



Bondage

Becomes You

AE Lister

Submission in the City

Tate Mackenzie has signed on for a weekend of kinky fun at the hands of respected Dom, James Lucas. However, James has invited another man, twenty-four-year old Sebastian Doucette, to join in. Thrown together under James' expert tutelage, the two men experience an instant attraction and begin a tentative relationship on their own time. But James hasn't been entirely honest with the boys and soon Tate finds himself the focus of two infatuated men. How will he choose the man he wants or the lifestyle he desires to pursue?

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Disclaimer

This story is an erotic fantasy. I have striven to make it as realistic and detailed as possible, however it should not be mistaken as a representation of actual events. In reality, unprotected anal sex embodies risk of disease transmission, even with STD scan protocols in place.

This is a BDSM fantasy. Any involvement in actual BDSM activities should be properly researched and undertaken with extreme caution.

Dedicated to: New Beginnings

Chapter One

Waiting List

“So, when I saw this guy, I was just like, what the hell are you wearing? And then he walks over to me and, get this, asks if I want to go for coffee! I swear he must have been at least forty. And wearing a pink sequined disco shirt? Yeah, I don’t think so...hold on, someone's trying to call through...”

I peeled the thick socks off my roasting feet and answered the other call.

“Hello?”

“Tate Mackenzie?” A rich, masculine voice asked.

Holy. Shit. I fucking know that voice.

“Yes?” I said nervously, sitting up straighter and taking my feet off the coffee table.

“It’s James Lucas.”

“Hello, Sir.” I said quickly, a blush of excitement creeping into my cheeks, my cock stirring in my jeans.

He laughed, a musical, relaxed sound. “Hello Tate. How *are* you?”

His voice, low and soft, held a note of something hard in it as well.

“Fine, thank you,” I said, then added, “Sir.” Just to be on the safe side.

“Glad to hear it.” He cleared his throat. “I wanted to tell you that your name has come to the top of the list. So if you’re free next weekend...”

“Yes. I’m free.” I heard the beep from the other line. But no way in hell would I attend to it right then.

“Excellent. I have to tell you, I’ve been eagerly awaiting your rise to the top.” I heard the smile in his voice.

“Yes, Sir.”

“We should meet to fill out the forms and discuss our objectives. Are you available tomorrow evening?”

“Yes, Sir.” My chest rose and fell with my quickened breaths. Tomorrow? I would see him as soon as tomorrow?

“Great. Be at my home at seven p.m. please. I’m looking forward to seeing you again, Tate.”

I felt dizzy. “Me too, Sir.”

We hung up. I stared at the phone for a long moment, vivid memories assaulting me with rapidity and force. By the time I remembered Joanne was on the other line I had a hard-on the size of Saskatchewan in my pants.

I got back to her. “Joanne?”

“Well, well, well. What happened? Get a call from a tall dark stranger and you forgot about little ole me?”

“Actually, yes.” I’m sure she heard the excitement in my voice.

“Really?”

“It was James Lucas.”

“Shut. Up. James Lucas, the Dom?”

“The very one.” I grinned, tapping my foot to release some of the nervous energy that had taken hold.

She waited for me to say something. “*And?*”

“Well, it seems my name’s finally gotten to the top of his waiting list. He wants me to come next weekend.”

She cackled. “No doubt!”

I laughed. “Dirty girl.”

“You know it. Well, are you excited?”

“Um, yeah. I’ve been looking forward to this for months.”

“You’ll have to tell me all about it. You know how I love to hear about your shenanigans. Keeps my marriage alive.” She laughed.

“Oh my god. You don’t tell Darrin all that stuff, do you?” Joanne’s husband Darrin was pretty liberal, but very straight.

She snorted. “No, are you kidding? But when we indulge in some couple time, the fact that I’m thinking about the stuff you told me is helping me get in the mood, if you know what I mean?”

“Shouldn’t you be thinking about Darrin and experiencing the moment?”

“Tate, we’ve been married for six years. If we don’t think about other stuff we’ll die of boredom. Awe, Tate, I have to go. The potatoes are boiling and I need to attend to the rest of supper. I’ll talk to you later, okay?”

“Hey, how are you feeling anyway? You’re only a month away now, right?” Joanne was almost ready to give birth to her first child. The pregnancy hadn’t slowed her down at all.

“Yes, thank God. I feel like a cow. Look like one too.”

“No you don’t.”

“How do you know? I haven’t seen you in almost two months. We have to get together soon, okay? I know you’re busy next weekend but maybe the weekend after that?”

“Sounds good. Talk to you soon.”

“Bye, sweetie.”

I hung up the phone and leaned back on the couch, putting my bare feet up on the coffee table again. I stared at the ceiling and gave myself up to the images that crowded my head.

James Lucas tying me to the bed in his loft, naked, with my balls in a stretcher and nipple clamps attached.

James Lucas running the strands of a leather flogger over my captive body, then flogging me gently until I begged him to let me come.

James Lucas telling me to come and my body convulsing on command.

I groaned at the memories of that afternoon and slipped my hand in my pants, grabbing my cock and stroking slowly. Living alone had definite advantages.

The memories of my afternoon with James rose vivid and clear, since I'd just heard his voice on the phone. I let my head fall back against the sofa and brought myself rather quickly to a powerful orgasm, imagining spending an entire weekend at the mercy of one of the most handsome and accomplished Doms in town.

§ § §

The next day at work I demonstrated a complete lack of concentration, so distracted by the knowledge that I would be meeting with James that evening to discuss the technicalities of our kinky weekend. I hadn't been in James' home since that afternoon many months ago. I wondered if this would be just a sit down interview, or if he'd want to get a feel for my limits again?

I worked as an Executive Assistant at a Management Consulting firm. Boring as hell, but I pulled in a decent salary that included medical insurance and vacations. Today I had been recruited to help out at a workshop that my bosses were delivering to a group of Federal Government employees—even more boring than my usual duties. After handing out papers to the attendees and setting up the laptop with the PowerPoint presentation ready to go, I should have started taking notes. Instead, I stared into space and thought about James, every once in a while jotting down a comment or two that someone made, but not doing a good job at all. To be safe, I recorded it all on my laptop so I'd have the info later, when I had to write up the summary.

Of course, I also had the difficulty of dealing with a recurring hard-on throughout the day. Once, during the lunch break, as I stood at the catered table trying to decide between a salmon or an egg salad sandwich, I glanced up to see this portly, grey-haired government stiff eyeing my pants. When his gaze met mine I impulsively winked and grabbed the salmon sandwich, hastily making my way back to my table.

I didn't get out of there until five thirty, so barely had time to get home, grab a quick bite, shower, dress, and make it to James' place for the designated hour. Luckily, I pulled into his

driveway with ten minutes to spare. James did not look kindly upon tardiness and I didn't want to start off on the wrong foot. Not a good idea to piss off your Dom before a weekend of voluntary submission.

I got out of my little red Civic and approached the house, straightening my jacket and brushing mostly imaginary dust and dirt off my jeans. I had dressed casual sexy, not wanting to give the impression that I thought this a huge occasion—even though I actually did. I had waited months for this weekend, and it was almost upon me. To say I was excited would be a serious understatement.

I rang the bell and after a few moments the door opened. James Lucas stood there, in the flesh. In the absolutely gorgeous, dick-hardening, heartbeat-quickenening flesh.

“Hello, Tate.”

My eyes raked over him, taking in his handsome face with the slightly graying goatee, intelligent brown eyes, and those soft, curved lips that formed themselves into a welcoming smile. He tilted his shaved head slightly, conveying a sexy confidence and faith in his own intrinsic attractiveness. The man had presence.

“Hello, Sir.” I murmured, my pulse increasing rapidly as I took in his muscular form clothed in black jeans and a burgundy long sleeved t-shirt, the dark red cotton of which outlined his muscular arms and chest.

“Come in, come in,” he said, moving back to give me some space to enter. His face, hard and soft in all the right places, held enough slight wrinkles and creases to make it interesting and give an indeterminate quality to his exact age.

I did so, careful not to touch him before he'd given me permission. I knew the protocol now, and wanted to show him that I remembered.

I remembered everything.

“Here, I'll take your coat,” he said, holding out his broad, beautifully masculine hand. I noticed how long and elegant his fingers were as I peeled off my brown leather jacket and handed

it to him, our eyes meeting for a moment. The message in his went straight to my groin and I felt my dick start to react. Jesus, what he did to me.

“Come into the living room, please.” He gestured towards the large room to the left of the hall. His voice sounded a warm tenor—melodious and smooth.

I preceded him into the room, hoping that he checked me out in my carefully chosen jeans and black Sex Pistols t-shirt. I'd found the latter at Value Village a few weeks ago and knew it would be the perfect club shirt, not to mention the perfect “meeting your Dom before playtime” shirt. Nothing beat retro punk wear, in my opinion.

I stood nervously beside the sofa, awaiting further instruction.

“Have a seat, Tate. And you can relax. We're meeting as equals here to discuss the weekend. You don't have to take on the sub role quite yet. When you arrive here next Friday, the situation will be different. But for now, we're just friends discussing an upcoming event.”

I nodded. “Okay.” I sat down on the couch and tried to relax.

“Would you like something to drink?” he asked as he poured himself some Jack Daniel's. “You know I don't permit any alcohol for my subs, but we're not quite there yet. If you'd like something, you're welcome to it.”

I shook my head. “I'd better not. I have to drive home.” I wasn't exactly sure how long our meeting would last.

He regarded me with a little smile. “I thought perhaps, after we discuss the technicalities, I could reintroduce you to my loft for a short session.” His intelligent eyes conveyed lust and desire and mischief. “If you like.”

Struck speechless for a moment, I wondered how to tell him that I wasn't really prepared.

As if reading my mind, he asked, “Did you shower before coming here?”

I nodded. “Yeah, but I didn't...prepare...in any other way.”

I knew that James liked his subs absolutely clean, inside and out, before they went into the loft.

He laughed. "Don't worry about that. We won't get that far today." He sat down across from me in the armchair and sipped his drink. "I usually don't drink before a session. But this will be a casual one, and I'm only having a bit. Are you interested? Or would you rather just wait until next weekend? It's entirely your choice, Tate. There's no wrong answer." He leaned forward. "Just tell me what you want."

I cleared my throat. "I want to go to the loft...tonight...when we're done here."

He nodded. "Great. Well, let's get to it then, shall we? How old are you? I've forgotten."

"I just turned twenty-seven," I said. "Last week."

He smiled. "Happy Birthday."

"Thanks."

He brought out the contract he'd prepared. We went through it page by page, discussing my hard and soft limits, goals, fears, strengths and weaknesses. We spoke about the safe words and hand signals I would use and that there would be no punishment for safe-wording. It simply meant the session would end immediately. There was no reason it couldn't be resumed soon after, if mutually agreed upon.

It didn't take that long. By the time we finished, my arousal level had gone from Code Orange to Code Red. This matter of-fact discussion of the intimate details of various Dom/sub scenarios, implements of pleasure and torture, and ways of using them, proved very effective. Thank goodness he had suggested a short session, because if he hadn't, I'd have had to drive home with an aching, leaking cock in my pants. I'd need to be careful though, and follow his instructions. Because I knew it would amuse him to send me home in this state, or a worse one, if I didn't please him. Even though he'd said this would be a casual session, we'd still be playing as Dom and sub, and I knew exactly what that meant.

“Well, I think that's everything.” He had me sign in a few places and then put the papers into a large manila envelope. “I'm just going to put these away. Why don't you meet me upstairs? Keep your clothes on but take your shoes and socks off. You don't have to kneel on the floor but I'd like you standing next to the spanking bench.”

I gulped as my dick throbbed in anticipation. “Sure.”

He left the room. I took off my shoes and socks and put them near my jacket in the hall. Then I padded quietly up the circular stairs to the second floor, down the hall past the guest bathroom, and up one more flight until I reached the familiar double doors. I tried the handles. They were unlocked so I pushed the doors open and entered James' converted attic room.

Not the typical dungeon that you would expect—dark and dimly lit and filled with frightening implements. The airy space gave forth a different vibe. The two uncovered windows looked out from the second floor room onto open fields at the back. Natural light shone in through a skylight in the middle of the ceiling, illuminating everything.

I knew James' tastes. If he wanted to place someone in darkness he would blindfold them. But he wanted to see everything. He wanted to see the sunlight glinting off the sweaty skin of his sub, to see it glancing off the steel of the cage on his sub's straining cock. He wanted to see the sparkle on a dewdrop of moisture leaking from his sub's captured penis. He'd told me he found all of it beautiful.

Instead of a massive four-poster bed, like I'd read about in fictional playrooms, a simple, sturdy bed frame and mattress stood against one wall. Bigger than king size and covered with expensive looking sheets, it became a focal point, but didn't overshadow the rest of the room. There were obvious places to attach wrist cuffs or ankle cuffs, and even some eye hooks on the wall above the head of the bed.

A mesh swing device hung from the ceiling to the left of the mattress. It looked mighty comfy, made from soft ropes and hung like a hammock. But I knew the torture that could be

dealt out there—teasing and toying that had you screaming in frustration before he'd let you come. It frightened and excited me at the same time.

On the wall to the right of the mattress stood the typical St. Andrew's Cross. Painted dark brown to stand out against the sand-colored walls, it looked quite modern and high tech. There were eye hooks everywhere, it seemed, so that a person could be attached to the cross in all sorts of different ways. There was even a spot that would hold a dildo in place so a person could be restrained and impaled at the same time.

Against the far wall stood a couple of bondage benches, and a kneeler that could be pulled out and used when needed. Above these hung floggers, paddles and crops of varying sizes and materials.

In the very centre of the room, where I knew he'd probably positioned it before I arrived, stood the spanking bench.

I walked over to it, admiring its simplicity and workmanship. Made of solid oak, with leather pads where the sub's knees and ankles would be positioned, it looked like a strange upside-down chair. There were four stand-alone supports, one for each knee and forearm. All the supports were fitted with bindings to secure the sub in place.

I glanced over at James' selection of crops and paddles, then back at the spanking bench. I had listed being spanked as one of my favorite things to do in the loft, and I wasn't lying. For some reason, an older, sexy, dominant guy whacking my ass with a crop or a flogger or a paddle sent me to the moon.

I stood staring at the bench, imagining James' practiced strikes until my cock grew so hard I thought it might rip through my jeans. Then I heard his footsteps on the stairs. My knees went weak. It would have been easier to kneel, but I stood beside the spanking bench with my eyes on the floor as I heard the doors open.

James entered.

I heard him chuckle softly. “Oh, yes. You look wonderful

standing there, waiting for me,” he said huskily, and I felt my cock throb. He closed the doors and locked them, then came closer. I saw his bare feet and the bottom of his black jeans. He took my chin in his hand, tilting my face up so I could look him in the eyes.

“I thought a nice spanking might be a good place to start with you.” His brown eyes had darkened to almost black.

They delved into mine, seeking out the most secret parts of my soul, as I sighed and said, “Yes, Sir.”

I expected him to tell me to strip, but instead he told me to get up on the bench. I wondered if he would keep me clothed today. I really didn't know what to expect.

Once I got up there and he'd bound my calves and forearms, I felt his hands on the fly of my jeans. I moaned, that light touch from his fingers already driving me mad.

“Easy, boy... we haven't even started yet.” I sensed a smile in his voice.

He unzipped me and grabbed the waist of my jeans and black boxer briefs, pulling everything down past my hips. Since my legs splayed out a bit, he couldn't get them any farther down. For some reason, this made me feel more vulnerable than if I'd been completely naked. I struggled in my bonds and glanced back desperately.

James saw me and gave me a stern look. “Eyes forward, Tate. You know the rules.”

I did as directed, trying to calm my breathing as I felt his large hand caress my right buttock.

He tsked. “Looks like you need some work before next weekend. I like my boys smoother than this. But it will do for now...”

Oh Christ. I'd forgotten about James' predilection for smoothly shaven men. It had been awhile since I'd been for a waxing. I blushed with shame and embarrassment.

“I'm sorry, Sir,” I murmured.

"It's okay. This was an unplanned session."

"Yes, Sir."

Suddenly his hand disappeared. Then I felt it come down on my ass cheek, hard. He spanked me three times, in the same spot. I groaned. It was so long since I'd had this...

"You like that, don't you?" he said softly, caressing the other buttock and then landing three successive slaps to that side.

I moaned as my ass swayed from side to side with the joy of it. Suddenly, I felt his warm hand on my cock. I cried out in surprise and at the wonderful feel of it.

"Oh, yes. You do like that. Very much, eh?" His voice came silky and soft from his throat, as if he were trying to seduce me, when he already had me very much at his mercy.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me." A harder edge crept into his voice now, which I loved.

"I like it," I said.

"Be specific."

"I like you spanking me, Sir," I murmured, embarrassed. My voice went real deep when I was unsure of myself.

"Where do you like me spanking you, Tate?"

"On my ass, Sir."

"Do you want me to do it again?" I felt him close by and heard his quick breaths. This affected him too.

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell me."

"Spank me again, Sir," I said quietly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Spank me again, please, Sir," I spoke louder, feeling the blush creep up my cheeks.

He chuckled, landing a few more blows on my vulnerable bottom. "Your skin pinks up so nicely, Tate. You have a lovely

complexion.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“And what would you like next, hmm? Crop? Flogger? Paddle?”

“Whatever pleases you, Sir.”

“Any of those will please me. I'm giving you the choice.”

I thought for a moment. “Paddle, please, Sir.” Might as well go for the gusto.

“Very well.” He walked over to the wall and selected a small flat wooden paddle from the rack. My heart started to race as I realized what I was in for.

He came back over and showed it to me. “I'm going to paddle you ten times with this, Tate. Then we'll see how you do. Maybe I'll paddle you ten more times after that. Then I'm going to play with your cock until you come. Does that sound nice?”

I moaned, it sounded so fucking incredible. “Yes, Sir.”

“I thought so. This is just a bit of fun. You do realize that the sessions next weekend will be much more involved?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“All right then. Let's go.”

He moved into position and soon I felt the first blow land—painful but nothing too bad. He went slowly, gradually increasing the force of the blows, so that by the time he got to ten, my breaths rasped and my ass throbbed pleasantly.

“How are you doing?” he asked.

“Fine, Sir.”

“Excellent. Would you like ten more?”

“Yes, Sir. Please, Sir.” I heard the desire and need in my voice.

“All right. Count this time. You can safe-word if you need to.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I counted as each blow landed on my poor bottom, each one sending pain signals to my ass and pleasure signals to my cock.

How that worked I really had no idea. I just knew it did. By the time James landed the tenth blow I think I could have come, hands free, with another strike or two. And by my reactions, he knew it.

He spoke with obvious excitement in his breathless words. “Oh yes, you really do enjoy that, don't you? If I'd kept going you might have just come on your own, eh?”

I nodded. I didn't want to speak. I wanted to come, so badly.

Suddenly, I felt his clothed form press against my throbbing backside as his arm came around me. His hand circled my leaking, twitching cock. I cried out and struggled, so desperate to thrust into that warm grip. But he didn't let me right away. Instead, he watched me pant and whine and struggle for a few minutes before he started moving his hand back and forth on me slowly. I made a desperate sound as I felt the pleasure build.

“That's it.” He spoke as he leaned over me and jerked me off. “What a good boy you've been, Tate... what a very good boy...”

I yelled, feeling my cock spasm in his hand as I shot a thick and copious load all over the floor. It lasted a long time as James kept up his slow, firm stroking and because the buildup had been so intense.

Finally, my body stopped shaking and I felt a languid peace come over me. “Thank you, Sir,” I sighed.

He gave my ass a light slap, making me wince. He came around to stand in front of me, holding out the hand that was coated with my seed.

“Clean it,” he said hoarsely. Our eyes met as I lapped up my own spunk. The intimacy of the act was startling as this powerful and very attractive older man watched me clean my own juice off his hand. Heaven.

He undid my bonds and told me to pull up my pants. Then he made me kneel before him.

“Undo my jeans.”

“Yes, Sir.” I did so. He wore no underwear, so his cock stood

thick and hard before me. I made an eager noise in my throat as I glanced up at him.

He clasped his hands behind his hips and nodded, thrusting himself forward. I didn't need any more prompting. I took him gently in my mouth, cupping his balls with my hand, and swirled my tongue around him.

“Fuck, yes,” he murmured. “You are so talented in this department, young man.”

I groaned in lieu of saying thank you and took him deeper, swallowing as much of him as I could.

He hissed and groaned. I knew it wouldn't take long. He gasped and growled as I sucked him, letting me know what he liked and what he *really* liked. Before long I had him on the edge and I doubled the force and speed of my throat work. Suddenly he grunted. I glanced up to see his expression barely change as his juice spurted into me. He watched me from under hooded lids as I struggled to swallow his release.

Once he finished I let his cock slide out of my mouth and licked my lips, daring to give him a small smile.

He grinned back at me, tucking himself up, and said, “That was lovely. I'm glad I was able to give you a little taste of what's to come next weekend.”

“Yes, Sir. I can hardly wait, Sir,” I said.

We gazed at each other, both of us thinking about all the possibilities for our next visit to this room.

§ § §

Lying in bed that night, trying but unable to go to sleep, I thought about how I had originally met James.

A friend introduced me to the well-known Dom. A friend that I'd “played” with a few times and who thought that James might be able to give me more of what I wanted than he could. James had initially been a little cold toward me, until my friend told him I really enjoyed cum play and filthy language. At that point he said he'd give me a go. He invited me for an “interview”

and once I completed his requirements for a comprehensive STD screen, I joined him for an introductory session.

It had gone well. I behaved myself and demonstrated a high level of pain tolerance and a definite affinity for bottoming as a sub. He'd been impressed and told me so. He liked my body very much, and told me that too. He suggested I put my name down on his waiting list. That had been four months ago.

And now my turn had come. I would spend Friday evening, all day Saturday and all day Sunday with the Dom of my dreams. He would send me the information and preparation instructions by email so that I knew what to expect.

I already knew what to expect—a weekend of extreme kinkiness and submission at the powerful hands of James Lucas.

How the hell would I get any sleep this week?

Chapter Two

Sebastian

I woke up starving the next day, with a sore bottom. It felt nice though, reminding me of the spontaneous play session the day before. I made a quick breakfast and scarfed it down while checking Facebook and my emails. I didn't see anything particularly exciting so I got up to take my dishes to the kitchen.

Then I heard the ding that indicated another email had come in. I glanced at the screen. When I saw the name James Lucas in the address field a thrill went through me. I clicked it open.

Hello, Tate.

I have attached a document containing a list of tasks for you to complete before you meet me Friday evening. I'm sure you understand the importance of following my instructions to the letter. I want this weekend to go well and so do you.

I also need to inform you that I have another student who will be joining us. He's twenty-four, attractive, clean, eager, and relatively inexperienced with this type of scenario.

I would like you to be at my home by 6:00pm this Friday. Ring the bell. Once I open that door and you enter, you will be under my complete control. If this is not satisfactory, you are free to decline this invitation. I sincerely hope that you do not.

Sincerely,

James Lucas

I sat and stared at the email for awhile, excitement at war with something else. Who was this other guy? James hadn't indicated before now that there would be another student. I wasn't sure

what I thought about it. Essentially an unknown commodity to me, I felt uneasy about his addition to my weekend. Our weekend. I made a point to be very careful about the people I met up with for this type of activity and I had references for James. As a respected member of the local BDSM community, there were many people to vouch for him. We had been together twice now, so I knew firsthand of his brilliance and skill. This weekend would be the culmination of months of anticipation for me. However, I simply could not conscientiously arrive for such an intimate weekend with someone I knew nothing about and had never met.

I had two choices. I could decline the invitation or I could ask James for the young man's name and contact info so I could arrange to meet him.

I didn't want to decline the invitation, so that meant I had to email him.

I rubbed my temple. This would be tricky. I had to make sure that I kept my language suitably respectful when asking for this courtesy. There were no illusions that we weren't already playing the game, so tact was essential.

I chewed my nail for a moment and then began to type.

Dear James,

I am very excited about spending the weekend at your home, and intrigued by your mention of the other student. I do have a policy of meeting people before I join them in this type of activity. Would it be too much to ask for you to send me the young man's contact information so that I can arrange a short meeting with him before Friday? Alternatively, you could send him my info and ask that he contact me in the next day or two.

Sincerely,

Tate Mackenzie

I checked it over a couple of times, crossed my fingers behind my back, and hit send. Immediately, I began to second-guess myself. Was my message appropriate or would he be mad when he received it? Did I really need to meet the guy or should I just trust James' judgment? I was beginning to worry that I had blown the entire arrangement when I heard a ping. He had replied already.

I opened it quickly and read.

Tate,

Thank you for being honest with me about your requirements. Your comfort and safety is of paramount importance to me. I have sent Sebastian your contact info with strict instructions to email or call you by tomorrow evening and to follow your directives. I know that he'll be as eager to meet you as you are to meet him. I have the utmost confidence that you will agree with my decision to include him in our weekend. If not, please let me know as soon as possible so that I can make other arrangements.

James

I let out a sigh of relief. Okay. Not too bad. Maybe I wasn't being unreasonable. And I hadn't actually crossed his threshold yet, so I still had some control.

Other arrangements? Did that mean if I didn't like Sebastian, he'd un-invite him? Or did it mean he'd put me back on the waiting list? I frowned at the thought of being replaced. I fervently hoped that my meeting with Sebastian went well.

Meanwhile, I figured I should have a look at the instructions James had sent me. I clicked on the file. It opened up in Word on my desktop.

Instructions for Tate Mackenzie

For Friday, October 8th, 6:00pm until Sunday, October

10th, 6:00pm.

Grooming: Please ensure that all body hair is absent before your arrival. And I do mean all body hair. If necessary, please make arrangements at a professional facility and I will cover the cost.

Cleanliness: Please cleanse your bowel before our appointment, using an appropriate enema kit. When you are thoroughly clean on the inside, please shower immediately prior to arriving at my home. Do not eat anything for two hours before your arrival. I will provide adequate sustenance once you are in my care.

Mental Health and Physical Safety: Please take some time to meditate upon the seriousness of our arrangement. Once you enter my home, I will expect absolute obedience. Any action that I consider to be inappropriate shall be dealt with immediately and without recourse. I will decide on an appropriate punishment and it shall be administered without hesitation. When you are in my home, *you are mine to do with as I see fit. Your pleasure is secondary to mine.* I will do my best to ensure your satisfaction with the proceedings, but always *at the mercy of my own discretion.* You will be safe here and you will not be injured, either physically or mentally. You will be pushed and teased to the limit of your tolerance but never beyond. You will have safe words and hand signals to use at your discretion and I expect you to use them if you need to. This protects both of us and gives me an idea if I am heading in the wrong direction. Please ensure there are no toxins in your system when you walk through my door. This includes alcohol, prescription medication, non-prescription medication, herbal supplements, diet pills, etc. Et al.

Anticipation: Please do not bring yourself to orgasm after Tuesday. I need your undivided attention once you are here. I want you horny and frustrated when you arrive.

I very much look forward to your arrival at my home. I assure you the time you spend under my tutelage will be invaluable and the experience will be one you won't soon forget.

Sincerely,

James Lucas

When I finished reading the document I had to adjust the straining bulge in my jeans. *Jesus Christ*. His formal professionalism proved as arousing as the content of the document. And everything he spoke about brought into focus what awaited me at his hands. I couldn't wait to submit myself to his "tutelage" and I found my anticipation heightened by his referral to a second sub.

What would occur between the three of us? My mind boggled at the possibilities while my cock leaked at the images that ran through my brain...

Just after nine, an email showed up from a Sebastian Doucette. I clicked it open and read:

Hello Mr. Mackenzie,

My name is Sebastian Doucette. I was instructed by James Lucas to contact you. I am going to be 'playing' with you and James this weekend, and you wanted us to meet, right? I'd love that! He told me a bit about you but nothing beats (ha ha) a face to face meeting. Let me know when and where and I will be there!

Sebastian

I couldn't help grinning at the obvious enthusiasm in his message. He seemed sweet and friendly and respectful. I liked the fact that he addressed me as Mr. Mackenzie. I replied quickly, still smiling:

Mr. Doucette,

Thank you for your timely email. I'm glad you agree that meeting in person would be a good idea. Are you available tomorrow evening around 8:00pm? We could meet at Chapters downtown in the Starbucks. Let me know if this is suitable.

Sincerely,

Tate Mackenzie

§ § §

I got home from work at six the following day, grabbed a quick supper, and tried to decide what to wear. I settled on a casual approach, since we were just meeting at Starbucks. But I wanted to look good. I wore my black skinny jeans, an American Eagle t-shirt with a grey plaid button-up over it, and my purple Docs. I spiked my hair a bit and put on the slightest hint of cologne.

When I got to the Starbucks I bought a coffee and found a table. Sebastian had told me he would wear a brown toque with dog ears so that I could recognize him. It seemed a bit strange but would make spotting him fairly simple. I didn't see anyone yet who fit that description.

I sipped my coffee, looking around at the other patrons; the usual crowd of nondescript people out for a quick snack or coffee and a browse in the bookstore. Every couple of minutes the door opened and I looked to see who came in. Finally, after about six or seven people, a young man wearing a brown hat with dog ears entered the coffee shop. He hesitated, looking around. I almost choked on my coffee when I saw him.

Tall and slim, wearing blue boot-cut jeans, Blundstone boots, and a brown leather jacket, he looked like a wet dream. His blond hair curled out beneath the edge of his hat, framing a boyish face with a generous mouth and flawless skin. When his vibrant blue eyes caught mine, he smiled the most adorable, questioning smile.

But that wasn't what caused me to almost choke. I'd seen him before, at a coffee shop downtown, minus the dog-eared

hat. I was sure it was the same guy. It had been one of those occasions when you see someone, and you can't tear your eyes off them. He'd haunted me for days afterward, and then I'd just let it go. I didn't think I'd ever see him again. I mean, what were the chances?

I nodded calmly while my heart beat a frantic tattoo. He came over, the dimples in his cheeks bringing life to my cock and causing me to squirm in my seat.

Jesus, get it together.

I stood up, hoping my hard-on wasn't too obvious at this point, and extended my hand, giving him the best smile I could manage in my surprised state. I had expected him to be good looking. To have caught the attention of James Lucas pretty much decreed that he would be. But, fuck, he had fallen from my darkest dreams into my metaphorical lap. The thought that this guy would spend the weekend with me and James, doing unmentionable things, just about blew my mind. Not to mention my wad.

"Tate Mackenzie?" he asked as he approached. His musical, masculine voice made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. In a very good way.

"Yep," I said as he shook my hand and took off his hat. He ruffled his hair and shook it out. The color of dry straw, it fell in gentle untidy waves to just below his ears.

"I like your hat." I really wanted to say something more along the lines of "Please kiss me now," or "I really want to take you home and undress you." But it seemed a little too soon.

He smiled and held it up for my inspection. "I got it at Giant Tiger in the kids section. Apparently some kids have big heads." He laughed and blushed. "I don't shop there all the time. But they have cheap Pogos. I love Pogos." He took off his jacket and sat down across from me. "It's really nice to meet you, Tate." His blue eyes were beautiful, like something out of a movie.

"Your eyes, they're so blue." I was obviously losing my ability to censor what came from my mouth.

He looked embarrassed. “Yeah. Everyone thinks I wear contacts. But they've always been this color.”

I stared at him, in total la-la land, like he was an angel from Heaven. Everything about him sent urgent signals to some part of me that spanned from my privates to my deepest cravings and fantasies.

He shook his head, as if annoyed with himself. “Sorry. I'm babbling. Sometimes I talk when I get nervous. I can't believe I brought up Pogos...”

I shook myself out of my trance. I had to put the poor guy at ease.

“It's nice to meet you, Sebastian. I think that Pogos are a seriously underrated food item.” I stared at him, imagining how those luscious lips would look around a Pogo. Or, even better, around my cock... I cleared my throat and shifted in my seat.

“Well, they're not that healthy, but they taste great and they're quick and easy.” He ran a hand through his blond hair. With the flush in his cheeks and tousled hair he looked freshly fucked. I wondered what he would look like when he really was freshly fucked. Or spanked. Or...

“Do you want to get a coffee or something?” I asked, clearing my throat and dragging my thoughts out of the gutter.

He shook his head, his blue eyes delving into my brown ones with curiosity and excitement. “No, I just want to talk to you. About this weekend.” He looked down at his lap and then up at me. “Have you ever done anything like this before?”

I nodded. “Yes. But not for a whole weekend.” I drowned in those blue orbs as I said, “You?”

He shook his head. “I've played around a little with bondage. Enough to know I want more...”

He wanted more. So did I. And I knew that James wanted everything.

“How did you contact James?” I asked.

“Um, well, he found me, actually,” he said, blushing even

more. "I went to this BDSM party with a friend. This hot guy asked if I'd be part of a rope tying demo. I said sure. Next thing you know I'm stripped to my baby blue Calvin's and roped into the most...revealing position."

I gulped, imagining this blond haired, blue-eyed Adonis restrained with black bondage rope...

"Then all these guys are coming over and touching me and asking me how it feels..." He shook his head. "It was intense. James asked me to come talk to him when the demo was over. I got dressed and got the nerve up to approach him, even though I had the biggest erection from the whole thing."

I laughed.

He went on, in a quiet voice, encouraged by my reaction. "So he asked me if I enjoyed being bound and at the mercy of everyone. I told him I enjoyed it very much. And he told me he could see that I did, and he was staring right at my crotch. Well, that only made me harder."

I bet.

"He gave me his card and told me to call him the next day. I did, even though I was so nervous I thought I might throw up."

I nodded. "James can inspire that kind of reaction."

"So...what do *you* know about him?"

I sipped my coffee and pondered. "I know he's the most respected Dom in Ottawa. There's quite a long waiting list for his, ah, services."

"Really?" Sebastian seemed surprised. "I just met him last week."

"Well, you must have looked damn good in those ropes..."

"I guess." He looked at me and smiled shyly. "I...kind of... can't wait to get tied up again."

Oh, baby, you and me both...

I coughed and almost laughed at his modest eagerness. He seemed like such an innocent.

“It was the first time I’d been tied up with rope and the first time at a public event. I liked it.”

“Yeah, I think you covered that part,” I said with a grin.

“So...what do *you* like, Tate?”

I laughed and put my chin in my hand, staring at this guileless creature who, in the course of ten minutes, had wiped out the image of every porn star/ex boyfriend/imagined lover I'd ever had. Even James.

“I like blond-haired, blue-eyed boys who wear puppy dog hats and talk about Pogos.”

He looked at me with wide, astonished eyes and I wondered if I had said too much. But then his lips curved up into the biggest smile and he said, “Really?”

I laughed and nodded.

He shook his head. “I just met you...”

“I know...I shouldn't have said that.”

“No, I mean, I just met you, but...if you asked me to come home with you right now...I might say yes.” He looked at the floor while he spoke.

I set my coffee down on the table a little too hard, and the hot liquid splashed out and over my hand. I let it burn me. I didn't care. I didn't make a sound as I stared at my hand and felt the sharp pain fade away gradually into a dull, not unpleasant, tingle. I looked up at Sebastian. I wanted to say so many things. But I had to be careful.

“I don't think James would like that,” I said slowly. “Even though *I* would. Very much.”

He looked up at me and I thought I might combust. His innocent gaze pushed through all my barriers. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

“I have to go,” I said.

His face fell. “But I just got here.”

“Sebastian, if my cock gets any harder I won't be able to walk

home. Or, I won't be able to walk home alone. I have to go..." I stood up. "I'll see you on Friday."

He nodded, his eyebrows knit with worry. "I'm sorry..."

"Jesus, you are so sweet. Don't be fucking sorry. I honestly can't wait till Friday." I leaned over and placed my hands on the table, so that my face was inches from his. "I can't wait to see what James is gonna do to you, or make *me* do to you..."

His lips opened. It took everything I had not to kiss him.

"Me too..." he said breathily, continuing to stare at me with those dark blue eyes. Husky eyes. The eyes of a loyal and true friend.

I nodded and tore myself away. As I walked to the door, I glanced back at him. He watched me, his hands twisting the puppy dog hat as if he couldn't think of anything else to do with them. Or could, but needed to occupy them otherwise.

Chapter Three

Preparations

When I got home that evening, I rubbed one out in the shower, thinking of a twenty-four-year-old blond-haired blue-eyed boy tied up in bondage rope and fondled by strange men. I had to rub out another one after I went to bed, because I just couldn't get that image out of my head.

Now I'd seen, I mean, actually *seen*, lots of guys in bondage rope. The fact that a visualization of someone I'd just met got me this worked up demonstrated just how much of an impression he'd made. The idea that I would be with him this weekend, and the anticipation of what we might do, leant to the excitement.

Anyway, due to James' stipulation about not coming, I couldn't pleasure myself after tonight, so jerking off a couple of times made sense. I contemplated setting my alarm for midnight in order to really get it out of my system, but rejected that idea as ridiculous. I would be fine tomorrow morning.

I wasn't.

I woke with the usual morning wood but couldn't do anything about it. It didn't really concern me, because I usually woke with a hard-on and it most often went down of its own accord if I ignored it.

It didn't.

I had made an appointment after work at my favorite spa for the implicitly instructed man-scaping. Unfortunately, my erection haunted me all day in various stages of tumescence. By the time I got to my appointment I began to worry that I wouldn't be able to hide it. Luckily, I'd been coming here for years, and they had a sense of humor.

"Jesus, Tate, you happy to see me or what?" Budgie said, removing my towel as I lay back on the table.

"I can't help it, Budgie. It's been there all day."

"Oh, you poor thing...do you want me to..."

I swatted away his wandering hands before they touched my dick. "No! Don't touch it! I'm under strict instructions to leave it alone."

Budgie's face betrayed confusion. "Huh? Are you kidding me?"

I looked down at my poor aching dick and shook my head sadly. "Nope. Not kidding."

When he still looked confused I said, "I'm subbing for James this weekend."

Comprehension dawned. "James Lucas?"

I nodded. Suddenly he looked panicked. "Honey, you should have said something when you called in. I'd have added another hour to your appointment." He shook his head and clicked his tongue. "Mr. Lucas is very, very particular..." He covered me up again and headed for the door. "Let me see if I can get someone to cover my next appointment..."

Oh, cripes. Now I'm in for it. Budgie'd have every single strand off me by the end of the session, except for the hair on my head. My hard-on started to wilt at the thought.

Budgie came back looking relieved and focused. "Yep, Troy's gonna do it." He winked at me while he got the wax and all his implements of torture ready. "You never know what a spur of the moment blowjob will get you in the future."

I laughed. Budgie adored giving blowjobs. And it was something for which he had a great amount of talent. My dick started to harden again as I remembered how I'd discovered that. But as soon as the hot wax made contact with my groin it went down again. "Easy, Budgerigar. It's been awhile..."

He raised his eyebrows and yanked the hardening wax from my skin with practiced skill and obvious pleasure. I yelled as the ripping pain followed.

"*Fuck!* Jesus Christ!"

He held up the wax so I could see all the hair on it. “This is your fault, sweetheart, not mine. You should’ve been in to see me three months ago.”

My hands fisted as I tried to calm down while he applied more wax. “Budgie, I’m sorry, just please don’t do it too fast...”

He ripped the second one off me, ignoring my howls.

As he quickly applied more wax, he laughed. “For someone that enjoys a bit of pain, Tate, you’re remarkably sensitive.” He pulled off another strip.

The tears rose in my eyes. I whimpered, hoping that perhaps that might work to slow him down.

“I’ll have to give James a call and let him know how to really torture you,” he said, grinning happily.

“You are so much more of a sadist than anyone else in this town.” I growled through clenched teeth. I held in another shout as he pulled the next strip off.

He surveyed my nether regions appraisingly. “Oh, that’s much better. You have such a pretty cock, Tate. Are you sure you don’t want me to...”

“Budgie! Just get this waxing business over with, would you? And keep your paws off my bits.”

He put his hands on his hips, disappointed. “Roll over.”

I hesitated. “Wait. Shouldn’t we do my chest first?”

He raised his eyebrows in astonishment. “You gonna tell an artist which part of the painting to do first? Roll over.”

I huffed, but obeyed him. Might as well get in the mindset for this weekend.

I spent the next forty minutes in agony as he stripped me entirely of body hair in a meticulous and efficient fashion. I looked like a lobster when he’d finished. My entire body hummed with residual pain and heat.

“I want you in the mud bath next,” he said.

I looked at him, rubbing my bare chest to try to ease some of

the discomfort. "Do you think that's really necessary?"

"Yes. I know James and I know he likes his boys soft as butter. He's paying for this, right?"

I nodded.

"Then what's the problem?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I feel like a girl."

He laughed. It was a loud, shouting laugh, like he'd just heard the most ridiculous thing ever. "Honey, this ain't nothing. You're gonna feel like a girl when James is finished with you. A quivering, blushing, fucking violet!" He continued laughing as he left to prepare my mud bath.

And I knew he was right.

At home that evening, I looked at myself in the mirror, touching the smooth skin of my groin and chest. It did feel like butter and it looked good too. Trust Budgie to prepare me right. If this weekend went well, I'd have to drop off some cookies or something to thank him. Or else let him blow me.

Of course, just looking at my smooth-as-a-seal body and imagining the coming weekend had my dick up at attention again.

I couldn't get Sebastian out of my head. Or James for that matter. They haunted my imagination during the day, and my dreams at night. I experienced a brief moment of panic when I woke to wet sheets in the early morning hours on Thursday and realized I'd had my first wet dream in about five years.

What if James found out? I hadn't meant to. It was an entirely spontaneous and unconscious event. I felt mildly disappointed, as I'd planned to be a good boy and follow his instructions perfectly. But I couldn't do anything about it and he'd never know, so I didn't worry too much. I just prayed that I could maintain control for the rest of the week.

I needn't have worried at all. I woke up Friday morning with a massive, painful erection and an unparalleled enthusiasm for my weekend.

When I checked my email a frantic message from Sebastian

awaited me.

Hi Tate,

You have to help me! I tried to get rid of all my body hair like James wants but it was a disaster. I look like a Chia Pet with mange. If I show up like this tonight he is not going to be impressed! And, believe me, I am set on impressing him.

Please, can you help??? I don't know what to do...

Sebastian

I picked up the phone right away and called the salon. I explained the situation and asked if Budgie could fit Sebastian in for the same thing I'd had yesterday. The receptionist got him to talk to me. He moaned a bit about high expectations and the price of an emergency appointment, but told me to get him to come in for ten.

I emailed Sebastian back.

Sebastian,

Calm down. I've taken care of it. They are expecting you at Salon La Vida (123 Carlson) at ten o'clock sharp. Budgie will look after you. He's a bit of a sadist but you might as well get used to it. By noon you'll be smooth as a statue. Just do what Budgie says, but don't let him touch your cock. He'll have you off in ten seconds if you let him. I assume you're under the same prohibition as me and we wouldn't want to disappoint James.

Good luck and I'll see you tonight :)

Tate

I went to work, comforted by the thought that Sebastian would have to go through the same horrible experience at the salon that I had. I hoped Budgie would keep his hands off

him, except to do what he had to. Anyone would be tempted by Sebastian's youth, looks, and naiveté. Hopefully, the fact that James had essentially claimed him for this weekend would keep Budgie in line.

When I got home from work I fulfilled James' requirements vis-à-vis a thorough bowel cleansing. By the time I'd finished and was ready for my shower my phone rang. It was Budgie.

"Hey, Budgie. How did it go this morning? Is Sebastian as hairless as me now?"

"Tate Mackenzie, how dare you send a sweet young thing like that my way when you know I can't touch him?"

I laughed. "Sorry, man. But I feel your pain. I can't touch him either. At least, not yet."

"Yeah? You feel my pain? You haven't seen him naked, have you?"

"Well...no..."

This time Budgie laughed. "Ooooh, you have no idea what you're in for this weekend, Tate. *No idea.*"

"What are you talking about, Budgie?"

He laughed again. I wondered why he hadn't been snapped up by some TV production company to provide the voice of an evil cartoon villain. "Not only are you subbing to the sexiest, most sought after Dom in town but you're doing it alongside the most delectable piece of fresh meat I've seen in twenty years. *Twenty years, Tate.* And, yes, I'm that old."

"Look, Budgie, I know he's cute..." *God knows I know that.* My dick twitched in sympathy.

"Cute? *Cute?*" I heard his heavy breathing and muttered curses. "Taylor Lautner is cute. Justin fucking Bieber is *cute!* Sebastian is... oh, Tate, you should see him now...he's even more gorgeous now I've done *my* bit. And it was torture. It was fucking torture not being able to do anything more than apply wax strips to that supple skin and... and..." He sniffled. "I made him cry, Tate. I made the poor boy cry and I could just feel God

and all the angels frowning down on me...”

Okay, this is ridiculous. “Budgie, you made *me* cry if you remember. You didn’t seem to care much.”

“You deserved it. But, honestly, Tate, this kid is gonna be the death of you. Maybe the death of James too.”

I felt a shiver go down my spine and up my dick. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, dear, dear, Tate, that your lovely Sebastian is a goddamn male Helen of Troy. You remember Helen of Troy? The face that launched a thousand ships?”

“Um, I guess so?”

“She caused the Trojan War. Because two powerful men were fighting over her.”

“What the hell does this have to do with Sebastian?”

“He told me James asked him, *asked him*, to come to training. Do you know what that means, Tate?”

“Well...”

“I’ll tell you. It means James is interested in him. And you’d better keep your hands off him except when you’re with James and he’s specifically telling you what to do to him.”

I huffed, suddenly uncomfortable. “What, you think I don’t know that?”

This time he laughed with even more of an evil undercurrent. “Oh, I know you know that, Tate. I just don’t trust *you* not to fall for this boy. Do you know what he said to me when I told him to roll over, after I made him cry pulling out his pubes?”

“No...”

“He said, Yes, Sir. I’m telling you, Tate, he is gonna make James so proud and so crazy with lust and so fucking horny that you’d better not get in the way. Not if you know what’s good for you...”

Okay, I’ve had enough. “Thanks, Budgie. I’ll keep that in mind. I need to take a shower and get going.” *Talk about being overly*

dramatic.

“Okay. Good luck. When you see that boy naked and smooth you are gonna blow your wad, Tate...”

“Okay, bye Budgie.” I hung up the phone, laughing and shaking my head at his dramatic warning. What the hell? Sure, the kid was sexy. But a male Helen of Troy? That seemed a bit over-the-top.

I showered thoroughly and dressed in brand new black boxer briefs, jeans and a long sleeved T-shirt. I anticipated being summarily stripped soon after crossing James’ threshold, but I wanted to look clean and fresh from the bottom up, just in case.

Chapter Four

The Fun Begins

At five fifty p.m. I pulled into the driveway of James Lucas' large suburban home in Ottawa's south end. It looked like all the other houses. I wondered if his neighbors knew what he got up to inside those walls?

Just thinking about it made my stomach clench with anticipation, excitement, and a bit of fear as I got out of the car and approached his front door. There was no sign of Sebastian. Mine was the only car in the drive. Perhaps he would arrive later.

My breathing quickened when I walked up the steps to the small front porch. My cock had been erect since before my shower—using the enema kit had primed me for the rest of the evening. It strained against my jeans as if trying to escape as I rang the bell.

No immediate response. I waited patiently for a few moments, trying to decide whether his delay in answering the door was part of the game, or if I should ring the bell again. Then the door opened. Expecting James, I was surprised to see Sebastian before me, wearing black jeans and a white button-up but no shoes.

He smiled and opened the door wide. “Hi, Tate. Come in. James is in the study. He told me to answer the door.”

I nodded, my eyes flying over Sebastian, my brain acknowledging the accuracy of my memory. Except he looked even better than I remembered. I stepped inside, removing my shoes and jacket as Sebastian hung my jacket in the closet.

He took my hand and led me down the hall, his touch giving me goosebumps and making my cock ache deliciously. I knew better than to ask any questions because I was sure Sebastian had strict instructions from James as to what to do with me.

He led me into what appeared to be the living room. For

the first time I really took in the décor. Two comfy-looking sofas faced each other, a leather ottoman between them, while an expensive looking modern armchair sat at an angle by the gas fireplace. A large flat screen TV hung on the wall above the mantel.

Sebastian cleared his throat and gestured to one of the sofas. "I need you to sit down." He smiled shyly as I did so. I sat there, my heart pounding in my chest, wondering what would happen now.

Sebastian's crystalline blue eyes gazed into mine for a moment as he knelt before me. "I'm supposed to blow you..." he said nervously, looking up at me as if for permission.

My mouth opened involuntarily and I nodded. *Oh yeah. That sounds good to me.*

"...But you can't come."

Of course. *Dammit.* Of course I wouldn't be allowed to come. I nodded again, closing my mouth and preparing myself.

As he undid the top button of my fly, I glanced around the room, looking for a camera. Sure enough, I spotted one in the corner. Clever man, James.

Still, this was a pretty gentle way to start out. I'd half expected him to meet me at the door, tell me to strip and drag me to the loft.

I heard Sebastian's quick breaths as he undid my jeans and pulled them down. I lifted my ass to help him but otherwise kept my hands still. I hadn't been instructed to do anything but sit here and not come so that's what I would do.

He glanced up at me with those baby blue eyes. The dimple in his cheek when he grinned made my cock twitch. I saw the excitement and eagerness in his eyes. No doubt he saw the matching emotions in my own.

He looked down and touched my straining erection through my blue boxer briefs as I gasped. We looked at each other again and he blushed. "Ready?" he said breathlessly.

I nodded. I didn't speak since I wasn't sure I was allowed to. I wanted to be good this weekend, more than anything else.

I felt his fingers slide under the band of my boxers before he pulled them down. I lifted up again to help as he slid them down to my knees. My cock stood hard and eager between us as we both looked at it. Sebastian exhaled shakily, touching me gently with his fingers. "So big..." he breathed. "So fucking gorgeous..." He looked at me. I gave him an encouraging and grateful smile while my brows knit in concentration as I tried to keep my excitement under control. Fuck, he hadn't even put his mouth on me yet...

He slid a warm hand around the base of my standing dick and when his lips touched me I couldn't help a moan escaping. Those lips...those goddamn perfect plump lips...on my cock...

He kissed my length, up and down, over my smooth as-silk sack and the tops of my thighs. Now I was grateful for the expert waxing that Budgie had dealt me. Sure, it had hurt like fucking hell but I did look pretty and James would be pleased. By the time Sebastian started on me with his tongue my nerves were so heightened I let out an unanticipated moan.

Get it together, get it together. I tried not to watch but I couldn't tear my eyes away from that tousled blond head. When he looked up at me with those blue eyes, making sure I enjoyed myself, my cock throbbed. I wanted to tell him not to tease me so, to just go at it, because that would be easier to withstand than this leisurely torture.

Of course, when he finally took me completely in his mouth, I had to bite my lip and think about dead dogs in order not to let go. I hadn't orgasmed in forty-eight hours, and I'd dreamt about Sebastian's mouth on my dick for the past seventy-two. I forced myself to close my eyes and lean my head back, so that I could put all my concentration into staving off my orgasm as he sucked and licked my cock with astounding enthusiasm and flawless technique. He might be new to the sub game, but definitely not to oral sex.

I made involuntary whimpering noises as he worked me and I heard moans come from him as well. I'm sure his dick felt as

desperate as mine. If he enjoyed giving head as much as I did, well, he probably found this difficult too.

Putting us into this position proved very clever of James, because he didn't have to lift a finger to have us both at his mercy. When I thought I couldn't hold on much longer, we heard a deep, husky voice on the speaker system.

“That's enough, Sebastian. Tate, get dressed and both of you meet me at the top of the stairs, please.”

Sebastian immediately took his mouth off me and stood up, smiling and holding out his hand. It took me a moment to compose myself and when he stood, the massive bulge in his black jeans moved to eye level. Holy Mother of God. It looked huge. Why hadn't Budgie said anything about the *size* of it?

I grasped his hand as he helped me up, putting myself back together as best I could. Stuffing my cock into my boxers and my jeans, I fumbled with the button when Sebastian said, “Here, let me...” and my hands fell to my sides obediently. He shoved his hand down my pants, pushing the head of my dick lower. I hissed in surprise, pain, and pleasure as he swiftly buttoned me up.

My cock hurt but at least I was decent. I didn't dare speak but smiled in gratitude. He nodded, taking my hand again and leading me back to the hall.

As we approached the circular stair I looked up to see James standing at the top, staring down at us. Dressed in suit pants and a grey shirt, as if he'd just finished work for the day, he looked like something out of a gay porno titled “Hard Day at the Office.” He'd undone the top buttons of his shirt and rolled up his sleeves to just below the elbow. His black polished shoes looked quite expensive.

He watched us as we climbed the stairs to stand before him, an impassive expression on his hardened features. My stomach started to swirl again.

“Tate. I see that Sebastian welcomed you into my home properly. You may speak.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said.

“Sebastian, you followed my instructions perfectly. I'm very pleased.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He eyed the bulges in our jeans, raising an eyebrow. “Are you both enjoying yourselves so far?”

“Yes, Sir,” we said.

“That's good. So am I. Come with me.”

We followed like good little subs as he led us through the large master bedroom and into a huge en-suite bathroom. It contained a massive jetted tub, a large vanity with two sinks over which hung a giant mirror, and a large walk-in two-person shower, with no curtain or doors. Across from the shower sat a comfortable looking retro green vinyl chair upon which James immediately seated himself.

“Both of you, strip, and get in the shower. I'd like to ensure that you're both thoroughly clean before we get down to business.”

Sebastian and I started to remove our clothing.

“I trust that you followed my instructions, but it never hurts to make sure you didn't miss anything. Tate, did you do your enema?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Sebastian?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Excellent. I want you to get comfortable doing those, as I will request it often. Cleanliness is so important for these sorts of games.”

“Yes, Sir,” we replied.

I tried to keep my eyes off Sebastian as he removed his clothes, but it was difficult. I glanced at James. He watched us with an impenetrable expression as his eyes roamed over us.

When we'd finished and had placed our folded clothes neatly on top of the hamper as instructed, he spoke again.

“In the shower, please. I want you to clean each other and I want it to be thorough. That means behind the ears and in the crack. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir,” we said. We stepped into the shower. It was only after I'd turned on my showerhead and turned around that I got a good look at Sebastian. If we were in a cartoon there'd be bombs going off in the balloon over my head. *Jesus fucking Christ*. If he wasn't the hottest thing I'd ever seen. I mean, *ever*.

He was facing the other way and had tilted his head forward under the water to let it soak his hair. The warm rivulets ran over his defined muscles and smooth skin, down his long legs and into the drain at his beautiful naked feet.

I glanced at James. He sat there, watching us intently with a little hint of a smile on his face. I turned back to Sebastian, picking up the body wash.

“You can talk to each other,” James said, “but only about the task at hand, please.”

“Turn around,” I said to Sebastian.

Sebastian turned his head and smiled, twisting under the hot water until he stood before me in all his glory. He shook the water out of his eyes. We stared at each other for a long moment, during which we seemed to communicate our mutual pleasure at what was occurring.

“Get on with it,” James said sternly.

I broke from that blue-eyed gaze and poured some body wash into my hand. For the next fifteen minutes I soaped and lathered that beautiful boy from top to bottom, not missing a spot, delighting in his soft smiles and grunts of pleasure from my gentle ministrations. Afterwards, he did the same to me. This reciprocal bathing resulted in some pretty obvious signs of arousal by the time we'd finished. Our dicks looked like a matching set, although I noticed that Sebastian's stood somewhat thicker and longer than my own.

We glanced at James. He had crossed one of his long legs over the other and watched us with a lackadaisical air that belied the

bulge we could both see tenting the front of his pants.

“Very good. Now turn off the water.”

We shut off our respective showerheads and stood in the residual steam that filled the stall and the rest of the bathroom, wondering what to do next. James didn't make us wait long.

“Sebastian, do you know what rimming is?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sebastian replied.

Good answer.

“Good boy. Tate checked off being rimmed as one of his favorite activities,” he said, stroking a hand over the bulge in his pants.

My heart rate sped up at the prospect of Sebastian's sweet lips and tongue on me in that sensitive place.

“Tate, I want you to lean forward with your hands on the wall under your shower head. Keep them there, no matter what, understand? They don't have to stay on the same spot but they better damn well stay on the wall, capiche?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, getting into position.

Oh shit oh fuck oh shit.

“Sebastian. I want you to demonstrate your best rimming technique on Tate. Show me what you can do. I want you to try to make that boy come, got it? Try to make him come just from having your tongue on his ass. Or in it.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Oh shit oh fuck oh shit. I knew what he was going to say next.

“Tate. You are not allowed to come. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir,” I mumbled, my cock twitching at the prospect of this exquisite torture.

Normally, I wouldn't be in any danger of orgasming from a rim job. But my frustrated and aroused state and the way I felt about Sebastian, and the fact that James would watch me *get* rimmed, made it a distinct possibility, and one that I had to avoid

at all costs.

“Get to it, then,” James said shortly.

I looked straight in front of me at the dark blue tiles of the shower. Water had beaded on them the way my precum beaded on my dick and now dripped down as I felt Sebastian’s hands on my bottom, spreading my ass cheeks with his thumbs.

When I felt his tongue slide along my crack to my puckered hole, I gasped and closed my eyes. He rimmed like he gave a blowjob—slow and teasing and excruciatingly thorough. He tasted me again and again, pushing that long, strong tongue around and inside me like a starving man.

I heard a soft sound. I turned to see James sitting forward in the green chair, his eyes glued to where Sebastian went at me with his mouth and tongue. He had unzipped his pants and now stroked his cock while he watched.

I turned back to the wall and closed my eyes because I had to concentrate on not coming. It was all too much. My dick wanted to shoot and all I could do was focus and try to prevent it. The only saving grace at this moment was that my cock was not getting any direct stimulation. If Sebastian or James touched it I would be done for. I prayed silently that they wouldn’t and bit my lip to keep from moaning too loudly.

As if reading my mind, James said, “I want to hear how good he’s making you feel, Tate. You’re free to vocalize. Just don’t come.”

Just the fact of him giving me that directive again made me want to come. I let out a long, shaky cry as Sebastian’s talented tongue slid in and out of me again and again. I couldn’t help moving my ass back against him, silently requesting more, more, more, even though it would be the end of me.

After another few minutes of this, James told Sebastian to stop. I tried to calm my frenzied breathing and tortured nerves while I waited for the next instructions.

“Very good, both of you. That was lovely to watch.”

I bet. Did you videotape it? 'Cause I'd watch it.

Luckily, James didn't have the ability to hear my internal monologue or he'd have whipped me for that impudence. I'd better be careful or I'd end up saying something out loud. I started to take my hands from the wall but stopped when James said, "Tate, did I tell you to move?"

"No, Sir."

"Keep your hands where they are, boy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Sebastian, I want you inside him. I want you to fuck that boy and I want you to do it well, you understand me?"

Oh shit oh fuck oh shit.

What? Would James not touch us at all tonight? Would he just watch me go to pieces under this sublime torture? I closed my eyes.

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said.

"There's a bottle of lube there on the shelf. Get yourself and him ready quickly. I haven't got all night."

I felt a chill and a movement of air near me. I opened my eyes to see James' handsome face inches from mine. His brown eyes bored into me and I saw his lust and need and total enjoyment of this laid bare before me.

He took my chin firmly in his hand. "Don't. Come." He kissed me then, and I felt my ego wash away. I wanted to be good for him.

Before he sat down he turned to Sebastian. "You either."

"Yes, Sir."

He released me and returned to his seat.

I felt Sebastian's lubed fingers on my crack as they pushed inside me and tried to control my breathing as I felt the head of his cock at my entrance next. I braced myself against the shower wall as he sank completely into me in a matter of a few exquisite moments.

The pleasure became intense very quickly. I groaned and gasped as I adjusted to his big beautiful cock filling me. I felt the heat and energy of his body so close, touching me so intimately and couldn't help moving my hips to push back against him.

He started fucking me. He held my hips as he moved out of me then back in, tearing groans from my throat each time he thrust. My aching and desperate dick wept pre-cum as he rubbed the sweet spot deep inside me.

How am I not supposed to come? I asked the gods helplessly, as their sweet blond offspring plowed my rear end into submission. I tried to focus on the feel of the wet tiles under my hands, the images of road kill that I was trying to summon behind my eyelids, but it was no use. It built and built and I didn't know if I could stop it, or if I even wanted to at this point.

Through the haze of arousal and heightened sensation I heard James' voice.

“Put your hand around his cock, Sebastian.”

I sobbed out a frantic “No...” trying frantically to remember my safe words as Sebastian hesitated, his rhythm faltering.

“Do it.” James affirmed.

Sebastian obeyed.

I yelled and spasmed, shooting my load against the tiled wall of the shower as Sebastian kept pounding me, drawing out the pleasure and relief until I'd emptied about a quart of come onto the tiles. It felt so good, so fucking good to come, but I knew I was in for it. He'd set me up in a way, but I was better than this. I'd played this game countless times and usually I'd ace it. What kind of power did Sebastian have to take that away from me? I thought, as I came down from my orgasm, that Budgie had been absolutely right and I was so, extremely, fucked.

Chapter Five

Initiation

“Get out of him, Sebastian. Turn on the shower again and wash each other clean, please. We’re not even close to being done here.”

I looked over at him, feeling like a dog that had disobeyed its master.

He shook his head at me. “Tate. That was unexpected, I must say. You *did* check off ‘orgasm control’ as one of your skills, didn’t you?”

I nodded, blushing. “Yes, Sir.”

“Care to explain yourself?” he said, his tone indulgent. He didn’t often ask for explanations.

Sebastian had turned on his showerhead and now leaned past me to turn on mine. He looked upset, like he was worried about me and sorry that he’d got me off, even though it wasn’t his fault.

“Out of practice, I guess,” I muttered, giving Sebastian a reassuring smile. I soon lost it though.

“Do you think this is amusing, Tate? The fact that you were unable to obey a simple command?”

“No, Sir.”

“Nor do I. When you’re clean you’re to come and assume the submissive position before me and await your punishment.”

Oh crap. Well, I’d signed up for this, hadn’t I? If I wanted to play the game I had to take the punishment.

“Yes, Sir,” I said quietly.

“Sebastian, you can towel off and go into the bedroom. There’s a robe for you on the bed. Wait there until I’m done with Tate.”

“Yes, Sir.”

We did as directed. I sat on my knees on the bathroom floor in front of James, my head bowed in submission.

“Now, Tate,” he said, his tone softer, more affectionate. “Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

“I’m sorry, Sir. Please forgive me for disobeying a direct order.” I knew that trying to make excuses for my behavior would just make things worse. A direct apology would be best.

He sighed. “I do forgive you. But you still need to be punished.” He rubbed my hair affectionately. “And I need to come.”

My heart started beating again. Okay, maybe this wouldn't be too bad.

“Undo my pants and pull out my cock.”

I looked up at his crotch, avoiding his eyes. My hands trembled as I unzipped him and gently pulled his naked cock forward.

“Now suck it. Do a good job, boy. Make me come.”

Oh yeah. Now this, I could do, and he knew it. He loved my mouth on him. I couldn't help a ghost of a smile drifting over my features before I composed myself. I took the tip of him into my warm mouth before he could reprimand me.

He gasped and growled, grabbing my hair in a painful grip while I bobbed up and down on him, licking and sucking with all the skill I had. I ignored the pain and gave my all, determined to give him satisfaction, listening to his quickened breathing, grunts and groans. Finally, his grip on my hair tightened and he stilled. His dick pulsed hot streams of juice into my throat as he trembled through his orgasm.

When finished, he released his grip and backed away from me, letting his sated dick slide wetly from my mouth.

“Well done.” He fastened up his pants and walked into the bedroom, snapping his fingers. I followed.

Sebastian sat in the armchair in the corner of the room, wearing a white terrycloth robe and looking uneasy, probably unsure what James expected of him at the moment. He didn't have to wonder for long.

“Take off the robe, Sebastian, and lie down on your back on the bed, please.”

Sebastian did as instructed while I stood at the foot of the bed watching him arrange himself, naked, on the burgundy sheets. His smooth, pale skin and blond hair looked remarkable against the dark coverlet. His cock stood, beautiful and hard, at attention. Poor boy. He needed to come.

“Tate, there are wrist cuffs in the top right drawer of that dresser. I’d like you to bind Sebastian’s wrists to the eye hooks in the headboard, please,” James said, pouring himself a glass of water from a pitcher on the dresser. He took a sip as he watched me with a contemplative air.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, going to the dresser and finding what I needed. Before I closed the drawer, James said, “You’ll need the ass-vibe too.”

I found it and took it out, laying it on the bed beside Sebastian who eyed it eagerly and glanced up at me as I put the wrist cuffs on him. When I’d secured him I looked over at James where he sat in another armchair, sipping his water and watching us.

“Kiss him.” He told me in a soft, sensual voice. “Kiss him like you’ve been waiting for days to do it.”

I felt my heartbeat increase as I stared at James, wondering if he could know that I *had* been waiting that long. Then I turned to Sebastian, who lay there looking up at me with adoring eyes. I touched my lips to his, and immediately an electric current connected the two of us. When he opened his mouth to me, my tongue took over. His lips and mouth tasted so sweet. We kissed passionately as James looked on.

He cleared his throat after a few moments. Truthfully, I’d almost forgotten about him. My cock had risen again from kissing Sebastian’s willing and eager mouth.

“That’s enough,” James said sternly.

I tore myself away from Sebastian's mouth with difficulty since I could have kissed him for hours. I looked at James, awaiting his instructions.

“Okay, Tate. I'd like you to put that vibe in his ass, slowly. The lube is on the side table.”

I nodded, reaching for the lube and the vibe. I heard Sebastian's breathing quicken as I lubed up the vibe where he could see. I knew better than to talk but I so wanted to. I wanted to tell him how much I looked forward to fucking him with the vibe.

“Bend your knees, Sebastian,” James said. “I want to have a good view of this.”

“Yes, Sir.” I heard the excitement in his voice. Sebastian lifted his knees and spread his legs.

“Perfect,” James praised him. He stood up from the chair, still holding his drink, and moved so he had a better view. “Let's get it in you then.”

I touched my lube-covered fingers to his sweet rosy ass and heard him gasp. Our eyes met for a moment and it seemed a message passed between us. Something along the lines of *Holy shit this is so awesome and there is nowhere I'd rather be right now...*

I lowered my gaze to the black vibe, pressing the slippery tip into his waiting hole.

“Yessss,” James sighed.

Sebastian groaned and pulled on his restraints as I slid it all the way in. I looked at his cock. Uncut and untouched, it rose gorgeously from his naked groin like Excalibur, shiny and smooth in the faint light from a single lamp. As I watched, a pearly bead of pre-cum oozed from the tip and glistened in the lamplight.

“Turn it on,” James ordered.

I flicked the switch on the bottom of the toy and heard the gentle hum of vibration as Sebastian groaned again. His knees trembled while pre-cum slid slowly down the length of his cock as he closed his eyes and gasped his pleasure.

“Okay, Tate, well done. Now suck his cock. Sebastian, you are not allowed to come until I tell you, understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” He whimpered.

“I know you're new to this so I'll go easy on you, I promise.”

“Thank you, Sir...”

“You've done very well this evening. You deserve a reward.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

I felt a stab of jealousy when James praised Sebastian and not me. But I had only myself to blame. I was off my game this evening but determined to perform well from this moment forward.

I took Sebastian's glistening cock gently in hand, bending to my task. First things first. I licked that long drip of wetness off him slowly, trailing my tongue along his dick from the base to the soft, flushed tip.

He tasted amazing. Different from James, but a little the same too. His dick seemed softer. Well, he had the advantage of being younger, and he'd been the recipient of an expensive mud bath this very morning.

Sebastian moaned again, so hard and so turned on I knew it would be difficult for him to control it. But he definitely needed to learn that skill if he wanted to spend any amount of time with James. I had no intention of holding back. And perhaps a tiny part of me wanted to make him come in spite of himself, as he had done to me unintentionally in the shower.

I heard a sound behind me. I turned to see James unbutton his shirt and remove it and his hands move to his pants.

“Tate.” He admonished with a small shake of his head. I turned back to Sebastian, wondering what James had planned.

I lost myself to the joy of giving head. I worked Sebastian's beautiful cock into a desperate state while he moaned, gasped, and fought his restraints. When I started deep-throating him I felt his dick twitch and swell. I thought I had him, until I heard James' voice behind me.

“Enough. Tate, stop.”

I immediately came off Sebastian, watching his cock twitch at the loss of sensation. I think he barely held himself in check

because his eyes closed and his eyebrows knit together in concentration. He gasped and trembled but managed to stave it off as another drip of moisture dribbled down his length. It was a beautiful sight. James and I both watched the manifestation of his control with fascinated gazes.

I turned to look at James who had undressed completely and stood, absently rubbing his impressive erection, regarding us contemplatively. My eyes traveled over his body, hard and muscled and absolutely perfect. The covering of soft, slightly graying body hair made him look that much more masculine and animalistic.

“Hmm. I think Sebastian needs to be fucked, Tate. Would you like to do it or shall I?”

I gulped. *Me me me!* But I said, “Whatever Master wishes.”

James nodded. “Go ahead, then. But, Tate...”

I hesitated. *Oh oh.*

“Don’t you dare fucking come or I will give you a whipping you won’t forget.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And when you’re done with him, your ass is mine.”

“Yes, Sir.”

James came around and climbed onto the bed, lowering his face to Sebastian’s. He grasped Sebastian’s chin in his hand, forcing him to look him in the eyes. “I’m going to let you come, Sebastian, but you do it on my command, understand?” he said quietly, his eyes moving from Sebastian’s blue orbs over the planes of his face and finally to those plump lips. They formed the words “Yes, Sir,” just before James kissed him hard. Sebastian moaned into the older man’s mouth and writhed in his bindings.

I slathered lube onto my dick and pulled the vibe carefully out of Sebastian’s ass, turning it off. Then I lined myself up, waiting for James to give me the okay.

He finished kissing Sebastian and pulled back. Arranging himself comfortably on the mattress beside us, he nodded.

Sebastian's glazed eyes met mine as I pushed slowly into him. His mouth opened and his eyes widened, his breaths coming in quick pants. I heard a deep groan come out of me at the pleasure of sheathing my cock in him, and an answering hiss from James, whose eyes locked on the place where Sebastian and I joined. He gripped his cock, rubbing it harshly as he watched my dick sink into his blond-haired boy.

“Oh, yes, that's it...”

He didn't need to encourage me. The heat and tightness of Sebastian's sweet passage proved encouragement enough, and at least my precipitous orgasm made it easier to maintain control now. I pulled back and thrust in again, delighting in Sebastian's loud groan. I hoped James didn't make the poor boy wait too long, but I didn't really care. I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

I fucked Sebastian the only way I knew how—with skill, enthusiasm, and emotion. I groaned my pleasure with abandon, knowing that James would have told me to be silent if he'd wanted that. He wanted to hear me because he wanted to hear how much I enjoyed fucking his boy.

Poor Sebastian quivered and cried out beneath me. He was close, so close, but James had not given the command. I rubbed over his prostate again and again until I thought he might lose it and come without even a hand on his cock.

“Harder, Tate,” James said and I saw him reach out, grasping Sebastian's desperate cock in his large hand. “Now, Sebastian. Come now.”

He let out a sobbing groan and I watched as his cock erupted in James' hand, shooting thick strands of white onto his belly and chest. I pumped him as hard as I could. I felt his ass spasm around my dick, and my own body almost took over. But I pushed the cresting orgasm down by biting my lip hard and summoning up images of my grandmother. Sick, I knew, but it worked and, somehow, I didn't think the randy old biddy would mind.

James bent his head, engulfing the tip of Sebastian's spurting cock in his mouth and eliciting a strangled moan from the boy

as his orgasm continued. James met my gaze as he swallowed Sebastian's come. He sucked the kid through what must have been a mind-blowing experience. My mouth fell open as I watched my Master suck another man's prick, my own dick dying for release. But I knew he wouldn't grant me permission to come again. Not for awhile.

Finally, Sebastian relaxed into the post-orgasmic state of jellyness that we were all familiar with.

James came off his cock and told me to get out of his boy. I did so, pleased at Sebastian's little whimper of sadness as I left him. He sighed, opening his eyes wearily.

James smiled down at him, stroking Sebastian's wilting cock lazily. "How was that, my lovely boy?"

"Awesome, Sir," Sebastian breathed, absolutely glowing with sated desire and contentment.

James laughed. "You've done very well. I'm quite pleased. I'm going to have Tate undo your bonds. Go ahead and shower. Pajamas are in the cupboard. When you're clean, dry and clothed, go down to the living room. When I'm finished with Tate, I'll order you boys some pizza."

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said.

I unfastened the wrist cuffs and moved out of the way so that Sebastian could get off the bed. He went into the bathroom and I heard the shower start.

James was standing beside the bed with his arms folded across his chest as he gazed at me. His cock was huge and red and hard. "Very nicely done, Tate. You seem to be redeeming yourself. But I'm not done punishing you for that slip in the shower." He walked over to the drawer from which I'd gotten the wrist cuffs and ass vibe. My stomach dropped because I knew the only thing left in that drawer was a huge black hard-rubber dildo.

Sure enough, he opened the drawer, taking out the intimidating thing and throwing it onto the bed in front of me.

"Lube it up, please," he ordered.

Oh crap. I got the lube and started coating the huge dildo with the stuff. I would damn well soak the thing in it...

I heard the bedsprings creak a bit as James came up behind me, but I wasn't ready for the stinging slap he dealt my behind. I yelped in surprise and pain.

"Naughty boy. What the hell is going on with you, Tate?"

I stilled my hands, looking him in the eyes. I shrugged. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Did you forget your safe words?" he asked.

"In the heat of the moment, yes, Sir."

"I should have gone over them with you. But you should have reviewed your notes for this weekend, Tate. You know I don't tolerate carelessness."

I nodded. *Boy, do I know that.* "Yes, Sir."

"Keep lubing that monster, Tate. It's big, I know, but I want it to be as comfortable as possible." He swiped a bit of the lube onto his fingers.

"Yes, Sir." I returned to my task as I felt his hand on my ass, soothing where he had slapped me. His fingers slipped into my crack and he pushed two unceremoniously into me without preamble. I groaned and my hands stilled. He pumped his fingers in and out of me roughly, surely enjoying my grunts of pain and pleasure.

"Give me the dildo."

I handed it to him, trying to prepare myself for the inevitable, which proved impossible. When I felt the huge thing at my hole I tensed, starting to panic.

"Easy, Tate. Relax. You'll be fine." His voice sounded soft and encouraging, rather than domineering.

Easy for you to say. But the confidence and kindness of his tone helped me relax. I took a couple of deep breaths, feeling the huge thing press against my hole, and consciously opened for him. He pressed it firmly again and it started to go in. "Good boy..."

I trembled at the sensation of being skewered on the gigantic thing. He kept up the steady pushing as it slowly, very slowly, slid all the way in. It hurt, I couldn't deny that, but it filled me up so good, too. I moaned. He let it sit inside me for a bit while I got used to it.

"Oh, fuck, Tate, that looks so amazing in your bottom. Do you like being my little fuck toy?"

I whimpered, my ass throbbing with residual pain and rising pleasure. "Yes, Sir."

He laughed and slapped me hard again.

"I know you do you delicious little slut." He pulled the dildo almost all the way out. I moaned in pleasure, then he shoved it mercilessly up my poor ass. I cried out at the sensation as he did it again, and again. He fucked me with it, so roughly and so relentlessly I had to fight the tears back from my squeezed-shut eyes, but I would not give him the satisfaction of seeing me cry. Not on the first damn night. Besides, although it hurt, my cock strained and wept at the divine pleasure of it too.

He kept it up, listening to my cries and grunts and groans, until I didn't think I could take any more. Finally, he pulled it out all the way and threw it onto the coverlet beside me. Before I could even thank my lucky stars, his own massive prick pushed into me. He was smaller than the dildo, thank God, but still quite big. Now I felt only pleasure while he slammed into me again and again, fucking me the way he knew I loved it, little fuck-toy that I was.

"Don't you fucking come, Tate. This is for my pleasure, not yours," he gasped.

I moaned out a shaky "Yes, Sir," as he pounded me.

"You are my little slut, aren't you, Tate?"

"Yes, Sir!" I moaned.

"You love having my cock buried in your ass, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Sir!" I yelled, feeling the pleasure build. He fucked me like an animal.

“I’m going to fucking shoot my load into you, you little cunt, do you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir!”

Since he had the habit of becoming progressively more lewd the closer to orgasm he got, I knew he was almost there. His words thrilled me as much as his dick pistoning me and I had to fight again to hold back my own climax.

“Who’s my fuck toy, Tate? Who likes getting his ass pounded?” He moaned, approaching his release.

“I do, Sir! I’m your fuck toy! I like getting my ass pounded by your huge fucking cock! Fuck me, Sir! Please come in me! I’m such a dirty boy! Fill my ass...please...please...” I said through clenched teeth. I could give it right back to him, and I knew he loved that about me.

His loud cry covered my words as he jerked hard against me, filling me with his juice like I’d begged him. My heart hammered in my chest, my cock throbbing and aching with envy. He groaned and gasped as his pinnacle continued, his sweaty forehead resting on my back while his cock twitched inside me.

We stayed like this for several long moments.

Finally, he lifted his head and pulled out of me silently, slapping my ass gently. “Excellent. Now that, my dear boy, is how I want you to behave for the rest of the weekend.”

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with his discarded shirt and cleaned up his softening dick. “You. In the shower. Now.”

I scuttled off to the shower, my poor cock rock hard, my ass still tingling with pleasure.

Chapter Six

Shopping Trip

When I got downstairs, Sebastian lay sprawled on the sofa in blue plaid pajama pants and a white t-shirt, watching TV. My poor hard cock twitched at that delectable sight—freshly showered, damp-haired, sexy blond boy. I knew James' restriction on climaxing was still in place for me so I hadn't dared rub one out in the shower. He had hidden cameras all over this place. Plus, he would just know.

Sebastian smiled and blushed when he saw me. God, he was so cute! He sat up straighter on the couch. "Hi Tate."

"Hey," I said, sitting next to him. It was hard not to touch him or kiss him, because I wanted to, so much.

He stared at me, like he was thinking the same thing.

"I really..."

"Thanks for..."

We both started talking at the same time, then stopped, laughing.

"You first," he said to me.

"I really hope you're enjoying yourself," I said with a grin. "Cause I'm having a great time."

He blushed more and nodded. "Jesus, do you even have to ask? I wanted to thank you for not being upset that James brought me in. I mean, I know it was just gonna be you and him, and maybe you wanted that?"

I shook my head. "It's fine. It's good. It's fucking great actually. I didn't really know what to expect at first, but I'm fucking loving this. I get to be with two really attractive men. And I like being ordered around, especially when it involves fucking a beautiful blond-haired, blue-eyed boy. Even if I don't get to come."

His eyebrows knit together. "I'm really sorry I made you come in the shower."

I laughed. "Sebastian, don't be sorry. Yeah, I screwed up but...it was kinda worth it." I stared into his blue eyes. "Felt really, really good." I grinned.

He smiled back at me. "For me too. And later, I mean, holy shit! I don't think I've ever come so hard. Ever."

I nodded, picking up the remote and turning the TV back on. "Well, James is very good at what he does."

We flipped channels in companionable silence until the doorbell rang. James had given me some money for the pizza guy, so I paid and brought the paper plates, soda water, and pizza into the family room. We were both starving so it didn't take us long to polish off a large vegetarian. James didn't believe in processed meats.

We lounged and watched TV, and Sebastian fell asleep. It took all my control not to snuggle against him or touch his face, but I knew James would keep an eye on us.

At ten forty-five pm I woke him up. James had instructed me to sleep in his room tonight and I had to be there by eleven. Sebastian would sleep in the guest room. Although part of me thrilled to the prospect of sleeping with James, I knew that it meant I'd be easy access for his prodigious appetites through the night. I doubted he would let me come until tomorrow, if even then so I quite possibly had a long, tortuous night ahead of me.

I said goodnight to Sebastian and headed upstairs

§ § §

In the middle of the night, James woke me with a hard push.

"Wake up, Tate."

I opened my eyes. I tried to rub them and quickly realized that my wrists were tied to the headboard. Uh huh. *Figures*. I could hardly see a thing in the darkness but James' shadow loomed above me.

"Bend your knees."

I did as instructed, my mind still hazy with sleep, and felt his lubed fingers on my ass. My neglected cock started to harden again. I moaned quietly as he pushed a couple of fingers inside.

“Oh yeah...your ass is so fine, my boy...”

He fingered me roughly, preparing me for his dick. I felt the desire rise in me as he treated me like his own personal fuck toy.

“It’s lovely having a boy to serve me at my whim.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Do you enjoy serving me, Tate?”

“Yes, Sir.” Of course I enjoyed it. I fucking loved it.

I groaned as his dick pushed inside me and heard him gasp as it filled me.

“Oh...fuck...” he said, then hissed with the pleasure of it.

His cock felt so big. I grimaced as he began moving back and forth, in and out. It hurt a bit but I knew it would feel really good very soon, and maybe he’d let me come if I behaved myself.

Since I couldn’t really see anything, I closed my eyes, concentrating on the noises he made as he had his way with me. I loved that he derived so much pleasure from claiming me as his boy.

This was my service to him.

He fucked me for a long time, the pleasure surprising me with its intensity. I kept getting really close and pulling futilely at my bonds as I wanted nothing more than to wrap my hand around my poor cock and pull the juice out of it. But I couldn’t. And James, aware of my frustration, used his skill and patience to torture me for what must have been almost an hour. Finally, he couldn’t contain himself any longer.

“I’m... I’m gonna come inside you, Tate...”

I whimpered and nodded frantically.

“Aaahhh...fuck! I’m coming...I’m coming...” He groaned as he filled me up. He kept fucking me until his orgasm faded.

When he pulled his softening cock out of me I made a sad little noise.

“You liked that, didn't you, Tate?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He found my cock with his hand in the darkness, touching it gently, and I moaned in frustration.

“Oh, yes. You really did.”

I couldn't be quiet any longer. “Please let me come, Sir.”

He laughed. “Why should I?”

“I'm so hard...I'm so fucking horny...”

“I know you are. That's how I like you.”

“Please, Sir...” I pulled at my bonds again and thrust up into empty air. “Please, get me off...please, please, please... I won't be able to go back to sleep...”

I felt his body against my side and his face close to mine. My eyes had adjusted to the darkness and I could see better. “If I do, will you behave yourself tomorrow?”

I nodded. “Yes, I'll be good...I'll be so good...”

He chuckled. Soon I felt his hand on my face, covering my mouth. Then one of his fingers pushed at my lips. I opened, taking his long, thick finger inside my mouth, sucking it and massaging it with my tongue, moaning long and low.

“Oh, you *are* desperate, aren't you?”

I nodded again.

He moved his hand from my mouth, drifting it down over my chin and neck, chest and belly. I whimpered again as it approached my cock, and when it wrapped around me, I made a noise. He began stroking me slowly, sending intense waves of pleasure through my whole body. He was going to make me come.

I gasped and groaned, feeling the pleasure build and build, until I was on the cusp of it. Then he stopped and took his hand off me. My dick throbbed and twitched, waiting for him to

resume, but he didn't. I made a desperate sound.

He clicked his tongue. "Quiet. You should have controlled yourself better yesterday. I might have got you off just now. But I feel like you need a little more punishment for the lesson to sink in."

"But...Sir..." I gasped, devastated that he would leave me like this.

He ignored me, grabbing a towel from the bedside table to wipe himself off. He gently cleaned me up before tossing it into the hamper. Then he turned my face to his and kissed me soundly.

"Good night, Tate. Sweet dreams."

He turned onto his side, away from me. I lay there breathing heavily for awhile. Nothing I said or did would change his mind. I knew that. He'd not undone my wrists, so I had to stay in this position for the rest of the night, my dick aching for release, my heart crying for some affection. I really thought he'd get me off and I almost wanted to cry. I pulled, frustrated, against the ropes, just to do something. I heard James chuckle.

"Go to sleep, Tate," he said in a tired voice.

Bastard.

§ § §

I dreamed of hot horny men taking turns fucking me. So many men came in my ass I lost count and I felt their combined spunk dripping down my thighs, soaking my skin. When one of them grabbed my dick and jerked it roughly, I climaxed with a yell, shaking and spurting everywhere...

I woke up breathing hard and feeling really good. After a couple of moments I knew why. My dick still throbbed with the aftershocks of orgasm, and I could feel the coolness of the wet jizz on my belly.

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

The lingering euphoria faded quickly as I realized my predicament. I pulled against my bindings as if there was a way to get loose. I turned my head only to see James sleeping soundly

beside me.

I am so dead.

I let my body relax, trying to return to the place of peace I'd known upon waking, and wondering what I'd gotten myself in for. James would not be pleased when he woke up and saw what had occurred. What would the punishment be for this? I spent the next twenty minutes imaging all kinds of scenarios. When I heard movement beside me, I closed my eyes, not wanting to see his disappointment.

I felt him get out of bed and heard him turn on the lamp. He yawned, then there was silence. I wondered what he was doing, so I opened one eye to see.

He stood there, staring at my flaccid dick and smeared belly with an amused look on his face. "Oh dear," he said.

I blushed. "I'm so sorry, Sir."

"Sometimes I forget how young you still are, Tate."

I nodded, so humiliated and embarrassed.

"You know I'll have to punish you for this."

"Yes, Sir."

He untied my wrists and told me to shower then meet him upstairs. "We'll let Sebastian sleep a little longer."

"Yes, Sir."

§ § §

Up in the sunny loft, he strapped me over the spanking bench and paddled my ass for about fifteen minutes, showing me how disappointed he'd been. Then he tied me to the cross and flogged me for another fifteen. When he'd done he made me crawl on the floor and kiss his feet, promising that it wouldn't happen again.

To ensure that it wouldn't, he locked me into chastity for the rest of the day. Possibly for the rest of the weekend, but I didn't want to think about that.

§ § §

Afterwards, he woke Sebastian and had us make him breakfast, then feed ourselves, before giving us a list of purchases and sending us on an embarrassing and humiliating errand. It seemed that James needed some personal items for our weekend and, rather than getting them himself, he would make us do the dirty work. It was all part of the submissive experience, and I can't say that part of me didn't feel a delightful little thrill when I perused the items on the list. My ass and back were sore from my punishment but it only served to remind me that James owned me for the entire weekend. The steel cage on my dick helped with that too.

Sebastian didn't own a car, so we used mine. Our first stop was the big Shoppers Drug Mart at Bank and Walkley. This was where the humiliation came in. The items we had to find and purchase here were four Fleet enema kits, two boxes of ribbed and studded condoms (size extra large), and two large bottles of Astroglide lubricant. And we had strict instructions as to how we were to carry out this errand. We were not allowed to use a basket or a cart. I was to find each item and give it to Sebastian to carry; Sebastian was to carry all the items and put them on the counter. I was to pay for them and we were not allowed to purchase a bag for the items, or to buy anything else, and if Sebastian were to drop anything in the store, I was not permitted to help him.

It was a brilliant idea, because at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning, that Shoppers would be packed. We had another list of things to buy at Wicked Wanda's, and I knew we could have gotten the items on the Shoppers list there, but that wouldn't be as humiliating as gathering them in the middle of a crowded pharmacy. And, obviously, the things we were purchasing would give any observers a pretty good idea of what the two of us were up to this weekend. It was diabolical, actually. But, it was what I'd signed up for.

As I'd expected, the Shoppers was crazy with people. James had given me the list and I wasn't to show it to Sebastian, so he really had no idea what we were in for. He said hi to some people and thanked someone who offered him a basket, but I took it

from him and replaced it. “We can't use that.”

He looked at me like I was nuts. I held up my list. “It says so on here.”

Comprehension dawned, then worry, then, when I led him toward the condom aisle, a fine pink blush began creeping up the skin of his neck and face. “We have to buy condoms?” he whispered, horrified. “But people will think we're gonna...with each other.”

I snorted. “Haven't you ever bought condoms before, Sebastian?”

“Of course,” he said quickly, “but never with another guy. What if they know we're gay and we're planning to use them with each other?”

I shrugged. I found two boxes of the kind we needed and handed them to him. “You're supposed to carry this stuff,” I said, starting to worry about his reaction when he saw what else we were buying.

He took the packs of condoms, looking around to see if anyone was near. A middle aged woman and her kid stood in the middle of the aisle, looking at ass cream. She glanced over, saw us, saw the condoms, and grabbed her kid by his jacket, pulling him down the aisle.

“Bitch,” I muttered under my breath as I grabbed two large bottles of Astroglide from the shelf and handed them to Sebastian. “Here.”

“Oh my God.” He blushed furiously. “Why didn't James stock up on all this stuff beforehand?”

I laughed. “Oh my dear Sebastian. How little you understand about James and the art of Domination.” I headed over to find the most embarrassing of the items we'd been sent for.

Sebastian followed me, managing the items I'd already given him with relative ease. But when I found the Fleet enemas on the bottom shelf in the Laxative aisle, and gathered up four of them, he looked at me with wide eyes. “Oh no. Really? Those?”

“Yes, sir,” I muttered, handing them to him. He looked around frantically, tucking the condoms under his arm and trying to hold all four Fleet enemas in one hand. He dropped two of them and barely held onto the Astroglide.

“Shit!” he said, bending down to grab them. I stood motionless, feeling some empathy for his situation, but unable to assist him. A woman nearby saw Sebastian scrambling for his boxes, gave me a mean look, and picked them up. As she held them out to him she must have realized what they were, because her face reddened and she said, “Sorry... here you are...” and as soon as he took them from her, turned tail and got the hell out of Dodge.

Jesus Christ, did anyone in this goddamn town have a sense of humor?

When he'd stood back up with the items in hand, his face beet red and a look on his face of profound humiliation, I started leading us to the cash. People stared at us, no doubt more from Sebastian's state of obvious embarrassment than anything else, although it did look peculiar that he was struggling to hold everything and I was walking casually along beside him. I gave several people a grin and a wink, just to dissipate some of the tension I was feeling.

We had to stand in line of course, and I could tell some people were eyeing our purchases with lewd curiosity. There was one guy who looked like he wanted to come with us when we left. But he was about a hundred pounds overweight and wearing sweatpants and a ladies jacket, so I didn't invite him. James wouldn't have approved anyway.

Sebastian dumped all our things on the counter when it was our turn. I think he just wanted to pay and get out of there at that point and I couldn't blame him.

The clerk, who had been laughing and speaking pleasantly to the customers, took one look at our items and clammed the fuck up. She didn't look at us as she scanned the four enema kits, two packs of condoms, and two bottles of lube. It actually would have been less embarrassing if she'd asked us what our weekend

plans were, and I could've made up some shit about a prank with our friends. But no such luck.

“Would you like a bag?” she asked, finally looking at me and Sebastian. Her pupils widened and she blushed. Maybe she thought we were hot and was imagining all kinds of perverted things. At any rate when I said no, she looked down at the items and at poor Sebastian. She almost said something, didn't, finished ringing us up, and announced our total.

As I was paying her, I heard a low voice from somewhere behind me say, “Dirty fags.”

I paid the clerk, piled our items in Sebastian's arms, and dragged him out of there, before I was stupid enough to give the ignorant bigot a piece of my mind. I was tempted to shove one of our Fleet enemas up his stupid ass and make a run for it.

Out in the parking lot, Sebastian tripped on his shoelace and everything went flying, including him. He landed on his knees in a puddle and our hard won purchases scattered around him, luckily on dry pavement.

He almost started crying. I looked down at him, up at Heaven, down at him again, swore, and bent to help him up.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

He stood with my help and nodded. “I'm fine, I'm fine. You're not supposed to help me though, right?”

I shrugged. We gathered up the scattered shopping and headed for my car. “Technically, I wasn't supposed to help you in the store. It didn't say anything about the parking lot.”

He looked at me with raised eyebrows.

“What James doesn't know won't hurt me.”

“Thanks...”

I opened the car door and we dumped all our stuff on the floor of the backseat. After the experience in the store I didn't give a rat's ass who saw this stuff in my car.

Our next stop, Wicked Wanda's, would not be so terribly

embarrassing. At least anyone who was shopping there was privy to their own secret proclivities and intentions, and the staff didn't make any judgments about what people bought.

Sebastian was rather silent on the way there.

“Are you sure you're okay, Sebastian?” I asked. His jeans were soaked and muddy from the knees down, his hands scraped and dirty.

He sighed. “Yep. Just not used to this kind of thing, I guess. The physical stuff I can take. It's this mental game-playing that's hard.”

“How do you feel, mentally, right now?”

“Violated, humiliated, shamed, and beaten.”

“Well, that is exactly how James wants you to feel. So, if you want, think of it like this. You are fulfilling his wish for you at this moment. That is all we should desire this weekend. To please him. You give yourself up to James for the next forty-eight hours and don't pay any attention to your own ego, even if it's writhing in humiliation and agony.”

He looked at me with amazement. “Wow. That's a really good way of looking at it.”

“It's the only way, really. Feel better?”

“Yes. Much. Thanks.”

“Don't worry. This part will be much more fun,” I said as I pulled into the parking lot.

Wicked Wanda's, a small, tucked away little gem off Bank Street, was the best place to buy sex toys. They had the best prices, the best selection, even for BDSM gear, and the friendliest, most knowledgeable staff. I frequented the place myself, so I was pretty comfortable shopping here. As we went inside I pulled James' second list from my pocket.

Sebastian looked around at all the toys on display, his eyes widening, not from embarrassment this time. There wasn't even anyone else in the store, except a middle-aged woman who immediately approached us with a friendly smile.

“Hi there. Can I help you find anything today?” she asked. “I’m Sandra.”

“Um...” Sebastian murmured, looking at me.

“Yes, please.” I showed her my list. “I’ve been told to pick up all of these items, but there are only product numbers.”

She took the list from me, perusing it and then looking at us with renewed interest. “I see. So you don’t know what you’re in for.” It was a statement rather than a question, and I could see a hint of amusement on her face as she led us over to the whips and paddles.

“Well, I’ve got an idea...” I said, as she reached up and flipped through a row of paddles hanging together on a rack.

“Ah,” she reached one down. It was broad, wooden, and looked like it would give a serious swat. More serious than the one he’d used on me this morning. “This is the first item on your list.”

I took it from her, turning it over and hefting it in my hand. It was pretty heavy. I looked at Sebastian. “Bend over,” I said and started to laugh at the expression on his face. “Just kidding. I wouldn’t dare. Do you know what James would do to me for paddling his boy without permission?”

Sebastian covered up his obvious relief with curiosity. “What’s the next thing on that list?”

“Hm, let’s see...” Sandra looked at the list. “Ah yes. Come over here, gentlemen.”

We followed her over to the butt toy section.

“Jesus Christ...” Sebastian murmured. “Some of these are huge.”

The woman laughed. “They come in all shapes and sizes. Just like people.” She picked up a motherfucking gigantic fist shaped dildo and I almost pissed my pants. Sebastian made a frightened noise.

“Something like this, for instance, is only for serious players.”

“Um, that's not on the list, is it?” Sebastian squeaked.

“No, sweetie, it's not on your list.” She put it back and picked up a realistic looking flesh colored phallus, large but not incredibly intimidating. “This one is though.”

I nodded. “Okay. That's...manageable.” It was smaller than the black one I'd had in me yesterday.

We all laughed, with relief.

Then she picked up a large butt plug. “How about this?”

I raised my eyebrows “Well...”

“You need two of them. I'll have to go in the back.” She handed me the plug and went through a door at the back.

Sebastian and I looked at the large plug. “I guess we don't have to fight over it, since we're getting two,” I said, attempting humor.

“He's gonna put that in my ass?” Sebastian asked fearfully.

I shrugged. “Or tell me to put it there. Haven't you ever been plugged?”

He shook his head. “Nope.”

“Oh boy, are you in for a treat. Feels amazing. Especially if you're plugged when he paddles you.”

“Really?”

“Well, *I* really like it.”

Sandra came back with two plugs and the flesh colored dildo in packages. I put the display model back on the shelf.

“I'll put these on the counter for you,” she said with a smile. Thank God for Sandra. This was much more pleasant than the whole Shoppers Drug Mart fiasco.

“Thanks.”

When she returned she looked at the list again. “Okay. Nipple clamps and ball stretchers.”

Sandra collected the rest of the items on our list. He only wanted one set of each, so that was mildly comforting. Okay,

not really.

I gave Sandra James' credit card.

“Hmm, I figured it was him. You're not the first attractive young men to come in here looking for items on a specific list. But I've never seen a matched set before...” She winked and grinned to let us know she meant her remark in good humor.

I cleared my throat but I couldn't think of anything to say, but Sebastian surprised me by saying, in a clear and proud voice, “It's nice having someone to share the experience with.” He took my hand in his warm one. I looked down at our joined hands thinking that James would not approve, but frankly I didn't care.

My nerves hummed a happy tune at the contact as I met his gaze. “Yeah, I agree.”

We paid for our things and luckily were allowed to let Sandra pack them up in a thick black plastic bag. As we made our way out, she called after us.

“Have a fun weekend, boys.”

I smiled back at her. “Most likely...”

She laughed and waved us out.

Chapter Seven

Toys, Toys, Toys

When we arrived back at James' house, I let us in with the key he had given me. We went in, making sure to remove our shoes at the door and lock it behind us. He must have heard us, as he rounded the corner from the kitchen and greeted us.

“Boys. How was the shopping?”

I looked at him with eyes that probably conveyed my arousal. He had dressed down today, in faded jeans, bare feet, and a soft navy t-shirt. Still, he managed to exude a powerful presence. My poor cock swelled against its cage and James' eyes drifted to the front of my jeans. He winked at me.

“Fine, thank you, Sir,” I said, averting my gaze from his, even though I wanted to hold it. I had to remember my place this weekend.

“Did you get everything I asked for?”

“Yes, Sir.” I nodded. We had put the pharmacy items into the bag with the Wicked Wanda's purchases, and I was carrying it.

James looked at Sebastian with obvious curiosity. “How did you manage at the drug mart, Sebastian?”

“Fine, Sir,” Sebastian said with tight lips and a slight blush.

James smiled. “Excellent. We can get started. First, I'd like you to wash all of the toys. Then I want you to put them in the loft, on top of the brown cabinet. Then you're to go to the guest bathroom on the second floor and give each other the enemas— one each. The others are for tomorrow. Then shower, and meet me upstairs. Please be in the loft by three pm sharp. If you're hungry, there are granola bars and apples on the kitchen counter. I don't want you to eat too much because we will be having an intensive session this afternoon. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” we said.

“Excellent. Remember, be in the loft at three pm. I want you both naked and on your knees by the door please.”

“Yes, Sir.”

And he was gone.

We washed the toys in the kitchen sink, cleaning and drying them carefully, both of us imagining what was going to happen later today. When we were done I led Sebastian up to the sun-filled room on the third floor.

James had given me the key, so I unlocked the doors and pushed them open, leading the way. Sebastian followed me in but stopped just inside the doors, his eyes flying around the room, landing on one thing and jumping to the next. I watched his face. His emotions were easily readable: curiosity, astonishment, excitement, and trepidation, one after the other.

He met my gaze finally, after having a good look around.

“Holy. Fuck.”

I laughed. “Get those exclamations out now 'cause you probably won't be allowed to say much during the session.”

“This is...this is...a fucking wet dream...”

I grinned. “Isn't it?”

Sebastian stood staring at all of it, a wide-eyed, eager expression on his handsome face. He walked over to the mesh swing and touched the ropes gently. He looked over at me.

“I want this,” he said simply, gesturing around the room at everything. “I want all of this...so much.”

I placed the clean items on top of the brown cabinet that stood against the wall on the left. I knew the cabinet housed all sorts of smaller items—dildos, harnesses, beads, plugs, clamps, stretchers, etc. The items we had purchased would be added to the rest, but obviously had been purchased for him to use solely on us.

I walked over to Sebastian and touched the soft ropes of the swing, near where his hand lay. “Let's see if you still think so

tomorrow. It can be pretty...intense.”

He made an eager noise in the back of his throat. “I don't care. I want it.”

“You'll get it. You'll get it in a couple of hours.” I told him. I walked to the door. “Come on. Let's get this other business over with.”

He reluctantly followed me, his eyes still staring around him in fascination.

§ § §

When Sebastian saw the device on my cock he whistled.

“Holy hell, that looks hot,” he said. “Is it painful?”

“Only when I get hard, which I do whenever you look at me like that,” I replied honestly.

“Oh...sorry. I can't help it. It's just so...so...sexy.”

We took care of the hygiene business quickly and efficiently. Doing the enemas on each other resulted in a level of intimacy that we hadn't yet experienced, even though we'd both fucked the other. This was different, though. This was something caring and tender and very much non-sexual, although it was sexually exciting being naked and near to each other and so close. It took all I had not to touch Sebastian's beautiful cock or caress his bottom, so it was torture in its own way. Afterwards, we showered and cleaned up.

At two forty we headed up to the loft and got into position—both of us naked, kneeling just inside the door, next to each other but not touching, our eyes trained on the floor.

In a few minutes, James would come through that door, and all bets would be off.

I couldn't fucking wait.

§ § §

Within ten minutes of his arrival I found myself on the cross, facing it, with my naked back and buttocks exposed.

“That looks nice,” James commented, admiring his own handiwork. Sebastian still knelt on the floor by the door, but James had told him to watch what went on.

“But I need to plug that saucy little ass of yours,” he added.

Desire coursed through me at his words. I loved being plugged, especially for a flogging, which I anticipated as the purpose of this setup.

I heard his footsteps as he walked to the armoire, then returned, and soon I felt his lubed fingers on the crack of my ass, rubbing and pushing in, opening me up. I shuddered at the pleasant sensation and the intimacy of having his fingers inside me. They were long and strong and sure. Once he'd played with my ass for a bit, he withdrew his fingers and I felt the tip of the plug at my hole.

“Open,” he said, exerting a gentle but steady pressure.

I did my best to relax the muscles and let him push the plug home. It didn't take too long. It was large but I'd had larger. I groaned in both pain and pleasure as it settled inside me.

“Good boy. Very nice.”

I glowed with the praise as he twisted it around, back and forth, making sure it was securely in. That felt good too. He pumped me with it a few times, making me grunt, then let go and slapped my ass smartly.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“I want to show Sebastian a thing or two about floggers and paddles today, Tate,” he said as he wiped off his hands. “And you're going to help me.”

No shit. “Yes, Sir.”

“That little punishment you received here this morning was just a taste of what you're in for now.” He chuckled. “But first, Sebastian needs his plug.”

I heard him walk over to Sebastian. “On your back on the

bed, knees spread and bent, please.”

I heard shuffling as Sebastian obeyed.

“Oh, yes...what a beautiful ass you have Sebastian. So pink and pure.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Oh, listening to this and knowing what was going on made my cock swell in the cage. I turned my head but I couldn't see.

I heard Sebastian's gasps and James' instructions. “Relax, Sebastian. You're tight as a virgin on her wedding night.” There was silence for a few moments. “That's it, open for me, boy. That's it.”

Sebastian made a little noise of pleasure.

“There we go...”

Sebastian moaned.

“Good boy.”

Again, quiet. Then James said, “Open...open,” and I knew he was pushing the plug in. My cock swelled again painfully as Sebastian groaned long and hard. I pictured the scene in my mind and emitted a noise myself.

“That's it. Good. Excellent.”

I heard Sebastian panting as he got used to the big plug.

“Okay. Up on your knees again. You can watch from here.”

“Yes, Sir.” I heard shuffling as he got into position.

Next, James brought the phallus gag over. As he put it on me he whispered in my ear. “I know you like it.”

I grunted in acknowledgement. *Thank you so fucking much.* Man if he knew how insolent I was being in my head I'd be in so much trouble. Thank goodness for the gag.

“You ready?” he asked.

I gazed at the wall in front of me, nodding.

“Remember the hand signals—one finger for 'hold on a second,' two fingers for 'stop right now,' three fingers for 'I'm

in serious trouble.' And if that's ever the case shake your head quickly from side to side and make a loud noise as well."

I nodded and grunted. *Ready as I'll ever be.*

I heard his footsteps on the wood floor as he walked over to where the floggers and paddles hung. I had a thing for floggers and didn't really worry about that part of the punishment. I could handle the sting and the burn from even the heaviest of them, and the sensation of having a flogger run softly over your skin felt amazing. But the paddles could be intense. I already had experience with James' paddling expertise. He certainly knew how to get the best reactions out of a sub. Or the worst, for that matter.

I wondered what Sebastian would think about this demonstration. Would it turn him on or would he not like it at all? So far, he had been pretty receptive to everything we'd done. So far he'd been a dream and I was pretty sure James thought so too.

"Floggers are wonderful things, Sebastian," James said. I knew he stood right behind me, his voice sounded so close.

Ready, set, go...

Sure enough, the leather strands of a flogger hit me on the back of my left thigh, then my right. But it was too gentle. I resisted the urge to laugh, knowing that there would be nothing funny when he got serious.

"You can do it lightly, like this." He flogged me gently again, this time on my buttocks. It felt really good, but I knew what would come next.

"Or you can give it a bit heavier." He flogged me hard on my bare back, then my buttocks, which were still sensitive from this morning. I gasped at the sting of it but let the heat envelope me like a warm blanket. "Do you see?"

"Yes, Sir," I heard Sebastian answer.

"Would you like to try?"

Wait...what? Oh no no no. This isn't part of the plan...maybe he'll

say no...

“Yes, Sir.”

Fuck.

I closed my eyes and struggled slightly, not really sure why this bothered me, just knowing that it did.

“What’s the matter, Tate? You don’t like this idea?”

Oh shit. How can he tell?

“I want to give Sebastian a good idea what this is all about and the only way to do that is to let him have a go at it.”

Or, you could let me flog him. That would do the job too. Thank God I had a fucking gag in my mouth.

Suddenly, I felt James' hand caressing my bottom. He moved in close beside me and whispered in my ear. “Don't worry. You'll get your turn.”

Oh yeah. That's the ticket. Now I felt a little more enthusiastic, but it still made me uncomfortable. Which perhaps was the point? Oh, who was I kidding. I knew that was the fucking point.

Because it was one thing to be flogged by your Master. That was par for the course and the reason I'd signed up for this weekend. But to be flogged by another sub? It suddenly made me feel littler than little, the sub's sub. I didn't like it, but I had to take it.

I sighed and settled myself down to wait for the next strike.

I heard some noises behind me, leading me to believe James wasn't just handing the flogger over to Sebastian. Something else was going on, because Sebastian moaned and I heard James chuckle slightly. Dammit, I wished I could see. I felt a small flare of something, like jealousy, rise up inside me. This unexpected emotion refused to be specified onto any one individual. I felt left out and alone and I didn't like that either.

“Good boy, Sebastian. I love that you're so responsive, and yet you're able to maintain control and do as you're told.”

“Yes, Sir.” Hearing a quiver in Sebastian's voice, I wondered

if James' actions had caused it or the anticipation of his flogging lesson. Probably both.

“Are you right handed?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Okay. Hold this firmly in your right hand, but keep your wrist supple. That's it. Now, stand here.”

I heard their voices closer now.

“Okay. See what you can do. On the buttocks first.”

I felt the flogger strands come down across my bottom, so gently, and this time I did laugh. I couldn't help it. Although a dream sub, Sebastian hadn't shown any inclination toward topping in a BDSM sense.

“He's laughing at you, Sebastian. Do it harder.”

The flogger came down a bit harder on my ass and I couldn't help laughing again. *I'm sorry, Sebastian, it's just you...*

Ow! Jesus Christ that fucking hurt!

I was sure that James had taken the thing from him until I heard James' laughter and, “Very good! That is excellent. Just like that. You've got his attention now.”

What the fuck? Ow!

I struggled as the flogger came down hard again and again on my now burning ass. I mean, I could take it, I'd had worse. But I couldn't wrap my mind around the fact that Sebastian flogged me and not James. The knowledge that the lovely blond-haired, blue-eyed boy I'd been developing such affectionate feelings for now flogged my sorry ass within an inch of its life was...mind blowing? So humiliating and surprising that my cock swelled in its confinement and ached with desire as each strike of the flogger lashed sparks on my skin. I struggled helplessly as it went on for awhile.

“Enough. That's enough now.” James stopped him. Sebastian was breathing heavily from the exertion of flogging me.

Oh, poor baby. Bastard. Goddamn beautiful, angelic bastard.

“Give it to me now. I want you to watch my technique again, paying attention to the placement of the strikes and the reactions I’m eliciting.”

Oh crap.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Did you enjoy flogging Tate’s lovely bottom?”

“Yes, Sir.” I heard a smile in his voice.

Bastard.

“Tell him. You can touch him.”

Oh...lordy.

The soft falls of Sebastian’s bare feet approached. When his warm hand touched the burning skin of my ass I opened my eyes. He leaned his cheek against the wall beside my face, only inches away, his vibrant blue eyes holding mine. He’d never looked so confident and at ease. “Tate...” he whispered.

I whimpered at the sudden feeling of vulnerability he elicited in me, more from the way he looked at me right now than anything else. I felt open and bare underneath that gaze.

“I really loved flogging your ass,” he said with a guilty little smile as he caressed my bottom very tenderly. “Did you like it?”

I moaned then and nodded, unable to deny that I *had* enjoyed it. His ability to switch so easily into the role of a Dominant had at first startled, then aroused me.

He leaned closer, kissing the corner of my mouth around the strap of the gag.

Fuck me. My cock twitched and pulsed as the heat from the flogging began to fade into a lovely sort of shadow.

Sebastian moved away as James cleared his throat behind me. “We’re almost finished with the flogger, Tate. I just want to show Sebastian some of the finer points.”

James flogged me again, using different strengths and speeds, placing his strikes in a premeditated pattern designed to bring the blood to the surface of my whole body, thus increasing its

sensitivity to the slightest touch.

“There now. Look how pink his skin is. That’s what you’re going for.” I heard him put the flogger down and come closer. Then his hands were on my wrists and sliding gently along my splayed arms, then down over the sensitive flesh of my back and buttocks. He grabbed the base of the plug, rocking it inside me, until I moaned in excitement and pleasure. He released it and stepped back.

“Get me the wooden paddle, Sebastian.”

Oh crappity crap crap. Now I’m in for it. My mind swirled. Would *he* do it, or would he let Sebastian try? Either way, I was so screwed.

Turned out I had to suffer both of them, taking turns paddling me with that goddamn big wood paddle that made my ass smart, sting and burn like nothing else. It got to the point where I couldn’t discern the difference. I’d descended into such a hazy sub state I couldn’t tell who administered my torment, only that the torment continued.

I moaned and gasped, struggling in my bonds, trying to twist away from the pain, but it was hopeless. Finally, I stopped fighting it and let it envelope and enfold me in its intensity. My dick swelled futilely as my ass burned with pain.

Finally, it stopped. My body sang with wave after wave of pain/pleasure. My whole body throbbed, my ass most of all, the breaths coming quick and heavy from my nose.

It’s over it’s over it’s all good it’s gonna be good it’s gonna be so good in a little bit...

And it was. As the intensity started to fade, a feeling of calm and pleasure spread over me, and I relaxed, knowing I would take whatever he gave me next without question. I had achieved perfect “sub-space” now and James knew it.

Suddenly he spoke in my ear. “I’m going to fuck you now, Tate.” I felt him twist the plug and pull it gently out. “I’m going to come in that burning, luscious ass of yours.”

I whimpered.

I heard the rip of foil and my heart sank. “But you’re not getting the good stuff. You’re still being punished, and what better way to do that than to withhold what you crave so desperately?”

I groaned as he pushed his massive, condom-sheathed cock into me.

“Oh, fuck, yes...” His breath hitched as he filled me and started rocking against me. “And then Sebastian’s going to fuck you, and you’re not getting any of that either.”

I sobbed my disappointment, truly being used now, not even getting the satisfaction of a filled ass when it was done. At the same time, I delighted in my debasement and groaned even louder as the pleasure built inside me.

“And you’re not going to come. You’re going to just take it, like the perfect little sub you are, boy.”

I nodded frantically, desperate for the sensations he allowed me, and became nothing and no one—not Tate or Boy or Slut—simply a willing object for any and all who wanted to take pleasure in me.

I completely forgot myself as James fucked me, so skillfully and thoroughly, until, with a loud grunt of pleasure, he came.

Then Sebastian fucked me so desperately and so fucking hard that when he reached his climax with a cry I moaned in empathy and envy. He kissed and nuzzled my neck and chin in thanks before pulling out and being promptly dismissed.

I heard Sebastian exit and close the door behind him while James unfastened my wrist and ankle restraints, speaking quietly to me. “You were perfect, Tate, I’m so proud of you...such a happy little slut.” He gave my sore ass a slap as he finished freeing me. He didn’t remove my gag. “Over to the bed, on your hands and knees.”

I took a step and wobbled. He grasped my elbow and helped me walk to the bed, where he helped me up onto it.

I wondered if he would finally let me come, or if more torment lay ahead of me. There was no clock in this room, by

design, so I had no idea how long we'd already been playing or the exact hour.

He made me lean forward and fastened my wrists together over my head and to an eye hook on the wall above the mattress.

“Good lad. I'll be right back.”

I focused in on the various sensations that surrounded me. My muscles ached, my skin tingled, my cock swelled and complained in the metal contraption that held it down. I wished they hadn't worn condoms so that I could feel the warm evidence of their desire for me trickling down my thighs. James certainly knew how to punish me. Withholding that pleasure really hit me where it hurt and made me feel so unworthy, but I would prove to him by the end of the weekend that I deserved it.

Suddenly, I felt the mattress dip and his hands on my ass, spreading my cheeks. I groaned in surprise as he went to work, teasing me with his skillful tongue in that most sensitive area. My poor cock swelled and tried to stand, making me whimper with pain as the pleasure from James' tongue coursed through me. The cage soon became coated with pre-cum from my yearning prick.

No Dom had ever rimmed me before. It was something that subs usually had to do to their Doms. But I already knew that James loved rimming and delighted in the tastes of other men as much as I did. I groaned again and tried to twist away from him, as the intense sensations kept torturing my cock.

He gripped my thighs firmly with his arms and ate my ass until I writhed and whimpered in the agony of my distress.

He tormented me for at least ten minutes, then told me to roll over onto my back.

When I saw the key to the cage in his hand I almost sobbed with relief.

He held it up. “Your punishment is over, Tate. I'm going to take the cage off. But do exactly as I tell you or I'll lock you back into it tomorrow.”

“Yes, Sir.” The words were muffled by the gag but he could understand me. I panted, pulling against my bonds with barely restrained excitement.

He unlocked the cage and freed my dick. It stood immediately, rock hard and red while we both looked at it and each other. I let out a gasp and moan at the pleasure of it as James picked up the plug and reinserted it. My cock swayed and twitched from the feeling of that and the knowledge that it would get some relief soon. I grunted as the plug seated itself once again, and moaned as James rocked it and thrust it inside me, teasing my prostate until I thought I might die.

I whimpered against the phallus gag, begging him to let me come. It killed me to hold back at this point but I didn't want to end our weekend on a shameful note. *Please please please let me come soon or I'm not gonna make it* I silently pleaded with him.

“Do you want to come, my sweet boy?”

I groaned, nodding frantically.

“On my command.”

I almost cried with relief and nodded again. *Thank you thank you thank you when when when when?*

His warm, strong hand came around and circled my cock. He stroked it firmly as he rocked the plug in my ass.

I made a desperate noise that was a question and a plea all at once—*now please now please now please say it say it say it...*

“Now.”

Yessssssssssssss. And I came, loudly, messily, spastically, all over the clean white sheets of the mattress, James' hand, and myself, keening out my intense pleasure with shameless abandon. *Oh fuck yes fuck yes fuck yes!!! Fuck! Yes! Hallefuckinglyuh!*

I lay, trembling, as the pleasure subsided. James undid my cuffs and took out my gag. “You are beautiful, you know that, Tate?” he said as he ran his hands over me, stroking my sated and softening cock and playing with the drying jizz on my belly. “I'm so glad you and Sebastian are here with me.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I murmured, both in thanks for his words and for the incredible experience he'd already given me, us, this weekend. And it wasn't over, not by a long shot.

He raised his jizz-slicked fingers to my lips and I swiped at them obediently with my tongue as a remnant tingle went to my happy cock.

“Good boy. Now go have a shower. Do you like Indian?”

“Sir?”

“Indian food.”

“Oh. Yes, Sir.”

“Okay, when you're clean come on downstairs. I'll order some in for you both.”

Chapter Eight

Rapture

When we got downstairs we found a couple of bags of recently arrived Indian take-out in the kitchen with paper plates and cups. We were only allowed to drink water so we filled our cups, loaded our plates, and headed into the living room.

Sebastian proved himself again by offering me first pick of the contents.

“No, you go ahead,” I said.

He blushed, taking some naan and some biryani. “I guess it's a good thing we have those enema kits for tomorrow.”

I laughed, spooning some butter chicken and lamb vindaloo onto my plate. “Yeah, I guess so.”

We ate quietly, both of us starving and needing to replenish our energy resources, and maybe wondering how to conduct a conversation after what we had experienced together. After I'd satisfied my belly enough to slow down a bit, I cut right to the chase. I really didn't want to avoid the topic like two embarrassed schoolgirls.

“So, how did you enjoy that?”

He coughed on his penoor and took a drink of water. “Sorry, I—”

“I'm sorry.”

He wiped his mouth and grinned. “I didn't expect you to—you're very forthright.”

I shrugged

“Um, I enjoyed it a lot. You?”

“Well, as a punishment, it was pretty sublime. Except that I... wanted you to drop a load in me.”

He laughed. “Believe me, I wanted to.” His baby blue eyes

demonstrated the truth of his statement and we stared at each other for a long moment. Then he laughed, embarrassed, and looked away. “So you're okay? He let you come?”

I nodded. “Yes, finally.” I laughed. What a weird conversation. “I thought it was...” I looked down, then back up at him. “... amazingly enjoyable. And that's a bit of an understatement.”

He nodded. “Goddamn it, we're freaks, aren't we?” He said it jokingly and I knew he didn't really think so. Or he did think so, but didn't give a damn.

“Happy, incredibly satisfied freaks.”

“Amen.”

§ § §

James had instructed us to sleep in the spare room bed together, with strict instructions. We were allowed to touch, but climaxing was forbidden. Basically, he didn't care what we did together as long as we didn't come. If we wanted to work each other up into a frenzy of frustration, that would only suit his ends.

Of course the exhaustion from our intense afternoon prevented me from trying anything, but when we climbed into bed I couldn't help putting my arm over him and pulling him in for a cuddle.

“Do you mind?” I murmured, inhaling the clean, manly smell of him and caressing the soft skin of his belly.

He shook his head. “I like it.”

He felt good in my arms. It felt natural to hold him this way, but I didn't spend any time wondering what that meant, and we both fell asleep in moments.

§ § §

I woke up to a pair of beautiful blue eyes looking down on me.

“Good morning, gorgeous,” Sebastian said with a smirk.

“Hey,” I croaked. “What time is it? I'm sure I look amazing

first thing in the morning.”

“It’s seven thirty. I have to get ready for church.”

I squinted in the morning light. Maybe I was dreaming, or having a nightmare? “Huh?”

“I sing in the choir at Rideau Falls United Church.”

Okay, I’m awake but I’m in the Twilight Zone. “You’re shitting me.”

He shook his head, smiling. “No.”

“You sing in a church choir.” I had to say it, in order for it to sink in.

“Yes.”

“That’s...unusual. Or, unexpected.”

“Why?” He looked sincerely confused.

“Because...” I couldn’t finish, since I didn’t want to offend him. I shook off my dismay and turned to practicalities. “Well... how’re you getting there?”

“A friend’s gonna drive me. I’ll be back by eleven. I already cleared it with James.”

I rubbed my eyes, my still half-asleep brain trying to catch up. “Okay.”

“You can go back to sleep if you want...”

“Why? Do I look like an ass?”

Sebastian laughed. “No, Tate, you look damn sexy all ruffled and sleepy.”

“That’s only ‘cause you’re in a sexually heightened state this weekend.”

We looked down at his dick, hard and pressing against my belly. My own cock twitched.

He looked back up at me, blushing. “I don’t think that’s affecting my judgment, but I can’t deny it.”

He backed off and stood up, stretching in the sunlight from the window. His blond hair caught the rays of light, making him

look like a naked angel.

“Goddammit,” I muttered.

“What?”

“Do you know what I would do to you right now if we weren't under strict orders not to come?”

He stared at me, his blue eyes glinting with curiosity and arousal. “What?”

I grinned and shook my head. “I'd better not say. Only the list of what I wouldn't do is very, very short.”

“I can't anyway. I have to go to church, remember?”

“So go. Get your beautiful ass out of my sight.” I threw the pillow at him. He laughed again and went to shower.

I grabbed the other pillow and pulled it over my head. I was so fucked. This kid just kept getting more and more interesting.

§ § §

I slept a bit more, then got up and went downstairs. A note from James lay on the kitchen counter instructing me to make myself a small breakfast. He wanted both of us in the loft, cleaned and prepped, by one pm again.

Sebastian, true to his word, returned at eleven.

We went through the same cleansing ritual as yesterday, finding it less embarrassing and easier this time, and more arousing. I couldn't help but get more excited the longer I spent in Sebastian's presence, especially when we were both naked and, let's face it, preparing to submit to the whims of our handsome tormentor once again.

When James came upon us obediently waiting inside his attic room at one o'clock sharp, we were ready to go again.

I heard the doorknob twist, and James' boots and the bottom of his leather pants come into view as he stepped into the room. He closed the door behind him and stood there. And stood there.

It was so very tempting to glance up at him, to see what he was doing, the expression on his face, anything that would allow me

to predict his behavior this afternoon. But I managed to keep my eyes downcast. Since Sebastian didn't have the same experience that I did, James had to say, "Eyes on the floor, Sebastian."

He walked slowly around us. I felt his hand on my back, caressing, then it was gone. I heard Sebastian emit a low moan, and wondered where James had touched him. It didn't really matter, because at this point, we were so aroused that a touch anywhere went right to our cocks.

"Both of you, stand up."

He stood in front of us again as we obeyed, and quickly and efficiently attached cock rings on us both. Then he backed up, looking us over.

"Very nice..." he murmured. He reached out, touching my cock very gently, rubbing a finger over the tip to collect the moisture, and chuckled as it twitched under his touch. "Someone is dying to come already, isn't that right, Tate?"

Dammit!

"Yes, Sir."

"Even though I let you come yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm...young...Sir."

"I know exactly how young you are, Tate. I like my boys young and virile. Believe me. But you'd better get a hold of yourself. We haven't even started."

"Yes, Sir."

He walked around us again, touching and caressing us wherever he wanted, like a couple of prize stallions standing at auction. I trembled beneath his touch and I knew he felt it.

When he stood before us again, I felt his fingers thread gently into my hair. He grabbed a handful, forcing my head up so that I had to look at him. Smiling at me, he winked and said, "I need you to help me with something."

"Yes, Sir," I said, my eyes immediately going to his crotch, expecting him to unzip and force me to my knees. He laughed.

“Not yet, Tate.” He pulled me by my hair until I stood next to him, then turned me to face Sebastian. “Look at that, will you?” He gestured toward Sebastian with his head and, anyway, I couldn't help but look.

Sebastian stood there, utterly naked and vulnerable, his eyes cast down, his dick hard as a rock and pointing upward, his mop of blond hair falling forward. His hands were clasped behind him in the appropriate manner, so that he looked like a Greek god held by invisible shackles.

“Have you ever seen anything so...sublime?”

“No, Sir.” A completely honest answer. I hadn't.

“Neither have I,” he said. “But we're about to. What do you think would make for a good introduction to this room, Tate? Sebastian's so new to all this. What do you think he'll like?”

I thought about it. Thought about what I wanted, what James might want, and what Sebastian wanted. Sebastian had told me he wanted all of it, so maybe I should put that statement to the test.

“The cross,” I said, with conviction.

“Hmmm. Perhaps.” James mulled over my suggestion. “He *would* look astounding on the cross. On a dildo?”

Oh fuck yeah.

“Yes, Sir,” I murmured. Sebastian's eyes flew involuntarily to mine for a brief moment, but I couldn't tell if it was fear or excitement that made them so very, very blue.

James chuckled. “I agree. It will be a good lesson in control. Let's get him set up and then he can watch you and I play for a bit.”

I nodded, the excitement coiling in my stomach.

James took the large dildo from the top of the cabinet and handed it to me, along with a bottle of lube. “Attach this to the cross, please, and prepare it.”

I took the items from him and walked over to the St. Andrew's

Cross. I attached the dildo to its spot carefully, trying not to think about how fucking hot Sebastian would look in a few minutes. Then I opened the lube, coating the large phallus in preparation for its penetration of Sebastian's tight hole. Even rubbing my hands along the dildo got me worked up and I almost wished *I* was going on the cross. Almost.

“Come with me, Sebastian,” I heard James say. Stepping away from the cross, I saw Sebastian, now with ankle and wrist cuffs attached, follow James over to where I stood.

“Turn around.”

Sebastian obeyed, our eyes meeting briefly. He breathed quickly, obviously in quite a state of excitement.

James secured his wrists to the top of the X. The wet phallus pressed against his lower back.

“I’m going to lift him up, Tate. You get that thing positioned properly.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He stood between Sebastian’s knees, lifting him, his hands under his thighs so that his ass was slightly above the dildo. Sebastian let out a whimper as he felt my hands pull his cheeks apart. I positioned his hole on the dildo’s head.

“Ready, Sir,” I said.

James lowered Sebastian as I pressed the lubed head of the dildo against that puckered pink hole. I watched it open, ever so slightly. “More, Sir.” James let Sebastian drop down a bit more and, after a moment, in went the tip of the dildo, slowly, accompanied by a grunt from Sebastian. “Head's in, Sir,” I said.

“Good boy, Sebastian,” James murmured. “I’m going to lower you slowly until it's all the way in, and then you'll be able to put your feet on the floor.”

I watched, fascinated and aroused, as James slowly and surely let Sebastian's own weight impale him on the dildo. Sebastian whimpered and moaned once or twice, hissing as the thing finally disappeared inside him.

“Good boy.” James praised. “Put your feet on the floor, please.” He let go of Sebastian's left leg then his right as the young man stood. “Wider.” He kicked at Sebastian's ankles. Sebastian widened his stance, no doubt feeling the press of the dildo in his ass as he did so. “Fasten him, Tate.”

I attached Sebastian's ankle restraints to the cross and stood up. Both James and I looked him over silently, satisfied with our work. He was a vision. His slim but defined arms raised and held together in shackles, his chest rising and falling with excited breaths, his body a captured miracle of beauty before us. His blond hair hung down from his lowered forehead.

“Okay, Sebastian. I want your eyes forward,” James said.

I felt a throb in my cock as Sebastian's sky-blue eyes came up, locking onto James'. Hazy, filled with desire and excitement, they conveyed a startling openness and honesty that took my breath away.

“Good boy.” James smiled, then turned to me. “Get the bench, Tate.”

Oh. Crap. It seemed I would be the entertainment for our pinioned boy.

I did as I was bid, dragging one of the bondage benches forward into the room.

“On your back and hold your knees please.”

I did so, knowing this could only mean I would be soundly plugged in a moment.

James went to the cabinet, taking one of the plugs from the drawer. “Can't have one of you filled and not the other,” James muttered as he approached me, lubing up the large plug. “Now that just wouldn't be fair. Right, Tate?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, holding my knees and spreading myself wide for him.

“Very nice. You two are a pair, I'll give you that.” He pressed the lubed tip of the plug against my hole, moving it back and forth. “I've never seen two sweeter asses.” He pushed it firmly so

that it started to go in. "And I've seen a lot of asses..." He kept pushing slowly until it seated itself inside me. Then he wiggled it gently to make sure it was secure, causing me to groan and my cock to twitch. "Put your feet on the floor."

I obeyed. He wiped his hands with a cloth, then attached my ankles to the legs of the bench, then my wrists to the other legs.

"Hmmm." He regarded me contemplatively. "Should I gag that pretty mouth?"

"Yes, Sir." I blurted. Then, "Please, Sir."

He chuckled. "All right, then. You've been pretty good for me lately."

"Thank you, Sir," I said with a rush of gratitude, as much for the praise as for his acquiescence to my request.

He went to the cabinet and came back with a phallus gag. He leaned down. "Open."

When I opened my mouth he pushed the phallus into it, then made me lift my head and fastened the gag securely behind it. "Okay?"

I nodded.

So. There I was, securely bound, cock in the air, gagged, looking like a piece of fresh meat for Sebastian's and James' pleasure. Heaven.

About damn time.

Chapter Nine

Transport

“What do you think, Sebastian?”

I glanced over to Sebastian, whose heavy-lidded eyes gazed down at me.

“Sir?”

“Do you like what I’ve done here with your ‘friend?’” He gestured toward me.

“Yes, Sir,” he said, his voice low and breathy. He sounded really turned on, which didn't surprise me, since I must look pretty fuckin' vulnerable here. I tested my bonds, hearing the legs of the bench creak in protest. Nope. I wouldn't be goin' anywhere.

My eyes met James'. I saw a hungry, excited look there that I'd seen before.

He came toward me, kneeling down beside my head. His eyes roamed over my face with undisguised lust as he grabbed a handful of my hair, twisting it painfully. He leaned in close and placed very gentle kisses along my forehead. His breath quickened as I felt his other hand wrap around my jutting erection and I moaned.

“This is how I like my boys,” he murmured. “Hard and desperate.”

He stroked my cock slowly but in only a downward direction. He wouldn't give me the satisfaction of a back and forth motion and I moaned in frustration. But I loved it.

“You'd better not come before I let you, Tate Mackenzie,” he said, reminding me of my lapse.

I shook my head back and forth, indicating my desire to obey. I wouldn't disappoint him today if it killed me.

He let go of my hair and cock and stood up, my eyes following his hands as they moved to the front of his pants. He unzipped, releasing his massive erection, and his cock, bigger than either of ours, stood tall and hard.

He gazed down at me in my vulnerable state as he wrapped his hand around it, stroking back and forth, back and forth. I watched the beautiful sight with wide eyes as my own cock throbbed with envy and the phallus pressed down on my tongue, filling my mouth. I swallowed and moaned again.

The side of James' mouth quirked up in a lopsided grin at my distress as he stroked himself a bit faster. "Oh, fuck, I'm close..." he murmured. "You boys are a fucking delight to behold..." He turned his head to glance at Sebastian, who whimpered, his eyes locked on James' hand moving even more quickly and steadily.

James walked slowly over to stand right in front of Sebastian so that their cocks were on a level. Sebastian's stood desperate and bereft while James' grew bigger and redder in his grip.

"I can't decide which one of you to shoot my load onto..." he said then. "Fuck!" His hand moved faster as he glanced back my way. I moaned loudly, trying to tell him with my eyes that I wanted it to be me, but I must have looked too desperate. He shook his head. "Oh, Tate, when will you learn? It's not my mission to...cater to you..."

I watched as he turned back to our blond-haired ingénue. Sebastian breathed quickly and heavily, pulling against his wrist restraints as James stood so close before him, stroking his cock in earnest now and obviously close to climaxing. "Oh, fuck, boy... look at your goddamn cock standing tall for me..." His hand moved faster and Sebastian groaned. I saw a bead of moisture ooze from the tip of his frustrated dick and slide down the side of it.

James saw it too. His mouth opened, his hand flying over his shaft. "Oh...fuck...yes...yes..." he groaned. spurts of white shot from his cock onto Sebastian's belly as he stroked himself through his climax, swearing and watching his jizz land on his sub's pale skin. "Oh, fuck, yes..." He kept shooting. Sebastian

gasp and moaned as his Dom debased him in this delectable manner until finally, James sighed, stroking his emptied cock in a lazy way, gazing with satisfaction at the spurts of come on his blond haired sub.

He reached forward, rubbing his hand across Sebastian's belly, gathering some of his own spunk. "Don't you dare come," he said, as he wrapped his wet hand around Sebastian's straining cock and stroked him up and down a few times. Sebastian grimaced. He let out a desperate grunt and James laughed. Then he took his hand from Sebastian's cock and raised it to his lips. "Clean my hand."

Sebastian's pink tongue immediately slipped out, lapping at the jizz on James' fingers until they were clean. "Very good, boy," James murmured. "Very good." He tucked himself back into his leather pants and zipped up, turning back to me. "Ah, that's much better. Now I can concentrate properly."

I whimpered. I knew I was in for some major torment now, and I had no idea when James would let me come, if he would let me come at all.

He walked over to the rack that held all of his paddles and whips. My eyes widened as he contemplated the selection, finally taking down a brown braided riding crop. I felt a wave of relief pass over me. A crop was nice. I could handle that, except it would be hard not to come.

"We'll start gently, okay?" he said, almost kindly, as he approached me. I nodded, thanking him with my eyes. "Even though part of me wants to paddle the fuck out of you again, Tate, this isn't really the best position for it. I'll have to save that for later."

Oh crap. I nodded in acknowledgement.

"Now, you see, Sebastian," James said as he touched the tip of the crop to my forehead, tracing a delicate line along my cheek, down my nose, and over my chin. "Anticipation of pain and punishment is a vital ingredient to a sub's experience. Although I am being gentle and seductive right now, he needs to know that

my manner can change abruptly at any time.” He had moved to my side as he spoke and now flicked the crop hard against the gag in my mouth—not that painful but it proved his point. Then he lashed my chest a few times, rather harshly. That *did* hurt. I gasped but let the sting of the crop surround me and burn and then fade away slowly.

“A sub needs to remain alert. He may slip into ‘dreamspace’ from time to time, but it’s a good idea to bring him to attention once in awhile.” He brought the crop down hard on each of my thighs and I gasped at the pain.

“I’m going to edge him now. Do you know what that means, Sebastian?”

I moaned with excitement, glancing at Sebastian, who regarded me with eager eyes. “No, Sir.”

James traced the tip of the crop along my abdomen very slowly, then up the bottom of my cock, to the tip, where he patted it three times very gently. I moaned and struggled at the pleasure it caused. The leaking moisture clung in fine strands to the crop as it lifted and lowered.

“It means I’m going to bring him right to the edge of orgasm, again and again and again, until he’s so frustrated and aroused he can’t think straight.” He turned, grinning, to Sebastian. “It’s so much fun.”

He ran the crop over my nipples, tapping them gently, then more harshly, eliciting gasps from me. The pain sent waves of pleasure to my cock, as James knew it would.

“If he comes before I give him permission...” James murmured, tracing the crop along the inside of one thigh, then the other. “He will be punished.”

He kept stroking the inside of my thighs with the tip of the crop, the teasing passes incredibly arousing in the state I was in.

“If he is a good boy, and holds off, it will please me greatly, and he’ll be rewarded.” He glanced back at Sebastian. “Simple, isn’t it?”

Sebastian nodded and James frowned suddenly. “I almost forgot. I wanted to see what you'd look like with a ball gag.”

He left me, going to the cabinet, taking something from the drawer. He approached Sebastian. “And anyway, I don't need you to talk anymore. Open.”

Sebastian opened his mouth. James placed the red ball between his teeth and fastened the gag behind his head, then drew back to assess his work. “Beautiful. Remember, two or three fingers up and I will untie you immediately. Your part in this session will be over. Understand?”

Sebastian nodded, clenching his hands in determined fists.

“Good. You're doing fabulously so far, Sebastian. I'm extremely pleased.”

Sebastian glowed under the praise. As a sub, any praise from your Master is a precious gift.

James returned to me. “Are you okay right now?” he asked, his voice soft and gentle, reminding me of the roles we played here. He played the part of “Master,” but a real, flesh and blood caring man lay underneath the domineering surface, and he really did want to know if everything was all right with me.

I looked into his eyes, nodding.

“Good. You look fucking amazing. I'm already hard again. I'm really going to enjoy this, Tate, and I know you will too...”

I moaned in response. He knew me so well already.

He grinned and walked slowly over to where the straight chair sat against the wall by the cabinet. He grabbed it, bringing it over to the bench. I couldn't help but admire the way the muscles of his arms and chest moved as he did so. He placed it beside me, opposite from Sebastian so that he could see both of us, and Sebastian could see what he was doing. Before he sat down he walked over to the cabinet and took something out of a drawer. He brought it over and sat down. It was a bottle of massage oil. “I like my boys shiny and slick,” he murmured as he poured some into his hands.

I closed my eyes when he started massaging me because it felt so good. He started with my chest and arms, standing up and leaning over to do a thorough job. I smelled the manly scent of him and saw the large pink nipples peeking through his chest hair as he leaned over me. I struggled a bit because I just wanted him on top of me, inside me, all fucking over me and this massaging was already a kind of torture. But he wasn't having it.

“Be still,” he said firmly.

I sighed and stopped moving, trying to be good for him, concentrating on the feel of his hands moving over my skin, digging into my muscles, relaxing me at the same time they were arousing me. He got more oil and did my abdomen and legs, ignoring my cock and balls for now. Once he'd finished, his hands made their way back to my chest for a bit of nipple torture.

I moaned as he rubbed my right nipple with his thumb, again and again, pinching it now and then. My cock throbbed and danced at the tantalizing sensation. God, I wanted him to touch it! After an agonizingly long time his fingers moved to the other nipple and did the same thing while I whimpered in pleasure and frustration. The sensations caused roils of pleasure to travel to my cock, making it stand straight up and fall against my belly, then stand again as though it were reaching for something unattainable. Which was, in fact, the case.

“You like that don't you, Tate?” James murmured, keeping up the delicate but persistent movements. “This is driving you crazy...”

I struggled against my restraints, whimpering. *Please please please stop or let me come...stop or let me come...stop or let me come...* He could see the way my cock responded to this and he loved it. But it was getting really hard to take and it went on for a rather long time. He moved back and forth between my nipples, occasionally touching them both at once, until I became an absolute quivering mess. I begged him with my eyes to stop but he wouldn't. I moaned pleadingly, trying to convey my distress, but he was deaf to it. Of course, he knew what he did to me.

Finally, *finally*, he moved his hands away from my nipples. One

of them circled my poor swollen cock and I moaned with relief as he stroked, downward only, a few times. It felt so good after all the teasing.

I almost cried when he released me and his hands returned to my nipples. *Oh fuck, I can't take much more of this...* But it turned out I could, although I struggled and moaned and gasped. He maintained this pattern for what seemed like hours. Every once in a while he would do other things to my cock, like run his palm over the head, which sent me into hysterics it felt so good. I wanted to come but I knew I wasn't allowed. I pulled and pulled against my restraints, the wooden legs of the bench creaking in distress. Once I glanced over at Sebastian, as if I could plead with him to do something, but he wasn't looking at my face. He watched my cock swell, tremble, pulse, and dance in ecstasy/agony under James' assault, and he loved it too. His own cock stood hard and leaking as he watched our game and I knew he was in the middle of a pain/pleasure battle as well. He couldn't touch himself, no one else touched him, yet he was so turned on by what he saw right in front of him.

Finally, after such a long, exhausting period of teasing, James took his hands right off me, asking, "Do you want to come?"

I groaned so loudly. I would have screamed "Yes!" if I didn't have a phallus gag in my mouth so I groaned again, my eyes wide and desperate, waiting for him to give me permission.

He grinned but got up and walked over to Sebastian. I struggled again, so close to my release but waiting, waiting...

"What do you think? Should I help him come?" He stroked two fingers along the bottom of Sebastian's cock and over the tip, once, twice. Sebastian made a desperate noise, nodding furiously, trying vainly to twist away from James' touch.

James grinned and sighed. "Yes, I guess it's only fair..."

Oh yes yes yes yes yes please let him be serious please let me come...

He sat down beside me again, taking my cock in his hand and looking me in the eyes. "Can you come on command, do you think? I won't make you wait long."

I nodded frantically.

“Okay, here we go, lovely boy...”

His hand started moving up and down my aching shaft, agonizingly slowly, back and forth, back and forth, until I thought I might die from the pleasure of it. My orgasm, held off for so long, gathered deep and strong in my testicles as I closed my eyes, waiting for his command. He let it build. He kept stroking me at a steady pace, until he knew I was there, then let me suffer for a few moments, struggling to hold back as the pleasure built and built. Finally, I heard the soft words, “Come now.”

As the orgasm exploded from my cock I felt it everywhere. I yelled and yelled again as my dick contracted and released, my limbs spasming against the restraints. James kept stroking me through the most incredible climax I’d ever had, until I became a whimpering, moaning pile of jelly on the sweat-covered bench.

I lay there for a long time, drifting in the Heaven of release until, finally, I stopped making noises. James had gone from me, but I heard harsh breathing and moaning going on somewhere and I finally came back to earth, remembering Sebastian. I opened my eyes and looked over.

James stood very close to him, whispering in his ear and kissing him gently, as his hand stroked lightly along the length of the blond man’s erection. Sebastian groaned and nodded, looking over at me with a desperate expression.

James stepped back, releasing him, and strode over to me.

“Excellent work today, Tate.” He praised me as he undid my wrist and ankle shackles. “You behaved impeccably. I’m very, very pleased.” He helped me sit up, unbuckling the gag and gently removing it from my mouth. He tossed it aside and took my chin in his hands. “Very pleased.” He kissed me soundly on my sore and stretched lips and I couldn’t help smiling. “Don’t try to stand,” he warned me. “But I want you to crawl over to Sebastian and do what you can for him. Use your mouth and tongue to get him off. Shouldn’t take long.”

I nodded, tired, but eager to fulfill my duties and give to

Sebastian what James' had just given me. Plus, his cock stood there, waiting for my touch.

My whole body ached as I made my way over to him, but I felt relaxed and sated in a way that didn't occur often. My eyes connected with Sebastian's as I licked my lips. He moaned and struggled in his imprisonment, his eyes drifting to my mouth.

When I got to him I put my hands on his thighs to get a purchase and slid my tongue up the underside of his balls and along the shaft of his cock with leisurely enjoyment. He made a desperate sound, holding his breath as I did it over and over. I felt the tension in his cock and saw it in his entire body. He rocked unconsciously on the phallus as he waited for my next move.

I glanced at James.

He nodded. "Sebastian, you come when you want to."

I turned my head, squeezing Sebastian's thighs as I took half his cock in my mouth, sucking and pulling up and down, up and down, with speed and force.

His whole body convulsed but he made no sound except a gurgled gasp as he shot white hot come down my eager throat. I kept sucking him and moving on him as he spurted, making garbled noises of pleasure, until finally, his body relaxed. I had a chance to swallow what he had given me. Although some dribbled out and down my chin, I kept most of it. I slid off him and onto my haunches, suddenly exhausted.

Sebastian's body gave a couple of involuntary shudders, aftershocks of pleasure, as his sated cock slowly softened.

I heard a throat clear behind me, and turned.

James had opened his pants and now held his own massive cock, hard as a rock once more, in his large hand. "Take him down, Tate. And then I want those beautiful mouths taking turns on me."

I obeyed, releasing Sebastian from his bonds and helping him off the phallus. It was tricky, but I was almost as strong as James, so I managed. I helped him over to where James stood with his

pants around his thighs, stroking his erection.

We took turns sucking our Master's cock until he told us to stop. Then he stroked himself until he came on our faces, his hot, thick come landing on my nose and Sebastian's forehead. We took it like good little sluts and cleaned his cock up afterwards.

"Have a shower, get dressed, and meet me downstairs in an hour. I have a little proposition for you boys before you go."

§ § §

In the shower, Sebastian and I cleaned each other carefully, wordlessly respectful of what each of us had been through, and feeling closer than ever after our weekend together in James' loft.

Afterward, we toweled off and dressed. When I glanced at Sebastian I caught him watching me, looking sad all of a sudden.

"So, this is it, then."

I stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"I may never see you again."

I raised my eyebrows because, really, he was being ridiculous, but it was pretty sweet. "Sebastian, you have my email address and my phone number. Call me whenever you want. I'd love to see you outside of this place."

His eyes completely lit up, as if he hadn't thought we could have any kind of connection in the real world. Hell, James didn't own us. He'd had us for a weekend, that's all, and now we were our own masters. Or soon would be.

"You really surprised me, y'know," I said to him as he finished dressing.

"I did?"

"Yeah. I didn't think there was the least bit of dominance in you. But you flogged my ass like a pro yesterday. It pissed me right off at first but you had me by the end. I fucking loved it."

"Really?"

I nodded. "And it's so refreshing when people surprise me. Keeps life interesting."

§ § §

Downstairs we found the coffee on and two mugs, so helped ourselves, chatting quietly until James came downstairs.

He wore a pair of faded jeans and a sweater, with bare feet. Greeting us with a friendly smile, he acted as though he hadn't just had his nasty way with us both for the entire weekend.

"It's a Hawaiian roast, and very good." We nodded as he poured himself a cup. "Here, come into the living room, please."

We followed him into the living room and sat down on the sofa while he sat in the armchair. "Listen, we're done here, so please speak freely. I have something I want to ask you."

"Okay," I said.

"Sure," Sebastian muttered, cradling his coffee cup in his hands like he needed to warm them.

"I'm a very experienced and popular Dom here in Ottawa, as you know." We nodded. "I really have my pick of play-partners and a lengthy waiting list for my services."

I met Sebastian's gaze, wondering what this was all about.

"But, honestly, this weekend surpassed all of my expectations. From the moment you boys arrived on Friday it's been a pleasure, an absolute delight, to have you here."

We both grinned and blushed at this acknowledgement.

"Thank you," I said. "It's been wonderful. Perfect."

"Yeah," Sebastian echoed. "Perfect."

James looked at me, folding his hands in front of him. "Tate, I know you have quite a bit of experience, and except for that little slip up on Friday night you have performed in an exemplary manner."

"Thank you."

"And Sebastian, for someone who is so very new to this sort of thing, may I just say that you have adapted to whatever I've thrown your way and given me so much enjoyment." He smiled.

“Thanks,” Sebastian muttered, blushing.

“So, on that note, I’d like to ask you both a question. Would you be interested in coming back here in three weeks?”

Holy hell. What?

“But...the waiting list...” I stammered.

“Fuck the waiting list.”

“I—I guess...” I really didn’t know what to say.

“I want to,” Sebastian said, placing his mug on the coffee table and regarding us both intently. “I want to come back.”

I stared at him for a moment, then turned to James. They waited for me to say something. And, really, who the fuck was I kidding?

“Of course.”

Chapter Ten

Breaking the Ice

I offered Sebastian a drive home since he'd planned to take the bus, so we threw our backpacks in the trunk of my car and headed out.

"So where am I going?" I asked him as we drove down the road.

"I live in an apartment on Elgin Street with a couple of other guys. It's across from the Museum of Nature."

"Roommates?" I asked, clearing my throat. I wondered what kind of relationship he had with these "other guys."

"Huh?" He seemed confused.

Okay, I was gonna hafta lay it out. "No boyfriend?"

"Oh! No. I don't have a boyfriend." He looked at me shyly. "Do you?"

I shook my head.

"So, Sebastian, are you a student or do you work?"

"I work in a pet food and supply store," he said.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. It's not the most glamorous job in the world. But I like it. How about you?"

"I'm an executive assistant at a Management Consulting firm."

"Oh. I'm not sure what that is."

I laughed. "I answer phones and make appointments and type up reports. Used to be called a Secretary."

"Oh."

"It's not very glamorous either. In fact, it's excruciatingly boring. Maybe that's why I get involved in such exciting extracurricular activities on my own time."

I winked at him. He smiled.

§ § §

When we got to his apartment I parked on the street and walked him to his building. So much had happened this weekend, I didn't feel right about just dropping him off.

When we got to the door of his building he turned to me, looking nervous and unsure of himself suddenly.

"Do you want to come in?" he asked hesitantly.

I shook my head. "I can't, I've got some things to do at home." I didn't really, but I needed to step back from everything and process what had happened over the last few days. I'm sure that Sebastian did too.

He shuffled his feet and held out his hand to me. It was kind of adorable. After everything we'd been through this weekend, he felt too shy to give me a hug?

I took his hand, pulling him toward me, and hugged him tightly. When I let go, he looked so happy I couldn't help myself, so I took his handsome, boyish face in my hands and kissed him on the lips.

I meant to give him a nice, chaste goodbye kiss. It seemed appropriate, considering the levels of intimacy we'd experienced at James' place. But that spark of electricity I'd already felt between us reared up and he opened his lips eagerly to me. I kissed him deeply, my tongue pressing between those plump, perfect lips and into the heat of his mouth, while images of what I had seen this weekend crowded my mind. My exhausted cock twitched to life and I felt it harden between us as we kissed. I finally had to break away because it was too much.

He stared at me with his mouth open, his breaths coming fast. His blue eyes conveyed his own eagerness and astonishment as we stared at each other. Then I stepped away.

"Call me," I said, before turning and heading back to my car.

When I pulled away from the curb, I glanced back. He stood there, staring after me.

§ § §

When I got home, after I'd grabbed something to eat and looked at my email, I checked my phone. There were a few missed calls and a text message from Budgie. I clicked on it.

So??? How was your weekend??? I want details!!!

I shook my head. Budgie had no patience. I texted him back.

My weekend was fine. What do you want to know?

I hit send because I knew that would drive him crazy. Sure enough, in a few minutes, my phone rang.

"Hi Budgie."

"Tate Mackenzie, you stop teasing me! What do you think I want to know? I want to know what naughty things you and that blond-haired angel did with James this weekend!"

I laughed. "Oh, Budgie, it'd be too much for you."

"Bullshit," he said quickly.

"Well, I don't kiss and tell." I put my feet up on the coffee table and grabbed the remote.

"Also bullshit. And I know we're talking about a lot more than kissing."

"If I give you something will you leave me alone?" I said, turning on the TV.

"Maybe," he conceded.

"You were right." I flicked through the channels until I got to HGTV.

"I was?"

"Yep. About Sebastian. I blew my wad. Before I was supposed to."

He snorted. "Told you. Did you get in trouble?"

"Definitely. But nothing I couldn't handle," I said, thinking about sucking James' gorgeous dick and then getting fucked with the dildo. My cock started twitching again. "It's all part of the game, right?"

"I guess so. Were you happy with how James handled everything?" he asked, curious.

"Very." House Hunters International was on and some rich dipshit was looking to buy a beach house in Costa Rica. Where did people get that kind of money? Seriously?

"I've heard he's awfully strict and professional." There was excitement and envy in Budgie's voice. I imagine he'd pay a lot of money for a weekend with James. Unfortunately, he wasn't really the kind of guy James liked.

"Very."

"You seem pretty pleased about it."

"I'm going back in three weeks," I told him.

"I thought he had a waiting list."

"He does. But he invited us back in three weeks." I stared at the tropical scenery on the TV screen, waiting for Budgie to realize how extraordinary this was.

"Both of you?"

"Yep."

"Holy shit. Isn't that something. I guess he was pleased with how things went." He seemed surprised.

"Very. Gotta go. I'm fucking exhausted." It wasn't a lie. I might not even make it to the end of this show.

He snorted. "I'll bet. How's your sweet little ass?"

I grinned. "Happy. A bit sore, but very very satisfied."

"Slut."

"Whore."

"Shall I book you and Sebastian in here before your next

journey into sin?”

“Yeah, that would be great. Thanks Budgie.” Damn. Of course, now I had to go and submit to another waxing session.

“No problem. James always tips well if we do a good job on his boys. I'll text you with your bookings.”

“Thanks. Talk soon.”

I went to bed and slept the sleep of a well-used and satisfied submissive.

§ § §

Though a little distracted at work on Monday, I felt absolutely amazing, like I'd run a marathon. I'd gotten a great night's sleep and had woken up refreshed and without morning wood for once. Looked like my libido was satisfied for the moment.

But I couldn't stop thinking about my extraordinary weekend and every time I thought of a particular scene or image, my dick twitched, as if it considered putting in the effort to get hard, and then thought better of it. Thank goodness, so that at least some work got done. I did get caught staring dreamily into the distance at one point by a co-worker but I covered it by saying I was trying to remember the words to a song I knew.

And, of course, I thought about Sebastian and what that goodbye kiss meant. It meant something, that was for damn sure. It definitely signified that I wanted to pursue something with this man. He seemed to feel the same way, but what if I'd scared him off with the intensity of it? What if, when he thought it over, he decided it would be better for us to just be friends? Hell, we weren't even friends yet, really. We'd shared an intimate and intense experience, yes, but we really didn't know that much about each other. I'd given Sebastian two enemas, sucked his cock, and fucked him, but I didn't know his favorite color, or movie, or if he had family in town, or what he liked to do—besides fuck—in his spare time. It was a weird situation for sure. I really hoped he would call me.

When I got home from work I replied to some of my emails

and went on Facebook for a bit. I put as my status: *Fantastic weekend. Looking forward to more fun with Mr. L.*

Sure enough, next time I logged in there were a slew of suggestive comments from my friends, as well as many questions that I would never answer. Not on Facebook anyway.

I noticed that Casey had sent me an invite to a club on Saturday to see a band we knew perform. I hit the “join” button, since it sounded like fun and I had nothing else to do. It would be nice to hang out with those guys and Joanne would be there too.

Before I shut my computer down I did a search for Sebastian. I found him quickly and sent off a friend request. Just seeing his profile photo woke my dick up again since it brought the events of the weekend into sharp focus.

I shut off my computer and went into my bedroom, my cock filling up in earnest as I flashed back with my full attention to images, emotions, and sensations from my weekend. I lay down on my bed, pulling my dick out and stroking it slowly, thinking about Friday night and being rimmed in the shower then fucked to orgasm by my pretty blond friend, while James watched. Then I thought about fucking him after and watching James suck his dick while he came. I moaned as I stroked myself harder. *Fuck!* It had all been so hot and now that I was free to get myself off I was gonna go for it. I grabbed some lube from my drawer, slicking my hand, rubbing myself faster as I flipped through the memories. It didn’t taken long at all. When I got to the memory of sucking him off on the cross I cried out, jizzing all over the place. *Fuck!*

The next few days were a mix of practical and personal moments, as I cleaned my neglected house, caught up on laundry, thought about Sebastian and our weekend, and masturbated. I kept checking to see if he’d accepted my friend request. By the third day I decided he thought I was a freak and never wanted to see me again.

I felt disappointed and pissed off. To feel better, I gave myself another wanking session.

Afterwards, I lay there while my heartbeat returned to normal, then cleaned up and got some supper. While I was doing the dishes my phone rang. When I saw Sebastian's name I sighed with relief and I couldn't help a big smile appearing on my face as I answered.

"Hi," I said eagerly.

"Hi, is this Tate?"

I laughed. "Yeah, it's me."

"Hi. This is Sebastian."

"I know. Your name came up on my phone. And I recognize your voice."

"Oh. Good. I'm... I'm just calling to say hi and see how you're doing." He sounded nervous and unsure of himself.

"I'm doing great," I said. "I just rubbed one out so I'm doing real good." I couldn't help being provocative.

"Fuck. Really?"

"Yep. I'm near beating my all time personal record."

"Cute. Listen, I, uh, I wanted to say thanks."

"For what?"

"Well, for driving me home and...that kiss...I can't stop thinking about it."

"Me neither. Um, how come you never accepted my friend request?"

"Oh, crap. I don't go on Facebook very often. I'm sorry."

I laughed. "No big deal." Well, it wasn't a big deal now at least.

He laughed. "So...what were you thinking about when you did it?"

"Huh?"

"When you...jerked off."

I cleared my throat and may have actually blushed a little. "Oh, um...well, there was this guy tied to a cross see, and his dick was so hard and beautiful, and I knew he wanted to come

so, so bad...”

“Oh, Jesus...fuck, Tate. I am so hard right now...”

Oh, this is interesting. “You are, are you?”

He groaned. “Yeah. I can’t stop thinking about all the things we did.”

“Like what, specifically?”

“Oh my God, are you kidding? I can't pick one thing.”

“Try. What was one of your favorite parts?”

“Oh...” He sighed happily. “When you sucked me off on the cross.”

“Uh huh. Me too.” I sat down at my kitchen table. “Why don't you pull it out right now and I'll talk you through a little wank session?”

“Really?”

“Sure. What are friends for?”

“Okay.”

I heard the rustling of fabric and then a soft moan. “Okay, I'm ready.”

“Where are you? I need to picture it.”

“I'm in my room on my bed. There's nobody else here.”

“That's good. So you can speak freely.”

“Yep.”

“And you're holding that beautiful big cock in your hand?”

“Yes...” he sighed again. “Tate...”

I hesitated. “What?” I said softly.

“That kiss was...”

“I know. For me too.”

“I want...”

“What do you want?”

“I want to kiss you again. I want to fuck you with nobody

watching and make you come when I want you to.”

Fuck! My dick started to wake up again. I pulled it from my pants quickly. “Dammit, Sebastian, you’re killing me over here...”

“In a good way?”

“In a very good way. Now shut up and stroke that beautiful cock for me, you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir.” He moaned and I knew he was smiling.

“That’s better. Go slow and steady for me. Think about how naughty you were, making me come in the shower on Friday, getting me into big trouble with James.”

He groaned again and I heard his hand moving on his cock. I moved mine back and forth too, thinking about that shower.

“I couldn’t help it, I was just doing what I was told...” He gasped.

“You like doing what you’re told, don’t you Sebastian?”

“Yes...” He grunted.

“You like being a good boy, don’t you?”

“Yes...”

I stroked myself faster, getting close already. This was so hot.

“Will you make yourself come for me, Sebastian?”

“Yes...” He groaned. “I’m so close...”

“That’s it baby, stroke it faster for me. Think about watching James edge me... did you enjoy that?”

“Yeah... oh, fuck yeah...”

“Did you enjoy watching him tease and torment me until I came so fucking hard for him?”

“Yes! Fuck! I’m coming, Tate! Oh...fuck...” He moaned through his climax and I almost dropped the phone bringing myself off with him.

“I’m coming too, baby...you’re so fucking hot...” My poor dick spasmed repeatedly, shooting come over the edge of the table. Thank God I didn’t have roommates.

I grunted, trying to keep the phone at my ear.

“Oh my God, you sound so hot over there,” he said huskily.

“I just jizzed on my kitchen table...”

He laughed. “Serves you right for jerking off in the kitchen.”

“Oh man...” I sighed tiredly. “Now I need a nap.”

“Um, can I ask you something?”

“Yeah, I think you can ask me anything at this point.”

“Would you like to go out for dinner with me sometime?”

I grinned. “I'd love to. How about tomorrow?”

I could hear the smile in his voice when he answered me.

“Yeah, that's perfect.”

“I'll pick you up at six, okay? And we can decide where to go.”

“That sounds great. I'm really looking forward to it.”

“Me too.”

§ § §

I checked Facebook before I went to bed. Sebastian had accepted my friend request. His status said:

Sebastian Doucette: I am on Cloud Nine...

I commented *Me too ;)* before I turned off the computer and went to bed.

Chapter ELEVEN

Boiling Over

I jerked off in the morning before work and again in the bathroom at lunch, because I didn't want things moving too fast if Sebastian and I ended up at my place after supper.

Well, yeah, I had a pretty good idea that the evening would end with the two of us in bed together. Or on the couch. Or even the floor. And I wanted to be able to last a while. I wanted to show him how good a lover I could be, even in a non-BDSM scenario. I couldn't fucking wait to have that beautiful boy all to myself, in my bed—or on my couch or floor—on my terms.

When I got to his building, I parked on the street and buzzed up, then heard the beep as someone let me in. I climbed slowly up the four flights of stairs, admiring the antique architecture of the old building. When I got to the top floor I knocked lightly on the door to his apartment.

“Just a second!” he yelled from somewhere inside.

“No problem,” I answered, checking out my surroundings. There were four apartments—two on each side of the landing. Someone had a tacky wreath up and on another door hung a sign saying: “No Pessimists Allowed.”

Finally, the door opened. His blue eyes distracted me for a moment, but then I noticed he had on a pair of the hottest brown leather pants, combat boots, and a black long-sleeved tee. A smile spread slowly across my face.

“Hi,” I said.

“Hi. Come on in. I'm almost ready.” He moved back so I could get in the apartment.

The high ceilings gave the place a sense of space, the uneven plastered walls lent an old world atmosphere. The solid hardwood floors looked worn but sturdy and the door creaked charmingly

as it opened and closed. The crooked doors of the coat closet added to the apartment's character.

"This place is awesome."

"Thanks," he said. "This is my room."

He gestured at a door to the left and we went through. Tidy and clean, it looked like the room of someone older than twenty-four. A MacBook on his desk and a pile of DVDs on the dresser were the only conspicuous possessions. A double futon mattress on a wood frame, covered with a comforter in a brown and black geometric pattern, served as a modest bed. High ceilinged like the rest of the place, it featured a massive double-paned window that looked out on the Museum grounds.

"That's a great view." He had a view of Elgin Street and the police headquarters, and the castle-like Museum of Nature, surrounded by maple and oak trees.

"I know, I love it," he said quietly.

His voice came from behind me and I turned, looking into his beautiful blue eyes. We stared at each other.

"Where do you want to eat?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Wherever. I don't care. I just want to be with you." He blushed, looking down at his feet. My eyes drifted down his body and, again, I couldn't believe my damn luck.

"I know this great Thai place," I said, quirking my lip.

"That sounds awesome." He smiled back.

"I'll just grab my jacket."

"Roommates not here?" I asked.

"Nah, they left for Montreal this morning. They're going to see Lady Gaga and they made a long weekend out of it."

"Hmm. How come you didn't go?"

He shrugged, getting his corduroy jacket from the hall closet. "I don't...Lady Gaga's not really my thing."

"Same here," I said quietly. I moved closer to him, grabbing

the lapels of his jacket, making him look at me. “So, what *is* your thing?”

His blue eyes widened at the obvious invitation in mine. “Fuck, Tate. You’re my thing. You’re my fucking thing...”

I grinned. “Good answer...” I kissed him softly on the lips, pulling him against me. God, he tasted so good, smelled so good, felt so good...

I pulled away. I had to or I would fuck the boy right here. “Let’s go. I’m starved.”

He followed me dazedly, locking the door behind us.

§ § §

A well-known but small Thai food restaurant, Sweet Basil, sat inconspicuously on the north side of Bank Street near Heron Road; the extraordinary food surpassed only by the extraordinary prices. But I wanted to impress Sebastian and share a plate of divine cuisine before we got to the delicious business of fucking each other—with no one else in the room, no one giving orders, no one but us deciding what we would do to each other.

We got a booth in the very back of the dimly lit, beautifully decorated restaurant. Sebastian looked around at the fanciful Eastern decor and smiled widely. “This place is gorgeous.”

“I know. And the food is unbelievable. Prepare to be gobsmacked.”

He laughed quietly. “Can one actually prepare for that?”

“Probably not.” I grinned. “Look, do you mind if I order for you? Is there anything you don’t want?”

He stared at me meaningfully, with his lip quirked up and heat in his gaze. “There’s nothing I don’t want.”

I cleared my throat as my cock twitched in my pants. *Holy hell.* Luckily the waitress came over just then or I might have bent him over the table.

“Hello. Welcome to Sweet Basil. Would you like a drink to start?”

“Just water for myself,” I said, looking at Sebastian. “I’m driving, so have a drink if you want.”

“I’ll just have a coke,” he said.

When the waitress had gone he said, “I don’t actually drink. Alcohol.” He seemed embarrassed.

“Okay. That’s cool. Can I ask why?”

His face reddened. “My dad has issues with the stuff.”

“Okay.”

“And I just, don’t want to risk... having issues myself. And I don’t really like the taste of most of it anyway.”

“Fair enough. I’m not a big drinker either. I don’t know if I could completely give it up. I like wine sometimes.”

He nodded. “I don’t dance either.”

“Huh?”

He laughed. “But that’s only because I suck at it.”

I looked at him, sizing him up. “I find that hard to believe.”

“Believe me.”

“I may have to see it to believe it.”

“No way.”

“Hm, we’ll see.”

“Tate, I’m not embarrassing myself in front of you.”

I laughed then, real hard and leaned close, whispering in his ear. “I’ve given you two enemas and fucked you in front of another man. And you’re worried about dancing?”

His breathing quickened and he put his forehead on my shoulder. “Tate, don’t...”

“I’m sorry.” I went to move away but he grabbed my shirt, keeping me close, his mouth suddenly at my ear.

“I’m so hard right now. And you’re making it worse.”

My own cock throbbed at this admission. *Goddammit*. We had an amazing meal to get through here.

“I won’t say another word, Sebastian. Let’s just order and eat.”

He nodded.

We had spring rolls and the coconut soup, then curried noodles, pad thai, and mango ice cream for dessert. It cost me eighty bucks but I didn’t mind because the look on Sebastian’s face as he tried each dish made it worth every penny.

I paid the bill, not letting Sebastian even look at it. We walked back to my car. As we settled ourselves in the front seats, I turned to Sebastian. “So what now? Do you want to come back to my place?”

He stared at me, his blue eyes filled with desire. Then he nodded, licking his lips.

My hand shook as I turned the key in the ignition and the engine roared to life.

§ § §

By the time we got to my apartment I had a rock solid erection just from imagining what I would do to him when I got him inside. I’d cleaned and vacuumed every damned surface yesterday so he wouldn’t think I was a slob. I didn’t think of slob as an accurate description of me, but sometimes the apartment did get a bit out of control.

I keyed us in and locked the door behind us. “So. This is my humble abode.”

When he bent to untie his boots I couldn’t help ogling that gorgeous ass. “You live here by yourself?” he asked.

I took off my jacket, kicked off my boots, and flicked on a couple more lights. “Yeah. I’m pretty picky when it comes to roommates. I like my privacy.”

He came into the living room and walked over to my bookshelf. “Wow.” He glanced at me. “You read a lot.”

I shrugged. “Yeah, I guess I do.”

I watched him look through my books. He chuckled suddenly, pulling one out.

“What?” I walked over, wondering what he found so amusing.

He held it up to me. “Really?” he asked.

The book was called “*Male Chastity—A Guide for Keyholders.*”

I blushed, taking it from him. “Yeah, so?”

“Planning on putting someone in chastity in the near future?” he teased.

“I am now.” I stared at him with obvious intent.

“No way, Tate. If anyone's gonna put me in chastity it's gonna be James.”

“You'll probably get your wish on our next visit.” I went over to the couch and sat down, leafing through the book. “Have you ever been in chastity, Sebastian?”

He came over and sat beside me. “No.”

“Do you even know what it's all about?”

“Well...not being able to get hard, right? Not having much fun. Being punished?”

I laughed and put my arm over his shoulders. “Oh, my dear, dear boy,” I murmured, staring into his innocent gaze. “You have so much to learn.”

I threw the book onto the coffee table and grabbed Sebastian's shirt in my hands, pulling him toward me and finding his willing lips in moments. We kissed like we had the first time, desperate and deep and eager. But this time, there was no Dom urging us on or about to tell us to stop. And even though that had been very, very exciting, this was better.

I pulled his t-shirt free of his pants and slid my hand underneath, feeling the smooth warm flesh of his abdomen. He sighed, grabbing the hem of his shirt, breaking free from my mouth in order to pull it up and over his head. He tossed it to the floor and pushed me back on the couch, finding my mouth again and kissing me hard. *Whoa, boy...* Suddenly, shy Sebastian took control. And I liked it.

I lay back against the arm of the sofa, my hands winding

through his mop of blond hair, tugging it and scratching his scalp gently. He groaned. He kissed me deeper, his tongue jabbing and fucking my eager mouth.

My cock felt like granite pressing against him. I was sure he could feel it as I could feel his. We rutted against each other and kissed like schoolboys on my living room couch.

Finally, I pulled away, begging him, “Let’s go to the bedroom...I want to fuck you so bad...”

He groaned and let me up. I grabbed his wrist, pulling him to my room, practically throwing him onto the bed. He laughed but then I was on him. I held his wrists down on either side of his head and kissed him soundly, rubbing my hard cock against his, making him moan and cuss.

“Oh...fuck...Tate...*fuck!*” He writhed beneath me as I sat back and went to work on his pants.

“These are some pretty hot leather pants, Sebastian,” I murmured as I undid them. There was no other layer between me and his naked flesh so I pulled his hard cock free, hissing through my teeth. “Jesus, you’re hung, aren’t you? You’re almost as big as James...and way more beautiful...” I ran my hand slowly along his length, delighting in the smooth texture, the hardness and the heat of it.

He moaned, gazing up at me, his hands still up beside his head, fists clenched.

I moved backwards down his body, taking him in my mouth.

“Oh...Tate...oh...”

I looked up to see his eyes closed and his mouth open, his head arched back. He pushed up into my mouth desperately.

I clasped his hips, holding him down, working him at my own pace. He tasted delicious—his skin flawless and silky, his dick hard as iron.

I wrapped my hand around its base and moved my head up and down, up and down.

“Oh my God...oh my God...” he murmured. I glanced up

at him again and our eyes met this time. A wave of pleasure tore through me as I rubbed my own erection against his leg. His arms stretched up above him, his hands clasping together, his fingers twining and pulling as I sucked him. Then his hands came down to rest lightly on my head. "Oh fuck...don't stop..."

I laughed, pulling off for a second. "Why would I stop, gorgeous?" Then I got back to work. After about five more minutes I had him right on the edge and at my mercy. But I wouldn't let him come yet. Not like this.

I sat up, wiping my chin, watching as he thrust at empty air and listening as he begged me.

"Tate...fuck...I'm so close...oh my God...I love having your mouth on me..."

I pulled his pants down and off him, making quick work of my own. "Yeah...well, I'm pretty sure you'll love having my cock in your ass just as much...maybe more..." I grabbed the lube from my bedside table. "Roll over."

He rolled over and presented his sweet ass to me, spreading his legs and lifting up slightly. I slapped his bottom. "Slut. So eager for it, aren't you..."

"Yeah...I want you to fuck me again, Tate. I've wanted it since that first time..."

I lubed myself up while I remembered fucking him in James' bedroom. I wanted to fuck him again too, so badly.

"I know, baby, I know...me too..." I spread his sweet cheeks and lubed him up real good, using my fingers and making him moan and beg me for it.

Finally, I lined up my dick and pushed in. He opened for me effortlessly and in moments I was seated fully inside him. It felt so fucking good.

"Oh, baby, I'm all the way inside you...you feel incredible...so tight...so warm..."

He moaned and whimpered, clutching the bedspread, twisting it in closed fists. I leaned down, tracing kisses along his shoulders

and back, while I stayed in place, filling him and knowing how good he felt.

He moaned and bucked up against me. I knew he wanted me to move, but I wouldn't. My cock throbbed and twitched in his warm passage, and I closed my eyes at the intense pleasure of it. I wanted to move too but I enjoyed delaying my own pleasure and teasing him.

"Tate..." he moaned. "Please..." He writhed underneath me but I stayed tight to him.

"What, sweetheart?" I asked breathlessly, like I didn't realize he was begging me to fuck him properly.

He whimpered. "Fuck me...please..."

"But it feels so good just like this. I love filling you all up with my big cock. Don't you like it?"

"Yes..."

I couldn't hold off much longer, I'd have to move soon. But I let the anticipation send another wave of pleasure along my buried shaft, moaning in response.

"I like it too...so so much...but now I'm gonna fuck you so good, baby..."

"Yes!" he gasped. "Do it!"

I chuckled at his eagerness and started to rock against him, creating just the slightest bit of friction to drive us both crazy.

Sebastian whimpered in frustration and pleasure as I moved gently against him. "Oh...*fuck!*" His hand snaked beneath him to wrap around his cock. "Oh...yeah..."

I moved a bit faster, my hands braced on either side of him. He looked so damn good underneath me, the skin of his back starting to bead with sweat from the tension. *Just wait, baby, just wait, I am gonna make you feel so fucking good...*

I started rocking harder against him, fucking him steadily but still gently. This felt just as good as I'd imagined it would, from the first moment I'd laid eyes on the boy. I'd wanted to fuck him

on my terms and my way and now I did just that. And it was Heaven. He was beautiful and he was so sweet and he was mine, at least for the moment.

“Please fuck me harder...please fuck me harder...” He moaned through clenched teeth as he stroked his pretty cock.

I pulled almost all the way out, just keeping the head of my swollen cock inside him. “Ready?” I gasped.

“Yes!” he groaned.

I slammed into him all the way, pushing him forward while he cried out in surprise and pleasure.

“Oh fuck yes!” he yelled.

I did it again and again and again, changing my angle slightly until I rubbed over his sweet spot with each pass.

He didn't seem able to form words at that point, emitting glorious sounds of intense pleasure as I fucked him harder and harder. Finally, he hollered and I felt his ass clench around my cock. I glanced down, seeing his arm slow the strokes on his cock as he shot streams of his sweet juice onto my bedspread. At the thought, my own climax hit and I groaned loudly, my rhythm faltering as I unloaded into him.

We collapsed in a heap on my bed, gasping for air and it was almost a minute before I could even move. I pulled out and snuggled up beside him, gathering his relaxed form against my body, kissing him all over his smiling face.

“I'm taking you dancing on Saturday,” I said.

He opened his eyes, gazing up at me. They were filled with satisfaction, awe, and who knew what else. “I'll do whatever you want, Tate. Whatever you want, if you'll do that again sometime.”

Chapter Twelve

Experiments in Ecstasy

I'd agreed to meet my friends at The Flamingo, a gay friendly dance bar that happened to be close to Sebastian's apartment. I was looking forward to seeing my gang and introducing them to my blond-haired, blue-eyed boy. They'd be green with envy, especially when they heard that he'd been with me this past weekend.

I'd invited Sebastian to come to my place for supper before we went out, since I loved to cook and wanted to show off my culinary skills. I had offered to pick him up but he said he didn't mind taking the bus.

I made a black bean chili with onions, cilantro and tortilla chips as garnish, homemade rolls for dipping, and a coffeecake for dessert. Yeah, I was a regular Martha Stewart. I'd also changed my clothes three times and fussed over what music to put on the CD player. Really, if I didn't know better, I'd think I was actually a girl.

By the time the anticipated buzz announced his arrival downstairs I had selected an album by Erasure and given up on my appearance, hoping for the best.

Once I'd buzzed him in I checked my hair in the mirror. Brown and messy, but clean and shiny. Hopefully it would do. I ran my hand through it a couple of times and went to check the chili.

When his knock sounded I shouted, "Come on in!" as I stirred the savory mass and checked on the rolls. They were almost done.

I heard the door open and stood up to see him enter my apartment. Once again, he took my breath away. He wore the same leather pants and a white button-up shirt this time. He looked so extremely fuckable.

“Wow, it smells great in here!” he said, bending to remove his boots.

Jesus, that ass. My dick hardened at the sound of his voice and the perfect bottom on display beneath smooth brown leather. I wanted to smack it, to make him yelp, but I restrained myself and offered him a drink instead.

“I’ve got Coke, ginger ale, 7-Up, OJ, cold water. What would you like, Sebastian?”

He walked toward me, shaking his head. “Whatever. Coke, I guess. You look good, Tate.” His eyes scanned me from head to toe and my cock hardened even more. I’m sure he saw the obvious bulge in my pants.

“Thanks,” I murmured, reaching out to take his hand, pulling him toward me. “The feeling’s mutual.” Our lips came together and we lost ourselves in each other until the stove started beeping.

I broke away. “Rolls are done.” Getting my oven mitt, I took the tray of dinner rolls from the oven, placing it on top.

“You made your own rolls? You are hardcore,” he said.

“In more ways than one, I guess.” I smirked. “I made chili. I hope you like chili.”

He nodded. “I do. On a cold day like this, it’s perfect.”

I got him a Coke from the fridge. He sat down at the little kitchen table and stared at it for a second. “Is this the table you, uh...”

“Yes. I disinfected it, don’t worry.”

He laughed. “I wasn’t worried.” He gave me a look.

“Just drink your Coke and stop getting me worked up. We have supper to eat and a show to get to. With no time for extras. Until maybe later...”

He stared at me, his blue eyes hungry. “Definitely later.”

We ate our chili and rolls, talking about the rest of our week. He seemed impressed with my cooking and ate everything I gave him. When I brought out the coffeecake he rolled his eyes.

“How am I supposed to dance tonight if I'm full of coffeecake?” he moaned.

I shrugged. “So just have a small piece.”

“Give me a big piece, Tate.”

“Not if it's gonna affect your dancing...”

“I'd like a big piece. It looks delicious. I'll be fine.”

“You sure?” I teased, cutting a big slice but hesitating over his plate.

“Please give it to me.”

My eyes widened. “Well, since you asked so nicely.” I dumped the large piece of coffeecake onto his plate, hoping to elicit those very same words later in the evening.

“Mmmm...” he moaned, his mouth full of the cinnamon sugary goodness. “This is orgasmic.”

I helped myself to a large piece and sat down, snorting. “You're sure easy to please.” I winked at him. He smiled, closing his eyes in pleasure as he swallowed another mouthful.

We ate in silence. He finished first and watched me eat the last of my cake with a sly grin.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing. Just a little envious of your cake.”

I shook my head.

He blushed and got up, going over to my CD player. “What is this, anyway?”

“Erasure.”

“I like it.”

I stood up, walked over to him, took his hand, and pulled him to me. “You had indicated some kind of reluctance to dance in public,” I stated.

He nodded, his breath hitching as he raised his eyes to mine. Our faces were close and I smelled the remnants of coffeecake on his perfect lips and brushed a crumb from his chin.

“Maybe we should practice.”

“Okay.”

The track playing sounded moody and heavy, with a strong pulsing beat. I let my hands slide down his sides until they rested on his narrow hips.

“Just move with me.”

“Okay...”

I felt him relax and swayed my hips to the beat, gazing into his eyes as we moved together.

“Like this?” he asked hesitantly.

“Just like this.”

The hint of a smile emerged as he got into the music and the motion. I moved my hands around to his ass, pulling his groin against mine firmly.

“Oh,” he said, as the bulges in our pants rubbed deliciously together.

“Dirty Dancing, 101,” I murmured.

“We're gonna do this in public?” he asked.

I laughed. “Why not? Everyone else will.”

“I guess.” He seemed nervous.

I pulled him close, whispering in his ear. “I want everyone to see and feel what we are together, how good we are together...”

He exhaled shakily and nodded, holding me tight against him as we moved to the slow music. He gave himself up to me, letting me lead. A beautiful surrender that echoed the memories of our previous encounter. Fuck! I felt my cock surge and pulse in pleasure as we danced. Maybe this wasn't a good idea...

I laughed nervously.

“What?” he whispered, his voice hot in my ear.

I groaned in frustration. “If we don't stop we'll never get to the club.”

“I don't care,” he said, and I knew he didn't.

I pulled back, regarding him sternly. “Oh no, you're not getting out of this. You're coming to meet my friends and dance with me and flaunt your sexy motherfucking ass in their faces.”

He grinned. “Well, if I must...”

“You must,” I said, my eyes roaming his delectable form. I pulled reluctantly away. “And after that, we'll come back here and I'll show you another little dance I know...”

§ § §

We got to the club on time but it took some time to find my gang since the place was already packed. We finally found them hogging a booth near the dance floor.

“Tate! How are you?” Joanne said, getting up to hug me. Her protruding belly made it difficult but I gathered her to me as best I could.

“I'm great, thanks. Holy crap, that little thing is growing. How many months are you now?”

She stepped back to show off her belly, rubbing it tenderly with a manicured hand. “Eight and a half. Almost there.” She looked at Sebastian. “And who is this beautiful thing?”

“This is Sebastian,” I said to the group. “We met a couple of weeks ago.” Jeez, had it only been that long?

“Hi Sebastian,” Greg said, and Casey waved with a shy smile. They moved over to make room as Joanne climbed carefully back onto the bench.

Sebastian smiled and blushed. “Hey.”

“Tate, I need details of your weekend. Spill,” Greg said. He and I had met at college, and dated for about a week before realizing we'd be better friends than lovers. He'd met Casey shortly after. They'd been together for years. He was built like a quarterback and people often mistook him as being straight.

“Greg,” Casey put in. “Maybe he doesn't want to talk about it right now.” He nodded subtly toward Sebastian. Casey's subtly effeminate manner proved a charming counterpoint to Greg's overtly masculine demeanor.

“Can I get a drink first?” I rolled my eyes.

“Sure. We can always talk later, I guess,” Greg said, obviously not fond of that idea.

I leaned forward. “Look, if you must know, Sebastian was with me this weekend. But he might not be comfortable talking about it with relative strangers.”

The three of them stared at the two of us in disbelief. They'd all been privy to my weekend plans with James. I didn't make a secret of my escapades and they all seemed to live vicariously through stories of some of the things I got up to. But they hadn't expected this.

The waitress arrived and took drink orders. I requested a rye and Coke and Sebastian ordered a 7-Up.

My friends continued regarding us curiously after the waitress had left. Finally, Greg spoke up. “Is that...common?”

“What?”

“I mean, for two guys to be involved in one of his weekends together? How come you never said anything before?”

I shrugged and glanced at Sebastian. He didn't appear uncomfortable but I wanted to check. “Do you mind? We don't have to talk about it if you'd rather not.”

He shook his head. “I don't mind.”

I looked back at the three of them. I had their undivided attention. “I didn't know Sebastian was going to be a part of it until early last week. I insisted on meeting him first.” I put my hand on his thigh under the table. “We met and liked each other.”

“Uh huh,” Casey said. “Wow.”

“Yeah wow,” Greg echoed.

“And we had a very interesting weekend together,” I continued.

Greg snorted. “I bet.”

Sebastian and I shared a knowing look, then I turned back to my friends. “We've been getting to know each other a little better this week... before heading back to James' house for another

little adventure in a few weeks.”

Joanne's mouth fell open. “I... don't even know how to process this.”

“I do,” Greg said, slapping me heartily on the back. “You lucky little motherfucker, Tate. The gods are always smiling on you, aren't they?”

I raised my eyebrows. “Actually, this weekend I think they were mostly laughing at me.”

Sebastian smiled, covering my hand with his. “Tate was amazing.” He looked all three of my friends in the eyes. “He made the entire experience so good for me.”

I felt the warmth of a blush creep into my cheeks as I basked in his unexpected praise.

“I've never really done anything like this before. Tate looked after me a little. Well, as much as he could.”

I cleared my throat. “The entire weekend was absolutely mind-blowing. That's why we're going back. That's why he *asked* us to come back.”

“Wow,” Casey said. “That's pretty cool. He's a pretty hot commodity.”

“After this weekend, I can see why,” I said.

Sebastian nodded. “Me too.”

We exchanged a private look again.

“Okay, if you're not gonna give us any details then I want to share *my* news,” Joanne said, her face brimming with excitement. “We had our second ultrasound...”

“No kidding!” I said, suddenly excited. “Did you find out?”

She nodded slowly. “I caved. Well, neither of us could stand not knowing anymore. What do you all think?”

We all said boy, except Sebastian, who said girl.

“Sebastian guessed it. It's a girl!”

“Wow, congratulations!” We all said in unison. I got up to give

her another hug. Sebastian even hugged her. Her eyes widened as she looked at me over his shoulder. *I know*, I commiserated silently.

Casey asked if they'd thought up any names yet.

"Well, we're tossing around a couple. Darrin likes Clementine. And I like Rachel."

"Hmmm. Clementine's not bad, except that her nickname will be Clem," I said.

"I know!" Joanne nodded. "I really don't mind Clementine, but not 'Clem!' Ugh."

"Well, 'Rache' isn't much better, really," Greg commented.

"God damn nicknames," Joanne muttered. "Your parents got it right." She gestured at me. "Tate. There's nothing much more you can do with it."

I laughed. "Um, you never heard anyone call me 'Tater' in grade school?"

"Oh yeah. I forgot."

"I hate when someone calls me 'Seb'," Sebastian stated emphatically.

Good to know, I thought to myself, though I'd never been tempted as of yet to shorten his name. I loved the name Sebastian. Anyway, I'd called him "boy" and he seemed to like that.

We chatted a little more about girl names, trying to come up with the most ridiculous options, like Penelope and Cassiopeia and Calliope.

Greg and Casey told us they'd made plans to go to Vancouver in the summer so we talked about what a great city it was and where the best restaurants were.

Sebastian seemed at ease with my friends and I couldn't help but be grateful. Romances with a longer background than ours had been ruined by the presumptuous opinions of close friends. I was so glad my friends were as open-minded and accepting as they were. And Sebastian being such a sweetheart, I couldn't

imagine anyone not liking him right away.

By the time the band started up I'd had a few drinks and was ready to dance. I grabbed Sebastian's hand, pulling him to the dance floor. "Sorry guys!" I yelled back to my gang. "I have a promise to fulfill..."

Sebastian wasn't sure what to do with the fast beat of the music.

"Just copy me, you'll be fine."

I started moving fluidly in front of him, coaxing him with little smiles and nudges to join me. He looked around nervously for a minute. I could tell he felt pretty uncomfortable and self-conscious.

"Sebastian!" I shouted over the music, sliding my hand to his hip and making him move with me. "I'm ordering you to dance with me. If I told you to suck my cock right here, you'd do it, wouldn't you?"

He looked surprised, then realization dawned on him. Not that he actually *would* suck me off in front of everyone. I mean, he knew I'd never ask him to, but he realized that all he had to do in this situation was what he was told. A simple concept. Who cared what other people thought? This was between him and me.

He nodded.

"So dance with me..."

He started moving and, by God if, once he forgot about everyone else, he wasn't a natural. I knew the boy could move, he'd fucked me crazy. He just needed a way to let go and apparently my command did the trick.

We moved together to the beat of the music, rocking our hips and flirting with each other, sweating and smiling and having fun.

Then the band started to play a slow, sultry number so I took Sebastian's wrist, spinning him around, and took his other wrist so that his arms crossed in front of him. Then I pulled him back against me, making him move with me. I swayed my hips, pressing my hard-on against his leather-clad ass and holding his

hands to his sides. His head lolled back against my shoulder, his eyes closed, and he swayed with me, pushing back against my erection. Heaven. The scent of him, the feel of his body against mine, everything swirled together into a hazy fog of happiness. I felt euphoric, aroused, and so excited by this beautiful boy and the possibilities ahead of us.

“Let's get out of here,” I said in his ear, flicking my tongue against the lobe.

He turned his head, nodding. I let go of his wrists and in a moment we were kissing, sharing our passion with each other and the entire dance floor. My fingers wove into his hair, holding him still as I kissed those perfect lips, hungrily feasting on him until I couldn't take anymore. His hands clutched my shirt and I could feel his need, not to mention my own. We had to go...

I wrenched myself away from him. Some guys smiled at the two of us knowingly but I didn't even care as I twined my fingers with his, holding his gaze and said, breathlessly, “My place?”

He nodded eagerly, letting me lead him back to the table where we found Joanne sitting by herself. “Where is everyone?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes. “Let's just say Greg and Casey were inspired by your performance out there. I think they're in the washroom.”

“Classy,” I said. “I'm sure they'll be back in...” I looked at my watch, “about ten minutes.”

She laughed.

“Um, Sebastian and I are gonna...”

“Yeah, no kidding!”

“...go back to my place.” I finished. “Are you okay on your own here?”

She made a face. “Please. I'm a big girl. And like you said, Greg and Casey will be back once they've explored every gay cliché known to man. Anyway, I'm enjoying the show...” She gestured to the dance floor where young men clutched and

swayed together in the blue and orange light.

“Okay. Well, congrats on your good news and, um, give me a call next week. We have to arrange a dinner with you and your gorgeous husband sometime.”

She nodded. “It was nice meeting you, Sebastian. Have a great time, guys.”

“Same here.” Sebastian smiled. “I’ve always liked the name Chloe, y’know.”

Joanne’s eyes lit up. “Oooh, I like that! It’s short and pretty! Thanks!”

§ § §

As soon as we stepped out of the bar and headed down the steps, Sebastian said, “We could go to my place, if you want? It’s closer.”

“Sold,” I said, grabbing his hand and lacing my fingers with his.

He squeezed my hand, hard, as we stepped onto the sidewalk. “How fast can you walk?” He sounded breathless already.

“Watch me,” I said, pulling him along.

§ § §

We kept stopping to grope each other as we climbed the stairs to Sebastian’s apartment. By the time we actually got the door open and moved inside, I’d gotten his jacket off and was unbuttoning his white shirt.

“Tate...” he moaned, kissing me frantically and helping me with his shirt. “Oh...fuck!...I wanna...I wanna...fuck...you...” He breathed out between kisses.

I groaned, ripping the last button from his shirt as I wrenched it off him, pushing him backward into his room. I was desperate, so horny and wild for him. I shoved him roughly down onto his bed and started to strip.

“You want to fuck me?” I asked, my eyebrows raised.

He nodded, his eyes like two blue coals, staring at me from under hooded lids. He lay back, taking his pants down and off and his cock rose, thick and red, before me.

“Well, goddammit...” I murmured, tossing my shirt on the floor and pulling my own pants off. “...If you think you can do the job,” I teased him, grinning.

He laughed. “Get over here...”

And I was on him. We struggled together, naked and both achingly hard and eager. He pressed me down on the bed beneath him, covering me with his muscular body, rubbing his erection against my own.

“Oh my God...” He looked down at me, blond hair falling in front of his eyes. He shook it out of them. “I want to fuck you so hard, Tate, so fucking long and so fucking hard...”

I arched my back, pushing myself up to him. “Then do it... do it now...”

He kissed me hard, reaching over to his bedside table and ripping open the drawer. He had me lubed in moments. So awesome to know we'd had clear STD screens and being able to bareback right away.

“Ready?” he said as he fingered me gently.

“Always,” I murmured.

And he was pressing against me, and pushing into me. I gasped at the ecstasy of finally having his cock in me again, that beautiful, hot, smooth, gorgeous cock. And I was under no orders this time, no restraints. I could let go if I wanted and I had the freedom to enjoy every minute of it.

“Oh...Tate...” He moved back and forth inside me. “Oh... God...so...good.” He bent his head, opening his mouth against my shoulder and pressing with his teeth in a soft bite of pleasure as he fucked me.

I grabbed his hips, encouraging him to go faster, because I wanted a pounding—I needed it. I was so fucking desperate.

“Fuck me...fuck me, Sebastian...make me come...like you

did before...”

He groaned, moving faster, ramming into me again and again as my prostate throbbed and my dick swelled. I found it with my hand and stroked myself frantically. So close...so close...

“Oh, yeah, oh, yeah, I'm gonna come, Sebastian.” I moaned loudly, my eyes rolling back in my head as the pleasure gathered and rolled through me. “Oh! Fuck! Yes!” I yelled as I exploded. It lasted forever it seemed while Sebastian kept fucking me until, with a loud groan, he convulsed over me, his face like an ecstatic angel's.

“You're beautiful,” I murmured. “So beautiful fucking me like that, coming like that.”

He collapsed on top of me and we fell into a dreamy, blissful unconsciousness.

§ § §

Sebastian and I spent a lot of time together over the next week and a half. We just seemed naturally drawn to each other, and if I was honest with myself, we'd been this way since we'd met. I loved to cook for him, feed him, and enjoyed having him around. He slept over a number of times. His presence enriched my life, there was no doubt about that.

We had one argument in all that time and it was about whose apartment we should hang out in. Mine was the obvious choice, since I didn't have roommates, and that was where we'd spent most of our time, except for the night after *The Flamingo*. But Sebastian said he liked having me at his place too. He said he felt more confident there and less like a guest. I felt uncomfortable around his roommates and didn't like not knowing when they'd be arriving home. I thought it was a fair complaint, but he went into quite a sulk about it. It was cute, but frustrating, and the truth was I didn't like sharing him. I wanted him all to myself when we were together, especially since I knew I'd have to share him with James in a couple of weeks.

The day after we argued, he called me.

“Tate, I’m sorry about yesterday. I really want to see you. Can you come get me? Maybe we could go see a movie or something?”

“Sure. I’ll be there in twenty minutes.”

I picked him up and we went to see some lame action movie I’d heard about. It was pretty stupid and atrociously violent, but we had fun anyway. Sebastian kept whispering suggestive things in my ear and nibbling my earlobe until I wanted to drag him into the bathroom and pull down his pants. By the time the movie ended, my dick was hard and aching, and I wanted nothing more than to bury it in him up to my balls.

Trying to be fair, I suggested we go to his place, but he shook his head and admitted that both his roommates were there. So I drove like a maniac back to my place and started taking his clothes off as soon as we got in the door.

He laughed, helping me, until we were naked, and we barely made it to the couch. I pushed him so he fell on his belly over the arm of the couch, his ass in the air, right where I needed it and slapped it hard.

“That’s for flogging me so hard at James’ place,” I said. He giggled. I slapped it again. “And that’s for teasing me all through the movie.”

He crawled over onto the couch and flipped onto his back, staring at me through the hair that always fell over his eyes. The naughty grin he gave me would have tempted the purest soul.

I think I growled. I crawled onto the couch and over top of him, finding his mouth and attacking it with everything I had. I was so damn horny and I needed to fuck him. He knew it too. I felt his own need pressing up against me.

“Fuck, Tate...Jesus...” He gasped. “Please...fuck me...”

“I need to get some lube,” I moaned.

He shook his head. “No you don’t.” He spat into his hand as my dick throbbed. It was the hottest thing I’d seen as he prepared himself—so desperate for my cock he didn’t want to waste any time, but I knew it wouldn’t be enough.

“Here,” I said, raising up and spitting into my own hand. I added it to his already wet hole and with no other preamble, pushed my dick inside him, slowly but firmly, making us both groan with pleasure.

“Oh...yeah...*fuck!*” Sebastian didn’t swear as much as I did, unless he was getting fucked, and then he let loose.

My cock felt so good inside him. I moved quickly and roughly, my eyes rolling with the glorious feel of it, and I knew I wouldn’t last long.

Sebastian made desperate, harsh sounds of pleasure as I fucked him. He reached his arms back, bracing them against the arm of the couch, pushing against my thrusts. His mouth dropped open, his eyes closed and his hair grew damp with sweat. He looked so beautiful, like a wanton angel.

“Jesus...Sebastian...” I moaned, pounding his ass as I felt the orgasm coiling inside me.

“Tate,” he gasped. “Mmm...*fuck!* Jesus...” His hand found his cock and he stroked himself hard once, twice. “Oh fuck!” he yelled as he came all over himself, and kept coming, as I fucked him through it. I’d never seen anything so wonderful, and it sent me over the edge. He was still shooting as I cried out and came inside him, trembling and giving myself up to the joy of it.

When the waves of bliss diminished I collapsed on top of my boy, kissing him with gratitude and much emotion. I ran my hands through his sweaty hair, pulling back to examine his face in the satiety of the moment. When his eyes finally flicked open, their blueness astonished me, once again. He smiled and his face held such a look of peace and contentment, I couldn’t help smiling back.

“Holy hell, that was awesome,” I said.

“Uber awesome,” he agreed.

“Do you want to sleep over? I’ve got extra pajamas.”

“Who needs pajamas?” he said, pulling my face down for a kiss.

Chapter Thirteen

Puppy Love?

That Sunday, I insisted on driving Sebastian to church. It was on Rideau Drive, in an old, affluent Ottawa neighborhood. The church itself was picturesque, made of stone and reminiscent of a medieval chapel.

When I pulled into a parking spot and shut off the engine, Sebastian looked at me funny. “Aren’t you just dropping me off?”

“Can’t I come in? I haven’t been to church in a while. And that way I don’t have to come back for you,” I said.

He smiled. “Are you sure? You don’t have to stay. I can get the bus back.”

I stared at him, wondering if he didn’t want me to invade his sanctum. “I’d like to stay and hear you sing. If that’s okay?”

He nodded. “Sure. Just...” He looked at his hands. “Can you be...discreet? None of these people know I’m gay. I wouldn’t want to give anyone a heart attack, y’know? Most of them are kinda...old.”

I nodded. “Understood. That won’t be a problem. Are we just friends, then?”

He smiled. “Good friends, of course. It’s not that I’m hiding, right? If any of them asked me directly I wouldn’t lie about it. I mean, I’m proud of who I am, but who I sleep with really isn’t any of their business. Besides...” He looked out the window at all of the people exiting their cars and walking up the walkway, most of whom looked past the age of fifty. “...Who knows what some of these folks get up to behind closed doors?” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. “Maybe some of them are even kinkier than us.”

I laughed, finding that hard to believe. But you never knew.

We got out of the car and walked up the lane to the large

doors. Everyone was going in the side entrance and that's where Sebastian led me. An elderly lady was having trouble opening the door in front of us, so I reached over and helped her. She turned and beamed at me. "Thank you, dear. These doors are so heavy."

"You're welcome," I replied, smiling back and feeling a warm something fill my belly.

We followed the woman inside, stamping the snow off our boots and hanging up our coats. Sebastian hung up the woman's coat for her. "Haven't seen you for awhile Iris," he said to her. "I hope everything's okay?"

She nodded. "Thank you, dear. My arthritis has been acting up and Harvey's been ill. But he was well enough to drive me today. Just didn't want to come for the service." She looked at me and nudged Sebastian. "So who's your handsome friend?"

Sebastian blushed and ran a hand through his tousled hair. "This is Tate. It's his first time here."

"Welcome Tate. We're delighted to have you. It's nice to see young people come to worship."

I wasn't sure what to say. "I hear the choir is spectacular."

Sebastian giggled. Fuck, if he thought nobody knew he was gay he was deluded. He sounded like an embarrassed schoolgirl.

Iris beamed. "Why, yes it is!" she said proudly. "I'm a soprano. And, well, Sebastian has the most beautiful tenor, but I'm sure you already know that."

"Actually, no. I've never heard him sing," I admitted, and now Sebastian was really blushing.

"Well, we'd better get to the choir room." He rolled his eyes at me and took Iris's arm. "I'll see you after, okay?"

"Okay. Have fun." I watched him help Iris down the steps, then made my way into the chapel. Some folks at the entry smiled warmly, bade me good morning, and handed me a program. I thanked them and found a seat in a pew near the middle of the congregation. The place was packed, to my surprise. Mostly with older people but I saw a few young families and some other

twenty-somethings.

I looked around at the elegant architecture of the building itself. There were stained glass windows depicting various biblical scenes all along each side of the church. I knew what some of the images were, others I had no clue. My parents had dragged me to church until I'd put my foot down at the age of fifteen and refused to be confirmed.

I opened the program, looking it over. It had the standard listing of hymns, readings and prayers, and at the end there was a note that coffee and cookies would be served in the upstairs hall after the service. That sounded nice. I could handle a snack.

After about ten minutes the Minister came out to the podium. He looked to be in his late thirties or early forties, younger than I'd expected. He wasn't bad looking either. *Sorry, God. I really can't help it.*

He made some announcements in a clear, masculine voice that echoed pleasantly in the crowded space, and made some jokes too. I was starting to like him and I already liked the church. *What is wrong with me? Why do I feel so comfortable here?*

Finally it was time for the introductory hymn. I watched as the choir members, wearing burgundy robes, filed onto the stage and stood in formation. I quickly found Sebastian and couldn't help grinning at how stately and beautiful he looked in the choir get-up. I wanted to tell the person sitting beside me that that was my boyfriend, but he looked like he might keel over at that news, and Sebastian had asked me to be discreet, so I kept quiet.

The minister asked us to stand. As we did so, the choir began to sing. The music seemed to float over me and wrap around me, but I kept my eyes on Sebastian. He didn't know where I was in this crowd and he was looking out above our heads as he sang, his beautiful mouth making a heavenly shape. I felt waves of pleasure waft over me from the beauty of the singing as images from the previous day flashed through my brain. God forgive me, but the angelic voices and the singing were suddenly an ephemeral soundtrack for what the three of us, Sebastian, James, and I, had experienced together.

As if he could see the images that coalesced and collided in my brain, Sebastian's eyes suddenly met mine. He stared into me as he channeled his voice through the crowd and right at me, as those images came faster and faster and culminated at the apex of the hymn with the memory of Sebastian's explosive climax. I think I made a noise. The man beside me looked over but I ignored him, because I was rapt in the trance of my blond haired angel as he continued to sing. My prick had hardened in my pants and I wondered if a lightning bolt would come through the roof.

It felt like it already had.

§ § §

When the service ended I gathered my scattered wits about me and stood up to follow the exodus out of the chapel. There were only two exits and most people, like myself, headed for the inner door, which led to the stairs and the rest of the building. I went slowly along with the flow, peering over people's heads, looking for Sebastian. There was no sign of him. The good-looking minister was shaking people's hands as they exited and it was slowing up the proceedings.

When I got close I made as if to slip by but he stuck his hand out at me, saying, "Welcome to our church. I hope you enjoyed the service." I had to shake his hand, so I did, cursorily, awaiting another thunderbolt from above, but none came.

"Thanks. It was great." I almost asked him what the church's stand on homosexuality was, but I couldn't blow Sebastian's supposed cover. I had seen some other possibly gay dudes, plus the flaming choirmaster. I knew the United Church was fairly liberal and, hell, maybe the Minister was gay. He looked like he could be.

I finally saw Sebastian standing in the hall near the stairs, speaking to a middle aged woman and an old lady who was probably her mother. As I got closer I heard him say, "No, Mom, I don't have a cold. I'm just a little tired."

I stopped, surprised, and not sure if he wanted to introduce me or not. But he saw me and waved me over. He still had his

burgundy robe on and looked like the blond haired, blue eyed angel I knew he was.

“Mom, Granny, this is my friend, Tate.”

I smiled at the women. His mother grinned widely and blushed, just like her son did twenty times a day. “Hi Tate. Do you work with Sebastian?”

I coughed. “Um, no, I work for a Management Consulting firm. We met through a mutual friend.” Well, that was the truth.

“Oh?”

“You don’t know him, Mom. You don’t know all my friends, y’know.”

“Well, not for lack of trying.” She turned to me. “I’ve told him to bring whoever he wants to dinner at our place once in a while, but he never brings anyone.”

“Mom...”

“He’s twenty-four, Mary,” the old woman said. “He’s not going to bring his friends over to his momma’s.”

“Hmph. I cook a damn good pot roast,” she said conspiratorially to me.

I laughed, because they were both charming.

“Um, I’m gonna go get changed. Do you all want to come upstairs for coffee?” Sebastian asked.

“I’m afraid your grandmother and I have to meet your sister for lunch. She’s having a difficult time with Roger again. Deadbeat Dad,” she murmured to me.

“Misogynist asshole.” The old lady corrected, and at my shocked look, she said, “Sorry, young man, but I call them as I see them. It was lovely to meet you, Tate. My name is Josephine, but you can call me Jo. I hope you’ll come and hear Sebastian sing again.”

I nodded, grinning widely. “If you’ll be here, Jo, I definitely will.”

The old broad blushed crimson. “Well, aren’t you a breath of

fresh air? Flirting with an old lady like me. Get me out of here, Mary, before I embarrass myself..."

"Bye sweetheart," Sebastian's mom said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. "See you next week. Nice to meet you, Tate."

"Same here," I said, turning to Sebastian as they made their way to the coats. "Wow, you have nice relatives."

"They're insane. Especially my Granny. She curses like a sailor."

"Awesome. Now didn't you say something about coffee?"

"Yeah, let me just go back to the choir room and get this robe off."

"Can I come?"

"Okay." He led the way to a small room in the basement, with a rack of burgundy robes on one side and a large bookshelf on the other, filled with hymnbooks and sheet music. The door closed behind us on its own and suddenly, we were alone.

I pushed all thoughts of disappearing beneath his robes for a spontaneous blowjob out of my mind and just leaned against the bookcase. I watched him lift the robe over his head, revealing the jeans and t-shirt that he had put on this morning.

"You looked beautiful up there, singing," I said quietly.

He hung up his robe and tried to smooth his hair, blushing at my praise. "Thanks."

I glanced at the door, listening for footsteps out in the hall, then walked over to him. "Here," I said, fixing his hair and brushing it back from his eyes. I stared into them before pressing my lips gently to his for a brief moment. I pulled away, my heart going a mile a minute, and he stared back at me, his eyes full of something intangible.

"Let's go get some coffee and talk to a few more of these lovely old biddies, shall we?"

§ § §

All that week, I kept looking at Sebastian in a new way. He'd

become so much more than a sweet little boy toy. He had so many talents, a wonderful, sincere disposition, an adventurous spirit, and a loving nature. Watching him sing in church had given me a new appreciation for his innocence and purity. Yeah, he played BDSM games with me and James, but he had such a guileless outlook and genuine passion, it was difficult to see him as more than a young man who was honest about his own desires and curious to follow them.

He slept over that whole week. We went dancing at The Flamingo again that Friday and went back to Sebastian's and fucked like crazy. We fell into an exhausted sleep, entwined in each other's embrace.

§ § §

When I awoke it was morning and Sebastian slept soundly near me, looking like a fallen angel with his tousled hair and nakedness. I leaned in close, inhaling his particular scent. I couldn't even describe it, it was just Sebastian.

I looked at the large window to see a grey sky and snow falling softly.

Stretching out on my back, I threaded my fingers behind my head, staring up at the uneven plaster ceiling of Sebastian's room. What a tumultuous couple of weeks it had been. First, meeting Sebastian, and knowing we might have something, then our weekend with James and the beginning of an amazing partnership. And the past couple of weeks, during which Sebastian and I had come together on our own and were building something, something that could turn out to be wonderful. Hell, it already was.

I heard a noise and opened my eyes, turning my head. Sebastian must have made the sound, but his eyes remained closed as he lay on his stomach, his head turned toward me, elbow crooked and his relaxed fist on the sheets beside me.

I turned on my side, looking him over, marveling again at his perfection. I mean, he wasn't actually perfect, but that's what made him so alluring. His mouth looked a little too big for his

face and there were freckles and moles scattered over his skin, but to me, everything fit together to equal absolute loveliness.

I couldn't help reaching out and touching his straw-colored hair, so soft and giving him that boyish look that I loved, although he was twenty-four. Still so young, really, but no longer innocent. I grinned, remembering how he had been introduced into my world, and how he had taken to it so naturally.

He mumbled something in his sleep and rolled over, sighing. His hand drifted under the sheets to his cock, which I could see arching over his stomach.

Uh huh, I see. Someone was a little randy this morning.

I grinned, checking to see that his eyes were still closed. His breathing came deep and slow as gently, carefully, I pulled the sheet down, revealing his stunning form and his swollen cock to my admiring gaze.

I scooted down and took the tip of it in my mouth, teasing the slit with my tongue and tickling him awake.

He grunted. When I glanced up his eyes opened, glazed and confused at first, then wide and amazed as I took him deeper. His mouth opened as his eyes closed again.

"Oh," he murmured.

I smiled, moving on his cock, slowly, dreamily, savoring every ridge and swell of him. I took my time, delighting in the breathy sounds he made and the way he squirmed beneath me. I had my arms over his thighs to keep him still but he arched and writhed under my hold as I worked him.

When I knew he was close, I reached out and took his hands in my own, threading my fingers with his as I brought him home.

He cried out as I felt my mouth fill with his bitter juice. I swallowed and sucked and sucked and swallowed as he filled me and convulsed with pleasure, his fingers tightening in my grip. He held onto me with everything he had as he shuddered and cursed.

When it finished and his body relaxed, I let his cock slide out of my mouth. I kissed its sweet wet head before releasing his

hands and moving up beside him.

He looked at me dazedly. "Wow."

I smiled. "Good morning."

He grinned. "Uh huh."

I kissed him tenderly, delighting in the generous shape of his mouth and the fullness of his lips. "What time do your roommates get back?"

"Mmm, probably not 'til late tonight. They tend to make the most of their weekends."

I nodded. "That means we can make the most of ours. Unless you have somewhere to be?"

He shook his head. "But I need to get some groceries. There's not much here...sorry. I'd make you breakfast but..."

"I had breakfast." I winked at him, glancing at his cock.

He laughed.

"Okay," I said. "So let's shower and go out for breakfast and I'll help you get some groceries. It'll be easier with my car, right?"

"Right. That sounds great."

I moved to get up but he grabbed my wrist.

"I had a really good time yesterday. The dancing was fun. And..." He hesitated.

I brought his hand to my lips and kissed it. "What?"

"I'm just...I'm really glad I met you." His blue eyes conveyed the sincerity of his statement.

"Oh, honey..." I blushed, looking down, then back up at him. "I feel the same way. And if you don't stop being so goddamn adorable we're gonna end up staying in bed all day. Which would be fine except I'm starving." I ruffled his hair. "I guess we have James to thank for bringing us together, huh?"

He nodded.

"And I have a feeling he'll extract all kinds of gratitude from us next time," I said.

§ § §

Sebastian graciously let me shower first. His bathroom was too small for game playing so we showered separately and when I finished, Sebastian got in.

I found my clothes from the night before, but my shirt smelled a little so I yelled in to ask Sebastian if I could borrow one of his.

“Sure! My t-shirts are in the dresser.” He said something else but I didn't hear him.

I put my jeans on and walked over to his dresser. People usually kept underwear in the top drawer, so the t-shirts were probably...wait a second...*people usually kept underwear in the top drawer*. I glanced at the bathroom. I could still hear the shower running. *He wouldn't mind if...* I pulled open the top drawer of his dresser, gazing in. Sure enough, a pile of neatly folded boxer briefs filled one side, socks the other. I could care less about the socks, but I lifted out the top pair of red boxer briefs and held them up. When I turned them over in my hands, I saw the familiar yellow lightning bolt insignia of the Flash. I grinned. Hmm, when he wore them, that symbol would rest right over his... I gulped. This wasn't exactly the lightning I'd been expecting, but I liked it. I imagined Sebastian wearing them. Only them. I turned my face up to the ceiling and silently told God that if this was his idea of a lightning bolt striking me, I was taking it as a *good* sign.

I folded them and put them back, shutting the drawer quietly and pulling open the second one.

What the...

I stared, motionless. I wasn't even really sure what I was looking at as I reached in and pulled out a leather hood of some sort. Once I got it out I could tell that it was a puppy hood, with folded ears and a muzzle, with eye holes. *Okay...this is interesting*. I looked in the drawer again. Oh my God...a tail! I touched it gently with my fingers, holding my breath. It was a black rubber butt plug with a flange attached to a curvy black rubber tail...

Jesus.

For some reason my cock became a hard rod in my pants as I pictured Sebastian wearing the hood and the tail, down on all fours in front of me. I trembled with excitement. I'd heard a bit about puppy play in the gay world, and it intrigued me, but I'd never actually seen a guy dressed up like one. It looked like Sebastian had even more surprises for me. Why hadn't he told me? Was he worried I'd laugh at him?

I caressed the leather hood with my hand before putting it back in the drawer the way I'd found it. I closed the drawer quietly and opened the next one. Just t-shirts here. I grabbed a black long sleeved shirt, putting it on quickly. I shut the drawer and took my phone out of my pocket, so I'd look busy when he came out of the bathroom.

I looked through my voicemails and texts as I heard the shower shut off while my mind swirled with the possibilities of what my discovery could mean. I had to admit the idea of Sebastian dressed up like a puppy absolutely turned me on. But how could I broach the subject to him without admitting that I'd snooped through his drawers? And what if he didn't want me to be turned on by it? What if there were some other reason, a non-sexual reason, behind it? In order to find out we needed to talk about it. I wanted to think that I had the patience to let it be and wait for him to tell me about it when he felt ready, but I knew myself better than that. I knew I wouldn't be able to keep my discovery a secret, and I figured honesty was the best policy, right?

I looked up from my phone as he came into the room, a little black towel around his hips, his body glistening with a sheen of moisture. He walked over to his dresser, opening the top drawer and taking out the 'Flash' briefs and a pair of socks. Then he got a pair of jeans from the bottom drawer and a short-sleeved black t-shirt from the t-shirt drawer.

As he started to dress I said, "Um, Sebastian...I think I opened the wrong drawer..."

He froze. He stared at the floor, a blush creeping quickly up his cheeks.

"I didn't mean to," I said quickly, feeling guilty.

"It's okay. I guess you're wondering..." He still wouldn't look at me.

"Hey. Don't be embarrassed," I said quietly.

He shook his head, still looking at the floor. "It's weird though, right? I just got that stuff. I haven't even tried it on yet..."

"Look at me," I said, more firmly this time.

He brought his innocent blue eyes up to mine, his face redder than I'd ever seen it. "It probably seems kind of silly."

I shook my head. "It doesn't. It's kind of sexy."

"I saw these pictures online, of guys wearing the hoods and tails. I kinda thought it was sexy too. And, I don't know, something kind of clicked with me. I wanted to try it."

He sat down beside me on the bed wearing only the red and yellow 'Flash' boxers. My gaze kept wandering to the lightning bolt over his dick.

"You really haven't tried them yet?" I asked.

"Okay, that's a lie. I tried them," he admitted, twisting his hands together nervously.

I took his chin, making him look at me and tried to convey with my expression my acceptance of whatever he chose to indulge in. "I bet you looked fucking adorable."

He seemed to relax and I got a shy smile out of him. "Well, I thought so." He looked at me carefully. "You don't think it's too weird, or ridiculous?"

"No. I don't. I think it's awesome. And I can't wait to see you with that cute hood on and that adorable tail in your ass..."

He gave me the biggest smile and kissed me hard, pushing me over onto my back. I let my hands find the perfect curves of his buttocks and pulled him against me. "But, seriously, we have to get some breakfast..."

We went to the Atomic Rooster in the Village for lunch. An artsy and casual little restaurant on Bank Street near Somerset, it was known for great food and friendly, accommodating service. Sebastian had the French toast and I, feeling brave, ordered an omelet with smoked salmon, cream cheese, and chili peppers, which turned out to be delicious. I hadn't lied, I was absolutely starving. I guess all the fucking and dancing and fucking had taken its toll.

Afterward, we drove to the Loblaws on Catherine St. We could have walked the short distance from his apartment, but lugging the groceries back would have expended too much energy that I really wanted to preserve for something else.

Sebastian was pretty cute at the grocery store. He wanted all the normal stuff like milk, eggs, apples, etc., but he insisted on picking up three boxes of Count Choccula, two bags of Oreos, a case of Dr. Pepper, and a family size bag of Skittles. How he managed to stay so slim and eat all of that crap I had no idea. Obviously my little "pup" had a sweet tooth.

I took him home and helped him put the groceries away. When we finished I asked if he needed help with anything else. He blushed and took my hand, leading me into his bedroom. He stared at me, as if trying to gather courage.

"I want to show you what I look like."

"I know what you look like, Sebastian."

"I mean with the hood on and the...tail in..."

I nodded, blushing at how eager I was to see. "I'd love that."

He looked hesitant, unsure or not bold enough for the next step.

"Would you like me to help you?"

He let a held breath out and nodded, relieved.

I walked over, taking the hem of his shirt in my hands. "You need to get naked."

He nodded, his breath quickening. "Yeah..." He let me lift the shirt off him, then shook his head to get his hair back in a

semblance of order. I laughed.

“What?” he said, regarding me curiously.

“I never noticed before. But you have some puppyish mannerisms.”

“I do?”

I nodded, my hands working to undo the button and zipper on his jeans. “You have the sweet and obedient temperament of a very well-behaved puppy dog,” I said softly in his ear.

He turned his head, capturing my lips with his. He kissed me so sweetly, so sincerely, I felt my heart swell. “Thank you,” he said.

“You're welcome. Now let's get these off. I am fucking dying to see you with that stuff on...”

We laughed as he struggled out of his jeans, socks, and boxer briefs, both of us so desperate to get on with it.

I made him sit on the bed while I went to the drawer and took out the hood and the tail. I felt my dick go semi hard.

“Ready?” I asked.

He nodded. “Are you?”

“Oh, I am so ready, Sebastian, you have no idea.” I lifted the hood and lowered it over his face. I fastened the straps on it, then stepped back.

“Jesus, fuck!” I exclaimed, because it was startling. His blue eyes gazed at me out of the hood, the muzzle and ears turning him into an adorable human puppy. Suddenly, he barked. It startled me, more by the fact of how much like a real dog he sounded than by the sudden noise itself.

“Get on your hands and knees,” I said breathlessly.

He did so immediately. The way he looked, naked, on his hands and knees with the puppy hood on—I had to get that tail in.

I remembered the lube in his bedside table, got it quickly, and lubed up the black plug. “Okay, relax...puppy,” I said. I didn't

want to call him Sebastian, because he looked like something else entirely right now, and I thought it might wreck the experience for him. He made a whining, eager sound, looking back at me with those vivid blue eyes, so startling in the black puppy hood. He sounded just like a dog. Exactly.

“You want your tail, boy?” I asked.

He wiggled all over and barked again. I grinned. Jesus, this was a fucking trip! I rubbed the tip of the plug against his hole to get some lube on him, then pushed it gently in. He whined and whimpered as I did so. My hand shook, but I got it into him, and the look of that black rubber tail coming out of his ass made me rock hard. I swore, wiping my hands on my pants, standing up to get a better look at him.

“Oh...fuck...me,” I said, staring at the image before me.

A beautiful naked man, in a leather puppy hood, with a black rubber tail emerging from his behind and curving up over his back, kneeled before me. His skin smooth as a dolphin's, his prick hard and pink like a randy dog's.

He trembled and whined.

My cock hardened in my pants. “Is it okay that I'm finding this so incredibly arousing?” I asked, not sure if I should even be talking to him. He seemed to have slipped effortlessly into some obscure puppy headspace. It was so awesome.

In answer to my query, he launched himself at me, knocking me over and climbing on top of me. He nuzzled my face with his leather muzzle, then moved back and nudged the bulge in my pants. I guess he didn't mind. Then he stood over me on hands and knees and gave a triumphant bark.

Oh, this totally rocked! My own strong, beautiful boy-pup wanted to play, did he? But who was the master here?

“Down!” I commanded. “Off.”

He obeyed, as I knew he would. He moved off me, lowering his head submissively as I stood up. “Good boy,” I said, pleased.

Then he wiggled his cute little ass and the tail...wagged!

Stupendous! I must've had a big stupid smile on my face as I knelt down to his level and looked him in the eyes. "Very good boy...who's a good puppy? Hmmm? Who's a good puppy?" I caressed his bare shoulder. I could feel, I could literally feel, his excitement and his happiness.

Before I knew it he lay on his back, presenting his belly to me, just like a real dog would. Of course, if a real dog presented me with a cock as big and hard as Sebastian's looked at this moment I'd probably give him some space. But this wasn't an actual dog. This was my boy and I was his master, at least for today. I kneeled down on the floor, placing one hand heavily against his shoulder, effectively keeping him still. With my other hand I started stroking his belly slowly, moving my hand in small circles.

He groaned and panted, his cock arching over his belly above my gentle hand.

"Is this okay?" I said quietly. I didn't want to overstep any boundaries.

He breathed out a low "Mmm hmmm," and lolled his head to the side, relaxing with the pleasure of it.

"Can I touch your..."

He whimpered, thrusting his cock into the air. I guess I got my answer.

I circled my hand closer and closer, teasing him, making him wait for it, as he whimpered again. His chest rose and fell with his excited breaths. Finally, I reached gentle fingers out to stroke his cock.

He whined and gasped, and I felt my own dick throb and become impossibly harder as I gently stroked his straining erection. The noises he made were killing me. Half dog, half human, he sounded like some weird shamanic apparition come to tempt me to the spirit world. I stroked his huge cock harder now and suddenly I wanted it inside me. I wanted this creature, this beautiful healthy boy/puppy, to have his way with me and I wanted it now.

I let go of him, moving away, while his head spun around,

his eyes peering questioningly out of the mask at me. He seemed afraid suddenly, like maybe he'd gone too far and I was done, so I grinned and started taking off my clothes.

“What a good boy you are...” I murmured, keeping eye contact as I stripped. “So strong and sexy and cute and fuckable...”

He rolled onto his side and watched me, obviously wondering what I was up to. When I'd gotten naked, I sat on the floor and called him over. “Come here, boy. Come on...” I gave him my most scorching gaze. I stroked my own cock in an obvious invitation.

It seemed as if his ears perked up but I knew that couldn't happen. He got up on all fours and came slowly toward me, his head down, his eyes on mine with an almost predatory look. Oh, he knew what I was after all right. I trembled with excitement as he moved to stand over me, like he had done when he'd knocked me down earlier. I stared up at him, awed by the majesty of his stance. It was strange. As a human, Sebastian seemed so shy and submissive most of the time, but as a dog he seemed possessed of an innate confidence in himself. He wasn't afraid to dominate me.

“Do you want to fuck me?” I asked breathlessly, gazing up at this gorgeous man driving me absolutely mad.

When he growled, low in his throat, it sent chills through me, he sounded so doglike and sexy as hell. I opened my legs and used my own spit to ready myself, not wanting to ruin the moment to go searching for lube. We gazed at each other, our eyes conveying the most intimate messages as we prepared to take this to the next level.

I grabbed a cushion from the sofa, shoving it under me, lifting my ass up off the floor to give him room to penetrate me. He whined and lowered himself, grabbing my ass and spreading me to gain entrance. Our eyes remained locked as he pushed inside, his face in the puppy hood giving another dimension to our coupling. As he sheathed himself inside me, I thought of the tail. I broke eye contact to peer over his shoulder. Sure enough, the rubber tail arched over his back, quivering and wagging in

time with his movements.

“Oh my God...*fuck!*” I swore, feeling the heat and power of him moving inside me. Again he seemed not to be Sebastian, but a mythical creature out of humanity’s deepest history.

We moved slowly together, my eyes back on his, connecting in some primal, instinctive way. We did this for a long time, both of us lost to the pleasure of our joining. Finally, unable to take more, I snaked a hand between us and jerked myself off to the rhythm of his fucking me. Shortly thereafter, he gave a loud grunt/groan of bliss. I felt him finish inside me, his eyes closed, his tail jerking spasmodically with the tremors of his release.

Chapter Fourteen

Unexpected Reactions

When he'd finished, and while he was still inside me, I unbuckled the clasps of the hood and pulled it gently off his head. He stared at me with adoration and a happy smile. His face looked flushed, from the sex and the heat of the hood, his hair wet with sweat. He shook his head again in that puppy-like way and gazed down at me contentedly.

"Kiss me," I said. I felt his cock shrinking out of me but I wanted to maintain our connection.

He lowered his face to mine, kissing me tenderly, sweetly as he withdrew from me. Then he lay over top of me on the floor.

Suddenly we heard noises in the hallway and someone knocked on his door.

We exchanged panicked looks. I raised my eyebrows helplessly. Maybe if we stayed quiet, the person would go away.

"Sebastian?" a woman's voice asked loudly. "Are you home?"

I didn't think his face could get any redder, but it did, and he started scrambling off of me. "Uh...yeah, but I'm not dressed... just a minute, okay?"

He grabbed my hand, pulling me into the bedroom. Luckily, I still had hold of his puppy hood, so I stuffed it in his drawer when we got to his room.

He grabbed his jeans, putting them on frantically. He looked hilarious, especially since he still had the puppy tail in his butt.

"Sebastian," I whispered, "Your tail!"

He swore, reaching behind him and gently pulling it out. He shoved it under the bedspread, then pulled his jeans up and reached for his shirt.

I ran into the bathroom and cleaned up quickly, coming out

and getting dressed in the blink of an eye. “Who is it?” I asked him.

“My sister. She must be visiting from Toronto this weekend. She usually emails me to let me know.”

“What do you want me to do? Do you want me to stay in here?”

He looked at me funny as he tried to bring some order to his mop of hair. “No. Why would I want you to hide?”

I shrugged, pleased with that answer.

I followed him out of the room, running to pick up the cushion and check the floor for any evidence of our play. When I gave him the thumbs up he opened the door.

“Hey, Sebastian, sorry I didn't let you know...” A tall woman, almost the same height as Sebastian with the same straw-colored hair and blue eyes, stepped into the room. Her voice trailed off as she saw me standing by the sofa.

She brought a gloved hand to her mouth. “Oh, I'm so sorry...” she mumbled, obviously embarrassed, and looked at her brother. “I didn't even think...”

“Gwen, it's fine. It's so good to see you!” Sebastian said, pulling her into a hug. She giggled and hugged him back.

“So, are you going to introduce me to your friend?” she said when he let her go.

“Yeah, of course. Gwen, this is Tate. Tate, this is my sister, Gwen.”

I came closer and shook her hand. She looked so much like Sebastian it freaked me out a bit. But her hair was very long and, now that I looked closer, slightly darker than Sebastian's. Still, the resemblance struck me as uncanny.

“We're fraternal twins. I know, we look so much alike.” She smiled.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

She looked back and forth between us. “Are you guys...I

mean, I don't want to interrupt..." When she blushed, the resemblance became even more pronounced.

I shook my head. "No, it's okay. I was just leaving." I smiled at Sebastian. "I'll see you next week, okay?"

They both protested as I put my boots and jacket on, grabbing my messenger bag. I glanced at Gwen, *awe, what the hell* and pulled Sebastian in for a passionate kiss. That'd give them something to talk about. I put my lips to his ear and said, "I had a fucking incredible time. Call me tonight."

He nodded, letting me out and closing the door behind me.

§ § §

When I arrived home I immediately threw my clothes in the overflowing hamper and got into the shower. As I washed my body under the hot spray I reminisced about all that had occurred in the last twenty-four hours. I was thrilled and excited beyond belief by the surprising developments of the morning.

Sebastian seemed to surprise me at every turn. Chock full of contradictions and inconsistencies, he had become the most interesting person I'd met in a very long time. I knew I was quickly falling for him, more and more each time we were together. Now *that* was scary. I hadn't been in an actual relationship with anyone for a long time. Did I really want to be? I enjoyed my freedom and the ability to do what I wanted with whoever I wanted, whenever I wanted. But Sebastian seemed so amazing, and I couldn't deny I wanted him all to myself. My stomach clenched at the thought that I had to share him with James next weekend. Another weekend with James made me incredibly excited but also nervous about how my emerging feelings for Sebastian might influence the situation.

I spent the afternoon catching up on my laundry and responding to emails and voicemails. A short message from James, cc'd to Sebastian, directed me to arrive promptly at five o'clock on Friday. There was also a message from Budgie, letting me know that Sebastian and I had concurrent waxing appointments on Wednesday evening. Wonderful.

By the time Sebastian phoned at eight o'clock, I had decided it might be better if we spent the week apart, aside from the waxing. We really needed to get back into the headspace of willing subs for James, and I, for one, found Sebastian's company incredibly distracting.

"Did you have a good time with Gwen?" I asked.

"Yeah. We went for a late lunch and then she wanted to go shopping. Apparently she's got a new love interest back in Toronto who she wants to impress."

"So she came to Ottawa to look for cool clothes?" I asked, skeptical.

He laughed. "Actually, she was looking for things to wear *under* her clothes."

"Oh," I said, realization dawning. "You and your sister have an interesting relationship."

"Very funny. She knows I'll give her an honest opinion. And I have a knack for finding beautiful underwear."

"Mmm hmmm. I did like those 'Flash' boxer briefs you had on for a few moments today."

"Thanks. Listen..." He sounded nervous all of a sudden. "About all the puppy stuff...did you really like it? Or do you think it's silly?"

"I loved it. Couldn't you tell?"

"Well... yeah. But..."

"What?"

"I really liked it too. But, like, what if I want to just put the hood on sometimes and act like a puppy, without the sex stuff? Would that be okay?"

"Of course. Did I...do anything wrong?" I became suddenly nervous that I'd led him into doing something he hadn't been comfortable with. He'd certainly seemed comfortable.

"No! No, not at all. It was really fun and incredibly...intimate. But, I think I might like to just be your puppy sometimes, without

it leading to sex necessarily...”

“Okay. That sounds...nice.”

“Really?”

“Sure. I’ve always wanted a puppy.”

“You’re making fun of me.”

“Oh my God, I’m not. I love it.”

“Well...I’m glad that you’re into exploring the possibilities with me.”

“I totally am. But...I think we should maybe wait until after this weekend to see each other. Except that Budgie has us booked for a waxing together on Wednesday. Not because I don’t want to see you Sebastian. More because I need to get back into a headspace for spending time with James this weekend. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah. I know what you mean. I’m kind of nervous. But excited.”

“Yeah, me too. But it’s gonna be great.”

“Are we gonna tell James...what’s been going on with us?” Sebastian asked carefully.

“I don’t think we need to. He doesn’t need to know our personal business. It’s not going to affect our behavior with him, right?” I think I was almost fishing for reassurance on that front, because I wasn’t at all sure that it wouldn’t.

“Right,” he said decidedly. I felt relieved. “What time’s our appointment on Wednesday?”

“Seven thirty. I’ll pick you up at seven.”

“Okay. Well...bye, Tate.”

“Sebastian?”

“Yes?”

“That tail of yours is gonna be the end of me.”

He laughed. “Bye, you horny bastard.”



Luckily I was pretty busy at work on Monday and Tuesday. Then I had groceries to get and errands to run in the evenings, so that helped keep my mind off of Sebastian. But by Wednesday evening I missed him so badly, it was a relief to get in my car and drive to his place.

I saw him waiting for me outside his building, so I pulled over to the curb and honked. He waved, came over, pulled open the passenger door, and climbed in.

“Hi, gorgeous.” My eyes traveled over his lean form. He had dressed casually in jeans and a leather jacket and he had his puppy dog hat on, the one he'd worn the first time we met. Hell, I should have known then.

“Hi...” he breathed, leaning in for a kiss. His lips, cold from being outside, tasted great and his mouth felt warm and so familiar now.

“Nice hat...” I said against his lips, flipping one of the brown ears with my hand.

He giggled. “Well, it's not a hood but...”

“It works,” I said. “You know you need a puppy name. I didn't know what to call you when you were all decked out.”

“Hmmm, I never thought of that. You can give me a name if you want.” He looked at me so trusting with those intelligent blue eyes.

“How about Blue?”

He grinned and said in a soft voice, “That's perfect, I like it.”

He held my gaze for a long time and there was something very intimate and raw in that look.

I cleared my throat, not knowing what to say. “We'd better get going. If we're late Budgie'll have his panties in a twist,” I said, with a warm feeling in my chest.



Budgie practically jumped up and down he was so excited to

see us.

“Hi boys! How are ya?” he gushed, taking Sebastian’s jacket and hanging it up for him. I offered him mine and he ignored me. “So...I hear that James has made some interesting arrangements for another weekend.” He led Sebastian into his “office.”

I started to follow but he turned to me and said, “Oh no, Tate, you’re with Gus today. You know I can’t do both you boys at the same time...”

He must have seen the annoyed look on my face because he quickly said, “Don’t you worry, I’ll take good care of Sebastian for you.” And then shut the door in my face.

What the hell?

And who the hell was Gus?

“Mr. Mackenzie?” a deep voice said behind me.

I turned to see a short, hairy balding man in a tight purple t-shirt with a rainbow on it.

“I’m Gus. You’re with me this evening. Come this way please.”

I turned an evil glare on the door to Budgie’s room before following Gus. Budgie would get it for this. He knew I had an irrational fear of really hairy fat men. Other guys might get off on Big Bears, but not me. I’d take a cute blond boy like Sebastian any day.

“Please remove your clothes and lie down on the table,” Gus said, putting on some gloves and preparing his implements of torture. I shuddered, doing as I was told.

§ § §

It wasn’t as bad as the last time, since only a tiny bit of hair had grown back. The mud treatment felt quite pleasant, especially since hairy Gus left me alone in a private room to soak in it. I wondered what Sebastian and Budgie were up to and decided that I’d better not think about it.

When I was all done, I went back to the waiting area. I couldn’t see Sebastian anywhere but I heard voices and laughter coming

from Budgie's room.

Fuck it. I knocked on the door.

Budgie opened it a crack. "Yes?"

"I need my boy," I said, feeling rather possessive.

He arched his carefully manicured brows. "*Your* boy?"

"Well, he sure as hell ain't *your* boy. Sebastian? We have to get going," I said over Budgie's shoulder. I saw him getting dressed.

Budgie laughed in a kind of sinister way. "How do *you* know? Maybe we've been making mad passionate love in here while you were squirreled away with Gus. How did the two of you get along, by the way?"

"Fine. And if you touched my boy in any way inappropriately, Budgie, I will take my business elsewhere."

"Oh relax, Tate. My you're possessive when you're in love."

Sebastian had dressed and stood behind Budgie, waiting for him to move. His face went pale as our eyes met.

"Budgie, just shut the fuck up will you?"

"Temper, temper." He turned to Sebastian but didn't move out of the way. "If you get tired of being treated this way, you come on back to Budgie, sweetie. I know how to be a good boyfriend."

"Budgie, get out of the fucking way and shut up," I fumed.

He shrugged, finally moving aside. Sebastian said "Thanks" and joined me. He looked at Budgie, then at me, then at Budgie again. "Um, thanks for the samples..."

My eyes must've about popped out of my head 'cause Budgie started to laugh hysterically.

"You're welcome, sweetie. Anytime."

I grabbed Sebastian's coat, handed it to him, and put on mine.

§ § §

When we got to my car I was still pissed at Budgie and grossed out from getting intimately waxed by a fat man. I didn't

say anything as I started the engine and hit the gas. Sebastian stayed quiet for awhile.

Then he said, “Boy, that guy sure knows how to rile you.”

I glanced at him. “Yes he does. Sadistic freak.”

Sebastian shrugged and said softly, “You *are* being kind of possessive.”

“Well, that’s how I am when I...feel strongly about someone...” I felt his eyes on me. I glanced his way to see that he was smiling.

“I like it. Do you...want to be my boyfriend?” he asked, in the quietest, sweetest voice ever.

I felt my anger dissolve away. I looked over at him as I pulled to a stop at a red light. “Yeah, I’d fucking love to be your boyfriend,” I said honestly, delighting in the pleased expression that lit up his features. “But not until next week. I can’t be thinking like a boyfriend when we’re with James.”

“Okay.” He dug something out of his pocket. “Here.”

“What is it?”

“It’s a skin cream sample. Budgie gave me two.”

“Thanks.” I slipped it into my pocket.

When I dropped him off he leaned in for a kiss, but I shook my head. “Look...I really need to get my shit together for this weekend. I almost had a coronary 'cause you were alone with an aging queen for an hour. What am I gonna do when James is all over you?”

He looked at me, a bemused expression on his face. “You’re gonna say ‘Yes Sir’ and ‘No Sir’ and you’re gonna do what you’re told. And you’re gonna know that when we leave James’ place on Sunday, I’ll be yours.”

My heart swelled and right then I did want to kiss him. But I held back and he opened the door, stepping onto the sidewalk.

“See you Friday,” I said.

He leaned down and peeked in at me. “See you Friday, Tate.”

He closed the door and was gone.

Chapter Fifteen

Figuring Things Out

We arranged to get to James' place separately, in order not to raise any suspicions and to keep up the facade that we were just two young men out for an adventurous BDSM weekend. The truth was a little more complicated. But after Sebastian's comment that he would be all mine once the weekend ended, I thought I would likely be able to contain any possessive impulses that might arise. Anyway, we were placing ourselves in a completely artificial, entirely physical situation. Neither of us held any real feelings for James, except a great deal of respect and a physical attraction. It was time to have some fun.

I passed Sebastian as he walked up the sidewalk toward the house, but I didn't beep or anything, keeping up the facade. I parked in the laneway and waited for him to catch up to me.

He nodded in greeting and I smiled, my eyes roaming over him and my mind starting to go in some very naughty directions. There was no doubt I looked forward to whatever James had planned for us. Despite all that had occurred emotionally between Sebastian and me these past few weeks, or perhaps because of it, I could hardly wait to get into sub mode with him and serve our diabolical Dom for a couple of days.

I turned and rang the bell.

After a few moments the door opened to reveal James in his work clothes, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, tie obviously having been discarded.

"Come in please," he said warmly. He backed up, making room for us to enter. "I assume you've both made the necessary preparations for this evening?"

"Yes, Sir," we said.

"Excellent. Then you can put your things in the spare room

and meet me in the loft in half an hour.”

§ § §

When James arrived in the loft, dressed in jeans with his beautiful feet bare, he made us take turns sucking him to orgasm. He liked to take the edge off first so he'd have more control later on. He coated our necks and chests with his spunk and left it there to make sure we knew our place in this room. Although, really, how could we not? He'd put cock rings on us to make sure we stayed hard.

He pulled a pair of black rubber gloves from his back pocket and put them on. “Fasten Sebastian to the kneeler, Tate.”

Oh yes, here we go...

“Yes, Sir,” I said.

The “kneeler” looked a bit like the bench, but shorter, with a padded place for the sub's knees. Basically, the sub bent forward over it with his chest and abdomen supported on the padded top of the bench with his wrists fastened to the legs.

Once Sebastian had been fastened in place, I stepped back to have a look.

“Perfect,” James said, pleased. “You'll make a fine Dom one of these days, Tate.”

“Yes, Sir.” I inwardly puffed up with pride.

“I want the ball gag in his mouth and the plug in his ass.”

I took care of that. When I placed the ball gag on him, our eyes met and I felt a strange feeling deep inside that was incredibly intimate and very exciting. I felt my cock throb and saw an answering spark in Sebastian's eyes. The fact that another man had intimate use of us as, essentially, sexual toys seemed to deepen our feelings for each other. Perhaps it had drawn us together in the first place.

James told me to go pick out a flogger for Sebastian. “Don't forget, he's never had this done to him before. One always has to keep in mind the experience, or lack thereof, of a sub or slave. So choose wisely.”

“Yes, Sir.” But he didn't need to worry. I selected a heavy suede flogger, because I knew it would feel incredible on his skin and that I could control the force and speed of the blows easily.

James nodded. “Excellent.” He grabbed the straight chair, placing it so that he could sit and still see everything. He crossed one of his long legs over the other. “Proceed. Start slow and then see what he can take.”

I saw Sebastian's muscles tense up at James' words. But, again, he didn't need to worry. As long as James let me set the pace, I would make this good for him.

I started by running the red suede fronds along his back and down over his buttocks and thighs. I knew how good it felt so didn't rush. I did this for several minutes because it helped him relax and get into the receptive zone that he needed to be in.

I glanced over at James, but he gave me no hints. It seemed he would let me do this my way. I turned back to Sebastian's beautiful back and ass, landing a soft strike to the curve of his buttocks. He sighed. I did it again and slowly increased the strength of the blows, spreading them out over his back, thighs, and butt cheeks. After a while I heard him moaning. I knew I wasn't causing him any serious pain yet and he seemed to be enjoying himself.

“Hold on,” James said.

I stopped, glad for a break, since my arm had started to tire already from the repetitive motion. Being the top was no picnic.

James stood and walked all around Sebastian, obviously delighting in the submissive posture and the image of restrained beauty on display for us both. He bent, running a gloved hand slowly along the pinking skin of Sebastian's back and over the curve of his ass.

“Fucking gorgeous,” he murmured, turning to me. “Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?”

I shook my head. *Well, except for Sebastian in the puppy hood and tail...but he looks pretty damn good like this too.*

His hand drifted to the base of the plug in Sebastian's ass. He

wiggled it gently, eliciting a groan and a whimper. Then he let the same hand glide under Sebastian's belly and wrap around his hard cock. "You're being a very good boy, Sebastian," he said softly, as he stroked the other man firmly a few times. He stood up and turned to me.

"Okay, give it to him a bit harder. Let's see how he reacts."

I nodded. "Yes Sir." I gave Sebastian a few of the gentler swats just to ease him into it. Then I started laying them on a little heavier and faster. I saw him tense up between blows, but he seemed to deal with the pain okay. When he started grunting and squirming, I hesitated, looking over at James for instruction. I really didn't want to hurt him too much. To me, it seemed like we were getting close to his limit, and I wanted to stop.

"Keep going," James said. "He's doing fine."

I hesitated. "But..."

James stared at me. "I beg your pardon?"

"Sorry, Sir." I started flogging Sebastian again, but I could only force myself to give him a few more. I found I couldn't continue. I just couldn't.

"I think he... I think maybe that's enough," I said firmly, surprised by my own bravery, and wondering how James would react to my impertinence. But I had to speak up.

I looked at him and he stared back at me for a very long moment. I didn't dare say anything more. My heart quailed and I wondered if he would punish me and take over Sebastian's lesson.

"Is something going on here, Tate?" he said very quietly. "Is there something going on between you and Sebastian?"

So much for not telling. Jesus, he had good instincts.

"Yes, Sir." I admitted, casting my eyes down.

He stood and moved toward me. A frisson of fear ran down my spine but I stood my ground. He grabbed my chin in his gloved hand and made me look him in the eyes.

“Why didn’t either of you tell me?” he said angrily.

I cleared my throat. “We didn’t think... you needed to know.”

He stared at me in disbelief for several long moments, then he dropped his hand from my chin and in a very cold voice said, “Unfasten him. I want you both to shower, get dressed, and meet me downstairs in an hour.”

Hold on. I didn’t want to stop playing. I just wanted to stop flogging him.

“But...” I started to say.

“Do it!” he said in a voice that left me no choice but to obey.

§ § §

When we got upstairs we didn’t say anything to each other. I felt like I’d let both Sebastian and James down. What the hell had happened? I didn’t know how Sebastian felt about my little mutiny. Was he pleased that I’d stopped the play or disappointed because now it looked like our weekend might be over?

“Tate?” he said softly as I bent to start the shower.

“Yeah,” I mumbled, not looking at him.

“It’s okay.”

I looked at him. “I fucked everything up.”

“By protecting me?”

“You would have been fine.”

“I was ready to stop. I was thinking about my hand signals.”

“Really?” I felt relief flood through me. My instincts had been correct.

He nodded. “Do you think he’s going to make us leave?”

“I don’t know. Probably.”

He stared at me. “Do you want to?”

“I don’t know. Not really.”

“Me neither.”

§ § §

An hour later we descended the stairs to the kitchen/living room. James stood in the kitchen, holding a glass of water in one hand, and a bunch of papers in the other. He regarded us sternly.

“Have a seat on the couch.”

We did as we were told because his tone of voice and stance left no room for argument. The man definitely had a natural affinity for dominance.

He took a sip of water, placing his glass back on the counter. He filled up two more glasses and brought them to the coffee table.

“Have a drink please. We have a lot to talk about.”

We took our glasses and sipped. I don’t know about Sebastian, but I felt like I’d just gotten in trouble with the school principal—a situation both humiliating and arousing at once. James had replaced his old worn jeans with dark blue ones, and put on a black t-shirt. He looked at once dangerous, and incredibly fuckable.

“So,” James said. “What exactly is going on here?” He gestured between the two of us. “Have you been fucking each other on your own time?”

“Yes, Sir.” I looked at Sebastian.

“Yes, Sir.” Sebastian echoed.

“Just fucking?” he asked.

I looked at Sebastian again, wondering how much we should divulge.

“We’re kind of dating,” Sebastian said quietly.

James didn’t say anything for awhile. Several emotions crossed his face but I couldn’t really decipher them. He shook his head slowly from side to side. “Well, isn’t that adorable.” He didn’t sound angry, just tired. And maybe disappointed?

He sat down in the chair across from the couch. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

I looked at him. “We didn’t think...it was necessary.”

He stared at both of us in disbelief. “You didn't think it was *necessary?*”

I shook my head. *What is he getting at?*

“And after what just happened upstairs, do you still think it was unnecessary?”

I thought for a moment, then blushed as understanding dawned on me. How could I have been so stupid?

“No, Sir,” I said, deeply ashamed all of a sudden. I wondered if I'd ever be able to live this down.

“Thank you. Do you even realize, Tate Mackenzie, how counterproductive it is for you to keep secrets from me in this kind of situation?”

“Yes, Sir.” *Fuck fuck fuck.*

“I don't understand...” Sebastian spoke up suddenly. “It happened on our own time. So it's not really any of your business, is it? Sir.”

I put my head in my hands.

“Of course you don't understand, Sebastian, you're very new to all this. But Tate should know better.” I heard him get up and go into the kitchen. When I heard him come back I took my head from my hands. He sat back down in the chair, taking a long drink from the glass of water he had gotten. We stared at each other silently for a long while.

“I'm sorry,” I said finally. “I should have told you.”

“Can I ask you something? Both of you?” he said. “And please, for the love of God, tell me the truth.”

We nodded.

“In light of what happened upstairs, and in light of the relationship you two are beginning to develop, are you even still interested in continuing with our weekend? I won't be offended if you say no.”

Sebastian and I looked at each other. Sebastian nodded and I turned back to James. “We'd like to continue.”

“Okay.” He nodded, tossing the paperwork onto the table. “Then we have some work to do. We’re going to have to go through the paperwork that you both filled out and redefine limits, expectations, taking into account this new development. This changes the dynamic here quite a bit.” He stared at us both sternly. “I need to have all the information in order to be your Dom. This relationship here,” he gestured between the three of us, “is one based entirely on mutual respect and trust. When you withhold important information from me, I can’t do my job properly. I’m not just ordering you around on a whim, even though it may seem that way sometimes. I’m attempting to give you a wonderful experience within your boundaries, perhaps testing the edges at times, but within the parameters that you’ve given me to work with. Something like this changes everything.”

We nodded in understanding.

“I’m really sorry. I should have known better,” I said.

“Well, it’s a good lesson to learn, Tate,” James said. “And I’m really glad you both want to continue. Because I think we can sort this out quite easily this evening. And that still leaves us two days.” He smiled at us.

We grinned back at him, relieved.

Chapter Sixteen

Working Together for Mutual Benefit

We spent an hour or so on Friday evening going over the details of the new “contract.” It didn’t take long to sort things out. I was very pleased with the respect that James showed our new relationship and with the things he was willing to do to accommodate us. He admitted that he would hate to lose us, as he felt that we would both make great Doms someday. He liked showing us how it all worked, as well as taking his pleasure in us as subs as well.

Our new rules or limits were:

Only one of us would take on the role of sub at a time. The other two would work in concert as Doms with joint power and authority. A scene would be planned and agreed upon first, the sub being the only one not aware of what would occur. Either of the two Doms could make decisions, with James being ranked slightly higher due to experience. James also stressed the importance of using the safe-word or hand signals if one became unable to continue. There would be no repercussions for safe-wording except that the scene would be stopped and we would have a discussion and decide whether to continue with a different scene or call it a day.

“It is extremely important that you be honest with me in that room. I need to know what you are feeling, how you are dealing with everything I’m throwing at you. Yes, I can observe your reactions and I’m very good at judging when a sub is overwhelmed or close to his limit. But I’m not infallible. In order for this to be a mutually beneficial arrangement, I need you both to communicate honestly with me.”

“Yes, Sir,” we said.

“All right. Now you are both going to make me supper.”

We made a stir fry, since I made them at home a lot and it could be done quickly. I got Sebastian to act as Sous Chef and do all the slicing. James disappeared while we cooked but showed up just as the food was ready to serve. I swear the guy had a sixth sense or something. Then again, there were cameras everywhere.

When we finished eating, he put down his fork, looking from one to the other of us. “Now I am going to ask you something and I want an honest answer.” He steeped his hands, smiling warmly. “If I were to invite you both to sleep in my room with me, as equals, what would you say?” His eyes burned with an intense fire that caused my dick to pay attention.

Sebastian and I looked at each other. He raised his eyebrows. I looked back at James. “Can we please talk about it for a minute?”

He nodded, then stood and took his plate to the counter. “Do you mind loading the dishwasher and starting it before you come up?”

“Not at all,” Sebastian murmured, staring at this beautiful man who had just turned off his Dom mode and invited us into his bed.

“If you decide to sleep together in the spare room, just let me know, will you?”

When he'd gone upstairs, Sebastian and I looked at each other again. “So...what do you think?” he asked.

I shrugged. “I'm game if you are.”

He grinned. “I'm game.”

“This won't affect our feelings for each other,” I said.

“No, of course not. But it'll sure be a lot of fun...”

“And maybe a little payback,” I said, winking.

§ § §

After we cleaned up the kitchen, Sebastian took my hand in his as we walked upstairs to James' room.

At our knock, we heard his voice from within.

“Come in.”

I opened the door and we stepped inside the huge master suite, where we had spent the first evening at James' home.

James sat on the bed, leaning against the copious pillows, reading a book. He had on white cotton pajama pants and reading glasses. No shirt. I'd never seen him look so damn sexy.

Sebastian closed the door behind us as James looked up. He shut his book but didn't remove the glasses.

"Total equals?" I asked, wanting to make sure.

"Total equals. Just forget about all the Dom/sub stuff for tonight."

"So...we can do whatever we want?" Sebastian asked.

James laughed. "Behave yourselves," he said, with a hint of his Dom style, then winked. "But, essentially, yes," he said huskily, pushing his book off the bed. It landed with a *thunk* on the floor. He started to remove his glasses.

"Leave them on," I said, obvious excitement in my voice.

He stared at me and settled his glasses back on his nose, something in his gaze drawing me in.

"You know I've always had professor fantasies," I admitted as I climbed up onto the bed beside him.

"Oh really? That's something I may have to address tomorrow...in class..."

I grinned, my face inches away from his and his dark, lust-filled gaze took my breath away. I felt Sebastian near me. James glanced over to him as he climbed onto the bed to join us.

"Hmmm. It seems I'm at your mercy, boys... So much for being equals."

"Quiet," I said firmly, just to see what he would do.

His hand was on my chin in a moment, gripping firmly, but then his mouth quirked up into a big grin as he pulled my face to his. He kissed me hard, leaving me no doubt as to the one really in control. I flowed into the kiss, pressing my whole body against his, wrapping my arms firmly around him. It felt so good

to be allowed this. All this time I'd only been able to look at him or suck him off or watch while he shot his load on me or on Sebastian. I delighted in the feel of his soft warm skin and those lips that could be so kind one minute and so brutal the next.

I felt Sebastian nuzzle against me and tease my earlobe with his warm tongue. I broke from James to turn into another kiss, this time with my blond-haired lover and soon-to-be boyfriend. His lips and mouth were so familiar to me. I bathed in the smell of him and the feel of his mop of hair tickling my forehead.

"You boys look beautiful kissing that way," James murmured. "Why don't you undress each other?"

Hmmm, what a good idea...

We took each others' clothes off, kissing and groping each other throughout, until completely naked. Then we looked at James. He'd taken his glasses off and his hand had disappeared inside his pajama pants.

"Your turn, Sir," I said with a sardonic emphasis on the last word. I held his hands down and kissed his laughing mouth as Sebastian pulled his pajama pants down and off.

"Jesus, you have a beautiful cock, sir," Sebastian said. I broke from the kiss to glance down, just in time to see Sebastian's hand circle James' hard cock. He eyed it hungrily for a moment before licking the tip slowly.

James gasped, fighting my grip on his wrists. I let go and he pulled me forward so that my dick was in his face. My mouth dropped open in anticipation as I looked down at him. He regarded my cock with appreciation.

"Tate, do you know how long I've been dying to get this thing in my mouth?" he said breathily, glancing up at me with deep blue eyes.

"You could have had it any time, sir."

He shook his head. "It undermines my authority in the loft to stoop to sucking another man's prick." His tongue snaked out of his mouth, touching the tip of my cock playfully as he winked

at me. "But here...I can do whatever I want..." He opened his mouth, pulling my hips forward so that my cock slipped inside. I gasped as he closed his lips and sucked, swirling his tongue and teasing me with expert skill. Then I felt his own groan of pleasure reverberate through him as Sebastian worked his cock behind me.

Time seemed to stand still as I was sucked so skillfully by a man I'd never imagined doing it. He looked so fucking hot with my dick in his mouth too. When I turned my head and saw Sebastian bobbing over James' cock I almost lost it. I cried out, throbbing in pleasure, as my hands went to James' head. I gripped his hair, trying to get him to slow down, because I didn't want to come yet.

"Sir...James...stop...I'm gonna," I stuttered.

He immediately came off me and gripped the base of my cock firmly with his hand, helping me to stave off. His own face contorted with pleasure as Sebastian worked him but his eyes seemed locked on my shiny, spit-covered erection.

"Sebastian," he groaned. "Please stop."

Sebastian came off him and in a moment had come around me. His mouth was on James' in an instant. They kissed passionately and frantically, trying to maintain their connection.

"You know what I'd really like to do," James said against Sebastian's desperate kisses.

"What?" His hand remained wrapped around my cock, and I thrust slowly into his grip.

"I really want to fuck one of you while the other one fucks me," he said.

"We can probably arrange that," I murmured. "Which one of us do you want under you and which one on top?"

He grinned, breaking from Sebastian's kiss, and looking back and forth between us. "Now that's a tough one. Any volunteers?"

"I'll bottom," Sebastian said right away and both James and I laughed.

Sebastian blushed, smiling shyly.

“Eager, much?” I teased him, slapping his ass.

“Well, that works for me.” James took his hand off me and nudged me over. “Besides, I think Tate’s been wanting to even the score for a while.”

“How did you know?”

“Call it intuition. Or just common sense.” He rolled Sebastian over, covering him with his body, kissing the boy so deeply and skillfully I felt a tiny little pinprick of jealousy for a moment. But I pushed it away. It was just one night. One special night with a man we both had the hots for.

“Lube is in the nightstand,” he said. “I’ll need some for your boy, here, too.”

My boy. Yeah, you’d better believe it.

I got the lube, squirting some into James’ hand. He prepared Sebastian while I prepared him.

“I think Sebastian should go on his front.” I did not want James fucking my boy face to face if I could help it. It was too intimate.

“Mmm, I like the way you think, Tate,” James murmured, moving aside so Sebastian could do as I’d suggested.

Once he’d turned over, James grabbed his thighs and pulled his knees wide. He positioned himself quickly and pushed into him. Sebastian moaned, crying out as James went deep. I spread lube over my cock, aroused and eager to give James some of his own medicine. He pushed Sebastian forward onto his belly and fucked him slowly. I got onto the bed behind him and watched for a few moments, the way his powerful muscles moved as he fucked Sebastian a joy to see. But I needed in on this action.

I moved in close behind James, running my hands along him, letting him know how ready I was for this. He moaned and leaned down, supporting himself on his hands to either side of Sebastian, widening his stance.

“Oh fuck yes,” I murmured. “Stay still for a minute.”

He stilled, his cock buried deep in my boy's ass, while I spread his cheeks and positioned myself.

“You enjoy this Tate, because you may not get another chance.”

“Oh, believe me, sir, I'm gonna enjoy it...” I pushed against his hole until he relaxed and the tip of my cock made it in. He gasped. When he said, “Oh...yes...” his voice quavered. I heard Sebastian groan as I pushed the rest of the way into James, causing James to push into Sebastian. The room filled with animal grunts and gasps as we connected in this way. Being topmost, I had all the control at this point. I moved, slowly at first, developing a rhythm but James was the conduit. He let me fuck him the way I wanted to and I soon increased the speed and the force of my movements. I heard harsh breathing and groans of pleasure. James' ass around my cock felt absolutely divine, as did the knowledge that I was fucking my Dom. He was at my mercy.

“You like me fucking your ass, sir?” I grunted, knowing he liked the dirty talk as much as I did.

“Fuck, yes!” he groaned.

“I like fucking your ass too, making you fuck my boy...”

Sebastian moaned. “Oh my God...”

“You want it harder? Hmmm?” I asked.

They both shouted out, “Yes!”

I started pounding James, pushing him ever more forcefully into Sebastian. Such hard work that sweat beaded on my forehead and shoulders, but it was so worth it, especially when I saw Sebastian force a hand beneath himself. He groaned noisily as he came violently beneath us.

James yelled out a curse and I felt him spasm and quiver around my dick as he climaxed. It was all too much. I kept pounding them until I felt my own cock spurt inside James as I grunted in pleasure and release.

When I'd finished, I pulled out, rolling to the side, my body a

limp dishrag. James soon followed. Sebastian lay comfortably on his belly, his hand still beneath him, eyes closed and a contented look on his face.

James turned and peered down at me, running his hand along my sweat-slicked cheek. “Well done, Tate. You might convert me yet.”

I gazed up at him tiredly. “To what? A bottom or a sub?”

“Maybe both...” He leaned down and kissed me with an unexpected sweetness.

I chuckled. “You as a sub? I can't see it.”

He pulled back and gazed into my eyes with a sincerity that floored me. “I'd sub for you.”

We stared at each other. It seemed there was something being said here—something that I was unprepared for, and I didn't know what to say.

“Huh?” I murmured, confused.

And then a wall went up and he shrugged. “After this weekend you'll have all the makings of a great Dom, Tate.”

“You think so?”

He nodded. “Maybe Sebastian too. He's come a long way already.”

I yawned, so tired I couldn't help it. I wanted to close my eyes and pretend that what I'd seen in James' eyes just now was an illusion caused by overwhelming pleasure and fatigue, and not something that might really complicate my life.

Chapter Seventeen

Crowning Glory

When Sebastian and I awoke on Saturday in James' bed, he'd gone. On the bedside table sat two glasses of orange juice, four buttered bagels, two peeled and sectioned oranges, an intricate chastity device, and a note.

The note told me to follow the instructions on the box and put my dear blond boy into chastity, after we had carried out the normal cleansing rituals. Then I was to dress in only a pair of jeans and bring the key to James downstairs at one o'clock while Sebastian made his way to the loft.

After we finished our enemas and had our showers, I dressed in a pair of black jeans and took the CB 6000 out of its box. The instructions looked fairly simple, but this was a more complex and modern cock cage than the one James had put me in. Sebastian handled the rings and locking mechanism dubiously, while trying not to get an erection so it would be easier to put on. Of course when I started measuring him for the rings and putting the device in place he found it difficult not to react.

"Jesus, Sebastian, would you think of something non-arousing, please? This is difficult enough without your prick trying to escape before I've even got the damn thing on you." I felt a little stressed. If I couldn't get the damned thing on him or couldn't get it adjusted right, I could be in serious trouble. Yeah, James had been delightful last night, but he was back in Dom mode this morning and I didn't want to screw up.

After a little bit of fiddling that only served to work Sebastian up, we were able to stuff him into the device and lock it. He looked down at himself with the chastity rig in place and gazed back up at me with sad eyes. "I'm still not really sure what the purpose of this is," he said dubiously.

I grinned, holding up the key. "The purpose is so that James

and I have complete control over your next orgasm. Not that you weren't a willing sub before, but now, believe me, your interests will be in doing whatever you're told in hopes that we'll eventually take pity on you and take this off." It seemed strange, but now that I held the key to another man's sexual satisfaction, I felt a weird sense of joy and power inside me. And maybe a bit of sadistic pleasure. "Who knows? Maybe he'll want you in it for the rest of the weekend."

He regarded me with horror.

I shrugged. "Be a good boy and go up to the loft. I have a briefing to attend."

When he turned to go, I grabbed his wrist, pulling him into an embrace.

Grabbing his chin I kissed him soundly. Then I pulled away, regarding him with a very serious expression.

"This is going to be intense. For God's sake, safe-word if you need to. I won't think any less of you."

He shook the blond hair out of his eyes and the corner of his lip quirked up. "Yes, Sir." The breath caught in my throat. He looked delectable and mischievous.

I wondered what James had in store for us.

§ § §

When I got downstairs I found him standing in the kitchen, eating a banana. He wore his leather pants, unbuttoned at the top, his cock already straining against the fly.

"Tate." He nodded. "Everything work out all right?"

I knew he was referring to the chastity cage so I nodded. "Yes Sir. He's waiting for us upstairs."

He smiled. "Excellent. Here's what I'd like to do..."

§ § §

Delightful anticipation filled me as I walked upstairs to the loft with James. He would let me be in charge today. I could even tell James what to do, within reason. I had never been in charge

of one man before, let alone two. James had planned the entire scenario, so I knew what awaited us all in that room. My cock had become a hard rod already, thinking about it.

James opened the door and walked inside while I followed closely.

Sebastian kneeled in position, naked, his dick curled humbly downward within the confines of the polycarbonate chastity device. He looked like a captured Greek god, his hands behind his head, his eyes cast to the floor.

I closed the door behind me, glancing at James. He nodded, standing to the side.

I walked forward and put my hand on the top of Sebastian's head. "You look lovely, boy," I said in the most authoritative voice I could summon.

"Thank you, Sir," he said softly.

My heart swelled with pride and affection as I ruffled his hair gently.

"Open my jeans," I said then. "You're free to look at me if you like."

He glanced up at me, his hands immediately on the buttons of my jeans, undoing them, freeing my hard cock from its painful confines. I found myself remembering the first weekend I came here, and he'd been ordered by James to suck me and tease me. But now I commanded him, and I could come if I wanted to.

I didn't just *want* to come. I *needed* to come. If I were to have any hope of successfully managing the scene that James had orchestrated, I needed all my wits about me.

I took my cock in hand, pointing it toward those full lips. "Suck it. Make me come."

His mouth was on me in a matter of seconds and I closed my eyes, groaning in pleasure. He made a noise like a whimper as his tongue moved over me. I pictured his cock straining painfully against its cage already. Poor boy, it would be a hell of an afternoon for him. I sure hope he enjoyed it.

Just thinking about it, and feeling his skilled mouth on my dick, knowing he was in chastity and at my command, brought me to the edge quickly. I grabbed the back of his hair, fucking his mouth roughly as I reached my peek, groaning and spurting down his throat. That mouth that I'd dreamed about so many times and kissed in so many different ways.

He swallowed effortlessly, moving off me when I released him. He licked his lips, gazing up at me, blue eyes filled with adoration. I gazed into them for a long moment until I heard James clear his throat behind me.

I tucked my shrinking dick back into my jeans. "Stand and face the wall. James needs to come too. And we need to start filling you up. You like to be filled up, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Sir," he said as he stood and turned around.

"Brace your hands on the wall and don't move."

He did so.

I looked at James who nodded. He already had his cock out as he looked hungrily at Sebastian.

"Get us ready, Tate," he said.

I got the lube and knelt before James, covering his big cock with it, taking my time, looking up into his eyes as I stroked the lube on him. He grinned at me, breathing heavily as I thoroughly coated his cock with the slippery stuff.

"Enough," he said finally. "Now him."

I stood, squeezing more lube into my hand. I moved close to Sebastian and prepared his ass for the fucking it was about to receive. "I'd tell you not to come but that's hardly necessary, is it?" I said to him.

"No, Sir." I heard a tremor in his voice and I glanced down at where his cock had swelled inside the device. It must be at least a little painful.

I backed up, nodding to James. "James is going to fuck you until he comes. You're to take it like a good little sub and thank him when he's finished. It's an honor to be filled by one of your

Masters.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Oh, I had the hang of this now. I grinned, watching as James moved in behind my boy and spread his cheeks. He hissed at the sight of Sebastian's sweetly waiting hole. When James' cock slowly entered my soon-to-be boyfriend, my recently sated prick started hardening.

Sebastian made a desperate keening sound as James pushed into him all the way and his poor cock swelled even more. A shiny bit of moisture slid down from one of the slits in the plastic device. He breathed shakily, whimpering as James took his pleasure. He fucked him slowly and deeply until, with an understated grunt, he emptied into the obedient boy.

When he withdrew, Sebastian uttered a shaky, “Thank you, Sir,” as his chest rose and fell with labored breaths. His cock swelled painfully and hopelessly against its restraints, the liquid evidence of his impotent excitement oozing out of it. It streaked the inside of the cage with cloudy moisture.

I knew how it felt—excruciating and heavenly at the same time. Since the blood could not pool itself properly in a satisfying erection, it collected in other areas, increasing other bodily sensations and doling out throbs of pleasure seemingly everywhere as liberties were taken and direct stimulation applied. This was only the beginning.

James cleaned himself, tucking his cock back in his pants as I retrieved one of the butt plugs from the cabinet. I didn't need to lube it since James' copious spunk leaked tantalizingly from Sebastian's ass. I rubbed the tip around in it, then pushed the plug up inside him, lodging it firmly in place as Sebastian let out a groan of acquiescence.

Leaning close, I whispered in his ear and rocked the plug back and forth. “This'll keep James' juice inside you where it belongs. When I'm ready to add my own, I'll take it out.”

“Yes, Sir...” He glanced at me. Our eyes met and a charge of intense desire surged between us. I almost hauled the plug out

and took him then and there, but I wasn't quite ready yet. We still had a lot to do.

“James,” I said. “Let's get him up there.”

“Absolutely.”

“Crawl to the base of the cross, boy,” I said.

Sebastian did as directed, with absolutely no hesitation. I could tell by the flush of his skin and the look in his eyes that the experience of being in chastity had fulfilled my expectations.

“Stand and put your wrists up. Hold on to the pegs.”

He did and James helped me fasten his wrists to the top of the cross. He passed me the ankle restraints. I fastened them onto Sebastian, then looked him in the eyes.

“We're going to lift a leg each. You're going to bend your knees so that we can fasten each ankle beside the wrist on that side.” I kissed him hard to let him know how I felt about everything. “Ready?”

He nodded.

“I can't hear you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“That's better.” I bent down to grab his left ankle as James bent for the right. “One, two, three...”

We lifted his legs up, fastening the ankle cuffs to eye hooks in the cross and I stepped back to survey the result.

I almost moaned out loud, because he looked so fucking hot hanging on that cross. So vulnerable, with his plugged ass on display for both of us.

“Very nice,” James murmured, a rather ridiculous understatement.

“Get me the flogger,” I said, really getting into Dom mode now. I'd had no idea it would be this easy, or this enjoyable.

James got me the flogger with the suede fronds that I'd used on Sebastian the day before. Sebastian's eyes widened when he

saw it. I tried to convey with my eyes that he needed to trust me, trust that I wouldn't hurt him, not even a little today. The cock cage was enough for right now. The more I made him feel good, the more his dick would press against its restraints and torture him in that way.

I looked at him again, assessing, while I held the flogger loosely in my right hand. "Would you like to be gagged Sebastian?" I asked in a soft voice. It always added to my experience and I wanted to give him the option.

"If it pleases you, Sir," he answered, lifting his chin and staring me in the eyes. I grinned, winking at his impudence.

"It does please me to see that red ball in your mouth, and the plug in your impertinent ass. A good sub should be begging to be filled, in every way possible," I said, still grinning. What a fun game!

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said, trying not to smile.

James had collected the gag and now stood beside Sebastian. "Shall I go ahead?" he asked.

"Yes. Make sure it's tight. I don't want to hear anything but garbled moans and cries from this pretty boy."

He nodded, doing as bid. He pushed the hair back from where it had fallen over Sebastian's eyes and held his chin firmly in his strong hand then licked and tongued the boy's ear. Sebastian struggled slightly in his bonds and stared at me, wondering what I would do next.

I lifted the flogger and began a gentle tracing of his exposed calves and thighs with the suede fronds. Then I lightly tapped his sides and his bottom with gentle strikes, while James continued to lick down his neck and began twisting his nipples with both hands.

Sebastian moaned. I saw his cock pulse as more clear fluid leaked out into the plastic container. My own cock throbbed, begging for attention, but I ignored it for the moment.

"You are so beautiful..." I murmured, teasing him with the

flogger and applying the occasional swat to his backside. “I changed my mind. I'm going to torture your ass with a dildo before I get into it. This position is just too tempting to resist. James?”

“Which one?”

“The black one. It's an eight inch, right?”

“Right. And two inches around.”

“Perfect.”

Sebastian moaned in excitement, trepidation, agony, who knew what, as I waited for James to bring me the dildo. While I waited, I rocked the plug gently back and forth, watching the expression on his face. Unbelievably beautiful and so very hot.

James handed me the dildo finally, lubed and ready, and I held it up for Sebastian to see. “This is going in that tight little ass of yours. It's going to rub against your prostate until you cry for me to let you out of that device. It's going to feel so good, boy, but you won't be able to come. And if your cock tries to get bigger, well you'll have a little something else to deal with, won't you?”

He began to struggle and whimper, as he realized how intense this would be. “You can safe-word if you need to,” I reminded him. “But if you are a good boy and take it, once I have my pleasure in you I'll let you out of that thing and give you the most amazing orgasm of your life.”

He seemed to calm down a bit then. He nodded and I smiled. “That's a good boy. I know you can do it.”

I grabbed the base of the plug and eased it gently out of him. James took it to the towel laid out on the cabinet top.

I rubbed the tip of the dildo against his hole and he moaned, struggling a bit. When his eyes met mine he relaxed again. I knew this struggle because I went through it myself in the same situation. Part of you just wanted away from the sensation, but the other part wanted it. Your instinctive brain said “escape” while your thinking brain said “there's no point trying to escape so just relax and take it.” It was the war between the two parts of

your brain that made these games so interesting.

I laid a comforting hand on the underside of his thigh as I firmly pushed the head of the dildo into him. He made a sound low in his throat, breathing hard, trying to accommodate to the sensation and deal with whatever might be happening to his dick. I stroked his thigh soothingly and held his gaze, pushing the dildo into him the rest of the way.

He couldn't maintain the connection and closed his eyes, groaning loudly as though he were in pain. I didn't think the dildo caused it so I peeked at his cock in the cage. Sure enough, it had swollen to the fullest capacity of the device. I watched as precum oozed from the head as Sebastian uttered another groan.

"Are you okay?" I said, as low as I could for him to hear me.

He opened his eyes, staring into mine. They were glazed with pain and pleasure combined, but he nodded. I felt relief and a pulse of pain/pleasure of my own, and used the hand not on the dildo to open my jeans and pull my hard cock out. Stroking it a few times I took in the sight of him in this vulnerable position, his dick held captive and a large dildo up to the hilt in his come-filled ass.

Glancing at James I noticed him watching us, and when our eyes met he smiled, stroking himself harder. He had a dreamy and very aroused look in his eyes as he watched me.

I broke from his gaze, pretending to be alone with Sebastian. I rocked the dildo gently from side to side, then top to bottom. Sebastian groaned and struggled. I let go of it, picking up the flogger again, and struck him gently with it over the buttocks and the backs of his thighs and knees, until his moans became too much. I stopped, giving him a few moments to get it together. His eyes looked wild now so I knew it must be getting difficult.

I grasped the base of the dildo and drew it slowly almost all the way out of him. Then I pushed it in again, deliberately rubbing it where I knew his prostate to be. He cried out, first in pleasure and then in pain as his cock fought the cage. I did this again and again, until he panted hoarsely with the stress of it.

“Okay, okay, baby, we're almost done. I'm going to fuck you now, and come inside you. If you can take it you will be so very rewarded when I'm done...”

He nodded frantically and I smiled, so proud of him. He was truly a champ.

I pulled the dildo gently out of him, handing it to James. Then I lubed myself up and pushed my cock into his waiting hole. We both cried out as I seated myself deeply in his hot ass. I waited a moment, both to just savor the physical feeling of being inside my lover in this very compromising position, and to enjoy the mental feeling of connecting with him in this way. The trust he gave me at this moment could not be shrugged off. So I waited, tight to his ass, my cock buried deep, twitching with impatience. We stared into each other's eyes as the experience of being so deeply entangled washed over us both. Then Sebastian trembled, closing his eyes. I had to make this quick so that I could give him the promised ecstasy.

I grasped his thighs and started moving, pulling out and pushing in and feeling every inch of his hot tunnel over my excited cock. It wouldn't take very long. I increased my speed, listening to his moans of pleasure/pain. Gazing down at his captured cock I saw a tiny stream of fluid push out as he emitted an agonized groan. I cried out, coming hard inside him.

He whimpered, trembling, as I emptied into him, sweat soaking his hair, his eyes still closed. I finished quickly and withdrew.

“James, can you help me unlock him?” I said, trembling myself with the aftershocks of my release and the strain of fucking him.

Sebastian gave out a moan that probably indicated how desperately he'd waited to hear those words. His eyes opened and looked so fiercely and thankfully into mine it sent a heat wave into my core.

James joined me in a moment and with his practiced skill we soon had Sebastian out of the device. As soon as we slid it off him, his dick swelled up to full height, bringing forth a deep

groan of relief and pleasure. His breaths came quickly now, his eyes on me. His massive erection glistened with moisture in the light from the windows. I reached out, gently touching it with the tips of my fingers. He moaned and his cock twitched and I thought he might come just from that. He was so ready and I wanted to make it so good for him.

I turned to James. "You fuck him and I'll bring him off."

James grinned. "What an excellent idea, Tate. I knew you'd be a natural at this." He lubed himself up, spreading Sebastian's cheeks roughly with his thumbs. "You ready, boy? You've done so well. We're going to give you your reward now..."

Sebastian nodded as James slowly pushed his big cock into my boy's ass. I watched in fascination as Sebastian's cock surged and stood, reaching for something he couldn't quite attain, even after all this torture.

He groaned, fighting his restraints as James began to fuck him slowly but purposely. He must have been deliberately stroking Sebastian's prostate, because Sebastian almost cried with pleasure and desperation. I kept my eyes trained on his beautiful face as I reached between them and wrapped my hand around Sebastian's swaying, wet cock.

He yelled out desperately as I stroked him twice and James kept up his steady rhythm. Sebastian's entire body convulsed as his cock erupted in my tight hand, shooting thick white streams over his chest and belly. My mouth hung open at the amazing sight. Some of the come landed on his face, he ejaculated with such force, the power of his release indicative of the aroused state he had been in for so long. He came for a long time, making the most primal noises of pleasure and satisfaction.

When he finally settled into a jelly-like state of relaxation, James pulled out, bringing himself off all over my boy, covering him with even more hot spunk. My dick had become a semi in my pants watching the erotic scene, but I had enjoyed such an amazing release myself there wasn't anything left in me.

James helped me get Sebastian down. He was exhausted and

no doubt sore. He could barely stand. We draped his arms around our shoulders and helped him up to the showers. I held him close to me under the hot spray as James washed us both thoroughly. He washed himself quickly, leaving us to recover, telling us to sleep in the spare room together.

Chapter Eighteen

Once More, With Feeling

I got Sebastian out of the shower and had him sit on the chair while I dried him off carefully. Had it all been too much for him? When he opened his eyes, giving me a weak smile, I felt the relief wash through me.

“Are you okay?” I asked, my brow wrinkled with concern.

He nodded. “I’m fine, Tate. I can’t even tell you...”

I thought I saw tears glisten in his eyes.

“Shhh. Let’s just go to bed,” I said, helping him up. I led him into the spare room and got him into some pajamas.

Curling up together under the blankets, I suddenly felt protective and a little bit guilty for what I’d put him through. “How’s your poor ass?”

He grunted happily. “Fine. A bit sore but it’s a good sore. Know what I mean?”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “So, you’re really okay? We didn’t...go too far?”

He turned, looking at me. “Did I safe-word?”

“No.”

“Then you didn’t go too far.” He turned around, pulling me against him. “It was fucking fantastic. Now I understand the purpose of a cock cage.”

I chuckled. “Yeah. They’re great, aren’t they?”

“I’ve never held off to that point before. And when I finally came...fuck, Tate. I’ve never had an orgasm that intense or that long in my life. I’d do anything to have that experience again. Anything.”

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. The sun, streaming through the pale curtains of the guest room, woke us, and I wondered what the day would bring.

With permission from James, I drove Sebastian to church and watched him sing again, still feeling conflicted about our activities and this place of worship. But the sunshine streaming through the stained glass windows onto the heads of the people in the large congregation cheered something in me and I found myself smiling with genuine good nature at strangers. I mean, we all had private needs and desires. How we chose to satisfy them was nobody else's business and I was as much a child of God as any of these people. Still, I shifted uncomfortably in my seat when my dick hardened at the memories of what I had shared with Sebastian and James the day before, and the thought of what I might be subjected to next.

§ § §

At one thirty I lay spread eagled on the bed in the loft, my wrists and ankles bound to the corners of the frame, a rubber hood over my head, and a phallus gag in my mouth—a toy to be played with, nothing more.

Before they had put the hood on me, I'd taken in the delightful sight of Sebastian in a pair of leather pants and bare feet, bare-chested. He'd had a mischievous glint in his blue eyes that made me a little bit nervous and a lot aroused.

"Sebastian told me you quite enjoyed the music at the service this morning. I was able to find something to play for you today that might enhance your experience."

I grunted.

Suddenly, I heard music. The most beautiful young male voices began singing a familiar hymn.

"King's College Boy's Choir," James murmured as the innocent young voices filled my ears with their golden tongues.

I felt the mattress sink beside me. The smell of leather suggested Sebastian since James had worn jeans.

I turned my head toward him, wishing I could see him.

I felt his lips—those sweet plump lips—on my neck, kissing me softly, like the lover he was and not the Dom he was supposed to be. But I wouldn't complain. It felt exquisite, accompanied by the rise of voices in the background.

Then I felt hands on my cock and balls. Somebody, James no doubt, fastened a cock ring on me. Then I felt him squeezing my scrotum and pulling my balls down. He fastened a device onto me that I recognized as a ball stretcher. I groaned at the sudden pulling sensation and my cock hardened further. All the while Sebastian kept up his soft kisses, now on my chest. James gave my cock a couple of long strokes as Sebastian took one of my nipples in his mouth. I made a noise, feeling my cock surge with pleasure.

“You are not to come, Tate, until Sebastian gives you permission. If you think you can't hold on, put up two fingers and we'll give you some time to recoup. If you want us to stop and unbind you, use the hand signals. Do you understand?”

I nodded, losing myself in the heavenly music as Sebastian moved to my other nipple. The ring and stretcher felt agonizingly good. I felt my cock sway as the two men teased me.

“I'm putting gloves on now, so you'll be able to tell who's touching you, and where.” In a moment James' gloved hands ran down my legs, first one and then the other, his fingers gliding along the sensitive insides of my thighs and knees. I felt Sebastian's naked hand on my dick. I moaned with pleasure as he stroked me softly and sucked at my sensitive nipple.

Now, in the loft, my mind filled with images of Sebastian singing in the church, combined with memories of having him under my command yesterday. The voices coming from the speakers helped carry me to my own vision of Heaven as my body tensed and relaxed under the gentle torture.

Sebastian licked a slow trail down my belly, ever closer to where I really wanted his lips and tongue. I groaned with impatience, trying to move my dick closer to his mouth—a futile

endeavor since my bonds were tight. I felt his soft breath on my belly as he chuckled.

“It's no use, Tate...you're mine today,” he said softly, his breath tickling me between kisses. I whimpered and he laughed again. “James is going to put some lovely clamps on your nipples now.”

I felt my breath come more quickly with the anticipation. Sebastian's tongue swept along my cock at the same time James squeezed my left nipple and applied a metal clamp. I cried out in pleasure/pain, then again as he clamped the other one. Sebastian teased my cock with his tongue, sliding it up and down my length, licking the moisture from the tip, but not putting his mouth around me. I swallowed frantically against the invasive rubber phallus in my mouth as they teased me. Sebastian gently traced my balls with his tongue, an act that drove me crazy and made me fight my bindings. With the stretcher on, my balls were so very sensitive. Every touch of his tongue felt like a mild shock—both pleasant and unpleasant at the same time.

James' gloved hands slid down my belly, and a finger probed my navel roughly. Another gloved hand wrapped around my erection, stroking firmly as I moaned and felt a drop of moisture ooze up out of my slit.

“Poor boy...” James whispered. “Feels good, doesn't it?”

I moaned in affirmation.

James' hand wrapped firmly around the base of my cock and Sebastian's mouth closed over the head.

I cried out, arching my back in pleasure but before I could fully enjoy it he came off me and I felt cold air hit the wetness. I groaned in frustration. I tried to beg but it was pointless, both because I was gagged and because they were relentless.

James' gloved hand began a concentrated rhythm of stroking downwards over my cock, but never up. He began at the head, slowly stroking down to the base, then released me and began at the head again. This downward movement felt wonderful, but the anticipation of an upward stroke, never satisfied, became

pure torture. My poor cock strained and swelled, pleading silently for something more.

I felt Sebastian's hands on my ankle restraints. He released one ankle. "Bend your knee." I did so. He placed my foot up near my bottom. I heard what sounded like a leather belt and suddenly he was strapping my thigh and calf together and buckling it tight. He did the same with the other leg, exposing my ass. Sure enough, as James continued the exquisite dick torture, I felt Sebastian's finger slide down my crack.

I made a desperate noise because I knew what was coming.

He nudged my hanging balls out of the way, spread me wide, and touched his tongue to the sensitive skin of my anus. I trembled as he probed me, gently at first then, as my cries became more uncontrolled and desperate, roughly and hard.

The noises I made then! Between begging him to stop and trying to push my cock further into James' grip, I became a crazy, horny animal.

He stopped finally and James' let me go. They gave me a few moments to calm down as I trembled with frustration. I moved my head from side to side, listening to the music rise around me, hoping for some relief.

Then there were lubed fingers on me, preparing me. A hot, hard cock pushed slowly into me. Whose was it? I couldn't even tell at this point. It felt so amazingly delicious and needed, I didn't care whether Sebastian or James fucked me. I suspected it was Sebastian, but then I heard James' hoarse voice above me.

"How does that feel, boy? How does my cock feel inside you?" he asked, thrusting into me hard.

I moaned and whimpered, my prostate at the mercy of his expert strokes, my dick bubbling over with moisture as he drilled me, but I was unable to come.

He fucked me harder, the bed moving with the force of it, and I felt Sebastian's tongue on my ear and his soothing voice. "Once he comes it's my turn." He tickled my lobe with soft strokes of his tongue. "I can't wait to fuck you, baby. When I've come I'll

let you, okay?"

I nodded, whimpering desperately as James fucked me ever harder, ramming his cock into me, torturing my prostate. He brought me to the edge again and again and I fought back the urge to come, praying he wouldn't last much longer.

Finally, he stilled and let out a cry. He thrust a couple more times, groaning with his release, and muttered shakily, "Now you're well filled, boy. Do you feel it? Do you feel my seed filling you up?"

I groaned and nodded, his words and the way he'd just fucked me making me dizzy. Such a fucking dirty and sexy man, it made my head spin. In another way, I couldn't wait for him to get out of me and let my boy in, because I was dying for that.

He pulled out and I felt one of his hands slap my cock roughly. It almost made me lose control and come. I bit my lip to hold back as he laughed.

I felt Sebastian take his place, as James grabbed my cock in a firm grip. "Don't you dare come until Sebastian tells you. If you come before that I will fuck you with the huge dildo and then myself again until you are so sore you'll be crying for your mommy."

I nodded frantically, no doubt in my mind that he would carry that threat through. I would wait. I could do it.

I heard Sebastian's familiar noises as he settled within me. He began fucking me slowly, his cock now familiar and welcome. My legs had become sore from their bindings, my balls ached with the pressure of imminent release and the strain from the stretcher, but all I cared about was my boy taking his pleasure in me.

He quickened his pace and started moaning my name. I felt tears in the corners of my eyes, both from the torture of holding back and the sweetness of this gentle fucking. It went on for such a long time I thought I might die of it. His languorous, loving motions defeated me in a way that James' more vigorous pounding had not. His moans and soft cries above me were as

sweet as the singing boys in my ears. I loved how much pleasure he derived from my body and I would give myself to him like this whenever he wanted me to.

Finally, his sounds increased as he began moving faster and a little more roughly. He cried out in absolute ecstasy as he came suddenly and hard. “Tate...oh, Tate...” He moaned as he shook with pleasure.

I groaned in agony, so desperate now to come and wishing I could enfold him in my arms. I wouldn't be able to hold off much longer. He'd said I could come when he'd finished...

I felt his naked hand wrap around my cock and stroke me hard as James released the clamps from my nipples. The pain and pleasure surged through me. I convulsed in release, Sebastian's cock filling my ass, the streams of jizz shooting from my tortured member as I let out a succession of garbled cries. And I became something else, something beyond myself, a purely sexual creature gaining its longed for satisfaction. I pretty much let everyone know it. It was heaven and hell at once, the pain from the released clamps and the stretch on my balls lending a heightened sense of power to my orgasm, so that it went on and on and on until I became a quivering mass of exhausted flesh. I gave myself up to God or my two masters or the singing angelic voices—it was all the same. My ego transcended my humble form and floated to the sky.

§ § §

The two men released me from my restraints and led me up to the bed in James' room. They laid me out on a towel and gave me a thorough sponge bath as I watched them both with dreamy, sated eyes. I was so, so sleepy, I could barely keep my eyes open. When they were done they dressed me in pajama pants and tucked me beneath the covers. I heard the shower running as they cleaned themselves. I must have fallen asleep because when I woke to darkness I felt them both cuddled against me under the warm blankets. I had never known such happiness.

Chapter Nineteen

New Developments

When I woke again it was seven o'clock and the room was dark. James had gone, and Sebastian slept soundly beside me, so I took a moment to watch him, since he looked so beautiful. I still felt overwhelmed with the feelings that had arisen within me today. After a little while I slipped out of bed and pulled on a t-shirt. My stomach growled as I quietly exited the room and headed down to the kitchen.

James sat at the breakfast bar in his pajamas, drinking tea and munching on some cheese curds. He looked like such an average guy, not the Dom with the dirty mouth and the yen for power plays that I knew so well.

I stopped and stared for a moment because I forgot sometimes how extraordinarily handsome he was. It only struck me when I caught glimpses of him like this. When he acted as my Dom, it was par for the course, or something. When he sat here in his black and grey plaid pajama pants and white t-shirt, he still made my dick stand to attention, even after all the kinky play over the last couple of days.

He smiled. "What?"

I shook my head. "Nothing. You just...I forget how good looking you are sometimes."

He laughed. "Well, thanks Tate. I think that's a compliment?"

I sat down on the stool next to him, holding out my hand for a cheese curd. "It is."

He held a cheese curd above my hand. "Say please."

"Please, Sir," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Oooh, you're lucky we're not still playing, young man. That would earn you at least a few smacks to the backside."

"Can I ask you something?"

He shrugged. "Sure. Anything."

"Do you think what we do is normal?"

He looked me in the eyes with a frankness that was startling. "Define normal."

"Well, y'know. Like everyone else."

"How do you know what everyone else does behind closed doors?"

"You know what I mean."

"No, Tate, I don't. I have no idea if what we do is normal and I don't really care. It's consensual, it's ultimately trust based and designed for the pleasure and fulfillment of all parties. We're safe, we're honest with each other, and there are limits in place." He looked at me, concerned. "You've never expressed any issues with what we do here before. What's going on?"

"Nothing. I don't really have any issues with it. I just...I've been to church with Sebastian a few times now. It felt kind of weird being there and...remembering everything we'd done. I mean, I can't help thinking about what we do here, when I'm there, watching him. It seems wrong."

"What we *do* here, or thinking about it in church?"

"Well...both, kinda. I don't really think what we do is wrong. But when I'm in church, I guess I sort of wonder if it is or it isn't. It's hard to explain."

"Ah." He smiled. "What would Jesus think if he saw what we did?"

I breathed an inward sigh of relief. "Exactly."

"How do you know Jesus wasn't a kinky freak?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"How do you know he wasn't into self flagellation? A lot of the monks have done it."

"Oh." I thought about it. There was a larger question here. "Do you believe in God?" I asked finally.

He put his chin in his hand and looked at me, raising his eyebrows. “Not the way a lot of other people do. I don't think of God as this old man looking down at us from Heaven. I have my own idea of what God is.”

“Would you care to enlighten me?” I asked, grinning.

“Oh Tate. I enlightened you about four hours ago.” He winked.

“What, intense physical pleasure? You think that's what God is?”

He looked shocked. “Tate, if all you experienced up there was physical pleasure, I'm not doing my job properly. Isn't it a bit more than that?”

I thought back to how I'd felt when I'd finally come at their hands, and suddenly I understood what he was saying. It had been a transcendent, glorious, mind/body experience. Something that religious people speak of but few probably really understand or attain.

“Are you saying that what we do up there together is a religious experience?”

He grinned. “Well, not always. But when everything works well and I can get a sub to let go and just experience to the fullest capacity, it becomes more than just something physical.” He steepled his fingers, gazing at me sincerely. “The sacred and profane are closer to each other than you may think. They're both inside of us. By addressing the one we can achieve the other. It's not so big a stretch. And when one thinks of the masochistic things religious zealots have done in the past to experience spiritual awakening, it starts to make some sense.” He leaned back, assessing me. “And now I'd like to ask you a question.”

“Okay,” I said, seeing the look on his face that I'd seen the other night, after the three of us had gone to bed together.

“I'd like to take you out to dinner this week.”

“Uh. Just me?”

He nodded. “Just you. I have an idea that I want to explore

with you. Something I've been thinking about for quite some time."

"Not as Dom and sub right? I mean, as equals?"

"Yes, absolutely. Equals. You are my equal in every way, Tate."

I felt a bit uneasy. But Sebastian and I had a very new relationship and we hadn't yet discussed whether we would be exclusive. I certainly had the right to go out for dinner with a mutual friend. "Sure. That would be great."

He grinned. "Excellent. I'll email you with the details. Is Wednesday good for you?"

"Yeah. That's fine."

"Should we go wake up Sleeping Beauty and get some supper before you boys head home?"

I nodded, still a bit dazed by his proposal of dinner.

§ § §

I dropped Sebastian off at his place with a heartfelt kiss, but I didn't go upstairs with him. It had been a revelatory weekend for me and I needed to be alone to absorb it all. I promised to call him after work the next day.

I went home and checked my emails, but there was nothing important, just one from my dad telling me he would be in town in two weeks and wanted to take me out for dinner. Wow, the dinner invites were coming from all angles now.

I watched some TV to numb my mind and then hit the hay.

I had a strange dream that night. It took place at the zoo or somewhere, in front of this big cage. But inside the cage wasn't a tiger or any wild animal. Just a big friendly looking German Shepherd sitting there with his tongue hanging out, looking at me out of big warm brown eyes as if he wanted me to spring him. When I approached the cage he jumped up, licking my face, and I saw that the door to the cage was padlocked securely. I struggled with the lock, trying all sorts of keys that, in the nature of dreams, I happened to have on my person. But I couldn't get it unlocked.

Then someone appeared in the cage with him. It was James. James petted the dog and the dog was all over James, licking him and rubbing against him. I called to the dog and he looked over at me. Then when James touched him again, he turned and lunged at the tall man, growling viciously and tearing a bite from his leg.

That's when I woke up feeling strangely affected by the dream. It took me a while to go back to sleep.

§ § §

I found myself tired at work and almost screwed up a document because I didn't save it properly. These weekends with James took a lot out of me, literally and figuratively.

When I got home I crashed on the couch for a couple of hours, then woke to the sound of my phone ringing.

I fumbled with it, checking to see who it was. Sebastian. Shit, I'd been planning to call him.

"Hi babe," I said.

"Hi," he said shyly. "I hope you don't mind that I called. You didn't call so I..."

"I'm sorry. I just woke up. I kinda crashed when I got home." I yawned. "I'm glad you called."

"How was work?"

"Boring and annoying. You?"

"Same. I miss you."

I laughed. "You are so sweet. I miss you too. Do you want to come over?"

"Yeah, if you're not too tired?" He sounded eager and excited.

"Well I'm too tired to do more than cuddle probably. But I'll feed you. Unless you've already eaten?"

"Well I had some peanut butter toast after work but no supper yet. But don't go to any trouble..."

I couldn't help smiling. "It's no trouble. I'll come get you. Are you ready now?"

“I’m ready.”

§ § §

We ended up getting take-out on the way back to my place, since we both just wanted to eat and relax together, being tired, hungry, and worn out.

Back at my place we ate our Chinese food off the coffee table and watched trash TV for a bit. We were killing ourselves laughing over *Toddlers and Tiaras* when I got that familiar feeling in my groin. He was so damn sexy, especially like this, the mirth erupting from that perfect mouth as he threw his head back and howled. But there was no urgency to my need and I watched him, just enjoying this freedom, for a long time.

When the train wreck of a show finally ended, he looked at me, his eyes widening in instinctive recognition of what he saw in mine. I crawled over to him, putting my plate on the table. I touched my hand to his cheek that was starting to stubble—he hadn’t shaved today – and I stroked the roughness, delighting in it and drowning in his blue eyes. We kissed, tenderly and for a long time. We lay back on the couch, him under me, and made out slowly for ages. My cock stirred and his too, but we were content to just kiss and snuggle and enjoy each other in a purely sensual way, without the need to fuck. It felt wonderful.

Finally, I took him to bed. I undressed him, pulling him under the blankets with me and cuddling him until we both drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

§ § §

In the morning my alarm went off at six as usual but I reached a hand out and shut it off. I didn’t give a fuck about work because Sebastian slept peacefully beside me and that was all I cared about. I watched him for a moment, wondering if I should wake him. Would he be mad that I’d let him sleep in?

“Sebastian...” I whispered. “It’s six a.m. I’m calling in sick later. Do you need to go to work?”

He mumbled something unintelligible and snuggled closer to

me. I took it as a no and went back to sleep.

It was almost nine when I woke up again, alone in my bed. I heard Sebastian's soft voice in the other room, talking to someone on the phone, presumably calling in to work.

I got out of bed and padded into the living room. Sure enough, Sebastian stood in the kitchen making a pot of coffee, talking on the phone. He saw me, smiled, then spoke into the phone again. "Yeah. I'll be in tomorrow for sure. Just gonna rest up today. Okay. Thanks, Hannah."

He put his phone on the counter. "Good morning, gorgeous," he said to me. "I'm making coffee."

"I can see that." I yawned. "I guess I should phone in too."

I grabbed my phone from the coffee table, calling the office with some excuse about an uncontrollable cough. I hammed it up, pretending to have trouble talking, and they bought it. I told them I'd try to come in tomorrow.

When I hung up, Sebastian stood beside me with two cups of coffee. "You take two sugars and no milk, right?" he asked, handing me mine.

I nodded. "Thanks, babe."

We lounged on the sofa in our pajamas, drinking coffee and watching the Toronto news. I couldn't stand the local Ottawa news station. The production values of the Toronto news station were so much better, the anchors way more interesting and amusing, and the views out the window of Queen Street West reminded me of many visits to the big city. Of course, it meant I didn't get any of the local news, but so what? Nothing major ever happened in this stupid town anyway. They were probably featuring some cat that got stuck up a tree or something, and on location at the local bakery. Fascinating stuff.

I scrambled some eggs and made bacon for breakfast. It felt so nice to just hang out with each other, eating and talking about all sorts of nonsense. Of course, eventually, one thing led to another and we ended up back in bed together. As if in response to the intensity of our weekend, we had gentle vanilla sex, and dammit

if it wasn't almost as good as being strapped to the bed in the loft and edged within an inch of my life. It felt very different, but the emotional component, now that Sebastian and I had gotten to know each other well, proved exciting and intimate. Our mutual experiences with James lent a definite spiritual quality to even plain Jane sex.

Afterwards, lying in each other's arms, I felt the most amazing sense of calm and completion. Then I remembered my date with James and suddenly I felt guilty, like I shouldn't be having dinner with another man. It was ridiculous to feel this way, but I couldn't deny that I did feel it. I felt like I should tell Sebastian about it and then, if he felt uncomfortable about it, I'd consider cancelling. But I *did* really want to go out with James. I was very curious as to what he wanted to talk to me about, and I really liked and respected him as both a Dom and a person.

"Listen..." I said slowly as I stroked his hair back from his forehead. "James asked me to dinner tomorrow and I said I'd go."

He didn't say anything for a minute. Then he said, "Okay."

"I'm not sure why," I admitted. "He said he had something he wanted to talk to me about."

"Hmmm. I wonder what," he said, in a tone that meant to me that he had a pretty good idea.

"What do you mean?"

He looked up at me. "Tate, isn't it obvious? The guy's head over heels for you."

I stared at Sebastian, my eyes wide. "What?"

He smiled. "I can't believe you don't see it."

I continued to stare at him. He regarded me frankly, not shying away from the knowledge that another man had an interest in me, but not exactly encouraging me to go on the date either. I didn't know what to say.

"I'm pretty sure the whole reason he invited me that first weekend was to give you someone to play with. Someone to

practice on. He wants you to be his equal.”

I swallowed. He couldn’t be right, could he? “I thought he wanted *you*...”

Sebastian shrugged. “All I know is what I’ve seen over the two weekends we were with him. It doesn’t threaten me. But I can see it. He’s definitely got a thing for you, Tate. Whether you want to pursue it is up to you I guess.” He pulled my hand down, placing it over his heart. “‘Cause I’ve got a pretty big thing for you too,” he stated shyly, the blush creeping up his cheeks, the look in his eyes sincere.

“Do you want me to cancel?” I asked, staring down at him.

“What? No. Of course not. I’m not gonna keep you on a short leash, Tate.” He traced my thigh with his fingers. “Even though I might want you to keep me on one...from time to time.”

“I think I love you,” I said, not joking for once. I was absolutely serious.

I heard his breath catch. His mouth opened, but nothing came out.

“You don’t need to say it back. I’m quite prepared to be the first one to come to this realization. Maybe the only one.” I shrugged. “It is what it is.”

He smiled then, the laughter bubbling from his lips like a song. “I think I’ve loved you from the beginning.”

I felt a warmth flood my insides, like nothing I’d ever felt before, as I gathered him into my arms and kissed him soundly.



James emailed me the next day to say he’d pick me up around six thirty. I decided to wait outside for him, and when he pulled up in his shiny black Mazda I barely waited for him to stop before I had the door open and was climbing in.

“Hi,” I said, giving him a smile.

“Hello.” He grinned, obviously pleased by my eagerness. “You look good. But you always do.”

I wasn't used to complements from James, and didn't really know what to say except "Thanks."

"Do you like Italian?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, then laughed, realizing my blunder. "I mean, yes, I do."

"I made a reservation at Mama Teresa's, but we can go somewhere else if you'd prefer?"

I shrugged, glancing at him, trying not to be affected by how handsome he looked, dressed in dark jeans and a button-up blue shirt. "Um, it's pretty expensive there."

"I'm paying. This is my treat. A thank you, let's say."

I nodded, not entirely comfortable with this idea, but not wanting to challenge him at this point.

I'd almost cancelled. I was nervous about being alone with James, but knew I had to go, if only to let him know that I was in love with Sebastian, and that I didn't think I wanted to pursue anything romantic with *him*. He could tie me up and fuck me anytime, but I wasn't going to become romantically involved with him.

"How has your week been?" he asked.

"Fine. Boring. Yours?"

"The same." He glanced at me. "I had a really good time this past weekend. And the other one. You know that."

"I guess..."

He laughed softly. "Perhaps I'm not being clear. I've enjoyed your company. I look forward to more of it. Perhaps on a more conventional level."

I raised my eyebrows. "You? Conventional?"

"There's more to me than you realize. I'd like to show you."

But we had arrived. He parked the car and we got out, walking the couple of blocks to the restaurant in silence. When we entered, he spoke to the handsome young man at the front desk, and we were led to a somewhat secluded table in the back,

near the blazing fireplace.

It seemed weird to be here with him and I almost didn't know how to act. I knew we were meeting as equals but he'd Dom'd me so many times now I felt an instinctual caution around him. It wasn't entirely un-arousing. Almost like he had some psychic control of my dick, and it became semi-hard again in his presence.

We looked through the menus and James ordered a bottle of red wine. After we'd each had a sip, he cleared his throat. "This thing with you and Sebastian...when did it start?"

Okay, we're going to go there, are we? "After the first weekend with you," I replied honestly.

He gave me a suspicious look. "Not before?"

I remembered meeting Sebastian the first time, at Starbucks. "Well...I mean, I felt something when I met him previous to that first weekend. But I didn't pursue it until after."

He nodded, his expression grave. "So...you knew you wanted him when you showed up at my place? Was that why you had so much trouble that first night?"

I knew what he was referring to, and I blushed, embarrassed. "I guess so."

He nodded again, and smiled sadly. "Love at first sight, eh?"

We stared at each other for a long moment.

"Is it love?" he asked finally.

"I think so," I said quietly.

"And do you plan on being exclusive?"

I looked away. "We haven't really talked about that yet."

"Does he know where you are right now?"

"Yes. I told him."

"And what did he think?"

I leaned back in my chair, looking him in the eyes. "He thinks you've always had a thing for me."

He looked surprised. "And what do you think?"

“Have you?” I asked him. I wanted to know if Sebastian was right.

He smiled and took a leisurely drink of his wine. Before he gave me an answer, the waiter arrived with our food. After he’d gone, I picked up my fork. “You could have told me.”

He nodded, picking up his utensils as well. “I suppose I could have. But we were having such fun and...I didn’t foresee this.”

We ate silently for several minutes. Then James put his fork down and picked up his wine. “To revelations,” he said. We clinked glasses. “I didn’t fully realize my feelings for you until I saw that you wanted someone else. But I think Sebastian’s right.”

I chewed slowly, feeling overwhelmed suddenly by the depth of emotion I had at this admission. If only I’d known. If only he’d known. If he’d confessed this to me before I’d met Sebastian, things would be so different. *But did I want them to be?*

“So...what happens now?” I asked.

He shrugged, giving me a frank look. “Well, someone else would probably just back off and let you be.” He looked down at his hands. When he looked back up at me his eyes had darkened with longing. “But I can’t.”

I felt my body answering that look in his eyes, even though my thinking mind rebelled. My cock grew harder, my pulse quickening. Sebastian *had* been right. James, Mr. bloody Yes Sir, No Sir, Lucas, had a thing for me. He had feelings for me and not just the physical “I want to fuck your ass into tomorrow” kind of feelings, although that was there too. And I felt it.

“I’ve watched you grow and develop as a sub and I’ve been training you as a Dom. You’re going to make one hell of a Dom, my boy.” He shook his head, as if he were remembering our Saturday play with Sebastian. “Of course that was my mistake, wasn’t it? I thought if I brought another boy in for you to practice on, it would work in my favor. It didn’t exactly turn out that way.”

“No,” I said softly.

We looked at each other and I knew he sensed my desire for

him.

“Of course the real question is, do you have any feelings for me, Tate, beyond a sub’s respect and desire for his Dom?”

And there it was. That *was* the real question. What did I feel? What did I want? Did I want Sebastian or did I want James? I wanted them both really. But who did I want more?

“Of course I do. You’re a fascinating man. You’re intelligent and intuitive and a damn good Dom. The truth is if you’d told me this before I’d met Sebastian I would’ve given up everything for you. But...” I gulped, looking down at my plate, not even hungry anymore although I’d only eaten a little. “I can’t give *this* up. Not now.”

He nodded. “I’m not asking you to give it up, Tate. But is there room for me somewhere?”

“I don’t know.” Sebastian and I hadn’t talked about this, and the emotions James evoked in me were giving me warning signals. “I don’t know.”

“Okay.” He held up his hands. “I’ve given you a lot to think about. Let’s stop this for now and just have a pleasant dinner. How is your steak?”

I looked down at my forgotten meal, wondering if I even wanted the rest of it. “It’s very good.”

“I love this place. And not only for the food...” He motioned with his eyes to the nearest waiter, and I relaxed, nodding. “The eye-candy is spectacular.”

We had a good meal and spoke about all kinds of things. An educated and expressive man, not to mention charming, he proved a fascinating conversationalist. I quite enjoyed myself and found myself laughing a lot, and fully relaxing in his presence. Except for one part of me that stood stiff and straight as a bloody ramrod.

“You said you hadn’t talked about exclusivity yet, which means you’re technically a free agent.” He gave me a look filled with a fierce and undeniable need once we’d finished our coffee.

“Will you come home with me?”

I wanted to, and, really, I hadn't made Sebastian any promises. Except that I'd given him my heart. I'd told him that I loved him.

“I...don't think I can. Not tonight.” I hoped my eyes conveyed how difficult it was for me to tell him this.

We stood and he took my hand. He stared at me with such an inferno of passion in his deep brown eyes I almost couldn't move. And maybe it was a bit of the Dom thing, too.

“Are you sure you won't come?”

I almost laughed at the absurdity of the pun. He'd told me *not* to come so many times and now he was begging me. He saw the twitch in my lip and grinned. He leaned close, speaking very softly in my ear while the hairs of his goatee tickled my skin.

“If you do I'll make you come so many times you won't know what's going on...”

The desire pooled in my groin and gut. But I shook my head. “Not tonight.”

He pulled back, nodding sadly. “Okay. I'll drive you home.”

“Actually, I've got some shopping to do on Elgin and I can take the bus home after.” I didn't want to tell him how close we were to Sebastian's apartment. Maybe he knew. He didn't fight me on it anyway.

“Okay.”

“Thanks for dinner, James. Are you sure you don't want a contribution towards the meal?” I still felt bad about him paying.

He laughed. “No thanks. It was worth every penny. Keep in touch. And think about what we discussed.”

“I will.” We stood there awkwardly, until James moved forward and pulled me into a hug. I could feel his erection between us and I almost changed my mind about not going home with him. His familiar scent, linked to a multitude of erotic experiences, made me fight hard to pull away. But I did.

“Goodnight,” I said.

“Goodnight. Keep in touch.”

“Of course.”

Chapter Twenty

Puppy Play and More

Once I'd escaped the alluring clutches of James, I wanted to see Sebastian. I was horny and anxious and needed to reaffirm our commitment to each other.

I walked fast to Sebastian's place, the wind blowing harsh and bitter, penetrating the thin corduroy of my jacket. I should have worn something warmer. By the time I reached my destination my hands felt like ice. I buzzed his apartment, wondering if he'd be mad or glad that I'd shown up this late.

Someone else's voice came on the intercom. "Hello?"

"It's Tate Mackenzie, I'm a friend of Sebastian's," I said.

"Sebastian's not here. Can I give him a message?"

"Um...no that's okay. I'll call him tomorrow. Thanks."

I felt disappointed. Really disappointed. I wondered if I should have gone home with James because I was so damn horny. I walked slowly down the crowded street, eyeing the attractive young men that frequented this area with hungry eyes.

But, come on now, what was I, a sexual opportunist with no morals? No. At least, not anymore. I had no right to expect that Sebastian would be at home just waiting for me to show up, especially since I'd told him I was going out with James this evening. Then a thought occurred to me. What if he had called up one of his old boyfriends or fuck buddies and went out on a date as well? The idea did not please me at all and it made me very uneasy. Suddenly I realized what he might have felt when I'd told him I had a "date" with James.

I pulled out my phone and called him while walking along the windy street, but it went to voicemail. Crap. Where the hell was he? And why wasn't he answering my call?

I took the bus home and went to bed, jerking myself off out

of necessity but with little pleasure before drifting off into an uneasy sleep.

§ § §

Thursday, I kept checking my phone for a message from Sebastian, but got nothing. Surely he wouldn't give me the cold shoulder because I'd gone out with James? He didn't seem like the kind of guy who would do that. Then another thought occurred to me. What if something was wrong? Anxiety gripped me as I contemplated worst-case scenarios. What if he'd been jumped somewhere, robbed, or gay-bashed? These things still happened. Suddenly I couldn't handle not knowing if he was all right so I called his phone again. It rang and rang. I waited for it to go to voicemail, but then he answered.

"Hi." His voice sounded a bit guarded—not the usual enthusiastic greeting I'd gotten used to. The relief I felt helped me overlook it.

"Hi. Are you at work?"

"Yeah."

"Me too. I can't talk for long but I wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Huh?"

"I stopped by your place last night, about nine thirty. You're roommate said you were out. I didn't know where you were, and then I didn't hear from you today..." Jesus, I sounded like his mom, except his mom probably didn't worry this much.

"How was your date?" he asked. I still sensed some coldness to his tone, but I could tell he was trying to be reasonable.

"It was...interesting. He, um, wanted me to go home with him. But I said no." Actually, I'd said "Not tonight," but somehow I knew that wouldn't go over well.

"Oh?" he said, feigning indifference.

"I really wanted to see you last night."

"Really?" I heard the guardedness melting away and his

genuine feelings for me beginning to come through.

“Yes. Really. When I didn't know where you were or who you were with, I didn't like it.”

“I was with a friend. A good friend.”

“Oh, yeah?” Now it was my turn to sound guarded. *A fuck friend?* I didn't say it.

He laughed softly. “Her name is Susan.”

“Oh. That's...good.” The relief that flooded through me left me feeling light and relaxed. More relaxed than I'd been all day.

“You'll have to meet her sometime. She's a painter and a dancer. Really talented and such a sweetheart. We've been friends since grade school.”

I couldn't help smiling. “She sounds amazing.”

“She is. Um, I have to get back to work.”

“Okay. Come over tonight?”

He laughed. “Tate, I've got to do laundry. It's really piled up. How about tomorrow?”

“Okay. Sleepover?”

“Sure. That sounds great.”

“And bring your pup gear...” I said softly into the phone. “If you want.”

“Okay. Sure.”



I wanted to make something special for Sebastian on Friday, so I went grocery shopping and picked up all the ingredients for lasagna. He'd told me lasagna was one of his favourite foods. My usual recipe called for chicken instead of beef, and specialty cheeses, and always turned out delicious. I knew he'd love it. I also made a Caesar salad and bought some fresh bread.

When I picked him up he tossed his overnight bag in the trunk of my car and threw himself inside, leaning over to kiss me hard and hungry.

"I've missed you," he said.

§ § §

He loved the lasagna, and the salad and bread. I watched him eat, feeling this huge happiness inside me, because I loved looking after him. I wanted to look after him forever.

After supper I pushed my chair away from the table and asked if he wanted to be my puppy for the evening. He nodded with a sweet smile. "Do you want me to put on all the gear?"

"Whatever you want, Hon. Whatever makes you comfortable."

"Want me to help with the dishes?" he asked as he stood.

"Nope. I want you to get geared up and come sit at my feet, like a good pup."

"Oh, fuck, Tate. You don't know how long I've wanted someone to say that to me..."

"Go on then." I shooed him along, quickly loading the dishwasher and wiping the table.

When I finished, I sat on the couch and picked up the book I was currently reading, a mystery/thriller that a friend had suggested.

I became so involved in it that I didn't hear Sebastian come out of my room until something brushed against my leg. I looked up, into two beautiful blue eyes in a leather dog mask, just about level with my knee. It took my breath away.

"Hey, Blue," I said, my hand reaching out automatically to pat his head. He pushed up against my hand as his eyes closed for a moment in pleasure. He'd kept on his jeans and shirt, and left out the tail. But he had the hood on and that was all it took to get him into pup mode.

It was such a weird situation, looked at objectively, but it didn't seem weird at all to me. It felt right and natural. I fell into the role of human pup master with ease and enjoyment. I told him to lie down which he did right away, relaxing against my legs and putting his head down on his arms. As I read my book I savored the warm pressure on my calf and the sound of his

breathing. I felt at peace.

After awhile I got bored with my book and put it down. I patted the couch next to me, saying “Up, Blue,” just to see what would happen.

Immediately, there was a hundred and sixty-five pound human pup beside me, nudging me, pushing me, and staring at me with excited blue eyes. I laughed in pleasure, pulling him onto my lap. “Want a belly rub?” I said cheerfully.

When he rolled onto his back in my lap, offering his belly, I noticed a telltale bulge in his jeans. He must have felt the bump pressing against his back from my own because he rubbed against it and barked.

“Somebody feeling frisky?” I asked, eyebrows raised.

He barked again, wiggling on my lap. I rolled my eyes. “Well, you are just irresistible, aren't you?”

I slid my hand beneath his t-shirt, rubbing his belly slowly as his eyes rolled back. His skin still felt silky smooth from the waxing and mud bath. I pushed his t-shirt up so that I could feast my eyes on the beauty of his torso, then traced the skin over his ribs and around his navel. I licked a finger and teased the brown bud of his nipple and, finally, slipped a hand under the waistband of his jeans, feeling the hot, hard flesh there. He whimpered and wiggled on my lap.

“Easy, boy...” I stared into his blue eyes as I undid the fly of his jeans. I took his cock out, rubbing it slowly, watching his eyes dilate with desire. “Does that feel good?”

He whined and thrust into my hand. I let go of his dick and grabbed his jeans, hauling him over so that his butt perched on my lap and his dick thrust up right below me. I took it in both hands, bending down and engulfing the tip in my mouth.

He whined loudly, then struggled beneath me, making noises that were slightly more human now.

I worked his cock with passionate skill as he lay across my lap, his moans and cries urging me on, but I didn't want him to

come. Anyway, my neck and back hurt from bending over, so I stopped after awhile and just looked down at his half naked form sprawled across me. He calmed his breathing, gazing up at me adoringly.

“Will you take off your pants?” I said, my breath coming quickly now, my cock so hard I just wanted to bury it in my boy's ass.

He nodded, struggling to push his jeans down and off. I helped him until he was naked from the waist down.

“Go get the lube, it's in my night table.”

He did, bringing it into the room looking like a modern day Anubis, the Egyptian dog god, except that he wore a black t-shirt and carried a tube of Astroglide.

I had opened my jeans and pushed them down to my thighs so I could stroke my cock, while I watched him. He dropped to his knees, staring at me from those blue puppy dog eyes as he coated my cock with lube. I groaned. I could hardly wait to be inside him.

“On my lap. Now.” I growled fiercely, taking the lube from his hand as he climbed up onto the couch, kneeling up over my straining cock. With speed and efficiency I prepared his sweet hole and then threw the lube to the floor. We held each other's gaze as I spread his cheeks and positioned him over my dick. He reached between his legs, holding my cock as he sat slowly down on me.

Pleasure erupted in me as he sank down on my swollen cock, heightened by the image of him in his pup hood. I pushed his black t-shirt up so I could see his beautiful chest, and as he rocked gently on top of me, I teased one of his nipples with my fingers.

“Fuck!” I swore, as my cock twitched and pulsed inside him. I wouldn't last long. The image of him, the feel of him around me, and the emotions both these things evoked, filled my soul as much as I filled his body. We moved together in a timeless rhythm, our sounds of pleasure filling the small apartment.

Things happened quickly then.

I spat on my hand, gripping his cock, stroking him as I fucked him. He threw his head back, moaning and whimpering as I brought him to climax. He shot thick white come up in the air between us as my own cock erupted inside him. I yelled and probably squeezed him way too hard as his orgasm ebbed and mine took over. The intense pleasure washed over me repeatedly as we joined each other in bliss. We collapsed together, panting and shaking with release.

We slept entwined, our earlier physical union serving to unite us in an emotional cocoon of affection. I'd never felt so intimately connected with another person.

But as I fell into a deep sleep, the image of James asking me to go home with him haunted my dreams. What would have awaited me there? Anything near to this? Perhaps something better? Was that even possible?



We spent the next day alternately playing puppy, fucking, and exploring every avenue of pleasure together. I bathed him and fed him like he was a real pup on Saturday evening, an activity from which he derived an obvious amount of bliss. There was nothing sexual about it, surprisingly. We had fucked so much by then we both felt physically exhausted. It became about me caring for him and looking after him, and it fulfilled some deep need within him that I didn't really understand but cherished all the same. I was pleased to be able to provide this for him and to satisfy him in ways other than the obvious.

I insisted he take the pup hood off at bedtime, so he could sleep with me as the human boy I loved so much, even though I knew he would have happily slept at the foot of the bed if I'd commanded it. The thought pleased me for some inexplicable reason.



The next morning, over breakfast, I broached the topic of James and what he had asked me. "He wants to know if you and I are going to be exclusive."

Sebastian stopped chewing and stared at his fork for a moment. Finally, he spoke. “So...what did you tell him?”

“I said that I didn’t know. That we’d never talked about it.” My heart beat frantically, afraid that I might jeopardize what we had simply by addressing this. But it needed to be clarified.

Sebastian forked some more eggs into his mouth and chewed thoughtfully. When he finished, he put his fork down and stared at me. “I don’t think I want to be in an open relationship with you, Tate.”

I waited for him to continue. After a moment he did.

“I know this might mean I’m going to lose you, but I...really feel like we might have something special. Just the two of us.” His voice softened when he continued. “I don’t want to share that.” His eyes conveyed the vulnerability of what he was telling me, and I felt my heartbeat calm with the sincerity of it. “But...” he continued, “...if you’re not sure whether it’s me or James that you want, I think you’d better figure that out. Sooner rather than later.”

I looked down at my breakfast, blushing with humiliation. I wanted to tell him that it was an easy decision. That, of course, I chose him. But I knew there was some part of me that was still on the fence. James was a powerful presence in my life, and he’d just declared that he had feelings for me, feelings I’d never imagined he would have. I felt like I had to address that before I could really, fully commit to Sebastian.

I nodded. “Okay.”



After I dropped him off that evening, I came home and lay on my bed and really thought about what I wanted. It was true I wanted James, but more as a sex partner than anything. He was extraordinary and he knew exactly what I wanted in terms of a mind-blowing sexual experience. He was intriguing and powerful, and to have him declare himself to me felt intoxicating and ego-boosting.

But would I give up Sebastian for him? I'd thought that maybe, just maybe, Sebastian might consent to a more modern relationship with me, one that would allow me the freedom of experiencing multiple partners. Since we, as a gay couple, were breaking most of the typical societal mores anyway, and did not necessarily feel the need to comply to the standard definitions of straight relationships, it was possible to navigate a more libertine lifestyle that included commitment after a fashion. But Sebastian wasn't having it. And to be completely honest, I respected him more for the fact that he held us to a higher standard. The fact that he'd risk losing me by not agreeing to share me with someone else demonstrated a strength that I admired.

Also, I could imagine a definable future with Sebastian. If things went well, maybe we could move in together. Maybe, down the road, we could make an even bigger commitment. The situation with James seemed less obvious. Yes, he felt something for me now. But being an active Dom in the leather community was such a huge part of his life, I really couldn't see him giving that up, even if we became seriously involved. Again, it came down to what I wanted. I had to figure that out.

I'd been living as a "free spirit" for a long time, and there was a lot to be said for that kind of lifestyle. I'd had lots of fun and many enjoyable experiences. I'd met fascinating people. But nobody as interesting as Sebastian, and nobody that I felt drawn to like I was to him. For the first time, I thought of giving myself to one person. I kind of liked the idea.

But he was absolutely right that I needed to get James out of my system before I could really give him the commitment he wanted.

Chapter Twenty-One

Seduction

Saturday morning of the long weekend, I arrived at James' home by myself.

Sebastian knew I was here. He didn't like it, but he knew. I intended it to be my last hurrah as an independent operator, so to speak. I wanted to give myself to Sebastian, heart and soul, and the only way I would be comfortable doing that would be to exorcise my desire for James' domination with one final, powerful weekend. Anyway, that was the plan.

It felt weird getting ready without Sebastian. Lonely and kind of scary. Whatever lay in store for me, I would have to cope with on my own. Yet I knew what James could do in a weekend, how he could strip me bare and take me to heights I'd never imagined. I would give myself to him for two days and two nights and then give myself to Sebastian forever.

James had insisted that I come over mid-week, so that he could lock me into chastity. I did so, and had been locked in for three days. I'd woken up several times each night with the pain of my dick getting hard in the restraining device. To say that I itched for some playtime and a possible release would be an understatement. He used another CB 6000, like the one Sebastian had worn, but this one he'd bought just for me. Slightly more comfortable for long-term wear than the older models, its style and fit enabled easier cleaning and urinating.

I hadn't seen Sebastian since the past weekend and I missed him. A lot. I told him so and he told me there was no point in getting together when I was under the control of another man, and that it had been my decision to see James this weekend. He didn't seem upset about it but he wouldn't hang out with me until after, because he wanted me to have a clear head when I got to James' place, so that I could figure out what I really wanted,

or who. We had arranged for him to stay over Monday night since I planned to be with James from early Saturday to Monday morning.

I had started the cleansing ritual when I heard the door of the bathroom open and realized that my ordeal had begun. I faced away from the bathroom door in my compromising position waiting for the water to fill me properly, and there was nothing to do but continue while James stood and watched. Our eyes met in the mirror as we shared this intimate moment, and I knew he was putting me in my place, showing me that I was his and he could do as he pleased. If he wanted to watch me give myself an enema, he would do it, and it was my job to tolerate it.

He sat down on the vinyl chair and watched me complete the whole process. I think my cheeks were as red as Sebastian's and my heart was beating frantically with embarrassment and shame. He didn't lift a finger to help me and I couldn't decide if that bothered me or if I'd rather he just watched. It was very confusing and profoundly humiliating.

When I'd done I turned on the shower and cleaned up in front of him, deliberately giving him a bit of a show, if only to demonstrate that I still had some power here. Of course, the bored expression on his face when I glanced over a couple of times was enough to convince me that perhaps I was mistaken.

Finally, I shut off the shower and dried off, standing naked before him and awaiting further instructions.

He let me stand there, not saying a word, for a long time. He looked me over slowly, his hands in his pockets like he was watching an accounting presentation, until I really started to wonder what he was doing. Or what he was going to do.

Finally he said, "Get down on your hands and knees."

I did so.

He stood and walked out of the room, snapping his fingers for me to follow, which I did. So this is how he would play the game. Most men would try to seduce another man by being extremely charming and sweet. Not James. He knew that his best bet would

be to treat me like the submissive I craved to be. He would lure me with humiliation and harshness, giving me a glimpse into a way of being that I could enjoy with him much more if we were to get together.

I followed him to the loft on my hands and knees, giving myself over to his wishes and trying to absorb the emotions that coursed through me. I was his until tomorrow to do with as he pleased and I would give myself to that reality, no matter how difficult.

He left me standing in the middle of the loft for what seemed a rather long time. When he came through the door finally I felt my cock swell at the sight. He looked delicious in his jeans and t-shirt. He held something very small and shiny in his hand but I couldn't see what it was.

"Spread you legs and hold out your arms, please," he ordered.

I obeyed, wondering what he was up to. He didn't have any rope or cuffs on him. As he stepped back and looked me over, he showed me what he held in his hand.

"It's red lipstick, Tate."

Okay... "Yes, Sir."

"No, we're not going to the ball, Cinderella," He chuckled at his joke. I didn't dare. "I'm going to write on you with it. Words that will show you what you are to me." He licked his lips, rolling up the lipstick so that the tip emerged, red and glistening in the sunlight that streamed in through the skylight. "Stay perfectly still until I tell you to move."

"Yes, Sir." This wouldn't be so bad. I relaxed somewhat but made sure to remain perfectly positioned as he ran his hand along my back and over my buttocks.

"Hmm, where to start on such an alluring canvas..." he murmured. "How is this feeling right now?" he asked, his hand moving around to cup my enclosed cock, fingers tickling my ballsack.

"Good, Sir." I gasped as I swelled inside the cage.

“Do you like being at my mercy, young man?” he whispered in my ear, the hairs of his goatee sending shivers through my skin.

“Yes, Sir. I love it.”

“Really?”

“I’m yours, Sir. I’ll do anything you ask.”

“Yes, you will. And I’m going to ask you to do a lot today. Because I don’t think you realize the lengths to which I will go to give you what you crave.”

I felt a wave of desire course through me from my groin to my fingertips at those words. Well, that was what I was here for.

“Thank you, Sir.”

He nodded and then got to work. For the next twenty minutes he applied to my body all the words he wanted me to remember, telling them to me as he wrote: Slut, boy, slave, whore, bad, pig, dog, bitch, cocksucker, pussy. Although what he wrote was intended to degrade me, the sensation of the slippery lipstick on my skin felt sensual and pleasant, and I felt my cock fight its confines over and over as he wrote with delicate strokes on my calf, my forehead, my buttocks, and the sensitive insides of my thighs and elsewhere. It tickled and the strain of holding my arms up began to tell.

“Stay still,” he told me when one of my arms began to lower.

“Yes, Sir.” I moved it back into position, biting my lip from the strain.

He wrote “disobedient” on my chest then and “weak” on my belly. I’m sure I looked a sight.

Finally, he seemed satisfied. He stepped back to admire his work, nodding and smiling. “That’s better. Now you look like you’re ready to serve me.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“You may put your arms down and follow me.”

I lowered my arms with relief, following him over to the

wooden armoire. He opened one of the drawers and pulled out a very large stainless steel plug, bigger than the ones he'd used on Sebastian and I previously.

"Hold onto the armoire with one hand and hold your right leg up under the knee."

I did so, knowing it would take a little while to get that enormous plug into me. It did take awhile, and not a little effort from both James and myself, but finally it was in. My leg trembled from the effort of holding and balancing my weight during the ordeal, and my rectum felt stretched and extremely full. James attached a harness to keep the plug in place and instructed me to lower my leg.

"Excellent. How does that feel?"

"Big, Sir." I winced. With my legs straight, the feeling of fullness doubled and I wondered if I would be able to walk.

"Good. That will prepare you for me while you work."

"Yes, Sir."

"You want to be ready for me when I decide to reward you, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir. Of course."

He laughed. "Then follow me."

He led me from the loft. I followed as best I could, the plug feeling like a goddamn torpedo in me as I waddled behind. I couldn't help making little noises of discomfort as I walked and James glanced back at me with an indulgent look. "Poor boy. Is it too much?"

I shook my head quickly. "No, Sir. It's perfect, Sir." And tried to be quiet.

"Excellent." He led me to the kitchen and sat down in one of the chairs, picking up the Entertainment section of the Globe and Mail. "Make me some coffee, please. And then a Western omelette. Ingredients are in the fridge."

"Yes, Sir," I murmured, turning beet red. Why hadn't I

anticipated this? Of course he would put me to use in the most menial way he could imagine.

I bit my tongue to keep from complaining, remembering that it was my duty to please my Master. If he wanted to have me wait on him hand and foot while caged and plugged and scrawled on, then I would do it.

I made him breakfast and served him, after which he made me clean the kitchen floor on my hands and knees and then wash the dishes by hand.

Afterwards he took me up to his massive bathroom and had me clean it from top to bottom. As I worked I kept glancing at myself in the mirror, seeing the red words on my skin and feeling humiliated and abused. At the same time I thrilled to know that I was pleasing James and accomplishing my tasks with competence and enthusiasm. Because I knew if I pleased him, the quality of the eventual reward would equal the intensity of my debasement. And as he watched me work, I knew that his cock grew hard from the sight of me, plugged and caged at his hand, serving him with all of my being.

When I'd done he inspected my work. I was proud of how well I'd cleaned the room, but had no doubt that he'd find something to allow him to deal out a punishment. My hunch proved correct. Apparently, I'd cleaned the room in the wrong order—he'd gone over it with me and I guess I'd forgotten. He took me to the loft and attached me to the spanking bench.

For longer than I really wanted I suffered under the assault of the wooden paddle, until my ass grew pink and hot and the plug tormented my prostate terribly. I was so horny.

When he finished he let me rest in the spare room, but not before gagging me and tying my hands together behind my back with a length of rough rope.

"That should keep you out of trouble," he said. "I'll be in my office. I'll come get you when I need you."

I nodded and heard the door shut. I dozed then, drifting in and out through a haze of arousal and fatigue, while my body

relaxed and rested. The huge plug in my ass was a reminder of what was to come, and its substantial mass now felt pleasant and comforting. I think I slept, because suddenly I woke to that soothing plug rocking and jostling inside me. I groaned and opened my eyes. The clock said 4:39 pm.

“Wake up, boy. I need you again,” James said, giving the plug a final twist to get my attention.

I grunted against the gag and tried to get up.

“Wait a moment.”

He untied my hands and removed the gag. I stood and followed him to the bathroom, where he came into the shower with me and very gently and meticulously cleaned all of the lipstick off my body. The sight of him so near and wet, his beautiful cock erect and eager, made me wish he’d fuck me or make me suck him or something. When he finished cleaning me of lipstick, he gave me a new washcloth and told me to clean him. I did so slowly and carefully, taking time to enjoy the freedom of being allowed to touch him. He watched me the whole time, and I could see how aroused it made him.

After we dried off he took me to his room, where I watched him dress in a pair of black jeans and a nice black button up, as if he were going out to dinner.

I stood by the bed, awaiting instruction, as he opened another drawer and pulled something out.

“Here, put these on.” He tossed me something pink and lacy.

I held them out to see what they were, my heart dropping into my stomach. I was no cross dresser and he knew that. Again, this was to humiliate and degrade me. With a red face I put on the pink lacy panties over the cock cage and plug harness, adjusting them so that they’d look somewhat decent.

“Mmm, that looks nice,” he said. “Now this.” He handed me a ridiculous short Lycra skirt in a hideous shade of purple that, once I’d pulled it on, felt absurdly tight. The final piece to my embarrassing outfit was a black bustier that he helped me put on. “You’re lucky I didn’t have time to get fishnets and a garter belt.”

“Yes, Sir.” *Thank God.* I already felt like a two-bit whore in this setup.

As a final insult he made me sit in a chair while he applied eyeliner and eye shadow, blusher and lipstick to my face. The entire procedure, although intensely humiliating and strange, completed my transformation from boy to tranny and I couldn’t help but be affected by my Master’s closeness. He obviously got off on this whole thing as the firm bulge in his jeans pressed against me while he worked with concentration and delicacy.

“Ta da,” he said as he finished. “All done. Look in the mirror, Tate. Or should I call you Tatiana?”

“As you wish, Sir,” I murmured, standing and moving in front of the full-length mirror where he directed me.

Jesus Christ. Who was this person looking back at me? James had turned me into a caricature of myself. It was a vision of a lost and confused boy/man/girl/woman with wide smoky eyes, full red lips, and the ghost of a beard beginning to show. I couldn’t stop staring.

James laughed and clapped his hands like a delighted child. “Wonderful! Now you’re ready for our evening. Come with me.”

He took my hand and led me from the room. He led me down the staircase and, to my horror, walked to the front door and handed me my jacket and my Docs. “Let’s go.”

I stared at him, horrified. *What? Outside?* I wanted to protest but I daren’t. But I couldn’t be seen like this! I stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed by indecision.

“Put on the boots and the jacket, Tatiana, and come with me,” he said firmly, and my knees went weak. Could I do this? I had to, didn’t I? I started to panic, the breaths coming quick and hard. It seemed like I might cry.

Suddenly, his arm went around me and he pulled me tight against him, pressing that firm reminder of his desire against me and speaking softly in my ear. “It’s all right. I’ll look after you.” He stroked my hair and held me close. “Do you trust me?”

I felt my breath calm and a tranquility come over me from his closeness. I did trust him. I could do this. I *would* do this for him.

I nodded.

He stepped back and watched me put on the boots and the jacket. When I was ready he took my hand in his. “Remember, just experience without judgment. And trust me,” he said again.

I nodded and he led me out the door and over to his car. As we approached, a woman walking her dog did a double take at me and seemed to hesitate.

“Beautiful evening, isn’t it?” James said to her as my heart sped up again.

“Um...yes,” she said nervously and went on her way, glancing back to gawk at us. James let go of my hand and opened the car door for me. I got in as gracefully as I could manage, which isn’t saying much, praying that this escapade wouldn’t last too long. I trusted James but that didn’t mean I was enjoying this.

He got into the car and started it, backing it down the drive. I started to get that panicky sensation again and I couldn’t help giving him a pleading look. “Please...” I said.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. It’s just a little outing.”

I felt some relief at those words but was able to calm my frantic breathing and try to relax.

“I realize this is very new to you. But you actually look amazing.”

“Yes, Sir.” I didn’t agree with him, although it was obvious that he thought so.

As he drove he spoke to me about ordinary things, probably trying to divert my attention from what lay in store for me this evening. It didn’t quite work but I managed to reply politely and remain free from panic attacks on the way.

He parked the car on a side street in Chinatown and got out. The panic started to return and when he opened my door, I wasn’t sure I’d be able to stand up. We were near the Gay Village at least, so I probably wouldn’t get tomatoes or curses thrown

at me, so that was something to be grateful for. But my friends might be around. That could be bad.

He took my hand and gave me the sweetest smile, winking to imply we were in on a private joke. Which, I suppose, we were. Except, *I* was the joke. I took a deep breath and got out of the car, using James' hand for assistance. I might as well go all the way if I was to be a woman this evening. When I stood he reached around and grabbed my ass, pulling me against him and kissing me sweetly. "Mmmm, my dear you are a delectable piece of candy..."

I laughed against his lips at the absurdity of his endearment and let him kiss me deeply and passionately on the street as people passed by. This was just the beginning. The evidence of his enjoyment of our little escapade was small comfort at this point.

We walked hand in hand to Shanghai, a little Chinese/Asian place on Somerset Street that I'd never been to but had heard about. Thank goodness my friends didn't usually hang out here. Still, anything was possible and I'd just have to hope for the best.

I garnered a few glances but no stares as we entered the small restaurant.

"Table for two," James said. "In the back, please."

"Of course, Sir. This way."

The young Asian woman led us to a small table in the area requested. I sat down, attempting to fold my long legs together in a modest way beneath the table, but failing miserably. James grinned at my discomfort.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Yes, please, Sir. Whiskey," I grumbled.

He tsked and shook his head. "Tatiana, a respectable woman doesn't drink whiskey. I'll order you a gin and tonic."

I opened my mouth to protest and then remembered my place. "Yes, Sir."

When the waitress came he ordered our drinks and a couple

of things off the menu. “We won’t stay long. I know how difficult this is for you.”

Actually, to be honest, I was starting to get used to it. The makeup had felt strange at first, as had the skirt and bustier, but I was acclimating to the feel of the unusual garments and even somewhat enjoying the unfamiliar sensations. They heightened my body awareness and made everything feel a bit—*more*. The lace of the panties scratched against the abused skin of my behind reminding of an earlier ordeal, and the lipstick on my lips I’m sure was smudged from our sidewalk kiss. Over the course of the meal and no doubt aided by two gin and tonics, I became resigned to the fact that I looked completely ridiculous, and that was okay. Because James liked it and my job was to please him.

As if reading my mind he said, “How do those lace panties feel?”

“Scratchy,” I said. “Sir.”

He laughed. “Don’t worry. I’ll be tearing them off you as soon as we get home.”

Our eyes met and I could see the lust in his. “That doesn’t seem very gentlemanly,” I said quietly, leaving off the ‘Sir’ just to see what he would say.

He waited a moment, thinking that I had merely forgotten. Then he raised his eyebrows. “Tatiana, you’ve got balls.”

I snorted. “Two of ’em.”

He shook his head, tsking slightly. “Insolent girl.”

“Diabolical scoundrel.” But I smiled, enjoying teasing him.

He laughed loudly then. “Oh, Tatiana, you delight me. In so many ways.”

By the time we paid and James escorted me out I’d begun returning his admiring gaze, playing up as the tart I was this evening.

As he held the car door open and helped me in he leaned close and whispered, “You are fucking wonderful.” I couldn’t help feeling a warm glow replace the tightness of nerves and

desire in my stomach as he got in and started the car.

When we stopped at a red light, he put his hand on my thigh. “You’re a lovely girl, Tatiana,” he said, in such a believable but uncharacteristic manner that I couldn’t help but laugh.

He smiled. “I hope you don’t mind me being so forward...” His hand slid up my thigh, pushing the skirt up as it went. I giggled. I fucking giggled. I was turning into the girl he’d made me. But the situation was so funny.

“Oh, Tatiana...your skin is so soft and...your skirt is so short...and your...your...” He’d reached my cock in its plastic cage beneath the pink panties. “...your cock is stuck in something...”

I burst out laughing and removed his hand from my crotch at the same time saying, “Green, Sir. The light’s green,” as a car honked behind us.

James put his hands on the steering wheel and we moved forward, both of us laughing like crazy kids.

“I’ve got to get you home, you naughty boy,” he said in a hoarse voice all of a sudden, grabbing my hand and pressing it against the bulge in his jeans. “See what you’ve done?”

“Fuck!” I said. He was so damn hard. Then I realized I’d spoken out of turn. “Sorry, Sir.”

“No worries,” he said, releasing my hand and stepping on the gas. “I think all bets are off at this point.”

I’m not sure what he meant, but I held onto the grab bar as he drove like a banshee back to the house. The car jerked to a halt in his driveway. He got out and came around, opening my door and pulling me unceremoniously from the car and up the walkway. James, always so much in control, seemed mad with lust suddenly. He let us in and threw his keys onto the table before shoving me gently forward into the hall.

“On your hands and knees, boy.”

I obeyed quickly, hearing a note of desperation in his voice. I loved it. He was mad for me. He wanted me that much. I’d made

him lose some of that control he was so proud of. No doubt I'd pay for it later but right now he was mine.

I felt him push the skirt up to my waist and rip the panties away. Then his hands struggled with the plug harness, undoing it finally and easing the large plug carefully from me. I groaned as it stretched me to come out. My head hung down between my shoulders as I gave myself up to him, knowing that as soon as that plug was gone, he would be there.

I heard him make a noise of relief as the plug finally slid out. Then he tore at his fly and moments later I felt his welcome cock push inside. We both moaned as he sheathed himself within me.

“Oh my fucking God, boy, you are so damn sexy.” He rocked against me, building up to a punishing rhythm very quickly. He was close already. I arched my back, offering myself willingly to the onslaught, as my cock wept tears of precum at its forced impotence. The pleasure shot through me at every pass, James' skilled technique working my prostate into a frenzy that I knew would not be satisfied.

“Oh fuck!” he groaned, pounding me harder and harder. He grabbed my hair suddenly and pulled my head up.

“Look at us...” he grunted as he worked me. I stared before me at the image in the hall mirror of me on my hands and knees wearing make-up and a whore's costume, being fucked like a dog by this powerful man, and I felt something building inside me. Something that felt like the ghost of an orgasm, but instead of being concentrated in my cock, was felt in my whole being. He rode me hard and kept my head up until I felt the waves of pleasure crest and rip through me, shaking me to the core as my prick oozed out fluid. It had swollen as much as it could in the restraining device and now the come pushed out in painful surges. I cried out and felt James attain his own climax as I groaned through mine, which seemed to go on for an incredibly long time.

Afterward we collapsed on the cold floor, both of us overcome by our joining. James was the first to recover. He noticed the mess I'd made and made a sound of admiration.

“I’ve not often seen a boy come in his cage. It does happen, but usually after weeks or months of torment. You’re extremely responsive. I like that.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I murmured weakly, still rather in shock from the body consuming orgasm I’d just enjoyed, and so glad he wasn’t mad that I’d had one.

“Of course, it ruins my plans for the rest of the evening.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“My fault entirely. I was...overcome.” He cleared his throat and helped me up. “Let’s get cleaned up and order some food. I’m starving.”

After supper, James treated me to an unexpected but extremely pleasant reward for the service I had given him this day. He tied me to his bed and gave me a long and thorough blowjob/hand job, working me up over the space of two hours to a point of frustration that could have proved elusive due to my previous orgasm, but demonstrated my responsiveness and persistent horniness once again. Then he left me alone for another hour, to allow my cock to soften and enable the reattachment of the cleaned and sterilized cage. The man knew what he was doing.

He made me sleep in the spare room, which was a blessing. I felt overwhelmed by the day and I think James realized that. All night I dreamt alternately of Sebastian and James making me dress up in women’s clothes and abuse me. It was...interesting.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Torn

I woke feeling refreshed, horny, frustrated, excited, and eager to begin whatever James had in store for me this day. Not just because I was curious to find out and experience the torment and pleasure I knew he would deliver, but also because it would bring me that much closer to going home to my Sebastian.

Yesterday had been intense, and revelatory. But I knew I wanted, needed the man to whom I'd given my heart.

I found a note in the kitchen telling me to get some breakfast and meet James upstairs in the bathroom. I was pretty sure I knew what that meant.

My suspicions were correct and I had to let James give me the enema this morning. This proved more tolerable than his voyeurism of the day before and I found myself enjoying the intimacy and care thus demonstrated. He obviously didn't have any hang-ups concerning bodily functions and I felt a certain respect for this and pride in my obedience and enjoyment of the situation. I felt as if I was a valued and well-cared-for implement to his pleasure, and this delighted something inside me.

After we'd finished, he told me to shower and meet him in the loft.

He spent the morning paddling me, teasing me with the crop, and flogging me all over, until I became a squirming, whimpering mess of desire and supplication. There was no humiliating role play here, just physical domination and abuse, which I actually found easier to take. When he'd done with me he left me literally hanging from the St. Andrew's cross, my body flushed and singing with residual pain and torment, my soul awaiting his return.

He was gone for a long time. When he finally returned, he helped me down and made me kneel at his feet.

I stared at his boots in front of me. He always wore them when he meant business. I knew he would pull out all the stops today to show me what he could give to me, and perhaps make me second guess my relationship with Sebastian. I doubted that would be possible, but I wanted to find out.

“Beautiful boy...” he said. I felt his hand on my head and inhaled the leather smell from his pants and boots, and the clean smell of body wash and man from his freshly showered body. “Unzip me and make me come.”

Careful to keep my eyes down, I had his standing, swelling cock out in moments. It swayed before me with a certain primal elegance and I suddenly knew why some cultures still engaged in phallus worship.

“Look at me, please,” he said softly.

I glanced up at him, my cock responding to the raw desire in his eyes, and I moaned at the slight pain of my bonds.

“Remember this look. This is the look that tells you you're nothing except that I have need of you.” He'd gone back fully into Dom mode. I'd broken through that front yesterday but James knew what I really wanted and he would give it to me. I heard his words but, to me, that look said I was everything and nothing at the same time. It thrilled me.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now suck me and make me come. I want to shoot a huge load down your pretty throat before I do anything else.”

“Yes, Sir.” I moaned, my cock swelling more and aching as I took him in my mouth. He grasped the hair on my head in a powerful fist, fucking my mouth as he would fuck my ass later, with power, strength, and unquestionable authority. I reveled in my submission, using my throat and tongue to bring him home. With a grunt he poured his seed into me, gripping my hair painfully, hitting the back of my throat. When he finished he let me go, but wiped his cock on my willing cheek.

“Good boy. Now onto the bench.”

He gestured to the kneeler that we had put Sebastian on the other day. I crawled over, arranging myself on it, wondering what he had in store for me. I stole glances of his face as he buckled my wrists and ankles to the base, so handsome, and at this moment filled with intense concentration as he worked deftly and quickly to restrain me. When he finished he stood, regarding me.

“Oh yes. Now that is how the Master's boy should be displayed...”

Jesus, he did more to me sometimes with his words than anything else. I felt moisture ooze from the tip of my cock where it pressed against the hard plastic of the cage and I groaned in frustration.

“I'm not going to gag you today. I want to talk to you while I play with you. I think sometimes that gag is a comfort measure for you, so you don't have to confront in words what is being done to you. Today you will. Today I will ask you questions and you will answer me without hesitation and with unflinching honesty. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And if I tell you to be quiet you will do so without the aid of a gag. And it will mean that I don't want to hear a peep out of you. Not a groan, not a whimper, not a scream. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” My voice quavered with excitement and anticipation.

He chuckled. “You were made for this, weren't you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You were made to be my fuck toy and my whipping boy.”

“Yes, Sir.” I moaned the words because I felt the truth in them. I forgot about everything except the desire to serve him. When Sebastian had been here with me, I'd been able to keep a distance from the experience. Now I became engulfed and consumed by it, as captive in my submission as my swelling prick in its clear cage. I fucking loved it. I'd forgotten how good it could be to completely surrender to someone, body, mind, and soul.

Suddenly I felt him spread my cheeks and coat my crack with

lube before he pushed something large and wide into me. I tried to relax. He kept up the steady pressure, slowly pushing, and I grunted as it settled itself inside me. It was the plug I'd had inside the previous day. I felt full and invaded. Heaven.

"Ah, that looks nice," he murmured, stroking my buttocks. "How does it feel?"

"It feels good, Sir," I said.

"And how's your poor cock doing?"

"Hurts, Sir," I admitted.

"Well, get your mind out of the gutter then." He slapped my ass. "Think about Jesus or something and it'll go down."

"Yes, Sir."

"Never mind. You can't help it can you? This sort of thing drives you crazy, doesn't it?" He rocked the plug back and forth, making me groan with pleasure. Then he let go, bringing his face down to mine, and his breath tickled my ear as he whispered, "I'm driving you crazy, aren't I?"

"Yes Sir. I love it, Sir," I gasped.

He laughed. He bit the lobe of my ear before standing up and striding away. The sound of his boots on the cold floor echoed through the room but I couldn't see what he was doing. I didn't know what he would do next.

Then something trailed across my back and I recognized the folded leather tip of a riding crop. Oh hell. Not again. He would woo me in his own way...

He traced the muscles of my back and arms, then ran it over my buttocks and down my thighs, teasing the sensitive inner skin there, before bringing it down hard on my calf. I yelped as he struck the other one. Then the crop came down onto the soles of my feet. Then onto each buttock, twice. I moaned with pleasure at the shocks of stinging pain that faded quickly, leaving a gentle warmth behind as he struck me all over, spreading out the hits to my back and arms. My body, still sore from yesterday's session, reacted quickly to the continued torment.

“Do you deserve this?” he asked rhetorically.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Why?”

“Because I'm not worthy of you, Sir.”

“No, you're not. But I'll play with you anyway. I'll play with you and fuck you to my heart's content.”

“Thank you, Sir.” I moaned.

“Want more?” he asked, striking my buttock near the crack.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Then say it.”

“I want more.”

“I can't hear you.”

“*I want more!*” I shouted.

The crop came down hard on the base of the large plug, jolting it violently. The action made me cry out with the pleasure of it. He did it again, and again.

“More?”

“*More!*”

So he did it twice more and I groaned as my cock swelled and threatened to burst the rigid plastic. The inside of the cage had become soaked with pre-cum, evidence of the pleasure I felt at his hands. My body trembled with need as he threw the whip aside. Then the plug came out and his cock went in. It felt good to have something warm and alive inside me after that. He was so hard again already, from dominating me, controlling me, wrenching the pleasure from my bound and stifled body.

“Fuck, Tate, your ass is like heaven and hell at once. It's going to be the death of me, I love it so much...” He groaned as he started to ride me.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Quiet now. I don't want to hear a sound until I've filled you so full of seed you'll feel it in your throat.”

Oh Jesus God and the Angels how the hell am I going to keep quiet? It felt so good, this determined fucking. He knew what he did to me and my cock swelled again, but I couldn't make a sound. I bit my lip to keep quiet.

"It's difficult to stay quiet, isn't it, when I've got my big cock in your ass? When I'm making you feel so good, but you can't even get an erection? You're going to come so hard when I take that thing off, aren't you? Not until then though," he warned. "I'll not tolerate a repeat of yesterday's blunder. But when is it coming off? Who knows? Certainly not before I've had my fill of you."

He pounded me harder, gripping my hips painfully, grunting with the force of it. I panted and gasped, trying not to make even those noises but it was impossible. At least I kept the groans and cries that were itching to leave my throat in check. But I didn't know how long I could keep it up. It was torture.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" He groaned, not under the same prohibition. "You make an astounding fuck toy, don't you, so quiet and obedient? How can you be so quiet when I'm pounding you? It must be killing you not to make any noise..." He sped up his rhythm, his own words getting him good and close to the brink. "I'm going to fill you so full...so full of my hot come, and you're going to thank me and kiss my cock when I'm done..." His voice had gained a higher, excited pitch.

I squeezed my eyes and mouth shut, desperate to groan or whimper or something. But damned if I would break when he seemed so close. The tears streamed down my face with the effort it took.

He rammed me, his breathing harsh and desperate, then gave a great yell as I felt him still deep inside. He gasped and groaned as he came, enjoying the satisfaction that he denied me.

As his movements slowed he gave a great sigh and said, "Okay...you can make noise now."

I gave a cry of relief and sobbed as he finished. I whimpered and moaned all the sounds I'd kept inside and my body shook

with the joy of giving voice to my pleasure.

He chuckled as he withdrew from me, causing more whimpers, and came around in front. When he held his still hard cock out in front of my face, wet and shiny with his juice, I pressed my lips to it, my eyes drifting up to his. I found there a look of such satisfaction and pleasure it thrilled me to the core because I'd pleased him. I'd done it. I'd obeyed and perhaps now I'd get my reward...

If I was hoping he would take the cage off and let me come, I was deluding myself. He tucked himself back into his leather pants, kneeling down before me. "You were wonderful, Tate. Keep this up and you will get your reward very soon." He took my face in his hands and kissed me soundly, his lips conveying his pride and satisfaction.

Then he stood and walked around me, presumably enjoying the vision of me in my vulnerable state. He slapped my ass with his hand, then rubbed it gently. He did the same to the other cheek as I moaned in supplication, need, and desperation.

I heard shuffling behind me, then felt his hands spreading the cheeks of my ass. "Oh fuck," he moaned. "...Looks so hot..."

He blew on my exposed hole, where I felt his spunk leaking out of me, and I shivered. It felt so good, giving me goosebumps, but that was nothing. Next I felt his tongue slide up the length of my crack, gathering up his juices and sending electric shocks through me. I made a garbled sound, feeling my cock strain and leak. It hurt from the pressing confines of the cage but that only served to arouse me more.

He worked me with his tongue and mouth, teasing my hole with merciless abandon, knowing what it did to me and delighting in my predicament. "Quiet!" he said suddenly, before shoving his tongue in my quivering hole and wiggling it forcefully.

My body tensed, my fists clenched, as I stifled the sounds I wanted to make back down my throat. *Oh holy hell this is torture.* His tongue on me, in me, felt so fucking good. My dick hurt. I wanted to scream but I could only gasp like a fish out of water,

letting my harsh breathing speak for me, trying to keep my vocal chords relaxed though they itched to rub together.

He did this for a long time. It seemed like hours of intense effort not to make a sound although my body screamed silently in pleasure and frustration. He used his tongue and fingers, exploring that part of me with unerring efficiency, driving me mad in the process, and I didn't know how much more I could stand.

Finally, as if sensing that I was on the brink of failing him, he stopped. He slid the two fingers that had been stroking my prostate out of me and gave my hole a final lick of his tongue.

I gasped desperately as he stood, trying to recoup and forget the pleasure of the last little while, as aftershocks and memories of it made me tremble.

"Wonderful, beautiful boy..." he murmured, as I felt his hands on my ankle bonds. A cry of relief left my mouth before I realized he had yet to release me from my silence.

"It's all right. Go ahead," he said.

I sobbed as he undid my wrist restraints and helped me stand. He held me before him, eyes roaming over my sweat-cloaked body, examining my captive cock in its soaked cage.

"Fucking gorgeous, you are," he murmured as he led me over to the cross. I walked like a zombie, my sobs quieter, my breaths calmer, my brain a fog of desperate need. He shackled my wrists together above my head, then kissed me softly and knelt before me. I gazed down at his head, sobbing again when I saw him pull the key from his pocket.

With practiced skill he had the cage off me in a few moments. We both stared as my cock stood immediately, like a pink balloon being inflated and I moaned at the intense pleasure this caused, gasping in anticipation of what would soon occur.

James stood, brushing against my desperate prick, making me groan as I felt the orgasm coiling inside me already. It wouldn't take much to set me off.

Suddenly, three things happened at once. James' hand wrapped tightly around my cock, his mouth covered mine, and two fingers of his other hand slid unceremoniously into my ass.

I screamed as my cock exploded in his grasp. He swallowed it with his kiss as gallons of come shot out of me over his hand, coating our bellies and chests. My body convulsed in paroxysms of ecstasy as he held me tightly and I almost passed out, the pleasure like nothing I'd ever felt before. I felt carried on waves of delight and I poured this pleasure back into him, gratefully surrendering my ego and my body to a higher power. Whether that higher power was him or God I didn't know. Maybe they were one and the same at this moment. It certainly felt that way.

As my tumultuous climax finally waned, my body convulsed reflexively once or twice, and James held me in a close embrace until the trembling eased. Finally, he pulled back, taking my face in his hands again. Looking into my tired eyes he smiled with affection and pride.

“Astounding.”

I tried to smile back but my entire body was so exhausted I couldn't manage it. I think my lips twitched, and that was enough.

“Shhhh, let's get you to the shower.” He undid my restraints and got me up. “Are you all right, Tate?”

I let out a pitiful sound that was supposed to be a laugh because I was so much better than all right. He had to know that. I managed to nod weakly and sigh. “Yes.”

He helped me upstairs, washed me clean, and tucked me into bed with him, holding me against his strong body and shushing me to sleep.

§ § §

I woke in darkness to the feel of soft, sensuous kisses on my back as fingertips tickled the crack of my ass. I smiled, thinking it was Sebastian, and rolled over.

When I saw James and remembered the situation, I was hit with a flush of conflicting emotions. Disappointment that it

wasn't Sebastian teasing me; excitement and arousal that it was James. My mind flooded with memories of his takeover in the loft and the amazing climax that had brought about, and also confusion as to my feelings for both of these very different men.

I sighed, closing my eyes.

"Tate..." he said softly, kissing his way up my belly now, over my chest, licking my Adam's apple and finding my mouth with his. I opened to the kiss, not even believing this was the same man who, hours ago, had treated me so roughly. He groaned, pressing his hard cock against my leg. "I want to fuck you again... please...let me fuck you..."

I opened my eyes in astonishment. He was begging me. James, the Dom of my dreams, was begging me to let him fuck me. This must be an alternate universe.

I found myself saying, "Do it. Fuck me again. I'm yours till morning."

He froze, his lips pressed against mine, his seeping cock against my thigh. He pulled away, gazing down at me.

Three words let me know what this weekend meant to him.

"And then what?"

I stared back at him, watching the emotions flicker in his eyes. "And then...I go back to him."

"Sebastian."

"Yes."

"He's the one you want." His voice sounded flat, emotionless. He rolled away from me, running a hand through his hair.

"Yes," I said.

"Even after..." He couldn't say what we both were thinking. That even after the revelatory role-play and incredible intimacy of this weekend, I still chose Sebastian over him.

I plucked at the sheet with my fingers, hating to have to tell him. "James, that was...beautiful and amazing and so, so hot. You're a wonderful Dom and an incredible man. You make me

feel things I've never felt before, in ways I never dreamed." I turned, meeting his gaze. "But so does he. In a different way. I can't even explain... what he means to me."

He nodded, then sighed. "Well, I gave it my best."

I didn't know what to say, so I gazed at him, trying to convey how much I cared for him, respected him.

"I still want to fuck you. Once more, before morning. Without the props."

I nodded.

He came close, circling me in his arms, pulling me to him, and our mouths met again. We kissed with passion and apology and a questioning gentleness.

He fucked me then, like any man fucks another. I was moved by his kindness and care, and the emotion with which he covered me and took me. He showed me another side of him. One that, had I known existed before I'd met Sebastian, might have made me fall in love with him.

But my heart was already taken.

§ § §

I left his home in the darkness of early dawn, shutting the door on any kind of future with him. What had occurred here would have to last me the rest of my life, because I only saw one future before me now...

Chapter Twenty-Three

You

When I got home, I had another shower, washing and cleaning myself this time. I wanted to erase all traces of James' handling of my body. Not because it disgusted me, but because I wanted to present myself to Sebastian, clean, fresh, and un-besmirched by another man's lust.

I cooked up a hearty breakfast of eggs, sausages, and home fries, something I rarely did on my own. My appetite was considerable, after the events of the weekend, and the fact that we had gone to bed without eating. I washed the dishes when I finished and went grocery shopping. I bought all the ingredients for chicken stew with dumplings since I had a hankering to feed my boy delicious comfort food tonight.

After I put the groceries away, I called Sebastian, who answered after the first ring. He must have been waiting for my call.

"Hi," he said, a little guarded.

"Hello, beautiful."

"So...how was it?" he asked in a soft voice, perhaps fearing my reply.

"It was intense. But...it's over. I made a clean break with him. I love you. I miss you. And I need you."

"Oh, Tate...you don't have to do that..." He sounded both happy and sad.

"What do you mean?"

"You don't have to give up everything you love for me."

I laughed. "I'm not giving up subbing if that's what you mean. But I *am* giving up subbing for James. It's just too complicated. If I feel the need to sub again I'll find someone else. I'm sure there are other good Doms in this city."

“You really told him you weren’t coming back?”

“I really did.”

He laughed. “You’re amazing. I can’t believe you’d choose me over him.”

“Sebastian, my gorgeous, blue-eyed boy. Stop being so humble and get your sweet ass over here. I’m too tired to fuck you but I want you here. We can watch a movie and then I’ll make you dinner.”

“Okay. I can get Carter to drive me. He’s going out anyway.”

“Okay. See you soon.”

§ § §

When I opened the door to Sebastian at about twelve thirty he stood there with his overnight bag and a huge smile on his face.

“I’m sleeping over,” he said.

My eyes drank him in as I held my hand out for his bag. “Your luggage, sir?”

“Why thank you.” He gave me his bag and followed me inside. Once the door closed behind him and I’d put his stuff down on the hall table, he grabbed my wrist, pulling me into his arms. “I missed you...”

I inhaled the smell of him, nuzzling into the blond hair at his nape. “Me too. So much.” I mouthed a trail to his lips, then kissed him properly—tender, sweet, and lingering as he smiled against my mouth.

“I want to hear all about your weekend,” he said.

“Are you sure?” I asked, pulling away and gazing into his deep blue eyes.

“Yeah I’m sure. I’m sure it was super intense and I want to hear all about it. Since I didn’t get to see it.”

I nodded. “Okay, okay. You’ll blow your wad, though.”

“I’m sure you blew yours.”

I laughed. "You have no idea, Sebastian. You have no idea."

§ § §

We lay on the couch together, just snuggling, while I told him what had happened to me in James' home. I just gave him the descriptions, not going into detail on the emotional stuff. He didn't need to know how much it affected me or how James had made love to me in the early morning hours.

"He dressed you up in women's clothes?" he said, amazed. "I would have liked to have seen that."

"I'm kinda glad you didn't. I looked ridiculous."

"Whatever. I bet you looked hot."

I raised my eyebrows. "Is there something you're not telling me, Sebastian?"

He laughed. "No. I just think you'd look hot in anything pretty much."

We looked at each other because talking about this made us both hard. My poor dick was raring to go again. I couldn't believe it.

"You still tired?" he murmured.

"Not really..."

"I want to try something, if you're game?"

I shrugged. "Sure."

He stood up. "Well, I know you like to be dominated. Why can't I do it?"

I stared at him, surprised. "Well now..."

"I've done it before. Remember?"

I did remember. I remembered him flogging me hard in front of James, and nodded.

"You game?" he said again, breathlessly.

I nodded. "But..."

"What?"

“Go easy on me, okay?”

He grinned. “I will this time.”

§ § §

He tied me to my own bed and had his way with me, this blue-eyed blond haired angel that I had only begun to know. He made me tremble and beg, as much as James ever had and worked me firmly but with a gentleness and concern I’d not felt at the other man’s hands. Perhaps not as clean in its execution, but the sincerity of its delivery was profound.

And the things that came from his mouth! I’d not known that Sebastian could speak that way. Instead of calling me “boy” like James would, he called me “baby” or “honey.” It endeared me at the same time that his words aroused me.

“Baby, I’m going to put your cock in my mouth in a minute... it’s gonna taste so good...I’m gonna suck you so hard...” This after teasing me for almost two goddamn lazy hours with his hands and kisses and those long, agile fingers.

I almost sobbed at his words. “Oh my God...please, baby... please...I want your mouth so bad I can’t stand it...let me come...please let me come in your mouth...”

He did and sucked me dry. Then he jerked himself over me, spurting his juice on my chest and face like a born Dom. When he finished he licked it off me, his sweet, warm tongue causing shivers of remnant passion.

We snuggled naked together between the sheets until supertime.

§ § §

“This is delicious!” Sebastian praised, biting into a biscuit with the same hungry greed he’d demonstrated a few hours earlier. He laughed when the piece he bit off was too big and he had to grab it with his fingers. “Oops.”

“Do you always bite off more than you can chew?” I teased.

He wagged his eyebrows. “I can fit quite a bit in my mouth.”

“Uh huh. I know.”

We laughed and ate our supper, savoring the home cooked goodness and each other’s company like an old married couple. It felt fantastic.

After supper we decided that a lazy viewing of Moulin Rouge was in order. I lolled on the couch again and arranged my boy with his back against me so that I could play with the soft strands of his blond hair while we watched. I guess we were both suckers for over-the-top musicals.

Soon my favorite part came on, namely the scene where the luscious Ewan McGregor sings “Your Song,” to an astonished and bewitched Satine. Before I knew it Sebastian opened his sweet mouth and started singing along. I’d never heard him on his own before, and only a really wonderful voice could compare to Ewan’s. Sebastian had such a voice. Chills moved up and down my spine as he sat up and turned toward me, stroking my cheek with his fingers and staring into my adoring eyes. When the song ended he pressed those beautiful lips to mine and kissed me deeply. Happiness and contentment spread through, warming me from the inside.



The next morning at work, I got a phone call from Joanne’s husband, Darrin who told me Joanne had had their baby and I could visit if I wanted. Apparently, Joanne was dying to see me and, quote, the “charming, astonishingly handsome young man you brought to the club.” I laughed, saying I’d be there as soon as I could.

I called Sebastian and gave him the news. He seemed more excited than even me. I made my excuses to my supervisor and headed out for an hour.

Sebastian was waiting for me outside of PetLuv. He grinned from ear to ear and hopped into the car excitedly.

“Which hospital is she at?”

“Civic. You got someone to cover for you?”

“Yep. Well, Amy said to just go, she’ll be fine on her own. It’s not that busy.”

I drove quickly, although there really was no rush, since she’d had the baby already. But for some reason I couldn’t wait to see this beautiful new life my friends had created.

I parked quickly and we made our way to her room. Joanne saw me peeking around the door from where she sat propped up in her hospital bed and beckoned us in.

“Tate! Sebastian! I’m so glad you could come! There’s someone I want to introduce to you...”

She gestured to the clear plastic bassinet beside her where, bundled up in a striped white hospital blanket, lay a gorgeous little creature. The newborn baby looked like a tiny doll, her cheeks pink, her eyelids bluishly translucent where they covered her sleeping eyes, her lips a perfect bow.

“She’s beautiful,” Sebastian murmured, his voice filled with awe.

I turned to Joanne. “She looks like you.”

Joanne laughed. “Thank God. Could you imagine a baby girl that looked like Darrin? Here, pass her to me.”

I stared at her. “What? I can’t pick up that thing...” But Joanne smiled and held her arms out. I watched, enthralled, as Sebastian put the baby into her arms. “Thanks.”

“She looks like porcelain,” Sebastian murmured, gazing down at the tiny creature with undisguised awe.

“Boys, meet Chloe Jane Bathurst,” Joanne said proudly, gazing at her new daughter.

“You used the name!” Sebastian said, pleased.

“It’s a great name. Darrin loves it too.”

“Where *is* the proud father?” I asked.

“He went home to get some stuff. We were here all night. It’s been crazy, but wonderful.” She held the baby out to me. “Here, Tate. I want you to hold her.”

I shook my head, nervous. “No that’s okay...”

Sebastian took the baby from her like a trained wet nurse and placed the delicate little bundle in my reluctant arms. I looked at him, loving him more in this moment than I’d thought possible. The baby felt warm and alive and good in my arms. I held her against me, honored to have the opportunity to be a part of her first day in the world.

“Hey, beautiful Chloe...” I murmured. “Uh, I’m not really sure what I’m doing, but, well, you’re pretty darn sweet. Your mom may seem strange at first but she’s really awesome once you get to know her. Your dad’s pretty cool too. And, uh, that guy over there...” I nodded toward Sebastian, “...who looks like an angel...well, he’s my very special friend and I love him very much. And when you get older, hopefully you’ll find someone as special as he is.” When I finished and looked up, Sebastian and Joanne watched me.

“What?”

“You’ll make a great father someday, Tate,” Joanne said, glancing at Sebastian.

“Um, I’d need a wife.” I joked.

“Or a husband,” Joanne said quietly, daring me to question it.

I blushed, glancing at Sebastian. He was smiling and blushing, staring at me with glistening eyes. He came over, kissed me sweetly on the cheek, and took the baby from me, giving her back to Joanne.



On Sunday I went to church with Sebastian again. And as I sat there in the pew, listening to the choir, I thought of that gorgeous baby and how it might be possible someday, if we wanted to, for me and Sebastian to somehow have that. I felt surprised to be thinking this way and wondered as to the likelihood. It didn’t really matter. It just mattered to know it was possible, and that if we could take care of each other there was no reason we couldn’t take care of someone else.

I glanced up at the ceiling of the church, thanking God or whoever might be up there looking down on us for giving me Sebastian. And I let the music of the church lift my soul up high and float me on the wings of song.

I thought of the letter I had received from James in the mailbox accompanied by two discreetly packaged chastity devices and a tube of red lipstick.

“My dear Tate, it has been a pleasure knowing you and introducing you to the intricacies of Dom/sub play at my hands. You are an excellent student and on your way to making an exceptional Dom. I very much regret that circumstances have led to our separation, but I understand and I hope you find what you’re looking for. In the package you will find the devices I purchased specifically for you and Sebastian. They have been cleaned and sterilized. I hope you both enjoy them. The lipstick I have included as a reminder of some special fun we had together, and to let you know that I will not spoil those memories by engaging in a similar way with anyone else. Just know that if you ever wish to come for a session, or even just a cup of coffee and a chat, with me in the future, I would love to see you.

Yours always, James Lucas.”

I felt in my pocket for the lipstick, fondling its smooth case and remembering being dressed like a girl and fucked on the floor of James’ home.

§ § §

I met Sebastian at the stairs talking with his mom and Granny, just like the first time I’d come. He smiled big when he saw me. “Tate! Come here.”

I made my way over to him, saying hello to the ladies.

“Hello, Tate.” Mary beamed at me.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Jo winked.

I winked back at her. “How are you, Jo?”

“Wonderful, thanks.” She turned to Sebastian. “So when are you going to cut the bullshit, Sebastian?”

He looked like a deer caught in the headlights. “What?”

She gestured to me. “I know this hot piece is your boyfriend, sweet cheeks. I wasn’t born yesterday.”

I coughed, trying to cover up my laughter, while Sebastian looked successively shocked, then found-out, then amused. “I guess I should know not to try to pull one over on *you*, Gran.”

Granny Jo turned to Mary, who stared at us with astonishment. “Told you, dear. Really, you need to get better instincts.”

“I...I...don’t know what to say,” she mumbled. She didn’t look disappointed or offended, just surprised.

“Well, I do,” Granny Jo said, patting my bottom. “You’re a good looking boy, Tate, and you seem very sweet. But if you ever do anything to hurt young Sebastian here I will personally arrange for your dismemberment.” She gave me a cheeky look. “And you know where I’ll get them to start.” She eyed my groin.

I blushed with embarrassment. “Yes, ma’am.” *Jesus*. He looked down at me from a hanging on the wall with impotent sympathy.

“Are we going for coffee? Or are you going to threaten my boyfriend with further harm?” Sebastian glared at Granny Jo.

“No. I’m done. Let’s go eat.” She took Sebastian’s arm and they started up the stairs. “And don’t think I’m unaware of the kinky stuff you’re into, young man. You used to sit and sniff my leather boots for hours.”

“*Gran!*” He glanced back at me and his mom, his cheeks red as flames.

She cackled, delighting in his discomfort.

Both Mary and I stared after them for a shocked moment. Then I turned to her, blushing with embarrassment.

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that,” she said, her face

somewhat pale.

I cleared my throat, trying to think of something to say. In the end I simply held my arm out for her. "Shall we?"

She smiled at me, thanking me with her eyes. "Of course."

Epilogue

Several months later I surprised Sebastian at work. We'd effectively moved in together by then, since he spent so much time at my place already. It wasn't actually official, but he'd moved most of his stuff in and planned to give notice on his apartment at the end of the week.

When the bells on the door announced my presence, I saw him glance over as he helped another customer choose a brand of dog food. A huge smile spread across his face and it seemed he had to force himself to remember what he'd been saying. He looked so cute in his blue PetLuv t-shirt.

I walked over to the collars and leashes that hung on the wall near the chew toys. I really hoped the store carried something appropriate to my needs. I looked carefully through the selection, finally locating two collars that might work.

Suddenly, Sebastian's voice tickled my ear. "Do you need any help, sir?"

I grinned, turning toward him. "Yes, actually. I'm looking for a collar for my pup."

His eyes widened as he saw what I held in my hands. It seemed he didn't know what to say for a moment. He glanced around and I did the same. There were one or two other people in the store, busy with their own agendas.

He cleared his throat, looking at me, blushing slightly. "What kind of dog is he?"

My lip twitched. "He's big."

His lip twitched. "Big?"

I nodded. "Big. But well-behaved. Most of the time."

Sebastian pointed to the two-inch black leather collar in my right hand. It had metal studs all along it and some braiding near the buckle.

“That’s a nice one,” he said softly.

“You like it?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. I need a leash too.”

Sebastian blushed more, shaking his head indulgently. He couldn’t help smiling and ran his hands over the leashes, finally selecting a braided black leather one.

“This should be fine. It’s strong and durable, and looks good too.”

I checked it over carefully. “I suppose you recommend leashing him in public?”

Our eyes met. “Always,” Sebastian murmured, casting his eyes to the floor, his mouth still curved in a shy smile.

I laughed. “Sold.”

We started toward the cash. “Is that everything?”

“Well, I’ll need a tag,” I said.

Sebastian hesitated, staring at me, and I raised my eyebrows, challenging him to stop me.

“Okay. We have tags. We can engrave it for you too.” He raised his eyebrows saucily.

“Perfect.”

He shook his head, smiling slightly, and moved behind the counter. “I’ll look after this customer, Dave.”

“Sure. I’m gonna go finish the ordering,” his co-worker said, grabbing a clipboard and heading toward the dog food.

Only one customer remained in the store. An old woman kept picking up different cat toys, trying to decide on one. She stood about three feet away from us but seemed intent on her decision.

“These are the styles of tag we have available,” Sebastian said, showing me the display.

“Hmm. Which one do you think would be best?” I asked, winking at him. Oh, this was so much fun.

Without hesitation he pointed at a simple, large brass tag in the shape of a bone. "I've always liked this style."

I nodded. "That's perfect."

He took one out of the drawer and passed me a piece of paper and a pen. "Write down what you want to have engraved on the front and back."

"Okay."

I wrote out the word blue in capitals for the front, and for the back I wrote, My Boy. I passed it to him when I'd finished.

I saw his eyes glisten as he read what I'd written. He didn't look at me for a minute. Then he cleared his throat. "Just... just regular block letters?" he asked quietly.

I got nervous that he didn't like what I'd put down. When I didn't say anything, he looked up at me, his eyes so blue and brimming with some strong emotion.

"Is that okay?" I whispered, leaning over the counter so the lady wouldn't hear.

He nodded. "Yeah. That's perfect. I love you," he said, the words rushing out in a hushed, emotion-laden tone.

"I love you too," I said quickly, glancing back to see the lady staring at the two of us, a rubber mouse in her hand. She looked down at the floor but her mouth seemed to want to smile. I cleared my throat as Sebastian worked the engraver. It only took a few minutes and the tag was finished.

"How's that, sir?" He showed it to me.

It looked beautiful and I could imagine it hanging on the collar around his neck. "That's great. I guess that's all then."

He rang up the leash and collar and tag for me. "Seventy-four fifty, please."

After I paid, Sebastian wrapped the tag in tissue paper and put it with the other items in a plastic PetLuv bag.

"That's a lucky pup you have there." The woman's voice came from behind me.

I turned to her. “Nothing but the best for him.” I turned back to Sebastian, whose eyes conveyed gratitude, passion, and affection. “Thanks for all your help,” I said, mouthing, “Later,” and shaking the bag slightly.

Pushing through the door, I stepped out into the bright sunshine. I could hardly wait to try the collar and leash on my boy at home. I strode across the lot to where I’d parked, and as I unlocked my car I heard his voice behind me.

“Tate!”

I turned.

He ran across the parking lot, almost getting hit by a white Mazda.

“Jesus, be careful!”

And then he was in my arms, hugging me so tight I couldn’t breathe for a minute.

“Hey, hey, calm down...”

He pulled back, staring at me for a moment before pressing his lips to mine. I melted into the kiss as he poured all of his love and adoration for me into it. When we finally pulled apart we became aware that people were staring, but I didn’t give a fuck. And neither did he, apparently.

“I bribed Dave into covering the rest of my shift,” he said. “I want to go home and try on my stuff.”

I laughed. “Okay. Get in the car.”

As he turned away I slapped his ass. “Next time be more careful. You could’ve been killed!”

“Good thing you bought the leash.” He rounded the car and opened his door.

I threw back my head, laughing as he ducked inside. As soon as he had his seatbelt on I pressed the gas down and drove my baby home.

About the Author

AE LISTER lives in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada with her very tolerant husband and two beautiful children. She has a BA in Psychology and a certificate in Dramatic Scriptwriting. Visit her website, www.aelister.com, for more information.

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