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Love Revisited

*Nash and Paul
from Dominate Me from
Floggers' Holiday Sale*

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Nash & Paul, from Dominate Me, in Floggers' Holiday Sale Anthology

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Book Blurb

Everything is going well for badass dom, Nash Mage, and his sweet sub, Paul, until Nash does a favor for Rio, the owner of Floggers' BDSM Club.

Expecting Paul to trust him implicitly, Nash's world falls apart when he finds his confused, innocent sub in the arms of his nemesis, Frank. Teetering on the edge of sanity and out of control, Nash is looking for revenge.

Love Revisited: Nash and Paul
from Dominate Me
in Floggers' Holiday Sale Anthology
By H.C. Brown

Nash Mage snuggled against Paul's back. To think a couple of months ago he would never have contemplated the idea of spooning a sub. He slipped his heavy shaft between Paul's legs and buried his face in the soft skin of the man's neck. He loved his sub's scent, especially after a night of hard sex. He kissed his neck and licked a path to his ear, suckled the ear lobe. God, he could not get enough of the taste of Paul – or of fucking his sweet, innocent sub until the man screamed out Nash's name in ecstasy.

Running his hand down Paul's arm, he reveled at the touch of his lover's smooth skin against his palm. He cupped Paul's small, muscular buttock and smiled. The sub's ass carried the marks of his whip. His lover's moans of delight still rang in his ears. Nash rolled away, took a condom from the bedside table, and slipped it on. He put on his stern dom face and rolled Paul onto his back. He pushed between the man's legs, and took a firm grasp of both his sub's nipple rings. "Wake up, slave."

"You're insatiable . . . *master*." Paul yawned and opened his eyes. "My ass is still tingling from our session at Floggers." His mouth curled up at the corners. "You hurt me real good."

"Lift your legs. I want to see your ass." Nash rolled back on his knees. Taking Paul's ankles, he pushed the man's legs up to chest. "Higher . . . *yeah*, like that . . . there's a good boy. Now, that's a sweet sight. Hold onto your knees, I wanna lick that cute ass all over."

Nash gazed down at Paul's tight star, still glossy with lube. The sight of his sweet sub, legs up and helpless, in the swing at Floggers flashed into his mind. Fuck, all that prime ass just hanging there waiting for his attention. *Oh yeah*, that image would keep him hard for a fucking week. He bent to lick the deep, red lines covering his sub's smooth skin. His balls ached with the desperate desire to fill Paul. He pressed one last

kiss on his sub's balls, then drew away. With a growl, he met Paul's smoldering gaze. "Tell me what you want."

"I want *you, Nash* . . . fuck me 'til I scream."

"I *think* you need some manners, *slave*." With one hard thrust of his hips, Nash sank to the balls inside Paul's slippery hole. He gazed into Paul's startled expression. "We're going back to Floggers tonight, so I can continue your education."

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Paul gasped. His ass exploded into ecstasy. The studs on Nash's cock grazed across his pleasure spot, making him cry out with the intensity. Hell, he craved Nash's touch. His master knew exactly what he needed and drove into him hard without mercy. The bond between them had grown into more than master and slave. Paul loved Nash with a passion that frightened him. The man was complicated; he lived on the edge and carried a history of broken trust. Paul moaned and gazed into Nash's midnight eyes. When his master fucked him, the delicious man turned into a mythical god. All tense muscle and golden skin, long, silken, black hair framing his handsome face . . . the passion in the man's eyes alone could bring Paul to climax. He could trust Nash with his body – why did he have trouble trusting him with his heart?

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Nash lowered Paul's legs and lay on his sub's damp body. In the last couple of minutes, Paul's demeanor had changed. Rocking his hips slowly, Nash bent to kiss his lover. Paul's passionate response melted his heart. The first buzz of lust that hit him the day they met in Floggers had moved up to a new level. For the first time in his life, he considered making this a permanent relationship – yeah – badass dom, Nash Mage, needed this man in his life – go figure. He wanted Paul to feel the same way about him, but he had his doubts. This had not been the first time he'd noticed Paul's sudden withdrawal during sex. Maybe Paul had tired of him and wanted to move on. The thought of anyone else touching his virgin made his blood boil. They needed to talk, but first, he would satisfy his lusty sub. Brushing a damp curl from Paul's cheek, he met his sub's gaze. "You okay . . . not too sore? I know I've been riding you all night."

"I can *never* have enough of you." Paul lifted his chin. "Ride me to hell, *master*."

Nash ran his hands down Paul's delicious, smooth body, cupped his sub's delectable ass, and drove in deep. So hot and so tight . . . sex had always been this good with Paul; his little virgin knew how to please. His sweet sub's lashes dropped over his beautiful, brown eyes. Fuck, he could see the man's soul in those chocolate depths. His balls grew hot. When Paul made that small sound of delight and sprayed his belly with white strings of hot cum, Nash joined him, falling over the edge with head spinning pleasure.

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Floggers BDSM Club

Nash leaned against the bar in the VIP section of Floggers and watched Paul move seductively on the dance floor. The man wore his collar, not leather but pure gold. Although the other doms' showed interest in his sub, none of the regulars would overstep that fine line and proposition what belonged to him. He took a long drink of bourbon and reached for a toothpick. He chewed on the slither of wood; the need for a cigarette still drove him to distraction. While he watched Paul dance, he went over a plan for a scene in one of Floggers' public dungeons. Exhibitionism turned his sub on, and as a considerate dom, he would fulfill his sweet sub's wish. To everyone watching, he would appear to take the lesson to the edge, but he would never hurt Paul – in truth, he needed to instill a little fear in his sub to enhance Paul's pleasure. The man had begun to take him for granted. He needed to step up to a new level. Nash chuckled to himself. *Time for a little edge play – Nash style.*

A new sub caught his attention. Not his type, big and muscular with cropped hair, but the man had some sweet moves on the dance floor. He turned to acknowledge Rio Knight, the owner of Floggers. "New blood?"

"That's Sol. He joined during the holidays. He likes you." Rio ran a hand through his long, black hair. "I need a favor."

Nash turned to fully face his friend. "I'm not fucking that sub. No way, I'm committed to Paul . . . you know that, man."

"I don't want you to fuck him . . . unless . . . you *want* to." Rio glanced around, as if he did not want to be overheard. "I want him, but he has this *thing* for you. He was here after the auction and watched you with Paul. He likes edgeplay, and you fit his ideal." Rio rubbed the back of his neck. "Thing is . . . I need you in a scene . . . and something else."

"That's two favors . . . fuck, Rio, this will ruin my reputation. I'm a badass . . . remember?" Nash stabbed his toothpick into the ashtray.

"You take photos . . . right?" Rio drew a deep breath. "I'll lay it out for you, man. I want you to invite him for a private session. Bring me in to whip the crap out of him, and then take photos while I fuck the ass off him."

Nash ground his teeth. "You sure know the way to a man's heart . . . no fucking way." He scowled. "Nonconsensual sex – no contract – are you insane? Sounds like rape to me . . . sorry, that scene is not on my agenda – not now or ever."

"I've discussed this with the man . . . he has this fantasy . . . you know . . . one nice guy wants him, then another guy takes him by force." Rio frowned. "I need to be the other guy, Nash. I *want* this sub."

Nash turned and rested his elbows on the bar. He watched Paul's seductive moves to a slow song, and instantly, his cock pressed hard against the zipper of his pants. Damn, the man had a sweet ass, and his new leather pants clung so tight they looked sprayed on. Only *he* had touched his sub's delicious body, and for some strange reason, that meant a lot to him. He moved his attention to Sol and met the sub's gaze. The man licked his full lips in a blatant invitation. Nash held the stare until Sol dropped his gaze to the floor submissively. He turned to Rio. "I don't have an agreement with Paul, he trusts me, and I'm cool with that, but I'm not going into this scene without a contract. You draw it up . . . one time only . . . and no fucking sex." Nash stabbed Rio in the chest with his finger. "Make that clear to Sol. I won't do anything to spoil things with Paul. Got that, Bossman?"

"I figured you'd say that." Rio grinned. He pulled a contract out of his pocket and handed it to Nash. "You've got it bad for Paul, haven't you?" He handed Nash a pen with a laugh.

"Oh, shut the fuck up." Nash scrawled his name across the document, separated the three sheets, and pushed one into his pocket.

He handed Rio the copies. "Satisfied?"

"I can promise you, I *will* be very satisfied . . . oh yeah." Rio rubbed his balls. "I'll go and set things up . . . don't be long."

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Paul heard the sub dancing beside him chuckle. The fact that Nash had blatantly stared at the new man made Paul uncomfortable, to say the least. Pain twisted Paul's heart. Could it finally be over with him and Nash? Hell, the man had said he cared for him and wanted him in his life – they lived together, for Christ's sake. Had their life together been a lie? He met the sub's gaze. This must be Sol – the new sub the others had mentioned in the locker room earlier.

"This is my lucky day; Nash Mage has just signed a contract with me." Sol threw Paul a grin. "Is he as good as they say?"

Bile rushed up Paul's throat, and the room began to move out of focus. He swallowed hard, fighting for words. "Nash is *my* master."

"Not exclusively, the collar you wear means nothing unless you have a contract." Sol looked toward Nash. "Rio told me you haven't put anything down on paper."

For a few seconds, Paul couldn't breathe. This was not happening. Nash had said the collar displayed his symbol of ownership. He glanced up to see Nash sauntering toward him. God. Did the man intend to end their relationship right here on the dance floor?

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Nash took in Paul's large, round eyes. His sweet sub looked like a kicked puppy.

What the hell is going on here? He pulled Paul's back against him, closing his arms around the man's thin waist. Nash pressed his heavy cock into Paul's ass to show him how much he wanted him. Paul's body tensed against him; Nash had pissed off the man, big time. Nash bit his sub's earlobe and whispered. "Have you been a bad boy? I think you have . . . a little later, I'm gonna hurt you so good."

There came no reply. Nash stopped dancing and turned Paul around to face him. Aware of the others surrounding them, he ground his teeth. "I asked you a question. Do you want me to strip you bare and flog your ass on the dance floor? Show your master respect, slave."

The people stopped dancing and turned to watch. Nash's stomach gave a strange little flip; Paul had slipped away from him, like sand through an hourglass. "Speak, damn you."

"May I ask a question, master?"

Nash glared at him. "Get on with it . . . I'm here to flog my insubordinate sub not answer questions."

"Did you sign a contract with Sol?" Paul lifted his chin to meet Nash's gaze.

Lord, the man's eyes had filled with tears. Nash wanted to crush him to his chest. He wanted to explain this contract meant nothing. *For fuck's sake, it's just a favor for Rio.* But how could he comfort his sub now? Surely, Paul knew he could never back down or show weakness in Floggers. *Damn it, I am a dom.* He schooled his expression. "I sign contracts with anyone I see fit, *slave*. In fact, I think I might just fulfill the terms of that contract right now. You go wait over there, and I'll deal with you later." Nash pointed to the tables beside the dance floor. "And don't think you can take off your collar and run home to Mommy either. I have the fucking key, and I've told the doorman to keep you here. You *belong* to me until I say otherwise . . . do you understand, *slave*?"

"Yes, master." Paul nodded sheepishly and turned away to take a seat on the edge of the dance floor.

Squaring his shoulders, Nash scowled at the dancers. "What the fuck are you all staring at?"

Aware of Paul's gaze, he grabbed Sol by the hips and forced the sub against his body. "Dance, bitch. Grind that ass against my cock . . . show me some moves."

Sol could dance; hell, he reminded Nash of Damien, his last sub. The man smelled good too, although Sol's hard, muscular body turned him off. Nash liked his subs soft and sweet with skin that blushed under his hand. Sol could never satisfy him. At that moment, he knew he loved Paul – loved him enough for a lifetime commitment. In truth, Nash ached for his sweet sub and craved the small sounds the man made during punishment or sex. He could read his sub like a book, and right now . . . *Paul is hurting real bad*. Somehow, he would make it up to him, and then, no more fucking favors for Rio or anyone else. *First, I'll get this fantasy over with, and then I'll explain everything to Paul*. He bit down hard on Sol's shoulder. "I'm looking for some ass, wanna play?"

* * * * *

Paul trembled with emotion. To see another sub with Nash made his chest tight. When Nash pushed Sol toward the dungeon, Paul's fingernails bit into his palms. Did he suppose Nash intended him to just sit here like last night's cold pizza and wait until his master had soiled his body with that bitch? Fuck, only last night, Nash crowed about being clean, of having years of infection-clear blood tests and saying how he would love to ride Paul's ass bareback. He felt betrayed, and his instinct told him to run away. What would be the good of that? Nash would only find him and drag him back. He sat waiting for one long hour, his gaze trained on the hallway to the dungeons. How much longer did Nash expect him to wait?

"Get into my booth." Frank stood over Paul with a grin. "I'll buy you a drink, sweet sub."

Getting slowly to his feet, Paul vividly remembered having this dom's finger up his ass at the auction, and the fight that followed his first scene with Nash. His master could fight well, and had left Frank a bleeding mess on the floor. Paul wavered, not

knowing what to do. He decided he had no choice but to comply. The doms expected no less. Without Nash to protect him, what else could he do? The no contract issue had become blatantly clear to all in earshot of their conversation. Right this minute, he needed a drink. With no money, he had to rely on Nash for everything. He doubted he would be seeing Nash anytime soon. He nodded to Frank, followed the big dom to the booth, and sat down. "Thank you, *master*."

"So, you don't have a contract with Mage." Frank poured two glasses of whiskey and pushed one across the table to Paul. "It looks like your master has found himself another playmate, *which* leaves you without a dom. Ask around, I'm hung like a horse. I'll treat you real good – not like Mage. He enjoys inflicting pain, whereas me . . . well . . . by the time I've finished, I expect my subs to be on their knees begging for my cock."

Clasping the glass, Paul lifted the amber liquid to his mouth. He emptied the contents in one gulp; the whiskey burned all the way down and settled in his gut with a warm glow. He placed the glass on the table and gripped it with both hands like a life preserver. Paul trembled. Frank's gaze traveled slowly over his body. This close, the sharp smell of too much aftershave accosted his nose. The man used the foul concoction, no doubt, to cover his bad body odor. Knees shaking, Paul lifted his gaze to Frank. "I have no complaints about my master."

"Stand up and bend over. Show me your ass." Frank slid along the booth to sit closer to Paul.

Paul reluctantly complied. He wanted to say that Nash would be angry if he found him in Frank's booth, but his words caught in his throat. At that moment, he did not care what Nash thought; his dom had deserted him for another sub. Frank's big hands clasped his ass cheeks, massaging and probing. The heat from Frank's hands burned his tender skin through the thin leather of his pants.

"When he comes back from double-teaming with Rio, maybe you should tell him to take back his collar." Frank pulled Paul onto his lap. "You like this, don't you?"

Paul gasped. *Double-teaming with Rio?* Before Paul could clear his head of that thought, Frank had skillfully undone his pants, and his long fingers started caressing

Paul's cock. He had to distract the man. "May I have another drink, master?"

"You're shaking." Frank reached for the bottle of whiskey and half-filled Paul's glass. "Do I frighten you?"

Shaking his head, Paul took the offered glass and swallowed the contents. The man re-filled his glass countless times. The whiskey flowed into his bloodstream, sending his inhibitions into freefall. He relaxed and leaned back into Frank's hard body. "Nash was my first. I lack experience with other masters."

"Well, I'm in no rush. We can start by fucking. Or would you like my tongue up your ass? I bet you're so tight." Frank gave him a slow smile. "Get on the dance floor, and rub your sweet body all over me."

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Nash bit on his bottom lip. Watching Rio in action amazed him. Fuck, his cock ached. The music in the room set the mood and enhanced the sweet moans from the sub tied so skillfully to the bench. He took photos of the enemas Rio administered to his restrained sub, and then took mental notes as Rio prepared Sol for fisting. Many doms practiced fisting with longtime subs – not usually the new ones. *Hell, Rio is going all the way with this fantasy.* Rio's voice took on an almost hypnotic tone as he coaxed Sol's ass to relax against the intrusion. First fingers and then the dom's thick thumb, withdrawing, re-oiling, and ever moving forward. Nash marveled at Rio's patience. The man took his time easing and stretching Sol's tight ass to fit Rio's massive fist. His gaze travelled to Sol's face, and he knew the second Rio had driven home through Sol's tightly stretched star. The sub's dark eyes bulged, and he bit his lip in a long, satisfied moan.

"I'm in to my wrist, slave." Rio palmed Sol's cock. "Now I want to see your seed in appreciation before I whip you senseless."

Aiming the camera, Nash took photos of Sol. When Rio moved his fingers, bliss showed on the sub's face. He turned the camera just in time to catch long, white strings

of cum explode from Sol's shaft.

Rio used techniques with a whip Nash had never seen before. He decided to try fisting on his own innocent sub. Hell yeah, Paul would love that. Paul loved everything Nash inflicted on his sweet body. Right now, Nash needed to taste his own sub, tie him up, and do him for hours. He handed Rio the digital camera with a grin. "I've got some great shots. Next time, let me shoot a movie . . . I'll bring my own camera . . . no charge . . . but I'll want a copy. You are a legend, man." He laughed. "I love that whip, makes a lot of noise but doesn't cut the skin . . . how sweet is that?"

"There's a new one in the cupboard over there, wrapped in plastic." Rio tipped his head toward a door with a padlock dangling from a heavy lock. "My compliments." He flicked through the images on the camera. "These are great . . . yeah, we'll do a movie. I have so much more planned for Sol. Thanks for doing this . . . I owe you."

Nash took the whip from the cupboard and removed the plastic. He flicked the whip with a loud crack. "I guess that is my cue to leave you two alone?"

"Yeah . . . thanks." Rio followed Nash to the door.

Nash balanced the whip in his palm; the smooth leather handle fit like it belonged in his hand. He walked toward the bar and stopped dead. Frank – the big, ugly bastard had Paul pressed hard against him. Nash's gaze locked on the dom's hips grinding against Paul's ass. *What the fuck?* Rage hit him like a hurricane; blood thumped in his ears. Fists clenched, he moved slowly toward the dance floor. Subs fled, diving for cover. He flicked the whip, the sound echoing around the room like a gunshot. He tossed the whip onto a table and removed the toothpick from his mouth. "Hey, asshole . . . take your fucking hands off my sub."

"No contract, Mage." Frank turned to face Nash. "You know the rules. In here, you protect what's yours. I *found* this sweet thing all alone while his badass dom double-teamed with some new sub." He laughed. "He's mine now, Mage. *This time you lose.*"

* * * * *

Paul turned around. Nash's expression heralded Armageddon. The dom's mouth

formed a hard line, and his eyes, God, glistened in black pools of hate. Paul stood motionless. Nash shrugged casually, flicked away the toothpick, and then with slow deliberation, took a pair of black leather gloves from his back pocket and pulled them onto his large hands. Paul dragged his arm away from Frank, staggering from his alcohol-stewed brain. He raised his gaze to look at Nash, but the man's attention centered entirely on Frank.

"Did you have to get my sub drunk to dance with you?" Nash slapped his fist into the palm of his hand.

"He came willingly." Frank chuckled. "I've had my hands all over him, such sweet, hairless balls. And that skin . . . mmm . . . tasty."

Holding his breath, Paul backed away. His hands found the top of a table, and he gripped the edge to steady himself. The room swayed. Damn it, he hated fights.

"Slave." Nash bellowed. "Tell Frank who your master is."

Paul met Nash's dark, furious gaze. His legs turned to jelly. "Nash Mage is my master. I belong to *Nash*."

"Get your sorry ass down to my dungeon . . . I'm gonna thrash you good for this disobedience. I said *now*, you little asshole. Get outta here." Nash turned and glared at Frank. "You stepped over the line, cunt; I'm gonna make you my bitch." He flung himself at Frank, fists flying.

Paul staggered down the hall, peering at the blackboards outside the dungeons to find Nash's name. The sounds of breaking glass and swearing followed his every step. The devastating fact that Nash only wanted him as his property crushed Paul's soul. Mind reeling, he stumbled into the dungeon and slid down to sit against the cold wall. With a long shudder, he buried his face in his hands and waited.

* * * * *

Nash pulled up the zipper of his black leather pants and stepped away from Frank's prone body. He wiped the blood from his lip with the back of his hand and

started toward the dungeon.

"Hold on, Nash." Rio gripped Nash's shoulder.

Shrugging off his friend's hand, Nash turned to face Rio. "I'm gonna flog Paul's ass, then fuck him till he bleeds."

"No, you're not . . . you'll kill the kid in this state." Rio glanced down at Frank and laughed. "Fuck, did you really piss on him?"

Nash smiled, and then winced at the sting from his cut lip. His cheek hurt like the devil. Fuck, Frank had one hell of a right hook. He met Rio's wide grin. "I was just marking my territory." He shrugged. "Well, something like that anyway . . . it's the *beast* in me."

"Look, Nash, you need to calm down . . . this wasn't Paul's fault. If I had been here, it would never have happened. Paul's hurting bad; the guys were watching him fall to pieces. The kid was easy prey for Frank; the bastard manipulated him . . . you know that . . . right? Jimmy said he downed six or more shots of whiskey." Rio grimaced. "You can't discipline a man in that state. Take him home, and sort it out away from the club. Do the right thing."

Running both hands through his hair, Nash stared at the wall above Rio's head, and then he turned his gaze slowly back to his friend. Anger flared, but inside, his world began to topple into that ugly, familiar void. "Nah . . . this is a slave and master issue. If Paul wants out, he can find himself another sugar daddy." He picked up his new whip from the floor and ran the leather tip through his fingers. "And Bossman, you know better than to stop me from disciplining *my* sub. Paul is mine . . . and this is *my* fucking business."

Nash's stomach twisted with each step toward the dungeon. He had no idea what to say to Paul to make this right. He stopped outside the heavy, wooden door to his dungeon, drew a deep breath, and strode inside. His heart broke into a thousand pieces. Paul sat in a crumpled heap against one wall, his lovely face sheet white and streaked with tears. Nash pulled the contract out of his pocket and thrust it at Paul. "Read it." He flicked the whip. "Not that I should have to explain myself to you. Or are

you too fucking stupid to understand the word *trust*?"

"I do trust you . . . with my body, *master*." Paul lifted his chin. "I trust you to give me pleasure, but . . . I want to trust you with my *heart*."

Damn it. His sweet sub had no idea Nash loved him or that he thought about him every minute. Fuck, he hated the time Paul spent away from him at work; he wanted him around, up close, *all* the time. Nash turned away to compose himself. He needed to play out the scene. The worse thing right now would be to fall into the vanilla world and drag Paul into his arms to pledge his undying love. He walked to the bench and selected handcuffs, lube, and a butt plug. "Get up and strip."

Nash avoided Paul's tragic, chocolate gaze and handcuffed his sub. He lifted the man's hands high in the air and attached the link chain to a hook hanging from the ceiling. He walked around Paul, cracking the whip, noticing the fear in Paul's eyes . . . and he grew hard knowing he had created this emotion. "Open your legs. Do you think you deserve to be fucked by your master?"

"I want you to fuck me, master." Paul opened his legs and bent over as much as the hook would allow. "I'm sorry if I offended you."

Nash lubed up the butt plug and eased it inside Paul's tight ass. He ran his hands over Paul's silken flesh and bit back a groan. "This will have to do until you prove your loyalty to your master." He swallowed hard. "*Offended* is not a word I would have used. Let me see . . . what *is* a good word for a sub who whores himself behind his master's back?"

"I'm sorry, master . . . *please* . . . I thought you had finished with me . . . that you had a contract with Sol." Paul shuddered. "I thought I had lost you . . . I couldn't even think straight . . . I didn't realize what I was doing. God . . . Nash . . . *master* . . . you have to believe me . . . don't end it like this. I'll do anything . . ."

Trailing the whip between Paul's legs, Nash rested it beneath his sub's balls. "I'll *never* be finished with you." He trailed the whip up and down Paul's rapidly hardening cock. "What punishment do you think will appease your master?"

"Whip me . . . cut me up good. I've been bad and don't deserve such a forgiving

master."

Cracking the whip, Nash began. Anger gone, he wanted to take Paul to the edge of ecstasy. He needed the trust of the man under his whip. The noise of leather against flesh, the scent of his man, and the sight of his marks on Paul's skin made his balls ache. He continued until he heard the small sound Paul made before he climaxed. *Not yet, my sweet sub.* Nash removed the butt plug and tossed it into the sink, then returned to Paul. He lifted the man's head by the hair and branded him with a possessive kiss. He spoke against Paul's moist lips. "You *belong* to me."

He unhooked Paul's hands, moved behind his sub, and dragged the man's handcuffed hands over his head. He released his cock from his pants and coated up. Nash ran his hands slowly up Paul's chest. He found the man's nipple rings and tugged on them. His sub's sighs of delight drove Nash wild. "Tell me, slave."

"Fuck me 'til I scream . . . *master.*"

Nash grasped Paul by the hips and slid in to paradise. "Kiss me."

The moment Paul turned his head, Nash closed his mouth over the man's full lips. Their tongues danced, and Nash's mouth filled with Paul's unique but whiskey-tainted flavor; his taste alone intoxicated. He broke the kiss to ride him slow and easy, savoring every delicious plunge into Paul's hot, slippery hole. The man tipped his head back against Nash's shoulder, the damp curls brushing against his chin. The vein in Paul's neck throbbed, and long rivulets of sweat ran down his flushed cheeks. Holding his lover close, Nash bent to Paul's neck and sucked, leaving blood red love bites on the tender skin. Under his hands, Paul began to tremble. Nash licked his ear. "Come for me."

"I *love* you, master," Paul moaned.

Paul's declaration of love pushed Nash over the edge in a steaming bolt of passion. Flames shot up his legs, hit his balls, and shot him into oblivion. Hell, could he be dying of pleasure? He slumped against Paul, and they tumbled onto the floor, Nash spun around just in time to take the force of the impact on his back. "Fuck, I think my balls are broken."

Nash eased away from Paul and rolled the man into his arms. "You okay?"

"I'm wonderful."

Cupping Paul's cheek, Nash met his sub's hot, passionate gaze. His heart went into freefall. He kissed Paul's full lips with tenderness, and then sighed. "Did you mean it . . . what you said before . . . when you came?"

"I've loved you from the first day we met." Paul dropped his gaze.

Nash ran his thumb over Paul's lips. "You really want this crazy son-of-a-bitch dom in your life permanently . . . like . . . *forever*?"

"Not without your love . . . and I can't stand seeing you with another sub." Paul bit his bottom lip. "The other night in our bed . . . I felt . . . I was *sure* you loved me . . . but now . . ."

Nash let out a long sigh. "I didn't mean to hurt you. You have my word, I won't put myself in that position again . . . I was gonna tell you about the thing with Sol, but everything went to hell." He raised a brow. "You know, tonight was the *third* time I've fought for your honor. I'm starting to get a name around the clubs as a knight in shining armor . . . that's not a good profile for a badass dom." He frowned. "Now you've ruined my reputation . . . I guess you'll just *have* to marry me." He chuckled and rested his forehead against Paul's. "And *yes*, my sweet, innocent sub . . . I *do* love you. Now and *forever*."

~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. She believes every story should have a happy ending.

Join her Yahoo Group for up to date information of new releases and contests.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/hcbrownfangroup/>

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