shiny black boots, he became increasingly aware of his own nakedness, his vulnerability.

Rawlings stroked his fingers through Hadley's hair again, pulling him forward a little. The constable went with it. He rested his forehead against the other man's thigh for a few minutes as the dominant toyed with the thick blond strands.

Hadley tried to kneel there quietly, but the longer they remained just sitting idly while the time Rawlings was willing to grant him ticked away, the harder it was not to move, to speak, to do anything that might convince the other man to allow him more than that chaste touch.

Just as he was about to give in to temptation, lift his head and probably ruin everything, Rawlings stopped stroking his hair. Hadley froze, holding his breath as he waited to find out his master's verdict.

The older man gently guided his head away from where it was resting on his leg, up higher to where the line of his cock pressed against his jeans.

Hadley didn't even dare to kiss the fabric. He knelt there, with barely an inch of empty air between him and his master's cock and let the other man make the decision.

The dominant freed his erection, but didn't give himself as much as a single stroke before he put his hand back on the arm of the chair.

Hadley hesitated for a moment before leaning in and kissing him very gently on the tip of his cock. Rawlings didn't push him away. Hadley leaned forward a little more and took the head into his mouth. Laving him with his tongue, he suckled gently around the glans.

Last time, he'd been so desperate, caught up in the spanking bench and the leather and his master's touch. This time was different. Cuffs aside, he was free to be wherever he chose, free to put his mouth wherever he chose. There was nothing to hide behind, no idea that the other man could do whatever he pleased with him regardless of what Hadley wanted.

When he looked up, the older man had let his head drop back to rest against the high back of the chair. His eyes were closed, his face expressionless. He sat there, quite composed, and

allowed his submissive free rein with his mouth as if he were offering him a treat. Part of Hadley railed against the idea, wanted to hate the arrogance of a man who could sit above him as if he was merely receiving his due. Except Hadley didn't want a single damn thing to change.

Rawlings might want him there, but Hadley knew that he was the one who *needed* to be exactly where he was. He needed the other man in his mouth, the taste of his master on his tongue. He needed to know he was with the dominant because he wanted to be, to know he was doing this for himself, if he was ever going to be able to look in the mirror and not hate himself for his own weakness.

Hadley dipped his head and took Rawlings' shaft a little deeper into his mouth. A tiny pleasure-filled murmur escaped from between his lips as pre-cum leaked onto his tongue. Rawlings made no comment. Hadley let his eyes drop closed. Hands still locked behind his back, he bobbed his head a little lower, taking more of the shaft.

Sucking a nice snug little vacuum around the other man's cock, he brought out every trick he knew as he slowly worked him with his lips and tongue. No praise. No criticism. Nothing. Rawlings just accepted it all as if it was the most natural thing in the world for his lover to thrive on being able to please him that way.

Hadley whimpered as he licked the vein along the underside of the other man's cock. Accepted. Yes, that sounded right. Accepted and...owned? Yes, maybe part of him felt like that was true too.

Quickening his movements, Hadley desperately tried to give the other man something in return. Maybe he couldn't give him sub space, or whatever the other man called the perfect feeling inside his head, but he could get him off. He sucked harder around the older man's cock, running his tongue delicately over the head every time he pulled back.

Very slowly, he felt tension fill the older man's body. Hadley redoubled his efforts, his hands forming into tight fists behind his back.

Every second, he expected Rawlings to push him away, just as he'd stepped away before. He raced faster, hoping by some miracle to catch the other man off guard and make him come before the dominant could order him not to.

As desperate as he was to feel his master turn him around and thrust into him, as frantic as he was to be allowed to come himself, he needed to taste the other man, to offer him something without being able to take anything from it for himself.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Rawlings' grip turn white knuckled on the arm of the chair. A tiny little jerk of the hips broke through Rawlings' seemingly limitless self-control. He spilled into Hadley's mouth. Swallowing frantically, Hadley caught everything the other man was willing to give him, determined not to miss a single drop.

Even when Rawlings was finished, Hadley wasn't quite ready to give up his prize. He stayed there, relishing every second while the other man softened in his mouth.

A touch to his hair finally made him look up. Rawlings' fingers stroked through the strands once more, as if nothing had changed. Hadley allowed the dominant to guide his head back to his thigh, letting the other man's cock slide delicately from between his lips in the process.

Rawlings let the minutes slip slowly past. Gradually, Hadley seemed to find a sense of peace within himself. His breaths evened out. When Rawlings slid his fingers down his neck, he found his pulse had slowed too. He was as relaxed as he was going to get.

The dominant took his hand away from the other man's head, before they ended up just sitting silently in the playroom all night. "Up on your feet."

Hadley clambered clumsily upright and stepped back.

The younger man was beautifully hard and unable to do anything to hide that fact while his hands were behind his back. He'd yet to settle into his submission enough to be entirely comfortable being on display before his master when they weren't having sex. The cuffs rattled as he automatically moved to cover himself.

Rawlings ignored that as stepped past him and directed the submissive to stand in the middle of the room with nothing more than a glance. Having an order to follow seemed to make the constable feel far better about the world. Rawlings stood just to the side of the spot he'd pointed out to Hadley. The other man had to step into his personal space to follow the order. He stopped exactly where Rawlings' had directed him, his shoulder an inch away from his master's chest as he stared at the wall to Rawlings' right.

Rawlings settled his left hand on the small of Hadley's back. The younger man jumped at the apparently unexpected contact. Rawlings' left his hand there, steadying him as he wrapped his other fist around the submissive's cock. The very first touch made Hadley buck against his palm.

“Did you jack off last weekend after I took you home?”

Hadley quickly shook his head.

Rawlings settled his hand comfortably around the other man’s shaft. “Answer properly, Hadley.”

“You told me to go to sleep, sir.”

“Yes, I did. And did you do as I said?”

“Yes, sir.”

Rawlings’ hand moved over his shaft once more before pausing to stroke the tip of his cock with his thumb. “You slept well?”

“Yes, sir.” Hadley barely managed to make the words a whisper

“That’s good. It’s important you always tell me the truth.”

“Yes, sir,” Hadley replied, seemingly on automatic pilot.

Rawlings continued to stroke him, very slowly, very steadily, making sure the submissive would be left with no doubt he could keep up the same hand motion all night if he chose to.

“Because I don’t make a habit of letting my submissive tell lies.”

The younger man glanced at him out of the corner of his eye. “I wouldn’t do that, sir.”

“Not to me,” Rawlings went on.

Hadley shook his head, denying any intention of ever doing such a thing.

“Not to themselves either,” the older man finished.

Hadley hesitated then. “Sir?”

“A little while ago, you couldn’t think of any reason why we shouldn’t just be play partners.”

Hadley nodded.

Rawlings’ hand gently massaged the shaft within his grip, but he didn’t say anything. His left hand dropped away from the small of the younger man’s back and absentmindedly stroked Hadley’s buttocks, as he thought through exactly what should be said next.

“That’s not the whole truth, is it, Hadley?”

The younger man glanced up at Rawlings once more. “Sir?”

Rawlings smiled slightly as his hands continued to play, pushing the submissive closer to the edge without giving him any chance of actually being able to come. “You can’t think of a

single reason why we wouldn't be able to keep the sort of emotional distance from each other we would need to remain just play partners?" he whispered in his ear.

Hadley shook his head.

"Don't worry about it too much. We've got plenty of time for you to think it through."

Hadley bit his lip as Rawlings fingers continued to play and tease. The submissive knew exactly what he was talking about, Rawlings had no doubt about that. It was bubbling away just under the surface, and if it wasn't brought to the brink, things were going to get out of hand very quickly.

"I meant what I said about demanding honesty right from the start. The issue won't go away if you ignore it—nor will the question," Rawlings whispered to him, gentling his voice, making every word they said a secret they shared.

"Sir?" He dropped his voice just as Rawlings had.

"You said that I should refuse you a spanking if I want to punish you."

Hadley nodded. He dropped his eyes closed as Rawlings stroked over his backside, very gently.

"You don't decide the punishments, Hadley. I do."

"Yes, sir."

Before he had a chance to add a needless apology to the reply, Rawlings cut in. "I can think of other things it would be far more appropriate for me to deny you."

Hadley opened his eyes. His gaze went straight to his cock where the hard shaft rested in Rawlings hand.

"If I told you to go straight to sleep when you go home tonight, would you?" He applied another slow, measured stroke to Hadley's cock as he said it.

"Yes, sir." A touch of quiet despair filled his voice as he made the admission.

"You'll be allowed to come when you tell the truth," Rawlings promised.

Hadley glanced up at him. Rawlings kept his own expression perfectly serious. When Hadley told the truth—not before. He meant it. An orgasm wasn't worth it. "Could we be play buddies, Hadley?" Rawlings whispered in his ear.

Hadley shook his head. A second later, he closed his eyes very tightly, as if he realized what he was on the verge of admitting.

"Why not?" Rawlings prompted.

Hadley kept his eyes and his lips closed.

Another stroke to his cock, another inch closer to an edge he wasn't allowed to fall over.

"Why not?"

"Because..."

"Because?" Rawlings prompted.

"I...the emotional distance thing. I don't think I'm very good at that."

"And you've had this problem with emotional distance since when?" Rawlings asked.

"October Seventeenth, sir."

Rawlings smiled slightly. Unless he was very much mistaken, Hadley believed that was the first day they set eyes on each other. "Well, then, we might have a problem."

Hadley looked up at him.

"Because I don't have a problem with 'the emotional distance thing'."

Hadley didn't seem to be able to look away from him. He wanted to—Rawlings could see it in his eyes, along with a dozen other things he was sure the submissive wished he could hide from him right then.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed forward in spite of a very similar desire to run and hide from the rest of the conversation.

"I'm in love with you," Rawlings finally said, very simply. To his enormous relief, his voice remained perfectly steady through the entire statement. "That's very different from merely being unable to maintain my distance from someone."

At that exact moment, he tightened his grip around Hadley's shaft. The final stroke that pushed the submissive over the edge punctuated the end of the sentence perfectly. Hadley bucked against his palm as he tossed his head back and came.

When the younger man finally seemed to come down from the orgasm, he blinked up at him, his eyes full of uncertainty and confusion. "I don't understand...you want...? I mean..."

"I mean, I'm in love with you," Rawlings whispered in his ear, guiding him to turn around and face him. "I find it's best to make such things clear right from the start—it saves a great deal of confusion later."

"I..." Hadley blinked.

He looked so lost, Rawlings couldn't help but smile. It wasn't fair to throw something like that at the other man while he was still finding his feet as a submissive. But it wouldn't have

been fair to let him think he didn't care about him either. He'd seen too many submissives suffer because their dominants didn't think a master should ever admit to giving a damn about them, much less anything else.

Guiding the younger man to rest his head on his master's shoulder, he passed the time stroking his fingertips up and down the submissive's spine while Hadley thought it all through.

"I'm really screwing this up, aren't I, sir?"

Rawlings chuckled slightly. "You're doing fine."

"I do, you know—what you said."

Rawlings held back a real laugh. They would definitely have to work on that declaration at some point, but not right then.

"That's fine," Rawlings said. But he couldn't quite resist the temptation to point that other things weren't acceptable. "I'll give you fair warning right now that if you ever get yourself caught in some crazy hostage situation again, then you're going to find out just how it feels to have your master truly furious with you."

Hadley looked up at him. Rawlings held nothing back in his expression.

"You were worried about me," Hadley said, as if the possibility had never occurred to him before.

"I'm a forensic psychologist, sweetheart. I treat criminals, not cops. Do you really think it was your department's idea that you should be sent to me?"

Hadley hesitated.

"You were exhausted. You refused to see the therapist the force offered you. And you were obviously suffering." Rawlings stared down at him. "You might have been having nice kinky dreams—but I was having nightmares imagining what might have happened to you."

Hadley looked down.

"Not my finest moment," Rawlings allowed. "Very unprofessional. Of course, I didn't really face that fact until you were telling a supposedly impartial therapist about a dream that was worrying you, and I found myself sitting behind my desk desperate to show you what it should be like in reality."

Hadley couldn't meet his eyes right then. "I thought you were disgusted, sir."

Rawlings pressed a kiss to his temple. "No." With his fingers tangled into Hadley's hair, he guided his head forward to rest on his shoulder once more.

Hadley went with the movement, so sleepy and trusting after his second foray into submission.

“Do you know I started falling in love with you back when I only ever managed to snatch little glimpses of you as you rushed out of whatever room I entered?” Rawlings asked him.

Hadley lifted his head and blinked up at him. Heat returned to his cheeks.

“And it wasn’t October seventeenth. It was September twenty-seventh.”

Hadley frowned.

“It seems I have a better memory for details than you do. I’ll have to get you a calendar and mark down whatever I think you need to remember.”

Hadley nodded, apparently entirely on automatic.

Rawlings ruffled his hair as he finally stepped away and turned them toward the real world.

“Come on, let’s get you back to the main house.” He smiled as he led the constable to his clothes. They weren’t going to be on for long. And this time, he had no intention of walking away from the bed he settled the sleepy submissive into.



## *About the Author*

26 years old, from Wales, UK, Kim writes about kink, love and happy endings. If a story doesn't have those three things, it's not going to be written—at least not by this writer!

Apart from that, Kim likes to write a little bit of everything. So far that list includes Male/Male, Male/Female, a few different varieties of ménage, shifters, vampires, fairytales, time-travel and ghosts. It's anyone's guess what will come next...

A firm believer that there is no "One True Way" for people to kink, Kim likes to let the characters in each book pick their own ways to dominate and submit to each other. As long as they stay safe, sane and consensual—Kim's happy to let them live their lifestyle 24/7, or just open the toy box on weekends—whatever's right for them.

Published since 2008, Kim also writes BDSM erotic romances for Total-e-bound. You can catch up with Kim at [www.kimdare.com](http://www.kimdare.com) or by e-mailing [kim@kimdare.com](mailto:kim@kimdare.com).

## ***Thank You!***

We appreciate your purchase of this Resplendence Publishing title. We hope your reading experience was a pleasurable one, and invite you to take 10% off your next electronic book purchase from website.

Visit [www.ResplendencePublishing.com](http://www.ResplendencePublishing.com), select any title, and enter the following code when you check out: **ReadRP10**. This code is valid only on our website, for electronic book purchases only.

During your visit to [www.ResplendencePublishing.com](http://www.ResplendencePublishing.com), you can enjoy Free Reads from RP's hottest authors, obtain information on our Read Green charitable donation program, or sign up for our quarterly newsletter and our RP Reader Rewards program, which awards loyal readers with a \$10.00 gift certificate for every \$100.00 spent.

You can also join us on MySpace, Facebook, and Blogspot. You will find regular updates, information on upcoming releases and appearances, as well as contests for free RP titles. We love to hear from our readers, and hope to see you there.

Thank you again for your purchase, and we look forward to becoming your number one resource for high quality electronic fiction.

Best,  
*The RP Team*

## ***Handcuffs and Lace***

### **Resplendence Publishing's Erotic Romance Line of Law Enforcement Themed Stories**

#### ***She's Got Balls* by Mia Watts**

What do you do with a 'wife' who is more than you can handle?

When the FBI and local law enforcement team up for a mutually beneficial crime-stopping partnership, Rookie Agent Chris Tarpington and Detective Vin Pilk team up to prototype the new alliance. How better to bust a ring of drug dealing suburban house wives than to go undercover-way undercover, as a married couple?

Though Chris reluctantly gets in touch with his feminine side, he quickly finds ways of making his sexy partner squirm. And Vin is definitely squirming, but will he run away from his faux wife, or right into 'her' arms?

One thing is for sure: as the investigation heats up, 'inter-agency cooperation' will take on a whole new meaning..

#### ***Stripped* by Celia Kyle**

Sometimes life just required tequila... and vodka... and a shot or two of whiskey for good measure. Jasmine Wright, Jazz to her friends, has reached that point. And now all that liquor is making her clothes fall off—in the middle of the street. Good thing a friendly neighborhood police officer stops to help.

Sheriff Ian Blackwell has loved Jazz since high school and then some. When their relationship burned out so many years ago, he wasn't sure he would recover. Now he's getting a second chance, and he won't Jazz slip away from him this time. He has her naked and at his mercy, and he's going to keep her that way. Forever.

#### ***Sexy Lexy* by Aurora Rose Lynn**

Amber Wyeth returns to her hometown of Cedar Ridge aiming to take revenge on an old high school flame who jilted her on prom night, only to discover the sexy sheriff might haul her off to

jail for being naughty. When one erotic game leads to another, will Amber's quest for revenge leave her wanting more?

Sheriff Joey Hansen's fantasies are about to come true in a way he never expected when he meets the owner of a red Porsche with SXY LXY license plates on a deserted highway. She has car trouble but the driver's spicy games and scanty clothing are revving his engine up. How can he quench his longing for the beautiful woman? He decides turnaround is fair play.

### ***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: a police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

### ***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the "living" world.

However, Meli's quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn't seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer's attention...using any speed necessary.

### ***Handcuffs and Lies* by Bronwyn Green**

Sometimes promises to friends are the hardest to keep. Undercover police officer, Michael Tanner, promised his dying partner that he'd take care of the man's little sister. Trouble is, after her brother's death, Doctor Tori Spinelli wants nothing to do with Michael—or any other cop for that matter.

Tori has always fought against overprotective men and deception. Forced into protective custody with Michael, she's now faced with both in the same package. Despite their differences, Tori falls in love with him, but how can she trust a man who lies for a living?

### ***Cuff Me Lacy* by Demi Alex**

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with "The Bull" she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

### ***Going Commando* by Catherine Chernow**

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJs are discussing "going commando" —*a.k.a.* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... GOING COMMANDO.

***Also Available from  
Resplendence Publishing***

***Ryland's Sacrifice* by Kim Dare**

Principles don't pay tuition fees. When Ryland's math scholarship disappears overnight, he has two choices. He can borrow money from fellow student Jason Burrows, who has very interesting ways of collecting debts. Or, he can volunteer to be thrown to the werelions.

One night spent playing the part of a willing human sacrifice will give him enough money to finish his PhD. It seems like a good deal—right up until the moment he finds himself naked, blindfolded, bound and surrounded by lions.

***In For a Penny* by Carol Lynne**

What's the old saying...you can never go home again? Raven Black resigned himself to never returning after being ordered from the only real home he'd ever known. Now, seven years later, Raven is back to face the man who sent him away.

Zane Conner is not only Raven's foster brother but the only man Raven ever loved. Despite his mixed feelings about the situation, Raven can't deny Zane when the older man asks for his help in saving the Lazy C Bar Ranch. A boy found dead on the ranch clinches Raven's decision.

Why did the young boy look so much like he had at that age—the same age he'd been when his own father had beaten him and left him for dead?

***Going Deep* by G.A. Hauser**

Dylan Conway thought he had a chance at the big leagues when a pro football scout invited him to try out for the team. After a successful college career, Dylan figured it was a sure thing.

It wasn't.

With his dream of playing pro ball shattered, Dylan takes a job in LA delivering pizza until he can figure out a new direction for his life. What he doesn't expect is to be propositioned at every delivery, and to his amazement, he's asked to work for a photographer of male nudes. He accepts, and begins his journey into a deeper, darker industry.

Sean Dean, AKA 'Rippin Long', is tired of working as a gay porn star. For seven long years he

was the top earner for Tartarus Studios, but now he's sick and tired of the demands. He yearns for a real life and respectable work.

But even the jaded Rippin Long is stunned to see the latest addition to the Tartarus studios stable of stars: The delectable Dylan Conway. To make matters worse, Dylan makes no effort to hide his instant attraction to Tartarus' prized stud, and he's after more than sex. Dylan wants a 'relationship', something Sean has avoided after continuously being idolized as the porn star, and not the human being behind the façade.

One man jaded and at the end of his porn career, the other fresh and just beginning a new life in the industry—the possibility for any kind of future between the two seems daunting. Yet, the two men collide on set, burning up the screen like no other men before them. Could there be a chance for a real bond between them? With faith, hope, and a little help from karma, could true love bloom from what was once two broken lives?

### ***Saving Noah* by Carol Lynne and Cash Cole**

Dexter Krispin arrived in the small Kansas town of Schicksal with one thing on his mind: finishing his doctoral thesis. He hoped getting away from his hectic life in Pittsburgh would allow him to concentrate on the long overdue paper and to forget about his last lover.

Life-long Schicksal resident, Noah Stoffel, has managed to keep his sexuality a secret. Yet, after one look at the dark-haired newcomer, he knows his life in the sleepy town will never be the same.

But more than Noah's desire for privacy stands between him and Dexter. For years, the residents of Schicksal have been hiding a horrific secret, one that takes Dexter mere days to uncover and expose...a secret that could destroy—or heal—they all.

### ***Tropical Hedonism* by Dakota Rebel**

After a boating accident, Sean Harris wakes up staring into the eyes of a handsome doctor. Even when he discovers that he is on an island within the Bermuda Triangle, and there is no way for him to get back to his old life, he can't be too disappointed if it means being stuck with the doctor.

Dr. Wesley Carpenter cannot believe that the younger Sean Harris would want anything to do with him. After half-heartedly turning down the advances of his patient, he realizes that resistance is futile.

The men find themselves falling for each other quickly, but ghosts from their pasts and outside influences try to get in the way of their happiness. Sean and Wesley may be on the island forever, but neither is sure if that guarantees they'll be able to continue their *Tropical Hedonism*.

***Find Resplendence titles at the following retailers***

***Resplendence Publishing***

[www.ResplendencePublishing.com](http://www.ResplendencePublishing.com)

***Amazon***

[www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com)

***Barnes and Noble***

[www.BarnesandNoble.com](http://www.BarnesandNoble.com)

***Target***

[www.Target.com](http://www.Target.com)

***Fictionwise***

[www.Fictionwise.com](http://www.Fictionwise.com)

***All Romance E-Books***

[www.AllRomanceEBooks.com](http://www.AllRomanceEBooks.com)

***Mobipocket***

[www.Mobipocket.com](http://www.Mobipocket.com)