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IN ARREARS



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In Arrears

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Dedication:

To my Fans: Thank you for your patience.

In Arrears

One

In the heart of Old Town, the sleek black automobile eased down the cobblestone road of the heavily shadowed alleyway. It rolled to a stop before the massive wooden gates to the Entertainment District. The back passenger door behind the driver opened.

With a smile of anticipation, Roth Jaeger stepped out of the car. The long tendrils of his red hair lifted in the rising breeze to caress his bare cheeks. His ruffled white collar fluttered against the black velvet lapels of his aqua and teal long coat, embroidered with roses in gold thread. The long hem of the open coat brushed against his creased charcoal slacks. Dust from the road whispered across his freshly shined black dress shoes.

Roth turned to look up beyond the sharply peaked and deeply shadowed gothic skyline of the aged town. The last rays of sunlight bled along the undersides of the distant clouds. Though he couldn't see it, he knew that behind him on the other side of the tall wooden wall, deep shadows filled the narrow alleyways of the labyrinthine entertainment district. Contemplating the view, he smoothed a hand along his goatee and the trimmed hair lining his jawline.

It was almost time.

The driver's side window rolled down and a young man with flyaway silver-blond hair looked

out. He frowned, his slender brows dropping low over his ash-gray eyes. A jagged scar marked his face from his right eye down to his jaw. "Lieutenant Colonel Jaeger, please tell me that I don't need to pack our gear to flee yet another city?"

Roth turned to smirk at the young man. "Whatever do you mean, First Lieutenant?"

The young First Lieutenant scowled openly. "I mean, sir, do you actually plan on sticking around and paying your bills this time, or are you planning on leaving me behind to clean up your wine, women, and gambling debts *again*?"

Roth smoothed away his smirk and lifted a slender red brow. "You know, you could quit the Company and find gainful employment elsewhere...?" He abruptly winced and snapped his fingers. "Oh, wait, my mistake, you can't." He smiled brightly. "No honest merchant will hire someone with *that* kind of sword scar."

The young man's gaze narrowed into an open glare. "And who put that scar there?" He curled his lip in a snarl. "Sir."

Roth shrugged and looked away. "Not my fault you didn't dodge the practice sword fast enough, Ash."

"I was eleven!"

Roth turned just enough to shoot a corner of the eye glare at the blond youth. "Are you saying I *should* have left you to starve to death in that burned-out town? That I shouldn't have brought you into the company, fed you, clothed you, and taught you how

to be a halfway decent fighter?"

The young man turned away scowling ferociously. "In addition to how to cheat at cards, dice, and mahjong. All while dodging debt collectors in town after town, when you *remembered* to bring me with you." He glared at the windshield. "Sir."

The deep, sonorous bell bonged out from the hilltop church on the other side of the city. The tones echoed long and loud, once, twice, thrice.

Roth looked up at the darkening sky and nodded. *Ah, there...* Day was officially over and night had begun. He turned to face the immense gate and the iron studded plank doors that barred it. "You are dismissed, First Lieutenant."

Behind him, the car's engine started. "You are a total bastard, Jaeger."

Roth nodded. "Comes with the job, Ash."

The two-storey tall doors rattled, clanked, and opened outward.

Roth strode beyond them without hesitation, his blood surging in anticipation.

In the deeply shadowed alleyways, unpainted wooden shutters were pushed back with a rattle to reveal barred windows with frames and lintels of bright scarlet. Cast-iron gates were opened to allow access to brightly painted doors. Strings of lights suspended over doorways and under eaves bloomed to multi-colored life. Tall, slender flags were unfurled to proclaim the names of wine shops, bars, restaurants, gambling dens, smoking shops, and all the other various adult establishments. Lights,

chimes, music, and honey sweet musky incense filled the alleys, calling out to those who sought pleasure in all its many forms.

They called this the Floating World, with denizens as beautiful and ephemeral as butterflies, yet as subtle and poisonous as spiders. It was a world outside of cold reality, a world of dreams—and nightmares. It was a place in between, where gods and demons walked among the mortals that tread its mysterious and ever-changing pathways.

Roth grinned. As far as he was concerned, Floating World was where one ended up after a full night of drinking, gambling, smoking, and sex.

Not that he minded.

He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Black Rose Company that took on the petty and secret wars waged by corporations and countries. His days were spent wielding sword and pistol in vicious battles against men that were little more than animalistic killing machines, or passed out from exhaustion. His nights, however, were spent in the Floating World, the entertainment district found in every city in the world, seeking full-figured company and oblivion.

He loved wine, women, rich and heady tobacco, and gambling, in that order. Unfortunately, Lady Luck was a fickle mistress. She did not often bless him with her presence, and occasionally, he would swear that she'd cursed him. He'd been forced to flee more than one city with heavily-muscled debt collectors dogging his heels.

On the other hand, it didn't take much to lose the

collectors. Few had the speed or stamina to keep up with him. Even fewer had the skill to track his wildly erratic trail through city after city, town after town, and hidden battlefield after hidden battlefield.

Hell, he'd lost his own First Lieutenant more than a few times, even when he *hadn't* meant to leave him behind to pay off, or *work* off, his debts.

What luck he *did* have was due to Mother Nature. He had been blessed with elegant features, clear aqua eyes, and rich red-gold hair that swept in silky waves down to the middle of his back. His occupation gave him a sleekly muscular build and grace in his movements. It also gave him more than a few nasty scars, but the women never seemed to mind.

By day, he wore the gold-trimmed, black long coat of his Company, but at night, he dressed in the height of fashion. He had no interest in drawing the attention of his enemies when he was drinking, or worse – fucking.

However, he refused to go anywhere unarmed. Holstered under his arm was his pride and joy, the Bloody Kiss. The enhanced Colt pistol's grip was carved ebony with silver filigree roses entwined around it. One of the few things he'd actually paid full price for.

Lady luck might only kiss him occasionally, but his appearance guaranteed that he never had any difficulty gaining entrance to the better establishments, or lacked for feminine company of the private or professional persuasion.

In short, he *looked* like he had money, so it was

assumed that he did. He snorted. *Only idiots judge a book by its cover.*

Luckily, the world had a *lot* of idiots.

Several lovely girls and more than a few handsome youths waved to him from the doorways of their establishments.

"Hey, mister, need a drink...?"

"Hi, handsome! Looking for some company...?"

"Come gamble with us here! We guarantee a fair chance!"

Speaking of idiots... He smiled and passed them by. The past month had been a total bitch, physically and mentally, so he was in the mood for some serious relaxation.

According to the keeper of the inn where he'd been staying for the past two days, there was a new high-class brothel in the district. Apparently, in addition to catering to every form of sexual deviation known to man, they offered a bath with professional massage. They also served top-dollar wine with their top-dollar women.

Unfortunately, the innkeeper hadn't been able to provide directions, or the name of the place. Instead, he'd pulled out a small business card that was blank white except for a deep red peony imprinted upon it. "This is the flower on the flag by the door." He handed Roth the card and pointed at it. "Find this flower and you've found the place."

After a full hour of strolling through alley after alley, checking shop flag after shop flag, he found the flower.

The House of the Peony wasn't the first oriental courtesan house, or more accurately, whorehouse he'd seen set up in an old warehouse. However, it definitely wasn't one he remembered ever seeing before. He was pretty sure that when he'd last visited the city three years ago, that warehouse had been occupied by a less than savory gambling den.

The gambling den, or rather the monstrous debt he'd accrued there, had been the reason he'd avoided returning to the city.

He smiled broadly. The courtesan house was a vast improvement. "Good riddance to bad rubbish." He strode for the brass filigree and cut-glass double doors with a bounce in his step.

The man stationed by the doorway wearing a deep blue Chinese tunic embroidered with clouds in silver, stepped into his path and bowed. "May I see your card, sir?"

Roth blinked. *My card...?* He didn't carry introduction cards. His uniform was more than introduction enough. However, he wasn't wearing his uniform. On a whim, he offered the card the innkeeper had given him.

The man took the card with the imprinted flower, examined it, and bowed to him. "Thank you, sir." He turned and opened the door. "Welcome to the House of the Peony." He didn't return the card.

Roth nodded and stepped through the doorway, tossing a gold florin to the man in passing. Lady Luck had been kind to him in the last town he'd visited, for once.

Not surprisingly, the man snatched the coin out of the air, but then he closed the door behind Roth and moved ahead of him, stopping him in the decorative wrought-iron entryway with a bow. He reached to his right to grasp a long dangling rope and tugged it three times.

Roth blinked. "Eh...?"

From somewhere deep in the building came the echoing ring of a bell.

The man smiled and brandished the card Roth had given him between two fingers. "You are a special guest. A bath, a massage, then entertainment, yes?"

Years of cardplaying had perfected his poker face, but that didn't mean he wasn't surprised. Apparently, the card was some kind of coupon. He nodded and smiled. "Of course." He waved his hand. "Lead on."

The man led him down the long hallway where they passed the open doorway to the main room. Soft laughter, refined music, and sweet musky incense filled the air.

Roth peeked in, and his brows lifted. Paintings on cream silk of mountainous vistas and skeins of decoratively folded jewel-toned satin swathed the distant brick walls, disguising them from view. Delicately carved low tables that were polished to a shine were scattered here and there among an ocean of large silk and damask pillows of every color.

Against the far wall on a raised dais, an entire five-piece orchestra played hauntingly sweet music on antique instruments. Two lithe Oriental dancers in sheer robes of scarlet, purple, and violet swayed

around their oversized fans.

The bodyguards seated against the walls and servants carrying food and drink to the patrons, were neat and well groomed. All of them, male and female, had their hair drawn back into neat tails that fell past their shoulders, and wore calf-length, high-necked charcoal gray Chinese tunics over white shirts and dark pants.

Seated on the pillows were some of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. They were arrayed like exotic butterflies, in layer after layer of exquisitely fine silk robes held closed with immense sashes that were bow-tied before them. Their long flowing hair of midnight, russet, golden blond, and fiery red were professionally looped and whorled around hair pins of teak, glass, and ebony with dangling jewels that flashed in the low light.

The small handful of male patrons seated among the women were well groomed, well dressed, and appeared to be well behaved, too.

"This way, sir."

Roth left the open doorway and followed the man down the long polished hallway, through a set of double doors, and down yet another hallway that was lined with windows on one side. They overlooked a contained open-air garden complete with tiny pond and a small maple tree.

At the end of the hallway was a pair of frosted glass doors and two pretty, buxom, and barefoot girls dressed in very short white tunics. They bowed. The tails of their long black hair fell over their shoulders

and nearly swept the floor. They straightened with bright smiles and spoke in unison. "Your bath is ready, sir!"

Roth blinked. The girls were clearly adults, but they were short. The tops of their heads only came up to his chin. Just the way he liked them.

Roth's guide bowed. "Enjoy, sir." He turned and strode back up the hallway.

Roth grinned at the girls and held out his arms. "I am at your mercy!"

Giggling, they grabbed onto his elbows and drew him through the doors.

The bathing room beyond the doors was expansive with windows set high on the distant brick walls. Tall wooden privacy partitions painted with blood red peonies separated the four huge round stone tubs sunk into the floor. Only the last one on the left was filled with steaming hot water.

Apparently, he was the only one in the baths.

The girls brought him into the partitioned room and their deft fingers removed his coat and shoes. Without even the slightest of hesitations, the gun belt around his waist was unfastened, neatly rolled around the pistol, and set it aside. They made no effort to hide their actions, or the gun.

Roth eyed the gun. It was a little out of reach, but a long stretch would put it back in his hands. Truthfully though, he didn't feel all that threatened by its loss. The girls were less than a threat. A flick of the hand would take both down at once.

Continuing in their work, the girls folded his

clothes neatly and set them on a stool by the entrance with his shoes tucked under it. On the very top, they set his neatly folded gun belt, the pistol gleaming under the light.

He was pushed to sit bare-assed naked on a low wooden stool.

Both girls dipped low buckets into the steaming bath water and returned. Facing him and smiling brightly, they unfastened the ties to their tunics, revealing that neither one wore a stitch of clothing underneath.

Roth smiled. *Welcome to Heaven...!*

Grinning, the two girls launched themselves at him armed with soft brushes, nubby cloths, and lots of soap.

Roth submitted to their ministrations with good grace, allowing them to scrub him from his individual fingers and toes to the full breadth of his chest and back. He even stood when asked.

To his immense pleasure, one knelt before him and began to hand-cleanse his privates, while the other knelt behind him to clean his buttocks. Gentle fingers massaging his cock and balls while behind him, a slippery set of fingers slid between his butt-cheeks and slid down to brush the back of his balls.

The slow burn of excitement spiraled through him to settle deep and low, bringing his cock to attention. He parted his thighs to give them better access. A soft groan escaped him.

The finger behind him slid up and pressed against the bud of his anus.

Roth stiffened. *What the...?*

Before him, fingers closed snugly around his cock and began to stroke.

Behind him, the finger against his anus didn't move, but other fingers closed around his balls and gently squeezed.

Pleasure spiked. Roth gasped, his attention divided.

The girl kneeling before him smiled widely, tightened her grip on his cock, and pumped with enthusiasm.

The urgent filling of his cock forced his attention to the girl kneeling before him. Roth sucked in a gasping breath. It appeared that he was going to be jacked off before he even entered the bath.

Abruptly, a slippery finger slid deep into his ass, twisted then curled up to press something fiercely, electrically, pleasurable.

He choked in shock, the sheer intensity of the sensation blanking his mind for an entire heartbeat. His cock swelled violently fast, pulsed, and spat out a small amount of cum. "Shit!" His knees wobbled. He grabbed onto the shoulders of the girl in front of him to keep from falling over. He turned to look over his shoulder at the girl behind him. Whatever she had done had triggered a small orgasm.

She looked at him with wide eyes, her head tilted slightly to the side, then smiled.

Roth stepped to the side, away from both of them, and put up his hands. "That's enough cleaning for now!" He grabbed one of the water buckets and

upended it over himself to rinse off the last of the soap.

The girls rushed to their feet, cooing anxiously.

Roth bolted for the tub and heaved himself over the edge and into the waist-deep steaming water. It wasn't hot enough to scald, but the heat penetrated deep into his sore thigh and lower back muscles.

His head went light from raw animal pleasure. He stumbled backward to the far side of the tub and the back of his knees knocked against the underwater bench. He collapsed down onto the seat, submerging to his neck. Heat burrowed into the muscles of his belly, back, and chest, scattering his thoughts even further. He groaned deep and long, his head falling back against the rounded edge of the tub.

He blinked to find himself looking up into the upside-down face of one of his smiling attendants. He was still in the tub, but his head was tilted back and resting on her folded knees while her fingers gently washed his hair.

He frowned up at her, slightly confused. He couldn't remember when she'd begun washing his hair at all. Had he passed out briefly? He shifted his arms under him to push away and found that he didn't quite have the strength. His muscles were so relaxed, that it was almost too difficult to lift his hand from the water. "Crap..."

A shadow fell over him and a deep, masculine voice spoke softly. "Are you enjoying your bath, Jaeger?"

~ * ~

Two

What...? Alarmed, Roth looked further up, beyond the girl's shoulder.

His gaze was met by the pitch-black eyes of a starkly handsome man with high cheekbones, a strong, clean-shaven jawline, and full, mobile lips. Long, pin-straight, black hair fell loose over the shoulders of his voluminous black robe to drape at his waist.

Roth frowned. *How does this guy know me?* He'd never seen him before in his life. "Who...?"

The man smiled, his black brows winging up. "I am Fox, your trainer."

Roth's frown deepened. "What?" He had no idea what the hell was going on, but he was not sticking around to find out! He shoved against the bench to tip forward and get up, but his arms held no strength; nor did his neck. He couldn't even lift his head from the girl's lap. His muscles wouldn't obey him. He tried again, and again...

Ignoring his efforts, the girl chuckled softly, lifted the bucket by her side, and began gently rinsing the soap from his hair.

Fox knelt beside her and smiled down at Roth. "I'm afraid the muscle relaxants are well into your bloodstream. The heat of the bath made the drug even

more effective."

Roth's eyes widened. "Drugged...? When...? How...?"

Fox reached out to brush his hand over the head of the other girl. "The drug was in the suppository this little angel shoved into your ass."

So that was it...! Roth clenched his jaw. "What do you want from me?"

Fox's smile broadened, showing white teeth with slightly overlong incisors. "Only what you owe, Jaeger, which should take about five days of your time."

Roth's eyes widened. "Five days?"

Fox nodded. "Once you've been properly trained, it should take you that long, more or less, to earn back every sovereign you owe."

Roth bared his teeth. "Owe to who? Just who the hell are you?"

Fox tilted his head and folded his arms across his chest. "I work for a collection agency. My clients are..." He listed five major gambling houses in five different cities, including the one that once occupied the building he was in. "And this is the combined amount we intend to gain from you..."

Roth tried to shake his head, but his body still wasn't obeying him. "There's no way in hell I can pay all that back in five days!"

Fox's smile didn't waver. "Did you know that the peony flower symbolizes shame?"

Roth stared. "What?"

Fox pulled a chord from within each of his sleeves.

"Now then..." With practiced ease, he crossed the ends behind him, pulling both long sleeves up to his armpits. He then looped the ends over his shoulders, pulled them behind him, and tied the ends together. "Let's get you out of that bath and properly shaved."

"Shaved! I *like* my goatee, thank you very much!"

Fox crouched down, grabbed Roth under the arms, and hauled the soaking wet man out of the water with disgusting ease. "I was not referring to your face." He turned away from the bath holding the dripping wet Roth suspended by the upper arms. "Ladies?"

Both girls came forward dressed in their short tunics and carrying towels. They ruthlessly scrubbed Roth dry.

Roth struggled to stand, but his legs refused to work. "Damn it!" Dangling like a rag doll in Fox's hands, he suddenly realized that Fox was a full head taller than he was, and very strong – too strong for his slender build. However, Roth didn't sense anything dark or twisted about Fox. He seemed almost...elegant. He didn't have the aggressive sharpness of movement that would have marked him as military, as a trained killer. There was no trace of steel or gunpowder in his scent either. He smelled of sandalwood soap and simple sweat. He smelled *civilian*.

Roth groaned in self-disgust. He, one of the most deadly Lieutenant Colonels in the Black Rose Company, a man who led companies of men capable of leveling whole cities, had been captured and subdued by ordinary *civilians*.

And the man intended to *shave* him? "If not my face, then what the hell *are* you shaving?"

Fox leaned close to Roth's ear. "Your body hair, of course; your legs, underarms, pubic hair..."

"My *what*...?" Roth was able to twist his head just enough to aim a sideways glare at the smug bastard holding him up by the arms like a toddler. "Damn it, Fox, I'm not a girl!"

The two girls giggled and began working a simple white terry-cloth bathrobe onto Roth's limp body. They didn't tie it closed.

"Thank you, ladies." Fox turned Roth to face him then crouched to grab Roth about the waist.

Roth couldn't stop himself from falling forward over Fox's shoulder like a limp rag. He couldn't even lift a hand to brush his long hair from his eyes. "Damn it..."

Fox closed his arms around Roth's thighs and stood. "No, you are not female." He strode out of the partitioned bath area with the man draped over his shoulder. "But this does not change the fact that for the next five days, you will be an extremely expensive courtesan."

Roth's mouth fell open. "A...WHAT!? No fucking way! I am not gonna be some damned whore!"

Fox snorted, but there was no humor in the sound. "You are not being given a choice." His steps were steady and sure, as though the sleekly muscled Black Rose Company Lieutenant Colonel weighed nothing. "This time, you *will* pay back your debts, Jaeger."

Grinding his teeth, Roth stared at the gun, still on

its stool getting further and further away. The bastard had a point about not having a choice. He couldn't move a goddamned finger, at least until the drug wore off. "Isn't there *anything* else I can do?"

"Courtesan work is the most effective and the least time-consuming."

The two girls dashed past him. Somewhere in front of them, a door opened.

Roth tried to struggle but his body simply refused to cooperate. "Bastard! You can't do this to me!"

Fox sighed. "You did this to yourself, Jaeger."

Roth struggled to regain control over his body, to escape, with all his will, but his muscles refused to obey. The doors closed behind him, shutting away the last glimpse of his beloved pistol sitting innocently on its stool along with his clothes.

He was so fucked.

* * * * *

In a small upstairs room with plain unpainted wooden walls, one door, and no windows, Fox crouched to lay Roth out on a white cotton sheet spread out on the polished plank floor.

Roth blinked up at Fox's face, his first chance to see it straight on, and had to forcibly close his mouth. The man was fucking gorgeous. *For a guy*. He had very fine features with up-slanted black eyes under dark winging brows, strongly defined cheekbones, and a jaw line that wasn't too square or too broad. Even his nose was well made. His lips however, belonged on a

woman. They were entirely too full, especially that bottom one.

Fox leaned over Roth and spread Roth's bathrobe wide. His black gaze focused on Roth's face then traveled down his displayed body clearly assessing what he saw. He brushed a finger along one of the jagged scars that decorated Roth's chest and belly.

Roth shoved his pride aside and cleared his throat. "I'm all scarred up. No one is going to want to pay for a body like mine."

Fox looked into Roth's eyes and smiled. "On the contrary, the scars prove how powerful and deadly you truly are."

Roth felt the oddest coiling of...gratification from Fox's words.

Fox's smile broadened to reveal his slightly overlong incisors. "Do you have any idea how many men would love to fuck a man they know is capable of killing them?"

"What?" Roth's eyes widened. "M—men...?"

Fox's black brow lifted. "You didn't honestly think you'd be servicing women?"

Roth slid his gaze to the side. "I have before." A number of wealthy widowers and more than a few married women whose husbands were...otherwise occupied, had showered him with money, in trade for his bedroom skills.

Fox snorted. "Privately, I'm sure." He walked around to Roth's feet. "Women do not frequent brothels, unless they are looking for work." He casually pushed Roth's legs apart then stepped over

his leg to stand between them. His gaze focused quite obviously on Roth's genital area. "A natural redhead. Nice."

Roth felt heat filling his cheeks and closed his eyes. *Damn it, why am I blushing?* Women had commented on his hair color for years. What was it about this guy that had him acting like such a nervous little virgin?

One of the girls brought over a large sitting pillow.

The other girl set a basin of steaming water by Roth's knee and a cup nearly overflowing with foam. A stubby wooden handle stuck out of it.

Roth swallowed. He knew shaving soap when he saw it.

Fox set the pillow between Roth's thighs. With a whisper of fabric, he sat cross-legged on the pillow, his knees pushing Roth's upper thighs further apart. He reached into his sleeve, and pulled out a cloth-wrapped bundle as long as his forearm beside the bowl. He unrolled the bundle to reveal long slender needles and the ivory handle of a folding knife. "Please remain calm." He lifted the ivory handle. "I assure you, I am quite skilled." A flick of his wrist exposed the gleaming blade of a straight razor. "You have been blessed with very little body hair. This will not take long."

Roth eyed the razor. "Gee, thanks."

Without the slightest hesitation, Fox lifted Roth's flaccid dick, applied the soap, and began scraping the razor across his flesh, denuding him of his short and curlies with swift, smooth strokes, even around his balls.

Roth swallowed. The man was definitely a pro.

The girls lifted one of Roth's legs.

Fox soaped up the leg and shaved it clean from thigh to toe. The leg was set down and the other was lifted, and shaved. The underarm area took mere seconds. His sparse chest and belly hair did take a bit more time, but not much.

Fox cleaned off the last of the soap with a warm, wet cloth, then wiped his razor, folded it, and set it back down. He smiled. "Now then, only a few more small matters to attend to, and we can begin your training."

Roth was not at all comfortable with the breeze caressing his freshly denuded...parts. Embarrassment warmed his cheeks and triggered his temper. "This drug will wear off sooner or later, and when it does, you sadistic bastard, I am going to kick your ass from here to the sea!"

Fox nodded. "You are correct. The drug will wear off in about twenty minutes." He lifted one of the long gleaming needles. "And so other means must be used to ensure your submission."

Roth eyed the needle. "Is that some sort of acupuncture needle?"

Fox smiled. "Indeed it is."

The girls shoved Roth over onto his belly and tugged the bathrobe off of him.

Roth gasped. "What the fuck are you doing now, you bastard?"

Fox leaned over his back. "I am shutting off that foul mouth of yours."

Roth felt something prick the back of his neck. The prick became a wiggle then a burn. "Ow... Fu-!" His voice cut off before he could finish the word. Shocked, he gasped in a breath and tried again. He couldn't make a sound above a whisper. His vocal chords wouldn't work. His voice was gone.

Fox sighed. "Much better." He leaned over Roth, his palm sliding up Roth's back, and spoke softly into his ear. "Don't worry, I will return your voice, once you have paid off your debt in full." He leaned back.

Roth felt a prick in the back of his ankle right next to the tendon. *Shit! What is that bastard doing now?* There was a wiggle and a burn that faded.

Between his legs, Fox shifted. Another prick stabbed into his other ankle, a wiggle, and then a burn. "Just so you know I've deadened the portion of your Achilles tendons that controls your feet. You can use your legs to sit any way you like, but I'm afraid that standing or walking is now impossible for you."

Roth's heart hammered in his chest. *The son of a bitch crippled me!* He opened his mouth to shout out every expletive he could think off, but all that escaped his throat were whispers.

Fox rolled to his feet and knelt at Roth's shoulder. There were two needles in his hand. He chuckled. "Well, you aren't completely silent, but whispers are easily muffled." He lifted Roth's arm and set it so that it laid alongside him palm up. He lifted a needle and inserted it in Roth's wrist, just below the heel of his hand. Wiggle, burn... He pulled the needle free, stepped over Roth's back, and did the same to his

other wrist. "Done." He stood and walked back toward Roth's feet.

What the fuck did he just do? Roth succeeded in pulling his arms back up and tried to fist his hands to sit up. His fingers would not close enough to make contact. He stared at them in shock. *My hands...!* There was no way in hell he could shoot a gun or use a sword like this!

"As you've probably guessed, not only has your voice been cut down to a whisper, but neither your feet nor your fingers function, though you still have use of your palms. Without your feet, you cannot walk. Without your fingers, you cannot feed yourself, wash yourself, or dress yourself. Nor can you shout for help. You are in effect, completely helpless."

Roth huffed for breath, his heart slamming in his chest. A wind he couldn't feel rushed in his ears. *If even one of my enemies finds me like this, I'm a dead man.*

Fox patted his ass. "If you are worried about being discovered by your enemies, I assure you, that you are safe here. There are among us quite a few individuals fully capable of taking on any enemy that might discover you."

Roth sucked in a breath. How the hell would these *civilians* be able to protect him from any one of the highly trained killers that would be interested in taking his head?

Fox snorted. "I can practically read the thoughts from your expressions." He stepped up to Roth's head and squatted down to peer into his eyes. "Among all your petty little wars, did you never

consider that some of us walking among you might not be human at all?"

Roth frowned and whispered. "Not...human?" Was this some kind of a joke?

Fox smiled broadly enough to reveal that both his upper and lower canines were over-long. The man had actual fangs. He lowered his head and pressed his finger to his eye. He gave a soft grunt and lowered his hand. In his palm was a dark brown contact. He lifted his gaze to Roth, revealing one golden eye with an elongated pupil. He turned his head and used a finger to brush back a lock of his long black hair. A large black-furred triangular ear unfolded from the side of his head.

Fox was definitely *not* human.

Eyes wide, Roth stared at Fox and whispered. "What are you?"

Fox folded his ear back down, concealing it under his hair, then replaced his contact. "The simplest and most accurate description of what I am would be a fox that learned to assume human form." He winked at Roth with a human-looking black eye. "If you want to know any more, then I suggest you visit a library."

Roth frowned. A fox that could take human form? That actually sounded familiar.

Fox stepped over Roth's thigh and seated himself between Roth's legs once more. "Now then, let's get you properly cleaned and prepared."

Cleaned? But he'd just had a bath...? Roth turned his head to look back at Fox then jolted in surprise. He could actually turn his head. The drug was finally

wearing off.

One of the girls offered Fox a long-necked clear plastic squeeze bottle filled with a thick golden liquid. The other girl set what appeared to be a hospital bedpan by Roth's knee.

Roth frowned and whispered. "What the hell is that?"

Fox smiled. "The oil has been warmed to slightly higher than body temperature, so it will not shock your bowels." He gripped one cheek of Roth's ass and lowered the rounded nose of the bottle.

Roth suddenly knew exactly what it was. His heart stuttered in his chest and his eyes opened wide. "That's an—?"

Fox pressed the narrow opening against Roth's anus. "Yes, this is exactly what you think it is." He slid it into Roth's body.

There was only the slightest of aches from the bottle's neck, and the warmth of the oil surging into him wasn't unpleasant, but the humiliation pouring through Roth made him shudder all the way up his spine. He looked away and closed his eyes. He *loathed* enemas. Always had. Always would.

Fox pulled the emptied bottle free and handed it to one of the kneeling girls. "Oil is far more effective than water, so this will not take long at all." He rose from his pillow to walk over toward Roth's head. "Prepare yourself." He grabbed Roth under the arms and lifted him then slid his arms around Roth's chest to hold him heart to heart. His lips brushed Roth's ear. "You should be able to move your legs

enough to kneel." He lowered himself to one knee.

Roth struggled and discovered that he could move his legs enough to get his knees under him, but it was exhausting.

Fox lowered Roth down onto his folded knees until his butt made contact with the sheet covering the floor.

Roth felt the cold metal and porcelain bedpan slide into place. Humiliation seared through him. He closed his eyes and pressed his burning face into Fox's hair. If he'd still had a voice, he would have moaned. He *hated* that he couldn't do anything to stop this from happening.

Fox swept his hand down Roth's hair and murmured against his ear. "This is a necessary evil, but it will be over soon."

Roth sucked in a breath and whispered by Fox's ear. "I fucking hate you."

Fox chuckled. "I'm sure you do."

Gravity took its toll, and his humiliation multiplied. Roth wrapped his arms around Fox's back, but his fingers wouldn't close enough to hold on. He panted against the man's throat, glad that his absent voice hid the whimpers his body tried to utter.

Then they gave him another one.

The cleanup was even worse.

After an eternity of unbearable shame, Fox lifted Roth into his arms and carried him out of the small room.

Curled against Fox's chest, Roth felt a strong sense of...disconnection, as though he was locked in a

dream. Though he couldn't help but note that the man carrying him like a child was freakishly strong.

Oh, wait... He's not a man.

"Not human at all..."

Impossible...! Roth had traveled the entire world, yet had never run across anyone even remotely like Fox. People like Fox just didn't exist, and such...happenings couldn't normally happen — not to him! It *had* to be a dream. *Or a nightmare.*

But the oily ache in his rear and the tingle along his hairless legs felt far too real.

~ * ~

Three

Roth snapped out of his daze to discover that he was kneeling on a round futon mattress spread out on the floorboards in the middle of a room he didn't remember entering. He glanced about in surprise. All the way around the futon he knelt upon were free-standing paper and bamboo folding blinds painted with scarlet peonies. Above him, dangling from the distant ceiling, was a large cream and gold round paper lantern hung with scarlet tassels.

He looked down to see that he was dressed in a sheer gold cotton robe that had been folded and tied over an equally sheer red robe. The layered skirts spilled neatly around him, only barely covering his privates. He didn't remember donning it. Hell, he didn't even remember kneeling.

Fox spoke next to his ear. "Finally aware, are you?"

Roth froze, his shoulders stiffening. Fox was kneeling right behind him. He forced himself to relax and whispered. "What now, Fox?"

"This..." Fox's hands lowered over Roth's head. Between them, he held a broad band of black fabric. He pulled it back sharply, bringing it against Roth's throat right across his Adam's apple. "To still even your whispers." He pulled it snug.

Roth coughed, then gasped. It was so tight it was

actually difficult to breathe. Alarmed, he reached up with both hands to pull it free, but his fingers refused to work at all. He tried to use the heels of his hands to push it off.

Fox casually pushed Roth's hands away, then shoved Roth's long red hair forward over his shoulder. "You cannot free yourself, so you may as well stop trying." He tied the cloth in a bow at the back of Roth's neck. "And one more." Fox's hands came over Roth's head with another band of black cloth. "To steal your vision." He pulled it taut across Roth's eyes.

No! Roth lunged forward, shaking his head to escape it. He was already helpless; he did *not* want to be blinded too! He fell forward. His hands refused to support him, so he landed on his forearms.

Fox straddled Roth's body, pinning him in place. He ruthlessly yanked Roth's head up by the hair, then pinned his head between his knees. "Your willfulness will not get you anything but punishment." He placed the band firmly across Roth's eyes and tied it tight.

Roth hissed in a sharp breath and pawed at the blindfold with his ineffective hands. *Goddamned son of a bitch!*

Fox grabbed Roth by the upper arms and jerked him back up onto his knees. "And just so you don't get any ideas about crawling away..." He grabbed Roth's left foot.

Roth heard the distinct sound of a chain, then felt something cold, hard, and metallic close around his

left ankle. There was a click. Alarmed, he twisted around.

Fox grabbed Roth's hair and pulled him up, then back against him.

Roth winced, absently noting that his back was touching bare skin. Fox must have removed his robes, though he still seemed to be wearing the long flowing pants.

With his lips close to Roth's ear, he growled low and liquid, as only a true beast could. "The chain attached to your ankle is bolted into the floor, and only I have the key."

No escape...! Cold and blinding panic surged through him, making his heart slam up into his throat and the blood surge in his ears. He threw out his arms and struggled to his feet, fighting blindly to get free. His feet wouldn't allow him to stand and he tripped. His hands wouldn't work to stop his fall. His mouth opened to shout out his panic, but nothing more than gasps escaped his throat.

From behind, Fox wrapped his arms around Roth's chest, stopping his tumble and pinning his arms to his sides. "Calm yourself." He pulled Roth back between his spread knees, practically onto his lap, and spoke against his ear. "I told you, your enemies will not find you here." He pressed his right hand against Roth's brow, pulling his head back to rest against his throat. "I swear that I will protect you and care for you. You will never be out of my sight for even a moment."

His heart calmed, the rushing sound leaving his ears. Somehow, he had absolutely no doubt that Fox

meant everything he said. The strange fox that walked as a man would not leave him alone and defenseless. Suddenly, it was easier to breathe. Fox's masculine scent of sandalwood and something else, something...wild, filled Roth's nostrils.

Fox sighed. "Much better." He pressed his palm against Roth's temple, urging Roth to turn to face him. Fox's breath blew against Roth's open mouth and then the feather-light caress of lips touched him.

Roth jerked, startled. *He's not going to...?*

Holding Roth's head in place, Fox pressed his mouth fully and firmly against Roth's and his tongue swept along Roth's lips.

Roth gasped in surprise. *He's kissing me?*

Fox's tongue surged past Roth's parted lips to slide against his tongue.

Roth answered with a push of his tongue, determined to drive the invader back out.

Fox retaliated by sucking Roth's tongue into his mouth, clamping his lips down and then suckling.

The tingling sensation from having his tongue suckled was stunning. It literally ran down his throat and made him shiver to the base of his spine. He would have moaned if he'd still had possession of his voice. Roth had been kissed expertly before, but Fox... God...! The man's kiss was actually threatening to make him hard.

Fox released Roth's tongue to nip at his lips. "Without your voice, you must use your body to tell me what you want."

Roth frowned. What he wanted...?

Fox's lips trailed down his jaw to nibble and lick his throat. "While you are here, your purpose is to give and receive pleasure. Nothing more."

Roth's inability to see closed his entire focus down to the tingles created by Fox's mouth and tongue. Excitement surged, making his chest tight. He was forced to take deeper breaths, fighting the band around his throat for air. His thoughts began to scatter. He absently noted that his light-headedness was probably due to slight oxygen deprivation. However, the thought wasn't enough of a distraction from the fact that Fox was clearly an expert with that mouth of his. He tilted his neck to the side to let Fox's lips rove where they would.

Fox bit down on the long muscle on the side of Roth's throat and rolled it between his teeth.

Roth shuddered, his mouth opening on a soundless moan. *Damn...*

Fox's long fingers slid down into the neck of Roth's robe to caress his bare chest. He brushed against Roth's nipple, then grasped the small nub and tugged.

Lightning bolts of raw pleasure streaked straight down to make Roth's dick jump, then pulse and fill. Excitement became urgency. Roth shuddered and gasped for more air. He was getting hard, really hard, really fast.

Fox bit his way down the side of Roth's throat. At the same time, his hands slid down to the tie holding Roth's robes closed. He tugged the knot loose, then used both hands to caress Roth's chest and

abdominals, making the muscles jump.

The faintest whisper of air let Roth know that his robes had been spread wide open, not that it really mattered. The man had already seen him fully naked. He felt something hard poking against his lower back. Was that Fox's...erection? The idea that Fox was getting excited from touching him sent the oddest thrill through him. He couldn't stop himself from arching upward, into Fox's expert hands. His cock filled to full throbbing erection.

Someone released a deep appreciative sigh directly in front of him.

Roth jerked violently out of his sensual daze, his body going entirely rigid in alarm. His head turned to pinpoint the intruder despite his inability to see, his nostrils flaring, scenting the air. Someone... No, *several* men were right in front of him. Battle-honed instincts urged him to bare his teeth in a snarl and lunge to his feet to strike.

Fox threw his arm around Roth's chest, his other arm going around his throat, stopping him through sheer brute force.

Roth choked and struggled, anger and panic surging through him. He pawed at Fox's restraining arm with fingers that refused to work. His feet were unable to find purchase on the floor.

"Calm down." Fox pulled Roth's head back against his shoulder and his arm tightened, cutting off a bit more of his air. "Yes, we have an audience."

Roth gasped for breath. *An audience...?*

"Five extremely wealthy patrons." He chuckled

softly. "You've frightened them, you know."

That actually made Roth feel somewhat better.

"They barely dare to breathe in your presence."

Fox brushed his lips against Roth's temple. "Even though they know you cannot walk." Fox's hand slid from his throat up to cup Roth's jaw, tilting his head back. "Even though they know you cannot grasp them in your hands." Fox's lips brushed against Roth's throat and traveled downward, leaving shivers in their wake. "Even though you have been chained." His voice dropped to the softest of whispers. "They fear you."

Despite the fact that he was being watched, Roth found it hard to pay attention to anything but the words coming from Fox's burning mouth and wicked tongue. His pounding heart eased. His tense muscles unwound. His cock began to pulse with renewed interest.

"You are a tiger restrained behind bars, but still deadly, and so beautiful." Fox's restraining arm loosened to sweep his palm across Roth's chest. "Fire and molten steel." Fox's palm moved down his belly. "They don't dare touch you, but they *want* to." His hand pressed against the inside of Roth's right thigh, pushing the leg wider. "They want to feel your strength." His hand moved back up Roth's thigh, his fingers brushing against Roth's balls.

Roth's belly clenched, startled by the sensation.

"They want to hold your power." Fox fisted the base of Roth's cock and pulled, delivering one slow, firm stroke all the way to the head. His thumb rubbed

across the crown, smearing the seeping moisture. He slid back down then up then over, rubbing with his thumb.

Roth's cock pulsed in both delight and shock. *Fuck...he's good.* His head fell back, his mouth open on a soundless moan. *Damn it, I shouldn't be enjoying this!* He'd never let any man touch him before, though he'd had plenty of offers, but under the current circumstances...? *It's not like I can stop him.*

Fox whispered against his ear. "Your lust is exciting them."

Roth suddenly noticed the sound of heavy breathing coming from several sources right in front of him. The slight scent of sweat and musk drifted on the air. His audience *was* getting excited. Embarrassment clashed with a strange sense of pride.

Fox took hold of Roth's hand to pull it behind Roth's back and between their bodies. His fingers laced through Roth's. Trapped by Fox's hand, Roth's fingers slid down Fox's muscular belly. "You are exciting *me*." Fox's fingers curled around Roth's hand, trapping his fingers around something hot, and hard yet silky smooth.

Roth stiffened. His fingers were curled around Fox's very hard and very *thick* dick. His hand was drawn upward, then back down to the base. *Crap, it's longer than mine!*

He encouraged Roth's hand on his cock to close a little tighter, and stroked a little faster. He used his other hand to pinch Roth's nipple.

A bolt of electric lust burned from Roth's nipple to

his weeping dick. He gasped. Roth's palm was pushed lower to massage Fox's balls. Fox was hairless, shaved clean just as he had been.

Fox groaned in Roth's ear. "Is it safe to assume that you've never been taken by a man before?"

Roth swallowed. *Shit...* He nodded.

Fox removed his hand from Roth's chest and slid it up into Roth's long red hair. He leaned close to whispered against his ear. "I'm pleased—" His other hand released Roth's fingers to grasp his wrist. "—To be the first man that gets to fuck you." He fisted his hand in Roth's hair and pushed him forward while pulling Roth's wrist up against the small of his back.

Roth gasped and threw his free hand out to save his face. He landed on his forearms up on his knees with his butt in the air. Instinctively, he twisted to roll away.

Fox jerked Roth's wrist up nearly to his shoulder blades. "Hold still."

Roth winced and held still. He didn't want his shoulder dislocated.

Fox released Roth's hair to jerk Roth's sheer robes hard enough to rip them. The sound of tearing fabric was shocking, and thrilling. Fox tossed the rags away and ruthlessly kneed Roth's thighs wider.

Cool air brushed against his raised ass. Roth panted for breath, his entire body trembling. He couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He had been rendered incapable of even the slightest hope of escape. He could only wait for the inevitable. His mind spun from apprehension and lack of oxygen

because there was no way in hell it could be...anticipation?

The soft sound of squirting liquid reached his ears. An oily finger circled Roth's anus.

He flinched and winced. *Crap...* This was it.

The finger stopped circling and pressed against the puckered opening. "To cause the least amount of discomfort, push out against me."

Humiliation burned his face. Roth turned his cheek to the futon mattress he knelt upon and bit down on his bottom lip. He *didn't* want to do this.

The pressure increased. "If you choose to disobey, you will only bring yourself pain." The finger against his anus wiggled its way past the tight ring of muscle and moved inward.

His body ached in intimate protest. Roth stiffened and ground his teeth. He had an extremely high tolerance for pain, but this was different. This was...personal. *Goddamn it...!* Out of sheer self-defense, he pushed out. His body opened and swallowed the finger all the way to the knuckle. He groaned in humiliation, but it left his mouth as barely a sigh. Suddenly he was very grateful for his lack of voice.

"Good boy." Fox slowly pressed a second finger into him. "You're still fairly lax from your cleansing, so full penetration should not prove too terribly uncomfortable." He turned his entire hand until his fingers curled upward, and stroked. His fingertips brushed against something.

Pleasure jolted through Roth. He jumped, his

mouth falling open in astonishment. *Holy fuck!* His cock swelled to aching hardness.

"Oh yes..." Fox hummed in obvious pleasure. "I have you now." He stabbed both fingers into that spot.

A flare of electrically charged and brutally intense pleasure seared Roth all the way up his spine. His entire body jolted hard and his mouth opened on a soundless shout. His swollen cock pulsed and spat out a dab of cum. He blinked in shock behind his blindfold. The son of a bitch damned near made him cum! What the hell was he messing with?

Fox slid his fingers back and forth across that spot, applying slow but strong pressure.

The intense but incredibly delicious sensations raised the small hairs all over his body. Cum dripped from his cock in long strings. Roth couldn't stop his body from writhing, pressing against Fox's fingers. Just a little bit more and he'd cum...

Fox chuckled softly. "You definitely have a taste for this kind of pleasure." He pulled his fingers free.

Roth damned near shouted for Fox to put his fingers right the fuck back. His cock was agonizingly hard, it throbbed in time with his heart, and his balls were so tight they felt like they were going to explode. He *needed* to cum, damn it!

"Sit up." Behind him, Fox's voice was crisp and hard.

Roth ground his teeth. *What is he up to now?* He couldn't use his fingers, but his palms worked well enough to push himself upright into a kneeling

position.

“Do you wish to cum?”

Roth turned his ear toward Fox, bared his teeth, and hissed through them. Of course he wanted to cum!

“Then move back, straddle me, and take my cock into your body.”

Roth froze, every muscle utterly rigid. *He expects me to...?*

Fox chuckled. “You cannot use your hands to masturbate to climax. Your only option is to mount my cock.” The distinct sound of squirting liquid carried to Roth’s ear. It was followed by a subtle slapping sound of wet flesh moving along wet flesh.

Roth’s mouth went dry. Fox was greasing his dick.

Fox leaned closer. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you’re satisfied.”

Roth remained frozen, his cock throbbing in time to his heartbeat.

~ * ~

Four

Soft whispers came from the audience in front of Roth. "Look, he's so ready to cum, he's dripping."

"Hell, I'd let the guy fuck *me*. He's more beautiful than any woman I've ever seen."

"No shit, me too!"

Roth turned his ear toward Fox. The man *was* beautiful, and very good with his mouth...and hands. He licked his dry lips. He was probably good with the rest too.

And there *were* worse options—such as an auction. He hadn't participated, but he'd witnessed more than one where a virgin was the prize. He'd stayed after the winner took off with his prize only once. The screams still haunted him.

Suddenly, being fucked by an expert didn't seem all that bad a deal.

Fox's voice rumbled out on a growl. "Would you rather I took you by force?"

By *force*? Roth stiffened. That would hurt like hell, not to mention probably rip him wide open. He shook his head. *Hell no!*

"Very well then..." Fox's deep, rich voice purred behind him. "Come to me."

Roth blew out a nervous sigh, put his hands down on the futon mattress and started crawling

backwards.

Fox's hands made contact with Roth's calves. "Spread your legs wider, and come up on your knees."

Roth came up on his knees and let Fox's hands guide him until he moved past Fox's crossed legs and hovered over his lap.

The watching audience was dead silent.

Fox curled his arm around Roth's hips. "Sit, slowly."

Roth dropped his head, shielding his face behind his hair. *Am I really gonna do this?* Did he have a choice? The only other option—*rape*—might save his pride, but he really didn't like the idea of that much pain *there*. He took a deep breath and bent his knees to sit.

Something hot, hard, slippery, and *thick* bumped into the crack of his ass, then moved to center on his anus.

He froze.

Fox's arm tightened around his hips and pressed downward. "Push out, just like you did before."

Somehow, having Fox's arm around him was actually comforting. Roth took a breath and pushed. The hot crown of Fox's cock nudged, pressed, then began to breach the muscles guarding the snug entrance to Roth's body. The stretching of his body ached, but it didn't burn. He wasn't tearing. The flared edge of the crown passed fully into him, granting sudden relief. He released his held breath.

Fox's arm closed around him in a vise-grip. He

shoved, hard.

Roth's knees gave under the pressure. A hot pole that felt like solid iron forged into him, spreading him wide. He threw his head back, his spine arcing, his muscles going taut, his mouth opening on a soundless moan. The pole slid deeper.

The hidden audience gave a collective sigh.

Roth's spread thighs made contact with Fox's folded legs.

Fox brushed his lips against Roth's ear. "Good boy." His arms slid around Roth's body, caressing his chest. "Now, rock back and find that place of pleasure inside you." He plucked at Roth's nipples.

A hot wave of lust tingled all the way to his cock. Roth let his head fall back onto Fox's shoulder and tilted his hips back in sheer reaction. The cock inside him moved and pressed against...*something*. Electric pleasure spilled through him. He gasped and immediately rolled his hips, rocking his ass in Fox's lap to find it again. Pressure...*pleasure!* But not enough, it wasn't enough.

He pressed his palms down on Fox's thighs for leverage, and rocked harder, arching fully. The cock slid partway out, then back in to spear straight into that spot. Intense electric delight jolted through him, forcing a loud gasp from his throat. Liquid dribbled from the tip of his cock. *Damn it!* It still wasn't enough to make him cum! He had to do it harder.

Fox gasped against his ear. His fingers slid down to dig into Roth's hips. "Good, very good." He lunged upward on Roth's down-stroke.

A hard and brutal jolt of electric delight exploded inside him. Roth choked. A small amount of cum spat from his cock. *Yes!* That was it! But more, he needed *more...* He surged upward and slammed back down.

With a grunt of effort, Fox met him with another upward thrust.

The jolt of pleasure burned through him, and other spurt of cum spat from his cock, but it still wasn't quite enough. He bared his teeth and shook his head in frustration, his red main flying.

Fox hummed in obvious amusement. "Do you want it harder, my steel tiger?"

Panting, Roth nodded without hesitation.

"Then allow me to assist you." Fox's fingers swept down Roth's sweat-slick chest, then around to his back. He pressed. "Lean forward on your arms, and I will give you what you need."

Roth hesitated. Fox was asking him to assume the classic position of submission, the position of someone begging for a fuck. Roth Jaeger didn't beg, ever, but... But his aching dick *needed* relief.

He leaned forward and lowered his half-functioning hands to the mattress, then slid to his elbows. A pang stabbed his heart. His eyes watered, the tears slipping past his blindfold to drip down his cheeks. He dropped his chin and turned his head to hide behind his hair. He swept the heel of his hand across his burning cheek to wipe them away.

Fox leaned over his back, his hands pressing the mattress at Roth's sides. "Don't hide, let them see." Fox cupped his chin and lifted Roth's face from under

his hair. "This is what they've come here to see, a powerful, deadly man humbled by the needs of ecstasy." He brushed his lips against Roth's ear. "Beauty beyond compare." The fingers of his other hand sank into Roth's hip. He rolled his hips against Roth's ass, and the cock inside him slid against that sweet delicious spot.

Roth hissed in through his teeth and arched his back upward to feel more of it. *Damn it! He needed to cum!*

Fox's hand slid from Roth's chin to his hair. He sank his fingers in and fisted it at the base of Roth's neck. "Head up, my tiger." Fox rolled his hips again, grinding his cock deep into Roth's ass. "Let them see you cum."

The band around Roth's throat tightened, cutting off even more of his air. Awash under the burn of near-ecstasy, he opened his mouth to gasp in a breath.

Fox pulled back and slammed in hard directly on that spot within.

Electric fire burned all the way up his spine, his entire body shuddering with the impact. Roth gasped out a silent scream. *Fuck...!*

Fox slammed into him with a grunt then again, and again... The fingers of one hand dug into Roth's hip with bruising force, pulling Roth back onto his cock, while the fingers of his other hand held Roth's head up by the hair. The sound of flesh slapping flesh was loud and crisp.

Inundated by the fiery burn of intense pleasure, Roth's mind went white, his thoughts completely

erased by the hunger burning in his cock and balls. His body rocked back, slamming onto the cock fucking him closer, and closer to the hardest orgasm he'd ever experienced.

Ecstasy crested and exploded. He stiffened, every muscle going taut.

Fox suddenly curled his arm under Roth's waist and yanked hard on his hair, forcing Roth upright on his trembling knees.

Roth choked and gasped, sucking for air even as his shuddering body emptied, and emptied, shooting string after string of cum. Dizziness overtook him, and he went boneless in Fox's hold.

Fox released him, his cock slipping free of Roth's body.

Roth collapsed on the mattress, landing flat on his belly, his legs splayed wide. He was only vaguely aware of a slapping noise and Fox's groan, but there was no mistaking the hot, thick wetness that spattered his chilled and sweaty ass.

After fucking him damned near senseless, the bastard had cum on his ass.

The hoarse cheers and clapping from the audience faded into nothing.

* * * * *

Roth awoke flat on his back to broad but firm hands washing him down with a cloth. His eyes opened, but saw nothing. Belatedly, he realized that he could feel the itch of the blindfold that was still across his eyes.

Oh... On the other hand, the cloth around his throat seemed to be gone. "What...happened?" It came out in a whisper, but it was better than no voice at all. "Fox?"

"I'm here." A hand patted Roth's shoulder. "You passed out." Fox's tone held amusement. "Our patrons were very pleased."

"I'll bet." Roth turned his head away. *God...!* He still couldn't believe that he'd actually gotten down on his knees and practically begged for Fox to fuck him.

He couldn't believe how *good* it'd felt.

Fox set his arm around Roth's shoulders and helped him to sit up. "Tomorrow at sunset, you will receive your first patron."

Roth sat up and flinched from the dull and throbbing ache in his ass. Suddenly, Fox's words registered.

"Your first patron..."

Oh, fuck... They really *were* going to whore him out.

Fox pulled a robe around Roth's shoulders. "Of course, I will be in the room also, as you will be blind and speechless." A soft clink came from in front of Roth. The scent of lamb curry wafted to his nostrils. Something tapped Roth's lower lip. "Open your mouth so you can eat."

Roth opened his mouth to say, *I can feed myself...* But he couldn't. His fingers wouldn't hold a fork or spoon.

A piece of meat was slipped between his parted lips.

Roth's mouth watered and his stomach clenched in hunger. He chewed.

"Good." Another tap arrived at Roth's lower lip.

Roth opened his mouth to accept another bite. Rice this time, flavored with sweet curry and raisins.

"Let me know when you need to relieve yourself."

Roth ducked his head. "Wine?"

"No wine for you. It sours the semen. I have water."

Roth scowled. "I want to get drunk." *I want to forget...*

Fox chuckled. "I'm sure you do, but I'm afraid that I cannot allow that."

Roth hunched his shoulders. "A cigarette?"

"Yes, that you may have, now that you've done your service duties for the night." He tapped Roth's bottom lip. "After you finish eating."

Roth snorted, but took in the next bite of food. He chewed and swallowed. "Does this mean my training's done?"

Fox pressed what could only be a glass against Roth's lips. "Drink."

Roth took a careful sip. *Water...*

"Have you ever given a blowjob?"

Roth damned near spat the whole mouthful back out. He'd have to do *that* too? He swallowed the water down, hard. "Eh... I've received them?"

Fox caught Roth's chin and turned his head back toward him. "I'll take that as a 'no'." He wiped at Roth's damp lips with a cloth. "Your duties as a courtesan will be very simple. You suck them to

erection then let them fuck you in the position of their choice. With your hands and feet disabled, you won't be asked to do much more than that."

Roth rolled his eyes behind his blindfold. "I won't be *able* to do much more than that."

"Precisely."

"And people are willing to pay for this?"

"They know your condition is temporary. You will be restored to full killing capacity at the end of your term, which is why you will also remain blindfolded." He chuckled softly. "They don't want you hunting them down afterwards."

Roth frowned deeply. "I still don't get why anyone would pay to fuck someone that can't even touch them."

"You underestimate your own fierce reputation. They don't want you to touch them. They want to touch *you*. You're booked solid for the next five days."

"Eh...?" Roth sat up straight. *Booked solid*...? A tap on his bottom lip let him know that food was there. He opened his mouth.

Fox pressed another bit of meat between Roth's lips. "Your performance this night was exemplary. Not only did four out of the five gentlemen make immediate appointments, we received several phone calls shortly thereafter."

Roth swallowed. "How many?"

"It's better if you do not know." Fox swept a cloth across Roth's lips. "Concentrate on what's immediately before you and nothing else. It will make the time pass more swiftly."

Roth nodded. It was how he handled his battles. Pay attention to the target closest to you. Eliminate, and go on to the next. Don't think. Just...*do*.

Fox tapped his lower lip. "Eat. After your next lesson, you may have your cigarette."

Roth turned away briefly. "Great."

Fox finished feeding Roth his curried lamb dinner far too swiftly.

The clink of dishes being set on a tray was followed by a few dabs across his lips from a damp cloth. Fox's voice called out softly. "Thank you, you may go."

A feminine voice whispered in reply. "Yes, Master Fox." There was a whisper of bare feet on a wood floor, then the soft clack of a sliding door being closed.

Fabric rustled directly before Roth. "You begin with your tongue."

Roth winced. "We're doing this right now?"

"Would you rather do this with someone you don't know and cannot see?"

Roth turned away. "I can't see you either."

"Ah, but you know what I look like."

Roth winced. Yes, he knew exactly what Fox looked like. *As if, I could forget...?*

Fox reached out to cup Roth's chin. He turned Roth's face toward him. "Since you cannot see, and you cannot use your fingers, you must learn the shape of your patron with your tongue and lips." His hand slid up the side of Roth's cheek to grasp his hair. "Lower your head, my tiger and discover me." He

pushed Roth's head downward.

Roth's forearms landed on Fox's cross-folded thighs, just barely keeping him from falling face-first into his lap. Something warm and slightly rigid bumped Roth's cheek. The scent of sandalwood soap didn't quite cover the rich scent of musk. As though compelled, he turned toward it and his lips made contact with Fox's semi-hard dick.

Fox's fingers tightened in his hair. His voice hissed through his teeth. "Yes, explore me with your lips, and your tongue."

Something about Fox's voice, perhaps the husky way it vibrated, convinced Roth that he was hearing eagerness. A spark of excitement stabbed him deep under the balls. Without thought, Roth let his tongue flick out for a taste; soap and slightly salty musk, like his scent. It was...intoxicating. He dragged his tongue down the semi-hard shaft then licked his way back up, exploring the contours, the shape, and the texture.

Fox sighed. His cock pulsed and swelled to full, rigid hardness.

Roth licked upward until he came to the ridge of the crown. He couldn't help but lave his tongue along the full edge of the crown, then across the top. The taste of musk and salt bloomed on his tongue. *Precum...*

Fox's cock twitched under his tongue. The man sucked in a sharp breath and his thighs flexed, stiffening and trembling under Roth's arms.

Huh...? Roth paused. Fox was...trembling? *Holy crap! He wants me to suck his dick so bad he's actually*

shaking! A sense of power washed through Roth. *I wonder what he'd do if I do this...?* He closed his lips over the entire crown and lashed the small opening with the tip of his tongue.

Fox shuddered and released a deep groan. He pulled his hand from Roth's hair to lean back. "You..." He sucked in a breath. "You definitely have the talent for this."

Roth snorted. *Merely doing what's been done to me.* He decided to try something else. He sucked Fox's cock deeper into his mouth, all the way to the back. He choked, his throat closing around Fox's cock.

Fox gasped and his hips bucked, driving his cock deeper into Roth's throat.

Roth's eyes watered, as did his mouth. His throat closed tight and his stomach muscles clenched in an attempt to gag. Alarmed, he pulled back, releasing Fox's cock with an audible pop and gasped for breath.

"No!" Fox grabbed Roth's hair and shoved his head back down. "Don't stop!" His saliva-slick cock slid right back into Roth's open mouth.

Roth barely had time to suck in a breath.

Fox moaned and bucked, driving his cock deep into Roth's throat, over and over.

Roth choked, his throat closing tight. He couldn't breathe! He tried to push up, but Fox had too tight a grip on his hair.

Fox groaned and continued to fuck Roth's throat.

In desperation, Roth tightened the muscles in his throat to force his airway clear, and sucked in air through his nose. Air filled his lungs. He could

breathe past the cock in his throat. Panic eased and the urge to heave slipped away.

Fox thrust all the way in, shoving Roth's nose against him, his balls pressing against Roth's chin, and held him there.

Roth flared his nostrils to breathe. *What...?*

Fox groaned long and hard. His cock pulsed in Roth's mouth.

Thick wetness began to jet down Roth's throat. He swallowed to keep from choking, but there was too much. His mouth filled and spilled over.

"Mmm..." Fox pulled his softening cock free of Roth's mouth, trailing long strings of cum.

Roth fell to the side, choking. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "You fucking could have warned me." His whispering voice was hoarse.

Fox snorted. "Your patrons are paying for the privilege of using your body as they see fit." He caught Roth by the upper arm and pulled him to sit up. "This includes cumming in your ass or down your throat." He wiped a warm cloth across Roth's face. "Better that you're prepared for it."

Prepared...? Roth ducked his head. *How do you prepare for being used like...that?* He licked his lips, still not quite able to get the taste of Fox's cum from his mouth. "Now I really need a drink."

A swish and the scent of sulfur marked the strike of a match. The scent of burning tobacco followed. "Here is your cigarette."

Roth lifted his head and opened his mouth.

Fox pressed the filter to his lips.

Roth took a deep drag, filling his lungs. His head spun with nicotine. He lifted his hand to take it from his lips.

Fox pulled it free. "You continue to forget that your fingers do not work."

Roth bared his teeth. "Gee, I wonder whose fault that is?"

A low rumbling growl came from Fox. "The fault is yours, Jaeger. I told you this at the beginning."

Roth clenched his jaw. "Just gimme my damned cigarette."

With Fox's silent assistance, Roth finished his cigarette, then was settled back on the futon to sleep. He honestly didn't think he'd be able to sleep at all, considering what was going to happen the next day, but surprisingly, he crashed almost immediately.

A nightmare of mist and shadows that echoed with evil laughter jarred him awake sweating and chilled. He opened his eyes to nothing. He was still blindfolded. He panted, his heart pounding, unsure if he was still trapped in his nightmare.

A warm body at his side shifted, and Fox spoke softly. "Nightmare, Jaeger?"

Roth was pitifully grateful to find him there against his side. "Yeah."

Fox rolled toward him and threw an arm over his waist. "You are not alone."

Somehow, it was enough to ease him back into sleep.

~ * ~

Five

Roth's day began with a rough shake of his shoulder and the scent of food. He sat up groggily.

One set of feminine hands pushed him into an upright kneeling position, while another set began sliding a robe onto his shoulders. It was tied at the waist.

Fox settle before him. "Open your mouth and eat." Roth's breakfast consisted of rice and sliced fruit served at the end of chopsticks. He was given water to drink.

Roth's bladder began to protest. "I need to..."

Fox chuckled. "Relieve yourself?"

Roth nodded, his face heating.

"Understood." Fox scooped Roth up into his arms like a child and carried him...somewhere, not too far away. His robes were raised and he was set down on the basin of a very modern pull-chain flush toilet.

Roth...did what he needed to do.

He was pushed forward and cleaned.

Roth's face burned with humiliation.

Fox lifted Roth back into his arms. "And now for your bath."

Roth blinked behind his blindfold. A bath actually sounded great, except... "Do you have to do

that...*other* cleaning too?" Was he going to get another enema?

"Of course." Fox sounded disgustingly cheerful.

Roth curled his lip, folded his arms, and tucked his chin. "Wonderful."

Fox chuckled. "But you will also get a full-body massage this time."

Roth couldn't stop from asking. "Before or after?" His tone was surly, and he didn't give a damn.

Fox snorted. "After you are completely clean."

Roth huffed out a sigh. "Terrific."

Roth's bath pretty much went the same as before; a thorough scrubbing followed by a soak, then carefully applied humiliation.

While he was still trembling in shame, Fox laid Roth out on his belly. He straddled Roth's hips and poured warmed sandalwood oil down Roth's spine. His strong hands followed, kneading and rubbing Roth's muscles from his shoulders to his ass and down each leg with incredible skill.

Roth huffed out silent moans of sheer animal pleasure. Was there *anything* Fox couldn't do?

Fox rolled Roth onto his back and continued. "Are you enjoying your massage?"

Roth sighed deeply. "God, yes."

"Good." Fox's hands massaged Roth's shoulders and arms, then proceeded to his chest. His palms slid across Roth's nipples.

A tingle of carnal pleasure awakened in Roth's nipples, and they hardened.

Fox continued down Roth's belly to his hips. His

strong fingers dug deep into the crevice of his hip, right under the edge of his Apollo's belt line.

Carnal heat spiraled into Roth's dick, bringing it to semi erection. He hissed in a breath.

Fox grasped Roth's cock in his oily hands and stoked slowly upward.

Roth arched up from the floor gasping. Was Fox going to jack him off?

Fox chuckled. "One final bit of preparation."

Roth stiffed. "What?"

Fox slid something cold and hard down and around Roth's cock. His strong fingers pushed it all the way down to the very base of Roth's balls. It felt like a metal ring.

Roth jerked up onto his elbows. "You're putting a cock ring on me?"

Fox patted his thigh. "It is to keep you hard during your appointments."

Roth stiffened. "Are you saying that I'm not allowed to cum?"

Fox snorted. "You may cum at your patron's discretion."

Roth ground his teeth. "Bastard..."

Fox lifted Roth into a sitting position. "Up on your knees and spread your arms. I need to dress you for your first appointment."

Roth got up on his knees and spread his arms as requested. He didn't bother resisting. Fox was more than capable of dressing him with or without his approval.

Fox wrapped Roth in robes that felt as sheer as

those he'd worn before. He also tied the cloth band around his throat, depriving him of even the whisper of a voice.

Roth's cock swelled to throbbing tightness inside its ring.

Fox carried Roth somewhere, and set him down on a futon mattress. There was a jingle of metal, then chill steel closed around his right ankle.

Roth turned his head away and scowled. Fox was chaining him to the floor again.

Fox bustled around him, tugging at his robes. He spread them around Roth's knees and stepped back. A soft rustle let Roth know that Fox was seated behind him in the back left-hand corner of the room.

Roth lifted his chin to scent the air. Was the patron already there? He didn't smell anything. He couldn't tell.

The scrape of wood against wood, then a clack announced the opening of a sliding door.

Roth lifted his head toward the sound and sniffed deeply. He smelled water, soap, a touch of masculine musk and a lot of expensive whisky. He smiled slightly. The patron was drunk.

Fabric rustled and heavy footsteps approached then stopped. "Tie his hands." The patron's voice was male and gruff. "On his back, above his head to the floor."

Roth stiffened. *Do...what?*

Fox rustled behind him. "As you wish."

Roth couldn't protest; he didn't have a voice. He couldn't leave; his foot was chained to the floor. He

couldn't stop Fox from taking him by the wrists and binding them together before him with a thick silky cord; his fingers wouldn't grip the cord to tug it free. Nor could he stop Fox from pushing him onto his back and pulling his arms up over his head any more than he could stop him from knotting that cord to a ring that was apparently bolted into the floor.

The patron knelt at his side and ran his hot sweaty palms all over Roth's chest and belly. "I've never seen muscles like this. He looks as though he's made of wire."

Fox spoke from the far right corner of the room. "Such is caused by years of near constant combat."

The patron snorted. "I've seen boxers and wrestlers bulkier than this."

Fox snorted also. "Professional fighters would stand no chance against one such as he."

Roth's mouth twisted. *Got that right.* He'd taken on fully armored men that would make a professional fighter wet his skivvies.

The patron slid a hand down between Roth's thighs to brush a finger along Roth's rigid and bound cock. "He's wearing a cock ring?"

Fox's voice softened. "You may release him, at your discretion."

"No, no, I like it." The patron slid his hand under Roth's knee and pushed his leg up. A thick, dry finger circled his anus, then pushed for entry.

The ache was sharp and biting. Roth bit down on his lip and pushed out to stop the pain.

The digit slid in smoothly, helped by the thick oil

that had been used to clean him. The patron sighed. "He's already prepped, I see." He shoved his finger deeper and wriggled his finger, brushing lightly against that hot spot inside him. "God, he's tight."

Roth stiffened, his mind going briefly white with pleasure and frustration.

"He has been taken only the once."

The patron pulled his finger free and huffed out a chuckle. "So he's practically a virgin." He palmed Roth's balls.

"Very much so."

Roth clenched his jaw and turned his face away, away from the patron and away from Fox's corner. He sucked in a breath to force his body still, to keep from trembling. Being touched by someone he didn't know, by someone he didn't even like, should have felt disgusting. It should have, but it didn't.

Every touch was a physical reminder of the sensations that had spilled through him when Fox had fucked him. A reminder of an orgasm like nothing he'd ever felt before. An orgasm his body wanted to have again.

It was the damned cock ring. Every touch, no matter how rude was adding to the overwhelming frustration generated by the cock ring forcing him to erection. *Fucking torture device...* It had to be the cock ring because this man, this patron was nothing like Fox. Yet, his body was not only reacting, he was on the verge of begging.

The patron's breathing sped up to near panting. "And I can do anything I like with him?"

"Short of blood-letting, yes." Fox's voice was mildly pleasant, accommodating.

Roth scowled. *Asshole...*

Fox cleared his throat. "Considering his extensive training and years of battlefield combat, we cannot guarantee your safety should his instincts to protect himself get the better of him."

"Oh, I see." The patron suddenly straddled Roth's chest. His butt was wide, and the thighs straddling him soft. "What about a blowjob?"

"That's perfectly fine."

Roth rolled his eyes behind his blindfold. *Why am I not surprised?*

The patron leaned forward and cupped one hand behind Roth's head, lifting it. Something soft poked against Roth's lips. "Open your mouth and suck me. Get me nice and hard."

Roth opened his mouth and took in the guy's semi-hardened dick. Experimentally, he stroked it with his tongue. It tasted of clean water, soap, and salty musk with a bitter undertaste. It wasn't completely unpleasant, but it definitely wasn't Fox.

"Oh yeah..." The patron groaned and hunched over his head, setting one hand on the floor, the other pushing the back of Roth's head, jamming his cock all the way into Roth's mouth to the balls. "Take it all and suck me, pretty boy."

Pretty boy? Roth seriously considered biting the guy's dick off, but decided he didn't want to deal with the bloody mess. It wasn't that big a deal anyway, the guy wasn't particularly impressive in

size. His dick barely made it to the back of his throat. *Might as well get this over with.* He sucked, using his tongue to apply pressure.

The patron's cock swelled to full erection almost immediately. The guy groaned and began to eagerly hump Roth's face, his cock sliding in and out of Roth's mouth in short, quick rabbit-fucks.

All Roth had to do was hold his suction. *Pathetic.* He almost felt bad for the guy. Salty bitter musk bloomed on his tongue.

The patron hissed and abruptly pulled from Roth's mouth. "Don't want to go too quick." He rose from Roth's chest. "Your boy is a little too good with his mouth."

Fox purred from his corner. "Yes, he is."

Roth's felt heat fill his face.

The patron closed his hand around Roth's cock. He stroked it from base to crown. "What a big boy he is."

Carnal pleasure pulsed from Roth's balls all the way up his spine. He gasped and arched upward, desperately seeking more. A dribble of cum slid from his cock and trailed downward.

The patron sighed. "All those straining muscles...so beautiful." He chuckled. "Oh, his cock is weeping. He must want it badly." There was a rustle of fabric. "Well, I guess I shouldn't keep the poor boy waiting."

Fox murmured close by. "For your pleasure, sir."

"Oh, yeah, thanks."

The slight sound of wet skin slapping wet skin carried to Roth's ear. *He's greasing his cock.* He should have felt disgusted. He was being used like any other

common whore, as an object for someone else's pleasure. That didn't stop his entire body from trembling with anticipation.

The patron grasped Roth under the right knee, lifted his leg, and pushed it high, almost to his chest, forcing Roth onto his side. He straddled the leg still on the floor. Something hard, thick, and slippery pressed against Roth's anus.

Roth pushed to open himself.

The patron shoved hard with a grunt, thrusting himself all the way into Roth's body.

Roth sighed out a soundless groan. *Finally...*

The patron rolled his hips. His cock slid against Roth's sweet spot.

A jolt of electrical pleasure made Roth shudder, but it wasn't enough, not nearly enough. He rolled his hips to get more.

The patron sucked in a breath. "Oh, he's an eager little slut." He set Roth's leg over his shoulder and gripped it tight. "Just the way I like them." He pulled back and slammed back in then again, and again, grunting with each thrust.

Roth bit his lip in frustration. The bastard was missing the spot. He arched his back to angle the guy's cock where he needed it. Pleasure seared him. *Yes!* He tightened his leg over the patron's shoulder, his heel pressing into the patron's back to hold him there.

The patron shuddered, his fingers digging into Roth's thigh, and pounded into him faster. "Oh, fuck... Oh fuck...!"

Roth gasped with each hit on his sweet spot. It wasn't quite as hard as he'd like, but... Tension rose slowly, agonizingly slowly. He teetered on the edge... His balls pulsed to release, his cock quivered. A tiny dribble of cum slid free. Climax retreated, washing back into his balls. Roth gasped in frustration. He couldn't cum. The fucking ring had stopped him halfway through.

The patron released a hoarse shout and buried himself as deep as he could go. His cock pulsed and hot thick wetness spurted into Roth's ass. "Oh, fuck...yes!" The patron groaned and rocked his hips, rolling his softening cock inside Roth's body. "Mmm... That was a sweet fuck, a very sweet fuck." He pulled free of Roth's body, trailing wetness. "Definitely worth every penny I paid for him." He pushed Roth's leg over, rolling him onto his belly.

Desperate for any kind of friction to relieve himself, Roth spread his knees and pressed his burning cock against the mattress, seriously considering humping it.

Fingers pried Roth's ass cheeks apart. "Heh... I opened him up nice and wide. Look at all the cum coming out of him." He chuckled. "I dumped quite a load in there." He pressed a finger into the wetness and smeared it down his balls.

Roth writhed. His balls twitched with desperate eagerness. *Goddamn it, quit teasing me!*

The patron rose to his feet and fabric rustled. "Time for another bath, then back to the party for me." His feet left the mattress to thud on the wooden

floor.

Roth jerked his hands in their bindings. The bastard was just going to leave him like this?

Fox spoke from his corner. "I'm glad he pleased you."

"Oh yeah, it was definitely a good fuck." The sound of wood sliding against wood announced the opening of the door. "I'll let the next guy know it's his turn."

Roth stiffened. *The next guy?*

Fox spoke from his corner. "Thank you, but that won't be necessary." Fabric whispered close by and the mattress moved under someone's feet. Fox spoke again from directly over Roth's head. "I'm sure the hostess will inform the next guest, but by all means, let the others know that you enjoyed yourself."

"Oh, I will! I definitely will!" The door clacked closed.

The sound of a rag being rinsed and wrung out over a bowl of water was very close. A warm, wet, and soap-scented cloth stroked down Roth's back and ass. "You did well."

Roth turned his head away. *I'm thrilled someone's happy.*

"In five minutes, your next patron will come." Fox slid the rag between Roth's ass-cheeks, cleaning and soothing his abused nether region. "You only need to submit, just as you did this time, nothing more." He grabbed Roth's leg and flipped him over onto his back.

Roth's cock arrowed straight from his body. He

wincing. His cock was one big throbbing ache.

Fox cupped his chin and turned his face upward. He stroked the cloth across his cheeks and down his sweaty neck. "Remember to focus on the moment, and the time will pass quickly." He swept the cloth down Roth's thighs. "Do not worry about this." A hand closed around Roth's cock.

Roth gasped and surged upward in sheer reaction.

"I will provide all the relief you need when your appointments are over." Fox released him and rose from Roth's side. "Remember, the better you please your patrons, the faster your servitude will end."

Roth could care less about pleasing anyone. He could barely think past the ache in his dick. *Gotta get control of this...* He sucked in deep slow breaths, forcing his heart rate to slow down. It worked to some degree, but his cock didn't feel any better. The blood-flow was constricted just a little too well.

~ * ~

Six

The door clacked open and the thud of bare feet announced that someone had entered the room. "Oh my, isn't he a prime cut?" The voice was masculine but soft, almost delicate. "And gift-wrapped. How very sweet!" His footsteps approached quickly then fabric rustled at Roth's side and the mattress tilted with additional weight right next to him. "Such incredible muscles..." Smooth soft hands swept out across Roth's chest and belly.

Roth automatically writhed under the gentle caress, tugging at the silken cords that bound his wrists to the ring bolted to the floor.

"Oh..." The patron sighed in obvious pleasure. "My...companion told me that he was eager, but I had no idea." He scraped short, blunt nails down Roth's belly. "And I may do anything I like with him?"

Roth writhed under the sensation, yet he couldn't help but note that the last patron had asked the same thing.

"Short of blood-letting, yes." Fox's mildly pleasant voice came from his corner. "Considering his extensive training and years of battlefield combat, we cannot guarantee your safety should his instincts to protect himself get the better of him."

Roth frowned. The same reply. Was it some kind of

standard answer?

The patron's hand left him. "And this is why you're here, because he's...dangerous?"

"I will turn my back if you wish."

"No, I don't mind being watched." The patron suddenly straddled Roth's chest. His thighs were far more slender and his weight slighter than the last one. "In fact, I find it kind of exciting."

Roth bit down on his bottom lip. Another blowjob?

"Can I...ride him?"

Roth suddenly realized that the patron was facing the other way, toward his cock.

"You may use him however you like."

"Then don't mind if I do." The patron's hand closed around Roth's cock.

Roth dug his heel into the mattress and bucked upward, a soft desperate gasp leaving his lips.

"So hard..." The hand slid downward and the fingers brushed the metal binding Roth. "A cock ring..."

Fox's voice softened. "You may release him, at your discretion."

"Hmm... I think I like the idea of a man that can't cum unless I want him to."

"As you please."

"Excellent." The patron scooted back until he knelt over Roth's face. "Lick me, handsome. Make me nice and wet."

Roth blinked behind his blindfold. The guy was facing the wrong way if he wanted a blowjob. He stuck out his tongue anyway and encountered the

guy's somewhat hairy balls. He stroked it with his tongue and tasted clean skin. He smelled slightly of soap. This one had bathed too.

The patron sighed. "Very nice, but I want your tongue on my asshole." He slid back a little further. "Give me a rim-job, and make it really wet."

Oh, that. Roth licked his lips. He'd done such to women before. It couldn't be that much different. He stretched out his tongue. After a couple of experimental licks, he found the puckered target. He lapped all the way around, using a very wet tongue, and wriggled the tip at the opening. It wasn't much different from doing it to a female, though it was missing the tang of pussy juice that normally dripped into to that area. In fact, this patron's was cleaner than many women he'd encountered before.

The patron groaned and squirmed on Roth's face. "Oh fuck... He's good at this." He rose from Roth's chest. "Okay, that's enough of that."

Fox spoke from his corner. "I have oil, should you care for it."

"Oh, yes! Thank you!" The patron stepped away, then returned. Fabric rustled. A wet, slippery hand closed tight around Roth's cock.

He gasped and bucked up hard into it.

"So enthusiastic..." He slathered his oil-slicked hand all the way down Roth's cock, then up and over the crown. "Oh he's going to be a nice ride, I can tell."

"Just be aware that he's very strong."

The patron withdrew his hand. "I'm counting on it." He straddled Roth's hips, knelt, and set one palm

on Roth's chest. His other hand closed around Roth's cock. "Now take it easy at first. Let me get on you then you can fuck me as hard as you like."

Roth stiffened. *I'm fucking him?*

Holding Roth's cock in place, the patron lowered himself down to press against the tip of his cock. The man's body opened and practically sucked him within.

Roth gasped; heat, and slick tightness. He pushed upward slowly, seeking more.

The patron pressed downward, his butt coming in contact with Roth's hips, and groaned. "Good... So good...!" Pressing both palms on Roth's chest, he set his knees down on the mattress on either side of Roth's hips. He leaned back, setting one palm then the other, on Roth's thighs, and seating himself fully. "Yes..."

Roth rolled his hips in reply. *Friction...* Delicious slick, hot, friction, exactly where he needed it. He sighed out a voiceless groan of pleasure.

The patron levered himself up, withdrawing partway from Roth's cock, then sat back down, sliding his cock back in.

Roth obligingly thrust upward to meet him.

The patron choked. "Oh yes, exactly right. More!" He rose back up and came down a little harder, then again and again, until he was riding Roth's cock fast. His moans of enjoyment gained in volume.

Roth pumped up to meet him. Unable to see anything, it was easy to imagine that a woman was seated atop him riding out her enjoyment. He had

many memories to choose from, yet, he found himself wondering how Fox would look when riding him. Would he throw his head back and toss all that long black hair? Would his muscles gleam with sweat? Would his mouth strain open to moan out his pleasure?

Climax surged, tightening in his balls. He thrust hard and fast, fighting the ring that bound him. *Almost there...!* He panted for breath while thrusting in desperation. Climax peaked, his balls tightened... His body surged upward and held, taut as steel wire.

The patron shuddered violently. "Oh shit... Oh fuck!" He ground down hard on Roth's rigid cock, his fingers clawing Roth's thighs. "Ah...!" Hot, thick wetness spattered Roth's chest and belly.

Roth's climax receded, driven back by the tight ring around the base of his cock. He collapsed, gasping and writhed in frustrated defeat.

The patron collapsed on top of him, panting, sweaty, and sticky with smeared cum. "Oh fuck, that was good." He pressed a kiss to Roth's damp cheek. "Thank you, handsome."

Fox rustled in his corner. "I'm glad he pleased you."

The patron rose from his seat. "Fuck yes, he pleased me, but he looks a bit...uncomfortable." His finger tapped the tip of Roth's cock.

The light touch practically burned. Roth hissed and twisted. He was more than a little sensitive.

Fox's robes whispered closer. "You may release him if that is your desire. If not, I will see to his needs

afterwards."

The patron walked toward Roth's head. "I'd like to see him released. I bet he's gorgeous when he cums, but I think he may be a bit too fierce for me to handle. I know! Would you do it for me?"

Fox's stepped onto the mattress and knelt by Roth's hip. "If that would please you?"

"It would, oh, it really, really would!" The patron knelt by Roth's head.

Fox knelt at Roth's side. "Very well then, how would you like it done?"

"Fuck him."

Fox's clothes rustled. "Position?"

"On his back." The patron cupped Roth's face. "I want to watch that lovely cock cum all over him, and do it hard."

Something squirted close by. "As you wish." Fox's slick fingers closed around Roth's cock. He rubbed lightly, slathering oil on his swollen flesh and the ring that bound it.

Roth shuddered. Fox's light touch was almost too much to bear.

Fox gripped the ring and pulled. It slid upward, but it was very snug. After an aching eternity, it slid off.

Blood rushed into the constricted area with burning haste. Roth choked out a voiceless shout and kicked out in reaction. His foot didn't make contact. Fox apparently dodged the kick.

The patron chuckled softly. "Oh dear, that must have hurt."

Fox spoke from between clenched teeth. "So it would seem." A soft slapping sound announced that he was greasing his cock.

The patron hummed with obvious pleasure. "Damn, you're rather impressive yourself."

"Thank you." Fox slid his hands under Roth's legs and pushed them up into his chest. He came up on his knees, forcing Roth's ass off the mattress.

Roth gave out a gasping sigh. The position Fox had chosen placed all his weight on his shoulders. With his wrists tied above his head, he couldn't even use his arms for leverage, or balance. It wouldn't normally have been a strain, but his arms had been stretched out over his head for over an hour and he'd been tugging on the rope, tensing his muscles for about that long too.

"Oh, I like that position! I can see everything."

Fox released Roth's right leg. Something thick and very hard pressed against Roth's anus. "Prepare yourself."

Roth took in a breath and pushed out.

Fox thrust brutally hard, spearing his cock all the way in to the balls in one lunge.

Roth's choked and stiffened in shock. *Son of a bitch...!* It didn't hurt exactly, but it *did* feel like he had a hot steel pole stuffed itself all the way up his ass. Fox was *not* a small man and he was very, *very* hard. Clearly, Fox was not happy with him. Perhaps he shouldn't have tried to kick him?

Fox locked his arms around Roth's upraised thighs and dug his fingers in, holding him firmly in place

over his shoulders. He rolled his hips, rubbing his cock all the way around inside Roth's ass. He pressed up against the swollen nub within.

Intense electrical ecstasy exploded inside Roth. His mind buzzed white noise and he gasped out a silent scream. His back arched, forcing him even higher off the mattress and all the way up on his shoulders. But it wasn't quite enough to make him cum. *Goddamn it!*

The patron gasped and moved back. "Holy shit..."

Roth writhed, his spine snaking to get that mindblowing sensation back. He huffed out what would have been pathetic whimpers if he'd still had a voice.

He patron rose and stepped to the side. "God, he's gorgeous, and strong. I wouldn't have been able to handle him at all."

Fox panted, but held on. "He has been kept close to the edge for a while, so I'm afraid that this will be quick."

"I don't mind. I expected as much."

"Very well then." Fox shifted his hips slightly, and then slammed in hard directly on target—then again, and again, and *again...*

Agonizingly intense pleasure exploded inside Roth burning every thought out of his head. He gasped out a voiceless scream and bucked just as hard to meet Fox's thrusts.

Climax rose brutally fast and crested. For a breathless eternity, he teetered on the brink, his back arched and every muscle taut. Tension shattered. His balls clenched viciously. He toppled into the

maelstrom screaming silently. White-hot cum spattered down his belly, his chest, and his cheeks. He choked out one more voiceless scream and knew no more.

* * * * *

Roth awoke to blackness and a hot cloth sweeping down his body. *Fucking blindfold...* His arms were at his sides, so they weren't tied anymore, but he was so exhausted his hands were almost too heavy to lift. "Fox?" He actually achieved a whisper, so the binding around his throat was apparently gone too.

The cloth being wiped across his brow stilled. "Yes?"

Roth took in a deep breath. "I really don't like that cock ring."

Fox snorted. "It did not appear that way, at least not to the patron. Despite your little show of rebellion, he was very pleased."

Roth huffed out a tired laugh. "I'm thrilled." He was not going to apologize for that kick. "That damned ring hurt like a motherfucker."

"Oh, I know." Fox pulled a light blanket over Roth.

Roth frowned. *A blanket?* "Am I done?"

"For tonight." Fox lifted Roth into a sitting position and tucked the blanket around him.

"Good." He frowned in Fox's general direction. "Eh, can't I sleep now?"

"Soon." Fox moved in front of Roth. "You need to eat first." His clothes rustled and the mattress under

him shifted. There was a clink of glass. "Open your mouth."

Roth turned away. "I could really use a drink."

Fox snorted. "You already know the answer to that."

Roth curled his lip. "How about a cigarette?"

"After you eat." Fox cupped his chin. "Look this way and open your mouth."

Roth scowled in Fox's hand. "Fine, whatever." He opened his mouth for a bite of chicken and rice. He chewed thoughtfully. "So I only had two... appointments tonight?"

"Did you want more?"

Roth flinched back. "No! Two was fine!"

"Good." Fox sounded entirely too cheerful. "Because you have two more tomorrow." He tapped Roth's bottom lip. "Eat."

Roth opened his mouth to receive another bite of chicken, and chewed. "Do...courtesans normally do two a night?"

"Normally a courtesan only entertains one patron, but it is for an entire night. You are something of a specialty item, so it is expected that their time with you will be strictly controlled."

Roth frowned. "Eh...?"

Fox stuffed another piece of food into Roth's open mouth. "A man so dangerous and unstable of temperament is difficult to obtain, so your price is high. It is understood that we will have difficulty keeping you under control so a limit to the time they may enjoy you is expected."

Roth wasn't sure if he should be flattered or insulted. "So I should expect more of the same for the rest of my time here?"

Fox wiped Roth's mouth with a soft cloth. "More or less."

Roth sighed. "Can I have my cigarette now?"

"As soon as you finish eating."

Roth ate while his mind went over the events of the night. While it was somewhat humiliating to be used like a common whore, being fucked by men wasn't as disgusting as it should have been. Fox had been far too right about him having a taste for it.

However, what really bothered him was how right Fox had been. If he liked having a cock up his ass this much already, how much would he like it after a full week of it?

Unfortunately, there wasn't a damned thing he could do about it.

~ * ~

Seven

The following day started much like the one before, food, the toilet, a bath, a...cleansing, a massage, the goddamned cock ring, getting dressed in yet another set of flimsy robes, and then being carried into a room and chained to the floor to await his first patron.

Unlike his first, this patron wanted him up on his knees for a blowjob then facedown on his hands and knees with his ass in the air. The bastard got behind him, grabbed him by the hair, fucked him hard, then finished off by cumming all over his raised ass.

The level of frustration, however, remained the same. The asshole didn't remove the cock ring.

As before, he was cleaned up just in time for his next patron. Or rather, a pair of them.

Once again, he was up on his hands and knees. However, while one fucked his face, the other fucked his ass, so he ended up with cum all over his face in addition to cum on his ass.

The cock ring remained on, so Roth was a twitching mess by the time they left.

After removing the cock ring gently, Fox pulled the cloth from Roth's throat and cupped his face. "Tell me what you want."

Too desperate for relief to care, Roth dropped onto his back and spread his legs. "Fuck me hard."

"Very well." Fox dropped to his knees between Roth's thighs and lifted Roth's legs over his arms. He dropped his hands to either side of Roth's chest, bringing Roth's legs up high, and ground deep into him.

Roth threw his arms around Fox's neck and writhed under him, centering his sweet spot so that Fox struck it with every stroke of his cock. Climax came hard and fast, but this time, he remained awake to enjoy it. Gasping out what should have been shouts, he spilled his cum on Fox's belly, then leaned up to kiss Fox full on the mouth.

Fox kissed him right back with teeth and tongue. Groaning directly into Roth's mouth, he pumped his cum deep into Roth's ass.

The night passed pretty much the same. Clean up, toilet, food, cigarette, sleep.

The next day was more of the same.

That night, his first patron fucked Roth on his back while Fox fucked his throat. The guy didn't remove his cock ring.

His second patron of the night turned out to be yet another pair, and they removed the cock ring. After setting him on his hands and knees, one guy fucked Roth up the ass while the other lay face-up under them getting fucked by Roth. Roth got an ass-full of cum, but he was asked to pull out of the guy beneath him and cum on his cock.

The cleanup, dinner, and cigarette went pretty much like before, but Roth found himself wide awake only a few hours after falling asleep, with a hard-on

that wouldn't die.

Fox stirred next to him. "Roth, is there a problem?"

Roth felt his face heat. "Uh, nothing I can't take care of my..." He stopped. He couldn't take care of it. His hands didn't work. "Shit."

Fox sat up among their blankets. "You're erect?"

Roth threw his arms over his blindfolded eyes. "Yeah."

Fox leaned away, then leaned over him, setting his hands to either side of Roth's shoulders. "Raise your knees and spread your legs."

Roth did as asked.

Fox settled himself between Roth's knees and pushed into him.

Roth sighed with pleasure and closed his legs around Fox's hips.

Fox leaned over him and kissed him while grinding into him, slow and sweet.

Roth kissed him back and rolled up to meet him. Climax came in a soft but utterly delicious wave. Gasping softly, he spilled himself on both their bellies.

After a quick clean up, they fell back asleep sharing a pillow, their legs entwined.

* * * * *

Roth lost track of the days that passed, as each was pretty much identical to the last.

On a night like all the others, Roth lay on his back panting on the mattress after servicing his first

patron, annoyed as fuck because once again, the guy had left the fucking cock ring on.

Fox knelt at his side to wipe him clean of cum and sweat as usual. "Jaeger..."

Roth turned toward him in surprise. Fox hadn't used his name once since the first time they'd met.

Fox continued his work with the warm damp towel. "You may not have been the best behaved debtor I've put into service, but you are certainly the most memorable." He picked up his bowl and walked back to his corner.

Roth frowned. *Where the hell did that come from?* The binding around his throat prevented him from asking Fox what the fuck he was talking about right then, but he certainly intended to ask him as soon as it came off.

The scrape of wood against wood announced the arrival of the second patron. According to the bare feet padding on the wooden floor, he was alone.

The patron sucked in a sharp breath. "Oh...my." His voice was very soft. He padded a little closer. Smooth and delicate fingers traced down Roth's arm to his wrist. "I was, um, told that he doesn't have use of his hands or feet."

Roth frowned. The patron's voice sounded very familiar, but he couldn't place where he'd heard it before.

"This is correct." Fox's voice was particularly soft. "His voice has also been removed."

The patron stilled utterly. "Is it...permanent?"

"Not at all." Fox's tone was mildly pleasant.

"Oh?" The patron released a soft breath. "May I ask how it was done?"

"Acupuncture needles applied in the tap meridians. Any expert could easily reproduce this effect, or remove it."

The patron traced his fingers across Roth's chest then down his belly. "A cock ring?"

"You may release him, at your discretion." Fox's voice held a distinct note of humor.

"Eh?" The patron yanked his hand away from Roth's skin. "Me?"

Roth bit his lip to keep from laughing himself. *He's shy.* It was almost...cute.

Fox chuckled softly. "You are the patron. We are here to serve your needs." Cloth rustled close by, indicating that Fox had approached. The mattress gave under Fox's steps. "Use this oil on your hands, on his flesh, and on the ring itself. Pull the ring slowly and carefully. Just be aware that without it, it won't take much for him to cum."

The patron swallowed audibly. "O-okay." The sound of damp hands rubbing together came from the patron's side of the mattress. Gentle fingers closed around Roth's cock.

The slight pressure was too tempting to resist. Roth bucked up into the hands that held him.

The patron yanked his hands back.

Fox chuckled. "No need to be afraid. He's merely eager for release."

The patron released his breath. "O-oh. Then I better get it off him." He closed his long fingers

around Roth's cock more firmly.

Roth writhed. The guy's smooth hands felt so damned good.

Fox cleared his throat. "I meant that the last patron didn't let him cum."

The patron's hands clenched tightly around Roth's cock. "I, uh, see."

Roth huffed out a voiceless groan. His hands felt too good. *Hurry up and get it off me, damn it!*

Fox dropped to nearly a whisper. "He's waiting for you."

The patron sucked in a deep breath. "Okay." He slid his oil-slick hands all the way around Roth's cock then slid his fingers around the ring. He took a deep breath, and pulled slowly, but firmly. The ring slipped free.

Roth sighed heavily in relief, until the blood rushed into the constricted area and burned. He hissed.

"I will take that." Fox's voice was firm.

"Okay." The patron took a breath. "So, um, how do I get him to cum?"

Fox snorted. "Well, the quickest way would be to fuck him."

The patron swallowed audibly. "F—fuck him?" His voice sailed into the upper registers.

Roth stilled. *I know I've heard that that voice before!*

Fox chuckled. "That's what he's here for. So, how would you like to fuck him, on his back, or on his hands and knees?"

"Eh..." He cleared his throat. "What would

you...suggest?"

Fox hummed. "Is this your first man?"

The patron choked.

Fox snorted. "I'll take that for a 'yes'." Fabric rustled toward Roth's head. "For your first ride, I would suggest you take him on his back. He's particularly responsive to it, and it will give you the best view."

"But, I, uh..."

Fox settled by Roth's head. "I understand that you'll probably cum very quickly, but I assure you, at his level of excitement, he will too."

The patron coughed. "Hey now...!"

"Now then, apply the oil to your cock as thickly as possible. He's already been prepared and ridden once, so there's no need to prep him yourself. I will warn you, though, that your next ride will probably not only take oiling internally, but also stretching with the fingers to accommodate you comfortably." Fox cleared his throat. "As you are not a small man."

The patron drew in a trembling breath. "You're sure this is the uh, best way to do this?"

Fox purred. "He will enjoy it greatly, I assure you."

The patron sighed. "Okay." The sound of squelching oil was soft. "Could you, um...?"

"Turn my back? Of course. I'll even retreat to the corner." The sound of rustling fabric faded into the far corner.

The patron sighed and walked toward Roth's feet.

Panting softly, Roth obligingly parted his legs and lifted his knees. His cock was aching for release, and

he didn't care how he got it.

The patron dropped to his knees between Roth's thighs. He took a deep breath and pressed the head of his cock against Roth's anus. "I can't believe I'm doing this."

Roth was not about to let the patron's shyness keep him from his release. He closed his legs around the guy's hips and tightened them.

The patron's cock slid right into him. The patron gasped and fell over top of Roth, his hands landing to either side of Roth's chest. "God, it's hot!"

Roth threw his arms around his patron's shoulders to keep him in place against his chest. He rolled his hips to get the cock within him centered on his sweet spot, then used his thighs and heels to encourage his patron to thrust into him.

The patron moaned sweetly and bucked hard.

Roth released a voiceless groan. Fox had been right. The patron was *not* a small man. It felt damned good. He eased the tightness of his legs to allow the patron to withdraw then squeezed hard to drive him back in.

His patron moaned and bucked in again, harder than before.

Roth rose to meet him, just as hard.

That was apparently all the encouragement the patron needed. The man thrust hard all by himself then again, and again, his breaths coming in soft moans and gasps.

Roth met him stroke for stroke with enthusiasm. The guy was right on his sweet spot, and the way he

was increasing the power with each thrust, his patron would soon have him screaming. Not that he had a voice to express it.

The patron widened his knees for better leverage and slammed in hard with a grunt, then again, and again.

Roth arched his back and met him just as hard. *Just a little bit more...*

Grunting with each stroke, his patron thrust violently, his hips slapping loudly against Roth's ass.

The intense electrical fire of climax bloomed within Roth and shattered outward. He clutched his patron to him, locking his arms and legs around him and arched into him, forcing the man's cock as deep as it could go. His balls clenched deliciously and released. He shuddered hard and hot cum spilled from him, splattering both their bellies.

His patron moaned in obvious desperation. "Oh god... Oh shit...!" He stiffened and shuddered. Thick wetness spurted into Roth's ass. He bucked a few more times in an obvious attempt to prolong the sensations.

They both collapsed, panting.

The man's scent of soap and musk drifted to Roth's nose. It was familiar too, but he simply couldn't place it any more than he could place the voice.

The patron's breath brushed his ear. "Forgive me." A needle stabbed into the side of Roth's neck and chill liquid pumped into him.

What the...? He jerked upright, but whatever was in the needle worked very fast. It knocked him right

back down again. *Fox!*

The patron lifted himself from Roth's body and turned away. "Can we talk, Mr. Fox?"

Roth's body grew weighted, and then he knew no more.

~ * ~

Eight

Roth awoke staring into the pouch-rimmed eyes of the extremely aged Dr. Kruz. The old medic was so close that his gray curly ponytail, the only hair on his head, hung over his shoulder.

Roth flinched back. *Gross! What a thing to wake up to!* He looked around and frowned. He was in a hospital bed. There were vaulted and beamed ceilings high over head and the walls were made of mortared stone. It looked like the medical wing of the Company headquarters.

The short and heavily wrinkled, balding man pursed his lips at him. "So, how do you feel, Lieutenant Colonel Jaeger?"

Roth blinked. *How do I feel? Draggy and muzzy-headed, actually.* It was a rather familiar feeling. "Like I just woke up from a particularly long drinking binge." His voice was hoarse and his throat kind of ached. He rubbed at it. *Holy crap, that was some dream I had!* Paying his debts off by playing whore? He hoped to God that he never crawled back into whatever bottle had given him *that* vision of insanity.

Kruz nodded. "To be expected. The drug used on you was intended to knock out a horse." He lifted a familiar-looking cloth-wrapped bundle from the bedside table, then hopped down from the white

painted ladder-backed chair he'd been standing on. The man was barely tall enough to see over the edge of the bed.

Roth pushed to sit up. "Hey, what'd you do to me?" He rubbed at his eyes.

Kruz casually tucked the cloth bundle into the sleeve of his deep blue Chinese tunic. "I used my needles to restore your voice, your hands, and your feet.

Roth froze. It *hadn't* been a dream? His hand went to his throat then he pulled it back to hold both hands in front of his face and made fists. Everything worked like normal, as though it actually *had* been a twisted dream.

"You know, Jaeger..." Kruz turned to look at him. The set of wrinkles that passed for his eyebrows lifted. "They wouldn't tell me where they found you."

Roth bared his teeth at the old man. "Good." He grabbed the blankets and pulled them off. "Because I'll kill anyone that does." He frowned down at the thin hospital robe he'd been put in. "Where are my clothes?"

Kruz pursed his wrinkled lips. "You didn't have any when you got here."

Roth scowled at him. "I have clothes in my rooms."

Kruz smiled. It wasn't pretty. "What you did have were rope burns on your wrists, a manacle welt around your ankle, and signs of chafing around your eyes and your throat."

Roth slapped on his smiling poker face. "You don't say?" He slid off the bed and stood. *Fuck it, I'll walk to*

my rooms the way I am. His ankles wobbled under him. He grabbed onto the bed.

Kruz sniffed deeply. "I just restored your hands and feet. Walking may be a bit iffy for a while, especially as it looked to me like they'd been out of commission for about a week."

Roth tugged on his short hospital robe. "I'll deal with it."

Kruz raised one wrinkled finger. "One more thing."

Roth practically snarled at the little man. "What now?"

Kruz smiled even wider than before, showing his oddly straight teeth. "Nice shave."

Roth jerked his gaze downward. There for all the world to see were his smoothly shaven legs. Roth rolled his eyes. "*Son of a bitch!*" He ripped the sheet from the bed and wrapped it around his hips. *Goddamn it, I'm getting dressed now!*

He marched barefoot and dragging the sheet, out of medical, through the halls, and all the way back to his suite with a glare on his face that dared anyone to approach him on pain of death.

* * * * *

A week later...

Roth sat with his back to his massive lamp-lit desk, hunched deep in his black and gold overcoat, one knee folded over the other with a lit cigarette dangling from his fingertips. He stared through the

panes of the tall gothic arched window at the drizzling rain and the darkening sky. Behind him on his desk was a pile of papers that he was supposed to be pushing...writing reports that were more than a few years overdue, reading this, signing that, blah, blah, blah...

He scratched the thigh of his creased black pants, annoyed by the itch from the new hair growing on his legs. Absently, he wondered if he should just shave it all off. He'd already decided to keep his nether regions shaved. He just couldn't take the feeling of hair being there.

And then there was the *other* annoyance in his life – his libido.

With all the shapely young women running around headquarters in tight black clothes, one would expect that he'd have a near constant erection. Nope. His dick had shown no interest in anyone at all. For once in his life, his dick was actually behaving.

Until he fell asleep...then the fucker went into overdrive.

Every single night since his return, he'd had painfully erotic dreams about a man whose face he couldn't see, but whose body he could most definitely feel – and it wasn't Fox.

Jerking off before he went to bed hadn't done anything to stop the dreams because for some reason, jerking off wasn't getting him off. *Nothing* was getting him off. He had no problems getting hard; the problem was *finishing*. Even his most inspirational titty magazines had been a total loss.

Roth drummed his fingers against the arm of his chair and scowled at his reflection in the window glass. He had no idea what the fuck was wrong with him, but he sincerely hoped his *problem* fixed itself soon. He was sick and tired of changing his sheets first thing in the morning.

However, what was really preying on his mind was his rather mysterious return to headquarters last week. He still had no idea who had brought him back, or how he'd even gotten back. Strangely, no one else did either. Apparently, he'd just *appeared* in the hospital wing.

Unfortunately, the only person who could give him answers was the one person he hadn't been able to find. He hadn't seen base commander Colonel Johan Kessler even once since his return. The tall, dark-haired, slate-eyed man in the oval glasses was definitely there at headquarters. Everyone mentioned seeing him just about everywhere in the massive and rambling castle, yet *he* hadn't seen a trace of him once.

His cigarette clamped tightly in his teeth, he rose from his chair with a heavy sigh and grabbed his gold-trimmed hat. Only one way to discover what he needed to know and that was to hunt down the elusive, scatter-brained, flibberty-jibbit of a commander himself. Determined, he strode from the office in his suite of rooms and into the stone-walled, window-lined hallway. He'd choke the answers out of him if necessary.

Twenty minutes later, Roth entered the headquarters library, which also happened to be the

commander's office. His boot heels clopped on the aged floorboards.

Kessler's ever-harried personal secretary, First Lieutenant Fischer padded back and forth between staff members with their arms piled with papers. His blond hair was spiked into disarray from finger-combing it one too many times.

Roth tapped his shoulder and kept his voice low. "Have you seen the commander?"

Fischer blinked. "Eh, Colonel Kessler? Isn't he right over there?" He turned and pointed toward the massive stone fireplace in corner and the broad desk very nearly buried under papers, books, and maps before it. The desk chair was empty, but quivering, as though someone had left it in a big hurry. A curl of steam rose from the cup of coffee sitting in the only cleared spot on the desk.

Fischer frowned. "Where'd he go?"

Roth snorted. It seemed that the commander *was* avoiding him. He strode for the door and waved absently in Fischer's direction. "Thanks anyway."

Fischer frowned and scratched at his head, mussing his hair even more. "Yeah, sure."

Roth marched through the hallway and took the rattling antique elevator down two levels. He opened the gates and stepped into the huge mortared stone sub-basement that had once been a dungeon. The company used the various rooms as training areas for weapons practice, field medical training, and hand-to-hand combat. The very last and largest room was an indoor firing range.

Dead center in the middle of the room was his personal aid, First Lieutenant Ash. The young man was loading a sniper rifle he'd apparently been practicing with. His silver-blond hair gleamed under the floodlights, along with the silver trim and buttons on his black uniform.

Roth walked up behind Ash. "Hey, Ash, have you seen Johan?"

Ash visibly flinched and glanced over his shoulder. "The commander? I just saw him, over there." He pointed at the door on the far end of the room.

Roth nodded and strode past him.

Ash grabbed Roth's sleeve. "Hey, he's not in any kind of...trouble, is he?"

Trouble...? Roth's lifted his brows. "Not that I know of. I just haven't seen him since I got...back."

Ash tilted his head and blinked. "Oh?"

Roth turned away searching for a semi-logical excuse to be looking for the commander, though he wasn't exactly sure why he was bothering with an excuse. He shrugged casually. "I have a couple of questions about some...paperwork."

It wasn't even a lie. Considering that *all* mission reports ended up on Colonel Kessler's desk, it was safe to say that Johan knew exactly where Roth had spent the last week. This meant he'd also know *who* had gotten him out of there. Roth was *very* interested in the answer to that particular question.

"Ah..." Ash smiled, though it looked a little strained. "He went to the artifacts hall in the old north belltower."

"Thanks." Roth strode off with a frown while puffing on his cigarette. What the hell was going on? He tossed his cigarette butt, crushed it out under his boot-heel. Suddenly, he had a few *more* questions for the elusive commander.

Up a staircase, down a long hall, and up yet another antiques elevator... The old north bell tower was in fact, no longer a bell tower. It was massive room two stories tall with nearly floor to ceiling gothic arched windows. It was also jam-packed with artifacts still in their packing crates large and small. More than a few of the smaller pieces were already ensconced in sealed cases of inch-thick, bullet-proof, safety-glass on pedestals, but there were hundreds more still draped with dust-covers.

It was amazing what some governments would use to pay off a mercenary army.

Roth moved silently among the shadows under the dim light from the low-hanging cast iron chandeliers. Rain spattered the night dark windows.

A man in a long black coat moved in the farthest corner.

Roth smiled grimly. *Ah, there he is.* He ducked into the deeper shadows, moving swiftly to intercept. Johan wasn't getting away from him this time.

In the farthest corner of the artifacts hall, the headquarters commander, Colonel Johan Kessler, flopped down on the edge of a sheet-draped chase lounge. He perched his elbows on his knees and folded his hands tightly together. The gold trim on his black coat and matching creased trousers practically

glowed in the half-light. In contrast, the long, tendrils of his blue-black hair fell over his shoulders like spilled ink. Behind his oval glasses, his slender brows were lowered and his narrow-eyed gaze was focused downward. His twiddling thumbs didn't quite hide the pronounced frown on his lips. He appeared to be meditating rather fiercely on one particular flagstone on the floor.

Roth casually stepped out of the shadows. "Evening, Kessler."

The commander's head shot up to stare straight at Roth. His black eyes went wide, his lips parted, and his face went bone white. He threw out his hands and leapt to his feet, his coat flaring wide. A strained smile appeared. "Ah, Lieutenant Colonel Jaeger, how...um, nice to see you!" He pointed over his shoulder. "I was just leaving." He turned to step away.

Roth snorted. "No, you're not."

Kessler froze, one foot lifted. "I'm not?"

Roth casually reached into the breast pocket of his coat and pulled out his pack of cigarettes. "The exit door is behind me." *Idiot...* He tapped the pack against the heel of his hand to bounce a cigarette partway from the paper pack.

Kessler set his foot down, and slowly turned to squint beyond Roth's shoulder. His shoulders drooped. "Wh-why, so it is." His lips lifted into a trembling smile. "Silly me."

Roth set the raised cigarette to his lips and pulled it free of the pack. The commander was clearly terrified

of him, which meant he was definitely feeling guilty about something. He raised his lighter to the end of his cigarette and inhaled to light it. "So..." He blew out a puff of smoke. "How've you been?"

The dark-coated commander tilted his head slightly to the side, his glasses flashing in the half-light. His brows lifted. "How have...*I* been?"

"Yeah." Roth tucked his lighter away. "I haven't seen you in, oh a month or so?" He smiled with his teeth. "Since before I got back, in fact."

Kessler turned his head, yanking his gaze from Roth's and pressed his fingertips together. "Oh, well, I've been...busy! Yeah, busy!" He shrugged and put on a happy smile. "You know, with the move from the old headquarters to the new." He nodded with short, sharp jerks. "Very, very, busy!"

"Yeah, whatever..." Roth waved his cigarette and took a casual step toward the clearly flustered commander. "Look, I just want to ask you a question."

Kessler blinked, clearly startled. "Oh?" His shoulders straightened a bit and his lips relaxed into a more comfortable smile. "Okay." He tugged on the lapels of his coat. "How can I help you?"

Roth pulled his cigarette from his lips, turned his head, and blew out a long breath of smoke. "Since all the reports go to you, you obviously know exactly where I was...that week." He raised his brow in emphasis.

Kessler flinched and his cheeks flushed pink.

Roth smiled. *Oh yeah, you know all right.* "So, who

got me out of there?"

Kessler's face drained of all expression and went dead white.

Roth's brows shot up. *What the hell...?*

Kessler swallowed but held Roth's gaze. "I'm afraid that's classified."

Roth bared his teeth, fisted his hands at his sides, and shouted at the top of his lungs. "*What?!*"

Kessler lifted both hands, palm out, and shook his head. "It's classified, as is where you were and...what you were doing." He dropped his hands to his sides and took a deep breath, his gaze steady on Roth's. "I assure you, no one knows; absolutely *no one* in the building beyond you and me."

Roth curled his lip and took another step closer. "And Kruz."

Kessler shook his head. "All he has is guesses. I've confirmed nothing."

Roth's voice dropped to a growl. "How do *I* know the person that got me out of there will keep their mouth shut?"

Kessler looked away to release a tight chuckle and rolled his eyes. "Believe me, Jaeger, they have no intention of *ever* breathing a word." He winced, and a drop of sweat trickled down from his temple. "They *like* breathing."

Something about Kessler's strained voice struck an oddly familiar chord in Roth's memory. Suspicion began to brew. He narrowed his eyes. *That last guy, the one with the needle, it couldn't have been...him?*

Kessler's eyes widened and took a step back.

"Jaeger?"

Roth examined what he could of Kessler's slender form. *He's the right build, and if I remember correctly, he had silky hair about that length.* He focused on Kessler's long slender fingers. *The hands are right too.* There was only one other way to tell, which meant he had to get a lot closer. Roth, flicked away his cigarette, yanked off his hat, and tossed it atop a nearby crate.

Kessler's gaze followed the flying hat. "Jaeger?"

Roth lunged, grabbing for the commander's upper arm.

Kessler yelped and jerked back to escape Roth's hand. The back of his knees struck the chase lounge and he fell sprawling onto the sheet-draped cushions. "Uwah!"

Roth grabbed the curved back of the lounge, pinning Kessler in place on the cushions. He dove forward, pressed his face against the side of Kessler's neck, and took a deep sniff. *Cologne, soap, and a trace of sweat...* The cologne wasn't familiar, neither was the scent of the soap, but the sweat? There wasn't enough to really tell. *Damn it, he's wearing deodorant!*

"Jaeger? Jaeger...!" Kessler wriggled to get away. "What are you doing?"

Roth grabbed hold of Kessler's upper arms, and jammed his knee between Kessler's thighs to pin him in place. "Hold still!"

Kessler froze where he sat, and a soft gasp left his lips.

Roth suddenly realized that his knee was in full contact with Kessler's crotch, and there was an

erection forming right up against him. It didn't distract him for long. He buried his nose right under the collar of Kessler's black turtleneck and took a deeper breath. *Ah, now I can smell him.* And he *did* smell familiar. In fact, the distinct aroma of masculine musk, and the scent of arousal that was increasing by the second, was very familiar indeed.

Kessler grabbed hold of Roth's coat sleeves and shuddered, his fingers curling tight. "Jaeger, please...!"

Roth pulled his head back and stared into Kessler's reddened face. "It was you."

~ * ~

Nine

Kessler's eyes widened until the whites were clearly visible all the way around his slate black irises. "Er..." His fingers loosened from Roth's coat sleeves.

Roth narrowed his gaze. "You were the guy with the needle. *You're* the one that got me out of there."

Kessler flinched away from Roth's gaze. "Your suitcase arrived with a letter from a Mr. Fox. It said that you would be...*there* on a specific day, and to send someone trustworthy, so..."

Roth's brow lifted. "So *you* went to get me?"

"Yes *I* went!" Kessler released Roth's sleeves entirely to grab onto Roth's coat lapels. "I couldn't trust anyone else!" He stared up at Roth with his slate-black eyes wide and his cheeks bright pink. "I didn't know that you were going to be..." He flinched. "That you were doing *that*, honest!" He bowed his head and groaned. "I walked in and was told you'd be ready in a little while, so I had a couple of drinks, and the next thing I know, I was being sent in to the baths, and then they sent me into this room and... And..." He shook his head.

Roth snorted. "And there I was." *Naked, spread out, and hard up for a fuck.*

"Yeah." Kessler blew out a breath. "I had no idea what was going on." He closed his eyes and shook his

head. "Hell, I wasn't even sure it was you! So I... I..." He glanced up at Roth and bit down on his bottom lip.

Roth jerked his gaze from Kessler's lips and forced his mind back on track. "So, you just went along with it."

Kessler sighed and nodded. "Yeah." He turned away and his face blushed a deeper pink. "I haven't told anyone. No one knows, but me, and now I... I..."

Roth frowned. "And now you...what?"

Kessler looked up at him with eyes dilated open to sheer darkness. "And now, I can't get you out of my head." He tugged on Roth's lapels, pulling him closer. "Every time I catch even a glimpse of you..." His gaze lowered to focus quite obviously on Roth's mouth. "I can't stop...remembering." His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "I can't stop...wanting you."

Roth swallowed, suddenly very aware of Kessler's erection pushing against his knee, and the erection seriously beginning to ache behind his own zipper. He spoke, but it came out a breathless whisper. "You wanna fuck me."

Kessler's eyes narrowed and his mouth tightened to a hard line. "Yes." He angled his head up and tugged Roth's lapels hard, bringing Roth's mouth to his. His tongue stabbed past Roth's parted lips to stroke Roth's tongue in a hungry kiss.

Roth answered Kessler's kiss as though starved, stroking with his tongue, sucking with his lips, and nipping with his teeth. He didn't know why he kissed him back...instinct? Habit...? Training...? He didn't

give a rat's ass. His body was on fire and that was all that mattered. A moan bubbled up from his throat. He *needed* that hard cock pressing up against his knee. He needed it *inside* him.

Kessler's hands shoved Roth's coat off his shoulders where it flumped onto the floor at Roth's feet. He jerked at the buttons on Roth's shirt.

Impatient, Roth tugged Kessler's coat open and pulled the man's shirt from his pants. He slid both hands under, pushing the shirt up, baring Kessler's smooth belly and pale nipples. His lips followed his exploring fingers, and then his tongue. It felt so good, like silk. He smelled so good, like raw male arousal. He *tasted* so good, salt and sex...

Kessler gasped and abandoned Roth's shirt buttons in favor of tugging Roth's belt open and then his pants. He shoved them down, freeing Roth's cock.

Roth kicked his pants off, and away, not caring where they went. His fingers scrabbled for Kessler's belt and then his pants button and zipper.

Kessler lifted up to slide his pants down to his knees.

Roth dove to take Kessler's cock into his mouth, licking and sucking on the hard, hot flesh. He tightened his throat muscles to take Kessler as deep as he could and still breathe.

Kessler grabbed a fistful of Roth's hair, threw his head back, and bucked up into Roth's mouth with a deep guttural groan.

Roth pulled his head away, saliva dribbling from his lips. "Now..."

Kessler lifted his head, gasping for breath, his gaze half-lidded and slightly unfocused. "Now?"

Roth grabbed onto Kessler's shoulders and climbed up on the lounge, setting his knees on the cushions to either side of Kessler's thighs. He rose up on his knees above Kessler's lap, and reached down to grasp the saliva-slick cock, centering it on his hungry anus.

Kessler stared at Roth's rigid erection and grasped Roth's bare buttocks. "Wait...!" Wait, you're not...ready!"

Roth growled and began to lower himself. "I'm more than ready." He pressed down on the hot, saliva-slick crown of Kessler's cock and pushed to open himself. His anus relaxed, spread, and engulfed the flared head. He hissed. It ached, it burned without lube to help, but inside he pulsed with impatient hunger. He shoved down hard to take it all.

Kessler gasped and dug his fingers into Roth's ass. He bucked upward, driving the shaft deep.

That swollen ravenous place inside was struck and pressed tight, delivering a pleasure so intense and brutal, Roth howled. He lifted up on his knees and drove himself downward, starving for another taste.

Kessler shouted and met him with an upward thrust.

They hammered at each other, thrust meeting thrust, fingers clutching, mouths sucking hard on shoulders and necks, their bodies writhing in a ravenous frenzy of sweat, flesh and raw lust.

Without stopping his upward thrusts, Kessler reached up to lock his fingers in Roth's long hair and

pulled the man down for a kiss that bruised both their mouths.

Roth grabbed hold of Kessler's silky black hair and kissed him back just as hard, panting and moaning into his mouth.

Kessler's hand found Roth's cock. "I'm right there..." He began to stroke in time to his thrusts. "Cum for me." His half-lidded gaze focused on Roth's straining face. "I want to see you cum."

Climax rose horrifically fast, and crested. Roth choked and stiffened, his muscles straining. "God..." His balls clenched, his cock pulsed. Release exploded within him. He threw his head back. Mouth open and straining, he screamed out his ecstasy. Cum shot free to spatter Kessler's bare belly.

Kessler's eyes closed and his head went back. "Yes! Fuck yes!" He grabbed Roth's ass with both hands and slammed the man down on his cock once, twice, thrice... Within Roth's body, Kessler's cock pulsed, pumping hot cum deep within.

Roth collapsed on top of Kessler, panting for breath, his head limp on Kessler's shoulder, their limbs entwined and still locked intimately together. Both of them were dripping with sweat, and spattered with cum. "Shit..."

Kessler groaned and dropped his head on Roth's shoulder. "Okay, so now what do we do?"

Roth huffed out a hoarse laugh. "Well, I don't think I'm ready to go picking out curtains, or anything."

Kessler snorted. "What I meant was; how often do

you want to do this?"

Roth drew in a long breath. "What? Fuck? How about whenever we feel the urge?"

Kessler chuckled and ran his fingers through Roth's sweaty red mane. "You're not going to get a whole lot of work done."

Roth groaned and pushed to sit up. He smiled down at this commander. "Neither are you."

Kessler grinned up at him. "That's what staff are for." He leaned up and pressed a kiss to Roth's mouth.

Roth met him halfway.

* * * * *

In his small tower room at the far end of the castle headquarters, First Lieutenant Ash lounged on his bed leaning back against the cast iron headboard with one long black-clad leg crossed over the other. His ice-gray gaze was focused entirely on the tiny television set on his dresser. Or more specifically, on the grainy black and white image of Jaeger and commander Kessler sharing a kiss after their rather frantic fuck.

"So..." Ash swept a hand through his silver blond hair and smiled bitterly. "Who's the dirty one now, Jaeger?" He reached over to his dresser and flicked the dial to cut off the image.

Ash reached into his pocket and withdrew a piece of tightly folded black paper. He set the paper on his upraised palm and smiled at it. "Please tell your

master that all went exactly as planned.”

The folded paper abruptly rearranged itself into an origami fox. “Master says thank you for your kind assistance in this matter.”

Ash grinned. “Tell your master, it was my pleasure. Really.” His smile evaporated, his gray gaze chilling to hoarfrost. “I owe your master my life. He’s welcome to my assistance any time he should need it, especially when it comes to Jaeger and his debts.”

The paper fox bowed low, its paper tail flicking into the air. “Master says should the need arise, he will contact you in the usual fashion.”

Ash rolled his eyes. “Don’t you mean *when* the need arises? I somehow doubt that Jaeger has learned his lesson, even from this.”

The paper fox rose up on its hindquarters. “Master says in that case, he looks forward to working with you again.” The fox tilted its head. “He also says that your percentage of the profits have been deposited into your account.”

Ash bit down on his bottom lip. “Please tell your master that I didn’t pass the innkeeper that card or deliver his letter for that.”

The paper fox sat down on its haunches and shook its tiny head. “Master says he knows that, but a job well done deserves fair payment.”

Ash snorted. “Tell your master thank you, but getting Jaeger to pay his own debts is more than enough payment for me.”

The paper fox lifted a tiny paw. “Master says what’s done is done. What’s paid is paid.”

Ash rolled his eyes. "Great, thanks."

The paper fox nodded. "Master says you're welcome. He also says, stay alive and remain pure, Ash Wolfe. He is looking forward to collecting what you promised on your twenty-first birthday. Keeping you alive after that assassin nearly carved out your heart in Japan was not an easy feat."

Ash's cheeks bloomed hot pink. "I haven't forgotten." He rolled his eyes. "Though I don't know why he wants...*that*."

The paper fox sat up and pointed a tiny paw at the silver-haired boy. "Master says just because *you* do not see beauty in your face and form does not mean that others do not. He is most definitely looking forward to tasting more than merely your lips, Ash Wolfe."

Ash's cheeks turned scarlet. He turned away and covered his face with his overlarge and non-human hand. "Okay, yeah, thanks. Can I go now?"

The paper fox nodded. "Good night, Ash Wolfe." It abruptly unfolded into a small sheet of black paper, then refolded into a neat and simple square.

Ash hastily shoved the paper into his wallet and tossed the leather billfold on his night table. He rubbed his face with both hands. "God, what is it with *kitsunes* and their fixation with sex?"

~ END ~

Morgan Hawke

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