



The
Secrets

of Submission

CAE Lister

Submission in the City

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Disclaimer

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

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

CHAPTER ONE

MY SO-CALLED LIFE

Driving home from another boring workshop, I cranked up the tunes on the radio. I yawned and shook my head wearily.

What a fucking week. Okay, who was I kidding? What a fucking three months. My workload had doubled. My boss, believing that my intelligence and capabilities automatically signified an interest and ambition to succeed, had put me on the fast track, learning to be an associate consultant in the business. I'd been working long days and frequent weekends, as he'd expanded his clientele and increased his business reach. I was exhausted.

To top it off, my dad lay in the hospital dying of Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD) and advanced Parkinson's; the former the result of fifty decades of incessant cigarette smoking, the latter a cruel chance of fate and genetics. My mom was a basket case. My brother Frank wasn't much help.

He had a wife and three kids to look after. He did what he could, when he could, but I knew he had other responsibilities. The truth was, so did I. And I wasn't sure I was fulfilling them very well these days.

Maybe I was being paranoid. My partner, Sebastian, seemed as loving and attentive as ever when I was home. I wasn't sure what he did when I was at work. He had his job, true, but that didn't take up nearly as much time as mine, and I worried about him being bored and lonely a lot of the time. Anyway, I was determined to change things, because I missed him.

Our first six months of living together had been wonderful.

We'd both been deep in the throes of newfound love and passion, heady indeed, and found that this gave us the energy and imperative to make the practical adjustments work. We were well suited to live together.

I loved to cook and Sebastian loved to eat. I still didn't know how he managed to stay so slim eating as much as he did, but at least I had him eating a little healthier now,

although he still snuck junk food in whenever he could. He did like to jog, and sometimes I'd go with him. I called it "walking the dog" when I did, which gave him a little giggle.

Sebastian had a penchant for dress up role-play. He'd discovered pup play online and owned enough gear to make this a fascinating pastime. He liked to play at being my pup when in the mood, and I enjoyed rubbing his belly whenever he wanted me to. This usually led to sex, no matter how much I tried to be good. He didn't seem to mind. He would ask, on occasion, to have some platonic playtime, but not very often. He got worked up as much as I did whenever he put the hood on and tail in. It seemed a match made in Heaven.

I pulled into my parking spot and got out of the car, grabbing my briefcase and jacket, and walked quickly to the building's entrance. Maybe we could go out for supper, then to a movie or something. We'd had so little time together lately.

Sebastian lifted his head from the magazine he was reading when I keyed myself in. "You're home!"

I checked my watch. Six thirty-five. Earlier than I'd been home all week.

"I know. Amazing right?" I shook my head. "How's it going?"

"Fine." He stood up and approached me, moving in for a hug and a kiss. I ruffled his blond mop of hair affectionately.

"Do you feel like going out for supper? We haven't tried that new Indian place yet."

Sebastian smiled happily. "That sounds great."

Located in a small strip mall at the edge of Ottawa's swanky Alta Vista neighborhood, the restaurant was cozy and warm, decorated with an eastern elegance. The tantalizing aroma of Indian spices filled the small space while sitar music played softly in the background.

We were seated at a small table in the corner, which suited me perfectly. I wanted to enjoy an intimate meal with my boyfriend for once.

"Mmmm, I'm salivating already," Sebastian murmured while perusing the menu.

“You’d do Pavlov proud, pup,” I said, enjoying his blush and shy grin. His eyes met mine and I remembered an intimate moment from...a couple of weeks back? Had it been that long?

I rubbed my fingers against my forehead, the fatigue of my long hours getting to me.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Just tired.”

The waiter came and took our drink order, then returned quickly. We told him what we wanted off the menu.

“Hot, please. Pretend we’re family,” I said.

The waiter grinned, writing quickly. “You can take it?”

“We can take it.”

“Of course, sir.” He gathered our menus and headed to the kitchen.

We sipped our drinks, enjoying the intimate warmth of being together in a soothing environment.

“This is nice. I miss this,” Sebastian murmured, gazing at me with emotion.

“I know. Me too.”

“You’ve just been working so much,” he said. “When is he going to let up on you, Tate?”

I shrugged. “Soon, I hope. I’ll talk to him on Monday. When I accepted the promotion I didn’t realize how much extra work there’d be.”

“You do realize we haven’t had sex for three weeks?” he said somberly.

“Um...really? I guess...really?” I sounded like the idiot I was.

He nodded. “I just miss that too, y’know? Your job’s important. I get that. But what about me?”

“You don’t think you’re important?”

“I wonder, sometimes.”

“Sebastian. You’re very important to me. I love you, you know that?” I hesitated. “I’m just kind of distracted right now. With work, with what’s going on with my Dad.”

He nodded. “How is he?”

“Same. Cruddy. I wish he would just...”

“Don’t say that.”

“He’s suffering.”

“I know.”

“My mom’s going out of her mind.”

“I know. I talked to her last week. She was pretty upset. She went out with my mom and Granny Jo for supper. I think it helped a bit, but she sounded so exhausted and stressed.”

“She did? That was nice of them to ask her.”

“Haven’t you talked to her recently?”

I shook my head. “It’s been a crazy week. I’ll call her tomorrow.”

The waiter brought our food and we ate slowly, enjoying the flavors and heat of the traditional dishes. The flavorful food rejuvenated my energy and when the meal was over I wasn’t ready to go home.

“Wanna go dancing?” I asked my blue-eyed cutie after we left the warmth of the restaurant. “We haven’t done that in awhile.”

He grinned and grabbed my hand. “Sure!”

Sebastian had gotten over his fear of public dancing and now loved to shake his booty for me whenever possible. He was a great little mover – I just had to keep the hands of all the other horny men off him.

“The Lookout?” I suggested.

“Isn’t Friday night Ladies’ Night?”

I shrugged. “So? I don’t want to share you with anyone anyway.” I pulled him over to me in the darkness of the parking lot and grabbed his ass.

“Fuck,” he hissed, rubbing himself against me. I felt the hardness of his cock under the denim of his jeans.

Our lips came together and we kissed desperately, our bodies reaching for something elusive and rare. It had been a long time.

Turned out dancing dirty together in a room full of hot lesbians was exactly what we needed. They urged us on, realizing no doubt that we were desperate for each other.

They took turns with each of us too, as if to prolong our separation and drive us even crazier. By the time we managed to extricate ourselves it was near midnight and it seemed I would die if I didn't get Sebastian into bed as soon as possible.

I drove home, my right hand moving between his thigh and his crotch the entire way. Sebastian looked as if he might explode or faint or something.

We didn't make it to the bed. Half an hour after getting home we lay entwined, naked, on the living room floor rug, giggling like naughty schoolgirls.

"Holy shit, Tate, that was awesome."

I kissed him hard, hinting that I'd be ready for another round in a few minutes.

"Again? Really?" he mumbled against my lips as my hand found his cock and gently coaxed it back to life.

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The following day we woke up feeling satisfied and relaxed, a nice change from the stressful past few months. We stayed in bed, snuggling, until the sun was high and our stomachs began to rumble.

It was a wonderful interlude of intimacy in a crazy schedule and it didn't last long.

I called my mom that evening while Sebastian was watching TV in the bedroom.

"Hey Mom, how's it going?"

"Oh, hi, sweetie. Okay, I guess. I spoke to Sebastian last week. He says you've been working late a lot."

"Yeah. They offered me a promotion about three months ago. I took it before realizing how much more work it would be."

"Oh." She sounded like she wanted to say more.

"What?"

"It's not...anything else?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean, you're not seeing someone else?"

I clenched my fist against my thigh. "Tell me you have not been worrying about my relationship on top of everything else."

"Sebastian sounded so sad and lonely when I spoke to him."

“Mom. I’m not cheating on him. I’m working my ass off for people who have very high expectations of me.”

“Okay. I believe you. But, I think Sebastian has high expectations of you too. And having been in that same place for a good long while, I guess my paranoia got the better of me.”

“I’m not cheating, Mom. I’m too damn tired to cheat. And why would I want to?”

She laughed. “Well, that’s good. I think Sebastian’s a good fit for you.”

“You don’t have to tell me that. This job on the other hand...”

“You need to talk to your boss. Let him know the workload is affecting your personal life. Most supervisors are sensitive to things like that.”

“I’m going to talk to him on Monday. I can’t go on like this.”

“Well, I hope you get it sorted out. It’d be a shame to quit after all the time you’ve put in there.”

“Yeah, I know. I don’t want to quit. I just don’t want to work so much.” I toyed with the top of my club soda can. “Did you see Dad today?”

“Yes. Actually, I just came from there.”

“How is he?”

“The same. I keep thinking he’ll start to go one way or the other, but he’s always the same.” When she spoke again, her voice was very quiet. “Tate, this could go on for months.”

I sighed. “I know.” I ran a hand through my hair. “I’ll go see him tomorrow.”

“He’d like that. Why don’t you bring Sebastian with you?”

“Well...I don’t...”

“Look, honey, I know he’s never been hugely supportive of your lifestyle. But he’s really in no position to judge you right now. He’ll just be glad to see you.”

“Okay.”

“Love you.”

“Me too.”

I hung up the phone, struggling with my emotions all of a sudden. It was too much. The pressure at work, my dad in the hospital, my mom stressing out, and Sebastian needing me. I had to get out of here.

I grabbed my keys and put on my boots. Sebastian came out of the bedroom.

“Where are you going?”

“I just – I’m going for a walk,” I muttered, not wanting to linger in case the threatening tears emerged.

I felt bad about taking off, but I needed to breathe. I really did need to speak with my boss, because this schedule was killing me. But if I was honest, it wasn’t just work that was affecting my relationship with Sebastian. I hadn’t lied to my Mom. I wasn’t actually cheating on Sebastian. But I felt like I was.

The dreams had started about three or four months after we’d moved in together, and James Lucas was in every one of them.

I didn’t always see him in the dream, but I knew he was there. I knew because of what I felt in the dream. And what I felt was indescribable. It reminded me of that last weekend I’d spent with him.

The sense of trust and submission and testing. Him testing me, testing the boundaries of what I would do for him. I had done everything he’d asked of me. And I would do more – much more.

I felt my cock swell just thinking about the tenor of those dreams. They always involved restraint of some kind. And I was always on the edge, ready to come, but not allowed. In some of the dreams, I saw him as he teased me. In others, I only heard his voice. And in a few, he was simply a nearby presence, waiting and watching, while I struggled with my captive desire.

These dreams made me feel guilty even though I knew everyone had sex dreams about people other than their live-in lovers/spouses. To dream of a variety of people wouldn’t have bothered me so much. But it was always him. And if I was honest with myself I’d admit that I missed and desired him in my waking world as well.

But why? Why did he haunt my dreams at night and my thoughts during the day?

I couldn't imagine my life without Sebastian. The intimacy we had and the sex we enjoyed, when I wasn't so busy and tired, was mind blowing. He was my lover and my friend – and my pup when the mood hit us. And he was even my Dom from time to time.

However, no Dom could compare to James.

Of course, what were the odds I'd ever see him again? I refused to seek him out. I'd told Sebastian that it was over with James, and I'd meant it. I wouldn't jeopardize our relationship by hooking up with someone else, let alone the man who'd declared his desire to possess me.

Maybe these dreams were simply the manifestation of my frustrated desire for Sebastian, since work was keeping me from enjoying him as much as I liked. Perhaps, if I made an effort to alter my crazy work schedule so that I could spend more time with my boy, the dreams would go away.

After I'd burned off some of the latent anxiety I returned to the apartment and found Sebastian playing a videogame, his bare feet on the coffee table and a cup of tea beside him.

"Hey," he greeted me distantly, no doubt ticked off by my hasty exit.

The walk had cleared my head a bit and all I wanted to do was curl up on the couch with my boy. Well, maybe that wasn't all.

I came up behind him and bent down, nuzzling his neck and ear the way that I knew he loved. "Hi beautiful."

He giggled. "Good walk?"

"Yes. Sorry. I just needed some fresh air."

"And what do you need right now?" he asked, gazing up at me with a twinkle in his eye.

I slid my hand down the inside of his t-shirt and teased his nipple. "Some fresh meat."

He groaned, dropping the controller.

I tilted his chin up, kissing him hard. Taking my hand out of his shirt, I began to unbutton his jeans. I still leaned over him and the couch, my crotch pressing against the back of his head.

He tilted his head backward as his hands came up and started working my fly. Soon I had his cock out. His vocal response made me even more eager.

“Oh my God, Tate...that feels so good.”

He'd managed to release me from the confines of my own jeans and now worked my cock from underneath. I moved my hand faster on him.

“Oh...fuck yeah...” I groaned, all the tension I'd felt earlier concentrated in my dick and balls. Sex therapy. It's really the answer to stress of all kinds.

We worked each other in this position until it became too uncomfortable.

“Get naked and come to the bedroom,” I ordered breathlessly.

“No,” he said, struggling to zip his jeans.

I stared at him, confused.

“You get naked and come to the bedroom.”

I hesitated, trying to catch up as he switched on me. It sent a thrill from my head to my toes.

“Now,” he said firmly. I felt the smile emerge on my face.

“Yes, Sir,” I mumbled, scrambling out of my clothes while Sebastian walked calmly to our room, glancing back to make sure I was coming. As soon as I had my clothes off, I followed.

§ § §

“Please,” I begged. “Please let me come.”

“Shhhh. Not yet.”

He had me tied down to our bed and now teased me mercilessly in his gentle, thorough way. I couldn't take much more of it.

He surprised me by backing off the bed. “Wait here a second.”

Wait here? What else would I do? “Okay?” What was he up to?

He left the room, soon returning with a bottle of BeeHive corn syrup.

“Oh no...no...not that!”

I struggled frantically in my bonds while he grinned widely.

“This is just what you need, Tate,” He asserted as he approached.

I shook my head. “Why?”

“Because it’ll give you something to focus on besides your job.”

I held my breath as he tipped the bottle over my belly and thick, artery-clogging corn syrup oozed toward my arching cock.

I made a noise of distaste as the cold, sticky syrup hit my sensitive flesh, and I gave an involuntary shiver. I could handle chocolate syrup. I could handle hot wax. I could even handle other men’s spunk with aplomb. But corn syrup? No. It was just too...something.

“Please lick it off, baby, quick...now,” I whined.

“Poor boy. Just tell me one thing. Will you really talk to your boss on Monday?”

“Yes...yes...”

“Will you tell him you can’t work so much?”

“Yes. I’m going to tell him.” I shivered as the thick syrup pooled at the base of my dick, the feel of it on my skin both sexy and disgusting at the same time.

“Will you tell him it’s because you need to come home early to get sucked and fucked and tortured more often?” He put the bottle down and swirled the syrup with his fingers over my belly and cock.

“Yes, I’ll tell him exactly that Sebastian. I’m sure he’ll give me lots of time off after I tell him that. Like, my whole life.”

“Shut that mouth,” he said, kissing me hard.

Then his mouth was on my dick, licking all that gooey syrup off, and I didn’t care about anything anymore.

CHAPTER TWO

DOG DAYS

Sunday morning I accompanied Sebastian to church. It was the only time we consistently had together although we were separated by his choir duties for the duration of the service. I sat with the congregation, usually with his mom Mary, and Granny Jo. I loved to watch him singing up there, in his godly robes, and think about what we did together in the privacy of our home.

With James' assistance, I'd been able to see our activities in the positive light of revelation, and wasn't bothered at all now by the seeming incongruities of group worship and my more personal worship of Sebastian himself. It amounted to the same thing. It was God working through me to give us both pleasure, whether that involved toys or scenes or plain vanilla sex. It really didn't matter and I had become convinced that God didn't care.

"You look tired, my boy," Granny Jo commented after the service. "Sebastian wearing you out?" The deep lines beside her eyes crinkled as she grinned slyly.

I chuckled and shook my head.

She clucked. "Then you're working too hard."

"I got a promotion."

Mary said "Sebastian told me. That's great!"

"Not if he's being worked to death," Granny Jo murmured.

"Mom, Granny, it's not that bad. He's okay. Right, Tate?" Sebastian asked.

I nodded. Am I?

That afternoon we went to visit my dad.

Sebastian felt nervous and, frankly, so did I. I didn't much like being around seriously ill people, and Dad and I had had our problems. But I'd promised Mom.

"We don't have to stay long," I reassured Sebastian as we approached the hallway off which my dad's room was located. "In fact, we shouldn't tire him out."

His blue eyes met mine as he tried to determine if I was chickening out or being realistic. He'd find out in a minute just how realistic I was being. Taking Sebastian's hand in mine, I knocked softly on the door of room 531 before entering.

The shell of my dad, hunched over and drooling with an oxygen tube in his nose, greeted me from a wheelchair beside the bed. His grey eyes, which used to be full of life and quick to temper and accusations, appeared dull and oxygen deprived as they slowly moved to meet my gaze. I waited for a hint of recognition. Finally, after what seemed a long time, they widened and his slack lips twitched. He made a grunt of acknowledgement, moving his hand slightly.

"Hey Dad. How's it going?" I uttered stupidly as I reached out to pat him awkwardly on his frail shoulder. He grunted again and his eyes drifted to Sebastian.

I cleared my throat. "This is Sebastian. We live together."

He stared at the blond angel who was my life and love with a vacant expression I wasn't entirely convinced was due to his illness. He'd been extremely hostile when I'd first come out to him and Mom nine years ago, and had barely acknowledged my homosexuality since then. We just didn't talk about it.

"It's nice to meet you, Mr. Mackenzie," Sebastian said with a warm smile. He placed his hand gently on the back of my Dad's wrinkled knuckles.

Dad stared down at the young, warm hand on his and, to my complete and utter astonishment, turned his hand, clasping Sebastian's in a tremulous hold. He looked at Sebastian, then at me, and back at Sebastian.

"You...you...gether?" he mumbled, the Parkinson's making his speech nearly unintelligible.

We both nodded.

He grunted, squeezing Sebastian's hand tighter. He looked at me. "Lfffff?"

I furrowed my brow. "Pardon?"

He lifted his other hand, pointing at me and then Sebastian.

"You...la...la...laaafff...h-h-h-im?"

I blushed, hoping I was interpreting his words correctly.

"Yeah, Dad. I love him. We love each other."

My dad coughed. He released Sebastian's hand to lift a towel to the drool that dripped down his chin. He nodded again. "Gddddd." I think he tried to smile.

I felt something deep inside me relax and glow. I coughed as well, turning to hide the moisture that threatened at the corners of my eyes.

"He's a handful, though, sir. He must get that from you," Sebastian said gently. I turned back to see how my dad would react.

He actually did come close to smiling this time. He nodded.

"Hmph."

Amazing. Sebastian had just charmed the Depends off my dad. Wonders never ceased.

"So, you feeling okay?" I asked, not sure what you said to someone so near death's door that you could see the "Welcome mat" behind them.

He shrugged. "Nt bd," and motioned to the tubes in his nose. "Hps."

"The oxygen helps?"

He nodded.

"That's good."

He asked me a question but I couldn't quite make it out. He repeated himself, then looked at Sebastian and tried again.

"Tate's mom?" Sebastian asked.

He nodded.

"He wants to know how your mom is."

"She's good. She'll be coming to see you tomorrow." I wasn't about to tell him how anxious and tired she was.

"Brng... keys"

"You want her to bring your keys? What keys, Dad?"

He shook his head. "Keys. Keys."

We both stared at him dumbly as he lifted his hand to his mouth and pretended to eat.

"Cookies!" Sebastian said suddenly. "You want her to bring some cookies?"

Dad nodded, pointing to Sebastian and looking at me like it should have been obvious, and why did it take your boyfriend to understand? I didn't let the childish feeling of inadequacy take hold. He was so sick and didn't mean anything really. He was just frustrated by his lack of clarity.

"We can get you some cookies, Dad. What kind do you want? Chocolate chip?" I knew those were his favorites.

He nodded.

"Will they let you have those?" He had trouble eating and swallowing.

He nodded again.

"Okay, we'll go get you some right now. There's a corner store down the street."

We went and got him some cookies, and when we returned the nurse was feeding him lunch.

She looked us over and I saw her eyes linger on my blond boyfriend.

"These are for my dad," I said, leaving the bag of cookies on the night table.

She smiled. "Okay. He can have one for dessert."

I nodded. "We have to go Dad. It was great to see you."

He grunted, trying to lick some drips of soup off his chin where it had dribbled. His eyes had gone dull again.

"It was great to meet you, Mr. Mackenzie," Sebastian said. "Enjoy the cookies."

We drove to the grocery store and did some shopping. On the drive home, Sebastian said, "I didn't realize how frail he would be. It was kind of a shock."

I nodded. "Want to play a video game?"

"Okay."

We played the PS3 for a few hours, shutting the real world out. When five o'clock rolled around I didn't feel like cooking.

"You want to order in?"

"Sure. Pizza?"

"Okay."

We ate pizza in our pajamas and cuddled in front of the TV for the rest of the evening, finally going to bed around eleven.

No sex, just pleasant intimacy and closeness. I still had that warm feeling inside me from when my Dad had finally acknowledged who I was and what I wanted, and basically said that it was okay with him.

§ § §

Monday morning I went in to talk to my boss. Typing furiously at his computer, he looked like he hadn't left the office all weekend.

"Good morning, Tate. Do you have the notes on the Transpo workshop yet?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I just emailed them to you. Listen, I need to talk to you about something."

He looked up, his eyebrows creasing with worry. "What is it?"

I sat down in the chair across from his desk. "Um...I'm having a little trouble with the work schedule."

He stared at me for a moment. "What sort of trouble?"

"Um..." I looked down at my feet. "Well, I've been working a lot of hours."

"Yes. I thought I explained that was part of the job."

I squirmed, feeling like a wimp. "It's not that I can't handle it. It's just that my personal life is suffering."

"You're not married, are you?"

I stared at him. What a prick. "I'm living with someone."

"Well, I'm married. And I have two kids. I'm afraid that if the work is there we have to put in the time. Your girlfriend should understand. My wife does."

I nodded, not daring to contradict him, but hating how dismissive he was being. I didn't even consider challenging the "girlfriend" presumption. As if sensing my feelings he pushed his chair back and ran a hand through his hair. His eyes looked tired all of a sudden.

"I'm sorry, Tate. I'm under a lot of pressure too. The fact is, if I take anything off your plate it goes onto mine."

Okay, that I understood. I felt bad for him but... "Can't you...maybe hire someone else, part time?"

“I could,” he admitted. “But I’d have to cut your salary for it to make financial sense. Plus, you’d have to train them which would put even more on your plate for awhile.”

I thought about it, but I really didn’t want to take a pay cut.

“Look, if you can just hang in there for another couple of months, things will settle down. This is always a busy time of year.”

Crap. Mission not accomplished. “Okay. I’ll try.”

“And I’ll try to give you an afternoon off every once in awhile. Would that help?”

I nodded. “Yes. Thanks.”

“You’re doing a great job, Tate. I’d hate to lose you.”

I sighed, standing up. “You won’t.”

“Don’t forget we have the workshop with Heritage tomorrow. We need to be there at seven thirty.”

Crap. So much for talking to my boss, because it hadn’t improved things. Maybe I’d get a couple of afternoons off but I seriously doubted it.

If he was right and things let up in a couple of months, well, that wouldn’t be too bad. I could do this if I knew there was an end in sight.

But what to do about Sebastian in the meantime? I’d just have to explain.

§ § §

It wasn’t until midweek that I thought of it.

Sebastian had been quite disappointed when I’d told him about the conversation with Eric. He’d sulked until I’d given him a very lengthy and devoted blowjob and explained that it would only be for another two months. Then maybe I’d take a week off and we could go on a trip or something. He seemed to like that idea.

But I knew he felt lonely, and it killed me that I couldn’t be with him more often.

On Wednesday I got an email from Joanne, with a cute video of Chloe playing with a friend’s Labrador retriever, and something clicked.

A dog. I could get Sebastian a dog. It would give him something to do besides clean the apartment and miss me. I felt a sense of relief as I considered this possibility. We could afford it since I made a decent salary now.

It seemed like a brilliant idea.

I called in a favor from a friend and was able to get a tip on a guy selling English bulldogs only ten minutes from my place. It turned out that English bulldog puppies were the cutest puppies in the history of canine existence. It took me half an hour to pick out the one I wanted from the four pups he had left. I chose a little female that seemed slightly quieter than the others but became very affectionate whenever I paid attention to her. She had a mostly white coat with a brindle back and tail and a brindle patch over one eye.

I had already picked up food and water bowls, a small crate, toys and food – all in the trunk of the car. I couldn't wait to introduce Sebastian to his new best friend.

I parked and picked up the pup, cradling her to my chest as she was a good size already at two months old. "You ready to go home, sweetie?"

She licked my chin and wriggled in response. The tickle of her tongue made me smile.

Sebastian was cleaning the kitchen when I opened the apartment door. I toed off my shoes and snuck up behind him.

"Hey gorgeous."

He spun around. "Tate!" It took him a couple of seconds to see the pup in my arms and when he did, he gasped.

"What is...?"

"It's a puppy."

"For me?"

I nodded, grinning from ear to ear.

"You bought me a puppy?" He said, looking completely astonished.

I held her out to him, suddenly realizing he didn't look as excited as I thought he'd be.

"I...yeah. Well, I bought us a puppy." I brought her back against my chest, stroking her as if to make up for Sebastian's seeming indifference.

He stared at me, at the pup, then turned and walked into the living room.

I stood there, stunned. I'd been sure he'd want her. Didn't everyone want one?

Finally, I followed him to where he'd sat down on the sofa and flipped on the TV. Sitting down beside him, I kept petting and snuggling our puppy while pondering what this could possibly mean.

While staring at the TV as he flipped channels, he said, "I thought I was your puppy."

The statement hung in the air between us.

Oh, so that's what this is all about?

"Sebastian. She's not for me. She's for you."

"Whatever made you think that I'd want one?" he said coldly, still staring at the TV.

I shrugged, looking down at the hefty puppy on my lap. Seriously? "You don't want her?"

I saw his eyes move, just the quickest of glances, down at her. There was a fraction of a pause, then his eyes went back to the TV and he shrugged. But it was enough to give away that there were chinks in his sulky armor.

"Hmmm. That's too bad," I said, ready to call his bluff. He was being ridiculous. "She's pretty cute. But I guess I can take her back."

He glanced at her again. She chose that moment to swipe at my finger with her little mouth and subsequently fall off my lap into the space between us. Bingo.

Sebastian gave a big sigh and scooped her up, holding her against his cheek. "Okay, girl. How can I resist you, huh?" He looked at me over the top of her head. "But if that guy thinks this is gonna make up for me having to put up with two more months of workaholism, he's kidding himself."

I raised my eyebrows. "Sebastian, I explained what my boss said. I can't just abandon him."

He lifted up the chubby pup and looked into her brown eyes as her whole body trembled with excitement. "No, you'll just abandon me instead."

He glanced at me, and seeing the shock and anger in my features at this absurd accusation, he back-pedaled quickly.

"I'm sorry, Tate. I'm sorry. I know you're not abandoning me."

I stood up and strode into the kitchen, worried I'd say something I'd regret. I put the kettle on and got a mug out of the cupboard. While I was searching for a bag of peppermint tea I felt him come up behind me. And suddenly there was a wet nose at my ear.

"I'm sorry. It just feels like that sometimes," he said quietly.

I turned, coming face to snout with our pup, who still didn't have a name. Sebastian held her up toward me. I took her and looked him in the eyes.

"I love you. I bought her for you so you'd have some company when I can't be here. I'll take her back if you want me to."

"I want to name her Gertrude."

I stared at him, my anger dissipating at the look of affection in his blue gaze. "Okay. I have all her stuff in the car."

"You do? Y'know we could have got a discount at the store."

"I wanted to have everything ready."

Sebastian leaned in and kissed me tenderly. When he pulled back he said, "This is the best thing anyone's ever given me."

As if to approve our resolution, Gertrude yipped proudly.

§ § §

The next day I got a call from Sebastian while I was at work.

"Hey, what's up?"

"I just got home from work and let Trudy out of her crate. You should see her. She's so excited to see me."

I grinned. "Who wouldn't be? You should probably take her outside right away or..."

"Oh shit."

"Bingo."

"She peed."

"Oh well. Don't punish her, just take her outside and show her where she's supposed to do it."

"I'd better go. But, Tate?"

“Yeah?”

“Thanks again. What time do you think you’ll be home tonight?”

I looked at the clock and at the pile of work on my desk.

“Maybe seven? I’ll aim for that.”

“Okay. Because I want to thank you properly.”

“I’ll be home by six thirty.”

I put the phone down and picked up my pace. In a few hours I made a lot of progress and managed to finish everything by six.

I made it home by six forty.

Sebastian had left a note that he’d taken Gertrude, now “Trudy,” for a walk around the neighborhood and I should eat something because I’d probably need lots of energy. I scarfed a bowl of cereal and some toast, not wanting to spend more time on supper than that. Then I waited for Sebastian.

When I heard his key in the lock and the door opening, my heart jumped, then plummeted when I heard laughter and another man’s voice.

“Seriously, you don’t need to do this,” a strange voice said.

“You’re bleeding! And it’s my fault.”

“I’m fine.”

I looked up from where I sat in the kitchen just as Sebastian came round the corner with a hot young stud of a guy and a tired bulldog puppy.

“Hi,” I said hesitantly.

“Gavin, this is my boyfriend, Tate.”

The guy was pretty attractive in a scruffy, tall, hippyish way.

Unruly black hair peeked out from beneath a gray bandana. His green eyes examined me from a handsome enough face. He wore faded jeans, Converse runners, and a corduroy jacket over his t-shirt.

As Gavin waved I noticed that the palm of his hand was scraped and bleeding. “I’d normally shake your hand but...”

“What happened?” My gaze flew to Sebastian to make sure he was okay.

“He fell off his bike. He took a dive to avoid hitting Trudy. She’s not really used to walking on a leash yet.”

I nodded. Aha. So that was the reason this handsome man stood in my kitchen. Sebastian wanted to play Florence Nightingale.

“It takes a while for a puppy to learn to walk on-leash well,” Gavin said.

“Gavin’s a professional dog trainer,” Sebastian informed me.

“He is, is he?” I said. Bloody hell.

The dog trainer in question laughed, shaking his head. “Well, it’s something I do on the side of my normal job. I’m running a puppy class right now at the Community Centre. You guys should bring Trudy. It’s really important to socialize dogs at this age, so they know how to act appropriately with other dogs.”

“Hmmm. When is it?” I asked.

“Saturday mornings. Ten to eleven.” Gavin cleared his throat. “Do you mind if I just wash these?” he raised his hands.

“Not at all,” I said.

Sebastian ushered him to the bathroom.

What the fuck is this? What happened to my reward for giving Sebastian his very own puppy? Said puppy sniffed and licked at my shoe, then sat down, gazing up at me with a quizzical expression.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “You tell me, Trudy. What the fuck is happening?”

CHAPTER THREE

THESE DREAMS

“So,” I asked, once Gavin had got cleaned up and gone home and Trudy had been put in her crate with her supper. “Is he gay?”

Sebastian smirked, sipping his tea. “I think so. Caught him checking out your ass.”

I rolled my eyes. “Wonderful.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll protect it.”

“It’s not my ass I’m worried about.”

He stared at me. “What?”

“Nothing. Let’s just go to bed.” I slowly peeled off my t-shirt, deliberately tightening my abs and flexing my triceps. Walking slowly toward our room, I glanced back at the last minute. “You coming?”

Sebastian coughed, putting his cup down. “I certainly hope so.”

When he joined me in our room, I stood by the dresser palming the bulge in my jeans. “Can I tie you up?” I asked.

He smiled, his blue eyes twinkling. “Well, I was planning to do that to you.”

I quirked the side of my mouth, pulling open our bondage drawer and bringing out the leather cuffs. “I’ll fight you for the privilege,” I said, eyeing him up and down with deliberate intent. “Now take off your clothes or put up your fists.”

I saw him inhale suddenly, his eyes flashing arousal, as his hands flew to his t-shirt, pulling it off. He struggled frantically with the fly of his jeans, soon pushing them and his underpants down.

My own breathing quickened as I watched, his immediate submission to my whims as much of a turn-on as his beautiful young body.

“Come here.”

He did and stood before me, his chest rising and falling, his cock at attention, his whole body waiting for my next instruction.

“Turn around, hands behind you.”

He obeyed. I fastened the cuffs around his wrists and then fastened them together, then grabbed them and pushed him gently toward the bed. When we were near I gave him a gentle shove so that he fell backward onto the mattress with a grunt.

“Don’t move.”

I grabbed his ankles and brought his legs up where I wanted them, splayed out. I took the ankle cuffs from the drawer and fastened them around him and to the bottom corners of the bed.

When I looked him over, I couldn’t help a moan escaping. His bound hands behind his back pushed his pelvis up into the air.

His erect cock bobbed and drooled onto his belly.

“Oh fuck Sebastian...”

He whimpered, his mouth open as he panted, watching me with wide eyes.

Within moments I had him gagged, blindfolded, and entirely at my mercy. The sight of him made me heady with need and power. He was mine – all mine to do with as I pleased. I would erase all impressions he had made of Gavin with the expert manipulation of his desire for me.

“Ready, baby?”

He moaned against the gag.

“Good boy. But first you need to lie here and wonder what I’m going to do to you. I’ll be in the living room.”

His muffled grunts followed me as I left him. He knew what to do if he really needed me – we’d worked out a safe system for these kinds of games. This sort of thing turned him on like nothing else. I knew when I returned to the bedroom in an hour, he’d be beside himself. Which is exactly how I wanted him.

Deciding to make productive use of my time, I tidied and decluttered our living space. I was pretty horny myself so it proved difficult leaving him alone in there. It didn’t help that I kept hearing happy little sighs and moans from the bedroom.

After about forty minutes I couldn’t take it anymore and snuck back to the open doorway. Because of the blindfold he was unaware of my presence so I took several moments to observe him.

His naked body covered in a thin sheen of sweat, he couldn't seem to stay still. He wriggled and grunted every couple of moments, testing his bonds and thrusting his very hard cock against the empty air. Surely his mind whirled with thoughts and images of what I might do to him, and what he wanted me to do, driving him crazy.

Watching him drove me crazy.

"Fuck, you look so hot."

He startled, his head lifting and his covered eyes facing the doorway. He emitted an answering groan that pleaded for attention.

"Quiet," I ordered as I approached. "Don't make a sound."

His breathing became more labored as he tried to obey.

"Good boy," I murmured, finding his cock with my hand and stroking downward once, twice. He made a choking sound but didn't vocalize. "If you can keep quiet I'll make you feel so good baby."

He nodded frantically then let his head fall back on the mattress.

"If you make noise you'll get left alone again."

He sighed.

"Good boy, you are such a good boy," I murmured, playing with the moisture at the tip of his cock with my fingertips.

He squirmed, clenching his buttocks.

"Oh, so close already."

He nodded frantically again.

"You look so tasty."

A stuttering breath and his pelvis unconsciously arched up toward me. He thrust in time with several frantic pants so that his message was clear.

I chuckled, stripping off my jeans and giving my own cock a few strokes as I watched his desperate form. Taking a moment, I opened the toy drawer and selected a small anal vibe that we'd used many times before. Quite thin and long, it made up for its lack of girth with a huge range of vibrations and speeds. It could pulse or vibrate at very low or very high levels, and every gradation in between.

I turned it on “pulse” and touched it to his inner thigh. “I’m putting this inside you first. Remember to stay quiet.”

He nodded.

Taking my time, I positioned myself between his spread knees and coated the vibe with lube. When I was ready, I ran the wet tip of the flanged anal vibe between his cheeks a few times to coat his opening. His cock danced and leaked above us as I gently eased the vibe inside him, slowly penetrating his willing ass, until it was completely embedded. He trembled and panted.

“Is that nice? Does that feel good deep inside you?”

He nodded.

“It fucking looks awesome.” I pulled it out and pushed it back in a few times, watching him struggle to be quiet.

Finally, I let it be, nestled all the way in.

“Do you want me to suck your cock now?” I murmured, knowing what his answer would be.

He nodded, sighing shakily, the tiniest noise escaping from his throat.

“Careful,” I slapped his cock, making him gasp. “Be good.”

I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock, sliding my tongue up from the bottom to the wet tip.

His body arched up, ass clenching around the vibe, cock twitching in pleasure. I covered the head of his dick with my mouth, teasing the tip with my tongue.

Unable to release the building tension with his voice, his body reacted intensely to my actions. He clenched and thrust against me, head turning from side to side, breaths loud and aggressive.

I teased him like this for awhile, his body tensing and relaxing as he fought the sensations of his building climax. He became crazed with silent desire and need making me wonder how much more he could take without breaking.

I switched the vibe from pulse to a steady low hum, hoping to give him a little reprieve, as I went back to tonguing his cock.

He wiggled desperately but his breathing evened out. He definitely enjoyed this.

Finally, I shut the vibe off and sat up. This made me so hard and I wanted to come. I wanted to come all over him while he lay bound and hard, waiting for me to grant him the release that

I would take for myself.

“So...very...good,” I murmured, kneeling over him, between his legs, stroking my hard cock. I stroked myself faster and faster, already close from the sight and taste of him and the feeling of having him at my mercy. “I’m gonna come on you baby.”

He arched his neck and back, offering his body for my pleasure, as I pulled at my cock and stared wide-eyed down at him.

I swore as I bucked and shot my load on his straining cock and thighs. “Oh yes, fuck...all fucking over you...you’re mine... you’re mine...” I moaned as I came, marking my territory with abandon.

He trembled with the pleasure of being claimed like this while I brought myself down from the high.

“Oh, man, you are so amazing,” I murmured. “I’m going to make you come, and you can make all the noise you want, baby.”

He whimpered in relief, giving out a cry as I turned the vibe to pulse once more. The sound morphed into a groan as I wrapped my hand around him and took him between my lips. I wiggled the long vibe in his ass as I sucked him.

His voice became high pitched as he let out all the noises he’d had to keep inside before. I loved this. I loved the sound of his desperation as I brought him to the brink. When he was close again, I pulled my mouth off him, squeezing his cock at the base to hold him back.

“Not yet, not yet,” I said breathlessly.

He whimpered desperately, mumbling, “Please, please, please,” behind the gag. He couldn’t keep still.

“You ready? Really? You want to come now?”

Oh, I could be such a bastard.

He gave out a strange quivering whine and I couldn’t resist anymore.

I gripped him harder, switching the vibe onto high and bending to my task.

He yelled and convulsed, half sitting up and then falling back as I worked on him. His body shuddered once, twice, and then I felt the ooze of his release pulsing down my throat and tasted the bitterness of him. I swallowed and sucked him through it as he moaned and whimpered.

That night we slept cuddled together, Trudy between us at the foot of the bed. It seemed my edict to have her spend the nights in her crate only lasted twenty-four hours.

I dreamed of James. He'd fastened me into the mesh swing in his loft and left me there, as I'd left Sebastian in our bedroom. I smelled him and felt the sunlight on my sweaty skin as it poured in through the skylight above. He'd plugged me and fastened a ball stretcher on me. I felt all of this as if it were real. Struggling and moaning with desire and anticipation, I awaited his pleasure with eager supplication. Suddenly, he whispered in my ear:

"Tate...Tate...wake up."

My eyes flickered open as I heard someone moan, then realized it was me. Sebastian spoke to me. "Wake up, Tate, you're thrashing around like crazy. Are you having a nightmare?"

A nightmare? He'd probably think so if I told him what the dream was about.

"Yeah. It was intense." I could feel my engorged cock pulsing. Dammit, why did I have to be so insatiable?

"You've been having a lot of them, haven't you?"

Oh crap. Did I do this every time I dreamed of James?

"I guess."

He snuggled against my back and wrapped his arms around me. I prayed he wouldn't notice my hard-on.

"Well, I've got you. Don't be scared," he said. I could hear the smile in his voice.

"Very funny. I'm fine. Just overworked and stressed." He held me closer, singing The Skye Boat song into my ear until I fell back to sleep.

§ § §

Too early the next morning, I opened my eyes unwillingly to the sunlight. Sebastian said my name again. He'd already dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, and stood beside the bed.

"Huh?" I mumbled.

"I want to take Trudy to Gavin's puppy class. Are you coming?"

Crap. It was too early. Damn sexy dog trainers and their Saturday morning classes!

I pulled the pillow over my head. "No. Go ahead. Tell me all about it." And don't flirt with Gavin, I wanted to add, but didn't.

"Okay. Maybe we can go out for brunch after?"

"Sure," I mumbled. Just go away and let me sleep.

I heard him leave about ten minutes later and tried to go back to sleep. For some reason I only tossed and turned. After a little while I gave up and showered, getting ready for the day. At least I didn't have to go to work.

Sebastian had left the coffee on for me so I had a quick cup. Unfortunately, it did nothing for the headache that had begun to pound behind my eyes. When I went looking for Advil it soon became apparent that we didn't have any.

"Fuck!"

If I didn't take Advil right away, these headaches of mine usually became pretty bad, pretty quickly. Looked like I'd have to make a pharmacy run. I needed more shaving cream anyway.

As I stood in the Pain Relief aisle at the local Shoppers, trying to decide between the name brand remedy and the generic, I heard chuckling. Looking over at the Stomach Remedies section

I noticed two young, attractive men looking furtively around as one of them took a Fleet Enema box from the shelf and slipped it into the other man's basket, hiding it quickly under two cans of shaving cream. I recognized the box because I used them somewhat regularly, and I flashed back to a previous shopping trip with Sebastian on our first weekend with James Lucas.

We'd been sent to do the dirty work of gathering together the supplies he'd need to "entertain" us, but had been given strict instructions on how to proceed. The

restrictions James imposed on us heightened the embarrassment and humiliation level of the errand.

Sighing, I thought about James and that weekend. It had been the first of three weekends. Three weekends that had a profound effect on me apparently, since I continued to dream of the man almost every night.

I paid for my purchases and checked my watch. It was only ten thirty. Maybe I could find a book on dream analysis at Chapters, and discover what my dreams were trying to tell me. It seemed pretty obvious, but maybe they had nothing to do with James at all and merely everything to do with being overworked and overtired.

I drove to Chapters and found the section I was looking for pretty quickly. There were quite a few books on the subject. I pulled one out and started looking at the table of contents when

I felt someone behind me. Warm breath tickled my neck as a familiar voice softly sang, “Dream a little dream of me...”

I froze.

I knew that voice and I knew that smell. Most of all, I knew who it was from my body’s reaction to his closeness. My prick hardened immediately, my breath caught and my mouth went dry as I turned to face him.

He looked like he did in my dreams; beautiful, imposing, and incredibly sexy. Dressed in black dress pants, a white button-up shirt, and a tailored jacket, he was an image out of a GQ spread.

He laughed, his brown eyes twinkling with mischief and pleasure. “It’s good to see you, Tate!”

I cleared my throat, giving myself some time to recover from the shock. In those moments, as I looked into his familiar gaze, I remembered everything we had experienced together.

“James. It’s great to see you too.” I tried to smile.

He glanced at his watch. “I’m actually meeting someone in half an hour but, would you like to have a coffee?” His eyes – those innocent-seeming brown orbs that knew me inside out and backwards – seemed to deliver a plea I could not refuse.

“Sure. Of course,” I replied.

We made our way over to the Starbucks counter.

“How’s Sebastian? Is everything working out as you’d hoped?” He asked casually as we stood in line.

I nodded. “Yeah, we’re living together now. It’s great,” I said with emphasis, perhaps a little too much. He looked at me oddly, but didn’t question it.

We ordered our coffees. James tried to pay for mine but I wouldn’t let him. He smiled indulgently and let me make my stand. We found a small table near the back by the shelves.

“So,” I tried to ask nonchalantly. “Who are you meeting?”

James shrugged. “A new Boy. He was referred to me.”

I nodded. “So you’re still entertaining people on weekends?”

He chuckled. “Well, of course, Tate. It’s what I do, remember?”

Damned if I’d forget.

“Haven’t had any weekends yet to match our last one, though,” he said, softly and seriously, looking down at his hands almost demurely, those hands that knew every crevice of my body as intimately as Sebastian’s did.

When he looked up at me his eyes blazed desire and need. I knew how he felt.

“I got Sebastian a puppy,” I blurted out, trying to change the course of this conversation.

His smile widened. “You did? How sweet.”

“He’s taken it to a puppy class. We’re going to brunch later.”

James nodded. “How very domestic. I’m really happy for you, Tate,” he added.

“Thanks. It’s...things are great,” I said again, with less conviction.

Suddenly, James sat up straighter and nodded toward someone. “Seems my client is early.”

I looked over to see a very cute black-haired boy, about twenty-two or so, staring in our direction.

I cleared my throat, suddenly stabbed with jealousy. “He looks like fun,” I muttered sulkily.

James stared at me, assessing. “He was referred for training by his boyfriend. He’s taken.” He winked at me. “Seems all the fun ones are.”

A feeling of relief washed over me because James hadn’t fallen in love with anyone else. But why was that a good thing? It would have been better if he had. He could have no future with me now.

§ § §

“So, how was the puppy training?” I asked Sebastian when we met for brunch. He’d messaged me on my Blackberry about ten minutes after James had left with his Boy.

“Are you having the eggs or French Toast?”

“Um, eggs I think. So? How was Gavin?”

Sebastian scanned the menu, glancing up at me. “Good. It was fun.”

“Is he gay?”

“Yep.”

“He told you?”

“He asked me out,” Sebastian stated.

For the second time in an hour, a hot stab of jealousy pierced my heart. “What?”

Sebastian grinned and blushed. “I told him no, of course.”

“What the hell? He knows we’re together.”

“I think I’ll have the French toast.”

“Why would he do that?”

Sebastian looked at me and shrugged. “Why are you getting so upset? I’m not gonna go out with him.”

“You think he’s cute, though.”

“Don’t you?” He challenged.

He had me there. That’s why it bothered me so much. The guy was cute. If we weren’t together, I’m sure Sebastian would have gone out with him.

“I just think it’s really rude and insulting that he asked you out, knowing that we live together.”

Sebastian stared at me. “Tate, you know as well as I do that queer people don’t necessarily follow normal relationship conventions.

He didn’t know our relationship wasn’t an open one.” He looked back at the menu. “He’s a really nice guy and he’s great with the dogs.”

Wonderful. My pup was eyeing another trainer. I didn’t like it at all.

“You should’ve seen Trudy, she was so cute with the other dogs. Not shy at all and she held her own with some of the bigger ones. She did take a shit on the floor though.” He frowned. “That was embarrassing.”

“I’m sure it happens all the time.” I said. “What did Gavin say?”

“He said it happens all the time.”

“Uh huh.”

“Oh, and Gav wants us both to come over to his place for supper next weekend.”

Gav? *Gav?*

“Oh sure. Why not?”

“You’re being sarcastic.”

“Yes, I am.”

He shook his head as the waitress approached and took our order. When the waitress had left, he leaned forward.

“Tate, you’re being a dick.”

I was being a dick. But my stomach was in knots from everything that had happened today. I put my hand to my forehead, rubbing it. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I know you’re tired. But you have to trust me. Gavin is a cool guy. But he’s nowhere near as cool as you.”

The heavy feeling in my gut lifted a bit. I looked at him, seeing the sincerity in his gaze. “Really?”

“Well, duh.”

“I don’t feel all that cool these days.”

“Well, you are. And I love you.”

“I love you too.”

That night I dreamed of James again. For some reason, in this dream I wasn't restrained at all. But I couldn't see James. I heard him and felt him somewhere nearby. I was in what seemed like an old Victorian house with many rooms and dark wood walls. I kept seeing James' shadow and hearing his voice. I followed him seemingly from room to room, never quite getting to where he was. Finally, I went into a very dark room, tripped on something and fell flat on my face. I heard James' soft laughter as I found a lamp and switched it on.

I'd tripped over Sebastian. Over Sebastian's body, to be precise. His lifeless eyes gazed at nothing and the scream that came out of my mouth was silent.

I woke sweating, heart racing and mind recoiling from the sudden image. I glanced down to where Sebastian slept peacefully beside me, and I couldn't stop myself from putting a hand on his wrist to feel a steady reassuring pulse.

Just a dream. It was just a dream. I preferred the sex dreams, frankly. This last one had been seriously disturbing. I wouldn't be going back to sleep anytime soon.

I got out of bed quietly and padded into the living room, grabbing my laptop off the dining room table. Sitting myself comfortably on the sofa, I turned the computer on and googled

“dream interpretation.”

One site had an in-depth analysis of seeing houses in your dream. Apparently, to “see a mansion in your dream suggests that you need growth. You may feel that your current situation or relationship is in a rut.”

Uh huh.

And “To discover secret passageways in your dream, parallel to something new and/or exciting that is occurring in your waking life. It refers to a new opportunity, a new relationship, or a new attitude toward life.”

I also looked up the meaning of being restrained in a dream.

Obviously, it could just be a sexual thing in my circumstances, but I was curious to see if it was symbolic of anything else.

“To dream that you are in bondage signifies that aspects of your emotions and/or character are too tightly controlled or that are repressed. You may be restricting your need for self expression or feel that you are a prisoner of your circumstances.”

I also looked up what it might mean to be dreaming of a particular lover: “Your dream lover may also be someone who is your ideal. The dream could be compensatory for an unsatisfactory or unfulfilling relationship in your real life. To dream of an old or former lover, signifies unfinished/unresolved issues related to that specific relationship. Your current relationship may be awakening some of those issues.”

Hmph. I didn't want to think there was something lacking in my current relationship, although, deep down, I knew there was.

I wanted them both. Maybe I even loved them both.

But there was no way I could have them both and I'd made my choice.

I didn't regret it. Life was pretty good except for my absurd work schedule. And that was supposed to settle down in a couple of months.

CHAPTER FOUR

CROSSED

Two months turned into three, and three months turned into six, without any let up.

I was a wreck and I could tell Sebastian suffered for awhile.

We even had some fairly nasty fights about it.

I spoke to my boss who promised it would only go on for another month at the most, except that's what he seemed to say at every meeting I had with him. I did update my CV and started to look at job ads because I knew I couldn't keep going like this.

But now we had another mouth to feed. Trudy had grown and, though she came in just under the height of a Beagle, she was massive. And she ate a lot. Luckily, Sebastian got a discount on food and supplies from PetLuv. But we still had to pay for vet visits and dog training – another point of contention. Sebastian insisted that she still needed to attend the Saturday morning classes at the Community Centre, still run by the sexy and freewheeling Gavin.

Granted, she had become a model of polite canine behavior, at least when we were at home. We'd had to start crating her while we were gone since she'd taken to chewing on just about anything. We'd already spent three hundred dollars to have her examined and x-rayed to discover she'd swallowed a pair of my socks. Waiting for those to pass was absolutely thrilling. The cost for that came on top of the standard vaccinations and spaying operation.

I hadn't run into James again, and I was glad. The dreams continued, but less often. I think I was simply too tired to dream most of the time.

Sometimes I accompanied Sebastian to the puppy class. I found it mildly amusing; there were sure lots of dogs there, and Trudy was pretty much a star pupil. In fact, Gavin had wanted to keep them on because she and Sebastian set such a good example for the others. He gave us an 80% discount.

They had become fast friends, he and Sebastian, and I didn't like it one bit. But I knew I was being unreasonable. Besides, Gavin appeared to have acquired a boyfriend

of his own, so he could stop ogling mine. I'd met the guy once or twice and he seemed nice enough. We'd gone over for dinner one evening and despite having to listen to more than I wanted to know about dogs and dog training, it hadn't been too bad.

And Sebastian's friendship with Gavin and his boyfriend, Luke, seemed to help him deal with my absences. I knew he went over there to play video games a lot and to let Trudy play with their two dogs. I guessed that was a good thing? Something about it made me uneasy though.

One evening I went to pick him up from their place after work, and I was surprised to find Sebastian and Gavin on their own, playing Lego Harry Potter cuddled up close on the couch together. I managed to stifle my instinctive possessiveness and be polite, but it left me feeling uneasy for days afterwards.

But since Sebastian became all of a sudden resigned to my work schedule I didn't want to mess that up. He seemed finally to realize that it wasn't my fault and I wasn't deliberately trying to avoid him. In fact, he now went out of his way to make life easier for me, a fact that I really appreciated.

The sex seemed better too. For awhile he'd gotten sulky and offhand about being intimate on my wacky schedule. I suppose it was one of the few things he had control over, and he didn't like to feel as if he always had to be receptive when I wasn't exhausted and we had a couple of hours alone together.

Now he seemed ready and willing whenever we had the chance – which, granted, wasn't often – reminding me of those first lovely months of our relationship, and helping me to get over my insecurities about his new friend.

His sudden lack of interest in the puppy kink puzzled me. He claimed, now that he had an actual dog of his own, he felt pretty silly dressing up as one himself.

"Really?" I asked. "You think it's silly?"

He looked at me like I was nuts. "You really think it's not?"

"Um, if it gives you pleasure, and gives me pleasure then what's silly about that?"

He shrugged, seeming uncomfortable. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Okay." I let the matter drop. But to tell the truth I kind of missed it. And, although I loved Trudy as much as he did, I was a little bit sorry that her presence

caused Sebastian to become self-conscious about something that had really seemed to be a part of him.

That weekend, I thought maybe if I got his gear out, he wouldn't be able to deny me. But when I went to look for it in the usual spot, it was gone. I looked in a couple of other places where I thought he might have stashed it, but with no luck. I hoped he hadn't gotten rid of the hood and tail. That shit was expensive and he couldn't be sure he wouldn't want it again.

"Sebastian, where's your puppy gear?" I asked after supper.

"What?"

"Your puppy gear, it's not in the drawer."

"Oh, yeah. I got rid of it."

"You're kidding." I was stunned. Why would he do that?

He shook his head, not meeting my eyes. "I think it was just a phase."

I felt disappointed and a little bit offended.

"You mean, you don't want to do that with me anymore?" I said softly.

He glanced at me, and turned red. "Well, it's not like we have the time anyway."

Ah, yes, the standard guilt trip. It was my fault because I had to work so much. We didn't have time for pup play.

"That's not fair. Don't blame it on me."

"How are you supposed to be my Master when you're not even around enough to be my boyfriend?" he blurted, and I saw the regret in his eyes as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"Sebastian we've gone over this so many times."

"Yes, we have, and nothing's changed."

"I can't quit my job."

He stared at me, his eyes now stabbing blame. "Why the fuck not? Why can't you quit your job? People quit their jobs all the time!"

"Well, I never have. I'm not a quitter," I mumbled, feeling the guilt bubble up, but also some anger at his offering this seemingly simple solution, which wasn't simple at

all. “I’m looking for a new job. But I’m not quitting this one until I’ve got another one lined up!”

“For God’s sake, Tate, what’s it going to take for you to realize this stupid job is killing you! It’s killing us!”

He must have seen the hurt in my eyes because he moved closer and took my hands. “I’m working. It’s not like we won’t have any income.”

“Sebastian, you make ten bucks an hour.”

“I can ask for some extra shifts.”

“Then you’ll be working all the time.” I shook my head. “There’s no way we can live on what you make.”

Now he looked hurt. “Fuck it, Tate. I’m sorry I don’t have a better job. I’m sorry I never went to University like you. I’m sorry I’m such a loser!”

“You’re not a loser, Sebastian. That’s not what I meant.”

“Well, that’s what it sounded like. Fuck it, I’m going to Gavin’s,” he muttered, grabbing his jacket.

“Fine. Go see your friend instead of spending time with me.”

“Bye.” He slammed the door behind him.

I balled my hands into fists and forced myself to take deep breaths. I wanted to go after him and stop him from going to Gavin’s, but I didn’t dare.

And as usual, I felt exhausted. I just wanted to go to bed.

§ § §

I woke in the morning with a stuffed up nose and sore throat.

Sebastian had come home and slept beside me, so I tried not to wake him when I got out of bed and showered. His shift didn’t start until one today.

I felt like crap at work. By three thirty I’d hit some kind of wall, and I couldn’t concentrate. All I wanted to do was go home and go to bed. I wasn’t sure my boss would let me.

I knocked on his door.

“Come in.”

“Hi. Listen, I’m really not feeling well. Would it be okay if I went home early?”

He looked up at me, took in my pale face and tired eyes, and went easy on me.

“Sure, Tate. You’ve been working really hard, and we’ve got a bit of breathing room this week. Go on home and take tomorrow off. If you’re still feeling rotten the day after, we can figure something out.”

I couldn’t believe it. “Oh, wow, thanks so much. I really could use a day off. I’m sure I’ll be fine by Thursday.”

“Look after yourself, Tate.”

“I will. Thanks again.”

I waited until I was in my car driving home before permitting myself a smile. I almost expected my boss to come running down to the parking lot to stop me, saying he’d made a mistake and he did need me for something. I still felt awful, but I was heading home earlier than I’d done on a weekday for about six or seven months. And it felt great.

I decided to stop by PetLuv to let Sebastian know I was heading home early for once. Even though my illness precluded us doing anything particularly exciting, it would be nice to see him for a few moments.

I walked into the familiar store. As the bells hanging on the door announced my presence, I looked around for my boyfriend.

“Hey, Tate, what are you doing here?” Sebastian’s co-worker, Ethan, asked.

“Going home sick. I just wanted to let Sebastian know.”

“Oh, he’s not here.” He looked puzzled that I didn’t know that. “He called in sick today.”

I rolled my eyes. “Oh wonderful! I’m sure he’s got what I’ve got. First time I’ve been home before seven in months and we’re both sick. My life sucks.”

He laughed. “Shit happens.”

I drove home, feeling a little better. At least we’d be able to snuggle together in our misery. Maybe we could have our own movie marathon.

But he wasn’t home when I arrived. I looked in every room and called his name, but he wasn’t there.

Weird.

Suddenly, a strange feeling came over me. A chill moved up my spine as I walked to the phone and looked up the call history.

He wouldn't be stupid enough to use the landline for...

Oh yes, he would. The last call was from Gavin, at noon.

I stared at the phone, hardly believing it. Was he at Gavin's place? Trudy was gone too. Maybe they'd just taken the dogs out together. But then why would he call in sick if...

The knot in my stomach got tighter and I felt like I might throw up. My head began to throb. I went into the kitchen and popped two Advil Cough and Cold tablets. Hopefully they'd work quickly, because there wasn't any way I was going to bed now.

I got back in the car and drove the ten minutes to Gavin's small town home, pulse beating rapidly and mouth dry. I was scared of what I'd find, but I needed to know.

I heard the dogs in the backyard, playing together, so I walked over to see if Trudy was there. She was. She saw me and barked, running over and jumping up on the fence, making the old boards rattle.

"Hey, gorgeous," I said softly, letting her lick my hand before she bounded off to chase the other two again.

I turned. I was at the side of the house so I peeked in the room nearest me. It looked like an empty office or den. Walking along a little further, I peered into the next room through a small gap in the curtains.

It took my brain several moments to register what I saw, even though some of it looked very, very familiar.

I saw a half naked man in a leather dog hood, with a rubber tail arching up over his back, on all fours before another man, who wore a pair of jeans and nothing else. The standing man held his hand up before him, facing outwards, toward the other. The pup sat still on his knees and behind, as if waiting for something.

I stared at the two of them, Sebastian and Gavin, my breath held tight in a chest that felt like an eighty-pound weight had dropped onto it.

Suddenly, Gavin dropped his hand and made another motion.

Sebastian moved forward, tackling the other man so that he fell onto the bed, and rubbed his leather jock-clad privates against Gavin desperately, nuzzling him with his leather muzzle.

I couldn't watch anymore. I reeled away and stumbled along the path, my brain dizzy with cold medication and shock.

What. The. Fuck.

What the fuck was happening? Why would Sebastian...? And Gavin! Gavin turned out to be the asshole I'd thought from the beginning.

I got into my car and resisted the urge to squeal the tires in my haste to depart. I didn't want them to know yet that their secret was out.

My brain spun in hysterical circles, but I didn't want to go home.

I needed a drink. Badly.

§ § §

Six hours and ten drinks later I wondered how I would get home. I couldn't drive in this condition. Anyway, the bartender had already taken my keys. Actually, I'd given them to him when I'd ordered my ninth rye and ginger.

I'd come to the Centretown Pub in order to hide in the dark and get wasted. It was my go-to for anonymous drinking pleasure. Mostly a hangout for hardcore Leathermen and Boys, the converted multilevel house provided the ambience I craved at the moment. I sat there for a long time letting the alcohol and cold medication blend into a pleasant, dreamy haze that threatened to put me to sleep. I'd hoped the sight of gorgeous gay men in leather pants would distract me, but the image of Sebastian and Gavin refused to vanish from my brain.

If there was one thing I hated, it was dishonesty. Not the fact that my boyfriend was playing pup with another man, although that hurt plenty. But the fact that he'd been doing it secretly for God only knew how long. I finally understood the expression of getting stabbed in the back, because I did feel a sharp knifelike pain piercing through me every time I thought of it.

"Want me to call a taxi?" The hot bartender asked with a kind smile. He was about my age, with black hair, a dark goatee, and warm brown eyes. "You look beat."

I shrugged. “Sure. Yeah. I guess I’d better get home,” I said, my words slurring together.

To tell the truth, home was the last place I wanted to be right now. But where else was there?

Once the cab had been called I stumbled off the barstool and made my wobbly way out the door.

“Take care!” The bartender said as I pushed open the door and stepped outside.

I made it down the stairs and out into the pouring rain. Great.

Now I was getting soaked, on top of everything else. I shivered in the cold and wet, pulling my thin jacket closer around me. I felt terrible all of a sudden. Maybe I had a fever. Nausea suddenly rose up inside me and I stumbled over to the fence, puking loudly and vastly onto the concrete.

Fuck. It hurt. It hurt all over.

“Are you all right?” A voice that hovered on the fringes of my memory asked nearby.

I nodded, keeping my head turned away as I struggled with the urge to puke again.

“You don’t look all right. Why don’t you come inside and have a glass of water.”

The memory pulled at me. I knew that voice. Despite my embarrassment I turned toward it.

“Jesus Christ! Tate, what the hell?”

CHAPTER FIVE

RESCUE

I looked, shocked, into the equally astonished eyes of James Lucas. We stared at each other for a moment, then his eyes travelled over me, taking in my sorry state.

“I...I...” I couldn’t think what to say.

His expression turned firm and familiar. “Come with me,” he said, helping me back inside the bar. He led me over to a table in the corner. “I’ll be right back.”

I nodded. I watched him walk over to the bar and speak to the bartender. In a few moments he came back. He took off his leather jacket and draped it around my shoulders, sitting down opposite me.

“You look awful.”

I nodded.

“You’re drunk.”

I nodded again.

“Where’s Sebastian?”

I coughed, feeling like I might puke again. I shook my head. I didn’t want to talk about it.

“Never mind. Are you sick as well as drunk? Jesus, you should be home in bed.”

I shook my head again.

“Fine. I’m bringing you home with me then. But first you drink some of this water. And then, if you can, a bit of coffee.”

I looked down to see a glass of water and a cup of steaming coffee on the table between us. I hadn’t even noticed the bartender bring it over.

The front door opened and a man yelled in, “Someone waiting for a taxi?”

I started to get up.

“Sit down,” James ordered. He walked over to the door and gave the man some money, returning to his seat.

“How am I going to get home?” I asked.

“You’re not going home, Tate, not in this condition. I don’t know what’s going on, but I’m bringing you home with me.”

“You don’t have to.”

“Quiet. Drink,” he said, and I did as I was told. That was familiar too, and strangely comforting.

I didn’t look at him as I sipped the water slowly. The predominant emotion I felt was shame, and although on one hand I was embarrassed for him to see me like this, I also felt a great deal of relief at his presence.

“Here, have a bit of coffee,” he told me after I’d drunk half the water in the glass. I stared at the cup, envying it its warmth.

“I can’t. I’ll puke again,” I mumbled quietly.

“All right. Let’s go then. Can you walk?”

I nodded, although when I stood up I wasn’t so sure. James put an arm around me and helped me maintain my balance. A flashback to the events of a year ago, when he had to help me down from the loft after an intense session, assaulted my foggy brain.

When we got in his car he fished around in the backseat for something.

“Here.” He passed me a plastic shopping bag. “If you need to puke, use this. I’d like to keep my car clean.”

He drove quickly, glancing over to check on me every once in awhile, but keeping quiet. I appreciated the silence. I didn’t want to talk about Sebastian and felt too sick to make small talk.

I stared out the window at the rain and concentrated on keeping my stomach under control.

When we got to his place he helped me upstairs to his bedroom. He left me sitting on a chair and went into the ensuite bathroom that I remembered from before. Soon I heard the shower start.

He came back into the room. “Do you need help getting out of your clothes?”

For some reason, this question struck me as highly amusing. I started to laugh but it became a horrible rasping cough. I hunched over instinctively and promptly vomited onto James’ rug.

“Jesus!” he swore, helping me stand and ushering me into the bathroom. “For Christ’s sake, Tate.”

I felt like a child as he helped me get out of my wet clothes. My dick, for once flaccid in his presence, looked as sad and sick as I felt. I shivered.

“Here, hold onto the wall until I’m in there with you.”

I coughed again, but this time didn’t throw up. I leaned against the shower wall as the warm, heavenly spray washed over me.

Suddenly, I felt a warm body against mine. I lifted my head, eyes trying to focus on James but failing miserably. The warm water made me feel exhausted suddenly.

“Here, just get warm.”

He pulled me into his embrace, holding me close against his naked body under the water. It felt amazing but I shivered as if I was still out in the rain. He held me tight until the shivers went away and I leaned against him, barely awake now. My head spun and ached.

Finally, he shut the water off and wrapped me in a towel like I was five years old. It was a shame I was so incapacitated. He looked as sexy as I remembered. I felt my cock give a nostalgic twitch but then a wave of nausea came over me.

“All right. Let’s get you to bed. We can talk in the morning.”

He helped me into some pajama bottoms and got into some himself. He pulled back the sheets of his big king sized bed.

“What if I puke again?” I said, feeling like it was a definite possibility.

“I’ll put a bucket by your side of the bed. Get in.”

“I can sleep in the guest room.”

“I’m not getting up every hour to check on you. Get in.”

I nodded, getting into the bed.

Which was all I remembered until waking up sometime the next day, alone in the bed, and feeling like a porcupine had crawled up into my chest and died.

§ § §

I must have fallen back asleep for a bit because the next time I woke up, it was to a pair of worried brown eyes right next to me.

“There you are.” He sounded relieved.

“Hi,” I said, but it sounded like a bullfrog’s croak.

“How do you feel?” he asked.

“How do I look?”

“That bad, huh?”

I nodded. “What time is it?”

“Eleven thirty. Do you need me to call anyone?”

I shook my head. “My boss told me to take today off.”

“I should think so,” he said.

“I should call Sebastian. He doesn’t know where I am.”

“Yes he does.”

I stared at James, surprised.

“You called him?” I wondered how that had gone over. Did James know the entire story now?

He nodded. “Yes, I called him. He was relieved to know you were all right. So much so that I don’t think he cared that it was me telling him.” He smiled. “He wanted to come get you but I explained that I thought you were better off here for several hours, and I’d bring you home this evening.”

“He wasn’t mad?” Not that he had a right to be. But he didn’t know I’d seen him with Gavin.

“I told him it was pure chance I’d found you, which it was, and that I had no ulterior motive, which I don’t. He believed me.”

I nodded. “Good, because I don’t feel like talking to him right now.”

“I’d like to take your temperature.”

My eyes widened as I immediately pictured him flipping me over and taking my temp the old fashioned way...

“Oh for heaven’s sake, Tate, I have an ear thermometer,” he said, rolling his eyes. “I only use the rectal ones for medical play.”

“Oh.” I said. “Good?”

“Wait here.”

He went into the bathroom and came back with the ear thermometer. He pressed the tip gently into my ear canal and after a couple of seconds, the device beeped.

I could tell he didn't like the look of what he read.

"Well?" I whispered.

"It's high, but I think you're better off staying in bed than going to a clinic at this point. I'll get you some Advil. That'll bring the fever down."

I nodded.

"And after the Advil takes effect, and you have something to eat, you're going to tell me what's going on."

"Fine."

"Good."

"Hmmpf."

"What was that?"

"Nothing. Sir."

He laughed. "I'll get you that Advil."

Jesus Christ. He was worse than my mother.

The Advil did help, and by one o'clock I felt well enough to go downstairs to the kitchen. James had heated up some chicken soup for me, accompanied by a grilled cheese sandwich.

After I'd eaten most of it, he asked me how I felt.

"I still feel pretty awful."

He sighed.

"What?"

"I'm worried about you. Have you been going out and getting shit faced often?"

I stared at him, surprised he'd think that.

"No," I said.

"So, what happened?"

I shrugged. I looked everywhere but at him suddenly. Finally, I mumbled, "Sebastian's fucking the dog trainer."

I waited for a response. When I didn't get one, I looked up to see the expression on his face one of concern, but not of surprise.

"The dog trainer?"

"We got a dog."

"Yes, you mentioned that."

"His name's Gavin."

"The dog?"

"No, the asshole dog trainer. The dog's name is Gertrude. Well, Trudy."

"Hmm. Cute."

"Gavin's too damn cute for his own good."

"I meant the dog's name."

"Oh."

"Are you sure Sebastian's fucking him?"

I nodded. "Pretty sure."

I told him about going to Gavin's looking for Sebastian and what I saw through the window.

"I'm sure it was a shock," James admitted.

"It's not even the sex so much as the fact that he lied about it. He did it behind my back."

"You mean, if he had told you he wanted to fuck Gavin, you'd have been okay with it?"

I swallowed. "Well..."

"I didn't think so."

"It wasn't my idea to be exclusive!"

"It wasn't?"

"No. I thought we should try an open relationship."

"Did you ever tell Sebastian?"

"I guess not. He seemed to really want a 'traditional' relationship. And it was going great."

"Really."

“Well, okay, I was working a lot. We didn’t get to spend much time together. But that wasn’t my fault.”

“Wasn’t or isn’t? Are you still working a lot?”

“Normally, yes. My boss keeps telling me it’s going to let up soon.”

“How long has he been telling you that?”

I thought about it. “I guess it’s been almost a year now.” Had it really been that long?

“Sebastian must have felt like you’d abandoned him. Did he ever say anything like that?”

“Well, yes. But I hadn’t, I—” We stared at each other. “Why are you blaming this on me?”

“I’m not. But I’m not convinced he’s fucking anyone else.”

My eyes widened. “I told you what I saw!”

“And all it involved was puppy leather and some cuddling.”

“All it involved?”

“Are you telling me you’re going to throw away your relationship with Sebastian because you saw him ‘playing’ with another man? You don’t even know if they had sex.”

“Does it really matter?”

“I don’t know. That’s something you’ll have to decide yourself. I’m just telling you not to jump to conclusions before you talk to the boy.”

“I don’t even want to see him right now.”

“Tate, you’re not a child. Stop acting like one.” He stood up, taking the dishes to the sink. “I have to go do a couple of errands. Are you okay here by yourself?”

I rolled my eyes. “Yes, Mommy.”

He narrowed his eyes. “That’s Daddy to you. Let me feel your forehead.”

“Oh for Christ’s sake.” But I quailed at the look he gave me and sat still while he held his hand to my forehead.

“Okay, seems like the Advil’s working. I would suggest you go back to bed for the afternoon. There are books in the study if you don’t want to sleep. Several, in fact, that

you'd probably find very interesting. If you're okay after supper, I'll drive you back to your car."

§ § §

I did as I was told and spent the afternoon lounging in James' bedroom. This room held so many good memories. There was a big comfy armchair in one corner so instead of lying in bed I grabbed a throw from the living room and cozied up there. I did find some very interesting reading material in the study. I spent my time learning everything I could about *The Joys of Anal Sex*, most of which I already knew from experience, *The Dom's Bible* and *Fisting for Dummies*. Okay, I made that last one up. It was actually called *Fisting: The Dom's Guide*.

At some point I did drift off to sleep. I dreamed of fists and asses and scary/sexy Doms. Finally, I heard a gentle knock at the door and James entered.

He eyed the books on the side table, smirking. "I see you've been boning up on some practical research."

I nodded. "It's been an education."

"No doubt. I've found all three books to be very useful."

I cleared my throat. "Do you...is fisting one of your pastimes?" I asked, the curiosity killing me. He'd never mentioned it before.

"Why?" he asked. "Is that something you're interested in? You didn't check it off on the form."

I blushed. "I was nervous. I'm not sure I'd like it."

"But you think you might." His brown eyes bored into mine and the pull from them felt strong again. I must have been feeling better.

"Yeah, if it was you doing it," I admitted. "I can see you're well informed." I held up the book in question.

James laughed. "I think you'd better go home to Sebastian tonight, Tate. Figure things out with him."

I frowned, thinking about how difficult that conversation would be. "You mean, I'm offering you my ass on a silver platter and you're going to deny me?" I quirked the side of my mouth up, only half joking.

“Ah, Tate...” He shook his head and sat down on the edge of the bed. “If you only knew the incredible self control I’m exerting right now, in order not to take you up on that offer. I want to do the right thing.”

“You said to me once before that a normal guy would just give up. But you aren’t a normal guy.”

“That was when things between you two were just beginning. I had every right to make a play for you. But you and Sebastian have been living together quite a while now, right?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m not about to mess that up for you.”

“How do you know Sebastian’s the right thing for me, and not you?”

“Tate, you’re making this incredibly difficult.”

“I’ve missed you,” I said quickly, staring into his brown eyes, showing him the truth of that statement. “I’ve dreamt about you almost every fucking night.”

He looked surprised but pleased. “Have you?”

I nodded. “I don’t know if I love Sebastian anymore.”

“Tate. I don’t blame you for being angry with him. But from what you’ve told me it looks like you were mainly happy with things before yesterday.”

I stood up from the chair, letting the blanket fall to the floor. Staring at him, I peeled the t-shirt over my head, throwing it onto the bed beside him as my hands went to the elastic of my pants. “Let’s try this fisting thing. Now.” I felt desperate for something, something powerful and exciting, to take my mind off the pain.

“Don’t be ridiculous. Put your clothes back on, Tate.”

I didn’t listen. I peeled off the pajama pants and moved toward him, stroking my cock teasingly. I suddenly wanted James desperately. I guess, in a way, I wanted to hurt Sebastian. And I kind of felt like, right now, all bets were off.

James sat still on the bed as I approached him. I felt exhilarated, full of a sense of power and danger. He’d told me to do something, and I wasn’t doing it.

What would happen now?

He seemed to be waiting for me to do something, so I did. I sat down next to him, so that our sides touched. I heard a sharp intake of breath as he glanced down at my dick, hard and ready in my hand.

He didn't say anything.

Continuing to stroke my cock I reached over and rubbed the obvious bulge in his jeans with the palm of my other hand.

His eyes came back to mine, his forehead creasing. His gaze held questions and concerns but still overflowed with desire.

"I need to get fucked, Sir," I said, knowing he'd be unable to resist my plea.

His chuckle surprised me. When he rose from the bed and stepped away from me I couldn't quite believe it.

"Tate. You need to be reasonable."

"Fuck reasonable," I muttered, standing and moving nearer to him.

Suddenly his powerful hand closed on my wrist, his expression fierce and firm.

"Behave yourself," he said, his voice suddenly like ice. "I won't fuck you, Tate, but I'll sure as hell put you over my knee if you don't stop this nonsense." Then he shook his head. "Of course, you'd enjoy that."

My face fell because I knew he meant it. "But..."

"Tate." His voice now came gentler, but his hand still firmly gripped my wrist. "You're ill, you're very upset, and you're not thinking straight. Despite the fact that, for one, I don't really want to get whatever you have right now, I also don't want to screw up this thing you have with Sebastian. I want you to be happy and up until yesterday, Sebastian was the key to that." He stared at me. I'm sure I saw regret in his gaze. But his strength and resolve, in the presence of temptation, made me respect him even more than I'd done previously. "You need to work this out with Sebastian, not distract yourself with me."

I shivered, only now feeling cold in my nakedness. Nodding, I let him pull me into a close embrace.

“Tate, you’re absolutely lovely, but your heart still belongs to him. Sort it out.” He nuzzled my neck with restrained affection. “If, eventually, you boys decide to go your separate ways, then call me.”

I nodded again, trying to swallow the lump in my throat. He wouldn’t let me take the easy way out. And I respected him for that.

CHAPTER SIX

RECOVERY

After eating a supper of roast chicken, mashed potatoes, and grilled vegetables – all cooked by James Lucas himself – and popping a couple more Advil, I felt like I might just have the strength to confront my boyfriend. I'd messaged Sebastian that I was coming home and needed to talk to him. He'd sent me back a text saying he was glad I was coming home because he needed an explanation as to why James had found me pissed to the gills at CP's. What he didn't know yet was that I needed an explanation from him.

James drove me to my car. "Good luck, Tate," he said. "Look after yourself."

"Thanks. I'll message you later to let you know how it went." I looked down, then back up with a sort of pleading look. "Or if I still need a place to crash."

"You can always crash with me, Tate. Anytime you need to. But try to make it work. Don't give up on something good because of what might simply be a misunderstanding. Or a sign that you have been neglecting him. Or simply a mistake on his part." He smiled. "We're all only human, you know."

I nodded. "Okay. Thanks again. Maybe we can do that fisting thing another time." I smirked, attempting humor.

He rolled his eyes. "Get out of here and go talk to your boyfriend."

I left, wondering what having a conversation with Sebastian was going to accomplish.

When I opened the door to the apartment, Sebastian stood up from where he'd been sitting on the sofa, as Trudy ambled over and welcomed me with much wiggling and wagging of her stumpy tail.

"Tate! Jesus, I was so worried about you!" He stopped in front of me, his expression concerned and wary now because I must have looked mad.

"Really?" I said coldly. "I didn't think you'd even notice I was gone."

"What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

I stared at him. "I saw you with Gavin yesterday. At his house."

His face paled and reddened. “How did you...?”

“I left work early and went to PetLuv to surprise you. Ethan told me you’d called in sick. But then you weren’t here. So I followed a hunch. A hunch that proved correct.”

“Tate, I’m not cheating on you.”

“Really? Could have fooled me.” I moved past him into the kitchen.

“What exactly did you see?”

I shook my head, not wanting to remember. “Sebastian...”

“Tell me what you saw!”

I turned and stared at him. “I saw enough.”

“Oh yeah? Did you see me fucking him?” He asked, suddenly angry.

I kept silent.

“I didn’t think so. Because I didn’t.”

I shrugged. “You want a fucking prize?” I gave him an icy stare. “You were naked and in your pup gear. And just before I left the two of you were getting pretty intimate.”

He swallowed. “Okay, I can’t deny that. And I’m sorry. I’m really sorry, Tate, but...”

“What? But what? What excuse could you possibly have for playing sex pup with another man?” I yelled, slamming a mug down on the counter. A little too hard, it seemed, because it shattered and I was left holding just the handle. “Fuck!” I threw the piece of porcelain across the room. “I thought you wanted to be exclusive! Or did you just want me to be exclusive? You told me you threw the pup stuff out. That was a blatant lie.”

“Jesus, Tate, calm down.” he said, looking really scared all of a sudden. “I’m so sorry.”

I turned away from him and leaned on the counter, taking deep breaths and trying to calm down. My heart beat quickly and it seemed like my fever was coming back.

“I swear I didn’t do anything more than what you saw,” he said softly. “And I’m really sorry I even did that much.”

“Why?” I asked, trying to keep my voice quiet. “Why did you?”

He sighed. “I don’t know. I just miss you, Tate. And I miss playing around like we used to. You’re so tired all the time. Even when we have some time together you’re too beat to do anything fun. When we have sex it’s just quick and perfunctory.”

“You should have told me how you felt.”

“I thought I did. Several times.”

I leaned forward, cradling my head in my hands. Sebastian came up behind me, embracing me, but I stiffened.

“You really didn’t fuck him?” I said.

“No.”

“Have you ever? Anyone else?”

“No!”

I nodded.

“Turn and look at me, Tate.”

I forced myself to turn around. I smelled his familiar scent, looked into those sincere blue eyes, and tried to believe that things weren’t as bad as they seemed.

“I told Gavin about the games we played...and he seemed fascinated. He wanted to see my gear...”

I pressed my lips together to keep from speaking. I needed to let him explain no matter how painful it felt to listen.

“So I showed him and then he wanted me to put it on. So I did.” He spoke softly, embarrassed now he’d been found out. “Then he wanted to know what we did when I was dressed up like that. I told him and he couldn’t believe it. But he was turned on. I knew he was.”

I shook my head, “Jesus, Sebastian...”

“I know, I know. I’m so sorry. All we did was play dog and dog trainer together, I swear! He wanted it to go further but I didn’t let it. I promise I didn’t let it.”

We stared into each other’s eyes as I struggled to believe him.

“I saw...I saw you practically humping him.”

He nodded, blushing. “I know. I’m sorry. I was so horny, Tate, and I know that’s not an excuse. I had my jock on.”

I nodded.

“He wanted to take it further. If you’d stayed just a little longer you would have seen me tell him no. I always told him there couldn’t be anything more than just some fooling around.”

“Blowjobs? Hand jobs?”

He shook his head. “No. Never. Just pup play. I swear.” He looked tortured, he needed so badly for me to believe him. “That’s the only thing I was missing. The only thing you weren’t giving me.”

I laughed, but it sounded bitter and thin. “I thought giving you that dog would solve things. Instead it led you right to him.”

“I don’t want Gavin. I want you, Tate.” He held my face in his hands, staring into my eyes, willing me to believe him.

“I need some time to process all of this,” I said.

He nodded and released me, stepping back. “Okay.”

“I’m sick. I’ve got the flu or something.”

“I’ll make you some tea.”

“It’s okay. I just want to go to bed.”

I walked past him toward the bedroom.

§ § §

When I woke up the next morning I felt better. My throat wasn’t sore anymore and the tight cough had loosened considerably. I didn’t feel feverish.

I lay there for awhile, contemplating everything Sebastian had said. I kind of understood what had occurred. I still didn’t like it. But I was relieved it hadn’t gone any further than a little leather play. I did believe him but I still felt betrayed. It would take some time for him to gain my trust back.

I got out of bed and padded to the kitchen. Sebastian was making what smelled like pancakes, looking sexy in only a pair of blue pajama pants. For some reason this put me in a bad mood.

He turned when he heard my footsteps.

“Good morning.”

I nodded. “Morning.”

“I’m making us some pancakes.”

“I can see that.” I took the newspaper off the counter and glanced over it.

“Thanks.”

“There’s a funny cartoon on the next page.”

“Okay, cool. Thanks.”

We ate the pancakes Sebastian had cooked and I tried to let things go back to normal between us, but it was difficult. Things had changed. Seeing him with Gavin was something I couldn’t undo.

“Tate? Was it really just a coincidence that James found you the other night?”

“Yes.”

“You haven’t seen him since that last weekend?”

I hesitated. “Well I ran into him at Chapters a few months ago. We just had coffee and talked. Then his weekend client came along and he had to go.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he asked.

“It wasn’t...I mean, we only talked for about ten minutes. I didn’t think it was important.”

He nodded. “I mean, I’m glad he found you at CP’s. And I’m glad he took care of you. As long as nothing else happened.”

I glared at him. “Nothing else happened.” I felt so glad now that James had been strong and wise enough to resist my desperate advances.

Sebastian nodded, obviously relieved. “Tate, I really am sorry. I wish I could go back and undo it all.”

“I’m quitting my job on Monday,” I said suddenly.

“You’re...really?”

I nodded. “Yeah. This schedule is killing me. And it’s ruining us.”

“Oh, Tate, I’m so glad.”

“I should have done this a long time ago,” I admitted. “It hasn’t been fair to you.”

His eyes had lit up like a Christmas tree. “I’ll help you with your job search, Tate. I can look for ads, or type up your CV, whatever!”

His enthusiasm brimmed over, infecting me. I couldn't help but smile. "I'd appreciate that. It might be a hard road. I don't know if there's a lot out there right now."

"Yeah, but who wouldn't want to hire you? It'll be a piece of cake!"

It didn't turn out to be quite that easy.

I did quit my job, which felt really, really good. For about a week. Then I started to get nervous.

"Sebastian, where's my list of job ads? I swear it was on this desk before lunch!"

He rounded the corner into the office. "Here. I just wanted to type it up for you."

I ran a hand through my hair. "Sebastian, that's really nice of you, but can you please not touch anything on my desk unless you ask me first? It really stresses me out if anything's moved."

"Sorry. I just wanted to help."

"I know," I said, taking the paper he handed me. "I know." I looked down at my disordered desk. "It may not look like I have a system here, but I do."

He nodded. "Okay. Sorry."

I sighed. "I'm really glad to have your help. I'll let you know if I need you to do anything, okay?"

He smiled. "Sure. I'll do anything."

I chuckled. "Oh, I know you'll do anything. That's one of the things I love about you."

He laughed. "I'll do anything this very minute, if you want."

It was tempting but I needed to get some job applications prepared. "Maybe in a little while."

§ § §

After three weeks of being unemployed with no sign of anything on the horizon, I started to panic. I had quit my job and couldn't collect employment insurance. I had a bit of money saved but only enough to cover next month's rent and, if we were lucky, groceries. Sebastian's income did help, but we couldn't live for long on that. So

although I could be at home a lot more now and didn't suffer from the exhaustion of a crazy work schedule, I became stressed, grumpy, and depressed.

Why didn't anyone want to hire me? I had good references and a long list of qualifications for any kind of office clerk position. The days went by and the fewer responses I received from my queries and submissions, the more distracted and depressed I became. I probably wasn't much fun to be around. And for some reason, even though Sebastian didn't see Gavin at all anymore, and, technically, I'd forgiven him for almost cheating, our relationship just wasn't the same. A basic trust had been broken and I was having trouble trusting him again.

This manifested in me being uncharacteristically reluctant to yield to Sebastian's sexual advances. Every time he approached me seductively or even playfully, all I could think about was him and Gavin, and it made me furious. I wanted to punish him, so I pulled back, saying I was tired or wasn't feeling well, or just wasn't in the mood. When I did give in, it was with a half-hearted enthusiasm that no doubt felt insulting to him. But he put up with it. Maybe he still felt guilty about his indiscretion and perhaps felt this reluctance on my part was deserved.

I tried to stop this psychological manipulation of his emotions and needs, but for some reason, I couldn't. I felt like he needed to suffer for his actions. After all, I'd quit my job so that we could have more time together. I'd made all the sacrifices here. For him.

One evening, after I returned home from pavement pounding and cold-calling, I opened the door and saw Sebastian dishing out Thai food from our favorite take-out place. I was already in a bad mood because I hated being so desperate for work. I hated being out of a job and watching my savings dwindle away. I despised having to all but beg for someone to give me a chance.

Even though the food smelled fantastic and I hadn't eaten since lunch, the coil of stress and worry in my gut became even tighter. I didn't say anything as I kicked off my shoes and walked past him into the bedroom.

"Hey, Tate! I ordered all your favorites. You must be hungry!"

"I'm not actually. I'll just make a sandwich," I said.

“Oh. Really? Because I ordered enough food for both of us.”

“Yeah, that must have cost quite a bit.”

He didn't say anything for a minute or two. “I used my own money, Tate,” he said finally.

“Well, thanks, that's very thoughtful. But what money are we gonna use for rent and regular groceries when mine runs out in a couple of weeks?”

He looked at me quietly for a long moment. “It's not that bad, right? I mean, I'm making money. I can do some extra shifts.”

“All I'm saying is that if I don't find something in the next few weeks, it's going to be a very tight month. We can't order expensive take-out anymore.”

He nodded. “Okay. I'm sorry. I was just trying to do something nice for you. I didn't mean to stress you out. But it's here now. We might as well eat it.”

I shook my head and put on some track pants. “I'm really not that hungry, Sebastian. And I need to go for a run. It's been a rough week.”

He nodded. Then I saw a little smile dig at the corners of his mouth. “Um, I know another great stress relieving activity,” he said, moving towards me.

I laughed but it came out strained and awkward. I moved past him to get my hoody. “Actually, I think I'll just run. Maybe later.”

He nodded. “Right. Sure.”

My run did not turn out to be very pleasant. Not only was it raining, but since I hadn't had anything to eat my stomach ached with a keen urgency. I ran for about twenty minutes before starting to regret my behavior. Suddenly the Thai food didn't seem so extravagant. It really was a nice gesture on his part. It might even still be warm...

I turned back and jogged for home.

When I got there, Sebastian had left. The Thai food sat on the table, none of it eaten. This worried me but I had to get out of my wet clothes before I could think about anything else. Maybe he'd gone for a run as well and would return soon.

It wasn't until after I'd dressed in dry pajamas and was listening to the hum of the microwave as a bowl of pad Thai heated up that it suddenly occurred to me. Maybe he

was really upset by what I'd said about the food. The food he'd ordered in to feed me after a strenuous day of job hunting.

Suddenly I felt like a shit. What the fuck was wrong with me? Why was I treating him so badly? Did I really think I could punish him for the rest of his life for one mistake?

What if he was so upset with me that he'd gone back to Gavin? I'd rejected his advances. He was horny and pissed off with me. What if he was there right now?

Trudy started whining and panting. I realized I hadn't fed her and Sebastian probably hadn't either.

"Here you go, girl."

She gobbled it up as eagerly as usual.

I ate the pad Thai, trying to stay calm because I really didn't have any idea where he was. But he didn't turn up and by the time ten thirty came along I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to know if he'd gone back there.

I called his cell phone. When I heard it buzz in the bedroom I realized he hadn't taken it with him. I still had Gavin's home phone number from when he'd been our dog trainer. We hadn't spoken since I'd caught him and Sebastian together but I needed to speak to him now.

His phone rang a few times before he answered.

"It's Tate," I said quickly. "Is Sebastian there?"

"What? No. Of course not."

"Are you sure?"

"Hmm, let me just check under the bed. Nope. Not here. Goodbye, Tate."

"Gavin." I said firmly.

"What?"

"If you're lying to me I'm going to fucking kill you."

"I don't think it's my lying that's causing you problems, Tate. If that kid isn't with you, and he's not with me, I wonder who he is with?"

I slammed the phone down, fuming. What an asshole. I couldn't believe I ever trusted my dog with him, let alone my boyfriend.

Okay, so I felt better knowing that Sebastian wasn't with Gavin. But where the hell was he? I called a couple of his friends, making up a story about not remembering where he'd told me he was, and I needed him for something. But he wasn't with either of them and they had no idea where he'd gone.

I was just about to put on my jacket and go out searching the streets for him when the phone rang. Jesus, I really hoped it was him. I grabbed it off the cradle.

"Hello?"

"Tate."

It was James, of all people. We hadn't spoken since I'd left him in the parking lot. We'd messaged each other a couple of times but I think we'd both felt it would be better to stay apart.

"James. Hi," I said, not sure how to tell him that I'd fucked up and Sebastian was out wandering the streets.

What he said next took me completely by surprise.

"Tate. Sebastian's here."

What?

"What? Why?" This information stunned me. I sat down heavily on a kitchen chair.

"He doesn't know what to do anymore. He's asked for my help." His voice suddenly became softer. "He doesn't want to lose you."

I didn't know what to say. I sat there breathing into the phone for several moments, trying to collect myself.

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"I think you'd better come over. If you two can't sort this out between you, maybe the three of us can do it."

"Okay. I'll be there in fifteen."

"Good."

I hung up the phone, feeling a huge wave of relief roll over me.

He was with James.

And I would be there soon.

And James would know what to do.

CHAPTER SEVEN

PUNISHMENT

James opened the door as I walked up his front steps, looking rather stressed but relieved to see me.

“Come in. He’s in the living room. I’ll take you.”

He led me to the living room where Sebastian paced nervously back and forth. He was dressed in pajama pants and a t-shirt from what seemed to be James’ endless supply of nightwear for the young men that he rescued from the rain and cold.

“Hey,” I murmured in greeting.

“Hey,” he said coldly.

My heart sank. He was still pissed.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have reacted that way,” I said quietly.

He nodded but didn’t say anything. He wouldn’t look at me.

“Why did you come here?” I asked, because it puzzled me.

“I didn’t know what else to do. I don’t want to lose you, but I can’t live like this anymore.”

“I don’t know what to say. What do you want me to say?”

Sebastian looked up, his eyes filled with anger. “I want you to say you’re sorry for treating me like shit for the last few weeks. Are you going to punish me forever? For *not* having sex with someone else?”

I felt the anger boil inside me now. “You fucking lied to me Sebastian! How am I supposed to trust you?”

We glared at each other until James cleared his throat.

“Have you both had supper?” he asked quietly.

“I have. Sebastian hasn’t,” I said.

“I’m okay,” Sebastian said.

“No, you’re not. I want you to eat something,” I said.

“Fine.”

“I’ll make you a sandwich,” James said immediately. “And then we’re all going to sit down and have a calm discussion about all this.”

After Sebastian had eaten, James made us sit at his dining room table across from each other. He sat at the head, of course. He leaned forward. “Okay. Look, I know you both have points of contention here and that’s fair. But we need to talk about what’s really going on. Because, Tate, you admitted to me that things were not perfect even before Sebastian and Gavin got together.”

“Well, they weren’t that bad,” I said.

“Yes, they were,” Sebastian muttered.

“Well, it wasn’t my fault,” I said in my defense.

“I don’t think we’re laying blame here. Let’s just get everything out in the open. Sebastian, what are you angry at Tate about? And try to talk without emotion. Just state facts if you can.”

Sebastian took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I’m sorry. I’m just...I can’t live like this anymore. I feel like you don’t want me around, because of what I did.”

“Is that true, Tate?” James asked.

“No! Of course not.”

“I’ve said so many times, I’m sorry it happened. But I feel like you’re still punishing me,” Sebastian muttered.

I put my forehead in my hand. “I don’t mean to. I guess I still feel angry with you. More for the lying than anything else.”

We sat there quietly for a couple of minutes.

Then James said, “I need to ask you both some point blank questions and I need you to be completely honest.”

He hesitated as we looked up at him, then at each other. We nodded.

“Do you love each other?”

“Yes,” I said right away.

Sebastian nodded. “Yeah.”

“Do you want to stay together?”

Sebastian and I looked at each other.

“Yes,” we said at the same time.

“Okay,” James said. “Then what we have to do here is figure out a way to resolve these feelings of anger and betrayal.”

I looked at James suddenly. I’d had an idea. “Wait. What about doing something in the loft?”

They both stared at me like I’d lost my mind. And then understanding seemed to dawn in James’ eyes. But he said, “I’m not sure that would be a good idea.”

“What do you mean?” Sebastian asked me.

“I mean, maybe we could deal out some actual ‘punishment’ up there that would make us feel like the other person has paid for what they did.”

Sebastian’s mouth hung open. “You mean you wanna paddle me for supposedly cheating on you?”

James looked at him. “Well, the idea is a sound one. If Tate actually deals out a punishment, perhaps he’ll feel some closure.”

“Shit. Really?” Sebastian seemed skeptical.

“Yes. It could work. But I don’t know how comfortable you both feel, being here with me. I’d have to oversee of course.” He looked down at his hands, probably trying not to look too eager.

“It’s up to Sebastian,” I said, secretly hoping he’d agree to this unusual method.

He seemed to consider it. “You mean I get one punishment paddling, and then I’m absolved?”

I nodded.

“For the pup play and the lying?”

“For everything.”

“Will it really make you feel better? Strapping me over a bench and paddling me?”

Okay, now I was starting to get hard. And I thought I saw a little twitch of Sebastian’s lips.

“You know, I really think it will.”

Suddenly, Sebastian snorted out a laugh. He shook his head, blushing. “You really are a pervert, aren’t you?” But he definitely had a half smile on his handsome, blushing face.

I grinned, feeling a great deal of relief and a pleasant anticipation. “I can’t deny it.”

James regarded both of us skeptically. “Are you sure you want to do it this way? You know there are more conventional ways of achieving closure.”

“But nothing that hits the nail quite so much on the head, right?” I said, hoping he’d be into it. I mean, I suppose we could do it on our own, although it would be more of a formal thing if James handled it. But would Sebastian be comfortable?

James laughed quietly. “Sebastian? What do you say?”

Sebastian looked at James, then at me. He said, very quietly, “I know about the dreams.”

I experienced a sudden sinking feeling as I looked into his familiar blue eyes. I didn’t know what to say.

James remained quiet, his eyes on me.

Finally, I said, “How?”

“You’d say his name in your sleep.”

I looked at James. He looked at me. Then we both looked at Sebastian, who shrugged.

“I think it’s pointless to keep the two of you apart. I don’t want to anymore. As long as I can be here too.” He stared at me. “I won’t lose you, Tate. And if keeping you means I have to share you with James, then I will.”

“Sebastian, I...maybe James doesn’t even want me...us...anymore,” I mumbled, not really sure about anything.

We both looked at James.

He seemed, for once, at a bit of a loss. He looked back and forth between us.

“I think that we need to tread very carefully. I don’t want to cause more trouble between you,” he said slowly. “But I want you to know that the idea of being intimate with both of you again, I mean, just the possibility of it, is delightful.” He looked down

at the table. “You both know that I had, have, strong feelings for Tate. But, Sebastian, you affected me quite a bit as well.” He looked up at Sebastian’s blue-eyed gaze.

“You’re both wonderful, attractive, fun, and caring young men. I would be honored to have the pleasure of your company, intimate or otherwise, any day of the week.”

Sebastian blushed and smiled.

I cleared my throat. “Okay. I think we need to go home and think about this.”

“Of course. I’m here all weekend and I don’t have a guest for once. Call if you need me.”

We drove home in the welcoming darkness, both of us mulling over what had occurred and what had been proposed. We didn’t say much, we were too tired.

When we got home, we turned out the lights and climbed into bed. After a few moments I heard Sebastian’s voice.

“Tate?”

“Yeah?”

“Let’s do this. I want to do it.”

“Do what?”

“I want to go over and get my punishment tomorrow. In front of James. Maybe even from James.” His whisper contained a hint of excitement.

“Are you sure? We don’t have to do it this way.”

“I want to.”

“And you’re okay with James dealing it out, on my behalf?”

“Uh huh. Yes.”

“Sebastian, I’m getting hard just thinking about it.”

“Me too.”

I snaked an arm around him, feeling for his dick, and found it quickly. “Holy hell. You want me to...”

He rolled over to face me and suddenly we were kissing like we hadn’t kissed for a long time. Hungry, eager and excited, as if this new situation with James and the possibility of playing kinky games again reignited the spark between us. We forgot about the little things in the face of something big.

“Oh fuck, hurry up,” Sebastian muttered, his hand finding my dick and stroking it. “I need you inside me. I’ve missed you inside me.”

I groaned and grabbed for the drawer, yanking it out almost too far, scrambling for the lube. I fucked him hard and fast and after we both came, I held him close and waited for my heart rate to slow. It took a long time, because I kept thinking about tomorrow.

When I finally did fall asleep, I dreamed of James and Sebastian. We both woke early and I called James at nine thirty, hoping we wouldn’t wake him. He answered right away.

“Okay, let’s do this,” I said.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Is Sebastian sure?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.” I heard him breathing. “Tate?”

“Yeah?”

“I think a dream of mine is about to come true.”

§ § §

When we got to James’ home he had us all sit down at the dining room table again.

“Okay. I want to figure out how we’re going to play this,” he said. “And exactly what the two of you want.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, are we talking a little punishment paddling? Or do you want to do a whole scene with me?”

Sebastian and I looked at each other.

Sebastian said, “I’d like to put flogging on the table. Can I get a flogging instead of a paddling?”

“I think a flogging would be most appropriate,” James grinned.

“That’s fine with me,” I said.

“Can we do a whole scene that includes a flogging? I mean, it would be nice if I could get more out of it than just a punishment.”

“Tate?” James asked.

“That’s fine with me.”

James looked down at the table and back up. “Just how involved do you boys want me to be in this? I can keep my hands to myself and just direct you or...”

I looked at Sebastian and then grinned at James.

“Where’s the fun in that?” I said.

James couldn’t help but smile. “Well, do we go back to how it was that first weekend? Do you want me to control everything and get us to the place we want to be?”

We both said, “Yes.”

James nodded. “Okay. Then we’d better get moving.” He walked into the foyer and came back with an enema kit, which he handed to Sebastian. “Upstairs and prepare yourself please. Be in the loft in an hour, naked. Tate, come with me.”

I felt my mouth go dry. I’d been waiting to hear those words for a very long time. “Yes Sir.”

James and I spent the hour discussing various scenarios that might achieve what we desired; i.e., a punishment or atonement for Sebastian to absolve him of the guilt for his indiscretion and to allow me to move on from his betrayal. We decided to keep things light since this would be more of a symbolic process than anything else. A ritual cleansing, James said. We’d force Sebastian to do a little penance in ways that wouldn’t be entirely uncomfortable for him and extremely pleasant for us. Then we’d provide a suitable reward for undergoing his penance and consider the matter resolved.

When we went up to the loft at the designated hour, we found our dear boy kneeling in place before the armoire awaiting his punishment. It had been a long time since I’d seen him in this room. My pulse quickened at his appearance – naked, vulnerable, and beautiful.

I'd taken off my shirt and shoes but kept my jeans on. James also wore jeans, a black t-shirt, and his motorcycle boots. He looked like an image from my dreams. I felt a little disappointed that I wasn't the one being punished.

James walked over to Sebastian and stroked his blond hair almost reverently. "Stand up, Sebastian," he said in a soft voice. Sebastian stood, carefully keeping his head bowed and hands behind his back.

James put a finger under his chin, forcing his head up. "Look at me."

Sebastian's blue eyes met James' brown ones. They stared at each other silently for several moments. I saw Sebastian's semi hard cock twitch as his eyes widened in response to what he saw in James' gaze.

"Do you know how honored I am to have you in my loft again?"

"No Sir."

"I feel like the luckiest man on Earth right now." He looked over at me. "Come here, Tate."

I walked over to them, my heart beating loudly in my chest. This was literally a dream come true for me as well, although I was in a position of some power here for once.

James reached out and stroked his finger down my neck, to one of my nipples, which he pinched, then down my belly to the top of my jeans. Then he used the same hand to glide flatly over Sebastian's firm belly, down to his jutting cock. He circled the engorged organ with his hand and stroked it affectionately a few times.

Sebastian soundlessly opened his mouth, continuing to stare into James' eyes.

"I'm going to hold myself back," James said softly. "Because right now I really would like to bend you both over the bench and fuck you senseless, going back and forth between you, until you shoot huge loads on my floor."

I felt my dick harden the last few inches at his words. Fuck!

"But there's something important we need to do here, and I won't let my personal desires get in the way of that."

Damn.

"Tate, bring Sebastian to the cross, please."

“Yes, Sir,” I said, trying to get the image of being fucked over the bench out of my mind.

I led Sebastian over to the St. Andrew’s cross.

“Face the cross, Sebastian, and lift your arms up,” James said.

We fastened him spread-eagled to the large contraption, his back facing outwards. Then James put a blindfold on him. But no gag.

“Perfect,” James said. “Tate, go pick out a flogger. Remember what we talked about. We want to warm him up first.”

“Yes Sir.”

I walked over to the rack that held the whips and floggers.

There was one with a black handle and red suede fronds that I really liked. I took it down and brought it over to James.

“Yes, that will do.” He took it from me and I stepped back.

He used the implement to tease Sebastian first, running the fronds lightly over his shoulders and back, stroking them with a feathery lightness over his bottom, thighs, and calves. Sebastian’s muscles tensed and relaxed as he incorporated the pleasant sensation into his anticipation of something more to come.

Then James began a gentle flogging, using very light strikes, just to bring the blood to the surface of the skin. As he did so, he spoke.

“Sebastian, this punishment is for the lying and the betrayal of Tate’s trust. Do you admit that what you did was wrong?”

“Yes.”

“Are you sorry about what you did?”

“Yes.”

“Do you understand that it undermined the sanctity of your relationship with Tate, and almost caused its end?”

“Yes.”

“Will you ever lie to him again about something so important?”

“No.”

“Does he have to worry about this kind of behavior in the future?”

“No Sir.”

“Very good. I’m going to give you a hard flogging now. Consider it a punishment for your deceit and indiscretion. Once it is over that matter will be closed for discussion. You will have suffered your penance and you will be absolved. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

My chest rose and fell as I watched the scene. James truly was an artist. Before my eyes, he turned a play session into something verging on the sacred as he used his skills to absolve Sebastian and vindicate me.

His handling of the flogger, as he became rougher and more focused on causing pain over pleasure, showed such skill it amazed me even though I’d been the recipient of his talent before. To watch him gave me a different perspective altogether.

To be honest, the sight of him flogging my boyfriend proved a huge turn-on.

Sebastian grunted and struggled as the flogging became more intense. I knew he could handle it. More than that, I knew James wouldn’t give him more than he could handle. If James saw him tensing up too much, he’d slow down or change the location of his strikes. He worked him over thoroughly for several minutes until a sheen of sweat covered Sebastian’s glowing skin and Sebastian’s grunts became more breathless.

Then he stopped. He didn’t say anything for several moments, just let Sebastian recover and come down from the endorphin high.

Finally, he said, “Tate is going to fuck you now. You’re not to come. This is for Tate to take from you what he needs and to give to you what you deserve. If you take it and obey my instructions, you will be rewarded.”

He turned and approached me, our eyes meeting. He stood before me, found the button of my jeans and popped it, then unzipped me. Taking my erect cock out, his eyes burned fire. He stroked it roughly, glancing down at it. Then his eyes came back to mine.

“There’s a bottle of lube on the armoire. I’m going to watch, if that’s all right?”

His hand still moved on my cock. I nodded. “Yeah.”

Then his lips were on mine. My mouth opened immediately, taking his tongue inside me, my cock pulsing in his hand. Holy hell.

He let me go. He pulled back and stepped aside, motioning me forward.

I stood still for a moment, giddy and breathless. When I got my bearings I moved on shaky legs toward the armoire, grabbing the bottle of lube and approaching my boy.

Placing my hand on his back, I felt the sweat and the heat of his skin. “Are you okay?” I asked softly.

He nodded, licking his lips. His breathing was still heavy but I glanced down at his cock to see that it stood hard.

“You ready for the next part?”

“Yes...yes...”

I smiled.

He pulled at the wrist cuffs and pushed his hips out, inviting me to fuck him. He was so ready.

I moved behind him, pouring some lube into my hand, slicking up his backside for good use. When I pushed a couple of fingers into him he moaned wantonly.

“Tate.” I heard James’ breathless voice from somewhere behind me but didn’t turn around, my eyes locked on my fingers going in and out of Sebastian’s ass.

“Stop messing about and fuck the boy properly,” he growled, obviously impatient.

“Yes Sir.”

I glanced to the side while lining up my cock and gently pushing in. James leaned against the armoire watching where Sebastian and I became joined with an air of false casualness. His eyes, vivid and intense, belied his true state.

I turned back to my task. Holding Sebastian’s hips firmly I pushed in the remaining inches until completely seated there.

“Fuck,” I swore, experiencing the pleasure of his sweet passage as if for the first time. He felt so tight and hot.

Moaning our pleasure, we reveled in our connection and in James’ blatant voyeurism.

“Harder, Tate. This is a part of his punishment,” James reminded me.

I increased the strength and pace of my thrusts, making Sebastian cry out. But it wasn’t from pain. I knew I could make him come if I pounded him hard enough. James

had forbidden it, however, so Sebastian tried to keep it from happening. My instructions were to fuck him for my pleasure and that was what I did.

I varied my thrusts from fast and hard to slow and gentle, bringing myself to the edge again and again, enjoying Sebastian's struggle with his own hovering orgasm. He did well, but I knew he would break soon. His cries became desperate and loud. It was now or never.

Digging my fingers into his hips, pulling his ass against me, I thrust deeply a few more times and began to come. I groaned, squeezing my eyes shut as the pleasure rolled through me. I emptied my seed into Sebastian, mouth open, panting loudly into the room.

When I'd finished, I pulled out, watching my semen ooze from Sebastian's hole. I pushed my still hard dick in again to dislodge even more of it.

"Jesus Christ."

I glanced beside me to see James right there, watching my dick pump the white juice out of Sebastian's ass. Our eyes met and I knew he found it as hot as I did.

My cock was softening so I let it slide out. Immediately James fingers were on Sebastian's gaping hole, playing with my come and shoving it back inside him.

Sebastian moaned but my attention stayed on James. I dropped to my knees, my hands going automatically to his pants, unzipping and pulling him out. While he played with Sebastian's come-filled ass I sucked him off. His own climax came quick and powerful, his cries loud in the silent space as he filled my throat.

We took Sebastian down and laid him out on the bed, taking turns sucking and fingering him until he exploded, screaming my name and squeezing James' hand.

For a long time afterward we lay on the bed together, kissing and holding each other after an incredible reunion.

CHAPTER EIGHT

TEASED

We got home late and, after taking the dog out for a quick walk, went straight to bed, exhausted, sated, and happy.

James called us late the next morning.

“How are you feeling?” he asked me.

I couldn’t help the huge smile that broke on my face. “Great. How are you feeling?”

I heard the smile in his voice when he answered. “Wonderful. And Sebastian?”

“Here, ask him yourself.” I handed the phone to Sebastian, who’d just refilled his coffee.

“Hi,” Sebastian said as he took the phone. “...Awesome. Yeah.” He laughed. “Not really. Feels good. Okay.” He handed the phone back to me.

“So?” I said.

“Look, I’d like to do a little shopping today. Why don’t you boys come with me? Afterwards, I’ll take you out for dinner and then maybe dancing?”

“You dance?” I stammered. I couldn’t picture it. And then, suddenly I could, and began to smile.

“Yes. I dance. Quite well, actually. Why does that surprise you?” He sounded tremendously amused.

“You’re just usually so contained, and in control. I’m having a hard time picturing you letting loose. Sir.”

“Well? What do you say?”

Of course we agreed. Who wouldn’t?

We decided to drop Trudy off with Joanne since we wouldn’t be around much this weekend and she’d been begging to have her. Chloe and Trudy had formed a close bond the last time we’d asked Joanne to look after her, and the kid had been missing her.

“You may not get her back,” Joanne said when I dropped her off.

“Very funny.”

“You think I’m joking?”

“It’s Sebastian’s dog,” I reminded her.

“Fine. But we’re keeping her until Sunday evening. You know, she’d be happier here, since I’m home all day with Chloe.”

I laughed. “I’ll talk to Sebastian. Maybe we can figure something out.”

“Really?”

“We’ll see. Anyway, thanks for looking after her for us.”

“She’s a doll. It’s an absolute pleasure. And so well trained!”

“No comment.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“No worries. See you Sunday.”

Our next stop was Wicked Wanda’s, and when we walked in we saw James looking at something in the clothing section. He held it out to us as we approached.

“I’m buying two of these. Medium I’d guess?” He smirked.

I took the box from him and examined the contents; a black rubber jock strap with a broad waistband and slim leg elastics.

I handed it to Sebastian. “For us?” I asked.

“Well, for me really. I want you to wear these in the loft. I think you’ll both look...” His eyes roamed over us, “...nice.”

Sebastian giggled.

“Rubber?” I asked.

“Oh Tate. The feel of a man’s hard-on under smooth rubber...” He inhaled quickly through his teeth. “There’s really nothing like it.” James looked me over. “I’m thinking Doc Marten’s and these. That’s all.”

“Works for me,” I said, glancing at the price tag. “Jesus, they’re sixty bucks each!”

James shrugged, taking it from me and pulling another down from the wall. “A solid investment,” he murmured, eyeing my crotch, which was, in fact, partially solid at the moment.

I grinned. “Whatever Master wishes.”

“Good boy.”

Sebastian had wandered over to look at butt toys. I moved to follow him but James took my elbow gently, stopping me.

“Tate, I’m trying to keep my feelings inside for the sake of your relationship with Sebastian.” He looked vulnerable all of a sudden, and perhaps even sad? “But it’s really nice being with you again. And with Sebastian as well. I think very highly of you both. I’d like to get to know Sebastian better, if he’s willing.”

“I’m sure he is, James. And I’m sure that hanging out with you this weekend will help.”

James looked down at his shoes then back at me. “I don’t want to cause any problems between the two of you.”

I smiled. It was endearing, actually, his concern. “Why don’t you let us worry about that?”

He nodded. “You’ll tell me, please, if I overstep?”

“Of course.”

He seemed satisfied. We walked over to join Sebastian, who held a fist shaped dildo in his hand and was examining it closely.

“This is seriously intimidating,” he said with a grin at both of us.

James and I exchanged a look.

I said, “I think I’d rather have a real fist if I’m gonna go that far.”

Sebastian raised his eyebrows.

“What?” I said, defensive.

“Really?”

“Sure,” I said. “I can kind of see the allure of it.” I glanced at James again. “James knows how to do it.”

Sebastian regarded James with a lot of respect and a bit of fear. “Really?”

“Yes. Really,” James admitted.

“Wow,” he said, shuffling his feet and replacing the toy. He tossed the hair out of his eyes. “Does it really feel good?” he asked shyly.

“If it’s done right, it feels wonderful. Like nothing else.”

Something suddenly occurred to me. “Has anyone ever fisted you?” I asked James.

He laughed. “Tate, you’ve got to let me have some secrets. But, really, it is important to learn a subject from all possible angles,” he said, walking away from us.

We both stared after him, then looked at each other. Holy crap.

When he went to the cash with the jocks and a few different kinds of lube, we stood by, patiently waiting for him to pay.

“I believe a special order has come in for me,” he said to the cashier.

We watched curiously as the woman behind the register brought out a box and handed it to him.

“Ah, perfect,” he said. He opened it and extracted the contents, examining them carefully. They consisted of a steel tube, about three inches long and maybe a half-inch in diameter, a steel ring, and what looked like a small metal plug.

I felt a nervous fluttering in my belly as I asked. “What is that?”

Do I really want to know?

“It’s called a Prince’s Wand. This one’s pierceless, but you can get them so they go through a Prince Albert piercing, to stay locked in place.”

Sebastian and I stared at the device with wide eyes as James explained.

“The tube goes into the urethra. It’s hollow, so you can urinate or ejaculate with it inside. The metal ring goes under the glans and keeps it in place.”

“Holy shit,” Sebastian murmured.

“Fuck,” I whispered. I cleared my throat. “And why are you buying one?” I asked, not sure I wanted to hear the answer to that one either.

“That comes to \$345.78,” the clerk announced as James reboxed the items.

His lack of response made me more nervous than anything else. I noticed the look of trepidation on Sebastian’s face as well.

After James paid and we’d left the store, he said very quietly, “There’s nothing to worry about, Tate. If I decide to use it on you, you’ll be in for an absolute treat.”

I gulped, almost tripping on a lip in the sidewalk.

§ § §

As soon as we got in the door of James' place he told us to go upstairs and get dressed in nothing but the rubber jocks and our Docs. But instead of telling us to meet him in the loft, he said to meet him in the living room.

We did as instructed and, I had to say, we looked pretty hot.

Especially Sebastian. The black fabric against his pale skin made him look like a marble statue, his big semi-hard dick filling out the pouch nicely.

He caught me looking. "What?" He blushed. "You look just as good as I do."

"I sincerely doubt that," I said, glancing in the guest room mirror.

Although...hmm. Maybe he was right. "I wonder what James has planned."

"Let's find out," Sebastian said, eagerly taking my hand, opening the door and pulling me down the stairs. It seemed like Sebastian had no reservations about being back here with James, which struck me as a very positive thing.

James sat in the comfortable armchair in the living room, waiting. When we arrived his eyes flew over us from head to foot. His mouth crooked into a pleased and mischievous smile as he motioned to the sofa.

"Sit down, please."

We did, the faded leather of the old sofa soft against our bare skin. We regarded him curiously, neither daring to speak.

"We're going to attempt another exercise now. This is to remind you how to be together, without an end point or a particular goal." He smiled wider. "It's also going to provide a great deal of entertainment for me." He crossed one long leg over the other.

"I want you both to kneel up on the sofa, sideways to me, facing each other. Close but no part of your bodies touching."

We did as directed.

When we got into position he said, "You're to do exactly as I say, and no talking. This is all about physical and emotional closeness. Do you understand?"

We nodded.

"All right. I want you to look into each other's eyes. I want you to hold each other's gaze and do nothing else until I give you the next instruction."

My eyes met Sebastian's deep blue ones. It felt awkward and superficial at first and I was really tempted to fidget. Then I relaxed and opened up to his intense gaze. To be honest, we hadn't connected in this way for awhile. Hell, we hadn't had time to do this, to just stare into each other's eyes and remember all the reasons we were together.

Finally, after what seemed a long time, James said, "Okay. That was excellent. Now, you'll have to be careful. I want you to kiss each other, but I don't want any other part of you touching, just mouths."

Yes, Sir.

We each leaned slightly forward. Our lips touched gently while that spark of electricity that had faded slightly with familiarity and routine leapt up between us. Sebastian's lips parted, which I took as a welcome invitation to deepen our kiss. I explored his familiar mouth with my lips and tongue, finding it frustrating not to touch him. Yet that forced restraint required me to put all my attention into the kiss. We communicated for what seemed a long time with just that small connection, becoming more and more excited and desperate.

Finally, finally, James spoke. "All right, you can bring your upper bodies together and use your arms and hands. But no touching below the belt." The heaviness of his breathing as he spoke barely registered, my arms wrapping around Sebastian. I pulled him hard against me, our kiss becoming more intense.

Jesus Christ, I wanted him so badly now. How long would James make me wait? My cock pressed its hardness against the hot rubber of the jock while I tried to keep my pelvis from touching Sebastian's. It was very difficult.

Since I couldn't fuck him with anything else but my tongue I used it to the best of my ability. He seemed to enjoy it and frantically met me thrust for thrust. Now and then we took a little breather, continuing to nuzzle against each other and stealing glances at James.

He was the divine puppet master. How easy it seemed for him to control us. My hands wove into Sebastian's hair; we caressed and squeezed each other above the waistband of our rubber jocks.

The flames of my desire threatened to incinerate me the longer this went on. My lips became bruised and sore from all the fierce kissing but I didn't give a damn. I welcomed it wholeheartedly.

My dick throbbed with desperation for my lover but I would wait for James to free me.

After what seemed a very long time, James said, "Okay. You can do what you like now, but you stay on the couch and the jocks don't move. And if either one of you comes I'll tan both your hides before dinner."

Dammit, I wanted to fuck Sebastian so badly I would have done it here on James' antique sofa if he hadn't just forbidden us.

Jesus, why is he doing this to me? To us?

He saw the anguish in the look I threw him as I pulled Sebastian's crotch against mine, rubbing shamelessly, grabbing his ass with both hands.

But he chuckled. "Sorry Tate. You're going to learn a very important lesson this weekend about abandonment and denial. Sebastian and I both think you don't yet comprehend the pain and frustration he's been dealing with over the past eight months. You can have him, this way right now, but no more. If you do everything you're told over the next twenty-four hours, you may get some satisfaction."

I moaned as Sebastian grabbed my hair and pulled my head sharply back, exposing my throat. He kissed, almost bit, his way along the stubbled skin until he reached my chest. I gazed down at the top of his head as he found my nipple and bit it sharply.

"Fuck!" I swore, trying to wrap my head around what James had said. Sebastian and him? Had they been talking? Well, of course they had, and planning, obviously. Oh, I was so screwed.

Here I'd thought this weekend was about punishing Sebastian for his blatant transgression. Now it seemed to be my turn.

Sebastian pushed me onto my back on the sofa, covering me with his strong body, and ground into me desperately.

"You want me?" he panted.

“Yes...fuck...please...” I groaned, as he found my sore nipple with his fingers.

“But I’m too busy to fuck you right now,” he said breathlessly, kissing me, pressing his hard jock-covered cock against mine.

“We have to get ready for dinner.”

“Fuck dinner,” I swore, grabbing his hips and pulling him hard against me. I ached to come and at this moment I really didn’t give a damn about James’ prohibition.

Until I heard a firm, “Let him go, Tate.”

I let Sebastian go. He kissed me fiercely one last time, then pulled away and stepped off the couch, his chest rising and falling with labored breaths, his blond hair disheveled and damp.

Then James loomed over me. He took my chin in a steely grip and made me look at him without touching me anywhere else.

“You will behave,” he murmured, his own breathing heavy. “Go get ready for dinner.”

I did as I was told.

Sebastian and I sat silently in the backseat of James’ car on the way to the restaurant. I stared out the window petulantly, like a little boy who’d been told he wasn’t getting the candy he’d been promised, while Sebastian relaxed.

“Tate,” James said indulgently. “Don’t be a baby.”

“He’s my boyfriend.” I pouted.

“And he’s asked for my help. I intend to provide it. Obviously you need a little more discipline than Sebastian alone can provide.”

I kicked the back of the seat in front of me, ostensibly by accident. “Whoops,” I said, meeting James’ gaze when he glanced back.

His lip quirked up. “You’re only making things worse for yourself.”

Fuck. He was probably right. I should just suck it up and try to be pleasant.

“Where are we going for dinner?” I asked with an obviously fake smile.

“Mamma Teresa’s. We have a reservation.”

§ § §

A very hot young waiter wearing tight black pants and a white shirt led us upstairs past a collection of signed portraits of the

Canadian elite, to a private room at the upscale Italian restaurant on Somerset Street West.

“Thank you,” James said. “Please send up a bottle of Nicolas Feuillatte for us.” He glanced at Sebastian, “And some Perrier as well.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Wow. This is really nice,” Sebastian said, pulling out a chair and sitting down. I took the seat across from him and James sat between us.

“That wine sounds expensive. What are we celebrating?” I asked.

He shrugged. “We’re celebrating the two of you. And we’re celebrating the two of you being with me again. I don’t know about you, but I’m enjoying myself tremendously.”

I tried to maintain my crusty exterior but couldn’t help smiling at his frankness. I was enjoying myself too. This was the most comfortable I’d been in a long time. One look at Sebastian and I knew he felt the same.

This was the strange thing. When we were with James our love for each other seemed without question, and there was so much of it that it moved outward and seemed to include him as well. I didn’t think this thing between James and us was purely physical. He acted like our axis or something. When he went missing from the equation we seemed aimless and confused. I didn’t have time to dwell on this revelation because the waiter arrived with our drinks.

After the waiter left we clinked glasses and James said, “To love, and happy reunions.”

James and I sipped the sparkling wine, Sebastian his Perrier.

Afterwards, James picked up his menu.

“All right. I’m starved.”

The food was excellent, the wine that James ordered with our meal delicious, the conversation humorous and suggestive. By the time we finished dessert I felt rather tipsy. And very horny.

Nowhere near drunk, just happy and very, very turned on, which wasn't surprising considering the company – certainly a mood conducive to a night of dancing with two of the hottest men in the city.

We drove to The Lookout Bar on York Street, a hip and happening place and arguably Ottawa's most popular gay nightspot. As usual it teemed with a huge assortment of people, mostly gay, bi, or transgendered, but some straight.

Seeing James among this crowd of vanilla partygoers felt rather trippy. Seriously, if any of them had any idea what he liked to do to handsome little gay boys, they'd probably piss their skinny jeans. But the quality of the music and the invigorating vibe of the place helped me let go of my negativity and have a good time. I was with the two hottest guys in the place so it wasn't that difficult.

James grabbed Sebastian's hand and pulled him onto the dance floor giving me a mischievous look. Bastard.

Sebastian glanced back at me and then let James pull him into a spin. He laughed, throwing his blond head back and responding eagerly to James' masterful dance skills. Hell, I should have known. I should have known James would be as good at dancing as he was at everything else.

I watched as he pulled Sebastian close and whispered in his ear, both hands cupping my boy's sweet ass. I couldn't blame him and Sebastian seemed more than willing. Strangely, I didn't feel jealous. I watched them together, dancing, laughing, and flirting with each other, and my dick got harder than anything. I knew James supported our relationship. He had done so much for us with no return. The fact that Sebastian felt comfortable being with him, trusted him after he'd declared his feelings for me a year ago, seemed wondrous. Maybe Sebastian and I could be together and be with James at the same time somehow. My heart filled with hope as I watched them.

Finally they returned to me, James stripping off his blazer, throwing it in the booth. "Your turn, Tate. I need a drink."

Sebastian stood there, breathing heavily with the exertion of keeping up with James, his eyes conveying the fact that he felt as turned on as I did. And now he wanted me.

“Come on,” he said with a smile, tossing his damp bangs off his forehead. “James was just warming me up for you.”

I grinned and stood. “I’ll bet.” I reached out, gently cupping his erection through his pants. “Uh huh. Yep, you’re pretty warm.”

He groaned, pulling me after him to the dance floor. For someone who’d been reluctant to let loose in public a short time ago Sebastian seemed to have overcome his self-consciousness.

He pulled me close and rocked against me, causing my heart rate to go into overdrive. All his youthful energy and charisma thrown at me in a blatant seduction and I was hopeless against it.

My cock throbbed in my pants while my pulse beat faster than the music. God, I wanted him so badly! I grabbed his hips and pulled his groin against mine, enjoying the delicious friction. His pupils dilated, his mouth opened, and a wicked smile emerged on his face as if he had some diabolical plan for me.

I closed my eyes, resting my forehead on his shoulder, giving myself up to his power. I felt his hand slide down my back and under the waistband of my jeans. I inhaled sharply as his hot hand cupped my bare ass, a finger sliding boldly near that sensitive place.

Then James appeared beside us saying, “Time to go,” and I almost told him to fuck off, I was so not ready. He grabbed my hair, turning my face to him, and said, “That’s enough now. We need to go.”

I relinquished my boy slowly, panting and trying to control my anger at James.

But as we exited the club and walked to the car I couldn’t keep my hands off Sebastian. He responded eagerly but kept walking.

I couldn’t wait to get into the backseat with him.

When we got to the car, James said loudly, “Tate. Front seat. Now.”

Fuck, what?

“Why?” I whined, letting go of Sebastian reluctantly as he climbed into the back. I was still kind of drunk and not sure what was going on, except for being frustrated at every turn from the one thing my brain and body silently screamed fuck the boy, now!

“So I can keep an eye on you.” He held the passenger door open.

Jesus, had I done something to make him angry? Why was he treating me this way? Oh yeah, this was James. He must have a master plan for the two of us and, unfortunately, me fucking Sebastian in the backseat of his car wasn't a part of it. I'd best play along and do as I was told.

I slid into the passenger seat and James shut the door.

As we pulled out of the parking space I palmed the hard bulge in my pants, trying to get some relief. James chuckled. I glanced behind me to see Sebastian sitting there, also incredibly frustrated and aroused but calm and looking amused.

“I suggest you settle yourself down, Tate. I have some plans for you this evening.”

His eyes met Sebastian's in the rearview mirror. A chill traveled down my spine as I realized they'd been planning something – together.

Fuck. This does not look good for me.

My wish for Sebastian and James to bond in some way seemed to be working against me. What did they have in store? I stared out the passenger window through a fog of desire, anger, frustration, and surrender.

The drive back to James' place was quiet, with a lot of simmering energy beneath the surface, the smell of sweat and male pheromones heady and thick.

As soon as we got in the door James told us to sit on either end of the sofa in the living room and wait for his return.

“What's going on?” I said to Sebastian as we waited.

He gazed at me with a crooked smile and a guilty expression, his cheeks flushed from the dancing and excitement. “Um...a little payback?”

I gave him a genuinely confused look. “For what?”

He stared at me as if he couldn't believe I didn't know then rolled his eyes. “For all those nights I wanted you so bad and you worked late and went straight to bed when you got home.”

And comprehension dawned. They were ganging up on me. They had deliberately worked me into a frenzy so they could deny me what I wanted. The question that shouted out in my mind was, for how fucking long?

“Oh crap,” I said as James came back in the room. He’d changed from his club wear into a pair of black checked pajama pants and a black t-shirt. He sat in the armchair, placing a glass of water beside him, apparently settling in for a pre-bedtime show.

“Okay. This is what is going to happen,” he said in a smooth, firm tone. “Tate, you are going to undress Sebastian and treat him to the best blowjob you’ve ever given. When he comes, and he may do so whenever he pleases, you are going to swallow everything. If you miss even one drop, you will be punished. And you are to keep your hands off your own dick. If you come, you will be punished.” He stared into my eyes. “Do you understand?”

“But...” I started to protest.

He raised his eyebrows and that was all it took to shut me up.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, starting to unbutton my damp shirt.

“Did I tell you to remove your own clothes?”

Uh, hadn’t he? I guess not. “No Sir.”

He shook his head. “Keep your clothes on. Undress *him*.”

Dammit. “Yes, Sir,” I said through gritted teeth.

“Watch your attitude. Or I’ll take you up to the loft and bend you over the bench.”

“Yes Sir,” I said, more respectfully this time. Play the game nicely and maybe you’ll get what you need sooner than if you act like an idiot. All he had asked me to do was give Sebastian an awesome blowjob.

I helped Sebastian out of his clothes, every once in a while glancing at James. The older man freely palmed his own groin while he watched us. Hmm. He wanted a show? I’d give him a fucking show.

I pulled the pants off my boy and threw them on the floor, in the process laying him out on the sofa beneath me. His body glistened with a sheen of sweat from the dancing and his cock stood full and thick.

I glanced up, meeting his gaze as I let a long thread of saliva drip from my lips onto the head of his cock. He gasped as it made contact. I let another glob fall then wrapped my hand around him, spreading the spit as I pumped him slowly.

“Oh...” he said with a quick inhale as his muscles clenched.

“Beautiful, Tate,” James praised.

I heard him unzip his pants. My eyes flew over to see him pull his dick out and start stroking it. Fuck me. I turned my gaze back to the task at hand and my own boy’s gorgeous cock. It had been a long time since I’d given this beautiful man the attention he deserved.

I made up for much of that over the next hour, giving Sebastian the longest, most carefully orchestrated blowjob I’d perhaps ever given him. Usually I was so eager to get into him the blowjobs didn’t last all that long. This time, because James demanded it, I put my own needs aside and really focused on Sebastian. And fuck me if his reactions to this treatment didn’t make my own cock cry with neglect.

His wiggling, panting, and sighing drove me mad until it was all I could do not to come myself. Of course I teased him mercilessly. I brought him to the edge again and again, then backed off for a few minutes, kissing and nipping his thighs, lapping his balls and tonguing his ass.

Finally, James said. “Tate, that’s lovely, but enough already. Bring the poor boy home.”

I glanced over at James. He sat leaning forward with his massive cock in hand, his eyelids heavy as he watched me play with Sebastian. When our eyes met he nodded. His hand stroked his cock even faster.

A throb of desire traveled up my body and an eagerness to please them both flooded my brain. I gripped Sebastian firmly at the base of his dick and lodged him in my throat with the speed of a practiced connoisseur. As I swallowed the head of his cock I snaked my other hand between his cheeks and pushed one finger very slowly up his sweet hole, feeling him clench and shudder. I heard his loud groan and felt his cock pulse in my throat as he emptied his desire into me.

I heard James' deeper groan from beside us and managed to turn my head just enough to watch him get himself off. My own body shuddered in sympathy.

When Sebastian stilled and finished, I let his cock slide from my mouth and licked my lips. I hadn't spilled a drop. I glanced hungrily over at the come on James' hand and cock.

He saw me and nodded.

I kissed Sebastian's hip before leaving him to lap up my Master's juice from where it had spilled. I glanced up at James, who had threaded his hand in my hair, and turned to Sebastian.

My sated blond boyfriend watched us with lazy, contented eyes, a little smile on his handsome face. I gave him an answering smile and returned to my task, cleaning James gently and meticulously.

Finally, he told me to stop and stand before him. I did so.

"Tate, that was excellent. You've done very well."

"Thank you, Sir."

"However."

I quailed. Oh bloody hell. Now what?

"Your punishment is not over."

I gave him a worried look.

"I want you to go upstairs and get into a cold shower."

"But..." A cold shower would...oh no...

"I need to lock you up and I can't very well do it when you're in this state, can I?"

I looked down at where my poor hard cock pressed insistently against my jeans.

"No Sir," I muttered morosely.

I turned with a quick glance at Sebastian and walked slowly out of the room.

CHAPTER NINE

TORTURE

On James' orders, after showering and getting locked into chastity, I had slept with Sebastian in the guest room.

James woke us early the next morning. After telling me to prepare myself with the enema in the upstairs washroom he took Sebastian into the study. While I cleaned myself out, I kept thinking that whatever the two of them were planning would not be good for me. But hopefully, at the end of it, I would get what I needed badly – a massively satisfying orgasm. If I didn't play along, I wouldn't get anything but more grief and less satisfaction.

I'd been told to report to the loft immediately upon completing my shower, which I did. I waited, completely naked and caged, on my knees beside the door until they decided to grace me with their presence.

I must have waited there for a half hour. Each moment that went by gave me more time to contemplate possible scenarios.

Finally, I heard footsteps on the stairs. I kept my eyes downcast as the door opened and Sebastian came in, followed by James. Sebastian had dressed nicely and I remembered he had choir duty this morning. James wore his leathers, including chest harness and boots. That scared me the most; he meant business.

"Good boy," he said, patting my head. "Sebastian is going to watch as I position you. He has to go to Church but he wants to ensure that you will be suitably uncomfortable while he's gone."

Oh fuck. That meant at least a couple of hours.

He had me lie down on the huge bed on my stomach, and tied me spread-eagled. Then he gagged me with the phallus gag while I gazed into Sebastian's blue eyes and wondered what I was in for. Sebastian looked excited, somewhat guilty, and fuck hot in his church clothes. He leaned against the armoire casually as he watched James prepare me. The fact that he would be singing at Church while I suffered under James punishment added another dimension to my predicament.

James held something in front of my eyes. “Do you know what this is, Tate?”

It looked like a peeled carrot except it was light brown rather than orange and glistened with moisture. A vague idea that I should be aware of its significance nudged at my consciousness.

“No,” I said, my answer muffled because of the gag.

“It’s a piece of ginger root,” he said. “I’ve peeled it so that the juices will more readily exude once it’s inside you.”

My eyes went wide as I remembered what I’d read about something called “figging.”

He chuckled. “Yes, you know what it’s about, don’t you? Have you ever experienced it before?”

I shook my head, trying to stay calm.

“I didn’t think so. Well, you’re going to experience it today.”

He held it up before my eyes, close enough that I smelled the subtle scent of it. “You will be bound and figged and left here, for the entire time that Sebastian is gone. You will suffer. You will become desperate for relief, but that relief will not come until your boyfriend returns home.”

I felt my heart rate quicken in response to this knowledge.

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

“I will remain at home and I’ll keep an eye on you. There’s a camera up in the corner. I’ll be watching your every twitch and groan and desperate struggle, Tate,” he said with satisfaction. “I will ensure that your punishment is thorough and effective so that when Sebastian gets back, we can consider it done. Let’s hope the traffic isn’t too bad on his way home, or that the service isn’t delayed.”

Oh goddammit...I am in so much trouble.

He must have seen something in my eyes because he grinned and patted my shoulder. “Don’t worry. You’ll do fine.”

His faith in me was a bit frightening.

He stood up, moving out of my range of vision. My heart rate sped up even more. I glanced at Sebastian, whose eyes were glued on James, mouth slightly open in anticipation. I felt James' fingers on my anus and automatically clenched.

"Relax Tate. This is going in, even if it takes twenty minutes."

I consciously made myself relax and let James slide a finger, and then two, up inside me. Then I felt the cold, wet ginger root press against my hole. I whimpered but let him lodge it inside.

"Beautiful. That's lovely." He patted my bottom as I felt a slight tickling sensation begin where the ginger root was sitting.

"All right, Sebastian. Time to go." He kissed me on the forehead before blindfolding me into darkness.

I heard their footsteps and the doors close behind them.

I lay there, listening to my own breathing and waiting for...what? I wasn't quite sure. The tickling sensation became more intense. I clenched my butt and was immediately rewarded with an intense stinging.

Shit. Don't do that again.

At least it was quiet in here, so quiet that I heard the humming of the furnace and, outside, the screeching of crows. If not for the diabolical root up my ass things would be quite peaceful and relaxing.

I began to feel it more and more. The tickling morphed into a mild burning sensation, but nothing too intense. I'd dealt with more pain than this on numerous occasions. I decided to perform some breath counting to stay calm and focused, and to deal with the boredom since I'd be here for awhile.

I counted to ten as I inhaled, then also as I exhaled. I managed this for several minutes until suddenly it became rather more difficult. The burning sensation from the root intensified and it began to bother me now.

I struggled in my bindings, clenching my ass involuntarily.

The burning sensation became brutal for a few moments and I groaned as I relaxed my ass muscles.

Don't fucking do that you idiot!

I berated myself, panting and shutting my eyes under the blindfold. Maybe if I kept my ass relaxed it wouldn't be too bad.

After a few more minutes I became extremely uncomfortable.

My anus burned as if someone had stuck a firebrand up me and it only seemed to get worse. I started to get a panicky feeling in my belly. What if it became too much? What if I couldn't handle it?

I pulled at my bindings futilely. Then I remembered I still had my hand signals. James watched me on video. I did have that option. However, if I safeworded he'd only find another way of punishing me.

I counted my breaths again, trying to let the fiery sensation in without fighting it. Be the pain, experience it fully, let it hypnotize you...

Fuck it, it was so irritating. It not only burned now but itched like crazy. I couldn't help clenching my butt cheeks but that only made it worse. I groaned and struggled, not sure how much I could take. I rubbed the side of my face against the soft sheets as if that could distract me from the discomfort.

After several minutes I became frantic. I couldn't stop moving, trying to get away from the burning, itching sensation in that sensitive place. My cock, as if in cahoots with the evil root in my ass, kept hardening in its cage and making me deal with that as well. I whimpered, moaned and gasped – a desperate, tortured animal.

Tears began to form in the corners of my covered eyes and again I considered using my hand signals. But no. James had done this to me. He obviously thought I could handle it and I didn't want to disappoint him. But I couldn't take much more and I knew there was still a significant amount of time until Sebastian got back from church.

I could stand it a little bit longer. I would stand it a little bit longer. But I needed to calm down. I forced myself to lie still, although my heart beat frantically in my sweat covered chest. I laid myself bare to the pain, letting it envelop me completely.

After what seemed a long time I felt myself rise above my body.

I saw myself lying there, motionless, spread and figged, and I felt such compassion and love for myself as I floated above. Even as I saw myself begin to struggle again I

was able to maintain a distance from the torture. I watched myself cry, sob, and plead unintelligibly against my gag as a euphoric sensation took hold.

And then it eased a bit. Or was it just my imagination? Was the burning and itching subsiding?

I stopped struggling and made pitiful little noises in my throat as my body unclenched and slowly relaxed. I spent the next hour in a state of exhaustion, the sensation in my anus reduced to a humming tingle that still itched and made me desperate to be fucked, but at least was no longer painful.

I hovered on the fringes of sleep for a long while, the tickling itch the only thing preventing it from coming. My cock had stopped fighting its cage and lay flaccid, as if giving up on ever achieving satisfaction. My asshole, however, cried silently for attention. It needed friction. It needed a hard cock to replace that teasing, torturing root and rub the itch away.

Every once in awhile I whimpered against the cock gag, as if James might take pity on me. But I knew it was futile. I lay still and defeated for what seemed a long long time.

The sound of the loft door opening startled me out of a restless doze. My head was already facing the welcome sound but I lifted it slightly and groaned with a desperation I hadn't felt for a long time. Pulling frantically against my bindings I listened to two sets of footsteps approach.

Gentle hands removed the blindfold. I blinked in the bright sunlight, focusing on James' contented expression.

"Well done, Tate," he said, smoothing the damp hair back from my forehead. I whimpered and sighed with relief as I felt someone, presumably Sebastian, pull the ginger root carefully out of me.

"Just put it on the towel on the armoire," James told him.

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm going to remove your gag, Tate, because I want to ask you a few things on Sebastian's behalf before we continue."

I nodded, my face still wet from the desperate tears I'd shed when the torment was at its worst.

"Are you sorry for neglecting Sebastian when he itched and ached for you for eight long months?"

I nodded. "Yes. I'm sorry."

"Tell him." James moved aside and I saw Sebastian standing before me now. He bent and placed his soft warm hand on my cheek, loving me with his eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Sebastian. I'm so sorry."

He nodded. It looked as if he were close to tears. "I know. I forgive you."

He kissed me softly on my sore lips. I couldn't help but moan into his mouth.

The rest happened quickly. They unbound my wrists and ankles, and summarily flipped me onto my back. They bound my wrists again but left my ankles free. I couldn't keep my legs still, I was so desperate for a fucking. Sebastian held them down while James uncaged my cock.

We watched it swell and fill instantly, rising up like an inflated balloon. Then I closed my eyes and cursed.

"What's the matter, Tate? A little itchy? You want a thorough fucking don't you? Your poor bottom needs it desperately, doesn't it?"

"Fuck, yes, somebody, please, do something..."

I opened my eyes to see James pulling on a black nitrile glove. At the look on my face he laughed.

"Don't worry. You're not getting the whole fist yet, my boy. Just enough to make you very, very happy."

I think I might have been okay with taking the whole fist at that moment. I needed something big and hard to take away that desperate tickling itch.

Sebastian kneeled beside me. He'd taken off his pants and shirt and just wore his red Flash boxer briefs with the lightning bolt over his crotch. He knew they were my favorites. As James began spreading lube on me, Sebastian wrapped his slippery hand around my cock.

I groaned with relief and excitement.

Suddenly, James pushed two fingers inside me. They rubbed deliciously against the itchiness, making me cry out with relief.

I soon became a writhing mess of nerve endings as Sebastian stroked my cock slowly and James fingered me with skill. He pumped me with those long fingers of his, each pass relieving the itchy tingle and sending waves of pleasure through me.

I couldn't seem to stop groaning. Soon he had three fingers inside me, then four. It felt tremendous. My mouth opened and I gasped out a desperate plea:

“Oh...fuck...yes...yes...make...me...come...”

Very soon I did come, yelling vile expletives as my body shook and that great itch was vanquished finally and completely. The waves of ecstatic relief crashed one over the other until there was nothing left of me but a heap of sweaty, sated flesh.

As I lay there, dazed and silent, floating in the afterglow, I heard James say, “That, my dear Sebastian, is payback. I believe he's suitably humbled.”

Sebastian chuckled. “Is he alive?”

James grasped my chin, forcing me to open my tired eyes. My lips twitched but I was too tired to smile.

“Seems so,” James said, amused. “But we'd better let him sleep.”

In a moment I felt my wrists being released and someone cleaned me off with a cloth. Then a very familiar body curled up against me and pulled a coverlet over us both. I snuggled into Sebastian's warmth and drifted happily off to dreamland.

I'm not sure how long I slept, but I woke a few hours later to find Sebastian sitting up in the bed next to me, reading. “Hey there, sleepyhead,” he joked.

I sighed and stretched. Hints of itchiness from the ginger root remained but only the ghost of what existed before James' fingering. Perhaps I could persuade Sebastian to do me. I reached a hand out and stroked the front of his boxer briefs along the lightning bolt. He was definitely hard and ready. I looked at the title of the book in his hands. It was the one I'd read earlier, about fisting – no wonder he was hard.

He glanced down at me indulgently.

“Still suffering? James said the effects could last for the rest of the day. He said I should probably give you a couple of good rogerings.”

The smile that lit up my face at that news could have powered the city. “Really?” Sebastian laughed, tossing the book aside. He rolled onto me and pressed his lightning bolt against me. “Yeah, but he said I’d better wear a condom, or I might get an itchy dick.” He grimaced.

It was my turn to laugh. “God forbid. Do you have any idea how brutal that was? I almost used my hand signals a few times. I seriously thought it would drive me mad.”

He kissed me then, deep and heartfelt. When he pulled away he whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“No you’re not.”

He blushed. “Okay. I’m not. You kind of deserved it. Anyway, James said it would be the perfect punishment.”

“James is a fucking sadist.”

“No kidding. But you love that.”

I sighed, nodding.

“You seemed to enjoy the end result,” he said.

I grinned, playing with his hair. “Are you kidding me? It was great.” I pulled him in for another deep kiss, grinding my hardening cock against his. “But I need more.”

“Okay, okay, let me go get the rubbers and lube.”

I watched him get off the bed and go grab a couple of condoms and the lube off the top of the armoire. His ass in the red boxers made me crazy.

“One day I’m treating you to a nice little figging session. Just so you can see how it feels.”

“That’s what you think,” he murmured as he prepared himself and climbed back on the bed. “Jesus, I haven’t worn one of these in a long time.” He waved his condom-covered dick at me.

“Nice. Well you can go bare if you want. I don’t mind.”

“No thanks. Not until you are entirely de-figged, baby.”

He made me get on my hands and knees and, after lubing up my itchy hole, eased in with little preamble. It seemed he felt as eager as I.

It felt even better than usual, because his dick relieved the vague tickling that remained. Hell, if it took two more sessions to get rid of it, I wouldn't complain.

"Oh, fuck yeah," I moaned as he pushed in roughly again and again. "Oh my god, the whole thing was so worth this."

"You are so amazing," he murmured as he fucked me. "You are so tough, sometimes I can't believe it."

I moaned and whimpered like a girl as he pounded me, it felt so freaking amazing to have that damn itch scratched. Soon my hand found my dick. I pumped and pulled, swearing at the overwhelming sensations that ran from the tip of my cock to deep inside my anus and everywhere in between.

I came again, loudly and unceremoniously as he continued to slide that thick cock in and out of me.

"Feel good, baby? Does that feel good?"

"Yes, fuck yes!"

When I finished, I lay there while he jerked off over me, spurting white come all over my belly.

He collapsed on his back beside me. "Oh my God. James' house is like a kinky wonderland."

I snorted. "Are you Alice, or am I?"

"Maybe we're both Alice. And James is the Queen of Hearts."

"Well, this is one rabbit hole I'm glad we fell down."

"Me too." Sebastian lay back, looking around at all the tantalizing furniture and accoutrements in James' loft.

I turned to face him. "Are you really okay with being here?" I asked. "I mean, knowing that James and I..."

He nodded. "Look. I know he has feelings for you. And I know you have feelings for him. But, for some reason, it doesn't threaten me anymore. As long as I'm included somewhere, I'm okay with it." He looked down, blushing. "And, um, he's starting to affect me too, more than just physically. He's really an incredible man, Tate."

We gazed into each other's eyes, not sure exactly what had been admitted, but knowing it might take our relationship to another level – a level that included a third, incredibly appealing, person.

§ § §

When we finally descended from the loft after I received another thorough “rogering” as Sebastian put it, the delicious smells coming from James’ kitchen made my mouth water. I hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast.

“Good afternoon,” James greeted us.

“What are you making?”

“Chicken Pot Pie,” he said. “I’m hoping you and Sebastian will have supper with me before going home.”

“Are you kidding?” Sebastian said, walking around to peer into the oven. “Of course we’ll stay. That smells so good. I didn’t know you could cook.”

James and I laughed.

“Yeah, I only found out recently. He’s a very good cook. But, then, what doesn’t he do well?”

“Don’t make me blush, Tate.”

I almost choked on a laugh. “You? Blush? Please!”

He looked at me with an eyebrow raised. “It does happen occasionally. Usually when someone praises my cooking. How are you feeling?”

This time I gave him an arched brow. “I’m feeling great. After undergoing the excruciating ordeal of having a fucking burning bush stuck up my ass, I’m doing pretty well.”

“Mmm. I haven’t done that to anyone in awhile. It was lovely to watch you.”

“Fucking sadist.”

“Yes. Well, you already know that. I did instruct Sebastian in the aftercare procedure.”

“Yes, you’re a peach.”

Sebastian shook his head at us. “You guys are so obviously crazy about each other.”

James and I looked at each other.

I shrugged, trying to keep it casual. “I just like a man who can make me cry, beg, and scream in the space of two hours.”

Sebastian gave me a look. “It’s okay. Let’s just admit it. James?”

He cleared his throat. “Yes, I’m crazy about Tate,” he said softly, not meeting my eyes.

“Thank you. It doesn’t bother me.”

“Well, good, Sebastian, because I think pretty highly of you as well,” James finished. His eyes met Sebastian’s as the two of them shared an intimate moment. They’d always had sexual chemistry.

Now an emotional connection seemed to be evolving between them. Perhaps not yet equal to the emotional bond between Sebastian and me, or between James and me. But it was a start.

James spoke carefully. “Look. I realized a long time ago that you boys are a package deal. You’re lovely together. Why do you think I’ve worked so hard to keep you together?” He reached for the oven mitt on the counter. “I just want you to know that you’re both welcome in my home, whenever, for whatever reason.”

He opened the oven, removing a casserole dish full of bubbly chicken goodness. “If you want to play, I’ll play. If you want to just hang out, that’s fine too. It’s entirely up to you.”

We stood there, stunned by his admission and invitation. He placed the casserole on the counter in front of us and started passing out plates.

“I want to make sure you both realize that this is not simply a sexual invitation. I enjoy having you here with me. Both of you. Even when we’re doing ordinary things, like eating a home cooked meal.”

And eat a home cooked meal we did. The chicken pot pie tasted as good as it smelled. Not the traditional filled pastry, this was a thick chicken stew with a crumbled topping.

After a few moments of quiet enjoyment, Sebastian put his fork down. “I like being here too.”

I nodded without hesitation. “It’s been great. But we should go home after supper. We need some time alone together.”

“Take your time. I’m not going anywhere,” James said.

CHAPTER TEN

CLOSER

At home, we put on a movie and cuddled up together on the comfy sofa. Sebastian would have fallen asleep but I kept tickling his neck, making him sigh and bat his baby blues at me.

“I love you,” he said dreamily. “You’ll find another job soon.”

“I hope so. If we’re going to spend more time with James, we’ll need a decent income.” I watched his expression for any sign of anxiety. He continued to stare calmly and lovingly at me.

“What do you really think about what he said?” I asked curiously.

Sebastian yawned. “I think that we are really lucky that he wants to spend more time with us. And I’m tired of fighting to keep you to myself. I love you so much I can share you with someone, especially someone who’s shown so much respect for us as individuals and as a couple.” He laughed. “Seems funny to say that but it’s true. James has done so many rude things to us, and made us do so many rude things to each other. But he’s always respected our wants and needs more than anyone else I know.”

My mood had improved dramatically since the previous week. I felt validated and confident because of the weekend with James, and on a bit of a high due to his proposal and Sebastian’s acceptance of a future with James.

Could I have both James and Sebastian? Would it be possible to orchestrate a three-way relationship with them, or at the very least, maintain my relationship with Sebastian and still be able to play with James?

It’s true that at the beginning of my relationship with Sebastian I’d had vague thoughts of possible marriage or even parenthood in our future. But it was way too early in my life to be thinking that way. At twenty-five and twenty-eight respectively, Sebastian and I had lots of time before we needed to get serious about any of that stuff, if we even wanted to. After the past eight months I realized how difficult it could be to manage a traditional relationship. If the three of us could figure something out that

made us all happy, wouldn't that be better than simply being monogamous and miserable?

Out on the job hunt this improved mood manifested in more confidence and energy. By Thursday I had two job interviews set up for the following week. One at an advertising agency and the other at another management consulting firm, both for entry level, administrative positions.

When I told Sebastian about Joanne's suggestion that we leave Trudy with her, he was initially reluctant. But when I explained the benefits for Trudy and for us, he conceded that it made a lot of sense. We could see her whenever we wanted, and she would be very well looked after. We kept her crate and bowls and one or two toys in case we were called on to look after her for a weekend. The rest we took over to Joanne.

Trudy greeted us enthusiastically when we arrived after dinner on Thursday. Little Chloe, almost eighteen months, toddled over and grabbed her red collar.

"My doddy," she mumbled, trying gently to pull Trudy off of us. Trudy soon tired of us and followed after Chloe, who had left a trail of cookie crumbs on the carpet.

Joanne hugged us both and thanked us for letting them keep our dog.

"I don't know what I would have told Chloe. They're already inseparable."

"I can see that," Sebastian said, watching them together.

"Can I get you some coffee or tea?" Joanne asked.

"Sure. Coffee would be great," I said.

We sat in Joanne's homey kitchen, drinking coffee and chatting. "Do you guys ever see James anymore?"

I glanced at Sebastian. "Funny you should ask."

"Really?"

"We were at his place this past weekend," Sebastian offered.

"No kidding?" She appeared to be awaiting more info. "And..."

We both looked smug but kept silent.

"Y'know, sometimes I think that I, as a straight woman, got totally shafted. What I wouldn't give to be in your shoes," she said, blushing.

We grinned.

I nodded at Chloe, who stood at the living room coffee table taking pine cones out of a bowl and playing with them, speaking unintelligibly to Trudy the while. “You get to be a mom though. That’s pretty special.”

She sighed. “Yes it is. Unfortunately it means that wild and crazy sex, even with my husband, is on the back burner for awhile.”

“Um, does Darrin really get wild and crazy?”

“Heh. You’d be surprised.”

§ § §

“Hey, I’ve been thinking,” I said after we returned home.

“You and James haven’t really had a chance to be together, just the two of you. Except for that night you were pissed off at me.”

Sebastian smiled. “I was really pissed off at you that night.”

“Don’t remind me. Anyway, you guys should go on a date or something.”

“Me and James?”

“Yeah.”

“Um, okay. But I’m nervous to ask him.”

“Why?”

“What if he doesn’t want to go out with just me?”

I shook my head, knowing that this was not even a possibility.

“Well, that’s probably something we should find out right about now.” I got out my phone and started punching in numbers.

Sebastian sat up straighter. “Right now?”

I handed him the phone with a smile. “It’s ringing.”

He gave me a look and held the phone to his ear. “I don’t even know what to – Hi... It’s Sebastian.”

I listened to one half of the conversation with amusement at Sebastian’s fumbling attempt to ask James on a date.

“Yeah, well...I was just wondering,” he cleared his throat. “Um do you want to go to a movie or something?” His face flushed bright red and he picked at a loose thread on his jeans. “Um, just me. Is that okay? Yes, he suggested it.” Sebastian

laughed after a pause. “Sure. Here.” He passed the phone to me.

James said, “Tate, that boy turns me into a puddle of goo every time he opens his mouth. I don’t mean that sexually.”

“Get used to it.”

“Is it all right if I take him out tomorrow evening?”

“Of course.”

“What a good idea, by the way. I’m looking forward to spending some platonic time with Sebastian.”

“Yeah, he looks pretty happy about it too.” I said.

“Can you put him back on?”

“Sure.” I handed the phone back to Sebastian, giving him an exaggerated thumbs up.

He took the phone and spoke to James for several minutes, figuring out a time to get picked up the next day.

“Tate, what do you think I should wear?” Sebastian asked me frantically the next day as he prepared for James to pick him up.

I shrugged, looking up from the magazine I was reading to see my gorgeous boyfriend standing before me in just his blue boxer briefs. “More than that. This is supposed to be a date, not a hookup.”

“I know. But what do you wear to go out on a platonic date with the Dom that likes to fuck both you and your boyfriend six ways from Sunday and has probably seen just about everything?”

“Okay, I get your point.” I followed him into our bedroom.

Opening a couple of drawers, I found my favorite of his black jeans, and threw them on the bed. Then I rifled through another drawer and found a particular t-shirt I thought would be appropriate. I held it up with my eyebrows raised.

“Really? That one?”

I turned it around so I could read the front of it. “Seems somehow appropriate.”

The T-shirt said Boys Will Be Boys with two male symbols entwined together.

“We could add a third symbol with permanent marker.” I suggested.

“I don’t know.”

“Or this one.” I opened my drawer and pulled out a black t-shirt that said Daddy Issues in white. “You decide. You’ll look hot in either one.”

I left him to get dressed.

Several minutes later he came out wearing the black t-shirt.

“Fuck yes.” I said, looking him over. “Although you look so good he might have trouble keeping to the plan.”

“Well y’know, that whole platonic thing is overrated,” he joked.

I shrugged. “I don’t care. But this is your chance to get to know each other a little bit, above and beyond the obvious.”

“Obvious?”

“That he’s the perfect Daddy for you and me both. Physically at least. I’ve made a connection with him beyond that. I want you to make that connection too.” I pulled him against me into a hug.

“It might not happen right away. But I think it’s important for each of us to have one-on-one time with each other, especially time that doesn’t involve fucking or getting fucked. Because I think we’ve got that part covered.”

Sebastian laughed. “Yup. So, what are you gonna do while I’m gone?”

I held him away from me and looked him over. “Jerk off thinking about you in that outfit.”

At that moment the buzzer sounded. I pushed it. “Yeah?”

“It’s me.” James’ said.

“What’s the secret password?”

There was a pause. “Bend over.”

I could tell he was smiling.

“You’re in.” I said, unlocking the door and hoping he’d been alone in the entry.

A few moments later, James was standing in our living room. He was dressed very casual, in jeans and a plain grey t-shirt, wearing a leather bomber jacket.

“Hey sexy,” I said, moving in to give him a kiss on the lips while Sebastian hung back.

“Tate. How are you?” he asked, squeezing my ass subtly.

“I’m fine. Sebastian is very nervous.”

“What?” James said in surprise, gazing around me to look at Sebastian who seemed to be trying not to hit me. “Why are you nervous? We’re just going to a movie.”

Sebastian nodded, grabbing his jacket. “I’m fine. I’m not nervous.”

“He’s nervous.” I whispered in James’ ear before moving away from the two of them. “Have fun you two crazy kooks.”

James took in the t-shirt Sebastian had on before he zipped his jacket.

“Daddy issues?”

“He made me wear it,” Sebastian said, nodding to me.

“Then you do have daddy issues.” James said. “Don’t worry.

I know just what to do about that.” He smiled at Sebastian with genuine affection.

§ § §

True to my word, I did jerk off while they were gone, but it was James doing unmentionable things to Sebastian while Sebastian called him “Daddy” that got me off. I also played the PS3, surfed the net for more information on fisting, and vacuumed the carpets.

I went to bed about ten thirty, because I had to get up for interviews the next day. I was wakened by Sebastian coming in the bedroom a little later.

“You’re home,” I mumbled sleepily.

“Yep.”

“How did it go?” I asked, glancing at the glowing green numbers on the clock. 12:21.

Sebastian got out of his clothes and climbed in beside me. “It went great.”

“Did you fuck him?” I asked, because that was a possibility and I was curious.

“No. We were too late for the movie we wanted to see, so we just wandered around the mall and ended up at Chapters. We looked at the new releases. And then we went over to the Fifty Shades display. It was hilarious. James picks the book up and opens it, and suddenly these middle aged women start to gather around him. He notices of course, so once they’re all hovering very near him and pretending to look at

the books, he puts his copy back and says to me, loudly, ‘Imagine, a twenty-five page contract for that?’ Then he turns to me and says, “Yours is, what, three pages? Although I can’t remember, did we talk about ball stretching?”

“Oh my God.” I was wide awake now and could just picture it.

Sebastian laughed. “You should have seen the looks on their faces! I thought a couple of them might faint.”

“Anyway, we ended up talking for hours at Starbucks before he brought me back. It was awesome.” Sebastian kissed my neck just under my ear. “He’s really led an interesting life. He even worked in retail when he was younger.”

“Really? I can’t imagine that,” I said.

“He said he’s busy this weekend but he wants us to come over for dinner on Wednesday, after your job interviews.”

“Okay. I hope they go well.”

“They will. You’ll be amazing. Good night.”

“Good night.”

§ § §

Both my interviews went well, putting me in a great frame of mind for our dinner with James. We dressed a little nicer than usual, since this was our first formal date together with him.

He answered the door holding his phone and beckoned us in, still speaking to whoever it was. “No, that’s fine. Don’t worry about it. It’s not last minute at all. I can make other arrangements.”

His eyes traveled over us as we took off our jackets and boots.

“Call me when you get back and we’ll figure something out. Okay. Don’t worry about it, really. I understand. Goodbye.”

He hung up and set the phone down on the hall table.

“Sorry about that. How are you both?” We hugged and he led us into the living room. “Would you like a drink? I have wine, bourbon, scotch. Sebastian, there’s Coke and 7-Up in the fridge.”

“Thanks, I’m good,” Sebastian said, sitting on the sofa.

“I’ll have a glass of red wine, please.”

He nodded, taking a bottle of red from the cabinet and starting to uncork it. “This is a South African Shiraz that I like.”

I nodded. “Thanks. Sounds great.”

He poured both of us a glass and sat down on the sofa, gesturing to the armchair. “Have a seat, Tate.”

“Okay.” It seemed strange to sit in the armchair since that’s where James usually sat. But I guess he wanted to emphasize the equality of this relationship by taking the sofa. Hell, this chair was damn comfortable...

Sebastian looked pleased as James put a casual arm around him.

“So, how did the interviews go?” James asked me, sipping his wine.

“Good. I think I did pretty well,” I said. “I’m keeping my fingers crossed for the ad agency. It would kind of suck to have the exact same job I had before.”

“They’ll hire you,” Sebastian said confidently. “They’ll probably both want you.”

“Yes, I wouldn’t be surprised if you get your pick of them,” James said, smiling.

“How was your week?” I asked James.

“Fine, thank you. Busy at the office but that’s nothing new.” He scratched his goatee. “I’ve been feeling a bit lonely here at home. That is new.”

“Lonely? You?” I asked, not really believing it.

“That’s lovely, Tate. Make fun of me.”

I couldn’t help laughing and Sebastian joined in. “I’m not making fun of you. Do you think I’d dare? But, I mean, you have guests every weekend.”

“Exactly, guests. Not people I can really be myself with. Except for that wonderful interlude with Sebastian, I’ve been on my own.”

“Well, it’s not just you tonight.”

James’ eyes answered the question in mine in a matter of seconds. Oh, yes. We were on the same wavelength. Then he excused himself to check on dinner.

We ate the tuna casserole that James had made with a side of delicious homemade pita chips. After we’d helped him load the dishwasher and wipe the counter down, he said, “Come. I want to show you both my basement.”

I felt a little nervous. Considering what he had up in the loft, would there be even more frightening stuff downstairs?

After following him down a carpeted flight of stairs and watching him flick on the lights, we were relieved to see that his cozy and refined basement featured merely a ping pong table, a huge flat screen TV – about twice the size of the one in the living room – a huge comfy looking sectional sofa, and a card table with four chairs.

He laughed when he saw our faces. “What did you think would be down here?”

I raised my eyebrows. “Cages? Fuck machines? God knows.”

Sebastian tittered nervously.

“No cages. And fuck machines are expensive. And rather redundant.” He made a face. “But can I interest you in a game of ping pong?” he asked, picking up a paddle.

Hmm. James with a paddle in his hand made me go all gimpy.

“Sure,” I mumbled, picking up the other paddle. “Sebastian can be the referee.”

Sebastian shook his head. “No way I’m getting in the middle of this one.” He glanced nervously at our paddles. “I’ll just go sit over here.” He grabbed a magazine off a side table and settled onto the sofa.

James served the ball.

Although in my college days I’d been pretty good at this little game, it seemed my skills had lost something in the intervening years. James had me over a barrel after about four minutes.

“Shit!” I swore as I lost the ball again. “Are we playing for anything?” I asked as he served again.

“Only your arse, boy.”

I missed again.

“Game, set and match,” he said cheerfully, waving his paddle suggestively. “Now come over here.”

I did.

“Pull down your pants.”

I did that too, my eyes never leaving his.

“Turn around and hold onto the table.”

I obeyed, my heart pounding with anticipation.

I felt James' fingers pull my black boxer briefs down over my bottom, exposing bare flesh. He whistled. "Now that is a prize."

My knees went weak as I felt the first hit of the paddle. It was a gentle, sensuous strike, designed to make me want more. I panted, glancing back at him. Sebastian had come to stand beside James, his wide eyes on my exposed ass.

"Fuck," I said.

"More?" James asked.

"Yes," I replied.

He hit me again, a bit harder.

"Oh fuck," I said again. "It's been a long time since I've felt your discipline, Sir."

"Sebastian, feel how hot is ass cheeks are." James said, and soon I felt Sebastian's hand touching me gently. I hissed.

Then it was gone and I heard nothing. I looked over my shoulder again to see Sebastian and James involved in a very passionate kiss. When they finally pulled apart, Sebastian said breathlessly, "Give him some more."

"I was planning to," James said, and paddled me hard three times in succession while I held onto the ping pong table with white knuckles. It hurt so fucking good. I hadn't realized how much I'd missed it. Yes, Sebastian and I played Dom/sub games once in awhile, but having James on the other end of that paddle was something else, especially with Sebastian watching.

"Wait," Sebastian said all of a sudden. He picked up the other paddle from where I had placed it. "If I can beat you, James, I get Tate's ass." He stared a challenge into the older man's eyes.

"Be my guest," James said.

"No, hold on. I get both your asses."

There was a pregnant pause while James thought this over.

"And if I win?"

Sebastian's lip quirked up. "Then you get both of us. For the whole night. For whatever you want."

James' eyebrows rose. "All right. Let's go." He pulled my boxers up and told me to get dressed.

I pulled up my pants and stepped out of their way, frowning at Sebastian. James was a damn good ping pong player, we didn't stand much chance. Perhaps he just wanted to lose and be James' slave boy for a night. I can't say I objected much to that plan.

James served the ball. Sebastian hit it back. After only a few minutes both James and I realized we'd been snookered.

James did his best, but Sebastian won all three games.

"Well, Sebastian," James said, graciously putting down his paddle. "It looks like the ball is in your court." His brown eyes sparked a licentious invitation.

Sebastian stood there for a moment, enjoying his triumph and pondering what to do next. He looked from one to the other of us. He raised his hand to his chin, contemplating, while a smile emerged on his features.

"Both of you, turn and face the wall," he said.

James and I regarded each other with some surprise. It seemed as if James were silently asking if he was always like this.

I shrugged and was the first to turn and face the wall. James hesitated. He wasn't used to obeying orders.

"Face the wall, Sir. Now."

I couldn't believe Sebastian's nerve and I wondered what James would do. In a moment I got my answer. He turned to the wall beside me, a wry little humoring smirk on his handsome face.

"Good. Now pull down your pants," Sebastian instructed.

Again, James hesitated while I obeyed immediately. I wondered how long it would take him to decide to go with the flow or take control, and what he was wearing under his jeans.

Slowly, he undid his jeans and pushed them down. I watched surreptitiously as he revealed a pair of green cargo boxer briefs, tighter than mine. I made an unconscious noise at the lovely sight.

“Good. Now place your hands on the wall above you.”

We did so, both of us now in a state of excited anticipation.

Sebastian had turned this little game on its head, and I couldn’t wait to see what would happen.

Suddenly, the loud thwack and impact of the ping pong paddle on my cloth-covered ass surprised me. I heard James laugh as I swore. My ass still burned slightly from before.

“Jesus Christ, Sebastian!” I muttered.

Then I heard another impact. This time it wasn’t my ass getting paddled. James took in a quick breath and spat, “Fuck.”

Then it was me again. And then James.

The kid had a great backhand.

We suffered through about three more apiece before Sebastian eased up. But the reprieve didn’t last long.

“Boxers down now,” Sebastian said with uncharacteristic firmness, his breaths heavy from exertion and excitement.

James cleared his throat as if about to protest.

“I think we’d better do as he says,” I said, staring into James’ brown eyes. “He did win the game.”

James smiled sweetly. “I was just going to say, yes, Sir.”

We pushed our underwear down and put our hands back on the wall. Standing there beside James, awaiting a thorough paddling from a man who could be such a submissive puppy when he wanted, but had surprised me before with an occasional dominant attitude, gave me an unbelievable high. I loved that Sebastian had so many facets to his character.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Yup,” I said.

James said, “Think so.”

Sebastian struck me first, then James. I heard our irrepressible Dom say “Ow...” and started laughing, then stopped when I felt the paddle again.

It was hot, very hot, to be paddled alongside a strangely submissive James. Especially when he kept making exclamations of surprise when the paddle connected with his high-class ass.

My cock became rock hard in moments. I glanced down at James. His stood tall also, which bode well for a fortuitous evening.

He caught me looking just as the paddle connected again.

“Jesus, I don’t know how much more I can take,” he admitted.

“I’m not used to being on this end.”

“Shit!” I said, as I got another hit. “Looks like you’re not hating it though.”

“Ow. Dammit!” He swore, squirming. “I’ve been looking forward to this evening since Sunday. I must say it’s not going exactly as I’d foreseen.”

“Ow!” This time it was me.

“But I can’t really complain. Shit! However, if he doesn’t let up in a minute, there will be some serious payback.”

We panted, our bottoms aglow with rosy pain, our dicks hard.

As we awaited the next strikes suddenly Sebastian came between us, naked and sporting a large erection. When had he taken his clothes off?

He stood between us with his arms out and slid his hands down our backs until they reached the stinging flesh of our behinds. He stroked our bottoms tenderly, head hanging and breaths coming hard.

“That was awesome,” he murmured, peeking at us from under the hang of his blond bangs.

James straightened up and snaked his hand down Sebastian’s belly to his beautiful erect penis. We watched as he stroked it gently a couple of times and then cupped Sebastian’s balls. He tightened his grip until Sebastian became uncomfortable.

“Now the balls are in my court,” James whispered. He pulled on Sebastian’s tender gonads so that the boy had to move in very close to him. “That was a lovely paddling you gave me. Just enough to make me want to fuck the shit out of you.” He kissed Sebastian hard on his open mouth, at the same time kneading his balls roughly, making my boy whimper. But Sebastian kissed James back with passion.

Soon, James released Sebastian's balls and pulled the boy in, wrapping his strong arm around the other man. They kissed so deeply that I felt the emotion emanating between them. It pleased me immensely.

I wasn't sure if I should pull my pants and boxers up or take them and my shirt off. But soon James pulled back from Sebastian and took over with his usual efficiency.

"Come upstairs, both of you. My room, not the loft."

James pulled his pants back up so I did the same. Sebastian gathered his clothes and we followed James to the bedroom.

As soon as we got there James stripped naked. I followed suit and soon the three of us were completely nude.

"Lie down on my bed, side by side, on your backs." James instructed gently. His Dom voice was gone and there was just him, telling us politely what he wanted.

We got on the bed in the position he'd described. We lay close together, our sides touching.

"You're both so fucking beautiful," he said, his eyes roaming over the two of us.

Suddenly I felt Sebastian's hand wrap around my cock. I glanced over and saw that he and James were now locked in a silent communication of emotion and excitement.

James groaned softly. He came onto the bed and moved between Sebastian's legs, his hand enclosing the other man's erection in a gentle grip.

"Beautiful boy," he said, moving his hand slowly, watching Sebastian.

Sebastian gasped and his head fell back, the intensity of the older man's gaze too much perhaps. He let go of me and his hand went to rest on James' arm, as if to make up for the loss of visual communication.

James replaced Sebastian's hand on my dick with his own free one. Now he had us both. My nerves sang in anticipation.

I watched as James bent his head and took Sebastian's cock in his mouth, causing the blond man to moan loudly.

"James," Sebastian whispered, his hand caressing the older man's forearm.

I watched, rapt, as James slid his hand from me to focus on Sebastian. I didn't mind at all. The sight of them, connected in such a way that I could feel the emotion between them, made me crazy. I stroked my own cock as I watched.

James used his infinite patience and skill to bring Sebastian to a powerful orgasm. Then he turned his attention to me.

"You don't have to." I said, letting him know I could take care of myself.

He laughed, licking his lips. "Tate. You're going to deny me dessert?"

Soon he had me at his mercy, and it took me even less time to come than Sebastian. As I convulsed in his expert grip, clutching the sheets and seeing stars, I thanked the universe for the gift of two amazing individuals and the chance encounter that had brought us back together.

"Why don't we take a shower before you go?" James suggested.

We leisurely caressed and teased each other under the warm water from two showerheads. Sebastian and I couldn't keep our hands off James' turgid cock, although we did find some time to explore the rest of him. We kept returning to that compelling appendage. He hadn't come yet, and we teased and tormented him mercilessly for a long time.

His face became a study in contentment as we did so. He seemed so pleased to have us here, in his home, in his shower, with him. I felt incredibly wanted and appreciated, and I was sure Sebastian felt the same.

Finally, I turned James to face the wall. Sebastian rimmed him while I pumped his cock with my hand and whispered perverted things in his ear. It didn't take him long to come, the two of us working together to undo him.

Afterward, we held him close under the hot spray, both of us surrounding him and enjoying the heat and vulnerability of this strong man between us.

\$\$\$

When we left that night, we kissed him goodbye, promising to return on Friday to stay the weekend. He confided that he had some plans for us and when we laughed he admitted they weren't entirely sexual, although yes, some definitely were.

Sebastian and I smiled the whole drive home and slept entwined together, feeling strange without a third body between us.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

TRINITY

The ad agency called with a job offer on Friday afternoon.

They faxed me the letter of offer with an acceptable salary, description of benefits, description of job duties, etc. I signed it and sent it back and just like that became employed again, to begin work a week from Tuesday.

It felt so good to have a job. We'd gotten pretty close to the end of my savings, but we could manage by using my credit card until the first paycheck arrived.

I also received an unexpected email from James. The contrast between this and the very formal emails he'd sent me over a year ago made me realize how far we'd come.

Tate and Sebastian,

I'm really looking forward to this weekend. Wednesday evening was lovely and, I hope, a sign of much pleasure to come. I'm so thrilled to have you both back in my life. I don't know if words can really express it.

Sebastian – please bring your pup gear with you this weekend. I'm completely fascinated by this facet of your personality and would like to explore it with you both, if you're willing. I think that the three of us could take this play in astonishing directions.

Tate – I've got enough enema kits here for the weekend but would you mind picking up some condoms on your way? Not that I'm anticipating a punishment fuck but you never know ;)

I really can't wait to see you both. Please be on time ;)

XO

James

I grinned at his reference to condoms, pleased that he still played the Dom with us, at least to some extent. It was so much a part of him and neither Sebastian nor I would have it any other way.

And, wow, winkies and kisses from James Lucas? Wonders never cease!

§ § §

We decided to surprise him Friday evening by arriving completely clean and ready for intense play. He wouldn't expect it and it meant we could begin our games that much earlier.

We'd also submitted to the full waxing and mud bath treatment at the spa, much to my friend Budgie's sadistic delight. James hadn't requested it, but we wanted to demonstrate how much we desired to please him. After everything he'd done for us recently he deserved the royal treatment.

I was in a freaking good mood what with my new job, and that seemed to infect Sebastian. We were like two kids going to Disneyland.

When James answered the door, we were laughing at something Sebastian had said. I held out the bottle of red wine that we'd brought.

"Here you are, Sir," I said.

He took it, grinning and regarding us dubiously. "You boys seem rather...giddy."

"Tate got the job," Sebastian said. "The one he wanted."

"At the advertising agency?"

I nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"That's wonderful!" he pulled me into a big hug, kissing my cheek warmly
"Congratulations!"

"Thanks."

"Come in, come in. I'll just put this in the kitchen. Make yourselves at home."

We kicked off our boots and padded into the kitchen after him.

"What are you making?" Sebastian asked.

"Just a stir fry tonight," James replied. "I wanted to keep things light."

I nodded. "Good thinking," I said, glancing at Sebastian. We could hardly wait to surprise him.

We ate the meal quickly and appreciatively. I declined the wine and James decided to save it for another time. During supper James questioned me about the job and whether I was content with the money they would pay, and what kind of opportunities for advancement it had.

Sebastian regaled us with descriptions of the influx of dog and cat Christmas toys that had come in at PetLuv recently. It was hard to believe the kinds of things people would buy for their pets during the silly season.

“Hey, when do you want to put up our tree, Tate?” Sebastian asked.

I shrugged. “I hadn’t really thought about it. Maybe in a week or two?”

He smiled. “I didn’t want to mention it until you got a job, because I knew it would stress you out.”

We had bought an artificial tree last year, for our first Christmas in the apartment. I had never decorated much for Christmas before but Sebastian seemed to delight in the traditions of the season.

“What do you do for Christmas, James?” Sebastian asked.

“Hmm. Well, I can think of at least two things I’ll be doing this year.” He grinned devilishly at us. “With any luck.”

I laughed and Sebastian blushed.

“Seriously though,” Sebastian kept on. “Do you decorate or have a party or anything?”

James smiled. “I don’t have time to host a party. But I do usually attend one or two events at this time of year. They’re always quite entertaining.” He started clearing some of the supper away. “I don’t usually put up a tree. But maybe if you boys agree to help me, I’ll put one up this year.”

Sebastian clapped his hands. “Yay! Tree trimming party at James’!”

I grinned and raised my eyebrows, staring into James’ innocent gaze. Knowing him fairly well I doubted a tree trimming party at his home would be anything approaching conventional. However, it would definitely be interesting. I was pretty sure James always ended up on Santa’s naughty list.

Sebastian and I helped James load the dishwasher.

“It’s getting hot in here,” I muttered finally, unable to resist revealing our little surprise.

Grabbing the hem of my t-shirt, I pulled it over my head, tossing it on the floor at James’ feet. He stared at my naked, hairless chest and a slow grin emerged over his face.

“Phew, yeah, you’re right,” Sebastian echoed, doing the same thing. When his shirt landed on mine, James looked from one to the other of us, impressed.

“Well, well, well,” he said quietly. “When did this happen?”

“This morning,” I replied. “And, um, we also took care of a few other things. So we’re ready to report to the loft for your thorough enjoyment, Sir.”

His grin got even bigger. “Thorough, eh?”

Sebastian peeled off his jeans, revealing the rubber jock that James had purchased. “Very. Thorough. Enjoyment.” He waited a tantalizing moment. “Sir.”

§ § §

He had us bent over facing bondage benches within moments of entering the room.

“I think I need to do a little inspection to properly enjoy this surprise,” he murmured as he made us clasp each others’ wrists and bound our arms together with leather straps. The tops of our heads touched but we couldn’t see each other.

When he’d finished securing our wrists, he made me spread my legs and bound my ankles to the high bench’s legs, then did the same to Sebastian’s.

“Are you both all right? Nothing too tight or uncomfortable?”

“Yes Sir. No Sir,” we answered.

“And you know what your safewords are?”

“Yes Sir,” we said.

“Good. Then we can begin.” He chuckled. “Well, I mean, I can begin. You two can’t really do much of anything, can you?”

“No Sir,” we said. My heart pounded in my chest at the prospect of being played with by this man. Why did he affect me the way he did?

I felt his warm hand on my left arm, running lightly along it and into my armpit, making me squirm.

“Be still,” he ordered.

I tried to keep from moving as he stroked my hairless underarm a few times, the nerve endings screaming with sensitivity. Finally he moved along down my back.

“So smooth, Tate. I like it.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Did it hurt very much?” he asked as his hand slid over my bottom and down my thigh.

“Like a bitch, Sir,” I admitted.

He laughed. “Good. Suffering is good for the soul.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He moved over to Sebastian and repeated the process.

Sebastian answered much as I had.

Then he walked back behind me. I felt his hands on my buttocks. His thumbs slipped between my cheeks and he spread them. Wide. The feeling of vulnerability became intense as he examined me closely. His finger slid along the smooth, hairless skin there and teased the pucker of my anus, sending chills up and down my spine.

“Lovely so far,” he commented.

I gripped Sebastian’s arms. “Thank you, Sir.”

His hands suddenly left me. Soon they spread me again and I felt the coldness of lube being rubbed along my crack. I knew what was coming and squirmed in eagerness, and at the same time quailed at the straightforward thoroughness of the examination. It was like being at the doctor’s office except the doctor was a beautiful, sexy Leather Daddy and I was strapped to my boyfriend. My cock, hard and throbbing, danced in the air beneath the bench.

I felt him rub me harder with one finger then it slipped gently inside, soon joined by another.

“Hmm, very nice. So tight and sweet,” he said as he probed me.

His other hand reached down, cupping my balls as his thumb pressed against my perineum.

I groaned.

“Mm, yes, you like that,” He left my balls and wrapped his hand around my cock, pumping me slowly as he pushed a third finger into my rectum.

The sensations became extraordinary. I lifted my head off the bench to glance behind me. James smiled, moving his fingers faster as he stroked my dick. If he kept

doing this I might come and I knew he didn't want me to. I grunted and tried to pull away.

"Be still," he said again.

He kept it up for awhile, driving me mad with desire. I felt like a taut string that he played with infinite skill, bringing me to the edge and back numerous times before he stopped.

He pulled his fingers out and slapped my ass playfully. "Good boy." He moved over to Sebastian. "Now it's your turn."

I listened to the sounds of Sebastian's examination with excitement. Although difficult, I lifted my head and watched James tease the boy, sharing intimate glances with him as he worked. His brown eyes sparked that familiar connection with me as we watched Sebastian writhe under the pleasant torment.

Finally, after a long time, James stopped and gave Sebastian's ass a nice slap, making the kid jump.

James chuckled and came around beside us.

"Look at me, both of you," he said.

We turned our heads. He bent down so that his face was very close to ours. "I'm trying my best to remain disconnected here. I'm trying to play my part because I know that's what you want. But I have to say that it's becoming very difficult to maintain that facade. When all I really want to do is ravish you both."

My eyes widened with desire at the intimacy in James' gaze and his confession.

"Then just do it. Fuck it, I'm dying here James. Fuck me and then fuck him. Just do it. We want you, not some roleplay shit."

He grabbed my hair, pulling my head back roughly, and stared hard into my eyes. "You want me to fuck you, Tate? Hmm? That sweet fucking ass of yours? It's aching for me isn't it?"

"Yes, it's fucking aching for your cock, Sir. I'm dying for you, James. And I know Sebastian wants it, too."

He kissed me then, so full of passion and want that it made my head spin. In a moment he'd moved behind me and I knew what was coming. I gripped Sebastian's forearms as I felt the head of James' massive dick pushing into me.

"Oh fuck yes!" I groaned as he slowly penetrated me, his cock filling my hole with delicious ease. "Oh, yeah...fuck!"

Now Sebastian lifted his head to watch as James started fucking me against the bench. I heard his jealous whimpers as James bent over me, filling me and teasing me with his gorgeous dick.

"Oh, Sebastian, you beautiful boy," he murmured above my ear, speaking to him. "Watching me with those lovely blue eyes. Watching me fuck your boyfriend." He gasped at his own audacity as he fucked me slowly.

"Oh, Jesus," I moaned, pushing back against him, silently begging him to pound me, to go deeper. "Oh, fuck me, Sir...fuck me, James, just fucking nail me."

Then I heard Sebastian's raspy voice. "He needs it hard, Sir. He likes it hard. We both know that."

I heard James chuckle and gasp at the same time. "Should I give him what he wants Sebastian? Has he been a good boy?"

"Oh, fuck," I moaned as he kept up his languid pace.

"He's been very good, Sir. So good. He's been a model boyfriend. He fucked me every day this week, Sir."

"I'm glad to hear it," James said, a smile in his hoarse voice. "Then I suppose it's only fair to give him what he's begged for."

He quickened his pace, ramming me roughly. "Maybe I'll even let him come."

I whimpered eagerly and felt him still. Then his hands were at my wrist, untying my right arm while he kept up a gentle rocking motion.

"All right, Tate. You can jerk yourself off while I'm fucking you if you want."

"Thank you, Sir," I panted, immediately grabbing my cock.

"Oh fuck, thank you so much, Sir."

"Ready?" He grasped my hips and withdrew until just barely inside me.

"Yes!" I all but yelled.

He chuckled. In one thrust he buried himself to the hilt in me, making me cry out.

“Again?”

“Yes!” I said, surprised to hear Sebastian’s echoing “Yes!”

James withdrew, filling me again, his cock seemingly reaching places inside me that defied logic. He did it again and again, each time eliciting from me a cry of desperation and animal pleasure.

Suddenly I felt the heat of his body as he leaned closely over me, arms along my sides, dick planted deep within my body, mouth at my ear.

“You ready to be fucked like the animal you are, boy? The beautiful, sexy animal you are?”

I could only nod and whimper, my hand moving quickly on my swollen cock, his words as much a turn on as his actions.

He kissed me sweetly on my cheek. Then he arched upwards as I felt his lips on my back and his dick pull out most of the way again. As he buried it in me once more, I felt his teeth as he bit me hard, but not enough to puncture skin.

I groaned, squeezing Sebastian’s arm painfully as James began a punishing rhythm, fucking me truly like an animal without regard for anyone’s pleasure but his own. That single mindedness, that selfish, primal need, turned me the fuck on and made my hand fly on my dick as he fucked me. He didn’t need my brain, or my money, or even my love, really. At this moment, he only needed my body. My pleasure was merely a by-product of his.

For some reason this made the sensations all the more intense. They manifested freely without any ulterior purpose, whenever they occurred as the result of the savage fucking.

On about the fifteenth or sixteenth brutal penetration, the umpteenth pass against my prostate, my dick erupted in my hand and I yelled into the room. Not a curse or a name or a plea, just a primitive unformed sound from deep within that gave voice to the ecstasy of my climax. My dick pulsed streams of come as James whispered, “Good boy,” over and over above me, still roughly pounding me through it.

When he felt me relax, he slowed, stilled, and withdrew. I whimpered to feel him go.

I was still in my own little world when I felt him untie my ankles and other arm.

“Tate, you can go sit down and enjoy the show if you like. I’m done with you. Mostly.” He winked at me as he moved behind Sebastian.

Still rather dazed, I kneeled on the warm heated floor of the loft and watched James fuck Sebastian the same way he had just fucked me. Sebastian liked it rough and made sure we knew it. His grunts, groans, and sighs echoed off the walls of the large room as James took his pleasure. Finally, the masterful Dom could bear it no longer. With a shouted curse and a loud, drawnout groan, James jerked hard against Sebastian and emptied into him, his fingers gripping flesh, mouth open, breaths spasmodic.

When he’d finished, he pulled Sebastian up against him, remaining deep within. He held him tight with one powerful arm around the young man’s chest and used his other hand to stroke Sebastian’s cock expertly so that, in a matter of minutes, my boy was coming hard. spurts of white shot upwards from the rosy tip of his cock as he made a sound similar to mine, James’ dick still embedded in his ass and James’ large hand squeezing every ounce of pleasure from him.

§ § §

Afterwards, James said he would run a bath instead of having a shower. We’d seen his huge Whirlpool tub before but wondered if it was just a showpiece.

He handed us soft white robes to wear while we waited for the tub to fill. Sebastian and I cuddled together on James bed, tired, spent, and feeling very, very good.

After a little while, James reappeared.

“Your pleasure awaits,” he announced, beckoning us into the ensuite.

As we padded into the bathroom and around the half wall that separated the shower/sink area from the bath, I couldn’t help exclaiming in surprise.

“Jesus, James. Are you sure you don’t live in a hotel?”

He laughed. “I like my little luxuries,” he admitted.

The room glowed with a soft light from several lit pillar candles scattered through the large room. The tub, filled with steaming bubbles, emanated a soothing fragrance that I couldn't quite identify, although I smelled elements of citrus and spice. A large plate of fruit sat on a small shelf built into the wall beside the tap. Two bottled beers and a can of Coke sat nearby.

"There's a mini-fridge in here," he explained.

"Wow," Sebastian muttered.

James shucked his robe and stepped into the hot water. He moved to the far end and disappeared up to his neck, emitting a contented sigh.

"Well, what are you waiting for? A written invitation?" He raised his eyebrows, watching us intently. His eyes moved back and forth between us as we took off our robes and made our way into the bath.

Sebastian almost fell but James reached out a steadying arm.

"Easy," he murmured.

Once we all sat soaking, James said, "You know, I have never had an evening quite like this before." He passed me an opened beer and the can of Coke to Sebastian.

"Me neither," I said, leaning back and taking a long sip. I reached one of my legs out under the water and found James' muscular calf nearby. "This is Heaven."

"I'm glad you think so," James chuckled.

"This is gonna sound kinda rude, but I'm really curious," Sebastian said, playing with the bubbles on top of the water. "How can you afford to live like this? I mean, this is a really fancy house."

"Well, things weren't always this cozy. The house has been renovated extensively. And for that I must thank my father."

"Really?" I said. His father had enabled him to turn his home into a pleasure palace?

He closed his eyes. "My father was a selfish and intolerant man. He made my life a living hell for many years. If not for my mother, I would have grown up believing horrible things about myself. But, where he was callous and unyielding, she was loving

and validating. She accepted that I was gay, she even seemed to understand my interest in the BDSM world, certainly more than my father did.”

Both Sebastian and I watched him talk about his past with rapt attention.

“When my father died, he left me a substantial inheritance. Not intentionally, mind you, but with his usual bumbling incompetence. He’d never made up a legal will, so all his money went to my mother. She gave me half of what she got. And all of it went into the house.” He smiled sleepily at us. “She loves what I’ve done with the place. He, on the other hand.” James glanced up at the ceiling and frowned.

“Nevertheless.”

“Payback,” Sebastian muttered.

“Exactly.” James shrugged. “My childhood really wasn’t bad. But once I became a fully sexual adult, my father seemed unable to deal with me, especially since I didn’t fit into the mold of the ‘perfect son,’ whatever that is. I moved out of the family home when I was fifteen and drifted about for a while, experimenting with all sorts of garbage. It was an incredible learning experience.

But I was smart and I played safe, for the most part. And luck helped. I’ve always had a great affinity for befriending like-minded people. I soon fell in with a good crowd. And the rest is history.”

“How did you learn your ‘craft’ though?” I asked curiously. “I mean, how did you get to be so good at what you do?”

“And what exactly is that, Tate?” he asked mischievously, leaning forward suddenly and grasping my ankle, almost pulling me off the bench. As I struggled to prevent going under, he reached out, grasped my arm, and pulled me halfway onto his lap. Beer sloshed out of the bottle in my hand and into the suds.

I heard Sebastian laughing as I felt James’ fingers tickle my dick into semi-hardness as he held me fast.

“This. Being a Dom. A Sir. A Daddy,” I growled, my face inches from his, my cock hardening in his hand, my arms naturally wrapping around him.

He stared at me affectionately as he fondled me. “Am I your Daddy?” he whispered.

I'd forgotten Sebastian. I'd forgotten everything except the man who stared so deeply into my eyes with such frankness.

"Yes," I replied. "Of course. Since I met you."

He smiled, kissing me quickly on the lips.

"And are you his Daddy?" he asked, gesturing toward Sebastian. I turned to look at my boy, who stared at us with heavy lidded eyes as he stroked his cock beneath the water's surface.

"Sometimes," I said. "We're each others' Daddy when we need one."

"I see," James said. "But now you've got me." He reached over, took Sebastian's arm, and pulled him close to his side. "And I've got two beautiful boys who need a full time Daddy."

He kissed us, tenderly, going back and forth between us until the water splashed out of the tub with our eager responses.

"Time for bed?" he said breathlessly.

We nodded, listening to the soft sound of his pleased laughter.

CHAPTER TWELVE

REACHING

For the first time ever, I woke in James' bed unbound and un-tormented, with my sweet blond boyfriend by my side. Lying between them with James' arm over me and Sebastian's leg between mine, I felt supremely contented and slightly euphoric, although it was early morning. How did I ever get this lucky? Not one lover, but two. Two beautiful, intelligent, sexy men lay in bed with me. I refused to open my eyes and drifted back to sleep within the comfort of their heat.

The next time I woke I found myself looking straight up into James' brown eyes.

"Well. Good morning. I'm surprised you didn't wake up sooner," he said.

I started to tell him that, in fact, I had, when I felt wet warmth engulf my morning erection and became unable to talk at all.

Groaning and closing my eyes, I realized that James had hold of my wrists beside my head, which lay in his lap. I opened my eyes and glanced down at Sebastian, thrilling to the sight of him treating me to a morning blowjob.

"He's been doing it for five minutes already. We were wondering when you'd wake up."

I stared up at James adoringly and moaned again as Sebastian went to town. "Well that explains the dream I was having."

James' eyes roamed over my face and he murmured, "Fuck, you're beautiful." His face showed so much genuine emotion it made my heart swell.

"Put your arms around my back," he said next. He released my wrists and I did as he asked. "Keep them there."

I nodded, still gazing up at him as if he were the second coming.

Sebastian kept up his gentle, tantalizing work on my dick while James reached for my nipples. Oh crap.

He knew just how to touch me, just what to do to turn me into a writhing, crazy mess. It took all of my will to keep my hands behind his back. I laced my fingers together to make it easier.

My head rolled on his lap, and I felt his cock swell and press against my cheek. I deliberately teased him, pretending to be overcome by Sebastian's technique, rubbing my face and cheek against his growing erection.

"Naughty boy," he said, catching on to my game. He pinched my nipples roughly, making me cry out and squirm.

"Sebastian, that's enough. Now I want you to get on top of him. I want you to fuck him from above," he said in that seductively soft voice.

Sebastian tongued me one last time and moved up over me.

He sat astride my belly first and bent to kiss me while James grabbed a bottle of lube and squeezed some into his hand. He rubbed lube into Sebastian's crack while we kissed. Sebastian groaned, kissing me harder as James prepared him. I think James took his damn time playing with my boy under the pretense of getting him ready, but I didn't mind. He was our boy now, anyway.

He didn't belong exclusively to me anymore.

"Remember, keep your hands behind my back, Tate."

"Yes, Sir."

I felt his teasing fingers on my nipples again as Sebastian lined my cock up with his slippery bottom. I tried to remain still as I pushed inside his hot hole but my body zinged with pleasure from James' nipple torture and it was difficult. James and I watched Sebastian's expressive face as he sat himself down on my cock in small increments. His mouth open, eyes closed, brow creased in concentration, he looked beautiful and ethereal. At last, he took the final inches of my cock and settled comfortable atop me.

I panted, gripping my hands behind James' back as he continued to torment my nipples, my dick embedded within Sebastian's heat. Sebastian did not move for several long moments, and it was all I could do to refrain from thrusting up into him. I moaned in desperation and gazed up at James helplessly.

"Stay still. I want you to let him fuck you this way," James said, his eyes taking it all in, his cock hard as steel beside my cheek now. I turned my face to kiss it before gazing back at the blond god sitting on my own.

His eyes opened. He stared at James as he began to move.

Slowly, too slowly, he began to fuck me, clenching his ass muscles, doing everything in his power to milk me.

“Oh...fuck...” I groaned as my eyes rolled back.

He fucked me for a very long time, the way he always did, teasing me mercilessly until it was all I could do to stay still. James alternately teased my nipples and stroked the sensitive skin of my armpits, driving me mad, forcing me to use all of my willpower to keep my hands where they were.

Sebastian worked up to a hard rhythm finally, so that he moved on my cock quickly and roughly, the way I really liked it.

“Sir, when can I come? When can I come?” I whimpered.

“Not yet,” he said, his voice firm.

Sebastian fucked me harder, his cock bouncing gloriously before our eyes, breath coming in pants and groans as he struggled to hold back.

“I’m going to try to get you boys to climax together. Just listen and do as I say.”

I opened my eyes in time to see James spread lube on Sebastian’s cock and stroke it several times, then let go.

“Sebastian, jerk yourself off while you’re fucking Tate. Tell us when you’re going to come. That’s when you can come, Tate.”

I groaned, nodding and squeezing my eyes shut. I couldn’t watch Sebastian touching himself or I’d come too soon. But I heard his moans increase as his movements on me faltered slightly when he began.

“Oh fuck, do you know how you two look right now?” James asked, his voice harsh with desire. “Like two randy Greek gods frolicking on Mount Olympus.”

Come on, Sebastian, get close, get close, I can’t hold off much longer.

His groans got louder and I heard his hand moving faster.

Finally, those yearned for words left his mouth, “Coming...I’m coming...fuck...right...now...”

I opened my eyes in time to see it, the beautiful white seed spurting from his cock.

Oh thank fuck!

And I came, groaning curses and squeezing my own fingers painfully. Sebastian's loud noises mingled with mine as we reached our climaxes together. I felt the warm drops of his release hit my belly and chest as the pleasure took me.

He collapsed over me as the final throbs faded in my cock, which slid out of him as he moved. I heard James laughing. I looked up with a lazy smile into his sparkling brown gaze.

"That was just a lovely way to begin the morning, don't you think?"

"Oh yeah," I murmured, letting go of my own grip behind his back and bringing my arms forward to wrap around Sebastian. I held my boy, kissing his shoulder tenderly while he recovered. A sheen of sweat coated him. I'd had it easy.

After a while, James cleared his throat. "I hate to disturb you, but my legs are falling asleep."

We moved off him, noticing his cock standing tall and unattended before us.

"Well, what do you expect? You think I'm not gonna get hard watching that?" He grinned. "The question is, what are you going to do about it?"

Sebastian and I looked at each other in silent communication.

It was two against one after all. In a moment we were on him.

Sebastian pushed James back against the pillows, holding his arms down, while I grabbed the man's enormous cock and went to work. He surrendered to us willingly. He let us have our way and we brought him to climax in very little time. Sebastian kissed him tenderly as he came, swallowing his groans and cries as I swallowed his seed.

§ § §

After a light breakfast and another bowel cleansing, James told Sebastian to go up to the loft and get in his puppy gear.

"I want you sitting by the armoire like a good pup waiting for its Masters."

The look on Sebastian's face at those words demonstrated to both of us just how much this sort of play meant to him.

"Yes, Sir," he said with a smile. He went to find his bag.

While he got ready, James spoke with me.

“Okay, this is what we’re going to do,” he said. “We’re going to pretend he’s an actual dog. We’re going to put him through his paces, sit, heel, lie down, etcetera. Then we’re going to make him sit there and watch you and I get freaky. We’ll give him a real nice show. It’ll drive him crazy.”

“Not a problem,” I said, excited about what this scene might entail. “Um, define freaky.”

He laughed, seeing the eagerness in my expression. “Well, are you ready for a go at being fisted? That would drive him mad.”

I felt a thrill of excitement combined with fear run through me. Am I ready? It scared the hell out of me, but I wanted to try it.

“Oh Jesus. I guess.”

“Tate, don’t worry. It’s really not as big a deal as it sounds. You’ve had large things up there before.”

“I know but...”

He held his hand up before me, coning the four fingers together and laying the thumb flat amidst them. “It goes in this way. We’ll use lots of lube. And I’ll wait until you’re extremely relaxed. Believe me, we’ll have lots of fun getting to that point.”

He smiled. “And if we don’t get there today, that’s okay too.”

I nodded, rubbing my hands together. “All right. Let’s do this.”

“Do you have the collar and leash?” he asked.

“Yes.”

§ § §

When we got upstairs to the loft, we found Sebastian, aka, Pup Blue, sitting obediently by the armoire. I’d become familiar with the look of him in his gear, but I watched James as we entered the loft since this was his first time. At least, his first time seeing Blue. I had no idea if he had any experience with human pups.

To become Pup Blue, Sebastian had inserted the anal plug with attached rubber tail that curved up and over his back. His leather pup hood covered everything but his blue eyes, which stared at us with a bright intensity. He also had on industrial strength

knee pads and wrist braces, which helped him maintain proper dog posture without hurting himself.

I also noticed a large square table set up by the armoire that had never been there before. It seemed to have enough width and strength to support a single person.

James walked right over to Blue with natural ease, putting his hand out for my pup to sniff before scratching him behind the ear. Blue leaned into his touch as James cooed, “What a handsome puppy you are, Blue. What a good boy. What a very, very good boy.”

He turned to me. “Would you collar him, please? I’d like to examine him.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I approached my blond boyfriend and gently placed the soft leather collar around his neck, gazing into his eyes as I did.

They conveyed complete trust, love, and obedience. I buckled it comfortably around his neck and attached the braided leather lead. Then I handed the lead to James.

He shook his head. “You take him round first. I’d like to see how he moves.”

“Okay,” I said. “Blue, heel.”

I started walking, giving a gentle tug on the lead. Blue came with me, keeping up with my stride and paying attention to where I led.

“Good boy! Good heel.” I walked him around the room, trying not to ogle his gorgeous, already erect cock and the rubber tail that swayed in time with his movements. What a remarkable specimen. The look on James’ face when we neared him again demonstrated his agreement.

“That’s great. Now I need him up on this table, please,” James said.

I patted the top of the table with my palm and said, “Up, Blue.”

He climbed gracefully onto the table and got into his best pup stance. Now at a better height to be examined, he remained still but for the movement of his chest, staring forward in order to present a perfect profile.

James approached.

I placed my hand on Blue’s shoulder to calm him. I sensed his heart rate quicken at the prospect of being examined. I felt pretty excited myself to see it.

James began by running a hand gently over our pup from the top of his hooded head, over his shoulder and back, smoothly along the curve of his buttock and down the back of his thigh. Blue shivered but not from cold. James kept the loft at a comfortable temperature for nakedness.

James said nothing as he moved the same hand up the inside of Blue's thigh, over the swell of his testicles, and along the erect shaft of his penis.

Blue tensed as I heard his breathing become louder. He tried to be still, a difficult task as James continued stroking long fingers slowly up and down the length of his cock.

"Fuck," I said under my breath.

I saw the corner of James' mouth twitch but he maintained his professionalism. He stopped the gentle cock teasing and proceeded to examine Blue's arms, nipples, and belly. Then he stroked his hand along Blue's back again to the rubber tail. He examined its length then wiggled the plug to make sure it was properly seated. A muffled whimper came from Blue's muzzle.

"Good boy," James praised, wiggling the plug gently again as a bead of precum pooled in the slit of Blue's cock. "I'm almost done."

A tremor went through our pup then as James released the tail and moved so that he stood before Blue at the end of the table.

He gripped the bottom of Blue's muzzle, holding his chin up, and stared deeply into those sweet blue eyes.

I didn't know what he was looking for, but after a few moments of intensity, he nodded, smiled, and released the young man.

"Excellent. You can take him down now and give me the lead."

Once Blue had safely gained the floor again, James took him to heel around the room. They stopped halfway where James made him sit, lie down, and beg.

The sight of my Blue sitting up on his knees, begging another man for attention, his cock leaking and twitching from the ecstasy of this game, made me rock hard. This proved such a different thing from seeing him play pup with Gavin. This was something we were doing together, willingly, for my enjoyment too.

James brought him back to the table and made him get on it again. Blue breathed heavily from the exertion and excitement of it all.

“You’ve done very well, Blue. I’m so pleased. You are a credit to your owner.” He glanced at me. “I’ve put you up here because I want you to have a good view of what’s going on. But you are to stay here, either sitting or lying down, until I give you permission to move. And if I see you touching your cock, you’re out of here, got it? And, trust me, you’re going to want to stay.”

He turned to me. “Strip. And stand over there when you’re done.” He pointed to the spot beside the armoire where he always had us wait for him.

I took my clothes off, folding them neatly and placing them on top of the armoire. I glanced at Blue a couple of times, wondering if he had any idea what was in store. I think when James got out the blue nitrile gloves and the big tub of Elbow Grease lube he started to put everything together. His eyes widened and he looked at me with concern and disbelief.

I shrugged and attempted a smile.

Sebastian blinked, turning back to James.

James unfolded what looked like a medical examining table, or a massage table with a padded top and reinforced steel legs.

“Come here, Tate,” he said, peeling off his t-shirt as I approached nervously. “I want you to get up on here, hands and knees to start please.”

I obeyed, my heart pounding, my knees weak. I looked over at Blue; the sight of him watching gave me the confidence I needed to go through with this. I would put on an awesome show for him, one that he would never forget. This was my apology for everything I had put him through over the past eight months. My offering to him.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

LIFE AND DEATH

“Tate. Focus,” James said sternly.

I pulled my gaze away from Blue’s and stared at the table beneath me.

“This is going to take awhile, so we’d better get started,” he said. “I want you to relax and enjoy every minute of this. If you feel anything more than a slight burn for a few seconds I want you to speak up. I’ll be watching you closely, so I’ll probably be able to tell if you’re in pain, but I need you to speak up.”

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

He slapped my ass suddenly with his gloved hand. “I mean it.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said louder.

“Ready to begin?”

“As I’ll ever be,” I said. “Sir.”

He laughed. “I’m pretty sure you’ll enjoy the warm-up. Just relax and let yourself go. You’ve had a thorough cleansing so there shouldn’t be any surprises. But don’t panic if it gets a little messy. Trust me, I can handle it.”

“Okay.”

“Okay.” He seemed satisfied. “I’ll make it good for you, don’t worry.”

I nodded as I felt him start spreading the white greasy lube in the crack of my ass. I hadn’t even noticed the music until then, but he’d put on some sort of trance album. Ethereal and beautiful, it was easy to get lost in. I listened to it as he began playing gently with my ass, sliding one finger in, then two, then one again, taking his time.

“Feel good?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I said. It did feel good. It felt great to have James touch me so intimately, preparing to take me somewhere I’d never been before. I really started to relax then. I enjoyed the teasing of his fingers slipping in and out of me, around my hole, down to my ball sac, and back to my hole again. The man knew his way around an asshole. He teased me like this for a long time, arousing me, making me want more, but not giving it to me. He used only one or two fingers for a very long time. I began to feel desperate.

“More, please,” I murmured, pushing back on his two fingers.

“More?” he asked.

“Yes.” I said. “Please.”

He chuckled. “Hmm, I guess you’re ready for a little bit more.”

When he pushed three fingers into me I groaned in pleasure. It felt so good, the stretch, the friction, the pressure. I could only imagine...but, no, I didn’t want to think about that yet. It was important to stay in the moment and focus on what was happening now.

I glanced over at Blue a couple of times, as I groaned and gasped in pleasure.

He sat there, his blue eyes on us, his cock big and shiny at the tip where his desire escaped. He maintained the stance of a well-behaved dog, straight and alert, while he watched James prepare me for something more. I was pretty sure he knew what that something might be.

I heard James’ breathing quicken as he played with me. My body trembled as he worked me with patient skill.

“I’m using all four fingers now, Tate,” he informed me. “You’re doing great. And it looks incredible from here.”

I moaned in response, trying to slow my breathing and stay relaxed. But it proved difficult because I was getting so excited.

I’d never experienced so much concentrated anal play before; usually it was a short prelude to getting fucked or sucked. It had been going on for so long now that I seemed barely conscious of the rest of my body. I was, however, uber conscious of each twist and turn of his hand as he pushed those fingers in and out of me.

All of a sudden he withdrew his fingers, leaving me bereft. I let out an unconscious whimper.

“Okay, Tate, I need you to get onto your back for this part, please. Knees bent.”

I nodded, mumbling a shaky, “Okay.”

Oh boy, here we go. There’s no turning back now.

I started to get nervous again as I turned over onto my back on the padded table. James seemed to realize my lack of body awareness and helped me perform the maneuver without falling off.

“Now, I have a question for you.” He stood there, shirtless, blue-gloved hand glistening. “Would you like me to bind your hands, or leave them free? It’s entirely up to you. But if being restrained would help you surrender to what I’m doing...”

“Yes. Do it,” I said quickly. It might be the only way I’d be able to accomplish this.

He smiled. “All right. I need a new glove anyway.” He peeled off the shiny one and got a length of soft rope from the armoire.

As he passed by Blue, he nudged the boy’s penis with the rope and said, “Doing all right, pup?”

Blue whimpered and shifted his position, nodding quickly.

“Good boy.”

James bound my hands together above my head then secured them to a metal hoop on his table. “Fuck, you look delicious like that!” he exclaimed, placing his hand on the side of my face and bending down to give me a tender kiss.

Then he straightened. Looking down at me with hooded eyes, he unzipped his leather pants and freed his huge erection. My mouth opened instinctively.

“Suck it,” he said in that seductive tone he knew was my downfall.

I turned my head on its side and opened my mouth wider. He grinned as he pushed his cock between my lips.

“Oh, fuck, Tate.” He moaned as I did my best in the somewhat awkward position.

He fucked my mouth for a few minutes, gasping, grunting, and twisting my nipple painfully at the same time, putting me in my place. I loved it.

Then he pulled out and stroked himself a few times, closing his eyes with pleasure. “Oh fuck, I should just come on your face right now.”

I whimpered.

Sure, that works for me.

But he didn’t. He tucked himself back into his pants and zipped them up partway. “You don’t get it that easy, boy. You still have work to do. And so do I.”

He grabbed another glove from the box, fitting it over his hand while I watched, my chest rising and falling with eager, nervous breaths. My cock, hard from all his teasing, arched over my belly. I liked this position because I could see him at work. He was so fucking hot.

He moved between my legs and, to my surprise, wrapped his gloved hand around the base of my dick, pulling it so that it stood straight up before him. He eyed it appreciatively for several moments then met my gaze.

“You like it so far?” he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good,” he said. He bent down and kissed the very tip of my cock where some moisture had collected.

I gasped. I watched, transfixed, as he snaked his tongue out, his eyes still on mine, and circled the head of my dick several times.

“Oh...f-fuck.”

He took me in his mouth, treating me to a leisurely bit of cock teasing before coming off me with a pop and a satisfied grin.

“Hmm. That was for both of us.” He licked his lips while my cock throbbed for more. “Now, where were we?”

I gulped as I watched him scoop up some of the grease with the fingers of his gloved hand. “Ah, yes...up to here I think?” He held his hand up and crossed his palm with the other so that his four gloved fingers showed above it.

I sighed, wrapping my fingers around the ropes that bound me.

“I’ll start slow again. You’ll be fine.”

I nodded.

He began to tease me again, using only two fingers for a bit. Then he added a third. Then the fourth. It didn’t take long since he’d stretched me already.

I soon relaxed, enjoying the gentle friction and pressure and succumbing to the lure of the trance music.

“Good boy,” he said as I felt a slight increase in pressure at my opening. “Relax, relax. You’re so ready...just stay relaxed.” His voice, soothing and calm, helped me do so.

The pressure increased, but with no pain. In fact, the pleasure became intense as I felt what must be James’ entire hand slowly easing into me.

“That’s it, that’s it...good, take it. You’re so ready. It’s almost in,” he stated. Although his voice remained calm I heard the excitement in it.

But I could barely concentrate. I felt more pleasant pressure, delicious friction, and bliss as I took it completely, my anus closing around what must have been his wrist.

I gasped, panted, and groaned as the enormity of what had occurred broke through the overpowering sensations.

“You did it,” he murmured. “Look.”

I craned my neck, trying to see. “I can’t...I can’t...”

“Pull on the ropes, Tate.”

I did. They held, but on the next tug, came free. I gazed in amazement at my wrists as the ropes loosened and fell.

“Now look.”

I lifted myself up on my elbows and stared down at where his hand disappeared inside me. I stared at the awesome sight for a few moments then lifted my gaze to meet his. As our eyes connected, an intense wave of pleasure moved through me. I shivered as goose bumps broke out on my skin.

“Now feel,” he said.

I kept my gaze locked with his as his hand slowly became a ball of heat inside me. The pressure changed, the sensations shifted, as he altered the shape of his hand and rocked it against my prostate.

I cried out, my eyes widening at the pleasure of it. He did it again. I made the same sound of joy and surprise. He smiled, his eyes holding mine as he experienced it with me.

I heard another noise suddenly, a muffled whimper from across the room.

We both turned to see Blue on all fours, crouching, his wide blue eyes on us, whimpering in agony and need.

“Stay,” James said calmly. “Sit.”

Blue whined in protest. But he did as he was told.

“Look at me, Tate,” James said.

I met his eyes again. My body trembled, my cock oozing and straining as desperately as Sebastian’s.

He held my gaze for a long time as he rocked and carefully twisted his fist inside me, with gentleness and incredible skill, until I became a desperate and needy puppet.

I almost couldn’t take it anymore, and let my head fall back.

The pleasure became so intense, and looking into those beautiful brown eyes was too much. But he wouldn’t have it.

“Look at me,” he said again.

I forced myself to lift my head up and meet his gaze.

“Keep your eyes on mine now.”

I felt the small caressing movements of his fist change. They became harder, a little rougher, scraping over my prostate again and again.

I made unintelligible sounds as I struggled to maintain eye contact. My eyes kept rolling back and it took intense effort to focus on him.

Oh my God. Oh my God! The sensations rolling throughout my entire body were so intense, I barely held onto consciousness.

His movements became even quicker, and rougher.

“I can’t ...” I cried out, “I can’t...” My eyes squeezed shut of their own volition as I felt the orgasm coiling inside me, the same tight shape as his hand, until with a blinding white burst of light, it uncoiled and shot through my entire body.

“That’s it, that’s it, there you go.”

His words felt like caresses as my body spasmed around his hand. I felt the spurts of seed shoot from my cock as it pulsed freely in the air. My body jerked and convulsed, every wave of release and ecstasy threatening to rip me apart with its intensity.

I heard my own cries as if I'd been deaf for a moment and just then regained hearing. Still I came, my dick spurting unbelievable amounts of jizz, my body strung out with breathless pleasure.

Finally, after a seeming eternity, it was over. I felt myself become a pile of jelly on the table.

James leaned over me, stroking the side of my face with his free hand. His eyes shone with excitement and love. "Beautiful, beautiful boy. You are incredible. So incredible."

We gazed at each other while my breathing calmed and my body slowly stopped shaking. James glanced down at where we remained intimately connected.

"This part might hurt, but just relax. I've used enough lube so it should be all right." When he felt me tense up he told me to look at him again. "Trust me?"

I nodded because I didn't know if I could speak.

He held my gaze as he very slowly pulled his hand out.

Surprisingly, it didn't hurt much. In fact, it reminded me how great it had felt going in. I felt my emptied dick stir as I groaned with regret.

James laughed softly. "Oh, don't worry. I'll definitely be doing that again."

He peeled off his glove and swept his hands and wrist with an antiseptic wipe. "Stay still. Don't move," he said hoarsely as he moved up beside my head and quickly unzipped his pants. "You don't have to do anything except lay there. I know you're beat."

He took out his hard cock and reached down for some of the grease from the tub. I watched as he began stroking himself quickly. "I'm close. This won't take long."

I didn't care how long it took. I held his gaze as he jerked himself off over my face and hair and neck, obviously delighting in painting me so liberally. His mouth opened as he came, groaning at each spurt of his thick cock.

"Oh Jesus...fuck," he swore, "Yeah, I'll definitely be doing that again."

He shook the last drops from his dick, rubbing the head on my cheek to complete the job. When he'd finished, he glanced over at Blue, at the same time tucking himself back in his pants.

“Blue. Come.”

Blue got quickly down from the table where he’d been sitting for so long. His legs seemed a bit stiff but he approached James on all fours, sitting obediently when he reached him.

“Stand up and grasp your hands behind your back,” James ordered.

Blue stood. James positioned him beside my head. I watched him grip the base of Blue’s tail with his left hand and circle the boy’s erection with his still slippery right.

Blue grunted desperately as James wiggled the tail plug and jerked his cock at the same time. In a matter of moments my boy climaxed onto me, in the same spots where James’ spunk was cooling and drying on my skin.

I felt well-used and honored to receive it all.

James unfastened Blue’s pup hood and removed it.

Blue became Sebastian again, his face flushed, hair damp with sweat, and a look of adoration in his eyes as he gazed upon James.

“Thank you,” he said softly, and I knew it wasn’t just for the orgasm. In that moment I realized James was the pup handler Sebastian needed. I’d tried my best to satisfy that part of him, but

James seemed able to naturally relate to Blue, whereas I’d always been self-conscious.

James ruffled Sebastian’s damp locks and smiled with genuine emotion. “The pleasure was all mine, Sebastian. You make a lovely pup. Now lick your boyfriend clean for me will you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I couldn’t help smiling as his soft tongue went to work on the sensitive skin of my neck and face. He got it all, then nibbled and licked my ear playfully. As he kissed me on the lips with passion and tenderness I wondered what had kept us from James for almost a year.

This love we shared, Sebastian and I, seemed strong enough to encompass more than just the two of us. This thing between James and us felt so natural, so right, that

any doubts I'd had about making a three-way relationship work disappeared into thin air.

§ § §

James showered first and went to make all of us something to eat. Sebastian and I, giddy with happiness from the experience in the loft, showered together.

As we descended the stairs hand in hand, the doorbell rang, surprising us out of our pleasant mood.

We froze, not sure what to do. For some strange reason the instinct to turn around and retreat upstairs became strong, but Sebastian held me fast. "Wait, isn't that Joanne?"

We could see someone through the side window of James' front door. As James came out of the living room I realized

Sebastian was right. A thrill of foreboding ran through me. What was Joanne doing here?

James opened the door. "Hello?"

The look on Joanne's face made me feel even worse.

"Hello. Is this...are you James Lucas?"

"I am."

"I'm looking for Tate Mackenzie. I really need to speak with him. It's rather urgent."

James backed up. "Of course. Come in. He's here." He glanced to where I stood frozen on the stairs.

Joanne suddenly saw us. "Oh, Tate...I'm so sorry..."

I sat down on the step. I knew why she'd come.

Sebastian sat down beside me, squeezing my hand tightly as Joanne came up the steps and put her hand on my knee.

"I called your phone, but it was off." She looked like she was about to cry. "Your dad passed away this morning."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

LOVE

“Where’s my mom?” I said, when I could speak.

“She’s with Darrin and Chloe. I thought I’d better come and get you.”

I stood up, letting go of Sebastian’s hand. “Thanks.”

I turned to James. “I have to go see how my mom’s doing.”

“Of course. I’ll drive Sebastian home. Leave your car here, Tate, and go with Joanne. You shouldn’t drive right now.” He gave me a stern look.

I nodded. “Okay.”

I didn’t seem to know what to do next. James squeezed my shoulder and kissed my cheek. Sebastian gave me a hug, then kissed me.

“Bye. I’ll be at home when you get there,” he said.

I nodded again. “Okay.”

I followed Joanne to her car and got in the passenger side. I looked up to see James walking toward us. I wondered what he wanted. He motioned me to put down my window, but when I did, he spoke to Joanne.

“He needs to eat something. He’s had nothing since this morning.”

“Okay, I’ll make sure he does. Thank you, James,” Joanne said, starting the car and putting it in reverse. As she pulled out of James’ drive I saw him staring after us with a worried look on his face.

“He’s in love with you isn’t he?” Joanne said softly as she drove down the street.

“Yeah. And I think he’s falling for Sebastian too,” I murmured.

She glanced at me, surprised. “Sebastian?”

“Oh, he’s head over heels for James.”

“Hmm. Well. Isn’t that something,” she said with a smile.

“God works in mysterious ways I guess.”

She took one hand off the steering wheel and lay it atop mine, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

§ § §

My mom started tearing up as soon as I walked in the door.

She finished reading a board book to Chloe while I took off my jacket, then came over.

“Oh, Tate,” she started before choking up.

“It’s okay, Mom. We knew this was going to happen,” I said, holding her tight. I was so much taller and she seemed tiny in my arms suddenly.

However, the dominant emotion I felt was relief. Yes, I felt sadness at the fact that he was gone forever. But he’d been so damn sick, for so long. It had been very painful for both of us to watch his decline and at least he wasn’t struggling anymore.

I watched Joanne take her coat off and head into the kitchen. She put the frying pan on the stove and got out a pot and a can of soup.

Darrin came up from the basement. He nodded at me and gave me a little sympathetic smile as Chloe ran over to him.

“Daddy, up! Up!” she demanded, reaching for him.

He picked her up and carried her into the kitchen. He asked Joanne what she was doing.

“I’m making soup and grilled cheese for Tate. He needs something to eat. And I’m hoping Louise will try to eat some too.”

“Mmm. I love grilled cheese!” he said.

“You just ate, you knucklehead.”

“That was an hour ago.”

“Fine. I’ll make you one too.”

“I’m just kidding. I’m not hungry. You’re sweet.” He kissed her cheek and brought Chloe back to the living room.

“Unca Tate! Unca Tate!” As soon as Darrin put her down,

Chloe walked over and started pulling on my pant leg.

“Chloe, no, Uncle Tate is busy.”

“It’s okay,” I said. My mom let me go so I could bend down and offer my hand to the cute little girl. “Well hello, Miss Chloe,” I said.

She giggled, taking my hand in both of hers, shaking it up and down. “Peas to mee you.” She grinned.

And just like that my mood lightened. Death and life. Right in front of me. And life distracted me from death, as it should.

Mom and I played with Chloe while Joanne made the sandwiches. When they were ready, Darrin took Chloe for a walk so we could eat in peace.

I hadn’t known how hungry I was until I began to eat. I gobbled down two sandwiches and a big bowl of soup while my mom watched.

“Good appetite.” She sounded pleased.

I blushed and shrugged. I couldn’t explain to her exactly why I was so hungry. “Yeah, forgot to eat lunch today.”

“The nursing home says we have two days to get all his stuff out of the room.”

I stared at her. “What?”

She shrugged. “Well, they’ve got waiting lists.”

“I know, but, shit,” I commented. There was a lot of stuff in his room. I’d need help. “Okay. Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it. I’ll get some friends together tomorrow, and we’ll get it done. I guess we’ll just bring it all to your place?”

“Yes, that’s the best thing. And I can sort through it then.”

Her voice quavered and I put my arm around her.

“Don’t worry, Mom. It’ll be all right.”

§ § §

It was a relief to see Sebastian as soon as I opened the door to our apartment. He came over to me right away.

“Are you okay?” He grabbed me in a hug before I’d even taken off my jacket.

I hugged him back warmly, holding him tight for a few extra moments. “I’m fine.”

Sebastian pulled back and checked me over. “Did you get something to eat?”

“Yeah. Joanne made me grilled cheese.”

“There’s a turkey sub in the fridge for you, if you’re still hungry. We picked up Subway on the way here.”

“Thanks. I’m good for now.” I took my jacket off and hung it on the hook. “I’m fucking tired though,” I said, only now realizing the truth of that statement.

“It was a pretty intense day. Let’s just go to bed.”

I pulled him into another hug, resting my tired head on his strong shoulder. “I love you so much.”

\$\$\$

The next morning Sebastian and I tried to figure out the most efficient way to clear out my dad’s room at the nursing home.

First things first, I needed my car back.

I called James.

“Tate, thank goodness. I’ve been worried,” he said. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine. Just kind of tired.”

“I’m sorry that you had to hear such sad news. How’s your mom feeling?”

“Sad, relieved, overwhelmed. She’ll be all right. She’s pretty tough.”

“Like her son,” he said. “I’m sorry I couldn’t give you the proper aftercare for our little session. How’s your bottom?”

I smiled slightly. “Feels great.”

“I’m glad to hear it. Did you get enough to eat finally?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said in an ironic tone.

He laughed. “Don’t get smart with me young man...”

“I wouldn’t fucking dare,” I said. “What is the proper aftercare for fisting?” I asked curiously.

He chuckled. “Well, I do like to observe my fistees afterward for a while, to make sure they’re recovering nicely. Looks like you were all right. I guess you need your car back?”

“Yes.”

Suddenly, Sebastian came on the other line. “Hi James.”

“Hello, Sebastian. How are you?”

“Great, Sir.”

“Excellent.”

“Sir, I’m not sure if Tate will ask you but we could use your help today,” he said.

I met his gaze, raising my eyebrows. Did we really want poor James to have to spend his day carting stuff around?

“Absolutely. And why won’t Tate ask me?”

I cleared my throat. “We have to get everything out of my dad’s room at the nursing home. It’s not exactly a glamorous job.”

“I can roll my sleeves up with the best of them, you know.”

I couldn’t help laughing.

He continued, amusement in his voice. “I’m yours for the day, along with my car. I’ll pick you both up in an hour. We’ll come back here and get your car.”

§ § §

Clearing out the room at the home became an interesting and revelatory process. I discovered quite a few things about the three of us in the process.

I, for one, had stronger feelings than I’d supposed about my father’s passing, even though I pretended to be mostly relieved and we’d never had a close relationship. Unexpectedly, I hit the wall when I discovered a photo of my brother and me as kids in a desk drawer.

Sebastian noticed first that I was upset. He came over and put his arm around me so I could bury my head in his shoulder.

There were no tears, just a silent, shaking sobbing.

James must have seen us, but left us alone and kept carting the stuff we’d piled to the cars. Eventually he came and sat by us, putting his hand on my shoulder and stroking my neck soothingly with his fingers.

Finally the tightness in my chest started to ease up and I was able to continue. James watched me closely and Sebastian stayed near. I felt very cared for in a fairly non-obtrusive way. But I was eager to be done.

James turned out to be extremely organized, which I should have expected. He took over from the start and we were done by four thirty. He charmed the crap out of my mom of course, which I also should have expected. For now, I just told her he was a

friend of ours. The truth could come later, maybe, if things went well and if I figured she'd even be able to understand our situation.

Sebastian tucked in, doing everything James asked him to and looking after me at the same time. He could really be a workhorse when there were things to be done. I appreciated both of them very much on this trying day.

"Who's up for pizza at our place?" I asked as we walked back to the cars in my mom's driveway.

"Me!" Sebastian said eagerly. "I'm starving."

"I should probably head home," James said with uncharacteristic hesitation in his voice.

"Why? So you can debrief the loft furniture?" I joked. "That massage table may never recover."

"Very funny."

"Please let me buy you some pizza and be our guest for once," I said.

"Well, I suppose I could eat some pizza."

I got in my car with Sebastian.

"I can't remember, what's the state of our place?" I asked him nervously as we drove, James in his car behind us.

"It's fine, Tate. Would you relax? He's just coming over for supper."

§ § §

James wandered around the apartment, checking out our books and CDs and commenting on our eclectic but homey design scheme. He was very gracious, even though our place paled in comparison to Casa Lucas.

When the pizza arrived, James got to the door first and paid the young delivery guy before I had time to interfere.

I glared at him as he closed the door, standing there looking innocent and holding the pizzas.

"What?" he asked.

"You sure know how to emasculate me."

He raised his eyebrows, because we knew that statement rang true in more ways than I'd meant. It was amazing how with one look he could put me in my place.

"What are we, kept men?" I said, but the anger was gone.

James laughed. "Oh, I'm definitely keeping you." He held up the pizzas. "Where do you want to eat? Kitchen table or living room?"

"Living room," I said, suddenly flustered and aroused. I brought plates and cutlery into the living room.

We all sat together on the couch while we ate, watching *Amazing Race*. There was a team of Chippendale's guys competing. One was super hot and very sweet. I thought his name was James, incidentally. We all made appreciative noises when he had to get into a safety harness to fix a windmill.

"I've got a harness for you, boy," James said to the TV.

Sebastian and I grunted in accord.

"Fuck, he's hot," I said.

"Mm hm. I liked when they had to go to the baths and get scrubbed down," Sebastian commented.

"Oh yeah, that was awesome," I agreed.

I turned to see James looking at us with an amused smile.

"What?" I said.

"I don't know. This is fun. I don't watch TV very often. When I do it's usually the news."

I shook my head, appalled. "James, you really don't know what crap you're missing."

He laughed and put his empty plate on the table. "Apparently."

He leaned back on the sofa, threading his fingers together behind his head, looking very relaxed and very, well, appealing.

I put down my pizza, suddenly feeling vulnerable. All I wanted to do was snuggle up to him but for some reason, I hesitated.

"What's wrong?" he asked, always able to sense my discomfort.

Sebastian watched the screen, fixated on the show, not even aware of us for the moment.

I felt sad and lost all of a sudden, no doubt another latent reaction to my dad's passing. James reached out and took my hand. He pulled me into his side, taking my chin in his strong hand, making me look him in the eyes.

"What is it?"

"I just...I don't know. It's nothing." I reached out, palming his thigh to deflect his inquiries.

"Nuh uh, you're not going to distract me with sex tonight.

Anyway, I'm beat." He let go of my chin but kept his arm around me. "You don't have to tell me. But I'm here for you, Tate. I will take care of you, even if you deny that you need me."

"I do need you. I need Sebastian too," I admitted. "Now more than ever."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WAKES AND OFFICE SPACE

A combined wake and funeral was held for my dad that Tuesday. On Monday I helped my mom plan and organize things and liaise with the funeral home. Luckily, since Dad had been sick for so long, they had already discussed what he wanted done.

Of course, I knew Sebastian would come with me. James had an important day job so I in no way expected him to be there.

When he did turn up just as we were all leaving the visitation and walking into the small chapel for the funeral service, I stared at him in shock. Not to mention the fact that he had dressed in a gorgeous black suit and grey shirt, a burgundy tie around his neck.

With all due respect to my dead father, there was almost another slain member of the family that day.

“Hey,” I said, trying not to show how thrilled I actually was to see him.

“Tate. How are you doing?” he said, touching my arm. “I’m so sorry about your dad.”

I nodded, wanting to hug and kiss him, but not knowing if I should.

Oh, fuck it!

I took his hand and pulled him close, feeling his arms wrap around me, not caring what anyone else thought. Sebastian rubbed my back and came in close to us, which probably confused everyone more. But I’m sure they just thought James was an old friend, even when I kissed him lightly on the lips before we pulled apart. People expected dramatic displays of affection between gay men, they wouldn’t necessarily infer the truth.

“Sebastian,” James gave Sebastian a hug as well and lingered slightly, although, again, I don’t think anyone noticed.

“I’m so glad you were able to make it, James,” Sebastian said.

“Tate won’t say it but I know he’s thrilled.”

“Come on,” I said, taking both their hands and bringing them with me to sit in the front row beside my mom, my brother, and his wife and their two kids. Sebastian looked a dream in his borrowed suit and tie as well.

Mom did great. I think she’d gotten most of her crying done by now, so she handled herself well during the ceremony. My brother got up and read a speech, which almost set her off, but she managed to hold together. I think she felt so relieved that

Dad wouldn’t suffer anymore. It had been horrible to watch his decline from healthy husband to dependent invalid.

My nephews were well behaved during the service, although the younger one, Devon, kept speaking in a loud whisper. But, to be fair, the questions he asked were ones I’d be asking in his place. Funerals were pretty confusing for young kids.

After the service the home provided a catered reception of finger sandwiches, desserts, coffee, and tea. I loosened my tie and took it off, opening the top two buttons of my shirt, not used to this sort of get-up.

“You okay?” Sebastian asked.

I nodded. “Yep. Can’t wait to go home though.”

James came over to where I sat in a corner chair, bringing a plate of cheese and fruit, and a cup of coffee. “Here. Eat something.”

I gazed up at him, amused. “Should I inform my mom that you’ve now taken over for her?”

He glanced over to see my mom coming with a plate of food and a drink for me. “Oh. Sorry.”

He handed the plate quickly to Sebastian and sipped the coffee himself, moving out of the way.

“I brought you something to eat, Tate.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“I’m so glad Sebastian’s here for you. And it’s lovely that your friend, James, is here too.”

I blushed. I didn't know what to say. "Your friend, James," sounded so insufficient. It wasn't the truth at all.

"Such handsome men. The three of you could be on the cover of HQ!"

I exchanged a glance with Sebastian who tried not to laugh.

"You mean GQ, Mom," I said.

"Whatever." She waved her hand.

"How are you doing?" Sebastian asked her, placing a hand on her back.

She gave him a weak smile. "Oh honey, I'm doing fine. But if one other person asks me that question I'm gonna punch them."

To take the sting out of her words she hugged him tight for several moments. "But thank you for asking. I'm so glad Tate has you with him, Sebastian. You two are so good together."

"Thanks," he said, glancing at me over my mom's shoulder.

When she was done hugging Sebastian she turned to James.

"Mr. Lucas. I'm so glad you could make it. How nice of you to come!"

James smiled, giving her a hug. "I'm so sorry for your loss."

"Thank you."

Devon suddenly ran over to us, followed by his older brother, Cameron. "Uncle Tate, Cameron says Grampa's going into the ground tomorrow. Why's he going into the ground?"

"Devon, I told you, all people get buried when they die," Cameron said, shaking his head in frustration with his younger brother.

"Why, Uncle Tate?" Devon asked, standing by my knee and looking up at me as though I was the keeper of all wisdom. "Why do they?"

I shrugged. "I'm not really sure, Devon, to tell you the truth. I guess it's so their bodies can give back to the earth, which is what we all came from in the beginning."

"Huh? I didn't come from dirt. I came from Mommy's tummy."

Thank goodness my mom came to the rescue. "Did you see the cookies on the corner table, boys? I think they have double chocolate chunk."

"Cookies?" said Devon.

“Really? Double chocolate?” said Cameron. And they were gone, just like that, the question about Grampa’s journey into the earth irrelevant now.

“When is the burial, Tate?” James asked me.

“Tomorrow morning. At the Beechwood Cemetery,” I said.

My voice must have sounded a bit shaky because he rubbed my shoulder comfortingly.

§ § §

We buried my dad the next day. Sebastian stood by my side, next to my mom and brother. When they started lowering the casket into the ground it really hit me that he was gone. It made me very aware of my own mortality. I wouldn’t be here forever.

One day, my body would be going into the earth or the fire. Who would be watching?

I clasped Sebastian’s hand a little bit tighter, thinking about James and the three of us.

At home, Sebastian made sandwiches for lunch but I couldn’t finish mine. I welcomed a kiss and a hug from him before he left for work, then lost myself in a new videogame for a couple of hours. The phone rang around three o’clock.

“How did the burial go?” James asked.

“Fine. I mean, they didn’t drop the casket or anything.”

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just feeling a little glum. And mortal. I wonder when it’ll be me?”

“Not for a very long time, Tate. You’re young and healthy.”

“I could get run over by a bus tomorrow.”

“Well, that’s true of any of us.”

Suddenly the image of James lying in a casket assaulted me. I didn’t like it one bit.

“Where are you?” I asked.

“At work. Just finishing up for the day.”

“Want to come over for supper?” I said impulsively. “I mean, if you don’t have plans.”

“I’d love to. I’ll just go home and change first.”

“No, don’t.”

“Don’t?”

“No. You, in a suit? Kills me.”

“Does it?”

“Yes.”

“All right. I’ll be there soon.”

“Okay. I’ll make spaghetti. I know a good Bolognese recipe.”

“Sounds wonderful.”

After I hung up I started putting the sauce together and called Sebastian at work.

“Hey, beautiful.”

“Tate. What’s up?”

“Um, James called. I invited him for supper. I hope you don’t mind? I know you’re working until nine. I wanted someone to be here.” I didn’t know quite how to explain it.

“That’s great. I’m glad he’s coming over.”

“You don’t mind?”

“No. And if, you know, one thing leads to another, I won’t mind that either.”

I smiled, and I’m sure he heard it in my voice. “Really? Are you sure?”

“Yeah. It’s fine. I love you.”

“I love you too, Sebastian. You have no idea how much.”

“Sure I do. I’ll see you later, okay? Give him a kiss for me.”

“I will.”

I hung up. Once the sauce was simmering, I made rolls. It felt good to get my hands into the dough and pound it out.

By the time James buzzed up I was in a better mood.

When I opened the door to his knock, the sight of him standing there in his London Fog trench, holding his briefcase, just about made me come.

“Fuck,” I couldn’t help saying as my eyes flew over him.

“Well, let me get in the door first,” he teased, smiling.

“Sorry. I’m just kind of at loose ends.”

He winked. “You need a good tying up.”

I grinned. “I wouldn’t say no.”

“Oh, please do. It makes it more fun. You’ve got a safeword.”

I laughed. He’d taken off his coat, and just seeing him in that suit made my heart race.

“Where’s Sebastian?” he asked, following me to the kitchen and glancing about the apartment.

“Oh, he’s at work until nine. But he knows you’re here.”

“Good. And he’s fine with it?”

“Yep.” I checked on the rolls, closed the oven door, and turned to James, who stood near. “He’s good with whatever,” I said, glancing at James’ crotch, and meeting his gaze.

James nodded, smiling and leaning on the counter. “We’re very lucky. I’m lucky.”

“I think we all are,” I said softly.

I watched him adjust the bulge in his suit pants as subtly as he could manage. I turned the burner under the sauce down.

“These rolls’ll be done in five minutes. After that, do you wanna be my boss?” I said slowly, hoping he’d understand.

He looked at me, the lust and spark in his gaze telling me he knew exactly what I was asking. “You are starting a new job on Monday, Mr. Mackenzie. Might be a good idea to rehearse.”

Oh. Fuck. Me.

I turned back to the oven, because if I kept looking at him I’d completely forget about the rolls. I felt his eyes on me as if they were his hands. I glanced back to see him watching me, his eyes skimming down my back, over my ass, down my legs, like he wanted to grab me and fuck me right there. My dick, which had hardened in increments since he entered the apartment, swelled fully and pressed urgently against the crotch of my jeans.

The timer went off.

“Take the rolls out of the oven, Mr. Mackenzie, and meet me in my office please,” he said in a husky voice. “I have something very important to discuss with you.”

“Yes Sir,” I mumbled, my cock throbbing already at this game and he hadn’t even touched me yet.

I put on my oven mitt and took the rolls out, placing the baking sheet on the cooktop.

Jesus Christ.

Never had the words, “Meet me in my office please,” been so welcome. Because never before had they come from the wet dream walking into my bedroom and closing the door behind him.

I took off my oven mitt, my heart rate increasing as I imagined what might await me in the bedroom. Luckily, Sebastian had cleaned and tidied in there recently.

I went to the bedroom door, my own bedroom door, and knocked softly.

“Yes?”

“It’s Mr. Mackenzie, Sir. You asked me to come to your office.”

“Come in.”

I opened the door and stepped into the room.

James had pulled the straight chair out from where it usually sat at Sebastian’s desk, and faced it toward the door. He sat in it now, his suit jacket off and hanging on the back, his legs crossed.

“Mr. Mackenzie. Have a seat on the bed,” he said, as though having a bed in his office was totally normal.

I did so, quickly. I’d learned to do as I was told.

“Did you finish the report I gave you yesterday?” he asked softly.

“No, Sir,” I said.

“Why not?”

“I didn’t have time, Sir,” I said, staring at my hands.

“I see. Are you aware that our company has cameras set up in all the offices?”

I shook my head. “No, I wasn’t aware of that.”

“Obviously not. Or we wouldn’t have a recording of you jerking off at your desk when you were supposed to be working on that report.”

I blushed as if I really had been caught out by him. “Um.”

“May I ask what precipitated that incident? Was it anything in particular? Or are you just generally a horny little bastard?”

I forced a stammer into my reply. “I just, um, you were wearing, I mean, those black pants you wear...they make me so...” I squirmed in place. “...I can’t help it.”

He didn’t say anything for awhile, and I wondered if I was playing the game right. I’d been staring at my hands in my lap, so I looked up at him.

When I did, he said, “That is no excuse to take matters into your own hands, Mr. Mackenzie. If you’d simply come to me and told me of your predicament we could have reached an alternate solution.” He leaned forward, his brown eyes boring into mine.

“Communication is so important in situations like this, don’t you think?”

“Yes. Yes, I do.”

“So, is it only when I wear a certain pair of pants, Mr. Mackenzie?”

“No, Sir.”

“I see. What, exactly, do you find so stimulating about me?”

I cleared my throat. “Everything, Mr. Lucas.”

He smiled. “Be specific.”

I tried not to smile and kept playing the submissive office clerk. “Your eyes, Sir. Your power. Your position in this company. Your demeanor. Your ass...” I barely whispered it. “In those black pants.”

“Stand up,” he said suddenly. “And strip.”

I stood up, quickly divesting myself of t-shirt, jeans, and boxer briefs while he watched with an appraising eye.

“Do you think you’re an attractive man, Mr. Mackenzie?” he asked coolly.

“Well...I...maybe?” I didn’t really know what to say. I looked down at my cock sticking straight out toward him and tried to behave as if I didn’t know how attractive I was to him right now.

“Er, no?”

He shook his head sadly. “That’s a shame.”

Getting up, he approached where I stood in front of the mattress. I felt his heat and energy but he didn’t touch me in any way. “Because I find you very attractive.”

I feigned surprise. “You do? Really?”

He nodded, the hint of a smile on his handsome face. “Yes. And next time you feel the need to be fucked when you’re at work, you come see me. Now turn around and get on your knees.”

I swallowed, the lust pooling in my throat. “Yes, Sir.”

As I fell to my knees and leaned over the edge of my bed, I heard him unbuckle his belt and slip it out of the loops of his pants.

“I will fuck you,” he said, a hard edge to his voice. “But first I’m going to punish you for jerking off at your desk. We have standards, you know, Mr. Mackenzie.”

“Yes, Sir.” My arousal level went from Mount McKinley to Mount Everest in a moment.

The belt...

Then I felt it. He brought it down on my naked buttocks so suddenly and harshly it took me by surprise.

“Ow! Fuck,” I stammered, my ass smarting but my cock pulsing at this treatment.

“Hurts, huh?” he said then hit me again. But this time I was somewhat prepared. I hissed in response and bit my lip.

The next time he did it a bit softer and slower, bringing it down from a punishment to a deliberate form of arousal. He knew my weakness for spankings. I rocked against the mattress with each strike of his belt, my breaths harsh and quick.

He tossed the belt aside and grabbed my hair, pulling my head up roughly. “Never touch yourself again in this office building, do you understand? Your cock and ass are mine, Mr. Mackenzie. If you need fucking, you come to me, and only me, is that understood?”

“Yes!” I moaned, desperate for him now. I spread my legs and arched my back, inviting him to penetrate me.

He gasped, letting go of my hair. I heard him struggle with his pants as he panted, “Lube?” in his normal voice.

“Desk drawer,” I gulped, frantic with excitement from our role-playing game and the belt. “Hurry.”

He chuckled. “Are you kidding me? I want in that beautiful ass so bad right now.”

I spread my legs wider as I felt his lubed fingers on me, in me, preparing me to be fucked. But I couldn’t wait. “I’m ready, I’m ready...”

He groaned, lining himself up with my hole. I felt the tip of him press against me and opened willingly for him. As he pushed all the way in we both made noises of pleasure and satisfaction.

Finally!

He grabbed my hair again as I relished the primal nature of this man. When we fucked we became animals, tossing aside our humanity and grasping at the bestial pleasure of it. That’s why I loved it so much.

He pounded me fiercely, no gentle preamble this time. We both needed it rough and hard and quick. I pressed my cheek against the mattress, my hands in fists beside me as I rode his thrusts, my hard cock rubbing against the mattress with each one.

“Oh fuck, I’m gonna...James, fuck!” I yelled, feeling the orgasm rise in me already.

“Do it, baby! Come, Tate. I want to hear you come for me,” he panted.

And I did come, muffling my groans in the mattress, pulsing and soaking the coverlet while he pounded me. Then he came too, reaming me mercilessly and stroking every last bit of pleasure from me.

Finally we collapsed on the floor beside the bed, sweaty, spent, shaky, and breathless. He gathered me against him, kissing my forehead tenderly and whispering in my ear.

“I love you, my sweet little office bitch.”

“I love you too, Sir. And everything you do to me.”

After we cleaned up I turned on the sauce again. It only took twenty minutes to heat it up, by which point the pasta was ready to go. I served it up in the art nouveau bowls Sebastian had given me for my birthday.

“Delicious,” James said after tasting the sauce. “It’s very good!”

“Thanks.” I glowed under his praise. He did seem to be a paternal figure to me, even though it was sexual too. It felt like hearing my dad complement my cooking, which had never happened.

“Look, how are you feeling about everything?” he asked when he’d finished and I was soaking up the last of my sauce with a roll.

“Are you talking about the funeral and stuff, or about the three of us?” I asked.

“I have something that I want to propose for the weekend but I don’t want to pressure you. You’ve had a very emotional, intense several days.”

I chewed a bit of the sauce-soaked roll, thinking. “Don’t you have students on the weekends?”

He shook his head. “Not this close to Christmas. And I haven’t booked any for January. Yet.” He gazed at me, something in his eyes like a question.

“Oh. When will you be booking for January?” I asked. What I was really asking was, is your relationship with me and Sebastian going to have any impact on your lifestyle? I would never ask him to stop doing what he did and was so good at. But I was curious.

He shrugged. “I usually contact people after New Years. But I guess it will depend what other options I have for my weekends.”

We gazed at each other silently for several moments. “What exactly are you saying, James?”

He smiled, pushing his empty bowl away. “I’m saying that if I want to preserve my weekends to spend with you and Sebastian, if in fact, that’s what you and Sebastian want, then I’ll have to rethink things a bit.”

I felt a strange fluttering in my stomach. Was he telling me he would alter his Domming for Sebastian and me? That we would essentially be able to spend every weekend with him if we wanted to?

I nodded, trying, but not succeeding, to keep the huge smile off my face. “Okay.”

“I think that, after Christmas, the three of us will have to sit down and figure out how we’re going to do things. We need to figure out what’s going to work.”

“The three of us. Yes.” I grinned from ear to ear and blushed.

Weekends with James? All the time? Where did I sign up? But of course I’d have to talk to Sebastian.

“As for this weekend, I’d like to take the two of you to Montreal with me, do a bit of Christmas shopping. My friend, Patrice, has a big party every year. It’s on Saturday evening and I’d like to bring you both with me.”

“Wow, that sounds great but we’re a bit strapped for cash right now.”

“It wouldn’t cost you anything. We’d drive down, and Patrice has already promised me his large guest room.”

“Hmm.” It sounded like so much fun. I did have some Christmas gifts to buy, and partying with James? That was a no brainer. Except...

“What kind of a party is it?” I asked.

James smiled sweetly, which made me very nervous.

“Oh boy,” I muttered.

“It’s a fetish party, Tate. With the option to play.”

“Of course it is.”

“I go every year. Usually alone.”

“But you want to bring us.”

“Yes, if you want to go.” He looked down at his hands and then back at me, mischievously. “I’d really like you to go as my subs. We could make a game of it. But it’s entirely up to the two of you. And we can set limits. We’d need to.”

I thought about this and about what Sebastian might think of James’ proposal. It seemed like just what I needed after the week I’d had.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

ROAD TRIP

Sebastian had only one question when I told him about the proposed road trip to Montreal:

“When are we leaving?”

He was so excited. Literally, like a dog responding to the word “car.” He was all packed by the time he went to bed, even though we weren’t leaving until Saturday morning.

Before Saturday, I spoke to my mom and told her we’d be away for the weekend, and did she need anything before we left.

But she said she was glad we were getting away for a bit. And Sebastian’s mom and Granny Jo were going to meet her for lunch on Sunday, so she’d be all right. I could officially relax and enjoy myself.

I planned to do just that.

§ § §

James picked us up promptly at eleven on Saturday. Sebastian called shotgun on the way there. I would get my turn on the way home. So I sat in the backseat, staring out the window and keeping up with the conversation in the front.

James spent a large part of the trip asking Sebastian all sorts of questions about pup play and what it meant to him, what he’d done already, and what he wanted to try in the future. James seemed already to know much of the theoretical psychology behind it, but appeared to be trying to understand Sebastian’s personal interest and investment in it all. I was a little embarrassed that I’d never asked Sebastian most of these questions and, honestly, some of his answers surprised me. Both James and I learned a lot about him during the drive. And Sebastian basked in the attention, obviously enjoying James’ interest in something so important to him.

When we got to Montreal, James drove us to Les Trois Brasseurs, a huge pub-style restaurant near St. Catherine Street.

Over burgers, fries, and Cokes, James told us a little about the party he would take us to this evening.

“Patrice is a very old friend of mine. I’ve know him since I was seventeen and he was twenty-nine. We have similar tastes in many, many things.” James dipped his French fry in some ketchup. I’d never seen him eat junk food before, he always ate such healthy food. He saw me looking.

“It’s never a good idea to completely deny oneself something.

I don’t eat French fries often, but at least once whenever I’m in Montreal.”

“Don’t tell me you eat poutine here too?”

He made a face. “There are limits.”

I laughed.

“Anyway, he lives in a big house in Mont Royal and hosts this gathering every year. Only for selected guests, but there are quite a few.”

Sebastian cleared his throat. “So what sort of things can we expect?”

James grinned. “Well, it’s a gay fetish party, so anything and everything? Look, there will be all sorts of people, but everyone is a friend of Patrice’s and, as such, a respectable member of the Montreal fetish community. He won’t have just anyone in his home.”

“But you’re allowed to bring us?”

“Patrice trusts my judgment. I’ve already spoken to him about the two of you. He’s very excited to meet you both.”

Sebastian and I exchanged a glance. “You said it was a play party as well as a fetish party. So there will be stuff going on?” I said curiously.

He nodded. “Yes. Rooms will be set up with various equipment, and guests will be encouraged to make use of them. There will be protocols and rules posted, but most of his guests are familiar with these already. It’s a great chance to play with other people on a casual basis. And everyone will be safety-conscious, intelligent, and gracious. Even the man dressed in Mad Max leather flogging the crap out of you.” He grinned impishly.

“Wh-what?” Sebastian said nervously.

James shook his head. “Look, your involvement in this party will only go so far as you’re comfortable. I’d like you to be my subs tonight, I think it will heighten the experience for all of us, but we will set limits and you’ll always have the option to decline, as long as you do it through me.”

“That sounds fair,” I said.

“I would like to dress you both up, though.”

I felt a shiver of apprehension. “Dress us up, how?”

He didn’t say anything, just raised another French fry to his mouth and chewed thoughtfully.

Which made me a tad nervous.

After a bit of Christmas shopping at some of Montreal’s finest boutiques and food shops, James drove us to a large brick house in the fancy district of Mont Royal. Decorated with about a million Christmas lights and seasonal greenery, it shone brightly against the descending dusk.

“Holy shitballs,” said Sebastian, peering out the car window.

“Nice place,” I admitted.

“Come on,” James said, parking in the drive and opening his door. “I can’t wait for you to meet my friend.”

We followed him to the front door of the big house and waited while he knocked. Since he’d texted Patrice that we were on our way, the door opened immediately.

The man standing there looked younger than I’d expected. If he’d been twenty-nine when James was seventeen, that meant he was twelve years older than James, which would put him at around fifty-seven or so – estimating James’ age at about forty five.

Slightly taller than James, his thick silver-grey hair feathered back in a charming way from his broad forehead. His eyes, a startling clear blue, shone with wisdom and childlike delight when he saw us. The crinkles at their corners when he smiled only served to emphasize his happiness.

“James!” he exclaimed, immediately opening his arms to exchange a warm embrace with our friend. “It is wonderful to see you!”

“And you, Patrice,” James said.

“I see you’ve brought some friends.”

“Yes.” James backed up and introduced Sebastian and me to his distinguished friend.

“Well, come inside please. I’ll send Freddy for your bags!” He ushered us in and went to the bottom of a wide staircase, calling up. “Frederick! Our guests have arrived!”

An effeminate voice came from upstairs. “Cool, Daddio. Be there in a sec.”

Sebastian and I looked around at the beautiful entryway, decorated with more greenery and groups of candles. Antique furniture and detailed architectural finishes gave it a grand air. A gigantic fir tree, adorned for the season, stood in the hall by the stairs.

Patrice opened the doors to a large closet and took our jackets, hanging them up with our help. By the time we’d finished, a very attractive, androgynous looking young man came bounding down the stairs, dressed in skinny jeans and a Hello Kitty t-shirt.

“James!” he exclaimed, running into a welcome embrace from our handsome escort.

“Freddy! Silly boy, you’re going to slip and fall.” James kissed

Freddy on the lips warmly, just as he had done to Patrice. I didn’t know about Sebastian, but I felt a distinct prick of jealousy that such an attractive man, about the same age as us, evoked this reaction from James. But I pushed that feeling down and held out my hand to Freddy.

“Hi. I’m Tate,” I said with a smile.

“Well, hi!” Freddy said, disengaging from James and giving me an enthusiastic hug and kiss on the cheek. “Any friend of James’ is a friend of ours, right Daddy?” Freddy said with a saucy look at Patrice.

“They’re going to think you’re really my son, Freddy. Why don’t you call me Patrice? Or, better yet, Sir?” the older man said wryly.

“Phhht. What’s the fun of that?” Freddy said. “And who is this delicious person?” he said, eyeing Sebastian appreciatively.

“This is Sebastian,” I said quickly. I felt the urge to add something like, “And he’s with me,” but really, we were both with James, and that was obvious. There was no need for a pissing contest at this point.

“Oooh, I love the name Sebastian!” Freddy exclaimed, giving the man in question a quick hug and kiss. “My goodness, James, where did you find these beautiful boys?”

James grinned impishly. “Craigslist?”

Freddy glared at him. “No.”

James laughed. “Where I found them is irrelevant, Freddy. The fact that they’re here with me is what’s important. They’re under my control for the evening and, as such, off limits unless the proper protocol is observed.”

Freddy made a noise of disappointment and gave a little pout.

“Freddy, behave yourself,” Patrice said. “Go get their bags. They’ll be in the green room.”

“Ah yes. That’s the one you had me clean from top to bottom.”

He gave us a little wink. “In the nude.”

Sebastian and I laughed in spite of ourselves. Freddy was quite the ball of enthusiasm. I warmed to him immediately.

“Sebastian and Tate, please help Freddy with the bags. Patrice and I have some things to catch up on,” James said, before the two older men disappeared into a room to the left of the large entry.

“Come on, then. Let’s get you three settled,” Freddy said.

We followed him out the door and helped him get the bags. He led us up a flight of stairs and down the hall to a large bedroom with a king sized bed, huge window, small sitting area, and a gas fireplace. An ensuite bathroom with a one-person shower and a toilet completed the accommodations.

“James always gets the best room in the house,” Freddy said.

“How many rooms are there?” Sebastian asked curiously.

“Three guest rooms,” Freddy said. “But this is the only one with a king bed and fireplace. The other two are pretty standard.”

He motioned around him. “This one’s for Daddy’s special guests.”

“It’s awesome,” I said, sprawling out on the bed and gazing up at the vaulted ceiling.

Freddy plunked down next to me, while Sebastian found the remote and flipped on the TV.

“So what’s your story? How did you two meet James?” Freddy asked.

“Oh, we’ve known him awhile,” I said, being purposely vague. I wasn’t sure I trusted this Freddy guy quite yet.

“Mmm. He’s dreamy,” Freddy said wistfully.

“How long have you and Patrice been together?” I asked.

“Hmm? Oh, ages. Since I was twenty and he was fifty-one,” he said, waggling his eyebrows. “Scandalous, isn’t it?”

I couldn’t help grinning. “Very.”

“He’s a very dirty old man,” Freddy added. “Which is what I love about him, of course.”

Sebastian turned off the TV and came and sat on the bed with us. “So, what’s this party usually like? And when does it start?”

Freddy looked into Sebastian’s blue eyes. “Are you the pup?”

Sebastian appeared taken aback. “Huh?”

“I was told James was bringing a pup. You seem like the obvious canine.”

“I do?” Sebastian seemed quite pleased.

“What do I seem like?” I asked, curious as to Freddy’s interpretation.

He looked me up and down. “Oh, that’s easy. You’re James’ boy with a capital B,” he said smugly.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“It means, Tate, that you’re his boy, but you’re also something else. Kinda like me and my Daddy. It means we wear the big boy pants sometimes, if you get my meaning.” He winked.

“You’re pretty perceptive.”

“It’s a gift.” He grinned. “So I was right about Sebastian?”

I nodded and Sebastian blushed.

“Uh huh. You’d make a damn cute pup. Maybe I’ll get to see you in your gear tonight.”

“I’m not sure. James hasn’t really told us what we’ll be wearing.”

“As for this party, well, it’s nothing special. A little this, a little that. Schmoozing and sexing basically. It’ll be nice to have some fresh faces anyhoo.” He stood up suddenly. “Well, I must go. Got to check on supper.” He hopped off the bed and walked to the door, glancing back. “I hope you guys like quiche. We didn’t want anything heavy. Way to confirm a stereotype, right? I think dinner’s served around six. James’ll probably come get you.” He made a little bow, gesturing about the room. “Mi casa es tu casa.”

And he was gone.

Sebastian and I enjoyed some quiet time together before James came to get us for dinner. We were both a bit nervous and a bit excited about what the evening would bring, and I for one felt relieved that dinner was served in an elegant dining room just for the five of us. Thank goodness. I didn’t feel quite ready for a crowd just yet. Wine and sparkling water, a delicious quiche, fresh fruit, and salad made up the menu.

Patrice asked Sebastian and me how we made a living.

“I work at a pet store,” Sebastian said quickly.

“How fitting,” Patrice said, not unkindly. “And do you enjoy it?”

Sebastian nodded. “Yeah, I love it. People bring their pets in sometimes. It’s an easy job. Tate just got a job working at an advertising firm though,” he said proudly.

“Well, just as an executive assistant,” I qualified. “There will be opportunities for advancement though, which is cool.”

“Are you a creative lad, Tate?” Patrice asked.

I glanced at James, who smiled. “I think so. When I have the time.”

“Tate is very creative,” James said. “It’s one of the things I love about him. Along with his integrity and humor, and his astounding ability to take enormous things in his bottom.” He leaned back in his chair, winking at me while I blushed crimson and Freddy shrieked with glee.

“Oh, Lordy!” The young man said. “Snap!”

I glanced at Sebastian, who tried unsuccessfully not to laugh.

“Yes, well, I have a great admiration for James also,” I said, picking up a banana and turning it over in my hands. “The man is a virtuoso with a paddle and can turn a simple shopping excursion into a humiliating ordeal. And make you love him for it.” I started peeling the banana very slowly, gazing into James’ brown eyes as I did so. “He knows just what to do...and how to do it...to strip all your defenses and preconceptions...until you’re absolutely naked and trembling. But not with fear. With self-knowledge, desire, and submission. It’s a beautiful gift.”

Patrice spoke, very softly, “Well said, lad. And I think it’s time for dessert. Then we’d better get ready for our visitors.”

I bit the top off the banana, gazing into James’ eyes as I chewed, and Freddy began clearing the dirty plates away.

James smiled, his eyes wide and warm.

When we got back to our room, he pulled us into a close embrace.

“I love you both. You’ve become very special to me,” he murmured, kissing our cheeks gently. “Do you trust me with regards to this evening?”

“Of course,” I said.

Sebastian nodded. “I’m nervous, but excited.”

“That was lovely, Tate, what you said about me at dinner.”

“It’s true. You are pretty amazing. And so is my accommodating ass, apparently.”

He laughed. “Oh, it is.”

He reminded us of the things we spoke about at lunch when we’d set some limits to our involvement in the play aspect of the party, so that James would have a guideline.

We’d agreed he wouldn’t hand us over to anyone else. If he wanted us to participate in something he needed to be with us at all times, which he said was something that would never have been an issue, but it was good to have said it out loud. We’d also agreed to participate in any bondage or percussion activities, as long as he was directing them. We had our safewords and were free to use them at any point.

We began by making use of the enemas James had brought, then showering and shaving.

When we came out of the bathroom we saw James sitting on the nearest bed with some things laid out beside him, namely, two large steel anal plugs with harnesses. He held a tube of lubricant in his gloved right hand.

“Dry yourselves and then drop the towels.”

We did. Luckily it was pretty warm in the room.

“Eeny meeny miny mick,” he said, pointing the tube alternately at our cocks as he recited the somewhat familiar rhyme. “Catch a slave-boy by the dick. If he hollers spank him quick. If he cries then use the stick.”

Nice. And it pointed at me.

“Tate, hands behind your head, please,” he ordered, all business now. And, as usual, I loved it. “Turn around and hold the edge of the desk.”

I soon felt his lubed fingers pushing into me, loosening and stretching me to receive the plug. It took a few moments for him to insert it and attach the harness. He made some adjustments so it was secure and then slapped me lightly on the bottom. “Okay. Go stand at the end of the bed.”

I did so and watched him perform the same ritual on Sebastian.

Seeing him slowly insert the hard steel into my boy’s ass made my cock swell. It gave me a little preview of the evening before us. No doubt there would be all kinds of stimulating things going on, we would get hornier and hornier, and we’d be unable to derive any kind of satisfaction until James allowed it. Perhaps we’d be rewarded for volunteering for some play? That would probably be the only slim chance of some relief. Otherwise we’d simply walk around, teased unbearably by the sights and by the plugs rubbing our prostates.

After he plugged and harnessed Sebastian, James made us stand together at the foot of the bed while he went to get some other items.

He soon returned with the rubber jockstraps he’d bought us, our Docs, and a pair of socks each.

“Fuck,” I said. “Is that it?”

“I’m afraid so,” James said.

We put the rest of our outfits on.

“Hmm. Something’s missing,” he murmured.

He got up and fished a couple of things out of a plastic bag in his suitcase. They made a jingling sound as he brought them over.

“It *is* a Christmas party,” he reminded us as he attached a black leather collar with jingle bells around my neck.

“Oh fuck,” I couldn’t help saying. I felt ridiculous, but knew the leather Daddies at the party would love it.

“You’ll have lots of offers, Tate, dressed like that.” He smirked. “Especially with this handsome boy by your side.”

He attached the other collar around Sebastian’s neck. Then he attached black leather wrist cuffs on us. At least they didn’t have bells on them. But they did have metal rings for bondage. “It’s best to be prepared. Saves time,” James murmured. “Tate, I want to make you pretty. Come with me.”

Not sure exactly what he meant I followed him into the bathroom, where he dumped a small leather case of makeup and hair products onto the counter.

“Um, James,” I said, remembering a previous escapade.

“Don’t worry, I’m not trying to make you look like a woman tonight.”

I was relieved to hear it, and let him spike up my hair with some gel and apply a bit of black liner around my eyes. There was no need for any blush as my cheeks looked pretty rosy already from excitement and nerves.

He held up what looked like a tube of lipstick, with a cheeky smile.

“But I thought...I mean, you said...”

He laughed. “Don’t worry. It’s only a bit of gloss. You really have gorgeous lips, Tate.”

He applied the gloss and I checked myself out in the mirror.

Hmm, not bad. Androgynous, perhaps, but not feminine. I pursed my lips, looking like a saucy little emo boy.

“Perfect,” James said.

He brought me back to the bedroom and examined Sebastian's face carefully.

"Doesn't he get makeup?" I asked.

"I don't think so," James said thoughtfully. "The natural look suits Sebastian better. Oh, I almost forgot." He went back to his suitcase and took something out. When he returned it was to attach braided leather leashes to our collars. "This will help me keep hold of you both in the crowd and signify my ownership of your bodies this evening." He smiled, jerking the leashes gently, which caused the bells on our collars to jingle. "And I can do that."

Dear God, kill me now.

He looked us over appreciatively. "Oh yes. Patrice and his guests will love you two. I'll have to keep a close eye on you both." He winked.

"All right. Wait for me here while I shower and get dressed."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

We finally descended to the main floor at eight-thirty, where already many people milled about the enormous living room and front hall, which had been set up as a social gathering and conversation area – a place for people to mingle and speak to each other before heading downstairs for more intimate exchanges.

James had told us that, for this one event each year, Patrice's basement became a veritable dungeon paradise for kinky bastards like us. He brought in all sorts of bondage furniture and accessories, rope and even suspension equipment. Tonight it would be set up for various scenes and for people to take advantage of if so inclined.

I, for one, could hardly wait to see it.

To my delight, James wore a pair of black leather pants with a riveted codpiece and big motorcycle boots that I'd never seen him wear before, and which caused a very pleasing reaction. He wore no shirt, just a leather harness under a leather vest and his leatherman's hat, of course, to mark him as a Sir here this evening. He wore no makeup and the sparse, graying hair on his chest and muscular belly gave him the look of a real Daddy.

He smiled broadly as he greeted his friends and introduced Sebastian and me, the admiring looks he received topped only by those directed at us. A few men asked permission to touch us. James graciously permitted it, watching closely to ensure we weren't overtly molested.

I didn't know about Sebastian, but I found it a bit nervewracking. I felt self-conscious and on display as James' sexy boytoy. But this feeling only lasted for about ten minutes. After being led around on a leash and having strangers fondle me at the whim of my Master I settled into that welcome submissive headspace and began to feel not only comfortable with my predicament but extremely aroused by it.

I wondered what lay in store for the two of us this evening.

Whatever happened, I felt sure it would be on an entirely different level from anything we had experienced previously.

“Delilah!” James greeted a man dressed in huge purple pumps, stockings, skirt, corset, and tons of garish makeup, and holding an unlit cigarette in a long holder. “I hoped you’d be here. It’s been ages!”

“James Lucas, while I live and breathe...heavily!” Delilah threw his arms around James, giving him a smoochy kiss on the cheek, which produced an obvious lipstick smudge.

“Oops!” Delilah grimaced, wiping the smudge off with his large thumb. “Can’t have you walking around looking like a tramp, can we?” He giggled and his eyes found us. “Oh, James, you brought me a present,” he said, eyes traveling over Sebastian and me with undisguised interest.

James laughed. “Perhaps you’ll get a turn. For now they’re coming with me. Have you been downstairs?”

Delilah rolled his heavily mascaraed eyes. “Darling, what do you think? It’s fabulous, as usual.” He caught my eye. “Be careful. They’ll eat you up down there.” He winked at me, pushing my level of anticipation up another notch.

James led us to the door at the back of the room, which opened onto a set of stairs lit only from below.

“Watch your step,” he said as he dropped our leashes and began to descend. I followed Sebastian down the dim stairs into the bowels of the house, becoming aware of certain delineated sounds as we neared the bottom; leather striking flesh, the rattle of metal chains, the sound of wood furniture straining from the weight or struggle of a body, a cry of pain or pleasure, difficult to discern which.

When we reached the bottom of the stairs, we found ourselves in a large dark room, lit by soft recessed lights at the top of the walls, dim, but lit enough for people to see what went on.

“We’ll just look around first,” James said quietly. There was a hushed air in the room. It was fairly crowded, but nobody spoke unless under their breath to a close neighbor. The only sounds were those I mentioned and the occasional directive from a Master to his sub.

James picked up our leashes and led us slowly forward. As at a trade show, small groups of people had gathered in the centre of the room. Along the walls there seemed to be separate stations to showcase various activities and skills, roped off with red velvet ropes to keep spectators back. Mirrors along the walls ensured that no part of any scene would be missed.

The first we came to, along the right hand side of the room, consisted of your typical spanking setup with a sub strapped provocatively over a bench and a beefy leatherman paddling his behind roughly. The boy's head was covered with a rubber hood, his cock caged, wrists and knees bound to the bench.

Although a little on the skinny side, he struggled most alluringly in his bindings. His ass had turned a beautiful pink color, edging toward red. His Master, pausing between strikes, noticed James. They nodded at each other and the Master held up his hand with the paddle, as if offering James a turn. James shook his head slightly. The Master shrugged, dealing his sub another hearty blow. The boy moaned and struggled.

We moved on.

At the next station we saw a large padded leather table on which a sub lay naked and spread-eagled, bound at wrists, ankles, and neck, with a red ball gag in his mouth. He could only stare up at the ceiling as a slim man in a rubber bodysuit teased his engorged cock with practiced skill, bringing him close to orgasm with slow steady strokes, then backing off to go at his nipples for a while. The poor boy's dick weeped at its abandonment, dancing to flop stiffly against his belly in a tortuous rhythm while his nipples were squeezed and rubbed.

I heard a moan and realized it was mine, just as James' arm came around me and familiar fingers found my nipple.

"Looks like fun, hmm, Tate?" he whispered in my ear.

I nodded, glancing at Sebastian, whose eyes were also glued to the scene in front of us. I looked back at the boy being edged, so jealous of his cock rising free and tall, even though it gained no satisfaction. My dick ached in the confining jock as it attempted to stand. I whimpered, my hands balling into fists at my sides.

James ran his hand down my belly then stroked it over the rubber of the jock against my turgid cock. “If you’re very good, Tate, and do everything I tell you, this will come off sooner rather than later.” His hot breath tickled my ear, making me crazy. “I’ll want to show off that pretty dick of yours. Who knows? I may even put it to some use.”

I felt a jolt go through me at the thought of being allowed to fuck someone here tonight. I didn’t really care who at the moment.

James led us on.

The next station contained a naked sub in the “stocks.” His feet flat on the floor, he was bent over with his wrists and neck pinioned in the old fashioned wooden structure out of a twobit western. In the mirror, we saw his red face, damp black hair falling over his forehead, bit-gag between his teeth. His legs were spread and the crack of his ass glistened with oil.

We watched a hairy and somewhat chubby Top standing next to the contraption rub oil onto his massive erection. When he’d finished he walked around and spread the boy’s butt cheeks.

Slowly but surely, to the accompaniment of his sub’s grunts and gasps, he lodged his enormous cock within. The boy made delightful noises through the slow and thorough fucking. When the Top started moving faster the entire vignette became more intense. The sub’s noises became louder and more desperate, whether from pleasure or pain, I wasn’t sure. I soon found out though because fairly quickly, the boy’s unrestrained dick, which bobbed redly beneath him, shot white strings of come onto the concrete floor, as the hairy Top continued to thrust and achieved his own release moments later.

The Top pulled out, holding the bottom of the condom he wore, and spat on the boy’s quivering, sweaty back. He slapped the sub’s ass and swore in what sounded like German.

“Hmm, not sure about the stocks,” James murmured.

“They’ve never appealed to me.”

He moved us along. Sebastian's eyes had got pretty wide and his chest rose and fell with his quickened breathing. I noticed several people glance at us and wondered if they were curious as to which station we'd be volunteered for. I knew that was in the forefront of my mind. But I also trusted James, knowing he'd take our personalities and needs into consideration.

As we approached the back of the room the scenes became more hardcore. There were two stations here at the room's end, side by side. One contained a young man strapped to a St. Andrew's cross – plugged, gagged, and blindfolded, and flogged steadily by two attractive Tops. This must have been going on for awhile because the bound man's back and buttocks looked quite red and his entire body was covered with a sheen of sweat. The groans and cries he emitted sounded pretty agonized.

James watched the scene silently for a few moments then tapped one of the Tops on the shoulder. The man paused and turned, seeming to recognize James. They shook hands and James whispered into his ear.

The Top looked at his sub, then back at James with a questioning expression. James nodded and shrugged, then whispered in the man's ear again.

He seemed to accept what James said to him. After telling the other Top to hold off, he walked over to the sweaty sub. He placed a gentle hand on the man's sweaty back and spoke to him quietly, receiving nods and a quick headshake from the boy.

As he walked back to his position, he glanced at James and shrugged.

James nodded, a look of concern on his face as the two Tops continued the flogging.

"What did you say to him?" I asked as we moved on to the next station.

"I suggested he check on his boy. That the sounds he was making didn't sound good to me."

As we neared the next station, the noises we heard became more obviously about intense pleasure, although we could still hear the more anguished cries of the sub on the cross.

At this station, an older man lay naked on his back in a sling made of soft ropes. His muscular legs had been spread, ankles attached to either side of the upper ropes,

wrists bound above his head. His Master sat on a wood stool, arm buried up to the elbow in the man's ass. The sub's eyes had closed, the expression on his face intensely euphoric as his Master flexed the muscles of his arm. I felt a throb of remembered pleasure, knowing exactly how it felt to have another man's hand inside me.

All that I'd seen made my cock achingly hard. My entire body felt on high alert. Every touch of James' hand to my shoulder or hip sent electric currents to my groin. I watched the scene before me with wide eyes and more than a little envy. Although I really had no desire to be fisted in public, watching it happen to somebody else proved very, very hot.

Suddenly I felt James' hand on my own, guiding it to his groin.

Our eyes met as I felt him under the leather of his tight pants. He was so fucking hard.

"Come on. There's someone I'd like you boys to meet."

He walked us quickly by the first few stations set up along the other side of the room. As we passed I saw a sub being tortured with various electro devices, although he seemed to be enjoying it rather a lot; two men bound together over a barrel being fucked simultaneously by two muscular Doms; and a sub bound on a narrow table having his ass stuffed with huge silver balls.

I shuddered. James had been right about Patrice's basement.

I'd never seen so many stimulating scenes happening all at once.

Sebastian bumped into me, getting out of someone's way, and I felt his rubber-sheathed arousal brush against my thigh. We exchanged a heated glance that spoke silently of everything we'd witnessed.

"Here we are," James said.

At the last station, a very hot man with copper colored hair and a close beard stood laying several lengths of rope on a small table. He glanced up as we came near.

"James!" he exclaimed with a big smile that made his whole face shine.

"Marcel. Patrice told me you'd be manning the ropes today," James said with an answering smile.

Marcel chuckled. “How could I resist the opportunity to demonstrate my techniques on such appealing subjects?” He caught sight of me and Sebastian. “Hmm, do we have some volunteers?”

James nodded as Marcel released the velvet barricade, letting us into his station. I glanced around, surprised that there was nothing much in this space aside from the collection of ropes.

Then a fearful chill went up my spine and I tilted my head back.

Above us hung two large, solid metal hooks, the kind used to hold meat carcasses in freezers. I glanced at Sebastian. Yep, he’d noticed them too.

James conferred quietly with Marcel while we waited, and Marcel regarded us with interest. Finally, he nodded and picked up a length of black rope from the table.

“This one?” he asked, gesturing to Sebastian.

“Yes,” James replied cheerfully.

I watched as Marcel guided Sebastian to stand beneath one of the massive hooks. Marcel used the rope to bind my boy’s arms and hands behind his back, then wrap around his chest and upper arms, so that he became encased in its soft web. Next, he threw the loose end up and over the hook a couple of times, then tied it to Sebastian’s restraints. He carefully raised the hook to make the ropes taut. He then made Sebastian raise his right leg and used a length of rope to suspend it under the knee.

“That feel okay, boy?” Marcel asked.

Sebastian nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Anything pinching or too tight?”

Sebastian shook his head.

After gagging and blindfolding him, Marcel stepped back and James moved forward.

“Good boy, Sebastian,” James said. He caressed Sebastian’s smooth bottom and ran his hand slowly along the underside of the suspended thigh, causing my boy to gasp. Then, slowly and deliberately, James removed the jock and harness. A soft chorus of noise from the watching men rose up as Sebastian stood there, naked, bound and vulnerable, his back to the crowd.

Sebastian's cock, released from the confines of the rubber jock, stood hard and stiff as James gently worked the plug out of his beautiful bottom. My boy made the most amazing noises as he did so, making my own cock throb.

Marcel placed a bucket of lube at James' feet and passed him a shiny steel anal hook.

I gulped, realizing what would happen next.

James wetted the large steel ball at the tip of the hook, making sure it dripped with lubricant before pressing it firmly against Sebastian's vulnerable orifice. Sebastian tensed, not having seen the hook and nervous about what was happening.

"It's all right, boy," James murmured. "We're just going to hook you. It's not much bigger than the plug." He glanced at me. "Tate, come here and tease his cock. That will make it easier."

I nodded, not needing to be asked twice to approach the blond angel in ropes. I moved close in front of him, placing a comforting hand on his hip and using the other to stroke and caress his erection. I kissed his cheek and whispered comforting words into his ear as James patiently inserted the steel ball.

Sebastian whimpered as the ball stretched him wide, but groaned in supplication and delight as it settled inside him. I'd never been hooked before, but hell, it fucking looked incredible and I bet it felt amazing. James had prepared Sebastian with the large plug so now that the ball was fully inside him, there would be nothing but pleasure.

I met James' gaze as he looped a piece of rope through the hole on the end of the anal hook and tied it securely to the rope at Sebastian's shoulder, so the hook would remain taught, applying consistent pressure to the base.

It was brilliant.

"Tate. Come here," James ordered.

I came around Sebastian to stand in front of James.

James took the measure of my hard-on by caressing it gently under the rubber of my jockstrap. "Do you want to fuck him?"

I stared at James, not really understanding. He'd just put a steel balled hook into Sebastian's ass, how was I supposed to fuck him? I did, however, really, really want to fuck him, so I nodded.

"Take off your jock and harness," he said. "But I'm going first. There's a skill to this because we don't want to hurt him. Well, not too much." He winked as he undid his pants and pulled his big cock out.

I took off the harness and jock, trying to forget the people who had gathered to watch. My cock rose hard and eager as I watched James add more lube to Sebastian's hole, which had clamped tightly around the length of narrow steel below the inserted ball.

Then I understood what would happen. We were going to fuck him while he was hooked, so that each thrust would jostle the large ball in his rectum and push the hook deeper, stretching his anus as well.

James scooped up more lube and coated his cock with it, then beckoned me closer. He grabbed my chin, pulling me near while he stroked some of the slippery stuff onto me as well. It felt so good to have my dick touched finally that I moaned against his lips. His tongue pushed deep into my mouth the way his cock would soon push into my boy. I could hardly wait to watch.

He let me go. "Ready?"

I nodded. So ready.

James moved close behind Sebastian and lowered his hips in order to place the tip of his cock at Sebastian's hole. It didn't take long to guide it in, and Sebastian groaned at the second invasion, lifting his head up from where it had been leaning forward.

He had to straighten his back in order to accommodate James' penetration.

The scene looked incredibly hot. I heard the harsh breathing of more than one person in the small crowd behind the barrier.

James made careful and measured thrusts into Sebastian, beginning very gently and becoming more insistent and somewhat deeper. But I saw the control he exerted in order not to push the steel ball too deep or hard too suddenly. He never pushed his

cock in all the way. The bells on Sebastian's collar jingled softly with every slight movement, lending an even more humiliating angle to the treatment.

I saw the strain on Sebastian. But I also saw his face contort with pleasure. He couldn't close his mouth because of the bit gag, so saliva dripped onto the floor from his slack lips.

James groaned, moving slightly faster but maintaining good control of the depth of his thrusts. I could see that it must feel very good for him as well. He worked Sebastian in this way for a good length of time. Sebastian groaned with the strain. But his dick bobbed before him, a droplet of pre-come at its tip, so I knew he enjoyed it too.

Finally James let his cock slide slowly out of Sebastian. He backed away and nodded to me.

"Your turn."

My heart rate quickened at this delicious prospect. I moved in behind my boy, giving him a kind caress and a pull on the cock before I lined myself up to enter him. When my dick slipped in easily alongside the warm steel, I gasped.

Jesus Christ.

The knowledge that my cock and the steel hook were inside him along with the contrasting pleasure of hard steel and yielding flesh, proved intense.

I wrapped an arm around him, as I'd seen James do, to keep my balance and stabilize him. I thrust gently, feeling the tip of my cock nudge the ball inside.

Amazing.

No wonder James wanted me to experience this. I did it again, my eyes rolling back in my head at the feeling. Sebastian's pleasure/pain noises turned me on something crazy. Not to mention the excitement I felt to be here in this kinky wonderland, watched by strangers as I fucked our pretty boy.

Perhaps I became a bit carried away for a moment, because I suddenly heard James say, "Easy. Not too fast." I forced myself to slow down and experience every inch of

Sebastian's warm passage, the hard line of steel alongside my cock, and the solid ball at the end that teased the tip of my cock and made Sebastian groan when it moved.

Heaven.

“My turn again,” James said.

Reluctantly, I let myself slide out of Sebastian and backed away, rubbing my own cock to sooth it after taking away its warm port.

James and I took turns fucking Sebastian while the crowd watched, transfixed. Every now and then I heard a close muttered, “Fuck!” or “Oh...” beneath the other sounds in the large room.

Finally, James decided Sebastian needed a break.

“Help me take him down, Marcel,” he said.

As Marcel and James worked together to release Sebastian, a commotion became obvious nearby. We looked to see the young man flogged so harshly on the Cross stumble by, bent over and supported by his two Doms. As we watched them go by, obviously heading upstairs to get the boy somewhere more comfortable, he paused and vomited onto the floor, barely missing some bystanders.

James shook his head and got back to work, Sebastian his priority right now. But as he and Marcel worked I heard him say, “Patrice won’t like this. I told them the boy needed a rest, or a change of station.”

Someone soon arrived to mop up the mess on the concrete floor, but the stench and the state of the sub put a bit of a pall on the continuing activities.

Nevertheless, once James had Sebastian unbound he led him over to a wooden stool in the corner of the station and told him to sit. When James removed the blindfold Sebastian blinked in the dim light.

“I’m going to leave the gag,” he told Sebastian. “But get some rest. There’s more to come. Are you all right so far, Sebastian?”

Our boy nodded.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

He nodded again, vigorously, making James chuckle. “Well, let’s hope Tate likes it as much as you did.”

Sebastian’s eyes grew wide while a tremor of fear and excitement went through me.

“Just a moment,” James said.

He ducked under the velvet cord and walked over to where the burly Master was untying a different boy from the spanking bench. They conferred a moment and James returned to us, followed by the boy, a muscular young man with spiky hair and a charming goatee. He led him over to Sebastian while Marcel began restraining me with the ropes.

“Since you did so well, Sebastian, this boy is going to help you enjoy yourself for awhile. You can come if you like, but if you do, you’ll have to go back to our room. If you want to stay and experience more of Patrice’s dungeon, you’ll have to control yourself. Do you understand?” Sebastian’s eyes met the boy’s gaze and returned to James’. He nodded.

James said to the boy, “Use your mouth and throat on him, please, until I tell you to stop or he comes, whichever occurs first.”

“Yes, Sir,” the boy said as he dropped to his knees, taking Sebastian’s engorged cock between his lips. Sebastian groaned behind the gag as his eyes rolled up into his head.

Fuck, I was already so turned on it wasn’t funny. My dick stood straight out and throbbed for attention. I knew it wouldn’t get any just yet.

I watched Marcel wrap up the hook that had been in Sebastian and fetch a clean one from a plastic bin under the rope table.

“I’m not blindfolding you, Tate,” James said as he fitted a similar bit gag to Sebastian’s into my mouth. “You can watch what’s going on over there while I fuck you.”

I whimpered because the man knew how to torture me.

My eyes met Sebastian’s as James eased the large plug out of my bottom. We communicated our pleasure silently and he held my gaze as the wet ball of the hook pushed up against me.

It did hurt going in because it stretched me so wide. As my ass finally swallowed it, clamping down on the narrow arm of the hook, a shudder went through me. It was a new sensation. The steel felt cold and unyielding, the ball a lump inside, insistent in its

bulk and ingenious in design. When Marcel attached the hook to my bindings, it pushed forward insistently, rubbing in deep places at the same time keeping me in position. I felt very much at the mercy of everyone, the implement startling in its efficiency.

“Oh, Tate, you look fucking hot on that hook!” James gasped.

I felt him insert two long fingers into me alongside the hard steel and shuddered in anticipation of feeling his cock there soon.

But he teased me, prolonging the anticipation. He kissed my back tenderly while fingering my ass gently. Each time he touched or nudged the steel hook the motion reverberated in the ball deep inside.

“Feels good?” he asked breathlessly, his mouth at my ear.

I nodded, groaning.

“I knew you’d like it. You wanna get fucked now? Like this?”

I nodded frantically. Watching the nameless boy suck Sebastian’s cock right in front of me, and feeling the sensations inside and at my hole, I was mad for him.

He chuckled. Soon his solid cock pushed into me. The contrast between the metal and his heated member felt incredible and reminded me that two things were inside me. As he thrust his cock further, the ball pressed deeper too, giving an even more intense sensation of fullness and vulnerability.

“Oh, yes,” he murmured, his arm gripping me firmly.

He rocked against me, slowly and carefully, fucking me as he had Sebastian, the steel hook pinioning me in time with his movements.

“Oh, Tate, what you do to me,” he said. No one heard him but me. “Your ass is so tight and warm. How does that ball feel? It’s so deep in there, isn’t it?”

I groaned and nodded, aching with need. This was driving me crazy!

Sebastian’s eyes closed, his head resting against the brick wall, as the boy bobbed on his cock. I saw his stomach muscles clench as his Adam’s apple moved up and down and his hands held the stool tightly.

Poor baby.

In the same predicament, so horny and being teased to the limit, we bore our torment well. But I couldn't think about him or I'd come without a hand on me. I'd done it before.

Suddenly, through the fog of pleasure I heard a whispering and murmuring from the middle of the room. Then a loud voice said, "Your host would like to make an announcement."

James immediately pulled out of me, making me whimper and come out of my trance abruptly. He gave me a comforting pat on the bottom as Patrice spoke.

"As you may be aware, a young man in a rather precarious state was just brought upstairs. Luckily there is a qualified medical practitioner in attendance who is monitoring his vitals. He seems to be all right and will probably recover. However, I want to remind you all that this is a 'play' party. It is a place for people to have fun, even and, perhaps especially, your valued boys. Please save any extreme activities for private indulgence at your own homes. And please monitor your subs closely to ensure they are responding favorably. If I see one other person even close to the state of that boy, this party will be shut down immediately. Thank you."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

Patrice and James exchanged a private glance before Patrice went back upstairs.

James grabbed a towel, wiping himself off and fastening his pants back up with some difficulty over his erection. I hid my disappointment, as I actually wanted more of a fucking with the hook inside me.

James untied and gently extricated it, a procedure which felt even better than it did going in. I groaned, shuddering with pleasure, as it exited my body.

James laughed. "I see we have a new toy to play with. I have one of these in the loft, you know."

"Yes Sir," I moaned, still in a state of high arousal.

Marcel helped James untie me and James told the unnamed boy to stop sucking Sebastian. On James' instruction, Sebastian stood up unsteadily and followed us to the spanking station across the room.

The Master using the station had just released his boy when he saw us.

"James."

"Dominic. Is there another bench? I'd like both my boys tied down for a licking."

I blanched and exchanged a look with Sebastian. We'd never been paddled in public before.

"Of course." Dominic retrieved another spanking bench from a dark corner of his station. He set it up parallel to the one already there.

James spoke to Sebastian and me quietly. "Are you up for this? It's entirely your choice but I do think you'll both enjoy it. You've done amazingly well so far and it's been a pleasure to show off your skills."

I found myself nodding before I'd given it much thought. In for a penny, in for a pound I figured. Sebastian also indicated his acquiescence.

James turned to Dominic. "Thank you. Can you help me?"

Dominic smiled, his eyes roaming over me and Sebastian.

"Absolutely."

In a matter of moments, Sebastian and I had been fastened down over the benches, our limbs restrained and mouths still gagged. James produced blindfolds out of nowhere and covered our eyes with them. I saw him kiss Sebastian on the cheek after putting his on, and he did the same to me.

Then he cleared his throat and addressed the group of men who we'd seen gathering.

"Gentlemen, please watch closely. We have two willing submissives strapped to spanking benches."

The idea of being displayed and abused before a small audience embarrassed and aroused me at the same time. At this point I could do nothing, so I might as well relax and enjoy the experience.

I felt James' gloved hand on my bottom and realized he had more than a paddling in mind.

"To make the submissive more docile and to push him into an even more vulnerable mind-frame, it's a good idea to incorporate some anal play before and during the punishment. This keeps the sub aroused, focused, and emphasizes that he is being used at the whim of his Master."

I felt cold lube on the top of my crack. Two of James fingers spread it down into me, before slowly pushing their way inside.

I tested my bonds, definitely feeling more vulnerable and on display now that I knew a crowd of horny men watched James finger me.

I heard approving murmurs as he rubbed and teased me. I felt my cock throb and wondered when or if I'd be allowed to come.

"I need to look after my other boy. Would some kind Sir volunteer to take over with this one?"

"I will," a deep voice answered.

"Excellent. Grab a glove and get to work. In situations like this I recommend a good five to ten minutes of anal play to loosen him up and get him really randy before his paddling. Although, I have to say for Tate here, horniness and paddling are a given. He gets hard just thinking about it, don't you, boy?"

I moaned as I felt unfamiliar fingers on my vulnerable ass. Would this man be gentle or rough? Would he give me pleasure or pain? I trusted James but having a complete stranger probe me was a very new experience.

I heard Sebastian gasp as James began preparing him. The strange man who had control of me seemed to know what he was doing. I felt myself becoming more aroused and feeling more invaded as it went on for a good ten minutes at least. The entire situation, from walking around and observing all the stations, to being on the hook, to now being tied down and intimately fondled in public by a stranger, turned out to be a huge turn on for me. The desire coiled and burned within me and I wondered how long until I could release it. But that was part of the thrill.

“All right, that’s good,” James said finally. “Thank you, I’ll take over now.”

I heard James walk away and come back. Then I felt something cold and hard at my hole, pushing against it.

“I also like to plug my sub with something fairly substantial. It adds to the impact and pleasure of the paddling and helps them withstand more strikes than they would otherwise.”

I forced myself to relax and let James lodge the large plug inside me again. It felt familiar and comforting. I knew it would make the paddling more exciting.

“Okay, Sebastian, relax. Open.”

Sebastian groaned as his plug went in.

“All right. Enough instruction. The paddling will be pretty basic, and if anyone would like an opportunity to take a turn, just raise your hand. I’ll get them started though.”

I took a deep breath, assuming James would start with me. But I heard the paddle hit flesh and felt nothing. Sebastian gasped.

Then the paddle came down on my ass. I groaned as the big plug shifted and rubbed my prostate.

It felt like it always did – a jolt from Heaven. And it sounded hilarious, because we still wore the jingle bells. Each time one of us got hit, it sounded like a reindeer had landed.

James kept this up, alternating between us, taking his time. He liked to let the anticipation build. We knew whose turn it was, but we didn't know when the strike would come.

All of a sudden, through my dawning subspace, I heard him say, "Would you like a go? Certainly. Not too rough please. These boys are very special to me."

There was shuffling as I waited apprehensively for the next blow. It didn't come. I heard a loud sound of impact and Sebastian's whimper. Then his groan as he was hit again. Luckily I knew Sebastian well and could tell that this was a pleasure groan.

James wouldn't let things get out of hand. I enjoyed my respite and listened to the sounds of wood striking flesh, and Sebastian's gasps and groans, and the sounds of his futile struggles with the restraints. The strikes landed pretty steadily and I heard excitement in Sebastian's exclamations as well as a hint of distress.

"Okay, that's enough for now. Unless you'd like a turn with Tate?"

"Sure," the stranger said.

I tensed in preparation. Soon the strikes began; steady, strong, and persistent. Whoever held the paddle had a lot of experience, I could tell. I became lost in the sensations of pain and pleasure, and the hypnotizing rhythm of the paddle. This was what I loved – this combination of discipline and joy. The paddle hurt my ass, there was no denying that. But the fullness from the plug, and its rocking against those very sensitive spots inside me, made the pain less and made me crave more and more. I was so horny I felt like I could come just from this very soon. I began to struggle in my bindings because I knew James would be unhappy if I came now.

"Okay. Thank you, I'll take over," I heard James say.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Soon I felt him near as he whispered in my ear, "What's the matter, are you close?"

I nodded.

"That's what I thought. You're doing very well, Tate. Everyone can see how turned on you both are."

I moaned.

He patted my shoulder. “I’m just going to finish up. Don’t come, whatever you do. It would be embarrassing for both of us.”

Oh great! What is he going to do now? And how am I not going to come? I wondered frantically as my dick and ass throbbed.

“It’s always a good idea,” James said, loudly again, “even when administering a pleasure paddling, to finish up with a couple of good hits.”

Oh crappity crap crap...

The paddle came down incredibly hard on my ass and I howled with pain, my buttocks clenching on the plug.

Fuck!

“To make sure they remember their place.”

I heard Sebastian cry out as James struck him hard.

“And that their pleasure,” he said as he brought the paddle down on me again, “is secondary to your own.”

I heard Sebastian grunt as he received another strike.

Then it stopped.

My ass sung with the pain of those last two hits, but at least my orgasm had retreated slightly. I rested in my bonds, panting and shaking with the stress of holding back and tolerating the paddle.

I felt my restraints being loosened and removed, then the gag. I breathed a sigh of relief and some disappointment. As James stood me up and removed my blindfold, I blinked in the dim light. A substantial crowd of men watched Sebastian and me closely as James released us, the energy of so much aroused testosterone palpable and electric in the air. I was glad to have James to protect us.

He didn’t remove the plugs, but produced the harnesses and fastened them back in place. When our eyes met, he stroked my swollen cock affectionately with his index finger.

“Don’t worry, lovely boy. I’m not quite finished with you yet. But we are done here.”

He attached our leashes again and led us toward the stairs, the men parting reluctantly to let us through, although I felt a hand or two graze my sore buttocks as we passed.

We followed James up the stairs to the main floor and through the crowd of fancily dressed partygoers. Several people stopped their conversing to stare at us, and I remembered the last time we'd been in this room, we'd been wearing our jock straps.

Now we were naked, except for the plugs, harnesses, and collars.

Our cocks stood erect and leaking as we made our humble way through the appreciative crowd.

"James, what a pair they are!" A man exclaimed, grinning at James and nodding at us. "I hope you're going to take care of them upstairs. They look pretty desperate."

James laughed. "Don't worry. They'll get what they deserve."

"If you need any help, come and get me."

James smiled and led us up the main stairway. I guessed we were heading back to the room and I wondered if James would simply have his way with us. The last thing I expected to see when James opened the door and led us in was a young man kneeling at the foot of our bed, naked, with his hands behind his head. He had dark hair and a bit of scruff on his face. His body was beautiful, not overly muscular, but solid and slim, like a runner or a swimmer.

I glanced at Sebastian, who seemed just as surprised. We looked at James for an explanation.

"He's a gift from Patrice and Freddy," James said. "His name is Étienne. He's ours for the evening, or the night if we like."

James took the leashes and collars off us then addressed the boy.

"Étienne. Je m'appelle James. Et ceux-ci son Sebastian et Tate."

Étienne lifted his head and gazed at us, revealing a pair of deep blue eyes under heavy lashes. He was fucking beautiful.

"Salut," he said simply, his mouth moving into a smile.

"Hi," we said, still in shock.

But what does this mean?

“He’s been cleared. Patrice showed me the paperwork. Tested three weeks ago and hasn’t had sex with anyone in that time.” James spoke as if Étienne wasn’t kneeling right in front of us. “I read his profile. He lives a fairly conservative, quiet life, but every now and then signs on for some hardcore submission.”

James moved over to the closet and began to remove his clothes.

“Étienne’s particular enjoyment is being fucked and filled multiple times over in one session. Which suits my purposes this evening to a T.”

Oh my lord.

My cock pulsed at the thought of watching James fuck this boy and then getting a turn myself. Or maybe I’d watch Sebastian next. And get my turn last. Whichever. It didn’t fucking matter. Just knowing I’d be able to ravish this beautiful young man and come inside him made my cock throb with delightful anticipation.

It was taking all my self-control not to jump on Sebastian right now. He looked so hot, all sweaty and with a rosy ass from the paddling, his blond hair damp and ruffled. Whenever our eyes met I felt the usual pull towards him and remembered fucking him on the hook. But I knew in this situation, following that urge would not be in my best interests.

James finished undressing and hung his clothes up neatly in the closet. He walked slowly over to Étienne, casually pulling on his own hard cock as he regarded the submissive boy.

“Étienne. Je voudrais que vous commenciez en sucant mes garçons pour un peut. They’re close to the edge but I want to watch them struggle to hold off. It’ll make me very, very hard, tres durement, la surveillance de cela.” James settled himself on the bed, leaning back against the soft cushions. “Alors vous allez me sucer. You can then suck me. And then I’m going to fuck you. I assume you know what ‘fuck’ means, because I don’t know the translation.”

“Oui, Monsieur,” Étienne said. “Qui d’abord, Monsieur?”

“C’est votre choix. Je dirait ‘Changement’ quand je veux que vous suciez l’autre.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

Étienne gazed hungrily at our cocks, looking back and forth between them, then glanced up and met our eyes. Finally he came over to me on hands and knees. When he reached my feet, he straightened and circled the base of my cock with his warm hand.

I whimpered, understanding that I would get blown in this state without being allowed to come. Blown by the beautiful Étienne. James did know how to torture me.

Étienne licked his lips, glanced up at me again and bent to the task.

His mouth felt incredible on my neglected cock. I groaned again, feeling it pulse. I watched his head bob up and down as I struggled to think of something to stave off my orgasm. I found it crucial to dredge up something distasteful or else the memories from Patrice's dungeon would return and I'd be lost.

I pictured naked women, painted whores, and heavy momma types – imagined them trying to seduce me. It worked a little. But Étienne's sweet mouth felt so hot and wet and obviously male, that it was hard to imagine him as a woman. Especially since I knew what he was – a sweet young man with a taste for cock and semen.

I opened my eyes and looked down at him working me. Then I glanced up, met James' gaze, and had to fight my orgasm into retreat.

"Changement," said James.

Étienne obediently relinquished me and moved over to Sebastian while I attempted to get myself under control. But even now, hearing Sebastian's noises of pleasure and watching James play with himself on the bed, I remained in a haze of intense arousal. I wondered if I'd be able to await my turn with Étienne. I just hoped I wouldn't be last.

Sebastian succeeded in holding off and James finally told Étienne to stop.

"Arrete. Come here now. Viens ici," he said, moving up onto his knees on the bed, holding his large erection out.

Étienne quickly got onto the bed and in moments had James' cock between his lips. Sebastian and I watched the entrancing scene before us.

James grabbed a handful of Étienne's dark hair, guiding and holding him in order to fuck his mouth and throat. Étienne took it all with the grace of a practiced sub. His

own dick stood stiff and its substantial length bobbed between his legs as he worked our Master.

James let go of Étienne's hair, leaning back against the pillows again. He closed his eyes in pleasure as the enthusiastic young man ate his cock with a skill that gave credit to Patrice and Freddy's choosing him for us.

Sebastian and I watched Étienne work James' cock for what seemed a long time. I didn't know if James needed it or just wanted to make the boy work, or simply enjoyed teasing the two of us with the vignette. He even seemed on the verge of coming a few times but grabbed the French boy's hair to slow him down.

Finally, he gasped, "Stop! Get off the bed and kneel facing it," his voice rough and deep.

Étienne quickly positioned himself as instructed, spreading his legs to present his ass to James, who had come around behind him. We heard the click of the lube opening and watched James apply it speedily to the willing sub.

"Hold your hands behind your back," he ordered.

When Étienne did so, he grabbed the boy's wrists, knelt, and entered him slowly.

Étienne cried out in delight as our Master embedded himself inside him. My own dick throbbed as I watched. James began to thrust, holding Étienne's arms up tight against his back.

"Oh fuck yes! You liked to be fucked hard, don't you boy?" James muttered, riding the boy aggressively. "Patrice told me all about you, how you like to be fucked and filled so many times, with the seed of so many different men that it drips down your thighs onto the fucking floor."

Étienne whimpered, moaned and panted, arching his back to better receive James' battering.

James seemed to lose control, his rhythm becoming irregular as he quickly approached his orgasm. I felt like coming just watching but I wanted my turn to fill the boy, especially after James deposited a hefty load. I hoped to God I'd be next.

“Oh my God, such a good little pig you are Étienne, un petit cochon merveilleuse! I’m going to make you fucking squeal.” He pounded the boy harder, making him, in fact, squeal like a pig.

“Oh, yes...here it comes, boy...fuck! Fuck!” James cried as he came, scrunching up his face with the pleasure of it. He jerked erratically against Étienne, groaning, his head falling back in ecstasy. It was a joy to watch. *The Cross and The TriniTy* 231

“Oh yes, you got a lot that time, didn’t you boy? I think I may have dumped a quart in you,” James murmured, continuing to move more slowly. He stared down at where they joined. “Oh, fuck yeah, there it is.” He thrust in harder a couple of times.

“You’re full of it aren’t you?”

Étienne gave a desperate moan, nodding frantically. “Oh... Monsieur,” he gasped.

“Shhhh, you’ve still got to take more, haven’t you? I’m pretty sure Tate and Sebastian have almost a quart each for you, after what they’ve been through this evening.”

He slowly withdrew his cock from the boy and we all watched as white frothy spunk leaked out. But James slapped Étienne suddenly. “Keep it in there. Le garder! That’s your Master’s seed and I want you to hold it.”

“Oui, Monsieur,” Étienne said, clenching tight to keep hold of the precious nectar as James straightened up.

He looked over at us. “The question is, who gets to fill you next? Do you have a preference, Étienne? Avez-vous un préférence?”

“Non, Monsieur. Mais s’y vous plait, le choisir rapidement.”

James chuckled. “I don’t know. They both did so well tonight. Whoever can tell me the name of the man with the rope and hooks first.”

Sebastian practically shouted, “Marcel!” before I’d even opened my mouth. I stared at him, shocked. He glanced my way apologetically, trembling and needy.

“Sorry, I...” he said while James laughed.

“It’s okay. Just don’t take too long,” I said.

My sweet Sebastian—I’d delay my own pleasure for him any day.

“I won’t,” he promised, smiling. “I can’t.”

James moved away from Étienne, who still kneeled against the bed, his face sideways on the coverlet.

“Wait a moment,” James said, “Come here.”

Sebastian went to James, who grabbed his chin and kissed him hard and deep on the mouth. When he released him he said, “Enjoy yourself. Because I don’t know when I’ll let you fuck anyone besides me or Tate again.” He kissed him again, but softer. “I love you both so much.” He glanced at me and I felt warmth spread outward from my chest.

It didn’t take long for Sebastian to drop a load in the boy. I think he almost came just getting into that beautiful ass. After a few deep thrusts he climaxed noisily, gripping Étienne around the waist. Watching him come while fucking another man, when

I’d just watched James do the same, made me crazy. I needed to come so badly.

Finally, after cuddling the strange boy in obvious gratitude for several moments, Sebastian relinquished him and it was my turn.

I squeezed Sebastian’s hand as he passed me, gazing into his beautiful sated blue eyes before moving on. I knelt down behind Étienne, smelling the sweat and juices of my two lovers, and I couldn’t resist. I stroked his sweet hole with my thumb, pressing inside, so that globs of Sebastian’s and James’ combined spunk oozed out.

“Fuck. Me.” I panted, barely able to contain myself. I shoved a whole finger up Étienne’s ass and watched as more was pushed out. I stared at it, enrapt.

“Tate, stop dicking around and fuck him will you. I’m tired,” James said.

I sighed regretfully. I could have played with that spunk-filled ass for a long time, even in the state I was in.

Obediently, I positioned myself at Étienne’s sweet hole. It was so slicked up with come I didn’t need lube. I pushed my dick in slowly, so slowly, my eyes glued to where we joined, watching more white gloop ooze out of him.

“Fuck,” I moaned, my neglected and tortured cock surging at the sensations of warmth and heat and wetness. “Jesus Christ!

James, fuck!” I swore, naming the man responsible for this incredible evening and for the joy I experienced this moment.

Our eyes met. He grinned, winking at me and smiling at my outburst.

I turned my gaze back to Étienne, seeing the sweat on him from the strain of being fucked thrice in a row.

“Don’t worry, boy. This won’t take long,” I said shakily as I started pumping him. It felt like I hadn’t fucked anyone for a long time. It felt so good to get my cock in the boy and really be free to come when I wanted. The pleasure built quickly – I didn’t have much time to enjoy it. Three, four, maybe five thrusts and I came loudly, grabbing the kid’s hair and pounding him deep, filling him for a third time.

He whimpered beneath me.

As the pleasure waned slowly from its incredible pinnacle, I watched my cock pump in and out of him, the juice from three men pushing out and running down his pale thighs. It was probably the hottest thing I’d ever seen.

I pulled out, again captivated by the sight of Étienne’s slick, leaking hole, and stood on shaky legs. I glanced over at James as if to ask, “What now?”

James, who was cuddling with Sebastian on the big bed, said, “Bring him over here Tate. But put a towel down first, will you?”

I found a towel in the bathroom and laid it out on the bed beside them. Then I helped Étienne stand and lie down on his back. He looked up at us with undisguised awe, desire, and gratitude.

As one, the three of us looked down at his swollen cock.

We exchanged a glance, then took turns sucking the lovely boy to orgasm, listening to his adorable foreign exclamations of pleasure, “Crisse, oui...oh, fuck, estie...” while the guests below drank champagne and whiskey and the subs in the basement suffered exquisite torment.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

ABRACADABRA

After we got Étienne off, James told him to shower and go back downstairs. We thanked him, pinching his cute bum beneath his skinny jeans and giving him goodbye kisses.

He blushed, saying, “Merci de me laisser pour vous servir. S’il vous plaît faites-moi savoir si vous êtes à Montréal de nouveau.”

Then, as if he’d merely been a figment of our perverted imaginations, he was gone.

“What did he say?” Sebastian asked.

James smiled and pulled us back onto the big bed with him. “He said thank you for letting me serve you. Please let me know if you are in Montreal again.”

“And will we?” I asked, crossing my fingers. I’d give a lot to be able to do that again, and to have longer to play with Étienne next time.

James laughed, seeing the hopeful looks on our faces. “I guess we’ll have to. You two look smitten.”

“Fuck smitten. I just like playing with my Master’s come in another guy’s ass,” I said rudely, touching James’ cock and feeling it stir beneath my fingers.

After that, James decided we’d been plugged long enough.

He seemed to take great pleasure in removing the steel devices, commenting on how he loved nothing better than a well-plugged ass unless it was a recently unplugged one. We knelt beside each other, holding the headboard as he rimmed us one after the other in an alternating rhythm until we begged him for more.

§ § §

Waking up in the unfamiliar and disordered surroundings late the next morning, I lay there quietly, remembering all that had transpired. I’d never experienced anything like it before and hoped to be invited back to Patrice’s party next year.

Feeling restless, I got out of bed and had my shower, leaving Sebastian and James sleeping soundly in the big bed. A bit sore and still tired from the previous day’s

activities, I lingered under the hot spray, making use of the spa-quality bath products Freddy had provided. By the time I finished I felt invigorated and refreshed.

When I exited the bathroom I saw movement in the bed and heard familiar noises. James lay atop Sebastian, kissing him passionately, holding his arms down. Sebastian's legs were wrapped around James' waist as the older man fucked him slowly.

I watched, transfixed, as my boyfriends made love in Patrice's guest bed. All thoughts of joining in left me when I saw how intimately they were connected, both emotionally and physically. Instead, I sat in the armchair by the closet and simply watched, my cock stirring and hardening under my white towel.

I felt no jealousy, not even a twinge. Instead I took great pleasure in watching my two favorite people in the world express their love and desire for one another. The tenderness with which they coupled brought home to me just how much they'd connected in the past few weeks. When James reached his climax he let go of Sebastian's arms, letting the younger man embrace him tightly as he rode the waves of his release.

When he recovered, James pulled out and quickly got Sebastian off using his hand and mouth. Watching the sexy, young blond man arch his back in ecstasy as he emptied into James' mouth was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen.

They finally noticed me.

"There you are," Sebastian murmured, flushed and spent, smiling his satisfaction.

"Mmmm, Tate. You look delicious but I've just eaten," James added sleepily.

"The room service is pretty good here," I quipped.

"Top notch," James agreed, giving Sebastian another kiss.

He reluctantly stood up, leaving Sebastian splayed out on the rumpled white sheets. "But I supposed we should get moving. We've got a long drive home and I've plans for you both."

We breakfasted with Patrice, although Freddy was nowhere to be seen.

"He won't surface until at least three," Patrice informed us. "Poor boy's worn out."

"Undoubtedly," James smiled.

"We didn't see him downstairs," I said.

“No. I had a few other friends come in from out of town for the evening. Freddy made sure they enjoyed themselves in a private, fully equipped room. He’s such a thorough host.”

I grinned, imagining exactly how the exuberant young man would have entertained Patrice’s friends, enjoying himself tremendously in the process.

We ate quickly, then said our goodbyes and returned to our room to pack.

James pulled me aside.

“I have an idea for something fun,” he said, “but only if you’re willing, obviously.”

The hair stood up on the back of my neck, a natural response to these ominous words from the man who loved to tease and torment me.

“I’m not riding in the trunk,” I stated, having heard some crazy stories of Dom/sub road trips.

James chuckled. “Don’t worry. I want you in the front seat. Wearing this.”

I looked down at his hand to see the slim metal tube that he’d referred to as a Prince Albert’s Wand when he’d bought it two weeks ago. I stared at the thing like it was a grenade.

“It goes in your urethra,” James explained.

“Uh huh.” I didn’t quite know what else to say.

“It’s hollow, so you can urinate or ejaculate. It’s meant for long-term wear.”

“That’s...comforting?” I said, not really feeling it.

“I thought we could put it in now and you could wear it for the drive.”

I stared at him, speechless.

Is he kidding?

“What?” he asked innocently.

“You want to put that in my dick?”

“Yes.”

“And I’m to wear it for the entire drive home? That’s almost two hours.”

“Yes. I think you’ll find it quite pleasant.”

I stared at the thing dubiously. “I don’t know.”

“And when we get home, I’ll reward you with an incredible experience.”

“You’ll let me come?” I said, hopefully.

“I’ll make you come through the wand. It will blow your mind, Tate. I promise.”

He looked so sincere, and seemed to want it so much. He did know what he was talking about. Still, I hesitated. I’d never had anything inside my dick before, not even a medical catheter. It looked...painful.

I held my hand out flat. He placed the smooth steel device in my open palm. I examined it, wondering if what he said was true.

“Will it hurt?” I asked finally.

James shook his head. “No. It will feel strange when it first goes in, but it won’t hurt. It’s more psychological than anything.”

He looked at me with those guileless brown eyes. “If you’re really uncomfortable with the idea...”

“No. Let’s do it. I trust you,” I said finally. He’d piqued my curiosity now and I had to know how it felt.

The smile lit up his whole face. “Really? That’s wonderful.” He took my hand and led me over to the bed as Sebastian returned from the bathroom.

“What’s going on?” Sebastian asked as I began to take off my jeans.

“Just push them down around your ankles and sit on the bed,” James said.

“An experiment,” I muttered, doing as I was told.

James got the ice bucket and put on a pair of blue nitrile gloves. He poured some alcohol from a bottle over the wand and held it for a few seconds, then wiped it with a clean cloth. “I’ve done this before, Tate.”

“Well, I haven’t,” I said as Sebastian sat down beside me.

“Is that the—” Sebastian asked.

“Torture device? Yes,” I said glumly.

“Don’t be dramatic,” James said. He brought the wand over to where I sat nervously on the edge of the bed. “You know as well as I do that most of these things look worse than they feel.”

“We’ll see,” I said, still not a hundred percent sure I wanted that thing in my dick. But I supposed, if anyone was going to put it there, I’d want it to be James.

Sebastian and I watched while he coated the sterilized metal tube liberally with lubricant then kneeled before me. He dabbed a bit of lube on the opening of my urethra.

“Ready?”

I took a deep breath and let it out. But I shook my head. “Wait.”

Sebastian put his arm around my waist, giving me the courage I needed.

“Okay.” I nodded. I put my hands down on the bed beside me. “Go.”

James took the head of my dick between his fingers and placed the bottom of the wand gently against my slit. “Take another breath,” he said.

I inhaled slowly. As I did, he slid the thin metal tube slowly and carefully into my urethra.

The feeling was very strange and slightly uncomfortable. But not painful.

I watched the wand slide slowly into my penis, entranced by the sight and not a little aroused. James carefully pushed it in to its full depth then met my gaze.

“It’s in,” he said.

“That’s what he said,” I joked, feeling euphoric now that the thing was inside me and I hadn’t fainted.

Hmmm. Now it was in there, it didn’t feel half bad. Sort of like I needed to pee or come. Actually, I probably did need to pee.

Maybe I should have thought of doing that first?

“Um,” I said.

“What’s wrong?” James asked.

“I need to pee.”

James chuckled. “Well, you can. As soon as I fasten the ring on.”

I looked at Sebastian. He was staring at my dick.

“That looks so hot,” he said breathlessly, not taking his eyes away from it.

“Good. ‘Cause you’re gonna wear one too.”

Sebastian blanched. “But he only bought one.”

“Gotcha.”

“Tate, behave yourself,” James said sternly as he affixed the metal ring around the head of my penis, effectively holding the wand in place since I didn’t have a piercing to do that. “All right. Go have a piss,” he said, peeling off the gloves.

I stood, pulling my shorts and jeans up higher. “Come with me? I’m a bit nervous.”

“Of course.”

James came to the bathroom with me and stood leaning against the doorframe as I positioned myself at the toilet.

“Nothing’s happening,” I said after a minute.

“You need to relax.”

“I’m trying to relax. I’ve never had a metal tube up my dick before.”

James came over to stand close behind me. I felt the bulge of his erection pressing into my bottom as he wrapped his warm, strong arms around my belly.

“Let go,” he said in my ear as he deliberately put gentle pressure on my bladder. “Let it out.”

I stared down at my penis, willing the pee to come out, even though it felt so strange. James’ arousal at my back and his arms around me made me horny, making it difficult to concentrate.

“Do you really need to pee?” James asked. “Maybe it’s just the wand making it feel that way.”

“I had three cups of coffee with breakfast.”

“Okay. Let’s try this.” James let go of me, went over to the sink and turned on the faucet. I watched as cold water coursed down into the bowl. In a moment, I felt something relax in me and pee started coming out the end of the wand. The accompanying sensation took me completely by surprise. I met James’ knowing gaze as I grabbed the counter for support and groaned.

“That’s it,” he said, as I pissed into the toilet, my eyes closing with the unexpected pleasure of it.

He turned off the faucet. “Now imagine coming through it.”

§ § §

An hour later, I sat obediently in the passenger seat, already used to the strange feeling of the metal wand in my dick and wondering when I could pee again, it had felt so amazing. But James refused to stop for a Big Gulp when I asked. He could be such a dick sometimes.

Sebastian listened to his iPod in the backseat with the earphones in, so James and I had a good conversation. Every now and then he'd reach out and stroke my erection through my jeans, causing my dick to twitch and making me feel every inch of that steel wand inside it. I had to give it to him, it was more fun than it looked.

By the time we pulled into his driveway I felt hornier than a bride on her wedding night. Or at least, I figured I did. I also had to pee again. I couldn't wait.

As soon as James keyed open the door I kicked off my shoes and made my way to the small downstairs bathroom, pulling down my pants and standing over the toilet. My dick was hard with all the teasing and anticipation, so that presented another challenge. I turned on the faucet, jiggling my dick, trying to get it to soften enough so I could pee without making a huge mess.

Sebastian knocked on the door. "I need to piss."

"Join the club."

"Actually I want to see you piss."

"What?"

"I want to see you pee through that thing. Am I too late?"

I pushed open the door. "No. I'm having issues. Come on in. Maybe James wants to watch again?" I said sarcastically.

"No, he's gone upstairs."

"Oh. Okay. Well, be quiet. Don't distract me." I closed my eyes, listening to the water fall into the sink.

Finally I felt it. I moaned as the pee went through the wand, feeling the same pleasant sensation as before, hearing the satisfying sound of urine hitting the water in the toilet.

"Whoa," Sebastian murmured.

I shivered as the last drops exited my stuffed urethra. “It feels so good. I don’t know why.”

“Who cares? It looks hot.”

When we exited the bathroom, we saw James coming down the stairs. “There you are. What’s going on down here?”

“Watersports,” I joked.

“Mm hmm. Why don’t you both grab something light to eat and meet me upstairs in half an hour?”

“The loft?” I said.

“Yes.”

We grabbed a quick, light snack in James’ kitchen, then made our way upstairs.

Up in the loft, out of habit, we stripped and knelt together by the armoire. Even though our relationship with James had become less formal and more affectionate, we still liked to maintain the rituals of our Dom/sub relationship. We knew that, in the loft, James still preferred certain protocols to be observed.

Since we hadn’t gone through any deep cleansing today it did limit what could be done here.

James appeared shortly, wearing the jeans he’d had on and bare feet. He’d taken off his shirt but that was all the preparation he’d made for this session.

“Eyes down, Tate.” He gently reminded me.

“Yes Sir.”

“Follow me on hands and knees please.”

I did, staring at his beautiful sexy feet as we went, feeling the hard steel in my cock even more and anticipating what would happen now. Because, well, he’d promised.

He led me to the St. Andrew’s Cross. Making me stand he fastened me spread-eagled to it, facing toward him. My chest rose and fell as he buckled the wrist and ankle straps.

“Sebastian, come,” he said.

Our boy wasted no time, crawling eagerly over on hands and knees to sit at James’ feet.

“I want you to use your tongue on his cock. Just your tongue though. No lips. No throat. For now.”

“Yes, Sir,” Sebastian replied. He rose up on his knees and waddled the few inches to position himself before me. Our eyes met as I stared down at him. Then we both looked at my erect cock with the Prince Albert’s Wand held fast by the ring behind my glans.

I moaned in anticipation.

Sebastian smiled. His pink tongue snaked out and licked the base of my dick, which twitched in response.

I gasped as my cock contracted around the steel rod. “Oh, fuck.”

How in hell did James know of all the good toys? I’d fallen in love with this one already. And the anal hook he’d introduced me to yesterday – well, let’s just say I would be begging for that again soon.

Sebastian kept teasing my dick while James and I watched.

“How does that feel, Tate?”

“Good...”

“Was I right about the wand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Say it.”

“You were right about the wand, Sir.”

“Will you ever doubt me again?”

“Probably.”

He chuckled. “Thanks for your honesty. Sebastian, move aside.”

Sebastian moved away as James stepped close. He held his hand up to my mouth. “Lick.”

I licked his hand eagerly, covering it with my saliva, deliberately slobbering to make it nice and slick.

“Good boy.”

He wrapped it around my cock and stroked slowly – once, twice.

I gasped loudly at the astonishing sensation then met his gaze.

He grinned. “More?”

I nodded. “Yes. Please, Sir.”

He stroked me again gently.

I groaned with the pleasure of it. The feeling was like nothing else I’d ever experienced. Instead of only outer sensation, now there was sensation on the inside of my cock as well. The need to come became intense very quickly, but James noticed and stopped. He’d never make it that easy.

“Sebastian.”

Sebastian came forward and tongued my dick again for several moments. Then James stroked it a few times. Then more licking.

Then stroking.

They worked together until I became desperate.

“Please, Sir,” I begged.

“Please what?”

I groaned, feeling the need to come so badly. “Please make me come.” I pulled on my wrist bindings, as if I could escape and take care of it quickly myself.

“Sebastian, you can use your mouth and throat if you like,” he said, letting my cock go and backing up.

I gazed at him hopefully. He shook his head. “No, Tate, you can’t come from that. I want you to wait until I tell you to come. And it will be with your beautiful cock in my hand.”

“But...”

“Don’t worry. It won’t be long now.”

I gulped, then moaned as Sebastian took the head of my cock in his mouth, his tongue laving the metal ring. “Oh, Sir, please...”

James only smiled, unzipping and taking his very erect dick out of his pants. “You look wonderful, both of you.”

I struggled, trying to pull away from Sebastian’s hot mouth and tongue. This proved futile of course, and the sight of James stroking himself in front of me didn’t help my situation.

“You’re going to watch me come first, then Sebastian. Then it will be your turn,” he said, pulling harder on his swollen red member, gasping, his mouth open in pleasure. Jerking himself roughly, he watched Sebastian suck me, watched me struggle to hold back my orgasm, until he finally called Sebastian away.

“Sebastian, come here,” he said, his voice harsh due to the imminence of his own climax.

Sebastian relinquished me and turned to James, who held his cock out towards the blond man’s wet mouth. “Mouth please,” James ordered.

He continued to stroke himself as Sebastian engulfed the top of his cock. His eyes closed, he grimaced then groaned as he quickly came down Sebastian’s willing throat.

“Oh, good boy, good boy,” he murmured, pumping the juice out of his dick. Sebastian moaned, swallowing his Master’s come.

The sight made me crazy. I pulled at my bonds, making aggressive noises. I needed to come. I needed to come through this metal wand or I’d lose it.

“Please, Sir...James, I can’t,” I panted.

“You can and you will, Tate. Compose yourself. It’s not your turn yet.” He tucked himself back in his jeans.

“Sebastian, stand up,” James ordered.

He made Sebastian stand close to me, his beautiful cock pointing at my own. Then James jerked him off all over me, my cock covered with Sebastian’s gooey spunk when he finished.

“James. James,” I moaned, past all formalities now. I needed my Daddy.

“Okay, calm down,” he said, moving closer and wrapping his warm hand around my semen soaked cock. “Now it’s your turn.”

I nodded frantically as he kissed my cheek affectionately.

I felt his tongue on my earlobe as he began to stroke my desperate dick back and forth. It didn’t take long. Soon, the orgasm that had coiled tightly in my balls released.

As my cock spasmed in James’ grip I yelled out into the room, the ecstasy of release compounded by the inner and outer pressure.

“Oh, yes, that’s it,” James murmured as I shot through the wand, yelling, swearing, and gasping as the pleasure astounded me.

“I was right, wasn’t I? I told you it would feel good.” He smiled, nuzzling my neck, stroking me evenly as I continued to come.

“Fuck! Oh my God,” I moaned as the orgasm continued. “Oh fuck, James...”

He kept stroking me until I finished finally, my body becoming limp and sated.

Sebastian came close to me on the other side, his arm wrapping around me. “That was fucking awesome,” he said.

“It was lovely,” James agreed.

I closed my eyes, my heart beating frantically in my chest.

CHAPTER TWENTY

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE CHRISTMAS

I drove to my new job the next day feeling jubilant. It seemed a whole new life was beginning, one that contained all the good things from the old one, but held different and promising additions.

My immediate supervisor, a woman named Alison, came across as friendly and efficient. She sat me down in her office with a coffee and filled me in on the routines and procedures of

New City Marketing, also going over her expectations of me and my expectations of the position and hopes for the future. I let her know that I was interested in a position as a copy editor at some point in the future, once I proved my skills. She responded positively to that idea and said they always hired from within if a position became vacant and they had somebody willing and able to fill it.

She'd given me a couple of documents to edit, and I'd gotten most of the way through one of them when I broke for lunch. I'd just unwrapped the salmon sandwich Sebastian had made for me when I heard giggling and commotion from my coworkers.

"He's over there," someone said.

I looked up to see a delivery guy making his way towards me with a giant bouquet, not of roses or any kind of flowers, but of what looked like giant chocolate chip cookies.

Oh hell. I'm going to fucking kill James. Or Sebastian. Or Joanne. Whoever was responsible for this would have to pay.

The eyes of everyone in the main part of the office zeroed in on me as I cleared a spot on my desk for the huge arrangement. I rolled my eyes as I signed for it, but said nothing, secretly pleased and curious to see who'd sent it. It could have been any of those three.

I took out the card from the little envelope and read the message, conscious of all the people looking at me, although they pretended to go on with their own tasks.

*Dear Tate,
Congratulations on your position with New City
Marketing. Here are some cookies to make your first day
more enjoyable. We have some treats at home for later.
Love James and Sebastian.*

I rolled my eyes again, but couldn't help smiling. I was sure my cheeks were already pink, so no one would notice an additional flush of pleasure.

Finally, I looked up to meet the gazes of my co-workers.

"Um...anyone want a cookie?"

There were a few takers, and by the time I was ready to leave there were only a couple left. I ate them in the car on the way home.

When I got there, Sebastian was waiting with my favorite Thai food again. Unlike the previous occasion on which he'd done so, this time I gave him a grateful kiss and a sincere thank you. I also let him know how pleased I'd been to receive the cookies.

"It was James' idea, but I thought it was a great one. Hope we didn't embarrass you too much," he said.

I shook my head, laughing. "Nope. And it was a good way to break the ice with my co-workers. It's amazing what giving out free cookies does for one's popularity."

"Did anyone ask who they were from?"

"Yeah. Someone asked if they were from my girlfriend."

"What did you say?"

"I said, nope, they're from my boyfriends."

Sebastian's mouth dropped open.

"I'm pretty sure they thought I was joking. There was a lot of laughing. Anyhow, the joke's on them."

§ § §

The rest of my week went by quickly and painlessly. I enjoyed my new job, and the people who worked in the office were, for the most part, pretty cool.

James invited us for supper on Friday and wanted us to spend the weekend, which we agreed to. Christmas was two weeks away.

The next weekend we'd have family obligations, so it would be nice to have one for just the three of us, especially after the divine craziness of Montreal.

On Friday after lunch I got an email from Sebastian saying that James would pick him up from work at two o'clock so they could shop for my Christmas present, and to go directly to James' place after work.

The day went by fast, and my boss called me into her office to tell me how pleased she was with my performance. I had a feeling I'd found a good place.

On the drive home I thought about all the great things that had happened in my life recently; even though my Dad's passing had been upsetting, part of me was very glad that he wasn't in pain anymore.

When I pulled into James' driveway, the place looked deserted.

I wondered if they were still shopping. The garage door was closed and I assumed the car was gone.

However, as I began to walk up the path to the door, multicolored lights came on all around me. I stopped in my tracks and stared in surprise at the Christmas lights all along the path and the front of the house. Never in a million years had I expected this.

I walked to the door, which opened before I got there,

Sebastian peeking out with a huge smile on his face. "Surprise!"

"I'm surprised," I said, stepping inside.

"There's more..."

"That *doesn't* surprise me," I said. "James never does things half-assed."

I took off my boots and jacket and followed Sebastian into the living room, where more Christmas lights came on, illuminating a huge fir tree in the corner and James standing by the switch.

"Merry Christmas, Tate," he said.

"Merry Christmas, James," I replied. "And how did Sebastian persuade you to light up your home like the Griswald's?"

James eyes twinkled. "He has his ways."

I shook my head, looking back and forth between them. “Well, I guess we’ve got some decorating to do.”

I walked over to the boxes of brand new tree decorations sitting on the coffee table and took out a pretty glass candy cane, bringing it over to where James still stood by the light switch, watching me.

“Thank you,” I said, staring into those warm brown eyes. “We haven’t really had time to decorate our place like I wanted to.”

He nodded, taking my chin and kissing me sweetly.

“You’re welcome. I’m hoping you’ll be spending so much time over here that this will do.” His eyes held the promise of an abundance of Christmas surprises waiting for us.

James had cooked a three-course meal, and once we’d finished it, all we felt like doing was cuddling on the living room sofa and staring at the now-decorated tree. With the wood fire crackling away and the pretty tree lights shining in the darkness,

I felt content and at peace snuggled against my two boyfriends. Sebastian lay with his head in James’ lap and looked at the tree like a six-year-old waiting for Santa. I sat cuddled into James. We both played lazily with Sebastian’s soft, straw-colored hair.

We must have all been tired from the workweek, because we fell asleep. I woke up to see the fire had died down to glowing embers on the hearth. My own movements on waking disturbed

James. He opened his eyes and blinked at me.

“Hello.”

“I think we should go to bed,” I said.

James shook Sebastian gently, waking him.

He sat up groggily. “Hey, Santa didn’t come.”

“It’s still a week to Christmas, Sebastian. Come to bed,” James murmured, getting up and shutting off the lights of the tree.

We made our way up the stairs and stripped, climbing into James’ big bed without a word. Snuggling up to get warm we drifted back to sleep.

§ § §

We stayed with James all weekend, revisiting the loft for some fun, fairly relaxed sessions. After Church on Sunday, Sebastian and I went Christmas shopping. We needed to buy gifts for family and friends. And we needed to find something special for James.

We'd spent the last week thinking about what to get him.

Finally, Sebastian had suggested that we buy him a new watch, with our three names engraved on the back of it. I thought it was a good idea, except for engraving our names. I thought that was a bit cheesy. I mean, we knew who we were and what we meant to each other.

Instead, I suggested to Sebastian that we inscribe a single word, our first initials and the date. I knew it would appeal to his and James' religious sensibilities.

We hit a toy store first, buying gifts for my two nephews and Chloe, plus a video game for Ethan, Sebastian's friend and coworker.

Then we went to a department store to find something small for Joanne, my mom, and my sister-in-law. Sebastian's family no longer exchanged gifts; an intriguing idea which I'd have to speak to my family about next year. I ended up getting my brother a gift certificate to RadioShack, for lack of any other ideas. Everyone needed batteries, right?

Then James. We found a really nice watch with a thick brown leather band at People's Jewellers.

"That's a popular choice. It's a Christmas gift?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," Sebastian said, glowing with excitement.

"Would you like it engraved?"

"Yes," I said. "We'd like the work 'Trinity' engraved on the back in cursive, along with the letters J, S, and T, and the date, December 25, 2012"

"In that order, sir?"

I glanced at Sebastian, who nodded.

"Yes," I confirmed.

"It won't take long. You can wait here or come back in fifteen minutes."

"We'll come back."

I took Sebastian's hand and led him to the Yogen Fruz stand.

"Two chocolates please, with sprinkles."

"You're too good to me, Tate," Sebastian said sardonically, nudging me with his elbow.

I nudged him back. "Don't you forget it."

§ § §

I'd promised my mom I'd go over to help her sort through some of my dad's personal stuff on Monday evening, so after work I picked up a pizza and drove over there.

"Oh Tate, thanks for bringing supper. I was just going to heat up a casserole..."

I kissed her on the forehead. "No worries, Mom. I know you like Hawaiian." I held up the large pizza.

"Mmm, I haven't had pizza for awhile!"

We ate in her little dining room by candlelight. My mom loved candles and as soon as the sun went down she'd light them. I was surprised there'd never been a fire but she was very careful.

"How are things, Mom?"

"Oh, they're all right, Tate. Y'know, I never thought I'd miss visiting him in the nursing home, but it was part of my ritual. Now, I'm kind of at a loss."

"Why don't you take a class or something? Learn to play the piano, or juggle," I joked.

She looked at me like I was crazy. "At my age?"

"Why not? It would get you out of house and you'd meet new people."

She shrugged. "Well, maybe after Christmas. I've always wanted to learn sculpture. But I'd probably be the oldest person in the class."

"I doubt it. You know, you took really good care of Dad. You don't have to feel guilty about enjoying your own life now." I said it quietly, not looking at her.

"Thank you, Tate. Thank you for saying that." Her voice quavered. I felt the tears threaten in my eyes but fought them back.

"Um, can I ask you something?"

“Of course, sweetheart.”

I cleared my throat. “Um, would it be okay...I mean, would you mind if I brought James as well as Sebastian to Christmas dinner?”

“Of course I don’t mind. There’ll be plenty to eat! You know your brother wants to have a quiet Christmas at home this year.”

“Yeah. Nice of him to pick this year to start that tradition,” I said sarcastically.

“Tate. Your brother is struggling with issues of his own. Your dad’s death hit him pretty hard I think. Plus he and Colleen are having some problems. Nothing serious I don’t think, but I don’t hold it against them for choosing to start their own traditions as a family. I’m so glad I have them and the kids, and you and Sebastian, and James too. Doesn’t he have any family in town?”

“Yeah, but I think his mom’s going down south next week with a friend.”

She laughed. “Good for her! Anyway, James is more than welcome to have Christmas dinner with us. He’s a lovely man.”

“I’m glad you think so, Mom. He means a lot to Sebastian and me. We’ve been spending a lot of time with him.” I didn’t want to come out and tell her that we were in a three-way relationship.

I really didn’t know how she’d react to that information. I looked up at her finally.

She regarded me with her intelligent eyes, searching my face for the truth behind my words. I’d give it to my mom. She was a perceptive woman.

“It’s wonderful that you are surrounded by love, Tate.”

§ § §

“Hey! Hi guys! How are you?” Joanne beamed as she held the door wider and welcomed us inside, holding Trudy’s collar as the sturdy dog wiggled and barked.

“Are you sure we’re not disturbing you?” Sebastian asked.

“No way! Chloe, look who’s here? Its Uncle Tate and Uncle Sebastian!”

“Unca Basteen!” Chloe shouted, running toward us, immediately getting scooped into Sebastian’s arms and kissed on the cheek. I didn’t mind being ignored in favor of my boyfriend.

I totally understood that attraction.

Trudy, who'd been released, jumped up on our legs, trembling with excitement. I leaned down and gave her some scratches.

"Hey, Chloe! Are you ready for Santa?" Sebastian asked the curly haired toddler.

"Santa's coming!" she shouted in his ear, raising her hands in amazed wonder.

He laughed.

"We brought something to put under your tree," I said, waving the Christmas bag I held.

"Awe, thanks! You guys are so sweet." Joanne kissed my cheek and took the gift from me. "You didn't have to do that."

"Yes, we did," Sebastian said, putting Chloe on her feet. "We couldn't forget our little niece at Christmas."

"Do you have time for a cup of tea?" Joanne asked. "Darrin's still at work."

"Sure," I said.

I followed her into the kitchen. Sebastian sat on the floor with Chloe and Trudy all over him, in absolute heaven.

"Regular or herbal?" Joanne asked, putting the kettle on.

"Um, I'll have regular. If you have mint, Sebastian would like that."

"Okay." She got some mugs down and put the teabags in them. "So, you guys look great. How's the new job?"

"I'm really enjoying it actually. My supervisor's awesome." I sat at the kitchen table, crossing one leg over the other.

"And how's James?"

I smiled, feeling the heat color my cheeks.

"Oh my God. What the hell does that mean?" Joanne said, immediately sitting down across from me.

I shrugged, but I didn't lose the smile. I wouldn't look at her.

"Tell me. You always tell me these things, Tate."

I met her gaze finally. "Well, the three of us kind of came to an agreement."

"What kind of agreement?"

"A very good agreement. More like an arrangement, actually."

Joanne grinned. “Awe, Tate, you’re so lucky.”

“So are you!”

“I know, I know. I do love my life. But sometimes I’m jealous of yours.”

I cleared my throat. “James took us to a party in Montreal last weekend.”

“You don’t say.”

“I do say.”

“And?”

“Oh Joanne. You wouldn’t survive if I told you.”

“You are such a goddamn tease.”

I laughed. “I will tell you, I promise. Call me after the holidays. We’ll need some time.”

“Oh. My. God.”

“I’m sure your imagination will fill things in for now.”

“You’re right about that, mister.” She sat back, regarding me affectionately. “So, are the three of you in a relationship now?”

I nodded. “Yeah, you could say that.”

“Wow. And Sebastian and James?”

“It’s good, Joanne. I mean, we all clicked that first weekend over a year ago really. Sebastian and I started having relationship problems and, somehow we ended up getting James’ help. He was so great. He really did his best to get us back together. But in doing that he reminded us both how wonderful he is. It just seems to work better with the three of us.”

Sebastian came into the kitchen. “Joanne, Chloe wants to know if we can paint?”

Joanne laughed. “Whose idea was it actually?”

“Okay, mine,” Sebastian said with a blush.

“I’ll get them.” She stood up. “Remind me to have you babysit more often in the New Year. That is, if you’re not too busy with your two boyfriends.”

He smiled shyly. “I’d love to. Whenever.”

We stayed at Joanne's for an hour and then wished her and Chloe Merry Christmas. Sebastian had to be at the Church for five thirty. The Christmas Eve service started at six thirty; the Chancel Choir was performing.

§ § §

We parked on a side street, not wanting to be closed in when the service ended. Walking to the Church in the darkness,

Sebastian took my gloved hand in his own. As we crossed the main road and approached the quaint stone chapel with the giant fir tree garlanded in lights beside it, a similar glow made itself felt inside my chest. Even though my dad had passed away only a month ago, I felt like it had been a sort of release both for him and for us. He no longer suffered, and we no longer had to watch him suffer. If we were honest with each other, my dad had not been himself for years. He'd actually died long ago. His body had simply hung on for too long. So this Christmas seemed indeed a joyful one.

When we got closer to the Church I expected Sebastian to let go of my hand. But when I loosened my grip, he tightened his. I looked at him, surprised. We had never come out as boyfriends at his Church.

He shrugged and gave me a bashful smile. I smiled back.

A man I recognized as another choir member approached the side door. He saw us, looked down at our hands, then back up at Sebastian and smiled. "Hello, Sebastian. Merry Christmas!"

Sebastian squeezed my hand and nodded to his friend. "Merry Christmas, George."

George looked at me. "It's Tate, right?"

"Right."

"Sebastian talks about you all the time."

"He does?" I was surprised. Sebastian looked embarrassed.

"I don't think he realizes it, but, yes, he does." George held the door open for us. "I hope you're staying for the service?"

"Wouldn't miss it."

We stomped the snow off our boots and hung up our coats.

“Christmas is such a wonderful time of year,” George stated. “It’s nice to be able to share it.”

“Thanks, George,” Sebastian said, giving him a hug. Then he turned to me. “I’ll see you later?”

I nodded, surprised when Sebastian gave me a quick chaste kiss on the mouth. “Knock ‘em dead,” I said.

“We always do,” George commented as the two of them walked to the choir room.

The glow inside my chest warmed me as I made my way to the chancel. I needed to save a spot for James, even though I wasn’t sure he was coming.

He’d had to work, but he’d texted that he’d try to make it to the service. James had never been to the Church, and I knew he held some strong opinions about organized religion, so I wasn’t sure he actually would join us here tonight. We had agreed to go to his place for brunch on Christmas Day, and he would come to Christmas dinner at my mom’s with us, so it wasn’t like he really had to be here.

I played Hangman on my phone while the choir rehearsed.

I enjoyed sitting in the virtually empty pews listening to the beautiful Christmas songs, every now and then glancing up to see my boyfriend sing and knowing that tomorrow, on Christmas Day, all three of us would be together.

By six o’clock people started wandering in, dressed in seasonal finery and smiling with holiday cheer. The chancel slowly began to fill as the choir finished rehearsing and retreated to wait in the wings.

My attention on the Hangman puzzle, I started when I felt someone near and heard a familiar voice whispering the word “Interlocutor” into my ear.

I looked up to see James standing in the aisle.

“Hey!” I exclaimed, rising, hugging him, and giving him a kiss on the cheek. “I’m so glad you’re here!” I felt the glow in my chest grow even bigger, seeming to burst through my skin to fill the small room.

I made some space as he sat in the pew beside me.

“I haven’t been inside a church in a very long time,” he confessed. “Well, at least, not a conventional one. Aren’t you going to finish your game?” He gestured to my phone.

“Fuck it. You’re here now,” I said, putting it away.

“Yes. Let’s hope I don’t get struck by lightning for my sins.”

I laughed. “Well, it hasn’t happened to me yet. Or Sebastian.”

This time James laughed softly. “Oh, I’m sure I have more black marks against me than you two.” The way he looked at me with those knowing brown eyes made my cock twitch.

“For Christ’s sake, James, don’t give me a goddamn hard-on in church!” I murmured, barely loud enough for him to hear.

He laughed again then bent to my ear. “I’ll give you a hard-on when and where I want to, young man,” he whispered, his breath sending chills through me. He pulled back and smiled devilishly.

“See what I mean?” he said in a normal voice.

I nodded. “Yeah, you’re definitely at risk in this place.”

We stared at each other, the electricity between us warm and alive in the sanctity of the chancel. I fought the urge to kiss him and tried to dampen my erection.

Two elderly ladies shuffled into the pew beside us, effectively ending our moment.

“Thank you, dear,” one of them said as I moved over, closer to James.

Now our thighs touched and I felt the heat of his body against me. Something about being in public in a sacred place, so close to him but unable to do anything more, drove me absolutely crazy.

I spent the entire service in a haze of frustrated arousal: beside me, an incredibly sexy and powerful man who made it his daily duty to torment me; and in front of me on the stage, my beautiful blond angel, innocent seeming although he too could give as good as he got. I was doomed. But in such a good, good way.

Anyway, since I was used to dealing with inconvenient sexual arousal I simply tried to ignore it and enjoy the moment. It turned out to be a lovely service, and I found myself singing along with James to the carols even though I felt a bit self-conscious.

James sang confidently in a melodic baritone while I attempted to project my own tremulous tenor farther than the back of the man's head in front of me. Whatever. I heard quite a few other people singing badly so I just went with it.

In the middle of a communal singing of "It Came upon a Midnight Clear," James took my hand, lacing our fingers together.

I glanced over at him, eyes full of the love I felt for him and Sebastian and with a happiness that glowed ever warmer in my heart.

When the service ended, James and I found Sebastian's mom, Mary, and his Granny Jo in the hallway.

"Tate! How lovely to see you!" Mary exclaimed, hugging me warmly. "Merry Christmas!"

"Thanks, Mary, to you as well," I said. "Merry Christmas, Granny Jo."

"Merry Christmas, Tate," Granny Jo hugged me and hissed in my ear, "If you don't introduce this well dressed man to me I'll do it myself."

I cleared my throat. "Jo, Mary, this is James Lucas. James, this is Sebastian's mom, and his Grandmother."

"It's lovely to meet you both," James said with a smile.

"And you," Granny Jo said, extending a wrinkled but nicely manicured hand. "You're a friend of Tate's and Sebastian's?" she asked meaningfully.

James nodded. "Yes. I am."

Granny Jo gazed at me. It seemed she saw right into my soul because she looked back at James, said, "Hmmm," thoughtfully, and turned to Sebastian's mom. "Mary, I'm just getting too old to keep up these days."

Mary laughed. "Mom, you can keep up better than anyone. I'm the one that never seems to know what's going on." She turned to me and James. "Merry Christmas. Tate, please tell your mother Merry Christmas from us."

"I will."

"Mr. Lucas, it was lovely to meet you."

"You as well," James replied.

I glanced up to see Sebastian come quickly down the steps, already out of his choir robe, wearing the black pants and blue button-up shirt I'd suggested.

"James!" he said, passing his mom and granny to give James a hug. "I'm glad you made it!"

James looked very pleased at this reception, and for once, almost at a loss for words. Almost.

"Well, you know, I've been wanting to come for awhile. And, it's Christmas."

"Hey, Mom, Granny," Sebastian said almost absently, giving them perfunctory hugs, his eyes soon returning to James and me.

Mary and Jo looked at Sebastian, then at James, then at me.

Granny Jo said, "Mary, you'd better get me home. I believe I'm beginning to hallucinate."

"Yes, Mom," she said. But before they left, she took Sebastian's sleeve and made him give her another hug. "Love you. And Merry Christmas, sweetheart." She looked at James and me, and gave us a shaky smile. "I don't really understand what's going on here. But Sebastian sure is happy about it. So I will be too. Merry Christmas."

"You too, Mary," I said, hugging her. "Thanks for being so kind to my mom this past year."

"Oh, Tate, you're welcome. It's been a rough one for her."

I nodded. "Yeah."

"It's very nice to meet you, James. Any friend of my son's is a friend of mine," she said with genuine warmth.

"Thank you, Mrs. Doucette. You've raised a fine young man."

Mary nodded. She and Granny Jo made their way to the coat closet while Sebastian, James, and I stood together at the bottom of the stairs.

"Do you think they can tell that we're—" Sebastian began.

"Yes," I said, without hesitation. "Nothing gets past Granny Jo."

James chuckled. "She does seem quite intuitive."

I snorted. "Sometimes I think she's fucking psychic."

Sebastian nodded, meeting the old broad's clever eyes over the crowd and waving innocently. "No kidding."

"That was a lovely service, Sebastian. I quite enjoyed the choir."

Sebastian glowed under James' praise. "Thank you. I'm really glad you came."

We waited until Sebastian's mom and Granny had left, then made our way to the coats. When suitably dressed we exited into the cold December evening.

"So, I'll see you both tomorrow at eleven?" James said, as we prepared to part.

"We'll be there," I said. Sebastian nodded.

"Merry Christmas," James said.

"Merry Christmas," we replied, our gazes saying everything we couldn't speak aloud or do here on the crowded walkway to the Church.

He turned and walked slowly away, glancing back once to throw us a parting smile.

"Come on," Sebastian said, pulling me in the other direction toward where we'd parked. "It's almost Christmas!"

EPILOGUE

By spring, I'd already moved up to the position of Junior Copy Editor at the Agency. My supervisor had recommended me for the advancement and, after a couple of interviews with senior management, I was in.

So far, the workload had been manageable and I'd been able to get home at a reasonable time each day. Today, though, I had stayed until eight thirty to finish a piece due first thing Monday morning because I really didn't want to have to work on it over the weekend.

When I got home, I pulled into the driveway, parking beside James' Mazda. Sebastian and I had moved in with James at the beginning of April. We'd spent most of our time there anyway, so it seemed like the most natural thing to do.

The sun had just gone down on a beautiful May evening and I wondered what James and Sebastian were up to. When I walked in the front door I heard relaxing choral music coming from the living room.

I dropped my briefcase in the entryway, toed off my shoes, and walked inside.

They sat cuddling together on the living room sofa, reading.

Sebastian was lying with his head on James' thigh, and James had his right arm over Sebastian's chest.

James looked up over the top of his glasses at me. "Hello."

"Hi," I said. "Sorry I'm so late."

Sebastian craned his head around. "Hey."

"You look cozy," I said with a smile.

"I am." He smiled, not moving an inch.

"Your supper's in the oven," James said, his smile making pleasant wrinkles at the outer corners of his eyes.

"Thanks." I walked over and kissed him lingeringly, my fingers finding Sebastian's soft hair and cheek. "What did you make?"

"Pork chops."

“Mmmm,” I said, kissing him again. Then I pulled away and leaned over Sebastian. “Whatcha reading now?”

“Life of Pi.” He looked at me from his upside down perspective.

“It’s really good!”

“As good as the movie?”

“Yup.”

I leaned down, kissing him on his upside-down mouth. Fuck, I was horny. How could I not be, coming home to these two?

“Go eat your supper, Tate,” James said, nudging me away from our boy. “There’ll be plenty of time for that later.”

I sighed. “All right. Fine. I’ll eat something.”

I ate quickly, sitting at the breakfast bar and looking at his Men’s Health magazine. When I’d finished I put my dishes in the dishwasher, started it, and headed upstairs to change out of my work clothes.

Sebastian and I had effectively taken over the former guest room, although the three of us played musical beds more often than not. And very frequently the three of us slept together in James’ big king bed. There weren’t any written rules to this relationship, although we’d all agreed we wouldn’t have sex with others, unless we did it as a group.

I thought many people were surprised and disappointed with James’ decision to give up his training weekends. Obviously, he’d filled a need in our community that perhaps would not be met anymore, or not met nearly as well. He still got contacted fairly often, but referred the disappointed parties to some other Doms in town. He’d agreed to offer his services at public or private events as long as Sebastian and I could participate, which was never an issue. People seemed in awe that we had captured the heart of Ottawa’s most renowned bachelor Dom.

As far as training went, James hadn’t given it up in the least.

However he now focused exclusively on giving Sebastian and me a thorough education in the art of submission and domination, switching things up all the time to offer new and thrilling perspectives.

I'd just pulled on a pair of worn jeans when I heard a knock. A moment later the door opened.

James eyed me in my half naked state and I knew what he was going to say before he said it.

"If you're not too tired, Sebastian has asked for a short session in the loft."

"How short?" I asked, my lip quirked up at the side. The kid had been in chastity for almost a week now. He and James seemed intent on improving his stamina.

A slow smile spread over James' handsome face, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "I suppose that depends on when I decide to unlock him." He took the small silver key from his jeans pocket and held it up in front of me.

"You mean, when we decide to unlock him," I said, taking the key out of his hand and pushing past him through the open door.

He grabbed me around the waist and pulled me tightly against him, keeping me still. "Promise to tease him a little first?" he said in a soft, sexy voice. His breath tickled my neck.

"Don't worry. You know I've been trained by the best," I said, staring into James' eyes, my breaths quickening as I thought about the fun to be had upstairs. Taking Sebastian out of chastity always proved very enjoyable. He'd be so horny and hard it would only take a touch to make him come buckets.

"You're a credit to your teacher, Tate Mackenzie. And a joy to behold."

He kissed me softly, making my brain swirl with heady desire and affection before releasing me and following me to the loft, where Sebastian waited patiently.