

The background of the cover features a person's torso and arms, heavily entwined with a complex web of thin, metallic-looking wires. A large, dark, stylized tattoo is visible on the upper chest. The scene is dramatically lit with warm, glowing lights, and several colorful Christmas lights (red, green, blue, yellow) are strung across the body. In the lower right foreground, various BDSM-related items are laid out on a white surface, including a black leather collar with silver studs, a black flogger with multiple tails, a metal chain, and a black strap with a silver buckle. The overall aesthetic is sensual and provocative, combining holiday themes with eroticism.

Noble  
Romance

Erotic Romance

H.C. Brown  
Stormy Glenn

FLOGGERS'  
HOLIDAY SALE



Floggers' Holiday Sale

ISBN 978-1-60592-220-1

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Floggers' Holiday Sale Copyright Stormy Glenn and H.C. Brown

Cover Art by Fiona Jayde

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any existing means without written permission from the publisher. Contact Noble Romance Publishing, LLC at PO Box 467423, Atlanta, GA 31146.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. The characters are products of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

### **Book Blurb**

#### **Hot Dom, Cold Sub by Stormy Glenn**

Rafe, a very serious dom, wants Danny the minute he spots the sexy little man dancing at Club Floggers. Rafe is used to getting what and who he wants.

When Danny refuses him, it sends Rafe into a whirlwind of arousal and confusion, especially since he knows the little submissive is interested.

Can a Christmas auction give Rafe what he needs, or will it leave him wanting more?

#### **Dominate Me by H.C. Brown**

Nash Mage, a six-five, leather-clad ball of muscle, is living on the edge. Damien, his control freak of a sub, left without a word. Teetering on the bounds of control, Nash finds his BDSM world beginning to disintegrate. He wants what every dom craves – a sweet, innocent sub he can train to fulfill his every desire.

When Paul Martin enters Floggers' Christmas Auction looking for his first BDSM experience, Nash thinks all his Christmases have come at once. Young, barely legal,



with a slight build, Paul is just the way Nash likes his subs. Nash wants this delicious man with a passion—so do the other doms. If Nash secures the winning bid on Paul at Floggers' Christmas Auction, will he get to keep his prize?



# Hot Dom, Cold Sub

By Stormy Glenn

## Chapter One

"Fuck me raw!"

"Stunning , isn't he, Rafe?"

"Breathtaking," Rafael Connell whispered in awe as he watched the sexiest man he had ever laid eyes on dance his way across the top of the bar counter. His hips undulated, moving to and fro, as he swayed to the beat of the music.

The tight, black leather pants hugged his ass but hung low on his hips, giving the audience a glimpse of the man's tight abdomen. The low lights of the club did nothing to hide the rippled muscles on display, nor the matching silver rings in his pierced nipples.

The man wore no jewelry other than the nipple rings, no collar of ownership. He wasn't even wearing a shirt. His only accessories seemed to be a pair of black leather boots, a Celtic Sun tattoo encircling his bellybutton, and a long braid of sandy blond hair hanging down his back.

"Who the hell is he?" Rafe asked. He realized he had been gone from the club for several weeks, but it hadn't been that long. Could this man have suddenly appeared while he was off on a business trip?

Nash shrugged. "Don't know," he said. "We call him *D* but that is only because he won't give anyone his real name. He showed up here about two weeks after you left for Hong Kong. He's been coming in every Saturday since."

"Damn!"

"Yeah, just about." Nash chuckled. "He sets the place on fire every damn weekend. It's quite the sight to see."

Rafe took a few steps closer. He had to get a better look. This man was glorious. Rafe could tell *D* was a submissive. His true nature showed in the way he moved, the



way he lost himself to the music. Rafe bet he would lose himself the same way under the hands of his master, and Rafe wanted to be that master.

"Uh, Rafe?" Nash called out as Rafe took another step closer, his gaze riveted on the show just feet from where he stood. "He doesn't go home with anyone, ever."

Rafe glanced over his shoulder, smiling confidently. "He'll go home with me."

Nash looked doubtful. Rafe didn't share his uncertainty. He'd been dominating other men as long as he'd known what to do with his dick. If this man's whole demeanor wasn't screaming *master me*, Rafe would eat his hat.

The music ended just as Rafe reached the edge of the dance floor. The man moved to the rim of the bar and made ready to jump down. Rafe quickly stepped in to play, holding his hand out to help the man to the floor.

A perfectly manicured eyebrow arched, then D took Rafe's hand, jumping down from the bar to land next to him. D looked him up and down. A slow, sensuous grin played across his lips.

"My knight in shining armor," D drawled, not letting go of Rafe's hand.

Rafe smirked. "Would you be the damsel in distress then?"

"Hardly." The man chuckled. Rafe was surprised how much the soft laughter filled up the space around them, giving off an air of raw lust to anyone lucky enough to hear it. The sound sent a shiver of anticipation up Rafe's spine. "I'm much better equipped than any damsel."

"Can I buy you a drink?" Rafe asked, then grinned. "Or a car?"

D chuckled again, withdrawing his hand. "While I appreciate the thought, I'm afraid I have to say no." His head tilted to one side, a lock of sandy brown hair falling over his cheek. "I already have a car."

"Then how about that drink?"

"I have one of those too." D signaled the bartender, who brought him a fresh, still-sealed bottle of water. D nodded to the bartender, unscrewed the lid, breaking the seal then took a long drink.



Rafe groaned as he watched D's throat muscles move as he swallowed. Oh, he was perfect. Rafe just bet D could suck cock and swallow with the best of them. He couldn't wait to find out.

"So what can I get you then?"

"Who says I need anything?" D asked.

"Are you saying I don't have anything you might be interested in?" Rafe asked as he stood back and let the man look his fill. And look he did.

Rafe felt D's soft, grass green gaze move over every inch of his body, down to his toes, then slowly, slowly back up. Rafe's cock began to harden by the time the man's eyes reached his knees. At his groin, he was marble hard. By the time the D's gaze reached his chest, Rafe was afraid he'd come in his pants like an untried teenager.

The sexual tension arcing between them could have set the room on fire. Rafe was positive D felt it. His tanned skin was just a little too flushed. His eyes held a special sparkle that only a man very interested could have. And the impressive bulge in his pants screamed his need, a need Rafe desperately wanted to answer.

D smirked. "Oh, you have plenty I'd be interested in." He set his bottled water down on the counter top, reached for his shirt, and pulled it on. "Unfortunately, I think you'd end up breaking my heart, and I'm not sure you're *that* sexy." The man's eyes roamed over Rafe again, and his head cocked to one side. "Of course, I could be wrong."

Rafe's mouth dropped open as shock rocketed through him. The submissive of his dreams was turning and walking away. He couldn't believe it. Subs never left him. *He* did the leaving. He watched D as he worked his way through the crowd then out the door.

"Struck out, did you?"

Rafe turned to glare at Nash.

Nash chuckled, holding up his hands in surrender. "Sorry man, but I warned you. D doesn't go home with anyone."

"Who is he?"



"No one knows, exactly. Like I said, he showed up here a couple weeks after you left for Hong Kong. He's been coming in here every Saturday night since — arrives by nine and leaves by midnight. He never goes home with anyone, and he never accepts drinks from anyone. He doesn't even drink out of the same water bottle once he goes out to the dance floor. He always gets a new one."

"That's a little paranoid, don't you think?"

Nash shrugged. "Maybe he had a bad experience. It might explain why he wouldn't go home with you. I don't ever think I've seen a sub turn you down before. Hell, half the *doms* want to take you home and submit to you."

Rafe's brows drew together in a frown. "Maybe they do, but . . ."

"So, what are you going to do?"

*Good question.* What was he going to do? He could try and forget he had ever met a man who looked so close to what imagined would be the sub of his dreams, something that seemed nearly impossible at this point, or . . .

Rafe grinned over at Nash. "What are you doing next Saturday?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Rafe made sure he was at the club early the next Saturday, dragging Nash with him. He reserved a booth in the VIP section as befitted his membership. His table had a clear view of the entire main room of the club. Rafe would be able to see D wherever he was.

He ordered up a bucket of iced and sealed bottled water. If that's what the man wanted, Rafe would provide it. Ordering a scotch on the rocks for himself, he sat back against the plush cushions of the half-circle bench seat and waited.

And waited . . .

By ten o'clock, Rafe started to wonder if the man would even show. Maybe he had scared him off. Rafe couldn't begin to describe his disappointment. He had wanted



to see D again, to bask in his pure, glorious sensuality. He didn't want to be sitting here drinking watered-down scotch with Nash.

"Mmm, I do believe your dream man has arrived."

Rafe's head jerked around at Nash's words. He searched the crowd for the sexy man he hadn't been able to get out of his mind since the last time he had seen him. And there he was, making his way across the room to the bar.

Rafe grinned. He set his glass down on the low table and watched. He wanted to see if D would search for him. Disappointment like he hadn't known in years filled Rafe as D walked right past his sitting area without a glance.

In fact, D didn't look like he was searching for *anyone*. He made his way to the bar, handed over his shirt, then headed out to the dance floor. Despite his anger at being virtually ignored, Rafe couldn't help but appreciate the way the man's body moved when he began dancing.

D was a walking advertisement for sex. One Rafe couldn't ignore. He got to his feet and made his way out to the dance floor. He pushed himself through the crowd growing around D until he stood directly behind him.

D seemed to be off in his own little world, his body moving to the beat of the music in such a way that Rafe started to believe the old adage that dancing was the vertical version of foreplay. His cock throbbed behind his zipper.

Rafe grinned and stepped forward to make his move. He stopped right behind D and grabbed the man's hips. Rafe groaned when D's natural body movements pushed his ass back against him. Rafe pulled D closer, letting the other man feel his arousal.

Rafe thought the feel of his hard cock might make D hesitate or at least move a step away. Instead, D pushed back harder, his ass grinding into Rafe's groin. Rafe thought he might start drooling like a kid in a candy store when D lifted his arms and wrapped them around Rafe's neck.

D's body kept moving, swaying. He dropped his head back against Rafe's chest. Rafe could see his eyes were closed, his lips slightly parted. He looked totally lost in the music, in the dancing. He looked like an angel.



Rafe glided his fingers up D's hips to his abdomen. The muscles rippled under his touch. He dipped his head and ran his tongue along the curve of D's ear. "You're skin would look so good with my marks on you."

D chuckled. He grabbed Rafe's hands and slid them farther up his body. Tight little pierced nubs brushed against the Rafe's palms. His cock pulsed. He wanted to bend D over the nearest flat surface and fuck the tight little ass wiggling against him.

"Come home with me, angel. I want to redden that sweet ass of yours," Rafe growled through gritted teeth. He tried not to make it sound too much like a demand, but the moment the words left his mouth he knew hadn't succeeded. D's eyes popped opened, and he pushed himself out of Rafe's arms.

"As tempting as that sounds, honey, I'm afraid that I have to say no."

Rafe was shocked. He hadn't had a sub—hell, he hadn't had *anyone*—turn him down since, well, forever. He just had to crook his little finger, and men came running for him in droves. Who the hell did this little pipsqueak think he was?

"Your loss," Rafe ground out as civilly as he could. He spun on his heels and walked back toward his VIP seats. His hands clenched as anger hit every pore in his body, then bounced around like a ping-pong ball.

He stopped at the entrance to the VIP lounge and motioned to two club subs. He knew they sat outside the VIP lounge, hoping some dom would see them and invite them in. Well, tonight was their lucky night.

"You and you"—he pointed—"get your asses into my booth."

He didn't wait to see if they would obey him. He knew they would. At one time or another, he had played with most of the subs in the club. They knew what he could do to them, for them. Rafe was good, and he knew it, which made his confusion at D's refusal to go home with him even worse.

Rafe plopped down on the bench of his reserved booth and pointed to the floor. The two subs he'd chosen quickly moved to settled at his feet. Rafe ignored their pleading gazes and cast another long look across the room to where D still danced.



His anger grew when he realized D behaved as if nothing had happened between them. Willing, eager men surrounded Rafe, and yet he couldn't stop wanting the one man who didn't want him.

He had to be losing his mind.

"Rafe, my man, how's it hanging?"

Rafe nearly snarled when Nash stepped in between him and the object of his lust, blocking his line of vision. He clenched his hands, then slowly released them, feeling the tension pop his knuckles as he did. Maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea to have D under his lash at the moment. This keyed up, Rafe probably wouldn't treat the man properly.

And Rafe couldn't ever remember feeling that way. He leaned his head back against the headrest and drew in a deep breath, centering himself. He was losing control and that was unacceptable on every level.

"Rafe?"

"Hey, Nash."

"Are you okay, man?"

"Yeah, I'm good."

But he wasn't, and Rafe knew it. He was ready to blow. He hadn't felt this out of control since he was a teenager. He prided himself on his level of restraint. Everyone knew a man needed self-discipline to be a dom. Losing control meant someone got hurt, and that was unacceptable.

Rafe had been a teenager filled with anger. His father was a manipulative man who cheated on Rafe's mother at every opportunity. When he wasn't cheating, he was making Rafe's life hell. The only way Rafe knew how to deal with his hatred toward his father was to act out his anger at the man.

He tried taking out his anger one too many times, and it was that last time that saved his life and showed him the merits of being a dom. He'd tried to bully another man, a dom, and the man had handed Rafe his head.



Rafe spent the next two years learning everything he could from the man who took him under his wing, the dom who saved his life and taught him a better way to deal with his anger. Rufus would be laughing himself silly if he could see Rafe now.

Maybe he needed to call Rufus and get a refresher course in control, because he seemed to be forgetting everything the man ever taught him. The more Rafe thought about it, the better the idea sounded. Maybe Rufus could help him figure out why some little no-name sub had him obsessed, because Rafe couldn't figure it out.

"I need to go," Rafe said as he got to his feet. "I have to go talk with someone."

"Are you coming back?"

Rafe glanced over to the dance floor again. His eyes widened when he saw D looking straight at him. "Yeah, I'll be back."

## **Chapter Two**

Denny's heart sank as he watched Rafe leave the VIP lounge and walk out of the club. He knew he was supposed to pretend to ignore Rafe and draw the man's attention with his refusal, but he suddenly worried he'd gone too far.

Maybe he should have given in and gone home with the man as he really wanted to? Maybe he shouldn't have turned him down? Had he lost his opportunity? Was Rafe too frustrated with him?

Denny glanced back at the man sitting in the VIP lounge and gave him an exaggerated widening of his eyes. Nash shrugged and nodded toward a door on the far side of the room by the bar. Denny nodded and moved in that direction, knowing Nash would meet him there.

"That didn't go so well," Denny said the moment Nash joined him.

"Are you kidding me?" Nash laughed loudly. "That went perfect. Rafe is chomping at the bit. The man is ready to explode."



"Then why did he leave?" Denny chewed on the edge of his thumbnail, a nervous habit of his but one he'd never been able to break. "I thought the idea was to get him interested, not drive him away."

"Oh, believe me, he's interested." Nash snorted, a sound Denny thought was in very poor taste for a dom. "He's so interested he can barely see straight."

Denny barely controlled the rolling of his eyes as he followed Nash into the large office behind the bar counter. A large man sat behind a desk, talking on the phone. The man held up a finger as he talked.

Denny walked over to the shiny black desk and leaned on the edge, wrapping his arms around his waist as he waited for Rio Knight, the club's owner, to get done with his phone conversation.

He'd agreed to this little plan because he wanted Rafe to be his. After watching Rafe storm out of the club, Denny was beginning to wonder if that dream would ever come true. Rafe seemed really pissed.

"So," Rio said as he set the phone down, "how did it go?"

"Rafe is running for the hills."

Rio's dark eyebrow arched. "Do tell."

"Denny has Rafe tied up in so many knots, the man can't see straight," Nash stated simply. "He doesn't know if he's coming or going."

Rio chuckled as he leaned back in his chair and folded his hands together. "Sounds perfect."

"How can you say that?" Denny asked as he waved his hand toward the door. "He's pissed. He left. He probably doesn't want anything to do with me now."

"Exactly."

Denny shook his head vigorously. "I never should have turned him down tonight. He even invited a couple of other subs into his booth."

"He's frustrated, Denny."

Denny turned to look at Nash as the man sat on the black leather couch against one wall.



"Rafe isn't used to anyone turning him down," Nash said. "He has subs – and sometimes even doms – throwing themselves at him. He's used to getting exactly what he wants."

"Which is why it is so important for you to turn him down," Rio added. "If you make it too easy for him, Rafe will lose interest the minute he gets what he wants from you and move on to the next sub. If you really want to keep him, you have to follow through with our plan."

"You keep saying that but –"

"Look, Denny, it's real simple," Nash said. "Rafe needs you as much as you need him. Even Rufus believes the two of you are perfect for each other. He wouldn't have come up with this plan if he wasn't positive. Rafe is bored, unsatisfied in his current life. He needs a challenge."

"Just continue with the plan, Denny," Rio said. "The auction is just a few days away. I can guarantee Rafe will be there, and he will make sure no one outbids him. Just to make it a little more interesting, I have arranged for a few other doms to bid on you to keep Rafe on his toes."

"What?" Denny cried out as he jumped to his feet. "How can you – what if he decides not to bid on me? I don't want to go home with some other dom. I want Rafe."

Denny had wanted Rafe since the first moment he saw him in a photo on his Uncle Rufus' sideboard. The man was drop dead gorgeous, from the top of his black hair to the bottom of his feet, and every glorious inch in between.

Rafe symbolized everything Denny desired: tall, strong, and dominate. Denny had only a few occasions to see Rafe in person but each time cemented his feelings for the larger man. Denny knew Rafe would be the perfect dom for him.

His uncle said he was too young when Denny first made his interest in Rafe known, even though he had been twenty-two, so Denny bided his time. That had been two years ago. His fascination with Rafe only grew more intense during the ensuing months.



Knowing Rafe had been a student of his uncle's, Denny had started to learn everything he could about being the perfect sub, training under his uncle and other doms until he knew he could give Rafe exactly what the man needed in life . . . the perfect sub.

"Not to worry, Denny," Rio said, "any sub in the auction has the right to refuse whatever dom bids on him until the contract is signed. I doubt Rafe will let anyone outbid him, but if it does happen, you can refuse."

"And if I don't refuse?"

"Then you belong to the winning dom for the week."

Denny rubbed his hands over his face to hide the grimace that thought brought him. The idea of belonging to anyone else nearly made him ill. Denny couldn't imagine any other man touching him except for Rafe. Granted, he'd been under the hand of several doms over the last couple of years during his training, but that was just that, training. There had been no real emotional connection to the men teaching him.

Denny was saving that for Rafe.

"Okay," Denny said as he planted his hands on hips and turned to face Rio and Nash, "I'll keep going with this plan of yours, but you'd better come up with a backup in case this one goes south. I refuse to be the plaything of some dom I don't know."

"Just remember your training, Denny, and you should be fine."

Denny narrowed his eyes at Rio. The man had been one of the doms to train him, at his uncle's insistence. Rio had a light hand with the flogger, but even Denny had been unable to meet the man's high standards. He doubted there was a sub alive who could.

Still, Denny had learned a lot from the man and even held him in some regard. It was virtually impossible to be under the hand of a dom, a good one, at least, and not feel some affection for them, even if only that of a student for his teacher.

"All right, Rio, I'll do as you say."

Rio chuckled. "You always were a good little sub."



Denny arched an eyebrow as Nash began laughing. He shook a finger at the man he'd come to see as another uncle, much like Rio. "One of these days, Nash Mage, some little sub will steal your heart, and you won't be laughing then."

"Never going to happen." Nash snickered.

"We'll see."

\* \* \* \* \*

Denny was so nervous he could spit. The tight, little red thong he wore kept riding up between his ass cheeks, and he felt horribly exposed. The thong might cover all of the important bits and pieces, but that was *all* it covered. The rest of his body was naked except for the red bow around his neck, and he felt a little like a mix between a stripper and a birthday present.

Denny knew if Rafe kept him he would be expected to wear a collar. But that would be fine by Denny. He *wanted* to wear the man's collar. He wanted the whole world to know he belonged to Rafe. He would wear the man's sign of ownership with pride.

The red bow around his neck might look a little like a collar, but it was nothing more than a placeholder until Denny acquired the real thing.

"How are you hanging in there, Denny?"

Denny turned to see Rio standing behind him. He gave a nervous little wave, then stuck his thumbnail between his lips as he shrugged. He started to bounce from foot to foot, then rolled his eyes as he tugged the thong out from between his butt cheeks for what felt like the hundredth time.

"Who exactly picked these damn things out?" he asked.

"Me."

"Figures."

"Is there a problem?"



Denny wasn't stupid. He knew better than to complain to Rio about the lack of covering the thong provided. If Rafe claimed him, Denny might find himself walking naked through the entire club. Anything was possible where a dom was concerned.

"No, it's just — " Denny frowned. "Have you ever worn one of these things? They ride up the ass like no one's business."

Rio chuckled. "I do believe that is the point, dear boy."

Denny tugged on the material again. "Says you."

"You'll be fine, Denny," Rio said as he patted Denny on the arm. "Just remember the game plan. Go out on the stage, and strut your stuff. You've had enough training to put on a good show."

"Is Rafe here?"

"Third row center."

Denny inhaled swiftly at the knowledge that the man of his dreams sat mere feet away from him, just beyond the velvet curtain separating the audience from the stage. He ached to see Rafe and started to step in that direction when Rio's hand on his arm stopped him.

"Not yet, Denny. Rafe doesn't know yet that you're in the auction. We want to keep it that way until the curtain goes up. The surprise will be even more spectacular when he realizes he has a chance at getting your contract for the week."

"Let's just hope he wants to extend that contract after the week is up."

"I'm sure of it."

Denny wasn't so sure. Nothing in the world would please him more than signing a long-term contract with Rafe. It was Denny's dream. In his mind, the agreement between a dom and a sub was more binding than a marriage license.

Denny knew not everyone believed as he did. Many doms and subs signed contracts simply to keep everything neat and tidy between them. For Denny, signing on the dotted line meant he was committing his life to his dom, to Rafe. He could think of nothing that would make him happier.

"Stop chewing on your nails, Denny."



Denny reluctantly pulled his thumb from his mouth. One of these days, he planned to curb that nervous habit. Just not yet. It was pretty much the only thing keeping him glued together at the moment.

"Stand up straight, and assume the rest position."

Denny heard the steel in Rio's voice. His body instantly succumbed to the dominating tone and fell into position as Rio ordered. He squared his shoulders without thought and clasped his hands behind his back, eyes straight ahead and feet spread apart.

He'd spent six months under Rio's tutelage and knew the man's rules by heart. Rio wouldn't accept any sloppy movements on his part or tolerate any slouching. Rio refused to allow a sub to be less than he could be, part of the reason Uncle Rufus sent Denny to the man for tutelage.

"You'll be fine, Denny," Rio said as he gently stroked the back of his hand along Denny's cheek. "Just remember your training, and do us proud. You have everything you need to be Rafe's perfect sub, and he will love you."

Denny prayed Rio was right. He knew his feelings didn't make much sense; who fell in love with a photograph? But it was what it was. Denny had taken one look at Rafe—at the sensual glint in his hazel eyes—and knew the man was for him. His obsession only grew from there.

"Yes, sir," Denny whispered.

Rio smiled, which signaled his approval of Denny's words and his posture. Denny had been able to learn that much in the time he spent with the dom. Rio rarely smiled, but when he did, it lit up his entire face and made everyone around him feel happy.

"I need to go start the auction. You stay here until your name is called." Rio started to walk away but paused and looked back over his shoulder. "And remember, Denny, do not look directly at Rafe or let him know how much you want him to bid on you. The plan is to keep the man wanting until he signs the contract with you."



Denny nodded and tried to remember everything he'd been taught over the years. His training had been intense, the main goal to become what Rafe needed in a sub.

Having Rufus, Nash, and Rio in on his training helped a lot. They knew what Rafe liked and structured his training accordingly. Denny just hoped it was enough for Rafe to want to keep him in the long run.

Denny's hands began to sweat as he heard Rio begin the auction. He glanced quickly around to assure himself no one was watching, then reached up to tug at the bow around his neck. The damn thing felt like it was cutting off the air to his lungs.

"You're going to stretch it out if you keep doing that."

Denny jumped and twirled around when he heard the softly spoken words. His gaze landed on a small, brown-haired man standing behind him, dressed just like him. Denny grinned.

"Auction?"

The man nodded. "I'm Paul."

"Denny . . . but most everyone here calls me D."

"Nice to meet you, D."

"Nervous?" Denny asked when the man glanced quickly from side to side.

"Hell, yes."

"Me too." Denny looked back over his shoulder to the small slit in the velvet curtain. "I'm hoping to be bid on by a certain dom, and my stomach is rolling so much I could puke."

"Really? Me too."

Denny glanced back when he heard the excitement in Paul's voice. "Yeah? Which one?" It had better not be his Rafe.

"Nash Mage."

Denny felt his eyebrows shoot up. "Seriously?" He remembered his comment a few days before about a sub stealing Nash's heart. Denny quickly covered his mouth when laughter threatened to spill over his lips.



"What?"

Denny shook his head. "I know Nash. He can be a bit intense, but you could do a lot worse in a dom."

"Have you—?"

"No, nothing serious. He was helping me with my training. Nothing sexual ever happened between us. I'm saving that for the man I hope bids on me tonight."

Denny could see the relieved look come over Paul's face and wondered if he would feel the same way if he were ever presented with another sub who had been with Rafe. After careful consideration of his feelings, Denny was pretty sure he'd be trying to knock someone's teeth down their throat.

He knew Rafe had been with a lot of subs. He'd have to learn to live with that. If Rafe claimed him and collared him, Denny felt positive he could learn to live with anything. A collar was the one thing Rafe had never given any sub.

"Our next sub up for auction has been burning up the dance floor for the last several weeks."

"Oh, god!" Denny whispered as he heard Rio's voice through the curtain. He was next. Denny rubbed the palms of his hands on the sides of his thong and drew in a deep breath. "I guess I'm up."

"Good luck."

"Yeah, you too." Denny stepped over to the curtain and took up the stance Rio preferred. He tried to clear his mind and remember that all of this was for a good cause. Hard to do when his heart felt like it might beat right out of his chest.

"He believes the commitment between a dom and a sub is one of the most important pledges a person can make. He likes spankings, floggings, bondage, and a strong dom who can keep him in line. Gentlemen, I give you D."

### **Chapter Three**

*"Gentlemen, I give you D."*



Rafe nearly swallowed his tongue as he watched the object of his obsession for the last week walk out onto the stage dressed in nothing more than a red thong and a red bow around his neck.

He hadn't wanted to come to the Christmas auction, but Rufus convinced him that finding some sub to dominate for the week would do him a world of good, maybe even get his mind off the one man who didn't seem to want him.

And now, the same man was strutting down the stage walkway as if he didn't have a care in the world. He didn't even look in Rafe's direction, just walked to the end of the runway, turned in a circle, then walked back to stand next to Rio.

Rafe swallowed back a growl when several men sitting around him whistled. Only by pressing his lips together and clenching his hands into fists did he keep from shouting at them to stop looking at what belonged to him.

And *D would* belong to him. Rafe would make certain of it, even if he had to take a second mortgage out on his house to have enough money to outbid everyone else. Rafe didn't care that he would only have one week with D. Seven days would be long enough to get over whatever infatuation he had with the man.

Besides, a contract between them meant he could do everything the boundaries of that contract stated. Rafe intended to be balls deep inside the little sub's spectacular ass within the next hour. He'd make sure *that* was in the contract.

"Do I hear one thousand?"

Rafe shook his head to bring himself back into the happenings around him. He needed to get his mind back in the game if he was going to win this particular sub's contract. He could already hear other doms bidding, and that would never do.

D was his.

"Ten thousand dollars."

The room fell silent at Rafe's words. He refused to allow the flush he felt building up inside of him free. He would not let anyone know how eager he was to get his hands on D. Bad enough he'd jumped right in with such a high bid; he'd be damned if he topped it off by allowing his ears to turn red.



"Uh, ten thousand going once," Rio said, looking a little stunned. "Going twice."

Rafe glanced around the room when Rio paused, meeting the eyes of several bidders, daring them to bid again.

"Sold to Rafael Connell for ten thousand dollars."

Rafe could barely keep himself in his chair as Rio hit the podium with his gavel. D was his. The man might have cost Rafe a nice portion of his savings, but he would make sure the next week was worth every dime.

He watched D intently until the man disappeared behind the curtain so the next bidder could come out. The next hour ran by in a blur for Rafe as he watched bidder after bidder come out onto the stage.

Rafe could have cared less who bid on who by that point. He wanted to find D, sign the seven-day contract between them, and get his hands on the man, preferably in some room that had a flat surface.

His mind wandered, daydreams and fantasies of having D at his mercy filling Rafe's head and blocking out everything around him. When the final thud of the gavel fell, and Rio announced the auction as over, Rafe realized he'd missed almost all of it.

He stood, glancing around curiously, as he tried to figure out where D might be. His first inclination was to head for the backstage area behind the curtain. The only thing stopping him was the knowledge that he didn't want to look too eager. A smart bidder never let a bidder think he held all the cards.

"Ten thousand dollars, huh?"

Rafe started nodding even as he turned around to find Nash standing behind him. "Yes."

"That's a little much to spend on a bidder for a week, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Rafe asked. He tried to sound nonchalant. "D will spend a week under my care doing whatever I wish. I believe that is worth the money. Besides, I'd spend more on a car, and he already turned me down for that."

"I suppose."



"I'm just waiting for Rio to bring me the contract, and then I will be taking D home to begin his personalized training."

"You do realize that an exhibition of what your sub has learned during the week is expected at the New Year's Eve party, correct?"

Rafe grinned. "I look forward to it."

He did look forward to showing off his new sub. He didn't know how much D knew about the D/s relationship, but he'd learn. Rafe had every intention of putting the man through his paces until he reacted to what Rafe wanted without hesitation. D would be the perfect sub.

"Here comes Rio with your sub, Rafe."

Rafe swung around, his gaze instantly settling on the small man at Rio's side. D still wore only the red thong and red ribbon around his throat. Rafe gave himself just a moment to take in every glorious inch of the man's svelte body before he pulled his shirt off.

"Cover yourself," he snapped as he held out his shirt. "No one sees your body except your master."

"You may give me orders once the contract has been signed."

Rafe clenched his jaw to keep himself from growling at D's softly spoken words. He didn't much care for his sub contradicting him, but he supposed D wasn't really his sub yet.

"Fine, then let's sign the contract."

Rafe followed Rio over to a small table. He reached for the paper Rio held out and read it over. The terms seemed clear to him. For the period of seven days, D would belong to him.

Rafe did note that D refused to participate in any verbal humiliation, erotic asphyxiation, defecation or golden showers, or blood play, all of which Rafe had no problem with. He didn't particularly like those types of play either. Beyond that, D seemed to be willing to accept any demand Rafe made of him.

"Your safe word?" Rafe asked as he looked up at D.



"Porcupine."

Rafe arched an eyebrow, then looked down at the paper again. He frowned when he reached one specific clause in the contract, and then had to read it again. Surely he hadn't read it right the first time.

"No sexual penetration?"

"No, sir." D smirked. "My ass is reserved for my permanent dom."

Rafe growled, the corner of his lip curling up as red-hot anger swept over him. He wasn't going to be allowed to fuck the ass he'd been salivating over for the last couple of weeks? That was almost unacceptable. It ranked right up there with D's insane notion that he would ever have any other dom except Rafe.

Rafe blinked, the anger leaving him as suddenly as it had filled him. Where in the hell had that thought come from? He just wanted D for the week, not a lifetime. He just needed to burn away the obsessive control D seemed to have over him.

"Fine," Rafe snapped. "I assume oral sex is acceptable to you."

"Of course."

"Do you have test results?"

"Page two," Rio said. "I've included your most recent test results for D as well."

Rafe looked down at the second page and read it over carefully. Satisfied that both he and D were medically cleared, Rafe looked up at the man he was soon to dominate.

"Have you read this over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything you'd like to know before we sign?"

"I'd like to know your rules, sir."

Rafe found D's response strangely pleasing. He nodded to let the man know just that. "I expect you to follow my orders without question. I will push you and push your boundaries, but I will never harm you."

"Yes, sir."



"I expect to be addressed as master at all times unless I deem otherwise. You will wear my collar as long as you belong to me." He'd never felt the need to see his mark of ownership around a sub's neck before, maybe because he never met a sub who he deemed worthy of it or maybe because he just hadn't found one who fascinated him as much as D. Whatever the reason, the thrill that shot through Rafe at his own words surprised him. He didn't know until he said them how much he wanted to see his collar around D's neck.

He was even more surprised by the deep flush that filled D's face.

"Will this be an issue for you?" he asked.

"No, sir."

Rafe reached over and gripped D's chin, bringing the man's face up to his. "Know this, angel; while you belong to me, I will touch you whenever I want to. I will demand anything that I want from you. You will belong to me to do whatever I wish to within the boundaries of this contract. If you don't like something, state it now so that it can go into the contract, or I will see it as automatic acceptance on your part. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything you wish to add?"

"No, sir."

"Then sign the papers, D," Rafe said as he pointed to the stack of papers. "The moment your signature is on that contract, you belong to me. I expect silence from you unless given permission to speak."

Rafe was so geared up he was afraid if D said something to him he would pounce. He needed time to get the man somewhere private, so he could take a couple of deep breaths and regain the control that was quickly leaving him at the knowledge D would soon be his.

Rafe held his breath as he watched D lean over the table and sign on the dotted line. The moment D stepped back, Rafe signed his name on the document, noting that D's real name was Denny. He'd use the man's given name, as he didn't want to be



associated with the other doms in the club who wanted the man. Rafe wanted to be special.

Rio picked up the contract, and quickly read it over, nodding before he placed the club seal on the paper. Rio grinned as he looked over at Rafe. "He's all yours, Rafe. We expect a good show when we see you both back here at the New Year's Eve party."

Rafe didn't waste another moment. He wrapped his shirt around Denny's shoulders. No one was going to see what belonged to him for as long as Denny was his. Rafe just wished he didn't have to wait until he got home to put a collar around the man's throat.

"Let's go."

Rafe didn't wait for Denny to reply. He grabbed the man's hand and dragged him from the room. He had one thing on his mind, and it didn't involve a bar room full of people.

\* \* \* \* \*

Denny walked beside his temporary master and waited for his next command. He knew everything he did now was Rafe's choice. The dom held all the control, not because he had that right but because Denny chose to give it to him. He wanted Rafe to dominant him. He craved it, needed it.

He waited with bated breath for Rafe to speak.

"You'll wear my collar when we reach my home," Rafe said as his fingers grazed Denny's neck. "While it may be temporary, you will wear it for the length of our contract. Is that understood, my pretty little angel?"

"Yes, master." Denny wondered if Rafe could tell how excited he felt by the tone of his voice when he spoke. The thought of wearing Rafe's collar, that everyone would know he belonged to the man, sent a thrill through Denny that was close to an orgasm as he had ever been without really going over the edge. The very idea made his cock throb in the snug little thong.



Denny just wished the collaring wasn't temporary. He hoped by the end of the week that Rafe would offer him a lifetime contract. That was his goal, at least. He wanted to be the best damn sub Rafe had ever had and convince the man they were meant to be together forever.

That was Denny's dream.

"Come, angel," Rafe said as he tugged on Denny's wrist.

Denny followed easily behind Rafe, secure in the knowledge that Rafe wouldn't let anything bad happen to him. Denny trusted the older man explicitly.

"I don't want—" Rafe began.

"What have you got there, Rafe?"

Denny froze when he heard someone speak behind them, and Rafe squeezed his wrist. He knew he wasn't supposed to speak, that he should remain standing with his gaze toward the ground. A sub wasn't supposed to speak or interact with others unless given direction to do so.

Still, he desperately wanted to turn around and see who was speaking to Rafe. There was something about the man behind him that made Denny want to lean farther into Rafe's arms . . . and hide.

"Donald, how are you?"

"Not as good as you, it would seem," the man replied.

Denny frowned; something about this Donald person's voice sounded vaguely familiar. He couldn't quite place it, but Denny was pretty sure he'd heard the man speak before. And that gave him the chills.

"A new sub?" Donald asked.

"Yes."

"Isn't he the sub from the auction?"

"You know very well that he is. You were there tonight when I bid on him."

Denny winced when Rafe's hand tightened around his wrist but stayed silent.

"I believe you bid on him as well," Rafe added.



Denny jerked back when a finger grazed his jaw line. He didn't want anyone touching him except Rafe. He pushed his body closer to his dom's, wishing he wasn't dressed so scantily. He felt exposed.

"Will you be sharing him?"

"No!" Rafe's voice was laced with steel. "My sub has an exclusive contract with me."

"Ah, but it is only a seven day contract, if I remember correctly." Donald chuckled. "He will be a free agent, able to sign a contract with whomever he chooses after New Year's Eve. Correct?"

Rafe growled.

"I believe I shall put in my bid for his services then. I think he has a lot of potential to be a good sub with the right training."

"He's mine."

"Ah, but only for the next seven days. Isn't that right?"

Denny closed his eyes as he suddenly remembered where he knew Donald's voice from. The man had made a pass at him every time they met. Denny turned him down each time, but that didn't seem to matter to Donald. He seemed to believe he would be the perfect dom for Denny.

Denny had seen what the other man did to his subs, even the temporary ones and the club subs. Egotistical and cruel, Donald thought he was the world's best dom and a gift for every sub alive. Except he treated them like crap, abusing them and leaving unwanted bruises on more than one of them. Denny wasn't sure why Rio continued to allow the man inside of the club.

"He may sign a contract with whomever he chooses after our contract is up."

Denny barely kept himself from pulling away from Rafe when he heard the man's words. They felt like daggers in his heart. He wanted to belong to Rafe forever, not just for the next seven days.



"What do you say, Denny?" Donald asked. "Want to sign a contract with me next week? I can assure you I have a whole lot more to teach you than Rafe here. I know how to treat my subs."

Eyes still trained on the ground at his feet, Denny shuddered at the abhorrent thought, not realizing until Donald spoke again that his movement had been seen by the other men.

"I do believe he likes the idea, Rafe." Donald chuckled again. "I'll be waiting, my little pet."

Denny heard heavy footsteps walk away from him and Rafe, and he let out a relieved sigh. A moment later, that sigh caught in his throat as he was pushed up against the wall and held there by the pressure of Rafe's body against his.

"You may have the right to sign a contract with whomever you want when our time is up, but until then you belong to me. Is that understood?"

Denny nodded rapidly, suddenly afraid of Rafe for the first time since he knew who the man was. He sounded angry – no, *furious* – and his eyes had narrowed to small slits.

"You are not to speak to anyone without my express permission. Is that perfectly understood?"

Denny nodded again, wondering what he had done wrong. He didn't make any moves toward the other dom or even speak with him. Why was Rafe angry with him?

"You do not acknowledge anyone else. You do not speak to them even if they speak to you until you have my permission." Denny swallowed hard when he felt Rafe's fingers curl around his neck. Rafe's voice lowered to a whisper. "You belong to me for the next seven days, Denny. If I catch you anywhere near another dom, I will consider it a breach of our contract. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Denny nodded.

"I want a verbal answer. I want to know that you understand exactly what I have said. These rules are not up for debate. You violate any of them, you speak to anyone



without my permission, and I will cancel our contract and enforce the breach of contract clause immediately."

"Yes, master," Denny whispered.

Denny felt Rafe's fingers gently caress his throat before they fell away, and he wondered if he had been mistaken in giving his trust to the man. In all of the time he'd known who Rafe was, Denny had never heard of him losing his temper.

In fact, Rafe was almost a legend where keeping control was concerned, one of the reasons Denny had been so interested in the man. He wanted to be dominated, not abused. Denny was beginning to wonder if he had made the wrong choice.

The pressure of Rafe's body slowly lessened, and the grip on Denny's wrist renewed. Denny started chewing on his thumbnail as he trailed behind Rafe.

He felt as if everything he had been dreaming of for the last five years was blowing up in his face, and he wasn't sure how to deal with his disappointment. This was not how things were supposed to go.

Denny was supposed to impress Rafe with his knowledge of being a sub. Rafe was supposed to be so impressed that he fell for Denny, offering him a lifetime contract so they could always be together.

Rufus, Rio, and Nash certainly thought the plan would work. Which is why Denny spent the last two years training under their guidance. Those men were supposed to know Rafe, but Denny felt like everything they'd told him had all been one big lie.

He knew he could save word right now, before they even reached the entrance to the club, and Rafe's money would be returned to him. They could go their separate ways. Denny hesitated just enough at the idea to get a small jerk on his wrists, then fell into step with Rafe again.

"Master," Denny whispered.

"What?"

Denny drew in a deep breath at the gruff sound in Rafe's voice. Apparently, the man was still pissed. "My belongings," Denny said quietly, "they're in the back."



"You don't need anything I don't give you."

*Okay, then.*

Denny shivered when a door opened, and a cold breeze blew across his nearly naked body. A thong and dress shirt didn't do much to cover him and keep the cold at bay, not that it really mattered. Denny felt icy all the way down to his bones.

Denny could feel the anger rolling off Rafe like a heatwave, but it did nothing to warm his body, not even when Rafe wrapped an arm around his shoulders and walked him up the stairs leading outside.

Rafe escorted Denny to a car and placed him in the back, then climbed in after him. A moment later, they were on the road. Denny had no idea where they were going, but he heard Rafe direct someone in the front of the limo to take them home.

The gap between him and Rafe was too big. He could barely tell the man was in the same vehicle. Denny slowly moved his fingers along the soft leather seat until he felt the smooth fabric of Rafe's pants under his fingertips.

The heat from Rafe's body warmed the material and slowly seeped up Denny's arm and down through his body until he didn't feel so cold anymore. It wasn't the strong arms he wanted wrapped around him but it was something, and Rafe didn't tell him no. In fact, he gently patted the top of Denny's hand, then rested his hand on top of Denny's for the rest of the ride.

Denny turned his face toward the window. Rafe couldn't see his face, but his elated expression might have given his feelings away. He was ecstatic over Rafe's reaction.

Maybe things wouldn't be so bad after all?

## **Chapter Four**

Rafe was as confused as he could ever remember being. Denny fascinated him from the instant Rafe saw the man, and he'd thought claiming him would assuage that fascination. Instead, it only grew with each passing moment.



Touching Denny's soft, silky skin only made Rafe want to touch more. The thought of fucking the man's tight little ass only made him think about doing it over and over again. Everything about Denny only made Rafe want him more.

It wasn't supposed to work that way. Rafe had always remained aloof with his subs. Oh, he had given them a good time, met their needs, and given them the submissive experiences of their dreams, but he never became emotionally involved.

Becoming emotionally involved with a sub was a line Rafe didn't want to cross. To do so passed control from the dom to the sub, and Rafe needed his control. He was lost without it. He was a danger without his self-discipline.

Rafe needed to regain his perspective and put some emotional distance between himself and Denny. He was becoming too involved and that could only lead to more loss of control on his part. It would only worsen as days went by and their week together wound to an end.

Watching Donald stroke his fingers down Denny's cheek almost sent Rafe over the edge. He had wanted to tear the man into itty-bitty little pieces. He'd wanted to stamp his claim of ownership on Denny for everyone to see.

He wanted Denny to belong to him and only him. Rafe sighed deeply as he realized that was his ultimate goal. He wanted Denny to be his, now and after their week was up.

*And how in the hell had that happened?* Rafe wondered to himself. He never took long-term interest in a sub. He liked playing the field. He liked having a different sub all the time. He never wanted to tie himself down to one man.

Rafe thought once or twice he might have met someone who intrigued him for more than a few scenes, but that interest soon waned, and he moved on to the next sub. He never looked back or regretted dismissing a sub.

Many people, including a few of the doms, thought Rafe was cold and unfeeling, and he knew it. It wasn't so much that he didn't care as he had never met anyone who fascinated him enough to lower the walls he'd built around himself because of his need for control.



Yet, the thought of Denny signing a contract with any other dom made Rafe want to shout with rage. He glanced over at Denny and saw the man sitting there quietly, his head turned toward the window. He didn't look like he had a care in the world, but Rafe could feel Denny's fingers rubbing against the fabric of his pants.

The gesture seemed self-conscious and nervous. Was he anxious about something? Rafe placed his hand on Denny's, caressing the soft skin with his fingertips.

"Are you feeling okay, angel?"

"Yes, master."

"Turn your head toward me, angel. I like looking at you."

Denny's face flushed when he turned toward him.

Rafe chuckled and leaned over to stroke his hand down Denny's cheek. "Such a handsome face."

"Thank you, master."

Rafe grinned and sat back in his seat. He watched Denny intently, wanting to see the man's every response. "What kinds of things do you like, angel, floggers, paddles, binding?"

"Anything you wish, master."

Rafe smirked. "Not an answer, angel. Try again."

"Isn't that the appropriate answer, master?"

Rafe could see a small, mischievous grin on Denny's face. The sight elated him. As much as he wanted Denny under his control, he suddenly knew he didn't want the stubborn little man to become totally submissive to him.

Rafe's experience with previous subs was that they did whatever he told them to do without questions, and as much as he had voiced to Denny that he wanted exactly that, he realized he didn't. He liked the challenge Denny presented.

Rafe moved his fingers over the exposed skin on Denny's arm, then trailed them down to his naked thigh. "Your skin is exquisite, angel. I imagine you will mark beautifully."

"Thank you, master."



"Do you do anything to keep your skin so soft?"

"I use a special lotion that a friend makes for me."

"Hmm, I may just have to invest in this lotion. I like how soft your skin is."

Rafe could just imagine how perfectly Denny's skin would mark from the toys he had at home, whether it was a flogger or a paddle or even the flat of his hand. The pale creaminess of Denny's skin would redden just perfectly.

He couldn't wait.

*And he didn't have to*, Rafe noted as they pulled into the driveway to his estate. Once the car came to a stop, Rafe didn't bother waiting for the chauffeur to come around. He opened the door and gestured for Denny to step out.

"Come along, angel."

Rafe led Denny up the front steps and into the house. He nodded briefly to the butler and took Denny straight downstairs to his playroom. He knew his butler wouldn't even raise an eyebrow. He'd seen Rafe bring subs home before. Berwick just didn't know how special this particular sub was.

He pulled Denny into the playroom and shut the door. Leaning back against the cool wood, Rafe watched Denny take in the room and all of its toys. Whips and paddles of various sizes and shapes hung from the walls. Baskets of other play toys lined one entire side of the room.

Rafe wanted nothing more than to see his marks on Denny's back, but he wasn't in control of himself enough to handle a flogger at the moment. As it was, his hands were trembling so badly he pushed them behind his back so Denny wouldn't see. He needed something to take the edge off before he lost what control he still had.

"Take your thong off and kneel on the floor, angel. Assume the rest position." Rafe decided trust was the first thing Denny needed to learn. They couldn't develop any sort of real relationship if they had no trust between them.

He also needed to see how much Denny actually knew. As much as Rafe wanted to teach Denny everything, he also didn't have the patience right now to show an untried sub the ropes.



Rafe held his breath as he watched Denny push the red thong down his legs. The air he held in his lungs whooshed out when he caught sight of the hard cock jutting out from Denny's shaved groin. He struggled for air. His cock was trying to beat its way out of his pants.

Denny knelt on the floor in one sensuous movement and spread his legs slightly apart, showcasing his hard cock and the small ball sac hanging between his legs. He rested his hands palm side down on his thighs. He squared his shoulders and held his head high, but his eyes were dropped submissively.

Rafe wished he had a camera so he could take Denny's picture. The man made the perfect example of how a sub should sit. Rafe had half a mind to hire someone to paint the man as he was now. He'd hang the painting above his fireplace, so he could look at it for hours and fantasize.

Rafe walked over to the bins on the far wall and started pulling them out until he found what he wanted. He grabbed a small, black mask and a set of soft, fur-lined Velcro wrist restraints, then walked back to Denny.

He knelt down on the floor behind Denny and leaned forward to inhale the sweet scent that surrounded the man. "Are you ready for the things I am going to do to you, angel?"

Rafe felt Denny's body jerk against him at his softly spoken words and grinned. He placed the black mask over Denny's face and pulled the end of the man's braid up through the end.

"You have such beautiful hair, angel. I want to see what it looks like when it's loose," Rafe said as he started to unbraid the long, sandy blond tresses. "I'll bet it would look perfect flowing down your back while I fuck your tight little ass."

Rafe finished unbraiding Denny's hair and spread it out over the man's naked shoulders. He was right; Denny looked breathtaking. He dragged his fingers through the long strands until his hands pulled through the ends.

Rafe reached up and trailed his finger over Denny's lips, groaning when Denny bit the end.



"And you know I'm going to have these luscious lips wrapped around my cock before you leave this room, don't you?"

Denny nodded.

"Say it, angel."

"Yes, master," Denny whispered.

The words were like nirvana from heaven to Rafe. They made his cock throb and ache, but somehow, they also gave Rafe back some of the control that had been slowly dwindling away.

"Give me your hands, angel."

Rafe reached around Denny's body and grabbed the wrists the man held up in the air. He gently placed the padded restraints around each one, then cinched them tight before connecting them by the rings on each side.

"When you're in kneeling rest position, keep your hands clasped behind your back unless I have them handcuffed or tell you otherwise." Rafe reached down and gave Denny's cock a quick stroke of his fingers. "I like looking."

"Yes, master," Denny whispered as he shuddered. "Master?"

"Yes, angel?"

"Do you —?" Denny swallowed so hard Rafe heard it. "Do you wish me to keep my legs together or spread apart when in the rest position?"

"I said I like to look."

Denny wiggled a bit and spread his legs farther apart. From his kneeling position behind him, Rafe could see Denny's hard cock sticking straight up in the air as if begging for another touch of Rafe's hand.

When Rafe didn't do anything but watch, Denny reached down and started to grab his cock. Rafe quickly grabbed the man's bound wrists and pulled them away.

"No, angel, if you come, it will be by my hand. You are not to touch yourself in a sexual manner unless I give you permission."

A small groan of protest fell from Denny's lips, but he didn't argue.



Undecided about what to do next, Rafe glanced around the room until his gaze settled on a hook hanging from the ceiling. Rafe grinned as an idea suddenly came to him. He pulled Denny to his feet as he stood.

He left Denny standing there and crossed the room to grab the remote that lowered the hook in the ceiling. It took just a moment to snap the hook around the rings in the handcuffs so Denny's hands were drawn up, then Rafe hit the remote again and raised the hook until Denny's arms were stretched over his head.

Rafe stood back and once again marveled at the breathtaking view before him. This would be one more picture he would have painted. Maybe he would hire a photographer to take pictures of Denny in different poses and place them throughout his home. They would be masterpieces.

Stepping closer to Denny, Rafe lightly stroked his hand down Denny's side to his hip. He could feel Denny's skin tremble beneath his touch and swallowed back a growl. Arousal filled him as he realized Denny was not immune to him.

Rafe stood behind Denny and drew his hands slowly up the man's abdomen to his chest. He started to move up to his collarbone when he felt hard little nubs rub against the palms of his hands and became intrigued. Rafe drew small circles around Denny's nipples, moving ever closer to them with each circle before tugging on the small silver rings there.

"Do you like my touch, angel?"

"Yes!" Denny hissed as his head fell back against Rafe's chest. Rafe tweaked Denny's nipples, pulling on the small rings gently, then harder and harder with each tug until the man started pushing his chest out as if reaching for Rafe's touch.

Rafe vaguely remembered being in such a pose with Denny once before on the dance floor. He could even feel Denny's tight ass pushing back against his hard cock and softly moaned at the exquisite pleasure it brought him.

He wanted more than anything in the world to sink his cock into the ass pressed up against him. He couldn't believe he'd agreed to a contract that forbade him that pleasure. And Rafe was positive it would be an exquisite pleasure.



"So, you're saving this ass for your permanent dom, huh?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"That's too bad, angel. I would have enjoyed fucking this tight little hole."

When Rafe reached down and trailed his fingers between Denny's ass cheeks, he felt the man go up on his tiptoes, his legs shaking. Rafe licked a line along the soft curve of Denny's ear before whispering to him.

"Do you like that, angel?"

"Please, master."

Rafe closed his eyes for a moment, Denny's soft plea washing over him like a tidal wave. He knew he wasn't going to get anywhere close to teaching Denny what he liked tonight. The need to fuck the man overwhelmed him. Rafe had to keep reminding himself that wasn't part of the deal.

Denny whimpered when he stepped away and grinned. "I told you I like to watch, angel. Do you?" Rafe smirked at the small whimper that fell from Denny's lips. It sounded like need . . . a need Rafe had every intention of filling. "No, I think I'll keep you blindfolded. Maybe I will keep you blindfolded for the entire week, let you wonder what I am going to do to you next. Does that idea excite you, angel?"

He kicked his shoes to one side then reached for the buttons on his pants and undid them. He pushed his pants down his legs. Rafe watched Denny as folded his slacks and set them on top of his shoes. He moved closer to Denny and trailed his hand over the man's abdomen as he stepped around him.

"I'm just as naked as you are now, angel," Rafe whispered into Denny's hair as he stepped up behind the man and pushed his hard cock against Denny's backside. "Can you feel how much I want you?"

Rafe grabbed his cock and dragged it down the crease of Denny's ass before stepping back. Despite Denny's insistence that there be no penetration, the man was practically begging for it, pushing back against Rafe, his entire body shuddering.

"Do your rules about no penetration mean everything, or am I allowed to play with you a bit?"



Denny whimpered. "Everything, master."

Rafe was disappointed, but he had never broken the rules of a contract, and he wasn't about to start now. However, the rules said nothing about playing with Denny's cock. Rafe grinned as he reached down and wrapped his fingers around the hard shaft. Denny whimpered and thrust against his hand.

"Do I need to tie you down to keep you still, angel?" Rafe's eyebrows shot up when he felt Denny shudder against him. "I think you like that idea, don't you, angel?"

As much as he wanted to be balls deep inside Denny in the next few seconds, the thought of having Denny bound while he fucked his mouth sent Rafe into a frenzy of need.

Both ideas drove Rafe out of his mind, especially when Denny groaned and thrust against him. The man was begging to be fucked, and Rafe was dying to give him what he wanted. It nearly killed him not to be able to do exactly that.

Denny needed to know right from the beginning who was the Dom and who was the sub. Rafe dropped his fingers from around Denny's cock and walked across the room to the remote.

"Hold on, angel." Rafe hit the remote and watched Denny lower to the floor, his arms still held high by the hook in the ceiling. By the time Rafe hit the stop button with one hand, he had the other one wrapped around his cock to keep himself from coming before he could fuck Denny.

The sight of his angel bound with his hands in the air and kneeling on the floor was nearly too much for him. It would be too much for any man. Just another picture Rafe needed taken of the man. He decided he was buying a camera first thing in the morning. Right now, Rafe had a sub who needed his undivided attention.

Rafe walked back over to Denny and stood between the man's spread thighs. He grabbed his cock and nudged the head against Denny's lips until the man opened up and took him in.

Rafe liked having his hands free. As soon as Denny took him in, Rafe reached up and grabbed the chains holding Denny's hands above his head. He watched as his cock



slowly breached the man's lips. Inch by slow inch, Rafe pushed in, until he felt his balls press up against Denny's chin.

"You are so fucking good at this, angel." Rafe sucked in a hissing breath as he took a moment to savor the feeling of Denny sucking his cock. He wasn't sure he'd ever felt anything so good in his life, and he'd been with a lot of subs.

Rafe watched again as he pulled out until just the head of his cock remained inside Denny's mouth. It was almost as fascinating to watch as it was to feel.

Rafe pushed back in slowly, not wanting things to be over too soon, not this time, this first time. He imagined he'd be fucking Denny's mouth many times over the next week, but there was only one first time with a new sub.

"Fuck, angel," Rafe groaned. He wrapped one hand around Denny's shoulder to keep himself on his feet. His head was swimming. It was heaven on earth in a sub's mouth.

"Make me come, angel," Rafe ordered harshly. "Make your master come."

Rafe grabbed Denny's head with both of his hands, thrusting himself into the man's mouth over and over again until he felt like he exploded into a million glowing stars.

The room faded around Rafe, narrowing down to the man in his arms and the connection of their bodies. He could hear his own heavy breathing and Denny's quick, short pants.

His body still shaking, Rafe pulled away from Denny and sank down to his knees. His legs refused to work right and hold him up. He sat back and looked up at the man still suspended from the ceiling, wonder filling him at the lust that shot through him even though he'd just fucked Denny.

Denny's head hung back, his hair trailing across the floor. Sweat made Denny's body glisten, nearly sparkle in the light. He simply looked beautiful, and the man's cock was so hard it throbbed.

"Come, angel."



Denny's entire body went stiff as a low moan filled the room. Rafe's jaw dropped as he watched ropes of pearly white seed shoot out of Denny's cock to splatter on the floor.

He was mesmerized, couldn't get over his shock. Denny had been aroused, no doubt. That fact was hard to miss, considering the man's heavy breathing and the hardness of his cock, but to come from just a dom's demand? Rafe was stunned.

Rafe groaned as he realized he was also more intrigued than he could ever remember being. His obsession with the little sub hadn't abated after taking the man's mouth or watching him come at a simple command. It had grown stronger, and one thought kept running through his mind, over and over: how in the hell was he ever going to give Denny up once their week was through?

*Oh, god, he thought. I am so screwed!*

## Chapter Five

Denny could hear the rustle of clothing and Rafe breathing somewhere beside him, but other than that, the man didn't make a sound. He was almost grateful for the blindfold that hid his eyes from Rafe. He wasn't sure it was a good idea to let the dom how effected he was by what just happened.

If Rafe could rip away every layer hiding Denny's heart with a simple blowjob, Denny was deeply afraid of what the man could do if he really tried.

Denny was so engrossed in trying to come up with a way to hide his reactions from Rafe, he didn't hear the man get up until he felt warm hands smooth over his thigh. Denny jerked, then felt his face flame at the unexpected reaction.

"Did I hurt you, angel?"

"No." Denny ached, but not in the way Rafe meant. His lips were a little sore and swollen, but that was to be expected. The larger ache lay deep inside Denny's chest where Rafe couldn't see.



He wanted to share this spectacular moment with Rafe, to shout it to the world that he had finally been able to give his dom pleasure, to experience the man's pleasure as he'd imagined doing all these years. Denny felt like he'd been waiting forever to belong to Rafe.

But letting the other man know how much this meant to him might take Rafe away from him altogether, and Denny couldn't allow that. He knew he needed to play things a certain way, and that meant not sharing his inner thoughts and desires until Rafe could truly appreciate them.

That wasn't now.

"No, what?"

"No, master." Denny hid his grimace by biting his lip. He wished his hands were free because he needed the comfort of chewing on his thumb. At this point, he would have settled for a cuddle blanket if he thought he could get away with it.

He needed comfort. He needed Rafe's strong arms wrapped around him and the man's deep, rich voice soothing him. He needed to know he had pleased his dom. And none of those options were open to him.

Denny tried to remember the words Rufus, Rio, and Nash had given him. He was supposed to be aloof and not show Rafe how much their time together meant to him. He was supposed to make Rafe work for their relationship.

That was hard to do when he was finally getting everything he ever desired. Denny was starting to have misgivings about the big plan. He wasn't sure how long he could hide his need from Rafe. At the moment, he wasn't even sure why he was *supposed* to hide it.

Being wrapped in Rafe's arms sounded pretty damn good right now. Denny was greatly disappointed and had to bite back a whimpered protest when Rafe unhooked him and removed the restraints around his wrists.

"Do you need help getting cleaned up?"



"No, master." Denny shuddered at the aloofness in Rafe's voice. A small part of Denny's heart squeezed in his chest. Apparently, the moment hadn't meant as much to Rafe as it meant to Denny. "May I use the bathroom?"

"It's through the door on your left," Rafe replied sternly. "You have five minutes to remove your blindfold and clean up, and then I want it back in place."

Denny nodded as he slipped the mask up to his forehead. He blinked as the bright lights in the room blinded him for a moment. Once he could see, he stole a quick glance at Rafe, and his heart sank even more.

They had just had what Denny felt was a life-altering experience, and the man looked completely unruffled, not a hair out of place. His slacks weren't even wrinkled. No one looking at Rafe would have even known the man had done anything physically exerting. No one would know that just minutes before, Rafe's dick was balls deep inside Denny's mouth.

Denny turned away before Rafe could see the tears that sprang up in his eyes. Maybe it wasn't supposed to be special? Maybe he was the only one who saw it that way?

Denny grabbed his thong off the floor and made his way to the bathroom. He started to close the door behind him when he heard Rafe clear his throat. Denny's shoulders sagged as he left the door open and walked to the sink.

He glanced at himself in the mirror. He didn't look any different – same sandy blond hair, same thin square face. His pale green eyes seemed a little dimmer than usual, but Denny thought that might be due to the light in the bathroom.

Denny felt disappointed. There should have been something that shouted the change in his sub status – his move from free agent to being collared, albeit temporarily. Maybe not a celebration, but at least an acknowledgement of some sort.

Denny shook his head at the futility of his emotions and grabbed a clean washcloth. He quickly cleaned himself up, pulled the thong on, then looked at himself in the mirror again. He gripped the edge of the counter and drew in several slow, deep



breaths as he tried to regain enough composure to go back out into the other room and face his new dom.

"Times up, angel."

Denny turned around and took the two steps between him and the door. He paused in the doorframe and slid the blindfold back down over his eyes. At least this small, black material would give him some barrier between his feelings and Rafe.

"Very nice."

"Thank you, master."

"Come, angel."

Denny walked toward Rafe's voice, trusting that the man would keep him from running into anything or hurting himself. He had taken several steps into the room when he felt hands gently grab his arm.

"Hands together, angel."

Denny pushed his hands together, then felt Rafe reattach the restraints. He shuddered. Denny had found during his training that he loved being restrained. It gave him the opportunity to release all control to someone else and freed him to simply enjoy his pleasure.

"I think we'll have a little nap and then something to eat before we really start playing. How does that sound to you, angel?"

"Yes, master."

In fact, it sounded wonderful to Denny, especially the nap part. He felt melty. He couldn't think of anything he wanted more than to curl up with Rafe and rest, hopefully with his master's arms wrapped around him.

"Do I sleep with you, master?" Denny became worried when Rafe didn't answer right away. "Master?"

"Normally, subs do not spend the night in my home, Denny. This is an unusual situation."

"I could sleep in a guest room, if you prefer," Denny offered, even as he cringed at the idea. He knew some doms preferred their subs to sleep on mats on the floor or



even in separate rooms. Denny would hate that, but he would do it if that's how Rafe preferred things.

"I think under the circumstances, I can bend my rules for the moment, angel. You can sleep in my bed." Rafe tugged on Denny's bound wrists. "You will, however, remain bound and blindfolded."

Denny almost bounced with joy. "Thank you, master."

He lost track of the twists and turns they made, the stairs they climbed. When Rafe led him through a doorway and suddenly pulled him to a stop, Denny wondered if they had reached their destination and where exactly that was.

He stood there silently, waiting for Rafe's next command. His body hummed with anticipation. He shuddered when he felt Rafe pull his thong down his legs. Denny stepped out of them then waited again.

"As cute as this looks, I think we can get rid of this," Rafe said as he untied the bow around Denny's neck.

Rafe stepped away, and Denny heard him walk across the room. A moment later, he came back. Denny felt something wrap around his neck and snap into place. "Besides, I have something better for you to wear."

Denny tried to swallow, but a sudden lump of emotion had filled his throat. Rafe had placed a collar around his neck. As much as he enjoyed being bound and blindfolded, right at that moment, Denny wished he were free. He wanted to see Rafe's collar around his neck. He wanted to touch it. He wanted visual proof of Rafe's claim on him.

"Now, that does look pretty," Rafe murmured. Denny shuddered when he felt Rafe's fingers move along the leather collar, the tips brushing against his skin. "Very sexy, angel."

"Th-thank you, master."

"Come, angel, nap time for both of us, I think."



Denny followed Rafe's lead until he felt the bed press against his legs. He sat down, then scooted back until he felt pillows behind him. A moment later, the mattress dipped and Rafe stretched out next to him.

"Roll to your side, angel, I want my cock between your thighs while I sleep."

Denny was all for that. He eagerly rolled to his side. Rafe cuddled up to his back. His leg was lifted, and Rafe's hard cock fit between his thighs. Rafe wrapped an arm around Denny's waist and pressed his face into the back of his head.

"Sleep, angel, we have a busy night ahead of us, and you'll need your strength."

Sleep? Right, like Denny could sleep with Rafe's hard cock between his thighs. The temptation to move just a little, to feel that hard shaft slide against him, nearly overwhelmed him.

His tumultuous feelings didn't ease any when Rafe reached over his body and wrapped his fingers around Denny's cock. He was actually supposed to sleep like this?

"Shh, angel, you're thinking too hard." Rafe's voice was so soft; Denny's insides melted at the sound. "Just close your eyes and sleep."

Denny closed his eyes and scooted back against Rafe's warmer body as he tried to relax. It was nearly impossible. His mind reeled from everything that had happened in the last few hours and everything Rafe promised would happen in the next.

Mostly, Denny couldn't believe he was finally here, in Rafe's arms. It had been the goal of his every waking moment for the last two years. Well, almost the goal. Having Rafe claim him permanently was the main goal, but this would do in the meantime. Denny just prayed he could convince Rafe to keep him forever.

He didn't know what he would do if the man chose to release him when the week ended. Denny's last thought before he fell asleep was the hell he would be living in if he had to walk away from Rafe when this was over. Denny wasn't sure he would survive that kind of heartbreak.

\* \* \* \* \*



Denny felt the bed move beneath him as Rafe rolled away. He listened carefully, hearing the man's footsteps as Rafe walked across the room. A drawer opened, there was a rustling sound, then Rafe padded back to the bed.

Denny rolled over onto his back when the mattress sank as Rafe sat down.  
"Master?"

"I'm here, angel."

Denny released a small moan at the pleasure that raced through his body when Rafe cupped the side of his face. He wished beyond anything that he wasn't blindfolded at that moment. He wanted to see his dom looking down at him, watch Rafe's beautiful, sensual eyes.

"It's time to get up and play, angel. We overslept, and the night has passed by us."

Denny eagerly rolled to the side of the bed after Rafe stood up. He swung his legs over the side and stood, waiting for his master's next command.

"Do you need something to eat beforehand?"

"I'd prefer to wait, master."

"Very well, come with me."

Denny felt the tug of Rafe's hand on his arm and willingly followed behind him. He'd willingly follow Rafe to the ends of the earth, blindfolded or not, if that's what the man wanted.

Denny knew Rafe had taken him back to the playroom when the strong scent of leather hit him. The heady aroma threatened to make Denny's knees buckle. He loved the smell of man and leather and sweat. It was raw, primitive, and a sure-fire way to make Denny's cock as hard as nails.

"Rest position, angel."

Denny did as Rafe directed, dropping down to his knees on the floor. He carefully spread his legs and rested his bound hands on his thighs. Denny squared his shoulders and stared straight ahead, even though he couldn't see anything through the blindfold.



His skin prickled where Rafe's fingertips trailed across his cheek. He started to lean into Rafe's palm, but the man suddenly moved his hand, grabbing a large fistful of Denny's hair and pulling his head back.

"Such an eager boy, angel," Rafe whispered in his ear. "I like that."

"Thank you, master."

"Will you be so eager when you feel the kiss of my leather across your skin?"

Denny swallowed hard, then nodded. "Yes, master."

"We shall see." Rafe chuckled. "Give me your hands, angel."

Denny lifted his hands and held them out to Rafe, jerking a little when Rafe grabbed them and pulled them over his head. He had been expecting Rafe to grab his hands, but it was still a little bit of a shock. Rafe once again attached Denny's hands to the hook in the ceiling.

A moment later, Denny felt the pull of the ceiling hook and rose to his feet as his hands were drawn upward. Rafe didn't pull them too far, just enough so Denny needed to stand up straight, his hands drawn high over his head.

"So beautiful," Rafe said as he stroked his hand down Denny's torso to the curve of his hip. Denny shuddered at the light touch, his body going taut. "So very beautiful."

Once Denny was where Rafe wanted him, the man moved away from him. The carpeting muffled Rafe's footsteps, but Denny heard them move across the room anyway.

Maybe he had a sixth sense where Rafe was concerned because all of his attention was centered on the man. Or maybe it was just the disturbance in the air as Rafe moved across the room. Whatever the case, Denny could tell exactly where Rafe was.

His heart started to beat faster when Rafe walked back across the room to him. He could hear the soft smack of leather against naked flesh and shivered with anticipation.

Denny had trained for ages for just this moment. He spent months under the hand of every dom his uncle suggested, training to be the perfect sub. But suddenly,



Denny felt like every bit of training he'd ever had didn't amount to a hill of beans. He felt like a novice.

Denny nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt the long strands of leather trail over his shoulder. Rafe didn't do anything but move the flogger around his body, the ends of the leather strips whispering across his flesh as Rafe used the flogger to push Denny's hair over his shoulder.

Goosebumps popped up over his skin. Denny's breathing became harsh. He could feel his cock filling as arousal swept through him. He was once again thankful for the blindfold. He didn't think he could hide his desire from Rafe if the man chose to look into his eyes.

"So pretty, angel, so responsive."

Rafe's praise went right to Denny's head, making it spin. He inhaled softly, trying to calm his speeding heart. The man hadn't even started with the flogger yet, and already Denny was on overload. He didn't even want to think of how he would be once Rafe started using the little strands of leather.

"Remember your safe word, angel."

"Yes, master."

Denny held his breath as he waited to feel the first soft caress of leather on his skin. When it came, the blow was almost surprising in its lightness. For some reason, Denny had expected Rafe to strike him harder, stronger, not lay on the light lashes he was giving him.

The continued soft strike of leather against his back made Denny arch into the air. More and more lashes fell, each one bringing Denny pleasure beyond imagining. His cries filled the playroom.

"Master."

Rafe's hand was suddenly on his back, stroking down the soft curve on the bottom of his spine and past the rise of his buttocks. His fingers traced the welts Denny could feel in his skin.

"I was right, angel, you do mark beautifully."



"Th-thank you, master."

Denny panted as Rafe continued to caress him. Between the flogging, the scent of leather and man filling the room, and being bound as he was, Denny rode the edge of self-control, barely hanging on by a thread.

He ached, between his shoulder blades, down his back, and over his butt cheeks. A delicious ache, one that made his cock throb and leak and his heart thunder.

Denny whimpered when Rafe suddenly lowered the hook and pushed him down to his knees, releasing his hands from their wrist restraints. Regardless of his desire to cover his exposed erection, Denny still spread his legs as Rafe wanted.

Rafe suddenly lifted the blindfold off Denny's head. He blinked hard in the bright light until his eyes adjusted enough to look up at his master. Denny swallowed hard at the hungry need he could see in Rafe's face. The man devoured him with his eyes. No one had ever looked at Denny like that.

"Suck me."

Denny kept his gaze latched onto Rafe's as he opened his mouth and took in the man's rigid shaft. The taste of pre-cum burst across his tongue. He might have sucked Rafe off once before, but the experience was just as explosive this time as it had been last time. Only now, Rafe allowed him to watch, and Denny studied his master's face, gauging his emotions, as he swallowed the man's cock.

Rafe didn't move, not a muscle. He let Denny do all the work, all the movements. His eyes, on the other hand, spoke volumes. Every aching need and desire shinned in Rafe's hazel eyes.

With every stroke of his tongue, every suck of his mouth, Denny could see the pleasure he was providing his master, and it made him harder than he could ever remember being.

Denny groaned, wishing he could grab his own cock, stroke himself. He could feel the blood pounding through his body, settling in his groin, and he ached. But an order from his master was to be obeyed.



So instead of pleasuring himself, Denny gripped his hands tighter together and renewed his attack on Rafe's cock, sucking and licking for all he was worth. He needed to prove to Rafe that he was the perfect sub for the man.

Rafe's gaze started to grow glassy, his eyelids drooping more and more until they showed just a glint of hazel brown. Rafe's lips curled back, his jaw clenched. Denny noticed a vein throbbing in the man's temple. Small beads of sweat dripped down the sides of his face.

But still, the man didn't move. If his chest hadn't been rising and falling so rapidly, Denny would have wondered if the man was even breathing. Except for his eyes, and the quickness of his breathing, he stood still as a statue.

Without warning, Rafe's head fell back on his shoulders, and a loud groan echoed around the room as hot cream filled Denny's mouth. Denny swallowed it down and licked around Rafe's cock until he cleaned up every last drop.

He moaned in protest when Rafe suddenly pulled away from him. Denny looked up in confusion. Rafe had a funny little frown on his face. He kept glancing down at Denny with a quizzical expression as if he were trying to figure something out.

"Master?"

"Quiet, Denny."

Denny blinked in surprise. Rafe hadn't called him by his given name since they had met. He'd always called him angel. What had happened that changed that? A ripple of fear raced through him. Had he done something wrong?

He wanted to ask, but he'd been ordered to be quiet. If he stayed quiet, Denny would never know if he did something wrong. But if he didn't stay quiet, he'd be disobeying Rafe's command.

Denny didn't know what to do, so he just sat there waiting for Rafe to decide whatever it was he needed to decide. He ached to come, but the longer he waited for Rafe, the less intense his need. When Rafe finally reached for him and pulled him to his feet, Denny was so grateful he almost cried . . . until Rafe stepped back.



He could feel some sort of wall going up between him and Rafe, and he didn't understand why it was happening. Denny thought things were going along perfectly. Could he have been so wrong?

"Come with me."

Rafe's command was simple, and Denny followed eagerly behind him, hoping to figure out what was bothering the man so much. His heart began to sink when they bypassed Rafe's bedroom and entered what was obviously a guestroom.

"The bathroom is across the hall if you need it, Denny. I'll see you in a little while."

"Master, wha – ?"

Rafe's fingers pressed against Denny's lips, stopping his words. "Go rest, Denny."

Denny's mouth dropped open. He watched in shock as Rafe walk out of the guestroom and close the door behind him. He stood there looking at the closed door, having no idea what had just happened.

After a moment, when the door didn't open, Denny walked over and sat down on the side of the bed. His mind raced over the previous scene with Rafe as he tried to figure out how things had blown up in his face.

Everything seemed to be going perfectly. Rafe liked the marks he left on Denny's body, the marks that even now Denny could feel throbbing in his skin. He seemed to greatly enjoy the blowjob Denny had given him.

Only after Rafe had come did his mood change, becoming colder, distant. And, for the life of him, Denny couldn't figure out what had happened to cause the change in Rafe's behavior.

He frowned, his mind racing. Maybe Rafe wasn't so upset because of something Denny had done; maybe he was angry over something Denny hadn't done – or rather, wouldn't do. Could Rafe be pissed because Denny wouldn't allow him to fuck him? Could that be Rafe's breaking point? Had he become so frustrated, he'd decided he no longer wanted him at all?

Maybe that was something he needed to consider.



## Chapter Six

Rafe opened his eyes, squinting at the moonlight shining through his bedroom window. He dropped his arm over his eyes feeling tired like he hadn't slept a wink. Too many thoughts kept rambling through his head.

He was so confused he didn't know which way was up. Denny was everything he ever wanted in a sub, but there's wasn't a permanent arrangement. In just a few days, Rafe would have to give Denny up to whomever he signed his next contract with. Just the thought of Denny being with anyone else made Rafe so angry he nearly vibrated with it.

Never once, since he'd started working with subs, had Rafe ever wanted to sign a long-term contract with anyone. He liked the freedom that came from having someone new all the time. He liked the excitement and variety of having a different sub when he wanted one. He didn't want to be tied down to one single man.

At least, that's what he tried to tell himself when he escorted Denny to the guestroom hours earlier. He needed some time to think, time to decide why he was so drawn to Denny, because he felt like he was losing his mind.

He'd spent the entire day locked away in his office, trying to work as he ignored the knowledge that Denny sat upstairs waiting for him. He could have taken Denny back to the playroom, but his fascination was so huge where the man was concerned, Rafe was afraid he would beg to break the rules of their contract and fuck the man.

Rafe sat up suddenly as an idea struck him. Maybe he needed to spend some time with another sub to regain his perspective. He had been so wrapped up in Denny, he hadn't even thought of being with anyone else in ages. And maybe *that* was what was making him lose his grip.

From the very beginning of his life as a dom, Rafe had gone from sub to sub. He never stuck with just one for more than a few days, even if he had repeated scenes with them. He never wanted to be tied down that way.



And maybe that was his problem. He was allowing his fascination with Denny to tie him down to one sub. Rafe swung his legs over the side of the bed, stood, and headed for his closet.

The idea of bringing home another sub to play with sounded better and better. It just might be what he needed to stop obsessing over Denny. He quickly dressed in his club outfit and splashed on some cologne. He wanted to look his best when he went out. It always helped to draw the sexiest subs.

Grabbing his jacket off the hook, Rafe walked out of his bedroom and down the hallway. He paused outside of Denny's door and knocked softly. He heard the patter of Denny's feet as the man hurried across the room to open the door.

Rafe was surprised Denny still had the blindfold on. He would have thought the man would have taken it off by now. Rafe stroked his hand down the side of Denny's face, feeling the man jump at the unexpected touch.

"I'll be going out for awhile, Denny."

"Yes, master."

"You may take off the blindfold if you choose to." Rafe regretfully dropped his hand. "I don't know when I'll be back."

"Yes, master." Denny sounded quiet, sad, but he didn't move to take the blindfold off.

"If you need something to eat, Berwick can get it for you."

"Yes, master."

Rafe frowned. He felt like he was betraying Denny in some way, and he knew he shouldn't. They were not in a long-term contract. Hell, they had just a few days left together. So, why did he feel like shit?

"Get some rest, Denny."

Rafe ignored the small voice in his head that said he was making a huge mistake and walked away. He heard the door close softly behind him before he reached the bottom of the stairs.



Rafe paused for a moment. It took all of his will power to not go back up the stairs and take Denny into the playroom. He wanted that man more than he wanted his next breath.

And that was the very last thing a man like him needed. Rafe gritted his teeth and forced himself to let go of the banister. He walked across the entry and out the front door. He needed to be in control. He knew that. And Denny was taking every last bit of his control away. That made Denny dangerous.

One way or another, Rafe would break this strange hold Denny had on him. He would regain his famous control, and everything in his world would settle back into place.

It had to. Rafe was afraid to find out what would happen if he didn't get his control back. He was afraid of who he might hurt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Denny heard laughing as the front door opened then slammed shut. Loud footsteps accompanied the laughter up the stairs. He jumped off his bed and raced across the room. He pressed his ear against the door to listen.

Soft giggles and a rough laugh sounded as someone walked past his room. A moment later, a door down the hallway opened and closed. Denny bit his thumbnail as he realized that the door he heard led to the playroom, and Rafe hadn't come home alone.

He'd been given permission to remove the blindfold, but he hadn't been given permission to leave his room. Denny didn't know if he was allowed to roam free around Rafe's home.

But his curiosity ate away at him. Who had Rafe brought home? Why had he brought someone home? Why did he leave in the first place? Was he unhappy with their arrangement? Did he want to cancel their contract?



So many questions and so few answers. Denny felt like he was losing his mind. He wanted Rafe like he had never wanted anyone in his life. He thought he might be lost without his drive to be with the man. It had dominated his every waking moment for the last two years.

And just when he thought he might be reaching his goal, the road he traveled became fogged in. Denny didn't know which way to go or how to behave. His tutors were not here to advise him.

Denny couldn't stand it anymore. He had to know what was going on. He opened his door and crept down the hallway to the playroom. He could hear noises coming from inside but they no longer sounded like giggles. They were more like moans, and they made Denny's blood run cold.

Praying that what he found wasn't what was going through his head, Denny opened the playroom door. The sight that met his eyes would be branded in Denny's mind for the rest of his life.

Rafe stood nearly naked behind a blond-haired man who hung suspended from the ceiling, much as Denny had been when Rafe first brought him into the playroom. Rafe was brandishing his flogger, marking the man's back.

The moans of delight that fell from the man's lips sent shards of pain shooting into Denny's heart. The arousal growing on Rafe's flushed face was even worse. Rafe, his master, had brought home another sub to play with.

"Master?" Denny regretted the softly murmured word the moment it slipped past his lips.

Rafe glanced over at him, a look of surprise on his face. Denny's mouth opened as he tried to form words to ask what another sub was doing there, but no other sound came out.

"Denny," Rafe said as he lowered the flogger, "I don't remember giving you permission to leave your room."

"I . . . I heard noises."



"Go back to your room, Denny." Rafe gestured with his hand. "I'll come see you when I'm done playing with Kevin."

Denny frowned and shook his head a little. He flung out his hands in despair. "But . . . but why do you need another sub? I was just down the hallway in the guestroom. You could have come to me."

"I don't remember asking your permission, Denny."

Denny flinched at the roughness in Rafe's voice. His tone was cold, unfriendly, and almost hostile, as if Denny had done something terribly wrong.

"But . . . but, master, I—"

"Go, Denny." Rafe pointed toward the door.

Having been trained to follow his master's demands even if he didn't like them, Denny started to turn away when the other sub giggled. Denny closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath.

This was not how things were supposed to happen. Rufus, Rio, and Nash all promised him that if he stuck to the plan, Rafe would be his. That plan didn't involve another sub . . . or this much heartache.

Denny opened his eyes and turned back around, hardening himself for the disapproval he knew he'd see on Rafe's face for disobeying his master's command. He had to know if they had a future.

"Please, master, send him away."

"What?"

"Send him away," Denny said again. He hurried across the room and knelt down at Rafe's feet, imploring the man with his eyes. "Please, master, you don't need another sub. I'm your sub."

"For the next few days" — Rafe snorted — "and then you'll sign a contract with whoever you want."

"I'll sign a contract with you, a long-term contract." It was, in fact, Denny's greatest wish. "I'll be yours."



"What? You expect me to spend the rest of my life with one sub, one I can't even fuck?" Rafe shook his head. "I don't think so, Denny."

A suffocating sensation clogged Denny's throat. He tried to swallow past it. "I'm saving that for whoever signs a long-term contract with me. If you were to do that, I would —"

"No, Denny."

Denny grabbed Rafe's pant leg. "Please, master, I —" Denny's hand fell limply to his lap when Rafe jerked his leg away.

"I don't have to sign a long-term contract to fuck this sub, Denny. I don't have to sign any contract. Kevin will let me fuck him just for the privilege of being under my lash. I don't need a long-term sub."

Rafe spoke so cruelly, Denny wondered how he could have ever thought him kind. He felt like his heart was shriveling up inside of his chest, making it hard to breathe. Tears of despair sprung to his eyes as he saw his dream of being with Rafe slipping away.

"Please, master." Denny tried one more time. "I'll let you fuck me. Just send him away."

"And break the rules of our contract? I don't think so." Rafe grimaced. "I've never broken the rules of a contract in my life, and I'm not about to start with you. Now, go back to your room, Denny. When I am done with Kevin, I'll come see you."

"Porcupine, master."

Rafe's eyebrows shot up. "You're safe wording?"

"Please, I'll do anything you want. Just send him away."

"I'm sorry, Denny, but I can't do that. You don't have to be involved in this scene but —"

"I don't have to be involved in this scene," Denny repeated slowly as his world crumbled around him. "That's all this is to you, isn't it, a scene."



The sensation of intense sickness and desolation swept over Denny as he pushed himself to his feet. He backed away, unable to take his eyes off the two men in the room, one who was breaking his heart, and one who would replace him.

"I thought – " Denny swallowed. "I thought you would be the one, but you're not. You're just a fantasy I built up in my mind."

"The one what, Denny?"

Denny shook his head. "It doesn't matter anymore, Rafe. You're not who I thought you were." Denny laughed uneasily as anguish overcame him. He pressed his hands against his sternum, trying to seek a measure of restraint. "Maybe you never were."

Denny could see the confusion on Rafe's face. It warred with the barely concealed anger that Denny imagined the man must feel at his disobedience. But none of that mattered any longer to Denny.

He might have trained for the right to be Rafe's sub, dreamed of nothing else for ages, but this wasn't what he hoped for. It wasn't even close. Rafe obviously wasn't the dom Denny had been looking for.

"Goodbye, Rafe."

Turning away from the man he had wanted with every fiber of his being for so very long was the hardest thing Denny ever did. It was even harder than accepting the fact that Rafe wasn't his master.

Denny's steps were sluggish as he walked down the hallway to Rafe's bedroom. He felt numb. Maybe his big mistake was in assuming Rafe would want him as much as he wanted Rafe. Maybe it had been in thinking the man was the master Denny needed. And maybe, that man didn't exist.

It took him just a few minutes to find the contract they had both signed. Rafe had left it in the pants he'd been wearing that night. Denny tore the contract in two and set it on Rafe's pillow.

Denny's fingers trembled as he reached for the snaps of the collar around his neck. He knew a sub was never supposed to remove the collar. Only masters could do



that. Even if the sub wanted the collar removed, he was supposed to ask his master to do it.

But then, Rafe wasn't his master.

Denny unsnapped the collar and pulled it away from his neck. Tears streamed down his face as he rubbed his fingers over the thin piece of leather. It might not have meant much to other people – to Rafe – but the little strip of leather meant the world to Denny. It had been a symbol of everything he ever wanted in life, and now all it stood for was a few nights of pleasure and a broken heart.

Denny laid the leather collar down on top of the torn contract and turned away before he could grab it back. He knew there would be sanctions because he breached the contract. He expected that. He just didn't care.

He searched around Rafe's room until he found a pair of jogging pants and a simple, cotton shirt. He dressed quickly, then stood in the middle of the room, thinking. Now he just needed to find a way to get home. Denny picked up the phone and called the only person he could think of who could help him out of the mess he had made.

"Uncle Rufus?" Denny said softly when his uncle picked up. His fingers curled in the phone cord as anguish filled him. "I need some help."

## **Chapter Seven**

Rafe stared down at the pert little ass hanging in front of him and felt nothing. He had no desire to spank the ass, no need to see his marks redden the rounded globes. He wasn't even hard. He just felt an overwhelming sense of loss.

Rafe had been so sure that bringing home another sub to play with would cure him of the strange obsession he had for Denny. He'd been sure he'd be able to burn away whatever hold Denny had on him and go back to being the controlled dom, in charge of himself and his sub.



Instead, he felt like his heart was being ripped out of his chest. Rafe's fingers tightened around the flogger in his hand. He tried to push those feelings away. He needed to renew his interest in flogging the man before him. He needed to be in control.

All he could see was the anguish and despair on Denny's face as the man begged him to send Kevin away. Rafe could see Denny's face fall at his cold response as if the man still knelt on the floor before him, and it made Rafe's heart lurch.

He realized he had retained his control – to an extent – but at what cost? Looking back over the last few days . . . the way Denny had beseeched him, the way Denny used his safe word . . . Oh, god. What had he done?

He had broken Denny, the one thing a dom should never, ever do to a sub.

Rafe grabbed the remote and lowered Kevin to the floor. Like a light going on in his head, he had his answer. Salvation didn't lay in running away from Denny; he didn't need some substitute submissive. He needed to send Kevin on his way and go make amends with Denny. He wanted *his* sub. He wanted Denny.

"I'll have Berwick arrange for a car for you, Kevin," Rafe said as he helped the man out of the restraints. "Thank you for your time."

"You're sending me away?"

Rafe tried to smile for the sub but knew it fell flat when Kevin's eyebrows shot up. "I apologize, Kevin. It's not you."

"It's him, isn't it?" Kevin gestured toward the door Denny had left through.

Rafe nodded.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes." Kevin chuckled lightly, not looking the least put out. "Rafe Connell, the Dom of Doms, falling for a sub."

Rafe rubbed his hand over the back of his neck as his cheeks flushed. "Yeah, well, what can I say? Denny is a one of a kind sub."

"I can't say I won't miss our little scenes together, but I wish you every happiness with your sub."



"Thank you, Kevin." Rafe was a little surprised at Kevin's reaction to being sent away. "That's quite gracious of you under the circumstances."

Kevin shrugged as he started pulling on his clothes. "That's all any of us really want, Rafe, someone to belong to long term. After hearing your little sub ask you to send me away, I suspect that's what he wants, as well."

Rafe grimaced. He believed Kevin might be right, and if he was, Rafe had a lot of making up to do with Denny. The first thing he needed to do was convince the man they might have something together. He suspected there might be some begging on his part involved as well.

He had been pretty hard on Denny from the first moment they met. He never even entertained the idea that he might be happy with an exclusive contract with just one sub, but the more he thought about it, the better the idea sounded.

The thought of having Denny all to himself gave Rafe a measure of calm he hadn't felt since he first laid eyes on the man on the dance floor. It took away the need he constantly felt to be in control of everything around him and gave him a sense of peace.

Rafe could just imagine the future spent with Denny, fulfilling his fantasies, playing out scenes, even having the man sleep in his arms every night, all things Rafe never considered on a full-time basis.

He'd always remained detached, emotionally aloof from those he did scenes with. Denny was the only one to ever make it through the wall he'd built around himself. Denny was the only one to ever make Rafe wish for something more.

"Thank you for your time, Kevin, and your words of wisdom," Rafe said as he walked the man to the door of the playroom. "I sincerely hope you sign a contract with the dom of *your* dreams someday."

"Oh, I have no doubt I will." Kevin chuckled again. "I just have to find him."

"If you ever need a recommendation, please don't hesitate to give me a call."



Kevin smiled, then walked down the hallway. Rafe let out a small laugh as he watched the man go. He did hope Kevin found what he was looking for. The man was a great sub. He just wasn't Denny.

Rafe turned and walked down the hallway toward the guestroom and the sub he wanted. He suddenly felt a lightness in his heart, a bounce in his step. He knew what he wanted, and he was going to get it.

"Denny?" Rafe knocked softly on Denny's door, well, the door of the guestroom. If Rafe had anything to say about it, Denny would be sleeping in Rafe's room from now on. "Can we talk, angel?"

Rafe frowned when he didn't hear anything from inside the room. He had expected to hear the pad of Denny's feet crossing the room. Or maybe the sound of something hitting the wall. Denny had to be upset after the way Rafe treated him.

"Denny?"

When Denny didn't answer, Rafe opened the door and stepped inside. The first thing he noticed was the empty bed. The second was the fact that Denny wasn't anywhere in the room. It looked exactly like it did before Rafe brought Denny home that first night, right down to the perfectly made bed.

Rafe's mind blanked out for a moment. He couldn't see anything except the empty room. No Denny. An inner torment began to gnaw at him. Where the hell was his sub?

He ran across the hallway to the bathroom, but it was empty, the door standing open. Rafe raced to his bedroom, hoping against hope Denny had gone in there, but he found that room empty as well. He searched the bathroom and the walk-in closet, growing more alarmed by the minute.

Rafe stood in the middle of the room, rubbing his hand over his mouth as he tried to figure out where Denny had gone. As he looked around the room, Rafe's eyes fell on a flash of white on his pillow.



He closed his eyes, his heart aching with pain. He knew what he was looking at even before he opened his eyes again. His throat closed as he stared down at the symbols of what his need for control had brought to him.

The contract he and Denny had signed, and the collar he had given the man. Rafe knew in his heart that it was Denny's way of saying he wasn't Rafe's sub anymore.

Rafe picked up the collar and clutched it in his hand as he sat down on the edge of the bed. His heart squeezed in anguish as he realized that Denny had left him. Denny had *really* left him.

And Rafe didn't know how to bring the man back. He didn't know if he had anything to offer the man that could convince him to *come* back. Rafe had fucked up so badly, he doubted Denny would give him the time of day, let alone sit long enough to listen to Rafe beg.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Berwick." Rafe grumbled at the interruption.

"The young man's ride will be here soon. Shall I escort him out when it arrives?"

"Yes, Berwick."

"Very good, sir."

Rafe expected to hear Berwick walk away. When he didn't, Rafe turned to look at the man. "Did you need something else, Berwick?"

"If you don't mind my saying so, sir, your young man does not seem to be in any condition to travel alone. Would you like me to accompany him, or should I just allow him to go on his own?"

Rafe frowned. Berwick had been with him for a long time, and he never commented on the subs who came and went from Rafe's home. Besides, Kevin hadn't been in that bad of shape when he left. Still, Rafe appreciated Berwick's concern.

"Kevin will be fine as soon as he has a good night's sleep. Don't worry about him, Berwick."

"I wasn't referring to Mr. Kevin, sir, but to your houseguest, Mr. Denny. He seems quite upset, sir, and I hesitate to let him leave in his current condition."



"Denny?" Rafe shouted as he jumped to his feet, dropping the collar onto the floor. "Denny is still here?"

"Yes, sir," Berwick replied. "He's currently in the study."

Rafe's heart thundered. He ran over to his dresser and yanked the drawer open so hard that it fell to the floor. Rafe squatted down and pulled stuff out of the drawer until he found the special item he had been looking for, the one that had been waiting for a home since the day Rafe became a dom.

Rafe stood up and raced past Berwick and down the hallway. He stumbled down the stairs, nearly falling several times before he reached the bottom, then raced across the entry to his study.

Rafe threw the door open, wincing when it slammed against the wall and Denny jumped. He stood by the window, one arm wrapped around his stomach. He was chewing on a fingernail, and he looked positively ill.

"Denny." Rafe breathed a sigh of relief then swallowed past the sudden lump in his throat when Denny turned away from him to stare out the window. "I . . . you're leaving?"

"I think it's for the best," Denny whispered. "I've arranged for you to receive your auction money back. If you choose to file a complaint for breach of contract, I won't fight it."

"Denny, this isn't what I want."

Denny's sudden chuckle was almost as heartbreaking as the sorrow on his face. "We don't always get what we want, Rafe."

"Can't we talk about this, Denny?"

"There's nothing to talk about."

Rafe hadn't realized how much damage he had done or how hard he would have to work to get Denny back until the man turned to look at him. Tears fell silently down his pale, anguished face. "You made your position perfectly clear."

"No, I haven't." Rafe slowly walked farther into the room and closer to Denny, as if approaching a frightened animal. "I haven't made anything clear."



Denny looked like he wanted to believe Rafe for about half a second, then he shook his head. "It will never work," he whispered as he looked down at his hands, twisting his fingers together. "We want different things."

"We *wanted* different things, Denny," Rafe said as he crept closer, "big difference."  
"Is it?"

Rafe took another step closer. "It is, angel, a *very* big difference."

Denny's dark brown eyebrows drew together in a deep frown. He seemed to be trying to process what Rafe was saying but hesitant to see too much in his words. Rafe imagined Denny was trying to protect his heart, a heart Rafe had every intention of owning before Denny left this room.

"See, if you had asked me a couple of days ago what I wanted, I would have told you a good sub who didn't make demands on me, one I could let go of when a scene was over and never think of again."

Denny's swift inhale was a low, tortured sound in the room. The pain in that one small noise made Rafe's eyes water with unshed tears. He took another step, then another until he stood directly in front of Denny. Rafe reached out and lifted Denny's chin with his hand.

"If you asked me tonight what I wanted, I would have told you I want one sub, one very particular sub."

Denny's breathing hitched again.

"I want a sub who would be willing to wear this." Rafe held up the item in his hand, the one he had pulled out of his drawer. He had commissioned it the day he became a dom, never thinking he would actually need it. Now he knew he had just been waiting for Denny to come along.

Rafe ran his fingers along the dark brown leather, the smooth sections, and the ones with intricate designs stamped into it. It was a one-of-a-kind collar, meant to show everyone that the sub who wore it belonged to Rafe. He could see Denny's eyes follow every movement of his fingers with hungry eyes.



"This is a very special collar, angel." Rafe gestured to the snap at each end. "See here, once this is put on my sub, it can never be removed. This is a lifetime collar, angel, meant for the sub who spends his life with me. And it's been lying in the bottom of my drawer. Until now."

Denny's fingers were trembling as he reached up to stroke the soft leather, but just before they touched the collar, Denny pulled them back as if he were afraid to feel it beneath his fingers.

"Go ahead, angel," Rafe whispered softly, "you can touch it. It was meant for you."

"W-what do you mean?"

"My trainer, Rufus, told me to make it the day he declared me a dom. He said that one day, I would meet the sub who took away all my control but gave me peace. And on that day, I would want that sub to be mine in every sense of the word, that I would want the world to know he was mine. I would want him to wear this collar."

"But if you —" Denny bit his lip and turned his face away, but not before Rafe saw the single tear that fell down the man's pale cheek.

"If I what, angel?"

"If you wanted me, then why did you bring that other sub in? I would have given you what you wanted." Denny's look was brief as he turned back then away again. "I would have let you fuck me."

"Ah, angel," Rafe said as he stroked his hand down the side of Denny's face. "This isn't about me fucking you. Granted, that is something I desperately want to do, never think otherwise, but this isn't about that."

Denny's forehead wrinkled again as he frowned. "Then what is it about?"

"I've learned through the years that I have to have control in my life. That's one of the reasons I became a dom, to have control. You, my beautiful angel, make me obsessed, needy. You take every bit of my control away from me and make me crazy. I can't stand the idea of anyone looking at you, touching you. I want you all for myself."

"But you can have me; I told you that."



"When I brought Kevin home, I was still fighting the things you make me feel. I was afraid to let go of the control I have had over the years. I was afraid to let you have that control."

Denny shook his head. "But I don't want to control you."

"You might not want to control me, but you do." Rafe smirked at the thought of how much Denny did control him.

"You breathe" — Rafe stroked his fingers over the pulse in Denny's throat — "and my heart stutters."

"You cry," he said as he wiped away a stray tear, "and my heart bleeds."

"You smile" — Rafe grabbed Denny's hand and pressed it to his chest, right over his heart — "and my heart sings."

"Rafe." Denny looked stunned. His eyes were so wide that their pale green color dominated his face.

Rafe held the collar up to Denny again with one hand. He wrapped the other around Denny's waist and pulled the man's body flush with his. "I want you to wear this, Denny, not for the week, not for a few months, but permanently."

"Re — ?" Denny swallowed. "Really?"

"Really." Rafe grinned. He thought Denny might be agreeable and started to place the collar around the man's neck only to have Denny stop him with a hand on his arm. "Denny?"

"Wait, I have to tell you something first."

Denny looked so nervous that Rafe's heart started to sink. Didn't Denny want this with him? "What?"

"I picked you."

"Picked me?" Rafe frowned. He had no idea what that statement meant. "Picked me how?"

"What I mean to say is that, well, I . . . I . . . ." Denny started twisting his fingers together again. "I saw your picture, and you were just so . . . and I wanted to be yours,



so I started training with other doms. I wanted to be the sub who could meet all your needs."

"What other doms?" Rafe growled.

"Rio and Nash and my Uncle Rufus."

"Uncle Rufus?" Rafe's eyes widened as shock rocketed through him. "Rufus is your uncle?"

Denny nodded quickly. "That's where I saw your picture, when I went to visit him. He said I was too young at the time, and I needed to learn how to be a proper sub for you, so I started training."

"You trained with them?"

Denny nodded.

"You had sex with them?"

"Oh, no, see, that's the thing, that's why there was that clause in the contract. I've never had sex with any of them. I've never even had sex. I was saving that for you. I wanted that to be my gift to my permanent dom. I wanted that to be for you."

Rafe backed up until he felt the couch press against his legs, then sat down suddenly as Denny's words filled him. Denny was a virgin. His Denny was a virgin, untouched by any other man. Rafe reeled with the knowledge.

Denny quickly came over and knelt at Rafe's feet, his hands resting on Rafe's knees. He looked anxious. "I thought that would make you happy. Was I wrong? Do you not want me now that you know what I did, that I'm a virgin?"

Rafe snapped. He reached out, and grabbed Denny by his arms, and hauled the man into his lap. He wrapped one hand around Denny's waist to keep him there. The other hand Rafe wrapped around Denny's neck, drawing the man into a deep kiss.

Rafe couldn't get enough of Denny, not his sweet taste, or the way the man felt pressed up against him, especially knowing that Denny was all his and would always be his.



Rafe lifted Denny in his arms and stood. He kept their lips glued together as he walked through the house and upstairs to his — *their* — bedroom. The playroom was for playing and Rafe wasn't playing anymore. This was real.

He gently laid Denny down on the bed and leaned over him, reaching for the hem of Denny's shirt to pull it off. Denny didn't resist, just watched him, lifting his arms when needed, or his legs when Rafe reached for the jogging pants he wore.

Rafe grinned as he stood up and tossed Denny's clothes to the floor. He took a moment to take in the beauty lying on the bed, then started taking off his own clothes. Denny was truly gorgeous.

Once he had stripped off, Rafe crawled up on the bed between the man's legs. He could feel Denny's hard cock butting up against him and knew he was aroused. Even if he hadn't felt it, he would have seen it in Denny's eyes. They shined with excitement.

"I want you. You know that, angel, but I'm not going to take you until you agree to be mine." Rafe held up the collar. "I'll whip you, suck your dick. I'll even show you off at the New Year's Eve party, but I will not fuck you until you agree to be mine."

Denny frowned. "You do realize that this is what I've been working toward for the last two years, right?"

"I do."

"Then why is it even an issue?"

"Because, Denny, I need to hear it from your lips that this is what you want, not sub to dom but you to me. No playing, no contracts, no one to witness things between us. Just you and just me, right here, right now." Rafe rubbed the soft leather over Denny's lips. "What do you say, angel, do you want me long term?"

## Chapter Eight

Denny's heart pounded. He felt like it was going to burst right out of his chest. Rafe was offering him everything he ever wanted. And that scared Denny to death. What if he lost it? What if he lost Rafe? It would destroy him.



"Angel?"

"I'm scared, Rafe," Denny whispered.

"And you think I'm not?" Rafe scoffed. "I've never met anyone in my life who affects me the way you do. What if I'm making the wrong choice here? What if you decide I'm not the dom for you after this? What if you try to leave me again?"

Denny shook his head. "No, if I commit to you and wear your collar, I'll never leave."

"You were wearing my collar before, Denny, and you tried to leave."

"That wasn't a real collar," Denny insisted. "That was just something you used to show ownership. It didn't mean anything to you, and therefore, it meant nothing to me."

"Good point." Rafe chuckled and gave the collar in his hand a little shake. "But this one is different, angel. This one means something to me, and I'm offering it to you."

Denny couldn't keep his hands from trembling as he reached out to touch the soft leather collar. He wanted this so badly, but could he trust in it, especially after Rafe brought another sub into the house?

"No more bringing other subs home? No more other subs, period?"

"Nope, you're my only sub."

"Exclusive contract?"

Rafe grinned. "Absolutely."

"Fulltime?"

"I wouldn't want it any other way."

"Do I still call you master?"

"Only when we're doing a scene, otherwise you can call me Rafe." He grinned again. "Or darling, or honey or sweetie. I'll settle for any of them."

"Really? You wouldn't mind if I called you honey or something?"

"Nope, not at all."



"You seem really accepting of all of this all of a sudden. Just a little while ago, you were ready to fuck another man. How do I know this isn't just so you can get a piece of my ass?"

"Because a little while ago, I didn't know how much it would hurt if you were gone." The smile fell from Rafe's lips, and he suddenly looked very serious. "I knew before anything really happened with Kevin that I was making the wrong choice. I sent him home, Denny. I didn't fuck him. I realized that causing you pain was tearing me up inside, and I didn't like how I felt when I knew that I had caused you pain."

Denny arched an eyebrow. That was quite a speech from a dom as controlled as Rafe appeared to be, but was it enough? "So, what happens the next time I don't do something you want?"

"I'll paddle your ass."

Denny blinked, then slowly began to smile. "Promise?"

"Absolutely." Rafe's grin was infectious, and Denny found himself unable to keep his lips from curling up at the ends. "I might even blindfold you and restrain you while I do it."

Denny groaned, pushing his head back into the pillow. He couldn't believe how much Rafe's words turned him on. "Will you restrain me now?"

Rafe's eyebrow arched. Denny inhaled sharply when Rafe suddenly moved, grabbing his hands and holding them over his head. A moment later, Denny felt soft velvet cuffs wrap around his wrists.

The sensual grin on Rafe's face when he looked back down at him made Denny's throat suddenly dry. He licked his lips and tried to swallow, but his actions only proved to make Rafe's hazel eyes grow darker with unmistakable passion.

"Master," Denny whispered.

"Rafe," Rafe said. "We're not in a scene right now, angel."

Denny blinked, suddenly feeling . . . something. He just wasn't sure what it was. He wanted Rafe any way he could get him, but he also wanted the dom that Rafe was. Denny wasn't sure he could separate the two men.



"I . . . I . . . ."

Rafe's hand cupped the side of Denny's face as the man leaned down close to him. "I will always be your master, Denny. Nothing will ever change that. But there will be times when I just want to be a man with you, not a dom."

Denny blinked faster as tears sprouted in his eyes. "Okay."

"Before I touch you, I want this around your throat." Rafe held up the collar. "You need to know that even if we are just being lovers together, I am still your master. Will you wear my collar, Denny?"

Denny tilted his head to one side, surprised by the uncertainty he could see in Rafe's eyes. He never would have thought Rafe could be unsure about anything. The man seemed very self-assured, always in control.

But Denny wasn't uncertain about anything. He knew exactly what he wanted, deep down in his heart, what he had wanted since the first moment he laid eyes on Rafe's photograph.

Denny tilted his head back, baring his throat to his Dom. He smiled when he heard Rafe's quick inhale. A moment later, he felt Rafe's fingers tremble against his neck as the man snapped the collar around his throat.

"So beautiful, my angel," Rafe whispered as his fingers caressed the skin above the collar. "Tomorrow, we will have Rio draw us up a permanent contract."

"Yes, Rafe." Denny didn't think his response was needed, but he gave it anyway. He wanted Rafe to know he not only accepted whatever the dom said, but he agreed with it. "Yes, master."

"You will always be mine, angel."

Denny nodded, feeling too choked up to speak. Rafe was giving him everything he ever wanted. Now, Denny could give Rafe the one thing he had been waiting to give the man.

With deliberate intent, Denny spread his legs and pulled them up, the sides of his knees brushing against Rafe's flanks. He was pretty sure Rafe got the general idea when the man's face flushed, and hunger filled his eyes.



"My beautiful angel." Rafe's grin was feral. "All mine."

As much as he had anticipated being with Rafe, Denny was unprepared for the intensity with which Rafe sought to pleasure him. The man started at Denny's neck, right where the collar wrapped around his throat, kissing and licking the skin there.

Rafe licked a line along the soft curve of Denny's ear before whispering to him. "Do you like that, angel?"

"Please, Rafe."

Rafe moved further down Denny's body, drawing small circles around Denny's nipples, moving ever closer to them with each circle before tugging on the small silver rings there.

"Do you like my touch, angel?"

"Yes!" Denny hissed.

Rafe tweaked Denny's nipples, pulling on the small aching nubs. Denny arched, pushing his chest into Rafe's gentle touch. God, it felt so damn good.

Denny whimpered in protest when Rafe rolled away from him until he saw the man reach into the nightstand and pull out a bottle of lube and a condom. Rafe tore open the condom, then rolled it down his hard shaft.

Denny licked his suddenly dry lips, anticipating what was to come. He watched Rafe open the bottle of lube and squirt a liberal amount onto his cock before spreading it around.

He squirted another glob out onto his fingers. When Rafe reached down and trailed those fingers between Denny's ass cheeks, his legs shook. Rafe was driving him crazy, one soft caress at a time.

Rafe didn't say a word to Denny, just pushed his fingers down between his cheeks and pressed one finger into the tightened circle of muscles at Denny's entrance. Denny jerked and moaned, then pushed back against the hard intrusion. Rafe dropped the empty condom packet on the bed, then pushed two fingers into Denny's ass.

Denny's head fell back as Rafe began pushing his fingers in, then pulling them out, slowly at first, then with more speed. Little mewling sounds started to fall from his



lips, and his hands curled into fists when Rafe added another finger, thrusting all three in rapidly.

Denny's cock leaked. He could feel little drops of pre-cum dripping down the sides of his shaft. His entire body shuddered when Rafe used the fingers of his free hand to rub the drops into the head of his cock. Rafe seemed to pay special attention to the small slit in the top.

When Denny's body bucked up, Rafe chuckled. "Remember, angel, no coming until I say so."

Denny nodded quickly, but he had serious doubts about his ability not to come when being so stimulated. It didn't help when Rafe pulled his fingers from Denny's body and grabbed his hips.

Rafe grabbed Denny's ass cheeks and pull them farther apart. He lined the haed of his cock up with Denny's hole. Inch by agonizing inch, Rafe pushed in, until his balls press up against Denny's ass. "You are so fucking tight, angel," Rafe groaned.

Denny could feel his tight circle of muscles grip Rafe as the man pulled out until just the head of his cock remained inside. Denny's body rippled around Rafe's cock. He didn't want to let the man go, but it felt so damn good when Rafe pushed back in.

Rafe's fingers dug into his hips as he thrust deep inside. Denny knew he'd have bruises in the morning, and the thought aroused him almost as much as the feeling of Rafe pounding into his ass. Denny's body rippled with need and he didn't even have to move to feel his body falling toward an orgasm.

"Fuck, angel," Rafe groaned. He grabbed Denny's cock and began stroking him up and down.

"Come for me, angel," Rafe ordered harshly. "Come for your master."

Rafe leaned over and sucked on one of Denny's nipples for several moments before moving to the other one. This time, he used teeth, gently nipping at the rigid flesh and pulling on the silver ring. Denny went wild, crying out as he released and filled Rafe's hand.



Denny's mind turned to mush as Rafe leaned back and grabbed both of his thighs and started thrusting over and over again. The room faded around Denny, narrowing down to the man holding him and the connection of their bodies.

He could hear his own heavy breathing and Rafe's quick, short pants. He could feel Rafe's cock still moving inside him. He thought he might have even heard Rafe's heartbeat synchronize with his own.

Before Denny could analyze it too much, the room rushed back in with a loud roar. A moment later, he realized the loud cry of ecstasy had come from him.

His legs felt like rubber and fell limply to each side. His arms shook where they had strained against the restraints at his wrists. His breathing was ragged, his body trembling. He felt wonderful.

He looked up at the man leaning over him, wonder filling him at the lust that shot through him even though he'd just been fucked by Rafe. Rafe's head hung back on his shoulders. His chest heaved. He looked glorious.

Denny knew his obsession with the Dom hadn't abated after being taken by the man. It just grew stronger. Denny was ecstatic.

## **Chapter Nine**

"Are you sure you want to do this, angel?"

"I'm sure, master." Denny's grin made his entire face glow. "I want everyone to know I belong to you."

"Denny, we can just announce it, you know. We don't have to put on a show for them."

Denny chuckled and rubbed up against Rafe's body. "Don't you want all the other doms to know how much you control me?"

Rafe had to admit he did. He felt a perverse pleasure in knowing so many other doms wanted Denny, but the man belonged exclusively to him. He'd like to think that



Denny's submissiveness belonged only to him too. He just wasn't sure how he felt about Denny being displayed for the pleasure of others.

"I belong to you and only you, master," Denny whispered against the side of Rafe's neck. Rafe's eyes dropped closed as he tried to suppress the deep shudder that shook his body at the light touch.

"Keep that up, and the question of who controls who will be obvious to everyone."

Denny's head fell back as his laughter filled the small room they stood in. They were supposed to be getting ready to put on a show for the New Year's Eve party at Floggers. Rafe just wanted to take Denny home and get naked with him.

In the days since Denny accepted his collar, Rafe had regained the strong control he had over himself. He felt more secure than he had ever felt. And then Denny would smile at him, or touch him, and Rafe's restraint would fly right out the window.

Denny had the unique ability to take him apart piece by piece, rip his hard-earned discipline away, then build him back up again, giving back every bit of control he had and then some. Denny gave Rafe peace and calm and comfort, and . . . well, Denny gave him everything.

It wasn't too much to ask to give something back to Denny. Displaying their relationship before the other doms seemed important to Denny, and Rafe could deny the man nothing.

Rafe stroked his hand down the side of Denny's glowing face. "My beautiful angel," he whispered. "We will show them how responsive you are to your master, show them how wonderfully you submit to me."

"Yes," Denny hissed as he leaned into Rafe again. "Please, master."

Rafe groaned as his cock hardened to steel. "You know what it does to me when you beg, angel."

"I do."

"You know you will be punished for provoking your master."

"I do."



Rafe grinned. "Then assume the rest position so I can get you ready, angel."

Rafe swallowed hard at the grace Denny showed as he knelt down on the floor and spread his legs wide. His hands rested palm side down on his thighs, his shoulders squared, and his gaze straight ahead.

"Beautiful."

"Thank you, master."

As calm as Denny looked in his position, Rafe could still feel the man tremble as he stroked his hand over his shoulders. He liked touching Denny and did so often. Denny's response to even the lightest of touches aroused Rafe so much, he often ended up taking the man wherever they were at the time.

Another way in which Denny stole his control. But Denny always gave it back by meeting Rafe's every command without question. Rafe had yet to find anything that Denny objected to, not a good whipping, a good fucking, or even sleeping bound and blindfolded. Denny loved it all.

He was the perfect sub.

"Hands, angel."

Rafe grinned at the eagerness with which Denny lifted his hands into the air. The man truly enjoyed being restrained. Rafe couldn't wait to see Denny's reaction when he realized that the restraints Rafe brought today were different than the ones they had played with before. These wrist cuffs attached to ankles cuffs, keeping Denny's hands bound to his ankles and safely out of the way while Rafe whipped the man.

Rafe placed a cuff on each of Denny's wrists but didn't cuff them together. He felt Denny's surprise when he wrapped similar cuffs around his ankles. Once Denny was all cuffed up, Rafe stroked his fingers over Denny's furrowed brow.

"You're going to love this, angel, just wait and see."

Denny nodded, the confusion falling off his face as Rafe knew it would. Rafe helped Denny stand, then reached down to readjust the small, red thong barely covering the man's groin. He chuckled when Denny's cock throbbed in his hand.

"Soon, angel, but not before I say so."



Denny's breath hitched. "I want to do you proud, master, I'm just . . . I'm really close."

"You will do me proud, angel, I have no doubt. I have not given you permission to come yet, and you will not. It's as simple as that."

Denny looked a little shocked for a moment, and then he began to laugh. "You think that's simple?"

"I know it is." Rafe stroked his finger along the collar wrapped around Denny's throat. "I am your master, and I say it is that simple."

"Yes, master."

"Now, where is that red ribbon?"

"You stuck it in your pocket." Denny rolled his eyes. "I still don't understand why you want my collar covered up. I thought the plan was to let everyone know I belong to you."

"It is, angel," Rafe said as he pulled the red ribbon out of his pocket and tied it around Denny's neck, making sure it covered the collar he had given his sub. "But, I want everyone to see how beautiful you are in your submission before they realize they can't have you."

"You just want to show off your toys."

"I do. I want to show the world my beautiful angel." Rafe chuckled. "And then I want to show them that my angel belongs only to me."

"I live to serve you, oh master."

Rafe arched an eyebrow at Denny's cheeky words. Denny might be a sub, and a perfect one at that, but the man still had a mind of his own and a wild sense of humor. He brought it out at the oddest moments.

He made Rafe's life happy.

"Okay, angel, time for us to get to the stage. If you need to stop at any time, you just let me know, okay?"

"I won't."



Rafe nodded. He had no doubt that Denny would follow through with their plans for the show. The presentation they were about to put on was simple compared to some of the other stuff they had done together in scenes.

Rafe was the nervous one. Not because Denny would be nearly naked or would be showing his submission to everyone, but because Rafe didn't know if he could keep from fucking the man right there on the stage.

Denny's submission aroused Rafe to a fever pitch every time. Knowing Denny submitted only to him made it even better. Rafe had major problems keeping his hands off the man.

"No coming until I say, angel."

"Yes, master."

Rafe smiled and leaned in to kiss Denny lightly on the lips. "You will be perfect."

"Thank you, master."

Rafe grabbed Denny's hand and led him out of the small room. He met Rio at the back of the stage area. Even knowing he owed the man a lot, Rafe was thrilled when Denny didn't look anywhere but at him. He didn't even acknowledge Rio was there.

"Rio."

"Rafe." Rio's gaze slid over to Denny. "Denny."

Rafe smiled when Denny continued to look just at him. "Say hello to Rio, angel."

"Hello, Rio," Denny said, giving the man a quick nod before turning to look back at Rafe.

"You're both looking well," Rio said. "I assume this week has gone good for both of you?"

"Yes."

Rafe refused to say more than that. He didn't want to ruin the surprise, although, from the grin Rio was giving him, Rafe suspected Rio already knew. The man was too smart not to know.

"I assume we are up next?"



"Yes, and then Nash and his sub will be giving us a show after you're done. You've both promised me something spectacular. I'm looking forward to it."

Rafe glanced down at Denny when the sub tugged on his sleeve. He tilted his head slightly when Denny leaned up, then a grin started across his lips when Denny whispered in his ear.

"Rio, my sub and I will require a private room when we are done with our presentation. Denny feels he will need a few moments to compose himself."

Rio arched an eyebrow. "Must be quite a show."

"Oh, it will be."

"Will the room you were in before be acceptable?"

Rafe thought back to the hook in the ceiling, the high bench in the middle of the room with restraints built in. He grinned. "It will perfect, thank you."

A red light went off suddenly over their heads. Rio looked up, then chuckled. "I do believe you are up."

Rafe nodded. He stroked his hand down the middle of Denny's back when he felt the man tremble beside him. "Thank you, Rio. If you could give us just a moment alone, I'd appreciate it. I need to prepare my sub."

Rio nodded and stepped out between the curtains separating them from the audience. Rafe turned to hug Denny close. "There's still time to change your mind, angel."

"No, I just wanted to tell you that I've been a bad sub."

"Oh?" Rafe didn't see how. Denny seemed to know his every wish before he even knew he had them.

"I did something without your permission, master."

Rafe was intrigued. "What did you do, angel?"

Denny turned around and bent at the waist, his hands resting on his legs. His green eyes sparkled as he glanced back over his shoulder. He seemed to be waiting for something.



Rafe's eyebrows drew together in a confused frown as he looked over Denny's body. He nearly swallowed his tongue when he noticed the small impression of something under Denny's thong.

"Denny?" Rafe's hand trembled with unrestrained need as he reached over and yanked the edge of Denny's thong aside. The air in his lungs hissed out when he spotted the red butt plug planted firmly in Denny's ass.

"You plugged yourself?" Rafe whispered.

"I knew tonight's presentation would be intense for both of us, and I wanted to be ready for you."

"Sweet hell, angel, we may not even make it to the presentation." Rafe swallowed hard. His cock felt like it was trying to thump its way out of his slacks. He felt so aroused, Rafe wondered how he could string two sentences along.

It didn't help when Denny spread his legs farther apart until Rafe could see the man's ball sac hanging just below the plug. Rafe couldn't help himself. He reached down and grabbed the plug, twisting it in Denny's ass.

"Master!"

"Fuck, Denny, you are the sexiest damn thing I have ever seen."

Rafe pumped the plug in and out of Denny's ass until he heard small moans start falling from the man's lips. He knew if he continued, Denny would come, and he wanted to save that for their presentation.

Still, it took almost all of Rafe's control to push the plug deep into Denny's ass and pull the thong back over him. He gave Denny one good swat, delighting in the loud groan Denny gave him in response.

When Denny straightened, Rafe reached around and palmed the thick bulge in the front of the thong. He pressed his body up against Denny's and licked a small patch on the man's neck, nipping at the salty skin.

"You belong to me, angel, and I will touch you whenever I want to. I will demand anything that I want from you. You will belong to me to do whatever I wish. Is that understood?"



"Yes, master."

"We're going to go out there and show the world what a perfect sub you are, and then I am going to take you back to that little room and fuck your ass until you scream."

Denny shuddered. "Yes, master."

"Let's go, angel."

Rafe's harsh breathing belied his outward calm. He just wanted to go out onto the stage and give their presentation, then get Denny alone somewhere so he could ravish the man. That was his main goal at the moment.

He no longer cared about giving the other doms a taste of what they could not have. He didn't care about showing off his sub. He didn't even care about showing the world who Denny belonged to. He just wanted Denny.

Rafe parted the curtain and escorted Denny out onto the stage. He could hear the low murmur of the crowd when they spotted the skimpily clad sub and barely caught himself from growling.

"Assume the rest position."

Rafe waited for Denny to kneel down on the stage floor, then squatted down beside him. He watched Denny carefully as he attached the wrist cuffs to the ankle cuffs. He wanted to see Denny's reaction.

Rafe wasn't disappointed. The man inhaled softly and shot him a quick glance filled with deep arousal. Rafe grinned and rubbed the back of his hand over Denny's flushed cheek.

"I thought you'd like these," Rafe said soft enough for only Denny to hear him.

"Thank you, master," Denny whispered.

"You're very welcome, angel. Now, eyes straight ahead. It's time for your blindfold."

Denny looked straight ahead. Rafe pulled Denny's blindfold out of his pocket and gently placed it over the man's head, pulling his long braid through it then dropping the braid over Denny's shoulder.



Rafe stood. Denny looked perfect. He did the rest position like a submissive who had been doing it for years. Everyone in the audience could see him. Only Rafe could have him.

He began slowly walking around Denny, trailing the ends of his flogger over Denny's shoulders, then down his back and chest. "You will hear only my voice, angel. You will not move unless I say so. You will respond only to me and follow my every command."

"Yes, master."

Rafe began placing small lashes of the flogger against Denny's skin. First, he worked on Denny's back and upper butt cheeks, then he moved around to the front, paying special attention to Denny's nipples.

Rafe gloried in the hushed whispers from the people watching. It was a beautiful thing to see such a display of control by a sub. Denny didn't move. His chest rose and fell faster and faster with each flick of the flogger, but he didn't move even a finger. He did exactly as Rafe commanded.

Rafe fell in love with each red stripe on Denny's skin. Each one showed Denny's submission, his love of being dominated. Each one showed Rafe how much Denny wanted this.

Rafe finally slowed his strikes and started trailing the ends of the leather flogger over Denny's skin. He knew the audience was as aroused as he was. How could they not be after witnessing Denny's submission?

He walked around to stand behind Denny, so the audience could see every inch of his sub. He waited, anticipating. There was a hush in the air as if every dom watching were holding their breath. Rafe hoped so. The best part of the display had yet to happen.

"Come."

Denny's body stiffened. His hands clenched into fists, and a loud groan fell from his lips. Despite the thong covering him, drops of seed escaped and dripped down the front of the material as Denny did exactly as his master commanded.



Stunned silence filled the room for a moment, then a loud applause came from the audience. Rafe was damn proud of his sub, but he also needed to get the man alone before he exploded.

He squatted down and unclipped the latch attaching Denny's ankles and wrists. He stood back up and helped Denny to his feet. Denny swayed just a bit, and Rafe placed a hand in the middle of his back to steady him. He could feel the heat pouring off the man's body and coughed to cover a groan.

When Rafe looked up, the crowd had moved closer, surrounding the stage. Rafe could read the desire to possess Denny in the eyes of several doms. He could see the envy in the eyes of several subs.

He wanted to grin, to laugh. He wanted to shout to the world that they could look, but they could not touch. Denny was his. Instead, Rafe simply reached up and tugged on the ribbon tied around Denny's neck until it fell away and revealed his collar.

Rafe didn't even wait for the protests and groans of disappointment before leading Denny off the stage and back the way they came. It took him longer than he would have liked to reach the small room they had been in before, and he slammed the door against the wall in his haste to get inside.

Denny's soft chuckle brought him down just a little and made it easier for Rafe to function, but he still needed to have his aching cock inside the sub's tight ass. Waiting could mean he'd stop breathing.

Rafe laid Denny down on the high bench and secured his wrist restraints to the built-in hooks. He secured his ankles as well, then dropped the bottom of the bench seat.

It took Rafe just a few more moments to strip off his shirt and undo his slacks, pushing them down his thighs. When he stepped forward, he stood right up against Denny's ass and between his bound legs.

Rafe trailed his hands up Denny's thighs to the thong covering his body. He chuckled to himself when he realized he had forgotten to take the damn thing off before restraining Denny.



Rafe couldn't wait to claim his sub. He knew he didn't have the control. He reached down and grabbed the edge of the fabric and pulled, delighting in the sound of the thong ripping apart in his hands.

"Master?"

"I forgot to take the thong off, angel."

Denny's soft laughter filled the room. "Just don't forget the plug. I don't think you'll both fit."

"You mean this plug?" Rafe asked as he twisted the plug around in Denny's ass.

"Ye-yes," Denny hissed as his body arched.

Rafe played with the plug for a moment before pulling it out and dropping it on the bench beside Denny. He quickly glanced around for lube, knowing that it was one thing he could not forget.

"In your pocket, master."

Rafe looked down at Denny and arched an eyebrow. "What?"

"The lube."

Rafe frowned. Denny was still blindfolded. How could he possibly know Rafe was looking for the lube? "How do you know that's what I'm looking for?"

"Because you'd never fuck me without lube, and if you had it, you'd already be in my ass."

Rafe's lips twisted together as he tried to keep from laughing. He reached into his pocket, and sure enough, there was a small tube of lube. Rafe shook his head as he opened the tube and squirted some out.

He rubbed it over his cock, slicking himself up, then dripped some more lube down the crack of Denny's ass. He pushed two fingers inside Denny's hole, making sure he spread the lube around liberally, then pulled them free.

The man was already stretched due to the plug, and Rafe would be forever grateful Denny had thought that far ahead. Another way Denny proved he was the perfect sub. He was always trying to anticipate Rafe's needs. He was usually right, too.



Rafe grabbed Denny's thighs and pulled the man's ass to the end of the bench. His eyes nearly crossed as he watched himself sink into the man's tight hole. Denny rippled around him, cradling his cock, holding him as if they were made to be together.

"So, fucking beautiful, my angel," Rafe whispered, more to himself than to Denny. He pulled out until just the head of his cock remained in Denny's tight grasp, then watched himself sink in again. The image was too perfect to not watch a few times.

But the need to feel Denny come apart in his arms was overwhelming. Rafe started thrusting harder, faster, and deeper. He could feel sweat start to build up between his shoulder blades.

As he watched, Denny's cock began to fill until it stood up from his groin, hard and thick. Rafe's level of arousal seemed to be tied into Denny's. The more pleasure Denny felt, the more filled Rafe.

Rafe reached around each side of Denny's body and grabbed the ends of the bench where Denny's ankles were restrained. He pushed them in until Denny's knees bent, and his ankles were up close to his body.

"Spread your legs, angel."

Rafe swallowed hard as Denny did just as he commanded. The man's knees fell to the sides, displaying Denny's groin beautifully. Rafe continued to thrust into Denny's ass as he reached over and grabbed the bottle of lube. He quickly skirted some out on his hand then dropped the tube again.

Wrapping his hand around Denny's cock, Rafe started stroking the man with each thrust of his hips. The faster he pounded into Denny's tight ass, the faster he stroked the man's cock.

He used his other hand to stroke the flogger marks he'd left on Denny's skin. Denny hissed but leaned into each caress as if he craved the contact. "I want to hear your pleasure, angel."

Denny, so controlled, so good at following orders, opened his mouth and cried out, the sweet sound filling the room. The more Rafe touched him, the more he loved on him, the louder Denny became.



"Such a perfect sub, so beautiful," Rafe groaned. "Come for me, my angel, come for your master. Let me feel your pleasure."

Denny screamed as hot liquid poured out over Rafe's hand. The tight, inner muscles wrapped around his cock rippled and dragged Rafe over the edge. He rammed himself as deeply into Denny's ass as he could go, then let his orgasm consume him.

Rafe felt like his body had gone up in flames as he filled Denny's ass with his release. His skin prickled with sensation, the very air around him seeming to caress him as if trying to draw out his climax until Rafe's legs shook.

He leaned over Denny's body as he tried to regain his control, a control he willing gave up to his sub. He could feel Denny's heart beating against him as he planted small kisses along Denny's collarbone.

"Are you okay, angel?" Rafe asked as he pushed the blindfold up off Denny's head. Denny blinked several times, then smiled.

"I'm perfect."

"Yes." Rafe grinned as he looked down into the soft green eyes staring up at him in adoration. "Yes, you are perfect." He trailed his fingers along the decorative collar wrapped around Denny's throat. "You are the perfect sub for me."

~The End~

### **About the Author**

Stormy believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two or three men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul Mates, true love, and happy endings.

Stormy lives in the great Northwest region of the USA, with her gorgeous husband and soul Mate, six very active teenagers, two boxer/collie puppies, one old biddy cats, and three fish.

You can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand and a puppy in her lap, or on her laptop, creating the next sexy man for one of her stories. Stormy



welcomes comments from readers. You can learn more about Stormy online at [www.stormyglenn.com](http://www.stormyglenn.com).

~\*\*\*~

## **Dominate Me**

By H.C. Brown

### **Chapter One**

"Please master." Sweat dripped off the house sub's chin. "Ride me to hell."

Nash Mage gazed down at the glowing, red marks on the sub's naked body and lifted the flogger. He brought the customized leather down in artful, even blows. How he enjoyed watching a sub squirm under his masterful touch. He groaned. So much soft, white flesh, striped red from the thin, leather straps made him hot as hell.

Damn, he loved the sharp intake of breath the sub gave with each, satisfying thwack. The raised welts were hot against his palm; he fought the desire to lick a soothing path along each stinging cut. Blood rushed into Nash's hot, heavy cock, pressing it hard against his tight, leather pants. He ground his teeth and stood back to admire his work.

"*Please . . . fuck me, master.*" The sub lifted his glossy ass in invitation, straining against the rope tying him securely to the bench.

With a snort, Nash turned to the table and selected a candle. He hate nothing more than a sub who begged. A sub should keep his damn mouth shut! No way would he give the annoying little wimp the pleasure of his expert fucking. He pulled his cigarette lighter from the tight, front pocket of his pants, flipped open the top, and lit the candle. He inhaled; the smell of hot wax aroused and soothed him. After allowing the melted wax to pool around the wick, he flicked his hand to send a shower of hot wax across the sub's red striped bottom. He chuckled and set the candle in a holder that angled over the man.



Nash stood back to admire his handiwork. The candle flame hovered just above the subs balls, hot wax dripping closer with each second. Without hesitation, Nash turned on his heel and left the room. He ran both hands through his long hair. *Why the fuck did I decide to pick that house sub?* The man was not pretty, was well used, and not submissive enough. No, he required complete surrender; the true lick-my-boots-and-ass devotion only an innocent could provide. Now he had a hard-on that only a sweet, submissive mouth would relieve. At this point in time, no one came close to fitting his requirements. He walked into the bar and scanned the room. He pointed to a house sub. "Go into my dungeon and untie the asshole."

\* \* \* \* \*

Later that morning, Nash leaned casually against the wrought iron railing beside the entrance to The Floggers' Club. With rising disgust, he watched the retreating back of the disgruntled sub. His hand ached. He clenched and unclenched his fingers, and then stared at the red mark across the palm, an indentation from the flogger handle. Damn, he would have to remember to wear his gloves next time. He lifted his chin and gazed at the sub limping away in the distance. *What is wrong with me?*

Lately, no one could keep his interest. He missed Damien. Fuck, the man had left him cold, no note, no reason. Nash sucked in a freezing breath. He needed new blood. One with trusting eyes and that smooth, porcelain skin that deserved to carry his marks.

Steam billowed from the drains in the gutter, in spasmodic, white clouds. It would be a white Christmas this year. The weather bureau forecast snow for the entire holidays. Nash took the toothpick from his mouth and flicked it into the road. Fuck, he needed a cigarette. Just one drag would sooth the craziness. Hell, he prided himself on his control. Nash snorted and turned to his friend. "His nose is out of joint because I didn't want to fuck the weasel." He rubbed his hands together. "I hate it when they beg for cock. If I'd had a smoke I'd have ground it out on his balls."



"Giving up smoking is a bitch." Rafe Connell pushed his hands into the pockets of his leather jacket. He stared after the sub and grimaced. "And that *bitch* will be telling everyone you're an edgeplayer."

With a shrug, Nash stared at the gray piles of snow banked up at the curb. He lifted his chin, met Rafe's hazel eyes, and smiled. "I beat the crap out of the little do-me queen. Bitch thought he could dominate *me*—fat chance." He ran his fingers through his hair. "Maybe I *am* taking it to the edge. I'm looking for the same thrill I got from Damien. What I need is a sweet sub who appreciates my skill." He sighed. "I gave that whining bastard what he asked for and more, but no way was I going to fuck him."

"It was consensual. That house sub wasn't an innocent; he should have expected a good flogging with your reputation." Rafe slapped Nash on the back. "It's freezing out here. Come downstairs, and I'll buy you a drink."

At the bottom of the steps, the comforting scent of wax and leather, laced with the enticing aroma of musky, male sweat, wafted over Nash. The owner of the club, Rio Knight, met them at the VIP section of the polished mahogany bar. Nash shrugged out of his long, leather coat and threw it to a house sub. He met Rio's disgruntled gaze. "I'm not banned again, am I? Not when Rafe has just returned from overseas—we have some serious ass to claim."

"Four house subs have fled in a week, Nash. At this rate, we'll need to put adds in the newspapers for replacements." Rio balled his fists on his hips. "I think it's time you put a collar on your own sub."

Nash took a toothpick from a jar on the bar and pushed it between his lips. He straightened his shoulders and glared at Rio. "Fuck, that's worse than getting married. I'll flog and fuck who I chose when I chose."

"Sure." Rio growled, turned, and strode away. Two seconds later he was back in Nash's face. He glared. "But keep your hands off the subs for the auction."

With a grin, Nash met his gaze. Rio intimidated most members of Floggers but not him or Rafe. "I hope you've got some pretty boys this year." He grimaced. "I'm getting bored with the ugly ass around here."



"I put a notice up in Handcuffs and Whips two weeks ago." Rio gave him a slow smile. "I'm looking for a new sub too. There's a group giving us the once over tonight." He turned to go. "Try not to spoil Christmas again this year."

With a sigh, Nash removed the toothpick and stabbed it into the ashtray. He reached for the bottle of bourbon on the bar and poured himself a drink. He threw it back and poured another. *Yeah, yeah rave on.* He turned to speak to Rafe. His friend was staring at a delicious sub, who was dancing slowly, obviously lost in a world of his own. He nudged his friend. "Nice but unobtainable."

"I'm working on it." Rafe turned back to the bar. "Fresh meat at two o'clock."

Nash ran his gaze over the group of four men removing their coats in the foyer. Three were definitely subs – cropped hair and wearing plenty of metal. The group moved into the bar and paused as if undecided where to go. Nash's gaze slid over the fourth man – young, barely legal, with a slight build – just the way he liked his subs. Brown hair with gold highlights curled around a cherubic face. A long, gold earring hung from one ear. Damn, the man had big, brown eyes and those long, *dominate me* lashes. Nash whistled. "It must be Christmas. My sac's full, and I just found Santa's little helper."

Turning around, Nash leaned his elbows on the bar to get a better view. The group moved to a table beside the dance floor. The sweet sub wore jeans low on his hips. He snorted. To wear jeans in Floggers was almost heresy. Two buttons undone at the fly showed the top of the man's white boxers and a flat, smooth, hairless stomach. *Nice.* "The young one is mine."

The man's black leather vest hung open to display an expanse of honey skin pulled tight over muscle. As the newcomer moved, Nash caught sight of his delicious, flat, bitable nipples. Nash groaned. His cock ached. *I'll fuck you till you scream.* The man had that smooth, silken, tanned skin that drove Nash crazy. He wore no metal, no rings, nothing but the gold sparkling in his ear. The sub glanced around furtively. *An innocent.* Nash's mouth watered. "I think just I blew in my fucking pants."

"Oh, that's a sweet sub." Rafe laughed. "You'll break him in half."



With a snort, Nash pushed away from the bar and stared intently at the young man across the room. "That's the idea."

Paul Martin's gaze swept the room. The booths at the end of the bar were obviously for the VIPs. He swallowed; the two massive doms at the bar were watching him closely. Quickly averting his gaze, Paul sat down at the table. A house sub slipped into the seat beside him. Paul glanced at the man and extended his hand. "Hi, Paul Martin."

"Jackson." He waved a hand toward the bar. "The dom eyeballing you is Nash Mage. Unless you like it rough, keep away from him." Jackson rested his hand on Paul's thigh.

Paul flicked a glance at Nash, then turned his attention to Jackson. He pushed the man's warm hand from his leg. "I'm not sure what I want."

The pull of awareness from the dom at the bar was magnetic. Paul turned in his seat. Nash met his gaze with a look hot enough to fry eggs, and then moved across the room toward him. With his heart threatening to burst from his chest, Paul met the determined look in Nash's midnight blue eyes. *Fuck, he wants to ride me to hell.*

Nash stood six-five, and fuck was he built. Long hair hung to his shoulders like black water. Nipple rings joined by a gold chain glistened from beneath a black net tunic. The tunic hung loose, showing a chiseled chest and slim waist. Paul dragged in a breath and let his gaze travel down to a studded belt that matched the leather cuffs around each wrist. Leather pants sat low on his hips and clung to his cock. Fuck, the man had one hell of a hard on.

The dom slinked across the floor like a cat closing in on a mouse. Paul quivered and lowered his gaze. He had wanted to join this scene all his life. Now would he stay or run? He had to admit the idea of an auction took the stress out of finding a dom. A club like Floggers had regulations, consent forms, and a good reputation—he would be safe here. The subs around the table fled. Paul lifted his gaze and inhaled the scent of hot man and leather.



Nash bit back a smile. The sub feared him. Nash moved closer, until he stood with his throbbing prick an inch away from the man's face. The scent of the man filled his nose; fuck, he could taste him. He wanted to rip off the sweet sub's clothes and lick him all over. His gaze rested on the newcomer's mouth, so soft, full, and luscious. If the man licked his lips one more time, Nash would push him down on the table and screw him in front of everyone.

After a long minute, Nash sank his fingers in the sub's hair and pushed the man's face against his sex. "Lick my prick."

Hesitantly, the sub ran his pink tongue along the swell in Nash's leather pants. The man looked up; deep brown eyes peered at Nash from beneath long, black lashes. His cheeks flushed a rosy pink. Nash stroked the sub's head with the tips of his fingers. "There's a good boy."

The sub's teeth closed around his shaft and nipped down the length. *Oh, yeah, sweet thing.* Nash thrust his hips forward. "Yeah like that. You like that – the taste of leather, the throb of my shaft against your tongue – don't you?"

"Yes." The sub continued to lick, leaving long, wet trails across the leather pants.

Tightening his grip in the sweet sub's hair, Nash dragged him to his feet. He pushed the man over the table and kicked his legs apart. The sight of that tight ass incased in the blue jeans made Nash's heart pound. He ran his hands over the sub's hips and then caressed his ass. The coarse denim brushed against his bruised palm. Nash traced the line of stitching from ass to balls with his thumbs. The man trembled under his touch. Taking a handful of the sub's hair, he forced him to his feet. "My booth – now." He pushed the newcomer toward the row of VIP seating.

Once inside, Nash spun the man around. "Take off the vest."

The sub slipped off the vest and dropped it onto the bench seat. His eyes flashed in a spark of defiance. Nash ran his hand through the man's hair to expose the long, gold feather earring hanging down against the soft skin of the sub's throat. "Name?"

"Paul."



Nash ran his fingernails down Paul's chest, over the sub's flat nipples. The man smelled like sin. He watched the vein in the sub's neck begin to throb wildly. He bent his head and flicked his tongue over one nipple and then the other. The tight buds rose in tiny, brown beads. *I would love to pierce these virgin peaks.* He lifted his head and met Paul's gaze. "I'm Nash, but you may call me *master*."

"I'm here for the auction, tomorrow." Paul's words came out in a rush. "Mister Knight made me sign a paper saying I wouldn't go with a dom before the sale."

Hot fury hit Nash like a sledgehammer. Fuck Rio; Nash wanted *this* sub now. Fuck the auction. He cupped the back of Paul's head and drew him into a kiss. Lord, the man's lips were soft and lush. Nash pushed his tongue against Paul's teeth and gained entrance. He lapped inside the man's delicious mouth. Paul tasted fresh and so fucking good. Then Paul made this little sound deep in his throat—a tell. Nash groaned—the response he needed, *the buzz*, ignited a torrent of desire between them. He deepened the kiss, demanding and taking all he needed from Paul's willing mouth.

With a sigh, Nash lifted his head and gazed into Paul's confused doe eyes. He ran his hands over the man's amazing skin. "I don't buy before I try. Blow me."

"Here?"

"Uh huh." Nash pushed Paul to his knees. "Do a good job, and I may bid on you."

He buried his hands in Paul's silken hair and allowed the sub to undo his belt. "Pull the zipper down with your teeth."

The sub showed his inexperience, but after a few attempts, Nash's shaft sprang free of the leather restraint of his pants. Paul's hot mouth closed hungrily around Nash's cock. The man's mouth was so tempting; Nash fought back the desire to grind his hips. He met Paul's gaze and the connection buzzed again. "Such a sweet sub."

Paul moaned. The thrill of licking Nash's prick under the tight leather would stay with him forever. The scent of leather, the throb of hot flesh ready to burst the thin animal skin was mind-blowing. This dom was everything he had fantasized about and more. The taste of Nash's unique flavor spread across his tongue in a silken caress, a



sharp contrast to the tang of metal from the two studs under the helmet. The dom's kiss had thrilled him with its tenderness. Maybe the rumors about Nash Mage were lies. Paul closed his eyes and sucked hard, lost in euphoric pleasure. He flicked his tongue across the weeping slit of Nash's incredible cock, then ran his teeth down the length. He had sucked cock before, but never one this big, and the scent of man and leather intoxicated him. The studs intensified the experience and clinked against his teeth with every thrust. *Imagine them thrusting inside my virgin ass.*

Nash tightened his grip on Paul's head. The sub had an incredible mouth, and he used his tongue just right. Flames of desire swirled in his balls and climbed up into his belly. "Look at me."

Climax hit him the second Paul met his gaze. Nash thrust his hips forward and watched his cum spill from the corner of the sub's mouth. "Drink it down; clean me up."

Nash tipped his head back. He wanted this man. Auction be damned. He heard Rio's voice and pulled his shaft from Paul's mouth. The boss man swung into his booth. Nash zipped up his pants and grinned. "Rio."

"Nash." Rio glared at Paul and indicated with his thumb the sub should leave. Once Paul scooted from the booth, Rio turned his menacing stare on Nash. "Did I mention the auction?"

With a shrug, Nash gazed after Paul. The sub was licking his damn, sexy lips again. Nash turned his head to acknowledge Rio. "Auction, Christmas Eve. Yep, you mentioned it."

"If you want *him*, bid on him." Rio inclined his head. "It's for our charity. For once in your life, do the right thing."

Nash laughed. "Sure, but the right thing would be having that sweet ass under me in the dungeon."

"Well then, bring cash and a collar. Winning bids get the subs 'til New Year's Eve." Rio threw him a grin and swung out of the booth.

"Sweet."



## Chapter Two

Members filled Floggers to the brim on Christmas Eve. The decorations and Christmas lights looked out of place within the dim, smoky atmosphere of the club. Subs wandered around wearing Santa hats and little else. The doms all wore black leather, as usual; some covered their eyes with masks. Nash glanced around, elbowed Rafe in the ribs, and snorted. "It looks like a Batman convention."

Rafe was unusually quiet this evening. Nash grinned. "I'm guessing you're brooding over mister unobtainable?"

"His name is D." Rafe narrowed his gaze. "And I'm not *brooding*. In fact, I'm hoping to finding a replacement for that little cock teaser at the auction tonight."

Nash shrugged. "Rio insists he obtained the very best selection for the auction. I'll bid on Paul, but I'll be looking at the others. There's no rule about only having one, is there?"

"Not that I know." Rafe glanced toward the bar. "Looks like Rio has started the auction. I'm moving closer."

The first sub walked onto the stage to the roar of the crowd. Wearing a red bow around his neck with matching butt floss, the young sub dropped to all fours and wiggled his ass. The bidding began. The doms moved closer, touching and fondling the sub and making loud remarks. The sub rolled, preened, and arched like a cat, sending the bids higher. After a lengthy bidding war, the hammer fell, and the sub went with his new master.

Paul stood in line with the other subs. The tiny piece of material hardly contained his cock, and his balls hung out. One of the house subs had insisted spraying his ass with glitter. His face grew hot with the thought of parading in front of everyone dressed like a Christmas decoration. The others had an act to encourage the doms to bid – he did not have a thing to offer. *I'm going to look like a fool.*



He searched the crowd for Nash and spotted him sitting astride a stool at one end of the bar, drink in hand. Hell, he could not get the man out of his mind. The sensory delight of licking rock-hard, pulsating cock under leather was unexpected. He craved to have the taste of Nash in his mouth again. The man drove him wild. He knew the man's scent and constantly relived every second of their encounter. No one had ever made him feel this way. The past couple of nights, he lay awake with the image of Nash in his mind. He closed his eyes to visualize the dom standing over him, demanding and taking, then the soft caress of his lips. Damn! What could he do to make Nash bid on him?

"Paul from Brooklyn." Rio shoved Paul toward the stage. "He is the first in our lineup of virgins."

"We want a good look at him," Nash yelled. "Bring him up on the bar so he can strut his stuff."

Strong hands lifted him and thrust him onto the bar. Paralyzed with fear, he remained bent over on hands and knees. The doms moved forward, touching his hair, slapping his buttocks. One caressed his cock, tearing off the butt floss; another ran this thumb around his hole and then thrust it inside. Paul froze.

"Two hundred." Rio started the bidding.

"Two fifty." The man with his thumb up Paul's ass put in his bid. "Not a penny more."

"Three." Rio lifted Paul's chin. "That is some sweet mouth."

"Fuck, is the auctioneer allowed to bid?" A dom at the front of the crowd glared at Rio.

"Sure." Rio grinned. "Going once at three hundred."

The bar creaked, and two black boots came into Paul's vision. Two soft, black boots with silver medallions on the ankle straps — *Nash*. Paul inhaled the scent he craved. He cared less about the poking and prodding from the other doms. His focus



completely on Nash, he bent his head and licked the toe of one boot. Then he forged a wet trail up the instep to the silver medallions and kissed each one.

"Five hundred." Nash ripped off the red bow from Paul's neck, then replaced it with a wide leather collar. "No more fucking bids."

"Sold." Rio laughed and moved forward to take the bundle of notes from Nash's hand. "You got a leash for that hot bitch?"

"Oh yeah." Nash grabbed his crotch. "Got one right here hanging between my legs."

"Don't forget, you get him until New Year's Eve. I want you back here to give us a little show."

"Fuck you." Nash jumped down from the bar and dragged Paul to his side.

"It's in the rules." Rio bristled. "You don't get to keep him. After New Year's, he is free to leave."

Nash flipped Rio the bird and led Paul onto the dance floor. The sub looked stunned, his cheeks flaming. He pulled the man's back against his chest. "Close your eyes. Block out everything but my touch."

Paul nodded, and his soft hair brushed Nash's chin. With a sigh, Nash rubbed his face against the brown silk curling around Paul's nape. He ran his hands over his sub's naked flesh, then pinched Paul's nipples. He loved the way the slight man's ass curved against his cock. Burying his face into Paul's neck, he swayed to the music and whispered. "I like the spider tattoo on your ass. It makes me want to lick it."

Hesitantly, Paul lifted his arms and sank his long fingers into Nash's hair. Nash chuckled and bit into the soft flesh of Paul's shoulder. A tremor went through the sub; Nash ground his hard prick against the man's ass. "You make me so fucking hot. I'm gonna take you to the dungeon and make you scream."

Paul's skin pebbled under Nash's palms; the invitation was clear. Nash moaned and ran his hands across the man's stomach, over his hips. Such soft, hairless skin, every inch waxed and prime for his flogger. Paul moved his small hips to the music,



grinding his delectable ass against Nash's hard on. Nash palmed the sub's hot shaft. His thumb rubbed across the sticky slit in slow, circular motions. "It's time to open my present. Get into my dungeon now."

Paul froze. He glanced around aware of the other dancers watching his every move. Hell, he was naked with a hard on. The next moment, Nash slid two fingers under his collar and pulled him hard against him. Paul looked up into unreadable, midnight orbs. "I don't know where to go . . . *master*."

"Follow me." Nash dropped his hand. "Don't make eye contact with anyone . . . unless you want to share your ass tonight."

*Fuck, he plans to have a public exhibition.* Paul swallowed. "I thought I would be going home with you."

"You are—I paid \$500 to do whatever I like to you, sweet sub, for seven days . . . I *want* to do you in public." Nash gave him a slow smile. "Give the guys something special for Christmas."

In a panic, Paul gripped the front of Nash's tunic. "I'm not experienced in any of this . . . well, I have done the odd BJ but nothing else."

Nash's face became a mask; he gazed down at Paul's hand and then slowly up again. Paul shivered; the face before him was hard and unyielding. He dropped his hand and lowered his gaze. "I'm *sorry*, master."

"*Never* touch me unless I give permission." Nash turned away and strode off the dance floor.

Paul hurried to catch up and inadvertently caught the eye of a dom leaning against the doorframe to Nash's dungeon. The man sniffed his thumb and licked his lips. *Fuck, that was the dom with his thumb up my ass.*

The dungeon had a smudged out list of names on a blackboard beside the door. Inside, Nash moved around, lighting fat candles held in tall, iron candlestick holders. Along one wall, a group of men waited in anticipation for the show to begin. Paul shuddered, fear turning his legs to jelly. The room was surprisingly sparse. A Saint



Andrew's cross lay against one wall, another area held a swing, and in the middle sat a padded bench. A table carried a large selection of whips, toys, candles, a large bowl containing condoms and tubes of lube.

Nash selected a chain from the table and moved across the room to Paul. The sub looked frozen to the spot, and his magnificent hard on had softened. With a flourish, Nash attached the chain to Paul's collar and led him toward the bench. He gazed down at the terrified young man, then bent his head to kiss a path across his chest. He lavished attention on the sub's nipples until they stood up cherry red. Nash reached for the alligator nipple clips, and snapped them over each wet bud. The sharp intake of breath from the sub made him instantly hard. Cupping Paul's head, Nash lowered his mouth to kiss the man long and slow. Under his palms, Paul relaxed and kissed him back. After some time, Nash drew back and looked into the man's eyes. He whispered. "It's just you and me."

"Yes, master." Paul dropped his gaze.

"Bend over the bench."

Paul complied, and Nash slapped his sweet ass. The skin colored up immediately, and he slapped him a few more times. The spider tattoo called to him. Nash bent to lick the red-backed beast. His tongue slid down the cleft between the man's glowing ass cheeks. He heard the sharp intake of breath from his sub and lifted his head. "Hold open your ass for me, yeah nice and wide."

Nash gazed down at the virgin ass and licked his lips. He ran his thumb around the tight, puckered hole, then bent to taste. Lost in a world of forbidden delight, Nash licked and probed with his tongue. Paul's moans drove him to madness. Fuck, he tasted so good.

Conscious of the growing sexual heat in the room, Nash lifted his head and slapped Paul's ass until it carried his handprints. He reached for the lube and liberally covered Paul's tight star. Using his thumb, he caressed the puckered hole in circles. Nash worked on the ring of muscle until it relaxed. His desire to bring pleasure to his



sweet sub overwhelmed him. Paul moaned and squirmed under his touch. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes master." Paul gripped the side of the bench.

Nash pushed his thumb inside Paul's hot ring. Fuck the man was so tight. "I'm going to fuck your virgin ass in front of all these people. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes." Paul let out a long sigh and hung his head. "Yes master."

After removing his thumb and wiping his hands, Nash slapped and then soothed his sub's ass. He pulled his swollen shaft out of his pants, coated up, and smothered the condom with lube. The tension in the room mounted, and the soft whispers from the crowd grew silent. Nash picked up the chain attached to the slave collar and drew back Paul's head. The man held his ass wide open, and his golden legs trembled. Nash grasped his shaft and pressed it against the man's tight hole. With a short thrust of his hips, he pushed through the tight muscle and slid into Paul's delicious heat.

The collective moan from the crowd muffled Paul's cry of pain. Nash withdrew and plunged in again, then rode the man in long, even strokes. So damn hot, so fucking tight, he was in heaven. He loved the idea of being Paul's first lover. A stupid thing to value, he knew, but he loved knowing he was the first cock in this prime ass.

The need to see the expression on Paul's face made him pull out. He dropped the chain. "Turn over, get on the bench, pull up your legs. You like me fucking you, don't you, sweet sub?"

Paul didn't answer, but he immediately complied with Nash's command. Nash looked down at Paul's winking star, glossy and so fucking inviting. He lifted Paul's legs over his shoulders and sank deep in his sub's tight, puckered hole. Paul looked up at him with those damn trusting, puppy dog eyes. Nash leaned forward and pulled off the nipple clamps. The sweet moan from his sub's lips almost pushed Nash over the edge. He rode him hard until Paul cried out and came in long, white ribbons of cum. Nash pulled out, ripped off the condom, and dragged the trembling man off the bench and then pushed him down to his knees. "You want to suck what's been up your ass?"

"Yes." Paul opened his willing mouth and took Nash into his luscious, wet heat.



Nash sank his fingers into the man's hair. He pumped his hips, pushing deeper with each thrust. His balls ached, the desire to blow paramount. Tipping his head back, Nash gave in to the sublime pleasure and shuddered to release. He stood, head spinning, and allowed Paul to lick him clean. *Too good*, he thought. The man made his knees weak. He gazed down into eyes half-closed with lust. Nash shook his head and stepped back. "Get up."

"Nice show." The big dom from the hallway stepped forward, unbuttoning his pants. "I'll open him up good for you, Nash."

Paul gazed from one dom to the other. This could not be happening. Would Nash really give him to another?

"I don't think so, Frank." Nash casually pushed his cock back inside his pants. "I've collared him, he *belongs* to me."

"Too fucking bad." The man frowned. "He gave me the come on; he wants me. He ground his ass against my thumb up there on the bar."

"I've paid for seven days." Nash shrugged. "Maybe when the times up, you'll get your chance."

"Get outta my way, Nash." Frank moved toward Paul with a menacing expression. "Or I'll turn *you* into my sub."

"I'd like to see that." Nash grimaced. "Uglier men than you have tried."

Without thinking, Paul moved behind Nash. The next second, the big dom swung his meaty fist. Nash took the first punch without flinching and drove his fist into Frank's gut. Paul darted across the room and turned just in time to see Nash pick up a candlestick and smash it over Frank's head. Hot wax flew in all directions, pooling in white globules on the wooden floor. Subs dove for cover. The other doms cheered. Frank staggered to his feet uttering a string of expletives, a rivulet of crimson blood streaming down his neck.

"Get dressed and meet me outside." Nash ordered over his shoulder, and then turned to block another punch from Frank. "Now."



Paul fled, pushing his way through the crowd streaming into the dungeon to watch the fight. He ran into the club's noisy locker room and washed quickly, using paper towels and freezing cold water. His clothes were in a locker with his backpack.

"Well, look at you. No broken skin, Nash went easy on you. Fuck, I thought you were toast." Jackson leaned against the wall by the washbasin. "You're not planning on leaving him, are you?" He gave Paul a grin. "Nash will find you and drag you back by your balls."

Rubbing his skin dry, Paul shook his head. "No, I'm not leaving. There was a fight; Nash told me to meet him outside."

"I'm guessing Frank?" Jackson smiled knowingly. "So Nash's decided to take you to his place in the woods." Jackson raised a brow. "He rarely takes subs home. The man's an exhibitionist—he doesn't mind sharing, but the last dom he'd want riding you is Frank."

In the corner, a dom held an icepack on his sub's hip. Paul's gaze dropped to the massive, black bruise running down the sub's thigh. The man's ass had a mass of deep, red welts from a birch cane. To Paul's surprise, the dom held his sub tenderly and offered comfort. Paul reached for his clothes and began to dress.

"Luke was lucky." Jackson tipped his head toward the injured man. "The harness broke on the swing; he could've broken his neck." He leaned toward Paul and whispered. "There's a relationship I'd give my right nut for. Devotion to a master and then to be deeply loved in return—what more could a sub want in life?"

Paul shrugged. "I guess we all want that."

After Paul dressed and pulled on his heavy, winter coat, he made his way to the front door. Outside, the freezing wind bit through his clothes. Snowflakes stuck to his eyelashes and melted down his cheeks. He fumbled in his pockets for his gloves, then pulled them on. He heard a whistle and saw Nash across the road, sitting astride a Harley.

A wave of excitement hit Paul; he was actually going to live with Nash for seven days. He waited for a gap in the traffic and walked across the road. Fuck, the man



looked fine sitting on that Harley. His long, leather coat hung down each side like batwings. The soft, street lighting glistened off the Harley's chrome and sparkling paintwork. Nash wore a helmet with the chin traps dangling. Paul moved closer. The fresh snow muffled the sound of his boots on the sidewalk.

"You okay?" Nash ran his knuckles along Paul's cheek. "I wanted to make it good for your first time."

Paul's heart twisted; there was that shadow of compassion again. He swallowed. "It was *very* good, master." He lifted his gaze. "Until the moment Frank frightened the shit out of me."

"I like that you moved behind me for protection." Nash gazed intently into Paul's eyes. "You don't have to worry; I'll protect you from assholes."

Without thinking, Paul bent to kiss the bruise on Nash's chin. He cursed under his breath and pulled back, lowering his gaze. "I'm sorry, master."

"That was nice." Nash ran his thumb across Paul's bottom lip. "In private, you have permission to kiss me – contrary to rumors, I *like* affection." Nash's breath came out in a cloud of steam. "In Floggers, I have a reputation to uphold. If you don't obey me there, I *will* hurt you."

"Yes, master."

"Let's get out of here." Nash passed Paul a helmet. "It's an hour's drive to my place."

### Chapter Three

Snow turned to sleet, the icy shards cutting Paul's cheeks. He clung to Nash's broad back, pushing his face against the man's leather coat. *How much longer?* Nash said nothing the entire journey, his attention riveted on the icy roads. By the time, they turned off the highway and followed a road into the forest, freezing water had seeped down the collar of Paul's coat, and his jeans were soaked. They stopped outside a large,



two-story, red brick house. Sensor lights flooded the gravel driveway, and a garage door swung open allowing entrance.

Nash pulled inside, the door swung shut, and Nash set the Harley beside an immaculate, '72 Mustang. Paul stumbled off the Harley, pulled off the helmet, and stamped his frozen feet. "Wow, that's some pretty car."

"I restored her myself." Nash placed his helmet on a bench. He turned toward a door, unlocked it, and stood to one side. "Welcome to my humble abode. It's warm inside."

The door led to a utility room. Nash removed his coat and gloves, pulled off his boots, and gave Paul a sexy smile. "Take off your clothes; dump the wet stuff in the basket. Hang your coat on the peg." He touched Paul's cheek. "I wanna take a shower with you."

Paul glanced around nervously. Knowing Nash was an exhibitionist made him nervous. Who else did Nash expect him to entertain this evening? He undressed, aware of Nash's hot gaze. Hell, the man leaned against the washing machine with one hand down the front of his pants stroking his prick. Fuck, Nash was so damn hot, it took every ounce of control Paul had not to fall to his knees and beg to suck that hard-on through the leather.

The second Paul slid off his thong and stood naked before his master, Nash pulled him against his muscular body. He kissed Paul hard, sucking on his tongue, demanding, possessing. Paul trembled and stood with his hands hanging limply at his sides, not knowing if he should touch his master. He inhaled Nash's leather and sandalwood scent and moaned. Nash's tongue searched his mouth, his long fingers entwined in Paul's hair. Hell, Paul wanted to run his hands all over Nash's prime body. He broke the kiss. "Please may I touch you, master?"

"Follow me upstairs, then you may undress me." Nash ran his thumb over the weeping slit of Paul's erection. "I'm gonna do you real slow."

Nash's warm fingers closed around Paul's hand. He led Paul through an impressive, modern kitchen. They moved down a hallway, and Paul caught sight of a



comfortable lounge room. A life-sized picture of Nash, wearing black leather and carrying a flogger, hung over a massive fireplace. They reached the stairs, and Nash led the way into a large bedroom. Paul gazed down at the massive, king-size plus bed, covered in a deep blue quilt. He shivered, although the room was warm. "You have a beautiful home, master."

"Nash. Save the master handle for Floggers." He threw his keys on the nightstand. "Come here and undress me. You may touch and kiss me."

Nash pulled back the urge to throw Paul on the bed and fuck him. He tipped his head back and smiled at the ceiling. This sweet sub made his balls ache. When the man moved behind him for protection at Floggers, his heart had melted. Fuck, Paul *trusted* him. He had spanked him good, humiliated him, and taken his virgin ass, and yet the man *trusted him*. Gotta love that.

With a groan, Nash slipped his hands into Paul's silky hair. The man had a magical mouth. He loved the way the sub teased his nipples and kissed a path down his belly. Then Paul fell to his knees and expertly licked his cock through the leather. Fuck, he learned quickly. Nash pushed the man's head away; he would blow in his pants at this rate. "Undress me."

Nash stepped out of his pants and led Paul into the bathroom. He removed the sub's collar and tossed it through the open door. Then he turned on the shower and dragged Paul under the hot water. The man looked up at him from under dark lashes, his eyes misty with passion. Nash pumped liquid soap into his hands and passed the bottle to Paul. He wanted to touch the man all over, feel his soft skin under his palms. He watched Paul soap his delectable body until his balls ached. "Turn around, bend over."

The sight of Paul's peach bottom covered with glitter made Nash smile. He began to soap Paul's hips, then up his back and down again. Nash slapped his ass twice, the noise echoing off the tile walls. He soothed the bright red marks, allowing his fingers to slide down the cleft of Paul's ass. He circled the tight, puckered star around



and around. To his delight, Paul pushed back. He rewarded him with the exploration of one soapy finger inside his tight hole. Nash loved the way Paul's ass clung to his finger and the soft moans his sub made with each thrust. Nash removed his finger, the desire to taste his sub driving him forward. "Turn around; open your legs."

Nash dropped to his knees. He caressed Paul's ass and pushed his thumb inside his sub's tight hole. The man's balls were red from the hot water; Nash sucked on the tight skin, and then licked a path up Paul's massive hard on. He took the man's cock into his mouth and flicked his tongue over the ridged flesh to taste his unique scent. Paul made little groans of appreciation and dug his long fingers into Nash's shoulders. Nash sucked hard and circled his thumb around the man's ass. He drove Paul to the point of no return, the man's legs began to tremble, and he cried out, filling Nash's mouth with hot cum. Nash swallowed, savoring every drop. He got slowly to his feet. His sub's face was crimson, his eyes filled with devotion.

Nash pushed Paul against the tiled wall and kissed him hard. He bit down on Paul's bottom lip, then pulled away. "Dry yourself."

Knees weak, Paul hurried to comply. He stepped from the shower and took the towel Nash handed him. They returned to the bedroom. Heart pounding, Paul waited for instructions. Okay, he could call his master *Nash*. He had spoken to many subs before he decided to try Floggers. Paul had some idea of the scene, but here in Nash's home, the rules were different—or maybe non-existent. They hadn't discussed safe words or any rules of any kind. *I'm sure I can trust him.*

"When I take you back to Floggers, you'll be expected to perform for the patrons." Nash inclined his head and smiled mischievously. He handed a tube of lube to Paul. "Lie on your back, and show me how you lube up. Nice and slow." He grinned. "This is one thing I want you to show the guys. Nothing turns them on like a good lube job." Nash pulled off the quilt and threw it over a chair.

Paul's face grew hot, but what the hell? Nash had screwed him in public. *Can't get much worse than that.* He had to admit the experience had rocked his world. Fuck,



punishment was so much better than he could have ever imagined. Nash was skilled; he knew just the right blend of pleasure to pain. The thought of Nash's mouth bringing him to climax made his balls ache. He gave Nash a nod of consent, slid onto the bed, and sat in the middle. Lying back on the smooth, clean sheets, Paul coated his fingers with lube and lifted his legs. He stared at the ceiling.

"Look at me." Nash stood at the end of the bed. "Eye contact is crucial. At the club, never break eye contact with me. Even though others will watch, the show is just for me. Always remember keep that in mind."

Nash met Paul's hot gaze. Fuck, the man's eyes were like chocolate sauce. He tore open a condom and slipped it over his cock. Paul's long fingers circled his hole. The rim had a slight bruise, and his ass cheeks glowed with delightful handprints. The sub's fingers dipped inside; the tight hole opened, red and inviting. Nash took the lube from the bed and coated his prick. He stood mesmerized by Paul's finger fucking; damn, the man was driving him insane with lust. Nash drew a deep breath. He wanted to plunge in deep and ride the man hard and fast. *No*. Nash called on his reserve of self-control. Paul deserved loving tonight. He had given Nash his virgin ass and his trust, and it *was* Christmas, after all. Nash crawled onto the bed. "Good boy. Now it's my turn. Keep your legs up, and open that sweet ass for me."

After gazing at Paul's glossy, red hole, Nash bent and sucked the man's balls. He ran a tormenting trail up Paul's shaft, and then crawled between his legs. Resting the sub's legs on his shoulders, Nash placed the head of his prick against the man's glossy star. With a jerk of his hips, he sank deep in one, hot slide. He saw Paul's eyes widen. The man's cheeks grew flushed. "Bit sore? Drop your legs. The studs on my cock take a little getting used to, I know."

Nash lay on top of Paul, skin on skin, and gazed into his eyes. "Don't hold back. I wanna remember this night for a long time."

Nash lowered his head to kiss Paul's delicious mouth. Paul's long fingers twined in his hair, the man's tongue twisted and danced. He tasted so damn good. The



connection between them buzzed again, tumbling Nash into deep passion. He thrust his hips, taking Paul long and slow. The man raked his back and lifted his legs, his soft moans filling the void in Nash's heart. How could this be happening? He had sworn never to fall for another sub, and yet the buzz he had with Paul . . . hell, Nash felt like he was in bed with a long-time lover. A wave of uncertainty hit him. *How can I set him free in seven days?*

*Oh, my God.* Paul melted against Nash. The tremors of delight surging through his balls were incredible. Nash ground into him, every slow plunge a new level of erotic pleasure. The incredible fullness, the feeling of stretching beyond any credible limit was mind-blowing. With every thrust of Nash's hips, the cock studs grazed Paul's pleasure spot. Paul cried out, the sound muffled by Nash's hot kisses. The man's hair brushed a sensual caress against his chest, teasing Paul's sensitive nipples. Hell, his entire body was on fire. Flames licked his balls, and his ass burned from Nash's expert fucking. Paul's cock rested against Nash's belly, the damp flesh rubbing against the sensitive tip with every thrust of Nash's hips. Paul broke the kiss and met Nash's puzzled gaze. "I'm going to blow all over your chest."

"I like a sub with stamina." Nash thrust his hips faster. "Let's blow together this time."

So much intense pleasure, Paul thought his head would explode. He locked his gaze on Nash and gave in to the darkness. The man's eyes turned into black pools, pushing Paul over the edge. He trembled and dissolved into bliss.

Nash stared into the face of his dream sub. Paul drew him as a moth to the flame; the instant connection made him want to keep this delicious man as his own personal sex slave. God help him. He slipped from his lover. With a sigh, Nash slid off the bed and went to the bathroom to clean up. He ran a washcloth under the hot tap and took the washer and a towel into the bedroom. Sitting on the side of the bed, he gently washed the remnants of sex from Paul's soft skin. His lover observed him from below



long, thick lashes, his brown eyes smoldering. Nash dried his sub gently and met his gaze. "You wear my marks well."

The vein in Paul's neck pulsed; Nash bent his head and licked down the man's neck. His lover held Nash's head and moaned in delight. Nash sucked on Paul's neck. Hell, he had not given a hickey since high school. He gazed down at the purple love bite and grinned. "Now *that's* a sweet mark."

"Thanks." Paul stroked Nash's back. "For everything."

Nash chuckled and threw the coverlet over them. He gathered Paul against him, reveling in the touch of the man's small bottom pressing against his cock. "You did well today. First time is a bitch."

"It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would." Paul wriggled closer to Nash. "The spanking was mind blowing. I realize you made it easy for me, and I'm grateful."

With a laugh, Nash closed his arms around Paul. He pinched the man's nipples, and then sighed. "I didn't take it easy; I *prepared* you first, like a good dom should. I never spank harder than that, although the flogger is more intense." He pressed a kiss to Paul's neck. "I ask for nothing more than trust. I know how much a sub needs, how far to push, when to slow. Do *you* trust me?"

"Yes." Paul ran his hand down Nash's thigh. "So what next?"

"We spend Christmas Day here, then I'm going to take you into Floggers to pierce these fine buds of yours." He squeezed Paul's nipples. "If you're a good little sub, I'll let you taste my flogger." Nash bit Paul's earlobe. "Then I'm gonna fuck your brains out until New Year's Eve."

## Chapter Four

Nash awoke early on Christmas morning and showered. He glanced at Paul, who still slept, and Nash's world tilted. He needed a sub like him, soft and willing. The man had not refused his wild, sexual urges; in truth, Paul had met his ravenous libido head on. Damien was the only lover in his past who had kept up with him. *Damien*.



Now that sub was a car wreck. A sub who demanded pain was dangerous for a man like Nash.

Breaking eggs into a pan of sizzling bacon, Nash tried to push Damien out of his head. The man liked two doms working on him at the same time, and Nash hated sharing his special sub. The man pushed him to the edge and fucked with his head. The house subs were fair game, but Damien . . . hell, Nash had hated anyone else to touch him. He knew Damien used this fact against him. Now he had found Paul, a sub of his dreams. *Paul. Fuck, will the sweet sub walk away after seven days? How will I cope with seeing Paul with another dom?*

What the hell was wrong with him, worrying over Paul leaving him, after one fucking night together? *Grow some balls, man.* Nash straightened his shoulders and flipped the eggs.

Nash walked to the thermostat and pushed up the temperature. Then he went to the kitchen window, rubbed the condensation off the glass, and peered out into a winter wonderland. He would take the Mustang to Floggers next time; there was no way he was freezing his balls off on the Harley in this weather.

"Merry Christmas." Paul walked into the kitchen. "You cook too?"

Nash turned around. Paul stood clutching a towel around his hips, his curls still damp from the shower. Nash swallowed the desire to push Paul over the kitchen bench and fuck him. This sub did strange things to his mind too – good things. He smiled.

"Merry Christmas, and look at my present, half unwrapped and ready to eat."

"Do you mind if I get dressed?" Paul leaned casually against the bench. "I have clean clothes in my backpack."

"Sure." Nash reached for a tray of buns heating in the oven. "Make it quick; breakfast is almost ready."

Paul turned toward the utility room, found his backpack, and glanced around for his damp clothes. The washing machine hummed in one corner. *Nash is washing my*



*clothes?* He dressed quickly and returned to the kitchen just as Nash slid plates of food onto the kitchen table.

"I hope you drink coffee. Cream and sugar is on the table." Nash slipped into a seat.

Taking a seat opposite Nash, Paul gazed at his dom. He looked different in a white T-shirt and jeans — younger. His face held a softer expression. Paul poured cream into his coffee, and then scooped up some eggs. The breakfast was delicious, cooked just the way he preferred, crispy bacon and scrambled eggs. He met Nash's midnight gaze across the table and smiled. "This is great. What do you do to own a house like this?"

"I'm a fashion photographer, but I don't need to work." He grinned at Paul. "I'm rich. My dad's a billionaire in IT, and he dropped me twenty million to fuck off out of his life. I live off the interest."

"And your mom?"

"She's great; she knew I was gay before I turned twelve. Dad thinks I'm devil's spawn." Nash reached for his coffee. "What do you do for a living, my sweet sub?"

Paul pushed his empty plate to one side. "I'm in banking, working my way up the ladder, so to speak."

"You look too young to be stuck in a bank; I thought you were in collage." Nash reached across the table and brushed his knuckles across Paul's cheek.

"I'm twenty-two, and yeah, I know I look eighteen — I get stopped for ID all the time." Paul grinned. "The owner of Floggers gave me the third degree, especially when I answered the question on the form about experience."

"It's unusual to be a virgin at your age." Nash looked at Paul over the rim of his cup. "I had my first fuck when I was sixteen." He shuddered. "It wasn't good. My old man hired a tutor for me. Oh, the prick taught me everything he knew, all right — but not about photography."

"Did you tell your parents?"



"What? That I'd been sucking cock and letting the teacher take my ass?" Nash reached for a toothpick. "Nah, I left home. Why were you saving your sweet ass?"

With a sigh, Paul ran his finger around the rim of his cup. "The opportunity didn't present itself. I was a virgin because I didn't find the right man." He met Nash's gaze. "I wanted to be dominated."

"You sure met the right man to do that." Nash reached for the coffee pot and refilled their cups. "One thing you should know about me. At home, like I mentioned before, I prefer you call me *Nash*. I don't usually bring subs home. I leave my dom mask at Floggers." Nash sighed. "I'm not saying I switch off . . . I can't do that with sex. I'll always be a dom, and I'm insatiable." He shrugged.

*That's an understatement.* "I like both sides of you." Paul met Nash's gaze. "In the club, the thrill of being totally dominated was incredible. You're everything I've craved, all my life." Paul smiled. "Then last night you were a considerate lover. It's an intoxicating mix."

"You shouldn't *like* me." Nash's face became a hard mask. "I make Jekyll and Hyde look like a fairy tale."

Paul ran a hand through his hair. Hell, the man was not joking. "So, what exactly do you want me to feel about you, Nash? Do you expect me to hate you for giving me the best night of my fucking life?"

"Ah, a reaction. I saw a flash of defiance in Floggers." Nash grinned. "I'll have to beat that out of you. Love me or hate me, I guess I'll find out on New Year's Eve." He reached into the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out a small package. He tossed it to Paul. "It's not Christmas without a gift."

Paul caught the foil-wrapped box. He opened it slowly. Two gold nipple rings and a chain sparkled in the morning light. He lifted his head. Nash was certainly unpredictable. "Thank you. I'm sorry I don't have anything for you."

"Oh, I'll think of something." Nash gave him a wink, scraped back the chair, and got up.



The phone rang. Nash turned and picked up the receiver. "Nash Mage."

"Your voice is like a wet dream."

Damien's voice hit Nash like a blow to the stomach. He flicked a glance at Paul. His new sub stood up and began to clear the table. Nash turned his back on the man and drew a deep breath. "I've had a few of those since you left."

"I bet you have. Rio tells me you've purchased a sub for the holidays." Damien laughed. "A virgin, no less. I'm surprised. You usually require an experienced sub. Tell me, sweetmeat, can he walk this morning?"

Nash took the toothpick from his mouth and rolled it between his fingers. Damien both aroused and annoyed him. The man drew him in and played with him like a well-fed cat with a mouse. "Yes and yes."

"Ah, the sweet boy is close by. Why don't I come over and show him how it's done?"

With a long sigh, Nash flicked the toothpick in the trash and turned to look at Paul. The man was washing the dishes and humming Jingle Bells. "I don't think that is a good idea."

"Well then, I'll see you at Floggers." Damien chuckled. "Say my name, Nash. Or has the sub got a handful of your balls?"

"You need to shut your mouth."

"So you can cut me up good? Oh . . . yeah, you know I like it when you get mad. Come down to Floggers . . . I'm waiting . . ."

The phone went dead in Nash's hand. He slammed down the receiver and reached for the pack of cigarettes in his jeans. His hand came up empty. He cursed and slammed his fist into the wall. The pain shot through his knuckles and up his arm. Nash rested his forehead on the wall and watched blood drip on the floor from his fingers.

Paul spun around. He recognized the difference between despair and anger. He ran into the downstairs bathroom and searched the cupboard over the basin for a first



aid box. Returning to the kitchen, he saw Nash running his hand under the faucet. The hole in the wall displayed an exposed, metal beam. Paul moved to Nash's side. "Let me take care of that."

Nash turned to glare at him. "Why do you give a fuck?"

Without replying, Paul began to clean the open wound above Nash's knuckle. It probably needed a couple of stitches, but it was obvious Nash was in no mood to go to the hospital.

"You should be wearing gloves." Nash sniggered. "Don't you know we doms are number one carriers?"

"I know Floggers has strict rules about testing." Paul shot a look at Nash. "You're *not* infected – why would you say such a thing?"

"Ignorance is no excuse to be stupid. You should know better than to touch my blood." Nash shuddered. "Hey, go easy with that antiseptic."

Paul dried the wound, applied a couple of plaster strips, and a dressing. He washed his hands in antiseptic and dried them. Then he went to the fridge, filled a plastic bag with ice, and handed it to Nash. "You need ice on that; your knuckles are swelling already."

"It's nothing. I don't use my left hand much anyway." Nash dropped the ice on the kitchen table and reached again for the phantom packet of cigarettes. "Fuck, I need a smoke." He sank down into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Have you tried the patches?"

"Yeah." Nash snorted. "They didn't help." He looked at Paul balefully. "I'm over the worse; it's been two months now, cold turkey."

After a few moments of silence, Paul began to massage Nash's neck. The brush of Nash's long, silken hair against his hands, the feel of hard muscle under his palms, made Paul hard. A guilty feeling swept over him. Nash was distressed and keeping it all inside, and *he* had a hard on. He sighed. Should he ask the man why he had smashed a hole through the kitchen wall? "Can I get you anything?"



"There's a bottle of bourbon in the pantry. You *do* drink, I hope." Nash raised a brow. "I think *you* should get drunk."

Paul collected the bourbon and two glasses and slid into the chair beside Nash. He poured two fingers. "Why me?"

"Trust me, sweet sub, it's better you don't know." Nash downed his drink. "I'm angry, and I might hurt you."

*More like, someone has hurt you.* "Was the phone call bad news?"

"Good news for me." Nash threw him a hard stare. "And bad news for you. *Damien* — my ex — is back in town."

## Chapter Five

The day after Christmas, Paul woke up after midday, alone in the large bed. He slipped out from beneath the covers and went into the shower. Rather than carrying out his threats of violence, Nash had sat in front of the TV all day. The man had cooked an incredible Christmas dinner, then drunk himself into a stupor until the early hours and slept on the sofa.

Paul closed his eyes and let the hot water pour over his body. The news of Damien's arrival had certainly dampened Nash's sex drive. Paul shook his head. Since the phone call, Nash had avoided eye contact with him. Was the man regretting buying him at the auction? Who the hell was this Damien, anyway? What could he do to win Nash back? Paul felt like he was competing with a phantom.

"Move over." Nash stepped into the shower and pushed Paul's face against the wall. He bit hard into Paul's shoulder. "Only a wicked sub would leave his master on the sofa all fucking night." Nash kicked Paul's legs apart. "Do you know what happens to wicked subs?"

*Mister Hyde, I presume?* "No, master."



Nash enjoyed the note of fear in Paul's voice. He grasped his lubricated cock and smoothed the rubber. In one long, hot slide, he pushed into Paul's delightful star. Paul's long moan drove him wild. He took hold of the man's hips and pushed into him. Thoughts of Damien faded with every deep thrust. The bite on Paul's neck began to bleed; the sight of blood mixing with water pushed Nash to the edge. His mind snapped. He plunged into Paul with short, hard thrusts. The sub's gasps of discomfort were a satisfying balm for his foul mood. With a few more shoves, Nash reached climax and whipped his cock from the man's ass.

Taking a handful of Paul's hair, Nash pulled his sub's head back. "Tell me how considerate I am now."

"I'm not *Damien*." Paul gasped. "I'm *not* Damien."

Nash spun him around. Paul's eyes filled with tears. *Fuck, what have I done?* Nash pulled Paul close and kissed his mouth. The man trembled against him, his hands limp at his sides. Nash shut off the water and pulled Paul from the shower. The shocked expression on Paul's face cut Nash to the quick. He handed him a towel. *I can't show weakness; he wants a strong dom.*

"What the fuck did Damien do to you?" Paul began to dry his body.

With a shake of his wet hair, Nash reached for a towel. "It's what I did to Damien that's the issue. Damien would have been screaming for more—he likes edgeplay . . . and so do I."

"Edgeplay?"

"Taking it to the limit of pain. Damien likes pain. Hell, one time he set himself up to be taken by five doms." Nash met Paul's gaze. "I don't expect a virgin to understand."

"Oh, I understand fine." Paul balled his fists on his hips. "So all that talk about being a dom who knows how to push the limits and still care for his sub was a load of shit?" He frowned. "If you wanted a sub like Damien, why did you bid on a virgin? Why did you select *me* in the first place?"

"It wasn't because you were a virgin." Nash hung up his towel. "You might want to put something on that bite."



After finding Paul a bottle of antiseptic, Nash walked into the bedroom. He went to the wardrobe and selected a black net tunic and leather pants. He rummaged through the clothes and pulled out a pair of pale blue leather pants. He threw them at Paul. "I picked these up in Spain, but they never fit me. Try them on. Wear them without underwear; it's good to feel the leather against your flesh." He went to the nightstand and opened a drawer. He drew out a leather cock ring and ball spreader. He threw it on the bed. "But first put this on. I want you to look good at Floggers tonight."

Paul reached for the thin leather bands complete with metal snap fasteners. He turned the soft leather over in his palm. "How the hell does it go on?"

"Come here." Nash sat on the edge of the bed and took the contraption from Paul. "There. See how it spreads your balls. Feels good, doesn't it?"

With a groan, Paul grew hard. Nash's hot fingers caressed his sac. He looked down into Nash's midnight eyes and his heart leaped. This was the master he craved, not the crazy man in the shower. Nash took him into his hot mouth. His wet tongue tormented and caressed; his teeth dragged up the length of his heavy cock.

"I love the taste of you, the way you smell." Nash nibbled along the length of Paul's cock and bent to lick his balls. "I can't promise I won't hurt you again."

"I know."

Paul sank his fingers into Nash's long, black hair and gave himself to the man's expert mouth. His climax built quickly, and he came in a raging torrent, crying out his master's name. Nash sucked him dry and licked him clean with the efficiency of a sub. Then the dom got to his feet and began to dress.

The blue leather pants slipped on Paul like a second skin. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and his face grew hot. The tight, buttoned fly showed every detail of his sex; the whole world would know he wore a ball separator. Nash sauntered up behind Paul and grinned at his reflection. He ran his large hand across Paul's ass.



"Now that's sweet." Nash pulled Paul against him and caressed Paul's cock under the leather. "Wear the black shirt, open. With the nipple rings and chain, it'll look great." He slipped a black leather collar around Paul's neck. "I could lick you all over."

*Change of mood again. Hello Doctor Jekyll.* "Are you really going to pierce my nipples at Floggers?"

"Oh . . . yeah." Nash chuckled. "I have it all planned." Nash slapped Paul on the ass. "Get a move on; we're going in the Mustang."

"What about your hand?"

"I'll stick a Band Aid on it and wear my gloves." He clenched and unclenched his hand, and then grinned. "I can hold a flogger just fine."

## Chapter Six

That evening, Nash pulled the black Mustang opposite Floggers and stepped from the car. He glanced at Paul. Hell, his sub looked fine; the leather pants molded to his body. The way Paul looked at Nash made his heart go into free fall. He gave himself a mental shake. *I'm a dom, for shit's sake.* But this sweet sub turned his knees to jelly with his damn puppy dog eyes. Damien flashed into his mind. With effort, he pushed the thoughts away and concentrated on the plan to pierce Paul's delicious nipples. He wanted to give him the ultimate experience of pleasure pain. He would need Rio's experienced hand to pierce his sub, but first, he would give the man the ultimate pleasure of waxing.

They crunched their way across the snow-encrusted footpath and moved slowly down the steps to Floggers. Inside the foyer, Nash shed his long, leather coat. He waited until Paul hung up both jackets, then he took a thin, silver chain from his pocket and attached it to Paul's collar. "Open your shirt; let me see skin."

Nash's gaze centered on Paul's fingers. He followed each button's escape until the golden skin he craved came into view. Bending his head, he nibbled on each of Paul's flat nipples, relishing in the taste of his sub's flesh. With a sigh, he lifted his head



and met Paul's chocolate gaze. *Fuck, you make me so damn hot.* "I'm gonna wax you, pierce you, and if you're very good I'll let you suck my cock." He smiled. "Now hand over the nipple rings. I'll give them to Rio to sterilize."

The music from the club filtered into the foyer. Nash inhaled the scent that was Floggers; the rich, masculine aroma made his heart race in anticipation. Rio met them at the bar, and Nash handed him the nipple rings. "Give me about ten minutes."

"You want a private session?" Rio tossed the gold rings into the palm of his hand.

"Sure."

With a grin, Nash called to the barman. "I need ice."

Nash led Paul through the bar and down the passageway to the dungeon. Nash chalked his name on the blackboard outside to indicate a private session and turned to Paul. "Take off your clothes, and get onto the bench."

Nash placed the bowl of ice on the table. He lit the fat candles around the room, and then went to a cupboard to collect his own waxing candles. He took his cigarette lighter from his pocket, flipped the lid, and lit a candle, allowing the wax to well around the wick. Moving close to Paul, he met his sub's gaze. The man sat on the bench naked except for his collar, cock ring, and ball separator. Fear flashed in Paul's eyes, and Nash smiled. "I use hot wax and ice. By the time I've finished, you won't be able to feel the difference between hot and cold."

"I'm not sure about this, master." Paul dropped his gaze.

"Look at me." Nash tipped the candle and dripped the hot wax on his own forearm. "Trust me, I give only pleasure. Have I ever lied to you, sweet sub?"

"No, master."

Taking Paul's hand, Nash exposed the man's forearm and dripped the wax. The expression of relief on Paul's face drew a smile from Nash. "Hot enough to thrill but not burn. I use low melting-point candles. I don't want to damage that fine skin of yours. In fact, I think blisters are a turn off."



Paul lay down on the bench at Nash's command. Nash tied him down with swift efficiency. With his hands tied above his head, Paul's nerves began to fray. Could he completely trust Nash? The confidence between dom and sub was paramount to enjoyment. He shivered; the slight movement brought Nash to his side.

"Your skin is delicious; it's like a blank canvas waiting for my art." Nash licked a wet path across Paul's chest.

Nash ran his warm fingers over Paul's skin, and then bent to suckle his nipple. Paul arched his back, wanting more. His reward was a deep, sensual kiss from his master. Oh God, he wanted to touch, to run his fingers through Nash's hair, to hold his master close and not let him go. He moaned; caught in a sub's sweet torture to endure the raging desire and wait for the pleasure to come.

After a few minutes, Rio entered the dungeon and pulled the door shut behind him. He gave Nash a nod, placed a small bowl on the table, then took a pair of latex gloves from the bench and pulled them onto his massive hands. Bewildered, Paul glanced wildly from one dom to the other.

"I'm going to blindfold you." Nash moved closer and covered Paul's eyes with a black bandana.

Paul's heart thundered. Trapped in a world of darkness, unable to move, and at the mercy of two doms, he moaned his pleasure. The first splashes of wax hit his chest. He gasped. The heat subsided with the swift application of ice. More wax around his nipples and more ice. The intensity of fire and ice made him hard, and he writhed with ecstasy.

"Good boy." Nash brushed his mouth. "Would you like my mouth on you? Tell me what you want, sweet sub."

"Please suck my prick, master."

The restricting cock ring vanished. Hot wetness surrounded Paul's heavy shaft. He lifted his hips, pushing up, demanding more. Nash knew what a man needed and used his sizzling tongue to drive Paul to the edge. Nash's lubricated fingers caressed his hole. Paul bucked, his ass still sensitive from their previous love play.



"Lay still." Rio grasped Paul's nipple.

The searing pain lasted a few seconds, then again with the slide of the gold ring through flesh. Paul heard Nash groan, and then the man's fingers pushed deep inside his hole. As Rio pierced the other nipple, Paul shuddered to climax, reeling under the sharp, pleasure-pain. Nash drank him down, his hot mouth everywhere, the man's kissing and licking extending Paul's pleasure. "Thank you, master."

"Thank Rio." Nash pulled off Paul's blindfold.

Paul blinked and searched the room for the other dom. He met Rio's gaze.

"Thank you, sir."

"You're a sweet sub; let me know when you're available." Rio removed his gloves, threw them into the trash, and sauntered out of the room.

Nash stared after Rio. Like hell, he would get his sub. Turning his back on Paul, he walked over to the basin and washed his hands. His sub would need special care with his piercings. *I bet he has no idea how to care for his tender nipples.* "When the thrill wears off, those sweet nubs will sting a bit. You need to make sure they don't become infected." He walked toward Paul and grinned. "It's gonna be a bitch trying to keep my mouth off them for the next week or so."

Paul remained silent, his eyes smoldering pools of desire, and peered at Nash from under long lashes. The man looked so good stretched out; Nash wanted to remove the wax with his teeth. He slipped his knife from the sheath on his belt and bent over Paul. He bit back a laugh at the sub's expression of horror. What? Did the man think he planned to cut him? He ground his teeth; surely, Paul trusted him by now? Without explanation, he slid the knife's edge under each patch of wax. The entire session with this sweet boy made his cock ache. He entertained the thought of taking him straight home to bed, but he wanted to show off his prize. A blowjob would have to quell his lust. He smiled. *And he sure gives one hell of a blowjob.*

After removing the wax, Nash untied Paul and pulled him into a deep kiss. Nash lifted his head. Paul's chocolate eyes looked at him with devotion. The man made his



heart twist; the feeling frightened the hell out of him. "Clean up and get dressed. I need a drink."

Paul dropped his gaze. He slid off the bench, every inch of his flesh tingling. Hell, he had never felt this way before; the intense rollercoaster ride of emotions intoxicated him. He moved slowly to the basin and washed. After replacing the leather cock ring, he dressed. Nash eyed him critically, then took hold of the chain hanging from Paul's collar and led him from the room.

The bar at Floggers was packed, and music blared. They moved through the crowd to the VIP end of the bar. Paul collected Nash's bottle of bourbon and two glasses and followed him to his booth. A strikingly handsome man with long, straight, blond hair swayed seductively to the music outside Nash's booth. He turned his black-outlined, cornflower blue eyes on Nash and pouted. Paul put the bottle and drinks on the table, then waited for Nash to abuse the man for invading his privacy. No such luck. Nash stopped in his tracks; a smile of pure delight crossed his face. Paul looked from one to the other, suddenly afraid.

"There you are. I've been waiting patiently." The man ran his long nails down Nash's arm. "You will dance with me, won't you?"

"Sure." Nash took the man's hand and led him to the dance floor.

Paul stood gaping after them. On the dance floor, Nash drew the man close, and the way they moved to the music, it was obvious they knew each other very well. Rafe sauntered toward the booth. Paul glanced at him and lowered his gaze like a good sub. "Good evening, sir."

"That sub with Nash is Damien." Rafe reached for the bottle of Bourbon and poured a drink. He thrust the drink into Paul's hands. "Drink. You are sheet white. Just had those nipples pierced?"

Paul took the drink in shaking hands. Damn it, now Damien was trying to kiss Nash. He turned and stared at Rafe. "Yes, a few minutes ago. Thank you, sir."

"Damien was Nash's obsession." He sighed. "It was a dangerous combination."



With a shrug, Paul turned the glass in his hand. "He told me. I guess I'm not needed anymore. It looks like they have a lot of catching up to do." Paul tossed back the spirits.

The drink burned Paul's throat. He turned his back on the dance floor, his stomach tied in knots. He had no hope of competing with Damien. He unbuckled the collar around his neck and tossed it onto the table. What an idiot he was to believe Nash cared for him. Fuck, the man only wanted to train a virgin. Nash needed the thrill of seeing fear and inflicting pain. *I'm nothing more than a man whore.*

"What are you doing?" Rafe grasped Paul's arm. "Nash won't like you removing your collar."

Paul buttoned his shirt. He met Rafe's gaze. "I'm leaving."

"Do you want me to give a message to Nash?"

*Oh yeah. 'Fuck you asshole.'* "No, thanks; he won't even notice I'm missing."

With one last look at Nash, Paul made his way to the foyer. He called for a cab, and then shrugged into his coat. Outside in the freezing night air, tears pricked the backs of his eyes. His heart hurt. In such a short time, he had given everything – his body and trust – to a stranger. *I am such a fucking idiot.*

The cab arrived in a ball of steam and slid to a halt. The once-pristine snow banked along the sidewalk had turned into lumps of gray slush. Paul glanced over his shoulder at the yellow lights dancing around the entrance to Floggers, drew a deep breath, and climbed into the cab.

## Chapter Seven

Nash laughed and pushed Damien away. "You said you wanted to dance, not eat my tongue." He placed a hand on Damien's shoulder. "We dance well together, and I enjoyed it, but I'm committed to another sub."



"Your little virgin?" Damien moved closer and pushed his hands under Nash's shirt. "Only I can give you what you need. Get rid of the boy, and take the man. You know you want me." Damien dropped his hand to cup Nash's heavy erection.

With a snort, Nash stepped back. "If my prick is hard, it's for wanting my sweet sub. He gives me *everything* I need. I'm not interested in used goods anymore."

"You're losing your edge, Nash." Damien raised one manicured brow. "I hear you actually *paid* for that boy's company."

Nash's hand closed around Damien's neck. He gave the man a shake and glared down at his grinning face. What was he doing? Damien loved rough play, and this would lead to a night of debauchery. *Walk away.*

Aware of the stillness of the dancers around them, Nash dropped his hand. He turned, walked off the dance floor, and made his way to his booth. The booth was empty; Paul's collar and chain lay next to a bottle of bourbon and two glasses. He glanced around the club, searching the crowd for Paul. His friend, Rafe, stood at the bar. Nash moved through the crowd to the man's side. "Have you seen Paul?"

"Oh yeah, I saw him." Rafe lifted his glass and drank deeply. "You sure made a good impression on that sweet sub."

Nash rubbed the back of his neck. "What the fuck do you mean by that?"

Rafe gave him a long, considering look and shook his head slowly. "You know there's not a dom in this place who wouldn't give his balls for a young sub like Paul." Rafe waved at the bartender for a refill. "Everyone in the place can see the devotion he has for you, and trust me, in the short time you've had him, that's fucking rare."

"So?"

"So . . . he's left you." Rafe downed another drink. "Fuck, you should have seen his eyes, man. You are some asshole going off with Damien after that delicious sub gave himself to you."

*Left me?* "Is this some kind of joke? What do you mean, *left me?*"

"As in, '*he won't even notice I'm missing*', took off his collar, put on his coat and called a cab." Rafe shrugged. "You were so engrossed with Damien; any of the doms



could have snatched him for the evening. You are supposed to protect what's yours, Nash."

Nash forced his way through the crowd to the foyer. He went to the desk. "Give me Paul's address."

"Paul who?" The man at the desk pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

*Oh my God, I don't know his surname.* "Give me the names of all the guys in the auction."

"I don't have that information. You know, I'm not supposed to give out addresses of anyone."

With a growl, Nash pushed open the office door. "You don't have to give me anything. Go get a drink or have a piss while I look on the computer."

The man moved away from the computer and left the small office, muttering under his breath. Nash accessed the club's files. There were hundreds of names of members. He did a search for all members named Paul and printed out a list. With dismay, he looked down the long list, and then reached for the phone.

After two frustrating hours and a disgruntled office manager, Nash had narrowed his search. Six men on the list were not at home or answering their cell phones. In the morning, he would visit every single one of them. He left the office and retrieved his coat. As he stepped out into the night, a strange feeling of loneliness surrounded him. Why would Paul leave without confronting him about Damien? Had their days together meant nothing? No, that can't be. Not if what Rafe had said was true about Paul being upset. Fuck, what could he do to fix this problem if he could not find the man? *Why didn't I tell Paul I cared for him? I didn't even ask him his name; fuck, am I an asshole.*

Nash climbed into the Mustang and rested his head in his hands. His heart gave that funny little twist again. What a complete idiot. The man was so new to the scene; he had no idea of the rules of the game. He would find his sweet sub, if he had to check every Paul in the damn state.



\* \* \* \* \*

Paul arrived back at his apartment, unlocked the front door, and went inside. He shook his head; his humble home was very different from Nash's opulent house. He gazed around the sparsely furnished room. The temperature inside was below freezing, the windowpanes in the den solid frost. Paul pulled his coat around him and moved to the opposite wall to turn on the heat. He looked around the room and shivered. *I need a drink.*

The liquor cabinet opened with a cheerful light, the rich colors of alcohol a welcome sight. Paul took a bottle of whiskey and went straight to his bedroom. Too cold to undress, he pulled off his boots and crawled into bed. His nipples still hurt, but the pain had dulled to a throb. He pulled the top from the whiskey and drank deep. The lump in his throat from holding back tears slowly subsided with each swallow.

Nash's face danced before Paul's eyes. Fuck, he could still smell the man on him. Damn it, he ached for his master. He cared for Nash, wanted and needed him. Paul put the bottle on the floor and rolled his face into the pillow. He cried for the love of a man he knew he could never have.

Sometime later, he made the decision not to return to Floggers. The thought of seeing Nash with Damien was too much to bear. Determined to move on, he reached again for the bottle of whiskey. *Well, at least I had Nash for a few memorable days. I should be grateful. Here's to you, Damien, may you rot in hell.*

## Chapter Eight

For the next three days, Nash searched for Paul. He contacted every Paul on the Floggers member's list without luck. At a loss to know what to do next, he searched Paul's backpack for clues. The bag held a few clothes, perhaps the man's only decent outfits. Nash replaced each item with reverence. Fuck, he missed the sweet sub.



On the fourth day after Paul's disappearance, Nash sat in his booth at Floggers, staring into space. What was he to do? *I have to find him.* He toyed with a drink of bourbon, twisting the glass back and forth on the table. Desolation, regret, and heartache had robbed him of sleep. The man's scent clung to the pillows, making Nash ache with desire for his lover. The memory of Paul's face, those damn gorgeous eyes, and the man's delectable body haunted Nash night and day.

He noticed the house sub, Jackson, hovering near the edge of the VIP area. The man was obviously trying to get his attention. That, in itself, was strange. The man trembled whenever Nash walked by; he didn't want him as a dom, so why would he want to speak to him? Nash beckoned Jackson forward. The man came into the booth and fell to his knees. With a sigh, Nash met Jackson's gaze. "What do you want?"

"I may have valuable information, master." Jackson dropped his gaze. "About your sub, master."

"Spit it out."

"His name is Paul Martin, and he's from Brooklyn." Jackson trembled.

Nash got to his feet and strode through the bar and out into the foyer. He leaned on the counter at the entrance and glared at the clerk. "Look up the surname *Martin*. Lives in Brooklyn."

"There's a Rupert Paul Martin, but not in Brooklyn. This one lives just three blocks down, corner of West and Bridge." The clerk looked over his glasses at Nash. "15/486"

"Thanks."

With a snort, Nash pulled car keys out of his pocket. *Rupert – my little bear.* He retrieved his coat and shrugged it on. Outside, the sun peeked weakly through the heavy snow clouds. The icy wind blasted Nash's chest. He pulled his coat around him and strode toward the Mustang. Ice covered the windows. *Fuck.* Nash took a large bottle of saline from the trunk and poured it over the windshield to clear the icy film. Satisfied, he slid inside and turned on the engine. The old car idled, sending billows of exhaust steam into the frigid air.



Heart pounding, Nash turned the car around and headed toward Paul's building. He stopped opposite the entrance and stared at the red brick high rise, not knowing how to proceed. He needed a smoke and reached into the glove box for a toothpick. What was wrong with him? He had come up with so many dead ends these past few days, why did the fact that this was *his* Paul make him hesitant. *What if he doesn't want me?*

Nash got out, leaned against the car, and stared up at the building. Snow began to fall; the flakes melted on Nash's leather coat and brushed his cheeks. For the first time in his adult life, fear curled in Nash's belly. He ached to see Paul, but he fought the desire with the mind of a master. How could he appear weak to his sub?

\* \* \* \* \*

Paul paced his apartment. Exhausted and depressed, he noticed snowflakes drifting past his window. *I used to love the snow; now all it does is remind me of Nash.*

He bit back a moan of despair and moved toward the window, intending to draw the blinds. He stopped dead, blinked twice, and gazed down into the street. *Nash.*

The man stood leaning nonchalantly against his snow-covered Mustang. Paul's heart raced. Despite the freezing temperature, he ran out the front door wearing only a T-shirt. He took the stairs; the elevator would take too long. Paul burst out of the entrance and stopped dead, not knowing how to proceed. Nash shook the snowflakes from his long, black hair, and then took the toothpick from his mouth and flicked it away. Paul met the man's midnight gaze, and his mouth went dry.

Nash straightened his wide shoulders and raised a brow. Paul ran across the road and stood in front of his master, barely registering the blistery cold wind. His legs trembled, and that damn lump filled his throat again. "Master?"

"You owe me five days." Nash opened his coat. "Come here, *Rupert.*"

Paul fell into Nash's hard embrace. His master's heat warmed his chilled skin and filled his heart. When Nash found his mouth, Paul gasped. Nash pulled away and



stared down at him with concern etched across his handsome face. Paul shrugged. "I'm sorry, master."

"I think we need to talk." Nash ran his hands down Paul's back. "Do you live alone?"

"Yes."

Nash pulled Paul to his side. The man trembled against him. Lord, Paul looked like a whipped dog; dark circles marked his innocent expression. They walked inside the building and took the elevator in silence. The apartment building was old, and the elevator smelled like piss. Nash followed his sub into a sparse but spotlessly clean apartment.

Paul looked up at Nash with sad, chocolate eyes. The man had no idea he could twist Nash around his little finger with one look. Nash's heart swelled. He reached for Paul and crushed his lips, demanding and taking. The man opened his mouth and kissed Nash back. Nash sighed with contentment and swept his tongue around Paul's delicious mouth, drinking in his flavor.

After some time, Nash lifted his head. "Why did you leave me?"

"It hurt to see you with Damien." Paul pressed a fist to his chest. "Like a knife in my heart."

Overwhelmed with grief, Nash buried his face in Paul's neck. "I'm sorry. I danced with him to end it in a nice way." He drew a deep breath. "He wanted me back, but I told him it was over. I said that all I needed was *you*. Then I turned around and you were gone. I've been searching for you day and fucking night."

"Did you fuck him?"

Nash straightened. He lifted Paul's chin and stared into the man's eyes. "No. We danced. He and I, we dance good together; it was a bit of an exhibition—nothing more." He shook his head slowly. "If I had known your name, I'd have found you that night. Why didn't you tell me your real name?"



"I don't use the name *Rupert*. Fuck, Nash, who calls a kid Rupert? I have used my middle name since high school." Paul grimaced. "Say you're not planning to call me that awful name now?"

With a grin, Nash rested his forehead on Paul's head. "How does *live-in sub* sound?"

"I haven't *forgotten* I owe you five days." Paul met Nash's gaze. "But I do have to go back to work January 3."

Nash shook his head. Did he have to spell it out? Maybe that was exactly what the sweet sub needed to hear. "I *care* for you. I want you to move in with me. I think we're good together." He kissed a path across Paul's chin. "We'll try it out and see how we fit together." He kissed the corners of Paul's mouth. "I'm not planning to let you go yet, my sweet sub."

Paul gazed at Nash, open-mouthed. *Say that again*. "Am I dreaming? For one second there, I thought you said you cared for me."

"I *do*. I felt the buzz the first day we met. I know you felt it too." Nash narrowed his eyes. "Do you want us to be together? Or do you want me to fuck off out of your life?"

Biting back a grin, Paul stepped back. "How long do I have to pack? And yes, I *do* want to be with you, *master*."

## Chapter Nine

Night fell over a winter wonderland. The journey to Nash's home quickly became a test of his driving skills. Snow piled on the windshield wipers, slowing them and obscuring vision. Nash's fingers closed around the steering wheel, his gaze riveted on the slippery road ahead. The car's headlights picked out the stark, black trees standing like snow-blotched sentries along each side of the highway. After a slow, two-hour drive, the Mustang slid around the last corner in the road to Nash's house. With a



sigh of relief, Nash drove into his garage. His gaze fell on Paul. The long drive in the freezing snow had lulled his lover to sleep. The man's long, dark eyelashes brushed his flushed cheeks, and his hair curled deliciously around his ears. Nash's heart gave that strange little twist again. He smiled; no doubt, the poor kid had not slept since he left Floggers four days ago. *Kid, fuck, the man's twenty-two years old.*

Nash nudged Paul awake. "We're home. Leave your bags until the morning. I'm starving; hope you like eggs and plum pudding."

"Not together." Paul yawned. "Do you have cream with that plum pudding?"

"Uh huh"

Inside the warm kitchen, Nash began to throw a meal together. Paul gave Nash a slow kiss and headed for the shower. By the time Nash had pushed the filled plates onto the kitchen table, the sweet sub had arrived, wearing one of Nash's T-shirts. Nash groaned. The white shirt hung just below Paul's fine ass, each movement revealing more of his delightful flesh. The man's nipples were taut against the soft fabric, the nipple rings standing out in twin circlets. "Eat your eggs; I'll warm up the plum pudding later."

"You're not angry with me for borrowing one of your shirts, are you, *master*." Paul gave Nash a slow smile.

Nash forked eggs into his mouth. He met Paul's smoldering gaze. Nash grew hard with the desire to tear the white cloth into shreds, to get to his sub's tender skin. "You won't be wearing it for long."

They cleaned their plates, and Nash dropped them into the sink. He turned to Paul. "Upstairs . . . now."

He followed Paul's bare ass up the steps. The man stopped beside the bed and waited for instructions. Nash wanted to crush his lips and take him hard and fast, but he knew Paul wanted domination. Straightening his shoulders, he hardened his gaze.

"Take off my shirt." Nash waited until Paul complied. He let his gaze drift over his sub's delectable body. "On your knees, slave, show me devotion."



Paul fell to his knees; he bent his head and licked his master's boots, then travelled up his leather pants to the prominent bulge. He nibbled up the length and lavished kisses on Nash's belly. With quick hands, he stripped his master, then knelt again before him. He began to lick his master's thick, heavy shaft, relishing the taste of him.

"Stop that. Get on the bed and lube up." Nash handed Paul a tube of lube from the nightstand. "I wanna see those fingers go deep."

Without hesitation, Paul rolled onto the bed and began to coat his hole. Nash watched Paul's every move with a masked expression; then the man's large hand fisted his own hard cock. Paul licked his lips; this action brought a long moan from Nash. His master ripped open a condom and suited up. Paul licked his lips again and met Nash's hot gaze. *I want you.*

Nash lay on his side and gathered Paul into his arms. He traced a path across the man's lips with his tongue, and then kissed a path down his neck. He wanted to suck those sweet, gold-pierced nipples. He sighed; soon, they would be ready for his caress. Turning his head to one side, he kissed Paul's mouth in a slow, languid kiss. Nash nibbled the man's lips. "I want you to ride me."

Paul's mouth curved in a smile. He grasped the chain that joined Nash's nipple rings and tugged. The pleasure-pain drove Nash wild. He pulled Paul on top of him so the man straddled his hips. The heat of his sweet sub's flesh pressed against his aching cock was paradise. He drew him down to claim his lips again and moaned at Paul's sizzling response.

Clasping Paul's hips, Nash held him still and positioned his prick. With a quick shove, he slid into Paul's tight ass. Paul pushed his slender body up, burying Nash to the root. Nash held the man's smooth-as-silk buttocks and rolled his hips. Paul smiled wickedly and began to twist his body, driving Nash into freefall. Hot, shivery



sensations crept into Nash's balls with each bounce of Paul's fine ass. The man's fingers tugged at the chain, sending sinful torment into Nash's nipples.

Sweat broke out across Nash's golden skin. Paul rode his lover in slow, devastating strokes. He fell forward and inhaled Nash's unique scent. His master's arms closed around him and rolled him over. Nash stared down at Paul, his midnight gaze filled with passion. Paul sank his fingers in Nash's hair, enjoying the weight of the man pinning him to the bed.

"You're a wicked slave." Nash lifted Paul's legs. "*You* were trying to make me blow when *I* want to see *you* come all over me."

Paul grasped his aching shaft and pumped. If his master wanted him to blow, then blow, he would. Nash twisted his narrow hips and thrust deep. Paul's face formed a mask of determination. Fire licked Paul's balls with each devastating stroke of his pleasure spot. *Too much bliss*, he thought, unable to withstand the intensity. He tipped his head back and yelled his conclusion. Cum spilled over his fingers, hitting Nash's damp flesh in white ribbons.

"There's a good sub." Nash increased his pace.

*So hot*. Nash bit his bottom lip and rode Paul hard. The man's sultry, chocolate gaze drove Nash over the edge. Climax hit him in a steaming rush of delight, his legs trembled, and he fell forward. Damp flesh slid across damp flesh. Nash cradled Paul in his arms, bathing in the afterglow. Nothing mattered more to him at that moment than the man wrapped in his arms. He kissed Paul's eyes, his cheeks, and then crushed his mouth in a slow, satisfying kiss.

After a long time, Nash lifted his head and gazed into Paul's eyes. "I don't want you to perform in front of the guys tomorrow."

"Why?" Paul pushed a strand of hair from Nash's eyes.

Nash sucked on Paul's chin. He lifted his head and smiled. "I'll be jealous." He shrugged. "It will piss off Rio, but what the fuck?"



"Will you dance with me? When you danced with Damien, it set the house on fire."

With a shake of his head, Nash rolled over and sat on the edge of the bed. "Nah. Damien dances like a man whore. We fit together when we dance." Nash stood up and looked down at Paul. "Sorry."

"I can dance." Paul pushed up on one elbow. "In fact, I'm a fucking *good* dancer."

Nash raised a brow, remembering how stiff Paul had been the first time he danced with him at Floggers. "Not from what I've seen."

"I'll prove I can be better than your precious Damien." Paul scowled. "Will you dance with me downstairs? You *do* have music, don't you?"

Laughing, Nash walked toward the bathroom. "Sure."

\* \* \* \* \*

Later, after eating their fill of plum pudding floating in cream, Nash ambled into the den and threw a CD on the sound system. He flopped down on the leather sofa and grinned. "Show me this skill of yours, sweet."

"Dance with me." Paul began to move to the music.

Gaze intent on Paul's sensual body, Nash shook his head in refusal. "Make me *want* to grind against your sweet, little ass."

Paul kept his chocolate gaze locked on Nash and moved his hands across his body. His slow moves to the music were hypnotic and so fucking sexy. Holy shit, the man *could* dance. Nash got to his feet, his cock pressing hard against the metal zipper in his jeans. He took Paul's hips and moved with him; they fit together in perfect harmony. Paul's tight ass molded to Nash's hardness, and the heat from the sweet sub's thighs burned through Nash's tight jeans.

When Nash moved, Paul was right there with him, each step an exquisite brush of body against body. Paul leaned back, pressing his heat against Nash's chest; he raised his arms and buried his fingers in Nash's hair. Nash bit on Paul's ear. "Mine."



Paul turned his soft cheek toward Nash. Without missing a step, Nash crushed his mouth, drinking in the essence of his lover. He splayed his hands over Paul's skin, enjoying the silken feel under his fingertips. They danced, moving together as one, until the last song faded. Nash kissed Paul's neck. "You're incredible."

"You're kinda incredible yourself. I'm so fucking glad you found me."

Nash grabbed Paul's hips and pulled him closer. "You're the best Christmas present I've ever had." He laughed. "Tomorrow night, we'll give the guys an exhibition that will leave them panting."

"There's more to life than Floggers. I have to go back to work soon." Paul turned and met Nash's gaze. "What then?"

After a few seconds of thought, Nash shrugged. "I'll deal with it. You don't have to work, but I guess you'll want to continue your career." He grinned and touched Paul's face with his knuckles. "I like to cook and clean, so I'll be the dom in the bedroom and you can be my sugar daddy sub." Nash chuckled. "I'll drop you at work or buy you a car — your choice."

"A perfect arrangement. I'd like you to drive me to work." Paul rested his head on Nash's chest. "In fact, you can drive me any time."

Nash pulled him close. "Oh . . . yeah."

## **Chapter Ten**

The following evening, Paul pulled on blue leather pants and a black leather vest. He went into the bathroom, applied a thin line of eyeliner under his eyes, then brushed his hair. He attached a thin, gold chain to his nipple rings and stood back to admire his reflection. Nash walked into the bathroom and stood behind him. The dom looked into the mirror and grinned.

Paul met his gaze. "How do I look?"



"Sexy. This will let them all know you belong to me." Nash held up a thick, gold chain with a small padlock. "Will you wear it for me?" He clasped the chain around Paul's neck.

Paul ran his fingers over the exquisitely crafted collar. His eyes filled with tears, and he glanced away. He could never let Nash see how emotional he was. Hell, he had practically convinced himself Nash was a dream, and he would soon wake up. He cleared his throat. "I don't think I'll ever want to take it off."

"See that you don't." Nash playfully slapped Paul on the backside.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening, they drove out into a star-filled night. The snow clouds had blown away, and the full moon cast a silver glow over the stark, white countryside. They arrived at Floggers at 10:00 p.m. in time to catch the "show and tell" displays from the subs at the auction. Nash held Paul close to his side throughout the evening. They squeezed into a packed dungeon to watch a show. A sub handcuffed to an overhead bar and wearing leather chaps and nothing else writhed in pleasure under his dom's flogger. The sub twisted in his restraints and lifted his bare ass toward his dom in invitation. The beating was intensely erotic, and the couple charged up their audience with long, passionate kisses. The highly sexy act had the crowd moaning in ecstasy. Nash held Paul in front of him and kissed his neck. He could not keep his hands off the man's soft skin. The sweet sub responded by rubbing his small ass against Nash's hard cock. With a groan, Nash moved out of the dungeon and led Paul back to the bar. "I'll blow in my pants if we watch anymore."

"I hope you do that to me one day." Paul grinned. "I just gotta get a pair of those chaps."

Paul waited for Nash's response, but his master was staring intensely across the smoke-filled club. Paul followed his line of sight to see Damien leaning casually against



the wall with a small smile pasted on his face. Without thinking, Paul pulled on Nash's arm. "Master."

To Paul's relief, Nash turned toward him and smiled. Paul sighed. "Does it bother you seeing Damien?"

"No, but Damien will try to cause trouble." Nash glanced down at Paul. "Ignore him; he has no hold on me."

When Nash stopped to talk to Rio, Paul could feel Damien's stare boring into him. He chanced a quick glance at the man. To his horror, Damien began to saunter toward them. Paul moved closer to Nash, but his master was not quick enough to stop Damien lashing out with his long fingernails.

A sharp pain burned across Paul's cheek. Crushed against the bar, Paul had no room to retaliate. He heard Nash swear, and his back hit the bar just before a punch grazed the top of his head. Rio bellowed a long stream of expletives, and the entire bar exploded into chaos. Paul had avoided fights all his life. He had no experience in any kind of defense. Face stinging, he ducked a flying bottle. Forced to his knees by the fight, Paul covered his head. Nash stepped in front of him, forming a shield. The man was a human battle machine, his fists flying in all directions.

A hand grabbed Paul's arm. He glanced to see Jackson crouched beside him.

"Follow me." Jackson flattened his body under the bar overhang and moved away. "There's a way into the bar about six feet down here."

They crawled over broken glass and pools of alcohol and slipped through the walkway under the bar flap. From the other end of the bar, Paul watched the fight in horror. Nash, hair flying, dispatched men in all directions. He fought shoulder to shoulder with Rio.

Paul frowned. "What happened?"

"Damien brought a crowd over from Whips. He must have signed the bastards in as his guests." Jackson shook his head. "Fuck, it looks like you were his main target."

Paul touched his face. "Now they want to hurt Nash, and all I can do is stand here like a wimp. Look at me shaking; I'm useless in a fight."



"Me too, but I haven't got a dom to protect my ass." He shrugged. "Nash cares for you, man. He went ballistic when he couldn't find you."

They stood side by side until the Floggers doms finally pushed the intruders out of the club. The doms enjoyed the fight and returned to the bar, slapping each other on the back in congratulation. House subs moved around swiftly, removing broken glass and setting the bar to rights. Nash leaned against the bar and grinned like a monkey. Paul's heart gave a little leap of joy.

"I needed that. Come and fix up my hand; damn cut is bleeding all over my gloves." Nash slipped the bloody glove off his injured hand and grimaced.

After dressing Nash's hand, Paul took the first aid box and went to look at his reflection in the mirror. He sighed in relief; the scratch across his jaw was tiny. He dabbed the red mark with antiseptic and turned to look at Nash. The man was looking at him with heat in his eyes. "You fight like a machine. I can't see a mark on you."

"I do martial arts to keep fit." Nash got to his feet. "Come here."

Paul went into his master's arms and lifted his head to accept the man's passionate kiss. He opened his mouth and sucked on Nash's probing tongue. Nash ground his hard shaft against Paul's hip. With a moan of delight, Paul sank his hands in the man's hair, drawing him closer, inhaling Nash's special scent.

"I want you all the time; I can't get enough of you." Nash groaned against Paul's lips. "I want to take you into the dungeon and flog that fine ass of yours, but it's ten 'til twelve and time for us to dance in the New Year."

They walked hand in hand to the stage. They were the last act and after a few minutes, the crowd had formed a circle around them. Nash drew Paul close to his body, and they moved in perfect harmony to the music. Paul's small ass rubbed against Nash's hardness with each sway of hips. The sub's sweet body slid under Nash's hands, driving him to erotic madness. Nash smiled into the crowd. *Fuck, this boy is good.*



Paul's curls brushed Nash's shoulder. The sweet sub turned his head for a kiss, so soft and passionate Nash closed his eyes to block out the world. The feelings he had for the man unnerved him. The countdown for the New Year began. As the clock struck 12:01 a.m., a cheer went up in the club, and the sound of fireworks exploded outside in the street. Nash spun Paul around and kissed him hard. He pulled away and gazed into his eyes. "Happy New Year, my sweet sub."

"Happy New Year, Nash." Paul grinned wickedly. "Oh dear, I'm sorry for calling you *Nash*, master. I've been a *very* bad boy."

Nash took the flogger attached to his belt. He trailed the short streamers across Paul's hips, over the bulge in his blue leather pants, and down the inside of one thigh. He met the man's hot gaze. "Yes, you've been a very disrespectful sub, and somehow I just knew you are going to be bad tonight."

"I'll try to be good, Nash . . . I mean, *master*."

Nash swiped Paul's thigh with the flogger and grinned. "If you keep this up, I'll be disciplining you until next New Year's Eve."

"That sounds good to me." Paul reached up to brush a kiss across Nash's mouth. With a growl, Nash crushed Paul to his chest. "Deal."

~The End~

### About the Author

H.C. Brown a multi-published author of many genres and lives in Australia. She welcomes feedback from her readers and answers all emails.

Join her online at her Yahoo Group for up to date information of new releases and contests.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/hcbrownfangroup/>

Or visit her blog online at:

<http://www.hcbrownauthoroferoticromance.blogspot.com>



\* \* \* \* \*

If you liked Floggers' Holiday Sale, you might also like the following books from Stormy Glenn, H.C. Brown, and Noble Romance Publishing:

Books by both Stormy Glenn and H.C. Brown:

[Bite Here](#)

[Bite Here Too](#)

Books by Stormy Glenn:

[Call Me Sir](#)

[Call Me Sir Too](#)

[Dark Court: Dark Side of the Veil](#)

[Dark Court: Monte's Marines](#)

[Forbidden Love \(Anthology\)](#)

[His Dirty Little Secret](#)

[Picture Me Perfect](#)

[Sammy Dane](#)

[Spank Me Once](#)

Books by H.C. Brown

[A Long, Hot, Delicious Slide](#)

[A Savage Lust](#)

[Betrothed to the Enemy](#)

[Burn](#)

[Delicious](#)

[Forbidden Love](#)

[Hot Damn!](#)

[My Purr-fect Alphas](#)

[Purr-fect Seduction](#)