



*The*

**Way**

*we Live*

*CAE Lister*

**Submission in the City**

It's been five years since James, Tate and Sebastian moved in together to enjoy a three-way BDSM relationship and James is turning fifty. After enjoying a surprise party and thoughtful gift, the health crisis of a close friend necessitates a trip to Montreal, followed by a snowy Christmas getaway in Mont Tremblant. Soon, an unexpected event challenges the dynamics of the relationship. Will the sudden appearance of family members, old friends, and new acquaintances cause insurmountable problems or present an opportunity to demonstrate the real meaning of togetherness?

# THE WAY WE LIVE

AE LISTER

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

Copyright 2015 by AE Lister

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

Cover Art by AE Lister

Editing by Amanda Faris

This book is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution via any means is illegal and a violation of International Copyright Law, subject to criminal prosecution and upon conviction, fines and/or imprisonment. This eBook cannot be legally loaned or given to others. No part of this eBook can be shared or reproduced without the express permission of the publisher.

*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.

## Chapter One Convocation

“James, have you seen my purple tie?” Sebastian asked frantically from our bedroom down the hall, the former guest room we’d originally used when visiting. “We’re supposed to be there forty-five minutes in advance and I can’t find it.”

“Can he borrow a purple tie?” I said to James as I watched him adjust his blue one. “He’ll never find it.”

James nodded. “Have a look. I’m sure there’s one that will do.”

I went to his closet and looked through his large collection of ties until I found one that approximated the purple shade of Sebastian’s. As I walked past James on my way out of the room I whistled in appreciation, winking when he looked my way.

He smiled. “You look damn good yourself, you know.”

“Why, thank you,” I said, bowing before taking the needed tie down the hall to my other boyfriend.

When I stepped into our bedroom, I saw Sebastian on his knees looking under the bed.

“Here. James has one you can wear.”

He looked up at me, the flop of his blond hair concealing one blue eye. “Oh good. I don’t know where mine’s got to.”

Sebastian was not the neatest person when it came to putting his clothes away. Sure, he’d clean and organize the kitchen from top to bottom when he was stressed, but the bedroom was another matter.

“What time is it?” he asked as he stood up and took the tie from me. “Are we going to be late?”

“Would you relax? We’ve got lots of time.”

“But we’re supposed to be there—”

“You’ll get there when you get there. It’ll just mean you won’t have to stand in line for half an hour waiting for the ceremony to start.”

A year after we moved into James’ home, Sebastian quit his job at PetLuv and took a full time program at Algonquin College in Graphic Design. James and I supported him financially while he went to school because we didn’t want him working weekends and evenings when we would want to spend time together.

Tonight's Convocation ceremony, the culmination of three years study and perseverance, was stressing him out.

His fingers fumbled with the knot so I stepped forward. "I'll do it."

As I deftly knotted the purple tie, I couldn't help admiring the strong neck and broad shoulders of my blond lover. He looked so sharp all dressed up for his graduation and I felt so proud. It took a lot of guts to decide to change one's life in a significant way. The hard work he'd put into the past three years had paid off. He was top of his graduating class and already had a few solid clients and jobs lined up for the next three months.

When I'd finished I stepped back to observe him. He adjusted his suit jacket nervously. "Well?"

"You'll do."

He smiled. "Thanks. I guess we'd better go."

§ § §

The NAC lobby was almost empty by the time we arrived.

Sebastian said a quick goodbye and made his way backstage where the graduates were supposed to line up.

The Mezzanine level was packed so we went up to the first balcony and were lucky enough to find two seats together. As we looked over the program, James said, "I feel like a proud parent today. Is that perverted?"

I laughed. "Probably."

"It's a shame his mother and sister couldn't make it."

I nodded. "Well, they've got their hands full right now."

Sebastian's mom had gone to visit his sister in Toronto to help look after her first grandchild, a little boy named Duncan. Otherwise she, at least, would have made it.

"When should we give him his graduation gift?" I asked.

"I brought the tickets. We can present them as soon we see him after the ceremony."

We had racked our brains for a unique graduation gift. Finally, James had stumbled upon the perfect idea—a helicopter tour of Ottawa. Some co-worker of his had raved about how fantastic this tour had been, and James asked the name of the company.

We bought tickets for all three of us. Our tour was booked for tomorrow morning at ten a.m. and so far the weather forecast looked good. They'd warned us the trip could be cancelled with little notice if the pilot had concerns.

The ceremony finally began. Since Doucette fell early in the alphabet, it didn't take long for Sebastian's name to be called.

He strode proudly up to the college President, shook his hand, and took his envelope, with a big smile on his handsome face. He looked out at the audience, squinted as if trying to see us, then turned and strode off stage. I'd waved even though there'd be no chance he'd see us behind the spotlights. I remembered my own graduation ceremony and how proud I'd felt to have accomplished such a worthwhile goal.

We filed into the lobby after the ceremony for some light refreshments. As I reached for a brownie I heard my name and turned. Sebastian came quickly from the backstage door, holding his cap as his robe ballooned out behind him.

"There he is. The college graduate," James said proudly, grabbing Sebastian's hand and pulling him in for a hug and quick kiss on the cheek.

"Thanks. Phew. I'm glad that's over," he said, his face flushed from the heat and excitement.

"Hey, you did great. Congratulations, babe," I murmured, hugging him and licking his neck surreptitiously.

"Thanks. Is that a brownie?"

"Here, you can have it."

"Thanks!"

"Do you want something to drink? I'm going to the bar," James said.

James went off to get drinks while I stood with Sebastian, watching friends and relatives greet graduates as they emerged.

"So? How does it feel?"

He grinned. "Pretty damn good. I'm so glad I did it."

"So am I. Your talents were wasted at PetLuv my friend."

"No kidding. It was fun for awhile, but I definitely didn't want to have to work there forever."



After we'd had something to eat and drink, James took some photos of Sebastian in his robe and graduate cap, holding his certificate. Then we gave him the tickets we'd bought for the helicopter tour.

"What? Really? Holy shit, this is gonna be amazing! Thanks guys. You didn't have to do this. I couldn't have done this without you and now you're showering me with gifts."

"Don't talk about showering, please," James murmured with a stern look. "I'm trying to be good."

"Thank you, really," Sebastian said, taking his cap off and using it to block curious eyes as he kissed first me, and then James, on the lips. "I fucking love you both."

§ § §

At ten o'clock the following morning we met with our helicopter pilot, an eleven-year veteran of the skies named Yvonne, with a purple streak in her hair and a silver ring in her eyebrow. Middle aged, voluptuous and pretty, with a mouth like a sailor and the humor to match, she quickly put us at ease.

James said he'd hold my hand if I was scared. I told him to fuck off because I wasn't scared. I'd just never been up in a helicopter before.

Sebastian, typically for him, acted like an excited puppy. His foot tapped with excess energy while we listened to Yvonne's safety briefing.

Finally, it was time to board.

"Who would like to sit up front?" Yvonne asked, looking pointedly at me.

"Yeah, no thanks. I'm pretty sure Sebastian would like that spot."

"Absolutely!" he yelled, climbing in to the front seat. Yvonne showed him how to put on the seatbelt while James and I got in behind.

"Please be careful not to press any buttons or switches, whether deliberately or inadvertently as you move," Yvonne said, pointing out the panels beside the seats. We fastened ourselves in and Yvonne passed us each our headphone sets. She checked that we could all hear and be heard before starting up the machine.

"Okay. Let's go, huh?"

The experience was one I would never forget. As the helicopter lifted off the landing pad I suffered a brief moment of fear before becoming mesmerized by the majesty of the landscape falling away from us.

“Oh, wow...” Sebastian said as we rose into the sky.

The feeling of weightlessness and freedom made me giddy, so I did end up reaching for James’ hand. He took it quietly, smiling at me with assurance.

I’d never seen Ottawa Gatineau from this perspective before.

The picturesque views of water and land stunned me with their beauty. Best of all was the approach over the Ottawa River to the Parliament Buildings as they overlooked the cliff and the city of Gatineau. Yvonne slowly circled the historic seat of the Canadian Government, viewing it at all angles before heading over the city.

When we passed over our neighborhood James momentarily regretted not putting a big “Congratulations Sebastian!” sign on our roof.

“Next time,” I joked.

“Right.”

We really didn’t talk much, since the views were so astounding and we’d all brought cameras. Yvonne pointed out the landmarks and explained our flight path in a clear, slightly accented voice. She checked in on us a few times to make sure nobody felt sick or uneasy. We assured her we were all enjoying ourselves immensely.

“Good. Is this a birthday gift to someone?” she asked, nodding at Sebastian.

“Graduation present,” James said with a smile.

“My son just got his degree as well,” Yvonne said. “Such a relief and it makes you so proud.”

James and I glanced at each other, neither wanting to correct her. How would we explain that Sebastian was actually James’ lover, not his son? Neither of us wanted to make our pilot uncomfortable mid-flight, so we simply smiled and nodded.

Sebastian didn’t even seem to hear, so enraptured was he in the entire experience.

The tour took about an hour. When we finally landed back at the airfield in Gatineau, all three of us expressed how impressed we’d been with the trip.

“Well, you’ll have to come again,” Yvonne said. “Who’s got a birthday coming up?”

Sebastian and I looked at James. His fiftieth was just around the corner, but we had something else planned for that.

James laughed. “Well, I do. But I think it’s going to be a quiet affair,” he said, gazing at us meaningfully.

Heading home in the car, nobody spoke much. It had been an experience that was difficult to sum up in words.

“Shall we grab a bite to eat? It’s eleven thirty,” James said.

“Where?” Sebastian asked.

“You choose. We’ll make it part of your gift.”

“Jesus. You guys are making too much of this,” he muttered, embarrassed.

“Hey, it’s the first time we’ve helped anybody graduate. We probably won’t be having kids so this is our moment, right James?” I explained, remembering Yvonne’s comment.

“Exactly.”

“So don’t ruin it for us. Where do you want to eat?”

“Fine. Let’s go to Cora’s.” There was a pregnant pause. “You said I could choose,” Sebastian pointed out.

“Well, I…” James began.

“You know, it’s just that…” I tried to explain.

“My sister and I eat there whenever she’s in town. The food’s great.”

“Cora’s it is,” James said, turning the corner onto Bank Street.

It wasn’t that we didn’t like the food at Cora’s. It would be hard to find fault with the waffles, omelets, and pancakes loaded with fresh fruit, English cream, and syrup. Let’s just say that the vibe was more Old Folk’s Home than Urban Eatery. This never seemed to bother Sebastian—nothing much bothered Sebastian when it came to eating—but James and I found the atmosphere a bit…suburban for our tastes.

At any rate, this was Sebastian’s celebration and we wouldn’t ruin it for him. Of course, we’d have to refrain from any obvious displays of intimacy over brunch, since we’d be likely to get at least a few rude stares and loud comments. It seemed that when people reached a certain age they no longer cared much what anyone thought—they’d say whatever they liked. And since most of them were deaf, they’d say it loudly.

So James and I accompanied Sebastian into the restaurant in question, requesting a booth and hoping for one in the corner or at least away from curious onlookers. Sometimes people in their senior years would go looking for trouble. Maybe their lives weren’t as interesting as they used to be, and a self righteous exchange with their companions about the three men sitting together in booth five was just what they needed. Of course, was generalizing. Sebastian’s

Granny Jo had been quick-witted, world-wise, and savvy to a lot of things, and strangely liberated for someone her age. But we knew she was the exception.

Since no booths were available, we were directed to a table quite close to other diners, most notably a large group of elderly men and women who seemed to be celebrating a retirement.

Perhaps the curious glances we received were due to the fact that Sebastian and I were the youngest people in the restaurant, and also kind on the eye. And James, well, James attracted attention everywhere he went.

“Hmm, I’m going to get an omelet,” James said, perusing the menu. “What about you?”

“The Belgian waffle is calling my name,” I said.

“Sebastian?”

“The Fourth of July looks good. Crepes, French toast, and fruit.”

“Wonderful.” He looked around for a server. “I really need a coffee.”

“Me too,” I said.

Finally, a server saw us and filled our mugs. “Sorry, it’s a zoo in here today. What would you gentlemen like?”

When she left we sat quietly, sipping our coffees. It was strange but I felt more relaxed in this place. I didn’t feel like I had to impress anyone. The fact that I had all my own teeth seemed to already give me points.

“So what do you want for your birthday, big boy?” I asked James.

“A special session in the loft will be just fine.”

“Well, that’s a given. What else?”

“I don’t need anything else.”

“Are you sure?” Sebastian said. “Any electronics you need? Or a new wallet or something?”

James made a face. “I like to choose my own accessories. And my electronics are mostly up to date. But thank you.”

“Come on, James. It’s a pretty significant birthday. We’d like to do something special,” I insisted.

He sighed and leaned back in his chair. “It’s only a number.”

I blinked. “Are you worried about turning fifty?” I couldn’t believe James worried about anything.

“Of course not.”

Sebastian and I looked at him, not believing his answer for once.

“What?”

“You are worried. You’re worried about turning fifty,” I said, still shocked to see a chink in James’ confident social armor.

He laughed, but it sounded forced. “I’m not worried. Why would I be worried?”

I gazed at him, assessing. Then I shrugged. “Yeah, why would you be worried? It’s just a number.”

“Exactly. It’s not like I’m going to wake up as somebody different.”

“I certainly hope not,” I said. “Still. Only ten more years and you’ll be sixty.”

Sebastian’s eyes widened. James’ gaze turned steely.

“Watch yourself, Tate.”

“Aha. You are worried.”

“I’m not worried,” he said firmly. “But you should be.”

“What are you gonna do? Put me over your knee right here?” I whispered across the table.

Sebastian began to look panicked. “Jesus, don’t tempt him!” he hissed, looking at James to gauge his reaction.

James sat very quietly, staring at me while I looked back at him. Oh man, he was too quiet. He picked up his coffee and took a sip, then placed the cup back down. It clinked on the Formica tabletop. “I just might. But I wouldn’t want to cause someone to have a heart attack. Which would be a genuine risk in this place.”

I gave Sebastian an “I told you so” look.

“However,” James said slowly. “When we get home I may just have to remind you of proper manners.”

My heart fell as I felt a sympathetic ache in my buttocks reminding me of spankings past.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. I just want you to admit that you just might be a tiny bit anxious about turning fifty. Because there’s a tiny chance we just might want to celebrate this milestone in your life.”

He sighed again. “Is that really necessary?”

“It just might be.”

The Way We Live, AE Lister

“Fine. But no silly cakes in the shape of private parts or anything ridiculous like that. Please let me turn fifty with dignity.”

I glanced at Sebastian. We’d never even thought of getting a penis cake for James’ party. It was genius.

## Chapter Two

### *Only a Number*

“To James!” said Freddy, raising his glass and giving the man in question a sweet kiss on the cheek.

“To James!” The crowd erupted with the toast.

“Happy birthday, Sir,” I whispered into his ear and felt him squeeze my ass. “You don’t look a day older than forty-nine.”

He turned his steely gaze to mine as he gave my denimcovered ass a quick swat with his broad hand. “Impertinent boy,” he said, but his eyes twinkled.

Sebastian gave him a quick kiss on the lips. “Happy birthday, James.”

James smiled at him and pulled him close. “Thank you, Sebastian.” Then he raised his glass to the gathered crowd.

“Thank you all. It’s been a very interesting fifty years, I’ll say that.”

Laughter. Some people raised their eyebrows knowingly.

He continued. “Thank you so much for being here to celebrate with me. I didn’t have a clue what was going on until I walked in this door. Tate and Sebastian orchestrated the perfect surprise.”

I grinned, feeling excitement swirl in my chest. He still didn’t know what was awaiting him back at home. Exchanging a knowing glance with Sebastian, I said, “It wasn’t easy keeping a secret from James, but it was so worth it to see the look on his face.”

“And I got it on camera!” Freddy exclaimed, holding up his little Canon and winking at me. He knew all about James’ other present because he’d been intrinsic in arranging it. We owed him big time.

“James, I am honored to know you,” Patrice—Freddy’s much older partner—said warmly, taking James’ arm in an affectionate grip.

“The feeling is mutual, my friend,” James replied.

The two men had been friends a very long time. They shared a love of many things, including real estate, leather kink, and handsome, voluntarily submissive young men.

The door to the kitchen opened and a server came out carrying a large cake, alight with candles.

“Oh no,” James murmured.

The server appeared embarrassed as he lowered the cake, shaped and decorated to resemble a very large, erect, uncircumcised penis, to a nearby table.

“Whose idea was this?” asked James.

“Ours,” Sebastian and I said proudly.

“Well, yours actually. If you hadn’t told us not to get you one, we probably wouldn’t have thought of it.”

Everyone laughed.

“Good one,” James said, bending down to blow out the candles to a chorus of rude comments.

“Oh be quiet. Haven’t you ever seen a man blow a big dick before?” James said, taking his finger and scooping some icing from the dick’s enormous foreskin. He tasted it, staring directly at Sebastian and myself. “Sweet.” He looked up at the crowd. “So who wants a piece of this vanilla cock?” he asked with a smirk. “Now that’s something I’ve never said before.”

An hour or so later, after convincing James that we had something else planned and that we needed to wrap things up, we made our exit.

As we approached James’ car, he stopped suddenly. When I looked back I saw him staring down at the sidewalk. He looked up with eyes full of emotion.

“No one’s ever thrown me a surprise party before.”

“It was Sebastian’s idea,” I admitted.

“Both of you, come here.”

We moved close to James and he wrapped an arm around each of us, pulling us against him. “I love you both so much. Thank you.”

When he finally released us, we got into his car.

“Where to now?” he asked curiously from the backseat. I’d offered to drive so James could imbibe at his party.

“Oh, we’re just going home,” I said casually.

Sebastian laughed. “There’s something for you there,” he added, looking at James from the passenger seat.

“I can’t wait,” James said.

*Neither can we.*



§ § §

Luckily the traffic was light on our quick drive home because I was eager to reveal our second surprise of the evening.

Once we'd parked in the drive and walked up the path to the door, I suddenly couldn't contain myself. The anticipation proved too much for me. I pulled Sebastian close and kissed him hard, grabbing his ass in both hands and grinding him against me. He groaned, responding in kind.

James watched us intently, his hand resting on the back of Sebastian's neck as Sebastian kissed me. I heard him take in a sharp breath as he watched us grope each other eagerly. When I realized I was only delaying what we'd been so excited about all night, I pulled away and keyed the front door open. We entered the familiar space and flicked on the light. James carried the takeout box with the remains of his penis cake into the kitchen.

Sebastian and I exchanged a glance before I snuck off upstairs to the second level. I heard Sebastian engaging James in conversation as I pushed the door to the guest bedroom open and entered, shutting it quickly behind me.

A young, dark-haired man stood up from where he'd been sitting on the bed. He smiled at me shyly.

"Salut, Monsieur Mackenzie," he said in his soft Québécois.

"Étienne." I grinned, moving forward to embrace him. We kissed warmly, enjoying a few moments of familiarity before getting down to business. His gentle laughter reminded me again of that evening in Montréal when we'd taken turns with him.

"Okay, you need to strip. Um...les vêtements...tu ne peut pas porter..." God, my French was terrible. I should have sent Sebastian in here.

"Oui, d'accord, okay...so, no clothes?" he asked, already working on his pants and shirt.

I nodded, relieved. Someone had been practicing his English.

He grinned, locking eyes with me as he stripped. Although it had been five years since that escapade in Montréal, Étienne appeared as young and charming as ever. I felt my dick harden as he finished undressing and stood naked before me. Fuck, James was going to die.

"Okay. Now I've got to get you upstairs. It's okay, Sebastian's keeping James occupied downstairs." At least I hoped everything was going according to plan...

A sudden sound from the lower level indicated that the supposedly spontaneous blowjob tactic was in play.

Excellent.

“Okay, come on. Viens,” I said quietly, leading Étienne up the stairs to the loft.

The loft was our attic playroom, a converted space that James had filled with everything he needed to enjoy all his sexual entertainments in relative privacy. The heavily insulated walls were painted a calming grey, the windows looked out on open fields and forest, and a skylight made the space even more inviting, especially during the day. At night sometimes, if you were lucky enough to be lying bound on your back on the oversized king mattress and not blindfolded, you could gaze up at the stars while you suffered whatever torment he’d decided to deal out.

Étienne eyed the St. Andrew’s Cross on the wall. A modern style, it was equipped with anything one might need.

“C’est magnifique,” he murmured.

“Et vous, aussi,” I said, finding my inner Frenchman in time to be complimentary. I meant it. I couldn’t wait to get him up there.

I quickly attached his wrists and ankles to the cross so that he faced outwards. His breathing quickened as I leaned close to check the tension in his bindings.

“You will fuck me too?” he whispered in my ear in heavily accented English, making me almost moan in anticipation.

I managed a breathless, “Oui, bien sur,” and kissed him quickly.

“Now quiet,” I instructed, putting my finger to my lips and regarding my handiwork. He needed a blindfold. I got one and tied it over his eyes as his lips formed an excited smile. I couldn’t resist kissing him again before I left him there and softly closed the door behind me.

When I got back downstairs a lovely sight greeted me. James sat in his favorite armchair, pants unzipped, cock in Sebastian’s mouth as the younger man kneeled before him. Our eyes met.

“I’m getting another birthday present,” James said with a grin.

“That’s not your birthday present,” I said with an answering smirk. “Sebastian, why don’t you show James his actual birthday present.”

Sebastian popped off James' cock and stood up, hair tousled from James' hand, skin flushed pink with excitement. "Come on," he said, taking off up the curved staircase and disappearing once he reached the top.

James did up his pants and stood, regarding me with curiosity.

"Not another surprise?"

I shrugged. "Just a little something we can all enjoy."

Following me slowly as I led him upstairs, James said, "If I'd known turning fifty would be this much fun I would have looked forward to it."

As we approached the loft we heard sounds of pleasure coming from the open doorway. James glanced at me because he knew it wasn't Sebastian making that noise.

I gestured that he precede me into the room, and he stopped short at the sight that greeted him—Sebastian, again on his knees, with the beautifully bound Étienne's cock in his mouth.

The young man writhed on the cross as Sebastian sucked him.

James looked at me, then back at them. "Is that?"

"Étienne, say hello to James," I instructed.

"Bonjour, James," the young man gasped, turning our way. "Bonne Fete, aussi," he said, then gazed down at Sebastian, although his view was blocked by the blindfold. "B...b...bonjour Sebastian," he stuttered.

Sebastian gave him a few more strokes, then pulled off and stood up. "Hi, Étienne." He kissed Étienne on the lips passionately as James looked on, struck speechless for a moment.

Finally, he said, "How did you?"

"We arranged everything with Freddy," I said.

"He hasn't been on that thing the whole time?" James asked, moving further into the room and taking in the delicious sight.

"Of course not. What do you think I was doing while you were getting sucked off in the living room?"

James regarded me sternly. "I thought you were in the bathroom."

I shook my head and he smiled, impressed.

"Well done."

Sebastian moved aside and James stepped forward, taking Étienne's wet and vulnerable cock in his hand and leaning to whisper in the young man's ear. Étienne laughed softly, then

whimpered, as something James said to him gave him an idea of what would come. When James pulled back, he gently eased the blindfold off Étienne's face, gazing into those guileless grey eyes with affection.

“Bonjour, Étienne, mon garçon. What a lovely birthday gift on my fiftieth birthday.”

He threw the blindfold aside. “You won't be needing this. I want you to watch something for a bit—something to get you in the mood. In the mood to be turned on this cross and fucked within an inch of your life.”

Étienne moaned and nodded quickly, cock hard and eyes wide. “Yes, Sir,” he said in English.

James grinned. “Good boy.” He turned to us with that Dom attitude we loved.

“What are you waiting for? At least give the boy a show before you put your eager little cocks inside him.”

I grabbed Sebastian and pushed him onto the large mattress, my hormones from an evening of anticipation taking over. He rolled onto his back as I fell on him, ripping his shirt off and tying his wrists over his head with it—a beast in the mood for blood.

Sebastian's blue eyes gazed up at me with trust and longing as I got rid of my shirt and bent to kiss him fiercely. “Fuck, Tate,” he moaned, grinding his pelvis against me. We were both hard. It had been a very, very long day.

I heard a noise behind us and turned to see James gazing at me with hooded eyes as he unbuckled his belt. Étienne took in the scene with fascination and excitement, unable to do anything but watch. God, but he looked gorgeous there on the cross.

I turned back to Sebastian and saw that his eyes were fixed on Étienne as well, no doubt reminiscing about our night in Montréal and imagining how this evening would end. I soon got his attention by wresting open his pants and taking his cock in my mouth.

He groaned as I savored his familiar taste and texture, enjoying our exhibitionism. As I sucked I pulled his pants and underwear down, taking a quick break to get them off and getting back to work as soon as he was naked. Suddenly I felt hands come around my waist and start undoing my pants.

Well, hello. I knew you wouldn't be able to resist for long.

James pulled my pants off while I worked Sebastian. I felt his hands on my ass, stroking and playing with my butt cheeks. He slapped me hard, making me yelp with Sebastian's cock

deep in my throat. He did it again, enjoying my reaction. He spread my cheeks and I felt his tongue on me in that intimate place.

Both Étienne and I groaned loudly. The bindings rattled as the young man struggled.

James laughed, replacing his tongue with an insistent finger, then two, as I gasped on Sebastian's cock.

"Such a tight ass, even after all these years and all the things we've put up it," he murmured, prodding me roughly as I tried to concentrate. I glanced up and saw Sebastian watching James' actions. I doubled my efforts on his cock but that only made James more determined to distract me.

He used his mouth again, the rough stubble of his threeday beard giving a nice counterpoint to the silky softness of his tongue. He spread me wide and laved me eagerly as I made little sounds of pleasure to accompany Sebastian's moans.

We did this for a long time, James alternating his fingers and his tongue in my ass while I worked Sebastian's balls and cock, until the three of us were in quite a state.

Then Sebastian turned over onto his back. "Fuck me," he said, "Please."

I reached for the bottle of lube on the bedside table and slicked him up. Then I pushed my hard cock into him, enjoying his gasps and the way his face looked on penetration—flushed and vulnerable and beautiful.

James had stopped his teasing and now sat beside us, watching us couple. He liked to watch us together, it was one of his favorite things, he said. He stroked his cock and ran his fingers lightly along my bottom, sending shivers through me even as I pounded Sebastian.

"Okay, that's enough."

I didn't pay attention until he gave me a wicked slap on the rear and repeated himself. "Enough. Stop, Tate."

Reluctantly, I pulled my cock out of Sebastian and flinched as the cold air hit it.

James gazed at me, gesturing to Étienne. "You were last in Montréal. How would you like to be first tonight?"

Oh, fuck yes.

"Okay," I said, getting up to help James reposition our giftboy.

"Let's bring him down here," James said, nodding to the foot of the bed. "It worked well in Montréal."

We made Étienne kneel over the huge bed at the foot, his upper body laid out upon it, arms stretched out, head to one side.

James took the lube and squirted some into his hand. Instead of using it on Étienne's ready ass he smoothed it over his own erection.

"I thought I was first?" I said, confused.

He smiled languorously. "You fuck Étienne while I fuck Sebastian." He handed me the lube.

All right then. No problem.

As I prepared Étienne's sweet hole for my dick, James made Sebastian kneel at the bedside in plain view. Since Sebastian had already been loosened up, James thrust into him with little preamble, a move both of us were used to by now. Sebastian cried out at the suddenness of the invasion but I knew how good it felt to be claimed that way. He moaned, "James," as the man in question began to fuck him in earnest.

Étienne made a noise and I could see him waiting for me.

I positioned myself and pushed in gently, as I watched my two boyfriends fucking beside us.

Dammit, it felt so good. Knowing that I could come in Étienne's gorgeous ass—in fact, that that was the whole point of the evening since Étienne wanted us all to fill him—made me that much hornier.

Once I began to move within him Étienne became louder. He made no secret of the fact that he loved to get fucked and that he loved to be the vessel of someone else's passion. He moaned and gasped and swore in French as I fucked him, his eyes on James and Sebastian as they rutted.

"My blue-eyed boy," James said in a husky, lust-filled voice.

"How does my cock feel?"

"Good, Sir. Good, oh Sir," Sebastian muttered, his eyes squeezed shut.

"Do you like it when I pound you?"

"Yes, Sir! So much, Sir."

"Will you let me cage you tomorrow, after you come tonight?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Please, Sir."

“Then we can spend a week or so teasing you, me and Tate, right? Until you’re so horny you feel like you’ll explode. But you won’t because your dick will be trapped. So you won’t get any satisfaction until we decide you’ve earned it.”

Sebastian moaned in pleasure.

“And when we decide you’ve earned it, we’ll take that cage off, that cage that will be covered in pre-cum from days of torment, and we’ll give you what you want, what you need, and it will be so good, won’t it, Sebastian?”

“Yessssss,” he gasped, “Fuck, yes.”

Over the past few years, Sebastian had developed a real love for chastity play and James seemed intent on improving Sebastian’s ability to remain caged for extended periods. A week was nothing. That was just fooling around. James caged the poor kid for a month one time and I thought he might go mad, but he refused to use his safe word. When we finally let him out of the contraption he came five times over the space of two hours and fell at James’ feet in gratitude at the end of it. I can’t say I’d ever enjoy something that extreme but Sebastian seemed to revel in the self-denying aspect of it. And hell, I had to admit, it was fun to be able to use him at a whim and come inside that sweet little ass while he moaned, panted and became progressively hornier to no immediate end. I’d found my own little sadistic streak.

Living with James was rubbing off on me.

Thinking about this while watching James brutally fuck Sebastian and feeling Étienne’s tight hole around my dick, meant it didn’t take me long to come. I emptied into the young man with deep grunts and satisfied murmurs, as Sebastian moaned in pleasure and James looked on approvingly.

Étienne groaned loudly as I pumped him a few more times before withdrawing. I couldn’t resist and spread him to see my juices ooze out slightly.

“Oh, fuck yes,” I said. “Dibs on his ass when we’re all done.”

“All right, Tate. We know how much you love to play with it,” James replied indulgently. “But it’s Sebastian’s turn.”

James withdrew from Sebastian and let him get up. Sebastian and I kissed as I rubbed some lube onto his cock.

“And lube your own ass because it’s mine for the next little while,” James instructed.

Ah crap. Being fucked hard in the ass is not so much fun right after you've climaxed. But it was James' birthday and, hell, I pretty much always did what he wanted anyway.

As I watched Sebastian enter Étienne I lubed up my ass good and ready for James' big cock, then positioned myself beside the bed. Instead of fucking me right off as I'd expected, James fingered me slowly as we both watched Étienne and Sebastian. I appreciated this because it didn't take too long for the desire and lust to gather in my gut once more and I felt my dick begin to harden again. By the time James entered me Sebastian was about to come and I really wanted that fullness and pressure inside me.

While we watched Sebastian climax and listened to Étienne's groans of pleasure, James fucked me gently with a regular rhythm.

"What a lovely birthday present you've given me, Tate," he murmured in my ear as he leaned over me. "Three gorgeous boys on a platter. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Sir," I said, my eyes fixed on the other men.

Sebastian kept moving inside Étienne while the seed of two men squeezed out his ass around Sebastian's cock.

"Fuck!" I swore, loving the sight of it.

"That is incredibly hot, Sebastian, but I need to come very soon," James said, his voice tight. "Tate is doing me in," he said.

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said with a tired smile as he withdrew and moved aside, "He's all yours."

James kissed the back of my neck as he pulled out and walked over to Étienne. He gazed down at Étienne's ass, wet with lube and escaping semen.

"Shall I fuck you now, Étienne?" James asked.

"Oui! Ah, oui!"

"You're a greedy little bugger aren't you? Not satisfied with the essence of two men?"

Étienne groaned, completely enjoying the experience, and shook his head back and forth.

"You want mine too?" James said.

"Oui, oui," he nodded frantically.

James reached out and took Étienne's left hand from where it lay on the white coverlet. He brought it down and rubbed Étienne's own fingers in the spunk on his ass. Étienne made a strangled noise as his fingers trembled in James' grasp.



“Feel how wet you are with it,” James murmured. “How much pleasure you’ve given us.”

He released Étienne’s hand and let it fall away, as Étienne moaned, “Please fuck me, Sir. Fuck me now. Maintenant!” his voice desperate and harsh.

James smiled and positioned himself, rubbing the head of his cock in the wetness before slipping inside, all the way, deep as possible.

He hovered over the young man, his mouth at Étienne’s ear.

What he whispered to him as he fucked him we couldn’t tell, but we could guess by the boy’s reaction. Étienne became more and more agitated, writhing under James’ passionate assault until, with an uncharacteristic quietness,

James stilled deep. His eyes squeezed closed, he came for what seemed like a long time, moving gently to finish and seemingly ignoring the involuntary movement of the boy underneath him.

Now Étienne muttered a string of unintelligible French as James slowly withdrew and beckoned me over.

I fell to my knees in time to watch James’ slick cock slide out of Étienne’s ass along with a huge amount of gooey come. I pushed my fingers in deep, watching more semen ooze out and slide down Étienne’s inner thigh.

James let me play for a time before making me suck Étienne’s cock until he came. Then Sebastian and I fucked each other while they watched—a fantastic end to an extraordinary day.

### Chapter Three

#### *Send Off*

The following morning I awoke early. As memories flooded back from the previous evening I yawned, stretched and listened to the surrounding silence of the house. Except it wasn't silent.

I was in the former guest room with Sebastian since we'd elected to let James and Étienne enjoy some private time together. This was essentially our room now anyway. We liked having our own space sometimes.

Sneaking out of bed carefully in order not to disturb Sebastian, I stepped out into the hall as the noises coming from James' room became louder. I stood and listened to the sound of Étienne's voice pleading huskily, "James, oooh, James..."

Unable to resist my curiosity I moved closer to the room. The door was closed so I pressed my ear against it, heart beating fast, imagination running rampant. I knew in general what they were up to, but what exactly were they doing in there?

I heard grunting, panting and a whispered, "Quiet," from James when Étienne cried out, and I couldn't stand it. I knocked on the door.

The sounds stopped. After a few moments James, naked, opened the door.

"Good morning."

"How good?" I said looking past him to where Étienne lay hog-tied on one side of the big bed, his bulging cock wrapped in thin white ropes. This time he had a blindfold on. "Oh. I see."

"Would you like to join us?"

"I was going to suggest we all go to brunch but that can definitely wait."

"Good. Anyway, it's only nine thirty. We have lots of time. But Étienne has to go back on the three o'clock train so," he shrugged and looked at the boy over his shoulder. "He's lucky I let him sleep."

"Un huh," I said, moving into the room and shucking my boxer briefs before I crawled onto the bed and over to Étienne.

"Good morning," I said, kissing the rosy tip of his cock in its beautiful restraints. "Did you sleep well, Étienne?"

"Oui. Yes, thank you," he said, chest heaving with excitement.

“That’s good,” I said, twirling my tongue on his cock where I could get at it between the ropes. “James has you trussed up well, I see.”

“Yes.”

“He’s nothing if not efficient. I see he’s plugged you as well.” Étienne sighed.

“The big stainless one with the three big balls. He took it with quite a bit of grace,” James said.

“Oooh, that one. That must feel really good, hmmm?” Étienne moaned.

I glanced at James who shrugged with a satisfied air.

“So, what now?” I asked.

“Well, since you’re here,” he said, gathering up another length of white rope and regarding me with a predatory look.

“You want to tie me up as well?”

“I need to practice my knots,” he said innocently.

“Riiiiiiight.”

“Come over here.”

“What do you have in mind?”

“You’ll see.”

Obviously, I wasn’t gonna get anything out of him. “Fine.”

Soon he had me trussed up like Étienne, but without the plug. When I asked about it he said he wanted all access.

“Naturally.”

He didn’t blindfold me and I was grateful, because I wanted to see what he would do to Étienne. My cock bulged now in the soft ropes that James had wrapped it with, hard from the sensation of his skilled fingers. James positioned me so that I could see Étienne then lay down behind the other man and began to caress him.

Étienne sighed at this tender treatment, writhing in his bindings when James’ hand slid into a sensitive place. James took his time, knowing that the longer he spent, the more excited Étienne and I became.

After awhile, he began to concentrate his caresses between the other man’s ass cheeks. He rubbed him there, avoiding the handle of the plug for a time, teasing him. When he took the handle and rocked the plug back and forth, Étienne let out a quiet sound.

After long moments of this, James slowly and carefully pulled the first large steel ball out of Étienne, swirling the plug around, making the man grunt and groan.

The pitch of Étienne's voice went up almost an octave while James pulled the next ball slowly out, stretching the young man wide. When he pulled the last ball out, Étienne moaned and shuddered. I watched, transfixed, as my cock leaked moisture onto its pretty white ropes.

James carefully reinserted the entire plug and began removing the ropes around Étienne's cock. Then he positioned me so I had direct access to the young man's freed cock and watched me suck and lick it while he sat back and stroked his own erection leisurely.

Étienne gasped and swore in French as I sucked him off, finally climaxing with a garbled yell and a full body convulsion that lasted several long moments. I swallowed his come like a good little slave and let his cock slide out of my mouth.

"Mmmm, tasty," James said, kissing me full on the lips, licking the inside of my mouth to savor the salty fluid. I moaned, opening my mouth to his probing tongue.

James left Étienne in his bindings and shifted closer to me. I felt the cold tip of the lube bottle sneak between my cheeks, even slipping inside my ass as James squeezed. I wondered what he had planned.

"James," I said hastily. "This isn't the best position for fisting."

"I know. I'll untie you first. But you need warming up, so this will do for now."

I gulped, excited and a little nervous. Every time James fisted me he made me love it more, but it also made me feel so vulnerable, so open, so...his...that I couldn't take it lightly.

Sebastian still had no interest in the activity except to watch James do it to me. He would be sad he missed it this morning.

My breaths came quicker as James started fingering me. He began slowly and gently, teasing my sphincter into obedience. I felt it relax slowly as he entered me with one finger, then two, then one again, then two again, then three, then back to two, then back to one. Like those climbers on Mount Everest, climbing from Base Camp to Camp One, then back to Base Camp, then back to Camp One, onward to Camp Two, then back down, etc. At least we didn't need oxygen. Although at the rate I was breathing it might have come in handy.

Every time James added a finger, I knew it was a prelude to sticking his whole hand inside me—a feeling exquisite, raw and so very intimate. He would literally become my puppeteer, controlling me from the inside with delicate movements and positioning of his hand. So exciting

and frightening at the same time, it felt incredibly good when done right. James always did it right.

I had attained an almost trancelike state when he withdrew his fingers and undid the ropes holding me in that awkward position.

“On your back now,” he said, voice husky with need.

I obeyed, spreading my legs as much as I could as James quickly wiped his hand with a damp cloth and yanked open a dresser drawer, grabbing a blue glove from the box. Our eyes met as he put it on his right hand. With his left he slipped off Étienne’s blindfold.

“You’ll want to see this.”

Étienne must have been sore, having been hog tied for awhile, but he didn’t complain. He squinted in the bright daylight that streamed in the big window as I felt James’ gloved fingers applying even more lube.

He began the entire process again, but moved more quickly up to four fingers. I closed my eyes and consciously relaxed my whole body, letting him take over. I again fell into a sort of trance as he gently probed me with most of his hand for a long time.

Slowly, as if hearing through water, I became aware of footsteps and a muttered curse.

My eyes flew open. They immediately locked on Sebastian as my ass clenched involuntarily.

“Shhh,” James said but motioned him over. “Easy,” he said to me, waiting for me to relax again before picking up where he’d left off.

Sebastian shucked his undies and kneeled down on the floor beside where my head lay on the bed. He leaned forward, nuzzling me and began to stroke my arms gently in the same rhythm that James resumed with his hand.

I let myself fall into the trance again, the two people I trusted most in the world looking after me.

Finally, I felt James slowly and very carefully insert his entire hand into me. I groaned at the sudden and complete fullness. I felt Sebastian’s hot breath on my ear as he watched and I opened my eyes and tilted my head back, searching. Our eyes met as he smiled, his face flushed. I smiled back, then closed my eyes again as James slowly fisted his hand and rocked it against my prostate.

“Fuck! Oh, fuck!” I groaned, whimpering with the pleasure and spreading my legs wider. The intimacy of being fucked by my Master’s entire hand made me weak with desire.

He repeated the motion, again and again, watching me groan and sweat beneath him.

My cock stood hard and erect. I felt a drop of pre-ejaculate hit my stomach as James moved his fist back and forth, twisting his wrist skillfully.

“Pinch his nipples,” he said to Sebastian, his voice breathless and sharp with desire.

As soon as Sebastian touched my nipples I felt the orgasm coil inside me. My legs stiffened, I cried out loudly and came in spurts as James rocked my prostate with his fist. I kept coming until it seemed I would never stop. Tears leaked from my eyes in sympathy with my spurting cock.

“My boy, sweet boy,” James murmured. He eased up as my powerful orgasm slowly subsided.

I couldn’t speak as Sebastian peppered my face with kisses and Étienne muttered a reverent, “Mon Dieu.”

§ § §

With the morning sunlight shining in from the bedroom, Étienne and I relaxed in the jetted tub while we watched James and Sebastian jerk each other off under the warm water of the double shower, their wet flesh trembling and flushing with effort and pleasure. It was a scene worthy of a classy porn studio and I almost felt like applauding when they finished.

§ § §

Over brunch at The Royal Oak we laughed and chatted like old friends. We’d never sat down to a meal with Étienne before.

He turned out to be as charming in the real world as in our sexual fantasies. His English had improved dramatically which he attributed to a new anglophone boyfriend.

We asked him what his boyfriend thought about his stints with men like us, and he admitted he didn’t do it often anymore.

He hadn’t been with anyone but his boyfriend in over a year. His boyfriend approved his visit with us when he saw the test results we had scanned and emailed, and found out we were a well-established threesome committed to each other.

Never one to deny his curiosity about all things sexual, James asked how Étienne managed to satisfy his unusual cravings with his boyfriend. Apparently, they had a hose they could attach

to the showerhead, which his boyfriend would use to fill him with warm water and then fuck him. Not quite the same mentally as being filled by multiple men, it was a similar physical sensation and often more intense.

James and I exchanged a glance. We were thinking the same thing. It might be something for the three of us to try at home.

After we paid we drove Étienne to the train station.

“Merci,” he said as we hugged him goodbye. “I loved it. You are all...how do I say...beautiful, passionate and kind. I will remember this always and think about it many, many times. Beaucoup des temps. Ciao.”

“Goodbye, Étienne,” James said, kissing him warmly on the lips. “I can honestly say that you were the best present anyone’s ever given me. And that’s twice now.”

“Thank you for agreeing to come,” I said, giving Étienne a kiss and hug.

He grinned. “I think if I hadn’t agreed you would have made me come anyway,” Étienne replied cleverly, pleased with his ability to play with another language.

Étienne ruffled Sebastian’s blond hair playfully, kissing him gently. “Mon ami.”

As we walked back to the car, leaving Étienne speaking to his boyfriend on his phone, James thanked Sebastian and me for the surprise party at the restaurant and the surprise party at home.

“Nobody has ever spent so much time coordinating something to please me,” he admitted. “You’ve touched me deeply.”

§ § §

As promised, James put the chastity device on Sebastian before we went to bed. He made him sleep in the master bedroom so he could fuck him a couple of times in the night. It was all part of the degradation that Sebastian expected and craved.

I, however, was quite happy to sleep deeply and peacefully stretched out in our bed by myself. It was nice to have my own space sometimes.

The first part of the week passed uneventfully. Now a junior executive in the advertising firm with about five people working under me, I had more responsibility and much more enjoyment in my job. I did have to work late on occasion and sometimes travel, so it was a comfort to know Sebastian had James at home when I wasn’t there. That was a definite benefit to being a threesome. I didn’t feel totally responsible for one person’s happiness.

By Thursday we had fallen into the usual rhythm of our workweek. Since Sebastian worked from home, he kept the condo tidy and did most of the laundry. We had a cleaning service come in once a week but there were a few things that needed doing in the meantime. James and I took turns cooking supper, since we both enjoyed that. In the evenings Sebastian and I liked to either play videogames in the basement or watch TV in the living room with James reading a book or listening to music on his headphones.

We were all in the living room when James' phone buzzed insistently from its charger on the bookcase.

"Hello?" he said as he pressed the answer button and held it to his ear. He was silent for several moments but he didn't hang up. "Freddy, slow down, I'm not sure what you're telling me."

We waited, muting the TV because James sounded very serious.

"Oh no. Okay. Which hospital? I'll be there as soon as I can." He listened for a few moments. "It's all right, Freddy. It'll be all right. Okay, goodbye."

We gazed with concern at James



## Chapter Four

### *Montréal*

“Oh no,” Sebastian exclaimed, standing up.

“What happened?” I asked, doing the same.

“Heart attack. That’s all I know. I’m driving to Montreal tonight. Freddy’s in quite a state.”

Sebastian and I followed as he went upstairs to his bedroom, grabbing his suitcase out of the closet on the way. He threw it on the bed and started to grab things from his drawers.

“I’ll go with you,” I said.

James shook his head. “Don’t be ridiculous. Freddy needs me but neither of us will be able to do anything but wait and watch.”

“Are you sure? I can call in and take a personal day tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Tate, but I’ll be fine. I’ll call you when I get to Patrice’s place.”

When he’d finished packing, he called and left a message for his subordinate to handle things at work until he returned. Before he left he took something out of his pocket and handed it to me.

It was the key to Sebastian’s chastity cage.

“Use your judgment. Don’t keep him in it too much longer.”

“Okay.”

“Thank you,” Sebastian added, blushing. “I’m glad you remembered.”

“Hmmm, on the other hand,” James held out his hand, but winked as Sebastian went a bit pale. “Just kidding.”

The moment of levity lightened things up but I knew James was very worried.

§ § §

As promised, James called a couple of hours later to let us know he’d arrived safely at Patrice and Freddy’s home in Mont Royal.

On the weekend, Sebastian and I caught up on the laundry and the cleaning that we’d not been able to accomplish the previous weekend because of a distraction named Étienne. Things felt very strange without James around.

Early Sunday evening, as we finished supper, he called again.

Sebastian was still eating so I answered.

“Tate. How are you and Sebastian?”

“We’re fine. How are things there?”

James sighed. “Well, Patrice is not very well, but he’s out of immediate danger. They’re scheduling bypass surgery for Tuesday morning.”

“Oh, wow. Do they think he’ll be okay?”

“If the surgery goes well he should recover fully, but it will take awhile, and he’ll have to look after himself.”

“How’s Freddy doing?”

“He’s a wreck, frankly. Unfortunately the attack happened during an intimate moment and poor Freddy...he thought he’d killed him.”

“Oh God.”

“Yes. Well, his nerves haven’t quite recovered yet.”

“Maybe you could take him to a movie or something? Get his mind off things.”

“I thought of that, but he’s really not interested in anything but sitting by Patrice in the hospital. I’ve tried to get him to come back to the house with me but he won’t leave Patrice’s side. They’ve brought a cot in for him.”

“Oh man.” I imagined how I’d feel if James were in hospital recovering from a heart attack, or from something else. I could totally see both of us reacting in a similar way to Freddy. “So you’re alone at the house?”

“Yes. And I miss you both terribly. How’s Sebastian?”

I glanced at the handsome young man finishing his chicken. “He’s pretty desperate to get that cage off.”

“He’s still in it? Tate, you’re worse than I am. This was just for fun, not a serious chastity challenge. Give him the phone.”

“Okay.”

“Hello,” Sebastian said into the phone. “No. Yes. Un huh. Yes! Here, he wants to talk to you,” Sebastian said, handing me the phone and shoving his plate forward. He headed upstairs.

“What was that about?” I asked James.

“Follow him and get the key. Keep me on the phone.”

“Yes, Sir. Geez, I never knew you had this much power from so far away.”

“Never underestimate me.” After a few moments he asked, “Are you in my bedroom yet?”

“Yes.”

“What’s Sebastian doing?”

“Stripping.”

“Good. Do you have the key?”

“How about that, it’s right here in my pocket.”

“Now, I have a pretty good idea what he wants after a week of chastity, so you are going to do what I tell you. Plus I need to get my mind off what’s going on over here and entertain myself for half an hour.”

“Okay,” I said, laughing.

“This is no laughing matter, Tate. Sebastian’s dignity is at stake. Is he naked?”

I looked Sebastian up and down, licking my lips. “Uh huh.”

Sebastian had taken off all his clothes and now lay on his back on the big bed. His cock looked sad and small in its little cage.

“Put one of the rubber plugs in his ass and give him a nice paddling. But give him the phone because I want to talk to him while you’re doing that. When he’s nice and warmed up, get him to roll over and unlock the cage—leave the plug in obviously. Then you can jerk him off while he holds the phone and talks to me. If I can’t be the one doing it, I want to be listening to it.”

“All righty,” I replied, admiring the genius of it. I handed the phone to Sebastian. “Here.”

“Yes, Sir,” he said after a minute, rolling onto his stomach and spreading his legs. “Okay. Yeah. Sure.”

While they were on the phone I went up to the loft and got a plug and a small paddle. I took them back to the bedroom and got down to business.

Sebastian gave James a play-by-play. “Yes...he’s doing it...right now. Oh fuck,” Sebastian moaned as he spread his legs even further apart to allow the plug entry. “Yes. I know. God, James, yes! Fuck. Yes. Like a huge torpedo’s inside me. Good. Fucking, so good. James. I need to come soon.”

While I watched, Sebastian began to groan and rock his ass back and forth, every once in awhile murmuring a soft, “Yes,” or an, “Un huh,” into the phone. Thank goodness his cock was still caged. James could probably talk a man to orgasm over the phone.

I tapped his thigh with the leather paddle to get his attention.

He looked at me, his eyes lidded, his face flushed. He nodded and spoke into the phone. “He’s got the paddle. Yes. No. Um, six? Okay, ten. No. Not really. Yes, Sir. I’ll tell him.” He looked at me again. “He wants you to give me fifteen.”

“I was planning to give you twenty,” I said in a loud voice so James could hear me.

Sebastian moaned and listened to James on the phone. “I know. Okay.” He turned to me again. “He says to give me twenty,” he said in a quavering voice.

“Don’t worry, I’ll start off gentle.”

He nodded. “Whatever. Just do it quick so I can get this cage off and come on your face.”

“Sassy,” I commented, bringing the paddle down on his smart ass.

He grunted. I hit him again.

“Count, Sebastian.”

“One.”

“Actually, that’s two but we can go with one.”

I paddled him steadily as he counted to ten.

Breathless and obviously in some pain by then, James kept him talking. When we got to fifteen, Sebastian began to gasp and cry out. We were almost done.

Five more hits as I made sure to nudge the plug forward, making him groan loudly.

Finally I was done. “Turn over,” I said huskily.

He obeyed, lying on the soft coverlet with the phone to his ear.

“Oh my God, James, fuck!” he moaned into the phone. “I fucking can’t stand it, oh fuck.”

I could just imagine what James said to him—naughty, dirty things to make his imagination run wild and his blood run hot.

I took the key and lay down on the bed between Sebastian’s legs holding it up with a sadistic grin for a few moments to prolong the anticipation. When I finally inserted it into the tiny lock he could barely contain himself.

“Hurry up, hurry up, oh, fuck, Tate.”

As I lifted the soaked polycarbonate cage off his cock, the abused appendage inflated like a party balloon.

“Oh my God. I’m so fucking excited.” He closed his eyes as his cock swayed, free and fully engorged. “Oh fuck, James, I wish you were here,” he moaned, his legs unable to stay still as he tried to control himself. “I know, I know.”

Sitting up on the bed between Sebastian's spread legs I took the bottle of lube, pouring some into my hand. I took my time rubbing my hands together, spreading it over them both, as he watched and waited. Finally, I circled his cock, stroking hard.

He cried out and dropped the phone, letting his head fall back against the pillows. His cock pulsed in my hand as I continued.

"Oh my God. Oh fuck, I'm coming, I'm COMING!"

And come he did, shooting streams of white straight up in the air while his body contracted and released in ecstatic spasms.

"FUCK! Fuck! Fuck!" he moaned as he kept coming, writhing beneath me as I milked his cock. "Oh fuck, I can't stop, I'm still coming," he moaned, his body jerking involuntarily as the orgasm continued.

I loved to see him like this, abandoned to such intense pleasure, his wet cock in my hand, his spunk dripping over my knuckles, painting his belly and thighs. He let out another deep groan and sighed contentedly as his body slowly relaxed. "Oh my God."

I wiped my hands on a towel and grabbed the phone from where Sebastian had dropped it.

"Did you hear that?" I asked James.

"Fuck yes. It was wonderful. I can just imagine how it looked."

"No, you can't."

"Good night, lovely boy. I'll call tomorrow. Sleep tight. Tell Sebastian good night for me."

"I think he's already asleep."

§ § §

James stayed in Montreal for two weeks, helping Freddy get through Patrice's bypass operation. The surgery went extremely well and Patrice was able to go home after a few days, with strict instructions for lots of rest and no excitement. Freddy didn't have a job so was able to look after his lover, a task he took on with much energy and compassion. He was determined to have Patrice completely well by Christmas.

Glad to have James back with us, we fell easily into old routines.

Two months passed uneventfully. We kept in touch with Freddy and Patrice by phone and were pleased that everything seemed fine and Patrice was feeling much better. They had resumed their regular activities, except for sex.

James said that after what had happened, and even though the doctors had given Patrice the go-ahead for sex, Freddy was terrified of another heart attack occurring and couldn't seem to bear the possibility that sex might trigger it again. This was causing a lot of tension in their relationship, obviously. James spoke to Freddy at length and tried to convince him everything would be okay, as long as they didn't engage in any serious or intense BDSM for a little while. It made sense to gradually work back up to that sort of thing. Patrice felt frustrated and understandably saddened that his partner didn't want to make love to him. He understood Freddy's feelings to a point but James didn't think he fully realized how frightening the experience had been.

We decided it might be a good idea to visit Patrice and Freddy in Montreal for the weekend. But we'd stay in a hotel so we didn't stress Freddy out even more.

We drove up late evening on a Friday—James didn't want to get stuck in rush-hour traffic in Montreal. He took his own car while Sebastian rode with me in my car, just like old times. James had to be back to work on Monday, but I was able to get Monday and Tuesday off, and Sebastian didn't have any contract work due for a couple of weeks.

We stayed at a luxury hotel at the foot of Mont Royal, with modern furnishings and floor-to-ceiling windows. Once again, James was able to use his contacts to score us a great deal. After settling in to our suite, we met Patrice and Freddy for a late supper at their favorite restaurant.

A small upscale eatery on Boulevard Saint Laurent in the Mile End neighborhood, Lawrence had become a popular spot for brunch and dinner, best known for their pork dishes, with trotter (pig feet) being a popular menu item. James and Patrice ordered this delicacy, the rest of us too young and not adventurous enough to commit to it. Sebastian and I ordered the pork chop, which seemed a safer choice. Freddy had the sea urchin linguine.

All our dishes arrived on beautiful china tableware, which made it seem like we were eating at Grandma's. Everything, even the pig's feet, looked delicious, and the smells! My mouth started to water as the food arrived at the table.

Truthfully, I had never eaten a pork chop that tasted like this.

Never. I even became brave enough to try a bit of the trotter off James' fork, and I have to say it was pretty good. Sebastian had a bit of Freddy's linguine and apparently it was amazing too.

“I’m so glad you decided to pay us a visit, James,” Patrice said happily as he put his knife and fork down and picked up his wine.

“It’s so lovely to see the three of you.”

“Well, it’s a nice excuse for a weekend away,” James said. “And the boys wanted to see for themselves that you were all right.”

Patrice rolled his eyes. “I’m fine. I’m wonderful. I’ve never felt better.” He touched Freddy affectionately on the arm. “Freddy is taking very good care of me.”

Freddy snorted. “Still can’t get you to stop eating meat.”

Patrice shuddered. “What’s the point of living if you can’t eat a pig’s foot once in awhile?”

I laughed as Freddy rolled his eyes.

“I don’t know, old man. But I want you with me for at least another twenty years, so you’d better behave yourself.”

Patrice looked at James and raised his eyebrows. “It’s interesting how quickly the dynamics can change in a relationship when one evinces the slightest bit of vulnerability. Or should I say, mortality?”

James grinned. “I’m sure you can paddle it out of him.”

Freddy gave James a look and Patrice shrugged. “I can’t get him in the playroom for the life of me these days,” he said, with a sad expression and a tired smile. “I think he doesn’t want me to excite myself.”

“Excuse me,” Freddy said, standing up and walking to the rest room.

“I’m sorry,” James said to Patrice. “I shouldn’t have made that comment.”

“It’s something we need to talk about. Not talking about it isn’t going to help anyone.”

“He’s worried you’ll have another attack,” Sebastian said.

Patrice nodded. “Oh, I know that. The doctors all said it was simply coincidence that it happened when it did. It could have happened while I was going to the toilet or collecting the morning paper.”

“Excuse me,” Sebastian said, standing. “I need to go to the washroom too.”

“Sure,” I said. Sebastian had the bladder of an elephant—I was pretty sure he didn’t actually need to piss.

James, Patrice, and I got onto another topic and when the others returned to the table we decided to head back to the hotel.

We were tired after a full workday and the drive. They invited us to their place for brunch the next day and James said we would bring the food, not to worry about preparing anything.

“James, I’m not an invalid. I can make scrambled eggs and pancakes,” Patrice protested, seeming rather offended. “And Freddy can -- “

James cleared his throat. “Freddy is quite busy already and we don’t want you to have to lift a finger for us. We’ll pick up some fresh bread and fruit at the market, and Tate or I can whip us up some eggs.”

Patrice held up a hand. “Fine, fine. If you insist.”

“You know I always do,” James said, giving Patrice a smile that would melt an ice princess.

§ § §

Back at the hotel we decided to share the big bed, squeezing in close together. It was nice and reminded me of hanging out in James’ bed when we first started living together. Those first few months of renewed passion and connection had been very precious.

Perhaps those memories had something to do with the leisurely three-way lovemaking that spontaneously occurred when we awoke in the morning. Of course, three attractive gay men waking up together with morning wood was a fairly reliable recipe for sex.

I think James secretly felt quite attracted to Freddy and would have liked to fuck him as hard as he did Sebastian and me that morning, but he never would, since Patrice was his good friend and that would just be asking for trouble. So he took his lust out on us in various interesting ways.

Later we showered, dressed, and drove to the market, arriving at Patrice and Freddy’s mansion a little after twelve.



## Chapter Five

### *Performance*

I'd forgotten how impressive Patrice and Freddy's Mont Royal mansion was, and when James steered us up the circular drive the memories of the fetish party here many years ago came back to me. It had been December then, close to Christmas, and snow had coated the huge lawn. Now, in October, colored leaves covered the grass.

Freddy answered our ring and gave us each a warm hug.

I supposed the awkwardness of the previous day had been forgiven. He led us into the kitchen where Patrice was brewing a fresh pot of coffee.

"Hello, my friends!" Patrice said, putting down the grinder and welcoming us as warmly as Freddy had done.

The kitchen was modern and bright, although separate from the formal dining room that we'd eaten in five years previously. A large harvest table set casually for four sat by a window that overlooked the huge backyard. The pool had been covered—no doubt closed for the season.

We sorted out the food we'd brought—smoked salmon, croissants, fresh bread and fruit—and James made his special French toast. By the time we sat down at the table I was starving.

After brunch Patrice and James retired to the living room to chat.

Freddy took us downstairs to the game room—essentially, his own private space, since Patrice, like James, scoffed at video games. He obviously wanted Freddy to be happy though, as evidenced by the gigantic TV, surround sound, and PS4 system with all the latest games.

"You can't even get him to play Rock Band?" I asked, checking out the drum kit and guitar.

Freddy laughed. "Not until they include a violin or a cello. You guys wanna play?"

"Sure," Sebastian said eagerly. "I call guitar."

"What do you want, Freddy?"

"I'll sing. You can have drums."

"Cool."

Freddy selected the song—"The Show Must Go On" by Queen—and we began. I hadn't played in years and found it tricky to pick up at first, but Sebastian got into it immediately.

Then Freddy started to sing. We both missed a few beats while we stared at him, openmouthed.

Freddy sounded so much like Mercury it was hard to believe.

He belted out the lyrics in the same sweet but powerful tone while we scrambled to keep up. I felt shivers go up my spine. He was incredible.

When it ended he acted like everything was normal, flipping through the selections to look for another song.

“Holy shit, I had no idea you could sing like that!” I exclaimed.

“Me neither,” Sebastian echoed.

Freddy turned to us with a cute little smile and said, “How do you think I got my nickname?”

“We thought your name was Frederick,” Sebastian said.

He laughed. “Nope. Patrice just likes to call me that when I’m naughty.”

“So Freddy isn’t your real name?” I asked.

He shook his head. “My real name is Robert but I’ve always hated it. People started calling me Freddy in high school and it just kind of stuck.”

“No kidding,” I said, amazed. It was crazy we’d known him as long as we had, yet were unaware of this salient fact.

We ran through all the Queen songs we could find and then played some modern songs from Ski Patrol and Kings of Leon.

Luckily our skills improved quickly so we could somewhat approach the professionalism of Freddy’s wicked vocals.

Finally, we had to take a break and rest. We all collapsed on the large sectional sofa.

“That was fun,” Sebastian said. “We don’t have this at our place. James probably wouldn’t approve anyway.”

“Doesn’t he like music?”

“Not really pop or rock. He likes jazz and classical mostly, like Patrice.” I explained.

Freddy made a face.

“I know, but it’s starting to grow on me. It’s nice as background music for...well, anyway,” I laughed. We all knew what I meant.

Sebastian laughed. “That’s probably why we’re starting to like it. Positive association?”

“Yup,” I nodded. “The guy is more devious than I’d thought.”

Freddy appeared quiet and slightly uncomfortable. Usually he liked to joke about sex and all the crazy things he and Patrice got up to.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Well, no, not really.”

“James...told us what happened. I mean, how it happened.”

Freddy shook his head from side to side. “I don’t want to talk about it.” He got up from the sofa and went to the small fridge, opening it. “You guys want something to drink?”

“Sure. What’ve you got?”

“Beer, coolers, cider, Coke, Sprite, ginger ale.”

Freddy sat down again once he’d given us our drinks and opened a beer for himself.

We had to get him talking. If anyone could understand what he’d experienced, the two of us could. “James said he doesn’t think Patrice realizes how awful it was for you,” I started.

Freddy took a big gulp from his bottle and looked back and forth between us, considering. Then he sagged back against the cushions and looked up at the ceiling.

“You don’t even...I mean, it was beyond awful,” he said in a quiet voice. “He had me...he had me in ropes and gagged and he was actually fucking me when it happened. Fucking me. I heard him gasp and say my name, and at first I thought it was because he was, y’know, having fun and feeling good. Then he stopped and his voice sounded strangled. He was clutching his chest and the look on his face—it was this terrible grey color.”

Freddy put his hand up to cover his eyes, as if that way he could un-see it. I glanced at Sebastian but he was already moving.

He sat down beside Freddy.

“Oh, fuck, I thought he was gonna die and there was nothing I could do. I was in the fucking ropes! He was able to get the scissors, thank God, and he cut me loose, but it took some time and... y’know, he should have been calling 911 but he looked after me first.” Freddy grabbed Sebastian’s shirt, pulling him closer.

“Hey, it’s okay, it’s okay, Freddy.”

But Freddy shook his head. “It’s not, though. It’s not.”

“What do you mean?” Sebastian asked.

“Patrice is okay, though, right? The doctor said he was okay.”

I wanted to make sure.

Freddy nodded.

“But...you’re not okay?” I guessed.

Freddy nodded, wiping the moisture from his face and trying to get himself together. “I can’t...I can’t...I’m too scared to...”

“You’re too scared to have sex with him again.” Sebastian said.

“I can’t even...I mean, I start getting hard and then the fear and the panic and...I can’t. And Patrice thinks I don’t think he’s manly or something, or like I feel like he’s too old to fuck, or something. Which is ridiculous. I’m just too fucking scared that it’ll happen again and this time...” He looked at me with an incredible amount of fear in his eyes. “What if he dies? If he dies while he’s fucking me I’ll never forgive myself.”

We were silent for a bit.

Then I said, “Hell, any of us could get hit by a car tomorrow or have an aneurism or get cancer. You can’t stop loving him—loving him in all the ways you used to do it—because you’re worried he might die.”

“I just don’t want to take on that responsibility.”

“Patrice knows as much as you do about the risks of having another attack. But the doctor told you it’s okay to have sex again, right?”

He nodded. “Patrice didn’t exactly go into detail about the kind of sex he wants to have.”

“You mean, like, kinky?” I clarified.

“Yeah.”

Sebastian rubbed Freddy’s arm affectionately. “He wants to get right back into the bondage and stuff?”

“Well, yeah, I mean we both like it. Or we used to. But, when this happened, I felt so helpless, all tied up while he was suffering. I hated that feeling. It makes me sick to think about it.”

“Have you told Patrice about all this?” I asked.

“I tried to. But he doesn’t get it. I don’t know how he doesn’t, but he doesn’t. He just wants things to go back to the way they were.”

Sebastian and I looked at each other.

“Can we tell James what you said?” I asked. “He’ll know what to do.”

Freddy nodded. “Okay. Things are just, not good right now. We’re pretending everything’s just fine, but it’s not. Not by a long shot.”

“Want to play some more Rock Band?” Sebastian asked, to lighten things up a bit.

“Nah. But I’d love to have a look at some of the websites you’ve designed, Sebastian.”

“Sure.”

We went upstairs to Freddy’s bedroom and sat on his bed with his laptop. Sebastian showed us the latest websites he’d developed for different clients and Freddy was impressed.

I already knew what the man could do but it was great to see Freddy’s reaction. I made sure to point out the original logos and illustrations Sebastian had designed since he could be shy about showing off sometimes.

I wanted to speak to James so I excused myself and left the two of them Googling upcoming video game releases.

I found the man in question in the kitchen making a fresh pot of coffee, Patrice nowhere in sight.

“He’s having a lie down.”

“Is he okay?”

“He’s fine. But the doctor told him to rest when he could, especially when he’s going to be out and about.”

I nodded. “Can I talk to you about something?”

“Of course. Let me finish this and we can go and sit in the backyard. Where are the others?”

“Looking at videogames in Freddy’s room.”

When the coffee was ready, we took our cups out into the yard where a huge deck ran the length of the house. We sat down in a little conversation area fitted with comfortable chairs and a table, sipping our coffees in the chill October air, looking out at the forest of trees with red, yellow and gold leaves.

“Did you know Freddy’s name is really Robert?”

“What?”

I laughed. “I know. He’s got a voice like Freddy Mercury so apparently he got the nickname in high school. His real name is Robert.”

“No. Really?”

“I kid you not.”

“Well, isn’t that interesting.”

“Anyway, he is really messed up right now.” I told James what Freddy had related about the incident and how his fears were affecting their relationship.

“I suspected as much,” James said.

He sipped his coffee quietly for several moments, thinking.

“I’ll talk to Patrice because I think he should definitely not push the kink at this point.

There’s no reason they can’t get back to it but Freddy needs some gentle wooing and no pressure right now. It’s entirely possible that Freddy will never be comfortable with bondage again. But there is so much else they can still do. It’s just a matter of negotiating and having safety precautions in place.”

I played with my bootlace, not looking at James, my mind full of unwelcome thoughts. “I can’t help wondering how I’d feel in the same situation.”

“Thank goodness Patrice had the scissors nearby to cut Freddy out of those ropes. That’s a standard precautionary measure advised for anyone fooling about with bondage. There could be a fire, or an earthquake. Who knows? The point is, they were prepared and nothing terrible did happen.”

“But it still could have.”

“The point is, Patrice is alive, he’s horny, and he wants to make love to his boyfriend, who’s having a hard time getting back in the saddle. It will just take some delicate maneuvering that’s all.

And I’m glad we’re here to help.” He sipped some more coffee.

“I’ll speak to Patrice when he wakes up and let him know how Freddy’s feeling and what my suggestions would be.”

§ § §

Over dinner at another swanky Montreal eatery, just the three of us, James asked a provocative question.

“What’s the most benign form of sexual behavior you can think of—non-threatening, no-pressure, titillating, arousing, not necessarily leading to orgasm?”

“Masturbation?” Sebastian said.

James raised his eyebrows. “Ah, not “hands on” and yet immediate, and group dynamics are in play.”

“Voyeurism.” I said.

“Yes,” James confirmed. “Voyeurism is a completely legitimate form of sexual expression. Watching the sexual activity of other people is a great way to get the juices flowing, especially if there’s a reason a person isn’t ready to engage in sex fully themselves—a very low-risk but high-reward kind of activity.”

“Okay...”

“So, you mean, we’re gonna put on some kind of a show?” Sebastian asked.

James shook his head. “I thought it might work better if it happened more organically. Let’s say we all hang out downstairs and watch a movie on the big TV in the games room tonight, the three of us cuddled up together and the two of them sitting together. And just let nature take its course. We could have a romantic snog that turns into something more, almost like it wasn’t planned.”

I nodded. “Sounds nice.”

James winked. “I’m sure it will be.”

§ § §

James had already informed Patrice of our plan, so when we got back to the house he and Freddy were in the games room checking out Netflix and coming up with a few options.

We eventually decided on *Moulin Rouge*. A fun and lively movie with very romantic overtones and great music, it seemed to fit the bill perfectly. Plus we’d all seen it before, so the fact that we might miss half of it wouldn’t be a problem. There was the small bonus of a sexy Ewan McGregor and a beautiful and glamorous Nicole Kidman to get us in the mood.

Patrice had Freddy put out some snacks and drinks and we arranged ourselves close together on the large sectional. James had told us he’d make the first move. I didn’t realize the anticipation of just when that might occur would prove such a big turn on.

Every time he shifted position or reached for a snack I got ready for it and it didn’t happen. He seemed to enjoy making us wait.

Finally, when I leaned forward to take a handful of popcorn he grabbed the waistband of my jeans and pulled me back gently.

When I fell against him he took my chin in his hand, kissing me passionately. I felt him move and suddenly Sebastian leaned into our embrace. We came together automatically, pulled by invisible strings and familiar contact. James and I kissed and then he turned to Sebastian. While they kissed I glanced quickly to my left to see both Patrice and Freddy watching, the former with an interested and eager expression, the latter looking somewhat confused.

I turned back to my boyfriends, finding James ready to kiss me again and Sebastian unbuttoning James' shirt.

I heard Freddy say, "Maybe we should give them some privacy..." But Patrice shushed him and whispered, "I don't think they mind if we stay."

I certainly didn't mind. I didn't pay them much attention after that point. We spent a long time just snogging, which was kind of unusual for us and thus very, very nice for a change. We were men after all. Usually someone would go for a cock or down the back of someone's pants and things would get serious quickly.

Now, not wanting to startle or intimidate Freddy, we kept things slow and easy and downright romantic.

When things did get serious, that is to say, when James finally (finally!) unzipped my jeans and took out my cock, I was raring to go and barely able to keep calm. Still focused on the slow, deep kissing, which seemed to easily transfer between me and James, James and Sebastian and me and Sebastian, James gently stroked my cock back and forth. Soon I'd unzipped James' pants and taken his dick out. Then Sebastian's prick was in James' other hand, and we had a little three-way hand job going on.

The kissing, the stroking, the dim light, the movie on in the background and the two pairs of eyes on us gave the evening a special something. I felt like a teenager in my parents' basement getting it on with two guys who'd just come over to watch a movie—naughty in a way that the extreme kink we usually took part in didn't inspire.

Eventually, stroking became licking and licking became sucking. At one point Sebastian and I found ourselves kneeling on the carpet taking turns on James' dick while he watched us with a dreamy smile. When he got close he laid his head back on the sofa, arms spread out, eyes closed. We kept up our slow teasing until he begged us to make him come. When he finally did, with an explosion worthy of his stature, the look of ecstasy on his face coupled with the sound he made almost did me in.



While James recovered, we leaned over him, kissing each other while getting each other off with our hands, eventually painting James with our combined spunk, being careful not to soil the leather upholstery.

We collapsed in a warm heap of sweaty, panting bodies as our breathing calmed. I looked over to see Patrice and Freddy in their own embrace now, kissing and enjoying some inspired intimacy. I grabbed some of the napkins from the coffee table and cleaned up our mess while James and Sebastian pretended to watch the movie. They were actually keeping a close eye on what was happening nearby.

Freddy seemed genuinely turned on, returning Patrice's deep kisses and not fighting his roaming hand. He broke away finally and glanced at James, holding his gaze as he moved down to kneel at Patrice's feet. He seemed to be silently asking permission or awaiting some sort of approval. When James nodded he smiled with relief.

He turned his attention back to his lover who looked down on him with reverence and a deep need. The subsequent blowjob was given with a great deal of skill and affection while James kept a close eye on Patrice for any signs of illness. All responses seemed normal however, culminating in a successful and welcome orgasm.

Freddy looked pleased but seemed at a loss as to what to do next. He glanced at James, but it was Patrice who took care of that little problem.

“Jerk off on me, my lovely. I want to see you come, you beautiful thing.”

As Freddy stood up I hoped he'd relaxed enough to get hard.

There was nothing to worry about. He dropped his pants to his waist. Kneeling with one leg on the sofa and one braced on the floor he stroked himself to a powerful climax in a matter of minutes, groaning with relief and pleasure, his face a portrait of desire.

## Chapter Six

### *Flurries*

The day before Christmas Eve, two months after our trip to Montreal, we drove up to Patrice and Freddy's chalet in Mont Tremblant. Since they'd elected to stay closer to home this year, they'd offered us the use of their vacation home over the holidays.

Our Montréal visit had been a success. Since then, Patrice had received another good report from his doctors and Freddy had relaxed now there were safety procedures in place in case of another incident.

I should have known, from the nature of the Montreal mansion, that the condo in Mont Tremblant would be more than a little mountainside chalet. Very modern and outfitted with the most expensive upgrades, I could think of worse places to spend the Christmas season. The only drawback was not having a proper Christmas tree to decorate and put presents under, but we solved that problem by purchasing a small potted evergreen upon arrival. We placed it on the floor in the living room by the gas fireplace. With our small wrapped gifts arranged at its base it gave the place the desired Christmas cheer.

We'd spent most of the day we arrived shopping in the pedestrian village because, although we'd purchased some gifts already, there were still last minute items we needed. Since

Sebastian and I had never been to Tremblant, James took great pleasure in showing us around to his favorite restaurants and shops. He'd been Patrice's guest on numerous occasions and knew the area well.

After lunch at a little bakery James gave us the map, saying he had some business to attend to—code for us to fuck off because he wanted to buy our Christmas presents. We spent the rest of the afternoon looking for a suitable gift for our irrepressible Dom and Daddy.

Sebastian had wanted to get him a new tablet since the one he had now was an older model and stopped working periodically.

I thought that was a good idea, so we had pooled our resources and got him the newest iPad model with a leather case. It was already wrapped and under the small tree in the chalet, so we'dmdecided to get him a few more things.

After popping into several little boutiques we ended up buying him a new red wool scarf and thick leather gloves. Sometimes we couldn't help dressing the man to feed our fantasies.

At four we met up with James at the bakery again, grabbed some fresh bread and pastries for the next day's breakfast, and walked back to the condo. The chalet was right at the base of the ski slopes and walking distance to and from the Village.

After unpacking my suitcase in the second bedroom, which Sebastian and I had taken, I leaned against the log wall, gazing out the window over snow-topped hills crowded with skiers. My week up until yesterday had been busy with finishing up some client contracts and I'd barely had time to look forward to this trip. Now we were here, with nothing to do but enjoy being together, get in some skiing, and celebrate our sixth Christmas together. With our shopping done, I felt myself begin to relax.

Until James popped his head in and told me he had to drive back to Ottawa this very night.

"What? You're kidding, right? Ha ha..."

"I'm afraid I'm not."

"But tomorrow's Christmas Eve."

"I'll be back later tonight," he said, walking over to me and taking my chin, forcing me to look at him calmly. His brown eyes conveyed honesty and affection. "I promise."

"I thought we were going to relax and enjoy each other." I sounded like a whiny child and I hated it. But I was disappointed.

"I'm sorry, Tate. Something unexpected has come up at work and I can't ignore it. The others will be frantic tomorrow if I don't take care of it."

"You can't address it online?"

"No. Not this." He smiled. "I'll be back by midnight. You and Sebastian go out for supper—I've left a list of restaurants Patrice recommended."

"Fine," I said. "Go."

He looked amused. And a tad surprised. "Have you missed me, Tate?"

"How can I miss you?" I said sarcastically. "I live with you."

"You of all people should know how possible that is."

He was referring to the circumstances that caused the downfall of my monogamous relationship to Sebastian so many years ago; namely my increased professional commitment that had made it impossible to satisfy Sebastian's needs for intimacy.

"It's just been a while," I conceded, referring to the fact that James and I had not had any real intimacy for the past few weeks due to work schedules and the holiday craziness.

“I plan to rectify that upon my return, although I may need a bit of sleep first. I’m not as young as I used to be.”

We stared at each other, the desire collecting and charging the air between us. We kissed, James dominating it like he usually did, making me forget my disappointment. He grabbed my ass and pulled me to him. I believed that he would be back when he said he would, and he’d have me over the kitchen table by tomorrow.

And that was enough.

When he pulled away, I crossed my arms, leaning back against the window frame. “Fine. Go. See if I care.” But I gave him a half smile.

He smiled back and then was gone.

Later I found Sebastian in the main room, flipping channels on the flat screen mounted on the wall above the gas fireplace.

The light and warmth from the flickering flames felt welcoming and helped sooth me.

“What the fuck, right? He brings us all the way up here and then leaves?” I said, dropping indecorously into a leather armchair.

Sebastian looked over at me with a puzzled expression.

“Sorry. I just thought this would be three days of bliss for all of us,” I muttered

“I guess you’re stuck with just me tonight,” he said, turning off the TV, his blue eyes on mine.

Suddenly I felt terrible. “Sorry, I didn’t mean...”

“What’s the matter, Tate? You need a spanking or something?” I laughed.

He walked slowly over to where I sat by the window. When he got to me he leaned over, bracing his arms either side of me, staring at me.

“I can spank you, if you want,” he said sincerely with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

I reached out and tousled his mop of blond hair. “Oh I know you can, pup, but it’s not that. Believe it or not I’m feeling more sentimental than horny right now.”

He slid his arms around me, resting his blond head on my thigh. I ran my fingers through his hair, thinking about him and James and all we’d been through. Why was I letting this little hiccup get to me?

Sebastian’s hair felt soft and clean and his head warmed my thigh where it lay. I stared out the big double paned windows onto the ski hills below hoping that whatever James needed to do

back in town would be done quickly and he'd be back here by midnight as planned. As I watched, a light snow started falling.

The tiny flakes mesmerized me and I drifted off to sleep. I woke up a couple of hours later with a start. The room had darkened and the only light came from the gas fire and the in-ceiling automatic lights in the kitchen. Snow fell heavier and thicker onto the hills outside. I could see some skiers on the lit-up hills, but most had retired to a warm indoor spot for the evening.

Careful not to wake Sebastian, who had fallen asleep with his head in my lap, I checked the time on my watch. 7:45 p.m.

James would have had time to reach Ottawa before the worst of the storm, so that was good. Hopefully the drive back wouldn't be too bad. Maybe I should call him and tell him to wait until tomorrow. My phone was on the breakfast bar though, which meant I'd have to wake Sebastian.

After a few minutes he stirred and lifted his head. He looked adorable, his hair messy from my touch, his cheek pink from the heat of my thigh.

"Hey," he said. "What time is it?"

"Time to go get some supper," I said. "Should be a romantic walk in the snow."

He looked out the window. "Good. I'm starving."

"James left a list of restaurants in the kitchen." I got up and found it, then handed it to him. "See if anything appeals to you.

I'm just gonna give him a quick call."

"Okay," he took the list from me and sat down to look it over.

James picked up after a few rings.

"Hello, Tate. My goodness, you are missing me." He sounded smug and, luckily, not annoyed.

"No, well, yes, but that's not why I phoned."

"Oh?"

"The snow's pretty bad up here. I don't know what it's like where you are."

"I've seen worse."

"Maybe you should wait until tomorrow to drive back," I said.

"You're worried about me driving, Tate? That's sweet."

“Well, I don’t want you risking your life for me, James. I can wait to see you until tomorrow.”

“Don’t be silly. It’s not that bad. The car has new snow tires and I’m used to driving in these kinds of conditions.”

“On the highway at night?”

“There won’t be any traffic.”

“That’s ‘cause most people won’t think it’s safe to drive.”

“When did you turn into an old lady?”

“Very funny.”

“I’ll be fine. I’ll see you at midnight.”

“Okay. Drive carefully, dumb ass.”

“Oh, I will. I have to deliver a spanking when I get there. Bye, Tate.”

I looked at Sebastian. “Honestly, you can’t tell him anything. Why do I even bother?”

We put on our jackets and trudged out into the snow. The night really was romantic, with the soft falling snow and the lit up village at our feet. At least we didn’t have to drive anywhere. And it really wasn’t that cold or windy. When we got to the restaurant

Sebastian had chosen, our cheeks flushed with a healthy glow, it felt good to get warm again. But I found myself looking forward to the walk home with my belly full and James’ return to look forward to.

Turned out we had a wonderful dinner, just the two of us. Don’t get me wrong—I loved having two boyfriends. There were definite advantages. But it was still nice to spend private time together with Sebastian and private time together with James once in awhile. I knew that James and Sebastian felt the same way. This proved, in fact, vital to our continued relationship as a threesome. We didn’t schedule it, but it seemed to work out on a regular basis that we got some time to pair off. Sometimes, an unexpected evening or morning together proved even more enjoyable, like this dinner.

Sebastian sighed and sat back in his chair after finishing his chocolate mousse. His blue eyes shone bright in the dim light of the Italian bistro.

“That was a great meal,” I said.

“It’s so nice to get away from everything. I mean, I love my work, I do, but it’s wonderful to just chill and look forward to Christmas Day.”

I gazed out the window at the snow. “I’m still a bit worried about James driving back.”

“He’ll be fine. You know what a good driver he is.”

I nodded. “Yeah, you’re right. I’m being ridiculous.”

We paid the bill and headed back to the condo. The snow was still coming down and collecting on the paths. The noise of snowplows clearing the way nearby broke the silence of the storm. As we trudged up the gentle slope to the condo the breath from our lips made little puffs of smoke, the crunch of our footsteps a pleasant accompaniment. As we got close to the chalet, Sebastian said my name from behind me.

When I turned around my face was hit with a freezing handful of snow.

Sebastian’s musical laugh filled the darkness as I wiped the frigid crystals from my face. I gave him a cold look as I bent down and scooped up some snow. But he was already running up the hill.

“Winner gets a blowjob!” he yelled as I took chase.

“All you have to do is ask!” I replied, trying not to slip in the snow and slush. When I got close I hurled the ball at his back, grinning when it hit its target.

“Fuck!” he yelled but kept running.

I ran after him. We were almost at the top of the hill and then it was only another few yards to the door of the chalet. I forgot about the snowball fight and just hauled ass. I didn’t care about the blowjob. It was a matter of principle now. I ran as fast as I could, almost tripping a couple of times in the heavy snow, feeling grateful I’d kept up my gym visits this winter. Trouble was, so had Sebastian.

Finally I made it close enough to reach out and grab his jacket, which I did, spinning him around and landing on top of him in a cold, wet pile. He struggled beneath me, laughing and trying to get away.

“Uh, uh, no you don’t. You’re not getting away from me, pup!”

I laughed too, trying to shove snow down his pants and finding his shrieks and curses absolutely hilarious. He was so adorable.

How did I get so lucky?

“Okay, okay, Uncle! That shit is cold on my balls!!!”

I stuffed one more handful down there for good measure.

“You deserve it, you little twerp.”

“Ah, fuck, fuck!”

When I let him up he danced around, trying to get the snow out of his pants.

“Here, let me help,” I said, grabbing the waist of his jeans and sliding my warm hand inside. I found his semi hard dick under the wetness and circled it with my hand as I grabbed his jacket and pulled him close. “Is that better?”

“Yeah,” he said, breathless, cheeks rosy from the exertion. I watched his pupils dilate with desire, his face inches from mine.

“Don’t get too excited. I’m just warming it up,” I said, giving it a squeeze before letting go and withdrawing my hand.

“Prick.”

“Come on. Let’s get inside.”

We covered the short distance to the chalet and keyed ourselves in. After taking off our jackets, we realized our pants were completely soaked. Sebastian headed for the bedroom.

“Hey, you owe me a blowjob.”

“Later, I promise. First I need to dry off and get comfy.”

We both got into dry clothes and settled back in the living room, turning the fireplace on high. It was relaxing to look out on the falling snow in the darkness, and we’d be able to see James’ car when he arrived. Already almost eleven, since we’d had a late supper, it wouldn’t be much longer until we were together again.

“You want to watch a movie?” I asked Sebastian. “Freddy’s got quite a collection. Also a ton of porn.”

“I’d rather watch a regular movie. We can make our own porno later.”

“I like the way you think.” I walked over to the cabinet by the window and pulled out the drawer with the DVDs in it. “What do you feel like? Drama, comedy, documentary?”

“Hmm, I don’t know. Throw out some titles.”

Once we made our choice I put it in, grabbed the remote and settled in beside Sebastian on the sofa. Sebastian lay on his back with his head sideways in my lap. He hadn’t brought his pup hood, but I knew this was his way of getting into pup headspace.

I certainly didn’t mind. I loved having a boyfriend who liked to cuddle like a puppy and fuck like a dog. Call me crazy.



I stroked his hair for a short time, then tickled his neck and behind his ear. Finally, my hand drifted over his belly and slipped under his t-shirt, my fingers leisurely drifting over the soft hair that grew there. I wasn't incredibly horny for some reason.

Perhaps James' unexpected departure had dampened my libido. For now, I simply wanted to enjoy the tranquility and comfort of the chalet, and look forward to his return.

We must have drifted off to sleep again, because I opened my eyes to the movie credits rolling down the screen. I looked around but there was no sign of James. My watch said twelve forty. For a moment I felt fear, then realized I was totally overreacting. He wasn't that late. Maybe he'd stopped for a coffee on the way. At least it looked like the snow had stopped.

I sat quietly while Sebastian slept, not wanting to wake him and expecting to see the lights of James' car coming up the road any minute. But time ticked on and I didn't see them.

By quarter after one I became anxious. I must have started fidgeting because Sebastian woke up.

"Is James back?"

"No."

"What time is it?"

"One twenty."

He sat up. When our eyes met I saw the worry echoing my own. James was usually so punctual. Plus he knew I was already hesitant about him driving in this. It just seemed very out of character.

In a moment Sebastian had his phone out. "I'm calling him. I'm sure he's fine but..."

I wasn't so sure. The knots that had begun to form in my belly became tighter.

After several long moments, Sebastian met my gaze. "It went to voicemail."

"Fuck! I told him to wait until tomorrow," I said, angry now, not wanting to think about what might have happened.

"What should we do?"

"I don't fucking know," I said, getting up and pacing the floor.

"He could still be fine. Maybe he's just late." I wanted to believe it.

"Are you sure he said midnight?"

"Yes!"

"Well...let's give him another half hour."

“And then?”

Sebastian shrugged. “Call the police? Report him missing?”

I shook my head, exasperated. They wouldn’t report him missing until he’d been gone for at least forty-eight hours, I was sure of it. He was a grown man after all. I went into the kitchen and opened the fridge, grabbing a beer and popping the top. The liquid tasted familiar and comforting on my lips.

“Are you hungry? You want a snack?” I asked Sebastian. I needed to do something.

“I could eat.”

“Okay. I’ll make nachos.”

I set about my task, trying to put the thought of James driving on the dark snowy highway out of my mind. Sebastian sat at the breakfast bar, alternately watching me and checking the driveway every few minutes.

When I grabbed the baking sheet to pull it out of the oven, my exposed wrist touched the grill and I swore, almost letting go.

“Are you okay?” Sebastian said as I recovered and placed the tray on top of the stove.

“Yeah. I think so.” I took off the oven glove and examined the red mark on my wrist.

Sebastian came over and looked at it. “You better put that under cold water, Tate.”

“Wait a minute,” I said, because I’d heard something.

Something that sounded like a car door slamming shut. I was on my way to the window when the front door opened. James stood there, a big smile on his face and a Subway bag in his hand.

“Hello. It smells wonderful in here.”

“Jesus Christ. You went to Subway?” It was all I could say after the thoughts that had gone through my head for the past hour. I glared at him and clenched my fists at my side because I felt like punching him. “What the fuck, James? We’ve been worried sick!”

He looked confused. “Didn’t you get my message?”

Message? “What message?”

He put the bag down and took off his coat. “I texted you two hours ago to say I’d be late.”

He’d texted me. Why hadn’t I checked my phone? I picked it up from where it lay on the kitchen counter. Sure enough, there on the icon was a little text notification. I clicked it open.

**James Lucas:** *Leaving now. Sorry about the delay. I’ll be there by two. Xo*

## Chapter Seven

### *Hang Your Stockings*

I didn't say anything, just stared at the message on my phone and wondered why I hadn't checked it. After a moment James put his hand on my shoulder and kissed my cheek.

My voice sounded tired when I finally spoke. "I'm taking your car keys. You're not getting them back until Boxing Day." It was a lame attempt to keep him safe and to keep me from worrying.

And to pretend the fault was still his.

He had the grace to play along. He took the keys from his pocket, holding them out before me. "Put them somewhere safe."

I turned quickly, grabbing his face and kissing him desperately. I didn't want to scold him like a nagging wife or give in to the tears that threatened. I was a man for fuck's sake. But I'd been scared out of my mind for about thirty minutes and I wanted to forget.

He dropped his keys on the counter, circling me in his embrace and kissing me back. Sebastian joined us, so the kisses passed back and forth. We held onto each other, gratefully letting the anxiety fade. Finally, James laughed.

"As delicious as you both are, those nachos smell wonderful and I'm absolutely starved."

We cut the sandwich into small pieces and shared that and the nachos at the breakfast bar, with beer and lemonade.

"The driving was atrocious, frankly. I should have waited until tomorrow," James admitted.

"Told you," I said, my mouth full.

"But I wanted to be here with you both."

"You missed a snowball fight," Sebastian said.

"Who won?"

"Tate."

Sebastian and I shared a laugh, remembering our tussle in the snow. He yawned.

"You still owe me a blowjob," I said.

"I think that'll have to wait until tomorrow. He's beat and so am I." James stood up and started clearing plates.

“I’ll do it. Take him to bed. I’ll be there soon,” I said.

“Tate, it’s the least I can do for making you both worry.”

“It was my fault for not checking my phone. Just go to bed, James. Seriously. Listen to me for once in your fucking life.”

“You’re lucky I’m so tired,” James said with mock severity but he surrendered the plate.

“I don’t care if you’re going to fucking tie me to the ceiling and torture me till morning. I’m just glad you’re here.”

“Don’t give me ideas.” He kissed me and disappeared with Sebastian in the direction of the master.

Once they’d gone I put the plate down and rested my exhausted body against the counter.

§ § §

Christmas Eve dawned bright and sunny as if to make up for the overcast sky of the previous day.

Sebastian and I woke first. We left James snoozing in the master bedroom, showered, and ate some of the baked goods we’d purchased the previous day. Sebastian read a book while

I watched the skiers out the front window. When James finally surfaced at about ten thirty, he showered quickly so we could go for a proper breakfast in the village, after which we suited up and headed for the slopes.

My downhill skills were not the best, so I stayed on the smaller hills. James and Sebastian were nice enough to ski with me for a little while then headed for some more challenging ground while

I continued on the less challenging slopes.

The three of us usually got out skiing once or twice a year. It wasn’t something I’d had many chances to do while growing up, hence my lack of skills. James and Sebastian were well matched since they’d skied regularly from a young age.

We spent the entire afternoon and early evening outside, because the weather was so nice. By the time the sun began to set we’d used up most of our energy resources. Plus we had a reservation at one of the fancier restaurants in the village for our Christmas Eve dinner.

As Sebastian and I showered and changed in the second bedroom, James, already dressed, came in and sat on the edge of the bed.

“What are you doing?” I asked, pulling on a pair of clean boxer briefs and taking my ironed shirt off the hanger.

“Watching. Why don’t you dress each other?”

“Does everything have to be a sex game?”

“I guess not.” He looked disappointed.

I rolled my eyes. “Fine.” I walked over to where Sebastian had just put on his shirt. “Let me get that for you,” I said, sideling a glance at James before buttoning his shirt for him.

Of course, just being near Sebastian and smelling him caused a reaction. He looked so damn good.

As if reading my mind, James said, “Maybe you should undress him.”

Hmm, tempting...

“We’ll be late,” I said reluctantly.

“We’ve some leeway.”

Ah, what the hell. It is Christmas Eve...

I dropped to my knees, undoing his pants and pulling his cock out the gap in his fancy boxers. He’d really gone all out so I did as well.

He gasped, looking down at me as James watched from the bed.

I made it feel real good. In fact I made it feel fantastic. I knew this because of the sounds he made and the way he clutched my hair when he came suddenly in my mouth. I knew it because it didn’t take long.

We managed to keep his outfit clean. After he tucked himself in and zipped up he pushed me so I fell back on the bed beside James. “My turn.”

I looked alternately into James’ grey eyes and at Sebastian blowing me in his finery. The whole thing was hot as hell. As I got close to orgasm, James reached for my hand and kissed me hard. I moaned loudly into his mouth as I came.

“Okay. I guess we’re even,” I said to Sebastian.

§ § §

“Do we want appetizers to start?” James asked. “Oh, I’m sorry, I forgot. You had snacks at home.”

Sebastian blushed. I just stared at James. He wouldn’t get away with that. I was having a goddamn appetizer, one a little more substantial than what I’d gotten back at the chalet.

“I’ll have the Caesar salad, thanks,” I said to the confused server, giving James the eye. “Dressing on the side please.”

James’ lip twitched. “Sebastian?” he asked.

“I’m good with what I got earlier,” he replied in a soft voice, reaching out to touch my thigh under the table.

Fuck. Me. Aaaaand I was hard again.

“I’ll have the Caesar as well, please,” James said.

“Dressing on the side, sir?” asked the server.

“No, please drench it.”

I coughed, my cock twitching.

“Very good, sir.”

Only James could make ordering from a menu so hot.

Our appetizers arrived promptly, followed by our main dishes.

James had duck, I had veal, and Sebastian ordered the surf and turf. Sautéed in a delicate white wine sauce on a swirl of creamy mashed potatoes with lightly steamed green beans, the veal tasted so good I almost forgot how turned on I was. Instead of a rich dessert we ordered a selection of fruits and cheeses to share. By the time we finished our meal I felt as if I never wanted to leave Mont Tremblant.

“What’s the matter?” James asked, regarding Sebastian who had a faraway look on his face.

Sebastian came back to the present. “This is the first year I haven’t performed with the choir at the Christmas Eve service.”

“You can always sing for me and Tate when we get back to the condo.”

Sebastian laughed. “I suppose I could.”

I looked at James, who seemed to be thinking about something other than Sebastian’s voice at the moment. Our eyes met.

“What?” he asked innocently.

§ § §

When we got back to the condo James posed a question to Sebastian.

“Have you got something to sing, Sebastian? Something very holy?”

“Sure. I’ve sung the hymns so often I don’t need the written music.”

“Okay. Then I’m going to get you to sing,” James said, bringing us into the large master bedroom. “Stand against the wall there.” He positioned Sebastian where he wanted him and turned to me.

“Pull down your pants and lean over the edge of the bed—don’t take them off, just pull them down. And your boxers.”

“You know, Santa can see everything.”

“Then you’d better be good and do as you’re told.”

James turned to Sebastian. “Start singing please. Don’t stop until I tell you to. And don’t move from that spot.”

Fuck!

My cock had hardened when James told me to get into this position. Now it swelled more at his words. And even more when Sebastian’s beautiful tenor filled the room with the ancient words of an Italian hymn, making me feel like a supplicant in a holy temple. But when James’ hands spread me and he began tonguing my ass that illusion vanished. I don’t think religious supplicants got rimmed in the temple. If they did my suspicion towards organized religion was severely misguided.

I moaned loudly and gripped the coverlet in my fists. Since I still had some clothes on I felt extra vulnerable and exposed. I glanced at Sebastian, who kept singing softly, his eyes glued to the action. He looked so hot standing there in his black pants, white shirt, and black bowtie. James had let him remove his dinner jacket, but he still looked like a wet dream. His angelic voice made James’ actions seem even more base and dirty. I fucking loved it.

Much to my disappointment, the rimming ended. “I believe I promised you a spanking,” he said. “Wait. If I know Patrice and Freddy…”

I glanced behind me to see him pull open a couple of drawers until he found what he was looking for.

“Aha.” He lifted a small leather paddle from the drawer and examined it. “It’s not very big but it’s worth saving my hand.”

He sat beside me on the bed where Sebastian’s view of the proceedings wouldn’t be blocked. “Eyes forward. Hands behind your back.”

I obeyed, my breaths coming quickly with the anticipation.

“Count,” he said, and began.

I didn't know how many he would give me. I didn't care. I settled into it, perfectly happy to have James very much alive and paddling my ass after last night's scare. And Sebastian's singing made the entire experience both more deviant and more ethereal.

He gave me ten and put the paddle down.

I relaxed for a moment, enjoying the warm glow of pain from my rear and the throbbing pleasure in my cock and balls.

He stood up and walked over to Sebastian, his fingers quickly finding the fly of Sebastian's dress pants.

"Keep singing," he said as Sebastian's voice faltered slightly.

"Eyes forward."

James undid Sebastian's fly and roughly pulled his pants and boxers down. Sebastian's uncut cock bounced free as he struggled to keep his voice steady. James took it in his hand and began stroking back and forth until it stood firm in his grip.

Sebastian stared forward over James' shoulder and kept singing, the reverent words spilling from his open mouth as James teased him.

"The exquisiteness of your voice, Sebastian, matches the beauty of your body and the grace of your soul," he murmured, falling to his knees. He gripped Sebastian's cock firmly at its base and bent to engulf it in his eager mouth.

I lay on the bed, helpless to do anything but watch and listen to Sebastian's faltering tenor. He tried his best to sing well even with his cock down James' throat, but the effort was obvious.

Trust James to turn Sebastian's incredible talent into a form of torture. The singing became more and more of a challenge the closer he got to orgasm.

Finally, James released him and stood up. "Good boy. You can stop now."

To underscore his command, James gripped Sebastian's chin and kissed him, swallowing the last notes in a violent, passionate kiss that took even my breath away. When he pulled back he said, "Now use that beautiful mouth on me, Sebastian. Make my prick sing."

Sebastian dropped to his knees before James. He put his heart and soul into that blowjob. I think he was relieved not to have to sing anymore. James watched him with heavy lidded eyes, breathing hard.

Finally he told him to take the rest of his clothes off and sit on the bed in front of me. He instructed me to suck Sebastian—he didn't need to ask twice. As I got to work on Sebastian's



cock I felt James' fingers lubing my ass. My heart soared at the thought of getting fucked by James right now. Ever since the worry of the previous evening I'd craved it—craved having him inside me, warming me with his familiar and reassuring presence.

He fucked me slowly while I sucked Sebastian's cock, prolonging the experience like a true connoisseur until they climaxed within moments of each other, filling me at both ends.

It pleased me immensely to be the vessel that connected us. Afterwards I kissed Sebastian while James used his hand to get me off, whispering crude and dirty things in my ear until I came with a groan. As I climaxed in his hand I thought nothing could make this evening any better, until James wished me a

Merry Christmas. I'd completely forgotten it was Christmas Eve.

§ § §

In the morning, we gathered in the living room near our modest attempt at a Christmas tree.

"Merry Christmas, James," Sebastian said, kissing him and passing him the wrapped iPad.

James took the gift, giving me a quizzical look. "Hmm, what is this?"

"Open it," I said.

He unwrapped the box and stared at the image on the cover.

"This is perfect. Thank you both."

"Wait, there's more," Sebastian said, bringing the other parcels over.

James seemed equally impressed with the red scarf and gloves. He put them on over his pajamas. "How do I look?"

"Dashing in the extreme. For a pajama party," I said.

He winked at me and took them off, folding the scarf neatly and placing it at his feet.

Then I gave my gifts to Sebastian—two fancy dress shirts for when he had face-to-face meetings with clients, and a boxed set of all the Lord of the Rings movies in Blu-ray.

"Aww, thanks Tate!"

Then he brought over his gifts for me—a small iPod Shuffle for the gym and a Chapters gift certificate. "I wanted to get you a cookbook but I figured I should let you pick one."

"Thanks, Sebastian."

There were no gifts left under the tree, and James hadn't handed out any yet. We made some small talk about how much we liked our gifts from each other until Sebastian blurted, "Didn't you get us anything, James?"

“Yeah, James, give it up. Where’s the loot?” I added. Surely he’d gotten us something?

“Wait here,” he said mysteriously, standing and heading to the master bedroom.

“Oh, Christ,” I said. “What if he got us diamond butt plugs or something?”

Sebastian laughed. “Dear God. Can you get diamond butt plugs?”

“Shh,” I warned as James returned to the room, carrying a small black velvet bag.

“Tate, hold out your hand.”

I did, and James worked the bag open with his fingers. When he tipped it carefully over my open palm three rings fell into my hand.

I stared at them. Sebastian stared at them. We looked at James.

“White gold,” he said, blushing slightly. “Fourteen carat.”

I picked one up with my other hand and examined it. Very simple and elegant, it had a brushed texture in the middle and a polished outer edge. Something caught my eye on the inner band.

It was an engraved S in fancy cursive.

James took it from me and examined it, then passed it to Sebastian. “This is yours.”

He picked up the other two rings and handed one back to me. “This one’s yours, Tate. I put our initials inside so we can tell them apart.”

I was stunned. I mean, we’d spoken about exchanging rings or having something we could wear as a sign of our commitment to each other, but we’d never gotten around to it.

Sebastian slid his slowly onto his ring finger. It fit perfectly.

He looked up at James with his mouth open. I scrambled to regain my wits as I slid the ring he’d passed me onto my finger. It also fit well. “You’re not asking us to marry you, are you? I don’t think Canada’s come quite that far yet.”

James chuckled. “Gay marriage, yes. Gay poly marriage, not so much.” He looked back and forth between Sebastian and me. “I suppose we could have some sort of ceremony...”

“Okay, hold on for a second. You want to have a ceremony? Like, in the woods with witches kind of thing?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Unless that’s what you want?” He looked so calm and practical, talking about making our commitment to each other a formal promise. I didn’t know what to say.

“No, that’s not—I mean, I don’t need a wedding—or even a ring for that matter.”

“Fine, I’ll take it back.”

“Just shut up, James.” I grabbed his t-shirt and pulled him toward me, kissing him with all the emotion the unexpected gift had provoked in me. It truly meant the world that he would give us these beautiful signs of his love and our commitment to each other.

We brought Sebastian into our embrace and shared a moment together. Holding onto these two wonderful men, feeling their life and heat and affection, made me very emotional. Perhaps it affected them the same way because nobody spoke for a while.

Finally, James pulled away and stood up, clearing his throat.

“So...breakfast?”

While James started cooking a hearty breakfast in the kitchen, I called my mom to wish her a Merry Christmas and Sebastian did the same in the other room.

“What’s it like up there? How’s the chalet?” my mom asked.

“The chalet’s incredible. It’s great to have rich friends.”

“I’m sure!”

“How are things there?”

“Wonderful! Your nephews are keeping me young.”

“Oh really?”

“They’re teaching me how all of their electronic gifts work. Really, Tate, how do you keep up with all this?”

I resisted telling her that accessing porn was a major motivator and just said, “Ah, it’s easy. Once you figure one thing out the rest comes easily.”

“Please wish James and Sebastian a Merry Christmas from me. When you get back to town I’d like to take you all out for dinner as my gift.”

“Aww, Mom, that would be awesome. Thanks. And I’ll tell them. Love you.”

“I love you too, honey. Enjoy the rest of your holiday.”

All through breakfast I kept looking at the ring on my finger and feeling like there was nothing in life I needed beyond this. I felt like I had friends for life and lovers for eternity. Hell, I knew there were no guarantees and relationships could go bad but I really felt optimistic about the three of us.

After we’d eaten we suited up for an afternoon on the slopes. By two thirty we had decimated the hills in an attempt to outdo our previous efforts. I seemed to be on a roll and had done fairly well on some of the steeper slopes.

James was impressed. “You seem to have found your ski legs.”

“Well, I’m more relaxed. Maybe it’s because of all the fun we had last night.”

James grinned. “No doubt. I plan to have you even more relaxed for the drive home tomorrow.”

He headed for the chair lift while Sebastian and I ducked into the lodge for a little break. James’ stamina for skiing matched his stamina for sex. He could go like gangbusters for hours.

“I’m gonna get a coffee. You want one?” I asked Sebastian.

“Sure.”

We relaxed by the fire, removing our jackets and hanging out in our ski pants. Finally, we decided we’d better head outside again or we’d never leave the cozy warmth and pleasant atmosphere.

As we emerged into the brightness of the outdoors we noticed a group of people huddled by a picnic table, looking up the slope and shading their eyes to where a couple of members of the ski patrol were heading down the slope with a stretcher.

“Oh oh. Looks like someone had an accident.”

“Yeah,” a brown haired man said. “The medic we spoke to said the guy hit a boulder on the side of the slope. I hope he fucking sues the hell out of this place. If he survived.”

“Yeah, no kidding,” I said, looking around to see if James was nearby.

“Tate,” Sebastian said suddenly, his voice sounding odd. I felt the sleeve of my jacket grabbed and suddenly he pulled me in the other direction.

As if in slow motion I saw the Ski Patrol getting closer with their stretcher. And now I could see that the person on the stretcher wore a familiar black and orange ski jacket.

## Chapter Eight

### *Patience*

They transported him by air ambulance to the hospital in Sainte-Agathe-des-Monts.

When they brought him down from the slope he was unconscious and the extent of his injuries unknown. Sebastian and I tried not to freak out while we told the paramedics who we were and our relationship to James. Even though we didn't give them the details we managed to convince them we needed to be with him. They gave us directions to the hospital and told us to meet them there.

We took James' car. I managed to keep it together by a very slim thread because I knew if I lost it Sebastian would be frantic, not to mention that he couldn't drive. I tried not to imagine a worst-case scenario. James was always so optimistic and we needed to be optimistic now.

The guys on the ski patrol suspected he had at least broken a leg and maybe his collarbone. There wasn't a mark on his head so it was likely he'd passed out from the pain of his injury and not from a serious concussion. I clung to that hope with fierce determination as I navigated the country roads to the French hospital. Despite the directions we'd been given, we made a wrong turn. I had to run into a gas station and I think I scared the clerk with my wild gesticulations and frantic tone. But she finally understood what I needed and was able to help.

When we arrived, the Admissions nurse told us he'd been airlifted to the General Hospital in Ottawa, but she couldn't give us any details. The panic threatened to rise in me again but I pushed it down firmly. Now I had to get Sebastian and myself back to Ottawa.

I'd been so relieved when he'd survived the drive the other night, the possibility of a skiing accident hadn't occurred to me. And if it had I would have been more worried about Sebastian or me. James knew what he was doing. James always knew what he was doing. He was the most competent man I'd ever met. This just proved that no matter how skilled you were, hurtling down a mountainside on fancy sticks was always risky.

It took almost two hours to get to the large teaching hospital in Ottawa. On the way we cranked the tunes and tried not to think about what news might await us there.

We finally arrived and went to Admissions. All the clerk could tell us was that he was in surgery at the moment having his leg repaired.

“But what about his general condition? Is it only his leg? Please, we have no idea what’s going on.”

“I’ll see if I can find someone to speak to you. Why don’t you go sit down?”

After ten minutes that seemed like thirty, she called me over.

“Dr. Keys will be here in a moment. He was one of the assessing physicians for Mr. Lucas.”

After another little while, a stout man with white hair and a snowy beard appeared around the corner. He spoke briefly to the Admissions clerk and then came over to us.

“Mr. Mackenzie?”

“Yes?”

He shook my hand, then Sebastian’s. “Mr. Lucas had a bad fall. He’s in surgery at the moment. His lower leg is quite severely broken I’m afraid.”

“Is that all? I mean, he was unconscious when they took him in the helicopter.”

“There’s no sign of any head injury. He came to briefly while we examined him. He’s under the anesthesia now of course.”

The blood seemed to rush back to my head and I swayed.

“Thank fuck,” I said as I sank into a chair. Sebastian squeezed my shoulder.

“Are there any other injuries?” Sebastian asked.

Dr. Keys, whom it suddenly occurred to me looked a lot like the representations of St. Nick I’d seen in children’s books, smiled. “No internal injuries and no sign of concussion which is the main thing. He’s very lucky he didn’t break anything but his leg. There’s a lot of heavy bruising on his ribcage and his other leg. Again, he’s extremely lucky.”

We couldn’t have hoped for a better Christmas present.

“Thank you, Dr. Keys. You don’t know how wonderful that is to hear.”

He smiled, putting a friendly hand on my arm. “Merry Christmas, Mr. Mackenzie. The nurse will let you know when you can see him.”

Sebastian and I sat next to each other in the waiting room for the next couple of hours, trying to relax and thanking God James’ injuries didn’t seem to be life threatening. By now it was nearly eleven but the adrenaline flowing through our veins wouldn’t let us sleep.

Finally, at nearly midnight, a nurse showed up.

“He’s in recovery now. I can only let one person in to see him. He’s still under the effects of the anesthesia.”

Sebastian and I exchanged a glance. “You go,” he said.

“Are you sure?”

He nodded.

She led me around a corner and down a dark, quiet hallway.

“He’s in here. You can stay for fifteen minutes.”

“Thank you.”

I walked in, hearing the beep of the monitors and finding it difficult to believe the man lying on the hospital bed attached to tubes and an IV, was my lover and Dom. As I got closer, though, I could see that it really was him.

My heart leapt into my chest at the sight of him lying there, so vulnerable—tough, dominant, always in control, James Lucas—unconscious in a hospital bed.

Even though it proved a shock, I was still relieved to see him, even this way. Although injured and bruised, he was alive and whole. I didn’t want to contemplate some of the images that had gone through my panicked brain during the drive.

As if to counteract those terrifying images, memories of happier times suddenly assaulted me—memories of his domination, his sexual control of me and Sebastian, his competence, and his humor.

I pulled a chair over and sat down, trying to come to terms with it all. Although he wouldn’t hear me I started talking. My own voice startled me, calm and deceptively steady, as if I could handle this with ease.

“Hey, James. You never warned us you were human.”

The statement hung in the air amidst the beeping of machines.

I had planned to go into one of those teary monologues you see on TV, where the character tells his love all the things he forgot to say or was too nervous to voice. But the truth is James knew all that. He knew how much I loved and respected him, lusted after him and craved his dominance. There was really nothing to say except that I wanted him the fuck back and soon.

Instead I remained silent, just looking at him and willing him to wake up.

When the nurse returned and told me my time was up, I nodded. Bending down to kiss him on the forehead, I rested the back of my hand against his cheek and gave it an affectionate

rub.

*Wake up soon. Please. I love you and so does Sebastian.*

I went back to the waiting room and told Sebastian he looked just like he was sleeping. Like he'd be getting up to mischief the moment he awoke.

Sebastian seemed visibly relieved.

The nurse, whose name was Janet, said she'd let us know when he woke up. She suggested we get something to eat and drink in the meantime.

Sebastian refused to leave the waiting area so I went down to the cafeteria and came back with a couple of sandwiches and some Cokes from the vending machine. Not that we needed the sugar, but I felt draggy and sleepy now that I had assured myself James was still alive.

A couple of hours went by, then another. Sebastian fell asleep on my shoulder. After some more time passed I began to get agitated. Shouldn't James be awake by now?

When Nurse Janet finally showed up the look on her face told me right away something was wrong.

"I'm afraid we have to run some more tests on Mr. Lucas. The doctor is concerned that he hasn't recovered from the anesthetic and he's alerted the attending neurologist, Dr. Lattimer."

My blood ran cold. I tried to stay still in order not to disturb Sebastian.

"Okay."

"I'll let you know as soon as I hear anything, I promise," Janet said with an attempt-to-be-reassuring smile.

"Thank you."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. That was decidedly not what I wanted to hear.

What if he's in a coma? What if he never comes out of it? What if there is brain damage and they missed it?

My heart rate increased and I couldn't keep still. Sebastian woke up.

"What's going on? Can we see him now?"

I shook my head and stood up, taking the remains of my sandwich to the trash. I wouldn't be eating the rest of it now.

"He hasn't woken up so they're running more tests," I said, unable to lie and, frankly, at my own wit's end.

Sebastian went pale. "What does that mean?"



“I don’t know.”

“Is he in a coma?”

“I don’t fucking know, Sebastian!” I shouted, the stress and worry getting to me now. I’d held it together for him for so long and now I fell apart. “I don’t think the doctors know either, for fuck’s sake.”

Sebastian stood up and grabbed my arm, forcing me to look at him. “It’s okay, Tate. It’s okay. He’s going to be all right.”

“How the fuck do you know?” I said, the tears threatening.

“Because he has to be, and I refuse to entertain any other outcome until I’m forced to do so,” he said calmly, his blue eyes showing the strength that had suddenly left me.

I took a deep breath, absorbing Sebastian’s sudden display of courage and optimism into my own body through that unwavering gaze. Then I pulled him against me and held onto him for dear life, refusing to succumb to thoughts of what might be wrong. We sat close to each other for the next half hour, sharing our strength and resolve to not panic, even though in some ways that seemed the most logical thing to do.

“Mr. Mackenzie?”

We looked up to see a young male doctor with black hair and green eyes who, in other circumstances, would have caused a double take he was so handsome. Right now it barely registered.

“Hello. I’m Dr. Lattimer, the attending neurologist.”

“Hi,” I said, standing up. “I’m Tate, James’ boyfriend. And this is Sebastian.” I wanted to say, also James’ boyfriend, but didn’t.

Dr. Lattimer nodded. “Mr. Lucas has some swelling in the brain, but nothing that looks severe. We’re giving him oxygen and anti-seizure medication just in case. If he remains unconscious for more than twelve hours we will have to take other measures.”

“So you think he’ll wake up on his own?”

Dr. Lattimer nodded. “With any luck, yes. As I said, the edema seems to be very minor but may be causing the delay in regaining consciousness.” He smiled. “Brain injury can be unpredictable, but in this case, all signs point toward a good outcome. At any rate, he’s stable and you can both be in the room with him. Janet will keep a close eye on things and let me know when he regains consciousness.”

He held out his hand to me and then to Sebastian. “Very nice to meet you. By the way, there’s nothing to lose by trying to speak to him. If you say something interesting enough perhaps that will help him out of it.”

“Okay. We’ll try.”

He grinned and left with his clipboard. His calm and matter-of-fact delivery of this information was incredibly reassuring.

I turned to Sebastian. “Let’s go.”

He followed me to the recovery room. Like me, Sebastian seemed taken aback by James’ helpless appearance.

“You said he looked normal.”

“I lied.”

We observed him for several long moments. Then Sebastian sat in the chair and placed a hand on James’ arm.

“We’re here with you, James. Both of us. We’re waiting for you to wake up and tell us off.”

I laughed and it felt good to do it. We needed to inject some humor into this stressful situation.

“Yeah,” I said. “We’ve been very bad while you’ve been unconscious. Your doctor is a fucking dream boat.”

Sebastian looked at me as if to say Oh, you noticed that too, did you? Then he started talking again.

“James, we really need you to wake up so you can make sure we don’t seduce the neurologist. When you see him you’ll understand.”

There was no discernible reaction from the unconscious patient. I shrugged. “Here, let me try.”

We exchanged spots and I put my mouth very close to James’ ear. “Here’s a little bit of motivation for you. I’m about to start being indecent with Sebastian here, because, well, we need some stress release pretty desperately.”

Was it my imagination, or did James’ eyelids flutter?

“Keep talking!” Sebastian said, excitement in his voice so I knew he’d seen it too.

“First, I’m going to pull down his pants. Then I’m going to bend him over your hospital bed and spank the shit out of him.”

More eyelid fluttering—longer this time.

“Then I’m going to use some of the Vaseline here on the counter to slick up his pretty little ass.”

Definite fluttering.

“Then I’m gonna fuck him long and hard to take his mind off worrying about you. And believe me he won’t be able to think about anything else. Maybe the hot neurologist will join us.”

Miraculously, James’ eyelids opened fully and he looked around, seeing us for the first time in almost sixteen hours. One word came in a weak whisper from his lips as he regarded me:

“Liar.”

## Chapter Nine

### *Relief*

“Thank. Fucking. Christ,” was all I could say for a moment as we stared at each other.

Sebastian grabbed James’ hand and squeezed it, as if needing more assurance that our lover was awake.

“Sebastian,” James whispered, squeezing back with little apparent strength. I’d never seen him this wrecked, but at least he was with us now. His eyes returned to me.

“What happened? Where am I? And why aren’t you fucking Sebastian?”

I laughed. At least he had enough lucidity to make a joke. At least, I think it was a joke.

“You had a skiing accident, James. You’re at the General Hospital in Ottawa. They’re taking really good care of you.

“Everything hurts.”

“You’ve got a badly broken leg and severe bruising. You just got out of surgery a few hours ago. You’re really lucky there was no internal bleeding and no head injury.”

“But when you didn’t wake up, we thought...” Sebastian said tremulously, clutching James’ hand a little tighter.

“How long have I been out?”

“Since yesterday afternoon. It’s Boxing Day, almost three in the morning.”

“You must be exhausted...”

“Fuck, James, don’t worry about us! We’re fine now you’re awake. We thought...we didn’t know what...” I stammered.

The edges of his dry lips crinkled upward and it was a miracle to see it. “It’s wonderful to see you.”

We looked at each other for a long moment, during which I fought the tears back. “I’m going to get the nurse.”

I found Janet and told her James had woken up. She went to find the neurologist.

When I got back to the room James asked how hot the neurologist really was or whether it had all been a trick.

“You can judge for yourself in a minute, because he’s on his way.”

Sure enough, Dr. Lattimer arrived shortly. When he came in, I saw for the first time that he had what looked like a dog's chain collar around his neck under his white coat, with a tiny lock on it. I couldn't help staring. He must have been wearing it all along but I'd been too stressed to put any significance to it until now.

"Mr. Lucas. I'm very glad to see you conscious."

James looked him over quickly and grinned. "I'm very glad to be conscious. I'm in good hands, I see."

Dr. Lattimer appeared to blush. I glanced at Sebastian to see him staring at Dr. Lattimer's unusual accessory.

I don't know what surprised me more—that James' neurologist most likely enjoyed a secret life as a gay leather pup or that James could exude the same charisma from a hospital bed that he gave off in a BDSM loft.

"Your injuries aren't severe although they did have to operate on your leg. Considering the magnitude of your accident, it could have been much worse. You're very lucky."

"I feel lucky, although I'm in quite a bit of pain."

"I'll get the nurse to up your morphine."

"Ah, thank you."

"But first I'd like to ask you a few questions. You seem quite lucid but it's part of my job."

"Of course."

"Can you tell me your name?"

"James Lucas."

"Do you know who these gentlemen are?" Dr. Lattimer gestured to us.

"Yes. Tate Mackenzie and Sebastian Doucette."

"And who are they in relation to you?"

"They're my lovers. Boyfriends." As if suddenly remembering something, James looked down at his hands. "I had a ring on my finger. Where is it?"

"They would have taken it off and put it with your clothes before surgery. I'm sure it's safe." Dr. Lattimer looked back and forth between the three of us. "I'm sorry, I was told..."

"I didn't want to confuse anyone and I wanted to make sure at least one of us got into the recovery room," I said, explaining the omission.

"So you're...all together?" Dr. Lattimer asked with attempted professionalism.

“Yes.”

“So I can rule out any confusion in the patient?”

“Yes,” Sebastian and I confirmed.

“Excellent.” He looked at all of us again, seemingly fascinated.

“I’ll just have a look at your eyes, Mr. Lucas.”

“Of course. They’re brown.”

“You’re absolutely correct,” Dr. Lattimer said with a grin as he shone a bright light into James’ eyes. “And they’re responding normally. You seem just fine.”

“You seem just fine as well,” James said, looking Dr. Lattimer over.

Dr. Lattimer chuckled. “Thank you. I’ll have the nurse up your morphine slightly. And I’d like to speak to your boyfriends for a moment.”

“By all means,” James murmured. “You won’t regret it.”

The man was irrepressible. It was such a relief to see him being the smart ass, even when recovering from emergency surgery.

Dr. Lattimer gestured for Sebastian and me to follow him into the hall. He closed the door to James’ room.

“Is he always like that?” Dr. Lattimer asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well...flirty and...seductive? Or is it something strange? I’m trying to figure out if he’s suffering from any brain damage.”

“No, that’s James. If he wasn’t lying in a hospital bed you’d probably be sucking his cock by now.” I don’t know if it was the relief from so much stress, but at this point I wasn’t holding anything back. I quickly realized my remark had been inappropriate. “I’m sorry. It’s been a long night.”

Dr. Lattimer’s gaze met my own and it seemed he wasn’t offended by the remark. I think he believed me.

“I understand, Mr. Mackenzie,” he said, and I felt like it meant something more.

“I like your chain, Dr. Lattimer,” Sebastian said, pointing at Dr. Lattimer’s accessory. They exchanged a look.

“Thank you.” He moved slightly closer to my blond boyfriend and quietly said, “The others think it’s just an original kind of necklace.”

Sebastian laughed. “That’s awesome. I don’t wear one all the time but,” he gestured at me and at the closed door, “I get it.”

Dr. Lattimer nodded and grinned. “So few people do.”

They shook hands warmly and exchanged another intimate look. “You seem young for a neurologist.” Sebastian said.

“I’m a resident. Not a full Dr. of Neurology yet. But soon. I’m thirty-two.”

“You look younger,” I couldn’t help adding.

“Thanks,” he beamed. “You three are seriously making my day and it’s only just begun. Listen, your boyfriend/Top/Master, whatever, seems fine. We’ll keep him on the morphine for a day or two for the pain. Then he can go on prescription painkillers.

When he goes home you’ll have to make sure he doesn’t begin to rely on them too much.”

“James hates drugs, so it’ll probably be harder to make sure he takes them at all. He’ll want to get rid of them sooner rather than later.”

“Okay. Just keep an eye on it.”

“Sure. When do you think he’ll be able to come home?”

Dr. Lattimer shrugged. “Once he’s off the morphine we’ll discharge him. So, day after tomorrow if everything goes well. Look, I’ll be back to check on him through the day but he seems great. I’m really pleased with how he’s doing. And, uh, he’s pretty lucky to have you both looking out for him.”

“Thanks.”

“It’s been nice talking to you.”

“You too.”

“And my name’s Nick, although I’d appreciate it if you’d keep calling me Dr. Lattimer while you’re here. Once he’s discharged though, I’d like to keep in touch.”

“Of course.”

“Me too,” Sebastian said.

We watched him walk down the hall, amazed to find such a sympathetic soul in such an unusual place.

James wasn’t surprised at all when we told him. And he was very pleased that Dr. Lattimer, rather, Nick, had expressed an interest in staying in touch.

“Good. I was contemplating pretending to be confused to keep him at my bedside a bit longer.”

“Don’t you fucking dare,” I said.

He laughed, then groaned. “Fuck, that hurts...”

“Oh, suck it up, Sally.”

“Easy for you to say.”

Nurse Janet came in.

“Oh thank Heavens,” James said. “Morphine?” He looked at her with pleading eyes.

“Oui, mon petit chou. Yes, more for you...”

Sebastian chuckled.

“What?” I was missing something.

“She called him ‘little cabbage’.”

I burst out laughing because I’d never heard a less appropriate nickname for James.

“She can call me whatever she likes,” James said adoringly as she increased his morphine drip. He moaned happily after a moment. “Oh my God, yes...thank you.”

“You’re very welcome. You should sleep now.”

“But I just woke up,” James murmured as he drifted off.

“But he’ll wake up okay this time, right?”

“I only gave him a little more,” she assured us. “He’ll be fine.

The rest is good for him. And you two could use some sleep as well. Do you live in Ottawa?”

I nodded.

“Why don’t you go home and get some sleep. He’ll be fine. I’ll take good care of him.”

We agreed to follow her advice. Now that we’d seen James awake and like his old self, we felt able to possibly relax enough to get some sleep.

In fact it felt reassuring to be home. We didn’t even change into pajamas or shower, just stripped off our clothes and collapsed.

Unfortunately, in my addled and exhausted state I hadn’t thought to set the alarm. By the time we woke up it was almost noon.

I’d learned my lesson from the incident in Tremblant and checked my phone messages. There’d been no call from the hospital. We showered, dressed, and made our way there.



When we arrived we discovered James had been moved out of Recovery to a regular, private room where we found him propped up and awake, eating soup out of a Styrofoam bowl on a tray.

“Well, well, well. About time you showed up,” he said.

He looked much better, his cheeks slightly flushed, eyes bright and clear.

“They’ve taken me off the morphine. I feel much more alert. And the pills they gave me are controlling the pain.”

Sebastian kissed him warmly. “I’m so glad you’re okay. You gave us a pretty bad scare.”

“I’m so sorry, Sebastian. That’s the last thing I ever wanted to do.”

I moved close for a kiss as well. He smelled like antiseptic and plaster but he felt like the James we knew. “All our stuff is still at the chalet. I’ll drive up and get it this afternoon I guess.”

James held up his left hand to show us his ring back in place. “I had Janet get it for me.”

I laced my fingers with his, kissing the silver steel. “Good.”

After a brief knock Dr. Lattimer entered the room.

“Oh, excuse me,” he said, looking down in embarrassment and making to leave.

“It’s all right. I’m just reassuring myself that he actually is alive and well,” I said, backing away from James.

“The handsome Dr. Lattimer has been keeping a close eye on me,” James said.

Dr. Lattimer blushed, taking James’ wrist gently to check his pulse. He looked at the chart and nodded. “You’re doing fine. Better than fine, actually.” He smiled.

“I like to exceed expectations on a regular basis,” James explained.

“Right. You certainly exceeded our expectations of how exciting and hair-raising our Christmas holiday would be,” I murmured.

“I do apologize. That was never my intention. I still don’t really remember what happened.”

“Forget it. Just keep getting better and we’ll forgive you,” Sebastian said.

“However,” Dr. Lattimer said. “I’d like you to stay here for at least a couple of days. I’d like to monitor you closely,” he cleared his throat and looked embarrassed, because he was aware of how that sounded. “You know, to make sure everything up there is in working order. I don’t want to send you home just to get you back again.”

“That sounds reasonable. Even though I’d like to go home as soon as possible, I don’t want any of us worrying about my health.”

“Although you seem to be recovering from the accident and your surgery well, you’ll be extremely fatigued for several days. You might as well be here where you’ll get all your meals and bathroom needs taken care of.”

James grinned. “Yes, that’s very convenient.”

Nick looked at Sebastian and me. “The surgeon will be in shortly to speak to all of you about the recovery and what needs to be done once he does go home.”

“Perfect,” I said. “I guess we showed up at the right time.”

“Have a wonderful day,” Dr. Lattimer said, taking his leave, but not before giving us a flash of a smile and a lingering look.

Or maybe I imagined it.

James sighed, suddenly losing his cheerful attitude. “When did he say I can get the fuck out of here?”

Sebastian and I exchanged a glance.

“It’s only a few more days, James,” Sebastian said.

“You said you agreed with him.”

James looked up at the ceiling, his mouth tight. I saw how frustrated he felt at being in this predicament. James, who always had everything under control was now in the position of having to give some, if not most, of that up.

“I do, intellectually. Emotionally, I just want to go home.” He looked at us with such a sad expression it made my heart a little sore.

“Hey, Mr. Tough Guy. Your soft side is showing,” I said, gently teasing. I walked over and took his hand. “Suck it up. You’ll be home before you know it. And then we’ll take care of you.”

He squeezed my hand, hard. “I’m...I’m so sorry to put you boys through this. I feel like such an idiot.”

I glanced at Sebastian. James didn’t apologize very often, or at least didn’t apologize with this kind of emotion. We weren’t used to seeing him so vulnerable.

Truthfully, I felt a little weird about it. We were so used to him being the one to assure us that everything would be fine, it was a little tricky reversing those roles. It was Sebastian who stepped up, while I just kept holding his hand silently.

“It wasn’t your fault, James. You’re a good skier. Shit happens.”

He nodded. “I broke my arm when I was twelve. I was laid up for months and hated every minute of it.”

“Well, you’re not a kid now, and you’re living with us. We’ll keep things interesting for you.”

He looked up with a hint of a smile. “Will you?”

I laughed, because I knew what he was thinking. “Oh boy, here we go. Sebastian, I think we’re going to have our hands full for the next little while.”

Now James smiled, and everything felt normal again.

Sebastian’s smile matched James’. “Just because he’s lying on his back in bed doesn’t mean he can’t order us around. He’s demonstrated that often enough.”

James made a soft noise in his throat. He pointed down at his crotch, concealed by the bed sheets. “Ah, thank goodness. Everything seems to be responding normally.”

“God be praised,” I said.

“It’s a relief to know that almost dying in a skiing accident doesn’t dampen your libido, James,” Sebastian commented.

“I’ll say,” James responded, lifting up the sheet to see himself in action. Satisfied, he lay back, content. “Suddenly my outlook seems much brighter.”

A knock on the door signaled the entry of a middle-aged woman, carrying a clipboard. Short and rather plump, she wore dark-rimmed glasses and the obligatory white coat.

“James Lucas?” She asked the patient in a melodious trill.

“Yes, Ma’am,” James said, shifting slightly in his bed, no doubt to try to hide the erection he was so proud of.

She smiled, holding out her hand. “I’m Dr. Sara McNichol. Please, call me Sara. I’ve seen you inside-out so there’s no need to be formal. I was the emergency surgeon on call when you arrived.”

“I’m so sorry,” James said with exaggerated apology.

Sara laughed. “It’s okay. I know you didn’t plan to almost kill yourself on Christmas Day, Mr. Lucas.”

“James. I agree about the formality business. And no, I certainly did not.”

“These things happen, unfortunately. I’m just glad I could fix you up and that it wasn’t anything more serious. That being said, your leg was rather a mess.”

Dr. McNichol looked at Sebastian and me. “Are these your relatives?”

James cleared his throat. “They’re my boyfriends. We live together. In sin.”

I coughed to hide my shock. Maybe it was the meds. Then again, James was pretty good at sizing people up right away.

Sara raised her eyebrows. “Two boyfriends?” She looked us over quite obviously, then looked back at James. “Well, aren’t you the lucky one? Strangely spoken to a man in a hospital bed recovering from surgery and a mild brain injury.”

James laughed. “My life is a paradox. This is Tate,” he said, introducing me. I held out my hand to Dr. McNichol. “And Sebastian.”

We shook hands with James’ surgeon who seemed to be very interested in her patient all of a sudden. She eyed him curiously.

“Something tells me you’re wanting to be up and about sooner rather than later.”

“Well, yes. Obviously. I’m not a patient man, Sara.”

“I can sense that.”

“You’re very astute.”

“Thank you. Now we need to get serious. You’re lucky to be alive, James. That leg of yours is broken in two different places. You’ve got a compound fracture of the tibia and a meniscal tear which I repaired during the surgery.” She looked at us, then at James. “You’ll have to be careful during the recovery period.”

“Approximately how long will that be?” he asked.

“You’ll be on crutches for several weeks. We’ll have to keep that leg in a proper cast for at least four weeks. Then you’ll be in a walking cast and eventually you’ll be able to use a cane.”

She looked at James, “So probably two months at the very least assuming everything goes well and you follow instructions.” She gave James a stern look then turned back to me, “If he doesn’t, and he tries to do things sooner than he should, it’s going to take even longer. Tate, you and Sebastian are going to have to lay down the law at home.”

“That should be interesting,” I said.

“Hm?”

“James has a very...dominant...personality,” Sebastian said, blushing.

“Hmph,” Sara muttered. “Well, he’s going to have to learn to listen to me and to you both if he wants his recovery to go well.”

“You know, I’m here in the room with you all,” James said, Elizabeth Lister sounding grumpy.

“See what I mean?” Sebastian murmured.

“I’m sorry, I should be speaking to you directly.” She turned to face him. “James, I’m serious. If you want to have a full recovery you’re going to have to do as you’re instructed. Take a break from being the one in control and learn to be looked after. You may even enjoy it.”

“I doubt it. But I understand. I’ll do my best,” James said, looking very brave in the face of this prognosis.

## Chapter Ten

### *Unexpected*

Later that afternoon, we drove back to the condo in Tremblant to collect our things.

It was the perfect day for a drive. Clear roads and no threat of a storm on the horizon meant a headache-free journey. We blasted tunes on the MP3 player and finally relaxed after a crazy day and a half.

Sebastian called Patrice while I filled up at a gas station. They were astonished to hear about the accident but relieved, as we'd been, that James' injuries weren't more serious than a broken leg and severe bruising. Freddy thanked Sebastian for waiting until we had a good prognosis before calling. The stress of worrying and waiting would not have been good for Patrice, and everything had turned out okay anyway.

We found the condo exactly as we'd left it. At least we'd tidied up from our pre-ski brunch and run the dishwasher. But we needed to pack all the clothes and things we'd each brought, plus pack a cooler with leftover groceries. We decided to bring home our small Christmas tree. It held the memories from our wonderful morning when James had presented the rings to us, before the day had turned tragic and frightening.

While tidying the master bedroom I suddenly had the irresistible urge to tackle Sebastian to the bed and wrestle him into submission—not a difficult task because he immediately gave in. Next thing we knew we both had our clothes off. Funny how that happened.

So horny I could barely contain myself, I started kissing his naked body all over.

“Okay, hi,” he said sweetly, letting me worship him this way.

The stress of the past thirty-two hours had taken their toll and all I wanted to do was bask in the relief and feel alive again.

Sebastian stretched out lazily on the bed and watched me with an indulgent expression. When I finally took his cock in my mouth he moaned with a beautiful urgency. I sucked him, holding his hands and bringing him off quickly. Then he reciprocated for me.

Afterwards we took a quick shower and got back in the car for the drive home, feeling much better and calmer. Because of this the drive home proved even more fun, so we were in a good mood when we got back to the condo. Once we got all our shit put away, and the little tree installed in the living room, I called James.

“Hello?” He sounded groggy.

“Sorry, did I wake you?”

“You did, but it’s okay. How are you?” he asked.

“I’m great. How are you feeling?”

“Not too bad. I’ve slept most of the afternoon.”

“That’s good. We got everything from the condo and cleaned up.”

“Good.”

“And sucked each other off.”

“Cheeky.”

“Are you up for a visit tonight or should we wait until morning?”

“Well, honestly, Tate, I’m probably going to have my supper and then fall asleep again.

This is the most exhausted I’ve felt in a long while.”

I chuckled. “Well, you’ve been through quite a bit.”

“Yes. I imagine you’re tired too.”

It was true. “Yep.”

I heard him yawn, which caused me to follow suit.

“Why don’t you come see me in the morning? You know what I’m craving, Tate?”

“Hmm, I can just imagine.”

He laughed. “Surprisingly, not that. Do you think you could stop at Tim Horton’s and bring me a dark roast coffee and donuts?”

“I thought you were all about healthy choices.”

“Perhaps it’s the brain injury.”

“Any specific kind?” I asked, highly amused.

“I love an old fashioned Boston Crème.”

“I’ll bet you do.”

“Naughty. Please don’t remind me of everything I’m missing out on right now. This is not my idea of a Christmas getaway anymore.”

“I’m sorry. We’ll be there at ten, with donuts and coffee. We’ll have a little Timmy’s picnic in your room.”

“Sounds delightful,” he said with sincerity. “Good night, Tate. Sweet dreams.”

“If they’re about you they will be.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too.”

“Love you both.” This from Sebastian on the other line. I glanced over to see him holding the other cordless phone to his ear and winking at me.

“Good night, Sebastian,” James said. “Thank goodness I have you both. See you tomorrow.”

I hung up, wishing he was already home.

§ § §

We woke up to a storm warning from the Weather Network the following day. A snowfall of at least ten centimeters was expected before nightfall. It’s a good thing we’d picked up our stuff yesterday.

As we approached Room 226 I heard a woman’s loud voice talking about dogs and how expensive it was to keep them groomed properly. I looked at Sebastian who seemed as confused as me. Had James been moved into a different room?

Then we heard his voice: “Mom, you already have three. Why do you need another one?”

“Oh my God,” Sebastian mouthed.

“Shhh,” I said, listening outside the partially open door.

“Oh, really, James Henry? You’re going to question me about my lifestyle?”

Holy fuck. I almost let go of the tray of coffees. The only thing I could think to do was knock.

The clicking of high heels preceded the door opening to reveal a tall, slim, fashionably attired woman with short salt & pepper hair, piercing green eyes and the perfect bow of a mouth enhanced with dark red lipstick. Stunning, although she couldn’t have been much younger than seventy, and then that perfect mouth curved upwards into a familiar smile.

“Well, well, well,” she said. “You must be the boyfriends.”

I cleared my throat. “Uh, yes, ma’am. I’m Tate.” I held out my hand, nodding to the blond man beside me—at least, I assumed he was still beside me. “This is Sebastian.”

She shook my hand firmly, eyeing me subtly up and down, then Sebastian’s, eyeing him a little more obviously. Had I not been filled with many conflicted emotions already I might have been offended.

“I see my son has maintained his high standards. You’re both very attractive.”



“Mom. Stop it,” James said from the bed.

“Sweetheart, I’m only admiring your taste in men, since it seems that we share it. I’m Meghan, James’ mother. But please call me Meg.” It seemed more of an order than a request. I certainly could see where James got his dominant streak.

“Nice to meet you, Meg. Um, we brought coffee and donuts, but we didn’t know you’d be here so…”

“That’s fine, dear. I’ve had breakfast. I’m sure James will be delighted.”

She turned to her son, who looked helpless and somewhat annoyed. “I’m going for a smoke. I’ll be back in a bit.” She smiled at us and left the room.

Sebastian and I stared at James as the clicking of her fancy leather boots receded down the hallway.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know she was coming,” James said, sounding defeated.

“That’s your mom?” Sebastian said, stating the obvious, but I couldn’t blame him. I was just as surprised. I don’t know what I’d expected, but that wasn’t it.

“Is one of those mine?” James asked, pointing at the tray I carried. “Because I could really use one.”

“Yes, sorry. Here,” I handed him the large black coffee and gave Sebastian his double double, then took the one with just a bit of milk in it for myself.

“Donut?” Sebastian asked, holding up the bag.

James shook his head. “Not right now. I need this more at the moment.”

“Careful, it’s hot.”

James raised his eyebrows at me.

“What?”

“I know it’s hot, Tate. It’s coffee.”

“Sorry.”

“Thank you. I’m just feeling a little sensitive at the moment. And like a small child who’s been caught getting up to no good.”

“Well…”

“Be quiet.”

Sebastian snickered.

“I called her yesterday morning. I had no idea she’d show up today. She’s usually got a lot going on.”

“She’s your mom, though,” I said. “If my son was in hospital recovering from serious injuries I’d want to see him.”

“I’m fifty years old, not nine.”

“I don’t think that matters to mothers. In fact,” I glanced at Sebastian, “we should warn you to expect a visit from our mothers any time now.”

James stared at us, unbelieving perhaps. “Fuck my life.”

Okay, I got that he was feeling a bit coddled and controlled at the moment but that was a bit offensive. “Thanks,” I said, sarcastically.

“I’m sorry. Your mothers are lovely. Mine’s...well, she takes some getting used to. And I’ve not been around her for a very long time. I’m just not used to...mothering.”

“Poor James. Drink your coffee.”

He gave me a withering look. I’d pay for this later when we were home and he got his Dom legs back. But I didn’t care. I couldn’t wait until we got James back home with us and things could return to at least a semblance of normal. I had to go back to work next week and Sebastian had some upcoming deadlines as well. At least Sebastian would be at home during the day to keep an eye on things.

Suddenly I noticed the large bouquet of roses on the table in the corner. “Did your mom bring those?”

James laughed. “No. They’re from Patrice and Freddy. Look at the card.”

I peeked at the small card wedged between the stems.

*Dear James, please look after yourself and get well. If the boys need a break from you during your recovery, give us a call. Lots of love, Freddy and Patrice.*

“Oh, we’ll need a break all right. I can tell already. You get whiny when you’re bored.

“Tate. God help me I’ll drop this coffee and pull you over my lap if you keep this up.” I could tell he meant it too. It made my throat tighten with emotion.

“I’m sorry. And even though that sounds amazing, I’ll stop.”

Sebastian sat on the bed beside James. “The nurses being nice to you?” he asked.

“Oh yes. It’s amazing what a pretty face can get you.”

“Sponge bath?” Sebastian asked.

James smiled dreamily. “It was lovely.”

“Male or female nurse?” I asked.

James laughed. “Female—quite voluptuous. I may be gay but I can still appreciate a good pair of tits.”

Just then, the sound of heels clicking in the hallway became obvious.

“Oh God,” James said.

“Maybe we can distract her,” Sebastian said.

“Good luck.”

And Meg breezed in. “I’ve just had the most interesting conversation with a very handsome EMT technician.”

“About the perils of smoking?” James asked.

She laughed—a tinkling, seemingly innocent sound that contained a quiet reprimand. “No, James. About the perils of grown children who think they know everything.”

“I know quite a bit.” James said.

“You know a little too much, perhaps. Anyway, how was your breakfast? You don’t usually have donuts for breakfast, do you, dear? You know they have absolutely no nutritional value AT ALL.” While saying this, she reached out, took a large crumb that James had left uneaten and popped it in her mouth. “Mmmm. Is he this grumbly at home?”

I glanced at James. He became a little more flushed. A muscle worked in his jaw but he remained silent.

“Not unless it’s part of a scene,” I said honestly.

James looked at me sternly. I shrugged, raising my eyebrows.

“Hmm,” Meg said, refraining from commenting on that. “Look, sweetheart,” she said, touching James’ stubbly cheek, “I’m not trying to annoy you, although I can see that I am. And I didn’t just come here to see you, although that was the primary purpose. I wanted to make an announcement. I’m getting remarried!” She held up her left ring finger, on which perched a stunning ruby ring. She smiled at us while we stared at her, not quite sure how to react.

However, James could not hide his surprise. “What?” he almost shouted.

“I’m getting remarried!”

“I heard you! I didn’t even know you were seeing anyone. Now you’re getting married?”

“You remember Colleen,” Meg said, unperturbed. “She proposed.”

Okay, this is just getting too bizarre.

Sebastian and I looked at James.

He seemed speechless. It was, and I hate to admit this, kind of funny.

He collected himself. “Colleen? I thought Colleen was your personal shopper?”

Meg winked, glancing at us. “Very personal.”

“Colleen? Colleen Fournier?”

“Yes, James.”

“But...why?”

“Well, obviously because we love each other.”

Sebastian said, “Congratulations, Meg. Tate, maybe we should go...”

James said, “No.” He turned back to Meg. “When did you start sleeping with women?”

Meg’s smile turned steely. Again, the family resemblance was astonishing. “Not women, dear. Woman. Just Colleen. And you have no right to question me about my habits in this regard. You of all people.”

James sighed. “I’m sorry, Mom, it’s just a lot to take in. I’m happy for you and Colleen. It’s wonderful.”

“Thank you, honey.” She kissed him on the forehead. “I’m glad you’ve got these young men to look after you. And, for the record, I don’t think of myself as a lesbian. I just happen to be in love with a woman. I could never give up men entirely. There just aren’t that many around who are close to my age anymore.”

“Thanks for clearing that up.”

“I mean, just looking at Tate and Sebastian here I can definitely tell you—”

“Mom!”

“It was awesome to meet you, Meg,” I said quickly. “Hopefully we’ll see you again. When’s the wedding?”

“Thank you for asking, Tate. It’s on May 23rd. Here in Ottawa.”

James seemed puzzled. “The wedding’s here?”

Meg nodded. “Oh, yes, I forgot to mention. I’m moving back. We’ve bought a house in Old Ottawa South.”

James leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

“What’s the matter?” Meg asked.

“Hmm? I think the painkillers I’m on are giving me hallucinations. I heard you say you were moving back to Ottawa with your female fiancée.”

“I did say that.”

“See?”

“Oh for heaven’s sake. Well, I’m leaving. Lovely to meet you, Tate and Sebastian. If he gets out of hand give me a call.”

“Perfect,” I said. “It’s nice to have something to bargain with.”

“Tate, I can hear you,” James muttered.

“Goodbye, Meg. I guess we’ll be seeing you?” Sebastian said.

She nodded, giving him a little chuck under the chin, like he was seven. “You certainly will.”

“Goodbye, Mom,” James said icily.

“Goodbye, son. Look after yourself. Love you.”

“Love you too. Give my good wishes to Colleen. You both have my blessing.”

Meg stopped and smiled, her resemblance to James becoming very obvious once again. “Thank you.” And she was gone.

Silence stretched from wall to wall as we adjusted to the lack of her powerful presence until James began to laugh quietly, eyes still closed.

“What’s funny?” Sebastian asked.

“Nothing,” he said. “But it’s either this or cry.”

“I thought she was kind of cool,” Sebastian admitted.

“She’s not your mother.”

“She’s so different from my mother,” he agreed.

“I’ll give her that. She’s definitely an original,” he said, opening his eyes and giving us a melancholy look. “But our lives are about to get much more complicated.”

“Just because she’s moving here doesn’t mean we have to see her all the time. Does it?”

## The Way We Live, AE Lister

James started laughing again. He closed his eyes and put his good arm over his face, his chest moving up and down.

## Chapter Eleven

### *Homecoming*

James came home three days before New Year's Eve.

We said goodbye to the wonderful staff at the General Hospital, loaded James' new crutches into the trunk of my car and moved the front passenger seat back enough to fit James in with his above-the-knee cast. Luckily the leg was bent and not straight or we would have needed an ambulance.

James visibly relaxed once we started for home. He laid his head back as Sebastian massaged his shoulders from behind.

"Feels good to be out of there," he admitted. "No matter what challenges await me at home."

I glanced at him and smiled, so glad to have him back with us.

"You'll be fine, James. At least you're allowed to put a little weight on that leg. It could be worse."

"I cannot wait to have a proper shower. The sponge baths were getting tiresome."

"Sebastian picked up a proper seat for the shower, like the doctor recommended. When we get home we'll help you take one."

He sighed. "I don't know what I'd do without you both."

Sebastian laughed. "Oh, you'd probably have to hire some old German lady to look after you. And she'd take advantage of your incapacitated state in all sorts of horrible ways."

"Dear God." James shuddered at the thought.

At home we helped James out of the car, watching him carefully use his crutches to navigate the front walk. When we got to the two small steps in front of the door we steadied him as he maneuvered himself up and into the front hall. It was a testament to his intrinsic strength and grace that he had so little trouble.

Going up the large staircase to the second level proved more challenging, but he made it by holding onto the rail with one hand and using just one crutch, with both of us spotting him in case of any issue. But by the time he got to the master bedroom he was exhausted. He sat down on the bed and let his crutches fall to the floor.

“Fuck me. That was like climbing Mount Everest.” He fell back and lay there, resting for several moments, while I stood his crutches by the dresser.

“Are you all right?” I asked.

He nodded. “Just give me a minute.”

“You still want to shower?”

“More than anything.”

“Okay.”

When he’d recovered from the awkward climb, he sat up carefully.

“Let’s get you undressed, then,” I said, perhaps a little too eagerly as my hands went to the buttons of his shirt.

“I’m not an invalid, Tate. I can take my own shirt off,” he said gently, stopping me.

I pushed his hand away. “I know that,” I said. “Please, just let me do it. I want to undress you.”

“All right.” He lowered his hand and lifted his chin, holding my gaze as I slowly unbuttoned the shirt and pushed it back, exposing his broad chest with its smattering of salt and pepper hair. Bruises that had turned from dark purple and almost black to blue and then yellow could still be seen, reminding me how close James had come to serious injury. At that moment Sebastian came into the room, bringing the cast cover for the shower. He asked if I needed help.

I nodded. “Help me take off his pants.”

Sebastian moved in and just as I began to proceed, James grabbed my chin, pulling my face to within inches of his. “Don’t forget, I haven’t had an orgasm in a week. This may not last long.”

“Sounds like you might need more than one,” I replied. “Sir.”

We got him out of his pants—a pair of old jeans we’d modified to accommodate his cast. I saw his erection tenting his boxer briefs in the most wonderful way. When his cock burst free as we took them off, Sebastian licked his lips.

Fuck. I couldn’t wait to get at him either!

We put the cast cover on and fastened it so his injured leg could be completely underwater without any worry.

“Hmm, I was expecting a plastic bag. This is perfect. Was it expensive?”



“About fifty bucks. Apparently plastic bags don’t work very well, and this way we don’t have to worry about leakage.” I glanced at James’ cock, which had a little moisture at its tip.

James’ groaned, seeing where my eyes had gone. “I’m so horny I don’t think I can walk.”

“Very funny.”

His eyes found Sebastian who had removed his own shirt and was shucking his pants and boxers. I followed suit.

James’ gaze moved back and forth between us as if he couldn’t decide who to look at. His chest rose and fell and his cock stood taller as he watched us.

When I was done I handed him one of the crutches. “Here. Use this and lean on me.” Sebastian helped him stand up and I supported one side of him while he fitted the crutch under his arm.

“Tally ho,” he said when he was ready.

We made our way very slowly to the ensuite—three naked men with erections on a mission that couldn’t begin until James was seated securely in the shower. It was difficult not to rush him along but Sebastian and I showed a great deal of maturity and restraint—mainly because if he fell we’d be in an even worse situation.

Finally, we got there. He’d had the sense to take a pill before he got in the car so at least he didn’t seem to be in any pain.

When he’d seated himself, with some assistance, on the shower bench he sighed and leaned back with relief. “I’m not even going to think about getting back there right now.”

“Don’t worry about anything,” Sebastian said, turning on the water and making sure it was a good temperature before aiming the showerhead at James.

When the warm water hit his body he groaned in absolute pleasure, his dick standing tall and happy under the spray. “Oh my God...this is heaven.”

Thank goodness for the two-person shower that was able to accommodate the three of us comfortably. I squeezed some body wash into my hand and passed the bottle to Sebastian who did the same. Then we focused our attention on James.

He closed his eyes as we washed him, paying special attention to his most sensitive areas. We helped him stand so we could get at the hard to reach spots. I quite enjoyed the sounds that came out of his mouth during the procedure. I used the handheld

showerhead to rinse him off when we were done. Once seated on the chair again he gazed at us out of grateful and heavy-lidded eyes.

“Thank you,” he said with genuine emotion and relief.

“We’re just getting started,” I chuckled, dropping to my knees in front of James and eyeing his still engorged cock. I noticed Sebastian’s dick was at eye level now. I turned, taking Sebastian’s cock in my mouth, surprising both of them. I sucked strongly on Sebastian’s dick, wrapping my hand around James’ erection and stroking in the same rhythm. Their groans echoed from the marble walls of the large shower as they watched me.

“Oh fuck yes,” James murmured enthusiastically as I worked harder on Sebastian’s cock and kept stroking his. He put his hand out to grab the newly installed shower bar in order to steady himself. I know he wanted to thrust into my grip but couldn’t without jeopardizing his stability. “Let go of me and concentrate on him, Tate. It’s beautiful to watch.”

I gave James’ dick one last tug then gripped Sebastian’s thighs, doubling my efforts.

Sebastian groaned, laying a hand on my wet head. I glanced up at those familiar blue eyes as his mouth dropped open. He thrust into my mouth, eager and close to coming. It never took Sebastian long to orgasm when he was free to do so. I actually really liked that about him. He didn’t care about impressing us by holding back unless that was a deliberate part of the games we played.

I glanced at James who now stroked himself while watching me work on Sebastian with a contented look on his face. Any fatigue from the walk to the shower appeared to have vanished.

“I’m close...I’m close...” Sebastian moaned, holding himself with a hand on the shower wall as he thrust involuntarily into my willing mouth. I slid a finger between his cheeks, making him cry out and come suddenly. I swallowed all of it while James watched, his hand picking up speed.

But I wasn’t having that. I’d waited too long for him to be home and within reach to let him come using his own hand right beside me.

I came off Sebastian and grabbed James’ wrist, making him let go. Then I was on him. Careful not to put any weight on his injured leg I hugged his other thigh while I sucked him hard.

My jaw and lips were getting sore but I didn’t care, I’d make him come if it killed me. I’d had a taste and was hungry for more. I let my hand fall to my own erection, giving it a couple of soothing strokes before turning all my attention to James again.

His breathing picked up. His hand gripped the shower bar tightly as I moved on him, back and forth, back and forth, fast, then slow. Suddenly, I knew it was imminent.

Sure enough, James groaned, “Tate, oh, fuck, fuck!” and exploded down my throat with more curses and sighs. I swallowed his release with eagerness as I stroked his hip gently. It was so awesome to have him back where he belonged.

“Oh Tate, that was...thank you,” He sighed, tousling my wet hair and caressing my cheek. He traced a finger over my lips then put it in his mouth. “Stand up.”

I turned to see Sebastian standing behind me, waiting. As I stood he fell to his knees, quickly taking my throbbing prick into his mouth. I looked at James sitting on the shower chair with his leg in a blue cast protector, his prick flaccid and content, gazing at me with adoring eyes.

My dick ached for release, especially now that Sebastian gave it the attention it needed. But he always took his damn time. He knew how to prolong it, how to tease me until I couldn't stand it anymore.

“Faster,” I said. Then as an afterthought, because I was nothing if not polite, “Please.”

He obliged me, perhaps understanding I wasn't in the mood for a leisurely, drawn out session. I wanted to come. I wanted to shoot my load down his throat in a minute while James watched.

With our eyes locked, James and I communicated silently while I got closer and closer to my climax. It seemed he could see inside me and feel what I was feeling as Sebastian worked.

Luckily the water that still rained down continued to be warm, even though we'd been in here a long time. The steam accumulated and the cozy warmth enveloped my body as the heat of Sebastian's mouth enveloped my cock.

I was getting real close now. Sebastian snaked an arm up my torso, his fingers finding my nipple, suddenly squeezing and twisting. I cried out, my orgasm bursting forth as he tortured my tender flesh with merciless intent. I groaned as the pain from my nipple and the pleasure from my groin combined into one intense experience. I placed my hand over his in a silent plea for mercy as my climax waned and diminished. He released my nipple and took my hand in his as he sucked the last bit of juice from me.

“It's good to be home,” James said.

We got dried off, James insisting on doing the job himself since he was “not an invalid.” We helped him to bed and took the cast cover off. Sure enough, everything was perfectly dry even after being under running water for close to a half hour.

We climbed into bed, buck naked—James in the middle, Sebastian and I on either side. We took turns playing with James’ dick and whispering sweet nothings into his ear until he was absolutely hard as wood again. Then Sebastian jerked him off while I toyed with his nipples and whispered naughty things in his ear.

Sebastian and I eventually retired to our room, since it seemed more sensible to let James have the extra space and not worry about one of us rolling on him in the night. We reminded him to take a pain pill before he fell asleep.

I confess I woke up and checked on him a couple of times, just to make sure he was okay. When I woke at eight thirty and went to check on him, he was sitting up reading a book.

“Good morning.” He smiled.

“Morning. You slept well?”

He nodded. “Very well.”

I sat beside him on the bed and kissed him warmly. He smelled so good. My James, back home. Life was good again.

“How does your leg feel?”

He shrugged. “It’s a bit achy.”

“Did you take your pill?”

“No. It’s not that bad.”

“You don’t have to be a hero you know. If it hurts, take the pill.”

“It’s not that bad. Really.”

“Okay.”

Suddenly James’ smart phone on the bedside table lit up and started playing a song I recognized. “Is that?”

“Bowie. Queen Bitch.”

I chuckled. “Your mom?”

“My mom.”

“Are you going to answer it?”

“I really don’t want to.”

I grabbed it off his bedside table and pressed the answer button as he said, “Tate!”

I held it to my ear. “Hello?”

“James?” Meg said in her crisp, no nonsense tone.

“No, this is Tate.”

“Hello, darling. May I please speak to my son?”

“Actually...” I glanced at James who looked at me with the devil in his eyes, like he wished he could throw me over his lap this minute. It was awesome. “...he’s still asleep.”

“Really? What did you boys do to him? He needs his rest you know.”

“Could’ve fooled me. He was pretty demanding last night.”

There was a pause and then a burst of laughter.

“Well, you know, he’s been in the hospital an awfully long time,” I explained.

“Please have him call me when he wakes up. I need to ask him a few things and I’d like to bring Colleen by to introduce you to my fiancée.”

“Of course.”

“Thank you, Tate.”

I put the phone back on the table. “She’d like you to call her back when you wake up.”

“You’re a pretty good liar. That might come in handy.” I smiled proudly.

“What did she want?”

“She said something about bringing Colleen by.”

“Oh Christ.”

“What?”

“I just got home. I don’t want to entertain.”

“So tell her she can come over tomorrow.”

He frowned. “She won’t like that.”

I stared at him—at this man who was my Dom and my Daddy and who could break a boy with a look. “You’re scared of making your mommy angry?”

“Didn’t you know, Tate? Sometimes a good sub makes a great Dom.”

“Ew.”

“I’m referring to the emotional/relational state. Not the sexual, obviously.”

“Obviously.”

He sighed. "I'll call her back in a bit. First I want to kiss you again. Come here." He took off his reading glasses and grabbed my arm, pulling me closer.

We kissed tenderly, slowly, so glad to be able to do so in the comfort of home. He caressed my shoulders and arms reverently while I touched his face and neck in the same manner—another reunion of sorts, now the desperate need of the previous evening had gone. His hand moved down my torso and under the waistband of my boxers. He found my dick and circled it with his warm hand.

"I've missed this," he said against my lips, stroking me gently.

"Me too," I said, snaking my tongue into his mouth, plumbing that familiar depth and getting to know him intimately again. My cock grew hard and solid in his hand.

"Take off your shorts," he said.

I managed to do this without breaking our kiss. He fondled me for a long time, exploring me, teasing me, until I could barely contain myself. The kissing became sloppier and more needful.

Finally, James said, "Kneel up and put your cock in my mouth."

I made a noise in my throat and did as he asked. Pulling my mouth away, I straddled him where he lay propped up on his pillows and took off his glasses carefully, placing them on the table. Then I held my dick to his lips.

"At your service," I murmured as his hand came up and guided me into his mouth.

His eyes locked on mine as he took me in, the warmth and wetness of his embrace making me groan. I placed my hands on his shoulders and watched as he sucked me, gently moving my hips back and forth.

"Oh yeah," I murmured. "Oh fuck, yeah."

He moved the fingers of one hand to my lips so I opened my mouth, taking them in and wetting them. When they were thoroughly moistened he slid them out of my mouth and into the crack of my ass, touching me there, teasing me as he used his mouth and tongue on my prick.

I made a vulnerable sound as I felt one finger sink in slowly, so slowly, sending ripples of pleasure through me. He pressed it deep and found my prostate, making me groan and clutch him.

"Jesus. You're going to make me come," I panted. I knew he could do so in a moment, he was so skilled and knew just how to play me.

He hummed low in his throat, the vibration traveling through my dick and balls to the throbs of sensation deeper inside.

“Oh, fuck, oh yeah, oh keep doing that,” I moaned, moving my hips involuntarily as the pleasure built and built.

James stroked my prostate harder and grasped the base of my dick, sucking and stroking me with his lips and tongue, taking me as deep as he could.

“I’m going to come,” I cried out after a few more beautiful moments.

At that exact moment he sunk a second finger deep into me. I yelled, exploding and emptying into his willing mouth, the pleasure coursing through my body as I remembered he had a broken leg and tried my best not to jostle him.

“Aaaaaah, Jesus, Jesus, fuck,” I groaned, my orgasm continuing as I watched him swallow and take it all, his eyes adoring me from below.

After it tapered off I was able to extricate my dick from his warm mouth without collapsing on him. I fell on my back beside him and stared at the ceiling, my chest rising and falling with my diminishing breaths, my wet shrinking cock feeling cold in the air of the room.

“I fucking love you so much,” I said, reaching out and taking his hand in mine.

He squeezed it with affection and stroked my hip with his knuckles. “Precious Tate. You and Sebastian have given me more than you’ll ever know.” He sighed. “The next few weeks are going to be challenging. I’ll try not to annoy the crap out of you.”

“We’ll keep you in line, don’t worry,” I said, turning to meet his gaze.

He laughed. “I’m frightened.”

“You should be.”

## Chapter Twelve

### *Revelations*

When Sebastian woke up I made breakfast while he and James shared some intimate time together.

I heard sounds indicating that they were still occupied when I went to get them. I toyed with the idea of going back downstairs but ended up peeking around the half open door to see what was going on. I mean, I knew what was going on, but I wanted to see exactly how it was going on. Because, well, there are never enough opportunities to spy on your two sexy boyfriends getting it on. At least, there hadn't been lately. Besides all the food was in the oven staying warm. There was no rush.

James had Sebastian in exactly the same position that I'd been in since he really didn't have many options right now. But Sebastian was playing with his own ass while James sucked his cock and that was a downright dirty image. My cock started to swell while I watched.

Getting close now, his exclamations of pleasure became louder. James hugged Sebastian's thighs tight as he worked him hard and fast, his eyes on Sebastian's face. The younger man's eyes were closed, his hair an adorable mess, his forehead creased as he grunted. He suddenly stiffened and braced his hand against the wall behind James' head, opening his eyes and staring down at where his dick kept disappearing into James' mouth. He let out a long, high-pitched moan. I saw James' Adam's apple bob as he tried to swallow the sudden onslaught, but some of it dribbled out and down his chin—the sexiest goddamn thing I'd seen in a long, long time.

When he finished, Sebastian pulled his dick out of James' mouth, cupped his hands on James' cheeks, and kissed him hard, tongue going after the remnants of his release. James opened his mouth wide to accommodate the younger man's efforts. His eyes flitted to the door. He saw me as he began to kiss Sebastian back with equal fervor.

“Hey,” I said.

They continued to kiss, although Sebastian glanced my way to acknowledge my presence.

“I just wanted to tell you that breakfast is ready.”

The kissing continued.

“Okay, well, I'm going downstairs to have a fucking “Farmer's Delight” of a fucking breakfast feast. James, do you want me to bring yours up here or are you coming down?”



He tried to break away from Sebastian to say something but Sebastian stayed focused. James held up one finger and I waited patiently. He moved his other hand to Sebastian's nipple and twisted it painfully, causing the blond man to yelp and pull his mouth away.

"Ow!"

"I need to speak to Tate for a moment." James said, releasing Sebastian's nipple and grabbing his hair to keep him at bay.

Sebastian gazed happily at me from beneath the flop of his sweaty bangs. "I'd like to come down if you don't mind. The doctor said I'm to move around in the house as much as I want and I don't think I can stare at these four walls all day. But I'd like to get dressed first."

"I'll help you," Sebastian murmured, his fingers caressing James' cheek, his eyes once again on James' lips as if he wanted to return to the kiss.

James grinned at me, still holding a chunk of Sebastian's hair in his firm grip. "We've got a volunteer."

I grinned. "Fine. Call me if you need more help."

§ § §

James made it downstairs with Sebastian spotting him from behind and me waiting nervously at the bottom, ready to run up if

I saw him falter. But, like everything else he did, he accomplished the task with perfection.

We helped him get settled on the living room sofa and I brought him a tray with his breakfast on it, and strong coffee in the new mug I'd gotten him. When he saw what was on the side of the mug he burst out laughing. It had a drawing of a guy on crutches with bandages on his head, arm in a sling, and leg in a cast with "I DO MY OWN STUNTS" written in black letters.

"That's wonderful!"

"Glad you like it."

He took a sip of his coffee. "Ah, but this is what I like most—delicious, thank you. I hope you made lots. It's my one vice."

I raised my eyebrows at him.

"Well, except for...never mind. I meant health-wise, smart ass."

"I didn't say anything!"

"We've been together so long I can read your mind. Quite frightening actually."

Sebastian and I brought our breakfasts into the room so we could eat together. When we'd finished James decided he couldn't put off calling his mom back any longer, so we left him alone and took the dishes to the kitchen. When I wandered back in to see if he wanted another cup of coffee he was still on the phone.

"Yes, Mother. No. I don't think so. For heaven's sake what kind of comment is that? Are you sure? No. Whatever. When? All right. No, it's fine. It's fine, Mother. We'll see you later then. Goodbye." He put down his phone and picked up his empty coffee cup, holding it out to me with a pleading look. "Hit me."

"What?"

"More coffee please."

"Oh, sure, okay." I took his cup. "When are they coming over?"

"At two."

I glanced around at the room. "Should we...clean?"

"Don't be ridiculous. If she wants to give us a few hours notice she can put up with the mess. Actually it's not that bad."

"Danny's coming tomorrow."

"Perfect."

Danny was a kid we had clean the house every couple of weeks. He was only twenty-two and worked a few different jobs. His rates were good and his work impeccable. And I think James enjoyed the idea of having a cute kid clean the place. He was attractive enough but a bit effeminate for my taste. Nice guy though.

Over the next hour James received several more calls from friends who wanted to congratulate him on returning home and set up visits with him. My mom wanted to come over and bring a casserole or something too. Seemed it would be a busy week.

Luckily, I'd got an extension from my boss so I didn't have to go into the office until Monday. She'd been amazing through all of this. When I told her how much I appreciated her flexibility she laughed and replied "I'd rather have you fully focused when you're here. You can't do that right now with your boyfriend laid up."

Contrary to James' wishes Sebastian and I tidied and straightened the kitchen and front hall, just to make things a bit more presentable.

When two o'clock rolled around with no sign of our visitors, then two fifteen, I popped my head in the living room.

"I thought she said two."

"She did. She'll be here closer to three. I should have told you."

"Oh. Okay."

James had the cozy plaid afghan pulled over him while he read a book, his glasses turning him into a very sexy professor.

"What are you reading, anyway?" I asked, moving into the room.

He glanced up and shrugged. "Shalimar the Clown by Salman Rushdie. I've read it before. But Rushdie books always demand a reread."

"Ah." I had no idea, as I'd never read Rushdie. I'd tried to read one of his books once but they were too confusing—full of imagery and metaphor and characters with confusing names.

"Luckily I have a large collection of books to keep me entertained over the next couple of months. Otherwise I don't know what I'd do," he admitted.

"Watch TV? Play videogames?" I suggested.

He looked at me over the tops of his glasses like I'd lost my mind then returned to his reading.

I went looking for Sebastian, whom I found upstairs listening to his iPod.

"Is she here?" he asked, pulling out one of the ear buds.

"Not yet. Seems she's habitually late."

"C'mere." He motioned me over. "You've got to hear this. I discovered a new band."

I got on the bed and snuggled in beside him. He passed me the earbud. We lay there side by side, listening to some new alternative band, until the doorbell rang.

Meg beamed at Sebastian when he opened the door. The petite brunette beside her smiled a little less openly.

"Hello, Sebastian," Meg said. "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. Come on in."

"Hey, Meg," I said moving aside as the two women entered.

"Hello, Tate. Boys, I'd like to introduce you to my fiancée, Colleen." Meg put her hand on the other woman's shoulder.

“Lovely to meet you both,” Colleen said, taking off her oversized sunglasses and looking at us through a pair of vibrant blue eyes.

We responded in kind.

Meg tried to peek around us into the living room. “How’s the patient?”

“So far so good. He’s not driving us crazy with incessant demands yet.”

“Give him time. I remember when he was laid up as a boy. Don’t be surprised if he starts to lose his marbles after a couple of weeks. James does not take well to inactivity.”

We led our visitors into the other room.

James put down his book and took off his glasses. “Mother. Colleen. Good to see you.”

“Oh, James, you look so much better!” Meg said, leaning down to kiss him on the cheek. “Colleen, you remember my son, James?”

“Of course I do,” Colleen said with a warm smile. “How are you?”

James smiled but seemed to be holding something back—it wasn’t his usual warm greeting. “I’ve seen better days. Not only am I recovering from a skiing injury but from the news that my mother is planning to marry you.”

I looked at Sebastian, not prepared for this. James’ manners were usually impeccable.

Colleen laughed. “It was a bit of a shock to me, when she asked me.” She glanced affectionately at Meg, who gave her a meaningful smile. “I thought Meg was done with marriage.”

“Apparently not,” James said, his smile becoming more genuine. “I suppose it could be worse.”

“Careful, James Henry,” Meg warned.

“It’s all right,” Colleen waved away her concern. “I’ll take that as a compliment. I know it must have been a shock.” She motioned to Meg. “Did she even tell you we were...involved?”

“It must have slipped her mind.”

“Meg!” She gazed accusingly at her lover.

“Well, it never came up! He hardly ever called me, and when he did all he wanted to talk about was his sex life.”

“That is not true,” James protested as Colleen said, “Oh, Meg. Really? Must you provoke everyone?”

“Well, I’m sorry,” She turned to James. “Son, I’ve been having an affair with Colleen for a few years now. I never mentioned it because I didn’t think you’d give a damn and I never thought it would amount to anything—sorry, Colleen. I thought I was going through a phase or something—midlife crisis or some such baloney.” She took Colleen’s hand in hers. “But it turned into so much more.”

“So...you and Colleen knew each other before?” I asked James. I was so confused.

“Colleen was a coworker—a good one. And she helped me decorate the house. We were friends, really.”

“I hope we still are, James.”

He smiled. “I’m sure we can be. It would be nice to be friends with my stepmother.”

Colleen looked much more relaxed.

“Um,” I whispered to James while Meg took Colleen aside.

“Did she help you with...the whole house?”

“Yes, Tate. She helped me pick out the pieces for the loft.”

I stared at him, then looked at Colleen—this small-statured woman who looked about sixty-five, then back at James. “No shit?”

He chuckled. “No shit. She’s quite a woman. I’m not surprised my mom fell for her.”

“James, we want to ask you something,” Meg said, coming closer and still holding Colleen’s hand.

“Oh Lord. You want Tate and Sebastian as your ring bearers?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. James, we’d like you to marry us,” Meg said, looking affectionately at her son.

He cleared his throat. “Now, I’m quite open-minded but what kind of...”

“You know what I mean,” Meg said, a hard edge to her voice. “We want you to officiate.”

“But I don’t have any certification.”

“How hard can it be to get certified these days? It will give you something to focus on during your recovery. Of course, if you don’t want to...”

“Mom, don’t start laying the guilt trip on me quite yet. I’d be honored.”

“James, I’m so glad.”

“So am I,” Colleen murmured, moving closer to Meg and kissing her on the cheek.

“When is the wedding again? I mean, what sort of timeline am I working with?” James asked.

“May 23rd. There’s lots of time. Anyway, we can discuss it further next week. We’d like to take the three of you out for dinner.”

“Mother, I’ll still be in the full cast.”

“So? You have to eat. Most restaurants are handicapped accessible, James. You’re not embarrassed about having a broken leg, are you?”

“Of course not. It’s just very difficult to get around.”

“We’ll help you,” I offered.

“James doesn’t like to be seen when he’s not at his best. Surely you’ve noticed it before? He has very high standards for himself,”

Meg stated.

“I have a reputation in this town.”

“You certainly do,” Colleen grinned. “From what I remember anyway.” She glanced at me coyly as if we shared a private joke.

“I’ll call you on the weekend to set it up,” Meg said. “There’s a wonderful place near Chelsea.”

“L’Orée Du Bois. I know it. Fine. We’ll go.”

“Wonderful. I’m glad you’re home, James. I’m sure Tate and Sebastian are taking good care of you.”

“Exemplary.”

“Goodbye,” she said, turning to Colleen.

Colleen went over and gave James a kiss on the cheek.

“Goodbye, James. It really is wonderful to see you again. When you’re feeling more mobile we’ll have a coffee date—just you and me. We need to catch up.”

“Yes, we do,” James said, touching her arm affectionately.

“Goodbye.”

Before they left, Meg spoke seriously to us at the door, in a quiet voice. “Please call me if you need any help. James is a good son, an accomplished man and I’m sure a wonderful husband.”

But sometimes dealing with something like this can bring out the worst in people. The next few weeks are going to be very difficult for him, at least before he gets his walking cast. Please be patient with him.”

Sebastian and I exchanged a look. James had been a model patient so far. But we recognized the potential for frustration and discord in our situation.

“Thanks, Meg. I think we can handle him.”

She smiled. “Good thing there’s two of you.”

Colleen said, “I’m looking forward to getting to know you both. James has very high standards in every aspect of his life.”

When they’d left I asked James if he wanted more coffee, knowing what his answer would be. I ground the beans and started a pot brewing, then went back to the living room where he and Sebastian were chatting.

“So she’s into it too?”

James smiled. “Colleen is a woman of vast experience and varied tastes.”

“That sounds very cryptic,” I said. “What does that mean exactly?”

James didn’t say more, but looked at me with a smug and mysterious expression on his face. And suddenly I knew.

“Fuck no,” I said.

His lip twitched.

“No fucking way,” I stammered.

He cleared his throat. “I was very young. I wasn’t yet sure where my own tastes lay.”

Sebastian let out a sudden laugh. “What?”

“He’s had sex with her,” I said.

“We did some scenes together. That’s all.”

“That’s all?” Sebastian squeaked.

“Did you fuck her?” I asked bluntly, my curiosity piqued now.

He hesitated.

“Did she fuck you?”

His eyes flicked down to the plaid afghan for a moment.

When he looked at me again I saw my answer.

“You loved her.” My head suddenly began to swim.

“I thought I loved her,” he protested.

“Holy shit,” said Sebastian.

“It was a very long time ago.”

“How old were you?” I asked.

“Hmm, twenty-four I think.”

“How old was she?”

“Thirty-nine.”

“And now she’s engaged to your mom?”

“Holy shit,” Sebastian said again.

“Seems so. Now you can understand my reaction in the hospital.”

“Does your mom know? About you and Colleen?”

“I don’t know.”

“Holy. Shit.” Sebastian again. He sat down. “This is fucked up. No offence, James.”

“I agree. The fact that my mother is marrying a former lover of mine is rather...confusing,” James admitted. “However, Colleen is a wonderful person and, believe me, I’m no longer under the misguided impression that I’m in love with her. Once I get over the shock I’m sure I’ll be very happy for them.”

I sat down in the armchair, my head spinning. “I can’t quite get over the fact that you slept with a woman. And quite possibly enjoyed it.”

“Oh, I enjoyed it. Colleen has...unparalleled skills.”

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“I mean, she used to be very respected in the BDSM community. I’m sure she still is although I have no idea whether she still...I don’t really want to go there. Anyway, she taught me quite a bit about dominance and control, and how to make a sub enjoy everything you dish out.”

“But...sexually? I mean, did you like the sex?”

“Sexuality is such a subjective thing. Yes, I enjoyed it at the time. Mostly because I had yet to experience the delight of subbing for a man.”

“You subbed for her?”

“At the start. Then things became...more flexible.”

“I can’t even—” Sebastian stuttered.



“Once she realized I’d become infatuated with her, she moved on and passed my training over to a respected male Dom in the community. He took over with me and that was the end of that. I never looked back, but we remained friends.” He gazed back and forth between us. “I haven’t fucked another woman, ever, and probably never shall.”

“Probably?” both of us exclaimed.

“I don’t like to limit myself. Never say never, you know. Look, she was simply an important part of my life for a short time. I wouldn’t be the man I am today, the Dom I am, if not for her.”

“I don’t know if that makes me feel better about it, or worse,” I admitted.

“I understand it’s a shock. But it’s part of who I am. And I’m not ashamed of it, nor do I regret any of it.”

## Chapter Thirteen

### *Modifications*

Later in the afternoon, while James tried to nap, I approached Sebastian. “You up for a game of ping pong?”

“Sure,” he said, following me downstairs.

It wasn’t so much that I felt an irresistible need to get trounced at ping pong but that I needed to speak to Sebastian about what we’d just learned of James’ past.

We batted the ball back and forth a bit, not saying anything. I think James’ confession had stunned both of us. I found it hard to believe that nothing in the six to seven years I’d known him had even hinted at such an occurrence. He’d spoken about his training but never once indicated that one of his trainers had been a woman.

“Do you think James is keeping any other secrets from us?” I said finally. That was the real question, wasn’t it?

Sebastian missed his shot and glanced at me as he retrieved the ball. “Well, he never said he hadn’t had sex with a woman. The topic never really came up.”

“Do you think he deliberately kept that part of his life a secret?”

“Probably.”

“But why?”

He shrugged. “Look how you’re reacting.”

“You were just as surprised as I was.”

“Surprised, sure. But it doesn’t really bother me.”

“Have you ever had sex with a woman? Maybe we should just get this out in the open right now.”

He laughed. “No, I haven’t. But I don’t think you should hold it against James or that it calls his orientation into question.”

“But...how can you say that?”

“So that’s what you’re upset about, Tate? That you can’t put him in a neat little box marked ‘Gay’?”

“I don’t know. Maybe.” I put the paddle down and sat on the sectional sofa. Sebastian came and sat down beside me.

“This is James, remember. He’s pretty highly sexed.”

“I know.”

“I don’t think he could give up cock if he tried. And why would he?”

I chuckled, remembering our morning. “I know I’m making too big a deal of this.”

“I think you are.”

“But now my head is filled with images of twenty-four-year-old James subbing to this gorgeous older Domme.”

“Mine too.”

“And I have to say, it’s kinda hot, in a weird way.”

“Yup.”

“And I don’t really know what to do with that.”

Sebastian stroked my cheek, staring into my eyes with a very interesting look on his face.

“File it away for future reference.”

“Huh?”

“Well, maybe James has more sub leanings than we thought.”

A smile formed on my face as I realized what he meant.

§ § §

Patrice called my cell while James napped. He wanted an update on his friend.

“He’s doing great. We gave him a warm and wet welcome home.”

“Glad to hear it! Listen, we’d like to pay you all a visit in a few weeks, once he’s had a chance to get on his feet a bit. But could you ask him to call me when he wakes up?”

“Of course.”

I hung up, only to have the phone ring again. I walked into the living room as I answered it. Sebastian had gone to listen to his iPod upstairs.

“Hello?”

“Hello. This is Dr. Nick Lattimer, from the General. I was the neurologist assigned to Mr. Lucas.”

Well hello... “Hey, how are you?” I said, remembering the sexy attending neurologist from the hospital.

“I’m fine. Is this Tate?”

“Yep.”

“I’m just calling to see how Mr. Lucas is doing—unofficially of course. He’s no longer under my care but...well, I just wanted to call.”

I grinned. Hmm, how convenient. James was no longer Nick’s patient so maybe we could all be friends. “That’s really sweet. He’s feeling much better. He’ll be pleased you called.”

“No headaches or dizziness I hope?”

“Nope.”

“Awesome.” Suddenly he didn’t sound like a doctor. “I was...I was actually wondering if the three of you wanted to come to an event.”

“What kind of event?” I asked. “He’s not very mobile right now.”

“When is he supposed to get the walking cast?”

“Uh, I think in a few weeks.”

“Okay, well this event isn’t until the end of January.”

“Oh.”

“Every month the local fetish community holds a “Pup Night” at the Centretown Pub. It’s a lot of fun and I thought Sebastian might get a kick out of it.”

Hmm, interesting. “I’ll have to run it by James. He’s sleeping right now.”

“Sure. Okay.”

“What exactly goes on at these events?” I asked. If it was a fuck-for-all I wasn’t taking Sebastian anywhere near it.

“A bunch of us pups wear our gear and get into headspace with our handlers watching and making sure everyone behaves and follows the rules. There’s nothing overtly sexual allowed. I mean there’s humping and sniffing but nothing extreme.”

“Well, I’ll run it by Sebastian and James. It would be awesome to see you again. What’s the date and time?”

“Wednesday January 27th, from seven to ten.”

I wrote it down on a pad of paper on the side table. “Okay, perfect.” Then a thought occurred to me. “What are your plans for New Year’s Eve?”

He laughed. “Well, I hadn’t actually decided yet. I’ve been invited to a couple of things but I’m not really sure what I want to do yet.”

I toyed with my pen, wondering if James and Sebastian would mind if I invited Nick over. What the hell. “We’re not doing much, obviously, but if you’d like to come over for dinner, I’ll cook something fancy.”

“That sounds wonderful. Are you sure the others won’t mind that you’re asking me?”

“Absolutely sure.”

“Well, then I’d love to.”

“Perfect. Around six tomorrow then? Do you have the address?”

“Yes, it’s in the file. Are you sure this is okay?”

“Stop it. Just get your ass over here by six all right? See you tomorrow.”

He laughed. “Thanks Tate. See you tomorrow.”

I went upstairs, past James’ closed door, and into our room.

Sebastian looked up. I flopped down beside him, pulling his earbuds out. “Guess who’s coming for New Year’s Eve dinner?”

“Who?”

“A certain neurologist named Nick.”

He sat up. “You mean that hot doctor with the pup collar?”

“Yessir.”

“Really? He called?”

“He did. Supposedly to check on James, even though James isn’t his patient anymore. I’m pretty sure he just wanted to make contact in a—”

There was a crash from down the hall.

Sebastian and I scrambled off the bed and down the hall in an instant. We burst into James’ room and, not seeing him in the main part, ran to the en suite.

He lay on the floor on his side, supported by his elbow, face pale, a slew of curses issuing from his lips.

“Jesus, are you okay?” I said, trying to assess the damage.

“I’m fine. Just annoyed at my own incompetence.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Sebastian asked.

“I told you I’m fine. The crutch slipped and I fell. End of story.” But the look on his face and the sharpness of his tone told me he was in pain. It wasn’t just embarrassment although I’m sure that was part of it.

“Here, let’s get you off the floor,” I said, gently helping him while Sebastian took hold of his other arm.

“If I don’t get to the toilet soon I’ll have an accident...”

“Okay, just hold on.”

We got him up and helped him to the toilet. He pushed his boxer briefs down quickly and aimed. When the stream of urine hit the water he let out a relieved sigh. “Thank you,” he said.

“I held it so long because I knew it would be a feat to get here.

When I fell I came pretty close to making a mess of myself.”

“We wouldn’t have held it against you, James,” Sebastian muttered, watching as the yellow stream continued to arc into the toilet.

“Holy shit,” I said. “You really did have to go.”

He looked at me with an amused expression on his face, skillfully keeping his aim. There was something hot about staring into James’ eyes while he pissed.

Finally, he finished up and flushed, Sebastian and I keeping a hold of him the whole time.

“Pass me my crutches please.”

We did, watching as he carefully manouvered his way back to bed. “Tate, can you please fetch my pain pills?”

“Of course. How bad is it?”

“Enough that I need a pill.”

“Right.” I got his medication and a glass of water. He tossed two back as per the recommendations and watched me as he swallowed.

“I could use a distraction.” He shifted his position with a slight grimace of pain.

“Anything you’d like, Sir.” I grinned.

“Why don’t you tell him about tomorrow,” Sebastian suggested.

“Tomorrow?” James asked. “I thought we were going to have a quiet New Year’s Eve at home.”

“We are. I’m going to cook something fancy but we’re staying in. And I hope you don’t mind but I took the liberty of inviting someone.”

James looked puzzled. “Who? Please God, not my mother...”

“Of course not. You remember the neurologist—Dr. Lattimer?”

“Oh Tate...you didn’t.” The corner of his lip twitched as he half smiled. “How did you...”

“He called while you were napping.”

“He did, did he?”

“Yes. He wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“How thoughtful.”

“Although he made a point of mentioning that you are no longer his patient.”

“Really.” James smiled with his whole face now. “And he’s coming for dinner tomorrow?”

Sebastian could barely contain himself. “I’m looking forward to asking him about his pup experiences.”

“Me too,” James muttered, scratching his cheek.

I sat down on the bed. “So, what kind of a distraction do you want?”

He looked at me. “Oh, Tate, do you really have to ask?”

“Well, duh. I mean do you want us to do stuff to you, or to each other, or both? What’s your fancy, Sir?”

He looked back and forth between us. “Hmm. Decisions, decisions.”

I grabbed the front of Sebastian’s shirt suddenly and pulled him in for a fierce kiss, then broke away and gazed down at James while Sebastian caught his breath.

“That was nice. Please continue.”

I peeled Sebastian’s t-shirt up and over his head, throwing it to the floor. We came together again for a passionate kiss and some blatant groping while James leaned back against the pillows.

After a few moments I pulled away from Sebastian’s mouth and whispered something in his ear. He nodded and we turned to James.

“We have one request, Sir,” I said. I walked over to the toy drawer and opened it. After rummaging around a bit, I pulled out a large stainless steel butt plug. I held it up.

“Okay, so which one of you is going to—oh,” James stopped, suddenly realizing the implications of my action.

“With your permission, Sir, we’d like to put this in your ass.”

James hesitated. Then shrugged. “All right.”

“Really?” Sebastian said.

“I’ll make a deal with you.”

“Uh oh,” I said.

“I’d like to turn this into a real scene. And both of you will have to prepare for it.”

“Okay,” we agreed.

“Go do it in the other bathroom and come back here. But clean the enema gear when you’re finished and bring it to this bathroom.”

Aha. Enema play. This was something James quite enjoyed and had introduced to us soon after we’d all moved in together.

“That means you’ll have to get to the en suite again.” I said to James.

“I’m sure you’ll make it worth my while. We can set the chair up like we usually do for shower scenes. Are you up for it?”

§ § §

An hour later Sebastian and I returned to James’ room with the enema bag and hose. We’d used it to cleanse ourselves and then cleaned the enema hose thoroughly, as instructed.

James put down the book he’d been reading and looked over his glasses at us. I spied the butt plug where I’d left it on his dresser.

“With your permission, Sir?” I asked, nodding at it.

He saw to what I was referring and rolled his eyes. “I thought you might forget about that.”

“I didn’t. That’s part of the deal,” I said.

“Fine. What do you want me to do?”

I felt my cock twitch at his question. Sebastian put the enema gear in the bathroom as I walked over and picked up the plug.

“You’ll need to shift down on the bed and turn onto your side—opposite to your broken leg obviously. Sebastian will help you.”

James gave me a look that probably meant—You are on precarious ground here. You’d better be careful—but he removed his glasses and put his book on the bedside table. With Sebastian’s help he got into the position I’d requested.

“Okay, now bring your good knee up as high as you can. Sebastian, pull his shorts down.”

I took the jar of lube out of the bedside table, twisting off the top. Then I grabbed the plug and sat on the bed behind James.

“If you kiss him, it might help him loosen up,” I said as I began rubbing lube gently between James’ cheeks. “How’s your leg?”

“Mmm,” James moaned softly as I stroked him. “Better. The distraction is working.”



“Just wait,” Sebastian murmured as he moved to a better position in front of James and began to kiss him. James gripped Sebastian’s forearm and held him steady as they kissed—slow and probing, gentle but insistent. At the same time I stroked and teased James, slipping in the tip of a finger now and then, going further when he was ready. He seemed to like it judging from the kissing that went on.

Once I could get two fingers in, I began to nudge the lubed plug at his entrance. He must have felt the cold of the steel because he broke away from Sebastian to look over his shoulder at me, eyebrows raised.

I smiled innocently. “You gave me permission.”

“I know. Doesn’t mean I’m not apprehensive.”

“I’ve fucked you.”

“Not for a long time.”

“That sounds like a challenge.”

“It isn’t. Just, go easy on me. I’m not like you.”

I laughed. “You mean you’re not a shameless ass whore? A butt slut?”

He smiled. “Something like that.”

“You will be when I’m done with you,” I said, holding his gaze as I gripped his thigh and began to push the plug in. “Sebastian.”

Sebastian knew what I wanted. He put a hand on James’ cheek, guiding him back as James made a vulnerable sound, opening his mouth to Sebastian’s questing tongue. After several moments I managed to push the entire plug into him. He groaned deeply as he felt it settle.

“Very good, Sir,” I praised and heard him chuckle.

“I’m nothing if not competent.”

“I’m not done,” I said, twisting and turning it slowly now that it was inside him.

“Oh fuck, Tate. That’s not...what we agreed on...”

“What’s the matter? Doesn’t it feel good?”

“Yes. It feels good.” He gasped and sighed as I shifted it around inside him.

“I think you just don’t like giving up control.”

“Whatever gave you that idea?” he said sardonically.

“Unless you’re forced to give it up,” I added.

“Tate.”

I twisted the plug quickly back and forth, knowing from experience how good it felt.

“James.”

“What are you trying to prove?” he said, his sentence interrupted by gasps and small moans.

My other hand went around his waist and slipped under the waistband of his boxer briefs. Sure enough, his cock was very hard.

“Sir likes this.”

“I don’t deny it.”

“Then be quiet and enjoy it,” I said in my best no-nonsense tone.

He trembled and relaxed, letting his head fall onto the pillows as he gave himself up to the pleasure.

Sebastian stroked his face, bending to kiss his shoulder and arm while I worked to undo him. We had him at our mercy.

Gently, so gently, I rocked the plug back and forth, pulled it slowly out and slid it back inside, swirled it one way and then the other. All the things I enjoyed seemed to affect James the same way—that I’d never done this to him before suddenly seemed a tragic oversight. With my other hand I stroked his erect cock, uniting the two parts of his body into one broad locus of bliss.

Sebastian worshipped the rest of him, kissing and tonguing his neck and chest, sucking a nipple, then the other, while James surrendered. He’d gone completely slack beneath us except for that reaching hard cock. I watched moisture seep out the tip each time I rocked the plug against his prostate or twisted it in a particularly entrancing way.

We had nothing to do but this, and nowhere to go but here, so I took my time. I wanted him to thoroughly enjoy his submission and experience the pleasure of letting others take over for a change.

After a long time I heard him whisper, “Tate,”

“Sir?”

“Tell Sebastian to suck my cock.”

“No.”

He groaned in frustration but I continued my slow pleasuring.

Soon he said my name again.

“Sir?”

“When are you going to make me come?” It was such a desperate question, one I’d never heard James ask before. The feeling of power and control it gave me—I couldn’t describe it.<sup>144</sup>  
Elizabeth Lister

But I felt so close to him in that moment, as if he was simply another side of myself and we were the same person.

“In a little bit. Be patient.”

“I can’t take much more.” Again, I’d never heard such a thing issue from James’ lips. But he sounded sincere. He could barely speak.

“Soon. I promise.”

He let out a moan of agony and pleasure that was so beautiful I could hardly control myself. I began to pump the plug in his ass, knowing that would spark the beginning of his climb to the finish.

Sebastian found James’ mouth again, kissing him desperately as he twisted James’s nipple. I moved my hand more quickly on his prick, using the copious amount of pre-cum as convenient lube. Both my forearms became sore. But with focus and skill I continued my manipulations, until the obvious signs of imminent orgasm became apparent.

James groaned, thrusting into my hand, his ass moving back on the plug. Together we joined in a mutual effort until with one loud exclamation and a string of curses, he exploded, his cock sending spurts of hot juice over my hand, his ass contracting and releasing on the plug in spontaneous spasms. He whimpered as the powerful waves of pleasure rolled through him. Sebastian and I kept up our attentions until his orgasm had run its long and intense course.

Finally, he moaned the word “Fuck!” one final time as his body relaxed, the issue of his pleasure soaking his briefs and my hand. His chest rose and fell. He kept his eyes closed for a long time. Finally his left hand lifted and he laid it on the top of my head, which I’d rested against his sweaty hip.

“You...are in so much trouble, Mr. Mackenzie.” He sighed happily.

I’d take whatever he wanted to give me in exchange for that.

It took a little time before James could rouse himself enough to move to the chair we’d set up in the bathroom. We helped him change into fresh boxer briefs and a t-shirt and got him a glass of water.

Now Sebastian and I became apprehensive, unsure just what James had in mind for us. And wondering if he would genuinely seek retribution for the powerful experience he'd just enjoyed at our hands.

"Seems I need to remind Tate just who is the sub and who is the Master," he said quietly, but the affection in his eyes told me this would be merely a formality to get things back to normal for appearance's sake. We all knew what had just happened and that we'd opened a Pandora's Box of possibilities.

"Tate, put your hands on the wall and spread your legs. Sebastian, fill the bag with lukewarm water. You know the drill."

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said, doing as he was told.

I got into position taking deep, calming breaths as the anticipation built. To have James watch Sebastian give me an enema felt degrading, but also intimate and arousing.

"Ready, Sir," Sebastian said.

"All right. Put the hose in. Slowly. I want to enjoy this."

"Yes, Sir."

I felt the lubed, pointy tip of the hose at my hole and tried to relax while Sebastian pushed it in.

"Very good," James said. "Oh, fuck that looks hot. Play around with him a little. Don't squeeze the water in just yet."

"Play?"

"I mean tease his ass with the hose a bit. You know how good it feels."

"Yes, Sir."

Obedying James, Sebastian slid the hose out of me then teased me with the tip, slipping it in again. I glanced at James as the pleasure built. He smiled knowingly. My swollen prick got bigger from the hose in my ass and the look in James' eyes.

"Okay, Sebastian. Leave it in and start squeezing."

As the warm water began to fill me I concentrated on enjoying the sensation, knowing that soon I'd feel the familiar cramping and sense of an impending bowel movement. Not the most enjoyable experience but in this context, a form of torture that James needed me to feel.

It felt really good at the moment. I enjoyed having my ass filled up to a certain point. My cock twitched and I made a noise of pleasure.

“Keep squeezing, Sebastian. Slow and steady.”

The water kept filling me. I glanced at James again. He was enjoying this and waiting for the first signs of discomfort. After a couple more squeezes I began to feel it. My bowels complained at being filled so full.

“Just a little more, Sebastian.”

I used my breathing techniques to relax as the cramping became more intense.

“Okay. That’s enough. Don’t pull the hose out yet though. Tate, when he does you keep that ass tight and don’t let any water out, you hear me?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, suddenly understanding the purpose of this.

Control. Control over my own body. James had control of me and I had to control myself in the face of a huge urge to let go. It was similar to orgasm control, but even more difficult.

“Okay, Sebastian.”

Sebastian slowly eased the tip of the hose out of me. I let a tiny bit of water dribble out but clenched up as tight as I could even though it would have felt so good to let it all out. I had to prove to James that I could do this.

“Thank you, Sebastian. Put the bag down. Tate—that was very well done. You’re going to hold onto that for a little while, aren’t you? For me?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, trying to ignore the powerful cramps. I focused on keeping my ass closed—an extremely difficult task.

My body wanted to get rid of that water.

“Sebastian, I need you to give him ten hard spanks please. Tate, you need to hold onto it.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Sebastian positioned himself beside me and dealt me a quick slap to the rear. It hurt and threatened to interrupt my concentration.

“Focus, Tate.”

I nodded.

“Nine more, Sebastian, just like that one.”

“Yes, Sir,” Sebastian said and got to work.

Each strike of his hand on my ass caused my body to react in a way not conducive to keeping that water inside me. I had to really focus to prevent any leaking. Not to mention, the pain from the spanking added to the discomfort I was already experiencing.

I'm sure my face went red from the embarrassment, effort and pain of my predicament by the time Sebastian had done with me.

Or at least, finished with the spanking.

"Good boy, Tate. You're doing wonderfully."

"Thank you, Sir," I panted, resting my forehead against the shower wall.

"Dammit," James said. "I wish I could do more. Sebastian's going to fuck you until he comes inside you. Then, and only then, will you be permitted to release."

Jesus Christ. I wanted to release now. I'd wanted to release for the past five minutes! Could I hold it for another, what, ten?

Possibly fifteen? I really hoped this wouldn't take long.

"Do you understand, Tate?"

"Yes, Sir," I groaned, suffering through another set of cramps.

Luckily they would ease off if I did my breathing exercises. But they always returned.

I felt Sebastian hover over me, his slippery cock pushing at my entrance. He wrapped an arm around me and put his lips to my ear. As he carefully pushed his cock inside me and I struggled to keep the water from escaping, he whispered, "I'll be quick."

I nodded, unable to speak as I felt his cock go deep, displacing the water and causing my cramps to intensify. This would be...interesting.

Sebastian moaned with pleasure, gripping my hips painfully. I felt his rock hard prick start to slowly piston me.

I couldn't help grunting and groaning with the effort of keeping it together. It was quite painful now, but the thought of James' watching and the feeling of Sebastian's cock moving in and out of me made it bearable. I daresay I liked it, in a weird masochistic way. And I knew that when I was allowed to let go, it would all be worth it.

"Sebastian, you look beautiful fucking Tate like that."

Instead of answering, Sebastian let out a moan and a curse, increasing his rhythm as the sweat beaded on my forehead and the cramps continued. I closed my eyes, trying to get inside the pain and join with it, letting the myriad sensations carry me through.

"Are you going to come, Sebastian?" James asked in a hoarse voice.

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian panted, gripping my hips harder.

"Good boy. Do it quick, he's suffering."

Sebastian made an animalistic sound as his strokes became deeper and slower. He rested his forehead against my shoulder and pumped hard once, twice, then groaned as he jerked against me, adding a copious amount of semen to the liquid in my gut.

“Yes, that’s it. So fucking hot. Don’t pull out right away. Wait a moment. Tate, hold it in when he comes out, just for a second.

I’ll tell you when you can stop.”

I couldn’t speak, just nodded my head, a low groan emitting steadily from my throat.

Sebastian slowly pulled out of me, waiting a second at the last moment for me to prepare. As his dick slid out I clenched my ass tight as I could although it went against all my instincts.

“Hold it, Tate. Hold it. Fuck, you’re amazing. I’m so proud of you.”

“Sir,” I said, my desperation obvious.

“You can let it go now,” he said.

And I did. I relaxed my sphincter muscles, feeling intense relief and pleasure as the combined water and semen poured out of me, hitting the shower floor with an audible splash. I leaned hard on the wall and whimpered as the liquid poured out, the relief of the painful cramps with each burst of water making me tremble with pleasure. It felt like the best shit I’d ever had except there was no shit—just water and Sebastian’s come.

“Jesus Christ,” James murmured.

When I’d expelled it all I collapsed to my knees, glancing at James as he sat in the vinyl chair.

“Turn on the shower and wash him down, Sebastian. And yourself.”

Our eyes met as the warm water came down upon me. I gave him an exhausted smile as my body relaxed under the warm spray while Sebastian washed away my sweat and the memory of pain.

I felt the pleasant afterglow of release and the satisfaction of a job well done.

## Chapter Fourteen

### *Celebration*

We woke on New Year's Eve to yet another snowstorm.

Environment Canada predicted thirty centimeters by this time tomorrow. I was very glad we were staying put—I just hoped the snow wouldn't deter our expected guest.

I'd suffered no repercussions from our intense scene of the previous day except for some mild cramping during the night and a healthy bowel movement this morning. We'd had a late supper and of course I'd been very hungry.

I needed to get some groceries for tonight's meal—I'd decided to cook a traditional roast pork, with roasted pears and apples. It was something I had experience with and would give us leftovers for the next couple of days. I would also make individual chocolate soufflés for dessert, and I needed baking chocolate as well as the fruit for the roast.

Sebastian wanted to come with me but I was nervous about leaving James on his own. In the end we made sure he was safely on the lower level with his phone nearby. He promised not to go anywhere but the bathroom while we were gone and then only if he had to.

"I'll be fine. You don't have to babysit me," he said, looking at me over the rims of his reading glasses.

I still felt uneasy. What if he fell on his way to the bathroom again?

We did our shopping as quickly as we could, then returned home and unloaded. James came hobbling out of the living room on his crutches to reassure us he'd survived being left on his own.

He seemed to be handling the crutches better now and had a little more confidence getting around.

"Mmm, pears," he said, peeking into one of the bags.

"They're for supper." I said.

"Can't I have one?"

"No."

"An apple, then?"

"James, we asked if you wanted anything when we left. Why didn't you say you wanted fruit—I would have bought more."



“I didn’t want anything until I saw them just now. Can’t you spare one?”

“Fine.” I looked through the apples until I found one with a big bruise on its side. “Here.” He took it from me with a withering look.

“What?”

“Nothing.” He took a big bite, staring into my eyes and chewing noisily while I tried to get sorted out.

“You should probably wash it first,” I suggested.

“I like to live on the edge.”

I shook my head. Really, I’d never imagined how irritating James could be when he was bored. He’d never really been bored before this injury. Usually, if he felt bored for longer than two minutes he’d go for a run, have sex or go out.

“Would you like to help me with supper?” I asked, not sure how that would go but desperate to get him doing something. It would be better than having him just standing there watching.

“All right. What can I do?”

“I need these carrots peeled.”

Sebastian came into the kitchen later to see how things were going. I must’ve looked frazzled because he gave me a concerned look and raised his eyebrows. I shrugged, unable to explain with James within hearing distance. I’d gotten him to peel the carrots and slice the apples and pears. Now he was mixing the batter for the chocolate soufflés.

Talk about two cooks spoiling the broth. I guess James and I had never cooked together. He usually cooked on weekends and I made simpler meals during the week, since I usually arrived home first. However, I was in charge of this meal and he kept second-guessing my techniques and plans.

“Are you sure these can be made in advance, Tate? It might be wiser to mix them up right before you cook them.”

“Yeah, but I’d like to sit down and enjoy the meal, James. I don’t want to be in the kitchen the entire time.”

“Hmm,” he said.

I stared at Sebastian, begging him with my eyes to do something. Luckily he and I were often on the same wavelength and he figured out exactly what I wanted.

“Hey James, can you help me with something in the living room?”

James glanced at Sebastian. “I’m helping Tate right now.”

Sebastian batted his blue eyes and smiled that smile that neither one of us could refuse most of the time. “It’ll just take a minute. I need to ask you something.”

“You can’t ask me here?”

“It’s kinda private. I need your advice.”

“Okay. You’ll have to excuse me for a moment,” he said to me as he collected his other crutch and hobbled out of the kitchen.

“No worries. Everything’s under control.” Except my temper.

Thank goodness he’d gone! I finished prepping the vegetables, got the roast in the oven, and was just about to finish the soufflé batter when I heard James say my name. I almost dropped the spatula. Trust James to learn how to sneak around on crutches.

“Jesus!” I swore, turning around to see him standing by the breakfast bar, a stern look on his face. Sebastian hovered behind him looking worried.

“If you have something to say to me, say it. Don’t get Sebastian to do your dirty work.”

“What? I thought he needed your advice?”

“Right. Well after trying to convince me he was in an anxious state over whether he’d developed a fetish for disabled people since my accident, he admitted that you just wanted to get me out of the kitchen.”

I stared at Sebastian. “Nice going.” I muttered under my breath.

“Don’t blame Sebastian. I almost fell for it.”

“You’re kidding.”

He lifted his chin and stared me down. “If you don’t want me in here with you just tell me. I thought I was helping.”

Oh, for God’s sake. “Well, you were sort of helping, sort of trying to take over.”

He looked completely taken aback by this. “I was?”

“Yeah. You kept questioning my plans and how I was doing things.”

“I didn’t even realize. I’m sorry. That wasn’t my intention at all.”

Now I felt terrible. The man had hobbled around on his crutches slicing fruits and peeling carrots and all I did was complain.

“I’m sorry. It just felt like you were trying to take over. This is my baby.” I gestured around the kitchen. “Do you mind if I do it myself?”

James suddenly laughed. “Of course not. Go for it. I’d just as soon take Sebastian upstairs and fix that fetish problem.”

“Fix it?” I said, raising my eyebrows.

“By convincing him it isn’t a problem.” He turned around and dealt Sebastian a quick slap to the behind. “Spot me on the stairs, boy. You can look at my cast all the way to the top.” He glanced back and winked.

Sebastian said, “Yes, Sir,” and made crazy eyes at me before he followed James.

Nick called at four and reassured us he’d be over, even though the snow did make the driving tricky. He had good tires on his jeep and wasn’t worried. When I finished all my preparations I had Sebastian set the table in the dining room, placing a Christmas cracker at each setting.

James and Sebastian relaxed in the living room, cuddling in the afterglow of their tryst. It had kept James beautifully occupied for a couple of hours. Now he looked sated and calm rather than bored out of his mind. Soon our guest would arrive and he’d have someone besides us to talk to.

Six thirty came and went before we saw his jeep pull into the driveway. We were waiting in the living room by then expecting a call saying he couldn’t make it after all.

“Thank God,” I muttered, not upset about his tardiness except that I didn’t want the roast to overcook. It would be ready to take out of the oven in twenty minutes and supper would be served at seven fifteen.

Sebastian and I answered the door to a very snowy looking Nick Lattimer. Just on the walk from his car to the front door he’d been dusted with large snowflakes.

“Hi guys!”

“Hey, glad you’re here, Nick,” I said, motioning him inside.

“How’s the driving?” Sebastian asked.

“Pretty awful. Hopefully it’ll let up soon. The plows are out but only the main roads are being cleared.”

“Well come in and relax. Supper will be in about thirty minutes.”

“I’m sorry I’m late. I underestimated the driving time.”

“No worries. We’re just glad you’re here,” I said, admiring the black jeans and dark purple button-up he had on.

He handed me a paper bag with a bottle of wine in it. “For the hosts. It’s a Shiraz. I hope that’s okay?”

“James?” I yelled into the living room. “Is a Shiraz okay?”

“Of course,” he replied. “Send the handsome doctor in here please. I’m suddenly feeling lightheaded.”

Nick laughed. He put his coat on the hanger I offered and hung it in the closet after brushing the snow off its shoulders.

Sebastian followed Nick into the living room. I put the wine in the kitchen, checked the roast, then joined them.

James sat in his usual position, sideways on the sofa with his injured leg upon it. The foot of his uninjured leg rested on the floor, knee bent. He’d been in a curfuffle over what to wear since it was New Year’s Eve and he wanted to look good in front of Nick, but the damn cast made his normal pants impractical. We’d found a black pair of baggy sweatpants and he’d put them on with a nice white button-up shirt hanging over the waistband.

He wore a sock on the good foot but the toes of his other foot peeked out from his cast, unadorned.

“Nice toes,” Nick said, glancing at James’ exposed digits as he sat down on the end of the sofa.

“It’s impossible to get a sock to stay on that foot. Sorry,” James apologized.

“Not at all,” Nick said, looking at James’ toes with undisguised appreciation.

“You don’t have a foot fetish?” James asked, eyebrows raised.

“Maybe,” he grinned mischievously.

“Are you seeing anyone, Nick?” Sebastian asked. All eyes turned to him and, true to form, when he realized what he’d said, he blushed scarlet. “I mean, are you single or do you have a partner?”

James and I looked at him like he’d lost his mind.

“What? I’m just trying to make conversation.”

“It sounds like you’re trying to pick me up,” Nick said gently,

“which is very flattering if you are, and quite disappointing if you’re not.”

“I’m...not. I’m just trying to find out more about you. Honestly.”

“I know. I’m just teasing. Gosh, you’re sweet.”

James and I exchanged a look.

“I do have a partner actually,” Nick continued. “Our relationship is pretty open though, and long-distance unfortunately. But we try to see each other in person every few weeks. He’s in Toronto so it’s not too much of a trek.”

“Is he your handler, too?” Sebastian asked.

Nick smiled again, obviously charmed by our blond-haired lover. “Sometimes. But I know some guys here in Ottawa who will stand in when I go to events.”

“You mean, like pup events? Here in Ottawa?”

He nodded. “Sure.” He glanced at me. “I told Tate about one that’s happening at the end of January, if you’re interested in coming along.”

“Just Sebastian?” James said.

“No, all of you. You might find it very interesting. And fun.”

“It’s at the Centretown Pub,” I added.

James pondered. “How many pups usually show up?”

Nick shrugged. “It depends—sometimes only a handful.

Once we had twelve but that was close to Capital Pride, when a lot of folks were here from out of town.”

“It might be easier for Sebastian if it’s a smaller crowd,” James said.

“Will you be my handler, Sir?” Sebastian asked James.

James cleared his throat. “I believe I am your handler, pup. I’ve certainly handled you more than anyone else,” he winked, smiling with half his mouth.

Sebastian melted under that look. He kneeled beside James and laid his head against the older man’s chest, nuzzling into his shirt.

James tousled Sebastian’s blond hair and kissed his head. He stroked the younger man’s ear with a finger as he continued to speak. “It would be wonderful to introduce Blue to the wider pup community, don’t you think so, Tate?”

I nodded. “Sure.”

It made me happy in my pants to think about Blue interacting with other “pups”—other young men who felt a canine affinity like he did. I admit I found such men compelling, as did James.

Over the past five years our weird three-way relationship had developed a family structure of sorts, one that Freddy had predicted at its start. James was Daddy with a capital D, obviously.

I was Boy with a capital B. And Sebastian alternated between being boy with a small b and Pet with a capital P. He constantly sought physical and emotional closeness with each of us and nothing delighted him as much as an evening cuddling at home.

Even when not in the mood to participate in anything sexual, he would always be eager to watch James and me get together and would bask in the emanating warmth of our coupling. He also enjoyed the game of orgasm denial. Both James and I delighted in teasing him for weeks while he “suffered” in the cock cage, giving him prostate massages daily to ease the pressure from semen build-up. He enjoyed the milking but always watched the dribbles ooze out of his dick with a morose sigh, because it wasn’t like having a real orgasm and he knew he wouldn’t get one of those for a while. When James finally relented and set him free we’d make him come three, sometimes four or five times in succession. It was something very special that made him feel so loved and cherished.

“So, how are you feeling, James? Going stir crazy yet?” Nick asked.

“No,” James said, at the same time that I said, “Yes.”

Nick looked back and forth between us with an amused expression.

“James,” I said. “You have to admit you’re a little bored.”

James frowned. “I didn’t realize it was that obvious.”

“He doesn’t like to watch TV,” Sebastian said. “Or play video games.”

“You’re kidding!” Nick exclaimed. “No wonder you’re bored, old man.”

The expression on James’ face at this indignity was priceless.

Sebastian and I stared at him, wondering how he would respond.

But Nick spoke again.

“I mean, I’m all for the pleasures of a good book. But video gaming is a great pastime, James.”

“Really,” James said dully, seemingly unimpressed.

“I’ll have you gaming by midnight,” Nick promised.

“We’ll see,” James said, giving Nick a contemptible look.

However, I saw the glint of mischief in his eye. He’d make Nick work for it and he’d enjoy every minute of it.

Supper was served shortly after that conversation. Luckily, all my hard work came together in a perfect New Year’s Eve feast, which impressed them all. I watched them enjoy their chocolate desserts with the proud satisfaction of an Italian mother, a beaming smile on my face.

“Tate, this is better than sex,” Nick moaned, licking the melted chocolate off his spoon.

James clicked his tongue. “I think we need to have a talk, young man. You’re obviously not doing it right. Although these soufflés are delicious.”

“Thanks,” I said, just glad they’d come out of the oven looking and tasting perfect.

After some post-dinner conversation at the table we retired to the more comfortable living room. Sebastian helped James get comfy while I turned to Nick.

“Can I interest you in a round of LEGO Harry Potter?” I asked.

Sebastian and I had pitched in and bought another PS4 for the living room, since we didn’t want to hole up in the basement all the time, especially with James upstairs.

Nick grinned. “Absolutely.”

James rolled his eyes. “Keep the volume low will you? I’m going to read.”

Sebastian got cozy with James while Nick and I started the game at the beginning. Nick hadn’t played before but quickly caught on. After about an hour I passed my controller to Sebastian so he could have a turn. Nick turned to James. “You want to play?”

James shook his head. “No thank you. I prefer my entertainment to be non-seizure-inducing.”

“It only causes seizures if you have epilepsy,” I said.

“Well, I’m making a political statement. That woman is insufferable.”

It was true that JK Rowling was a notorious TERF, but we’d already bought the game. It wasn’t like she made money whenever we played it.

“James, I think you’re worried about not being good at it. Since you never play,” Nick commented.

James stared at Nick over the top of his reading glasses. I braced for anger. But instead, he chuckled.

“I’ll tell you what. I want something in exchange for agreeing to partake in this ghastly pastime.”

Nick lifted his chin. “And what might that be?”

“When you first met me I was in a very vulnerable position, having just barely survived a serious fall.”

“True.”

“I’d like to put you in a vulnerable position. To even things up and also because I enjoy putting young, attractive men in vulnerable positions.”

Nick’s smile widened. “I see.”

“I want to watch you play the videogame with Sebastian. But I want you both in just your underwear. Tate can turn up the fireplace if you’re cold.”

Nick put down his controller and started unbuttoning his shirt. “Actually I’ve been heating up since I got here,” he said as he began to strip.

What is happening here? I glanced at James.

He winked. “There’s no reason we can’t enjoy a little bit of eye candy this evening. Or a...” he took off his glasses, eyeing the bulge in Nick’s boxer briefs as the man in question pushed his jeans down. “...large bit of eye candy.”

In only a few moments, Nick had his clothes off, except for the collar and tight navy boxer briefs. All three of us stared. Then Sebastian realized he’d fallen behind and stripped off his clothes.

“I’ll uh...I’ll load the dishwasher,” I said, backing out of the room so I could enjoy the view for a bit longer. Hell, I wasn’t sure what to make of James’ little game but I liked it so far.

When I returned to the living room, Nick and Sebastian sat in the armchairs in their boxer briefs, madly playing the game while James pretended to read. They laughed and screamed like kids while they played and James couldn’t keep a straight face, even as he looked down at the pages of his novel.

When I entered the room he looked up at me and said, “Strip.”

All righty then.

I took my clothes off slowly, watching the game. Nick glanced over at one point and his eyes scanned me from top to bottom.

Then he winked and returned to the game.



“James, it’s going to be your turn soon,” Nick said.

“Fine.” He put his book aside and took off his glasses. Moving carefully, so as not to jar his injured leg, he swiveled around so he faced the TV. “I have no idea what to do.”

I couldn’t believe James was going to try to play a video game.

What he would do in order to get three guys to take off their clothes.

When Nick and Sebastian finished their level, Sebastian took his controller to James. He explained how to use it and then came over to sit with me on the love seat.

“Can you believe this?” he said to me.

“Not really.”

We cuddled together on the small couch watching James and Nick play LEGO Harry Potter for two hours. At first, James didn’t know what he was doing. But Nick offered gentle encouragement and teasing jabs whenever James seemed to get frustrated. To give him credit, James approached playing the LEGO video game using the same focus and effort with which he did everything else. After thirty minutes he was playing competently and after about an hour it seemed like he and Nick were evenly matched. Nick helped him out of course, but he also seemed impressed that James picked it up so quickly.

When they finished the level, James seemed quite pleased with himself. Nick held his controller up.

“I need a bathroom break. Who wants it?”

“I’ll take it,” I said quickly, standing up. Play a videogame with James? Yes please.

I took the controller from him, taking the opportunity to give him a good once-over. “The bathroom’s on this level, second door to the left past the kitchen.”

“Thanks.”

I plunked myself down beside James, giving him a look.

“What?” he asked.

“Okay, old man,” I said. “Prepare for the ride of your life. Try to keep up.”

“Bring it.”

The way he said it with a straight face and a dismissive glance my way, made us burst out laughing. Suddenly James didn’t seem like an injured fifty year-old. He had more color in his cheeks than he’d had in weeks, except during our intimate moments. It would be nice to have something other than books and sex to keep him entertained for the foreseeable future.

By the time Nick got back James and I were heavily involved in the next level. I wasn't easy on him but the fucker kept up with almost everything I did. How could he have learned this so quickly? Had he played the game in secret and learned it?

I couldn't help myself. I got trickier and faster, trying to lose him as I moved quickly through the challenges. When he took a fall and his character died, I couldn't help laughing. "Sucker!"

"That's mature," he responded, popping right back up and attacking me with a spell that turned me into a toad.

"Hey!" I said, "Stop it."

He chuckled as I tried to fix myself. When I got back to normal I attacked him with a spell. I thought Sebastian might piss himself he was laughing so hard.

"Tate, behave yourself," James said.

"You started it."

"I did not! You laughed at me." He grinned but got serious, chasing my character on screen and trying to attack again.

"Fuck off!" I said, frantically working my controller to get out of his reach. But he caught up to me again and this time used a fatal spell to kill my character. "Hey! You prick!"

When my character came back to life I turned the same spell on him.

"Hey!" James suddenly dropped his controller and in two seconds flat had me in a headlock. For someone with a bum leg he was fucking agile.

"Ow," I whined, but he held me fast. Instead of punching or choking me though, he dug his fingers in my hip, tickling me where he knew I'd feel it. "Fuck!" I started laughing and squirming, holding onto my controller and trying to keep the game going.

"Play with fire, Tate," he said in my ear, "and you'll get burned." He dug his fingers in extra hard, making me drop the controller and howl with laughter.

I tried to get away without hurting him, but in my struggles I bumped his leg.

"Ow, shit! Ow, ow, ow," he said, letting go of me, hands going to his casted leg.

Immediately, I moved away from him and paled. "Jesus, are you okay?"

He nodded, but his face showed pain. "I'll be fine. It was my fault."

The others came over quickly.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Sebastian asked, laying his hand comfortingly on James’ other thigh.

“Yeah. Just give me a minute.” He sat back and took a couple of deep breaths while we watched him with worried faces. He closed his eyes, breathing deeply.

“I’ll get you your meds,” I said, wanting to do something.

“No, Tate. It’s subsiding.”

I let out the breath I’d been holding. Jesus, I could have hurt him badly. I forgot sometimes he was still healing.

Nick picked up the controllers and put them back on the console. “I guess that’s enough gaming for one evening,” he said, finding his jeans and putting them on.

James opened his eyes at the sound of Nick’s belt buckle clinking. “Ah, now that’s a disappointment.”

“I’ll leave my shirt off.”

“Good man.”

“Feeling better?” he asked James.

“Much. I think I’ll live,” he turned to me, stretching out his arm. “C’mere.”

I moved over, careful not to touch his leg, and leaned against him.

“It was entirely my fault and I’m fine,” he said, kissing me sweetly.

“I’m still sorry,” I said, feeling rotten. I could be such a klutz.

“I know.”

“You can spank me.”

He laughed. “I don’t know if I can. I think I’d better not. Sebastian can do it though.”

I glanced at Nick who stared at us, eyebrows raised.

“It’s a thing we do,” I explained.

He shrugged. “No need to explain. I’ll just...sit over here.”

Sebastian stood. “How would you like us to proceed, Sir?”

“I think over the lap would be best,” James said, pinching my ass and making me yelp as Sebastian took a seat on the sofa beside us. “Get over him then, boy.”

I positioned myself over Sebastian’s lap with my head by James and feet on the opposite arm of the couch. I lay my cheek against the soft leather and gazed at Nick, my face already flushing with embarrassment and arousal.

Nick cleared his throat. "I don't mean to interrupt but it's, like, two minutes to midnight."

"Perfect," James said. "Let us know when there's ten seconds left. We'll countdown to New Years on Tate's ass."

"What?" I exclaimed. The fucking indignity of it.

"Make that twenty seconds," James said.

"Oh come on!"

"Tate, you can stop the act. Everyone here except Nick knows you love it. And he knows now."

"Fine. Next time we play Harry Potter I'm not holding back."

James grinned. "Ready, Sebastian?"

While Nick looked down at his watch with a dreamy kind of smile on his face, I felt Sebastian pull the waistband of my boxers down over my buttocks. "I've never rung in the New Year quite like this before," he said.

"And you never will again." I prepared myself for the licking I was about to get, already feeling my cock harden against Sebastian's leg.

Finally, Nick looked up and said, "Ready?"

I nodded.

He held his hand up, his eyes back on his watch. Then he pointed at Sebastian. "Go!"

Sebastian's hand came down hard on my ass as Nick said,

"Twenty." He counted down: "Nineteen, eighteen," and so on.

James put his hand out for me to grab. I held it tight while Sebastian spanked me in time to Nick's countdown. As usual it felt bad and good at the same time. I swore and squirmed, my ass getting sorer as the stroke of midnight approached.

"Make the last five count, Sebastian," James said. "We want to have a good year."

"Yes, Sir," Sebastian said as Nick laughed.

"Five. Four. Three. Two. One," he counted while Sebastian's hand made contact with my stinging flesh. I couldn't help yelping.

I clutched James' hand while they whooped and hollered at the dawn of the New Year, trying to rub my aching dick against Sebastian as subtly as I could.

Sebastian and James kissed over top of me, while Nick grabbed his cell out of his pocket and said he was just going to call his partner quickly to wish him a Happy New Year.

Sebastian said, “Get up,” to me and pulled me down the hall to the bathroom. I wondered what he was doing until he fell to his knees, pulled my boxers down, and started sucking my dick.

“Oh...” I moaned, gazing gratefully into his blue eyes while he worked me, my ass still throbbing which made me even hornier. “Thank God.”

It didn’t take long. At five minutes after midnight I came loudly, hanging onto the door handle for support while he sucked me dry. Afterwards we touched each other tenderly and exchanged endearments before sheepishly walking back to the living room.

James and Nick were talking about Nick’s partner and how glad he’d been for the phone call.

“Well, well, well. Making secret resolutions?” James asked as we sat down.

“More like a private toast,” I responded, grinning coyly while Sebastian laughed.

“Speaking of which, shall I get the champagne?” Nick asked.

We enjoyed some glasses of sparkling wine with Nick before he said he’d better get going.

“Are you okay to drive?” I asked.

“Yeah. I just had the one small glass. Listen, thank you so much for letting me be a part of your New Year’s celebration. It was a blast!” He came over and bent to kiss James on the cheek.

“I hope your leg recovers on schedule. I know it’s a pain being laid up.”

“Thank you. It’s not so bad with these two for entertainment.”

“I’m sure,” he said.

Sebastian and I walked him to the door, still in our underwear. There wasn’t much point getting dressed now when we’d just be going to bed in a minute.

We hugged at the door after Nick got his jacket and boots on. It felt good being almost naked against the leather and denim. He was a damn good-looking man.

“Thanks guys. I’ll see you all at the pup night in a few weeks?”

“Of course,” I said.

“I can’t wait,” Sebastian added.

“Cool.” He looked us over slowly then shook his head. “What a way to start the New Year.”

## Chapter Fifteen

### *Past Life*

The following day Meg and Colleen dropped by to wish us a Happy New Year. They'd gone out for dinner with friends and had an early night. While they were here, Colleen took me aside as the others were speaking in the living room.

"I need to ask you a favor," she said quietly.

"Sure," I shrugged. "What do you need?"

She smiled. "I want to buy Meg a special gift for the wedding.

And I was wondering if you and Sebastian would help me pick something out."

"I think Sebastian's working on a big project this week, but I'm available," I said quickly. After what James had told us about his relationship with Colleen, I was eager to get to know her better and find out if she had any ulterior motive for marrying Meg.

She smiled warmly. "That's wonderful! Thank you, Tate. Perhaps we'll go Tuesday or Wednesday morning? And I'll treat you to lunch."

When I told James she'd asked for our help he seemed pleased. Sebastian did have to work this week so was unable to accompany us. He was a bit disappointed, if only because he was as curious about Colleen as I was, but he was also excited about the project he was working on and wanted to finish it before Friday's deadline if possible.

Colleen picked me up Tuesday morning in her BMW and we drove to the Glebe—an upscale Ottawa living/shopping district.

I didn't usually frequent the area but Colleen wanted to check out some of the fancy boutiques. Glebites could be pretentious and most of the stores catered to expensive tastes.

We started at some clothing stores, with Colleen looking at shawls and dresses, but nothing struck her fancy. She offered to buy me a \$75 fedora that I tried on for a laugh, but I declined.

I wasn't as confident that I could pull it off and didn't want to exploit her generosity.

We popped into a few more shops before ending up at Bank Street Framing—a custom framing store that also stocked beautiful home décor and original artwork. As soon as we walked in Colleen seemed impressed.

"Oh look at that mirror! Isn't it gorgeous? And that painting..."

I followed her, murmuring my appreciation of everything she pointed out. I wasn't exactly sure what Meg's tastes were but Colleen certainly seemed to know. In the end she couldn't decide between the mirror she'd noticed first and a framed charcoal sketch of a voluptuous naked woman wearing only a fancy hat.

She was sure Meg would love the humor of the drawing as well as the artist's skill, but the mirror would look just perfect above Meg's dresser in their bedroom.

"You can't afford both?" I asked, ever the pragmatist.

Colleen smiled. "I can most definitely afford both, young man," she said. "However, I don't want to make Meg uncomfortable. I haven't a clue whether she'll get me anything and frankly I don't care. I much prefer giving gifts to receiving them."

"That seems like even more of a reason to get them both."

She stared at me for several moments. "Huh," she said then. "You make a good point."

She did purchase both and arranged to pick them up at a later date, when she'd be able to sneak them into their house. As we left the store she impulsively hugged me. "Thank you, Tate. You've really made this so much easier. Now, where should we go for lunch?"

"I guess that depends on what you'd like to eat. There are some good restaurants here. If you feel like Indian there's the Taj Mahal just down Bank Street. I think they have a lunch buffet."

"That sounds perfect. I haven't had Indian in ages. Meg prefers Italian."

While we enjoyed our tandoori chicken, lamb vindaloo, and vegetable biryani I broached the delicate subject about which the curiosity was almost killing me.

"So, James told me you and he were involved in the fetish scene many years ago."

Colleen smiled, assessing me. "Did he?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Well, it came up."

"I imagine both of you are quite curious about my relationship to James."

"Well...yes." I cleared my throat. "I was surprised to hear of any involvement with a woman quite frankly."

She laughed. "Oh, Tate. I know James seems like the quintessential Leather Daddy now, but in his early twenties he didn't have everything quite figured out. I helped him to do that."

I stared at her, slightly astonished at her frankness. "Really."

“It didn’t take me long to see it. In fact I might have known before he did.” She took a small piece of naan bread and chewed it calmly, watching my reaction.

I didn’t know what to say. It was a little embarrassing, probing into this older woman’s sexual history. Yet I couldn’t help myself.

“Known...”

“That he was quite strongly attracted to men,” she mock whispered. “Don’t get me wrong, he responded readily to me as well. But there was something missing. It’s difficult to explain.

When I brought in another trainer on a hunch, things became rather obvious.”

“Did he know another trainer was coming?”

She nodded. “Yes, he did. And he was very enthusiastic. Although I forgot to mention it was a man.”

I grinned, imagining what James’ reaction might have been.

“Was he mad?”

“He was surprised at first, and a little bit jealous.”

“Jealous?”

“Well, he didn’t want to share me at that point.” She looked down at her food then glanced coyly up at me. “It didn’t take long for me to convince him it would be for his own benefit.”

“Uh huh.”

“He thought he loved me. I knew he didn’t. Like I said, there was something missing. And I wasn’t looking for love. I knew he’d make an excellent Dom and I wanted to be the one to mould him. When I realized he was more suited to being sexual with other men, I brought in Duncan. And the rest is history.”

She regarded me silently for a long time as I took in this information. “I’d like to think I still had a big impact on him, before Duncan took over.”

“He says that you did. He credits you with teaching him to be a Dom.”

She smiled, pleased. “Good. I certainly did my best. Although I’m sure Duncan covered some areas that I couldn’t, or wouldn’t.”

I blushed. I wanted to ask her. I was dying to ask her.

“What?” she asked, sensing I was holding back.

“It’s a very personal question...” I hesitated.



She reached out and touched my hand where it lay on the table. “What would you like to know?”

“Um...did you ever...I mean, there are ways for a woman to...”

She laughed suddenly, a lovely tinkling of bells that put me immediately at ease. “Oh, Tate. Any woman who claims to dominate men has strapped on a dildo at some point. And, yes. I did.”

Holy hell. This woman had fucked James. This elderly woman with impeccable manners sitting here in fashionable and expensive clothes had ...

I couldn't breathe for one moment. Then, seeing the kindness and honesty in her eyes I let out a long, soft breath.

“Did he like it?” I said.

This time she blushed. She shrugged, tearing another piece of naan. “If you want the answer to that, Tate, you're going to have to ask him.”

§ § §

For the next day and half it was all I could think about.

James and Colleen, in their younger years, playing in some fancy dungeon while James figured out his complex sexuality. Colleen, middle-aged then but no doubt gorgeous, taking liberties with James that I could imagine all too well. It took me some time to realize I wasn't obsessed with it because it disturbed me. On the contrary, I realized the thought of James being dominated and fucked by an older woman in his youth was a huge turnon. I wanted details, although I wasn't sure I'd get them. And I was simply curious to the point of distraction about how this fascinating and charismatic man I loved had become the person that existed today.

I'd told Sebastian everything Colleen had told me, except for that. It seemed too personal somehow. Unless Sebastian specifically expressed an interest in that aspect of it, I felt like I couldn't betray Colleen's and James' privacy. I had to get James alone so I could speak to him.

Luckily, James asked me to drive him to his checkup appointment at the hospital on Thursday. Sebastian was still heavily involved with finishing his big project.

“Can you pick up some M&Ms, Tate? They really help me focus,” he asked as we got ready to leave.

“Which kind? And yeah, sure they do,” I laughed.

“Peanut, please. Not peanut butter. Whole peanuts, please.”

“Your wish is my command.”

“Thanks. Good luck with your checkup, James.”

“Thank you, Sebastian.”

When we arrived at the hospital I helped James out of the car.

“You can just drop me off, Tate, if you’ve errands to do. Just be back by two or shortly after, please.”

“Sure. Maybe we can grab a coffee after?” I said, angling for some time to pose the questions that were needling me.

“Yes, that will give me something to look forward to.”

I decided to spend the hour browsing at a nearby electronics store. It took every ounce of will in my body not to make a purchase, but I stuck to just checking out some new releases and eyeing the new Mac computers with envy. My current computer worked just fine and I couldn’t justify spending a thousand plus dollars to upgrade.

When I got back to the General, James was waiting for me outside the main entrance. He climbed gratefully into the car, stowing his crutches in the back seat. He really had gotten better at getting around.

“How did it go?” I asked.

“Fine. Looks like everything is healing properly.”

“That’s good.”

“Where should we go for coffee?”

“There’s a quiet little café on Main Street. Shouldn’t be too busy.”

“That sounds wonderful.”

We drove to the spot I’d suggested and luckily, I’d been right. It was quiet on a Thursday afternoon. We took our Café Americanas to a secluded table in the back. After sitting quietly and making small talk for a bit, James said, “You look as if you’ve got something on your mind.”

“Is it that obvious?”

He smiled. “To someone who knows you like I do? Yes.” He waited a few moments. Then, “I spoke to Colleen yesterday.”

“Oh, you did?”

“She told me you were very curious about my training.”

“I’m really sorry. I shouldn’t have asked her those questions.”

James smiled calmly. "Tate, it's fine. She said she enjoyed reminiscing about her younger years. She's completely charmed by you, you know."

I blushed. "Really?"

"Oh yes. She quite enjoyed your lunch."

"Oh. Good. She's pretty cool herself."

"I've always thought so."

I smirked. Jesus he looked smug. "Okay, tell me. What was it like?"

"What was what like?"

"Well...being dominated by Colleen. And Duncan."

"It seems she's revealed all my secrets."

"Why did you never tell us about them?"

"I didn't think you needed the specifics," he shrugged. "You really weren't interested until Colleen turned up, were you?"

"I guess not. I just assumed some male Dom stood beside you and told you how to dominate another guy. I didn't realize..."

James leaned back in his chair, regarding me. "I've always believed that some great subs make even better Doms. That was certainly the case with me. Although I'm not sure I was the greatest sub. I seemed always to be getting into trouble."

I raised my eyebrows. "Not you!"

"Cute."

"So...I mean, I'm just trying to get a handle on this," I said, mind swirling with provocative images. "You really didn't know you were gay when you were twenty-four?"

He thought for a moment. "Well, I had some experiences with other boys in high school, but just mutual hand jobs or blowjobs. When I met Colleen, she just blew me away with her beauty, intelligence, and self-confidence. I became infatuated very quickly. She was also the first person to take me in hand and be the dominant one. I liked that at the time. Later it became frustrating and I suppose I did challenge her control. That's when she brought in Duncan."

"And then what happened?"

"I realized very quickly that being with a man was much more rewarding for me. Certainly in a Dom/sub scenario."

"But you were the sub."

“Very much so. Duncan didn’t put up with any of my BS. He took firm control of me from the moment he stepped in.”

I stared at James, eyes wide. “I can’t even imagine it.”

“I was twenty-four remember—not the man I am today. I was still fairly immature. Duncan was only a few years younger than Colleen. So, much older than me.” He sipped his coffee, reminiscing. “I’ll never forget the day she brought him in. It was a bit of an ambush, because she knew I’d have reservations.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, she began a scene with me and then Duncan just showed up—this incredibly handsome older man—just sauntered in and began asking questions about me while I was bound naked against the wall with a raging hard-on and clamped nipples.”

“Jesus.”

“I really didn’t know what was happening. I almost used my safe word. I would have been justified. That’s really not a fair thing to do to a sub.”

“What happened?”

He smiled slowly. “While he asked Colleen all sorts of personal details about me—my age, height, weight, strength level, pain tolerance, hard limits, soft limits—I became increasingly curious about him. He didn’t touch me that day. Colleen asked for my permission to have him observe our session. Strangely I gave it.”

“Then what happened?”

“The scene became super charged. Colleen was dominating me but I was thinking of him watching the entire time. My responses were amplified a hundred-fold. The sexual energy in that room was magnificent. We all felt it.”

“And then?”

“He left. I asked Colleen why she had brought him in.” He laughed, shaking his head at the memory. “She pointed at the gallon of semen I’d spilled on the floor when I’d come and said, ‘I think you have your answer.’”

I stared at him for a moment, then laughed. “Shit.”

“He was at the next few sessions and became more involved each time. The intensity continued to go up. We could all feel it. The energy between Duncan and I was palpable. When he touched me or gave me a reprimand it felt three times as powerful as when Colleen did it.”

He paused, looking at a painting on the wall of the café but obviously gazing inwardly. “Finally, it was just the two of us. I hadn’t officially said goodbye to Colleen yet but Duncan wanted to see how I responded one-on-one before he confirmed the transfer.” His eyes became dreamy and unfocused. “He took me to places I’d never been with Colleen. There is something decidedly different about the way two men relate sexually, more than the obvious, especially in kink. I don’t know if it’s the pure physicality, the threat of aggression, the flowing testosterone, or simply an ability to push boundaries on another level entirely. I can only speak from my own experience of course. There may be some female Dommies out there who are just as tough and relentless as men. But Colleen wasn’t one of them. Don’t get me wrong, she was merciless in her own way. But it was entirely different for me.”

§ § §

Later that evening while we lay in bed together before going to sleep, I told Sebastian everything James had said. I’d asked him if he minded and he’d graciously told me to go ahead—he wasn’t hiding anything.

“So when did he decide he wanted to be a Dom instead of a sub?”

“Duncan suggested he’d be good at it and offered to bring in a sub for him. They worked together and he told James he was a natural. Which we know firsthand, right?”

Sebastian chuckled. “Right. Wow, this is fascinating. I can’t believe we never asked him for more details before now.”

“He also told me something else.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Colleen’s invited Duncan to the wedding.”

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Return*

I had to go back to work the following Monday. It was actually a relief to get back to a routine and out of the house. When I got home from work on my first day, Sebastian met me at the door with a dopey smile.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Why do you have that look on your face? What’s he done?”

Sebastian shrugged then grabbed my hand and held it against his groin. I felt the steel of his favorite implement of torture and it all made sense.

“Uh huh. I see James has figured out a way to entertain himself for the next...?”

“Two weeks,” Sebastian said, sighing mournfully but looking pleased as punch.

“Two weeks? Holy shit, Sebastian, how do you stand it?” He’d gone almost a month the last time, and it was James who released him early, for his own kicks. Sebastian would have made it.

“I don’t know. I like getting hornier and hornier and being controlled and teased and milked.”

“Down tiger. I need something to eat.”

“We’re ordering in later. James is craving Indian food.”

“On a Monday?”

After I’d put down my briefcase and taken off my overcoat and shoes, I followed Sebastian into the living room. James was looking at his iPad, probably perusing a magazine or newspaper.

We’d gotten a premium subscription to Next Issue, which gave us access to almost every magazine under the sun we could ever need for one monthly price.

“Two weeks? Are you going to make it this time?” I asked.

James smiled. “We’ll see. I may get bored.”

“You? Bored? Never,” I joked. “I heard we’re having takeout.”

“Yes. I want something spicy tonight.” He looked at me as though I were a rare delicacy. “And I don’t want you to waste your energy cooking.”

Okaaaaay. Why were they regarding me as if I were the Go Go dancer at The Lookout?

“Uh huh. I’m just going to go change then...”

“Please don’t. It’s been a long time since we’ve seen you in a suit.”

“You guys are freaking me out.”

“James thinks he can make it up to the loft for a couple of hours if you’re up for it,”

Sebastian said.

The loft. Christ, it had been a long time. Immediately my cock woke up. But with Sebastian caged and James rendered immobile our options seemed limited. No doubt James had been contemplating it all day.

“We won’t eat until later, so grab a snack first and meet us up there, all right?”

I shrugged. “Sure.”

Twenty minutes later I walked upstairs still in my suit but I’d taken off my socks to give my feet a good airing out. When I opened the door to the loft, I saw James reclining on the mattress in nothing but his boxer briefs, his bad leg elevated on cushions.

Sebastian had insisted on buying fancy bedding for the mattress in this room and occasionally he and I would sleep overnight.

It did make playing in here more comfortable if we were lucky enough to make it to the mattress.

Sebastian knelt by the side of it now—naked, caged, blond head bowed. As usual, the sight of him like this caused my breaths to quicken and my cock to swell.

“Should I maybe take a shower?” I suggested, knowing I might not smell my best at this point in the day.

James shook his head. “I don’t think so. There’s nothing quite like a dirty man in a nice suit.” He watched me like a predator causing a thrill of anxiety to run down my spine. What did he have in mind for me? Even though he couldn’t move around freely, Sebastian would do whatever he required. Willingly.

“On your knees, Tate. Hands behind your head.”

“Can I take off my jacket?”

“No.”

All righty then.

I fell to my knees, giving up all protest.

“Eyes on the floor.”

“Yes, Sir.”

As usual in this situation, my pulse increased. I wished his leg wasn't broken so he could examine me as he normally did.

“Sebastian and I are still figuring out what to do with you. You will remain silent in that position while we discuss it.”

I nodded but said nothing. Hopefully, it wouldn't take long because I had begun to sweat, although perhaps that's what they wanted—Dirty, dirty boys.

“Sebastian, you can stand up. You're going to be my hands for this after all.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I heard the squeak of bare feet on the floor as he responded to James' command.

“So, what do you think? I don't think the sling will work since he's still dressed and I'd like to keep him that way. Well, mostly.

So there's the Cross or the spanking bench. Or the padded sawhorse.”

My mind swirled with the possibilities inherent in each of those devices. Which would they choose? And what would they do to me?

“Why not more than one, Sir?” Sebastian said quietly.

“I like the way you think, Sebastian.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“We'll start with the Cross then the spanking bench then the sawhorse.”

“Perfect, Sir.”

Good thing I'd had a snack and a piss—this might take awhile.

I took a deep breath, preparing myself for the next couple of hours as I heard footsteps approach.

“Stand up and follow Sebastian to your first station. Face him out, please.”

I obeyed, enjoying the view of Sebastian's ass. My hands itched to touch him but I kept them obediently behind my neck until he positioned me and fastened them to the wood. It felt incredibly strange to be bound to the Cross wearing my suit. The jacket bunched at the shoulders and the sleeves came short of my wrists due to my spread-eagled position.

“I wonder why I've never thought to do this before. He looks like a business executive in a lot of trouble,” James murmured.

I risked a glance and saw his smile.



“Now, just get his cock out of his pants.”

I looked down to watch Sebastian undo my belt and unzip my dress pants. Ever gentle and proficient, in a moment he lifted my semi-erect cock out from under the waistband of my boxer briefs and secured them under my balls. My dick, standing free in the air, felt deliciously exposed.

“Now tease him however you like. Make him happy, but not too happy.”

“Yes, Sir,” Sebastian said.

I glanced up, meeting his excited blue-eyed gaze. It reminded me of our first day together when he'd met me at the door and taken me into the living room for a blowjob on James' instructions. Although not nearly as nervous or horny today as I had been then, the memory brought those feelings back.

Sebastian held my gaze as he lifted his right hand to his mouth, running his long tongue up the length of it once, twice, three times. I squirmed with the anticipation of it. That tongue—I loved that tongue.

When his saliva-slicked fingers ghosted over my dick and across the swollen glans I gasped. My cock hardened as he teased me, his eyes holding mine.

“This would be beautiful if I could see it,” James admonished Sebastian.

“Yes, Sir,” Sebastian said, moving to the side as we lost our visual connection. But now I had a good view of James. My gaze locked with his as Sebastian continued to touch me.

He played with my cock for a long time. He knew how to tease me—an expert one might say. When the bit of pre-cum that had gathered at its tip finally bubbled over I shivered. Sebastian traced the length of it with his tongue, digging the remaining moisture out of my slit while I groaned and cursed.

“Be still,” James ordered as he slid a hand beneath the waistband of his briefs, reclining on the silk pillows like a Persian King.

I tried to calm down and focus but Sebastian dropped to his knees and took me into his mouth. I stared down at him with wide eyes as the warm wetness engulfed my cock. Getting head while still wearing most of my clothes felt sexier than when completely naked.

“Beautiful,” James said.

I closed my eyes, the better to feel the sensations on my dick.

I couldn't help the gasps, sighs, and low moans that emerged from my throat.

“Okay, that’s enough. Now flip him around.”

Sebastian stood and quickly removed my bindings. I turned to face the wood of the cross while he reattached me. In the process my dress pants slipped down to my thighs. My boxer briefs held their place until James ordered Sebastian to pull them down as well.

“Now tease his ass.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The tip of my wet cock rubbed against the polished wood as Sebastian rimmed me. He used his whole face—nose, chin, lips, tongue, and teeth—to put me into a lustful frenzy. This had a profound effect on my sensitive ass, evidenced by the sounds coming from my mouth and the way I twisted and struggled. My cock became incredibly hard as moisture kept surging up and over, wetting the wood it pressed against.

“Take him down. I want his pants, underwear and jacket off, but nothing else.”

While Sebastian followed James’ instructions I noticed his cock swelling painfully within the metal of the cage. It was a relief to lose at least some of my clothes; the loft was warm and I was burning up.

“Now attach him to the bench.”

He soon had me fastened securely to the spanking chair, ass in the air, my poor cock pressed against the padded seat beneath me.

“I want him plugged. You can choose which one.”

I watched closely as Sebastian walked to the armoire and pulled out the drawer. He searched around then selected a hefty steel plug with three graduating balls, from an initial small one to the final large one, that would go deep and stretch me wide. I glanced at James.

“Perfect. That’s one of his favorites. It will give him comfort while we punish his ass for the next half hour.”

“I know, Sir.” Sebastian said, bringing the plug over. He squirted some lube onto it and me before guiding the first small bulb in with ease. The next two balls took some time, but finally the entire thing was inside. It felt so damn good, probing and filling me nicely. I couldn’t keep still.

“Now the bit-gag.”

Holy hell. James had been bored.

Sebastian placed the bit between my teeth and fastened the straps behind my head.

“Now take off his tie and blindfold him with it.”

Jesus.

The delicious feeling of being restrained, impaled, gagged, and now blindfolded with my own tie took over my senses. I felt thoroughly objectified and displayed for the pleasure of my captors. I trembled with delight and a little bit of fear. What would they do to me now?

“Get the crop.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Oh fuck. Not the crop. The crop would drive me mad. I moved my head as if I could see James and heard him laugh.

“You look a sight, Tate. Gloriously subdued, I’d say. There isn’t a thing you can do now.”

I groaned as spit leaked from my open mouth.

The crop struck my ass, again and again. Those sharp stings spread over my buttocks and the backs of my thighs while I tried to sort myself out. It had been a long time since I’d been tormented this way and I wasn’t used to it.

“Harder,” James said.

They came harder and quicker. I struggled in my bonds and made desperate noises in my throat. The heat flooded my face, ass, legs where he hit me.

“He needs a break.”

The strikes stopped as I rested, panting and drooling. The burn spread over my entire body, flooding it with pleasant warmth. Everything tingled while the steel plug made my insides throb and emphasized my vulnerability. I was completely under their power, the soft cotton of my shirt covering me from neck to bottom, the rest of me exposed for their use.

“You like that, boy?” James’ voice came through the haze. He sounded closer. Had he used his crutches to come to me?

I groaned, nodding vigorously, because I did like it.

“I know you do. We could do so many depraved things to this body and you’d only come back for more. We’ve done so many things already...”

It was true. They had. In the five years we’d officially been a threesome, the limits of our play had expanded. There was little we hadn’t done and little we didn’t enjoy.

When a hand rested on my burning bottom I knew it belonged to my Master. My Master, who had gotten up off his comfortable bed to come to me on his crutches because he couldn't stand to see me like this and not touch me.

He slapped my ass a few times making me flinch, but my heart warmed to his abuse. He grabbed the base of the plug and pulled gently. "Open."

I relaxed, letting him pull the large bulb out, causing me to cry out as it stretched me. He swirled the toy then as I grunted.

My cock throbbed while he teased me this way. Then he pressed the large bulb against my hole and repeated his order. "Open."

He slowly pushed it in and out several times until I could barely contain myself. Finally he lodged it securely once more and said, "Now the strap."

Oh fuck.

Five minutes of the rubber strap, giving me a different kind of pain, then the crop once more—then more teasing with the plug.

It was all too much.

Suddenly the tie was pulled from my head and dropped to the floor. I blinked in the light, only to see James standing there leaning on one crutch and jerking his cock. The saliva dripped from my open lips to the floor as James grinned and stopped.

"Your face would be a waste of a good load right now. How can I resist that glowing ass?"

I watched him move adeptly until he stood level with my ass, his cock aimed at it. He closed his eyes, quickening his movements, and stroked himself to a powerful orgasm. As shots of semen hit my buttocks I groaned desperately, watching his pleasure and enjoying the debasement. The cooling spunk felt good on my sore skin.

James cursed as he finished and opened his eyes to his handiwork. He wiped the semen around on me knowing that it hurt my raw skin. Then he slapped my ass, grinning wickedly before telling Sebastian to release me. James pulled his boxer briefs back up and sat down in the chair beside the bed, resting his crutch against it.

Sebastian undid my bindings and helped me stand, the plug causing a myriad of sensations as I changed position. God I was horny, as was Sebastian by the looks of it, his cock red and fighting its restraints. A thread of pre-cum hung precariously from the tip as he walked me to

James. I still wore my white cotton shirt, buttoned up to the neck and at the wrists—a strange feeling to be so naked and still covered.

“Step closer,” James ordered.

I did.

“Another.”

I stepped so close that some of the drool fell from my mouth onto his foot.

“Turn around.”

I turned so that I faced the bed, my heart beating madly, thoughts scrambled. What now? What would he do?

He jiggled the plug roughly making me cry out.

“Quiet.”

Then he pushed me. My hands involuntarily left the back of my neck to break my fall and I instinctively rolled onto my back, staring up at James as he regarded me with amusement.

“Okay, Sebastian. He’s all yours. Give him his reward.”

Oh fuck yes. Fuck I love you, James.

I trembled with excitement as I felt Sebastian’s mouth on my cock. Stretching my arms above my head I gazed heavy-lidded at my handsome Daddy while Sebastian sucked me. When I couldn’t hold back any more I dug my heels into the mattress and shoved up into his throat, yelling curses as the spasms of release took over. They seemed to go on forever, the plug causing reverberations of pleasure while Sebastian’s mouth continued to move on me.

James had Sebastian remove the gag and my shirt, now soaked with sweat, saliva, and semen. I lay there naked, regarding them with adoration.

“Come here, Sebastian.”

Sebastian went to stand before James.

“You were absolutely perfect. You did everything I asked of you quickly and competently. I’m extremely pleased. So pleased that I’m going to give you a nice, slow milking.”

“Thank you, Sir. Thank you,” he said, his relief and joy plain to hear.

For the next twenty minutes I watched James perform a slow and steady prostate massage on Sebastian until the come pulsed from Sebastian’s cock in lazy bursts. Sebastian moaned quietly, lost in his pleasure. James had done this to me on occasion. It wasn’t like a normal

orgasm when the sensations centered sharply in your balls and cock. A more subtle feeling of release, it felt like a warm glow of happiness from your whole body.

It was something to watch, I could tell you that.

Collecting my clothes from the floor, I looked around for the tie they'd used to blindfold me. There was no sign of it. I looked up to see James standing by the door on his crutches clutching it in his right hand.

"That's my tie."

"I'm stealing it. As a souvenir," he said with a smile.

"But it's one of my favorites."

"Mine too. You've got lots of ties, Tate. Why can't I have this one?"

"It was expensive. And it goes with most of my suits," I said, not really caring but wanting to put up a show of resistance.

"You can borrow any of mine that you want," he said indulgently. "Please? I'd really like to keep it."

How could I say no?

## Chapter Seventeen

### *L'Orée du Bois*

The next morning I slept through my alarm. When I woke up and glanced at the clock it was already ten to eight.

“Shit!” I swore, bolting up and throwing the blanket over Sebastian’s head in my panic. “Owe, fuck!” Apparently my ass still hurt from yesterday’s adventure.

Sebastian poked his head out from under the blanket as I turned on the light. “What’s going on?”

“I slept in. I’m going to be late. And my ass hurts.” I complained as I high tailed it to the bathroom.

I checked out my butt in the mirror. Usually James stayed on top of the aftercare but he’d been tired after our visit to the loft and I’d been flooded with endorphins and hadn’t noticed the pain. Sure enough, my ass still showed red welts from the crop and strap.

In the shower, when the water hit it, I winced. It burned when the soap ran over it too. Fuck, why did I have to pay now for all the fun we had last night? And I had to go to the office and sit in a chair all day. And I had two meetings. Fuck.

I woke up Sebastian who’d fallen back to sleep. “Wha?”

“I hate to bother you, but my ass is killing me, and I’ve got to get to work. Do you think you could rub some zinc cream on it?”

“Okay. Sure.” He dragged himself out from under the covers and took the small jar of diaper cream I handed him. James had heard through the BDSM grapevine that zinc-heavy diaper cream was one of the best things to take the burn off a paddled ass. It was great on sunburns too.

I lay on the bed while Sebastian applied a thin coat of the stuff and worked it into my stinging flesh.

“We should have put it on last night before bed.”

“I know. Why does it have to smell like that?”

“Just say it’s a muscle cream for your back or something,” he suggested.

After he finished I quickly got dressed. On my way past James' room I peeked in. He was still asleep. It had been great to have him abuse me in the loft, just like old times. But it had taken a lot out of him and I was glad he was getting some needed rest.

My day went by in a pretty standard way. The zinc cream took the edge off but I was plagued by a constant soreness that wouldn't go away. All I wanted to do was go home and play video games. I was also tired.

I returned home to Sebastian hard at work at his computer and James having what had become a regular afternoon nap. I changed into some pajama pants and a t-shirt and draped myself over the ottoman with the game controller in my hands.

Ah, paradise. For the first time today my ass felt pretty close to fine. I played LEGO Indiana Jones for an hour before Sebastian found me.

"How's your ass?"

"Better. I'm glad I don't have to sit on it anymore today. I'll eat supper standing up."

"Um..."

"What?" I said, trying to get my guy over a wide virtual cliff.

"Aren't we going to L'Orée du Bois with Meg and Colleen?"

Fuck. My. Life.

"Oh fuck." I'd completely forgotten.

"Do you want me to put some more cream on it?"

"No, it's okay." My boss had asked me what the smell was and I'd had to lie. I was not going to smell weird at the restaurant. At least my ass wasn't as sore as it had been this morning.

When James woke up we dressed for dinner.

I popped my head into his room. "I'd like to borrow a tie, if I may?"

He grinned and beckoned me in. He was standing in his large walk-in closet. In the house he found it easiest to just use one crutch. He led me over to his enormous tie rack.

"James, you have too many ties."

"Never. Yours is still my favorite. But it's not in here."

"I hate to ask..."

"Under my pillow."

"You sentimental bastard," I said, rather touched.



“Actually, I was planning a late night/early morning kidnapping.” He looked me up and down, then fingered through his ties, finally making a selection. “This one.”

“Do I have a choice?”

He smiled. “No.”

“I didn’t think so. Thanks.”

When he gave me a slap on the ass I couldn’t hide my sharp intake of breath.

“Are you sore?” he asked, surprised.

“Yeah. A little.”

“Let me see.”

“It’s fine, James.”

“Let me see. Come over here. Now.”

There was no point arguing so I walked over to him, turned around, and dropped trou.

This time James inhaled a sharp breath. “Oh, Tate. I’m so sorry. I should have applied some ointment before we went to bed.”

“It’s really not that bad. Well, it was this morning, but Sebastian put the zinc cream on it and…”

He touched me gently and I flinched a bit. “I’m worried about these welts. I’ve got some Arnica cream that will help. Take your trousers off and lie down.”

I protested. The restaurant was way out in Chelsea and we were already running a bit late. “James, it’s fine.”

“Tate, are you going to argue with me? Because that will make us even later.”

“Oh for Christ’s sake. Fine,” I said, doing as I was told. I’d never learned to just do that in the first place.

He hobbled to the door and called Sebastian. “Can you get the Arnica for me, Sebastian? It’s in the guest bathroom I think.”

“Just a second.”

In a few moments, Sebastian showed up holding the tube of ointment. Both James and I stared at him for several moments, me from my undignified position on James’ bed, James from where he stood beside me.

“What?” Sebastian said.

He looked irresistible in the new navy suit he'd bought for meetings with clients. With the white button up shirt and baby blue bow tie, he looked like a model out of GQ magazine. He'd also parted and gelled his hair neatly, giving him a clean-cut image that belied his kinky soul.

"If you're trying to seduce my mother and her fiancée there are more direct ways to go about it," James murmured.

"Huh?" Sebastian appeared confused.

"He means you look like a dream. A wet one," I clarified.

James nodded. "Soaking wet."

Sebastian smiled.

James wore a black pair of hip-hop tear-away pants that snapped up the side. They were the only thing we'd found that would fit over his cast and look halfway decent. But he had to wear his button up shirt untucked, which I knew just about killed him.

He looked Sebastian over. "I'm sorely tempted to blow off this dinner and have you over salad instead."

Sebastian blushed, making him appear even more adorable.

"However, the consequences of doing that would be disastrous," James continued. "Never stand up your own mother. I learned that a very long time ago."

After Sebastian went downstairs and James tenderly applied some of the Arnica cream to my sore bottom, he bent down and kissed my shoulder. "I'm so sorry. I won't forget another time. Promise."

"I forgot too. So did Sebastian."

"But I'm the one who should have remembered. You two are my responsibility. Especially up there." He motioned to the loft and sighed.

"What?"

"Well, I had a diabolical plan to plug you for the evening. But I don't feel right about asking you now."

"Your will is my command. Maybe it will distract me."

"Really?" He sounded so delighted I had to laugh.

"James, you are so damn easy to please sometimes."

"Tell you what, you can pick whichever one you want."

I chose one from James' personal toy chest here in the bedroom. If we'd had to ask Sebastian to get that too I might have died of embarrassment. Which seemed weird considering all the shit we got up to together, but there it was. Maybe the fact we were getting dressed for an evening out with James' mom made me feel it.

James made a big production of getting the medium sized rubber plug into me. By the time he told me to go take a couple of Advil for my sore ass, my cock was in a semi-erect state and the pain from my bottom had already faded. But I did as he asked and began to look forward to our evening.

"Did you plug Sebastian?" I asked.

"He plugged himself under my instruction."

"His cage still on?"

"Of course."

"Fuck, you're such a pervert," I said, after getting re-dressed.

I walked over to him, took his face in my hands, and kissed him soundly. "And that's why we love you."

§ § §

It took thirty minutes to drive to L'Orée du Bois, an outstanding but expensive restaurant located in the middle of a forest in Old Chelsea, Quebec. We'd been on occasion before when James' appetite for fine French cuisine couldn't be satisfied with humble Ottawa fare. Their entrées, locally sourced and skillfully prepared, tasted unbelievably fresh and succulent, consisting of fresh game like rabbit and venison that wasn't so easily obtained anywhere else.

Of course, because of various things we arrived almost an hour past the scheduled meeting time. I'd suggested to James that he at least call them to let them know we'd be late and give some believable excuse but he said that would just cause more grief.

Better to let them drink and chat. Odds were they'd arrived late as well and wouldn't even notice our tardiness.

After we'd hung up our coats and located our table we approached the two well-dressed elderly women just finishing off a bottle of Chablis.

"About time you showed up, James. You used to be so punctual," Meg said, standing to greet us.

“Thanks, Mother, I’m fine, and how are you?” James said pointedly as he gave her an obligatory embrace and kiss on the cheek. “I do have a broken leg at the moment.”

“Excuses, excuses,” she tsked, accepting my hug and then Sebastian’s. When Sebastian released her she looked him over from top to bottom. “My, don’t you look handsome.”

“They all look lovely,” Colleen said, standing to welcome us.

She whispered something in James’ ear and he rolled his eyes.

“I expect no less,” he replied softly.

“What’s that, darling?” Meg asked, looking over the rims of her reading glasses. She looked so much like James at that moment it made me feel weird. Of course the butt plug might have had something to do with that. James often had Sebastian and I wear hidden toys or collars when we went out on the town together, but normally we didn’t meet up with his relatives.

“I was just saying how nice it is to see you both again so soon,” James said smoothly, propping his crutch against a post and arranging himself in a chair with assistance from Sebastian.

Meg regarded him suspiciously but didn’t call him on it. “How are you feeling?”

“Restless. Bored. Agitated.”

Meg nodded. “Just as I expected. Is he driving you crazy?” she asked Sebastian and me.

I grinned and raised an eyebrow. “Not today.”

James gave me a stern look.

“Oh, oh. Now I’m in trouble,” I murmured, giving Colleen a sideways glance. She appeared quite amused, but remained quiet.

“Not any more than usual,” James said. “I see you’ve already started on some wine. Shall we order another bottle or two?”

“Of course,” Meg said. “What do you fancy?”

James took his reading glasses from his pocket and put them on, perusing the wine list. “I’m in the mood for a Beaujolais right now. And perhaps a Shiraz with dinner?”

“Big spender,” I commented.

“Well, I’m not driving. And I’d prefer not to be entirely sober.”

Colleen cleared her throat, rather delicately. “James, when did the doctor say he could put you in a walking cast?”

James appeared genuinely thankful for the change in topic.

“Hopefully in another week or two. I don’t know how much longer I can stand this.”

She smiled at him warmly. “As long as you have to I suppose.”

Her voice, calm and assured, reminded me of some of the matronly nurses at the hospital. But Colleen with her small hands and delicate face looked like none of them. How a woman of such small stature could be so self-assured and emit such restrained power fascinated me. It was beginning to be clearer why she’d had such an impact on James.

“And Tate, how are things at work? Are you managing all right with your responsibilities there and at home?”

From someone else this inquiry might have seemed patronizing or rude. But Colleen seemed genuinely concerned for my wellbeing. I found myself answering honestly.

“For now. Work’s been challenging but I like that. Sebastian does a lot at home and he’s working too.”

“Please excuse me, I forgot about Sebastian’s contract work for a moment. Sometimes trying to work from home can be even more challenging than going to an office.”

Sebastian blushed. “It’s okay. I don’t have much on my plate right now.”

Just as he said this a server came by and placed a fresh roll onto Sebastian’s bread plate.

“Except a delicious looking roll,” he continued, lifting it and taking a bite.

We all laughed. It broke the ice and got rid of some of the tension between James and Meg.

“You know, I don’t really need much looking after at home. I’d like to think I’m not putting too much of a strain on Tate and Sebastian,” James said.

“I’m sure you’re doing as much for yourself as you can, James,” Colleen agreed. “But looking after someone in your condition can be a strain emotionally, if not physically. In this situation at least, having two committed partners is definitely an advantage.” She grinned. “I’m sure they’ve been able to be of much assistance in a great many, perhaps unconventional, ways.”

“Touché,” James said, raising his wine glass. “They’ve looked after me very well in that respect, Colleen. In fact, we’ve even explored some new ways of...looking after each other.”

“Oh really, James,” Meg said with some disdain. “Why don’t you just bend them over the table and spank their bottoms? It’s obvious you’ve lost none of your creative tendencies and I suppose you’ve kept busy inventing new ways of staying on top even though you can’t stand up properly.” Meg sloshed back the rest of her Chablis and stared across the table at her son. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re playing some crazy little sex game right now.”

I looked at Sebastian. His cheeks had flushed crimson as he broke bits off his roll with nervous fingers. I became acutely conscious of the metal plug in my ass. I felt like a kid caught with my hand in the cookie jar.

James gave his mother a cold look and a fake smile. “Mother. Do you really think I’d carry my sex games so far as to play them right in front of you? How bold do you think I am?”

I heard a sputtering noise as Colleen must have got some wine down her windpipe. She coughed, trying to clear her throat as Meg turned to her quickly.

“Sweetheart, be careful. Are you all right?”

Colleen nodded, wiping at her dainty lips with the napkin. But I saw her give James a stern glance as she coughed again.

She knew. She knew just how bold he was. She glanced quickly at Sebastian and me while Meg dabbed the wine from her blouse.

I gave her a half smile that Meg didn’t see while Sebastian tried to eat his bread without choking.

“I’m fine, Meg, please. Don’t fuss. I tried to drink and talk at the same time, that’s all.”

“What were you going to say, dear?”

Colleen cleared her throat again and composed herself. “I was going to say that James is too much the gentleman to play sex games in public. Isn’t that right, James?”

The challenge in the look she sent him was obvious to everyone but Meg, thank goodness. James merely smiled and gave a slight nod of acknowledgement. In their secret, silent language I’m pretty sure he’d just informed her she was correct in her assumption that we were playing a sex game right this very minute.

Luckily the server came to take our drink orders.

When he’d gone, Meg asked James if he’d had any luck with the business of becoming a certified marriage officiant.

“Unfortunately, I won’t be able to certify in time for the wedding. Also, there is a small matter of not having any official religious affiliation.”

“I didn’t think you’d need one in this day and age.”

“Well, not necessary religious. The Humanists have a program for certification.”

“Well, there you are...”

“But you have to have been an official member of the Canadian Humanist Association for one year.”

Meg looked disappointed.

“You and Colleen could get married at my church.” Sebastian still sang in the choir at Rideau Falls United Church on a casual basis.

Meg looked at him. “They do same sex marriages at your church, Sebastian?”

“Yeah. I’ve sung at a few of them.”

“Rideau Falls is fairly progressive,” I said.

“What denomination?” Colleen asked.

“United,” James said. “And that’s a wonderful idea, Sebastian.”

“And would you sing at our wedding, young man?” Meg asked.

“Of course.”

Colleen looked at Meg. “Well? What do you think?”

“I wasn’t even imagining a church wedding. But perhaps it will do.”

“Why don’t you come and see the church and I can introduce you to Steve and Melissa, our Ministers,” Sebastian suggested.

“That would be wonderful, Sebastian. Thank you.” Meg said, exchanging a heartwarming glance with Colleen.

“It’s a beautiful old stone church in Alta Vista. Perfect for a wedding,” I added.

“I just never thought a couple of old biddies like us could get married in a religious establishment.” Meg admitted.

“The world’s come a long way, Mother,” James said.

Our meal was exquisite. I had quail, James had venison, and Sebastian had rabbit. The ladies had the quail as well. Enough wine was poured that the tension diminished. James and his mother teased each other gently but without rancor, Colleen looking fondly on them both. Sebastian even had a little white wine with his meal.

I loved the way two sips of alcohol would cause his face to flush more than usual and two glasses of wine would have him giggling like a schoolgirl at her first party. He’d never be a big drinker as he tended to arrive at the hangover by his third glass but at least he wasn’t afraid of the stuff anymore. I’d brought him over to the dark side by pouring dribbles of wine on his lips

during a very sexy scene and it seems he'd finally made a positive association. Now just the taste and smell of it made him horny.

On this occasion he also had a cage on his dick and a plug up his ass, so that helped.

By the end of our meal, after a particularly delicious *crème brûlée*, Sebastian started shooting me very sexy looks that threatened to cause an embarrassing reaction. I could barely manage intelligent conversation for the remainder of the evening.

Finally, Colleen said quietly, "What a lovely night. You must be eager to get home, James. I hope we didn't tire you too much?"

"Not at all. It was nice to get out for a change." James, typically, knew just what was going on between Sebastian and me. "But we should probably wrap things up. It's a long drive home."

We exchanged hugs with Meg and Colleen. James whispered something into Colleen's ear, causing her to smile.

"I expect no less," she said softly back to him and kissed him on the cheek while Meg hugged Sebastian.

The drive home seemed extra long, especially since Sebastian and I were hornier than two randy squirrels. I kept glancing at him in the rearview mirror, only to meet James' gaze after.

"What?" I said.

"Those plugs are working nicely."

"Yeah. So?"

"It's very amusing to watch the two of you when you're like this. I don't think you even realize how obvious it is."

"What do you mean?" I'd managed to keep my dick from rising so far, but if James kept talking about it...

"You're shifting."

"Shifting?"

"Every time you look in that mirror you move your ass forward slightly. Feels good, doesn't it?"

I gave James an evil look. "Not good enough."

"We'll be home soon," he smiled.

"Not soon enough." I stated loudly.

He laughed and looked out the window at the passing view.



## Chapter Eighteen

### *Pack Logic*

Luckily my little fumble on New Year's Eve didn't prolong James' healing time. When he went for his evaluation on the twentieth, the doctor took the cast off and prescribed a plastic walking brace/boot that could be removed when he wasn't bearing any weight on the injured leg.

Needless to say he was thrilled. The orthopedic surgeon showed him how to wear it and made sure it fit him comfortably.

But as soon as we got home James wanted it off. His poor leg had been encased in plaster for four weeks and he needed to feel the air on it.

Over the next few days he practiced bearing a bit of weight on his foot in the boot while still using his crutches. He had been instructed to keep using them for two weeks while bearing as much weight on his left leg as he could. Hopefully by the middle of February he'd be off the crutches for good.

Having James more mobile and happy around the house proved a blessing. He'd been driving us a bit mad although now he used the PS4 as a way to tackle some of the boredom.

He'd become quite good at all the video games we had—it was something he could do on his own if we were busy.

Meg and Colleen paid us several visits and we took them to see Rideau Falls Church and meet the ministers. All had gone well. They were suitably impressed with the facility and decided to have the female minister conduct the wedding. Sebastian would sing *Avé Maria* while people gathered and I would be a groomsman, James the best man.

The final week that Sebastian spent in the chastity cage had been difficult. James refused to even milk the poor boy and forbade me to do so. By the time James took the device off him he was in quite a state. Approaching his thirtieth birthday, Sebastian, like James and I, had the sexual appetite of a twenty year-old. Not achieving any kind of release for seven days proved hard for him, particularly since James used his increased mobility to achieve his own pleasure regularly. I received extra attention as well. I hadn't realized how much the cast had restricted his normal topping activities until he spent that week catching up. I wasn't sure our asses would ever recover.

But at last the cage came off and we fucked and sucked him through five astonishing orgasms while he cried tears of joy and promised to name his firstborn son after both of us. Where this child would come from I had no idea since Sebastian had never expressed an interest in the standard methods of procreation.

Finally, the evening of the pup event at Centretown pub arrived. Sebastian had expressed some ambivalence about exploring his pup side in public. We assured him we'd be happy with however far he wanted to go. If he just wanted to watch that would be fine. If he wanted to participate James would look after him as his handler.

Not really a participant although I'd be co-handler with James, I wanted to look good, so I wore some skinny jeans, my Docs and a snug fitting burgundy t-shirt. Since we were heading to

Ottawa's only gay Leather bar, James broke out his leather pants and jacket even though he still had to wear his walking boot on the bum leg. The fact that he needed the crutches pissed him off a bit since the event was on the second level, but at least he didn't have the cast on.

We planned to arrive at the start since Nick said it didn't usually get going until seven thirty or eight and we wanted a chance to hang out and get used to the space and the other people. There were a handful of men present—nobody in pup gear yet—and men arriving after us. We saw Nick right away, talking to the bartender. He hopped off his stool, welcoming us with warm hugs all around.

"I'm so glad you made it!" he said, ruffling Sebastian's hair and looking us up and down. "Shit, you're gonna make some new friends tonight, I guarantee it. Here, put your stuff over here," he said, leading us to a table in the corner with a view of the pup den that had been set up.

Someone had cordoned off the dance floor with portable fencing. There was space to enter with a mat saying "Wipe Your Paws." Within the space glow-in-the-dark balls, rubber bones and other dog toys lay scattered on connected exercise mats.

"That's the pup space?" James asked.

"You have to ask?"

"It's quite large. Bigger than I expected."

"Well, we sometimes get a lot of pups. I don't expect a huge crowd tonight though. Just the regulars."

I put my arm around Sebastian. "What do you think?"

"I like the space. I like that it's not really crowded at the moment."

“Do you want to try it out on your own or wait until there’s another pup in there?”

“I don’t know.”

Nick chimed in. “If I were you I’d get in there now. There is a certain dominance you achieve by being the first to claim the space. If you wait until the other pups get in there your acceptance into the group can be nerve wracking. If you’re in at the start each pup has to enter “your” space and engage with you somehow. Might be easier that way.”

Sebastian looked at James.

“That’s a good idea. And you’ll have time to get into pup space before it gets busy,” James said.

“Okay.”

“I’ll join you in a bit. I’m just waiting for Lou to get here. He’s my handler for tonight,” Nick said.

Sebastian nodded and opened his backpack, taking out his pup hood and some fingerless leather gloves.

“No tail?” I asked.

“Not here. I’d feel too vulnerable. Plus I want to keep my pants on.”

“Fair enough.”

I helped Sebastian with his hood. He took his boots and socks off and placed them neatly by the wall. Then he put on the leather gloves completing his outfit. His bright blue eyes peering out of the dog mask at me affected me in the usual way.

“Sexy pup,” I growled, grabbing his ass.

He made a whimpering noise and shoved me with his muzzle, making me laugh.

“Blue. Heel,” James said in his commanding bass.

Immediately, Blue found his place beside James. James held Sebastian’s gaze for several moments. “Get in there then. And behave yourself.”

Blue nodded and walked over to the entrance of the pup den.

He immediately dropped to all fours and moved out onto the mats.

“You want a drink?” James asked me.

“Sure. Beer’s fine,” I said, turning away from the pup den.

We found a table halfway between the bar and the pup den. I glanced at Blue and saw him rolling a ball back and forth on the mat focusing entirely on the round object and his influence

over it. I'm glad he had some time on his own to make the transition from human to pup—by the time anyone else entered the den, he'd be ready.

It didn't take long for the place to fill up. James and I received some curious looks. Most people ignored Blue, although he too received some subtle glances. Finally, a young pup named Scout got his gear on and entered the den on all fours. He touched muzzles with Blue. Because Scout's body language conveyed confidence and dominance—head held high, nose in the air, forward-leaning stance—Blue crouched down. Scout moved forward and almost stood over Blue. It was not an aggressive move, just dominant. I watched as Blue rolled over and presented his belly to the strange pup. Scout nosed at Blue's exposed belly and, when he met with no protest, dropped down to begin a gentle wrestling match with our sweet pup.

"Let's go stand by the den," James suggested. "I should stay close to him at this point."

"Sure."

We took our beers and made our way over to the fence. Blue glanced our way, seeming to take courage from our presence. He barked and rolled Scout over, asserting dominance for a moment.

Scout barked back and let himself be rolled, obviously enjoying it.

"That's pretty cute," I said.

James nodded. "We really must do more of this at home. I wonder how Nick would feel about a puppy playtime with Blue on occasion?"

"I'd fucking love it!" Nick said.

He stood beside us wearing his pup hood. A bearded man in leather with a nose ring and faux hawk stood beside him. "This is Lou. Lou, this is Tate, and James. Blue is their pup."

"Hiya. Nice to meet ya. Yer pup is doing real well for his first time. Seems like a natural," Lou said.

"Thanks," James said.

"By the way, my pup name is Spanks," Nick said.

"You don't say," James grinned.

"Yeah, thought you'd like it," Spanks replied, nudging James' chin with his muzzle.

"Down, boy," Lou said. "Into the pen with you."

Spanks dropped to all fours and with a glance at James and a wag of his bottom, followed Lou to the den. Blue seemed to recognize him, pushing at him gently and receiving a nudge in

return.

We watched as more pups entered the den, interested to see the shifting hierarchies of dominance and submission. Some pups had a tendency towards one or the other. Blue seemed to shift easily between each, just as he did at home. There was even a female pup, which surprised me. I'd expected only young gay men since they were the main pup demographic I'd encountered online.

"How does she fit in here?" I asked Nick when he took a break from the pup den so he could have a beer.

He laughed. "Well, she's a pup. Sunny is her name and dogs don't ask each other questions, right? The other pups accept her because she's confident in her own identity. She's generally submissive but she'll fight back if anyone gets really pushy."

One of the pups—Fidget, I believe—didn't wear a hood at all but his behavior was so pup-like no one questioned his sincerity. Fit, affectionate, playful, and probably pushing forty, he projected the energy and enthusiasm of a younger man.

Nick also introduced us to Indy Wulfe, the handler of a handsome pup named Drake, and we got talking about writing and my job in advertising. James and I made sure to keep Blue hydrated. I kept asking him if he wanted to take a break but he only left the den for two brief periods.

Now that things had picked up, some of the pups got into some humping action. I wondered how Blue would respond. It didn't take long to see that he loved it. Some of the pups took advantage of the close contact to engage in some sexual petting.

"What do you think of that?" James asked, regarding me curiously.

I shrugged. "I don't mind. I know he's coming home with us."

"He certainly is."

"It's fun to watch. Horny little pups."

James laughed. "It is a nice way for him to have some casual contact with others in a safe environment. Nothing wrong with a little groping and humping among friends."

I looked at James fondly. "You're such a romantic."

"I know."

Shortly after nine thirty people began to leave. It was a weekday after all—most of these men had jobs to go to in the morning. Respectable, stressful jobs that made an evening of being a pup a desired release.

Sebastian looked tired, sweaty, and happy on the drive home.

He couldn't stop smiling. Remnants of his pup persona lingered as we changed out of our clothes and cuddled on the sofa.

"So, how did you like that?" James asked, tousling Sebastian's still damp hair.

"I liked it a lot."

"That would explain this," James said, grazing his hand over Sebastian's swollen cock under his pajama pants. "Would you like me to do something about it?"

Sebastian shook his head. "Nah. I just want to enjoy the glow for a while. I like being horny."

I pulled him to me and kissed him hard. "I like it too."

§ § §

After two weeks in the boot James' doctor nixed the crutches but said he should use a cane. We found a decent looking wooden one in the hospital store. James looked at it dismally and asked if they had anything fancier.

"James, it's a cane."

"And an accessory. Who knows how long I'll need it?"

"The doctor thinks only for another six weeks."

"Fine. I'll make do."

Sebastian had enjoyed the pup event so much that James felt we should have a pup-centric visit to the loft, now he was more mobile. He had me take Sebastian up one Saturday morning and get him in his pup hood, collar, and kneepads. Sebastian had been required to undergo the usual cleansing procedure so we knew James had serious plans. At least he wasn't in chastity this week.

Sebastian's tail, which James had instructed me to leave aside, lay on a clean towel beside the lube on top of the armoire.

Not sure what James had planned, I only knew that it involved Blue and the two of us. My anticipation shifted into high gear. He had instructed me to wear jeans and a t-shirt, nothing on my feet.

He'd also had me pull the extra wide and low padded bench into the middle of the room.

When the door finally opened, and James stepped carefully into the room—his cane in hand and his boot cast protecting his injured leg—I was not quite prepared for my reaction. Rather, my cock's reaction.

It sprang up at the sight of him dressed in his best black suit, one leg tucked into the boot cast the other falling cleanly to the top of his Brooks Brother's dress shoe. Under the suit jacket he had on a crisp white shirt topped with a familiar silk tie—his souvenir from our last visit to this room. He'd shaved and trimmed his beard, looking as if he were attending an important meeting rather than presiding over a BDSM scene. Although what meeting could be more important than this?

He knew what seeing him in a suit and tie did to me. He'd intentionally dressed this way for my benefit, I was sure, especially because of the tie. As if to confirm this he gave me a sly smile before tapping his cane sharply on the floor.

“Blue, heel,” he ordered.

Blue immediately moved on all fours to position himself at James' left side.

“Sit,” James commanded.

Blue sat back on his heels and looked up at his Master with adoration.

James put a hand in his jacket pocket, lifting out a beautiful, braided black leather leash. “Tate, will you attach this to his collar please?” he said, holding it out to me.

“Yes, Sir.”

I walked over and attached the lead to Blue's collar, then handed the other end to James. “He's all yours, Sir.”

“Thank you.”

I moved back and out of the way.

“Heel,” James ordered again as he moved forward, carefully putting as much weight on his walking cast as he could, using his cane for balance.

Blue moved carefully, keeping up with James' stride but not exceeding it nor falling behind. James took him on a full circle of the room then returned to where I stood. Seeing James in his suit and tie walking Blue like an actual dog in the show ring made me slightly crazy. James' total dominance and Sebastian's willing submission was beautiful to watch. The way

Blue's eyes followed his Master and the eager manner in which he struggled to please him demonstrated his enjoyment of this game.

James passed me the leash. "Take him on another round then get him up onto the bench."

I nodded. "Yes, Sir."

When I took charge Blue looked up at me with the same adoration he had shown James. "Heel, boy," I said, tugging the leash gently as he took up his position beside me. I murmured words of encouragement and smiled down at my happy boy-pup.

When we completed our circle I had him get onto the padded bench and stand pretty for inspection. Sebastian trembled with anticipation as James approached holding the black tail plug and the bottle of lube. But he put the items down before he spoke.

This positioned him higher than floor level so that neither James nor I had to bend down to attend him.

"What a good boy," James said as he took the lead from me and dropped it so that Blue stood free and obedient before him.

"Sit up, please."

Blue quickly sat up on his knees. He seemed at a loss as to where to put his hands. James took one and placed it gently behind his neck to show him. He was still learning what James expected from him. Yes, he was supposed to be a pup but certain positions were more attractive than others. Sitting up with his hands behind his neck, his chest and semi-erect cock jutting forth reminded us of his humanity and gave his Masters free access to his body.

"Lovely," James praised. Blue sat taller, his muzzle angled upward, eyes glancing down toward James' hand where it reached out to tweak one nipple, then the other, making Blue whine.

"Quiet," James admonished, hand moving down Blue's abdomen to his cock. He stroked it, then fished a cock ring from his pocket. "Put this on him, please," he instructed me.

"With pleasure, Sir."

It didn't take me long to affix the ring over Blue's cock and balls causing his prick to thicken almost immediately. Since I didn't have permission I resisted the very strong urge to touch it.

"Thank you," James said. "Will you give me some lube, please?"

I obliged, squeezing some from the bottle into his hand.



He then stroked Blue's uncut cock into a state of full and glorious erection while the pup struggled to control his breathing.

"Everything's in working order I see."

I couldn't help grinning. "Perfectly."

"He's a beautiful specimen."

"Gorgeous," I agreed as James ran his hand over Blue's shoulder, down his back and around to his front again, tickling him on his sensitive belly. "Down, please."

Blue came down on all fours again his eyes moving from me to James, the curiosity and pleasure in them plain to see. What would James do next?

Still using his cane for balance James ran his free hand along Blue's shoulder and muscular back, over his firm buttocks and down his thigh to the tender underside of his knee. When he tickled him gently there Blue whined and struggled to stay still.

"Lube please," James asked again. I squeezed a good dollop of the clear liquid into his palm. "Thank you," he said, giving me a conspiratorial wink as he slid his fingers between Blue's cheeks, examining him in that most intimate place.

Blue grunted and widened his stance as James caressed him. It was thrilling to watch as James touched and probed him so intimately, using a finger and then two to plumb the depths of his submission. He spent a long time doing this since Blue seemed to enjoy it immensely if the moans, gasps and unconscious wiggles were anything to go by.

"Hmm, I don't want to put the tail in yet. I need to have more fun with this," he said, shoving two fingers into Sebastian again.

"Tate, can you get me the steel hook and a bit of rope please?"

My cock throbbed in response. "Yes, Sir."

The stainless steel anal hook, which James had introduced us to at Patrice's well-attended fetish party several years earlier, had proved one of our favorite toys. Knowing James intended to use it now gave me goose bumps. I had the hook and some soft lengths of rope in a moment. I held them almost reverently in my hands as I walked to James.

"You're going to have to do most of this, Tate. You've seen me do it several times. I want you to hook him and then attach the end to his collar with the rope. But first, pull the chair over here. I need to sit down."

"Are you okay?"

“I’m fine. It’s just hard to keep my balance for so long.”

I transferred the ropes into the hand that held the ball hook and pulled the straight chair over so James could sit down.

“Thank you.” He nodded in Blue’s direction. “Okay. Get him hooked up, please. And don’t tell me you’re not going to enjoy every minute of it.”

I glanced coyly at him. “Oh, Sir, I would never tell you that.”

Sebastian’s wide blue eyes stared at me excitedly from his pup hood. “Eyes forward,” I said firmly, and he obeyed. I saw the impatient twitch of his shoulder muscles and flank as he waited for me to get started.

With an eager hand I made sure his ass was still lubed from James’ fingering. Then I applied a generous coating to the large steel ball on the end of the hook. James’ had started us off with a smaller hook for the first few sessions but we quickly upgraded to the larger one.

I teased Sebastian’s hole with my fingers before pressing the large ball against it gently and easing it in, while telling him in a soft voice to open for me. He groaned long and low when it finally went in and the muscles closed on the thin metal behind it. My cock throbbed in sympathy. There was nothing like the feeling of the ball going in except perhaps the exquisiteness of having it pulled out.

I spent the next few moments attaching the rope to the ring at the top of the hook and fastening it snugly to Blue’s leather collar. This way, whenever he moved his head he’d feel a tug on the hook.

“Very good,” James said. “Now get the crop.”

Blue suddenly slapped the bench and held up his fingers in a V shape—the signal that he wanted to stop the scene.

“You want the hook out?” I asked immediately. He shook his head and mumbled something.

“Take off his hood,” James ordered, standing up and approaching us.

I did so, unlacing the ties and pulling it off his head.

“I’m sorry. I just can’t breathe. It’s hot...”

“Get some water,” James instructed me, smoothing back the sweat dampened hair from Sebastian’s forehead. “I’ll take the hook out.”

“No,” Sebastian said quickly. “No. The hook is not a problem, James. Believe me. Leave it in please,” he said, gazing up at James desperately.

## Chapter Nineteen

### *Sacred and Profane*

“Okay. If you’re sure you’re all right,” James said.

“I just don’t want the hood on. I want to be Sebastian for the rest of this scene.”

“All right,” James said, leaning in to kiss him on the mouth. “It’s nice to have you back.”

I watched them kiss tenderly. When James pulled back, Sebastian said, “Don’t get me wrong. I enjoyed the pup play and all that. It’s just, right now with this hook in and everything, I want to be your boy more than anything else. Yours and Tate’s.”

I listened to all of it as I filled a small cup with water in the small adjacent bathroom. I took it over and lifted it carefully to Sebastian’s lips. He drank slowly and deliberately, holding my gaze the entire time. A shiver went through me.

“I love you,” I said, filled suddenly with a deep feeling of joy at his beauty and trust in us.

James pulled me close, kissing my cheek as Sebastian satisfied his thirst. When I took the cup away, Sebastian said, “I love you too. Now do what James asked you to do.”

I stared at him blankly.

“The crop,” he said, with a sweet smile that let me know everything was just fine now.

“Oh, right. Sorry.”

As I turned, James gave me a little slap on my jean-clad ass.

“Pay attention.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said.

I found the crop and brought it over to them presenting it to James like a sword on my outstretched palms.

“Mmm, you’d have made an excellent page,” he said, taking the crop. “I’d have made you wipe down my horse and then bent you over the stall door and fucked you ‘till sundown.”

Jesus Christ. The way he looked at me made me almost squirt in my jeans.

“Yes, Sir,” I croaked, adjusting my erection as I stepped back.

James chuckled and focused his attention on Sebastian. “Eyes forward, boy,” he ordered.

Sebastian gazed obediently at the wall. James slid the tip of the crop underneath him and touched the engorged tip of his cock with it, making Sebastian moan.

“Shhh,” James admonished.

Sebastian remained obediently silent except for some panting as the crop snaked along his belly, over one nipple and to his Adam's apple where it stroked his strong throat in a teasing gesture.

"You. Are. Beautiful," James whispered, moving the crop back along the same path, once again touching the tip of Sebastian's erect penis where moisture now gathered. He tapped it gently a few times making Sebastian jump slightly, which affected the pull on the hook. He struggled to keep quiet.

"Very nice. I could do this for hours." Just as slowly he traced the crop along Sebastian's muscular buttock and back, over his shoulder and up the back of his head threading through damp blond hair.

"Head down."

Sebastian bent his head ever so slightly, felt the pull on the hook, and stopped.

"Further," James ordered, tapping again.

Sebastian obeyed, feeling the strain.

"Just a little more."

Sebastian whimpered as he bent his head to where James' wanted it. I knew what it felt like to have the hook straining your anus, pulling it wider as you moved according to your Master's wishes. The height of the bench put him at just the right level for me.

"Tate, go behind him. Feel that hook in him. Make him feel it."

I knew what James wanted me to do. I stepped behind Sebastian, lubing my fingers and sliding them in along the steel of the hook, playing, rocking it gently with my other hand. Sebastian could not keep quiet. He grunted and groaned but James said nothing, merely held the tip of the crop to his head to keep him in position.

"That's enough," he said to me finally. I backed off, my chest rising and falling with my rapid breaths. "Take off your clothes. I want you naked."

As I removed my clothes James began to tap Sebastian's ass with the crop—gently at first then with more force. As the hits became harder and the sting more intense Sebastian moved involuntarily, again causing the hook to stretch him. He began to whimper and whine.

After I'd folded my clothes neatly in the corner I approached them. James glanced at me, gave me the once over, smiled and cropped Sebastian more deliberately now. "Get some lube on that cock of yours, Tate."

My hands shaking with anticipation because I knew what he would ask me to do, I greased myself well, then turned to James with a questioning look.

“Yes, you can fuck him. And you can fill him. And then I will.”

Sebastian moaned. “Oh God, yes please,” he said. “Fuck me and come in me,” he growled, sounding less like the submissive boy and more like the Master for a moment. But James just laughed.

“We’ll do what we like and you’ll be quiet, except for moans and groans and maybe some screams. No talking.”

Sebastian did moan as I pressed the tip of my cock beside the metal of the hook at his entrance. I grabbed the steel, moving it carefully as I pushed my dick inside him. He groaned at the invasion and the feel of the ball moving as I rocked the hook carefully and pushed in as far as I could.

“Oh,” he said as I began a gentle pumping motion. The feeling for me became something else since the hook provided friction and something for the head of my cock to rub against. I had to be slow and careful though so I didn’t hurt him too much.

I wanted to hurt him just enough to make things interesting for all of us.

I glanced at James. He stood, leaning on his cane, the crop in his other hand. As he watched he rubbed the tip of it against his own leg in a restless motion, mouth open, breaths quickening at the scene before him.

I turned back to Sebastian who received my attentions with patience, grace, and not a little enjoyment. The lead up to this moment had been so exciting it didn’t take long to get close.

James moved into my field of vision, took his turgid cock out and pressed the tip against the younger man’s lips. Sebastian opened his mouth dutifully and took his Master’s cock. James closed his eyes briefly at the sensation. When he opened them they met mine, adding waves of bliss to my already ecstatic state.

Uttering a strangled curse I pumped into Sebastian three more times and came loudly, trying not to slam him. My fingers dug into his hips as I struggled for control in the midst of my climactic moment, feeling the juice surge from my cock in powerful bursts.

I watched James face-fuck Sebastian as I enjoyed the remnants of my orgasm and threw up a grateful prayer to heaven for bringing the three of us together.

James grabbed the flop of Sebastian's bangs in a tight grip and thrust deep into his mouth a couple of times, making him gag and cough. He pulled out then and wiped the spit from the corner of Sebastian's lips. "My turn."

I withdrew and moved aside watching eagerly as James took over, his suit pants still belted, only his dick out and ready for action.

"Lube?" He said.

I squirted some into his palm.

He took a moment to prepare himself though he was still wet with Sebastian's saliva. Then he teased the young man with his fingers causing the soft white mess I'd left to ooze out and drip down in the most entrancing way. He saw me watching and smiled.

"Look at Tate, Sebastian. He can't keep his eyes off this."

James was right. I couldn't take my eyes off his fingers and the come leaking out of my recent port of call. It was fucking hot and I felt my dick twitching already. By the time James finished I might be ready to go again although I doubted he'd let me.

James removed his fingers and guided his engorged dick into Sebastian alongside the steel of the hook. Watching was almost better than doing it myself.

Sebastian groaned and arched his back as James went deep.

"So tight," James breathed, staying well lodged and embedded in his sub's full hole. "How does it feel for you?"

"I can't..." Sebastian stammered, then groaned as James shifted slightly.

"This ass is mine to use as I see fit."

"Yes, Sir." The effort to form words was obvious.

"Never forget that."

"No, Sir."

"You need to thank Tate for filling you up so nicely."

"Thank you, Tate," he said, glancing my way, sweat beading on his forehead.

"You're so welcome," I replied, blowing a kiss. "Anytime."

Struggling to maintain control, James dropped the cane by accident. He swore, frustrated, but continued the slow and deep strokes.

"Tate, I need you," he gasped, motioning me over.

I was there in an instant and picked up the cane.

“No, just stand beside me.”

I moved in close as he put his right arm around my shoulders and kissed my cheek all the while continuing to pump into Sebastian. “Thank you. This is easier.”

“Anything for you, Sir.” And I meant it. I would act as a table for this man to eat off if he wished it. In fact, I should probably mention that to him because he’d run with that idea.

Using me as ballast James gripped Sebastian’s hip with his other hand and fucked him skillfully while the steel hook continued to torment both of them. My cock swelled again watching from this angle and feeling James’ reactions through our close contact.

I could tell when James got close, because his movements became faster and erratic. Sebastian could tell as well. He moaned and whimpered in encouragement.

“You want my load, boy? You want it?”

“Yes, Sir. Give it to me. Please.”

“It’s gonna be a big one.”

“Oh, Sir...”

“Do you want it?”

“Yes, Sir!”

To me, between gasps and thrusts: “Should I give it to him?”

“He wants it.” Me.

“Yeah,” James.

“Badly.” Me.

“Oh, yes.” James. “Very badly.”

“Then go for it. Fill that ass.” Me, of course. Panting.

“Oh fuck!” he cried out, emptying into Sebastian with a groan and more curses, even a tremulous chuckle.

I almost wished it were me with James’ spunk spilling from my hole as he took his time finishing up. Although then I wouldn’t be able to see it. And it was beautiful. As he finally pulled his cock out a good two tablespoons oozed out and made a soft splat on the wood floor. James and I exchanged a glance.

Acting on pure instinct and keeping James balanced with a hand on his hip I dropped to one knee, scooped it up with my fingers, and wiped it quickly onto my cheeks like war paint. I looked at James. His expression almost sent me into spontaneous orgasm. He stared at me like I



was the choicest steak on a platter then dropped my hand, grabbed my chin and forced me up. Then he planted the hungriest kiss I'd ever received from a man who'd just orgasmed onto my waiting lips, crushing my naked body against his clothed one.

When he finally pulled away, he reached down and closed my burgeoning erection in his fist. "Next time it will be you."

I grinned. "Like, tomorrow?"

He laughed. "Maybe. Depends how sore my leg is from all this standing and thrusting."

A moan from Sebastian reminded us of his presence.

"Let's roll him over," James said.

We did just that, the new position giving him a different experience with the hook as we took turns pulling on his cock with our lubed hands, swallowing his moans with our kisses.

When he finally came his yell would have woken the neighbors if the window had been open. His body, covered with a sheen of sweat, trembled under me as I worked him through his climax.

As his wide, bliss-filled eyes met mine I rocked the ball hook skillfully, lengthening and intensifying his experience. James leisurely caressed Sebastian's belly as his screams of pleasure filled the room.

§ § §

We helped Sebastian downstairs after the session, realizing how much it had tired him. In fact we were all a little beat. So we snuggled into James' big bed and fell asleep together even though it was the middle of the day. Our hunger finally woke us at one thirty.

"I'll make some lunch," I murmured, climbing out of bed and stretching.

While we ate we discussed the previous session in detail, determining that both the pup play and anal hook had been intrinsic to Sebastian's enjoyment.

"I liked the suit, too," he admitted. "And you ordering Tate around."

"I'll have to wear my suit in the loft more often," James said.

"Yes, please," I said.

"Was there anything you didn't like? Either of you?" He looked back and forth between us.

"Only that it didn't last longer," Sebastian grinned.

§ § §

Freddy and Patrice, who'd let us know they would visit once James became more mobile, arrived the following Friday while James and I were arguing in the living room about him wanting to go back to work on Monday. We heard Sebastian's exclamations of welcome and Freddy's exuberant responses.

"Hey, it's so great to see you!" Sebastian said.

"Gurrrl, you look wonderful! You must have followed my advice about regular semen facials," Freddy said.

"Freddy! That's a bit rude," Patrice said.

I passed James his cane and we moved toward the front door.

The three of them met us halfway.

"Now who else would be talking about semen after just entering my home?" James commented, ruffling Freddy's hair and pulling him in for a hug. "It's wonderful to see you, Frederick. Or should I say Robert?"

"Please don't. Frederick's fine. It's good to see you too, James."

"I'm glad you have your attitude back," I said to Freddy, as we hugged.

"You mean my rude mouth?"

"Yeah."

He laughed. "Yeah, we're pretty good, aren't we, Patrice?"

We've got our groove back, BIG time, if you get my meaning."

"It's wonderful to see you James! You look extremely well,"

Patrice commented, looking his friend up and down. "Oh, and I brought you something."

"You did?" James seemed surprised as Patrice moved back to the entryway, grabbed something, and held it out before us.

"Can't have you walking around with standard equipment, now can we?"

James gazed with obvious pleasure upon the ornate black and silver walking cane in Patrice's hand. Simple and elegant, the polished silver handle rose out of a black wood shaft into a simple S shape. James took it and examined it more closely.

"It's Italian," Patrice explained. "The handle is coated with pure silver."

"I don't know what to say," James exclaimed, passing me his wooden cane and trying out the new one.

"Don't say anything. Just give me a kiss," Patrice said, gazing affectionately on his friend.

They kissed although James protested that the cane must have cost a fortune.

“Only a couple hundred.”

“Patrice! That’s crazy. I’m only going to need it for a little while longer.”

“Oh James. You already paid me back for this when you came to Montreal in the fall.”

“Well, thank you. I do love it. It will make the next few weeks much more bearable.”

“Don’t forget, these canes work better after you christen them on some innocent backsides,” he said wickedly, glancing at Sebastian and me.

“Innocent? You won’t find any of those around here,” James said with a diabolical grin. “But I may just christen it against two very naughty and experienced backsides,” he admitted, rubbing the handle suggestively.

“I’ll let you tan my hide with that thing if you promise not to go back to work for another two weeks,” I suggested.

James rolled his eyes. “Tate…”

“I thought that was the plan already,” Sebastian commented, appearing confused.

“Can we discuss this some other time, gentlemen? We have guests.”

“Fine,” I said, letting up on it for now. “Can I get you something to drink, Patrice? Freddy?”

We retired to the living room where we had some wine and enjoyed each other’s company before heading out to a late dinner.

We took them to Genji, a great little sushi place on Lisgar just off Elgin where the food looked even more beautiful than it tasted.

We’d arranged for Nick to meet us there. We wanted to introduce him to Patrice and Freddy and it had been awhile since the pup event.

When we arrived Nick was already there, standing in the dark by the steps in his leather jacket and not wearing a hat.

“Jeez, for a brain doctor sometimes you’re not that smart,” I said. “You could have met us inside you know.”

He laughed. “It’s invigorating. I like the cold.”

James introduced him to our friends. “This is my sexy neurologist. He’s seen dirty pictures of my brain.”

“And it’s just as fascinating as the rest of him,” Nick said.

“Pleased to meet you, Patrice. Freddy. I was only his neurologist for about forty-eight hours.”

Over a few plates of sashimi and maki rolls we caught up with all their news and told them more of the specifics of our Christmas getaway and how it had ended up.

“I’m almost sorry we offered the place to you. Seems it was bad luck,” Patrice said.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” James scoffed. “We had a marvelous time until the accident.”

I nodded and held up my hand with the white gold ring on it. “James gave us rings on Christmas morning. It was very romantic.”

Sebastian held up his hand to show that he wore his and James touched his own ring fondly.

“You know, I was so worried about you on the roads on Christmas Eve,” I told James. “The thought of a skiing accident never even crossed my mind.”

Nick nodded. “It just goes to show. Anything can happen, anytime. So live a full and pleasure-filled life while it lasts.”

“Amen,” James said, lifting his glass. We toasted to that sentiment, Patrice and Freddy gazing meaningfully at each other, no doubt thinking of Patrice’s close call last year.

“Bet you had some good romps at least,” Freddy said, winking at me. “The cold air up there is a great aphrodisiac.”

“We did indeed. Perhaps we can go back for a non-skiing, purely hedonistic, visit sometime. It was wonderful while it lasted,” James replied.

“Of course. Whenever you want to go, it’s yours.”

I’m not sure how I felt about returning to the Mont Tremblant condo. Unfortunately, at least for me, almost every positive thing about our stay had been obliterated by the terror and uncertainty following James’ accident. I’m not sure I ever wanted to go back.

James told Patrice about his mother and her upcoming wedding.

“To Colleen?” Patrice stared at him, aghast.

“The one and only.”

“But, she trained you! Isn’t that slightly...perverse?”

James chuckled. “You say that word as if it’s never been applied to me before.”

“Well, I’m sorry. I just never expected.”

“You think I did? Anyway, they seem very happy.”

Patrice thought for a moment. “Do you suppose Colleen never got over you?”

My ears perked up and that little stab of jealousy returned.

“What do you mean?” James asked, his eyes challenging

Patrice to elaborate even though he probably knew what he was getting at.

“Well, Meg is your mother. You can’t deny there’s a passing resemblance, both in looks and temperament.”

Nick listened to this exchange intently.

“I suppose it’s possible. Or just one of those strange coincidences that no-one would believe in a fictional story.”

“Who knows?” I shrugged. “They’re obviously well matched. You have to admit it’s a bit...incestuous...though,” I said.

James stared at me. “Do you really think so?”

“Oh, come on!” I couldn’t believe it wasn’t as obvious to him as to everyone else. “You’d be pretty hard to get over, in my humble opinion. Even if she was never in love with you, you do tend to have a profound effect on people.”

“Well, you’re biased, aren’t you?”

“So was she.”

“Touché” Nick agreed quietly.

Patrice looked at me then at Sebastian. He smiled as if he had a secret.

“What?” Sebastian said.

“If you think James is something now, picture him at twenty-four.”

“Patrice...” James said in a warning tone.

“What? You were magnificent. Everyone wanted you.”

“Except you,” James said with a chuckle.

“What gives you that idea?” Patrice asked softly.

They stared across the table at each other. James looked taken aback. “But you...you never suggested...”

“Oh, James. You were the Golden Boy. They all lusted after you, and so did I of course. How could I not? But I knew you weren’t ready for anything serious at the time. Except for a serious friendship. I gambled and it paid off. I still have you.”

James blinked. “Patrice, I...”

Patrice reached across the table and took his hand. "I've always loved you, James. And I'm glad I never gave in to my...less altruistic...desires, because it's been an honor being your friend. And now you have Tate and Sebastian, and I have Freddy."

"And Colleen has Meg," I added.

"And everything's worked out the way it was meant to." Nick finished.

## Chapter Twenty

### *Rescue*

Freddy and Patrice stayed until Tuesday. We convinced James to take another week off work even though he itched to go back and certainly could navigate his office and multiple meetings with his boot cast and fancy cane. But he was so respected and had put so much time in over the years he could take as much time as he wanted in order to ensure his recovery.

When he returned to work the following week the effect it had on his mood and boredom level was obvious. He became a happier man in so many ways. For the first few weeks he actually came home whistling, teasing Sebastian and me and arranging more scenes in the loft now that he was able to abandon his cane and use a less bulky walking boot. The fact that he was still a bit gimpy endeared him to us and did not have any effect on his authority in our play space.

As the date for Meg and Colleen's wedding approached their visits to the house became more frequent. Meg and Sebastian collaborated on wedding decorations while Colleen, James, and I worked on getting the reception venue, photographer, and DJ in place. The venue proved most difficult since the good places booked up at least a year in advance. We lucked into a cancellation at Orchard View, a beautiful location just ten minutes south of the city.

Even though they'd loved the look of the Rideau Falls Church, once they'd seen Orchard View with its quaint wooden footbridge and white gazebo, both Meg and Colleen had begged Melissa, the female pastor, to officiate their ceremony at the scenic location. She had willingly agreed to do so.

Whenever James and I got together with Colleen to go over plans, I watched her closely. She did indeed seem to have a respect and deep affection for James but she never overstepped her new position within the "family." They would sometimes share a private joke but one of them would explain it to me, so I never felt left out. After a few weeks I could see why Colleen had made such an impression on James and why she was now engaged to his mom.

Meg and Sebastian had been pestering us about the need for a visit to Isobel's Cupcakes and Cookies. She and Colleen had seen the photos on their website of unconventional wedding "cupcake cakes" and they wanted to sample some varieties. Since their wedding would be in many ways unconventional in the first place, the idea of stepping outside the box for a wedding

cake seemed appealing. And, really, who didn't like cupcakes? Not to mention the ease of serving numerous guests.

So that's how we all ended up there on a Sunday afternoon about two weeks after Patrice and Freddy had gone back to Montreal, stuffing our faces with every flavor of cupcake available. Sebastian was in heaven, I certainly enjoyed myself, and James, who rarely if ever indulged in sweets, couldn't deny the offerings here were of superior quality. The difficulty proved choosing between all the delicious varieties.

"Chocolate Raspberry," James suggested, licking a bit of the topping from his lower lip. "This is sublime."

"I liked the Piña Colada. And the Key Lime Pie," Sebastian offered.

"My pick is the Café Au Lait," I said. "Or the Green Velvet."

This last flavor, according to the written description, was "a green tea cupcake made with freshly ground Japanese sencha and topped off with a white chocolate cream cheese frosting."

"Ooooh, I liked that one too," Colleen nodded. "It seemed a little more modern and refined than some of the others."

"Light and refreshing. Yes, I liked that one," Meg said.

I saw James reach for another cupcake. "Hey, Mr. Health Nut. Stop stuffing your face. I think you tried them all."

He gave me his most Dom-like stare but it didn't scare me.

"I want to sample every flavor twice I will do so. It is my mother's wedding. We can't be too careful." He selected a Vanilla Bean cupcake from the tray. "Hmm, I don't think I've tried vanilla yet," he said, peeling the brown paper seductively from the delicate white cake.

"I'm sure it won't be vanilla once you're finished with it," I said.

James took a large bite, staring right at me while chewing and swallowing his treat. I simply raised my eyebrows to that challenge.

After making their decision in favor of the Green Velvet Cupcake, Meg and Colleen filled out the paperwork while the rest of us waited nearby. James pulled his phone from his pocket and checked his messages. Now that he'd gone back to work he sometimes got business calls after hours but he usually didn't answer them unless they were very important.

I saw him press some buttons on his phone and hold it to his ear. "I got your message, Freddy. What's..." He paused, listening.



Then his eyes widened as the color drained from his face. The small black phone slipped from his fingers and dropped to the floor. He swayed.

Reacting immediately, I moved in and grabbed his arm at the same time Sebastian noticed something was not right.

“What is it?” I asked, as Sebastian reached down and picked up the phone from the floor.

“I need to sit down,” was all James could say. “I need to sit down.”

We helped him to a nearby chair. He nodded to the phone, gasping. “For God’s sake pick it up. Tell him...tell him everything will be okay,” James said, dropping his head into his hands.

I grabbed the phone and put it to my ear, a chill running down my spine. I heard Freddy saying “James? James?” in a desperate voice.

“Freddy, it’s Tate. James had to sit down. What’s going on?”

I was too frightened to ask the question although I already knew the answer.

“Patrice died three hours ago from a massive heart attack,” Freddy said, a half-sob escaping, “I don’t know what to do... I can’t handle this...”

“Oh, man,” I said, hardly believing what he said. “Where are you? Are you at home?”

He let the full sob out, then collected himself. “I’m still at the hospital. I don’t know what to do...I need to talk to James.”

I glanced at the man in question who still had his head in his hands. “James is here,” I said, although I wasn’t so sure. I’d never seen him like this. I mean, he was here physically, but...

He sat up and wiped a shaky hand over his face then held it out to me. “Give me the phone.” His voice quavered and there was wetness under his eyes. I’d never seen him cry.

“Here’s James,” I told Freddy, passing James the phone.

“Freddy, take a deep breath. No. Stop talking. Take a breath. A deep breath. Now another one.”

It was the James we knew—the man that took control and took care of everything—the man that made everything all right even when he couldn’t. He spoke to Freddy in a calm and controlled voice, telling him everything would be all right.

Meg and Colleen hovered nearby, aware that something tragic had occurred, but not sure what.

After he’d spoken to Freddy for several minutes and they’d agreed Freddy should get his friend Mark to drive him home and stay with him, James put the phone down.

He stared at all of us, the pain obvious in his brown eyes. “I have to go to Montreal. Tonight.”

“We’ll all go,” Sebastian said in a soft voice, absorbing the shock of Patrice’s death in his own quiet way. “You, me, and Tate.”

James nodded, looking exhausted already.

“I’ll drive,” I said.

“Right.” He didn’t argue.

“Oh James,” Meg said softly, gathering her son into her arms.

“I’m so sorry.”

James embraced his mother and I heard him inhale a restrained sob. Colleen placed her small hand on his trembling shoulder.

§ § §

We left an hour and a half later, after packing hurriedly and making arrangements with the neighbor to keep an eye on the house—we didn’t know how long we’d be gone.

Freddy’s friend Marc opened the door when we knocked.

He seemed about the same age as Freddy, possibly of Nigerian heritage with beautiful dark brown skin and sultry eyes—eyes that showed stress, exhaustion, and worry.

“Thank goodness you’re here,” he said with evident relief.

“He’s a mess.”

“Where is he?” James asked.

“In the bedroom. Their bedroom.”

James turned to us. “I’ll go see him. Wait down here.”

“I’m starving. I haven’t eaten. I didn’t want to leave him alone,” Mark confessed to Sebastian and me.

“If you want to take off, we can handle things from here.”

“Okay.”

“Thanks for bringing him home,” Sebastian said.

Sebastian and I put our travel bags in the hall and went into the living room. We cuddled on the sofa, feeling sad and worried about Freddy. I think we were both remembering James’ close call on the ski hill and the very real possibility of a worse outcome.

The sun went down while James remained upstairs. After another forty-five minutes he came quietly into the room. “He’s sleeping now. Finally. But I think one of us should stay with him tonight.”

“I’ll do it,” Sebastian offered right away like a faithful pup.

And he would. He’d sleep at Freddy’s feet if it would make him feel more secure and safe.

“Thank you, Sebastian.”

Sebastian kissed us goodnight and took his duffel bag up to the Master bedroom.

James and I exchanged a glance. “I don’t know about you but I’m not ready for bed just yet,” I said.

“Neither am I,” he agreed.

“Maybe there’s a good movie on. They have Netflix.”

James nodded. “Sure. Whatever.” He sat heavily on the sofa beside me. “Tate, I—” He looked at me with desperation, as if he needed something but didn’t know what it was or how to ask for it.

“Oh Jesus,” I murmured, wrapping my arms around him. “I’m so sorry, James...”

He stayed rigid for a moment, then a sob tore from his throat and he collapsed against me. I fought moisture in my own eyes as he rocked against me, giving himself up to the grief of losing his friend.

§ § §

Freddy stayed in his room for two days and three nights. We took turns watching him, making sure he ate and drank, talking to him even when we weren’t sure he was listening. It was all we could do.

On the morning of the third day after Patrice’s passing, I woke up from where I’d fallen asleep in the armchair in the master bedroom to see Freddy out of bed for the first time since we’d got here. He sat on the cushioned window seat silhouetted in the morning light, hair a tangled mess, body even less substantial than usual because of how little he’d eaten over the last few days.

I sat up, rubbing my eyes. He turned to me. “It’s going to be okay now. I had a good dream.”

“That’s great,” I said hesitantly, not sure what else to say. I stood up, letting the blanket I’d pulled over me fall to the floor.

“What’s it like out this morning?”

He looked out the window. “Beautiful. It’s really beautiful.”

I walked over and looked out the window with him. It was beautiful. The early morning sun glinted off the melting snow of late March and made it sparkle. The trees already showed the first signs of spring buds even though it would be another month before we saw leaves. We were silent—him sitting, me standing—just taking in the beauty of the day when we heard a quiet knock at the door.

James poked his head in. He saw us at the window and smiled hesitantly, coming in and closing the door behind him. “Good morning.”

“Good morning,” I said, looking at Freddy who turned back to the view without replying. At least he was out of bed.

“Tate, why don’t you go whip up some eggs and pancakes? There’s more bacon in the fridge.”

“Sure,” I said, leaving the two of them alone.

I found Sebastian in the kitchen making coffee, wearing just a pair of boxer briefs, and seeming especially sexy in his fancy surroundings. I snuck up behind him. “Good morning,” I whispered, giving his butt a squeeze in passing. He smiled and we kissed. It felt good and cheerful and right.

After his outpouring of grief on the first night James had been stoically pleasant and cheerful, but once in awhile I’d see the pain in his face before he looked away. I knew he felt an obligation to look after Freddy so he pushed his own emotions down as much as he could. Maybe he and Freddy cried together.

I could only hope so.

Sebastian and I got breakfast going. Soon the smells of bacon, pancakes, sausages, and eggs filled the lower level of the big house. When James finally descended from the upper floor he brought a freshly showered Freddy with him.

“Hey, good, we’ve got lots of food here,” I said.

“It smells great,” Freddy said, closing his eyes and inhaling deeply. The skin at the corners of his eyes crinkled but when he opened them, he tried to smile. “I’m hungry.”

“Good. Me too,” Sebastian said, setting out the plates.

§ § §

Patrice's funeral was held the following Thursday. James helped Freddy with the details and important decisions about the casket, burial, and ceremony. James already knew where Patrice wanted to be interred, as they had jokingly discussed it back when he'd had his first heart attack—a beautiful historic cemetery on the side of Mount Royal.

Meg and Colleen came to Montreal for the service along with, somewhat surprisingly, Dr. Nick. Nick and James had been texting and speaking by phone regularly and he'd asked if he could attend. James had, of course, said he was absolutely welcome.

Freddy offered them rooms at the house since there were plenty of them. It was good for Freddy to have people with him right now and there was enough space that he could escape if he needed to be alone temporarily. We were a bit worried about what would happen when we left. James had often told Patrice the house was too big for two people—now there was just Freddy.

Freddy had inherited everything so money wasn't an issue. But would he want to stay in the house? And would it be beneficial for him to do so?

Patrice's funeral, as he would have desired, was a short and unadorned affair. Due to his popularity in the kink and leather community the turnout was substantial with many longtime friends of James and Freddy in attendance. I lost track of names, titles and relationships quickly, so simply smiled and nodded when introduced to someone else. Some people I recognized from the yearly fetish events, others were totally new to me.

Thank goodness we were there to assist Freddy, as he had no family other than us. His parents had moved to Spain several years earlier and they barely spoke to their son. He was an only child.

Both Freddy and James struggled to maintain their composure during the service and burial. It was obvious to everyone how much they'd loved and cherished their partner and friend. Several others in attendance seemed to feel his passing quite deeply.

James had arranged a catered dinner back at the house with Freddy's approval. By the time everyone had cleared out Freddy seemed on the verge of collapse. James sent him to bed and helped us tidy up.

Nick had gone to stay overnight with a friend while Meg and Colleen decided to take advantage of their visit by attending a play at Place des Arts.

After we finished clearing up, we brewed a pot of coffee and sat down together in the living room. James seemed quiet and subdued. Sebastian and I discussed the benefits of pre-

planning a funeral against leaving it all to one's friends and relatives. Preplanning was more efficient, took the strain off loved ones, and meant one could have things exactly the way one would like. But who wanted to think about that kind of thing ahead of time?

Finally, James set down his empty coffee mug and stood up, looking restless and uneasy. "I can't think about this stuff anymore. I don't want to think about Patrice anymore today. He was my friend and I loved him and I miss him terribly. But I need to escape for a couple of hours."

"Do you want to go out somewhere?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No. I want to take advantage of some of the equipment in the basement," he said, looking at us with desperation and an overwhelming desire.

"Okay," we said, standing. I was tired from the day's emotional events but an escape to Patrice's dungeon basement seemed like a great idea.

"I'm sure he would understand," James said, smoothing the leather of the sofa restlessly.

"I'm sure he would," I said. "Do you want us to...prepare?"

He shook his head. "No. You won't need to. I just want to...I need to do something physical to deal with all this..." he pressed both hands to the side of his head, "...mental anguish. But I want to be the recipient."

"What?" He'd never requested this before. It confused me.

"I want you and Sebastian to do something to me—something that will take my mind away from all this. I'll write out quickly exactly what I want you to do to me. How's that? And you can get set up downstairs while I go make my preparations."

"Uh. Okay," I stammered. "Are you sure?"

He nodded. "I'm absolutely sure that you and Sebastian can take me where I want to go today. Please."

He needed this release. Release from thinking, release from being the one in control, release from the stress of the past week and his long recovery from the skiing accident.

"Of course," Sebastian said in a confident voice. "Of course we'll do this for you, James. We'd do anything for you."

## Chapter Twenty-One

### *Light*

James went to the kitchen and quickly wrote out a page of instructions for us. He stood there while we read it over, making sure we were comfortable with everything.

“Okay?”

Reading exactly what he wanted done to him in Patrice’s expansive dungeon made me feel a little crazed. Mainly nervous and excited, but most of all his instructions made me horny as hell. I hadn’t even conceived of this possibility before.

We just looked at him kind of stunned.

“Well? Does that work for you both? It works for me. When I come down and present myself before you, you will have control. You have the basic script, but if you want to add your own elements, be my guest. I’ll use the same safe words and hand signals we’ve always had if things go beyond what I need or want.” He looked at us with the most beautiful expression on his face. “I trust you. Do you trust me?”

“Of course,” I said as Sebastian nodded.

While James left to make his own preparations for serious play, Sebastian and I went down into Patrice’s dungeon and got things ready for the scene. We barely spoke except to unify our efforts at finding what we needed. Because of everything that had happened, it almost seemed like Patrice was down here with us, watching over us, making sure we took good care of his friend.

Once we’d gathered supplies and set up the equipment we’d need, we heard the door at the top of the stairs open. James’ soft footsteps descended and we soon saw him moving towards us.

He wore a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, no shoes. On his bad foot he wore only the soft flexible brace recommended for home use.

He’d been careful to select positions for us to put him in that wouldn’t cause a strain on that leg.

He stopped a short distance in front of where we stood. We all looked at each other, feeling instinctively how momentous and sacred this occasion would be. Then James slowly removed his t-shirt and tossed it aside. He undid his jeans and pushed them down. He wasn’t wearing anything underneath. When he was completely and beautifully naked he stood tall and slowly

lifted his hands to lace them together behind his neck. After taking a moment to silently communicate his trust and love, he lowered his eyes to the floor.

Sebastian and I had already discussed who would take the lead, but for a moment I couldn't move. The sight of James standing naked before me with his eyes down and hands behind his neck made me feel something profound. I finally, really understood why he enjoyed being a Dom. The fact that he gave himself to us like this with total trust and no inhibitions was a gift and an honor.

Eventually, I found my voice. "Perfect. Sebastian, get me the ball gag, please."

He left to carry out my request.

"Head up," I said to James.

James lifted his chin and stared forward, past me. He wouldn't make eye contact unless I allowed it. I didn't as I knew it would only distract me. I needed to concentrate.

"Open," I instructed as I lifted the gag to his mouth. When he did so I gently pushed the rubber ball between his teeth and fastened the strap behind his head. When I stepped back to check my work I felt a jolt of electricity shoot to my groin at the sight.

And this was just the beginning. Sebastian stared in awe at James standing naked before us with the ball gag in his mouth, awaiting further instructions.

"Turn around, please," I said firmly. "Stretch your arms up above your head."

Sebastian brought me a length of rope with which I now bound James' hands together and attached them to a crossbeam in the low ceiling.

"Stand straight." I said, tugging on his muscular arms to get the tension I desired.

He obeyed with no hesitation. He seemed to be in the headspace already. As an afterthought I said, "Do you have any objections to being blindfolded?" It hadn't been in his notes. But for what I wanted to accomplish I thought it would work well.

He shook his head, his eyes flitting to mine briefly. Sebastian had a blindfold in my hands in a moment. I carefully placed it over James' eyes and tied it behind his head. His notes had been very specific about the position, but less so on the torment. He'd written: "Do what you like to me—paddle, strap, penetration, teasing. Just shut my mind down. I trust you and I can take whatever you give me."

Once we had him trussed up this way I spoke in Sebastian's ear so James couldn't hear: "Tease him. But strip first."



He took off his jeans and shirt then stripped off his boxers.

His dick was already hard and so was mine, although for now I kept my clothes on. James prick was semi-hard at the moment.

Hopefully by the time Sebastian finished with him he'd be solid. Sebastian gave his own dick a few pulls, taking a moment to enjoy the sight of James, wrists bound with rope, blindfolded and gagged. Then he moved in closer. James could sense and smell him now and reacted by lifting his chin and trying to peek from under the blindfold. But I wasn't having it.

"Eyes down," I commanded.

He lowered his head and waited, cock filling out slightly. I felt the power of having this strong man at my mercy. Even though I essentially did this to serve him, as I did everything, the immediate sense of control and domination gave me an incredible rush.

Sebastian stood still. He placed one hand to the side of James' face holding it there tenderly, then slid it down over the older man's throat, down his chest and belly to his jutting cock. As he circled James' erection with his hand he moved in to kiss the corner of James' gagged mouth.

James let out a long sigh. I'm sure he could tell it was Sebastian by now and he relaxed, recognizing the familiar touch and scent.

I leaned against the table to watch the scene unfold.

Sebastian stroked James' dick for a few moments, kissing and biting his neck softly. Then he grasped James' hips and pressed his length against his body so James felt his nakedness. He rubbed against him, grabbing his ass and pushing his cock into James' hip.

James grunted, obviously turned on by this and feeling the frustration of not being able to grab Sebastian.

Then Sebastian stepped back and moved around James, doing the same thing from behind. Moisture glinted at the tip of Sebastian's cock as he left a shiny trail over James' skin where it touched him.

James' chest rose and fell with quick breaths as saliva began to drip from his open lips. Now pressed up to him from behind Sebastian reached around and stroked James' cock again, making him moan softly.

When Sebastian glanced my way I made the motion for oral and watched as he came around in front of James, dropped to his knees and took James' cock in his mouth.

James' reaction was instantaneous. He jerked at the ropes holding his arms up and shoved his hips forward, instinctively trying to get further down Sebastian's throat as he gasped in surprise. But Sebastian held James' hips firmly and forced him to be still.

I took my shirt off but left my jeans on. The rough fabric would be a good counterpoint to smooth skin and make the experience better. It occurred to me that what James said was probably true—sometimes, a good sub makes a great Dom.

The noises Sebastian made as he worked on James made my own dick harder. James bore it silently now except for inhaling sharply now and then. The spit leaking from his open mouth made his chin and beard wet beneath the ball gag.

I approached quietly from behind. When close enough I reached out and cupped his full, round ass with both hands. He made a noise of surprise and I couldn't help grinning. Leaving one hand on his ass, I slapped the other cheek with some force.

The sound echoed in the large room and James grunted in astonishment.

Yes, Sir. I could deal them out with the best of them. But it wasn't time for that yet. I wanted him really turned on before I began the impact play. James wasn't used to it and I knew more than anyone that the hornier you were, the easier it was to take.

Immediately, I placed my hand on the slapped cheek and caressed it soothingly. I did the same to the other. Then I rubbed both of them and pressed my jean-covered lower half against his sensitive skin.

James groaned, pulling at his ropes again and trying to turn his head.

"Oh no you don't," I said, grabbing his chin and forcing him to face forward. "Who's the Daddy now, James?" I said in my most seductive voice. "Hmmm? Who's the one with the power?"

He made a noise, halfway between a moan and a whimper, as I slid my hands up his softly haired belly and over his ribcage until I found his erect nipples. I squeezed them, delighting in the loud groan this brought forth.

Sebastian continued to work on James' cock, his eyes glancing up to see what I was about. When he caught me looking down he pulled off for a moment so I could see James' hard, wet dick.

“Oh fuck, look at you,” I whispered in James’ ear as I pushed my jean-covered erection against his ass. “I can tell you’re enjoying this. Maybe we should do this more often. I’m loving it...I’m pretty sure Sebastian’s loving it too.”

I motioned to Sebastian. He stood and pressed his turgid, leaking prick against James’ thigh.

James made a low growl deep in his throat. I reached down, circling his cock and stroking back and forth.

“You want to feel me too?” I said.

He moaned. I backed up and took off my jeans and underwear, throwing them to the side and quickly getting back into my previous position. But this time my naked cock pressed firmly against James’ buttock.

Sebastian returned to his former position, gripping James’ balls in one hand while swallowing his cock. I played with James’ nipples while he writhed in his ropes.

Then I let go and walked to the table, dipping two fingers in the jar of lube. James wasn’t used to being penetrated on a regular basis, which meant his hole stayed almost virginal if anything about James could be referred to in that way. I couldn’t wait to play with his tight ass and get him ready for a hard paddling.

This time I moved in close to his side pressing my erection against his naked hip. I took one heavily lubed finger and traced a wet line from between his shoulder blades down his spine to the top of his crack. I rubbed him there gently and slowly, while his breaths quickened in anticipation.

“You know what’s coming, don’t you?” I said in a soft voice.

“You know I’m going to tease that tight hole of yours until you can’t form a cohesive sentence. Although it doesn’t really matter since you can’t talk anyway.”

He nodded, his chest rising and falling with excitement. Fuck, he could play the Dom and the Daddy all he wanted. Now we knew he’d submit to us, and this opened up an entire world of possibilities. It would only ever be on his terms and timetable—I knew that. But I’d wait forever to get another go at him.

Slowly, teasingly, I slid my lubed fingers down the crack of his ass finding the spot quickly. I felt him tense as I rubbed it.

“Relax,” I murmured. “Trust me. I’ll make it feel good.”

He took a deep breath and unclenched. I kept rubbing him, teasing for a long time before I pushed the tip of my finger inside. God, he was tight.

He trembled, saliva dripping down his chin onto the floor.

Sebastian, giving his mouth a rest, continued to work James' cock with his hand.

“Stand up and play with his nips,” I said.

Sebastian did what I asked, standing up in order to tease James' hard nipples as I continued my mission.

He was loosening up so I pushed a finger all the way in pleased with the groan this elicited. Then I added another. Two fingers seemed like the magic bullet. He couldn't keep still. The nipple torment probably helped and it seemed he would come handsfree in a moment. He made desperate sounds in his throat but I didn't want him to climax yet.

Withdrawing my fingers I told Sebastian to stop. We watched James tremble, his cock pulsing, drips of precum oozing from its tip.

“Not yet, James. You can't come yet,” I said. “There's still the paddle...”

He groaned in frustration, gripping the ropes with whiteknuckles. He growled as if challenging me to go ahead.

I laughed. So did Sebastian. James as bratty sub was hilarious and such a turnaround.

I wiped my hands on a wet cloth, dried them, and picked up the paddle we'd selected. Made of wood, broad and smooth, it would give a nice smack. I'd go easy on him but he'd feel it.

Positioning myself at his side I laid the paddle gently against his behind so that he got a feel for it before I got down to business. His reaction to the practice swat I gave him pleased me immensely. But something wasn't right.

“Sebastian, can you take the blindfold off him, please.”

I wanted to see his eyes. I wanted him to look at me while I paddled him. We would share this intimate moment, he and I, so he could never pretend it didn't happen.

Sebastian undid the strap of the blindfold and slipped it off James' head.

James blinked in the dim light, focusing on the blond man before him. His eyes roamed over Sebastian's naked body. He met Sebastian's gaze and they stared at each other—sub and Dom, now Dom and sub, but forever lovers. Sebastian took James' chin, slippery with spit, in a gentle hold and kissed him tenderly beside the gag.

Then James remembered me. He turned his head. His eyes were full of pain but not from our game. Our game was the only thing that mattered right now—the only thing holding him back from a deeper depression.

His eyes flitted to the wood paddle in my hand and he nodded.

“Okay,” I said. “I’m going to give you ten. Sebastian, can you keep count?”

“Sure.” He stepped forward aligning his body with James’, holding him in a close embrace as if protecting him as much as possible from the pain to come. I heard a sob and saw James bend his head to Sebastian’s shoulder. I waited.

“It’s going to be all right,” Sebastian murmured then nodded at me, holding tight to his charge.

I felt the emotion rise as I turned to my task. James had asked us to take him out of himself and if we hadn’t been able to do it yet this would do the trick.

I hefted the paddle in my hand, feeling its weight. “James, look at me.” I said softly.

He lifted his head from Sebastian’s shoulder and met my gaze.

“Keep your eyes on mine,” I said, and began.

I brought the paddle hard against him. His eyes widened at the intimacy and humiliation of it. Even though he’d asked for it, I was the giver and he the receiver of this discipline. He wasn’t used to that. I saw the struggle in his eyes as he tried to assimilate it.

I struck him again, and again.

Sebastian held him tight and counted out the hits. By the time we got to eight James’ eyes had gone blank as he focused on the sensations and emotions it caused. Two more. This was where he wanted to be, and I wanted him here for a little longer.

“We’re at eight now—we’re going to fifteen.” He had his safe signals if he needed them. But I knew he wouldn’t. “You don’t have to look at me anymore,” I said.

He closed his eyes in relief and let his chin fall onto Sebastian’s shoulder again.

James’ ass had pinked up quickly. By the time I got to fifteen it looked bright red. I knew how it felt, to have an ass singing with the pain of a serious paddling. It was all you could focus on—that burning, all-encompassing pain—as you struggled to keep it together. You’d have to go deep inside it to withstand it, and that was where you could escape yourself. It was all that mattered.

He grunted after each strike and now stood silent, absorbing the multiple impacts and the resulting glow of flowing endorphins filling his body with a numinous light that outshone all else.

I replaced the paddle and returned to the centre of the room. In order to avoid irritating the extremely sensitive skin of James' bottom I came in from the side, putting an arm around each of them. I bent my head into the circle of light that enveloped us.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

### *Finale*

We stayed with Freddy for the rest of that week. Sebastian had to work but he'd brought his laptop so was able to satisfy his clients while in Montreal with us. James and Freddy spoke at length about his future plans. He had more money now than he knew what to do with, but James didn't think it would be good for him to not have some sort of occupation.

"You could move to Ottawa, rent out this place. We could help you find a job you'd enjoy," James suggested.

"But I love Montreal. I can find something here."

"You want to keep living here? In this big house all alone?"

"I can't leave it. This is Patrice's home. Our home. Sure it's huge, but the cleaning lady comes every week so I don't have to do anything."

"Okay. I'm just offering suggestions. I understand if you want to stay."

He did end up finding a part time job much to James' relief, with an event planning company. He worked as a coordinator and staffer for private dinner parties, which was just his thing. He seemed to enjoy it, it kept him fairly busy and he made some new friends. James was satisfied.

Patrice's sudden passing had hit both of them hard and they spoke often on the phone to comfort each other in their time of grief.

Meg and Colleen's wedding date approached, and James invited Freddy to come to Ottawa for the week. Nick, who had kept in touch with Freddy as well, offered to let him stay at his place for the duration of his visit.

James had arranged a bachelorette party for the couple on couple on the Wednesday before their Saturday wedding. Meg and Colleen knew about it but they had no idea what James had planned.

So when we all ended up downtown at The Lookout Bar for a private show by Capital Tease Burlesque with a group of Meg and Colleen's friends, they were suitably surprised and thrilled.

"James Henry Lucas, what a wonderful idea!" Meg exclaimed, eyeing the scantily clad dancers as they came onstage. "Thank you!"

“It was Tate’s idea initially.” James kindly gave me the credit.

“Well, maybe, but without your contacts we wouldn’t have been able to orchestrate it. The Lookout usually has karaoke on Wednesdays. But it seems James has some influence in this government town.”

“Well, thank you all,” Meg said. “Now be quiet, I’m trying to enjoy the show.”

Watching women perform sexually charged and vulgar vignettes in front of us proved a new adventure for Sebastian and me. Although not exactly a turn on, the quality of the showmanship impressed us. We could appreciate a beautiful bosom and an ample behind, and the ladies made sure we got an eyeful of both. The most amusing moment occurred when one of the dancers came into the audience and flirted with James.

He gave it back as good as he got and she probably never even figured out he was in a sexual relationship with two men.

Meg became increasingly tipsy and lewd, which we found highly amusing. Colleen maintained her composure but showed her approval of the show by clapping and grinning from ear to ear. Nick and Freddy found the entire thing hilarious and spent the evening pretending to be horny for the women when, in fact, it soon became apparent they were actually horny for each other.

James noticed this first and pointed it out to us. Nick kept his drinking to a beer or two but Freddy, who admittedly had had a rough month, got a little drunk. By the end of the night he was sitting on Nick’s lap and flirting like a sorority girl. Nick kept looking at James and raising his eyebrows. He was trying to be a gentleman but we could tell by the way he looked at Freddy that he felt the chemistry as well.

It had only been about two months since Patrice had died, however, and I hoped that Nick didn’t take advantage of Freddy’s inebriated state later on. Freddy would be grieving Patrice’s death for a long time. There was nothing wrong with a short term, purely sexual relationship of course, but I thought there might be hope for something more significant between Nick and Freddy if they didn’t jump the gun.

§ § §

Later that evening, after we’d driven Meg and Colleen home and were relaxing at our place, James received a phone call.



“Hi, Nick. Everything okay?” He asked. There was a pause. “I see.” He laughed and put his hand to his forehead. “Put him on the phone.” While he waited for Nick to give the phone to Freddy, he covered the mouthpiece, speaking to us. “Freddy is drunk and trying to seduce poor Nick. Nick is trying to resist but it’s difficult when there’s a cute and horny twenty-seven year old climbing into your lap.”

“Oh my God,” Sebastian said, laughing. I grinned. Nick was a stronger man than I.

James spoke into the phone again. “Frederick, go to bed.

Leave Nick alone. He doesn’t want to have sex with you while you’re drunk. He wants to have sex with you when you’re sober.”

We heard excited screaming from the other end of James’ phone.

“I’m pretty sure. Yes. Go to bed. You can’t rush these things. Good night.”

I smiled and shrugged. “Nick and Freddy, huh?”

“Stranger things have happened.”

Sebastian laughed. “You don’t have to convince us of that!”

Hell, we’d just returned from a bachelorette party for James’ mother and his former Domme.

§ § §

After a changing forecast that caused some stress, Meg and Colleen’s wedding day dawned bright and sunny after all, with the prediction of a clear day ahead. Since the ceremony would be held outside, this was a big relief to us all.

James had picked up our tuxes the previous afternoon.

Luckily, he only needed a thin elastic brace on his lower leg and no longer needed his cane.

We helped each other dress in our identical outfits—classic black tuxedo jackets with white shirts, black vests, black pants, and black bow-ties. All that would set us apart would be boutonnieres, but we wouldn’t get them until later. We checked ourselves out in James’ big mirror.

“Holy shit. It looks like we’re getting married,” Sebastian commented.

“We are married,” James said quietly, meeting first Sebastian’s gaze then mine in the reflection, “in all the ways that are important.”

He turned and took Sebastian's face in his hands. "I do," he whispered softly, kissing him lingeringly on the lips. He pulled back and did the same to me, repeating the promise and the kiss.

It was incredibly touching.

"Me too," I said, and kissed Sebastian in a lingering, tender moment. When I pulled back, I looked deep into his blue eyes.

"You?"

"Of course. I take both of you. Forever."

We came together in an emotional embrace in front of James' mirror, dressed in the tuxes we'd rented for another wedding.

§ § §

It would take about fifteen minutes to get to the Orchard View Wedding and Conference Centre. James had rented a limo. We picked up Nick and Freddy who looked smashing in their respective outfits and shared a complimentary bottle of champagne. Teasing Freddy about his amorous designs on Nick after the bachelorette party proved a good time waster.

"I was drunk. And Nick is hot." Freddy said.

"True," Nick confirmed. "On both counts."

When we arrived at the conference centre and walked around to the lake where the large gazebo had been decorated for the small ceremony, it became obvious why this location had been selected.

Reminiscent of a romantic French country garden, a wooden footbridge led to the gazebo and a large white tent covered the reception area. Since we had arrived in plenty of time, staff were still putting the final touches on the décor and ensuring that enough chairs were set out in the gazebo to accommodate the thirty or so expected guests.

"I guess the ladies are upstairs getting ready," James said. "Does anyone want a drink?"

Nick said he did and I asked for a beer. The others were happy with the champagne they'd already imbibed. It seemed Freddy intended to pace himself today and not let his libido get the better of him. Although the way he and Nick were acting, it was obvious they had a strong connection.

I watched James stride across the grounds and into the main building, on a mission to find the bar.

As it got closer to one thirty, other guests began to arrive and Sebastian excused himself to prepare for his solo. Meg and Colleen could not have picked a more beautiful day nor a more romantic setting in which to get married, that was the common consensus from the arriving guests.

After about twenty minutes James returned with a distinguished looking older gentleman. As they walked across the grounds speaking animatedly, carrying glasses of wine, I suddenly knew who it was.

When they got to us James introduced me. "Tate, I'd like you to meet Mr. Duncan Holland. We're, uh, old friends, as you know."

Duncan smiled. "Hello. I'm delighted to meet you, young man." He turned to James. "How much does he know?"

James grinned. "He knows what we were to each other once upon a time."

Duncan grinned at us. "He was quite an upstart, your Master. Until I took over, that is."

"That doesn't really surprise me," I admitted.

Duncan was taller than James by an inch or so, and although in his mid sixties by now, very charismatic and stately. I could see the middle aged man that James had submitted to and I could understand why.

"You certainly put me in my place, Sir," James admitted.

"Several times, if I remember." He looked at James fondly.

"It's really wonderful to see you, James. I'm glad I was able to make it."

"So am I, Duncan. How is Arizona these days?"

"Hot. Damn hot, but sunny. I suppose I can't complain."

I spoke up. "When did you decide to train James as a Dom? I mean, what made you think that would be the next step?"

"Hmm," Duncan smiled, looking me over like he wanted to bend me over a bench. No doubt he did. "I don't know really. I guess I wanted to challenge him in more ways than I had already. He certainly rose to it. That sub I brought in never imagined what awaited him."

"He had a wonderful time," James said softly, winking at me.

"Yes he did. And so did every sub you ever worked with. You're a very talented man."

"Duncan's actually got two permanent subs at the moment, but they aren't in a relationship like we are. Just a...business arrangement so to speak," James said.

“Yes—a convenient arrangement. But James tells me you three have been living together for five years. That’s remarkable.”

“It works for us,” I said, exchanging a glance with James.

At that moment I heard my name.

“Tate!”

My mother, in a pretty blue dress and arm in arm with Sebastian’s mom, walked up to us where we were enjoying the view from the footbridge.

Duncan excused himself to use the men’s room.

“Ladies,” I said. “You look lovely.”

“What a beautiful spot!” Mary exclaimed. “Where’s my boy gone to?”

“He’s in the gazebo getting ready to sing. Meg and Colleen have asked him to perform *Avé Maria* while everyone is seated.”

Unfortunately Jo, Sebastian’s perceptive and hilarious Granny, had passed away a couple of years earlier at the age of ninetythree. Otherwise, I’m quite sure she would have been thrilled to attend such an unconventional event.

“Tate, you look so handsome,” my mom said. “You should dress up more often.”

I laughed. “Funny, that’s what James said.”

“Mrs. Mackenzie! Mrs. Doucette! I’m so glad you could be here,” James said, giving them both a welcoming hug and kiss.

“Oh, James, you know our first names,” Mary teased, obviously enchanted.

“I do indeed, Mary. Catherine,”

“How is your leg, dear?” my mom asked. “You’re out of the cast now I see.”

“Still aches now and then but the doctor said it’s healed up fine. I am, however, prohibited from downhill skiing for twelve months by my doctor and for five years by this one,” he said, gesturing to me.

“Longer if you sass me.”

He grinned. “Oh, Tate. I love it when you put me in my place.”

My mom and Mary giggled wildly at this just as we heard Sebastian’s sweet tenor begin the well-known aria.

“Shall we?” James said, offering his elbows to the ladies like a perfect gentleman—which he was in every way, except in certain private spaces and some public ones.

We made our way to the gazebo, which looked especially charming under the midday sun. Perched on the edge of the water, chairs slip-covered in fuchsia silk and small sprays of pink and red flowers on the pedestal and tucked into the columns, it looked like the setting for a fairy gathering.

Sebastian, standing to the right of the small dais on which stood the female minister, sang without accompaniment in his beautiful tenor. When he saw us he wavered for a half second, one side of his mouth turning up in acknowledgement, pride and modesty. But nothing in his steady tone indicated the least distraction.

A pretty young woman handed out programs. We each took one and proceeded into the seating area.

“Which side are we supposed to sit on?” Mary asked.

“I don’t think it matters,” I said. “Just find a place you like.”

The ladies chose their spots while James and I made our way to the dais.

“Hello again, gentlemen,” Melissa said quietly, adjusting her glasses. “I’d just like to ensure that someone has the rings?”

“I have them,” James said, pulling them out of his jacket pocket.

“Perfect. I always like to make sure before the ceremony begins.”

“Good policy,” I laughed. “But don’t worry. James is an expert at having the right equipment on hand for any occasion.”

Melissa gave me a funny look as James kept a straight face and I tried to suppress a smile.

“Okay. Well, if you can just stand here, James, to my left. And Tate, you stand beside him. Sebastian will stand beside you when he’s finished his solo. The bridesmaids and flower girl will be on the other side.”

We got into place and waited patiently for the guests to be seated. Nick and Freddy showed up and sat together near the front. Duncan sat near the back. I recognized a few other people, including my friend Joanne’s husband, Darrin. Joanne must be busy getting little Chloe, now six and quite a character, ready to fulfill her flower girl duties.

Finally, Sebastian’s aria ended. He waited a few moments then came to stand beside me.

“You are amazingly talented, you know that?” I whispered, once again in awe of the magic his voice inspired.

He blushed and looked down at the ground. But he couldn't help the big smile that spread across his face. "Thanks," He murmured, glancing up shyly.

We heard more music, this time from an unidentified source, as the audience turned.

The two friends that Meg and Colleen had selected as bridesmaids, both dressed in classic black dresses and wearing fancy hats, walked one after the other down the aisle holding small bouquets of white roses. After them came sweet little Chloe, in an ivory dress with lace detailing, looking every inch the diva as she clutched her basket and threw red rose petals along the aisle.

Suddenly, she looked up in shock, as if she had forgotten something very important. Her hand flew to her head and she said "My tiara!" She turned and ran back to where she'd started.

Joanne, standing at the back of the gazebo frantically pulled the missing item from her purse and placed it on the little girl's head. Everybody laughed, as much at how seriously the little girl resumed her duties of flower-petal strewing as at the initial oversight. I winked at her when she got to us, and when she came to me I motioned her over to stand with the bridesmaids. She found her place and we looked to see Meg and Colleen walking up the aisle.

They had opted to buck tradition—well, the entire wedding bucked tradition really—and walk together, since neither wanted to play groom to the bride. They looked stunning—Meg in a draped white dress that went to mid-calf, Colleen in a shorter red dress, both sporting radiant smiles.

"I'm experiencing a very surreal feeling about this right now. But I'm so happy for them," James murmured.

In a moment they stood before us. Passing matching bouquets to the bridesmaids they turned to face each other.

"Meg Lucas. Colleen Fournier." Melissa began. "We are gathered here today to join you in Holy Matrimony, in front of your friends and family."

The standard ceremony continued with small adjustments to reflect that Meg and Colleen were two women instead of a man and a woman. They had written their own vows of course. Meg spoke her vows first:

"Colleen—my friend, my love, my heart. Only in my later years did I recognize your true beauty, intelligence, honor, and capacity for joy. How lucky I am to be able to share in your life and fulfill my dreams of finding a loving partner. You have shown me tenderness and kindness, something that did not figure very much in my previous marriage. I promise to be faithful and to

honor your love and commitment with my own.”

It was Colleen’s turn next.

“My dear Meg. When I met your son so many years ago, I knew he must have an extraordinary mother.” Her eyes flitted to James, then back to Meg. “But I never imagined just how extraordinary. You have astonished me time and again with your zest for living, your love for fashion and food (laughter), your wit and wisdom. I am extremely lucky to have found you and to have convinced you to spend the remainder of your years with me. I promise to be faithful and to honor your love and commitment with my own.”

“May we have the rings, please?”

James handed Melissa the rings. She passed one to Meg.

“Repeat after me: This ring is a symbol of my love and my promise.”

Meg cleared her throat and in a strong, unwavering voice repeated the statement. She placed the ring on Colleen’s trembling finger.

Melissa gave the other ring to Colleen and repeated her request.

“This ring is a symbol of my love and my promise,” Colleen said, eyes glistening as she placed the ring on Meg’s finger.

Melissa smiled. “I now pronounce you married. You may kiss your wife!”

Everyone laughed, clapped, and whooped as Meg and Colleen kissed with tenderness and passion.

They were formally presented to the audience and we made our procession out of the gazebo and down to the grounds for the wedding photos.

§ § §

The reception was held in the large tent by the lake with a portable dance floor and DJ booth. James had offered to MC the evening, so when they wanted to get things rolling he picked up the microphone and got everybody’s attention.

“Hello everyone. My mother, Meg, her wife, Colleen and I are so glad you could all join us on this tremendous occasion. I’d like to inform you that dinner will be served in fifteen minutes. And also that there won’t be any speeches this evening.”

The crowd clapped at that great news.

“Except for mine,” James continued.

There was a communal groan as people realized they'd been caught in their dislike of long-winded wedding speeches. But James just smiled.

"Twenty-seven years ago, I met a woman named Colleen. She was at first a coworker, then a friend. Then she became something more."

There were surprised murmurs in the audience as very few people knew of any personal connection between James and Colleen. Trust James to not give a damn. Hopefully he had cleared it with the special couple first. From their calm and indulgent expressions it seemed that he had.

"I'll spare you all the details of our brief relationship, except to tell you that her presence in my life has always been something very dear to me. Through strange circumstance that same woman became a significant person in my mother's life, many years later.

Although rather a surprise, this partnership between Meg and Colleen has been the most remarkable thing I've witnessed in years. They are obviously meant for each other. I've never seen my mother so relaxed and happy and I've never seen Colleen so obviously smitten."

He picked up his wine glass for a toast.

"To the happy couple. May they spend many joyful years together and create wonderful memories."

Applause erupted as the toast was taken up.

After the meal, Meg and Colleen shared the microphone to thank everyone for celebrating with them.

"Now let's get this show on the road!" Meg exclaimed. "First dance will be mother and son."

James stood up and pushed his chair back, holding his hand out to Meg. She took it and they walked down to the dance floor.

James pulled her close, whispering into her ear, making her blush and laugh. She looked about twenty years younger as she danced with her handsome son. Cameras flashed and no eye strayed from the magnetic couple.

"Next dance will be son and stepmother," I said into the microphone.

Now Colleen joined James on the dance floor for a slow number. The way they moved together, as if they could read each other's minds, showed what a good match they'd been. James looked so proud and Colleen looked like a little girl who'd won the gold ring.



Then it was our turn.

I took Colleen from James and Sebastian danced with Meg.

There was something magical about the evening—something to do with the older and younger generations being together, and no-one batting an eye at the unconventionality of the union.

As I danced with Colleen, my eyes found Nick and Freddy sitting together at their table. Nick was resting his arm on Freddy's back and Freddy looked happy, even though we knew he had a long way to go. But maybe when he got there, to a point when he could think about Patrice with only fond memories and very little pain, a new happiness could unfold for him.

When the song changed, Colleen told me she simply had to be with her new wife. I saw James grab Sebastian's hand and pull him in for a dance so I sat down beside Nick and Freddy.

"What an amazing afternoon," Nick commented, rubbing Freddy's back gently and sipping a glass of wine.

"Yeah, it's been pretty great."

Freddy, for once, was silent, enjoying his intimacy with Nick and no doubt battling other emotions.

I watched James and Sebastian move together on the dance floor, holding each other close and communing in such an intimate way. If anyone didn't know they were lovers, they would now. I could feel the heat coming off them from where I sat. James slid his hands up under Sebastian's tuxedo jacket, holding him tight. Suddenly his eyes scanned the room, looking for me.

I stood up. "Gotta go."

"Yes, you do," Nick said.

I took off my jacket, laying it on the chair, and walked slowly over to my two lovers. They pulled me into their embrace and we swayed to Leonard Cohen's "Dance Me to the End of Love," with much hope for a bright future together.