

Mythic
Beast



WHERE THERE'S A WILL

A ROCKSTAR ROMANCE

CANDACE BLEVINS

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BLEVINS

KALEIDOWORDS
Publishing

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Chapter One

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dear Reader

If you've never read my books before, it's fine. I found a new-to-me beta reader to read *Where There's a Will* and tell me where she needed more information, because I want to be certain the series can be read as a stand-alone. I have a huge backlist, and you shouldn't have to read seventy-plus books if your preferred trope is rock stars.

It's important to note the *Mythic Beast* series is part of a supernatural universe, though it isn't obvious in the first book. Book one, if you don't know better, seems a typical contemporary romance because we only get the point of view of the two main characters, who are both human and don't know about supernaturals. This will change in book two.

While *Where There's a Will* has nothing blatantly supernatural, every fully-patched Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Club member is some kind of shifter, and nearly every security specialist hired by Drake Security is some kind of supernatural. The main characters in this book will have some dealings with those organizations and their people, but they won't know they're talking to a werewolf, raven shifter, dragon shifter, lion shifter, or vampire.

If you haven't read any books in *The Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Club*, there will be a lot of bikers, but it's okay. The main characters will mostly deal with three bikers, and you'll meet them as you go.

If you want to read more about some of the side characters, a list at the end of this book tells you where you can do so. If someone I mention isn't listed, feel free to ask in [my reader group](#), [message me on Facebook](#), or send me [an email](#), and I'll let you know which book has that character's story. Mostly, if they're single, they likely don't have a book (yet), but if they're with someone, they do.

And here's the TL;DR: This first book only has indirect references to the supernatural, since neither of the main characters knows about vampires and werewolves... *yet*. The rest of the books in this series will be full of shifters, vampires, and other mythological beings.

Blurb

Lord Byron is the frontman for Mythic Beast, one of the top pop-rock bands on the planet. He's been quite public about the fact he's bisexual, and when he finally settles down he intends to have a poly group with at least one man and one woman.

When he isn't on stage, he's Will to his friends and is often in disguise so the public won't recognize him. He beds lots of men and women while in his Lord Byron persona, but rarely meets people he's interested in when he's Will.

But then he meets a young man who doesn't have a clue who Will is despite the fact he isn't in disguise, and halfway through dinner, Will's pretty sure he's found the first part of his poly group.

Unfortunately, it's never as easy as negotiating a power-exchange contract and living happily ever after.

Please note: This book ends on a bit of a cliffhanger and finishes in the next book, *There's a Way*, which releases June 27, 2025.

Chapter 1

Will

I awoke in my own bed for the first time in four months and debated whether to roll over and go back to sleep, go downstairs and work out, or go see what Angie, my house manager, had stocked in the kitchen.

We often take a break during long tours, and I intended to make the most of the seven weeks of downtime before we started the second half of the tour. The first half had been in Europe, and the second half would be in North America.

The European portion had been a rousing success, thankfully, selling out the biggest venues in Europe's largest metropolises, twenty-six cities in sixteen weeks, and there was every reason to believe the shows in the U.S. and Canada would be just as successful. All the experts had told me I was taking too big of a risk, going from Lord Byron who performed alone with random people behind me, to becoming the front man for Mythic Beast, and maybe I had, but it'd been totally worth it.

I have a team now, a band who helps me create the songs and the visuals to go with them. We travel together, we play together. We're a family. Or at least, we spend more time together than most families.

I adore my bandmates, but we *all* needed some time apart.

And I needed to get laid in the worst kind of way. Not just someone to fuck, because there's plenty of that on the road, but someone to dominate.

But *Lord Byron* has to be careful about that kind of thing. I could call the Rolling Thunder guys and order one of their pro-sub girls, but I was in the mood for a little gay twink, and the bikers don't have those on the menu.

I'd been around people twenty-four/seven for months, hardly any time alone at all, and now I was home and my bed was fucking *empty*. One way or another, that needed to be rectified.

But first, I needed food.

I slid some shorts on and made my way to the kitchen, where I saw a note on the fridge I hadn't noticed at one in the morning when I'd arrived home. A reminder of what Angie had sent me via email, but I focused on the fact my car was ready to be picked up. I'd bought a 1967 Corvette Stingray convertible before we left on our tour, and I'd had it taken to the RTMC's classic car shop to have the upholstery redone, everything under the hood tuned up or replaced or whatever was necessary so it would be dependable, modern brakes and suspension, and Bluetooth installed in such a way it still looked original, but I could make and receive calls through the speaker system. They called it a resto-mod, updating an old car with modern shit, but I wanted the modern stuff mostly hidden.

I looked at the clock and noted it was nearly three o'clock, which didn't surprise me because I'd needed to catch up on sleep. Okay, so a shower and then go pick up my car, and I'd get food while I was out. I hadn't driven in months, and I looked forward to having some fun in the Stingray.

Security had brought me home the night before, checked the house, and left. No one knew I was home, and I wasn't planning to go anywhere, so at my request, my home-based team wasn't scheduled to arrive until the following day. I should be fine to drive to the biker's classic car shop and back by myself, though.

* * * *

Davy

The MC had finally hired someone else to help handle their upholstery work, so I wasn't working seven days a week morning till night anymore, but they hadn't found someone capable of handling the front desk since Pixie left. So, while I was no longer working super-long hours and barely staying caught up, I found myself helping out the mostly useless new girl late in the day when people came to pick up their cars and bikes.

I saw him walk in the door, and my dick nearly went hard. Long hair, eyes that made me want to melt, and a hand I immediately envisioned around my throat. He walked like liquid sex, and then he smiled.

"Sir? What can I do for you?" I meant to sound professional, but it came out as if I was his submissive.

One of his eyebrows cocked and he gave me a crooked, knowing smile. Up close, I could see how startlingly blue his eyes were, and my dick throbbed, threatening to go hard, but I've been trained to keep that from happening, so I managed.

“So many ways I could answer. I understand my car’s ready? Sixty-seven Stingray?”

“Oh, I did the upholstery on her and she is *sweet*. The cars are listed by name though, so I’ll need your name to get the paperwork and keys.”

“You don’t…” he stopped, gave another considering look, and said, “Will Bryant.”

I pulled his name up, discovered someone had already paid what was due, and turned to the board behind me to retrieve his key, then remembered it would be in the key box, since it was locked up in the yard.

“Looks like you’re already paid up, Mister Bryant.” The useless temp stepped back in, and I told her, “Mister Bryant paid for some extras, and there’s a note to walk him through everything. It’s all yours until I get back.”

She didn’t even look at me, just at the next guy in line, and I walked around the counter and motioned for the sexy rich guy to come with me.

“The patch says your name is Davy,” he noted.

“Yeah. How long have you had the Stingray?”

“A buyer bought it at auction for me a few days before it was delivered here. I’ve only seen pictures of it. What time do you get off work, Davy?”

My cock *twitched* in my jeans this time. “We close at six, Sir.”

“As much as I like hearing you call me Sir, let’s hold off on that until it might mean something. I’m Will.”

I used my palm to open the gate to the high-dollar yard, and then punched in the code for the key box once we were inside.

I offered the key to him. “There’s no fob since you didn’t want us to mess with the door locks or install push-to-start.”

“I’m sorry. I thought you were…” he sighed. “I’ve been out of the country, and I’m afraid I’m not at the top of my game. I seem to have gotten the wrong signal. My apologies.”

Damn, I hadn’t meant to give that impression. “No, Sir, I’m pretty sure you got the right signals, but I need to handle the business part before we move to something else. I love my job, and until recently, I haven’t dealt with customers. I don’t want to screw it up.”

He smiled again, and I nearly fell into his eyes, even more vibrantly blue in the sunshine than they’d been in the reception area.

“Okay, Davy. Tell me about my car, and then we’ll talk about where I’m going to take you for dinner, yes?”

My dick pulsed in my pants and started to grow, so I focused on keeping it soft. I’ve been trained better than this. I should be able to keep from embarrassing myself with a hard-on.

“Yes, Sir. That’s good.”

I showed him the retro-looking buttons on the steering wheel to use for making and answering calls. He started the car and pulled out of the space, out into the open, then turned it off, and I watched as his long legs come out of the car and he easily stood, sexy as fuck. He walked around the car, opened the trunk and hood, and looked everything over carefully. Eventually, he sat back in the driver’s seat and looked all around the passenger compartment.

“You do excellent work, Davy. The upholstery looks factory.”

“Thank you, Sir. She’s gorgeous. Do you need to talk to Bubbles? He worked on the suspension and…” I trailed off when he shook his head.

He stood and looked down at me, and I had to force myself to meet his gaze rather than look at his feet.

“I believe this ends the business portion. What do you like to eat, Davy?”

“I’m not a big fan of Chinese food, but I like most everything else. Well, not those vegan places.”

He laughed, and I *had* to look down to keep from falling into those deep blue eyes. The most beautiful blue I’d ever seen. He was like this completely unreal person, but he was standing in front of me.

“You really don’t know who I am?”

I looked back up and met his gaze again. I didn’t understand the question. He’d told me his name. I didn’t want to sound rude, so I said, “You told me you’re Will Bryant, Sir?”

“Yes. Yes I am.” He looked at his wrist and back to me. “Fifteen minutes until you close? Let’s go find Bash, shall we? You aren’t in the closet to your boss, are you?”

I shook my head and walked him into the shop. Bash saw us when we were twenty yards from him, and he wiped his hands clean and smiled when we neared. “Will, it must feel good to be home. How was Europe?”

“Exhilarating and exhausting. The car looks great. Thanks so much.” He looked at me and back to Bash. “I’d like to steal Davy away before ya’ll close. Any problem with me absconding with him a little early?”

Bash looked at me, back to Will, and back to me, “Anything you need me to handle so you can leave early?”

I shook my head. “I finished the last of the three small jobs about thirty minutes ago and went up front to help. She’s kind of

struggling, so she might could use another person. I'll get started on the Carrera with the dog damage first thing in the morning."

"Then have fun. Will's family. You're safe with him."

"Good to know." The word *family* means more to the bikers than it does to most people.

"Go change shirts while I talk to Will."

I nodded and went to the locker room.

* * * *

Will

"Something I need to know?" I asked.

"Davy's a good kid. He was pretty damned gullible before he came to us, but we're working on that. If you're just playing with him, be upfront about it, yeah?"

Kid? "How old is he?" I asked.

"Twenty-four, I think. Maybe twenty-five." He shrugged. "I guess that makes me old, calling him a kid?" He shrugged. "He's a man, but I guess we're a little protective of him."

"He seems sweet, and he doesn't know who I am. I know I'll have to tell him before the evening ends, but I'm looking forward to..." I shrugged. "It's been a long time since I got to know someone who doesn't think they already know me."

"Yeah, I can see how that might be a novelty. Just don't bruise his heart too badly if you can help it."

Davy came out wearing a plain white t-shirt and fresh jeans worn in *all* the right places, and he looked sexier than he had a right to. He still wore his work boots, and that just added to the picture.

The thing is, I got the feeling he didn't have a clue how hot he looked. It was endearing, and I understood why the bikers felt protective of him.

I tossed the keys to my Aston Martin to Bash. "It looks like this one's up next on the oil change schedule. Get to it when you can, and get with Angie to let her know when someone can bring it home. Also, if it needs any maintenance, you know the drill."

"I do. If it's just an oil change we should be able to get it back to you tomorrow. If it needs more, we'll talk to Angie."

"No rush." I have plenty of cars, and it's good having mechanics you trust. Worth their weight in gold.

Davy and I walked outside in silence, and I asked him, "Do you want to drive home now, so I can take you home later and your coworkers won't know how long or short our date was?"

He looked a little horrified, and he shook his head. "No, Sir. I rode my bike today. I can either follow you on it, or ride with you to the restaurant. Whatever works for you."

"What do you have?"

He shrugged and looked embarrassed. "It's just a little Honda five-fifty. Vintage, from the seventies. Bash helped me rebuild the engine a few months ago. It's nothing special, but I enjoy riding it when the weather's nice."

"And what if I want to get you drunk and take advantage of you?"

He met my gaze about a second and a half before looking down with a shrug. "I don't drink more than a beer if I'm going to be on my bike, and I won't have more than two mixed drinks with a meal when I'm not driving."

Was there a history of substance abuse? I'd need to know at some point, but it felt as if I should keep things lighthearted until I had him sitting somewhere in a restaurant. "Okay, sounds like that's a discussion for later. I asked you what you like to eat, and you told me what you don't like to eat. So, how about multiple choice? Steak place, Italian place, or fancy frou-frou restaurant with a little of everything?"

"I'm not dressed for a fancy restaurant."

I looked him over again — faded jeans and a white shirt that hugged his thin, muscled body. Simple but fashionable.

"We're both in jeans and a t-shirt, and I think I want to treat you to something special. Ever been to *Magpies*?"

"No, Sir."

"Get in the car, Davy."

* * * *

Davy

I slid into the passenger seat, and he started the car and looked over at me. "Seatbelt."

We both locked them in, and he said, "We haven't negotiated power exchange, and I'm no longer a customer."

Right, and I was still calling him *Sir*.

“I can’t explain why, but it feels as if…” I looked out the side window and then back to the front. “I want to show respect. If it bothers you, I’ll stop until you give me permission.”

“Doesn’t bother me, just trying to get a handle on where your head is.”

“How did I know you were a Dom, and gay, when you walked in the door? It’s a mystery, but I’m not in the habit of flirting with customers. Actually, I usually don’t interact with the customers, but…” I shrugged. He didn’t need to know about our problems finding someone to replace Pixie.

“You aren’t from here,” he noted.

“I grew up in the middle of South Florida, far from the beach. Ran away to Miami and met a guy who…” He didn’t need to know those details. “A bunch of shit happened, and I came to Chattanooga looking for a job.”

“You enjoy your job?”

“I do.”

“When was your last relationship?”

“It’s been years. I mean, I’ve played with some local Doms, but there aren’t any strings. I have this friend whose Master kind of looks out for me when I meet people. They take me out with them, sometimes, and Razor negotiates on my behalf.”

I’d met Razor and Matty, so this made sense to me. “Any reason you aren’t with someone?”

Damn, he was digging deep, but I gave him the answer. “I had to work on myself. Letting someone else support me didn’t work out so good, so it was important I figured out how to support myself and then prove to myself I can do it.”

“And have you done that?”

“I believe so, Sir. I work a lot, so I haven’t been actively looking for someone, but my schedule recently got freed up a little.”

“So, if you find the right Master, you’re interested in something long-term?”

I wanted to ask him if he was interested in someone long term, but I merely gave him the truth. “Yes, Sir.”

“I’m home for seven weeks and then I’ll be gone four months. We’ll talk about what I do later. Not yet. I just want to tell you up front that I’d love to find a little slave boy to move in with me and follow my every order, and I’ll have lots of time to dive into those possibilities in the coming weeks, but then I’ll be gone a while. I can fly you out to see me on the weekends, or if you can get some time off you can come longer.”

He paused while he gunned the car to get ahead of the one we were beside so he could slide into traffic in that lane.

“I’m getting ahead of myself,” he said. “Let’s see how tonight goes, yes?”

His phone rang, and I snuck a look at him. How had he managed to have the exact right amount of scruff. Not a beard, and not just merely the day after shaving, but that level of scruff that’s beyond sexy.

He pushed the button on the steering wheel. “Kyleigh! You’re on speaker in my new car. I love it! Did you talk to Maggie?”

“I did. She’ll have someone meet you at the side door and seat you in the back, away from the other patrons. I gave her the instructions you requested.”

When had he requested special instructions? Maybe while I was changing clothes.

* * * *

Will

This restaurant is both steakhouse and frou-frou. Davy only thought there were three choices.

I have a great gal who handles all my travel arrangements, and she can almost always get me reservations on the fly. I’d told her to make sure anyone who waits on us wouldn’t treat me as Lord Byron, and to get us in a side door, since I’m not in disguise.

I’d only intended to see the bikers, and they not only know who I am, but I’m one of the few people who isn’t affiliated with them and is welcome in their clubhouse.

Generally, I have to travel with security whether I’m in disguise or not, but I wanted to just be a random guy with Davy for a few hours before I had to tell him who I am.

“You have an assistant call ahead for you?” Davy asked. “But you don’t want to tell me what you do yet? I need to know it isn’t anything illegal.”

Well, good for Davy. I was liking this boy more and more. “Completely, one thousand percent legal. You have any hobbies? What do you do when you aren’t at work?”

“Until recently, I worked, slept, and ate, and there wasn’t time for much else, but the MC hired a new guy to handle some of the load, so I’m working eight to ten hours a day, five days a week instead of twelve to fourteen hour days seven days a week. I

mean, I'm grateful I was able to get a whole lot of overtime and build up some savings, but it's nice, having some time off. I'm taking a martial arts class once a week, and Razor, he's one of the martial arts guys, helped me come up with a workout routine I can do at home without any equipment."

I smiled. "Working out is one of my hobbies, too. Which martial arts?"

"The one I picked is a mix of several styles. It's a self-defense class that lasts six weeks, but they have this Krav Maga thing that looks interesting, and I'm thinking of taking those classes when this one finishes."

"Anything else?"

He shrugged, and I parked close to the side door of Magpies.

"What do you like to drink?" I asked when it didn't appear he had anything else to say.

"I'm kind of picky about beer, and I don't like the normal stuff. I like peach screwdrivers. Peach brandy. Not daiquiris though, because I don't care for rum. I won't do tequila shots, but I'll drink a margarita sometimes."

"Dark beer? Light beer?"

"Oh, I like Belgian White, but not everyone has it."

Interesting. I'd expected some run-of-the-mill light or blond beer, and he'd come up with something intriguing.

"Any food allergies?"

"No, Sir."

"Any other allergies?"

"I have some fabric allergies. A handful of synthetic fabrics. I'm safe with cotton, usually, but I always wash anything new before I wear it. Also, the chemicals in some sofas bother me, so I don't sit on cloth furniture with shorts on, or without a shirt. I use dye-free and perfume-free laundry detergent, and I'm careful about soaps and lotions."

"Good to know. I'm guessing latex is a problem?"

His face blazed red, completely adorable, but he met my gaze and said, "Yes, Sir. I have non-latex condoms, but not with me at the moment."

"Well, depending on how dinner goes, we might need to make a stop on the way home."

Chapter 2

Davy

My track record with men sucks, but Bash seemed to think it was okay for me to go with Will, and I trusted him to warn me if I was making a mistake. I work for the bikers, I'm not one of them, but they look out for me.

Still, it seemed too good to be true that this godlike man who was obviously filthy rich was interested in me. I was a little worried he didn't want to tell me what he does for a living yet, but I was pretty sure Bash would've warned me if he did something illegal.

Will seemed bigger than life, like he wasn't real, or rather, too good to be true. Like some big Hollywood star trying to be normal.

Someone opened the restaurant door for us as we approached, walked us in without small talk, sat us at a table, and Will told him, "Your best Belgian White beer for Davy here, and I'll have a Murphy's Irish Stout. We'll start with the gougères, and some peach and goat cheese tartines."

Usually, you don't give the person who seats you your order, but this man nodded and told him he'd be right back with our drinks.

"I take it they know you here?"

"I know the owner. She makes sure I'm taken care of."

A man was standing kind of against a wall, so he could see us in his peripheral vision, but he seemed to just be watching the rest of the restaurant. I could see other customers, but Will's back was to the restaurant so he couldn't see anyone.

I ignored them and told Will, "I appreciate you ordering something with peaches for me. Is there a menu?"

"There is, but I figure we'll have steaks. Let me feed you, Davy. How do you like your steak cooked?"

"Medium, but that means I order it medium-well because they never cook it enough if you just say medium. I like a little pink, but not red."

"In about thirty minutes, possibly as long as an hour, but no longer than that, I'm going to tell you my secret, and you're going to tell me yours. A big secret, and don't say you don't have one because I can tell you do. Meanwhile, tell me your biggest relationship fantasy — the power exchange dynamic, or a specific act you've never felt close enough to someone to actually play out, or something else. The topic for now is big things, though, so make it good. You first, and then I'll go. You get to decide the next topic, and then I'll go first."

Did I dare tell him my hopes and dreams? I mean, if it turned him off, he may as well take me home, right? It seemed a no-brainer to tell him, but I was still reticent.

But Bubbles had taught me to answer questions without waffling, so I did my best.

"Once upon a time, the big relationship fantasy was for me to be a total slave. Completely owned. No income, no bank account, and my closet locked so I couldn't even access my clothes without someone unlocking it. Which doesn't make sense because I'd be the one doing the laundry, right? Still, I wanted to completely belong to someone, and not just a full-time sex slave, but a full-time slave. *Everything*. Now that I can support myself, I'm not sure how the fantasy works with reality. I need to keep enough autonomy I'll be okay if something happens to my Master, or if he decides we're done and he kicks me out. How could I have a job and my own money and still *completely* belong to him? I'm not sure I could, so I don't really know how it would work, but I won't sign away my financial independence. Still, I want to totally belong to someone, even if it isn't feasible."

"Do you consider yourself a slave, submissive, service submissive, something else?"

"I think, with one master, I was his property, so I guess slave. With my next, probably service submissive more than slave, but I was still kind of his property? There was affection, but not love. It was more of an arrangement for him, and I knew that, so it was my fault I fell in love. He was tough, and harsh, but I still loved him."

Someone brought our drinks, and I took a sip of mine and had to close my eyes, it was so good. I have some money in savings now, but I'm frugal with it so I don't splurge for the kind of beer I like unless it's a *really* special occasion.

Will took a sip of his and gave me his answer. "I need someone in my life who is mine, who follows orders, and who helps make my life run. I have an assistant and a house manager who mostly handle the daily details, and that includes someone who

deals with my laundry, but still, I need someone who considers himself either slave or service submissive. I prefer slave, but for the right person, service submissive could work. Someone who'll get me a beer, blow me while I watch porn, maybe just lie across me with my balls in his mouth while I plot and plan some work. You need to know I'm bisexual, and I eventually want a man and woman in my life. Whether the two of you are platonic friends or become lovers doesn't much matter to me, so long as the three of us can all sleep together at least sometimes. I haven't met her yet, but if you and I work, you should know I'll be fucking women when I'm out of town, looking for our third, but I won't be fucking strange men anymore."

"And if I don't like the woman you choose?"

"Then we won't work as a poly group, will we? I'll be Master, but we'll all have to like each other. It isn't like I can order you to deal with it, right?"

"I don't like women. I mean, not sexually."

"But you can be friends with them, yes? I've always known the first person I chose would have to be my property, but the second? Maybe she'll be submissive, or maybe we'll both Top the other together. It'll be easier to find our third, because it'll be about personalities and not so much the power exchange dynamic." He sat back. "Your turn. What do you want to know about me? Just remember, you'll have to answer the same question."

"Besides power exchange, what's your biggest kink? Bondage? Sadism? Something else?"

"Oh, I like the power of being *inside* someone else. Especially my dick, but also my fist, as well as gags, butt plugs, penis plugs. Sometimes you'll have my fingers in your mouth or even down your throat while I'm fucking your ass. And even when I'm not fucking you, you'll wear a butt plug a whole helluva lot. I might put a string of large, heavy anal beads in you while we work out, and challenge you to hold them in. A reward if you can, an unpleasant consequence if you can't. I'm also a fan of clamps — nipples, tongue, ballsack. Some slaves, I have fun caging their dick, others are more fun to leave free and only cage them when I'm displeased with them. We'll have to figure out which you are, but expect to be fitted for a cock cage if you become mine, and a PA piercing eventually, so I can lock it on."

My dick spasmed in my pants and I had to take a breath to try to deal with the raw, feral lust racing through my veins.

"Your turn," he said. "What do you hope I want to do to you?"

"My first Master never warmed me up. Just fucked me right off the bat. He *liked* that it hurt. My second Master was huge. Like, coke-can thick. He spent a couple of minutes getting me ready most of the time, unless I'd displeased him, but it still hurt like fuck even with some prep. I guess that's what does it for me — just bending me over and taking your pleasure without worry for mine. Also, when face to face, a hand around my throat gets me so hard..."

I looked down. It was important to be completely honest, and there was more. I met his gaze, and I saw kindness and excitement, rather than disgust. "Blow jobs where I can't breathe much, too. My first Master used a lot of bondage, but my second Master ordered me where he wanted me and expected me to stay put. It's a lot harder to put your hands and feet somewhere and keep them there than it is to be bound into position. Both are hot. One Master whipped me and caned me, the other was big on using soap as punishment — in my mouth or ass. Both are awful. He'd also squeeze my balls for five to twenty seconds, depending on how much trouble I was in. When he was really upset with me, he'd pull my balls down into the bottom of the sack and hold them there with one hand while he hit them with the other. I puked a few times, it hurt so bad."

Of course, that was because we were in prison and he didn't have a cane handy to beat me with, and his hand made too much noise spanking me.

"What did you do that required him to punish you?"

I sighed. "That's kind of part of *my* big secret. I was stupid, and I guess gullible, and he was trying to teach me not to be."

"Okay. I gotta tell you I expect obedience. There'll be punishments while you're learning what I like and don't like, but once you settle in, I don't expect there'll be a whole lot. We'll do maintenance on a schedule if you need it, and likely a boot camp type schedule for a week or more if you move in with me, and then once a year at my convenience, but a partner who misbehaves for attention doesn't work for me."

"I want to be good. That shouldn't be a problem, Sir."

"Okay, favorite music genre, favorite band, list of your favorite songs. Whichever of those works for you."

"Oh, one of my foster brothers at the house I lived in most of high school played the guitar, and I'm a big fan of eighties songs with guitar riffs. He was kind of my first love, you know? So, *Pour Some Sugar on Me*, *Sweet Child o' Mine*, *Livin' on a Prayer*, *Sweet Home Alabama*, *Welcome to the Jungle*, *Born to be Wild*. He could play them all. I know most of those are metal songs, but that isn't really my genre. When I go to The Diamond Club with Razor and Matty, they play songs I've mostly never heard before. I like some of them, but I don't know what they are. I know someone who knows someone who plays for Mythic Beast, and I like *Them's the Breaks*. It speaks to me. What about you?"

"It's earlier than I'd planned, but you mentioning *Them's the Breaks*..." He shrugged. "It seems someone's telling me it's

time to tell you my big secret, which will also answer the question. I didn't lie when I told you my name." He looked around, off to the side and a little behind him, and turned back to me. "My legal name is Will Bryant, and my friends call me Will, but my stage name is Lord Byron Wilsin. I wrote *Them's the Breaks*. It's my song. I'm the lead singer for Mythic Beast. The guy you keep eyeing behind us is one of my bodyguards. I told them I'd stay home today and didn't need security, but then I found out my car was ready, and went to pick it up without telling anyone. I'm safe with the MC, so it should've been fine to pick it up, drive around, and go home, but then there was this adorable little slaveboy who caught my eye, and here we are." He shrugged. "My assistant sent them and then texted me to let me know what she'd done."

I sat back and stared at him. I wanted to be mad he hadn't told me, but I couldn't be. Could I? It wasn't like he'd lied. Also, he'd let me know there was a secret, kind of.

Also, this explained the larger-than-life thing I got from him, and the sexiness, I supposed.

A server brought us our appetizers, and Will told him, "I'm tempted to order the Wagyu, but let's go with the chef's choice on which steak to prepare for us, and we'd both like them pink but not red, somewhere between medium and medium well. We want a potato side which can again be chef's choice, and I'm in the mood for some savory mushrooms, whatever will work with the steak, and make that for both of us as well." He looked at me. "Problem with any of that?"

I shook my head, unsure of how to address him, of what to say.

The server told him he'd bring us more beer, and then Will and I spent a few minutes tasting the appetizers. The peach deal was so amazingly good, I made a mental note to write down whatever it was called so I could look up the recipe.

But I was also thinking back to when he first arrived in the shop. "It makes sense, now. You expected me to recognize you. Is that why you asked me out? Because I didn't?"

"It might be a small part of it, but I'd have asked you out either way. I admit it's nice knowing you were attracted to me, to Will, and not to Lord Byron. People think they know Lord Byron, but he's just a stage presence. I'm Will in my everyday life. It's nice to shed the rockstar and just be me."

I shook my head. "No, you're always the rockstar. I kept thinking it was like you were some Hollywood star pretending to be normal. I feel like I should be upset that you weren't honest, but you're right that you didn't lie, and it isn't like you waited days to tell me, so..." I shrugged. "Honesty's important to me. Please try to be more upfront in the future?"

* * * *

Will

Little Davy might be submissive, but he wasn't a doormat, and I respected that more than I was willing to consider in the middle of an important conversation.

"Honesty is important to me, too, and I'm sorry you feel I've damaged even a tiny bit of trust. I hope you understand why I wanted to get to know you a little more before I told you." I didn't want him to feel obligated to agree or not, so I quickly changed the subject. "I like that you picked up on that song, more than my others. I mean, almost all of them come from my soul, but that one's kind of like my life mantra. Life isn't fair, and you deal with shit as it comes to you. Yeah?"

He nodded. "Yes. I grew up kind of in the middle of nowhere, so when I went to the big city I was an easy mark. I wasn't even smart enough to know I was an easy mark."

"I feel like you're leading into your big secret?"

He nodded. "I think it needs some background, but I get the feeling it's okay to take a while getting to the secret?"

It felt like he bit back calling me Sir, but I didn't comment on it. We hadn't negotiated power exchange. We were talking as equals, and that was how this particular conversation needed to happen.

"Whatever you feel I need to know about you," I assured him.

"In the foster system where I grew up, you get kicked out when you're eighteen. If you haven't graduated high school and you haven't been a discipline problem, you can sometimes get an extension up to ninety days, but then that's it. I got kicked out the day after I got out of school, a week before the graduation ceremony. I left with a suitcase with, like, two pairs of jeans and a half-dozen shirts, and my toothbrush and comb. I'd worked in high school, so I had about a thousand dollars, and I'd applied to work on cruise ships, since they house you while you work. I got myself to Miami, and I worked for seven months without a break, seven days a week, fourteen-hour days. The pay isn't great, but you don't have any expenses. They feed you and house you, so everything I made went into savings. I took two months off and lived in a cheap by-the-week place, and then after that, I worked four months on and one month off. I met my first Master during that month off, at a gay bar in Miami. He was rich, and he took control of me and taught me how to be his slave. I loved it."

"Until?"

He gave a single nod. “Right, until I figured out what he did for a living, and what he was going to expect me to do in order to pay my way. He brought drugs into the country and distributed them for...” he shrugged. “Can’t tell you too much, right? Anyway, he expected me to transport drugs all over the country. Once a month, he’d load up my trunk and I’d drop them off in Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville, and points north, and then drive home with a shitload of cash. Sometimes I’d go to Birmingham, Memphis, and north from there. I didn’t want to do it, but he’d fixed it so I lost my cruise ship job, and he took all my money. Also, he’d lock a chastity device on me before I left, and I had to come home to get it off. It was a steel ring around my waist that dipped down and held the device on, with a hollow plug inside my cock, and sharp tips inside the cage, so I’d bleed if I got hard with it on. When I got arrested, they had to get someone to saw the damned thing off me. They thought I’d roll on whoever put it on me, but I thought I loved him, you know?”

“You weren’t afraid of what he’d do to you?”

“Well, yeah, there was that, too, but mostly I cared too much about him to get him in trouble. Five years of prison for me, which got reduced to about half that because the attorney Master paid for gave me something from Master that I could plea bargain a little with. Thankfully, I only had one delivery left when I was pulled over, but Master would’ve gone to jail a *lot* longer if I’d rolled on him. They knew it was him, but they couldn’t prove it since I wouldn’t talk, so they put me in prison.”

“And that’s why your second Master used quiet methods to punish you? No belts in prison?”

“It was a minimum-security prison. He’d been in max, but he was close to getting out and had been transitioned to this one. He taught me a lot. Turns out, I didn’t need to find the biggest guy and offer myself to him in a minimum-security facility, but he didn’t tell me that until the night before he was released. Still, I learned a lot about not being gullible from him.”

In my job, the songs should be the product, but all too often it feels as if I’m the product, and I have to consider how the public will view certain aspects of my life. The thing about being a rockstar is that dating a felon can be seen as badass. I never thought I’d do so, but in this case, it felt okay. Still, I was hoping he wasn’t actually a felon. I mean, I have some guns in my house, and I had no idea of how the law around that might work. I seemed to remember something about misdemeanors being less than a year in jail, but it was possible I was wrong.

“Five years, down to half? So, that’s a felony?”

He nodded. “I only ended up in jail for a little over two years, like, two years and five weeks, because you have to do eighty-five percent of your sentence when it’s federal. The judge told me I could apply to have it pushed down to a misdemeanor after I got out, and if he heard good things from the warden, he’d consider it. I did, and the judge granted it. I guess they had to play hardass as long as possible to try to get me to roll, but at the end of my trial when I hadn’t rolled yet, I guess the judge took pity on me for that, at least. So, I’m legally not considered a felon, which means I can vote and buy guns. I’ve done the former, but not the other.”

“Good for you.”

“You didn’t tell me your favorite songs. What do you listen to? I’m assuming you don’t just listen to your own music.”

I smiled. Boy had a point. “I listen to everything — pop, hip-hop, a little rap, even some country, though not a whole lot of that one. Once a month, I listen to the top one hundred while I work out because I figure it’s part of my job to know what’s popular. I also enjoy some classical — Rachmaninoff, Bach. Not so much Mozart, though a few of his pieces work for me. I’m negotiating to purchase the rights to do a remake of Sinatra’s *My Way*, and I should’ve had you sign an NDA before telling you that, but if I can’t trust you with my secrets, what’s the point, right? Sometimes I listen to stuff from a hundred or more years ago while I run or work out. I’m kind of all over the place because I never want my own work to get stuck in a rut.”

“I won’t tell. Thanks for trusting me.”

“You’re welcome. Trust is important for me, too, and I regret that you feel I was iffy with my honesty at first. I need to know what happened when you got out of prison. How did you end up here?”

“I learned how to do upholstery in prison, and I made my way here for a job.” He looked extremely uncomfortable, and he sat back in the booth. “Look, I’m sorry, but I can’t really explain how I ended up here. I mean, there are some secrets that aren’t just mine, you know? I need to check in with the other person and get their okay, first.”

Logic told me he was in prison with one of the local bikers, and whoever it was isn’t out of the closet. I needed to know the story, but it could wait. “I appreciate your integrity. Let’s skip how you ended up with the bikers, and tell me your conversation with your first Master when you were released from prison.”

“He sent someone to collect me when I got out, which was a huge relief, but then less than a week later, he expected me to run drugs for him again, and when I refused, he didn’t even punish me — he just had someone drop me off in downtown Miami with two hundred dollars and instructions I wasn’t welcome back.”

“Why two hundred dollars?”

“I don’t know. I mean, I had nearly five thousand dollars in the bank when I met him, and he took it all once he became my

Master, and I'm sure I'd have been paid thousands for running drugs if he hadn't owned me. He bought me nice things, and I lived in a mansion on the ocean with him, so it isn't like I didn't get anything out of the deal. Also, he paid for fancy lawyers for me, and put money in my commissary account while I was inside, so maybe he had some kind of tally in his head?" He shrugged. "I loved my time with him, at first. I thought I loved him, but in hindsight..." He shook his head, as if tossing everything back into the past once again. "The money was enough to get a train ticket to Atlanta and then a bus ticket here, and enough food I didn't starve on the way."

Are train tickets cheaper than bus tickets? I had no idea, and I didn't want to get us off on a tangent. This conversation was important, but that was probably all he was going to share about his first Master until he got to know me better, and I needed to know more about his experiences. I took a few seconds to figure out what I most wanted to know that wasn't out-of-bounds, and landed on, "I understand why you can't tell me about whoever you were with in prison, so what about since you were out? I know there hasn't been anyone serious, but what have you learned from those you've played with?"

"Mostly, that I want to belong to someone. I mean, I can handle the no-strings stuff, and it scratches an itch every once in a while, but unless the itch just *really* needs scratching, I'm happier working, reading, exercising, and doing other things to occupy myself."

I was going to have to be careful with this one. The Rolling Thunder guys had accepted me into their extended family. Hailey, our guitar player, is family to them, and I'm family to Hailey. I didn't want to do anything to screw that up, and it felt like Davy was being protected by them as an employee. Not necessarily part of the family, but someone they claimed.

"Understand," I told him, "I'm not making promises other than to say I'm interested and I'd like to see where this goes. Do you feel comfortable coming home with me? I have two homes, one on Missionary Ridge in the city and one nearly an hour north of town. We can go to the closer one tonight. Do you work with a single safeword, or two?"

"My first two Masters didn't allow a safeword, but I've been working with *red* and *yellow* with the men I've been playing with."

I sat back and chose my words carefully. The dream was to have a slave without a safeword, but I hadn't thought it was feasible so it'd never been a dealbreaker — but the knowledge he'd been with two Masters who hadn't allowed one turned my dick to throbbing granite.

What would it be like to belt this young man, knowing he couldn't speak a word and stop me?

But not tonight, so I told him, "You'll have your safewords tonight and that isn't negotiable, but I'm curious as to your thoughts on them for a long-term situation."

He shrugged, looked down, and then back up. "It would take a lot of trust for me to agree to it, now that I know it isn't the norm, and I don't honestly know if I'd want it just for scenes or for outside of scenes, too. You know? But yeah, at least within a scene, I think I'd be happiest without any control at all, but only if I completely trust the man I'm with."

He'd had two beers, and he seemed a good bit more relaxed. Was that because he was getting used to me, or was it the beer? I didn't know, and it seemed important he was sober for whatever was going to happen.

"How much beer can you drink and still be responsible for your actions? I mean, you're responsible for them legally no matter what, but I'm talking morally, here. On your honor, should I let you have another beer, or should I cut you off?"

"When I'm not driving, I usually restrict myself to two if there's no food involved, sometimes three or four if I eat and it's an extended time."

"I appreciate your honesty. One more for you, then, and even though I'm fine with one more to drive, I'll cut myself off so you don't worry about riding with me."

Chapter 3

Davy

Will was saying all the right things — understanding why I couldn't talk to him about Bubbles, cutting himself off since he was driving, and telling me he wasn't making assurances about our future. Saying he's interested but that's all he can promise until we spend more time together struck me as more caring and honest than anything I was used to from other men.

Bubbles had been clear from the start that he wasn't into men other than for what we could do for him physically. It'd been my fault I'd started imagining he liked me for more than two holes to fuck, a gofer when he needed something, and some companionship. He'd never lied to me, and he'd been kind when he wasn't fucking me. Even then, when he'd only been interested in getting off, he'd made sure I had enough oxygen while he was fucking my face and throat.

Maybe it was because my first *real* experiences were with someone fucking me without regard to my feelings or pain levels, that's what it took now to get me off. The 'kind' Masters Razor had introduced me to hadn't done it for me. It was the ones Matty had found, the ones who fucked me with cruel intentions, who got me off. All of them took care of me after, and made sure I got home safe, but the actual scenes had been fantastically horrible.

"What I want, long term, it's kind of a contradiction, because I need to be treated like a slave without feelings during scenes, but I want an actual relationship outside of scenes. I need to matter to someone, and I have no idea how anyone's going to make that work in real life. Maybe it's just a fantasy? I don't know."

"I've found maintenance to be an important part of any long-term relationship with an s-type."

I had no idea what he meant by s-type, and it must've shown, because he said, "Slave, submissive, bottom, pet, property, even littles, though I'm not interested in that particular kink."

"Matty calls Razor *Daddy*, but I don't think Matty is a little."

"Let's work back to that later, if it's okay. I wanted to talk about maintenance, and why I feel it's so important. I think it might help you understand how we can work within your fantasy."

I nodded, and he said, "If you become mine, you'll have to answer verbally in that kind of situation. I'm not asking for it now, just trying to show you a little of what I'll expect, and that brings us to things like punishment and maintenance. Let me be clear that I'm a busy guy at times, and I have a lot of downtime other times, but no matter which, I don't appreciate having to stop whatever I'm doing to punish my property. Punishments are harsh, and the rule is if you safeword during punishment then you leave for at least a week, and possibly forever, depending on the rule that was broken and the reason for safewording. For true injury, which has never happened, there won't be repercussions. However, if you thought injury was happening but it wasn't, you can probably return in a week, if it just hurt and you knew you weren't being injured? Maybe not. The first month or two, when you're getting used to the rules, this isn't in play, but once you settle in and know the rules, it absolutely is.

"And one of the ways I keep from having to punish my property is by regularly scheduled maintenance. I once had someone on a twice-per-week schedule, while another slave was on a once-per-month schedule. When I was home, it was the first Monday of every month. He traveled with me, and when we were on the road, we'd sometimes need to move it a day or two backwards or forwards, but we kept it pretty close. Maintenance is when punishment-type activities happen, but at about eighty percent of what a true punishment would be, and without me being displeased with you."

He stopped talking and sat back, and I just started talking without thinking, because this was too hard to get out any other way.

"My first Master called it punishment, but I've learned most Masters consider what he did abuse. He'd punch me with his fists, throw me to the ground and kick me around. He broke my ribs once and they took forever to heal. Sometimes punishment was with a whip or cane, but then sometimes he'd just go off on me without any control. I'll never accept that again, now that I know it isn't part of the lifestyle."

"A promise." He met my gaze with those oh-so-intense blue eyes. Not quite as brilliant as they'd been in the sunshine, but still stunning even in the subdued lighting. "I'll never allow anger to intrude on punishment. A Master, by definition, is in control at all times. If I'm too mad to trust myself to punish you, it means I need to step back and figure things out. Either calm down and handle it later, or go out of power exchange so we can discuss the problem as a relationship issue outside of kink."

I appreciated the promise, and a little piece of me relaxed inside. He could be lying, but Bash had been clear I was safe

with him, and that made me trust Will a little more. I took a sip of my beer and organized my thoughts. “My second Master was clear on my punishments. He talked to me about what I did wrong, told me the punishment, and then did whatever it was. He never allowed me to speak at all during punishments, but if something was wrong when he was using me, I was allowed to tell him so long as it was truly a problem. Once my knee jammed into the bedframe when he was fucking my ass, and I just said “Knee. Knee. Knee.” And he stopped and checked it out. He moved me to my back with my legs in the air to finish. It was mostly okay by the next morning, but if he’d kept going, I don’t think it would’ve been.”

“I’m glad you’ve had a Master who showed some caring, so you know that’s the ideal.”

I nodded. “I think you’re right, that maintenance might give me what I need, even if regular scenes don’t. I’ll try hard to follow the rules so you don’t have to punish me.”

“Oh, there’ll almost certainly be a learning curve to start, and you’ll likely need to be punished enough in your first weeks with me, you’ll avoid it for the pain and not just because you don’t want to be bad, but there’s more to explain. I follow the boot-camp method, and that means once we decide things are serious enough for a long-term contract, once you move in with me and give up your own place, I’ll put you through a boot-camp type scenario, where you don’t get a whole lot of sleep and life is just plain rough until we get through it. A wake-up spanking, and then you’ll fix breakfast for us, and the day will proceed per a schedule that will have you hard most of the day, and any orgasms you get will be earned by going above and beyond what is expected. We’ll work out together, you’ll do a lot of housework, shopping, and other things you’ll be expected to manage for me. Having a slave means my house manager doesn’t need to be on premises as often, and it means I won’t need to have someone come in and clean every other day. Since you wish to continue to work outside the home, we’ll have to figure out how much you can do for me, and how much I’ll continue to hire others to do, but it’s my belief that people who are important need to feel as if they’re part of the household, and having jobs that keep the household running is a sure-fire way to do that.”

“It’s important I have a way to leave, and that means holding down a job. I never again want to be in a position where I have no way out.”

“I have friends who have a slave. Not super-close friends, but close enough I know a little about how their household runs. It’s a four-person poly group with two Doms, a submissive, and a slave. The slave works from home and earns an impressive income, but he doesn’t have access to his funds. They go into an account he jointly owns with the others, and as soon as the funds go in, they transfer into an account he isn’t on. He has access to another account with enough money for him to get an apartment and then living expenses for about a year, but if he ever touches even a penny of it, it means he wants to leave them. If he wants money for something, *anything*, he has to ask them for it. When he was still in college, he got a cash allowance so he could get lunch and buy gas. Any clothes purchases, one of his Masters goes with him and pays, but only for what they like, of course.”

I nodded. “Yeah, I can see how that would work. My need for the ability to leave seems at odds with being a total slave, and some version of that could work. The thing is, I really enjoy my job, and I don’t think I want to give it up. Plus, the bikers kind of need me. I couldn’t leave without giving them probably a six or eight month notice. I mean, I could legally, but not morally, you know? They took care of me when I so badly needed help, at first. I can’t leave them in the lurch, and I know they’ve promised work out months in advance, expecting I’ll be there to do it.”

“Exactly as it should be, and the fact is, there are times you may not see me more than a few hours a day when I crash for short naps. When I’m busy composing, it’s kind of a manic thing, and I might call you in for a blow job or to bend over, but it won’t be a scene. Sex stuff won’t happen much when I’m like that, but if the composing isn’t working, sometimes draining everything helps it get back on track. Once the song is put together, things’ll go back to normal. So, a few times a year, sometimes more, you’ll have to accept that I’m off-limits and must be left alone, and not much talking if I call you to me, just do as you’re told and keep your mouth shut.”

I nodded because it made sense, so if it didn’t happen often, I’d live with it. Plus, it seemed kind of hot from a slave perspective, but only because it was an occasional thing. I’d never let myself be treated horribly all the time again. I wanted to be a slave, property, *owned*, but I also wanted to be a beloved slave.

“And then the whole band gets together,” Will said, “and does something similar when we polish new stuff and decide what gets made public, and how we’ll showboat each song on video and on stage, but that’s different. We work until we need a break, so there isn’t a schedule, but you’ll be able to talk to us and shit when we break. It’s a different kind of creative process, and maybe I’ll take you behind closed doors and work some stress off, or maybe we’ll all hang out together.”

He paused and leaned back again, which told me he was going to ask another forward question, and he didn’t want to be too aggressive when he asked it.

“Have you ever been used in front of others?”

I nodded. “My first Master made me blow him during meetings with his top people. Sometimes, if one of them did something really good, he’d lend me to them for the night, or for a couple of hours. When the higher-up people came to town, I had to go around the room and blow everyone, and he loaned me out to one of the head guys the whole night. They only came for a big meeting twice while I was with him, and other than sex stuff, he mostly kept me away from them, thankfully. I think they scared him, too.”

Bubbles had loaned me out when he needed to make a deal with someone, but he’d made dire threats to them about what would happen if I wasn’t returned in pristine condition. I couldn’t tell that to Will, though. Nothing about Bubbles until I could talk to him, and maybe nothing even after we talked.

“Okay,” Will said. “We’ll have to see how things go. I may want blow jobs in front of people, but maybe not. I may want you to blow people I’m close to, and maybe give up your ass to them, but I can’t say for sure until…” He shrugged. “It’ll be something we can discuss before we develop a long-term contract, if we get that far.”

I nodded. It was part of being owned by someone. If you own a car, you can loan it to a friend. I wanted to be owned.

“Yes, Sir. If you truly own something, you can lend it, but…” I shrugged. “If you value it, you only loan it out to people you know won’t trash it.”

“Exactly right. Finish your beer and we’ll go.”

I downed the rest, settled the bottle back on the table since I hadn’t poured it into the fancy beer glass, and met his gaze. “Yes, Sir.”

He nodded and stood, waited for me to do the same, and then grasped my bicep and walked me out the same side door we’d come in. He hadn’t paid, so I assumed his assistant took care of that for him as well.

“Normally, I’d open your door and put you in, but I’m not in disguise and it seems best we just get in and go.”

Once we were in and on the way, I told him, “No one’s ever opened a door for me. It isn’t necessary.”

“And yet, if I tell you to wait for me, you’ll do so. Unzip and pull your cock out. Leave your jeans in place so you can zip back up if necessary, but I’d like you to give yourself a super-slow handjob in the seven or so minutes it’ll take us to get to my place.”

My cock was rock hard, so it took a little finagling to get it past the zipper without injury, but I obeyed without hesitating or arguing. I’d called him *Sir* several times already, so it’d be insane to refuse a simple direct order.

And then he pulled into one of those big box drug stores and pulled a twenty from his wallet. “Get whatever condoms we need and return to me. Zip up before you open the car door.”

Easier said than done, but I managed to get my dick back inside and everything put back together enough I could get out of the car.

There wasn’t a line, thankfully, so I was in and out in no time. I didn’t know what to do with the change, so I put it in the bag with the condoms. When I returned, he’d turned the car around so he was backed into the parking spot. It caught me off guard a little, but I didn’t mention it when I slid back into the car.

Will waited for me to fasten my seatbelt before telling me, “Dick back out. As you were.”

He pulled out of the parking spot while I followed orders, and then smoothly pulled back out onto the road. The Stingray was *sweet*.

“You’ll undress in the garage, fold your clothes, and put them on the shelving unit by the door going into the house. Today, we’ll have to go to the playroom before I can plug you, but in the future, if you aren’t plugged when you arrive, you’ll insert whatever plug you find waiting for you before you enter. My house has fantastic views of the city, which means I’ve had to pay someone to put special windows in, so we can see out but no one can see in. A few rooms have film on the windows instead, because they’re odd-shaped and original, and the interior designer wouldn’t hear of replacing the glass, but every window in the house has been treated so people can’t see in. You’ll find I value my privacy as Will, but I’m open to the public as Lord Byron.”

“If we work out, where will I fit into that, Sir?”

“Much will depend on what you’re comfortable with, but no one will know about you unless you sign a contract and move in with me. At that point, if you’re comfortable in the public eye, you can certainly be there as my boyfriend, but no one needs to know the specifics of our relationship.”

“And if you don’t think I’m comfortable with it?”

“Smart boy. I’m good either way. Most fans prefer me single so they can fantasize about me falling in love with them. Some fans enjoy watching me in a relationship, so they can fantasize about what it must be like to be someone I adore. Honestly, however we decide is best will be fine. I travel with a lot of people, and mixing you up with them will keep you out of the spotlight if you want to travel with me some. Or, if you want to be front and center holding my hand, that’s fine, too. Those are

decisions for later, if we get there.”

I nodded and kept palming my cock. The thing is, my dick is probably normal-sized or slightly larger, but I’m a little guy, so it looks bigger on me.

“How sensitive are your balls?”

The question seemed to come out of nowhere, but I answered as best I could. “I don’t mind a little abuse to my cock, but I can’t *stand* having my balls messed with, which is probably why my second Master chose to punish them so often when I didn’t obey fast enough, Sir.” Or when I did something gullible.

“I quite enjoy dishing out cock and ball torture, so I’m happy with that answer since it’ll make torturing them even more fun. I’m more about weights and pressure than beating them, so perhaps we’ll save that for maintenance and punishments. We’ll have to see how things go. What time do you need to be at work in the morning, and how long will it take you to get ready? Also, will you need to go home, or can I take you straight to work?”

“I have some clothes at work, so I can go straight there. I’ll need to be there around seven-thirty so I can have something ready for someone to pick up tomorrow evening. As long as I have things ready when promised, Bash doesn’t really care when I arrive and leave.”

“I have eggs, bacon, sausage, and frozen biscuits. Lots of frozen stuff — pancakes, waffles, low-carb breakfast bowls, bacon, sausage. Sometimes I need carbs, sometimes I have to go without, so I have lots of both kinds of food in the freezer. For the fresh stuff like eggs and fruit, people have to shop for me before I arrive home.”

“I don’t eat breakfast. I get a big discount on food at the MC’s restaurant, so I usually eat lunch and dinner there. I don’t have much food at home. Mostly snack stuff. I can be up and out in ten minutes, Sir. Enough time for a quick shower, and then to put my clothes back on in the garage.”

And how hot was that? Having to dress and undress in the garage because I wasn’t allowed clothes inside? *Damn*, it was hard keeping my hand to a slow handjob.

He handed me his phone. “Set my alarm for whenever you need to get up. Ten minutes to get ready, and about a ten-minute drive, maybe fifteen with morning traffic? I’m never up that time of day, so I have no idea. Add another fifteen minutes for sex, and you’ll have a job to do in the morning that will take around fifteen minutes. So, set it for an hour before you want to be at work, and then set another alarm for forty-five minutes before you need to be at work, so I’ll know when to stop fucking you.”

I started setting it and he said, “Pay attention to how I’m driving. This is the road that leads to the East Ridge tunnels, but we’ll take a left before we get to them and head up the ridge. I know you can get your phone to show you how, but the roads are at odd angles and they can sneak up on you.”

I had no idea how I was supposed to set an alarm *and* pay attention, so I watched for the turn and then set the alarm, and looked up when he slowed for the next turn before finishing the second alarm.

I handed his phone back to him, and then noted the name of the road he turned left onto off of South Crest, but I never got to see the house. Trees hid it from view, and then we were in a two-car garage, and he turned the car off as the door came down behind us. Security pulled in beside us, got out, and left the garage before closing their door.

“Stay put so I can get you out.”

It seemed silly, waiting for him to come around and open my door, but I did. I took my seatbelt off while he rounded the front, though.

He opened my door and motioned me out. “I’ll stay out here with you today, but in the future, I’ll go inside and you can come in once you’re naked. You’ll never wear your clothes into the house. If we have guests and I don’t want you naked, I’ll provide either a robe or some shorts for you to wear. Otherwise, you’ll be nude at all times.” He shrugged. “I have backup generators, but if the power’s out and we can’t keep it warm enough, you’ll be allowed a robe and something for your feet. I’m not a monster, but unless there’s a damned good reason you need to be covered, you won’t be.”

I stepped to the shelf he pointed towards, pulled my shirt off, folded it, and set it on the empty space. He wasn’t asking for a striptease, thankfully, because I suck at that. I leaned over to unlace my boots, toed them off, then came my socks, and finally my pants and underwear all at once. I poked my socks into the boots and slid them under the shelf before I folded my pants and put them on my shirt.

Will pointed his finger up and moved it in a little circle, which I took as an order to turn around, so I did, and then I faced him and looked at his belt with my hands by my side.

Chapter 4

Davy

“Hands go behind you when I’m inspecting you, and legs a little wider than shoulder width, so your balls hang free and I can see them from the front and back, but not so wide it looks odd. You have a pretty dick, but understand that I’m never going to be interested in it, other than to torture it. Under most circumstances, your dick will have absolutely nothing touching it while I fuck your ass. If you get off, it’ll be because you’re turned on by being fucked.”

He walked around me to the door, opened it, and said, “The playroom is on this level. We’ll worry about a tour of the house later. Follow two steps behind me. Close the door behind us.”

It turns out, the playroom is close to the garage, and I had the feeling we were underground, since there were no windows. We’d driven straight into the garage, though, so maybe not?

“This was storage when I moved in,” he said while he punched in a code to unlock a door. “None of my bandmates have seen this room. My house manager knows about it so she can see to it being sterilized between uses.”

He opened the door and went in, and I followed and then closed this door behind us as well. I heard it lock, which meant I was now behind four locked doors, since I’d heard the door leading in from the garage lock as well, and I assumed the door leading into the garage from outside was locked, plus a gate had opened to let us in when he drove up. What I didn’t know was whether this door locked from the inside as well as the outside. Could I get out if I wanted? I resisted the urge to test the knob to see, but the keypad beside the door told me I was most likely locked in.

And, again, there were no windows.

But this man was a friend of the MC, and they knew I was with him. He was safe. Bash had made a point of telling me, and he wouldn’t have done so if he wasn’t.

Will stepped behind me and put both hands on my shoulders. The warmth helped me settle, and I breathed in relief.

“A little fear adds spice, but we don’t want too much. Start with the device to our left and then move around the room, telling me how each piece makes you feel while you stand here and look.”

“I guess it makes sense you have a fucking station right inside the door, and it excites me, thinking of you ordering me into the room and over it. Will I have to wait for you to come, bent over and vulnerable? Or will you be right behind me? Both are exciting to think about.”

I looked to the next device and shuddered a little. “I have some good and bad memories on a big Saint Andrew’s cross, so my instinct is to acknowledge it and move on.”

“We’ll talk about those memories later. Keep going.”

“I don’t have much experience with a bondage table like that, but all those connection points have all kinds of possibilities, Sir.”

He leaned in so I could feel his breath on my ear, all hot and moist. “And the cage?”

My heart was racing and his question made it gallop even faster. “It’s scary, Sir. It looks like a jail cell, with the bed-shelf and the steel toilet-sink combo thing.” And the attachment points told me I could be bound to the bed, and also bound standing against the wall.

“It’s supposed to be a little scary. Under normal circumstances I prefer to have my slave available for orders at all times, but I’ve also found it’s good to have a way to warehouse my property, at times. Keep going.”

“All the whips and paddles hanging on the wall are both scary and exciting, Sir.”

“Which do you want to feel on your ass?”

“The fifth wood paddle from the left, Sir. It looks like it would pack a lot of sting without a whole lot of bruising, Sir.”

“And which do you not want to feel?”

“Any of the canes, Sir. You have a lot of them.”

“I do. The ones in the umbrella stand are inexpensive, and any I use on someone get thrown away after use. The ones hanging on the wall are specialty canes made of various woods, plastics, and other material. They get cleaned after use. One of your jobs will be to clean everything used during a scene and then put it away. You’ll do that tomorrow morning before you shower. When the alarm goes off to let me know playtime is over, I’ll orgasm and then tell you to clean up.” He pointed to the

jail cell. “There’s a shower in there you can use.” He walked to a cabinet against the wall and opened it. “Some things will go into soapy water tonight, but not everything can. Tomorrow morning, you’ll clean everything I use on you tonight with these sanitizing wipes, and then you’ll put everything where it goes, so pay attention to where things are when I get them.”

He motioned to the bed. “Keep going.”

“The stockade thing at the bottom is both scary and exciting, Sir.”

“Pillory,” he said. “Stockade is for feet and sometimes hands as well; pillory is for head and hands.”

“Pillory, Sir. Thanks for the correction. There are lots of other attachment points. It’s pretty industrial looking, even with all the drapery-stuff on it, but it fits with the rest of the room.” It looked kind of romantic at first, with all the sheer fabric hanging down from the top, but all of that hardware spoke to a whole lot of bondage. I didn’t want to talk about it anymore because I honestly wasn’t sure if I was more excited or more scared at the possibility of being bound while asleep. My first Master had a cage under his bed, and I’d most often slept in the cage and not with him. Bubbles had mostly wanted me in my own bed, but every once in a while we fell asleep in his bed together after he finished with me, and that had been the *best*. The beds were tiny and Bubbles is huge, so I was mostly on top of him, leaned against the wall, but still.

There were a few more items I went through quickly, and then a big exercise mat with a humbler sitting in the middle, and that one terrified me. *I hate* to have my balls messed with. “I’m not a fan of the next setup, Sir.”

“We’ll see how the evening goes. Perhaps that one can wait, but no promises.”

I looked to the next piece and winced. “I’ve heard of those. Wooden ponies, right? It’s pretty scary looking.”

“This one gets used during boot camp and occasionally as part of maintenance. It’s always available for punishments, of course. It’s rarely used as part of a normal scene unless I’m feeling particularly sadistic.”

“I’ve seen the leather sling things in porn, but I’ve never been in one. Seems interesting.”

“Okay, center of the room and then we can get started. Look up and down.”

There was a grate in the center of the room, so I stepped onto it gingerly. I figured it was there to deal with bodily fluids, and when I looked up, I saw a spreader bar hanging from a mechanical winch.

I assumed he wanted to hear how I felt about this part of the setup, so I said, “Lots of possibilities, again. The grate is a little concerning. I mean, I want to say no to watersports, and yet, it’s so visceral, isn’t it? Kind of the ultimate statement of ownership.”

“It is. Grasp the outside edges of the spreader bar when I let it down.”

He let it down so I could reach it, I grabbed the ends, and he lowered it so it was just over my head. He walked to me with wrist and ankle cuffs, and took his time buckling them on and attaching my wrists to a chain link just above each end of the bar.

He had me step into each ankle cuff, and then he pulled something that made them tighten around my ankle. All four cuffs were extremely well padded.

He walked back to the wall and used the button to raise the spreader bar until my arms were straight over my head, and then I felt something pulling at my ankles. The cuffs were attached to thick cables that came out of the floor on either side of the grate, and I walked my feet out, and out some more, and then some more. Finally, the tension on my ankles went away, but I realized I couldn’t pull my legs together.

And then I gasped when my arms were pulled higher, until I could feel my spine lengthen.

“There we are, all taut and ready for me. You’re probably used to being bent over before you’re plugged, yes? This’ll be a new experience, accepting a too-large plug while standing spreadeagle.”

“It will, Master.”

“Just *Sir* for now. You won’t call me Master unless we have a document declaring me your owner.”

He held two plugs up, one with a skinny neck and a huge bulb, the other with a huge bulb and a fat neck. I was only used to plugs with a fat neck that held me wide open.

“Tell me the different purposes for these.”

“I don’t know, Sir.”

He held the kind I’m used to a little higher and said, “Mostly a training tool for those anally inexperienced, in my opinion, or for punishment, or just when you want to make a statement.” He held the other up. “This one weighs two pounds, so you have to squeeze around it to keep it in. I much prefer this one on a daily basis, so you’re extra-tight when I fuck your ass.” He tossed it up and caught it. “It’s big enough around though, it makes a statement when it goes in.”

He walked behind me where I couldn’t see him. Even if I wanted to turn to look, I wasn’t sure I could, but common sense told me it would be bad to try.

“I’m using olive oil for lube since you’re sensitive to chemicals. It’s a stainless-steel plug, so no worries about latex or plastic.”

And then the cool steel was against my rectum, and Will ordered me to relax in a no-nonsense tone. He pushed hard at first, and then let up once it was in and spreading me. I held my breath to keep from squealing because the stretch was intense, and then it was suddenly inside, and I squeezed around it with all I had because I didn't want to lose it right away.

It was huge inside me, making me feel like I needed to shit, and yet, I could barely feel it at my opening, and probably wouldn't be able to feel it at all once it was body temperature.

A sharp smack to my left butt cheek, and the sound to accompany it.

"When you face the door, you can't see what I get from the wall, but I put you with your back to the door so you can see where everything comes from, so you'll know where things go tomorrow morning."

I watched Will, still fully clothed, walk to the wall and take down the paddle I'd said interested me. He returned to my side and asked, "Shall we start with one hundred today? No, I think two hundred and fifty, with the first fifty a warmup." He stepped behind me. "That was rhetorical. I don't expect an answer."

He gave me ten strikes all at once, but they weren't bad. A little sting, but these were warm-up strikes so it was a good sting. He stepped to the other side and gave me ten more, back to my right side and gave me fifteen more, and then to my left side for another fifteen.

His cool hand touched my rapidly-warming butt. The left side, then the right. He stepped in front of me and looked me over from head to toe, and then back up. Once again, those brilliant blue eyes made me melt. This man could do whatever he wanted so long as he stopped and looked at me every once in a while.

"Okay, batches of twenty-five for a while, and maybe for the rest of them. We'll see how it goes."

If the warm-up strikes were a three or four on a scale of ten, these were an eight. I was yelping and fruitlessly trying to dance almost right away, and I let a couple of almost-screams out before he changed to the other side and immediately started again with barely a pause between.

I was outright screaming when he finished with the second batch, my ass on fire and blazing with heat — and he stepped in front of me and kissed me for the first time, his lips opening mine with a fierceness I hadn't expected, his hand holding the lower part of the back of my head so I couldn't move it at all. His tongue invaded, and I tried to dance our tongues together as much as possible, but this man dominated the kiss so it was a penetration, a violation, and I had no choice but to submit, which is what I most wanted to do anyway, so I opened wide and accepted whatever he wanted to do.

"Good boy," he said when he finally brought the kiss to a close. "Do you know why I move from your left to your right, back and forth?"

I gave a tiny shake of my head, and he kissed my forehead. "It's like a mini workout for my arms and shoulders, and it won't do to give one side more of a workout than the other. Balance is important to me, but I won't always give it to you. So, even though I'll be moving back and forth for your next one hundred and fifty strikes, you won't be given the same treatment."

I had no idea what he meant, but I didn't ask for clarification since I assumed I'd figure it out.

Sure enough, just a few strikes in and I realized what he meant. Before, he'd struck my right cheek five times and then my left cheek five times, but now, he struck my left cheek every damned time, until it was fiery hot and the other side was completely neglected.

When he changed sides, he still aimed for my left cheek, over and over and over and over. I was bound in such a way so I couldn't move to the side any at all to try to put the other side of my ass in line for the paddle.

Fifty more strikes, and when he switched sides, he said, "Tell me your safewords again, Davy."

"*Red* to stop and *yellow* to warn I'm close to my pain limit, but a warning doesn't require a stop, Sir."

"This is just pain though, right? No damage. It's a reasonable position with a safe paddle on a part of your body designed for spanking."

"It is, Sir."

"Excellent."

If he hadn't pointed that out, it's possible I'd have screamed out *yellow* before he finished the licks, but he was right — it just hurt. I wasn't being injured.

But being spanked all on one side was beyond frustrating.

When he finished, he put the paddle on a little rolling cart I hadn't noticed before, and then went to the wall and selected a black cane.

"It's made of a composite plastic," he told me on the way back, waving it so I could hear it knifing through the air. "It's one of the cruelest canes in existence, or so I'm told. We're using it so I can see how your ass does with a cane when well warmed up and when barely warm. Also, because I want to see how you handle true pain. Six licks. If you safeword, I'll stop, take you down, and put you into the cage for an hour. If you wish to continue at the end of the hour, we'll do so. If not, I'll return you to

your bike and follow you home to be sure you get there safely. If you wish at any time to leave immediately, the word is *divorce*. This stops everything, and I make sure you're okay and then do the aforementioned returning and following."

"Yes, Sir. I understand."

And I did. Half my ass was well-warmed up, the other half was only a tiny bit warmed up. He'd be able to easily see how both managed the cane strikes. Also, with his rules about my two safewords, the third word also made total sense.

But probably the most important part of his little message was that he felt it important I take all six strokes of the cane without safewording, and that told me it was going to hurt like hell.

And then the first strike landed and I thought I might puke the steak back up, but Will was back in front of me right away, one hand rubbing my side, the other cupping my cheek. "Breathe, sweetheart. I know it hurts. Breathe for me. In and out. It's a lot, but it has to be."

After a few minutes, caressing me and talking me through breathing, I shuddered a breath out and he said, "That's it, let it out, my sweet boy. I'm going to give you two this time, back to back, and it's going to hurt terribly, but you're going to accept it."

He moved beside me again, in place and ready to strike again. "Relax your ass, Davy. Show me you want to make me happy, sweetheart."

My ass relaxed all on its own, and then the line of fire was back again, bruising and burning all at once, and before I could get on top of the pain, it hit again an inch lower, and a scream bellowed from my chest I've heard before, but I'm not capable of making it when I try. Only intense pain brings it out, and I was so thankful I was allowed to scream. It'd been hell to be quiet when Bubbles had punished me.

And then my new Sir was back in front of me, holding me this time, one arm around me and the other pressing my cheek to his chest. No, it was lower than his chest, closer to his stomach — he's a lot taller than me, and with my legs spread wide, I felt like a child being held by an adult.

"Good boy. Breathe for me. Halfway there. Did you know your dick's still hard? The mark of a true masochist, and I'm beyond pleased. So many claim to be a masochist but then lose their hard-on at the first hint of actual pain."

He talked me through some deep breaths, in and out several times, and then said, "Okay, dear boy, two more at about the same strength but not as close together, and I want you to show me you can be quiet this time. You said you'd been trained to it, so show me. If you're mine then we'll be in hotels some, and on the bus, so there'll be times you'll have to be silent."

I managed to remain silent, somehow, but when he held me again, tears flowed from my eyes and I couldn't stop them. "Oh, what a treasure, you're crying for me. Such a sweet, sweet boy." He pulled back and looked me over, watching me cry, and said, "This last one is going to be much harder than the others, so feel free to scream again if you need to." He kissed my nose. "And then I think it'll be time for my first orgasm of the evening, which means I'll need to reconfigure you."

Another kiss to my forehead. "How are your feet? Some need to get used to the grate, others are fine with it from the start."

"I feel it, but it isn't bad yet, Sir." The words came out between sobs, but I managed to answer.

Another nod, and then he was behind me again, and I tensed, waiting for it to fall.

"I let you tense before because I didn't want to interfere with whatever you needed to do so you could remain silent, but I expect anyone in your position to relax and show me you accept whatever I'm about to do."

I was squeezed down as tight as I could on the butt plug, but I breathed out and forced my ass muscles to relax, cautiously doing so while I kept my rectum closed. Relaxing my thigh muscles was a little easier. I lifted my shoulders one at a time to help relax them and my back, and then settled.

"Good boy."

And then pain hit, worse than any I could remember from a cane. Fire and agony, and I screamed and fought my bonds so much, if they hadn't been padded they probably would've done damage.

He stood in front of me but watched from a few feet away. He didn't touch me or hold me, as before. "Yes, sweetheart, fight the pain, fight everything. It won't do any good, but fight it all you want."

After a few moments, he stepped to me and his arms came around me again, and I sank into his warmth, grabbing for something, *anything* besides the pain.

"I need to use the restroom, Sir. Please!" I'd almost gone involuntarily at that last strike, and now I was barely holding onto it.

"If you'd asked to go to the bathroom before we left the restaurant, or before I tied you up when we arrived, I'd have allowed it, but now that you're all mine, there's a grate below you." He stepped behind me and aimed my dick down with two fingers. "You lost a little of your hard-on with that last strike, so it's time to go, yes?"

"Yes, Sir."

I've never pissed while someone else touched my dick, but I *really* needed to go, so I managed it, somehow, but it was close.

“Oh, *good* boy.” He shook my dick a little when I finished, and then stepped far enough away to release my ankle cuffs from the cables before he returned to release my wrist cuffs from the chains holding the spreader bar. He disconnected my second wrist last while his right arm circled my body from behind, holding my back to his front to be certain I didn't fall. My first Master had enjoyed watching me collapse after he'd left me hanging by my arms for too long.

“That's it. Let's walk to the mat you didn't like, but we won't bother with the humbler just yet.”

He walked beside me with his arm around my waist but then stepped behind me once we stopped. He connected my wrists behind my back and then grasped my bicep and said, “Knees, slave.”

I went to my knees and appreciated his hand supporting me *and* the padding under me.

And then my semi hard-on went rock-hard when my new Sir stood in front of me and removed his clothes. He was magnificent — wiry arm muscles, rock-hard washboard abs, and a nice, fat dick I couldn't wait to feel inside me. Later, I'd notice his leg muscles, but on this day my attention went to his cock and stayed there.

It wasn't a surprise that he stepped forward and aimed his dick for my mouth, but I was a little surprised when he gave me a few minutes to worship him with my lips and tongue before he grabbed my head and started fucking my face.

Chapter 5

Will

I went slow at first, feeling every muscle in his throat squeeze around me on the way down until my balls pressed against his chin. And yeah, I was a tad disappointed at the lack of a gag reflex, but no way would I tell him. Clearly, the boy was used to taking a cock down his throat, so I fucked his face in earnest, hard and fast, and left it up to him to figure out how to get enough oxygen to keep from passing out. I pulled out enough every couple of strokes so he should be able to manage it, but I also spent a lot of time buried in the depths of his throat.

And when I came, I did so while I was balls-deep. I assumed he'd swallow when I came in his mouth, but no sense testing him just yet — not when he was clearly used to being face-fucked with gusto.

When I finally stumbled away from him and leaned against the wooden pony, I took stock of my boy. Tears raining down his face, his eyes red, his lips a little swollen. He sat back on his heels and gasped in air, but his cock was rock hard and standing proud, so the whole face-fucking thing clearly worked for him.

Which led to where I wanted to go with him next. I'd planned for some CBT, but things were going so well, I really wanted to fist my new plaything.

However, I hadn't fucked his ass yet, and fisting should come after the fucking.

So, a little CBT while I recovered, then I'd fuck his ass, and *then* the fisting.

I looked around the room, deciding. He'd seemed a little wary of the jail cell, so that would work.

I released his hands from behind his back. "Into the cell, Davy, and close the door behind you. Let's see how well you can follow orders."

I expected some hesitation, but he stood without much grace at all, walked across the room and through the open door, and closed it without a second's pause.

"Good boy. Excellent." I leisurely made my way to the outside of the cell. "Walk to me, sweet boy, and grab the bars over your head."

It took about a minute to connect his wrist cuffs so his hands were held far over his head, putting him on tiptoe, and then another ten seconds to connect his ankle cuffs to the bars so he couldn't spread his legs or back away from the bars.

I took my time wrapping rope around his balls and tying it off to the bars so his dick and balls stuck past the bars and his hips weren't moving anywhere.

"All trussed up like a Christmas turkey, yes? Or do you do Christmas ham and Thanksgiving turkey?" I flicked his dick and watched it jump, and then went to grab my stool so I could sit and have my fun. I put some clothespins and other clamps on the roll-around, along with a penis plug, a small rubber flogger, a Wartenberg wheel, and my cupping kit. No needles today — one needs something to work up to.

"As I said before, your dick is almost always going to be without touch of any kind while I'm fucking you. Orgasms are only allowed by permission in this house, and if you become mine, only by permission at all times. If you need to come, *beg*. Do you understand the difference between asking and begging, little Davy?"

"I believe so, Sir."

"I guess we'll see, if and when you believe you're close."

If Davy and whatever woman I brought in for our third wanted a sexual relationship, and if she was interested in fucking him or getting him off, that would be between the two of them when I wasn't around. However, that was a conversation for a different day, because for now, at least, his dick would be without contact of any kind the majority of the time my boy was fucked.

I was cruel to his cock for about fifteen minutes, and it stayed hard the entire time. Finally, I put the penis plug in, and it was clear this wasn't a new experience.

"Not the first plug you've had in your dick, is it?"

"Kind of, Sir? My first master used a thing that went into my dick that was part of the cock cage, to make sure I couldn't get it off. Not really a plug, more of a hollow tube, but I'm used to having something in my dick, Sir."

"But not when it was hard, right?"

“No, Sir.”

“But you’re keeping your hard-on with it in. Let’s see if that remains the case.”

I fondled his balls and then cupped them in their bondage to show him what came next, and he groaned deep in his chest but didn’t beg me not to hurt his balls.

The boy was well-trained, which I appreciated. Some people enjoy the process of training slaves, but I much prefer them to know the basics so I only have to teach them my personal preferences.

“It isn’t my intention to make you puke today,” I told him. “Usually, intense ball torture will happen on an empty stomach. If you’re nauseated to the point you’re in danger of puking, I expect you to let me know with a *yellow*. I’ll check in with you if you say it, so if there’s another reason to say it, that’s fine, too. A red means I release your bondage and check back in with you in an hour to see where we are. You know the word to use if you want to leave my home as soon as you can get dressed, and then never come back.”

“I do, Sir. Thank you for being clear.” His voice was strained because the bondage was a lot before I even began torturing him, and he knew it was about to get a whole helluva lot worse.

I want my play-toys to use a safeword if they are truly in dire pain, but I don’t want them using it willy-nilly for just a great big OUCH. I find that my way makes them use their safewords more judiciously. Everything stops for a *red*, and then there’s some time to think before the action starts again. If they immediately tell me a problem that makes sense, we can sometimes forego the hour, but that’s extremely rare because I’m quite careful not to do anything that can injure them.

I wasn’t too rough on his balls, but he still had a really hard time with it — though his dick stayed mostly hard throughout. I ended the CBT session with the rubber flogger, going at his dick and balls with it until he was frantic from the pain, and then I caressed the little welts and told him, “Your dick is hard as a rock, boy. Be honest. Did you truly hate it? Or was there some enjoyment in there?”

“The first, Sir. I don’t get any good pain, any enjoyment, from having my balls tortured.” He sighed. “I can’t explain my dick. Sometimes it gets hard when I hate stuff, sometimes it goes soft. I think the power exchange keeps it hard, and the fact I could tell how much you enjoyed hurting me, Sir.”

I’d heard that from s-types before, that if they knew something turned me on, it turned them on for me to do it even when it was something they hated. Only the hard-core s-types usually feel that way, so this was one more point in little Davy’s favor.

I couldn’t believe I’d called him sweetheart earlier, but it came out again while I unwrapped the rope from around his balls and his gasps of pain came one after another. “I know, sweetheart. Sometimes the process of freeing them hurts worse than having them bound, but it’ll get better once the ropes are off.”

I’d put clamps on his nipples about ten minutes earlier, and I reached up and pulled them off rather than opening them and removing them properly, and Davy jumped and yelped as much as he could manage.

“Thank me for waiting until your balls were free to do that.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He said it like he meant it, and I couldn’t help my smile. “You’re welcome, sweet boy.”

I released his ankle cuffs next, but then unlocked the door and went into the cage to release his hands, so I could support him until he got his balance.

During punishment, I’m not opposed to releasing them and watching them struggle to stand, or even fall, but that has no place during playtime.

And now it was *finally* time to fuck my new boy.

Damn, he wasn’t mine yet — not for more than the night. I needed to watch my inner thoughts because they kept coming out and becoming vocal. I’d called him *my sweet boy* earlier, and that didn’t need to happen on our first night together.

I turned him towards me and met his gaze a few seconds, and was once again struck by his pale-blue eyes. There was a slightly darker ring surrounding them, but his eyes were so pale they seemed a little otherworldly, like maybe they’d glow in the dark or something. I cupped his cheek and told him, “I’m pleased, little Davy.”

I walked him to the fucking station, stood him before it, and connected his ankle cuffs to it so his feet were as wide apart as his flexibility allowed. If he became mine, there’d be some stretching in his future because I wanted his legs wider apart, but I didn’t want to make him feel bad about his abilities so I didn’t mention it.

I gave his ass a gentle pat. “Good boy. Lean over, weight on your chest.”

He leaned over with his chest on the support cushion, and I lowered it until he was angled down slightly, but not too much. I usually connect the wrist cuffs out in front of the fuckee, so it lengthens their spine, but I wanted to hold Davy’s arms and use them for leverage, today. More contact and a rougher fuck, since I had a feeling that was what my new boy needed.

I used a six-inch-wide band to secure Davy to the chest cushion and then had my boy grab his elbows behind his back. Two

more bands, three-inch ones this time, to secure each wrist to the other forearm, and that left all the room between for me to grab and be skin-on-skin.

“Relax and let me get the plug started on the way out, and then you can push and help.”

Most boys start pushing right away, but I don’t like to give them that much power over what is happening. I want them to relax and let me do it at first, before I order them to help.

Chapter 6

Davy

It was hard not to push the plug out when my new Sir started pulling it, but I forced myself to not react until Master ordered, “Push, slave.”

It was so big, I grunted when the biggest part held me open. I’d been squeezing it so damned tight to keep it in, my asshole muscles were tired. I’d very nearly lost it when Master had made me spread my legs to put me on this device. The only reason I kept it in during the CBT was because my legs were together and I could squeeze my ass around it easier.

And relaxing my ass on command before the cane strikes? It’d taken some coordination to tighten my rectum and relax the cheeks.

“I have a five pound one,” my new Sir said. “We’ll work up. You did well holding this one in. Not everyone would’ve managed. I’m pleased.”

I was horrified that he wanted to work me up to heavier, and beyond happy that I’d pleased him. I had no idea what to say, so I didn’t say anything.

Master walked around in front of me so I could watch him put the condom on. It was one I’d bought, though I didn’t remember him bringing the bag in.

“Thank you, Sir.”

He nodded. “Trust is earned going both ways. I want you a little more off kilter before I fuck you, so four strikes from an ordinary cane. Same rules — if you safeword with *red* you’ll go into the cage for an hour, or you know the word if you’re ready to leave and not come back.”

“I do, Sir.” And I was tired of him telling me his rules on it, but no way was I going to actually say that part out loud. I appreciated his rules — they kept me from safewording just because it hurt, and that was how it should be.

This cane was nowhere near as bad as the other one had been, and yet, it was over the top of what I was certain were bruises from the earlier caning, so it was still rough. I survived them all without crying, though, and then his dick was at my asshole, with only the lube on the condom, though it was pretty slick so it’s possible he added more. Still, he didn’t put any in my asshole, and after squeezing the plug for so long, I was *really* tight, which made it hard to relax and let him in.

But in he came, pushing and shoving, opening me more and more and *more*. I was firmly in place, bound secure on an unmovable device, so there was nothing I could do but just take it. He grabbed my arms for leverage, and I grunted rather than squealing. My first Master had enjoyed making me “squeal like a pig” when he fucked me, and there’d been contests between his top people, for who could make me squeal the loudest, or the most, or whatever else they could come up with. He’d called me his little piggy when he wanted to fuck me. “Lube that ass and c’mere little piggy.”

Why had I thought I was so in love with him? I had no idea, looking back, but at the time I was head over heels.

“Wherever your mind just went, come back, little Davy.”

How had he known I went somewhere else for a minute? His words brought me back though, and he shoved into me again, as if it were another reminder of who was up my ass.

“Sir. Yours! I’m yours, Sir!”

“No promises just yet, but I’m happy to hear the sentiment.” He pulled out a few inches and slammed back in, making it farther than he had before and stretching me wider. It burned, and hurt, and it was *perfect*.

Before long, he was fucking me hard and fast with long strokes, and I quickly realized I was going to be wanting an orgasm through the whole thing, inches away from one, but not close enough to beg my new Sir for permission to orgasm. I hadn’t thought the threat about nothing touching my dick was a big deal — but my dick and balls were just hanging with nothing but air touching them, and I guess there’s usually some kind of friction and I hadn’t realized how important that was. When you’re leaned over a bed, there’s lots of pressure and friction from the mattress. When you’re on all fours, your balls are between your legs.

I can rarely orgasm when fucked on my back with my legs up and out. I always thought it was the position, but I was beginning to understand it was more about nothing touching my dick.

Sir fucked me *forever*, and then, instead of filling the condom in my ass, he pulled out and came all over my back, which

was even more frustrating — feeling the heat of his jizz on my back when I needed to come in the *worst* sort of way, but wasn't close enough to bring it up to my new Sir.

“Tell me what you're thinking, slave.”

“I didn't understand, Sir. Nothing touching my dick. I'm so damned close, but not close enough!”

“If you want to beg me to let you come, I'll consider allowing it.”

“Please, Sir. I'm begging you, *please* allow your humble slave an orgasm! I don't deserve one, and I'm not worthy, but I beseech you to *please* let this slave come! *Please!*”

“Not bad for a first attempt. Not bad at all.”

* * * *

Will

Saying he isn't worthy isn't the same as saying he's worthless. I'd have corrected his wording if he'd called himself worthless. From what I'd seen so far, little Davy was worth his weight in gold.

It didn't take long to release him from the device and free his arms, and I took him to the mat with the humbler. I have a shiny steel mirror leaned against one of the walls, for when I want to force a slave to watch what's happening to them, or to look in the mirror while I fuck their ass, and I tossed it onto the mat. “Kneel beside the mirror, facing it, and then go to hands and knees, so your hands are on it.”

It's three feet by four feet, so it didn't matter which direction he came at it. The goal was for him to jizz on the mirror, but he didn't know that yet. The main thing was for him to be situated so he could watch where I got things from the cabinet, and he didn't situation himself correctly for that.

“Gonna be hard for you to know where to put things away tomorrow up if you're kneeling that direction.”

He crawled around the mirror and resituated so he could watch the cabinet, and I walked to it and removed a bit gag on a harness, and an anal hook.

Every submissive on the planet knows what comes next, and Davy's expression told me he understood, too.

“Do you know from watching porn, or because you've experienced it?”

“Watching porn, Sir.”

The ball on this hook is bigger than the plug I'd had in him earlier, but after I fucked him, I figured it'd be easier to get into him. I put the bit gag in first and fastened the harness around his head. I bought it from a pony-girl company and it's gorgeous, but mostly I needed something sturdy to use with the anal hook. I'm not into the whole pony-play thing.

As expected, it was only moderately difficult to get the hook in, though the noises Davy gave told me he felt every last inch of it.

I connected it to the gag harness with a short span of rope, just the right length to pull his head up and back.

“Stay in position, but you can use either hand to beat off. You can switch hands, but I'm only going to put olive oil on one hand at the start. Hold the hand up you'd like lubricated.”

He did, and I squirted some olive oil onto his right palm. I use an old-fashioned ketchup squirter, so I managed not to get it onto the mirror or mat.

“Hand stays where it is until I tell you to start. You'll have seven minutes, and if you haven't come when time's up, oh-no so-sad. Also, don't forget to beg for permission, and I know it'll be difficult with the gag, but it isn't impossible.”

I set seven minutes on my phone, walked off the mat to sit on my stool, said, “Go,” and started the time.

My boy grabbed his dick and started jacking off.

Nearly three minutes in, he started begging. Mostly, he only managed the vowels with the occasional consonant, but since I had a good idea what he was saying, I could make it out as something close to, “Please allow your slave to make a mess, Sir! He doesn't deserve pleasure and knows it might not be allowed, but please show mercy and allow it!”

The first sentence came out as “eeth uh ow you abe ew ake a eh, uh,” but I'm pretty sure my guess as to what he said was right.

“I'll count down from ten, and then you can, but if you don't within a few seconds of permission, I'll withdraw it.” I counted down slow, one number every three seconds, so thirty seconds later I ordered him to come, and my boy shot a fucking load onto the steel mirror. I've seen slaves come after being denied for weeks, and Davy beat them all.

“Hand back on the mirror, slave. Don't worry about getting oil on it because you'll be cleaning it. Back to all fours and settle, boy.”

Once he'd settled, I removed the hook, harness, and gag, and told him. “Hand stays on the mirror. Don't get oil on the mat.

Back up enough so you can lick the jizz off the mirror. Clean it spotless, slave. You'll deal with the oil in the morning, so don't worry with it."

When he'd finished licking his jizz off the mirror, I had him stand so I could get a good look at him. I wanted to fist him, but instinct told me he was done for the night. I'd come twice and he'd come once, and his posture told me more than he probably realized. His cock was still mostly hard, but he was subdued and quiet now, where his energy had been all over the place when I'd had him stand so I could look him over before.

I reminded myself he'd put in a full workday, and we should stop while we were ahead. Fisting could wait for another scene.

"I'm pleased, Davy. You won't often have an opportunity to beat off, but you've been an exceptionally good boy today. Good behavior is expected and is rarely rewarded. I'm more about the stick than the carrot, so don't anticipate an opportunity to beat off a whole lot." I motioned to the jail cell. "Use the toilet in the cell if you need it, and wash your hands no matter what. I'm going down the hall to the bathroom and I'll be back shortly. Kneel by the bed if you finish before I return."

* * * *

Davy

I woke to someone singing about grabbing life by the dick, and it took a second to remember where I was — in Will's bed with my ankle connected to a chain which was locked to an O-ring at the bottom of the bed. I could turn and twist all I wanted in the bed, but I couldn't get out of bed.

I felt motion behind me and I turned to look. There was a nightlight in the room, so I could see a little, and I could clearly see enough to know Will was opening a condom and putting it on.

"On your back, little Davy. Fast and furious this morning."

I rolled to my back, and Will said, "Center of the bed." He pulled a partially open spreader bar from somewhere, hooked my ankle cuffs to both ends, unlocked the chain to the bottom of the bed from my left cuff, and told me, "Feet up, so the spreader bar is over your shoulders."

I complied, and he connected my wrist cuffs to the same rings as my ankles. He pushed the whole shebang closer to the headboard and connected it to a chain hanging from the top of the headboard.

And then he pulled the spreader bar farther apart, so my legs were spread wide open and my ass was off the mattress, with most of my weight on my shoulders.

I screamed when he jammed his dick in my ass because I was so *fucking* sore from the night before, but Will didn't take it even a tiny bit easy on me. The goal was apparently speed this morning, and within about two minutes of the alarm going off, he was balls deep inside me — and it wasn't until that moment that I realized I needed to piss.

No way was I going to tell him, though. Besides, my dick was rock hard, and it was moving around on my stomach today while Sir fucked me like a wild man.

He stopped a few times and ran his fingers down my throat while his dick was buried in my ass. Both holes filled. He made me look at him the whole time, and I swear it was like he was claiming me.

When he grew bored of running his fingers down my throat, he went back to fucking my ass full-out, hard and fast, hammering me. I don't know how long he fucked me before I thought I might be able to come. I waited a little longer, until it was super close, and I started begging. "Please, Sir! Please allow your slave an orgasm! Please, kind and generous Sir! I beg to be allowed to come on my stomach, and I promise to lick it all up if it pleases Sir! Please!"

Sir glanced to the side and back to me. "Forty seconds and we'll come together. I'll count down the last ten seconds."

Chapter 7

Will

There's nothing like allowing a slave to orgasm while your dick is deep in his ass, and I held off my orgasm until his was mostly finished, and then I filled the condom while buried inside his bowels.

I wanted to lie with him as I had the night before, holding him until he drifted off to sleep, but I'd promised to get him to work by a certain time, and I'd make sure it happened.

I scooped jizz from his stomach and fed it to him, which might've been a mistake because his tongue licking my finger had my dick going hard all over again, but I fed it to him until there wasn't enough left to scoop up, and I sat back on my heels and looked him over, strung up and spread open. It was a good look for Davy.

"The steel mirror gets the sanitizing wipes, then the polishing wipes, then put it back against the wall and use the dry polishing cloth until it's spotless. All the implements get the sanitizing wipes except the butt plug, and it gets soap and hot water in the sink in the jail cell, then sanitizing wipes. The drawer it goes into has a UV light that comes on automatically for five minutes every time the drawer is closed. Everything on that level is either stainless or glass, so it doesn't matter how often they get hit with the light. I've already thrown the disposable cane away, so don't look for it. Any questions?"

"No, Sir."

"You can shower in the jail cell when you finish. I'm going to take a shower and get dressed elsewhere, and I'll return before it's time to leave. You can put your clothes on in the garage, but not until I release you from this room. If you don't clean everything properly and put it away in the correct spot, we'll deal with consequences on your next visit, if we both decide we want another visit to happen."

"I do, Sir, and I hope you feel the same."

I smiled. "Absolutely, so try not to fuck up."

I took my time in the shower, put product on my hair and hit it with the blow dryer long enough it was all going in the right basic direction and wasn't sopping wet, dressed in jeans and a tee, and grabbed two apples on the way through the kitchen. I only wanted one, but I wanted Davy to take one, too. If he wasn't interested in breakfast then he could eat it for a snack later, but unless he convinced me he doesn't like apples, he was taking it.

He was turning the shower off when I entered the playroom, and I quietly waited for him to dry off before we walked to the garage, where I watched him dress and then opened the door to the parking area outside the garage. "My security is driving us this morning, and since I want private conversation, we're in the limo."

He looked like he wanted to argue, but he wisely chose not to, and he followed me outside. Security opened the limo door for us and then closed it, and I made sure the divider was up. I handed him an apple, and I took a bite of mine. "Eat it or not, but you're taking it either way. If you don't want it now then you'll have a snack later, and you can think of me."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome. I can't give you rules when you're away from me at this stage, so while I wish I could order you not to jack yourself off, I can't do that yet. However, I will ask you when I next see you how many times you've jacked yourself off, and I absolutely expect honesty from you. I'm going to request that the answer not be one time. It should either be no times, or some huge number, so I know you kept having to go to the bathroom and jack off because last night was as big for you as it was for me."

He gave me an unexpected shy smile and said, "Yes, Sir. Thank you."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"For telling me last night was big for you. It was for me, too. If you ordered me not to come, I wouldn't."

"And I look forward to a day when I can do so. Do you have plans this evening?"

"No, Sir. I should be finished working by five or six, I think." He blew out a breath. "Maybe six-thirty. It's hard for me to give an exact time. I should finish one job around four, and I hope to finish a short repair after the bigger job, but the repair could take from thirty minutes to two hours, depending on how it looks once I can get under the problem and see exactly what I'm working with."

"Okay, how about this. If you can let me know about an hour before you think you'll be finished, then I'll pick up our dinner

from one of my favorite southern-cooking restaurants and come pick you up. I'd like to see where you live, which means I'd like to eat our dinner at your place, and then, if you think it's time, create a temporary contract."

"I live in a tiny house, Sir. We can go there, sure, but it's nothing special."

"It's your home, and getting to know my slave means seeing your space."

"I didn't buy the furniture, or the curtains. I bought the sheets and blanket, and my towels. There's really nothing to see, Sir."

"Am I invited? I'll bring dinner — fried chicken."

"Yes, Sir. You're invited, and I hope to be able to call you Master after we sign the contract."

* * * *

Will

When we dropped Davy off, I lowered the screen and moved closer to my guards so I could talk to them. I had them head towards a drive-thru for a dozen bacon, egg, and cheese biscuits, and handed them my credit card. When they got the bag, I told them, "Hand me two and the rest are ya'lls."

I went years without using the word *ya'll*, but I use it in private now. It's an excellent word. For some people, it's a contraction of *you* and *all*, meaning it's *y'all*, but for me, it's a contraction of *ya all*, which gets spelled differently. I doubt most people who aren't from the south can tell the difference, but I absolutely can, and I say *ya'll*.

I accepted my two biscuits and nodded when they thanked me for thinking of them. The men who guard me can go through more food than you can imagine, so I figured a snack of five each should make them happy. I knew from experience they wouldn't eat them until they had me safely home, but everything would stay warm in the bag.

I bit into one of mine and swallowed. "I'm going to work out shortly after we get home. Ya'll are more than welcome to work out with me."

When I invite them, one usually works out with me while the other patrols the property.

The house is safe and I don't worry once I'm behind my twelve-foot walls, but my people say I need security, so I have two people watching over me when I'm home. Being home alone the day before had been a fluke. Usually, my travel team arranges for the at-home people to be there, but I'd assured them I wasn't going anywhere for a few days, and no one knew we were home, so I should be safe behind all my locked doors. Once my assistant spilled the beans that I was out and about, all the protocols had kicked in.

And sure, I pay them, so I can tell them to go away, but why bother paying for the best and then not listening to their advice?

My first stop upon arriving home was to check on Davy's cleaning skills. The mirror was spotless and shiny, the garbage had about as many sanitizing wipes as I'd expect, everything was in its place, and nothing appeared *off*.

I imagine upholstery work is all about attention to detail, which meant I'd be able to trust Davy with some bigger things. Maybe.

I was about an hour and a half into my workout when my phone rang, and I answered it from across the room with my watch because it was Ghost, Hailey's better half and my main point of contact with the bikers. Hailey is our guitar player, and she's been with Ghost for as long as I've known her.

"Hey, you up for lunch with us?" Ghost asked. "Got someone who needs a sit-down with you. We can come to you if you can't get out, or we can host you in the VIP section of the restaurant. Your call, but I figure you gotta eat."

The bikers were pretty good at getting me in without anyone spotting me, and then sitting me so the rest of the patrons only saw me from the back. Ranger had worked out with me for about an hour and then swapped out with Mac, who was doing curls. I looked at him and he nodded.

"Yeah," I told Ghost, "one of your brisket plates sounds good. No idea what you put on your spicy fries, but damn if they aren't addicting. What time you want me?"

"One o'clock work?"

"Perfect. See you then."

* * * *

Will

Sometimes I enjoy being driven around while other times I prefer to drive. My security guys would rather drive me around, but I convinced them to ride with me to the restaurant. I had this new Stingray and I wanted to drive it.

So, one of them rode with me and the other followed in the SUV.

I wore my disguise to placate them — a ballcap with my hair under it so it doesn't look long, clean-shaven, clothes that are a little dorky, and glasses — and then parked kind of close to the back entrance. My guys came in with me and sat at a different table. Honestly, I trust the MC to keep me safe in their establishments, but since the Drake Security guys had to accompany me on the way, they may as well come in and eat.

However, Brain led me to their office, where Bubbles was sitting on a loveseat looking at his phone. He put his phone away and stood when we came in.

"Ghost put your order in, and Dawg knows what kind of beer you like. A waitress should be here any minute with our food. Please," Bubbles motioned to the table set for three, "have a seat. I thought we needed a little privacy for this conversation. Nothing's wrong, everything's good, but Davy asked me to explain a few things."

"For a number of reasons," Brain said, "we aren't big on broadcasting information about which of our members have spent time in prison. We're going to share some club secrets and some personal secrets, and I trust you won't share them with others."

I sat and shrugged. "I trust the MC with some pretty big secrets. I hope you feel I'm trustworthy with yours."

"Exactly right," Brain said. "Hailey's our family and you're her family. That makes you family, too."

Two waitresses came in with our drinks and plates along with two large pitchers of beer, asked if we needed anything else, and left.

"They won't come back unless we page them," Bubbles said. "Dig in, and I'll tell my story."

"Before you get started, while I'm thinking of it, put Mac and Ranger's food on my bill, too, please."

"Yours is on the house," Brain said. "We'll comp theirs, too."

I pulled four twenties from my wallet and put them on the table. "Give some or all of it to the waitresses, then."

Bubbles took a bite, swallowed, and began. "I did a long stretch in maximum security, but was moved to a minimum security facility near the end. Davy arrived about a week after me, and he came right to me and offered himself to me for protection. That isn't really necessary in low security, but I wasn't of a mind to clue him in. I'm not gay, but things are different inside. I was clear this was an arrangement and not a relationship, but I realized he had a crush on me a few weeks in. I did my best to curb that, but I also worked to show him he has value and worth above and beyond his ability to bend over and take a dick up his ass. He'd been well trained, but by the kind of asshole who pushes his slaves down rather than building them up. I tried to build him up."

"Davy says he told you he went back to his original Master when he was released," Brain said. "When Davy refused to mule for him again, he was promptly kicked out. He made his way here, hoping to pick things up with Bubbles, which obviously wasn't going to happen."

"I paid his first month's rent in a tiny house," Bubbles said. "The owner lives right next door, and I knew he'd watch out for him, help us keep Davy safe. I bought him a cheap motorcycle, and then Matty kind of adopted him. They work out together sometimes, go thrifting for vintage clothing," Bubbles rolled his eyes. "I adore both of them, but sometimes they're just too much."

"And Davy isn't allowed to talk about his relationship with you in prison because you're locked tight in the closet?" I asked.

"There's no closet. An asshole is an asshole no matter the gender, same with throats. I'll fuck the male version if it's the only thing available, but I only have relationships with girls. Not interested in holding a guy. Usually, when I fuck someone inside I send them on their way when I'm finished, but Davy needed some aftercare because I don't think he'd ever really had it before. I was trying to teach him he had some value. I understand how he got confused, but I was already with Lexi when he showed up, and I think that helped."

I decided not to argue the point. I appreciated that Bubbles trusted me enough to explain. "Thanks for your candor. Seriously. I was impressed that Davy had enough integrity to keep someone's secrets, and yet, I was going to have to insist he share more with me at some point."

"He can talk freely now, but only around you. Not others."

"While I have the two of you here," I said, "and I realize we may need to pull Bash in, but I don't think it's time for that yet. Just a heads up on where Davy and I may be headed. Last night went splendidly well, and we'll be sitting down to draw up a temporary contract tonight. I'm not ready to move him in with me, so it can't be a permanent arrangement yet and it isn't time for that anyway, but I feel like Davy needs something in black and white, and to be honest, I feel better with everything in writing as well."

"Davy has needed a keeper for a while," Brain said. "I'm happy to hear things are going well."

"His fantasy is to be completely owned, and yet, he doesn't want to give up his job, which I understand and respect. He's

conflicted, though, and I have to admit I'd like more time with him during my off times. He's quite loyal to your organization, and says even if he was going to quit his job, he'd work out a six or eight month notice because you've promised jobs pretty far out."

"We just hired another guy who specializes in the passenger compartment, and that includes upholstery. You're home six weeks this time?"

"Seven, but we'll schedule some practice sessions the last week, so we're polished when we hit the stage again."

"Give us three weeks with Davy working his ass off," Bubbles said, "and then I think we can give him a vacation. I'll talk to Bash and figure out the specifics, but he hasn't taken any time off since he came to work for us, so we'll make it work. In the future, if you let us know in advance when you'll have downtime, we can schedule Davy off a few weeks at a time."

"It'd be great if I can leave with him after work Friday and have him back to work Tuesday morning, and then a longer vacation later. Also, maybe he can have four or five days in a row off about once a month when we're on the road. Maybe days off around a weekend to make it happen? I can have him flown to me and then flown back home. I don't want to go four months without seeing him."

"Davy mostly chooses his own hours," Bubbles said. "I'll talk to Bash about this Monday, and then toss around some ideas for the rest of it. As long as he meets promised deadlines, we don't care which hours he works within our regular business hours. I'm sure he can work some twelve-hour days before and after taking an extra two or three days off around a weekend and manage to stay on schedule."

"Agreed." Brain said. "On another subject, I've worked it out with your people but it occurs to me you may not know our plans for your final show of the tour."

"Hailey said the Chattanooga, Atlanta, Charlotte, and Birmingham chapters bought a huge block of tickets with her discount code, and that our after-party is being planned in a venue big enough to handle all of you as well as everyone else you'll invite, plus our guests."

Brain nodded. "We bought enough extra tickets to invite some of our business associates as well, and your people have a list of the ones we'd like to be invited to the after party."

I shrugged. "If you vouch for them, I don't see a problem."

"One more thing. Matty's best friend has been out of the country and unreachable for around eight months. Work thing, big top-secret project. Completely out of touch, which is driving Matty crazy. The ol' ladies have done their best to fill in, but I think Davy has done the most to keep him on an even keel. My guess is that Matty's going to want to schedule a time for him to spend time with the two of you together, or perhaps he'll bring Razor in and make it a double date. Either way, I'd consider it a favor if you welcome Matty in as Davy's friend. Allow him to come to the house and spend time with Davy, when he's there."

I smiled. "And this is one of the things that impresses me with you guys — you take care of your own. Davy and I are so new, so I'm not sure what next week will look like, but as soon as we're settled enough to begin socializing together, I'll see what I can do about having Razor and Matty over."

Chapter 8

Davy

Bubbles told me everything went fine with Will, and that I could talk to him about whatever I wanted to. I hadn't asked him to spill everything to Will, but as soon as I explained our conversation from the night before, Bubbles had offered to talk to him for me.

It was such a relief, I wanted to hug him, but Bubbles gets really uncomfortable when I try for any kind of physical contact, so I don't.

I thought the day would drag on forever, but once Bubbles came back from lunch, the rest of the day flew by. I finished one project and started the next, and even remembered to text Will and let him know when I thought I'd be finished. I gave myself an extra fifteen minutes, and it worked out well because I'd finished cleaning up and organizing everything when Will texted me he was about to pull into the parking lot.

I'd considered whether to go into the bathroom and beat off, but it hadn't felt right. For one thing, I don't do that at work, but also, I wanted to show my new Sir that he could demand more of me.

One of the last things he'd said before dropping me off was to write a minimum of twelve things I wanted included in our temporary contract, with at least five things I wanted, and five hard limits or other things I wanted out-of-bounds. I have a notepad I use to keep notes on each job — things the client especially wants, problems I find that I want to be certain to fix, dates supplies are due, and whatever else I need to remember. Before I left for lunch, I tore an empty page from it and took it and a pen to the restaurant, so I could make a list for my new Sir.

I thought the first would be easiest, but then I could only come up with three things. I wanted to call him Master, I wanted my rules to be spelled out so I could memorize them, and I needed him to respect my job obligations.

I went to the second category and easily came up with five — nothing permanently disfiguring, no emotional sadism, no scat play, no ass-to-mouth, and I wanted to be able to veto any piercings, though I'd be willing to get rid of that for a permanent arrangement, if we got there.

Since this category seemed easier, I tried to come up with two more things, and landed on keeping me out of the public eye unless we discussed it and agreed to do otherwise, and that he'd need to be careful not to use toys or products that would bring about an allergic reaction. That last one was kind of cheating since he'd already agreed to it, but I couldn't come up with anything else so it would have to work.

And then I had to go back to the first category. I noted that I wanted to spend enough time with him so I got to know him fully before we decided on a permanent arrangement, and that I wanted an opportunity to go back over our temporary contract at least every other month to discuss any changes. Finally, it felt tacky to write it out, but I wrote out that my bank accounts are solely mine.

I went back through and counted to be certain I had at least five of each and a total of at least twelve. It felt like I should go higher than one over his minimum, but nothing else came to mind.

The thing I like about the MC's restaurant's menu is that there are things always on it, like burgers and steaks, but there's also a daily special, and today's was chicken and dumplings. There isn't much of my childhood that brings back fond memories, but this meal does.

I mean, I suppose it makes sense. If you make it from scratch, it isn't a terribly expensive meal, and this foster family grew their own chickens, which I'm guessing made it an even cheaper meal.

It was one of my first foster families, and maybe the social worker put me with them because I was so malnourished when they first took me from my family.

Supposedly, that's why I'm so small, because I was barely fed enough to keep a child alive until I was nearly six. No one came to check on me until a few months after I didn't get registered for school, and then they put me in a place that fed me well. This family grew their own food plus had livestock like chickens and goats. They had eight foster kids, which I imagine was quite an income since they could feed us cheap. Also, we provided a lot of free labor, helping to plant, weed, and harvest.

Usually, I prefer not to take trips down memory lane when it comes to my childhood, but the chicken and dumplings gave me a good memory, and I took that back with me to the shop.

But the memories made me think of my original family, and I realized there was another reason I shouldn't be publicly known as Lord Byron's boyfriend — because I didn't want my original family to be reminded of me. I wanted nothing to do with them.

I kept track of them over social media when I was a teen, and I looked them up again after I was released from prison. My dad is in prison for armed robbery and shooting a cop. He didn't kill him, thank goodness, but he's still going to be inside for a long while. My aunt used to post pics of my mom on her social media, and the meth use hasn't been kind to my mom. My aunt seems to be doing okay, working as a dental hygienist and married to a truck driver, but she had to know there was this child who wasn't being fed or loved, and she didn't step in, so I don't want any part of her, either.

I never met any of my grandparents, and I don't even know my mom's parents' names, much less whether they're dead or alive. I know my dad's parents moved to Alaska once my dad was out of high school, and I found them on social media when I got out of prison. Or, I'm pretty sure it's them. They post cooking videos, showing them cooking the animals they've killed, and they have a decent following. I guess he kills them and she cooks them. I've never met them, but the names and ages are right, and my dad looks like a younger version of the man.

But I don't want any part of them, either, so it's best my name isn't out there, attached to someone famous.

I managed a quick shower before Sir picked me up. I gathered the plan was for him to take me home, and then he'd bring me back to get my car before we went back to his place. That way I could drive myself to work in the morning.

The limo had been a little horrifying. I mean, who gets dropped off at their upholstery job in a freaking limousine, right?

I thought it couldn't get worse, but then he picked me up in a motherfucking McLaren W1. I mean, it was a freaking work of art, but it's about as flashy as you can get, isn't it?

I was secretly hoping the solid black sports car wasn't him when it pulled in, but I knew it would be. And then the gull wing doors went up, and he looked more like Lord Byron than my Sir when he stepped out.

Why did my dick go instantly hard? I'd have to think about that later, because I stepped outside with a smile despite my misgivings about the car — I wasn't sure I wanted to date someone who'd spend over two million dollars on a car. I made all kinds of mistakes with my first Master, in part because he seduced me with all the flash and sexiness.

“No guards, Sir?”

“Turns out, the guy you rent from works for Drake Security, and he'll be home so he can help keep an eye on us. I mean, my team is around somewhere so they can keep an eye on me while I drive, but it's from a distance today, not up close and personal. Are you ready to go?”

“I am, Sir.”

I put my seatbelt on right away, and couldn't help looking around the tiny passenger compartment. There was a huge screen mounted between us, and all the buttons and dials made it look more like a racecar than anything I'd ever seen.

I was probably supposed to go all googly-eyed over the car, and part of me wanted to, but I needed to understand why Will had this car. I couldn't figure out how to ask, so I said, “I didn't see this in your garage, Sir.”

“It was delivered a few hours ago, and I have it for thirty days.” He shrugged. “I never get to drive when I'm on tour, and this break is kind of a big deal for me. I have a drive planned for next week, the Cherohala Skyway to the Tail of the Dragon, into Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg until I'm tired of them, through the park into Cherokee...” he sighed. “There's more. I'll have security following me, and likely one in the passenger seat with me if you can't get away. I'll change it up, so I leave when you get off work Friday, if you want to go with me. I'll have you back in time for work Monday morning, Tuesday if we can swing a day off for you.”

“I can talk to Bash, but you won't be able to go to all the places you planned if you have to cut it short, Sir.”

“I'd rather have a short trip with you than a long one without you. We can do the North Georgia mountains another weekend. It doesn't have to be all in one trip.”

I stared out the side window, trying to figure out how to tell him I wasn't sure I should be seen with him in public, and he said, “No pressure. Let's work on the contract, and then we'll talk about the possibilities. It's a fun car and I won't have it to play with long, but I just met you and I hope you're on board with seeing where things go with us. I think exploring *us* is more important, I just thought it might be fun for us to get out and play a little. I can put you on the insurance, so you can drive it too, if you want.”

No way in hell was I driving a two-million-dollar car. “I would love to spend more time with you, Sir. Let's figure out the temporary contract and then talk about it, please?”

“Yes, we can absolutely do that. How was your day?”

“Slow this morning, but the afternoon flew by. I finished the long project and the short one. I have three short projects before I work on another long one — complete reno of an eighty-two Nissan 280ZX.”

“Do you have help manhandling the seats in and out?”

“Sometimes. I mean, I have to find someone to help for, say, the old bench seats that came in older trucks. I can usually handle sportscar seats on my own, but if someone sees me struggling, they almost always either come help or tell someone else to.”

“Bubbles is a big guy.”

My face flamed hot and I was glad we were in the car and not facing each other. “He is, Sir. I have permission to answer your questions now. I’m sorry I couldn’t last night.”

“Don’t apologize. I’d already figured there was a good possibility you couldn’t talk about it because it happened with someone both of us know, and that substantially reduced the field. It’s good Bubbles came to me before I started looking into who you served time with.”

Right, because that would’ve been bad. “Bubbles is happy with Lexi, Sir. I mean, she knows about me, but not a whole lot of other people do. I think just Duke, Brain, and Bash.”

“Okay, temporary rule until we finish the contract. I’m Will, for now. We’re equals while we negotiate. Anything you need to tell me about Bubbles? If not, I’ll probably ask questions as I think of them, but I have nothing I’m dying to know at the moment.”

I shook my head and changed the subject. “You know Darnell and Keisha?”

Darnell owns the tiny house I live in, and he and his wife are my neighbors. Keisha cuts my hair for me on my front porch when she says it’s too long. Just walks over with her scissors and orders me to sit down so she can cut it. I figure it isn’t safe to argue with a woman holding scissors. Sometimes Lexi, Bubbles’ wife, cuts it.

“Darnell sometimes guards me when I’m in town,” Will answered, “but he just fills in when one of my normal guys needs off. They happen to be Ghost’s parents, and I’ve met them backstage a time or two. Not enough to spend time with them or anything.”

“Yeah. Ghost comes for dinner once a week when he’s in town. Sometimes they invite me, too. Keisha’s a really good cook.”

He pulled into Darnell’s driveway instead of mine. “Security told me to park here. I’m looking forward to seeing your place.”

The gull-wing doors opened, and I got out and looked the car over again. I felt better knowing he’d just rented it for a month, but damn, how much would it take to rent a two-million-dollar car for a month? Not to mention the fucking insurance.

“I love performing,” Will told me as we walked around Darnell’s house and then down my long driveway. “My music is…” He shrugged. “It’s my life, so far. I hope to have more people in my life, but for now, it’s a huge part of my identity. I’m fortunate that I make so much money, but it’s also a lot of hard fucking work, and time on the road can be grueling. It’s worth it, being on stage, but the times between being on stage, getting from place to place and dealing with all the people I’ve hired to keep all the gears moving together? It means I also have to pay attention to my down time. If I don’t properly recharge, I’m no good to the organization I’ve built.”

“That makes sense. I just need to be sure it’s you I’m attracted to, and not your money.”

“That’s what’s great, Davy.”

Chapter 9

Will

I stopped, touched his shoulder, and turned him to face me. “You had no idea who I was. I’m sorry I broke trust a little by not telling you right away, but do you understand a little more why I did, now? I wanted us to get to know each other some before you knew, so I could be sure you were getting to know Will and not Lord Byron Wilsin.”

Davy looked at me a few seconds before giving a slow nod. “You’re right. I liked you before I knew you were super-rich. I mean, obviously you were wealthy enough to buy the Stingray and have it restored, but a McLaren is a whole different kind of wealth. Even renting one for a month.”

I kissed his forehead and headed towards his tiny little home again. I’d seen the Google street view, but it’d been a good ways back from the road. Still, you could tell by the size of the front door that it wasn’t just small, but tiny. Our tour bus has more square footage.

The black SUV my security guys were in pulled up, and I stepped Davy off the driveway so they could pull up to the house. One of the men got out, walked to the back, and pulled the picnic basket from the back. I accepted it with a, “Thanks,” and kept walking towards Davy’s front porch.

Two small chairs were on the front porch, and I turned to look at his view while I waited for Davy to use a key to unlock the door. Inside was miniscule, but I suppose it was enough for a single person. A modular loveseat against the wall to the right, a small television hanging on the wall near the door. A ladder leading to what was probably the bedroom over the kitchen. I didn’t see a table, and didn’t think the kitchen was big enough to have one, but Davy walked towards the ladder, unhooked something from the wall, and pulled it down from the wall to create a small table.

“I’ll get us some plates and silverware from the kitchen,” Davy said. “The two chairs outside come in when I want to use the table.”

I set the basket on the table and went out to bring the chairs in. My security team had pulled out to the end of the driveway, but I didn’t see them in the SUV. I’ve long since stopped worrying about where they are, so I went back inside with the chairs.

Davy’s tiny little home was neat and tidy. It reminded me more of a small RV than a house, but he had some privacy, and the woods behind him were nice. The location was excellent, and I supposed it had everything he needed.

“What’s for dinner?” he asked when he came out with plates and silverware. “I have orange juice, water, and I can make some tea. I have some grape electrolyte stuff, too.”

“I brought the beer you like,” I told him, and I was glad I’d thought of it. My house manager usually packs plates and silverware, but she told me that might be an insult to Davy, since we were eating in his home. She said if he only had paper plates, that would be fine.

This basket has a section for hot stuff and another area for cold. The basket was nearly as big as the table, so I put it on the floor and pulled the hot things out — fried chicken and corn on the cob. Next came the potato salad, deviled eggs, and beer from the cold side. “We have watermelon for dessert.” I’d filled the table with the bowls of food. “I guess we need to fill our plates and then put all the bowls back in the basket.” I retrieved the bottle opener and popped the caps on both bottles of beer.

I’d thought we would look over the contract on the laptop while we ate, but the table was too small for our plates and the laptop. My phone opens up to tablet sized, so I pulled the contract up on it and used the stand on the cover to prop it up.

“I don’t intend to sit here in silence while you read it. This is a discussion. Read each paragraph out loud, and then we’ll discuss it. This is a starting point. Also, do you have a list for me?”

He pulled his wallet from his pocket, removed a folded sheet of paper from it, handed the paper to me, and put his wallet back.

I unfolded the paper and took a moment to decipher his handwriting. It wasn’t great, but once I looked at it a second, I could figure it out.

I read through the things he wanted first, and told him, “I’m good with your wants list and have no issues adding them to the contract.”

I read through the longer list and thought the fact he knew to make emotional sadism a hard limit was sad. I would absolutely respect it, but it made me sad to see it in writing. Technically, no scat and no a2m were kind of the same category,

but I decided not to point that out. I enjoy being rimmed, but we'd leave that out of our temporary contract. I wasn't likely to want him pierced until he was completely mine with a permanent contract, so there wouldn't be anything for him to approve or veto in the short term. I'd already planned for the two of us to go through my playroom so he could point out anything that could trigger his allergies.

But the line about keeping him out of the public eye hit me in the gut. He was going to be wary of vacationing with me until we figured that out. We could work around it, probably, but it certainly made things difficult.

"If we're both in disguise, would you still be opposed to going places with me?"

"I mean, if we're in a two-million-dollar car, we're going to draw attention, aren't we?"

I missed hearing him call me *Sir*, but I'd been the one to tell him to stop until we had a contract. Those pale blue eyes were killing me, though. So earnest and sincere, so submissive, but the boy was speaking up for himself. He was being respectful even without the *Sir*, and that takes some skill in this kind of conversation.

"Yes, but we can put my security in the car, so we get out of a boring black SUV at hotels and restaurants. We drive the car between all the fun places, and then stop at a gas station and do a switcheroo while we're getting gas. Hotel rooms have to be adjoining, so they can get to me if needed, and that means you can go in a different room and then cross over once inside." I shrugged. "Or we can stay in a remote cabin."

He looked really uncomfortable, and I reached across the table to put my hand on his. "Tell me your biggest fear around having the public know you're my boyfriend."

"I barely remember my parents. I guess a social worker came to check on me months after no one registered me for school, and took me with her right then because conditions were so bad. I know my dad is in prison for armed robbery and for shooting a cop. He didn't kill him so he isn't in for life, but he has another twenty-five years to go. My mom isn't likely to live a whole lot longer, if she's even alive now. Meth is hard on the body. I also have aunts and uncles and cousins, and grandparents I've never met. I just feel like the name Davy Jones is unusual for a real person to have, and I don't want them in my life. I doubt any of them even remember I exist, but if they hear the name, they're going to go looking, and I look a lot like my dad and his father. Only smaller, supposedly because of the malnourishment thing."

I sat back and considered the best way to allay his fears. "Has anyone ever called you David?"

"A few teachers used it instead of Davy, but no one else."

"If we need to make a statement about you, I'll call you David Miller. Think of it as your stage name, though I don't foresee ever having you on stage with me, so lose the deer-in-the-headlights look." I wanted to chuckle but I held it in. He was genuinely afraid of what might happen if his low-life family of origin found out he had access to money and fame, and I'd do everything in my power to keep that from happening.

"I've gotten quite good at going places in disguise so I'm not spotted. I'd assumed you could go as yourself with me, but just to be safe, we'll work on a simple disguise for you. I can't promise no one will figure it out, but I can promise to do my best to keep that from happening. My security team is the best there is, and they have some tricks you'd never think of."

"I love that you aren't making promises you aren't positive you can keep." He took a breath. "I would love to go on a trip with you over the weekend, and if I work twelve or fourteen hours Thursday, I can probably get away between noon and two o'clock Friday, so we can get an early start."

My heart settled in my chest, and I took a bite of chicken to disguise how happy his words made me. He trusted me, and he wanted to spend time with me. I chewed, swallowed, and said, "Okay, Good. I'm glad that's settled. Start with the beginning of the contract, and let's talk about it as you go."

* * * *

Davy

The contract was simple and short. The rules were all general, like not sitting on furniture without permission, never being clothed in the house unless he handed me something to put on, telling him about any issues I had, like being cold or hot, hungry or thirsty, having a headache, etc.

When I read that part out loud, he said, "You understand the difference between notifying and whining?"

While I figured out how to word it, I guess he thought I didn't know, so he said, "I don't want to hear about your asshole being sore unless you think there's something that might require medical attention either at that moment or in the future, or unless I've asked for an inventory. I'm going to assume various body parts are sore if I've been rough with them, but I won't know when you're thirsty or hungry, necessarily."

I nodded, and he said, "Speaking of which, let's do that now. Start with your feet and work up — tell me anything that isn't

at one hundred percent.”

“The backs of my legs and my ass are bruised. My asshole is sore. My dick and balls are okay, though I’m not sure how that’s possible. My nipples are sore. I keep rubbing my wrists, remembering how they felt in the cuffs. They’re fine, but they feel naked, and I want to call you Sir, but I know I’m not supposed to yet.”

“No, not yet. Your dick and balls should mostly be okay after a play session, but probably not after a maintenance session, and absolutely not if I choose to punish them because you’ve broken a rule or disobeyed an order.”

“Oh, I guess I should have written down that I want to experience a maintenance session during our temporary contract period. I don’t know if you’d planned for that, but I’d like to have an idea of what your boot camp will be, and what to expect for the weekly or monthly session, or however often you feel it’s necessary.”

“That isn’t a discussion for today, but I’m in total agreement with your point about maintenance, and we’ll add it.” He motioned towards the phone. “Keep going.”

He had me use the stylus to highlight sections we wanted to reword or change, and he asked for a pen early on, so he could make notes on the back of the small sheet of paper I’d written my list on.

Partway through, as I was transitioning from one page to another, he said, “Stop. I’ve already told you I’m looking for a poly group, but it feels important to remind you that, whether we end up a V or a triad, agreeing to this contract means you’ll understand I’m going to be looking for our third. She might be submissive, she might be a switch, or a Domme, or she might just be my partner. I needed one slave in my life, and that opens things up a little when choosing a woman who’ll fit into our lives.”

My heart stuttered and dropped to my stomach, and I looked at my hands because I wasn’t sure what to say or do. He’d told me, but I’d forgotten, and having him remind me was a little bit like a slap to the face, or possibly a gut punch.

And then visions of my first Master sharing me and loaning me out came rushing into my mind, and then of Bubbles making a deal that meant someone else got to fuck my ass and mouth every day for a week. Once, the deal was that two of them got to use me at the same time, every day in the shower until the end of the month, and it was only the sixth of March. That’d bought him a smart phone, and he’d offered to let me use it, but I didn’t have anyone to talk to. I couldn’t imagine calling my Master out of the blue, just to talk.

But Will was different. I wouldn’t feel awkward calling him to talk, if one of us was out of town. The bottom line was that I wanted to be someone’s property. I wanted to *belong* to them. That meant I didn’t get a say in this kind of thing. If my owner wanted a poly group, it would be up to his slave to conform.

“I think this means the contract we come up with after this one,” I told him, “the one we’ve been calling a permanent contract, will need to be a semi-permanent one. It seems to me there will need to be some major changes to the contract once our third joins us, depending upon the flavor of the energy she brings into the relationship.” I met his gaze. “I’ll have to trust that whoever you pick will work for both of us, even if it’s a V, Master.”

He grinned. “If she’s a bitch to you then she won’t be the right woman for me. The two of you will have to like each other enough to live together and enjoy each other’s company. We’ll be a family. The terminology is kitchen-table-poly, and when you combine that with the fact my band members are also frequently at the kitchen table, it means I have to be super careful about my choices.”

The next page talked about the fact I was monogamous with him, and he’d stop fucking and playing with men, but he’d continue to fuck women. He’d use condoms and he’d be safe, but women weren’t off the table. This also meant he and I would continue to use condoms, at least until we added our third.

Deep down, I wanted him to be mine and *only* mine, but that didn’t mesh with the fact I wanted a Master who owned me, so I only had some minor changes to this section, including the fact I didn’t need to hear about any women he was with unless he thought someone might be *the one*, and then I needed to hear about her from the start.

He agreed he’d let me know when he thought he might have found her, but he wasn’t promising to tell me any details unless he thought it was beneficial to do so.

We’d long-since finished our meal and dessert when I got to the end, and he helped me clean up while he explained what would happen next.

“I’m going to give you some exercises to do while I rewrite the contract. We finished eating nearly an hour ago so your food should’ve settled, and I need to know your limits. You’ll do as many reps of each as you can, and then you’ll do even more, until your muscles completely fail and you have no choice but to stop. This should be long after the muscles hurt, do you understand?”

“I do, and it’s hard not to call you Sir for this.”

“Once we’ve agreed on the contract, Davy.”

I nodded instead of saying something verbally because it felt wrong not to acknowledge our relationship when I answered

him.

“Put some shorts on while I use the bathroom. I’ll meet you back in your living room.”

It isn’t like there are rooms in my house. It’s more like a kitchen area and a living area, but I didn’t correct him. I had to move the chair I’d sat in and then squeeze tight to get up the ladder without lifting the table back to the wall, but he said he was going to redo the contract on his laptop, so I assumed he’d need the table.

When I came back downstairs, he was sure enough sitting at the table with his laptop, and I saw him take note of how I had to maneuver to get past the table, but he didn’t comment on it.

“Show me your version of a crunch.”

I’d bought this old-fashioned braided oval rug at a second-hand shop, and I was happy for its thickness when I settled on it and started doing crunches.

“Cross your arms, touch your shoulders, and go slower. Hold the crunch for a count of slow three or fast six, and then down and back up.”

He coached me through the way he wanted me to do it, and then said, “Okay, show me your push-ups.”

He didn’t have much to critique on them, thank goodness, and he said, “Now show me a plank.”

Going from push-up to plank is pretty easy, and I must’ve done it right because he said, “Excellent. Do crunches to failure, make a note of how many, and then run sprints back and forth to your mailbox, out and back five times should be about a quarter mile. Then do push-ups to failure, note how many, sprints back and forth to your mailbox again, and then use your phone to time your plank — stopwatch mode, counting up. No rests between anything. Do you have something you can write your numbers on?”

“I can make notes on my phone.”

He nodded and focused on the laptop, which told me it was time for me to get started with my crunches.

Chapter 10

Will

I wrote out a few more rules for him based on his list and our talk, and made a note that he'd have a list of his rules on the playroom wall, and we'd add them to it as they came up. If he disagreed with a rule the first time it was given, he could negotiate it at that time, but once he accepted it, he'd be punished in the future for not abiding by it.

I incorporated the rest of his list into the contract, made adjustments in all the highlighted areas, then went over my handwritten notes again and made a few more changes.

He would spend his entire weekends with me, from Friday when he got off work until time to return to work on Monday. He'd said he might need to go in on Saturday if he got behind, so I referenced the clause about his work obligations coming first. We'd deal with changes as they came up.

I added text to be clear there would be no piercings or other body mods during this temporary contract, and made a note that everything possible will be done to keep the public from figuring out who he is if we're seen together in public.

I found it interesting that his objections had been more about the power exchange in general than about what happened during scenes. It concerned me, his lack of physical hard limits, and yet, I knew more of his history now so I felt certain it wasn't a lack of understanding. He fully grasped the possibilities, and yet he wasn't trying to limit me, other than scat play and permanent changes to his body.

Speaking of scat play, I went back and added, 'other than enemas for either cleanliness or torture, or a combination of the two' in the 'no scat play' clause.

I'd put the other chair on the front porch and told him to sit outside and wait if he finished before me, and that's where I found him when I was happy with the contract.

And so, I sat him down at the table to read it, showed him how the *track changes* feature worked, so he could delete and retype, and then I could either accept or reject his changes later, and I went to the floor and started doing crunches.

I planned to run through the routine I'd given him, though I expected he'd finish before I managed a full circuit.

And I considered Davy's tiny house. The stove was just wide enough for two eyes, one in front and one in back. The sink was maybe ten inches wide, and there wasn't a sink in the tiny bathroom at all, just a toilet and a narrow shower, barely big enough to step into. Our tour bus has a small refrigerator, an electric kettle, and a microwave, but that area feels bigger than his kitchen, though I suppose it's just a section of cabinet space, and not really a kitchen. No sink. Just bottled water in the fridge.

I'd need to give him the grand tour of my home this evening. He'd only seen the playroom, and had no idea it's this sort-of-castle-looking manse behind twelve-foot walls.

When my ab muscles wouldn't let me do another crunch, I went outside and sprinted back and forth. It works better for me to count every time I turn around, so I made it to ten before I came back inside and started with push-ups.

* * * *

Davy

Is it wrong that I was disappointed the contract wasn't strict enough? I felt like I needed to make some changes, but nothing stood out. Everything was as we'd discussed.

Imagine my surprise when Will pulled a nine-inch-wide tube-shaped device he told me was a printer from his laptop bag when I told him I didn't have any changes. He didn't even have to plug it in, just turned it on and then went to the laptop and told it to print.

"We will each write our first initial on every sheet, but legally, it's best we don't sign our names. I will never give anyone a reason to try to have me declared mentally incompetent. It's been done to other performers, so they lost the ability to handle their own finances, their business career, the kind of music they perform."

I'd never considered that, but it made sense. Mostly, I was remaining silent until I could call him Master and Sir. I wanted to go to my knees and worship him, but we were supposed to still be equals.

"After we print this out and initial it, I'll be leaving in the McLaren with one of my security guys. The other will bring you to me. I know you thought you'd be driving to my house, but we don't want someone seeing your car coming and going from the

property. All they have to do is look up your license plate and they'll have your name. So, you'll have a driver bringing you to me and back to work. Today, Ranger will open the garage for you, and you know the rules from there. Anything on the shelf where you put your clothes should be put on you or in you once you disrobe. The door going into the house will be unlocked, and the door to the playroom will be open. Stand in inspection pose over the grate and wait for me."

The contract was three pages long, and when the third page started printing, he said, "This thermal paper says it lasts seven years, but I find it starts to fade at around four or five years. Or the stuff I used four or five years ago does. Maybe this is better. Either way, we'll sign a long-term one well before then, and we'll print it on normal paper. This is your copy. I'll have another copy in the playroom so we can reference it, and as I said before, your rules will be posted on the wall."

He glanced over all three sheets, wrote a W on the bottom corner of each, and then pushed them towards me and handed me the pen. I wrote a D on all three, then glanced over them, and looked at him in expectation. Surely he'd do *something* to memorialize the moment?

"Who am I, slave?"

"Master, Sir. You're my Master."

"I am. Put some jeans and a shirt on, and whatever shoes or boots you want, and then go outside. If you need to pack a bag for whatever you'll need for the next week or so at work, do so. If you need any toiletries I won't have — special soap or shampoo or whatever — those should be packed in a disposable grocery store bag. I assume you have at least one?"

"I do, Master."

"Leave both in the garage. My house manager will retrieve your toiletries and take them to my bathroom. You'll be in disguise over the weekend, and the security team will provide your clothes and probably shoes. Bring some sneakers in case those will work with whatever they come up with. You already know I've provided a toothbrush and comb. Is there something I'm missing?"

"Can I shower before I come to you, Master?"

"No. Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything, Master."

"What do your rules say about touching yourself?"

"Only as much as needed to shower and clean myself, Master."

And with that, he turned and left, which was both disappointing and exciting. He didn't have to explain himself to his slave. He could issue orders and leave since I was his property, but he'd have had to do more for a boyfriend.

And my dick was granite hard, throbbing in time to my elevated heart rate. I wanted to palm it, even if I couldn't jack off, but the rules weren't just that I couldn't masturbate, but that I couldn't touch it more than necessary to keep it clean.

I got a Walmart bag from my kitchen, climbed my ladder, changed clothes, packed what I needed in a duffel, tossed the bag down so it landed on the loveseat, and then put my soap and shampoo into the plastic bag, looped it over my wrist, and made my way down the ladder.

I'd taken my work boots off at the shop before I showered and then wore my sneakers here, and I'd probably keep doing that, so I'd make sure I had them at work. It meant I could wear the sneakers and only needed to pack enough clothes for work. I keep some extra shirts and a clean pair of jeans in my locker, but mostly, I change at home.

I supposed I'd be dressing for work in Will's garage a whole lot.

* * * *

Will

Davy was magnificent, standing in the center of my playroom. He didn't know it, but he'd be doing some damned painful ab work on a schedule, and the boy would have ripped abs in a few months. It's important to me to find someone who can eroticize exercise, because I love using a whip or cane to ensure a few more reps than my slave feels is possible.

But now, even before I'd had a chance to do a little sculpting, he was near perfection. He was small, sure, but perhaps compact is a better word. Davy works for a living, and his sinewy muscles tell a story of youth and vitality. His hair was fashionably cut, but I knew from Ghost that Keisha cut his hair for him, or sometimes one of the biker's ol'ladies. It'd seemed an oddity, at first. This young man who appears so oblivious to fashion, and who pinched his pennies — it'd felt inconsistent that he'd spring for an expensive, stylish cut.

I walked in a circle around him, looking him over. I checked all four cuffs to be certain they weren't too loose or too tight, and I wiggled the butt plug I'd had him insert. This one was holding him wide open. I'd actually provided two of them, with instructions to put the other in, wait a few moments, and then swap it out for this one. If he couldn't fit the larger one in, he was

to put the original back in, but he'd managed the large one.

I'd moved the garage camera my security team has access to so it doesn't show the section of garage where Davy changes, and I'd added my own camera to the area, outside of their network, so the stream is only available through an encrypted connection to my phone. It doesn't record anything, it only streams, but it let me watch him put the plugs in, and he certainly struggled to get the larger plug in, but he managed.

Before I could fist him, I had to clean him out. I walked to the wall to begin gathering what I'd need, and I told him, "You've followed instructions well during your first hour as my property. Go into the jail cell and lean over the bed."

The bed is the right height for me to fuck someone who's leaned over it, and that meant his feet weren't likely to touch the ground if his hips were all the way on it. Or, that's the case with most of the women I've brought home. I have a step I can put down if necessary, but it looks better to keep the jail cell unadorned. Stark.

I brought a step in for him to stand on, and told him, "Step on the scales, slave."

He stood, looked around, saw them by the toilet, and walked to them. I'd brought my own bathroom scales down earlier because I wanted to weigh him before I cleaned him out. The contract was clear I'd be keeping track of his physical stats, and weight is certainly one of those.

The display showed 134.7, and I made a note on my phone.

"How often do you weigh yourself? Did your previous Masters keep track of your weight?"

"My first Master weighed me all the time, and if I was ever over one hundred and twenty-five, I was punished, Sir. My second Master made me work out because he said I was a weakling, but I didn't get to weigh myself until we were out of prison, and I weighed a few pounds more than I do now. I weigh myself at work every once in a while, but I don't have scales at home, Master."

"I'll require you to weigh twice a week, for now. That could increase or decrease."

He'd be working out a whole helluva lot, and I needed to be sure he didn't gain or lose too much.

"Do you know how tall you are, boy?"

"Five eight, Master." He sighed. "Technically, I'm nearly five seven and a half. I round up, usually, but it feels as if I shouldn't with you."

"Thank you for that." I made note of his height, made a mental note to measure him to be certain of his exact height, and told him, "Back to the bed, and use the step this time to bend over the bed."

He immediately obeyed, and I was pleased.

Bubbles had told me they were in dorm-type rooms, not cells, at the minimum-security facility, so I didn't think being inside my kinky jail cell was bringing back bad memories, but I supposed we should talk about that at some point. Not today, though. He seemed fine, and I was right here with him.

I closed the clamp on the hose, put some soap into the two-quart can, filled it with room temperature water, and hung it high over his head. I filled nine identical cans and hung them on the same rod, all lined up. One with the same amount of soap, four with a little less, and the rest plain water with a little salt. He'd get two quarts with soap, then at *least* three quarts with less soap, and then a whole bunch of plain-water enemas to make sure all the soap — and everything else — was rinsed out.

The toilet was close, and he'd use it for all but the last, where I'd stand him over the grate so I could be double-dog sure everything coming out of him was clear and clean.

Enemas serve a whole lot of purposes in a power exchange relationship. It's a reminder I own all of his body now, even deep, deep into his bowels. He has nothing secret from me, not even shitting. My guess was that'd been made clear by other masters, but that didn't mean he didn't need the lesson again from me. It's physical and psychological, and I have to admit the sadist in me loves the ability to give painful cramps. Sometimes, it's more fun with a bardex-type valve, other times it's more fun to force them to hold it in or make a mess they'll just have to clean up. Today, I went with the balloon valves for the first two enemas, so he had no choice but to endure the cramps.

Chapter 11

Davy

No one has ever strung me up and made me release the enema water somewhere besides a toilet or the backyard. My first Master frequently sent me outside to shit in the yard ‘like a little piggy’ because he loved humiliating me and reminding me of my place. He’d say it was so I didn’t stink up the house, but every bathroom had a ventilating fan so we all knew that was bullshit.

But Master sent me to the toilet to relieve myself until we got to the last one, when he walked me out of the jail cell, to the grate, and he stood me over it. He connected my hands to the ends of the spreader bar so the bar was in front of my face, and then he made me spread my legs and squat, which put my arms over my head.

Water gushed from me as soon as I squatted, but Master seemed to expect that, because when the first of it stopped, he said, “You don’t stand up until you think you’re empty. I expect you’ll need to squat again once you do, but wait until you truly think it’s finished. I won’t free your wrists until you’ve been up and down a few times with nothing else coming out.”

He walked in a circle around me. “You’ll use the baby wipes to clean yourself, over by the trash can so you can dispose of them as you use them. Your sneakers will be over there. Put them on, go to the treadmill in the corner, and run a mile in less than ten minutes. If you make it the mile, we’ll begin the next phase. If you don’t, you’d better make sure your legs are spread wide over the grate, so your sneakers stay dry.”

And then he walked to the wall, which was behind me today so I couldn’t see what he was doing.

It took three tries on the treadmill before I made it a whole mile, which meant I had to run to the grate a few times and squat with my feet super-wide apart.

And then the mile started all over again, running on the treadmill.

When I finally made it all the way to a mile, Master had me take my shoes off, shower, thoroughly dry off, and he helped me into the leather sling.

I was exhausted after the enemas, and the sling was actually pretty comfortable, but I knew better than to think he was going to let me rest.

The cuffs he’d had me put on in the garage were some kind of rubber that didn’t irritate me, which means they’d stayed on throughout the entire ordeal, including the shower. I’d sniffed them before putting them on, to be certain they weren’t latex. They weren’t, but I’d pretty much expected they’d need to come off before too long.

However, it’d been hours and there wasn’t any irritation, which was surprising, but good.

Master used them now to connect my wrists to the leather swing, down near my hips, and my legs in the air, spread far apart. A wide, stretchy band came up under my arms and connected over the top of my chest, securing my torso to the sling. I was as secure as I’d ever been, with no way to move around, and absolutely no way to keep him away from my dick, balls, or asshole.

“I had a manicure today,” Master said, “to make sure my nails are all smooth with no rough spots. I want to hurt you, but I don’t want to injure you. I had a female slave once who enjoyed giving me manicures. It turned her on to prepare the hands that were going to hurt her later in the day. We’ll figure out what kinds of foreplay work for us as we go.”

He hadn’t told me what was about to happen, and I’d figured it was best not to ask — Master would tell me what I needed to know. There were no rules about not speaking unless asked a direct question, but I had a feeling Master was going easy on the rules at first, to see how I’d been trained.

Pretty much universally, a well-trained slave knows not to ask questions during a scene unless they aren’t sure how to obey an order.

But I had a feeling I knew what was coming, and it both scared me and excited me.

I yelped and then squeaked when Master put multiple fingers in my asshole to start — I wasn’t sure if it was two fingers or three, but it was certainly more than one.

“Look at me, slave. Direct eye contact. There’ll be times it won’t be respectful, but I want to see inside you tonight. No hiding from me. You’re mine.”

“Yes, Master.”

It'd been a long time since I'd been fisted, and Master didn't take his time getting there. It hurt and burned at times, and my muscles spasmed when he tried to force his way past his knuckles, but he didn't relent. It felt as if he would split me in two, and I wanted to squeeze my eyes closed, but he hurt me worse when I did, so I quickly learned to open myself to him, exposed and bare in every way so he could see every emotion I know had to pass over my face while he worked his hand farther and farther into me.

It felt as if he was prying my soul open, and not just my body. So many raw emotions I was overwhelmed in every way — physically and mentally.

But there was no escape from either his hands or his gaze, those oh-so-blue eyes that pierced my psyche and left me with no secrets.

A single tear escaped and ran down the side of my face despite the fact I wasn't crying, and Master's hand stilled in my ass a second before he pressed in a few more millimeters. My heart seemed to grow in my chest until it filled the universe, it was so full of love for Master.

Another couple of millimeters and I was pretty sure he was in past the knuckles, so all he had to do was slide his fist the rest of the way in, but he stopped and made an adjustment that spread me what felt like inches wider all at once, and I screamed loud and long while frantically trying to escape my bonds.

"Enough." It came out harsh and made me stop fighting, and Master quickly ordered, "Squeeze, slave. As hard as you can."

A scream escaped my chest when I squeezed because it truly felt as if I'd be ripped open. My asshole began to spasm around Master's fist, and I was suddenly afraid I'd lose control and orgasm.

"That's it. You have permission if it happens, but try to hold it in." His voice went from soft to strict. "Squeeze harder, boy."

His hand shifted inside me, my overextended muscles fruitlessly trying to tighten around Master's fist holding me wide open, and tears flowed from my eyes now even though I still wasn't crying. Or at least, I wasn't sobbing.

And then, finally, he pressed his fist into my ass so it was only opened as wide as his wrist, and I breathed out in relief.

"Relax again, boy. Rotate your feet in circles, focus on something besides your ass."

I did so a dozen times until he nodded, and then I stopped. It'd helped a little, and I fanned my toes out, which also seemed to help.

It was hard to keep my eyes open, but I managed it because I didn't want to hide *anything* from him, and then I choked on a sob when he opened his hand inside me. This wasn't about pain, it was about being owned, and I said, "Yours, Master. All yours. Completely."

"Not yet, but we'll get there, slave."

He closed his fist, pulled it nearly all the way to his knuckles, opening me impossibly wide again, and then pushed back in, pulled back to the widest part again.

Master did this over and over, a dozen times, with our gazes locked so I had no choice but to let him see into my soul.

He purposefully ran his strong fingers over my prostate, and I screamed, "Please allow your slave an orgasm, Master!"

Usually, I have to beg for a while, but he immediately said, "Permission granted," and pulled his hand back enough it stretched me open while he did something with his fingers around my prostate, and it wasn't a mere orgasm, but an explosion of pleasure with layers and layers of ecstasy, catapulting me through other worlds with foreign colors, and I was a prisoner to the frenzy, locked in place with no way to escape the throes of climax that went on and on until I finally collapsed, wrung out, and Master oh-so-gently removed his fist.

"Close your eyes, boy. I'm right here and I'm not going anywhere."

I drifted in the swing while Master used baby wipes to clean me, and I'm pretty sure he cleaned his own hands and arm. It took him a few minutes to release all the points of bondage, and then he was lifting me from the swing, supporting most of my weight when I stood, and he walked me to the bed.

"In you go. I'm going to clean up a little better and then I'll be back."

This was the first night I spent with Master in a bed without being bound to it, and I missed the comfort of it, but it was also as if I'd moved up a grade. An accomplishment.

Master held me and loved me, and as far as I know, didn't get off again until the following morning, when he pushed me under the covers — a clear signal he wanted my mouth on his dick. It started out a blow job but ended with me flat on my back getting my throat fucked, but that's the way it *should* be, between a Master and his slave.

* * * *

I'd known fisting him would pull us closer together, but the intensity of the scene turned me inside out and scraped every emotion raw. Davy was my boy now. It didn't matter how new we were, I'd found my boy.

I didn't realize I'd forgotten to lock him to the bed until the next morning, and I'd have to do better. It's a symbolism thing with me, but no one I bring home will have free rein in my home until we sign a permanent contract.

The fact I forgot just goes to show how much I trusted Davy so soon.

Chapter 12

Davy

I had the best week *ever* with my new Master. We cooked together, we ate together, and he kept me in a nearly constant state of arousal. He'd have me insert the heavy butt plug with a skinny neck when I got home from work, and then usually fuck my face while I was full of the plug. Hours later, he'd pull the plug out and fuck my ass, and I'd be as tight as ever after squeezing around it so I didn't lose it.

I went two days without another orgasm after the fisting scene because he fucked me without anything touching my dick even a tiny bit, and I'd get *so* close, but couldn't quite get there. Finally, I managed, but only because I was so damned horny I couldn't see straight. I was terrified he wouldn't allow it when I begged permission, but he relented and allowed it, and then came shortly after I finished. I'm pretty sure my orgasms send him over the top, but I wouldn't dare mention it to him.

And his house! It's like this big, huge castle on the outside, and not far from it on the inside. His bedroom is in the biggest turret, and it's ginormous, with a massive bigger-than-king-sized bed with a fancy metal canopy over it, and lots of tie-off points he assures me will hold me without fucking up his gorgeous bed. The house has seven bedrooms, a library, a workout room, a man cave, a living room, and this music room downstairs with tons of curtains even though there aren't any windows. Oh, and an inground swimming pool! I'm sure eventually I'll be able to find all the rooms without getting lost, but for now, I'm good to get from Master's bedroom to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the playroom and garage.

It was Friday morning and my asshole was deliciously tender, but not as sore as my abs, because my new Master had all kinds of sadistic exercises designed to probably give me ripped abs sooner rather than later. I'd worked fourteen hours the day before, and Master had fed me and cuddled me last night before rubbing my back until I fell asleep. This morning, he'd paddled my ass, fucked it, and then told me to shower and head to the garage to get dressed. He'd ridden with me to work, though his security people had driven us.

I finished the last job, and that meant I didn't have to be back to work until Tuesday. This job had been promised for Monday, so I was ahead of schedule and this particular customer was pleased to get his car back earlier than promised. I texted Master I was finished, and then went to the locker room to shower and get ready — and I went to a toilet stall first to put the butt plug in. He'd sent me with a little condiment container of olive oil for lube, and it was one of the stainless plugs with a huge bulb and a tiny neck. He'd never before ordered me to do anything like this at work, but I figured it was okay since my workday was over.

His security people had helped with the disguise two nights before, so I knew what to do. I slicked my hair back with gel, so it looked darker and was away from my face, rather than light brown and kind of fluffy. I'd practiced with the paint crap that went on my eyebrows to make them look darker and bushier, so it looked decent when I did it today, and then the brown eyeliner went on and smudged around my eyes a little.

Next came a large beauty-mark type freckle that I put over the top of a tiny scar I couldn't remember getting. The security guys said this only worked if I could be certain to put it in the exact same spot every time. Otherwise, multiple pictures of me would show it in a different place, and then they'd start looking for someone who looked like me without the great big freckle.

Apparently, they're called beauty marks on a woman's face, but on a man's face, it's just a mole or a birthmark. This was mole-sized, but flat, and more brown than black. It showed up, but it wasn't gross. The security people said people would focus on my glasses and the freckle, and wouldn't notice much else about me.

I put the glasses on last. They looked like expensive prescription glasses, but it was just the frames with plain blue-blocking lenses.

I hoped to fool the bikers when I came out, expecting to have to tell them who I was, but Bash saw me and knew who I was right away.

"Davy! Excellent disguise! Have fun this weekend. You deserve some time off."

"You recognized me, so it isn't that good."

"I saw you go into the locker room and figured it was about time for you to come out. I know your walk and your body type. It'll fool people who don't know you well. I'll walk you out. We're down to zero productivity because the entire shop is outside looking at the McLaren. Sweet ride."

“Yeah, and he got a copy of my driver’s license so he could get me put on the insurance! He thinks I’m going to drive it on part of the Cherochala Skyway!” I was terrified at the prospect.

Bash chuckled. “Lucky you, and that’s the perfect place to drive it. There shouldn’t be much traffic, and very few intersections to worry about. Biggest concern will be wildlife on the road, probably. You’ll be fine.”

I would *die* if I wrecked a two-million-dollar car, but Master didn’t seem to think the cost of the car should matter. When I told him my worries, he’d just said, “Life is short, Davy. Enjoy it while you can.”

I walked out and saw about a dozen people in a circle around the car, but I didn’t see my Master. I looked around the circle again, and then again. Maybe he’d gone inside to look for me? And then someone broke from the circle to walk towards me, and I recognized Master’s smooth-as-silk walk. He was dressed in dark brown pants, a light blue button-down shirt, and a brown-and-blue vest that didn’t really match the shirt or the pants but still looked really good with them. It shouldn’t have worked, but it did. He also had a little cap on, with messy dark brown hair spilling out of it. Not long but not really short. Definitely not his hair, though.

It didn’t look anything at all like him, but the body and walk told me who it was — and then he smiled and my heart skipped a few beats. The world went all swimmy, and all I could do was smile back. Bash was still standing beside me, and he leaned in and said, “Does my heart good to see you happy. Have a good weekend, Davy.”

He stepped forward, shook Master’s hand without saying anything, and left the two of us with some privacy. I mean, we were standing in the parking lot, but it was just the two of us together since everyone else was drooling over the car.

“I didn’t recognize you until you started walking.”

He nodded. “I’ve been trained in how to alter my gait when necessary, but no one followed me this morning, and no one’s going to be looking for me here. The car was rented under a corporation. The insurance people had to have my driver’s license, but my business manager is pretty good at finding places who keep information away from prying eyes.”

“You look like a cool nerd.” I looked down at my own khaki pants, navy button-up shirt, and loafers with fucking tassels on them. *Tassels*. “I think I just look like a fucked-up nerd.”

He kissed my forehead. “You’re adorable. C’mon, let’s go retrieve our car and get on the road. Are you hungry? We have reservations for a back room at a place in Etowah. It’s a little over an hour away. If you need a snack now, we can get security to grab us something before we get on the road.”

He’d explained the night before that he often regretted the fact he couldn’t be spontaneous on this kind of trip, because his security people had worked with his travel person to make sure he was in and out of places with the least risk of being recognized, and for this trip, in the McLaren, it would be even more important.

“I’m fine, Master. I’m excited about our trip, and I’m sure wherever we eat will be fine.”

We neared the circle of bikers and others who were looking at the car, and Master said, “For a bunch of guys who only drive American-made bikes, ya’ll are sure interested in the British-made car.”

“It’s a work of art,” Bash said. “An engineering marvel. Drive safe with our boy. We need him back in one piece, but have fun with the car.”

“Just not too much fun,” Bubbles said. “The Dragon’s Tail’s a blast to drive, but there are idiots everywhere.”

It took us another ten minutes to get away, and then it was just Master and me in the cockpit.

“That kind of felt like getting lectured by your parents and your big brothers,” Master laughed. “I’m glad you have people who care for you enough to look out for you like that.”

My face flamed red. “I’m sorry, Master.”

“No need to apologize. The fact the bikers think so highly of you speaks to your integrity. Any problems getting the disguise to work? It looks like you got everything exactly right.”

“The eyeliner is hard, drawing so close to my eyes, but it went on right the first time. The biggest bitch of the whole outfit is how comfortable these shoes are, Master. I want to hate them, but they fit perfectly. It’s like walking on a cloud, Sir.”

He chuckled. “Only the best for my boy. How’s the plug?”

“Large and heavy, Sir.”

Another chuckle. “Filled with your Master. We’ll swap it for something with a fat stem while we eat, and then go back to the skinny stem for the rest of our drive. I have a special treat for us Monday. I wasn’t sure I’d be able to pull it off, but I got confirmation this morning.”

“I’ve enjoyed this week with you, Master. It’ll be weird to go home when we get back.”

“And I’ll miss my slave, but you’ll be spending at least two nights per week at home during the temporary contract once we get past this first week.”

I sighed. “I know, Sir. You promised to tell me all about how things are when you’re on tour. I listened to a bunch of your

songs at work yesterday and today, and I've looked through the gossip sites this week while I ate lunch. I already know Hailey a little, and I guess her Suli persona is kind of like a different person?"

He shrugged. "We all work to portray our public personas a certain way while keeping our private lives to ourselves. The biggest thing the band has to deal with on a day-to-day basis on tour is Hailey's sunlight allergy. The bus has blinds that block out the sun during the day, but we can open them at night. Usually, on concert nights, it's two or three in the morning before we hit the bunks, sometimes four or five in the morning, so that's kind of become our normal sleep schedule all the time. We wake around noon, give or take a couple of hours."

Master works out more than anyone I've ever known, sometimes four or five hours a day, and I asked him, "Can you work out on the bus?"

"Yes. We have some free weights and a stairstep machine. Used to have a treadmill, but I get a better workout with the new machine. There's also space for crunches and push-ups, and a bar I can hang from for gravity crunches and pull-ups."

I winced at that because Master sometimes makes me hang from a bar by my knees and then do crunches while upside down. He calls them gravity crunches and I hate them, but Master canes my thighs and my ass when I slow down too much or go too fast. It's like having my own sadistic personal trainer, and I appreciate that he cares enough to make sure I'm doing everything right, but damn, he's a taskmaster.

And I *really* don't like the cane.

But he points out that I stay hard when he's overseeing my workouts, and it's impossible to argue with the truth.

"No workouts for you today, but we have some fun activities tomorrow that'll double as a workout. Also, I thought we'd go for a trail run in the park, and hike to the top of the Chimneys."

"The Chimneys? Can I look that up, Master?" I'm not allowed to use my phone without permission when we're together — so far, the only rule Master has added since we created the contract.

"Nope. It's two miles to the top, so a four-mile round trip, but there's like a quarter-mile elevation change, so the last part of it is insanely steep, but the views at the top are totally worth it. We'll be in different footwear tomorrow — no tasseled loafers on a hike."

"Well, at least that's something to look forward to."

"Also, we'll have to be ourselves for our fun-thing Monday, but the people we'll be dealing with have already signed an NDA, and the facility will have to pay a substantial fine if word about us being there gets out. They won't get our driver's licenses until about two hours before we arrive, and some of my people will be present with them from the time they find out until we leave."

My curiosity was at an all-time high, but there was no sense in annoying Master with questions. He'd tell me what we were doing when he was ready and not a second before. Also, he has experience living his life as Will without being seen as Lord Byron, so I told him, "I trust you to keep us safe, Master."

"And I value that trust more than you can possibly know."

We ate at this wonderful barbeque place, and then drove to a cool waterfall we could see from a bridge. Master said it was called Bald River Falls, and I'd have liked to get out and spend some time there, but we were on a schedule, so we were only there maybe five minutes before we headed to the Cherohala Skyway entrance, which it turned out was pretty close to the falls.

And the views from the top of the Skyway were magnificent. I got some great pics of the falls, but nothing compared to the pictures I got from some of the Skyway pull-offs. I did a three-sixty video at one stop, and it was just views and scenery no matter which way you looked.

But then Master sat in the passenger seat, and I shook my head at him before I realized what I was doing.

He lifted his brows a second and then frowned. "Fuck, Davy. Now I'm going to have to punish you tonight. You know better than to refuse an order, and me sitting over here was damned well an order for you to drive."

I looked at my feet, and he said, "Punishment just doubled. Am I wrong about you understanding your orders?"

My heart was in my feet, but I somehow managed to walk to the driver's side and get into the seat. Master had shown me where the controls were for the doors, and he'd sat me in the car while it was in his other garage, the one at the back of the property, and helped get the steering wheel and pedals in the right place. The seat doesn't move or adjust, but everything around the seat does. I closed the doors and then pushed the memory button for my settings, and everything moved towards me.

"Drive us to the next pull-off. It's only a few miles, so if you need to make adjustments, you can do so there. Mirrors look right? You can see where you should out of all of them?"

"Yes, Master. I apologize for my actions."

"I appreciate that, but I can't have you refusing to follow orders, slave."

"You haven't had to punish me yet, Master. I'm sorry if I've messed up some of our trip."

“We’ll handle it as soon as we get checked in. Start driving, Davy. I’m not mad, just disappointed. No one’s perfect. I’ll never expect perfection, but that doesn’t mean I can let it go when you refuse an order.”

I didn’t expect to enjoy driving the car, but I did, despite my anxiety. Master had explained how you let off the gas a little before going into a curve, and then get into the gas partway through it, and he talked me through doing so when we came to curves.

I made some small adjustments at the next pull-off, and everything was perfect when I started again. Once, on a long straightaway, Master told me to floor it. No way was I going to refuse an order again, so I double-checked to make sure the road was clear far in front of me, and I pushed the pedal all the way down.

And then removed my foot as fast as I could because I was plastered to the seat. A quick glance at the speedometer told me we were going one hundred and ten, which meant we’d been going faster than that while I had my foot still on the gas — and I couldn’t have had it floored for more than two or three seconds. Probably three, because it was hard to pull my leg back towards me with all the g-forces.

“Master! I don’t want to do that again.”

“And you don’t have to, at least not today, but it was important you understand the kind of power at your beck and call. On the next straightaway, I’d like you to speed up to around eighty if it’s safe to do so. Play around with how hard you can push the pedal and still be comfortable. You’ve been driving it like an old man, taking off slowly, and this car is meant to be played with. Safely, of course, but you can go a little wild and still be safe.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I drove a long time, probably forty or so minutes, and Master thankfully went back to the driver’s side when we got out at an overlook. I breathed in relief because the onboard map had shown we weren’t far from the end of the Skyway.

Once Master was back in the driver’s seat, he told the onboard system to call the chase car, and I wondered if his security chase car always had the same number, or if someone reprogrammed it every time he went somewhere.

When they answered, he said, “I’m going to do the Tail of the Dragon before we check in at the resort.”

“You two have fun, and remember we’re in an SUV trying to keep up while you’re on the Dragon’s Tail.”

Master chuckled. “I’m going to need thirty to forty minutes in the cabin before we eat. Also, help me remember to remind them of our six o’clock breakfast request when we check in. I want to be back on the Dragon’s Tail by six thirty in the morning.”

“Got it. Looks like it’s going to get down in the thirties tonight here, but we’d planned your clothing for that tomorrow. We have some jackets you can wear if you need them when we get out.”

I hadn’t even thought to check the weather. It’d been in the sixties or maybe even the seventies when we left Chattanooga. I’d noticed it was a little chillier on the Skyway, but nowhere near cold. I guess March in the mountains could probably be all over the place. I’d never owned a heavy coat in Florida, but I’d had to buy one my first winter in Chattanooga.

Master handled a couple more details before pushing the button on the steering wheel to hang up, and before long, he pointed to the left and said, “That’s where we’re staying tonight. It’s a really old Lodge with great food. They have some new-ish cabins down on the river, and we have one of them for the night. It’s a two-unit cabin with a door between the two, so we’ll have one unit and our security will have the other.

“On tour, I usually have Panda and Mira on me. A lot of people think Mira is a groupie I frequently fuck, and we let those rumors run rampant. In reality, Mira is a little scary and I’m not even a *tiny* bit interested in fucking her.” He shrugged. “I guess this is time off for them, too. The idea is that Mac and Ranger are with Will while Panda and Mira are with Lord Byron. It’s nice that Ghost travels with us, so we don’t need to have a Drake person inside the bus with us, but sometimes he flies home for a week or two, and then Mira is usually in the bus with us.”

“I’ve actually met Mac and Ranger before, Sir. Their girlfriend is Gen’s best friend, so I see them sometimes in the restaurant. I usually eat by myself, but if Matty’s there, he makes me eat in the VIP section with everyone.”

“You and Matty are close?”

“Yes. His best friend has been gone for *months*, and he’s kind of in a funk without her, so I’ve been spending more time with him. She works for Drake Security, too, but she’s like a lab scientist person. She didn’t used to go out of town for jobs like this, and she’s been gone for months and months. Will you tell me more about how things are on tour please, Master?”

“Honestly, it’s a lot of boring stuff between the concerts. A whole lot of time on the bus together. We play video games, work out, eat, whatever. We often play several nights at the same venue, and sometimes we try out new stuff on stage when the place is empty, since everything’s set up. Sometimes we write songs while we hang out, and then Hailey and Silver kind of just come up with music for the lyrics. Animal kicks in on his part, and the next thing you know, we’re well on the way to a new song. Mostly, we do that at home, but sometimes stuff just happens on the bus, or playing around on stage without an audience.”

“Do you always sleep on the bus? Where do you shower?”

“There’s a shower on the bus, but the reservoir is only big enough for the toilet, so unless we’re parked where there’s a water hookup…” He stopped talking while he maneuvered around a particularly tight curve. “A lot of venues have shower facilities for us, especially the ones built for hosting sporting events. We travel with a couple of buses, a box truck, and some seven-person SUVs. Also, the security vehicles, which are often smaller SUVs, built for performance in case there’s a car chase. Some cities, we stay at a nearby hotel, but we also sleep in the bus right outside the venue a whole lot.”

“And sometimes you do fun stuff, like amusement parks?”

“Absolutely. Hailey wanted to see this huge Car Henge thing somewhere out west, and it was so bizarre when we got there, we ended up making arrangements to return later and do a music video there. Silver wanted to see the La Brea Tar pits, and I wanted to see the giant redwoods. We’re still negotiating to do a music video there, but they want us to pay someone a hundred grand just to make sure we don’t damage the environment, and that feels like extortion, you know? I’ll probably end up paying it, but it’s just for an eight-hour shoot, which means the dude will make over twelve thousand dollars an hour.” He shook his head. “I’m guessing that money gets split between several people, and it’s bullshit. We aren’t going to hurt anything! And what happens if they decide we have to stay on the road and can’t get on the dirt!? They won’t tell us those parameters until we’re there and we’ve already paid for everything.”

He navigated a hairpin turn and said, “We’re here. First official curve of The Dragon. Talking comes later. Help be my eyes and ears. If you see a deer or other animal, point to it and tell me, so I can slow down in case it runs in the road. I’m going to be watching for oncoming cars and making sure I know how the road is beyond the next curve.”

The map was showing on the huge screen, so he had an idea of what was coming up. I’d used it a few times on the Cherohala, but it wasn’t anywhere near as winding as the Dragon’s Tail. I secretly wished I felt confident enough to ask to drive the car on this road, but I knew I wouldn’t be able to have the kind of fun on it that Master did. He went fast in places, but I was never scared. Thrilled, yes, but not scared. He was never out of control.

And that summed my new Master up, didn’t it? I’d never seen him out of control. I trusted him to control me because he controls his life so well. He knows who he is, what he wants, and how to make it all happen.

He drove in silence, but it was a comfortable silence while Master steered us around curve after curve, and I helped watch for forest animals.

But then my stomach fell into my feet when he pulled into the parking area of the resort he’d pointed out earlier.

I was due a reckoning, and it was time.

Chapter 13

Will

I'd worried we might need to do a punishment scene while we were on the trip, so I'd packed enough for play *and* punishment. Some submissives need to understand maintenance right off the bat, but others are well-behaved enough, it's better to start maintenance after their first punishment becomes necessary.

But I hadn't explained that to Davy when I'd told him the date of his first maintenance session would be determined later.

All my security people are supposed to be briefed on my sexual proclivities so they don't come rushing in, thinking someone needs rescuing. I couldn't recall if these two had ever been with me when I'd had a slave with me away from the house, so when I got my bags out of the back of their SUV, I told Ranger, "You saw Davy balk when I wanted him to drive. His next thirty or forty minutes aren't going to be pleasant, so you might want to give us a little extra space."

"None of my business, but good to know. Thanks for the heads up."

I didn't pay too much attention to the cabin when we walked in, but I noticed Davy looking around, obviously impressed. I needed him to focus, so I reminded him, "Clothes come off before you're three steps into the room — unless you want me to add to the punishment about to happen."

He immediately began unbuttoning his shirt from the top. "No, Master. Where do you want me once I'm naked?"

"Stay put and await further orders once you've draped your clothes over the chair. You'll be putting them back on to go eat when we finish."

I opened the suitcase, removed some steel wrist and ankle cuffs with zero padding because punishment isn't supposed to be about comfort, and settled them on the table. There'd be no adjustments for these. They easily snapped on but took two hands to get off.

He was rock hard when he took his pants off, so I filled a bowl from the cabinet with ice water and put it on the floor. "Plank position, slave, but with your legs spread."

Once he was in position I put the bowl under him and ordered, "Lower your dick and balls into the ice water and don't come up until I say you can."

I prepared the jailbird behind him once he was in the ice water, and when I determined he'd been in long enough to be soft, I ordered him to stand, and I put the jailbird on his dick without comment. Even soft, he's a decent size, so the jailbird was a little snug, but it'd be fine. It wasn't so tight blood flow was restricted. He'd be *most* uncomfortable if he tried to get hard, though.

Once it was on, I stepped back and told him, "Sit on the edge of the bed facing the door, on top of the towel."

Some slaves piss themselves the first couple of times they experience what Davy had in store, so while he undressed, I'd put some plastic down and a towel on top of it to make sure he wasn't irritated by the plastic.

I pushed him back, so he was on his back with his ass at the edge of the bed, and connected his right wrist to right ankle, ditto on his left side, and then hooked a spreader bar between his wrists and reached behind him to the rope I'd looped around the bedrail, and hooked the ends to the bar. He wasn't going anywhere until I released him.

The plug came out and a large electro-plug went in, but I didn't show it to him. He'd find out when I lit his ass up.

I put a tiny little TENS patch on each ball, kind of at two and ten o'clock because the farther apart I could get all three things, the bigger the area I'd be hurting.

While I hooked everything up to the TENS situated on a chair below his ass so he couldn't see, I told him, "We're far enough from the other cabins they won't hear some little noises, but I expect you to keep from screaming."

He nodded, remembered that's not good enough, and said, "I understand, Master."

I double-checked the settings and then pushed the button to hit him with a wave pattern nearly every human alive feels as the worst kind of pain imaginable.

A short scream escaped and then a long, heartrending whine that sounded more animal than human. I counted to seven and shut it off. "Ten times, but it'll get worse. Count them off and thank me for punishing you."

He gasped in air and mostly whispered, "One, Master. Thank you for punishing me."

I turned it up after the third and told him, "Okay, more juice, and each will be a little longer."

He didn't scream again, but he held his breath a whole lot. I make slaves breathe when I'm not restricting their noises, but if holding his breath was his process for remaining quiet, it'd be cruel to disallow it.

I turned it up again after the sixth, and on the next round piss squirted from his dick. I didn't shorten my count to twelve, though. The goal is to not have to punish my slave very often, so I make these sessions something to be terrified of.

When I finally turned the TENS off, Davy yelled, "I'm sorry, Master!"

"Not a problem. I put plastic under you. If you want that one to count, you should number it immediately.

"Seven Master! Please..." He hesitated, took a breath, and managed, "Thank you for punishing me so everything can be right between us again, Master."

Such a sweet, sweet boy. I wanted to hold him and soothe him, but it was important we finish, so I merely turned it on again for the eighth of ten.

I turned it up even more for the tenth round, and more piss came out, but not so much the towel couldn't soak it all up, so I decided to head into the second punishment due him without cleaning him up first. Tears rolled down the sides of his face, and they'd probably flow even more freely before I was finished. I put a pillow under his head and upper back to make sure he could watch this next segment, removed all the TENS equipment, including the butt plug, and replaced it with a plug that would hold him wide open while we ate.

And then I showed him the wooden spoon.

"The TENS was for shaking your head no. If you'd immediately gotten into the driver's side after I reprimanded you, we'd be done now, but you stood in place and had to decide whether to obey me or not when you *knew* you already had a punishment coming."

"Thank you, Master, for caring enough about your slave to punish him."

I used the handle on his balls because the spoon would be too much, and he got twenty-one strikes on each ball before I removed the jailbird and walloped his dick twenty-one times with the back of the spoon.

Finally, I released his wrist cuffs from the spreader bar, connected them together, and ordered him to hold his dick so the head was up and out of his hands, and I hit the head seven times with the back of the spoon, and then immediately unlatched his wrist cuffs.

"Punishment's over. Remove all the equipment except your butt plug. Clean everything I used and put it on the table so I can stow it away later. Rinse the towel out in the tub so it won't smell, and then hang it to dry. Rinse the plastic shower curtain and throw it away. If you wash your face, be careful of the freckle. Your hair needs some more gel to keep it back from your face. You have twelve minutes to meet me outside dressed and without tears. There's a jacket with your clothes. Wear it." I grabbed his phone, set the timer for twelve minutes and propped it so he could easily see the countdown, grabbed my own jacket on the way through the living room, and walked out the door.

The porch had rocking chairs, so I sat in one and considered Davy's language. I've never been one to require a slave to keep from using personal pronouns, but it sounded like my boy's first master hadn't allowed them. Saying *this slave* instead of *I* or *me* made you less of a person, and I was okay with Davy using that kind of language during punishments and when begging, but I didn't really want him to the rest of the time. So far, he hadn't, but should I talk to him about it before he did? It felt like I should, so I made a mental note to have the conversation with him.

He came out at the eleven-minute mark and showed me his phone, as he's supposed to. I turned the countdown off, and he slid the phone into his pocket.

I could see a few signs he'd recently cried, but it was probably the best he could do such a short time after bawling his eyes out. The freckle was in place and the gel still sparkled a little because it hadn't had a chance to fully dry. I watched it go matte seconds after he came outside, so he must've put it on as he walked through the cabin.

"Do you need to wash your hands?"

"No, Sir. I wiped the gel off with a towel."

I stood and pulled him into my arms. "Punishment's over, Davy. We're good."

He wrapped his arms around me and held on as if I were a lifeline, and I gave us a good thirty seconds to enjoy each other's embrace before I released him. He immediately let go of me, and I grasped his hand and walked him the two hundred yards to the lodge's restaurant.

* * * *

Davy

Dinner was excellent, and then people came to our room with their tables to give us side-by-side massages.

Had Master been relegated to that kind of punishment because of the massages? Would he maybe have caned me or belted me, if he hadn't had to worry about someone seeing my ass and the backs of my legs? I didn't know and wasn't inclined to ask. It had been horrible while it happened, and my dick still hurt a little, but my balls were fine. He'd given me permission to remove the plug before the massage, thankfully. *Damn*, I'd felt it all through dinner, spreading my asshole wide open.

While we ate, Master told me I'd spend the night with him Monday night, go to work Tuesday, and then go home Tuesday evening. "Wednesday night will be your first maintenance session, and whether you get it twice a week or once a week will depend on your attitude and manners."

Once, he'd told me maintenance isn't as bad as punishment, and that was a relief, but he was also clear it was designed to remind me of why I didn't want to be punished.

But I couldn't think too much about that. This was our weekend away, and that meant enjoying each other's company. I wanted to apologize again for forcing him to punish me, but the rule is that once punishment happens, it's over. He'd be displeased with another apology.

Master's dick was in my mouth about ten seconds after the two massage therapists left, with me on my knees. He finished in about ten minutes, his hands wrapped around the back of my head and his dick buried in my throat.

And then he allowed me to go to the restroom before he crammed another fat-necked plug up my ass, locked my ankle cuff to the chain looped around the bedrail, and then Master spooned behind me.

"Sleep, slave. We have an early morning tomorrow."

He'd only left me free the one night, and it felt good, being locked to the bed beside him. Comforting. I was his property, and this was a physical proof he owned me.

* * * *

Will

Saturday morning was fantastic — I fucked his face again and came down his throat, we had an early breakfast, and then had the Tail of the Dragon nearly all to ourselves.

The road leading to Cades Cove was also fun to drive, but when we arrived, we parked the McLaren at the gift shop and rode the loop in the SUV with Mac and Ranger because I wasn't certain about one of the big dips in the road. It probably would've been okay, but you only go a few miles an hour when on the loop, so it isn't like I was going to have fun driving it, and I had more fun watching for wildlife with Davy from the back seat of the SUV.

We were there early enough, we saw tons of deer and turkey, and even saw a bear cross the road and disappear into the forest.

I absolutely drove the McLaren on the Roaring Fork Motor Trail when we got to Gatlinburg, though — and then parked it at our cabin and let the security guys drive us to The Melting Pot for a late lunch. We wore caps and sunglasses to walk all through Gatlinburg, the left side of the road all the way to the Aquarium, and then the other side of the road on the way back, where we bought fudge, went through a car museum, did a tasting tour of a distillery/brewery, and just generally had fun with each other.

I saw pieces of Davy's sense of humor I hadn't seen before, and I noted he was good at modulating his language around others, speaking respectfully without using Sir or Master. I asked Mac and Ranger to take us through the Roaring Fork Motor Trail again, and we saw *nine* bears this time, when we'd only seen squirrels the first time — not even a deer. We also saw a huge buck about a mile after we left the motor trail this time.

We stopped at TGI Fridays, where Mac ran inside to get our to-go order while Ranger circled the block because finding a parking spot wasn't going to happen, and then we headed to the cabin, where the four of us sat down to eat together.

Often, only one security person will eat with me while the other patrols the area, but we felt certain no one had recognized me, and the cabin's driveway was damned steep. No one was going to sneak up on us.

"We're going to play some pool when we finish eating, and we'll need some privacy for that," I told Mac and Ranger. "Later tonight, we have reservations at one of the go-kart places in Pigeon Forge, and I want to drive the McLaren, maybe do some extra cruising passes on the way back."

Ranger and Mac looked at each other a few seconds, and Ranger said, "We can make it work as long as you slow to wait for us if a light catches us. The plan was for us to drive you tonight, but I understand you don't have the car long."

Chapter 14

Davy

Sunday morning, Master got us up when it was still dark outside again, and we had an awesome pancake breakfast and then we went to the top of this place before the sun came up, so we could watch the sunrise with a little fire-heater thing from this awesome perch above the trees.

And then we did a gravity coaster down the mountain, rode the chair lift back to the top, hiked on a crazy rope bridge, ziplined, did a ropes course, had some beer and burgers with a couple of yummy sides on the platform with the fire, and then rode a different mountain coaster down, decided which we liked best, and rode back to the top to do the zipline for another hour, and finally rode our favorite coaster back to the bottom again.

Our security people drove us into the National Park and eventually to the trailhead for the Chimneys, and the four of us hiked to the top. Master hadn't been kidding about how steep the last part of the trail is, but the three-sixty views at the top were *totally* worth it. I've never understood the draw of hiking, but I got it, standing on top of the mountain we'd just hiked.

We went to a dinner show with horses and all kinds of craziness later that night, and then Master took me back to the cabin and fucked my ass like he wasn't even a tiny bit tired — hard and fast and long. He'd put a super-heavy plug in with a skinny neck after we left the place with the ropes and stuff, so I was extra tight, but it hurt in all the best ways, and I even managed to be close enough to beg for an orgasm — and be granted permission!

Best. Day. Ever.

* * * *

Will

I had two orgasms Friday, three Saturday, and three Sunday, so it was good Davy finally got one Sunday night.

Other than the punishment session and the times I used his body to get myself off, we'd had mostly the energy of boyfriends with an air of power exchange. He called me Sir and Master around Ranger and Mac, and of course when we were alone, but knew better than to do so in public. Still, even in public, he did as he was told and he deferred to me when people asked us something.

We were on a tight schedule today, our last day, but there was still lots of room for fun. We had another early breakfast and then drove through the park to Cherokee, where we shopped a little, hiked the straight-up mile to Mingo Falls, and then drove backroads to north Georgia.

When we were about thirty minutes out, I told him, "Panda and Mira are already where we're going, to make sure no one spills the beans about the fact we're on the way. They needed our driver's licenses in time to square all the insurance stuff away."

He didn't ask a million questions because he's been well trained, and I smiled to myself, enjoying upping the anticipation a little more before I shared my big surprise.

"We'll both have our own experience first, alone, and then we'll have some time together. Since you're comfortable with Mac and Ranger, they'll be with you while Panda and Mira are with me." I glanced at him and looked back to the road. "You are to follow their orders no matter what. If they say duck, you duck. If they pick you up and start running, you hold on and make it as easy as possible for them to get you to safety. I don't foresee any problems because it's a closed course with a lot of security to start with, plus we're bringing our own, but if I find out you gave them problems I'll be most displeased."

"I understand, Master."

"Do you know what Road Atlanta is?"

"I know what the Atlanta Motor Speedway is, Master."

"Completely different place, and not especially close to Atlanta, actually. There's a racing school that teaches at the track, so you'll get a private lesson in defensive driving as well as racing basics. You'll be in one of their cars, and the price of the class covers any damage to the car. If you follow their instructions you won't wreck, so that isn't a license to crash, but so long as no one's hurt, it won't be some tragic event."

Okay, enough about that. Back to the fun stuff. "While you're taking the first part of the class, I'll be able to race the

McLaren around the track at high speed — though I'll have an instructor with me the first fifteen minutes to help me brush up on what I've learned in the past before I go solo and hopefully full out." I shrugged. "Not completely solo. Either Panda or Mira will be in the McLaren's passenger seat once the instructor no longer is. Your car will have a backseat, so you'll have either Mac or Ranger with you even when the instructor is with you."

"Thank you, Master." He rubbed his leg with the palm of his hand. "If you'd done this before you made me drive, or before we had so much fun on the coasters yesterday, I think I'd have been horrified, but I'm actually excited about learning to drive a car fast while still being safe."

* * * *

Will

The McLaren W1 is advertised with a top speed of two hundred and forty miles per hour, but I'd probably have to rent the Atlanta Motor Speedway to get it that high, and honestly, the one hundred and fifty-three miles per hour I reached is about as fast as I think I want to go. The top Road Atlanta speed is supposed to be one hundred and sixty, so I figure I got pretty close to the professionals.

Of course, I was on the track all by myself, and not with a whole pack of cars. That would be a totally different scenario.

They worked with Davy on another track for a couple of hours, and I pulled into the pits when they let me know it was time for him to move to the main track. I had an open phone line while I drove, and they had the same thing between Davy's instructor and the main control people, so I parked the car and made my way to the tower, where I could listen in. Also, I could see the various cameras around the track, and see the on-board camera's feed.

Ranger sat with me, while Mac and Panda were situated at two points on the track, and Mira was in the tiny backseat of the BMW my boy was driving. Later, he'd drive a Porsche and Mira would be down in the pits, since there wouldn't be a backseat.

And then eventually, he'd drive the McLaren, though I didn't think he'd make it much above a hundred miles per hour, since he was only doing around ninety on the straightaways now.

I took lots of pictures from the tower — both of what I could see by looking out the glass, and of the various monitors. I did a little video on the impressive parts of the track, and made a mental note to get some pics and videos of me in and around the McLaren so the Road Atlanta stuff showed. We'd be doing a music video featuring the car in a few weeks, and that meant I could write the car's rental off on my taxes. Some pics from here would let me write the track rental off as well, though I'd have to get my intellectual property attorney to read the fine print of the contract to make sure I didn't need some extra licensing to use their brand.

Davy and I weren't in disguise this afternoon since everyone here knew who we are, and everyone present had signed an NDA.

I heard the instructor gently encouraging my boy to get into the gas a little more, talking him through steering and breaking before the curves and then hitting the gas to pull out of them, and I approved. My instructor had been more about cautioning me to slow down more before the curves, but once he realized I could handle the high speeds, he'd chilled. I'd gradually increased speeds until I felt I was at my limit, and then he'd helped me figure out where I could go faster. When I finished, they told me my lap speeds were on par with the professionals, but I reminded them I was all alone on the track. No way would I want to be out in a pack of cars doing those speeds.

Davy didn't freak when they moved him to the Porsche, but when they told him it was time for the McLaren, he said, "Oh, no. I don't think that's a good idea."

I hadn't spoken yet because I didn't want him to know I was listening in, but it seemed the right time to do so. "It's fine, Davy. Start out a little slower than what you made it to in the Porsche and work your way up as you gain confidence. When you finish, I'll make a few more laps, and then we can go somewhere nice to eat. Have fun with it, Davy. It's why we're here."

He drove the McLaren for nearly an hour, and then I had forty minutes before our time was up, and I used every second of it. Also, I insisted no one rode with me during those forty minutes. If I crashed, I'd only hurt myself and not someone else. Panda tried to insist he or Mira ride with me, but I put my foot down. The track was closed and there was tons of security. I'd be fine.

And I was.

Chapter 15

Davy

Master told me during our first dinner together that he's a big fan of being inside his slaves all the time, and he'd warned me I'd be plugged a whole lot of the time.

This means he went to a nice big family bathroom with me before we left the track, and he had me bend over so he could put a fat plug in me.

He also put his hair in a bun and changed shirts while I put my freckle and hair gel back on.

We had a really nice dinner in an old antebellum mansion, and I guess those are rare in Atlanta because the Yanks burned so many of them, but this one was far enough away from Atlanta, it got missed. Or that's what the history of the place on the back of the menu said. I hadn't known antebellum meant it was from before the Civil War. I was learning all kinds of things with my new Master.

When we left the restaurant, Master went to the passenger side to get in, and I forced my feet to walk to the driver's side. I pushed the button to move everything around the seat to my settings, and then leaned my head back and closed my eyes.

"I'm not refusing, Master, but I want to go on record to tell you I don't want to drive home."

"I don't like having to explain myself, but we're building trust, slave, so I'll tell you my plan is for you to drive about forty-five minutes on the mountain roads, and I'll take the wheel again before we get to the interstate."

I felt awful for not trusting him. "I'm sorry, Master. I should've trusted you."

"We'll get there. Most likely, we'll swap out in Resaca, but if we run into more traffic than expected before then, we'll find a safe place to pull over. I'll keep an eye on the map and let you know if I see sharp curves coming up."

"You don't want to play on the curves, Master?"

"I want you to play on them, Davy. Stop dawdling and let's go."

The curves were ever so much more fun now that I knew how to properly handle the car. Master had helped me figure it out Friday on the Charohala Skyway, but the instructor had forced me past my comfort zone, and that had moved my comfort zone. I rounded a corner and had to get hard into the brakes when a car was going super slow, but I stopped way before I hit him, so it was okay. Still, it was terrifying for a few seconds.

"Excellent reflexes," Master said. "I think you'll probably be okay on the interstate, but we won't push things this evening."

"It's going to be dark soon, Master."

"Sunset's still an hour away, but it gets dark a little earlier in the mountains."

And then he stopped talking and let me concentrate.

I was both relieved and a little sad when it was time to make the swap. Mostly, I was relieved.

I knew I was tired, but I didn't mean to fall asleep once Master started driving. I guess I did, though, because he had to wake me up once he was in the garage.

"I'm sorry, Master!"

"You've had a big day, and a big weekend before that. The first time you drive that fast takes a lot out of you. I'm used to recovering from adrenaline rushes. No apologies. Also, no hanky-panky in this garage. The rental company required cameras in the garage it'll be housed in, and the feed goes to them. I'm going in a different door than you. You'll go through the garage and meet me in my bedroom."

I hadn't been naked at all times in the cabin in Gatlinburg, since the living room and kitchen were shared areas with Ranger and Mac, but we were back at Master's house, now, where I'd be naked when inside at all times.

I didn't expect to see other people, though. I mean, I was used to his house manager being there during the day sometimes, but Master was sitting in one of the foyer seating areas with a girl, and it took me a moment to recognize her as Silver, part of his band.

"Ah, here he is. Silver, meet Davy. Davy, this is Silver."

I froze, not knowing what to do. Should I step so Silver didn't see my rock-hard cock? It was in the process of going soft, but it wasn't quite there.

Master resolved my dilemma by motioning me to him and pointing to the floor. I kneeled beside his legs, and Silver said,

“It’s nice to meet you, Davy, and we’re kind of used to Will’s playthings running around naked.”

“I’ll never share you with my bandmates.” Master ran his hand through my hair and encouraged me to lean against his leg. I came off my knees, sat on my butt, and leaned into the warmth of my Master.

“Even if our next contract allows me to share you with whomever I please, you’ll be off limits to Animal, Hailey, and Silver. I might occasionally order you to blow Charlie or Mitch, my manager and producer, but nothing like that during this contract. However, our current agreement requires you to be naked when inside my home, and that’s not negotiable.”

“Of course, Master.”

“Good boy. Silver is probably going to want some wine today, based on the way she’s dressed, and I’d like some beer. You can get yourself a beer as well. Bring the entire wine bottle for Silver, along with a glass. Open the wine before you bring it. Open our beers, too. I don’t need a glass.”

“Yes, wine would be great,” Silver told Master, and then looked to me. “The top row of the wine fridge should be all concord. It’s what I almost always prefer when I want a nice red. For future reference, the second row holds the white I prefer.”

Master had shown me where the trays are, and I could’ve carried the two beers and a glass of wine easy enough without one, but I didn’t want to risk it since I needed to carry the entire wine bottle as well. I’d done a little of everything on the cruise ship, including being a waiter, and I’ve never been so happy for the experience.

I could hear them talking while I climbed the steps, “... I guess I just needed a night to myself in a safe space, and I can’t thank you enough for creating one for all of us.”

“You know you’re always welcome. I think it was good we’ve all had time away from each other, but I expect the others will begin to show up sooner rather than later, here and there.”

“Oh, I think Ghost and Hailey are going to enjoy more than a week or two of alone time before we see them again.”

Master chuckled. “No doubt. I had Davy get some stills and some video of me in and around the car at Road Atlanta today in both portrait and landscape. Not sure if we’ll be able to work them into the music video, but I sent them all to Mitch and Charlie, just in case.”

“It’s cool that camera phones are finally a high enough resolution we can use them for that kind of thing now. Also, I’m glad I didn’t know that’s what you were doing today. I’d have worried.” She glanced at me and back to Master. “If he didn’t know who you were at first, does he know the rest of us?”

“Answer her, Davy.”

“I read some of the gossip websites, so if they’re right then I guess I know a little about you, but I suspect some of them are bullshit. There’s a video clip of you saying you don’t care what pronouns people use, so I assume that’s right?”

She nodded, and she was definitely giving off girl vibes today. “Right. I mean, I might pause a few seconds if someone calls me a ‘he’ when I’m wearing a mini skirt and heels with girl makeup on, but if that’s the way they see me, then okay. I don’t need other people to define me. I know who I am. When I’m out, I use the bathroom I’m dressed for, and our business manager puts it into my contract that I can use any backstage bathroom I please.”

“Are you seeing someone? The gossip sites seem frustrated that they can’t catch a picture of you with a significant other.”

“Not right now.”

She clearly didn’t want to say more, so I changed the subject. “You played the cello in middle school and high school? When did you start playing the guitar?”

“Yes, we had an orchestra instead of a band. Our director put together an after-school jazz band, or that’s what they called it, but we played more pop stuff than jazz. I mostly taught myself the guitar, but he helped me get better.”

“Hailey’s hobby is learning new instruments,” Master said. “She’s pretty much mastered the violin, and Mitch is negotiating for the rights so we can do a remake of Bohemian Rhapsody.”

Silver looked alarmed, and Master said, “He’s trustworthy.”

“I know he has to be, for you to share that kind of thing with him.” She looked to me. “And that tells me Will intends for you to be around a long fucking time. So, welcome to the family.”

“I told you he’s...”

Master trailed off, and Silver rolled her eyes. “Yeah, you did, but I guess I didn’t take you seriously enough.” She stood. “I’m going to take my wine to the top-level hot tub, if ya’ll aren’t going to use it.”

“Hadn’t planned to,” Master said, “but now that you mention it, a hot tub might be the perfect ending to our little vacation. We’ll use the one on my balcony if we decide to, though. Have at it.”

What had he told Silver about me? Did I dare ask?

“I’m not sure if it’s okay to ask or not, Master, but I’d like to know what you told Silver, please.

“Kneel facing me.”

While I moved into position, he said, “There are some things a slave shouldn’t ask, but I think most of those items are only relevant in a scene. When we’re like this, most things are okay to respectfully ask.”

He paused, looking me over, and I straightened my spine a little more. Master leaned forward and cupped my cheek in the warmth of his palm. “I told her I’m pretty sure you’re the one I’ve been looking for, the first part of my poly group.” Before I had a chance to respond, he added, “Grab two more beers for both of us and bring them to the bedroom.”

His wording made it clear he wanted me to get his brand and my brand, and I got them and then climbed the steps to Master’s turret bedroom — and then stopped in my tracks when I saw a fucking station mounted in his room.

Master’s bedroom is circular and huge. Like, five or six times bigger than my whole house. There’d been a cross with plenty of room to use any kind of whip on the person bound to it, and it was still there, but now the fucking station was right in front of one of the windows, so I’d look out at the wonderful view while being fucked. And, I suppose Master would see the view, too.

Master turned some music on through the television — it’s a ninety-inch monstrosity with speakers all around us, so it’s total surround sound, and the music filled the circular room.

But his bedroom only has windows on about half of the circle. Because the room takes up the entire turret, Master’s bathroom and closet are in the house part of the structure. There’s a large sitting room one floor up, with three-hundred-and-sixty-degree views since it’s above the other rooflines.

“You told me I’m not allowed to go on the balcony, Master.”

“That rule hasn’t changed, because a telephoto lens can get shots too easily from outside the walls. The hot tub is behind some plants and other visual shielding, but they can see us walk from the door to the tub. I spend time outside because I live here and I don’t care if they get pictures of me, but since you don’t want to be seen with me…” He shrugged. “There’s a way to get you to the hot tub, though.”

It turns out, Master just held a giant umbrella up to shield me for the ten steps it took to get to the hot tub. He already had the lid off, and once I was in the water, I could see that there’d be no way for someone to get pics from outside the property.

“Security installed some stuff to make it hard to fly a drone over the property,” Master told me. “Kind of an aerial obstacle course. Technically, there’s this ban against flying them here, so the software keeps people off the property, but it isn’t terribly hard to hack them so you can fly them wherever you want. There are also special drone sensors, so we know if there’s a drone close by, and these air jet things that’ll usually crash the smaller ones if the operator isn’t really good. It’s illegal to shoot a drone down, but it’s apparently legal to create air turbulence so long as you say it’s for insect control and not to shoot drones down.”

“It’s kind of a pain, isn’t it, Sir? Having to do so much to protect your privacy?”

“Comes with the job, and I *love* my job. My life is a dream come true, and you have to take the good with the bad. What was your favorite part of the weekend?”

That was easy. “Spending so much time with you, Master. Just being with you, learning more about you, having fun with you. I mean, I love our time in the playroom, but it feels more like a relationship, now, and I’m figuring out I never really had that before. I was a slave and not a boyfriend, but it feels like I’m going to be a little bit boyfriend and a whole lot slave.”

“Is that going to work for you?”

“Yes, Master, in all the best ways. It’s another of those dream-come-true things, but I didn’t even know it was what I dreamed.”

“Bubbles saw you as a person and not just a slave.”

“But it wasn’t romantic. It was an arrangement, not a relationship. I mean, I think we were kind of friends after a while, but it wasn’t anything like *our* weekend together, Master.” I sighed. “And it feels good to be able to call you Master so much again.”

“You did good in public. Amazingly good. It’s hard to show the right kind of respect without drawing attention to it, but you pulled it off perfectly.”

I could feel myself glowing at the praise. “Thank you, Master.”

“Okay, favorite *activity* over the weekend.”

“Oh, the dinner show was great. The first time we did the ropes course I didn’t really enjoy it that much. It was hard and really scary, but the second time was a lot more fun. The coaster thing was the same way, and I had a blast the last time we went down it. The Melting Pot was a lot of fun, cooking our food and feeding it to each other. And I don’t know exactly how I feel about Road Atlanta, it was more educational than fun, and it was a lot of work, but it was also fun, and it’s something very

few people ever get to do.”

“I asked my business guy to find out what it would take to rent the track at the Atlanta Motor Speedway for an afternoon, but he’s just supposed to check into it. I don’t really think I want to do it, but it might be cool to get some footage for the music video.”

“Where are you filming the music video, Sir?”

“Several places. Two are wedding venues. One’s on the banks of the Tennessee River, the other is a farm down in Ringgold, with a huge barn, and a pond in a meadow. We also have permission to set up cameras around the W Road so we can get some shots of it going up and then back down. The police will close the curves off for about ten minutes, so we’re the only car on the road. It’s timed at ten in the morning on a weekday, when I guess there’s the least amount of traffic during daylight. We’ll do it at three in the morning, too, so we have day and night shots. There’ll be time for us to get out and do some parts of the song around it in the road when we do it in the middle of the night.”

He blew out his breath. “Unless it’s heavily overcast, Hailey won’t be able to be part of the daytime video, so I imagine we’ll mostly use the night shots. Same with the other locations. We have them both reserved in the evening so we can get some shots in the daylight, at twilights, and then in the dark with lots of lighting.”

Right, because Hailey has a sunlight allergy. I hadn’t known that was a real thing. In the dark ages she’d have probably been staked or beheaded by the villagers who’d have thought she was a vampire. Her bedroom here was in the basement, and she rarely came aboveground during the day.

“What was your favorite part of our trip, Master?”

He motioned me to come closer, so I moved to him and settled kind of in his lap with his arms around me. I love Master’s touch, Master’s embrace, and I melted into him. The water came up to my chin at first, and he resituated so it came up to my collarbone.

“I think my first answer is the same as yours,” he said. “An overall enjoyment of spending time with you outside of scenes. I think the hike up the Chimneys and Road Atlanta are probably tied for second.” He took a swig of his beer. “Oh, and the sunrise up on the platform with you beside me. So, a three-way tie.”

“Is there something I should do to prepare myself for maintenance, Master?”

“Other than not eating after lunch, I don’t think so.”

I had so many questions, but I wasn’t sure what I could ask. Master had changed the subject when I’d asked about maintenance and boot camp, so I thought I’d ask my questions another way.

“I get the feeling you don’t want to talk to me about maintenance or the boot camp you say will happen after we sign a more permanent contract.”

“Smart boy. You know maintenance will be rough, but not as bad as punishment. Boot camp seems pretty self-explanatory, and to be honest, I want you to sign a contract without knowing for sure what it’ll involve. If you don’t trust me enough to do that, we have no business hoping this is going to be long-term.”

I was cradled in his arms, and he kissed the top of my head and kind of pushed me away. “I’d like a foot massage now, slave.”

I moved to sit at the base of the molded lounge chair he was using, down below his feet. He lifted his foot and I rested his heel on my leg, and then rubbed and massaged his feet as best I could. While I gave him a foot massage, he asked me more questions. “Have you ever had anyone use stinging nettles on you?”

“No, Master.”

“I enjoy chemical play — hot peppers, cinnamon, that kind of thing. I haven’t done so yet with you because I don’t want to do anything to create an unwanted allergic reaction. Stinging nettles are all about the reaction to them, but without knowing how your body will react...” He sighed. “Not the end of the world if we can’t. I’m going to assume abrasion play is okay.”

“Abrasion play, Master?” I had no idea what that meant.

“Just what it sounds like. The kindest form is something like a bristled hairbrush over your nipples, dick, or balls. The more extreme form involves nail files and sandpaper.” He was silent a second and added, “There are videos of people using round hairbrushes to fuck vaginas and assholes.”

I didn’t say anything because asking him not to do something isn’t allowed unless I want to add it to my list of hard limits. I didn’t want to go to that extreme, and I couldn’t think of anything else to say, so I focused on his foot.

After about a moment of silence, I finally said, “I don’t think I’d like that very much, Master, but as long as the materials don’t cause an allergic reaction, it falls within the scope of our contract.”

“Meaning you’re admitting it’s open season. Has anyone ever used hot peppers or cinnamon on you?”

“Yes, Sir. Fluoride-free cinnamon toothpaste. The mint stuff, too. It hurt, but not because I had a reaction, Master.”

“Good to know. Friday evening, I’ll probably do a test of some substances on your arm or leg. I’ll get the ingredients tomorrow or the next day. You’re good with olive oil, coconut oil, and shea butter, so I’ll use one of those as a base. I’ll also set up a time with my massage therapist, so she can teach you how to give me foot massages and hand massages, to start. We’ll work up from there, but if you come to me on the road I’m going to want foot massages, and I’ll likely order you to give Silver a hand massage. Possibly Hailey, but Ghost usually handles that.”

“Do you know Silver’s legal name, Master?”

“I do, but I don’t share it with anyone. Silver will tell you what Silver wants you to know.”

He clearly didn’t want to talk about Silver, so I went back to the previous subject. “I’m sorry I don’t know how to give a proper foot massage, Master.”

“No apologies. It feels good just having you touching them. I’ll use the umbrella to get us inside, and then you can dry me, then yourself. Situate yourself on the fucking station once you’re dry.”

I love drying Master, starting at his shoulders and working down. He usually puts his hair in a towel so it doesn’t drip everywhere, but tonight he’d put it in a bun so it didn’t get wet.

Master went to the bathroom while I dried myself, and I was only on the fucking station maybe thirty or forty seconds before he came out, donned a condom, removed my plug, jammed his cock in with no warmup and what I’m pretty sure was only the lube on the condom, and then fucked me hard and fast. He was finished before I was ready to beg for an orgasm, which meant I went to bed plugged and hard as a rock.

Master had me go pee before he locked my ankle to the bed, and then he went right to sleep, but I was awake a while before I drifted off, probably because I napped in the car.

Or because of the hard-on I couldn’t seem to convince to go the fuck away. I’m allowed to pee in the shower when I have a hard-on, as long as I wash wherever the pee touched right away. It’s nice of him to allow it, but tonight it might’ve been better for me to be iced before he sent me to pee. I can go soft on command, usually, but Master hadn’t commanded it and my dick wasn’t listening to me.

Also, being locked up didn’t help matters. The very act of locking me to the bed is a statement of ownership. It’s comforting. Another mark of being a slave. His hand on my back in his sleep said I was also loved. A beloved slave.

Chapter 16

Davy

It felt good to be back at work, using my hands to make old things look new again, or at least pretty again, because retro stuff is still shaped like old stuff even if you wrap it in new material.

Matty met me for lunch and wanted to know *all* about my weekend, but I had to be careful which parts I told him, to make sure I didn't say something Master wouldn't want me to.

I told him some of the things we did, but he wanted the fun details, sex stuff, and I told him, "I don't think he'd want me talking about that. I haven't asked him, and I need to do that before I share personal stuff."

"I can't talk about Will to other people," Matty told me. "Daddy would make it so I couldn't sit down for a *month* if I spilled secrets about Will. It's a club thing, right? Protecting the entire band and their secrets."

"I know, but I need to make sure Master is good with me sharing private stuff with you. Also, there's some stuff about new songs that I don't think he'd want me talking to *anyone* about. I mean, ya'll hear new stuff before it goes public, but that's after they've mostly polished everything, so they think the songs are ready for the public. He says ya'll give them feedback before they share them publicly."

Thankfully, he changed the subject. "Did you get to drive the car?"

"I was terrified! The first time, it was on this road that goes over the top of mountains, and there were hardly any other cars, but I was still scared I'd fuck up and wreck a two-million-dollar car."

"Does that mean there was a second time?"

"Yeah. He rented Road Atlanta, and someone taught me how to drive in ways no one ever has before. A lot of it was defensive driving stuff, and how to get away from someone chasing me, that kind of thing, but then it was all about how to drive fast, and how to handle curves. I got up to a hundred and ten miles per hour on the straightaways! So much fun! Still a little scary, but more fun than scary. He made me drive on actual mountain curves when we left, but I managed it okay. Thankfully, he took over before we got to the interstate."

"I am so happy for you! Seriously happy for you. Do you think maybe we can do something together, the four of us?"

"I'll check with Master." I hesitated a second and asked, "Do you know what a boot camp is? I mean, in our lifestyle?"

He was eating his burger with a fork since he didn't have a bun, and he put his fork down. "It's a thing in the DD community — domestic discipline. It's like, a spanking every morning to start the day, and there are essays to write, questionnaires to fill out, and orders given kind of randomly throughout the day with immediate punishment if you don't jump straight to obeying. I think there's corner time and some other stuff built into the day. It's designed to get the wife in the habit of obeying, and to put her in the right submissive mindset to let her head-of-household be in charge of decisions, so she doesn't argue about them or expect to have the right to certain things."

"Master says if we get to the point where we sign a permanent contract, I'll have a week-long boot camp, and that if I need details about it before I'll initial a contract, it means I don't trust him enough to enter into a permanent long-term relationship."

"I mean, either you trust him to be your Master or you don't, right? If you think he'll do something to cause harm to you physically or emotionally then he's right — you shouldn't agree to anything at all, much less a TPE type contract."

I worked a total of thirteen hours before going home, and I spent about fifteen minutes in the shower, as long as the hot water lasted, before I looked up how to give a proper foot massage and watched a few instruction videos. I did a search for Lord Byron for anything posted in the past week, and was relieved no one figured out it was us during our trip.

I did crunches to failure, push-ups to failure, and then a plank as long as I could, and I texted Master the numbers I'd made it for all three. He texted back a video of someone doing stretching exercises, and he told me he wanted me to follow along with the video. The girl doing it was super flexible, but a girl behind her was doing the same things but was at about my level of flexibility, so I watched her more than the main girl, and it worked out okay.

And then all day at work the next day, I wondered what would happen during maintenance.

I opted for a huge salad with grilled chicken for lunch, just to make sure I didn't have anything heavy in my stomach since he said not to eat again after lunch. Mac picked me up without Master, and then deposited me into the garage. Some different wrist and ankle cuffs were on the shelf — not as uncomfortable as the punishment ones had been, but not super-padded, either. I put them on and read the note they'd been sitting on.

Go to the playroom and follow instructions in the jail cell.

I had the code to get into the house from the garage now, and my palmprint brought up the screen to put the code in for the playroom.

I made my way to the jail cell and performed the seven bulleted items — using a liquid glycerin suppository, then a Fleet, and then a bulb enema with a little salt in it to rinse the Fleet out. I lubed myself and the too-fat plug, and put it in me. I struggled a whole helluva lot getting it in, but I finally managed, and then I washed my hands to get the lube off, which had been in the instructions but it wasn't a bulleted item.

He'd lined everything up I was to use on the small bed, and the only thing left was the blindfold. I lifted it, walked to the center of the playroom, put the blindfold on, and then reached up to grasp the bar over my head.

I have no idea how long I stood in the dark, but my arms and hands were beyond heavy, and my shoulders *ached* when the door finally opened and I heard footsteps I had to assume were Master's.

The footsteps walked around me twice, and my heart rate sped with each step. Each circuit.

And then Master stopped behind me and his arms were around me. I felt the denim of his jeans against my ass, but he was shirtless on top, and my heart raced in my chest.

"Tell me why we're here, slave."

I was so far gone, it took me a second to manage speech. "Maintenance, Master. A reminder of who we are to each other, to try to help keep me from getting in trouble. Neither of us is a fan of actual punishment, and this is supposed to help keep you from having to discipline your slave."

"Exactly right. When I have to punish you, it means I've failed as a Master, and that means neither of us gets off. That isn't the case during maintenance, which means either your ass or your throat will be made use of at some point. Possibly both, depending on my mood. You may or may not be allowed an orgasm at the end of the session, but never in the middle, so don't bother begging."

He stepped away. "In fact, thanking me for reminding my slave of his status might be a good way to remind yourself why you're being denied an orgasm, and why the maintenance session is happening." He stepped in front of me and my nipples exploded in pain, one then the other, and I couldn't be certain of which clamps he'd used, but they had teeth and they *hurt*. I held onto the bar as tightly as I could to keep from reaching down and taking them off, and I did my best to breathe through the pain.

He stepped closer, so I could feel his body heat on my stomach and chest even though he wasn't actually touching me.

"That isn't an order, slave, just a suggestion. There'll be no consequences if you don't do so out loud."

He took a step back, and I missed the warmth of his body, but then his arms were on either side of my rib cage. "Hands at your back. Grab your elbows."

My shoulders didn't want to cooperate, but I managed to get my arms down and in position within about ten seconds, and I was moving the entire time. It wasn't like I took a few seconds to comply, so Master didn't reprimand me. He's usually reasonable about that kind of thing.

He stepped beside me and grasped my left arm just above my elbow. "Four steps forward and go to your knees. Go slow. I've got you."

I felt the mat under my foot on the third step. I took the fourth step and brought my feet together before I went to my knees the way Master prefers, with my legs together rather than the way I'd done for other masters, one leg at a time.

Seconds after I was down, Master was in front of me and I heard the zipper on his jeans. His dick touched my lips, and I opened for him.

There are blow jobs, and then there's face-fucking, and this was absolutely the latter, with Master's hands wrapped around the back of my head holding me in place while he pounded my throat and face. My dick was harder than granite and throbbing like it might explode while Master went in and out of the hole he preferred at the moment, pleasuring himself no matter how his slave felt about it.

Sometimes he can do this for thirty minutes or even longer, other times he only fucks my face five or ten minutes and calls it a quickie.

Today it felt like a long quickie, and when he finished he merely told me to swallow his gift and get into position for push-ups.

I could do thirty-two push-ups all at once when I met Master, and I've built up to the low fifties now before I'm at absolute failure, so when Master told me, "I want sixty-five push-ups, and you'll get the cane for three times the number you fail to give me, and then double that number from the belt," fear flooded my system.

If I could manage fifty-four, the most I'd ever done, that would be thirty-three strikes of the cane. Some days, *most* actually, my top number was fifty-one or fifty-two.

Forty-two cane strikes would be brutal, and then the belt eighty-four times afterward? I resolved to keep going no matter how tired my muscles were — I'd find some extra stamina *somewhere*.

He gave me time to do the math in my head before adding, "Today, your mouth, cock, balls, nipples, ass, and asshole will be reminded of who owns them. Every body part will be punished based on the number of push-ups you fail to give me. Also, if you're at the top of the push-up more than four seconds, it means you're finished and we use the current tally. No dawdling. Begin."

At twenty-three, I thought I was managing okay, but then the cane struck a line of fire across my ass, and I screamed in both surprise and pain.

"The last two don't count because you raised your ass. Form is important. Slow down and pay attention, slave. The count is twenty-one."

By the time I made it to fifty, six of them hadn't counted, and I'd been struck four times. My arms and shoulders were on fire, my abs and legs were feeling it, and the stripes across my ass were fucking blazing.

And the huge, way-too-fat plug in my ass wasn't helping anything except to keep my dick hard as a rock.

But I made double-damn sure to keep my body straight on the way down and back up, and then to keep it straight before I went down and back up again.

At fifty-four, I started going down again, for the fifty-fifth one, and my right arm collapsed, then my left arm, and I landed on the mat with a splat.

"Fifty-four. How many times are you going to feel the cane and the belt, slave?"

It took me a few seconds to do the math. "Thirty-three and sixty-six, Master."

"Stand, slave, so I can walk you to the bondage table."

Master situated me so I was leaned over the table with my chest on it, but not my stomach. My wrist cuffs were connected to chains attached to the other side of the table, so my arms were stretched over my head.

I felt him doing something at my knees, and then something was wrapped around my right knee, and whatever it was clicked closed, enveloping my knee from mid-thigh to mid-calf. Next came my left knee, and I realized I could no longer bend my knees.

"Spread your legs a little more."

I awkwardly managed, and then felt the unmistakable act of having a spreader bar fastened between my ankle cuffs.

Chapter 17

Will

I wasn't sure Davy could keep his legs straight and remain in position through what was coming, and the object of maintenance is to keep from having to punish your slave, not to give you a reason to do so.

Eventually, I'd train him so he can stand and take a lengthy caning or belting, but we had years to get there. Or, I hoped we did.

I gave him the first ten cane strikes paced at one every five seconds, which is pretty fast for the level of pain I was doling out, but I wanted to make a point. No warmup and a whole lot of pain and heat, applied faster than he could manage to get on top of the pain.

I stopped and rubbed his ass oh-so-gently at the end of the first ten, and then gave the next fifteen at a rate of one every eight seconds. Still fast since I was hitting harder, and my boy was in tears when I stopped and rubbed his ass again.

"Some maintenance sessions I'll only chastise two body parts, others will be three or four. Rarely will you get this kind of session, but I feel it's important to show you how each body part can feel during this first example session."

I truly don't enjoy having to punish, when it's all about pain with no enjoyment. Scheduled maintenance, on the other hand, I can get into — a reason to hurt my boy worse than a normal session, and the power trip that goes with it. The screams, moans, and especially the tears go straight to my balls every time.

I stepped back and took aim again, but determined he needed another thirty or so seconds, so I gave him some more explanation.

"How I come up with the base number will vary. Sometimes it'll be done like today, other times I'll write numbers from twenty-five to forty on folded pieces of paper and have you draw one for the number of cane strokes, and then use multiples for other implements. Or I might come up with something completely off the wall."

His breathing was smoothing out a little despite his tears, so it was time for his final eight strikes. I gave him five just a little harder than the previous ones and watched the clock over his head to be certain he had a full ten seconds between them.

For the last three, I hit him as hard as I dared without risk of splitting the skin, and waited thirty seconds through his screaming and crying before giving him another. I waited a full minute before giving him the last, and then I lifted the glass of ice water, walked to his side, squatted, and held his dick so I could raise the ice water to immerse his still rock-hard dick.

Another scream, this time shrill and long. I held his dick in the frigid water until it was soft enough to fit into the jailbird.

When the scream stopped, I told him with a voice full of sympathy, "I know it's cold, and you weren't expecting it, but such is the life of a slave." I caressed the root of his cock, the part not in the ice water. "What is a sex slave supposed to be focused on above all else?"

"Master's pleasure, Sir."

I gently patted the side of his ass, below his hip, brilliant white without any cane marks because I'm a good aim. "Exactly right."

I removed the ice-water glass and refrained from caressing his now-soft cock, though it was tempting. Instead, I walked the glass to the edge of the room so I could put it on a worktable, and then walked back to him with my footsteps echoing in the stark room. The room has Bluetooth speakers in all four corners, but I usually prefer silence for both maintenance and punishment.

Music can help set the tone for regular scenes, but I enjoy the austerity of only the sounds of implements hitting flesh and then the screams and moans of my slave for scheduled maintenance as well as punishments.

I removed the locked-straight knee braces and the spreader bar, disconnected his wrist cuffs, had him stand, and then walked him to the cross, where I situated him facing out. He walked decent with me leading him while blindfolded. There was certainly room for improvement, but that could come later. This was maintenance, not training.

Next would be cock and balls before I belted his ass and the backs of his thighs. Having some time between the caning and belting would make him feel the latter so much more.

First, though, the jailbird. He moaned and whined a little while I put it on, and his sounds made my dick throb in my jeans.

I removed the clamps from his nipples and looked at the clock. They'd be free around fifteen minutes before I put different

clamps on.

I grabbed one of the industrial clamps from the roll-around as well as a smaller clamp, and I lifted them and told my still-blindfolded boy, “Tongue out, slave.”

He complied, and I put the smaller clamp on the tip so I could pull his tongue out a little farther, and then I put the large industrial clamp on the side of his tongue. I switched hands with the small clamp, grabbed the other industrial clamp, put it on the other side of his tongue, and then took the small one off the tip. The clamps going sideways wouldn’t restrict blood flow to the end of his tongue, meaning they could stay on a touch longer.

Again, I didn’t want to have to punish him, and he isn’t so good at not telling me how badly his balls hurt when I play with them. No way could he form any words this way, plus, it was a fitting way to punish his tongue and remind him he speaks when allowed and not at his whim during scenes. A small wedge behind his head to tilt it forward came next, assuring any saliva would spill out the front of his mouth rather than going down his throat and choking him.

It took me several minutes to get the ball crusher on so I was happy with the placement, and then I screwed it tight enough he felt it, but only at the level of discomfort and not pain.

“Twenty-two minutes, slave, and it’ll get a little tighter every thirty seconds for the first eleven minutes.”

The first four minutes were more about anticipation than pain. I mean, he absolutely felt it get tighter each time, but he wasn’t in true pain until the four-and-a-half-minute mark. By the time we hit eleven minutes, he was blubbing and crying, and would’ve been begging for relief if he could manage it, but he couldn’t.

He has a safe signal he can use — snapping his fingers over and over, but he understands it’s only if there’s something wrong other than ‘it hurts’.

My initial game plan was that in ten months’ time, about six months after I return from our tour, we’ll discuss changes to our contract, and at that time I expect he’ll give up his safeword. Or rather, he’ll still have it, but he’ll agree that whether I alter what I’m doing based on his communicating the safeword or safe signal will be entirely my choice.

I wiped his chest down to remove the saliva that had dripped from his mouth, put even harsher nipple clamps on at fourteen minutes, and then put the smaller clamp back on the end of his tongue at fifteen minutes because I didn’t want to leave the industrial clamps on much longer.

“No speech, slave. It’ll be hard with the single clamp on, but not impossible. I fucking know your balls hurt. You don’t have to tell me.”

I carefully took the side clamps off and watched his tongue go into his mouth as far as he could manage.

Six more minutes of the crusher, and I debated on how to make sure his cock stayed where I wanted it while it was punished. I’ve been known to sew a slave boy’s dick to his stomach before whipping it, but this was a long session without adding to it. Plus, I’d rather do that for the first time during a regular scene. It’s extreme, sure, but I didn’t want him to get the idea it was reserved for something beyond scenes.

So, I took the stitching kit back to the drawer it went in and retrieved a ball of twine.

I kept the alcohol, cotton balls, and hypodermic needles out, though. He was still going to feel needles today, just not in his cock.

I released the ball crusher slowly and delicately removed it. Torture during maintenance means being gentle between the bad parts. I was just as careful removing the jailbird, trying to keep any contact with his balls to a minimum, but gentle when unavoidable.

Next came the twine, wrapped around his torso and flaccid dick six times, three to hold it up just below the head, and three in the middle of his dick. I had medical scissors handy, so I tied the knot good without worry of what it would take to get it off. Two snips and it’d be gone.

First up was clothespins all along his dick, easier to put on at first while there was extra skin, more difficult once he was hard. I also had to replace a few that popped off on the way to his erection.

Once the pretty, colorful clothespins lined both sides with a few on the front, I pulled out the hair dryer and heated his balls up until they hung low and relaxed.

At which time I lifted a small bowl of ice water until his balls were immersed, and since my boy was still blindfolded and totally didn’t expect it, his screams once again filled the room.

When he calmed down from the second ice-bath to his genitals, I reminded him he wasn’t to speak any words before I removed the smaller clamp from the end of his tongue.

He pulled his tongue all the way in and wisely remained silent.

I removed the wedge from behind his head so he’d be more comfortable, and retrieved the wooden spoon.

I didn’t hit his dick with the spoon, I hit the clothespins. Some came off after two or three hits, others took a dozen to hit

just right. Again, my boy's screams and yelps went straight to my cock.

When every clothespin was off, I switched to a paint stirrer and methodically beat his cock until it was bright red, with a few super-gentle swats here and there to his balls, though his noises told me he didn't think I was being the least bit gentle.

And yes, I gave my own cock a few strokes over my jeans during this part, because *damn* I enjoy doling out CBT to a helpless boy.

Next came his nipples, nice and tender from the clamps. Long ago, someone told me if you continually keep your slave's nipples sore and tender, and work on them more every chance you get, they'll snuggle up to you even more every moment they can, and I've found it to be true. I pinch and twist them multiple times a day so they're nearly always sore.

I glanced at the humbler on the mat and smiled. We hadn't told Davy or Matty, but Razor and I had plans for our boys in a couple of days, and part of that involved putting them both in a humbler and then crawling around the yard looking for glow-in-the-dark golf balls. I have a huge tent my people can put up, to be sure no one from outside the property gets any pictures. When Matty or Davy found a golf ball, they'd have to crawl back to us and put it into a basket before going to look for more. There'd be seventeen balls hidden, and the one who gathered the most would be allowed an orgasm at the end of the night. Later, we'd take them to the playroom and play with them side-by-side for a while, then bind them facing each other, and we'd each flog our respective boy's back and then paddle their asses a little before untying them and fucking them. We'd end the evening with a movie. Or rather, Razor and I would watch the movie while our blindfolded boys licked our balls and dicks, and then we'd face-fuck them when the movie was over.

And finally, the boy who'd won the race would be allowed to beat off and orgasm while the rest of us watched, and the other boy would either go home with his daddy to be fucked and go to sleep without an orgasm, or would go upstairs with his Master to be fucked and go to sleep without an orgasm.

But the humbler wouldn't come into play tonight.

I started on my boy's nipples by removing one clamp and then flogging that nipple with a small plastic flogger until the entire area was bright red. I replaced the clamp and then did the same to the other nipple.

And then went back to the first nipple with the flogger on a naked nipple, back and forth until I grew bored with it, which I'm certain is long past when my boy thought he'd reached his limit.

Finally, it was time for the needles, and my cock throbbed in my jeans in anticipation.

Alcohol first, and then I wove needles into the skin above each nipple first, coming from the top down, so the needle traveled towards his nipple without reaching it. And then three more on each, going clockwise at three, six, and then nine o'clock.

And then, finally, a needle all the way through his right nipple, then his left. My boy was far enough into subspace by this time, I didn't feel I needed to worry about him using words.

I took the needles out a few minutes after I finished the pattern, sprayed the holes with an antiseptic I knew would burn, and I tossed a clean towel onto the bed for him to lay on before I released him from the cross.

I'd originally intended to handle the final belting on the fucking station, but he was exhausted, so I took mercy on him and ordered him to stretch out on the bed and get comfortable.

Major bondage probably wasn't necessary, just some loose restraints to his wrists so he couldn't reach back and get hurt, but not so much he couldn't rub his face and just generally try to stay comfortable.

I didn't want to take another two hours to finish, but another forty-five minutes to an hour sounded about right, so I gave him five licks of the belt at a time, one after another, and then I sat with him, rubbed his back, and said things like, "I know it hurts," and "Breathe through it," and "I'm here with you." I kissed his shoulder a few times while I rubbed his back, and halfway through, I removed the fat-necked butt plug and put a thinner vibrating plug in, set to a random pattern with different strengths and wave patterns to be sure he didn't get used to it.

When we got to fifty strokes I gave him ten at once, and then five minutes later I gave him the final six with one every twenty seconds.

And when I finished, he got a special treat — I removed the plug and crammed my dick in without making him go to hands-and-knees. For the first time, I fucked his ass while he was lying on the bed, and told him to feel free to beg for an orgasm when he was close.

Chapter 18

Davy

I've never come so hard in my life. Master was clear that I won't often get an orgasm after maintenance, but he said I'd done so good he wanted to show me how pleased he was.

And having him fuck me while my dick was smooshed between me and the bed was *heaven*. You never know what you have until it's gone, right? Who knew I'd someday see that as a special treat?

Master fed me chicken soup and grilled cheese in the dining room later, where the chairs are super-cushioned, and then we watched movies together and ate air-popped popcorn drizzled with real melted butter and tons of salt. He drank several beers, but only let me have two before I switched to water, which made perfect sense. He can handle alcohol so much better than me.

I fell asleep during the last movie, and woke in bed the next morning with my ankle chained to the hook at the bottom, with Master's arm over me even though we weren't snuggled together in our sleep. I've never slept with someone nightly, and it's taken some getting used to. Master likes to snuggle, and that was odd to me, at first.

Master wasn't awake yet and I wasn't desperate to pee, so I just lay in his arms and thought. My alarm should be going off in about forty-five minutes, and I *love* time in bed with Master.

I did a quick inventory. My nipples and ass hurt. My balls were fine now, but I had a feeling they'd be tender when I got up and started walking around.

And yet, I wouldn't change a thing.

I mean, if I didn't want to be here, I could leave. Looking back, I thought I loved my first Master, and I was desperate to belong to him and be the best slave I could be, but the reality was that I *needed* him, so I did everything I could to make him want to keep me. It wasn't love, it was a dog needing food and shelter, and desperately trying to please his Master.

But I could leave now, if I wanted. I have a home where I can do whatever I damn well please so long as I have the money for it. I make enough now that I can have steaks pretty much whenever I want. I'm extremely well fed because one of the perks of my job is eating at a farm-to-table make-it-from-scratch restaurant. Also, I can get grass-fed beef at a discount if I want to cook it at home, which I rarely do because I can eat it where someone else cooks it, and they do a much better job than me.

And it felt like Master was claiming me last night. Claiming all the parts of my body. It made sense he'd do an all-encompassing maintenance the first time, and that it wouldn't be so involved in the future.

I'd experienced both punishment and maintenance now, and I didn't want to run away. I appreciated that Master feels these reminders are important to our relationship, and that how often I need them is dependent upon me.

Once a week felt like a lot, but once a month didn't feel like enough. It wasn't my decision, but if it was, I think I'd ask for every other week, for now.

I knew it was too soon to ask for the next contract, but I didn't want to go home. I missed Master when he wasn't around.

Master's alarm went off, and I realized he'd set it for thirty minutes before I had to get up. He said, "Alarm off," and then his arm pulled me closer to him in the silence. I pushed my butt backwards into his dick, which I could easily feel was hard.

"How do you feel this morning?"

"A few things hurt, but I'm fine, Master."

"What hurts?"

"My ass throbs a little and it's hot. The backs of my legs, too. My nipples are on fire, Sir."

"Dick? Balls?"

"I have a feeling my balls are going to be tender when I start moving around, but they don't hurt right now, Master."

He kissed my neck and then pinched the fuck out of my right nipple. I yelped and screamed, and then moaned when my dick throbbed to life because that also made my balls scream to life. Not super painful, but certainly tender. "Fuck, Sir. *Now* my dick and balls are complaining."

"Mmmm. Thought they might. Under the covers, slave. Won't take your ass until I've inspected it, but I might flog the fuck out of it later and get it nice and hot before I fuck it."

* * * *

Davy

I assumed our days would be routine, but they were the opposite. I mean, sure, the mornings kind of were. Master got off at least once before I went to work, and sometimes twice. I showered and then changed in the garage, and most mornings he rode with me to work, but sometimes it was just me and one of the security guys. They almost always went a different way, and would wind around on back roads, I guess to make sure no one followed. Once, we were followed, and another car came out of nowhere and blocked the car following us. We had to leave about fifteen minutes earlier to get me to work on the days I might be cutting it close on a project, but most of the time the extra five or ten minutes didn't matter.

There's a building on the backside of Master's property that's basically a two-level garage, and one of the levels comes out on another street. My car and motorcycle stay in that garage, so I can come and go from a different way if I need to, but Master says it's best I do that as little as possible. Too often, and we run the risk of someone figuring out it's part of his property and that people are coming and going from it.

But our evenings were anything *but* routine. Sometimes we went places where there's live music and sat in a dark corner in our disguises. Sometimes we went hiking to waterfalls I had no idea existed so close to the city. Once, he took me on this ghost walk, where someone walked us around the city and told us all the haunted history of Chattanooga. Oh, and of course we drove the McLaren on fun roads, getting back and forth to many of these places.

And I figured out how Master managed to walk different when in disguise. When I asked him if I needed to do that, too, he had someone come talk to me about how I could alter it, and then helped me find another way to walk I was comfortable with.

Master spent a few days testing everything in his house on my bare skin, and it turns out I was only allergic to two of his umpteen sofas. He threw some blankets away without even testing them on me, and bought natural fabric ones to replace them. He replaced the sofas and made the three chairs that bothered me off limits, so I wouldn't be allowed to sit on them. Ever.

Before I even moved in, he'd had Angie, his house manager, change the laundry detergent to the one I use. I also noted his drawer of wrist and ankle cuffs looked pretty sparse, and I realized he'd either thrown everything away he thought might bother me, or he'd stored it somewhere else. A few weeks later, I saw new butt plugs and cuffs, and I figured it'd taken him a while to replace all the stuff he got rid of.

He tried about a half-dozen chemical-play mixtures on me — mint, cinnamon, and hot pepper. We already knew a specific brand of toothpaste was okay, but he put spearmint into olive oil, cinnamon into shea butter, and several kinds of hot pepper into olive oil. All but one of the pepper mixtures caused a problem, and he immediately put topical Benadryl on those places, so they calmed down almost right away. Every other mixture he tried didn't bother me. For all of them, he put them on my forearm, waited three hours, and then put them on my balls.

And then, for the next week, a different one went on my butt plug every day when I got home from work. Unfortunately, my body was fine with all of them.

Of course there was sex, and a whole lot of it, but it wasn't like we had a scene every night. Sometimes it was just Master ordering me over something so he could fuck me, and another night it was hours in the playroom while he tortured me in the most delicious ways. Or, sometimes in not-so-wonderful ways, but even that was perfect because it was supposed to be about Master's desires.

He ordered me to go home every third night, and I didn't argue, but I hated it.

I was going to have two weeks off work soon, and I asked him if I could stay with him the entire time. "There's no sense being off work and having to be alone at home," I told him. "I may as well go into work if you're going to send me home, Master."

It was a little bit of an ultimatum, but not really. It was my logic, and I was supposed to be honest with him.

He crossed his arms and looked at me a good twenty seconds before he said, "Okay, Davy. Ten days with me without a break, and then we'll talk about what we want in a new contract. If we can agree to a long-term one, you'll let Darnell know you're moving out. How much time are you supposed to give him?"

"Thirty days, but it doesn't mean I have to stay there, just that I have to pay him."

"And you will, but we'll move all your things here soon after agreeing on the contract. Darnell's fair. If he can rent it out faster, I doubt he'll charge the entire month. If not, it's fair that you pay him, if that's what you signed to do."

"I know, Master. Should I contribute to something here? Food, or utilities? Maybe pay rent?"

"Your contributions will be as pool boy, floor cleaner, gofer, and whatever else I need done. Slaves aren't paid and neither do they have to pay. If there's a problem, I'll take it out of your ass and not your bank account."

The last three days before my vacation, Master and his friends shot the music video with the McLaren. Master sent me home the night they shot on the W Road in the middle of the night, and I looked around my tiny house, wondering if this would be my last night climbing the ladder to sleep. I wouldn't miss it, and yet, it was the first place I'd lived that had been my own

little home. It'd been important for me to stand on my own two feet before I found another Master. I'd have thought I was happy with whoever I ended up with, but there'd have been something missing, and I wouldn't have known it.

But I understood the difference in staying with someone out of desperation and wanting to be with someone you loved. Someone who finishes your sentences, who knows all your kinks and loves you anyway.

And no, Master hadn't told me he loved me with words, but he told me with his actions nearly every day.

The next day at work was hectic while I tried to tie everything up so others could do their parts on these projects.

And then, finally, I wrapped up the last thing and I was off work for two whole weeks, and I'd get to spend at least the first ten days with Master. Hopefully more than that, but at *least* ten days without having to go home.

Chapter 19

Will

I'd planned to wait six months after I returned to even consider a permanent contract, but I was in love. Madly, deeply, hopelessly in love. I wanted him in my house while I was gone. I didn't want him back in his own place those four months.

But first, I had two whole weeks with him all to myself. There were so many places I wanted to take Davy, but I needed to respect his decision to stay out of the public, and that meant I couldn't.

I realized I hadn't communicated the full list of pros and cons, but the dilemma was that he'd made his decision, and if I brought it up again then he might agree to something he'd regret later simply because of our Master/slave relationship.

He'd been clear on the few levels of autonomy he wanted. Hell, the boy didn't sit on the furniture without permission, didn't go to the bathroom without checking in and getting my okay. I couldn't argue with the few things he wanted to hang onto, and his anonymity was one of those things.

So I wrote him a letter. Okay, I typed it and printed it, but I guess that's what we do these days. I told him about my favorite spa, located in Iceland, and how it's regularly at the top of the lists of the most luxurious spas in the world. I told him about all the places and events I need to go to as myself — charity galas, awards ceremonies, red carpet events. I told him about the spa services at a well-known hotel in Atlanta, and about the spa between Chattanooga and Atlanta with extensive gardens, and food cooked from the things they grew in the gardens. And then I explained that whatever decision he made, I'd respect. I just wanted him to understand the things closed off to us if he wanted to keep the public from knowing who he is. I also told him unless he had questions that needed an answer before he could come to a decision, I'd prefer that we not speak about this until it was time to redo our contract. I spent four hours writing it while he was at work, going over it and over it, trying to make sure I was clear I wasn't pressuring him, I just wanted him to be fully informed. Eventually, I added something to let him know I'd deal with any legal issues that came up in regards to his family, even if I had to pay them off to make them go away — but then I deleted it. I had a feeling he just wanted to pretend they don't exist, so I'd go along with that unless he changed his mind.

And then I remembered another important point, and I told him if he didn't want people to associate him with me, he'd have to get a PO Box and have his mail sent there, but for some things, like his driver's license, he'd have to give a physical address. We could put a mailbox up at the garage on the other street, but over time, it would be harder and harder to keep the secret once he moved in. I wanted to delete that part because it felt a little pushy, but it was important he understand the risks.

There are spas that cater to the rich and famous, where secrecy is part of the package, and I booked us into one of those to begin the day after I had to return the McLaren. I called my business guy and reminded him I needed the Stingray to come home once the McLaren went back. I also told him I was considering selling the property in Birchwood since I was so rarely there. I'd already moved everything in the recording studio to the one I'd had put into the basement here. The property in Birchwood has plenty of garage space, while this one can only house six cars, and Davy now had one of those slots, plus I have to provide one for my security team's vehicle because they prefer to be able to deposit me inside my home. I have a Porsche Cayenne, the '67 Corvette Stingray, the Aston Martin DB12, a Mercedes S class, and a plain old pickup truck, battered as much as you'd expect a mid-nineties Ford truck to be. It has to stay in the garage so people don't use a drone from a distance and see it in the driveway, because it's the perfect vehicle to go incognito in. I can wear a battered cap, redneck jeans and a redneck shirt, and no one ever gives me a second look.

Actually, all the cars have to stay garaged for that reason. I'd sent the Stingray and the Mercedes to the Birchwood property's garage since I wouldn't be driving them while I had the McLaren, but I was either going to have to build another garage or get rid of a car if it looked like Davy would be staying indefinitely, and god, I hoped he would.

There's a three-car carport in a wooded grove, with spaces for Animal, Silver, and Hailey to park. I really needed another spot for those times when Hailey and Ghost have both their cars here.

I'd have to cut down some trees to expand the carport, and that wouldn't work anyway because those trees hide the structure.

I texted Aaron Drake that I needed a short conversation with him when he had a chance, and he texted me back about five minutes later to tell me he was free for the next fifteen minutes. I called him and told him, "With Davy moving in, his car needs

a garage slot. I sent two of my cars away while the McLaren was here, but I'd kind of like to bring them both back. Any chance we can work something out so your guys don't need a spot inside?"

"It isn't ideal, but we can make it work. I'll have Panda stop by and go over some options with you. Your place is wooded enough, if you can have a parking area put in where there's plenty of cover, that'll resolve one issue. An overhang with some cover for them to deposit you into the house somewhere in an active situation would take care of the rest of it."

"Yeah, let's have that discussion, please. It's also been kind of awkward to keep them out of the garage while Davy dresses and undresses. Mac and Ranger know the drill, but when you send other people," I sighed. I didn't want to get anyone in trouble, but facts are facts. "There've been a few close calls."

"I don't think I recall seeing anything added to your file recently, so we need to go over it and make sure it's up to date. Anyone coming onto a shift at your place is expected to familiarize themselves with it."

"I'm not sure I want it written down that my submissive boyfriend has to dress and undress in the garage because he isn't allowed clothing in the house." There are few secrets from your security people.

"It's secure. I hire the best hackers to work for me, and they make sure no one can hack my business or personal data. Looks like Ranger and Mac are going with you out of town tomorrow. Have Ranger show you the page of instructions so the two of you can make any changes necessary now that Davy's in residence a good portion of the time."

"With any luck, he'll be moving in permanently in the next couple of weeks."

"Congratulations. I couldn't be happier for both of you. Is he going to want to continue to stay behind the scenes?"

"That's part of what we need to talk about before he moves in."

"Okay. Panda and Ranger both have access to change informational files, or you can get with me or Nathan if you'd rather."

"No, I'm fine talking to them. Thanks for your time."

I looked at the clock and headed downstairs — it was time to leave for the video shoot, and that meant it was time to put Will aside and be Lord Byron for a while.

We were shooting at the venue on the river when Davy got off work heading into his vacation, and I had a driver bring him to me so he could watch — and so I could get a blowjob between takes.

Oh, who am I kidding, it wasn't a blowjob. I fucked his face hard and fast because I only had ten minutes, and then I left him with a hard-on he didn't have permission to touch, and I reveled in the fact he was hard with a huge plug in his ass while he watched us perform with the car and the Tennessee River in the background. All of us but Hailey, anyway.

She came out the second the sun went below the mountain across the river from us, so we got some twilight shots with her in them as well as full-on night.

We all went back to the house when we finished, with everyone piled into the limo because it can easily hold us all. Animal brought a nineteen-year-old blonde with tits galore, a tiny waist, and an ass that matched the tits, and they went straight to his room as soon as we walked in the door, but came out thirty minutes later to eat with us once the food was delivered — and then promptly disappeared once it was gone.

Ghost and Hailey ate with us and then went to Hailey's room, and Silver seemed a little out of sorts.

I was about to check in with him when Davy asked, "Everything okay, Silver?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. I mean, everything's okay, but I'm restless. Ready to get back to work, but this is supposed to be our downtime for another two weeks, before we get some practices in so we're ready to go back on tour."

"You need to get laid," I told him. And he was very much in masculine mode today. Men's heavy work boots, men's jeans, an almost canvas-looking shirt, and a ball cap. He'd worn his hair long for the video, and had worn a tight tee that showed his abs, with a large, manly watch, but now he was relaxed and casual.

He shook his head. "Maybe, but everyone knows me now, so it isn't easy."

Did I want to have this conversation with him in front of Davy? No, I didn't, but I was going to anyway because successful relationships can't have big secrets.

"I can make a phone call and have someone delivered, probably. I mean, it'll be a girl because this organization doesn't provide men, but they're discreet and guarantee privacy. I've used them plenty in the past and no one ever told my secrets. They have girls for regular sex, pro-sub, and Dommies."

"I might talk to you about that another night. Don't suppose you know a massage therapist who'll come give me a two-hour massage? No happy endings or sex, just touch, I think."

I looked at my watch. A little after midnight. "No guarantees, but I'll send a text and see. Might be tomorrow or the next day, but let's see if I can find someone for you tonight."

I offered my favorite local massage therapist four thousand dollars to bring her stuff and give Silver a two-hour massage starting in the next hour, and she texted back she could be here in about forty-five minutes.

“Yahtzee,” I told him. “Forty-five minutes. Where do you want her to set up?”

“It’s a nice night, maybe the screened in porch?”

I nodded and decided to keep him busy until the massage therapist arrived. “I’ve only played the songs I have to do on the guitar a dozen or so times since we went on break. Let’s go to the recording studio and play the recordings of Animal’s drums and Suli’s voice, and you and I can fill in with our guitars.”

I’m not a guitar player, I’m a vocalist. Suli plays the guitar while she sings lead for two songs, and it works out for me to sing backup for her. However, she’s mostly solo for one song, without a need for backup, and I’m just standing there, so she and Silver put together some basic chords I can strum while Suli sings. It isn’t fancy if you know guitars, but Hailey put some flourishes in that look kind of impressive. I’ve known how to do basic chords since my teens, but I never intended to do so on stage. I’m decent on the keyboard, and that’s what I use when I try to put music to my words, but guitars are sexier on stage.

Silver nodded, and I stood and told Davy, “Take care of our dishes and go to bed. You’ve had a long day. We don’t fly out of here until nearly noon, but I figure we’ll be up around nine.”

Chapter 20

Davy

I've never been to a spa that caters to rich people before. They handed us sparkling water when we walked into the lobby to check in, someone took our bags from us, someone else walked us to our room and had us put our thumbs on the pad while he did something with his phone, and then a green light beeped, meaning we were programmed in to open our door, I supposed. When we walked in, our bags were already set up on stands, waiting to be opened.

And we hadn't flown commercial. We were in a fancy jet. Not a big one, but the six seats in it were huge and comfy and laid all the way down. I know this because Master fucked me for about two hours of our four-hour flight, and then had me blow him for the last thirty minutes.

"A few instructions." He said once the door to our room closed behind us, and he blew out a breath. "Look at me, Davy."

I looked at him, and he said, "You'll probably see people you recognize. Movie stars, musicians, supermodels. Everyone'll be either naked or barely clothed. You don't stare. You don't talk to them like you know them. I'm not telling you to remain silent, but you can only join the conversation if you can contribute to it without sounding like a fanboy. This is a place where people like me go to escape people who fawn over us, do you understand?"

I nodded. "If someone's girlfriend goes all gaga over Lord Byron when you walk in the room, it'll be awkward, Master. You wouldn't be able to enjoy the facilities around her."

Sir nodded and seemed to relax a little. "Say my name, boy."

"Will, Sir. You're Will."

"I am. If you need to get my attention, use it. No Sir or Master, and I know you're smart enough to know that, but I know you also like for me to be clear on expectations."

"I do, Sir. Thank you."

We spent three marvelous days being catered to and pampered, and eating the most fantastic food *ever*. So many flavors in every bite, I wasn't sure I could ever appreciate normal food again.

I mean, Master made me work out with him, and run with him, so I was beyond exhausted a good portion of the day, but then there'd be time in the sauna, then a massage. One day we got these all-over exfoliating scrubs, and another day we soaked in this vat of mud. When our time ended and we had to leave, my skin was softer than I could ever remember it being. Master's too — like a baby's butt, though I haven't held a baby since I was in a foster home.

And Master hadn't been wrong about seeing famous people, but I withheld my squealing and fanboying until we were back in our room.

"I know you said you'd rather wait to talk about it," I told him during the ride back to the airport. "But why could we come here, but not to the other spas you like?"

"My favorite spa in Iceland is expensive, which means everyone's rich, but not necessarily famous — though you occasionally see someone you know. There are hundreds there at a time, and you eat and swim and sauna with whoever shows up while you're there. No one we saw here is going to spill the beans that I have a boyfriend no one knows about and his name is Davy, but we can't go to most of the places I enjoy and keep you secret." He touched my hand. "No pressure, Davy. I didn't write that to change your mind, but so you can make an informed decision."

That was clear in the letter. It was my decision, he was just giving me some data so I make an informed decision.

"I understand, Master. Thank you."

* * * *

Will

My people had to pay extra and make a few phone calls to get Davy's passport processed quickly, but watching him in Paris, Italy, and then the Isle of Capri made me the happiest man on earth.

On the yacht ride to Capri, I gave him everything he'd need to deal with the hotel, and told him he was going to be my assistant and take care of everything for me. "You've watched me deal with people at every location. You're smart. You can handle it."

If he was going to hold down a job then he could never truly be my assistant or even take on the duties of house manager, but I intended to hand some more responsibilities to him, and to delineate them in our new contract.

It meant he'd have a charge card for my account in his name, and he'd be responsible for letting my people know what I wanted and needed. Some things, he could just call my business guy and say, "Will needs you to do such and such," or call Kyleigh and tell her where we were going and what I wanted to happen while we were there. Other things, I'd expect him to handle without getting them involved, like ordering food, or telling the cleaning staff they didn't do a good enough job last time.

One of the bikers had told me Davy needed a keeper, and it'd bothered me a little then, but the more I've gotten to know him, the more it's bugged me. I completely understand what they were saying, but he's a grown man.

In a relationship, even a Master/slave relationship, you take care of each other.

So, I determined that people were going to see Davy as much my keeper as they saw me as his.

Because the truth is, I pay a whole lot of people to keep my life going — a business manager for my company, a business manager for my private life, a house manager, a producer and director, a travel person — and that doesn't even consider all the specialty people like the lawn service, the pool guy, and the tiny little lady who cleans my gutters every year. Sure, my house manager deals with them, but I still see them around the house, taking care of stuff I guess most people handle themselves.

And that reminded me that I'd meant to change the way he referred to his former Masters. I'd never heard the first guy's name, and I wasn't going to demand he tell me because there were clearly a lot of legal issues there, but I wanted him to begin referring to him by either his first name or a nickname. Bubbles was a little complicated, so I was going to suggest he refer to him as Bee, if Davy didn't have a better solution.

But I'd let him deal with the hotel before I added more stress onto him.

He surprised me, though, because he dealt with the driver before I had a chance to, and when we got to the hotel, he stepped forward and acted like he was in control, handling the affairs for his rich boss.

As soon as we were alone in our hotel room, I pressed him against the wall and kissed him like I was starving and he was the first sustenance I'd had in days. I guess being in charge had taken hold, because he stripped me out of my shirt before he took his off, and then it was a mad dash for us to disrobe. The great thing about having a naked slave is that you just unzip, bend them over, and fuck them.

So the frantic clearing-of-the-clothes was kind of new, and then I had Davy on his back on the bed while I scrambled for a condom, removed the skinny-necked three-pound plug, and *finally* forced my dick into his oh-so-tight ass that he'd been squeezing closed to hold the heavy plug in for better than six hours.

I pinched his nipples one at a time but it wasn't enough, so I sat up enough I could get to his balls while I fucked him, and gave a quick warning before I squeezed. "Silent pain, slave."

I squeezed and held for a slow count of twelve, and his ass spasmed and squeezed oh-so-deliciously around my cock. Tears formed in his eyes but didn't fall out of the sides until I slowly released his balls.

"Good boy."

And then I leaned forward, braced, and fucked him fast and hard until I emptied my balls into the condom.

Damn, but I looked forward to the day when we could fluid bond, but that wasn't going to happen while I was still fucking women, looking for our third.

I rolled so I collapsed beside him, facing up, and he took a few minutes to breathe before he sat up and dealt with the condom on my dick.

"You did exceptionally well with the driver, concierge, and then tipping the bellhops."

"Thank you, Master. I enjoyed doing it for you."

"And then taking my shirt off?"

"I'm sorry if I overstepped, Master."

He got off the bed to put the condom in a trash receptacle in the bathroom, and I told him, "It caught me off guard, but you weren't wrong about me wanting it off. Just know, if you choose to do it again, it's kind of a thin ice area. If you get it right it's fine, but get it wrong and you'll pay for it."

He returned while I was talking and stopped beside the bed. When I finished my sentence, he gave a short nod and said, "Permission to get back on the bed, Master?"

"Denied. Get the lube from the sex kit and bring it to me, then you have permission to bend over the bed so I can put the plug back in." I looked at my smartwatch. "We have reservations in about an hour, and it's a thirty-minute stroll, but we can take a little longer and enjoy the view on the way. Also, I'm down to fifteen percent on my watch." I took it off. "Put this one on the charger and hand me the black one with the analog dial."

Okay, so yeah. I have three smartwatches — one silver and two black or graphite or whatever they're calling it this year. I

have a face with tons of information on the silver and one of the black, but the other black one looks like a diver's watch with a main dial for the time and then four smaller dials, only they show me things like temperature and steps, rather than diver stuff. At a glance, it doesn't look like a smartwatch, though.

And I've set it so the big dial is always the local time, while one of the small dials shows me the time in Chattanooga. Comes in handy on tour and on vacation.

* * * *

Davy

Master uses his regular name when in disguise, and I told the maître d', "Reservations for Bryant," when we stepped in the door. He asked if we wanted something on the patio or inside, and I told him, "The reservations were for inside at a window."

He looked back down, nodded, and told someone a number, which I assumed was a table number.

We were walked to a table set for two right beside a window with a fantastic view of the ocean, and I waited for Master to sit and then motion for me to take my seat.

"I'll order for us, Davy. That's still my job."

"Of course, Sir."

Sometimes, Master has me look over the menu and tell him what looks good to me, other times he just orders for me, which is fine because he knows what I like and don't like. Today, he ordered for me, all kinds of seafood and words I'd have had to look up.

"Thank you, Sir," I told him when the waiter left.

"You're welcome. In a proper relationship, everyone takes care of each other." He looked at me a few seconds and I knew before he spoke, I wasn't going to like what he said next. "You always refer to your exes as your first and second Master. For a variety of reasons, I don't feel this is healthy. Without giving me enough information I can figure out who your first master was, please either give me his first name, or a nickname, if his first name isn't terribly common."

I stared at him a few seconds. I'd said my first Master's name one time and he'd beaten me so badly I'd needed medical attention from the retired doctor he kept on retainer. I'd never even considered saying it again, but the idea of calling him by his name now seemed empowering. "Carlos, master. It's a common name, but I assumed you'd had someone do a background check on me and you already knew who he is."

Master shook his head. "I knew Drake Security would do one on you as part of their general threat assessment, both to make sure I didn't need to be protected from you, and to get an idea of who might want to harm you. I trust Panda enough, I told him if there was something I needed to know to please share it with me. Otherwise, I wanted to get to know you organically."

I just stared him, unsure of what to say. After a few moments, Master said, "In the interests of privacy, I'd like you to call your next Master by a nickname. Does *Bee* work for you?"

"We could stick with first names and call him Adam, Master. I was never allowed to use those names, so I guess it's kind of a little empowering?"

"Okay then. Adam and Carlos." He lowered his voice so I kind of had to read his lips to understand the next part. "I'm the only man you call Master from this point forward."

I smiled and spoke as low as he had. "Absolutely, Master."

And then Master stunned me, but in a good way, beyond my wildest hope. "I love you, Davy Jones."

"I love you too, Will Bryant."

Master looked at me a few seconds and then raised his hand towards a waiter and told him, "A bottle of 2004 Château d'Yquem Sauternes, please."

Master looked to me when the waiter nodded. "Since you seem to only like dessert wines, this should be a special treat for both of us."

"Thank you, Master."

The first time he'd ordered wine for us in an expensive restaurant I'd taken a sip and handed it to him. It'd been so *awful*, something behind my back teeth had gone all sharp and stabby. Master hadn't been pleased because it'd apparently been, like, thousands of dollars for the bottle, but then he'd ordered three glasses of three kinds of wine, and the one I'd liked made him laugh.

Master had bought a bottle of wine at a liquor store, and he'd said I should be belted for making him buy wine with a screw on top instead of a cork, but then he'd laughed when I'd thought it was the best wine he'd given me yet.

So, I assumed this was going to be an expensive wine I'd like, but it was clear instead of red, and so far, I'd mostly only

liked red wines.

But then I took a drink and nearly swooned at the explosion of grapes and other flavors. It was the best wine I'd had yet, and I told Master so.

"It should be. Comes from special grapes only grown in France, affected by a fungus, I think, that practically turns the grapes into raisins, which means it takes that many more of them to make the wine, and the flavor is more concentrated. This'll be a special occasion drink, though I may see about getting a case of it sent to the house from a different year. This particular vintage is known as their best."

"It's beyond good, Sir. Thank you."

"I love you and you love me. The moment needs celebrating."

"In the movies, they say stuff like *you're my everything*, but I think that would be dangerous, Mas..." I kept going, hoping no one heard my almost-goof. "I wouldn't want to be your everything because..." I shrugged. "This isn't coming out right. The point is, I'm looking forward to redoing the contract because life means more with you in it. When I first moved into the tiny house, I wasn't working much and it took effort to find things to do to fill my day, but then work picked up and I found my equilibrium. I enjoyed living alone, enjoyed going home and reading a book or watching stupid videos online."

Wow, was I getting off track. "The point is, now I hate going home. I miss you. I miss being around your things."

"I miss you when I send you home," he said, "but it's important we do this with intention. Either we live together or we don't, and if we don't, then by definition that means we spend time in our respective homes and away from each other at least a couple of nights a week."

"I can't argue your logic, but I still hate going home. It wouldn't be entirely wrong for me to say you're my everything, because emotionally you are, but I have other responsibilities — work, friends, and probably some things I'm not thinking of."

"My life is beyond full, and yet, I've craved having someone to share it with. Thank you for being that person, Davy."

"And thank you for inviting me into your life," I lowered my voice, "Master."

When we finished dinner, Master walked me down to the beach, where we took our sandals off and walked on the sand, and eventually walked into the water and let the waves hit our shins.

"It's paradise, Master."

"I've considered buying a beach home, but my business manager convinced me it's better to rent a house when I want to visit, rather than dealing with hurricanes and the specialized insurance for them, and all the other issues around beachfront living."

"I've never considered what I might want to buy if money was no object." I thought about it a few seconds. "When I was younger, I wanted to be a pilot, but I couldn't afford lessons and didn't want to join the military. I don't think I want to be one anymore, though."

"You know enough about cars, I assume you have one you'd buy if you had the money. You knew how much the McLaren cost without having to look it up. Lots of people don't even know the name of the brand, much less which model they're looking at or the cost."

"I work in the auto industry now, and I'm with car and motorcycle guys all day long, Master. There were lots of conversations when information first started leaking out about the W1, and lots of comparisons to the F1 and P1. If money was no object, I'm not sure what car I'd want, but I'm pretty sure it'd be less than a hundred grand or only slightly more. Maybe an Audi or Maserati. I think the Trofeos are probably more than I'd be comfortable driving around, but I could buy a used one and be comfortable with the price, I think."

I looked up at Master. "I don't really want one of those, though. Gonzo has a Nissan Maxima that kicks ass. I like the Altimas, too. That's more my speed, I think." My ancient little Civic got me around and was dependable. I'd thought it was fine, but now that I'd driven true performance vehicles, I guess I knew what I was missing, when I didn't, before. Still, it got me back and forth to work when the weather didn't work with the bike.

"And a house?" he asked. "Would you be on the river or on a mountain? Or maybe deep in the woods? Or perhaps you'd want to be in a neighborhood somewhere?"

I shrugged. "Your house is kind of perfect, Master. On the ridge, so it's high up without having to drive up and down a mountain, and just a few minutes away from downtown. I like the river, and thought about how nice it might be to have that view every day while you were doing your music video, but wherever you are is where I'm happiest."

"I have a house on the river, but I haven't been to it since you came into my life, so I've been considering selling it. You'd have a long drive back and forth to work — nearly an hour. That's two hours a day I wouldn't get to see you."

"We could spend time there on the weekends, Master."

"A valid point, and I have a boat in a boathouse. We should make a trip up there and go out on the river before I decide

whether or not to sell. If we like the boat I can put it in a marina somewhere close to downtown.”

Chapter 21

Will

We had a phenomenal vacation, and then returned home to discover Animal was back. When he moved down from Nashville after I hired him, he didn't bother to rent a place since I gave everyone in the band a bedroom. Silver has a townhome in a gated community near the river, but most often stays with me. Animal did an extended VRBO thing when we returned from tour, understanding we all needed some time apart, but I guess he decided he was done with that — which was more than fine. The band has become my family and I love having them around.

I told Davy to unpack while I went for a swim, and Animal joined me in the pool.

Animal's name is Michael Cole, and sometimes we call him Mike or Mikey, but mostly he's just Animal.

"Davy's good for you."

"So you'll be okay with him moving in permanently?"

When everyone moved in, I told them they were fully responsible for anything done by someone they brought to the house, so they should be sure the person was trustworthy. I also reserved the right to say they couldn't bring someone back to the house. I don't deal well with drama queens. However, I didn't give them a way to say I couldn't move someone in. Still, I figured I should check in with them before I moved Davy in for good.

"It's fast, but yeah. He fits. I mean, I didn't think he would, at first, but he does." He shrugged. "His dick front and center wasn't a big deal for the ditzo I brought home to fuck after the vid shoot. I'd shacked up with her a few days and knew she was cool, but maybe we can give him some shorts or something if I bring someone home who might not understand?"

I nodded. "His rules now are that he's my slave and not the band's slave. I can tell him to get ya'll some food or something to drink, but ya'll can't order him to do those things, or anything else. For the house to run smoothly, people have to be courteous and friendly, and that's expected of him, but no more than it would be if he was my boyfriend. We're about to redo our contract, and I'll write in that the one thing ya'll can request when I'm not around is for him to put shorts on. I'll need you to text me when you do, so I don't punish him for it when I walk in the door."

"That's cool." He blew out a breath. "She signed the NDA without any argument, though she balked at having to put her phone in a lockbox. She did, but she wasn't happy. It's easier to get chicks when they know who I am, but simpler when they don't."

Animal does a reverse-disguise thing. He wears a hat on stage and anytime he's seen in relation to the band. He has dozens and dozens of hats. Also, he wears a lot of eyeliner. Butch eyeliner — and don't ask me to explain the difference between girl eyeliner and macho eyeliner because I can't, but Mikey looks downright feral with it, while mostly normal and happy without it. When he wants to be in disguise, he just doesn't wear the hat or the eyeliner, and no one recognizes him. *Ever*.

"I think it was easier for me to fall for Davy because he had no idea who I was when he met me."

"Yeah. I can see that. I took Silver out and got her drunk one night — all miniskirt and thigh boots so everyone in the place was looking at her. I guess she woke up feeling more like a guy the next morning, and I went downstairs to find him doing kickboxing stuff with the heavy bag. Not sure what's up with that. I think she just doesn't know what to do with herself when we aren't working, maybe."

I nodded and took off swimming laps. I was a little worried about Silver, too. Whether male or female, Silver's usually the most stable person I know. I wasn't going to gossip about him with Animal, but knowing he'd sensed the same thing I had when I'd offered to bring a call-girl in for Silver was concerning.

I didn't count laps, I just swam until my arms gave out, and then floated on my back while I caught my breath.

At some point, I heard music, and realized someone had cranked some eighties tunes. After the third Prince song, I figured out we were listening to the *Purple Rain* album.

And Davy had brought beer for everyone along with some snacks — fried cheese sticks, and some carrots, cauliflower, and cherry tomatoes. The cheese sticks for Animal, the veggies for me. I'm not a total health freak, but I usually prefer to eat healthy snacks and nutritious meals.

I sat, dipped a tomato in the blue cheese dip, popped it in my mouth, and gave Davy a quick kiss on the lips.

"Thanks. This hits the spot."

It seemed my boy was stepping up and doing extra things on his own. I wasn't sure how I felt about him providing something both me and Animal would like because I'd been clear from the beginning he's my slave and not subservient to the entire band, but if a boyfriend brought a snack out, he'd likely bring something for everyone.

Animal ate most of the cheese sticks and then stretched out on a recliner with a beer. I dragged Davy into the pool and swam to the deep end with him, where we tread water and talked. With the music, I didn't think Animal could hear, but he seemed to be in his own little world, staring at the tree line while drinking his beer, so I figured we were safe in any event.

"We begin new contract negotiations tomorrow, if you still want to," I told my boy.

"I want to, Master. You didn't tell me to, but I've been making some notes about what I want in this one. A few changes."

"Want to talk about any of them now?"

He tilted his head. "I understand the reason I must wait for an invitation to sit on furniture, or to ask permission under other circumstances—"

I interrupted him. "Explain what you understand."

He nodded. "Slavery can get lost in everyday life if there aren't rules that affect the day-to-day normal stuff. Having to dress and undress in the garage is another reminder, but even being naked can seem normal after a while. Not being allowed on furniture without permission is a constant reminder of who we are to each other, Master."

"Exactly right. So what do you want to change?"

"I want to be able to sit on a stool in the control room, so I can stay out of the way of Mitch and Charlie but still watch ya'll record."

It was a reasonable request, but I wasn't going to negotiate today. I made a mental note to make the change, however.

"Anything else?"

"I have a few more places I'd like to be able to use furniture when you aren't here. Also, if I have guests when you aren't around, I'd like to be able to sit with them wherever I want. It's awkward to have to tell them we can't sit in a particular room because I don't have permission to sit on anything in that room."

I wanted him to feel comfortable having friends over, especially when I was on tour, so I'd certainly consider adding that, but I didn't give him any feedback.

"There's more." It was a statement and not a question, because I could see him itching to get it all out.

"Do you think I could maybe have a big cushion on the floor in a few rooms?" he asked. "Something I can be comfortable on that isn't furniture?"

The idea appealed to me, and I decided to go ahead and answer this one so he could get started on it. "Yes. Absolutely. Find a few things you like online and then get with..." I sighed. "I used Dana at Matty's firm, so you should go to her. I know Matty's your friend, but I'd like to stick with the same person. Dana's kinky, so you can explain what the cushion is for, and she'll figure out what works in the rooms you want one."

"Thank you, Master."

"What else, Davy."

"It's silly, Sir."

"Tell me anyway."

"When you're gone, I'd like to be able to lock myself to the bed, and then unlock myself the next morning."

I shook my head. "Permanent slaves don't have to be locked up at night. That stops when we agree on our new contract. Your rule will be that you can go to the bathroom to take a piss while I'm sleeping, but nothing else. No going to the kitchen for a snack, no taking a shower or bath in the middle of the night. You'll be punished if you are any place except the bed, toilet, or walking in between. When I'm on tour, you can go where you like so long as you get plenty of sleep."

"Oh. Okay, Master. That makes sense."

"Is there more?"

"I honestly don't know how I want to answer the question about whether I want to remain a secret or not. I mean, mostly I do, but then I think of how that will restrict the things I can go with you to do, and then I'm not so sure."

It was time to talk about his biological family, and I'd had more time to consider how to approach the subject. "Your original family fucked your childhood. Are you going to let them dictate your adult relationships?" I let that sit a few seconds and added, "There's no right or wrong answer. I'll do my best to make things work no matter your decision, but I'd like you to know that I'll also get my legal team involved to deal with your family if they pop up out of nowhere and you don't want to have to deal with them. My guess is I can offer ten or twenty grand to get them to sign an NDA that'll mean they have to pay me three times what I paid them if they spill the beans, and that'll make them go away for good."

I let him think that through for a handful of seconds and added, "It's also possible you have siblings or cousins who want a

relationship with you, but had no idea where you were or how to contact you.” I softened my voice. “Where did you grow up, Davy?” He’d told me the general area, but never the specifics.

“Clewiston, Florida, Master. Kind of in the middle of the Florida peninsula, so it’s an hour and a half from both the gulf and the Atlantic. Lots of farmland, so it’s full of farmers and rednecks. Not a big population. Small-town America, basically. I worked on cruise ships after I graduated high school. While I was between cruises, I went to Fort Lauderdale and Miami to try to find other gay men. I met Carlos, and he took me home with him. I thought I was his boyfriend the first couple of days, and then he started training me to be his slave. I mean, he made me call him Sir from the very beginning, but I just thought it was cool. I didn’t understand where he was going with it, but I thought I’d fallen in love with him. I’d kissed a boy and traded hand jobs, but…” he sighed. “Everything else was a first.”

I’d heard the part about Carlos, but he’d never talked about the town he grew up in before.

“Okay. So, do you think your original family is still in Clewiston?”

He shrugged. “I was allowed to read my file after I turned eighteen, and the notes say the DA was considering pressing criminal charges for abuse and neglect, but they left, and I guess the DA wasn’t interested in searching for them and dealing with extradition to have them brought back. My dad’s in prison for shooting a cop, but my mom’s sister hasn’t mentioned her online in years, so I don’t know where she is. I’ve thought about asking Ranger what it would take to find her, but I’m not sure I really want to know. It’s possible she isn’t even alive.”

“I can get Drake to look for your mom if you want. Just say the word and it’s done.” I kissed his nose. “And, if you decide you want to let the world know who I’m in love with, I’ll step up and deal with your family if you’d prefer not to, and if there are family members you want to talk to, I’ll act as whatever support you need for that, too.” I kissed his nose again. “It means we probably shouldn’t go public until I come back from the second-half of my tour, so I’ll be here to deal with whatever does or doesn’t happen. We can make a note in tomorrow’s contract that you’ll decide that later, as an addendum to the contract, if you want.”

He nodded. “Thank you, Master. It’s a huge weight off my chest knowing I don’t have to decide in the next couple of days.”

I wished I had family to worry about sometimes, but most of the time I focus on the here and now. The past is where it belongs for me, and it seemed to be for Davy. If his family popped up, we’d deal with it, and as long as they weren’t demanding money, I’d let Davy take the lead on how we dealt with it. If they wanted money, I’d hand the whole thing over to my lawyers.

Chapter 22

Davy

It's possible we negotiated the new contract in less time than it took us to deal with the first, even though this one was nearly five times longer. We both knew the changes we wanted though, and there wasn't much negotiation since we were both mostly on the same page.

I didn't think he'd let me get rid of the safeword, but he immediately changed the wording when I told him I felt as if it gave me too much power. I'm still allowed to say it, and I'm encouraged to do so if I feel damage or injury is happening or could happen, but whether he stops or slows is entirely up to him — he's no longer obligated to do so.

The thing is, I've never needed to say it with him. Not even once. He's taken me right to the edge, where I considered it, but never far enough I had to say either *yellow* or *red*. And I wasn't lying when I said it gave me too much power. I trust Master. He knows what I can and can't take, and he's always really careful about safety.

And now it was the morning after we initialed all fourteen pages, and I wanted to wait and deal with moving my stuff after Master left because I wanted to spend every second in his arms I could, but he insisted we do it now, before he left.

He said he wanted to oversee which things went into my two closets, and he wanted to decide where all my other things should go, and it made sense, of course, because Master almost always makes total sense, but I still wanted to do fun things during our final days together before he left.

And yes, I have two closets now, though one stays locked. Master had a clothes bar and some shelves put up in the garage, with walls around it and a door. All my work clothes go there, and my work boots. And socks. And nearly all my underwear.

The rest of my clothes are in a closet in Master's bedroom, but it's locked so I can't get to it. When Master wants me clothed so we can go somewhere, or because we're having guests I should be clothed for, he hands me what he wants me to put on. If we're going somewhere, I have to take the clothes he hands me to the garage to get dressed. If we're expecting company, I'm usually allowed to dress in the bedroom.

When Master isn't home, I have to text him when I go into my closet if I need clothes, explaining what I'm doing and what I plan to wear. If he's available, he'll text back to either confirm I can wear that, or to tell me to wear something else. Or, possibly, to tell me I can't do whatever I was planning. If he's busy and can't respond, I can proceed as planned, but I'm to be certain it's something I'm allowed to do — like going to lunch with Matty. For something I'm not sure of, it's best to ask permission a few days early. When he isn't home, my closet will text him anytime I open it. When he's home, it's locked so I can't get into it.

Master wanted to hire movers until I pointed out none of the furniture is mine. The only thing I'd be moving out would be my television, chrome book, clothes, toiletries, bedding, and towels. I figured I'd leave the cleaning supplies for the next person who rents it. The pots, pans, dishes, glasses, and silverware had been in the cabinets when I moved in.

And as much as I liked the rug I'd bought, I couldn't imagine it in Master's house, so I decided to leave it for the next renter, too.

So, five boxes of things plus a bunch of stuff on hangers, and the TV in a special box for it, all of which went into Master's old pickup truck with plenty of room for more. One load, and we were done.

I stood in the middle of my living room and turned in a circle, saying goodbye in my head.

"Second thoughts, Davy?"

"No, Master. It's the only place that's been solely mine that was home. *My* place, where I could do whatever I wanted if I had the money for it, with no one to tell me what to do. It was important — more important than I realized, but this time in my life is over."

His look told me he was waiting for more. And I looked to his feet a second before I met those brilliant blue eyes and told him the rest. "I thought I loved Carlos and Adam, but it turns out I was mistaking *needing* someone with loving them. I understand the difference, now. Until today, I could've left your home at any time. I can support myself just fine. I don't need you; I want you. It's a *huge* difference, Master." I shrugged. "I can still leave. It won't be as easy because I'll have to find a place to live, but I can afford to."

And Will had never asked for my bank information, never tried to take control of my finances. Carlos had used whatever

influence he had through the cartels and closed my account with the bank, so it no longer existed.

He'd put a section about my personal funds into our new contract. I'm only allowed to buy gas for my car and bike, lunch at the RTMC's restaurant, and the monthly fee for my Krav Maga classes. Anything else, I have to get his permission. He knows I'll be paying insurance for my car and bike, but I'll still need to check in with him when I pay them. He doesn't have access to either my checking or savings account, but he gets to look at the statement every month to see what I've spent money on. I'm more than good with that. It's like the perfect solution to make me a slave but let me keep my autonomy. I still have my own money. While I'm Master's slave, I can't spend it on anything without permission, but it's there in case I need it.

For now, my mail is being forwarded to a PO Box Master gave me permission to rent for a year at the local post office. I can wait to redo my driver's license, to decide which address to use. I think I'm going to want to go public, but I'm glad I have a little more time to decide.

Master still hadn't said anything, which meant he thought there was more for me to tell him. I didn't think there was, so I told him, "I'm going to miss you when you go back on tour, but I'll miss you a little less being around your things, Master. I'm glad you want me in your house while you're gone."

Master pulled me into a hug and just held me. Our breathing synced, and I swear our heartbeats did, too.

"I love you, Davy. I'm glad you've had time in this place as well, so you could stand on your own two feet and prove to yourself you can do it. You came to me as a man, not a child, and that's important." He kissed the top of my head. "Do one last walk-through to make sure you have everything. Open drawers and closets, cabinets, whatever."

My eyes went big. "My blankets!" I walked to the built-in sofa, pulled the seat up, and said, "I need another box, Master."

* * * *

Will

I was secretly glad we didn't have to find a place for Davy's dishes and glasses, but I wasn't going to tell him that. If he'd wanted to keep them, we'd have put them in the kitchen and used them, but it made it simpler that he wasn't attached to them. He had two nice throw blankets, a lightweight one and a huge fluffy down blanket for when it's seriously cold outside, and I was more than happy to fold them and put them with the rest of my throw blankets.

His towels were cheap, and I didn't think I did anything to clue him in when I rubbed the top one, but he said, "I know, Master, they aren't anywhere close to as soft as yours. I'll take them to work and use them as rags."

"If you're attached to them, they come home with us."

"They're just towels, Master. If I'd known the difference in these and the good ones..." He shrugged. "I guess I can't say for sure I'd have bought the good ones because I don't know how much they cost, but if they aren't staggeringly expensive, I'd have paid more for the super-thick and super-soft ones."

I looked through my memory banks and had to admit, "I have no idea how much they cost. Other people bought them with my money." I didn't even know if the interior designer had purchased them, or if my house manager had.

But the last thing I did before we left was to roll the rug in his living area up and put it in the back of the truck. Davy had told me about finding it in a thrift store, and how it'd had made his place feel homier. I'd sent a picture of it to Dana a few days earlier, and she'd told me where to put it — in our mancave, under the coffee table. The colors worked, so that's what we were doing. Davy didn't have any doodads or trinkets, nothing he could put in my house to make it a little bit his, too. I hoped the rug could do that at least a little.

When we reached home I unlocked his closet and had him fold and hang his clothes while I watched, and ordered him to toss a few items I couldn't see myself ever handing him to wear. I've been buying him clothes since the day after I met him. He didn't need to bring any from home, but I wasn't of a mind to make him toss all of them. About half had to go, though. Cheap blue jeans and substandard cotton shirts? Outside of his work clothes he wasn't going to be dressed that often, but I wanted him in fashionable clothing when he was.

He put the shirts on a different stack and told me, "I can use the shirts as rags, and the jeans should go in my work closet downstairs instead of throwing them away, Master."

I shook my head, wanting to argue I'd buy him work jeans, but changed my mind. Davy is his own person at work. I don't get a say in that part of his life. "Okay. They go downstairs."

And then it was time to explain boot camp to him. We were already in my bedroom, so I sat on the bench and pointed for him to kneel in front of me, which he did immediately because he's a good boy.

"Normally, my boot camps are from seven to ten days long. We'll do three days before I go, and then probably four to seven days when I return, depending on what I think you need. You're a good boy, so it's possible you'll only need another three days,

but I don't want to create a mess by cutting it short."

It seemed best to jump straight into what a day was going to look like, roughly speaking. "You'll be spanked first thing in the morning, every day. Whether it's hard and fast and behind us quickly, or whether I spank you to tears and keep going, you won't know ahead of time. You'll be given various writing assignments, and you can expect some long stints standing in the corner. I'll also send you to the playroom or bedroom to get into a spanking position randomly throughout the day, and you won't know how long you'll have to wait for me to show up and deliver the spanking or caning or belting or whatever it ends up being. You're good at addressing me appropriately, but for the duration of boot camp, consider yourself to be under formal speech rules."

I looked at him a few moments. He didn't seem upset by anything I'd said so far, but he wasn't going to like this next one.

"You'll spend some time in the jail cell. It's likely where you'll write the essays I assign, and you'll go into it when I have some guests over tomorrow evening."

I didn't trust these guys enough to know about Davy's existence, much less the fact we have a power exchange relationship, but in this case, Davy didn't need to know why I wasn't letting him socialize with me, only that I wasn't. Boot camp is about being in-your-face about the power imbalance. It's about getting the submissive in the habit of submitting and being subservient.

His face went blank, which means he didn't like that he was going to be stowed away while I entertained, but he was trying to keep me from knowing it bothered him.

And that's the line he and I will have to figure out as we move forward. He's my slave *and* the man I love. The former doesn't get to have much of an opinion, but I want to know everything the latter is thinking. How to keep the rules and station of the slave while giving our relationship the communication necessary to stay together? I wasn't certain, but I also knew it was important I stand firm on this and not stop to explain my reasoning. Davy absolutely needs his slave identity, and no way was I going to undermine that so soon in our relationship.

"Your exercise schedule will increase, and there'll be a lot more chores than normal — some deep cleaning the staff only does twice a year. No time like the present to start, so your first chore is to deep clean all seven bathrooms. All the shower curtains and floor mats go through the washing machine, but it's going to take a couple of loads since you'll want some towels in with them, to make sure the shower curtains get clean. The shower curtains don't go in the dryer, but everything else does.

"While the washing machine does its thing, you'll be cleaning the grout and all around the tubs and showers with a toothbrush and old-fashioned Comet cleanser. Make a paste with it and get to it." I motioned for him to get up and leave. "Off you go. I expect you in bed by one in the morning, though I might call for you if I need to get off."

* * * *

Davy

My arm and shoulder were sore when Master woke me the following morning.

"Up you go, slave. Go to the playroom, use the toilet if necessary, and get your ass on the fucking station."

Master had fucked me around ten the night before and put a plug in me. I'd finally finished the last bathroom about ten minutes till one, and I was more than a little nervous about inspection today because I'd had to go so fast to get all the bathrooms finished in time.

I peed and leaned over the fucking machine as quickly as possible, and then waited. And waited.

How long? I have no idea. Probably fifteen minutes, but it felt like longer.

When Master finally arrived, he adjusted the fucking machine so my body was aimed down more than it usually is, and then put a bar in, over the small of my back so I couldn't stand.

And then the belt struck a line of fire across my ass, and I yelped and nearly screamed. Master gave me ten strikes with about ten seconds between them, and then the belt rained fire on my ass, one strike after another, the crack of the leather louder than I could ever remember it being.

I was frantic with the nonstop pain, screaming and shouting. Eventually, tears fell, but Master didn't stop until long after my sobbing started

When he finally threw the belt down, he stepped to my side and put his hand on my shoulder. "Why are we doing this, slave?"

"To get us started on the right foot, Master," I spoke around my sobs as best I could, "and to help you decide which rules will work best for us long-term, Sir."

"Exactly right."

He stepped behind me and I assume donned a condom before he pulled the plug out and jammed his dick in my ass. It didn't take him long to get off, and he released the bar over my back.

I stayed put until given permission to get up, and he waited a good five seconds to say, "Get on the cross. Facing out."

I obediently walked to the cross and arranged myself the way he wanted me — feet on the little platforms and my arms up and out, so I was spreadeagle.

It didn't take Master long to secure my wrists and ankles, but then my heart rose into my throat when he secured the tops of both thighs to the cross, and then used an ace bandage to secure my hips as well.

Without saying a word, Master walked to the wall and returned with a penis plug. I'd seen it in the drawer a hundred times and tried to ignore it, because the top part would spread my peehole three times farther open than it's ever been before. I tried to shrink away from it when I saw what Master was holding, but I couldn't move. Panic threatened to take hold, but I knew my Master wouldn't do anything to cause true harm, so I merely said, "I belong to Master."

It sounded subdued, way more than I was used to sounding, and Master kissed my cheek. "Good boy." He set the plug on the little rolling cart beside him, opened a little container I recognized as a UV light box, squirted sterile lube into a small bowl he pulled from the UV light box, opened a packet with sterile gloves and put them on like a medical professional, and finally lifted another penis plug from the light box. It wasn't exactly small, but I knew I could handle it. Discomfort would be an understatement with this one, but it wasn't going to split me open.

"Trust is important. I'll probably eventually work you up to the big one, but you aren't ready for it yet." He met my gaze. "I'm pleased, slave."

He was pleased because I trusted he wouldn't hurt me?

And then he coated the plug with the sterile lube, and I realized it was possible I'd known Master wasn't going to use the first one because of the way he handled it, but then that thought was gone because the tip of the plug went in and spread my peehole, and that was the only important thing in that moment.

As expected, the plug was a lot, and there were lots of little yelps while Master mostly let gravity pull it in. Once it was all-the-fucking-way in, while I was still gasping and trying to deal with it, Master wrapped twine around my stomach and my dick, lining it up just below the head of my cock, just tight enough to hold my dick up. Not enough to cut off blood supply, but damn, it made me feel the motherfucking penis plug even *more*.

And then Master flogged the fuck out of my cock while I screamed and screamed.

He hit my balls here and there, but mostly he aimed at my cock, over and over and over and over. It felt like it went on for hours, and I know it didn't, but when he finally finished it felt as if he'd turned it into hamburger meat. Cooked hamburger meat, because my dick was on fire. My stomach, too, because the plastic strands had hit it plenty while he battered my cock.

Tears streamed down my face. Snot ran from my nose.

Master oh-so-gently removed the plug, set it on the cart, cut the cord going around my cock, let it fall to the floor, and pulled a few tissues from a box. He'd taken the gloves off before he'd thrashed my cock, so it was his hands holding a tissue below my nose for me to blow into, and then a few minutes later, wiping my face with a damp cloth.

Finally, he disconnected my right wrist from the cross, but then stepped back, looked at me a few seconds, and walked towards the door.

"Get yourself the rest of the way off the cross and clean up in here. When you finish, draw us a bath in my bedroom suite with the peppermint stuff I like in the mornings. Kneel beside the tub if I'm not there yet."

He walked out the door, and I struggled to get my left arm loose, but then unwrapping the ace bandage and disconnecting my ankle cuffs was easy.

First things first, I picked the condom and cording off the floor, threw them away, and then went to get the cleaner. In the bedroom, the condom usually lands on the mat instead of the hardwood floor. Down here, the floor is concrete, but wherever it lands, the spot has to be wiped up properly so it doesn't leave a weird mark when the lube and jizz on and in the condom dries.

I hung Master's belt on the doorknob so I wouldn't forget to take it back upstairs, and wondered that he'd brought it with him, rather than using one of the straps already down here.

I put the fucking station back to its usual position, wiped it down, and then returned to the cross. It took a good bit longer to clean everything Master had used, but once everything was clean and in its place, I headed upstairs with Master's belt to put it away and draw us a bath.

How much water goes into the tub depends upon whether he tells me to draw *him* a bath, or *us* a bath.

* * * *

Will

I released his right hand and headed to the kitchen to make myself some coffee, and then used the app on my phone to watch him clean. He worked quickly and efficiently. I love that about him. When he finished, I checked email and text, handled a few things, and then got Davy some milk and headed upstairs. He isn't a big fan of breakfast, but I felt like he'd need some calories to survive until lunch.

Davy was kneeling on the rug beside the tub when I returned, his cock still a nice shade of red. Fully erect, though, so it must've worked for him.

I got into the tub, invited him in, and handed him the milk. He drank it without protesting or arguing, and I watched him while I drank my coffee.

I'd only allowed him four and a half hours of sleep, but he looked fine. I guess the belting and dick-flogging had fully awakened him. He gave me a foot massage in silence. I'd told him formal rules during boot camp, and so far he was doing well.

"Do you know why I used that belt?"

"I don't, Master."

"It's the one I most often wear on stage. I'm going to miss you while I'm gone, but that belt will be a connection to you."

He looked up and met my gaze with those gorgeous pale-blue eyes, shocked at first, and then pleased. "I'm going to miss you, too, Master. Thank you for explaining."

I had him dry me when we got out of the tub, and then himself. I donned some shorts, and then it was time to inspect the bathrooms. I started to grab the harshest cane I own. The makers call it a stainless-steel whipping rod, but it's basically slightly smaller around than an old car antenna, about three feet long, with a nice handle.

However, if my boy needed to redo a section, he'd be caned while he did so. I'd belted his ass and mostly left the backs of his legs alone, which meant I had a clean slate to work with, if necessary.

He'd been on a time limit, so it might not be perfect, and I didn't want to risk having to strike him too many times with the stainless cane. I grabbed another that's still pretty harsh, but kind compared to steel.

I had him mix some Comet into a paste and grab the toothbrush I'd supplied for this task, and we started at the top of the house and worked down. I'd let Silver and Animal know the deal, which meant we went through their bedrooms and into their bathrooms quietly.

Silver's bathroom was perfect except for a few spots on the floor around the tub. I gave him a medium swat with the cane every thirty seconds, and he finished it fast enough he only had to endure three strikes.

The next two bathrooms were fine, but then we got to the one I didn't have renovated when I moved in because I wanted a reminder of how hideous the place had been decorated when I bought it. The whole damned bathroom is tile. It's just a stand-up shower, toilet, and sink, but the toilet is the only thing that isn't tiled. Okay, the toilet and the ceiling.

Sadly, Davy ended up with fourteen cane strikes while he fixed all the spots he missed, and he was crying elephant tears when we made our way to the next.

He ended up with a total of twenty-six cane strikes, so I was glad I'd decided against the stainless cane.

I told him to wash his face and meet me in the workout room, and added a *chop-chop* as I walked away, so he'd hurry.

He mostly had himself back under control when he entered the workout room, and I pointed towards the weight bench and said, "Face up and grab your ankles."

Again, he immediately obeyed, his legs straight and out, though he moved slowly to pull them up so he'd be certain to keep his balance on the bench.

I straddled the bench below him and put two tiny TENS patches on each of his balls, and used the long leads, so I could stand six feet away from him.

I leaned forward while he was in position and touched his lower lip. He opened his mouth, and I ran two fingers as far down his throat as I could. He never gags. Ever. I held them there about thirty seconds, my gaze locked on his, and then I slid them back out and wiped my hand on his stomach to dry them.

I scooted back so he'd have room to maneuver off the bench. "Hang from the bar and do your ab work. If you slow down too much or go too fast, your balls will feel it. You're done when I say, not you. Stop too early and I'll turn it on for a few minutes, not just a couple of seconds."

Chapter 23

Davy

When I finally fell into bed that night, I was exhausted. We'd worked out three times, and in reality I'm certain Master worked out way harder than me because he's getting ready to go back on tour, but my abs and arms were beyond tired.

And the damned TENS on my balls just fucking hurt. I had to choose whether to hurt my abs or let Master hurt my balls. *Fuck*. Eventually, I'd just hung from the bar and let him shock them because I couldn't possibly lift my legs again. Only when he'd hit them about a dozen seconds did he believe I was truly at the maximum I could possibly do.

A little later in the day, maybe noon-ish, Master put my dick in a cage and told me I didn't have permission to get hard, but then I hadn't been able to help it when he made me do squats while holding huge anal beads in with the threat of severe consequences if I lost them. I lost nine of the twelve, but that means they stayed in and I didn't get consequences, but I hadn't been able to keep my hard-on at bay, so now my dick was encased in a tiny steel cage with prongs pointing in so it *hurt* if I got hard.

Master fucked my ass yet again when we got in bed, which meant my dick tried to get hard, so it took me a while to actually fall asleep.

He woke me in the middle of the night to fuck my ass again, and then it was still dark outside when his alarm went off, and he pushed me under the covers to give him a blow job. I have no idea what time that was, but as usual, the blow job turned into a face-fucking, and damn if my dick didn't try to come to life *again*.

He'd taken my phone from me, and he'd covered the clock in his bedroom, so I had no idea when he'd let me go to sleep, or what time it was when he woke me, but it didn't feel like I'd had even close to enough sleep.

Later, I figured I got around five hours, but it felt like less.

Today's morning spanking was only thirty strikes with a big heavy paddle, but then Master had me reach back and spread my ass cheeks while he flogged my asshole with a plastic flogger until it was so hot and raw and inflamed I wanted to cry — and then he fucked my ass, telling me how hot it was, and how much tighter it was for him. I blubbered and cried at the stretch and burn and all the damned friction, *and* because my dick wasn't listening to me when I told it not to get hard. I could look down and see it, fruitlessly trying to poke out between the bars, pressing against the barbs on the inside.

Okay, so barbs is an exaggeration. They were dull so they wouldn't make me bleed, kind of like pyramids with the tops filed a little so there weren't any sharp edges. Still hurt like *fuck* on an erection, though.

Master pulled out, removed the condom, and came on my back this morning.

"Who are you?"

"Master's slave, Sir. Here for Master's pleasure."

"Go to the jail cell and close the door behind you. You'll find instructions on the little desk. Sit your ass in the chair and get to work."

Sure enough, there was a small desk with the kind of chair you'd expect to find in a school in front of it. Metal and plastic, but sturdy.

However, the seat was covered in astro-turf stuff, plastic fake grass, and it poked my butt and my balls when I sat. The instructions had been typed and printed.

I want at least a thousand words explaining the difference between discipline and abuse, and then the ways discipline can enhance a loving relationship. This isn't about kink, but about communication in a relationship, about how to make a long-term power-exchange relationship work for everyone involved. I won't ding you for normal grammar mistakes, but I expect you to try to get it right, so you'll get dinged for something egregious. You'll absolutely get dinged for misspelled words though. Use the dictionary I've provided.

I expect you'll do a rough draft and then a final copy. You have plenty of paper, pens, and white-out. You can cross through words and keep going on the rough draft, but the final copy should look polished. More than a few times per page with the whiteout, you should probably start over. No time limit per se, but no lunch until you finish. Push the button on the door when you believe the paper is up to my standards and ready for me to read, and then lube your ass, go to all fours on the bed with your ass in position to be fucked, and wait for me.

The first thing I did was use the dictionary to look up *egregious*. Next, I made some notes about points I wanted to be certain I covered, and then began writing. When I thought I was finished, it was barely seven hundred words, and I had to dig

for something else to say. I looked back over the points I'd thought of to start, realized I hadn't touched on the value of having rules outlined in black and white, and managed to write another two hundred words about that. I read through it again and managed to add some stuff here and there until I was over a thousand words. It was kind of a mess with numbers added where I wanted to add things in, and the added stuff on another sheet of paper, but I thought I could make it look okay on a rewrite.

No one had ever made me think of this before. Not in this way, but it helped me, I think, to have to think it through and write it out. People who understand the lifestyle would never mistake discipline as abuse, though I suppose normal people probably would. Still, explaining the difference, and how relationships are both simpler and more complicated with a power exchange dynamic put some stuff together in my head I don't think I'd completely understood.

It also helped me see how much responsibility Master takes on, making sure our relationship is stable, with continuity and unwavering boundaries and rules.

Master had covered the playroom clock, and my phone isn't allowed in the playroom even when I have custody of it, so I had no idea how much time had passed when I finally pushed the button to let him know I was finished.

I lubed my asshole, washed my hands, and then went to all fours on the bed with my legs spread and my back arched.

And then waited, and waited, and waited some more.

But I held position because I know better than to relax out of a pose when Master has given specific instructions. I'd stood to relieve my back once when Master had told me to grab my ankles and wait for him.

He'd bound me into the position with my back against the wall so I couldn't fall over, and put a weighted ball stretcher on me, caned the backs of my legs, and then tortured my balls until I puked. Okay, so it was just dry heaves because my stomach was empty, but I'd have puked if there'd been anything to come up.

Then a session with the belt to the backs of my legs, and he'd finally let me stand back up. I'd slept in the jail cell that night while he was in the playroom bed, and things hadn't been okay again until I got home from work the next day.

I don't like it when Master has to punish me, so I do everything in my power to keep *both* of us from having to endure it. He never fucks me when I'm being punished. Never gets off. He wasn't kidding when he said he feels *he's* fucked up if I need punishment, so he doesn't get any pleasure from it. His dick stays soft while he's belting and caning me, and that hurts worse than anything, I think.

* * * *

Will

Davy alerted me he was finished when I was about five minutes into a video meeting with everyone involved in organizing my tour, so it was over an hour before I could get to him.

I hire all these professionals to handle shit for me, but in the end, everything rolls downhill to me, so I need them to tell me the status of where everything is and alert me to any problems or even potential problems, and how they're dealing with them.

Davy was in perfect position when I opened the door, and I left him there while I sat and read his essay. His penmanship wasn't great, but it was legible. I didn't notice any misspelled words other than homophone fuck-ups — its/it's, there/their/they're, your/you're, etc. Fourteen dings out of a little over a thousand words wasn't terrible, but he'd feel every one of them. If he was going to help me with some correspondence, he was going to have to be able to get that sort of thing right.

First things first, though, I walked to him, got my dick out, rolled a condom on, and pressed into his ass with a groan.

"Fuck, I love this." I was all the way inside him seconds later, and told him, "Spread your legs a little more."

He did, and then I pulled out and slammed back in, holding his hips for leverage so I could plow the depths of his ass.

I finished in about ten minutes, tossed the condom on the floor, and walked to the sink to clean my dick before I put it away. I slid his essay into a folder with pockets, the draft pages on the left, final version on the right.

"I appreciate the thought that went into it. Fourteen errors, but we'll go over them later because I've been sitting too long and need to work out. Clean up in here and meet me in the workout room. You can use the restroom in here if you need to."

He was climbing down from the bed as I left the room. I stopped off in my bedroom long enough to file his essay away in the closet he doesn't have access to, and then went to the workout room.

I had an hour and a half until practice with the band, and that was likely to take hours. What did I want Davy to do while I was occupied?

I hadn't put him on the fucking machine yet. That could work. Or, I suppose I could put him to work on the lines he'd be writing, though I hadn't figured out how to engineer them so he'd learn the difference between your/you're, it's/its, etc.

I could require him to look them up and figure out the lines. I wouldn't do that for a less intelligent slave, but Davy was

smart. Not terribly educated, but capable of it if he applied himself. Yeah, that was an idea. Come up with a simple definition for the seven problem words and then write each definition one hundred times. I'd want to look over the definitions before he wrote them out, but that was fine. I could have him tell Mitch when he needed me for a minute, and Mitch could give us a five-minute break between songs.

Meanwhile, we'd worked on his arms and abs the day before, so today was going to be abs and legs. I expected him to have ripped abs when our tour finished, and it was up to me to show him what it takes to make that happen, so he could work out properly while I was gone.

* * * *

Davy

Boot camp was hell, but it also did the job Master wanted it to do — taught me things about submission I hadn't known, and helped him figure out how he wanted our normal days to go.

That level of activity wasn't possible long-term, but short-term, it was a good thing. Maybe *good* isn't the right word, but it had positive results.

Around seven o'clock on the third day, I stood facing the corner. Again.

Corner time is a huge reminder of one's status. Naked, holding my ass tight to keep the heaviest plug from falling out, facing the wall behind a screen in Master's office. People filed in one after another to talk to him about things he needed to know. One of the venues was trying to cause problems about which freaking bathroom Silver would use, and Master told his business manager, "Threaten to refund all tickets to people who have them, and to be open about the breach of contract the arena is pulling around stupid bathrooms. Silver will have security the whole time, it isn't like she's going to walk into a public bathroom alone. Hell, we have private bathrooms in the dressing area, don't we?"

"You do."

"You know what, I'm gonna make that call, just to be clear they know how I feel."

And he'd picked up the phone and chewed the guy a whole new asshole. He did it on speakerphone, so we got to hear both sides of the conversation, and by the end, the arena guy was apologizing for the *misunderstanding*. "There's no misunderstanding. Silver uses whatever bathroom is appropriate based on the way Silver is dressed, but that won't be an issue in your facility because we have our own private bathrooms available only to those allowed in our dressing rooms." He took a breath. "And if even a hint of this bullshit makes it to Silver, we'll never use your facilities, or any facility owned by your parent company, ever again."

It sounded like there'd been a big video call the day before, and these meetings were a follow-up to that call, an update on the problems discussed, and any new issues that'd come up since the call. He talked to a few people over a phone call or video call, but a whole lot of people showed up to talk to him.

Eventually, people stopped coming, and Master called me out from behind my screen, pushed his pants down and off, and ordered me to my knees to blow him.

He came in my mouth instead of down my throat, and while I swallowed, he said, "Go to the kitchen and put the casserole in the oven. While it's cooking, check the pool levels and add whatever it needs, if anything. I'll be up in about thirty minutes. If you run out of things to do, find a corner."

Earlier in the day, Master had me brown the meat and then put the casserole together, but he had me put it into the refrigerator rather than into the oven to cook. He'd also had me clean the oven, all the microwaves in the house, and the eyes on the stove. The day before, I'd had to clean the baseboards of the entire freaking house. He'd given me knee pads to wear, though, so at least there was that.

This casserole's recipe called for it to spend thirty minutes in the oven, but I figured since it'd been in the fridge and was cold, it probably needed forty minutes, so that's what I set the timer for.

The pool needed the PH adjusted slightly and more chlorine. I did both, set a program for the robot, dropped it in, and made my way back to the kitchen to check on the casserole. It needed a touch longer, about what was left on the timer, probably, so I walked to a corner and grabbed my elbows behind my back.

Master arrived a few minutes later and said, "Stay put until I tell you to step away. I'll get it out when the timer dings."

When Master finally called me away from the corner, I saw my special bowl — the one that fits into a mat that goes on the floor.

He'd moved the mat in front of the sink so it was in front of my bowl, once again thinking of my knees. Rather than order me verbally, he merely pointed me to it, and I dutifully walked to it and went to all fours on the mat — but didn't eat yet because

he hadn't given me permission.

“Eat.”

One word, and it was an order more than permission, tonight. I leaned my head down and grabbed food in my mouth as best I could.

“Spread your legs a little more so I can see your balls dangling.”

I did, and he said, “A little more. I wasn't to see the purple of the outside part of the plug I crammed up your ass hours ago.”

I spread my legs more and arched my back, and Master said. “Now that's a good little sex slave. Eat, boy. Dig in good. Every bite and clean the bowl.”

Master ate at the table, sitting so he could easily see me from behind.

When I finished my bowl, and by that, I mean I ate it all and licked it clean, Master wiped my face with a warm washcloth. His hand was gentle, wiping my face, cleaning me up. I was kneeled up while he bent over me, and he kissed me on the nose when he finished. “Since you didn't balk even a tiny bit, we're done with this boot camp session. Let's make some popcorn and watch a movie.”

We cuddled in one of the big recliners in the media room and watched a movie while Master fed me popcorn. I mean, I still had the huge purple plug in, but that was okay. Master likes for his slave to be filled full.

We had two more days until Master left, and I wanted to make the most of them.

Little did I know he had plans for me early the next morning, though.

Chapter 24

Will

I got Davy up at the crack of dawn, fucked his ass and then ordered him to jack off and lick it up, and took him running because it was going to be our last run before I left — and Davy's last run for a month or more.

I took us off the trail, into a little grotto, and made him jack off into his hand and lick it up at the three-mile mark and then again in a heavily wooded section near the end of our seven miles. He had trouble the third time, and that was what I needed. I showed him the small travel tube of cinnamon toothpaste in my pocket. "This goes on your dick, your hand, and up your ass if you can't get yourself off in the next six minutes."

He managed it, though he only had twenty seconds to spare, and he again caught it and licked it from his hands. The toothpaste would've added enough pain, it would've helped him over the top, but I was glad we hadn't had to go there. He'd have had to wash his dick when we arrived at our next destination, so it was better he'd managed without.

"Good boy. No more erections today. Keep it soft or you'll be punished."

Rather than taking us home, our security guys drove us to a tattoo place that wasn't open yet. The RTMC has their own place, and they'd agreed to an early appointment, so we'd be the only people there.

I turned to Davy before we exited the vehicle. "You will read whatever is put in front of you, and you will sign it. I've already read all the paperwork. If they hand you something I haven't seen, I'll take it from you and read it before I hand it to you. You will answer any questions directed at you in as few words as you deem socially acceptable. You will not speak unless asked a direct question."

"Yes, Master."

We walked to the door, and a heavily tattooed man opened it for us and then locked it once we were in.

"Just this way. I'm Clay. Davy needs to sign some paperwork, and I'll need to see his ID. Viper explained your relationship, and I can honor that once we get everything signed and a few questions answered."

Davy looked at me in a panic because he didn't have his wallet with him, but I pulled his ID from mine and handed it over.

Davy quickly read through the consent forms, signed and dated them, and I pushed them across the counter to Clay.

"I'm aware you have some contact allergies," Clay told Davy. "All our sprays are hypoallergenic. I'll be using betadine, are you allergic to iodine?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Hold your forearm out and let's do a little test area before I soak your penis down in the stuff."

Davy did as he was told, and Clay painted a quarter-sized spot on it with a cotton swab. He sprayed something on Davy's other forearm, and I took a look at it to see it was a piercing aftercare spray. So, even though it was hypoallergenic, Clay was still making sure it wouldn't be a problem. I approved.

"Have you had a fever in the past week, or have you been around anyone sick?"

"No fever, and I don't think I've been around anyone sick."

"If you feel as if you might be coming down with something, we should wait, so it's important you're honest with me about that."

Davy shook his head. "I'm fine. We just went for a run."

"Have you had alcohol, marijuana, or any other mind-altering substance in the past two days?"

He shook his head and seemed to remember he was supposed to answer verbally, so he said, "No."

"This is important, and it's the last question. I need it to be more than a yes or no, I need you to repeat back what you're authorizing. Do you give your Master authorization to make all decisions about placement, hole size, and jewelry for your piercing?"

Davy nodded. "I authorize Will to make all decisions about everything."

Clay looked to me. "You know him best. I can't have him bound so he can't move, but if you want him gagged or blindfolded, it's fine so long as the gag doesn't restrict breathing. However you think he'll handle this best." He shrugged. "Or worst, if that's what you're going for, so long as he doesn't get erect."

Three orgasms so close together pretty much guaranteed he wasn't going to get hard. If I ordered him hard he'd probably

manage it, but with orders not to get hard, I wasn't terribly concerned.

Viper had told me Clay often allows for power exchange while he works, but if he gets a lot of hesitation from the sub, or has the idea the Top is an asshole, he doesn't. He stressed it was totally Clay's call, but he figured it would all work out.

"I brought a wiffle-ball gag at Viper's suggestion," I told him. "And a posture collar, so he won't be able to look down and see what's happening, but he'll be able to see me. I don't want him in the dark for this."

He nodded and motioned for us to follow him. "I just need his bottom half available. Whether he strips all the way or partway is up to you," he told me.

"Everything folded on the chair and then have a seat," I told Davy, who pulled his shirt off as soon as I gave the order.

"The gyno table works best for this," Clay said. "Subs don't usually balk, especially when it isn't their call."

I nodded and found I was looking forward to seeing my boy with his feet in the stirrups.

"I'll need him sitting up some, and not all the way back like we put the girls. You might want to go ahead and gag him and put the collar on him before he goes up."

It didn't take long to get him situated. Clay checked Davy's arm before he painted Davy's cock with the same stuff, and then he showed me four pieces of jewelry he recommended for optimal healing, stressing I could put different jewelry in once it healed.

It took a long time for Clay to draw everything out and line it up. Just before he went in with the needle, he looked up and said, "Show me your safe signal, Davy."

Davy held his hand up and snapped his fingers a half-dozen times.

"Okay. Here we go. Your master is about to tell you how important it is that you stay still for this. He'll tell you whether you're allowed to make noise or not. I don't care about that, so it's his call."

Davy's eyes cut to the side to look at me, and I said, "If you move, I'll be most displeased and you'll be punished more harshly than I've ever punished you. Scream if you must, but be mindful of how loud."

A Prince Albert is a major piercing, and Davy's initial yowl seemed perfectly in line with how it must feel to have a needle stuck through your dick. He squeezed my hand enough it hurt, but I didn't say anything about it.

My dick went hard, though, and I couldn't wait to get him home so I could empty my balls into him. I figured I could stretch him out on the bed with his head dangling off the side backwards, so I could look at his freshly pierced dick while I fucked his face.

After all the time it took to measure and draw, once the needle went in, it only took a few minutes before the needle was out and the jewelry was in. Maybe not even a whole minute.

Clay spent a great deal of time going over how to care for it while it healed, danger signs of an infection, and a ton of other advice. He checked Davy's forearm before he sprayed the stuff on my boy's dick, and he told me I should go ahead and buy two bottles of the stuff, rather than have to come back and buy another bottle in a few weeks. So I did.

When it was time to go, I dug some loose shorts out of the bag I'd packed and told my boy, "I'll put these on your legs before we get you down, and I'll pull them up once you're standing. We'll take the collar off once the shorts are on. You aren't allowed to touch your dick. Understood?"

He nodded and gave a rough assimilation of "Yes, Master" with the gag in, and I helped him get his legs out of the stirrups. He wasn't locked in, as I'd have preferred, but I guess there would be legal issues with Clay piercing someone who was bound.

Viper had said it was possible to pay Clay a whole lot extra to have him come to the house and do it all as part of a scene, but I'd wanted this to be in a strange place, a true medical thing, and that meant coming here.

We got the shorts on him, his shirt back on, and I put the gag, collar, and his running pants into my bag. I paid Clay and added a huge tip, and I put Davy into the backseat of the Drake SUV.

When we arrived home, I only had him take the shirt off in the garage. He'd be in shorts until I was ready to let him see his dick. And yes, it was a power thing. No way to say it nicely. He'd signed over the rights to decide what happened to his own dick, within some boundaries, of course, but piercing was absolutely something he'd signed that I could do.

Davy *needs* to feel like a slave. Needs to be reminded of his status, and what better way to do this than to shove it in his face that I own his dick, not him.

People outside the lifestyle might see it as a dick move — and pun totally intended there — but in reality, I was conforming to the terms of our agreement. He wants to be the slave; I want to be the Master.

We stopped off in the playroom, where I had him stretch out on the bed, and I fucked his throat as I'd intended. I couldn't see his dick through the shorts, but that didn't matter. Just seeing the shape of the hardware through the thin shorts was enough to get me off in minutes, which was good because I was ready for breakfast.

So the kitchen was our next stop.

“You’ll be required to show it to me daily,” I told him while I fried the bacon and he cracked eggs into a bowl. I cut way back on carbs before a tour, so there were no biscuits or potatoes today. “No pictures, but I’ll want you to aim the phone so I can see it when we video chat. You won’t be running for a while, but crunches will be fine, and I think all your arm-day routine. We’ll have to go through the rest and figure out what you can and can’t do for the next couple of weeks.”

“He said four to eight weeks, Master.”

“I’m aware. You’re going to take extra-special care of it, so I’ll be able to fuck you all I want when I see you in five and a half weeks.” And if it wasn’t healed enough, I’d fuck his face instead of his ass, or figure out how to fuck his ass without jostling his dick around too much. If that failed, his throat would do just fine.

* * * *

Davy

Master fucked my face so many times that day, my throat and jaw were sore. Not only that, but he ordered me not to get a hard-on while he had his way with me, and fuck, even with the three orgasms I’d had that morning, my dick wanted to grow while Master used me.

I managed to stay soft, but only because he reminded me it would be a shame to have to mess up our last couple of days together with the energy of a punishment session.

Rather than make me go through my workout routines, Master stripped down so he was naked, and he did a couple-dozen or so reps of each exercise, making notations as he went about whether he thought they’d be okay or not. Basically, anything that tossed his dick around was a no-go, but a whole lot of them didn’t do that, sadly.

My dick was certainly sore and tender, and it *killed* me not to be able to see it, but that’s the life of a slave. I’d see it when Master was ready for me to, and not a second earlier, so I didn’t ask him to let me see it, or nag him to find out how long I’d have to wait. Odds were, the wait would be even longer if I mentioned it.

When I needed to pee, Master walked me to the bathroom, put a blindfold on me, carefully pulled my shorts down, helped me sit on the toilet, and had me pee while sitting, so no one had to touch my dick. Master washed his hands while I peed and dripped dry, and then had me stand so he could dab at the end of my dick to make sure it was dry. The blindfold didn’t come off until clean shorts were pulled up.

He told me to clean up, and that was when I saw the opened packet of sterile gauze, as well as the gauze itself. I just had to throw it away. I couldn’t see anything else that needed cleaning, but I wiped the vanity down since he’d put the gauze back on it.

When he finally took me to the playroom that evening, I thought for sure it was time for me to see it, but he tied me face up on the bondage table, arms straight over my head, and then he put a damned blindfold on me before he gently pulled my shorts off and connected my ankle cuffs so my legs were a little separated but not a whole lot.

Before he started, he told me, “Nothing sexual today, so no need for an erection. If you get hard, you’ll be in trouble.”

“I understand, Master.”

And I did. Clay said it was best if I avoided getting an erection for a couple of weeks, at least, and I figure that’s why Master did this now — so we’d only be together a few days before he was gone.

Master went into the jail cell and I heard the water running, which was probably Master washing his hands, since Clay had been so adamant that I wash my hands before I handle it, every time, even if I only need to pee. Nothing touches it that isn’t completely clean.

Master returned, gently lifted my dick, and I assumed looked at it from every angle, and then he sprayed the stuff on it.

And that was it. Different shorts went back on before the blindfold came off.

Every time I had to pee was the same as that first time — blindfolded while Master dealt with it, and then throw the gauze packaging and the gauze away, wipe the counter where it’d been.

That night, he put me on the cross in his room to spray it down, and again put me in a blindfold so I couldn’t see it when the shorts came off. He put clean shorts back on me every time, careful to not hurt my dick when he pulled them up.

Honestly, Master was probably right to keep me from seeing it, because it was tender, but it didn’t really *hurt* until I saw it around eleven o’clock the following evening, when it was time to do the saline spray before we went to bed.

It was pretty, sure, but *damn*. And it isn’t like I didn’t know what a PA looks like, but seeing one on yourself for the first time made me all dizzy, and I had to sit on the edge of the tub to keep from just sitting on the floor.

“Hey hey,” Master said, and I heard the worry in his voice. “You’re okay. No touching, remember? Tell me what you need.”

“I just need a minute, Master. I’m sorry. *Fuck*. It didn’t hurt too bad before. Why does it hurt now?”

He chuckled. “Maybe because you know how much easier it’ll be for me to lock your dick up when I return home from the tour in four and a half months?”

I groaned, and he kissed the top of my head. “C’m on slave. Let’s get it sprayed down and get to bed.”

He made me do it this time while he watched and gave pointers.

* * * *

Will

I was leaving at a terrible time in our budding relationship, but it couldn’t be helped. We’d be on the road four and a half months, but Davy was going to be able to come see me for a long weekend twice, which meant I’d see him again in about five weeks, and then again seven weeks later. We’d already planned to be in a hotel part of the time for one of his visits, and I had my people set up a hotel for a portion of the other one as well. They got me the penthouse suite for the second visit, taking up the entire top floor of the hotel, which meant I could lay into him without anyone around to hear.

We were starting in California and working our way east, which meant most all of our things were already there waiting for us, and we’d take a plane out the day before the first concert and then ride the bus back, city by city by city.

I was tempted to have Davy fly out there with us and then ride back in the empty plane with Heather, our favorite pilot, but it made more sense to rip the Band-Aid off and get our goodbyes handled here, at home.

My last two days were a whirlwind, but I fucked Davy’s mouth every chance I got, knowing it’d be weeks before my dick was inside him again.

And I grew to enjoy fucking him with his head hanging off the edge of the bed. It was a different angle than I was used to, but it wasn’t just the novelty of it. The angle just fucking worked.

If you put an ice pack in the refrigerator instead of the freezer, it’s cold but not dangerously so. Which means I could settle two small packs meant for an eye on either side of his balls, bind his ankles together to hold the packs in place, and then be absolutely certain he wouldn’t get an erection while I fucked his throat.

Chapter 25

Davy

The huge house was empty without Master, but just being in his house, in his bed, helped. Also, it's completely fucked up, but the tenderness and discomfort of the PA helped, too. It was a reminder that Master owns my dick. A reminder Master owns *me*.

I had to update a spreadsheet in Master's Dropbox to fully detail my workouts, and I had to email him every night before bed to let him know how my day went. He texted me multiple times a day with stuff like, *Too bad I can't take my belt to the event manager at this facility*.

Another day he texted that the stage setup was perfect and he was happier with the sound check than he could ever remember being, and how excited he was for the three concerts on this stage with this setup. It was nice, hearing when he was happy, frustrated, bored, or horny without his slave handy.

I could text him back when he texted me, but he didn't want me texting him randomly. He wanted everything in an email all at once. Some of that's because their sleep is all over the place depending on the schedule, and he sets everyone else to *do not disturb* while he sleeps, but not me. I can get him at anytime if I need him, but I'm not supposed to abuse that.

He usually initiated a video chat shortly after I got home from work, and he always made me point the camera so he could get a good look at my dick. It was healing nicely, and within a week I probably could've added a few things back to my workout, but Master said not to until he got to see it in person when I came to visit.

One weekend, Razor had to work nights both Friday and Saturday, and Matty spent almost the whole weekend with me — he went to the clubhouse to be with Razor around one o'clock on Sunday. By the time he left, I was ready for a little time to myself, and that was good. I had company nearly the entire weekend, and Matty is always fun to hang out with.

The next weekend I was invited to a Girls' Night Out, and I had a blast partying with all the ol'ladies. Razor thought he'd drive me home, but Ranger had driven me there and said he'd drive me home. Mac took Bethany home, and I felt bad about splitting them up, but Ranger told me he was on duty to watch me, and it was fine. I guess when it's just me by myself, they only have one person on guard, instead of two or more.

I wanted some cardio, and it seemed biking was fine nearly a month in if you're healing well and you don't go crazy with it, so I asked Ranger if I could go biking through Chickamauga Battlefield the next weekend. It's mostly flat, so it isn't like I'd be standing to pedal or anything. He brought a bike and put it into the back of Master's truck along with mine, and we had a pleasant day of it. I hadn't expected him to ride with me as if the two of us were friends, but he said it made the most sense — since he had to stay with me, he may as well ride with me.

The next week was kind of crazy. Once a month, most of the MC is gone for three days. I mean, a third is gone the first night, a third the second night, and a third the last night. Not all of them every night. No one knows what they do, and I'm certainly not going to ask. The bikers have their secrets and they get touchy about questions.

The important point here is that all employees are asked to help out on those nights if we can, so I usually do. I mean, they pay double-time for it if you're doing a job you don't normally do, which is nice, but I'd help out even if it was just normal overtime.

The bike shop is closed at night, but the restaurant is open, so that's where I help. Mostly, I roll silverware, wash dishes, and jump in to help when someone needs me to put the fries in and take them out, or wash the lettuce and help put salads together. Simple stuff, but they always tell me it's a big help, having me there.

So, I worked at my job eight hours and then helped out in the kitchen another six hours. One night I was in the kitchen a whole 'nother eight hours. Dawg was at the bar, and he pulled me out to help him. He showed me how to work *the stick*, which is just how you put beer in a glass, and I did that for about an hour and a half before he sent me back to the kitchen once things slowed down at the bar.

I didn't get all my exercises in those three days, but I'd told Master about it ahead of time, and he'd told me to do what I could, and I could make up for it over the weekend.

Eventually, it was finally time for me to fly to Master. I told him I could fly commercial, but he said they weren't dependable enough, and he wasn't going to lose a day with me because I got bumped to a different flight. So, Mac drove me to

the other side of the airport at seven o'clock on a Thursday morning, where I walked through a building and got onto a small plane. Not a luxurious one this time, and Heather explained she often uses this plane to take people skydiving. She invited me to sit up front, beside her, if I wanted to, and I decided I very much wanted to.

"It seems safer up here, now that I know you use this for people to parachute out of. I don't want to do that."

She laughed. "I don't expect there to be a need for it. We have good weather all the way there. One of Will's security guys will pick you up, and Will asked me to remind you that he'll never send someone you don't know to get you without sending you a picture of the person and giving you a code word he or she will say."

He'd told me a dozen times, but I only said, "Yeah. Thanks for letting me sit up here. Why do they call it a cockpit? Is that from when only guys flew planes?"

She laughed. "Lots of theories, but there are two I think might be the reason. First off, a cockpit was originally the place where they had cock fights. There was a big cockfighting deal in London back in the sixteen hundreds, and eventually, they tore that building down to build a place where the King's cabinet met. People continued to call it the Cock Pit, the name of the old building, and over time the word came to mean the control center, with a lot of double entendres in there, I'm sure."

"Seems a stretch," I told her.

She shrugged. "The word cock can also mean a boat, and the guy who drives the boat was a cockswain, so they called the place he steered the boat a cockpit. I figure that's probably the reason, and it just transferred from boats to planes. There are other theories, but they feel like even more of a stretch than the London cock fighting thing."

She showed me how the controls work, and even let me fly for a little while, so the five-hour flight went by pretty fast.

I've met Sloan a few times when he's filled in for Ranger or Mac, so I recognized him when I got off the plane. Once we were in the SUV, he handed me a t-shirt that said Mythic Beast STAFF, and a lanyard with my picture and a barcode to put around my neck. "You'll come and go with other staff." He handed me a kit once I had the shirt on, and I saw my freckle and the other stuff for my disguise. I put it all on with time to spare, because we drove another ten minutes after I was ready.

"I'm taking you to the hotel since Will's still there. Remember to call him Byron and not Will anytime you're outside the hotel room or his dressing room."

Our contract says Master can use one of the tracking apps to keep track of me, while I don't get to see where he is. However, he'd turned it on so I could see where he is while he's on tour. It made me feel better, knowing where he is. Or at least where his phone is, which is almost always close to him. He leaves it in the dressing room when he's on stage, but it's with him the rest of the time.

I opened the app to see how close we were, and then watched our little icons get closer to each other.

"Ghost tells us you've been invited to take one of Razor's Krav Maga classes?"

"Yes. I was going to talk to Will about it while I'm here."

"I think it'll be a positive experience." He glanced at me and back to the road. "Has Will talked to you about how crazy things can be before, during, and after a show?"

I shook my head. "I don't think he sees it as crazy. It's his life, and he's focused on performing, so maybe he has a different experience than everyone else?"

He chuckled. "Quite possibly, but you'll be standing in the wings with Ghost while they perform. It's crazy backstage, barely-controlled chaos. Stick with whoever we assign you to and don't even go to the bathroom without checking in with us. No wandering off on your own. Period. You'll be with Will, Ghost, or one of us at all times."

"Understood."

"Good. Have fun, of course, but pay attention to your surroundings. Fans can come out of nowhere, and we usually catch them before they get to you, but some of them know the facilities better than us, and they have it all planned out."

Finally, Sloan was walking me from the elevator to Master's room, and my heart raced in my chest, I was so excited to finally see him again.

I'd lubed my ass in the bathroom of the private air terminal building at the airport, and it was a good thing because as soon as Sloan poked me into Master's suite, he was right there, kissing me before I could get my clothes off.

And then he helped me undress, took me to a window where there was good light to inspect my cock, which was pretty much all the way healed, I figured, and I'd told him as much for the better part of a week.

And he must've taken me at my word, or maybe looking at it convinced him, because he bent me over so I was holding onto the back of a sofa and pounded me for... well, I don't know exactly, but it was a long time. At least thirty minutes, but I don't think it was a whole hour. And *damn*, my asshole was sore when he finished, but I wasn't surprised when he pressed a plug in.

I've been hard a bunch since my dick was pierced. Mostly when I wake up in the morning, but it's gotten hard a few other times despite me trying to keep it from happening. I don't think it's been hard for that long, though, but it seemed fine when

Master finally came in my ass. I didn't ask to come because I didn't want to draw attention to the fact I'd gone hard. He hadn't told me not to, but he hadn't given me permission, either.

He popped my ass kind of hard when he dropped the condom on the carpet. "Full of my come and plugged like a good little slave. Damn, I've missed you. Are you hungry? Room service has a little of everything. I'll just eat a grilled chicken salad before showtime, but they have a really good beef stew, and Animal said their baby back ribs are some of the best." He paused a few seconds, looking me over. "No, I'm thinking you need their parmesan steak with grilled mushrooms. Deal with the condom, wash your hands, and then fold your clothes and put them in your suitcase while I call our order in."

He ordered some potato something or other with my steak, a side order of cheesy bread, and a Belgian White beer from a brewery I wasn't sure I'd heard of before. I knew he'd drink unsweet tea with his salad, but then he'd eat a huge meal after the concert.

"Not a lot of downtime today," he told me when he got off the phone. "A little here and there, but there's lots to do before we go on stage tonight. We'll have a decent portion of tomorrow alone in the hotel. We're doing two performances Saturday and then moving somewhere else Sunday, so we'll be together on the bus with the rest of the band." He kissed my nose. "And then we'll have Monday morning together before you have to get on a plane and go home."

I leaned into him, and when he wrapped his arms around me, I wrapped mine around him. "I'm just happy to be here with you, Master. I've missed you."

"You've been keeping busy, and I'm happy for that. Ghost said Matty and Razor invited you to one of Razor's self-defense classes?"

"They did, Master. I was waiting until we could talk about it face-to-face."

"Do you want to take the class?"

"Yes and no? I'm not a fan of violence, but Matty says that isn't what this is about. It's about making violence stop, learning how to do that. I won't be in Matty's class at first, but after a while, I could be moved up to it, and I think it would be fun to take a class with him."

"Why don't you try it for three months, enough time to get past the part where you have no idea what you're doing, and then you and I can discuss whether you want to continue."

I nodded. It was good to have Master help me make these decisions. "Yes, Sir. That sounds good. If I hate it, I can stop, but if I enjoy it, I'll have something else Matty and I can do together."

He touched under my chin, so I'd have no choice but to look him in the eyes. "I'm not in the habit of asking what you need, but I'm going to make an exception. Do you want to cuddle? A spanking? My belt? Do you need to cry?"

Tears came to my eyes at the question because I needed Master to remind me of what he can do to me, but then I found I couldn't form the words. Finally, I said, "Whatever Master needs to do to his slave."

"Answer fast, without hesitation. Yes or No. If there haven't been any tears when you fly home, will you be disappointed?"

"Yes, Master."

He nodded. "Okay. We'll pull the belt out tomorrow and make that happen, but I think a good paddling is in order while we wait for our food. Bend over the arm of the sofa. Hips back enough so your dick isn't touching anything. Hands outstretched in front of you."

Master put a washcloth in my hands. "Hold onto it with both hands and don't let go. Don't make me have to punish you because if I have to go a whole twelve hours without fucking you, the punishment is going to be *way* worse than normal."

"Yes, Master."

If I held onto the towel with both hands, I couldn't reach back to try to protect my ass. Not that I would, but Master wants to make sure I'm safe, and the paddle could break bones in my hand if I reached back just as it was striking.

He spanked me until my ass was hot as fuck, and then had me kneel and kiss the paddle. He didn't tell me to say anything, but I said, "Thank you, Master, for the reminder of who I am to you."

He smiled. "I think it did us both some good. Go to the bedroom when room service arrives, and don't come out until I tell you. They come in and set it up on the table. Fancy shit."

Chapter 26

Davy

Since I hadn't decided for sure whether I wanted to be a private boyfriend or a public one, I couldn't go to the arena with Master. Instead, I walked into the huge arena with some other people wearing the *STAFF* t-shirts, and then Mira took me to Master's dressing room a few minutes later.

Master was sitting on a sofa looking at his phone, and he put it away and stood when I walked in. "We have about ten minutes, and I need to empty my balls again." He motioned off to the side. "Sit on that stool with your back against the wall."

He didn't take terribly long, but he was a little rougher with my lips and throat than he usually is, and it took me a few minutes to catch my breath after swallowing his load.

"Perfect." He leaned down and kissed my forehead. "That's how a well fucked slave should look." He looked at the clock on the wall. "I've gotta go. Wait here until Ghost comes to get you, and then stay with him. He'll bring you back to my dressing room after it's over. If you need to pee, do so now, but wash your hands first. There are snacks on the table, feel free to eat some while you wait for Ghost. He'll likely be along to get you in the next five or ten minutes."

I washed my hands, peed, washed my hands again, and then ate some beef jerky while I waited for Ghost. Honestly, I really thought my dick was healed enough I didn't have to wash my hands every time I peed, but I still did, just in case.

We had the *best* spot to watch, right from the side of the stage, which Ghost called the wings. Master was sexy as fuck on stage, moving and dancing, and his *voice*. Damn if I didn't have a hard-on most of the whole concert. At the end, after two encores, Ghost grabbed Hailey as she came off the stage, so he was holding both of our biceps, walking us fast to get us away from the crowds and back to the dressing rooms. Master had gone off the other side of the stage, but he was already in his dressing room when Ghost opened the door for me and then closed it once I was in.

"Clothes off, boy. Grab hold of the back of the sofa, spread your legs, and arch your fucking back."

He'd put a plug in me after he'd fucked me earlier, and he pulled it out and immediately crammed his dick in me, so we only had the lube on the condom. I grunted and yelped and did my best to open to him, but I was so *sore* from being fucked for so long earlier in the day. He slapped the side of my hip pretty hard at one point. "Relax, dammit. Accept me, slave. Who owns this asshole?"

"You do, Master! I'm sorry!"

Once he got in, things were better for a few minutes, but then Master was *so* rough with me — pulling my hair, lifting my hips so my feet didn't touch the ground while he pounded me, and he reached around and squeezed my balls once, making me have to hold my breath to keep from screaming, which I assumed would be bad in the dressing room.

Someone opened the door once, but closed it pretty fast. "Don't worry about that. Anyone back here tonight is one of my people."

His voice was different, and I finally figured it out — Lord Byron was fucking me, instead of Will. He was still on some kind of performance high, and I was, more than usual, just a vessel to get him off.

The knowledge made my dick grow even harder, and within a few moments I was begging for an orgasm.

"Not gonna happen this trip. Not until your dick heals more. Sucks to be the slave sometimes."

A whimper escaped, but I stopped it pretty fast, and came to terms with the fact he wasn't going to let me find release.

A few minutes later the door opened again, and Mitch walked in. "You have an interview in ten minutes."

Master didn't slow even a tiny bit, fucking me hard and fast while he answered, "Make it fifteen if we're doing it in someone else's dressing room. Twenty if it's in here."

I looked up, into the dressing room mirror, so I could see the two of them talking like Master wasn't fucking someone while they had a conversation.

"Twenty minutes," Mitch said with a nod. "I'll let you know when ten minutes have passed."

"Do that."

Master didn't slow down fucking me the whole time, but he sped a little more when the door closed behind Mitch.

"Spread your motherfucking legs more, slave."

I spread them until he slapped my hip again, and then braced as much as possible for the fucking I was getting. *Damn*, I

needed to come so bad I thought my balls might explode, but I knew better than to ask again, so I held onto it with everything I had. I didn't want to fuck up this trip by forcing Master to have to punish me, but that conversation had made me more object than person, and it'd nearly made me come on the spot.

I was completely raw inside when Master finally shoved deep inside me and filled the condom, which didn't happen until about thirty seconds after Mitch poked his head in to give the ten-minute warning.

Master dropped the condom on the floor, popped me on the ass again, and headed to the bathroom inside his dressing room. Just before he got to the bathroom, he said, "Put your clothes back on. I don't know who'll come get you, but it'll be someone you know. Never go somewhere with someone you don't recognize as being part of my staff or Drake security."

I responded with, "Yes, Master," but he turned the shower on so I don't know if he heard me or not.

Ghost came to get me while Master was in the shower, and he handed me a hoodie that covered my face so I could barely see where we were going, and then walked me out to an SUV. "Sloan's going to take you back to the hotel and put you into Will's suite. We'll get Will to you after the interview finishes."

My phone dinged and I checked it. **Put the purple plug in, use your spray, and then lock your dick up. The device is in the top right drawer of the dresser in my bedroom. Kneel in the bedroom and wait for me. Room service might set up our food before I get there, but they've been told to stay out of the bedroom.**

It took a few minutes to figure out the device. It went around my waist and between my legs, with a big stainless-steel cup-like thing my dick went into. Okay, more of a wide tube than a cup, but it still reminded me more of a stainless sports cup than a denial device. There was plenty of room in there, so it wasn't going to fuck with the piercing. The back of it was like a cup, too, so the two straps went out and away from my asshole.

It's *so* hard to lock a cage onto your dick, knowing it won't come off until Master unlocks it. I did it, though. He wanted it locked away, and I was here to do as he wished. He has more of a say over what happens to my body than I do, within the boundaries of our contract.

This device wouldn't keep me from getting hard, it just kept anything from touching my dick.

Nearly five weeks on my own had made it harder to submit. He'd texted me orders on and off once my piercing seemed to be healing nicely. Also, he'd had me fuck my own throat with a dildo while we were video chatting, and I'd had to put clamps on my nipples while he watched, and then keep them on while we had our video call. It wasn't like I hadn't had to follow orders while he was gone, so why was this so hard?

The purple plug was the heavy glass one with a stem so fat my ass was going to hurt until Master took it out. I had to struggle a little to get it in, and my eyes watered at the stretch and burn, but I washed my face and then kneeled in the bedroom to wait for him.

My heart raced a little when room service entered and began setting the table. Master came in while they were still working, and he told them it smelled good and breezed past them to come into the bedroom. He put his finger to his lips, to tell me to be quiet, and then he pulled his dick out and held it to my mouth, which I immediately opened so he could stick his dick in.

This wasn't a hard and fast fucking, but a slow and leisurely one. All the way in so I couldn't breathe, and then back out just as slowly. In and out and in and out. Slow and steady.

When room service left, he stepped back, fastened his dick back into his pants, and pulled me up. "C'mon, I'm starving."

"I need to wash my hands before I eat, Master."

He followed me to the bathroom and leaned against the door to watch me wash them.

"Mitch is a Dom. I told you from the beginning you'd have to service some of my associates, but never my bandmates. He'll visit with us tomorrow, and he's going to fuck your face while I take your ass."

I looked down because I was afraid I'd get in trouble for the look on my face.

Master sighed and wrapped his arms around me from behind. "I was rough with you after the concert, but I'm not going to apologize. That's who I am when I'm riding the high of a performance, and even now, I'm more Lord Byron than Will."

I stepped away from the sink to dry my hands on a towel, and he touched the metal cage over my dick. "Turn around and bend over. Show me the plug."

I did so, and he popped me on my right cheek. "An extra fat one since you seem to have forgotten how to take a cock up your ass. "

I followed him to the dining table big enough for at least a dozen people, and we both walked to one end, where room service had set everything up. Master sat in the chair on the end, but I stood by my chair because Master hadn't told me I could sit.

"I got you the farmhouse burger you like with the fried egg on it, and I got a black-and-bleu burger. Sit your ass down and

eat.”

“Yes, Master.”

I sat gingerly because the plug was *huge*, but Master didn’t seem to notice.

He’d also ordered fries, onion rings, mac-and-cheese, and the kind of beer I liked. As I figured, Master feasted. I wasn’t that hungry because I ate a lot before the concert, but I ate a little of everything, and he didn’t comment on the food I left on my plate.

By the time we finished eating, he was mostly Will again.

“I’m sorry I had a hard time opening for you, Master.”

He shrugged. “I had you fly out in one of the plugs that makes you tighter, and then I marathon-fucked you when you haven’t been fucked in a while, and put a narrow-necked plug back in. Your asshole was hot as hell when I fucked you after the concert, so you were probably swollen. Hindsight and all that. You aren’t in trouble, I’m just taking steps to make sure it doesn’t happen again later tonight. Did you enjoy the concert?”

“So, much, Master. You’re damned sexy on stage. I was hard the whole time.”

He grinned. “Good to know. Want your ass again, and then maybe some sleep.”

* * * *

Will

Davy hadn’t been as quick to obey as I’ve come to expect from him, and that settled my thoughts on whether he needed the rest of his boot camp when the tour was over. I’d been playing around with dropping it, thinking he was good to go, but that hadn’t been the case.

The chastity device had to come off the next morning, but it went back on after we’d cleaned Davy’s dick and the device. Hotels are full of germs, and I wanted him naked, but I didn’t want to risk an infection to the piercing. It did, indeed, look healed, but I wasn’t taking any chances with it.

Thankfully, he seemed to be back on track the next day. I fucked him, ate some breakfast and talked him into eating some bacon and eggs with me, and then we worked out. The suite had a workout area with a few machines, but mostly I used the chin up bar to work out while I had Davy on a mat focusing on his abs. I’d jostled his dick a lot while I fucked him, but I wasn’t ready for him to jostle it a whole lot working out, yet.

We had side-by-side massages, and then the chastity device went back on my boy and we chilled on the sofa, Davy in my arms, and we talked. It was good to touch base in person. I had no idea what projects he had going at work, and he talked for twenty minutes about the fifty-nine Ferrari Testarossa the shop was doing a complete reno on.

And it occurred to me, it might not sound impressive that he’s an upholsterer, but people trust him to work on cars worth twenty to forty million dollars, and that’s a huge deal.

“Does the shop have extra security, with the Testarossa there?”

“It stays inside, and someone spends the night there, so it isn’t there alone. I don’t think they’ve upped the tech security, though they might’ve. They don’t share that kind of thing with me.”

“Do you happen to know the appraisal value?”

“The owner bought it at auction for thirty-four million and had it delivered to us.”

So my off-the-cuff figure had been in the ballpark.

“Technically,” he said, “I’m not supposed to talk to anyone about the fact we have it, but they told me a while back that I can tell you this stuff.”

I kissed the top of his head, pulled the chain holding his cock cage key over my head, and then moved one of his legs so I’d have access to it. When it was off, I pointed to the floor.

“Kneel and get an erection without touching yourself. You can’t get off, but I want a good look at it while it’s hard.”

He immediately went to his knees on the floor, closed his eyes, and within a few minutes, his cock grew, and grew, until it was mostly hard.

It looked completely healed, but I figured it was probably best not to let him beat off just yet. He was going to have to go without an orgasm until he came back to me, and that was about a month after the longest it should take it to heal.

“Excellent, I’m pleased. However, because you had some trouble submitting when you first arrived, I think a little corner time is called for. Look at me, boy.”

He looked up and I told him. “Not punishment, but a reminder of your status. Mitch is on the way. Stand in the corner and behave until I call you from it.”

Davy

I don't know how long I stared at the corner, maybe ten minutes, before someone knocked on the door and I heard Mitch and Master talking shortly after.

"Your boy in trouble?"

"No, he's a good boy. He's just parked in the corner until I need him again. Anything I need to know?"

It felt good, having Master tell Mitch I was a good boy. It'd been a long time since I've had to service two men at once, and the slave part of me was looking forward to it. I *wanted* to be Master's good boy, his property he could do whatever he wanted with.

"Lots of pics and short video clips on social media from last night, all positive. Your interview went live this morning and is getting good reception. We're sold out tonight, so it seems to've done the job."

"How are ticket sales for the next couple of weeks?"

"Sold out in most cities, at ninety percent or more in others. We're good. Could be better if we were sold out everywhere but we're close enough, and all the expensive seats are sold out, everywhere, for the rest of the tour."

I motioned towards Davy. "He's fine without a ring gag, but your choice."

"You know my preferences."

"I do. Give me a sec to get him set up."

I couldn't see him, but it sounded like he turned towards me to say, "Davy, pull a dining room chair without arms out in the open and bend over it from the side, so we can get to you from the front and back."

I kept my gaze on the floor while I walked across the floor to the huge dining room table. I hate ring gags, but no way could I beg Master not to make me wear one. I'm the slave. I do as I'm told, and that's exactly the life I want.

I felt Mitch's eyes on me, but I situated the chair so I wouldn't be staring at him once I was in place, and I looked straight ahead once I assumed the position my Master had ordered me into.

* * * *

Will

I went to my sex kit and got a dental gag, since that would work better for Davy than a ring gag, and Mitch basically just doesn't want the mouth to be able to close around him while he fucks it.

Mitch is *extremely* well endowed, so it took me a few minutes to get the Jennings gag installed and open all the way. Davy's jaw was going to be hurting something awful before Mitch finished, but sometimes it sucks to be the slave. Though, honestly, Davy's enough of a masochist, the pain might very well work for him.

As soon as he was ready, I stepped behind him, lowered my jeans, donned a condom, and looked up to Mitch, who was standing in front of my boy with his dick in his hand, encased in the condom I'd given him.

"I'll go in first," I said, "so I can feel it when you bottom out down in his chest somewhere."

He grinned at me, and I pulled the plug from Davy's ass and stuck my dick in. My boy was open for me, thanks to the plug, and I went in fast and hard, and then held.

"Your turn."

Mitch and I have double-teamed more people than I could possibly count. Hundreds and hundreds, over the years, so we hit our rhythm right off the bat, both of us going in at the same time, pulling out at the same time, pounding my boy at both ends.

I knew my boy had been used this way by Carlos a whole lot, and with Bubbles a handful of times, so it wasn't new to him, but it was the first time I'd shared him with someone, and it was a big deal.

It's the ultimate statement of ownership, isn't it? Sharing your slave means he's actually *yours*. It isn't play pretend. It's real.

And okay, having his dick pierced so I can more easily lock it up once it heals is also a big deal, but this felt like more. Of course, it wasn't my dick being pierced, so maybe the other was a bigger deal to Davy. I probably wouldn't ask him, and yet, I was a little curious.

We fucked him a good forty minutes before we both blew — it's always something of a competition, with Mitch, but I almost always win. Today was no different, so I kept fucking my boy another couple of minutes after Mitch came, dropped the condom on the floor, pulled his pants back up, and sat on the sofa to wait until I was done.

When I finished, I dropped my own condom where I stood, removed the dental gag from my boy's mouth, and told Davy, "Deal with the condoms and the gag, and then go back to the corner while Mitch and I talk."

I had some more business to go over with Mitch, so it was another fifteen minutes before he left. When the door closed behind him, I called Davy to me from the corner and walked him to the shower.

Chapter 27

Davy

Master washed me all over with a big fluffy poof, though he was careful to keep it away from my dick, and he held me and kissed me and told me he loved me.

“If you’d been allowed an orgasm, would you’ve been able to?”

“I barely held onto it a few times, Master. I only managed because I knew how embarrassed you’d be if your slave couldn’t maintain control.”

“Oh yeah, that would’ve been bad. You’ve been trained well enough to keep from coming without permission.”

“I have, Master, but it was still a close call.”

He kissed my forehead. “I’m glad it was good for you.” He shrugged. “It’ll keep happening whether it is or not, but I think it’s better that it does it for you. I might even allow an orgasm next time. Or not.”

Master put the big stainless contraption back on my dick, and then we cuddled on the sofa and talked for a while.

I got a little excited when Master had me stand so he could take the thing off my dick, but he said, “It’s time for those tears, sweetheart. Stand a few feet away from the dining table and bend over so your hands are on it but your torso isn’t touching anything. Make adjustments as necessary so your back is arched and your ass in the air, legs spread. You know how I want you.”

“Any chance I can change my mind about needing tears, Master?”

“Nope.”

I was already moving when I asked the question because I know better than to hesitate when given an order. I knew I’d regret it if this didn’t happen, but while I got into position, I was regretting the fact I’d basically asked for it.

Master used his belt for a long, long time, and didn’t stop until far past when the tears started to flow.

Slap after slap. Strike after strike. Leather on skin. Over and over. The heat built and built and built, magnifying exponentially, and still, Master didn’t relent.

It wasn’t anything like punishment or maintenance, he didn’t hit me especially hard until right before the end, but he found a rhythm, striking over and over and over.

Cathartic. That’s the word. I needed the tears and the pain, the assurance he’s still my Master, and he gave it to me.

And yeah, being shared with another man should’ve hammered that point home, but the belt did it in a way nothing else could’ve.

The sex afterward was almost tender, at first — until it wasn’t, but that was perfect, too.

We connected, soul-to-soul, and that made everything that came before totally worth it.

And his orgasm was enough. I could suffer for my Master so long as he found pleasure with me.

The rest of the weekend, I saw Master here and there, but other than sleeping at night, we didn’t have a whole lot more alone time. He fucked me a lot, a whole bunch of quickies, and he shared me with someone I hadn’t met before, who I think maybe was someone local. It wasn’t a double-team, just a “Damn, you’re in a bad mood. I can offer my slave’s services for a blowjob if it’ll help.”

The dude had unzipped his pants, and Master had tossed me a condom and motioned me to the other man. He was sitting on a chair, so I kneeled in front of him, rolled the condom on, and blew him using all the tricks I’ve learned over the years. I got him off within about five minutes despite the condom.

I noted Master never used my name in front of this man, and he sent me to the corner after I blew him and disposed of the condom.

I ended up on the other side of the dining table from them, since the nearest trash can was in the little kitchenette area, and I went to the closest corner after tossing the condom. I guess the man thought I’d come back into their area to get into a corner, so as soon as he saw I was staying on the other side of the room, he asked, “How long have you been a slave, boy?”

Thankfully, Master answered right away so I didn’t have to. “He can’t talk while he’s in the corner. Pretend he’s been sent away.”

Master brought them back on topic, about a song he was trying to buy the rights to, and the guy eventually said he’d take the

offer to his client. It didn't sound like his client was going to agree to it, but it was clear Master wasn't going to give more.

When the door closed behind him, Master said, "You can come out of the corner, Davy. Thanks for doing such a good job with him. Get us some beer out of the fridge, yeah?"

He had the beer I prefer as well as his favorite, and I got one of each and brought them to the living area.

"I'm glad I could be of service, Sir."

"No, I don't think you are, but that's okay. I appreciate the sentiment."

"Is everything okay, Master?"

He shrugged. "Have a seat beside me. I'm going to miss you when you're gone. I've spent every minute with you I could, but it doesn't seem like enough."

"I love you, Master. I knew you'd have a tight schedule, but that's okay. I love that we could make this work, and I look forward to seeing you again in about six weeks."

He took my ass eight more times over the next twenty-four hours, and fucked my face twice. I was well-fucked and incredibly sore when I stepped onto the plane the following day, and Heather's grin told me she could see it written all over my face.

"So, it was a good long weekend?"

"Yes. Absolutely."

"Will tells me he's still looking for your third?"

I shrugged noncommittally. Will told me she's their favorite pilot, but I didn't know if that included talking about personal shit.

"I remember when Marcus was looking for our fourth, and I couldn't imagine how it would work with four people living in one house, having sex together. It didn't work at all with a few women he brought home, but then..." She shrugged. "He brought the women destined to be our fourth home, and I liked her from the start. She fits so perfectly, I can't imagine her not being around. I have a best gal-pal living with me, and over time, I guess I've fallen in love with her."

I didn't say anything, and she said, "I'm kind of a rare animal — a dominant masochist."

I looked at her all goggle-eyed. "How does that even work? You order someone to hurt you?"

She chuckled. "I'm Domme to one of my boyfriends, and my other boyfriend ties me up and hurts me. He Tops me, doesn't Dom me, but he's a true sadist so he fully enjoys hurting me. Turns out, our fourth is a slave, not just a submissive, and she serves both me and Marcus. I've had to learn how to deal with a slave rather than a submissive, but we have it all figured out now, I think."

"I trust Will to find someone who'll fit into our life, but yeah, it's hard to imagine having a girl live with us."

She chuckled. "I never thought I'd have romantic interests for a girl, or enjoy sex with one, but it turns out, I guess I'm bisexual if it's the right girl."

"Yeah, I don't think I am, but..." I shrugged. It wasn't my call.

"Oh, I get it. Just figured I'd tell you a little of my story. The rest of my foursome will be waiting at the airport when we arrive. We're headed to Myrtle Beach for a few days, and it's good to be able to fly instead of drive."

We talked about her guys a little, one's a psychiatrist and the other's a plastic surgeon. Turns out, she flies the bikers some, too. She'd flown them all to Vegas when Matty raced out there, and then flown them back home the following week.

"I'm going with them to Atlanta in a few months," I told her. "I'm pretty excited about it."

It was weird, being close friends with a motorcycle racing celebrity, and dating a rock star, but somehow, this has become my life.

Chapter 28

Davy

I wasn't a big fan of the Krav Maga classes the first week, or the second week, but things started to click in the third class. I still wasn't sure I wanted to keep taking the classes, but I might.

At seven weeks after the piercing, I added all the exercises back into my routine, which was actually a relief because I'd had to do so many fucking crunches to make up for not doing the others — on a flat surface, going all directions, left, right, and center. Then on a wedge with my head down low, also going every direction. It was awful.

So, getting back to my usual routine was actually a good thing.

My next trip to see Master was just a three-hour flight, so I left Wednesday after work and flew back late Sunday so I could get back to work Monday.

He had me give Mitch two blow jobs, but they didn't share me, and he didn't order me to service any other men.

Also, I was better prepared for Lord Byron after the shows, so it didn't catch me off guard.

I guess I kind of expected he'd finally let me have an orgasm right away, but he didn't. He made me kneel and gently beat myself off one morning, but then he just fucked my ass and wouldn't give me permission to come.

Other than that, things went great Thursday and Friday, but then Saturday night this woman came out of nowhere, and security stopped her before she got to the group, but she was screaming about him not calling her back, and my heart fell into my stomach.

I rode back to the hotel in a different car, since I was with the staff and he was with the band, but the second I made it up to his room, he said, "I'm sorry. I fucked her in my dressing room Wednesday afternoon, after we did the sound checks and got everything dialed in. She works for the arena and came to make sure we didn't need anything, and basically offered herself to me." He sighed. "I should've talked to her a little more before I fucked her. She's mentally unstable, but I didn't see it until after. I try to keep that stuff away from you." He touched my chin so I had to look at him. "I don't apologize to my slave for much, but for this, I'm sorry."

How had he known I was upset? He'd looked at me from ten feet away, had he picked up my feelings from glancing at me? Did he think I was mad because he'd fucked her? Because he'd told me all along he was going to keep fucking women, just no more men. I needed to be sure he understood *why* I was upset, so I told him, "It just caught me off guard, Master. We're good. I'd be lying if I said I was okay with it, because it bugs me that you might want me to like someone like *her*, but I have to trust that when you bring someone home, you'll do it with everyone's personalities and wants in mind."

"I will, and she isn't even close."

I wanted to change the subject, so I told him, "I know we talked about me coming to watch your last performance of this tour in Atlanta, but all the bikers are going down, and they haven't asked, but I know they need people to help keep things running while they're gone. I've seen the show a whole bunch and they haven't, so would it be okay if I don't come down?"

He looked at me a few seconds, his face a blank, which I figured meant I'd hurt his feelings, so I gave him the rest of it. "We won't be able to be together at the after-party. We'll have to pretend to just be acquaintances. I'd really rather not go at all if I have to hang with Matty and Razor instead of you."

He nodded. "Yeah, okay. More than one reason to stay home means that's what you do, I guess. I'll miss seeing you, but I'll just have to wait until the next day."

Overall, things went much better this time, probably because I knew more of what to expect, and I was better prepared to be the slave Master expects.

Two hours before it was time for me to go to the airport, Master had me kneel and jack myself off. He made me edge myself four times, right to the edge, beg and plead for permission, and have it denied so I had to stop. Then back up to the edge all over again. Finally, he gave me permission, and it'd been so long since I came, I spurted all over the place while he was ordering me to catch it in my hand. I managed to catch some of it, but not all of it. Not even most of it. He made me lick it from my hand, but thankfully let me clean the rest of it up with towel.

"Hotels are nasty, so use a towel. No more orgasms until I get home, slave."

The last thing he told me before I left for the airport was, "When I get home, I expect you to have reached enough of a

decision you can get your driver's license address changed."

"Yes, Master."

* * * *

Davy

Micca finally returned about a week after I got home, but she seemed different. Big time different, but Matty said she just had a hard time with whatever happened on the mission, and she'd be back to normal before we knew it.

I wasn't so certain, but I didn't argue with him. I ate with them a few times at the restaurant, and I invited both of them to come swim one Saturday, but Micca had something else to do, so Matty came alone, which was fine, and we had fun, but I couldn't help but think that Micca was almost like a different person. Whatever had happened must've been bad *squared*.

And I couldn't really put a finger on exactly what was different. She's always been just an all-around kind person, and that hadn't changed. It isn't like she was rude, or harsh. She just seemed *different*.

Ten days out from Master's last concert of the tour, Bubbles came to me at work holding an envelope. "You got a letter from Alaska. Do you know who Malcolm Jones is?"

I just stared at him a few seconds before I started hyperventilating. I knew what was happening, but I couldn't stop it. My breaths kept coming faster and faster, and Bubbles picked me up, sat on a bench, and held me in his lap.

"Breathe, Davy. We don't have to open the letter if you don't want to. We can pretend it never came."

I shook my head and tried to get my breathing under control. Eventually, with Bubbles' calm voice talking me through when to breathe, I managed, and I told him, "I think it's from my grandfather, but I've never met him. Why would he be writing me?" I grabbed his arm. "You don't think he knows about me and Will! I'll just die if someone tries to blackmail Will and get money out of him!"

"Calm down, Davy." Bubbles has this voice that you just kind of have to listen to. I mean, it isn't like he can spank me or hurt my balls these days, but the voice still works on me, and I calmed right down.

He grinned. "Maybe I should've pulled that out to start. Better?"

I nodded and reached for the envelope. My hands were shaking when I opened it, but I managed okay, and unfolded the sheet of paper inside to see really nice handwriting.

It was in cursive, and I'm not so good at reading cursive, but I managed to make it out okay.

Young David,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and good cheer. I am your father's father, but I was never allowed to meet you when you were young. I only recently discovered you went into foster care at a young age. If I'd known, I'd have done my best to get guardianship of you so I could bring you to Alaska.

My information tells me you had some difficulty getting started into adulthood, but that you're holding down a good job now, on your way to a career. I'm pleased to hear it. I'd love to talk to you and get to know you. I wasn't allowed when you were young, but now the decision is up to you. Your grandmother and I would like to be part of your life in whatever way you're comfortable with. We can begin with phone calls and maybe video calls. If we want to take the next step, I can pay airfare for you to come to us in Alaska to visit with us.

He listed his phone number, email address, and social media information, and I read through it again while I tried to make sense of it.

He wasn't writing because of Will. He wrote because he wanted to get to know his grandson. That was completely different, and if it was true that he hadn't been allowed contact with me when I was young — and it likely was because my parents wouldn't have wanted anyone to see how malnourished I was — then I couldn't be too mad at him. Could I?

"What are you going to do?" Bubbles asked.

"I don't know. I need to think about it."

"Talk it over with Will. He'll help you straighten your head out around it."

I wasn't going to talk to Will about this while he was dealing with the end of his tour, but I nodded to Bubbles.

"Do you think I can buy a burner phone from Brain, in case I want to call? That way, if I don't want to go past the phone call, he won't have my number."

"I'll check with him. You okay?"

I nodded. "I am. It just caught me off guard. I can get back to work. Thanks for taking care of me."

I went back through my memory banks, trying to remember meeting family members. I'd known about my aunt because when I started school after I was in foster care, I'd met someone who told me he was my cousin. I'd always assumed she'd known

about me and done nothing, but maybe my parents hadn't let her see me either? Still, she could've taken me in, rather than letting me go into the foster system. She clearly knew about me at that point.

I shook my head and walked back to my station, happy I was measuring and cutting, where it takes every bit of my focus to do my job. If I'd been stitching something, my mind could've wandered, and I didn't want to think about my family.

* * * *

Davy

I called Malcolm Jones the following day, on a burner phone Bash told me I could keep for a few weeks. It had ten hours of time on it, and he told me to feel free to use whatever I needed.

I addressed him as Mister Jones when he answered, and when he'd figured out who I was, he'd told me, "I suppose the title of grandfather must be earned, and I haven't done that at all, so call me Malcolm. I'm so glad you called."

We talked for two hours, mostly about me, but I learned a great deal about him and my grandmother, since he put me on speakerphone so I could talk to both of them.

He wanted to set up a time for a video call in the coming days, but I told him, "I need to process this, and I hope you understand. Give me a few weeks, okay? After a lifetime without family, this is going to take some getting used to."

He hadn't mentioned wanting money from me, or knowing I'm dating a rich guy. I'd told him I recently started seeing someone and I thought it might be serious, but I didn't tell him I'm gay because I was terrified he might... What? I don't know what I was terrified of, but I didn't tell him I have a boyfriend. He assumed it was a girl, and I didn't correct him.

I talked to Matty about it, who I guess told Razor, who told Bubbles, who came to me the next day to check in with me. Or hell, maybe Matty told Lexi, who told Bubbles. I adore Matty, but the boy can't keep a secret to save his life.

No, that isn't entirely true. He keeps the secrets Razor tells him to keep, but that's to save his ass.

I didn't want to admit to Bubbles that I hadn't told Will yet, but he point-blank asked me what Will thought about it, and before I said a word, he said, "Wait, you haven't told him?"

I shook my head. "He has too much going on with the end of his tour. It's less than two weeks and then I can tell him in person."

"I think it's a mistake, not telling him, but as long as you seem to be on an even keel, I'll let this be your decision. If I think you need his input, though, I'll pick up the phone and call him in a heartbeat."

Chapter 29

Davy

I thought that was the end of it. It should've been the end of it, but I guess the news made it to Hailey, who told Ghost, who assumed Will knew about it, so he didn't know the firestorm he'd start by asking Will how I was dealing with having my grandfather in my life.

But I had no idea about any of that when my phone rang with a video call request from Will.

"Master!" I said when I answered, thrilled he had some time to talk.

"You're home? Alone?"

"Yes, Sir." I panned the camera so he could see I was in the workout room. "You caught me while I was doing my crunches, Master."

"Why is it that I had to hear from fucking Ghost that your grandfather wrote you, and Bubbles was the one who had to give you emotional support?"

Will spoke slowly and deliberately, enunciating every word with more control than I'd ever heard, and I instinctively understood he was so pissed he'd had to lock everything down to call me.

"I didn't want to bother you with it until you're home from the tour, Master."

"Bother me?" his voice went higher. "*Bother* me!?"

"Maybe that was the wrong word, Master. You have so much going on, and this can wait a few weeks before we talk about it."

"Do you not want to be my slave anymore?"

My heart stuttered in my chest and I thought I might be sick. "Yes, Master! I'm yours!"

He was quiet a few seconds, and finally asked, "How would you feel if I had something earthshattering happen, and one of my ex-boyfriends was there for me, and then I went nearly a week without telling you about it?"

"It wasn't like that, Master!" Only, hearing him say it, I realized it was exactly like that. "I'm sorry, Master. I just thought it was my problem, and that we could talk about it once you got home. I talked to him the other night and he seems really nice, but I told him I needed a few weeks before we talk again. I told him it was because I have a lot to process, and that's true, but mostly it was because I wanted to get your input on our conversation."

He blew out a breath. "This is a serious breach of trust, Davy. You agreed in the contract that you'd bring anything that impacts you emotionally to my attention immediately. This should've been a phone call right away, as soon as you opened the letter and read it, or before you opened the letter, so I could be with you over video while you read it. Even if it woke me up. It's the reason you aren't on do-not-disturb while I'm sleeping, so I can be there for you for exactly this kind of thing."

"I can only apologize again, Master. I thought it was better to wait."

"I have to go, but we'll talk about this later."

He hung up without telling me he loved me, and I wanted to just sit and cry.

I should've known word would get back to him. Bikers talk to each other *way* more than most men. Matty talks about it all the time, how there are no secrets in the clubhouse.

I hadn't meant to keep it a secret, I'd just assumed no one would be talking about the letter I got like it was news.

Fuck.

* * * *

Will

I wasn't mad so much as I was hurt. I've never been jealous of whatever happened between Davy and Bubbles, but the idea that Bubbles had to talk him down from a panic attack bothered me. I'd have been okay with it if Davy hadn't hidden it from me, but he had, and for the first time, it felt like I was on shaky ground with my boy.

I grabbed my tablet, unrolled the funky little keyboard, opened the word processor, put fingers to keys, and started typing.

Promises should count for something. I thought you'd be true, and now my heart hurts. You're the last person I ever

thought would hide something important, and now my heart hurts. I've done everything I could to be brutally honest, and then your past comes back into your life and you hide it from me. And now my heart hurts.

It helped to write it out, and it was probably a decent start to a song. Too wordy, but a little shaving would...

Fuck. I was trying to ignore my pain by making a damned song.

I called Panda.

"I need to run. I have an hour until I have to be in my dressing room. Any chance you or Mira can go for a run with me? I'll do a man bun and wear runner's sunglasses."

"Yeah. Mira will be more than happy to run with you, and I'll follow in the SUV. How long till you're ready?"

"Five minutes?"

"We'll come get you as soon as she gets changed."

Panda drove us to a park rather than let me run the roads, and he moved around so he could keep an eye on us without running with us. Mira always paces me and keeps up, and I have a feeling she's having to go slower for me, but I've never asked. We ran three miles before it was time to head back, and I decided to ask her in the SUV.

"You're slowing your regular pace to run with me, aren't you?"

She and Panda looked at each other, and then she turned to look at me a second before she faced forward again. That's the thing about talking to your security — their first priority is situational awareness and not social niceties.

Which is fine, but it was a reminder these two were here because they were being paid damned good money to be.

And it hit kind of hard. They were here because they were being paid to be, and there's nothing wrong with that, but it still hit me wrong in the moment because I thought Davy liked me for me and not who I am, but was I wrong?

"Mira runs like the wind," Panda told me. "I don't run with her unless I can help it. She's insane with her running."

It took me a moment to realize he was answering for Mira without actually answering, so I chose to just change the subject.

"I have someone I need Drake security to look into for me. It's supposedly Davy's grandfather in Alaska, but I'd like all the information on him I can get."

"Text me what you have and I'll get it to our geeks."

"I don't actually have very much. Last name Jones, but that's probably not much help. Does some kind of hunting and cooking show on social media."

"Might not be doable in New York State, but Alaska's a different animal entirely."

"I'll text you what I have."

My first instinct was that this was a relationship problem and not a power exchange thing, so there'd be no punishment, but the more I thought about it, I wasn't certain that was the right way to go.

Later, I had a chance to talk to Ghost about it, and he said, "I don't know if there's a right or wrong answer. I'd tan Hailey's ass if she kept something like that from me, but it might be better for the two of you to handle it differently. Biggest thing is to sit him down face-to-face and have him tell you the whole story. If you believe him, that he didn't see a problem with holding off a few weeks to talk to you about it when you got home, then maybe just have him write lines about how important communication is or something. If you don't believe him? That's a serious problem, a trust issue, and one ya'll will have to find a way to repair, if you can."

"Yeah, thanks for that. This came out of the blue, and..." I shrugged. "I was so sure he'd talk to me about anything important, and then to find out that isn't the case? I don't like being on shaky ground."

"Do you love him?"

"I love him so much it hurts."

"Then figure it out. I don't know him well, but my take on him is that he's pretty genuine. What you see is what you get, without subterfuge."

Ghost was absolutely right. If Davy said he thought it would be okay, then that's what he thought. It wasn't okay, and it was my job to reinforce that, but unless he gave me a reason not to, I'd take him at his word.

I nodded to Ghost. "Yes. You're right. Maybe the ground isn't as shaky as I originally thought."

Or, maybe it was.



Will's story continues in [There's a Way](#).

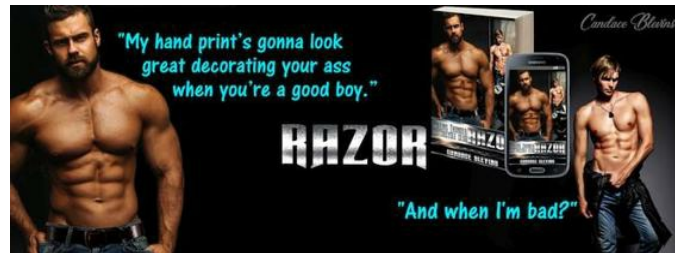
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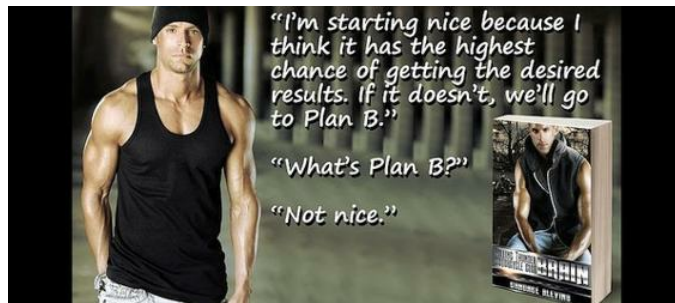
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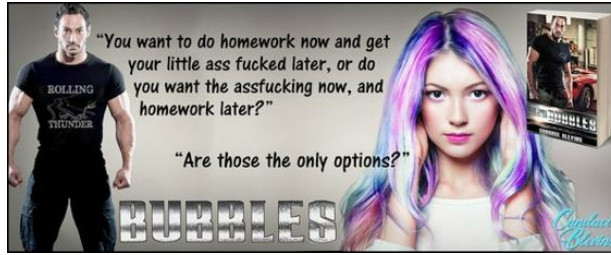
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Bubbles Excerpt



Lexi is late for her cosmetology class. She races another car for the only parking space close to her building — and wins. She ignores the other driver’s string of not-terribly-creative cursing and threats, and scurries to class. However, when she comes out hours later, she freezes when she sees members of the local gang sitting on the hood of her car, waiting.

Terrified, Lexi rushes back inside to call her sister, who works for the local MC. Ten long minutes later, her sister tells her to go to the athletic center and wait for some guys on bikes, who’ll take her to her car and keep her safe.

Bubbles can’t believe how tiny the girl with the pastel blue, pink, and purple hair is, and wants to lash out at anyone who scared her. He and Slick get her into her car and away from school, and Bubbles follows her home to be sure she’s safe. When he realizes she lives in the heart of the gang’s territory, his protective instincts kick in and he takes her home with him.

Lexi is nineteen and has been with two men her entire life. Bubbles is in his thirties and has had every sexual experience known to man. He’s a felon who’s spent serious time in prison and is still on parole. He’s the last kind of complication she needs in her life, but for such a gruff, giant of a man, he’s gentle with her. He makes her feel safe.

Little did Lexi know how drastically her life would change because she hit the snooze button one more time.

Chapter One

Lexi

I flew down Amnicola Highway and took the turn onto campus way too fast for my little Neon, but I forced myself to slow down in the Chatt State parking lot because I couldn't afford a ticket, and the security guys were all about getting even *more* money from students. By the time I made it over the thousand speed bumps and around the buildings, I was fit to be tied because class was starting while I was still in my freakin' car, and the parking lots were full.

Like the sun shining through a cloud, I saw an empty parking space semi-near my building, and raced for it. Another car dashed towards it from the other direction, but my adrenaline kicked in and I got there first — though barely. My little lime green Neon kicks ass when I need it to.

Triumphant, I grabbed my bag from the other seat and ignored the other driver, still idling right behind me — inches from my bumper. It'd been a race for a parking space and he lost. End of story. Go find another space, *loser*.

The asshole wasn't going to let me keep my eyes averted so we never made eye contact, though — he bounced out of his car and started yelling, waving his arms and fists around like a wannabe gangsta.

"Bitch! You know what's good for you, you'll take your lily-white nasty ass back to that piece-a-shit green car and get it out my parkin' space!" He made the gun sign with his fingers — one the Playas mostly use — but he wasn't wearing colors and he came off as a wannabe.

He was between me and my building, and while he didn't scare me, I *hate* conflict, so I backed up and went around another car to get to my class without responding. Dude needed some anger management classes.

I wasn't terribly late to class this time, and it turned out okay. The rest of my day was pretty normal, and I didn't think of the parking-space asshole again. I'm in cosmetology school so I can learn to cut and color hair, and the asshole was carrying a navy shirt like the guys in the automotive building wear, so I figured he was learning to be a mechanic. There was no reason to think we'd bump into each other ever again.

My last class let out at two thirty, and my stomach dropped into my feet when I stepped out and saw the asshole with two of his friends leaned against my car.

I angled towards the library, my heart beating in my throat, and dug my phone out of my pocket to call Etta once the building shielded me from the men. I wasn't afraid of one asshole alone, but three in gang colors was another story.

"Whatcha need, baby sister?"

That was my big sister, always looking out for me. We talk a lot, but I don't usually call her right when class lets out, so she knew somethin' was up. I told her about the guys waiting for me at my car, and about the race for the parking spot that morning.

"He wearin' gang colors?"

"He wasn't this morning, but he is now, and so are his friends. Blue."

"*Fuck*, Lexi. Okay. Stay put. I'll call you back in a few minutes."

"Thanks, Etta. I love you." Our mom has ties high up with the Disciple Playas, and she'd be a lot more likely to make a few phone calls if Etta asked her.

I started to go in the library, but then I wouldn't be able to answer my phone. I made my way to the cafeteria, sat so I could see both doors and no one would come up behind me, and opened one of my books to read the next assigned chapter. May as well make use of my time. I didn't think the asshole had recognized me — my hair had been in a ponytail when I'd arrived and was down that afternoon, and I'd had a lightweight jacket on, but it was in my bag because the day had warmed.

Etta called me back nearly ten minutes later. "Slick and Bubbles are on their way. Bubbles is as big as a house, but Slick can be just as dangerous. They're both nice guys. Slick's doing it as a favor, but I'll be providin' some services to Bubbles. All you have to do is be gracious and thank them. *I'm* handling payment. Don't offer anything."

"*Damn*, Etta. I'm sorry." I cuss in my head all the time, but I hardly ever do it out loud. I *really* didn't want her to owe the RTMC for this, though.

"Don't be. Bubbles ain't a hardship. It's all good, baby sister."

Etta's a workin' girl for the local biker gang. At first, I hated the idea of it, and I kind of still do, but she's never been roughed up unless the customer paid big-money for it *and* Etta agreed to it, and she doesn't hate her job. She's happy, she seems to be safe, and that's enough for me. They call her Betty because they insisted she take another name for her working persona, and she wanted it to be something she'd respond to.

Still, I'd assumed she'd call one of our mama's people and get these guys to back off, but she'd called the bikers. I didn't want her to have to *service* them on my account.

"Maybe so, but I owe you big time. I'm in the cafeteria, where did you tell them to meet me?"

“They’ll pick you up in front of the gym, and both’ll be on bikes. You won’t be able to miss ’em. Slick’s a lot smaller than Bubbles, so get on the smaller guy’s bike and point them in the direction of your car. He’ll have a helmet for you, so security won’t lose their shit.”

“Thank you.”

“Slick promised they’ll follow long enough to be sure the asshole isn’t tailing you. Drive Mama’s car tomorrow and let her drive yours. I’ll go with you this weekend to trade your car in on another.”

I loved my little car, but my sister was right, because I lived smack in the middle of the Disciple Playa’s territory. He’d tell his people to keep an eye out for a lime green Neon, and they’d find me. No one would confuse me for Mama — she’d be safe in it. Decades of drug use meant my thirty-nine year old mama looked like she’d long since passed fifty. Plus, all she had to do was call Marlin or Jiminy and there wasn’t a sane Playa in town who’d mess with her.

Neither my sister or I touched the shit. Etta had kicked my ass the first time she’d caught me using anything stronger than weed, and threatened to do a lot worse if she caught me again. I was seven the first time I smoked weed, and nine when I tried crack. Hadn’t done *anything* but weed since I was fourteen, though.

I stowed everything in my bag and made my way across campus. I didn’t have to wait long before two bikers pulled up, and Etta hadn’t been kidding about Bubbles. *Damn*, he was the biggest white-boy I’d ever seen in person.

The other biker handed me a helmet and helped me fasten it. “Don’t worry about the fit,” he told me. “We’ll be in the parking lot the whole time. It’s just to keep security from stopping us.”

“Thanks for doing this. I appreciate it.”

“Betty’s one of ours, you’re one of hers. I’m Slick, this is Bubbles. It’s nice to meet you.”

I smiled at Bubbles, and he smiled back. I hoped his dick wasn’t proportionally sized or I’d *really* owe my sister for this. I’d wondered about it being two against three, but with these two, it could be two against five and I’d bet on the bikers.

Bubbles looked like he could be on one of those fake wrestling shows, though I doubted this man would wear anything besides jeans and biker boots. His shirt stretched over cords of muscles, and I worried he might accidentally bend his handlebars if he got pissed while he was riding.

Slick’s bike vibrated and rumbled under us. I liked it, but there wasn’t much time to *properly* like it because we were only a half-mile from my car. Slick and I went in front until we neared my Neon, and Bubbles came around us when the lime green came into view.

The gangbangers were still sitting on the hood, and they turned to look when the bikes pulled up behind it and shut off.

“Is there a problem, gentlemen?” Bubbles asked, still sitting on his bike.

“Yeah.” The asshole from the morning swaggered to the back of my car, his boys just behind him.

“Bitch saw somethin’ she shouldn’t have this morning. Mind yo own business, fuckers. You don’t wanna interfere.”

“I didn’t see *shit* you lyin’ sack of fuck! You wanted my parkin’ space and I got to it first!”

Slick put his hand on my leg, and I stopped talking.

“Do we need to bring Marlin into this?” Slick asked. Marlin was the leader of the Playas, and no one wanted to get on his bad side. I was surprised the biker went that route instead of threatening to kick their asses. I hadn’t known the two organizations had a working relationship, but it explained why Etta had gone to the bikers.

The asshole looked from Slick to Bubbles and back to Slick. “Don’t guess we do.”

“Girlfriend’s gonna get in her car, and we’re gonna follow her out,” said Bubbles. “You gonna give us any trouble?”

“She rats, it’s on you and *nothing* will protect you.”

“No cops. She’s cool.”

Bubbles got off his bike, walked to Slick’s bike, unfastened my helmet and lifted it off my head, took me by the hand, walked me to the door of my car, and put me in. He squatted beside me, inside my door. “We’ll follow you. You’re safe.”

“I didn’t see anything. He’s *lying*.”

“All that matters right now is getting you out of here in one piece. We’ll give you room to back out of the parking space, and I’ll follow you until I’m sure the coast is clear. What part of town are you headed to?”

I didn’t want to tell him I lived in low-income housing in the Orchard Knob area, but I didn’t see a way around it. I told him which apartments I lived in and didn’t see any judgement though, just acknowledgement.

The truth is, I easily pass for white because my biracial mom must’ve gotten knocked up by a white dude. We’d always assumed Etta’s dad was Asian, but she did one of the DNA things and it turns out she’s nearly half African, about a third Asian, a little Native American, and bits and pieces from all over Europe, so who knows what-the-fuck her dad was. Doesn’t matter, because she’s the most beautiful woman I know, and she’s my big sister, and she was waiting for me when I pulled into the apartment parking lot with Bubbles still following. Slick had turned off a few miles from campus, but Bubbles stuck with me

the whole way.

I'd called her from my car to let her know I was safe, and that the asshole was saying I saw something go down. He'd have to be an idiot to sell on campus, but... *whatever*. I didn't care, so long as he left me alone.

"Hey, bouncin' Betty," Bubbles gave Etta a fond smile when he'd parked his bike behind my car and shut it off. "Your baby sister's a cute little thing, but she's got Fury pissed at her, and that ain't healthy."

Bubbles looked at me. "I had the control room check into him on the way here, to make sure I have my facts straight. Fury's out on parole, and one of his conditions is he either works or goes to school. He's at Chatt State in their mechanic program."

He looked at Etta and back to me. "Bubbles took classes while he was inside. He works in the MC's classic car shop."

Etta stepped behind me, wrapped her arms around me, and told Bubbles. "Lexi went into foster care at fourteen and went to Hixson High. I made Mama apply for a two-bedroom apartment ahead of time, so Lex could move in with her when she graduated high school and had to move out of the foster house, since she turned eighteen before she graduated."

Etta moved to my side but kept an arm around my waist. "She's nineteen, and she lived in the suburbs for four years, but she grew up here and knows the rules. She wouldn't rat even if she'd seen something."

"I'll walk her up and let her pack a bag," said Bubbles. "She can stay with me a few days till we get this sorted. She won't be safe here."

Etta shook her head. "I was going to take her to my place."

He chuckled. "She'll be safer with me. I just bought a house in the MC's neighborhood. Got a spare bedroom and everything."

The sun was bright, and she moved so Bubbles' shadow was on her face when she looked up at him. "What does this do to our deal?"

He shook his head. "Doesn't change our arrangement for rescuing her, but she can't stay here. She can pay for her room and board by helping me pick out curtains and furniture and shit."

"I can do that," I told him. "And I can cook and clean." People offered to help each other all the time when I was with the fosters, but *nothing* is free in the hood.

He looked at his phone and put it back in his pocket. "I need to get a few more hours of work in. I'll follow you to the MC's shop, and I'll set you up in a room so you can do homework. I'll take you to class in the mornin' and pick you up, so we'll leave your car in the shop overnight."

I turned and gave Etta a hug, and she put her mouth to my ear. "He's a good guy and he'll keep you safe, but he'll probably try to get in your pants. Tell him *no*, Lex. You're going to get a good job and get out of here."

I'd felt safe with Bubbles following me to the apartment — watching out for me. In any other situation, he'd have terrified me, but knowing he was there to make sure no one hurt me was comforting. I knew Etta wanted me to go home with her, but I wasn't going to turn down his offer. He was right — it wasn't safe for me here, and I didn't want to put my sister in danger by going with her.

I turned to Bubbles. "Thanks for watching out for me. Our mama might shoot you if you follow me up. I should be okay just to pop in and get some clothes."

He eyed the apartment building. "What floor you on?"

"Second."

"I'll walk you up and wait in the hallway." He looked at Etta. "I have her. We'll get it sorted with Marlin, and I'll be sure she's safe before I turn her loose."

Etta sighed and hugged me again. "I'm not in the mood to deal with Mama, so I'll go. Call me if you need me."

The last part was an order, and I didn't dare argue. "I will," I promised. "Thanks for calling them for me."

I grabbed my biggest duffel when I made it to our apartment, threw four changes of class uniforms in and six changes of regular clothes, along with makeup and hair shit. It was Thursday afternoon, so I'd only have to be scared in class one day before we hopefully had time to resolve shit over the weekend. Still, it wouldn't hurt to have a few extra days of clothes in case I needed to borrow Etta's sofa a couple of nights before going home.

When I met Bubbles back in the stairwell, he said, "If you're good with it, you should leave your car here. You can report it stolen out of the parking lot Saturday morning, and the MC will sell you something comparable and dependable with a thousand-dollar discount. We occasionally have need for a car not associated with any of our people. We'll paint it a different color and it'll blend right in."

Right, and that was technically insurance fraud, but it might take me a few weeks to find a buyer who could appreciate my little car properly enough to understand its worth. I wouldn't get even close to its true value if I needed to sell quick, and I did. The insurance company wouldn't give me its worth, either, but their check along with the MC's discount would be more than I could sell it for.

"Maybe," I told him. "I'm gonna need another car sooner rather than later. I help out at a tattoo studio on the weekends and

some nights. I'm not scheduled for tonight, but I am tomorrow night."

"You got ink?"

I nodded. "Etta told me to make it concealable, and not to get visible ones until I'm sure of where I'll be working. Some of the high-dollar salons might not want someone with tons of ink showing."

"Your sister's smart." He eyed my bag. "You'll have to hold it between us. It's too big to stow — what the fuck did you pack?"

"Clothes, shoes, hair stuff, makeup. I don't have a helmet."

"Got a prospect bringin' one."

Sure enough, two helmets were on his bike when we came out, and another biker was parked beside it. When he saw us, the guy nodded to Bubbles and roared away. I'd wondered about him just leaving his bike out where people might fuck with it — he must've known the other guy was close.

"We don't have far to go, so you'll be okay with the duffel between us. I can strap it to the back to take you home from the shop. If you need me to slow down, pat my stomach."

Bubbles rode smooth and easy, so I didn't feel like I might get slung off the bike if I didn't hold on tight. Traffic was heavy, and I don't think we made it over thirty miles an hour, but I was still surprised at the finesse he seemed to put into driving. Also, his bike was way bigger than Slick's had been, and the vibrations were... *OMG*. In the right frame of mind, it's possible I could orgasm.

"I need an hour, maybe more, but it should be less than two," Bubbles told me when we arrived at the shop. "You can hang out in the office or walk to the restaurant and get something to eat. I'll watch you until you get there, and I'll text Dawg to make sure they take care of you, and that someone sees you back to me safely."

I was hungry, but my budget didn't allow for a lot of extras. I had no idea how much food would cost in their restaurant. "I'll be okay here. I need to read the next chapter before class tomorrow."

He looked at me a few seconds and I thought he'd argue, but he shrugged and walked me through a lobby and into a small office. A tiny woman was behind a desk — not like a little person, but a beautiful, supersexy, four-foot-tall woman. I'm only four foot ten, and I'm usually the shortest person in the room, but I felt tall next to her.

"Pixie, this is Lexi. She's gonna do some homework until I can take her home." He pointed me towards a second desk, leaned down, kissed the tiny woman on the forehead, and left.

The phone rang as the door closed, and she answered, "Rolling Thunder Automotive."

She told someone their bike was ready to be picked up, gave them a total well over a thousand bucks, and I opened my book and tuned her out.

* * * *

I was relieved to see my duffel still on Bubbles' bike when we came out. He'd said it'd be fine, but I'd worried. There'd been an excuse to take my backpack with my school stuff, but not the big bag.

True to his word, he strapped my duffel to the back of his bike so I wouldn't have to worry with holding onto it. "I have steaks and potatoes at my house. Also, some bison and chicken, lots of bacon, some sausage, I think I have at least a dozen eggs. No veggies, no salad stuff, no coffee. Do we need to stop by the store, or are you good with that?"

"No coffee? How do you survive?" I didn't want to seem ungrateful, so I rushed to add, "If you can stop by a convenience store, I'll grab a few bottles of the premade stuff for my morning. I'll be good with whatever you have to eat, and the offer to cook and clean is still there."

"I'll cook, you clean. We'll go furniture shopping while you aren't working this weekend." He eyed me a moment, considering. "You've never been on a bike before, have you?"

I shook my head. "Not until today. Sorry."

"No need to apologize. Try to lean with me, and pat my stomach if you need me to slow down."

The twenty-five-minute drive into Georgia was an experience. We were in traffic a while, but when we got out of town and he could take off, he did, though he was still smooth, and his bike is huge so it wasn't at all like I thought riding a motorcycle would be.

By the time he pulled into his driveway and coasted into his garage, I was kind of sorry the ride was over.

"You liked that?" he asked while he unstrapped my bag.

"I did. Thanks for not scaring me. You're a good driver."

He gave me a half-smile and nodded to the door going into the house. "I moved in last week. The folding table and chairs in the kitchen are borrowed from the clubhouse, and they'll need them back before next weekend's party. I had a king-sized mattress delivered for my bedroom, and queen size for the guest room, but they're just sittin' on the floor until I buy beds. I

bought black dishes, heavy flatware, and stuff to cook with. That's it. Haven't even bought glasses yet, but I drink a lotta beer, so it wasn't a priority."

"How long have you been out?" Had he just gotten out of prison? I couldn't think of any other reason he wouldn't even have dishes, but Etta had made it sound like he'd been out a while.

"Year and a half. Used to live in Atlanta. Stayed with another brother on parole at first, then rented a tiny house near some woods, but it had furniture, dishes, pots and pans. I like it up here and I'm stayin', so it's time for me to put down roots."

"Okay. I can help."

"You aren't going to ask what I was in for?"

"You'll tell me if you want me to know." Asking *why* felt rude. Etta trusted him to protect me, and that was enough. I didn't need to know his life story.

"They tried to get me on murder but it didn't stick. Got me for abuse of a corpse, which basically just means I'm not a licensed funeral *whatever* and they caught me burying it." He shrugged. "A couple of felony charges stuck, just not the murder rap. I was inside seven years."

"You got caught with the body and skated on murder? You must have a superstar attorney."

"The club only hires the best. You don't wanna bolt?"

"On the contrary. I feel safer." I didn't want him to kill to protect me, but having the reputation that he'd done it in the past meant his enemies were less likely to fuck with me.

"You don't talk like you grew up in the hood."

I shrugged. "The foster family wasn't terrible. My mama's pissed I'm still in school, like I'm trying to prove I'm better than her or something. She's proud of my sister for being a high-priced whore instead of a street whore."

His look went from friendly to cool, and I clarified, "I don't call her a whore. I was telling you what our mama says. I love my sister more than anyone else in the world, and I'm proud of her for standing up for herself. She doesn't hate her job and she makes a ton of money. She has a plan. She's doin' just fine." I sighed. "One of Mama's childhood friends got a scholarship and went to college, then law school. She's the assistant district attorney now, and I don't think Mama will ever forgive her. I've heard her bitch all my life about how Jamala changed her name to Jamie and got all uppity. Sometimes it feels like she's comparing me going to cosmetology school to her friend going to law school, like she can't tell the difference."

"She should be proud of *both* of her daughters, and it's on her if she isn't." He paused a second. "If you went into foster care at fourteen, your sister's probably at least four years older than you, right?"

I nodded. "She's four years and three days older than me."

"What's your mom's story? She can't just be a..." He motioned me up some steps. "Street pimps usually insist on abortions if their girls get knocked up."

"It's safe to talk here? No bugs?" Etta had told me to be sure I didn't lie to him about anything. She'd made it sound as if he had some kind of built-in lie detector. I figured it was safe to tell him about Mama's primary career path, but only if there wasn't a chance the cops were listening in.

He lifted an eyebrow. "The whole neighborhood's safe. We own it."

"She just did the street whore thing sporadically, usually when her main source of income had to go away for a while, or when her habit demanded too much and she ran short of cash. She's a semi-functional addict: dependable for brief periods of time so long as you let her go on a bender every third or fourth week. She can keep herself even — enough she can function — a few weeks, as long as she has an end date she can aim for."

I looked at him a few seconds, making sure I wanted to go on. He'd known all about Fury, which meant the MC already had the information before he asked for it, and only needed to check their files or whatever. No way had they hired Etta without knowing about her family. I wasn't going to tell him anything he didn't already know, and I'd get points for volunteering it. "She helps cut and prepare the product when it comes into town, packages it for resale. She's done it a long time and knows what she's doin'. Her partner and the big bosses know her limits and work within them. They've built a brand, and that means they need her skill at always getting' it about the same, no matter how strong or weak it is when it lands."

Also, she uses some secret ingredients that make the flavor of the high slightly different, but Bubbles didn't need that much information. "Unless Fury completely loses his mind, she should be safe."

I stopped in the hallway when he went into what I assumed was his bedroom. He pulled his shirt off and tossed it on top of a pile of what I figured were his other dirty clothes. I wondered if he intended for me to help him buy clothes baskets, too.

Mostly, though, I had to look away because Bubbles without a shirt was... *damn*. His muscles had muscles, and I'd never seen abs cut like that in real life before. Standing in the hallway looking in kinda felt like a peep show.

"I'm gonna take a shower. Your room's the one across the hall with the mattress. I drop my clothes off at our laundry service when it piles up, so I won't ask you to do my clothes, but if you want to wash the dishes from the morning and put the kitchen in order while I shower, I'll be able to get right to cooking when I finish."

I put my bags in my room — which was literally a mattress on a box spring — no sheets, no curtains, tan walls, hardwood floors.

The kitchen was tan walls, ceramic tile floors, nice cabinets, and *really* nice appliances. The dishwasher was half full, so I loaded everything into it, turned it on, and was wiping down the counters and stove when Bubbles walked in wearing boxer briefs and nothing else. I turned away from him fast — too fast, but I hadn't wanted to stare. *Damn*, but he had bigger leg muscles than I'd ever seen on anyone, and his stomach muscles seemed to go all the way down to... *fuck me*. I could see why Etta said sex with him wasn't a hardship.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Candace Blevins has published more than seventy books. She lives with her husband of twenty-seven years and their youngest daughter. Their oldest daughter has flown the nest but frequently comes home for visits. The family's beloved, goofy greyhounds are usually at her side as she writes, quietly keeping her company. Or sometimes not so quietly.

Candace writes urban fantasy, paranormal romance, contemporary BDSM romance, two kick-ass motorcycle club series, a rockstar romance series, and she occasionally delves into dark matter.

Her urban fantasy series, *Only Human*, gives us a world where weredragons, werewolves, werelions, three different species of vampires, and a variety of other mythological beings exist.

Candace's eight paranormal romance series are all sister series to the *Only Human* series, and give some secondary characters their happily ever after.

Her two darker series are also sisters to the urban fantasy books. *A Dark(ish) Faerie Tale* provides a close-up and personal look at Queen Mab, and the *Dark Underbelly* series is, as you'd expect, dark and (if you're a little twisted) oh-so-yummy.

Her contemporary *Safeword* series gives us characters who happen to have some extreme kinks. Relationships can be difficult enough without throwing power exchange into the mix, and her books show characters who care enough about each other to fight to make the relationship work. Each couple in the *Safeword* series gives the reader a different take on the lifestyle.

You can visit Candace on the web at candaceblevins.com and feel free to friend her on Facebook at facebook.com/candacesblevins, TikTok at tiktok.com/@candaceblevins, and Goodreads at goodreads.com/CandaceBlevins. You can also join facebook.com/groups/CandacesKinksters to get sneak peeks into what she's writing now, images that inspire her, and the occasional juicy teaser. You can read stories as they're being written by joining her early access group on [REAM](https://ream.com).

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