



Dark Submission

By

AJ Hardcourt

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Dark Submission

COPYRIGHT 2010 by AJ Hardcourt

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or Demanding Romance except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

Contact Information: demandingromance@hotmail.com

Demanding Romance

Publishing History

First DR Edition, July 2010

Cover art by A. Jay Hardcourt

Published in the United States of America

Dark Submission

Sleep muddled his foggy thoughts. Heavy footsteps bounded up the short stairs and stomped down the hall. Fast. A deep whispered voice. Not Brian's. He was working late at the office.

Fuck. Someone was in the house.

Kyler Paxton jackknifed into a sitting position. His pulse raced, instantly burning off the sleepiness. The sheet dropped to his groin. Fear chilled his flesh. Anxiety sent adrenaline to his heart. The frantic pounding had blood whooshing through his ears. He listened, trying to keep his breathing slow and shallow—and failing. The door handle turned. No time to get out. No time to call for help. His cell was downstairs. If he could gasp a deep breath, he would scream. Or he could feign sleep. He shifted back to lying prone the bed. Every muscle tensed. His palms bunched into fists...waiting...listening. Sweat trickled along his hairline.

The door opened. Kyler's eyes had adjusted to the darkness. There were two men at the threshold to his room. One carried a Duffel at his side. He was larger, more intimidating than the shorter man on his left. The men would need to turn on a light or strain to see into the darkened room. If Kyler held still, whoever they were might not notice him on the bed and move on. If not, he'd fight like hell.

The floor creaked as the intruders stepped closer. Another creak. Kyler could fight one. He was six three and one-seventy-five. But taking on two would be a challenge. He waited, poised to throw down because whoever was in the room wasn't turning around...they stood at the foot of the bed.

He could feel their eyes boring into his back. Pressure weighted his chest and a lump lodged in his throat. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. They moved closer. Their clothing rustled, clueing him on their location.

Fight or flee? No way in hell was he getting away if they took the advantage.

Kyler mentally started to count to three. He made it to one, lunged from the bed and swung at the first shadow on the right. *Duffel*. Kyler's fist cracked against the man's jaw. Pain shot up his arm, vibrating through him.

"Fuck!" The man grunted and lunged for Kyler. "You want to make this fun." They scrapped, fighting for position, but he easily pinned Kyler to the bed, knocking the breath from Kyler's lungs. "I know you want it rough," he whispered. They were chest to chest. The soft cotton of the man's T-shirt rubbed against Kyler's nipples. The denim of his jeans chafed against Kyler's groin as he pinned Kyler with his heavy thigh. His warm breath fanned Kyler's face.

Kyler gasped, his chest heaving as he struggled against the man's grip. But fuck, he was huge, solid and strong. "Fuck you! Get the fuck out of my house before I call the cops."

The man standing at the foot of the bed chuckled. The sound an eerie premonition. "We are law enforcement."

The big man glared into his face. "Come on, *Kyler*. Break a rule." He whistled low and menacing. "I would love to punish you."

Kyler couldn't breathe. Fear snaked along his spine and coiled in his gut. This was bad. Really bad. *Duffel* knew his name.

"Hold him," the other man commanded.

Hands roughly grasped his arms, the meaty fingers digging into his biceps.

Kyler thrashed. "You've made a mistake." He bucked, causing the sheet to slip from his bed. He was naked...and exposed. And this was a nightmare.

"No mistake, *pleaser9966*."

The other man, *Short*, knew his chat room profile. "Oh, god. Who are you?"

"God works," the brute man said as he flipped *Kyler* to his stomach. He straddled *Kyler's* hips, the bulge behind the fly of his jeans riding *Kyler's* asscrack. *Duffel* yanked *Kyler's* wrists together behind his back. Rope rasped against his flesh, tightly twisting around his wrists and weaving up his forearms. Then *Duffel* leveraged off and rolled *Kyler* over.

Kyler glimpsed the spark of lust and power in the man's eyes. *Duffel* grasped his jaw. A ball gag wedged into his mouth, a strap tightened to hold the gag in place. A black slave hood was forced over his head, plunging him into blackness. As the ties along the back of the mask were cinched against his skull, the sweet scent of leather assailed his senses. Finally the wide slit in the leather for his mouth was zipped closed. Spit pooled in the

back of his throat. He tried to swallow, tried to breathe. Flaring his nostrils, he sucked in air through the only opening in the leather binding.

Without ability to see or speak, and with his arms pinned beneath him, there was little chance for escape.

Panic arrested his breath and seized his thoughts. Who were they? He was garnering a clear image of what they wanted.

“Thought this turned you on?” The man fondled his flaccid cock.

Kyler groaned and tried to roll away from the unwanted touch. Chat not cheating. He’d never wanted this. Pressure mounted behind his closed eyes. He’d role played, fantasized, but never would have cheated on Brian. Brian might not be a Dom, but he had every other quality Kyler wanted in a partner.

Talk in a chat room didn’t equate to wanting raped in his home. Yes, he played in the BDSM rooms, but he didn’t recall ever giving personal information to a contact. Brian had warned him that the chat rooms could be dangerous. Asked him to be careful. And trusted Kyler that he would. He trusted Kyler too much.

Guilt twisted Kyler’s gut. He hadn’t been completely honest with Brian. Hadn’t told him how deeply he’d gotten involved. Brian wouldn’t understand BDSM, wouldn’t understand Kyler’s need to be dominated. But not like this, never without Brian.

Leather bands tightened on each of his thighs and another set banded around each of his ankles. The clink of the cinches echoed in the now quiet room. Shivers raced along his spine. The men breathed heavy, trussing Kyler up for their sexual needs, forcing Kyler’s participation. Isn’t that what he’d said he’d wanted in the chat? Not physically,

but emotionally he'd been cheating on Brian. He'd sought his mental needs from another – from a faceless, nameless Dom in a chat room.

And now the Dom was taking what he claimed belonged to him – there in the bed Kyler shared with Brian.

Emotion welled in Kyler's throat. What would Brian think if he walked in to their bedroom now? Kyler was at the whim of two strange men. Two men he'd unknowingly lured to his home with his darker desires. One of the man's fingertips teased his nipple. Kyler refused to respond. He wouldn't want this...couldn't want the warm mouth encasing his tit in wet heat. Kyler whimpered and dropped his head back to the mattress. A stream of breath blew against his flesh. He shivered and arched.

"That's it, *pleaser*. Feels good, doesn't it?"

Yes! Damn you!

"This will feel even better." Clamps tightened on his nipples. Kyler's chest contorted with the pinch of metal. The pressure intensified, morphing into pain as the man screwed the clamp tighter into the hard buds.

"Breathe out," *Duffel* instructed.

When Kyler did, he gave the screw a final turn. Pain streaked from nipple to dick. His balls heated. Kyler moaned arching away from the pain – as his cock thickened.

"A pain slut." *Short* stroked Kyler's cock, sliding his taut flesh over the steely length. He tugged Kyler's balls then the tight feel of rubber rolled down the shaft. A second ring of

rubber circled his sac and pinched off his nuts. A cock ring and harness. They were going to keep him from coming. He flinched imagining the pleasurable pain.

No, I'm not a Pain Slut. Yes. I am.

"Your master will be pleased." The deep voice belonging to *Duffel*, the larger man, slid over his exposed flesh like warm honey.

Kyler didn't want to feel warm. A dichotomy of sensations surged through his system. Fear collided with anticipation. Sexual awareness fought against fidelity. He didn't want to want this. Nevertheless, he did. He just wanted the man to be Brian.

But another man was to be his master tonight. Rather two men. Only the other individual, *Short*, didn't seem to be as aggressive or dominant. Being bound and gagged, Kyler was defenseless. They were both in control of him. Would he be fucked by both? Because they were serious in their actions.

Duffel, with his large strong fingers, lifted and spread Kyler's legs. Kyler fought to close them, but in his confinement, he was powerless to stop him from doing anything he wanted to Kyler's body. Kyler's hips rolled, exposing his hole.

"Hold him," *Duffel* said to his partner.

"No," the other man said forcefully. "He's not to be touched or fucked, just prepared."

If not for these two, for whom?

"Just a taste."

The mattress dipped as the other man straddled Kyler's head. He grasped Kyler's legs behind the knees, and wrenched his legs high.

"Damn, you have a nice ass." *Duffel's* determined fingers caressed his cheeks, slipping over the smooth flesh of his buttocks as he pulled them apart. He squeezed and molded Kyler's flesh to his palms. "An ass good enough to eat."

Oh, fuck. Soft lips sealed against his tender flesh and the man's hot, stiff tongue stabbed into Kyler's pucker. He melted, his ass clamping onto the wet darting tongue. He groaned, hating his responses, but was powerless to stop blood from surging into his shaft. The binding around his balls tightened. Pre-cum leaked from the slit in his cock head.

Duffel licked the pucker, circling around the opening then tongue-fucking his hole. Kyler growled and thrashed his head on the bed. His arms were numb, but his body was alive with forbidden sensations. Touches he'd only imagined—fantasies. The man nipped at his butt, biting just hard enough to feel good then licked him from his opening to his balls. The fiery lick to his swollen scrotum nearly sent him into orbit.

"Enough. I have something special for *pleaser*."

And as quickly as it started, it was over. Kyler sucked in a hard inhale. And as he slowly exhaled, a node prodded against his opening. Before he could brace or bear down against the intrusion, a large plug rammed deep into his passage. Holy fuck. His body trembled with the invasion. Sweat trickled along his spine. He was stretched, filled...over-stimulated. His was a total and complete submission. Just as he'd begged for in a chat.

"Spread your legs."

Kyler refused. A whip cracked a split second before Kyler felt the sting of the snap on his chest. Pain, the pain that felt as good as it hurt, rippled through the muscle. Heat bloomed beneath his skin.

"Spread your legs," *Duffel* repeated.

Kyler obeyed. *Duffel* helped Kyler to kneel on the bed with his thighs spread. Metal clinked as a measure of chain looped through the ankle restraints. Kyler struggled to breathe in the hot leather hood. He tried to discern what was happening around him. *Short* had the whip. His heavy breaths filled the room. *Duffel* was on the bed with him as he attached a spreader bar to the thigh straps.

"God, you're hot." *Duffel* curled his fingers around Kyler's cock. "If you were mine, I'd have that ass in the air. I'd pound my cock into your tight little hole and fuck you until you couldn't walk."

Kyler whimpered.

"Would you let me?"

Kyler shook his head. *No*.

"If you were my slave, you wouldn't have a choice. I'd feed you my cock whenever you looked hungry." He lowered his voice. "And even when you didn't." *Duffel* explored the length of Kyler's shaft, rubbing firm pressure into the throbbing vein running the underside of his shaft. Kyler shuddered as *Duffel* pinched the head and smeared his juices. The fingers left his engorged cock and Kyler exhaled.

Duffel smacked his lips. "You taste as good as you look." He'd licked the fluids from his fingers. *Kyler* shouldn't be aroused, but he was. Another betrayal of his lover.

The front door opened and closed. Shit. It had to be *Brian*. Panic seized his heart. His pulse spiked. He violently shook his head, grunting in an attempt to warn *Brian*. What if they did to *Brian* what they planned for him? His stomach roiled.

"On his knees, in the middle of the floor," *Short* said.

"Your master is here." *Duffel's* ominous voice was close to his ear. "If allowed to speak, you will not speak directly to your master or you will be punished. Did you like the sting of the whip?"

Kyler refused to respond.

"You will learn to be a better submissive, *pleaser*."

Kyler groaned.

Duffel fingered the welt made by the whip on *Kyler's* pectoral muscle. "This was a warning. A tease," he drawled. "You will answer only when spoken to and you will speak only to me." He trailed a finger over *Kyler's* quivering abdominals. "If you refuse to do as you're told, you will be punished." Those fluttering fingers teased his groin, inching closer to his aching dick. "If you fail to please..." He pressed against the slit of *Kyler's* cock with his thumbnail. "You will be punished." He flicked the nipple clamp. Fire streaked across *Kyler's* chest. He whimpered, relishing the sensation. "Now, you will get on the floor."

Kyler nodded but he couldn't move.

Something or someone drew *Duffel's* attention from Kyler. His hand slid off his stomach and he inched away. "He's ready for you."

The floor creaked. Kyler swallowed but his mouth was dry. This wasn't submission, rather coercion. He'd take the punishment before he betrayed Brian. He'd made an egregious mistake. In not trusting Brian, in not trusting their love. His need to submit, to please...to deceive defiled their home and their bed.

Kyler labored for breath. Moments passed and his anxiety increased. Adrenaline fired through his blood. His pulse pounded, his dick throbbed and the acute scents and sounds around him weaved an intoxicating spell.

Clothing rustled. A belt buckle jangled. Fabric swished. Then the master approached. A firm hand rested on his head. Kyler jerked away from the touch.

The whip snapped, inflicting sharp stinging pain to his back. His body seemed determined to seek pleasure whether from the punishment or the submission. He shivered with expectation, the wanting of the unknown, yet also with a deeper fear. An uneasy acceptance of his desires. The final betrayal of the man he loved. The choice was no longer his. His body gave consent with his responses.

The hand on his head smoothed over the leather, sliding to the laces at the back of Kyler's skull. The stranger grasped the leather ties and tufts of hair and jerked his head back. A tug on the zipper slowly revealed his mouth. Moisture beaded on his upper lip. He inhaled sharply as the cool air caressed his stretched lips. He tried to swallow around the ball gag.

A warm wet tongue softly licked his lips, tasting off the salty drops of sweat. Kyler moaned at the erotic kiss. The man's cock bumped against his sternum, jabbing into him as the grip tightened on the laces and in his hair.

Fingertips rubbed his hard nipples. *Duffel's, Short's*, or the master's, he didn't know. What did it matter?

"Your master wants to kiss you," *Duffel* said. "His cock is hard, huge and wanting in your mouth. He's stroking it as he stares at you."

Someone touched the throbbing tip of his cock. Kyler flinched. With the bands around his shaft and balls, his dick was harder than he'd ever been before. However, just because he was hard and horny, didn't mean he'd bend over for *Short, Duffel* and the master if they didn't have him bound and submissive. He wouldn't...if he had a choice.

He wouldn't. He shook his head. *He wouldn't*. He wasn't ready to cheat on Brian. Fantasy clashed with reality. Brian was real.

"You look hungry, *pleaser*."

The strap of the gag loosened and the ball slipped from his mouth. Kyler stretched his mouth and swallowed a few times. His numb lips started to tingle. "Careful what you put in my mouth, *Duffel*. You might not get it back." He chomped, indicating he'd bite off anything they tried to feed him – cock, tongue or anything else.

"*Duffel*?"

"You carried the bag and *Short* wields the whip."

A laugh rippled over his skin...a familiar laugh. Confusion clouded his thoughts and a sickening feeling roiled in his chest. "Brian?"

The whip cracked, biting into the flesh of his back.

"Do not address your master."

Did *Duffel's* agitated voice confirm his suspicion? Had Brian orchestrate this encounter? "Why?"

The whip snapped again. Kyler braced against the sting. The punishment was worth the information.

"Shhh," came the whispered assurance.

Shivers broke over his skin. The feel of Brian's hands on his shoulders had heat surging into his shaft. Fear instantly morphed into acceptance. Tonight he wouldn't question the how or why. That Brian had conspired and planned his dark submission with two masters revealed more than any words could. Tears burned behind his closed eyes. Kyler lowered his head and waited instruction.

* * *

Brian stared at his lover, nude, on his knees. Ropes bound his arms tightly behind his back. The cord abraded his flesh, rubbing his wrists raw. About a foot of chain stretched between his ankles and a bar kept his thighs spread. Kyler had needs Brian hadn't understood. He still didn't know if he understood. But he was determined to try.

"If this is what you want," the man Kyler called *Duffel* whispered to Brian. "Then you have to own it. Does seeing him on his knees, waiting for cock make you hot? Do you derive pleasure from controlling a sexual encounter?" In the BDSM club, he was called Master Sinn. His partner, *Short*, was called Master Lash. "Look at him. Really look. He does derive pleasure from his position—from submission." Sinn ran his fingers through his dark hair and his golden eyes glinted with deviant mischief. "He's beautiful."

"He's mine."

"He won't be if you can't be the Dom he needs. His pleasure is your responsibility. But you have to give him what he needs without humiliation or degradation."

Brian had arranged and paid a small fortune for private instruction. The owners of Club Chrome didn't come cheap or easily. For Kyler, they were worth any expense. "I don't know how." He pulled his gaze from Kyler and met Sinn's stare. "Train me." They controlled a scene and tonight wasn't just submission for Kyler. With Master Sinn and Master Lash's guidance, Brian would be the Dom Kyler needed.

"There is no place for indecision. You already know what he likes. Now we'll take it to the next level."

"Yes." Would Kyler want all three of them? Brian straightened. The decision wasn't Kyler's. Brian and Kyler had never invited another man into their bed, but tonight redefined who they were as a couple. They'd deprived themselves long enough.

Brian fisted his cock. Blood surged into the shaft. He wanted this for Kyler...and for himself.

Sinn towered over Kyler. "Your master wants his cock sucked."

Brian curled his fingers around the base, stepped in close to Kyler and painted his mouth with the cream leaking from the slit in his cock head. The fluids glistened on Kyler's lips. Kyler's tongue floated over his lower lip, tasting off the secretions. "More," he begged.

Behind him, Master Lash wielded his whip administering a precision strike. The short tail snapped against Kyler's flesh. He flinched, but whimpered. The same guttural sound he made when Brian fucked him hard and rough.

Kyler liked the pain.

Brian didn't know what to think of that except to know he should be the one wielding the whip, giving pleasure to Kyler. The question was, could he inflict real pain on his lover?

A red mark bloomed on Kyler's bronzed flesh. The muscle and tendon rippled. Kyler tensed, but then he seemed to melt into the sensation.

"Another," he said to Lash. "Tonight he'll understand his pleasure is my concern now."

Fluids oozed from Kyler's slit. The mushroomed cap darkened to a deep purple and the veins weaving the length surged with pulsing blood. Kyler's cock was alive and beautiful.

Lash flicked the whip again. Kyler moaned and Brian stuffed his cock into his open mouth. He grabbed his hooded head and pushed in deeper. Kyler curled his tongue around the length, sealed his lips and sucked. Brian groaned, heat streaking along the

length, and fucked Kyler's mouth. This was his man, his lover and he would give him whatever he needed.

He'd even learn to inflict pain.

Brian was discovering he needed something too. He'd always been Kyler's top, controlled their activities in the bedroom. He'd just never realized there was a word for his needs – Dom.

Flutters swirled in Brian's gut. He guided his shaft in and out of the wet heat of Kyler's mouth, the crown pillowed against his tongue. Kyler slid his lips up and down the length, taking as much as Brian would give him. Muscle and tendon strained in the column of Kyler's neck as he tipped his head back and swallowed more of Brian's thick solid length. Brian screwed his cock deep into Kyler's mouth as pressure built in balls. "God, you feel good. Too good."

He jerked his cock out of Kyler's mouth as he stepped back. He had to brace against his impending orgasm, staving off release so that he could enjoy more of Kyler's fantasy.

Kyler licked his lips and smiled. Brian wanted to drop to his knees, kiss him senseless, and profess his love. He would later.

"He needs more," Brian said to Sinn. "I would enjoy watching him suck your cock." He turned to Lash. "And yours too."

Lash shook his head. "I'll watch."

Sinn chuckled. "*Pleaser* isn't ready for Lash. Another night perhaps." Sinn unzipped his black jeans, peeled open the fly and pushed the denim past his hips. His cock was huge,

long, thick and dark and thrusting from a thatch of black springy hair. The ruddy wet crown was wide with a deep slit. A continuous flow of pre-cum oozed from the hole.

"On the bed," Brian said to Sinn. This was his scene now. From this night forth, Kyler would be his sub.

"My pleasure." Master Sinn smiled. They helped Kyler to stand. His legs wobbled under his weight. His cock dripped cream, yet he couldn't come with the band around his shaft and balls. Red welts marred his flesh where he'd felt the sting of Lash's whip. Brian began to glimpse the euphoria.

Brian braced his hands on Kyler's hips. He slanted his mouth over Kyler's sliding his tongue past lips and teeth, into decadent heat. He moaned as Kyler's tongue searched out his, hard and demanding. The scent of leather and man intensified Brian's lust. God, Kyler was so fucking hot. The emotion in the kiss seeped into his soul. He shifted his head and took the kiss deeper, tasted more and demanded more.

Brian broke the kiss as Sinn positioned behind Kyler. One hand rested on Kyler's lower abdominals as he tightened his hold and his other hand curled around Brian's nape. He jerked Brian's lips to his. Brian groaned, rocking his pelvis into Kyler and he sank into the powerful intoxication of Sinn's mouth.

Kyler licked his neck and whimpered. Lash snapped the whip without striking.

Sinn pulled back. "Lash is a ball breaker." He glanced over his shoulder. "But that's what I love about him."

Lash stroked the handle of his whip, his eyes filled with lust as he stared at Master Sinn. "But he won't let me fuck him."

Sinn cocked an eyebrow. "We work better with a sub between us."

Brian banded his fingers around Kyler's cock. "This one is mine."

He moaned and thrust into Brian's fist, the purple crown jutting through the circle of his clenched fingers.

"He's trying to be good, but *pleaser* needs more attention."

Brian and Sinn easily lifted Kyler and positioned him on the bed. Lying face down, ass in the air, on his knees he had his face pressed against the mattress. Christ. A black plug stretched his hole. Brian gently twisted the plug. Kyler grunted. His thighs tensed and his forehead pressed into the mattress. "His ass is mine," Brian said.

"Please, take it." Kyler rocked back, begging with his body for more.

Master Lash, skilled with his whip, snapped it again. Brian startled at the impact of the tail against Kyler's skin. The blush of color over Kyler's flesh sent heat into Brian. The powerful strike was delivered with control. Brian wanted that control. One day. But not now. He'd hurt Kyler. Tonight he followed Master Sinn and Master Lash on the pain play...but not the sexual pleasure. He knew exactly how to drive his cock into Kyler's ass, how to make him feel good.

Brian grasped the edge of the plug. Twisting and turning, he worked the widest part in and out of Kyler's loosening hole. The tapered rubber prod stretched his pucker smooth. Moisture glistened around his pink hole. Kyler gasped, backing into Brian, desperate for more. The same desperation fired through Brian. He quickly removed the chain between Kyler's ankles.

Grasping the rope binding, Brian flipped Kyler to his back. As he was about to ask for lube, Lash tossed him the bottle. He set a chair at the edge of the bed, giving him an unrestricted view of Kyler's ass and his face. Lash intended to watch Sinn fuck Kyler's mouth and Brian fuck his ass.

Squirting gel on his fingers, Brian reached between Kyler's cheeks and easily slid two fingers into his stretched hole. He pumped a few times, curling his fingers and grazing Kyler's prostate.

"Please, I can't come." The bands around his shaft and scrotum bit into his hard cock and swollen nuts.

"Does it hurt?"

Kyler clenched his jaw and hissed through gritted teeth. "Yes, hurts so fucking good."

Brian pulled his fingers from Kyler and smeared clear gel over his shaft. Grasping the thigh bar, he leveraged Kyler's hips, aligned his cock with Kyler's opening, and pushed past the rim. In one long, slow, decadent plunge, he slid his unsheathed cock into Kyler's ass. This was his lover, his partner, and he trusted him, trusted enough to believe he'd never strayed farther than a chat room.

Kyler cried out and arched to give Brian deeper penetration. Brian paused, allowing Kyler to accept the invasion. Hot inner tissues massaged Brian's shaft.

Master Sinn climbed onto the bed and straddled Kyler, his thighs flanking Kyler's head. He tapped his cock head against Kyler's lips, leaving a glistening trail of fluids. "Show me why you call yourself *pleaser*."

Kyler opened his mouth, and Sinn fed him eight inches of thick, solid, dripping cock. Sinn rose up onto his knees, leaned forward and placed his hands on the bed above Kyler's head. He braced his upper body on outstretched arms and fucked Kyler's mouth as if he were pummeling his ass. Kyler gagged, slurped and swallowed, but the sensual moans rolling from his throat said just how much he loved being bound with one cock in his mouth and Brian's cock pounding into his rectum.

Brian's shaft slid deep then reared back until only the crown remained within Kyler. Then he slammed in again. And again. Kyler's cock bobbed with the timing and force of Brian's thrusts. His abdominals rippled under the pressure. A sheen of sweat slicked his tanned chest. Clamps pinched his reddened nipples. Brian could only imagine the intensity of the pain. He reached down and rubbed small circles around the dark disk then grazed the hot tight tip. Kyler's anal muscles clenched hard to Brian's dick, and he bowed on the bed with the contortion of his arms pinned under his back. The scent of sex, leather and man perfumed the air. The heady experience was unlike anything Brian had ever imagined.

Sinn's ass clenched as he face fucked Kyler. Saliva pooled in Brian's mouth. He swallowed, the visual of his lover and the powerful Dom pushing him over the edge.

"I don't want to come," he rasped, grunting with each thrust into Kyler. "Not yet." He clenched his jaw to stave off release.

Master Lash growled from the left. He stood, strode to the bed and knelt on the mattress. Desire turned his blue eyes stormy. His full lips pulled into a snarl. With cock in fist, he stroked hard and fast. Three pumps and with a shout, he came. Ribbons of milky cum jetted from his slit and splashed Kyler's stomach and Sinn's ass.

“Fuck.” Every muscle in Sinn’s strong tapered back bunched. His glutes hardened. Tension strained the hard lines of his torso and his arms visibly trembled. “Take it all,” he demanded of Kyler.

Kyler bucked and thrashed on the bed. His cock darkened to a deep purple. His balls strained the cock rings holding them hostage. Master Lash leaned over his lap, snapped the rubber and took Kyler’s cock into his mouth. Lash groaned as he sucked and swallowed.

Kyler roared as his orgasm ripped through his body. His rim locked tight to Brian and he jerked, thrusting his cock into Master Lash’s mouth. Kyler nearly bucked Sinn from his position.

Brian gripped Kyler’s thighs, lifted him slightly and pistoned hard and fast into his ass. Each plunge sent fiery heat streaking along his shaft and into his balls.

Brian let go. Electric current flashed like liquid fire through his body. Hot pulses of cream shot from his cock, filling Kyler’s ass.

Master Lash slowly pulled off Kyler’s cock and greedily licked cum from Master Sinn’s ass.

Sinn shifted to sit beside Kyler. Kyler gasped for breath. His chest rose and fell. Brian slipped his cock from his slick hole. Kyler trembled, his body shivering from his release. Brian gently caressed Kyler’s thighs.

“I thought you were going to watch,” Sinn said to Lash.

“I couldn’t stand seeing you have all the fun.”

Brian unhooked the bar from Kyler's legs and lowered his feet to the bed. Kyler tried to sit, but Brian placed a hand on his sweat-slicked torso. "Not yet." He leaned over him and gently kissed Kyler's lips.

Kyler sighed and lay back on the bed. He fidgeted against the ropes.

"Roll to your side." Kyler did and Sinn carefully loosened the rope and freed his arms.

Kyler flinched with the first movement of his shoulders. Pain tightened his lips and tensed his body. And his cock began to thicken again.

Master Lash grinned as he grabbed his leather pants from the floor next to the chair and stepped into them. "Good thing you found him first. I need a sub who likes a bit of pain with his pleasure."

Brian stared at Kyler, still wearing the hood. *His* sub. But he could share with Sinn and Lash until his training was over. "You'll have him again."

Kyler grinned but quickly tried to mask his pleasure at the words. It was right that he enjoyed the encounter. That was why they were all together.

His pleasure is my pleasure. Brian skimmed his lips over Kyler's belly. "I love you," he said against his flesh.

Master Sinn tugged on his jeans. "Your next lesson will be at the club."

Brian nodded. He couldn't wait. Couldn't wait for both of them to sink deeper into their dark submission.

The End

Demanding
Romance
www.DemandingRomance.com

If you enjoyed **Dark Submission by AJ Hardcourt**, we suggest:

Beg for More

By

AJ Hardcourt

COPYRIGHT 2010 by AJ Hardcourt

www.DemandingRomance.com

Levi rested his long calloused fingers on Ash's bare forearm just below the edge of his rolled shirtsleeves. "It's not a small thing."

Ash's gaze lingered on where Levi's fingers blazed against his skin. His heart pounded. A rush of heat burned through his body and surged into his cock. The moment was still with the exception of Ash's heavy breaths. He slowly lifted his gaze.

"I don't want to make assumptions." Levi's voice quavered.

"I assumed you were married."

"I'm not and never will be." He shifted, sliding his palm onto Ash's thigh.

Ash's cock jumped and swelled. "If you're wondering if I'll lodge a complaint..." A smile tilted his lips. "I'll have to tell you after you kiss me."

Levi groaned, sliding his hand onto Ash's crotch. "I want more than a kiss."

www.DemandingRomance.com

“Your secret is safe with me.”

Levi laughed, low and dirty. “I don’t think my sexual orientation was much of a secret to anyone but you.”

“If I’d known, I’d have thought differently about working after hours.”

“Then you’re interested?”

Ash chuckled. “Fuck, I’ve had a hard-on for you for months.” Ash closed the space between them. “Kiss me.”

Levi groaned and slanted his mouth over Ash’s. His lips were soft, but the fierceness of his kiss took the breath from Ash’s lungs. Light stubble around Levi’s mouth rasped against Ash’s lips. Ash braced one hand on Levi’s hard muscled chest and with his other he cupped Levi’s jaw. He opened his mouth and invited Levi in.

He didn’t think about the consequences to their working relationship, didn’t think about the regrets he might feel in the morning, all that matter was this moment. They shared experiences of how easy life slipped away and how powerful sliding into desire could feel. Ash wanted Levi, wanted to ease the stress in Levi’s life and he wanted to remind him to live. The same way Ash needed reminded.

Tongue slithered along tongue. Ash submitted to the hungry assault of Levi’s demanding mouth. He kissed deeper, moaned and shifted his head again. The frenzied mating of tongues intensified. Ash wedged his hands between them and worked at slipping the buttons open on his shirt. Levi growled, ripped the fabric and banded his arms around Ash’s naked torso.

Fuck, Levi's was everywhere, thrusting his tongue into Ash's mouth as his hands roamed over Ash's body. He pulled him close, claiming him from mouth to groin. Hard cocks pressed against each other.

"I want more." Levi rested his forehead against Ash's and gasped a breath. "Tell me you want more."

"I want more." Ash kissed him again, desperate for more of the drugging taste of Levi's soft lips yet firm insistent mouth. He was breathless yet surging with energy. Heat radiated from his core and sweat trickled along his spine.

Levi palmed Ash's cock, measuring the length and girth through his trousers. "Nice."

COLD STEEL

BY

MORGAN LEE

COPYRIGHT 2010 by Morgan Lee

www.DemandingRomance.com

Just like that he let go and stepped back. His chest rose and fell in rapid succession, the only outward sign of his desire. His hands rose to his waist and in slow motion he unbuckled his belt. His long fingers gripped the buckle and began to slide the leather free of the loops on his jeans then stilled. His eyelids lowered, and for a moment he didn't move.

Fuck, no, please don't change your mind? Parker took a step toward him. "Garret?"

Garret shook his head. "Perhaps another time." He let the belt dangle to finish unbuttoning his fly.

Masochistic anticipation streaked through Parker. Did Garret mean to use the belt on him? As further restriction or to inflict punishment? Another bead of cum seeped from his slit, but with his hands cuffed, he had no way to relieve the need to fist himself and pump.

All thought of self-satisfaction dissolved as Garret peeled his jeans over his hips, taking his linen boxers with them. Garret's cock stretched high above his navel, long and thick with bulging veins threading its length. The mushroomed head raged a purplish red, and the glistening eye opened wide, inviting Parker's tongue.

www.DemandingRomance.com

He dropped to his knees and sat back on his heels, eyelevel with Garret's groin. "I want your cock in my mouth."

The object of his lust bobbed in front of him. Garret palmed his shaft and stroked himself from root to tip. "As much as I'd love to oblige, when I come, it'll be in your ass."

"Just a taste then." Parker looked up and did what he'd never done before. He played sub. "Please."

"Well, when you put it like that..." Garret inched forward, feet planted to the outside of Parker's thighs.

Parker licked his lips, opened his mouth, and covered the crown, his lips forming a tight seal. The heady flavor of musk and semen melted over his taste buds. Swirling his tongue around the head, he lifted his gaze to watch Garret's expression then stabbed at the hole.

Garret's hips jerked and he released his cock to place his hands on either side of Parker's face. His eyes narrowed as he pulled out, his grip preventing Parker from following. "Are you trying to make me come?"

Parker captured the saliva at the corner of his mouth. He wouldn't give up one single drop of this man's essence no matter how miniscule. He wanted it all. "Are you afraid I'll end up fucking *your* ass?"

"All in good time."

“Come on then. Show me some of that control you demonstrate in the field.”

“Keep it up, and I might have to use the belt after all.”

Other titles by AJ Hardcourt
Available from Demanding Romance

Beg For More

Cyber Lies

Extreme Meet

Mutton Hollow Road

Pumping Iron