

Secrets Of A Power Bottom (Friends, Sexcapades, And Love Affairs Side Story, Patreon Exclusive) – Christian Marshall/Rhett Brown

By Laura S. Fox

## *Chapter One – The Innocent And The Beast*

“They look so happy, don’t they?”

Christian turned his head and observed the man through his eyelashes. “They are happy,” he retorted.

Maybe not as happy as they had been at their first wedding reception, he added in his head, but that was not something he wanted to let the intruder know.

A harsh laugh was the reply to his words. Christian pursed his lips and considered his unwanted companion. He had chosen to sit at a table close to the exit so that he could jet as soon as things got too boring. Edward and Adrian had insisted for him to sit at their table, but he had told them that he didn’t love them enough to stand an entire dull night in the company of the family’s dinosaurs.

“Rhett Brown.” The man shoved a hand in his face.

He could ignore the offered hand. But he was so damned bored, and he recalled everything Ed had told him about Rhett Brown in the minutest detail. Everyone he met admired him for having the memory of an elephant, but Christian wasn’t entirely sure if it was a blessing or a curse. It had definitely helped him get into the Ivy League law school of his choosing, although he was confident his pedigree must have weighed at least as much as his academic achievements.

He shook Brown’s hand and smiled, making sure he looked as sweet and innocent he needed to look when fooling his parents that he had been at the library and not experimenting with life.

That was how he called his incursions into the real world. He truly appreciated his parents’ affection and care, but he didn’t want to stay in a bubble with no contact with what truly qualified as fun.

At a glance, he could tell Brown had bought his innocent act. “Christian Marshall --”

“The Third. Of course, Eddy’s most beautiful cousin.” Brown made a move as if he was about to kiss his hand instead of shaking it, and Christian had to bite back a laugh. Most of Edward’s cousins were bankers, lawyers, and doctors in their fifties. The comparison didn’t say anything about his appearance and attractiveness.

They shared a manly handshake in the end, although Brown kept his hand a bit longer than socially accepted. Christian looked directly into the other’s dark eyes and didn’t remove his hand, either. This could be fun.

Also dangerous, and Ed would never let him. Or anyone else in the family. In a nutshell, a lot of fun. “You’re not bad looking yourself, Mr. Brown,” he said and blinked once lazily.

The predatory glint in the dark eyes came and went in a flash. For a moment, Christian entertained the fantasy of looking into those eyes staring at him from below. Oh, yes, it would be a lot of fun, and Rhett Brown looked like the perfect guinea pig for his next experiment.

It had been an idea he had played around in his head for a while now. Under the perfectly tailored suit, Brown looked like a muscular man, proud of his physique and willing to show it off. On top of everything, and according to Ed, he was also a major prick.

In conclusion, an appealing prospect and a challenge Christian had looked for in a long time. Rhett Brown treated the world like it was his personal amusement park. Maybe he needed a small lesson in humility.

Nah, Christian just wanted to have fun. If that meant that he could teach a prick some manners in the process, it was a bonus.

Ed would stop him if he knew what went through his head right now. For that reason, he needed to make sure that people didn't notice him and Brown talking. He couldn't let that happen; he had been a good kid for twenty-one years - with some exceptions - and it was high time that he applied at least some of the things he had learned over the years.

Unlike other people who, from what he had gathered from his interactions with human beings, needed to experiment with various things to discover what they liked, Christian went at it in a roundabout manner. He knew exactly what he liked without properly experimenting with anything. However, merely theorizing about this and that hadn't been enough for a while now.

He examined Brown again. The man had a square jaw and hard eyes. The suit draped his body nicely, and his broad shoulders were a sign of good genes and a proper workout regimen. Definitely, he wasn't unpleasant to look at. Ed had an irrational, deeply seated fear of such men or this man in particular, for reasons Christian could only guess. He had never voiced his presumptions because he didn't want to insult Ed, who was someone he looked up to. Now, his darling cousin was in good hands, and Christian was pretty sure Adrian was more than capable of giving Ed everything he needed.

He leaned back in his chair. "You know, your reputation precedes you, Mr. Brown."

"Rhett, please." Brown pulled a chair at the table and sat without asking.

He was a man who took whatever he wanted, as he pleased. Christian could read him like an open book. Still, it was only by chance that no one had wanted to sit in the back with him, and they were too absorbed with mingling and congratulating the newlyweds to notice Christian being approached by a man with an unsavory reputation. A strategically placed large potted plant helped, as well.

Ed had explained to him in a few words when he had insisted, what usually happened at The Awakening and about Brown's penchant for BDSM practices and ruining other people's reputation. Still, Christian had a different take on things. The only one who really hurt his bottom line here was actually Brown. Even if his proclivities were not a topic of conversation in polite company, such things tended to seep in and stain anyone's reputation.

Because why would Brown rather hang in the back instead of mingling with the most affluent families in the city, gathered here?

Unless, Christian considered as he looked at his companion, he had a direct interest in overlooking the possibility to brush elbows with the richest people around, only so that he could stalk his prey.

That was him. All right, things were getting even more interesting than he suspected at first. He placed his chin in an open palm, his elbow resting on the table, and dropped his eyelids. He had an idea about how to do that so that it didn't look overdone. Never in his life, would he use such tactics on good honest people, but that wasn't who he was dealing with here, was he?

"You shouldn't believe everything people say," Brown replied affably.

"Ed wouldn't lie to me." Christian looked intently at the other to gauge his reaction.

There was a sign of defensiveness in how Brown leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms over his chest. Christian noticed the muscles moving under the suit; the stronger he was, the more rewarding the final act would be. "Maybe Eddy and I don't see eye to eye --"

Christian leaned over the table and smiled. "Mr. Brown, are you jelly?"

The question appeared to catch Brown off guard. "Jelly? Is this how kids talk these days?"

Christian shrugged. "I'm a kid."

"Hardly." Brown gave him an appreciative once over. "You're twenty-one years old. Almost a man."

"Almost." A small sigh escaped his lips. He noticed how Brown stared at his mouth. Would it really be so easy? Christian was ready for many things, but not disappointment.

"Ah, do I sense a bit of regret there? I can help," Brown offered in a conspiratorial tone.

"I shouldn't even talk to you." Maybe acting like a petulant child meant taking it too far.

Nonetheless, it appeared that Brown was taking the bait. Too focused on his prey, he didn't pay attention to anything else. "Ah, who says that? Eddy?"

"You didn't tell me. Are you jealous of Adrian? For getting Ed?"

Brown frowned lightly and grimaced. "What would I be?"

"You were interested in Ed, weren't you? Maybe even in love?" Okay, he was now walking on thin ice. What twenty-one year old talked like that?

Brown recoiled. "Love. I don't fall in love, pretty boy." His aggressiveness was the result of a hot head. Good to know.

For someone who played the dom, he surely was undisciplined, Christian noticed. Or maybe he didn't feel guarded at all and saw no threat while sitting at that table, in the company of an innocent young man.

"What do you do?" Christian asked and sipped from a tall glass. He placed it back and let his hand rest on the table in an open invitation.

"I fuck," Brown shot back. "I break."

"China plates?"

Brown offered him a crooked smile. "No. I break men."

Christian stretched his face into a shocked smile. "Men? Like physically? And don't they sue you?"

Brown scoffed. "People say you have an IQ of 160. You know what I'm talking about."

"You're talking about sex." Christian patted at his lips with his fingers.

Brown nodded shortly. His dark eyes followed Christian's every move.

Christian shrugged. "So?"

He could tell what that glint in the dark eyes was all about. Brown, just like him, was all up for a challenge. The man moved with predatory grace as he placed one hand on the table and brushed his pinkie by Christian's wrist.

A small thrill of anticipation coursed through him at the touch. There was so much fun to be had, Christian thought, as his eyelids fluttered, and his heart beat just a little bit faster, briefly, but still. Mere physiological reactions, he told himself, and just a warning of what would come if he followed that path.

He cleared his throat, looked away, and pulled his hand, but not too fast.

"I've noticed you," Brown said. "Ed never mentioned, and I never heard anyone talking about it, so I will ask you directly. Do you share your cousin's preferences?"

"In fashion? Books? Cars?"

Brown's smile thinned. "Sex. Men."

Christian looked where Adrian and Edward sat. It wasn't for the reason Brown could suspect, but because he wanted to make sure that his conversation with this dangerous man remained unnoticed. "Adrian belongs to Ed," he said, wistful on purpose.

"Do you like that man?" Brown spat.

Oh, the guy was plenty jelly, Christian thought. That was good; at least, Brown wasn't an emotionless bastard, or he would be hard to read. Whatever he was doing, playing dom, could be the result of inevitable internal struggles and shortcomings, imagined or not.

But he was getting ahead of himself. Right now, the canvas was blank, waiting to be filled with new sensations and experiences, and that included getting to know Rhett Brown well and learning what made him tick, truly tick.

"What's not to like?" Christian said quietly. "He's tall, dark, handsome --"

"Other men are all that and more."

Christian turned his full attention to Brown. "Are you talking about yourself, Mr. Brown?"

"Please call me Rhett."

"It doesn't seem appropriate."

"Why? Because I'm older than you?"

"That's one consideration. I was warned regarding you and your habits of playing and discarding your toys."

"Of course you were. That is because no one understands what I'm doing. I am giving men what they want."

"You fuck them and you break them," Christian pointed out, citing the other's words from earlier. "Who wants that?"

Brown leaned over the table to look into his eyes. "I am a good reader of people. I always give them what they want."

"That's not what I've heard. But," Christian added, weighing his next words carefully, "I am intrigued."

Brown quirked an eyebrow. "You are? I can satisfy your curiosity then, no strings attached."

"Really?"

“Yes. Let’s ditch this party. I can show you what others don’t understand about me.”

Christian looked down in a demure gesture. “I don’t know. I’m not sure it’s a good idea.”

“Because others say so? A young bright man like you, I’d say that expectations are high, including on my part. What’s the worst it can happen?”

Lose self-respect. Dignity. The offer was tempting. Christian leaned back in his chair, taking control of the situation as he observed Brown. “I have to warn you. You won’t be able to pull your usual tricks with me. Ed told me all about you.”

“I am merely misunderstood. C’mon, Christian. We’ll have great fun. Don’t tell me you enjoy this party.”

“Aren’t you?”

“I’m here only because of obligations, not because I’m crazy about hanging out with this kind of crowd.”

Christian hesitated for another moment, just to give Brown the satisfaction of having to chase down his prey for a little while more.

“I can show you real fun,” Brown added.

“Can I say ‘no’?” Christian asked and smiled. He had to act like a flirt a bit, just to entice the beast.

“Only after seeing what I’m talking about.”

For good measure, Christian threw one last look around as if he was trying to find an anchor in his surroundings. “All right. But just for one hour. I need to be back home or my parents worry.”

“Aren’t you a bit too old for curfews?”

Christian shrugged. “My parents care about me.”

“As they should, of course,” Brown replied courteously. “Now, shall we?”

“Did you drive here, or is your chauffeur going to know I spent some time with you?”

“We’ll take my car, and I’m behind the wheel. No eyes and ears you need to worry about.”

“Then go first. I’ll meet you in front.”

Brown hesitated for a moment, and Christian cursed inwardly. He shouldn’t show signs of wanting to take control so early, or he would raise unwanted suspicions.

“All right. Be there in ten,” Brown said in a tone that brooked no contradiction.

That was good. Brown needed to establish himself as the dominating partner from the start, which meant that it would take his focus to maintain that position, instead of noticing that he was being manipulated.

So far, so good. Christian let the small flutter of excitement in the pit of the stomach work through him for a moment more. It was nice watching Brown go, too; he was a good looking man, a bonus in his book. Yes, he would have a lot of fun.

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Rhett descended in the parking lot and leaned against the hood of his car. He had shooed away the valet after his vehicle was returned to him and now was waiting for Christian to show up. It was vain of him to show off his Aventador. Still, he had chosen that particular vehicle because he knew the parking lot would be filled with limousines and too conservative looking means of transportation. In that sea of black cars, his white supercar was bound to draw attention.

It was everything he wanted and thrived on. Eddy had been polite as he had addressed his congratulations, but Rhett could swear Eddy’s husband kept with much difficulty from pushing him away from his beloved.

Adrian Rossi was a handsome bastard, and he knew it. He had a brain to go with that body, which had come as a big surprise to Rhett and not only to him. It was humiliating to lose to someone like him, but he hadn’t played his cards well with Eddy, so he had no other to blame but himself for that.

Still, the sting of that particular encounter with Adrian Rossi lived inside him. It was a good moment to soothe it with some well-planned revenge. The boy was legal and free to do what he wanted. While Eddy would throw a hissy fit over having his sweet, beautiful, and innocent cousin defiled by the likes of Rhett, he wouldn’t be able to blame him entirely or take action against him.

And if he did, Rhett would welcome everything thrown at him. After all, he thrived on being the center of attention, and if scandal were needed for that, he wouldn’t stumble on pebbles. Edward Hastings would regret allowing his husband to humiliate Rhett. He should have known better.

He checked his watch. For each minute Christian was late, he would get an extra slap on each of his pert buttocks. Rhett desired to see that young body naked and vulnerable, all at his disposal to abuse and break as he saw fit.

Yes, the boy was lovely. Rhett had grown tired of his subs lately, and a new appearance on the scene would stave off the boredom for a while. Even if he did this because he had a score to



settle with Eddy, it was undeniable that he would have a lot of fun breaking Christian. It had been a while since he got someone so beautiful in his den of pleasure.

Those big blue eyes would look so luring drowned in tears. Rhett had particular plans with those luscious plump lips; the simple thought of having them wrapped around his cock, while the boy looked at him, pleading silently for mercy, was enough to give him a raging hard-on.

But no, he needed to refrain from thinking ahead like this. He had to plan his moves in such a manner that no one would suspect him of foul play. Christian Marshall should have nothing to complain about, except for his own weakness of character.

It would drive everyone crazy, not being able to touch him, despite his behavior and acts. That was, as well, the thing he thrived on.

No one could touch him.

His phone vibrated in his pocket. Rhett grimaced when he noticed the caller. He rejected the call. Clingy people were the worst, but it said something of his abilities. Who wanted to be fucked and broken? The boy had wanted to know.

The answer was simple: plenty of men wanted that, and Rhett was the right person to deliver and make their fantasies come true. Unfortunately, that also made some believe that they were entitled to a part of him, and that was where they were wrong.

He didn't belong to anyone; he was his own person, always doing what he wanted, to hell with consequences.

He saw Christian walking up to him, hands in his pockets, his unruly golden hair sticking everywhere. It awakened a sudden irrational impulse in him to run his hands through those silky strands, have them behave. That was unusual for him. He was the type of man interested in a man's beauty, but his attention was focused on the male attributes, those erogenous zones that could be stimulated to turn a grown-up into a quivering mess at his feet.

Christian Marshall had a striking beauty. Before one could notice the slender body that moved with confidence that should have belonged to someone older than twenty-one, the big blue eyes, cherry lips, and wild hair stole all the attention.

Even Rhett had to admit that breaking this boy would require a higher degree of sophistication, one that would involve seduction besides the physical pleasure of the basest kind. He could see himself, for a moment, forcing Christian's head back so that he could plunder those amazing lips to his heart's content.

He shifted his position. It was enough to think of a kiss, and his blood ran hot. No, this game was about control, and it had to remain this way.

“Wow,” Christian said and let one hand run over the hood of the Aventador, the tips of his fingers barely touching the surface.

Rhett stared in fascination at that lover’s caress. The boy didn’t know what he was doing, and that was part of his charm. But that was no reason for him to lose control and give in to the urge of hurrying through this only to satisfy fickle desires and nothing else.

“It’s the latest, right?” Christian asked, excited like a kid. “Can I drive it?”

Rhett sobered up instantly. “I heard you totaled your mother’s Lexus while learning how to drive in your parents’ parking lot. It was so incredible, people everywhere talked about it for a week everywhere I went.”

“I wouldn’t say ‘totaled’,” Christian argued. “It was just a dent.”

“Funny. Your mother never struck me as the wasteful type. She had to order a replacement, rumor has it.”

Christian pouted. Rhett curled his hands into fists; they itched to reach for that boy, grab him, and kiss him. Such an urge was unnatural for him. “Let’s go,” he ordered.

Christian obeyed without being told twice. His excitement was infectious, and Rhett had to keep a smile from curling his lips. When it came to enjoyment, he was a man of particular tastes. It never included silly emotions and fun just for the sake of it. Whatever he did, he did as a means to an end, which, in this case, was having Eddy’s cousin at his mercy, turned into a lustful creature who wouldn’t think twice about tainting his family’s name by associating with someone well known for his somewhat scandalous private life.

“Are you ready?” He climbed behind the wheel and kicked the engine into gear. The roaring sound put a big smile on Christian’s face right away.

“Everything’s so nice,” Christian said in awe and brushed his fingers over the dash.

Rhett cleared his throat. It was uncanny how much he wished for those long fingers to touch him like that. He pushed the thought back and grabbed Christian’s hand. “Let’s not touch anything that could send us to the hospital.”

Christian pulled his hand free and leaned against the door on his side. “You’re no fun.” He looked away, too, but Rhett could bet he was pouting again.

“And you’re a naughty boy who needs correction.”

Before pulling the car out of the parking lot, he stole one last glance at the back of Christian’s head since that was all he could see of him. As a short test, he placed one hand on the young man’s knee. The immediate reaction was a stillness followed by a small sigh.

He would have so much fun with this one.

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Christian had expected Brown to do something sleazy and drag him to a hotel or a dungeon somewhere. Instead, the beast had chosen his residence, probably in a gesture that could be interpreted as a sign of trust.

It pleased Christian to think that at least Brown didn't believe he would be an easy lay, someone he could be done with by morning. He knew for a fact that he would leave that place with his cherry in mint condition.

Rhett Brown lived like a bachelor. An obscenely rich bachelor, he considered, as he examined the artwork on the walls. By his knowledge, the artist hadn't ever sold a piece for price tags under dozens of thousands of dollars. The entertainment system dominating the open living room must have cost as much, if not more.

The top floor penthouse appeared sparsely furnished, but as a statement for the owner's confidence in assuming that, under that pretense, a deeper type of individual lay. Christian wasn't so sure of that. So Brown preferred to have few things, but extremely expensive. But that wasn't how he lived his life. According to Ed, his subs never lasted long, so human beings were expendable.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Do you have orange juice?" Christian asked and threw a candid look at Brown. The man was at the mini bar, his hands already busy with two tumblers.

Brown snorted. "I thought this was about your decision to become a man. No, sorry, no orange juice for you."

"Then I'll have vodka," Christian said with a shrug. He unbuttoned his jacket and sat on the sofa when his host gestured for him to have a seat.

To the dismay of the entire family, Christian appeared to have inherited one of his ancestor's sturdy liver. Experimenting with different drinks had been on his to-do list as soon as he realized that he could get away with it as long as he didn't seem drunk. When he had learned that his time of accommodation with alcoholic beverages was very short and his tolerance threshold was incredibly high, the appeal of trying them had diminished considerably. The only thing that had given him away had been the empty bottles his parents had discovered afterward. Since that time, Christian had devised better trash management.

Therefore, Brown could hope all he wanted that getting him drunk would be an easy feat. His host approached him and offered him a glass, only to touch his against it with a faint clink.

Christian stared into his glass with an intense look on his face.

“Don’t worry. I may be a lot of things, but not the kind of guy to spike my partners’ drinks. I prefer them alert and willing, as well as well aware of everything I’m doing to them.”

“It looks to me like you believe that something is going to happen between us tonight.” Christian sweetened his words with a sheepish smile. His father had consoled his mother over their son’s ability to control his face in minutest detail to convey the message he desired – and fooling everyone in the process -, by envisioning a thriving career in politics for him.

“Something will happen.” Brown took off his suit jacket and threw it over an armchair. He did the same with his tie and opened a couple of buttons in front.

Christian watched him with avid curiosity. Were they starting already? He sipped from his drink, only dipping his lips. He wasn’t crazy about vodka, the burning sensation too much to be considered pleasant, but he had chosen it as well played bravado. After all, he wanted Brown to think that he was a kid looking for a thrill and stupid enough to bite more than he could chew.

Brown rolled up his sleeves with measured gestures but stopped there. He drank his straight scotch while his eyes never left Christian.

“Do you have any games?”

“Games?” Brown quirked an eyebrow. “Are you in the mood to play already?”

Christian shrugged. “Why not? I can live through the boring type of function we both attended tonight, only because I have my video games waiting for me at home.”

Brown stared at him for a moment, his eyes thinning. “Video games. I’m afraid I don’t have that kind in mind.”

Christian cocked his head to one side. His host sat at two solid feet away from him. Could it be that Brown didn’t want to scare him? Christian wanted to laugh so hard. “What do you have in mind?”

Brown stood up and placed his glass on the coffee table. He took Christian’s, too, and then offered his hand. “Come with me. It’s better to see for yourself.”

## *Chapter Two – Half A Truth, Half A Lie*

Christian followed Brown through a large hallway and then into a room. Was he supposed to act like Little Red Riding Hood when approached by the wolf? He had the innocent and sweet act perfected down to a tee, but he didn't want to overdo it. Plus, it would be no fun if he didn't shake things up a little.

He had expected as much. He walked slowly around the elevated bed covered in leather and touched the manacles in passing. He eyed the sling hanging from the ceiling and gave it a little push.

“What do you think?” Brown asked, following him closely.

It was a bit unnerving to have him right behind, breathing on the back of his neck. Brown was taller, stronger, and Christian felt the rush of something unknown for a short moment. Was he afraid now? No. The guy was a scumbag, but he wouldn't force himself on someone, maybe not because of it being a horrendous act, but because it would be talked about as a sign of bad taste.

He had stepped into the den of the Big Bad Wolf, and now he had second thoughts. That was not what he had had in mind when deciding on a whim to undertake this quest. All he had to do was shake off such doubts.

“What's this for?” He picked a leather paddle from the wall and smacked his palm with it. He winced and turned to look at Brown.

“That's for your behind, naughty boy,” Brown replied and leaned toward him with a broad grin plastered on his face.

Christian stared at the object in his hand and then burst into laughter. His reaction took Brown by surprise because he moved away an inch. It was much better not to have him towering over him like that. Christian could feel the tip of his ears burning hot, and he hadn't even had more than a sip of vodka.

“What's so funny?” Brown questioned him.

“This idea of you smacking my ass with this. It would look so silly,” Christian offered. “Hmm, I don't think I'm attracted to it.”

His host appeared to lose his composure for a second. “I thought my reputation preceded me. I hope you didn't believe I would bring you here to play video games together.”

Christian escaped from Brown's towering presence by sliding past him and heading for the door. “As a fantasy, it sounded good. But looking at all these things, frankly, I think I'd better be off and out of your hair.”

He didn't expect the next thing to happen. He was grabbed hard from behind, pushed into a wall, and his mouth was crushed by unforgiving lips. His instant reaction was to push the other away, and he struggled for a while. However, Brown was stronger than him. Instant fear flooded him, and Christian stopped. Once he did that, the kiss stopped, as well.

Brown was breathing hard, and his lips were only half an inch away from his. Christian could smell the scotch on his breath, and while not a fan of the alcoholic beverage, he found it strangely alluring, mixed with the panic from earlier. He licked his lips and a small fire ignited in his belly. Oh, no. Was he getting off on being forced? It couldn't be.

Brown stood back and averted his eyes. "Yeah. I think it would be better if you left. Let's see you to the door."

Something had gone wrong, Christian pondered as he walked past Brown, making sure not to look at him. Now the innocent act was no longer an act. He had been shocked by that kiss, the sheer power of it. He had never been kissed that way.

To steady a small tremble in his fingers, he got them busy buttoning back his suit jacket.

"Do you need a lift?" Brown asked roughly once they were at the door. "I could call you --"

"I'm fine," Christian said brusquely.

"Christian," Brown breathed out. "I'm --"

"No, please don't say you're sorry." He walked out of the penthouse, stiff and unyielding. At least he didn't have to pretend now. It was exactly how he felt.

Brown's remorse seemed genuine. So, was that a win?

It didn't taste like winning. It tasted of scotch and something else. Repressed desire? Christian needed to think long and hard about this one because he had never experienced anything like it.

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Rhett wanted to bash his own head in over his reaction from earlier. He had meant to shake Christian a little, do something to make him stop laughing, but he had ended up kissing him. That had been a mistake. He rarely kissed his partners, felt like kissing was a waste of time and way too vanilla for his lifestyle, and yet a few times tonight, he had thought of kissing the boy, something he had gone and done without considering what it meant for one second.

That wasn't all, of course. He wouldn't use force unless it were something he already suspected that his partner wanted to be pushed into. Eddy's husband had thrown a tantrum back then, at The Awakening, when Rhett had humiliated his sub on stage, but, unknown to him, that entire night, that young man had been in heaven while Rhett had taken him in the privacy of their

quarters over and over again. As humiliating and appalling as what he had done might have seemed to Eddy and his husband, he knew better what his subs truly wanted. Sometimes, the lengths they would go took even him by surprise.

It was all a matter of perspective, and he didn't like it one bit where that stood with Christian. The young man had been startled, frightened even, and Rhett didn't get off on genuine fear. It was for the better to let it all go.

The most unnerving bit was that Christian hadn't even allowed him to apologize for his behavior. His lips had tasted as good as Rhett had imagined, but now the boy was the proverbial forbidden fruit. He would have to find another way to settle the score with Edward Hastings and his arrogant husband.

In the meantime, he needed to take the taste of cherry lips and innocence out of his head. He grabbed his phone and checked the missed call log. Nothing worked better than experiencing the familiar to regain his footing.

That had been a slip. Nothing more.

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Christian lay in bed, his eyes on the ceiling. He couldn't go to sleep. First, he had felt cold and pulled the blanket up to his chin; then, he had felt too hot, and the blanket had landed on the floor. The unfamiliar frisson coursing through his body was already annoying.

It had been just a kiss. Christian had kissed boys before, and he had been kissed back. But what he could remember of them was nothing like he had experienced earlier. Maybe the difference was that a man had kissed him, not a boy.

Now, Christian saw his previous experiences as nothing but lame attempts of playing at romance and seduction. The way Brown had grabbed him –

“Ah, damn it,” he voiced his frustration. If he focused hard enough, he could still feel the weight of Brown's hands on his shoulders, pinning him against the wall, his hard lips tasting of scotch pressing against his mouth, bent on devouring it.

The sensation had overpowered him in an instant. Wasn't he supposed to be in control? No, no, no, going at it like this couldn't work. At no moment could he lose his head. As much as he enjoyed walking the wild side now and then, he had no intention to be the protagonist of a scandal and break his parents' hearts.

But he couldn't just give up on his little quest involving Brown. Christian closed his eyes, squeezed them shut, and imagined the man, his square jaw, his dark eyes, the ever-disdainful glint in them.

He was handsome. He was an asshole. Christian wanted so much to kiss him.

“Am I out of my mind here?” It wasn’t unusual for him to talk to himself out loud. It helped him figure out ways out of difficult conundrums. “Or am I out of my league?”

No, no, that couldn’t be the case. Who was Rhett Brown, after all? Just a guy about twenty years older than him, who liked to play dom with guys who were probably bored out of their wits and wanted to try something different. They undoubtedly spent their time in Brown’s toy room prancing around like ponies and pretending to enjoy it.

Just imagining that room coming to life as a menagerie brought a smile to his lips. That was right. There was nothing unfathomable about Rhett Brown. Christian had watched plenty of BDSM videos, and, after the initial excitement, he had found them too dull to deserve a second chance.

He linked his fingers behind his head. He didn’t fear Brown. He didn’t fear his toys or his hard kisses. Christian pursed his lips, wondering what could have been so different this time for him to experience such a reaction. Nothing, absolutely nothing. It had all been in his head and nothing else.

Next time Brown kissed him, he would be prepared.

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His sub came with a strangled cry for the third time. Rhett released him from his restraints and placed a small kiss on his forehead. The guy rubbed his wrists and stared at him. “Are you all right?”

The session was over, so there was no need for his sub to call him ‘master’. However, Rhett felt annoyed at the intrusive question. “Why do you ask?”

“You didn’t fuck me.” The reproach was evident.

Rhett moved his fingers slowly over the guy’s abdomen. “Are you still dissatisfied?”

“Far from it. But you were different tonight.”

“Different how?”

“I don’t know. You were almost ... kind. And what was with that kiss at the end?”

“I do whatever the fuck I want. If this is all, see yourself out.”

Rhett walked out the door and headed toward the shower. He had expected at least a modicum of desire from playing with his usual toys; the sub tonight had been perfect, and his body a work of art.



And yet, he had felt absolutely nothing. Rhett rested his forehead against the tiles as the hot water pelted his back. If only he hadn't been so rash; he could have enjoyed Christian tonight, his soft sweet lips, his innocent body wrapped around him.

He cursed as he looked at his cock, jutting up like it had no worries in the whole fucking world. So now it wanted to come out and play.

Frustration wasn't a familiar guest. He had thought playing around with a sub who wanted him would be enough to wash away the disappointment from earlier. Instead, his mind was inhabited by nothing but the image of a beautiful young man who could set his blood on fire with just a flutter of his curly eyelashes.

He had considered the possibility that Christian was a flirt. After all, he was brilliant, and young people these days had the Internet, so their innocence was relative, even for someone who came from a family that watched over him like he was a national treasure.

But that had been destroyed by Christian's reaction to the kiss. A flirty guy would have eventually returned it, teased him over it, do anything else but turn rigid and scared.

Something else annoyed Rhett. Because of that reaction, he now wanted more. He wanted to show the boy that there was nothing for him to be afraid of, that he could let go and allow himself to be kissed.

The simple thought of caressing that beautiful face and kissing Christian again made his cock twitch with renewed vigor. It looked like it was between him and his hand tonight, and while he jacked off as much as the next guy, giving in to the suggestion had the shape and taste of failure.

He brushed against his cock with his fist and then began washing vigorously. Not tonight. It was no fun breaking an innocent, he tried to convince himself. So, he just had to take Christian Marshall out of his head for good.

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"Are you guys going on a second honeymoon?" Christian dug his teaspoon into the large ice cream in front of him. He had a feeling he was in for a scolding, and he knew why. Obviously, he hadn't been cautious enough. Maybe if he kept talking, Ed would forget about what he wanted to say.

Fat chance. Ed stared at him with stern eyes. "Christian, who did you leave with last night?"

Christian stole a glance at Adrian, but Ed's husband looked like he wanted to give him an earful, too. Ed could fool anyone with his unreadable face – not him though -, but Adrian was like an open book. Yeah, he was in for a scolding. "Why are you asking?" He pretended to be focused on his ice cream.

“Was it Brown? Please don’t lie, and don’t make puppy eyes because they never work on me.”

“Unfortunately,” Christian mumbled with a bit of spite.

Ed sighed and placed both hands on the table. “I understand that you want to be considered a grownup, but that means acting responsibly. Whatever that man told you --”

“Nothing happened,” Christian blurted out. “He just gave me a lift. He took me home and that was it.”

There was a small exchange between Ed and his husband. Great, now he had a second set of parents. “You know, it was because of me that you two got together,” he said.

Adrian laughed. Good, good, so he could work with that.

“You are such a sneaky brat,” Adrian chided him with affection. “You know me by now, right?”

Christian nodded. Ed leaned back, and Adrian leaned in. Oh, so that was how they wanted to play that game.

“I’m all for having fun. But this guy is just bad news,” Adrian added.

“Nothing happened,” Christian repeated.

“It’s Brown we’re talking about,” Ed intervened. “You know I would be the last person to believe something like that about you, but that man cannot be trusted.”

“I’m not lying,” Christian said.

Great, he could hear the defensiveness in his voice loud and clear. That meant he had something to hide, which was true. But could Ed tell it, too?

“What are you hiding, Christian?” Ed asked smoothly and pretended to look over the menu.

“Nothing.”

“It’s not nothing if you get so defensive while we only try to help.”

He had to know that manipulating Ed wouldn’t be that easy. “Are you going to tell on me?”

“Tell on you?” The green eyes set on him, cutting with laser precision. “What is to tell?”

Christian wanted to bite his tongue. “Nothing.”

“Then why do you act so guiltily?”

“I don’t,” Christian said quietly. Was his plan going down the drain before he could even put it into motion?

“I suppose it is true that nothing happened,” Ed said, “since that horrible man didn’t hurry to brag about doing something to you. Rest assured, Christian, whatever happened last night and you refuse to talk about, it was a close call. For some reason, you escaped Brown’s clutches and his disgusting plans. Next time, you might not be as lucky.”

Christian felt an urge to rebel at those words. Did everyone in his family believe him to be helpless? “I’m not a weakling. Do you really think I don’t know how to take care of myself?”

Ed’s expression softened. “You know well I think highly of you.”

Now, Christian felt that it was his right to show that he was upset about being treated unfairly. “Is it because I’m too young?”

“No. It is because you’re inexperienced, and you think --”

“And how am I supposed to gain experience if no one lets me do anything, ever?”

Ed sighed. Adrian intervened. “It’s okay to experience. But it’s like with food. Do you really need to eat snails to know that they taste like crap?”

“Actually, escargot --” Ed tried to launch into an explanation.

“Guys,” Christian raised his hands, pleased with this small victory, “you have nothing to worry about. I got it that you worried about me, but nothing happened and never will. Have some trust in me, okay?”

Ed was sold by the look in his eyes. Adrian, however, seemed unsure.

“Hey, how many guys you two had gone through until you found each other?”

Adrian grinned. “Good point, brat. Experience all you like, but not with Brown. He might sell himself as escargot or whatever, but you’re too smart to fall for that, right?” He winked as he said that.

Christian smiled. It looked like he was off the hook. It had been a risky move to leave the reception in Brown’s car, so he needed to be a lot more careful from now on to ensure the success of his plans. Ed and Adrian could never know what went through his head. He smiled sweetly and pointed at his empty cup. “Can I have another one?”

Since everyone wanted to treat him like he was still a kid, he would behave like one. It looked like such a strategy would help him for a while. Things worked best when he served half a lie with half a truth. It just made things a lot more believable.

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It had been a rather unpleasant week. He couldn't find the usual satisfaction from doing the things he typically did. Suddenly, it appeared that he had become ascetic, as well. Since he refused to jerk off to imagined fantasies of that boy, nothing else worked. He was too young to consider Viagra so that he could get it up when he was with his regular subs; it wasn't that he couldn't; he didn't want to. The world was full of broken china, and he only wanted to drink from a particular crystal glass. Unfortunately for him, that was out of the question. He had taken a decision, and he was set on it. Who knew he actually had a conscience? People better not learn about it, or they might start thinking he was developing some kind of moral fiber.

He was dining alone because he preferred the lack of company so that he could be alone with his thoughts. As the CEO of the company his parents had put him in charge of since he had been practically in diapers so that they could retire early, he was surrounded by people and dragged through meetings day in and day out. Moments when he could truly be alone, were precious.

“Good evening, Brown. May I steal a minute of your time?”

Rhett raised his head quickly, startled by the interruption of his train of thought. “Eddy, what a pleasant surprise.” He offered a plastic smile. “Please, have a seat.”

Eddy looked good. It seemed that marriage agreed with him. That handsome bastard of a husband of his must keep him plenty busy.

“All by yourself?” he asked.

Eddy pulled a chair and sat with unmistakable grace while murmuring a polite ‘thank you’. The boy had been wrong in his romantic assumptions. Rhett hadn't been in love with Eddy, but he had undoubtedly always felt like he was the one who had gotten away.

And now he was married and very much in love. Eh, water under the bridge.

“Adrian is working late tonight. I won't keep you long since we plan a late dinner.”

“But I hope you don't mind having a drink with me, right?” Rhett made a discreet gesture for the waiter.

“This is not exactly a social call.”

Rhett remained silent. Had the boy complained about him? Christian had seemed scared, but to go crying to his cousin over something like that seemed excessive, even for someone as sheltered as him. At this point, it was better to let his companion do the talking.

“Please, leave Christian alone,” Eddy said.

Rhett smiled. “Christian who?”

The green eyes examined him for a few long seconds. “My cousin.”

“Ah. I don’t see how --”

“At our wedding reception, he left in your car. Please don’t insult me by denying. You drive the type of vehicle that is bound to get attention.”

There was something about all the Hastings and their relatives that was getting on his nerves. His parents weren’t as blue-blooded, but their wealth allowed them to mix in with that crowd. Still, Eddy and anyone in his family walked around with a chip on their shoulder. Rhett wanted nothing else but to tear that down, bring such people to his level, and show them what they were made of. He had a suspicion that they were all flesh and blood, like anyone else.

“I gave the boy a lift. He was bored out of his mind. You don’t have to worry about a thing. Nothing happened.”

The sharp stare didn’t impress him. He should have played his cards right when he had noticed Eddy’s interest in him the first time. But he had been too rash, he had come in too strong, and the handsome man in front of him had slipped through his fingers.

“Nothing happened,” Eddy echoed his words.

So Christian had been caught red-handed, and he had denied everything. Rhett decided to risk a guess at what he might have said. “I took him home, and that was all.”

“Your home?” Eddy quirked an eyebrow.

Flawless people. Rhett wanted to have them, as much as he hated them. That was the problem with Edward Hastings. He was perfect.

“Nice try, Eddy, but it’s beneath you to try to trap me. His parents’ home, of course.”

“Hmm. I suppose the maid must have missed your car when she noticed Christian coming home at that hour.”

“Do the personnel at the Marshall estate never sleep? And I didn’t exactly leave him on his parents’ doorsteps.”

“Ah, that must explain it. Anyway, please consider my plea. Christian is very young. You can have your pick from men who are into the same lifestyle as you. Don’t tempt him.”

Rhett felt like laughing. Here he was, trying to do the right thing, going against his own body and desires, which he never did, and he was still being judged. “I have no interest in someone as uninteresting as your cousin. Boys barely out of their teens are not my cup of tea. So, put your pretty head to rest.”

“Christian is twenty-one and an adult.”

“I haven’t noticed,” Brown said airily. “I took him in my car because he was as excited as a little kid. Nothing puts me off as much as immaturity.”

“All right. Thank you for your time, then. Enjoy your evening.” Eddy stood and threw him a loaded look.

“Are you sure you can’t stay?” It was more because of a force of habit than anything else. Rhett didn’t deny that there was still lingering attraction there. If Eddy ever wanted to cheat on his husband, he wouldn’t say ‘no’.

There was no chance for that to happen.

Eddy offered him a polite smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “I really cannot. I must meet my husband shortly.”

Something crossed Rhett’s mind. “May I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“How did you know where to find me?”

Eddy cocked his head. “You always have dinner here on Fridays. Like clockwork.”

“Ah, so you’ve paid attention to me and my habits?”

The green eyes lit up with amusement. “No. It was just something someone mentioned. I couldn’t know I would find you here for sure. But I’m glad I had the chance to talk to you. I believe in your word that you will leave Christian alone.”

My word? Rhett smirked. “Sure. I’m not interested in kids.”

“That’s a relief, then. I hope you’ll have a lovely evening.”

Rhett’s smile turned crooked. “I’m sure that it won’t be as pleasant as yours. Say ‘hi’ to Adrian from me.”

“Of course.”

An admirable man. Rhett had heard that phrase in regards to Edward Hastings over and over. Grudgingly, he had to agree. How long had he hoped he would get such a man, do unthinkable things to him, pin him under his weight, and have his way with him?

As beautiful as his subs were, they could never compete with someone like that. Very few people could make his heart beat faster, just seeing their faces. In a long time, nothing of the kind had happened.

That if he didn't count the brief kiss he had forced on Christian. No, the boy was off-limits. Not because Eddy said so, but because of how strong he felt about stealing the young man's innocence away from him. His wealthy family could blabber on how, at twenty-one, Christian was a man; because of them and their overbearing parenting, he was much more vulnerable than someone at that age.

Still, the thought irked him. Eddy had suspected him of wrongdoings, and he had basically let his prey escape just because of his goodwill. Since when was he listening to anything other people say?

Since it may be too dangerous to get close to someone like Christian Marshall. A kiss and he had been ready to lose control. No, giving up on his pursuit of that young man had nothing to do with Eddy's request. It was just his own self-preservation instinct taking over.

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Why did he have to be stuck indoors on Friday night? Christian suspected that Ed and Adrian had a hand in organizing that family dinner. But, for a while, he needed to behave, which meant that he couldn't sneak out.

At least, it was over. Ed and Adrian were on the balcony, talking, and Christian observed them through the glass doors. They looked great together. Now would be a good moment to tell them 'goodnight' and then take advantage of the few hours left to play on the computer.

He opened the doors without making a sound, so they didn't hear him. He was about to make his presence known when Ed started talking.

"I saw Brown."

"You went to talk to him? About the brat?"

Ah, so that was his label now. Adrian said it in an affectionate voice, but still. Christian slid along the wall and chose a dark corner so that he could eavesdrop properly.

"As much as I dislike the individual, I tend to think that there's nothing for us to worry about."

"What did he say?"

"He told me he took Christian home, so that corroborates with what Christian told us."

Were they suspecting him of lying now? Well, he had lied, but that didn't mean they should be quick to judge him.

"Also," Ed continued, "he's not interested in kids, he says, and immaturity appears to be a turn off for him."

Oh, really? Christian puffed his cheeks, but then he kept them that way because he couldn't give away his position by exhaling too loudly.

"Should we believe him?" Adrian asked.

"I think he said the truth. And Brown never goes after people as young as Christian. Also, fortunately for us, my cousin is not his type. He called him uninteresting."

Christian bit his bottom lip in annoyance. Uninteresting? Not his type? Oh, he had been plenty of his type when Brown had kissed him. Clearly, the guy couldn't keep his hands off of him.

"What's his type?" Adrian asked the question Christian was dying to be able to ask himself.

"You know. Muscular, handsome, a bit dull."

"Pretty but stupid?"

"I wouldn't put it that way, but yes, I think you can say that."

Adrian laughed. "Then it's a good thing that our brat is so smart. I think his intelligence acted as a repellent to that brute."

You are both so wrong, Christian wanted to yell at them but kept his mouth shut.

"What do you think happened between them that night?" Adrian added.

Ed shrugged. "Whatever it was couldn't have been important. Christian appeared chastised, and Brown indifferent. Trust me, he would have rubbed it in my face if he had managed to do something to my cousin."

Indifferent? He almost apologized! It was true that Christian hadn't let him, but nonetheless, both of them had been very much affected by that kiss.

Christian curled his hands into fists in sudden resolution. He would see how indifferent Brown had been left by that kiss. He was on his summer break, so he could dedicate his free time to pursuing this quest. Besides dipping his toes by working at a law firm over the summer, he had nothing exciting to do, anyway.

Indifferent? He would see about that.



### *Chapter Three – The Arrogance Of Youth*

The one good thing about being twenty-one was that his parents let him off his leash a lot more. Maybe it was because they thought they had imprinted in his mind all the rules they wanted, and now he was free to move in the world. Not very far, and he still needed to come home each night, but he would test their boundaries soon enough. He had asked to be allowed to go to a party that would stretch by morning on Saturday night, and he had been granted his wish.

They had asked him where the party was, and Christian had invented one in the minutest details. Conveniently, the people throwing the party were from good families, but not local, so his parents wouldn't harass them with phone calls.

Plus, he was a very trustworthy son.

Now, what he had in mind wasn't exactly as well planned as his imaginary party. Quite painstakingly, he had managed to discover one of the clubs Brown frequented. No, he wasn't just frequenting that place; he was on the menu in the sense that he liked to put on a show.

All right, so it hadn't been that hard. Christian had started his research on BDSM clubs that allowed people from the street to walk inside and had been pleased to discover that Brown was listed as a guest performer. Unlike other people who liked to keep that part of their lives hidden, this guy was flaunting it.

Christian had no idea how that worked. But Brown was loaded, as rich as few were in the entire city, and maybe that meant that he could do anything he wanted. That was what people said.

Was that the path to follow so that he could, too, do what he wanted? Christian was sure his family was well-off, but so far, their situation had been more like a leash for him. Because he was the heir, he was supposed to be kept under a glass dome and nurtured like a flower.

So, in his case, money didn't help with anything. Curious about Brown, he had run some research. He knew that Brown was the CEO of his parents' company, basically left to take care of things while they were touring the world or something like that. Briefly, Christian had wondered how long people needed to visit the planet far and wide to get bored with it, but it looked like they had done that for a long time. Brown had started to work at the company right after high school, and some people even said that he had been involved before that.

His parents' company dealt in financial investments, and it appeared to do well, regardless of the economic environment. While others crashed and burn, after reaching incredible heights, this one went on at a steady pace, like an unstoppable force. Christian suspected Brown to be a sort of genius in that respect, something that, again, people talked about with unhidden envy.

Rhett Brown wasn't liked. His proclivities were too well known, which was the problem with associating with him in broad daylight. Then Christian would just have to carry out his plans under the shelter of darkness.

He stuffed a hat on his head and looked in the mirror. It was big and weird looking. However, it could hold all of his hair, which he had allowed to grow longer ever since the summer break had started. The sunglasses came next.

One look in the mirror, and he was satisfied. He hadn't opted for a too elaborate disguise because he needed something he could put on once outside the house. He would just sit somewhere in the back and observe Brown during one of his sessions.

The good part about his parents' willingness to allow him more freedom was that he now had more liberal leeway to use his cards. That had bought him a ticket to that club, and it had been pretty expensive. Good thing they didn't run background checks and things like that.

He looked like a traveling merchant from the nineteenth century, but now wasn't the time to focus on details. After all, he was going there for research purposes. First, he needed to know what exactly Brown did when he was with his subs. Second, he had to discover what his type was. Ed's words had stung pretty deep. Christian hadn't cared too much about how he looked all his life. He enjoyed swimming in summer and skiing in winter. That had made him develop a slim body, and that, apparently, wasn't what Brown liked.

It wasn't like he could grow muscles overnight, and he didn't want to go to such lengths, at least not momentarily. His lanky body would have to do, and he also had to check if his innocent act had done more harm than good to his plans.

Ed was wrong. Brown must have seen something in him to grab him and kiss him like that. So, Christian just had to forget about worrying whether his body was good enough or not. After all, it was his wits that would help him win over Brown, and he had great trust in them.

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Rhett enjoyed having a full house. The club owner was an acquaintance who liked it best when he could keep all the profits. Money didn't interest him since he had enough. But having an audience gasp and murmur with his every move was something he very much enjoyed.

He wasn't particular about where he picked his subs, either. Of course, the ones coming from wealthy families could be on display only at elitist events, such as The Awakening. Since his subs didn't last long, he needed to replenish the stock with new blood. Therefore, he wasn't discriminatory regarding the social background of his lovers.

The young man he would abuse tonight had a perfect body, just as he enjoyed the most. The club owner had asked him if Rhett found him to his liking. Yes, he did. But one thing he didn't do at

such events that were open to anyone with enough money to get a ticket was to flaunt his cock and fuck the toy he played with.

Also, that was convenient. He was still on self-imposed celibacy, ever since he had had the uninspired idea to kiss Eddy's cousin. While two weeks was enough time to make him worry, at least a bit, he had trust that his sudden infatuation with a boy he knew almost nothing about would fade on its own.

Now, he knew a lot more about Christian Marshall, though. While he had been amused to learn about the boy's horrendous driving skills, at the time, he had just thought that someone like him could be chauffeured everywhere all his life, so it wasn't a tragedy if he never learned how to do that right.

His IQ wasn't just hearsay, either, and Christian was, indeed, brilliant. That, of course, made his innocence all the more striking. His family kept him on a tight leash, forcing on him from an early age, foreign language lessons, private tutors, and whatnot.

He was an accomplished young man, academically speaking, and groomed to become a successful lawyer. Still, his private life appeared to be either unknown to those who gossiped day in and day out about the lives of the rich and famous or very scarce.

By how inexperienced he had seemed, the latter was the option Rhett bet on. Christian had let him know he also preferred men, like his cousin, as if that was no big deal, and that had surprised him.

Definitely, there had been no girlfriends. The rumor mill had no information of the kind. However, there was no talk of boyfriends, either. Could it be that the young man didn't like sex or relationships at all? It wasn't unheard of.

Maybe he needed to meet someone who could awaken that part of him. Unfortunately, that wouldn't be Rhett. What was he to do with a kid like that? At least, he hadn't lied to Eddy when they had talked about his lack of interest in a boy who knew nothing about sex.

Plus, even to him, it felt like too low a blow to use Eddy's cousin to get even. The initial idea had been focused on defiling an innocent, but Rhett hadn't expected his own reaction at being met by such a lack of experience.

As cynical as he was in all his dealings, he preferred to be able to sleep at night. That was bound to create unnecessary problems, as he would get too involved. There were just so many reasons why he needed to stay away from Christian.

The audience was in awe of his performance. In all truth, he wasn't enjoying it as much as usual. But he needed to keep up with his regular lifestyle if he wanted to get that particular boy out of his head.

After all, it had been nothing but a kiss. Rhett pulled the sub by the hair, making his head tilt back. He could kiss anyone if he wanted; to make a point, he crushed his mouth against the other's and enjoyed the moan that reverberated through the taut body as he did that.

He let go fast. It was nothing like that kiss, and it felt as if he was tainting that memory somehow by attempting to replace it.

All his hesitations and internal struggles remained unknown to all these people who were there to enjoy what happened on stage. Rhett looked over his audience, who appeared thrilled by what seemed like a short moment of kindness in a show that had tested the sub's limits.

Someone in front drew his attention instantly. Who wore sunglasses indoors? Maybe someone who needed to hide his identity, but still, that disguise was ludicrous. Also, that horrible hat belonged in a museum.

He tried to return to his task at hand, but his eyes kept going back to the strange apparition in the front row of tables. The guest was alone, and he seemed fidgety like he couldn't find his place. A few times, he tried to cross his legs, only to almost lose his balance. Brown had to bite back a laugh.

Then the stranger picked up the menu in front of him, apparently absorbed by what drinks were offered. Who did that while he was on stage, spanking that amazing looking sub to the point that his voice was hoarse from shouting?

He continued but sneaked looks at the weird guest now and then. The menu was back on the table, but the stranger still wasn't looking at what Rhett was doing. Was that a cop leading some undercover operation? No, cops wouldn't stand out like that.

A smile stretched his face. The stranger pushed back his hat, and a few strands of golden hair escaped from underneath. Rhett couldn't believe his eyes. Was that who he thought it was? He would have to check.

He wrapped up his number and helped the sub from his subservient position. The young man hugged him, and Rhett offered him a short kiss on the forehead.

"Are you free after this?" the young man asked.

"No, I don't think I am."

"May I have your number, then?"

"I'm afraid not. This was it," Rhett replied.

He hurried backstage before allowing the guy to express his disappointment. He caught the club owner. "I want a word with the bouncers in front. There's someone I need them to check."

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Christian couldn't believe his eyes. Or ears. Was that really how that kind of show went? So, it was different from whatever he had learned from porn videos and whatnot. Somehow, he had ended up in front since tickets came with places at tables, and that had been unexpected. Also, his disguise had been absurd, in the end. Brown had kept staring at him, probably drawn by that oversized hat.

Could it be that he had suspected something? No, it couldn't be. Christian had carefully layered so that he would appear more corpulent than he was. That had caused him to feel extremely hot and uncomfortable.

He had watched about one-tenth of the show. The moment Brown had grabbed that poor guy's dick and done things to it, astonishing things, Christian had decided that it was better not to watch. Maybe only if Brown had started fucking his sub, he would have had, but it looked like that wasn't on the menu.

He had enough information for his research purposes. All that remained was to find something to do until morning, and he wondered if he could just hit the clubs on his own. After all, he was supposed to be at a party.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we need to check your ID."

It took Christian a couple of moments to realize that the bouncer was talking to him. They had checked his ID when he had entered, but why did they have to do the same when he left? He rummaged through his pocket and produced the ID; politely, he handed it to the bouncer. The man took it, stared at it for a moment, and then back at Christian. Since he only wanted to be in disguise inside, he had taken off his sunglasses and gotten rid of the hat, stashing it into the small backpack he wore over his shoulder. Still, he was so layered up that he was sweating through all his pores.

The bouncer turned and began whispering. Christian grimaced. Could it be that his parents had him followed? But that didn't seem like their style. Was Ed so worried about him that he had put people to look after him? Ah, damn, he would get a scolding again.

As he verbalized various arguments in his head, he squared his shoulders. He was twenty-one, and he didn't need to be kept on such a short leash. Damn it. If he wanted to watch a BDSM show, he could.

A heavy hand landed on his shoulder, startling him. Had they really sent someone to take him back home? He turned, decided to give whoever that was a piece of his mind.

His throat turned instantly dry when his eyes landed on the man in front of him. Brown stared him down. Without moving his eyes away, he said, "Please return the ID to the young gentleman."

Christian took it and put it back in his pocket with automatic moves. Nothing crossed his mind. It was completely blank and frightening.

"Walk with me," Brown said abruptly and hooked one arm over his shoulders.

Christian had no choice but obeyed that direct order. How come he hadn't thought of what would happen if he were discovered? This was bad. He needed a lie, a plausible lie that would get him off the hook. Brown's proximity turned his thoughts into a tangled mess. He could smell his cologne, something expensive and masculine, and that didn't help, either.

"Would you care to tell me what are you doing here?" Brown asked as he continued to walk.

Christian stole a quick look at him but turned his head fast when his companion did the same. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood."

"Really? Attendees need to book their tickets in advance, as far as I know."

"Are you talking about the club? I wasn't inside."

"Hmm."

Was that all he had to say? Christian began to sweat even more than before. He huffed, annoyed with his own horrible disguise. "Where are we going?"

"Somewhere we can talk in private. Your cousin warned me not to touch you. The way I see it, you want to be touched, so that's quite the dilemma, isn't it?"

He could say 'no'. He could shake off the man's touch. But he was curious, and regardless of what people said about curiosity and cats, Christian doubted felines could have gotten as far as they had in conquering the attention of the human race without being exactly that. Curious.

"Are we going to walk to whatever that place is?" he asked, trying to ignore the small tremble in his voice. He was horribly hot, so why was he on the verge of shaking?

"No. I just parked a bit far from the club. I like stretching my legs a little."

Christian let out a small nervous laugh. "Are you sure you want to waste your Saturday night when you obviously have more exciting things to do?"

"Like what things?" Brown asked airily.

"I don't know, spanking guys, and pushing things through their pee holes --"

“I thought you weren’t inside.”

Great. His entire intelligence was reduced to one neuron. “I wasn’t,” he said defensively. “But that’s what BDSM is all about, right?”

“I don’t think you know the first thing about any of that. But I will indulge the arrogance of your youth for a bit. We’re here. Get in the car.”

Christian climbed in the car without saying a word. He was a bit scared. But much more than that, he was excited. What would Brown do to him now?

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Whatever conflict had tortured him for the last two weeks, it was completely gone from his mind. Rhett had wanted to make fun of Christian, of his curiosity, and yet, the moment he had seen the young man, all the crafted words disappeared from his memory. Instead, an intense desire coursed through his entire body, something that had eluded him for many days now.

To hell with everyone and what they wanted of him. The boy was too willing to play with fire. It didn’t hurt to have a taste, just once. Maybe Christian would get scared again. But Rhett had other plans now, and they included how to alleviate those fears.

For years, he had played rough with men who wanted it rough. Although he hadn’t envisioned a change of pace at this point in life, this night would be different.

This night, he would be gentle and coax maddening pleasure out of his companion. Playing with pain and conflicting emotions could be exhausting at times. Like a man on a strict diet, he was ready for his cheat day. Still, there was something inside him urging him to at least attempt to do the right thing.

“Christian,” he said in warning, as they stood inside the car without moving just yet, “this is your chance. Walk away.”

Insolent blue eyes stared at him. “Why? Do you plan to do something bad to me?”

“Maybe I do. Shouldn’t you be scared? Run along.”

“Scared? I don’t think so. Just drive.”

Rhett turned his head so that Christian couldn’t see his smile. Maybe he would take things a bit further tonight. Perhaps a bit of punishment was in order. He threw one last look at the other. Damp strands of hair glued to a tall forehead. The boy’s face was perfection incarnate; maybe it was a bit angular, but he was young, and he would grow into it. “There’s no need to be scared,” he added in a quiet voice. “You’ll love it.”

There was no reply this time. And one wasn't needed. As usual, he would be in control, and still, why wasn't the thought filling him with the usual excitement? Something new was taking its place.

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So they were back to Brown's penthouse, the place where he had failed the first time. It was good to return to the same battleground since he wanted a do-over. If only he weren't so hot and uncomfortable.

He sat gingerly on the sofa. He should think of something witty to say, something that would make Brown pounce him again because now he was ready to be kissed like that. How many times hadn't he replayed the episode in his head these last weeks? He wouldn't be scared. He wanted it.

"Take off your jacket."

Christian struggled with it. Underneath, he had one tank top, two shirts, and a light sweater. He made a small surprised sound when Brown sat next to him on the sofa.

"It looks to me like you're uncomfortable. Let me help."

He made not one sound as Brown pulled the sweater over his head. Now, he was really like a child, but he had no idea how to act. Nothing had prepared him for that.

"A bit overdressed for a summer night, aren't you?"

Christian just nodded. Brown turned him gently.

"And where has your bravado from earlier gone, hmm?"

No acceptable answer could be offered. Steady fingers began unbuttoning his first shirt, only to stop after the first two.

"Were you preparing for a game of strip poker?" Brown sounded amused. Of course he did.

Christian felt really stupid, all of a sudden. "I'll do it." He was fast to remove both shirts, and then he got rid of the tank top, too. At the end of it all, he was only in his jeans and topless.

And very, very, sweaty. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I'm sweaty. I should go wash or something."

"No." Brown took him by the shoulders and pressed him down. "I'm starting to think that I enjoy your smell."



Christian closed his eyes as Brown's lips descended on the side of his neck and began peppering small kisses everywhere. A moan left his lips when a deft tongue began to lick an invisible path down to his collarbone.

"So far, you're delicious," Brown said, making his worries disappear with simple, compelling words.

He shuddered as Brown attacked his right nipple, taking it between his lips and sucking it, eliciting a tingling sensation in that small nub of flesh that Christian had no other thing to compare it to.

What will happen? An alarming thought formed in his mind, tainting his pleasure. He was supposed to play this man and be in charge. All he did was to let Brown have his way with him. He sobered up and placed his hands on the other's head. "Please, stop."

Dark eyes looked at him, a question apparent in them—a justified one.

"I don't think I can do this."

"Sure you can," was the aggressive reply. "You came tonight looking for me, didn't you, Christian?"

He said nothing and closed his eyes. Suddenly, he was young and vulnerable. Everything went wrong. It was nothing like his well-laid plans.

"You put on a ludicrous disguise and came to a club where I was giving a performane, the type only adults should attend." Brown's voice was cutting, accusatory.

"I am an adult," he protested but didn't open his eyes. He stood there, stiff like wood, his arms crossed over his chest in a vain attempt to hide.

"You don't behave like one."

The same thing being said to him over and over. It wasn't fair. How was he supposed to grow up if no one let him? Christian opened his eyes and stared at Brown defiantly. "It's easy for you to say. All you have to do is snap your fingers and have muscular guys prance like ponies in your dungeon."

Brown blinked a few times. He was still close, hovering over him, and Christian hesitated for a moment. But no, he had come this far, and with his righteous indignation over being treated like a kid, an idea came to him.

A brilliant idea.

"I bet you wouldn't be so full of yourself if you were in my place."

Brown scanned his face with focused eyes. “What do you mean?”

“Yeah. What if you were the helpless one, and I were ... the attacker?”

“The attacker? Just what the hell do you think I’m doing to you?”

Christian was too worked up at this point. A picture formed in his mind, and he didn’t plan on letting go of it. “If you were tied up and I could do what I wanted to you, I bet you wouldn’t think of me as a kid anymore.”

“Tied up?” A grin lit up Brown’s face. “Maybe we should do that,” he added with a mysterious wink.

He pulled Christian to his feet. “Let’s try it your way.” The words were whispered in his hair, making him shiver.

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Rhett had to give it to the boy. He was skittish as a colt, but his head was screwed on right. Despite how overwhelming the situation must have been for him, his mind gears were turning.

Hadn’t he wished for something exciting to happen? After all, Christian was right. It was easy for him to take the lead; it came naturally to him like a second skin.

But relinquishing control? That was new. He couldn’t wait to see what would happen once he passed the reins over to his young and lovely companion.

#### *Chapter Four – Shut Up, Mr. Brown*

To his surprise, he wasn't taken to the toys' room, but to a bedroom that appeared to be the place where Brown must have been sleeping regularly. The place looked lived in, a bit less austere and cold than the rest of the house. Christian walked quickly inside because the heavy hand on his shoulder was making him skittish. He hurried to the bed and bounced on it a couple of times.

One thing he didn't dare to do was look up.

"I have a few things here."

He looked, but only at the items thrown on the bed, not far from him. Condoms. Expected. Lube. Of course. Rope. Ugh, okay. Blindfold? Oh, he liked that. Did Brown really think he was scared now? Far from it. Now, he knew exactly what he wanted to do.

"I'm at your mercy," Brown said, and Christian could read the teasing in his voice.

He stood up and said primly, "Lie on the bed, Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Brown? I told you to call me Rhett. You're making me feel like I'm getting a physical examination."

"I will call you how I want," Christian replied, feeling a bit rebellious over being told what to do, and indulged only as a favor.

Brown put his hands up. "All right. I promised you that we will play it your way, so I'm here to obey your desires. Do you know what they are, Christian?"

He just nodded and patted the bed. With restless fingers, he explored the items on the bed and picked the rope. It was split into several pieces of different lengths. "Wouldn't this be too much? I don't want to cut your circulation."

"I'm not afraid of a bit of chafing, but you're right. Just make it tight, but not too tight. I have great trust in your good judgement."

Brown acted all gallant, but Christian didn't fall for his act. He couldn't deny the thrill he experienced just thinking of how he would have this man, tall, muscular, and strong, all at his disposal, to do as he wished.

It was awkward to lean over and tie Brown's wrists to the headboard that seemed to have been made to order to accommodate such kinks. He could feel the other's eyes on him, provoking him to become clumsy and make a fool of himself. People knew a few things about him, such as how proficient he was in sailor's knots.

He leaned back to take a good look at his handiwork. Brown rotated his wrists for a few seconds. "Aren't you a bit too good at this? Secretly a bondage aficionado, then?"

“No. I just know how to tie knots.”

“All right. What’s next? You didn’t bother to ask me to undress.”

The teasing was there, again. Christian couldn’t allow to let himself swayed, not at this point. He had to pretend he had it all figured out. “I only have to undress your bottom half.” With that decision voiced out loud, he began fiddling with Brown’s buckle.

The asshole looked great in a suit. Christian straddled him to have better leverage and shivered as he felt the hard thighs under his legs. For a moment, he felt inadequate and insecure again, but he pushed those thoughts away. Now wasn’t the time to back down and run home to mom and dad.

Important decisions could take only the blink of an eye. He would become a man tonight. He would have sex.

But what about your cherry?

Maybe it was time to part with that thing, anyway. He wasn’t a girl, and he saw no reason to remain a virgin indefinitely.

“A penny for your thoughts,” Brown said, drawling the words on purpose.

“I want to see your cock,” Christian replied and hoped his voice was steady and confident.

It was one thing to watch sexual acts online. All the theory in the world hadn’t prepared him for this. It was like he didn’t know anything, which wasn’t true, he tried to convince himself.

He eventually managed to pull the other’s pants down but decided against undressing him completely. Like this, Brown would have less freedom of movement.

One look up, and there it was. Christian had been curious of other boys’ bodies, hungry for running comparisons. “Wow,” he let out at the sight in front of him. “Your cock is huge, Mr. Brown.”

“Oh, thank you. I’m glad you like it.”

Christian took a moment. The thing was hard, and it looked a bit different than his. Brown’s cock must have seen plenty of action; it was rugged, dark, stiff, and already leaking. “Are you on Viagra?” He pushed one finger against the shaft and then pulled his hand back.

“No. It’s because of you, pretty boy.”

Christian stole a glance at Brown’s face. His thing was this hard, but he could still afford to make fun of him. That meant that he needed to take action. He grabbed the blindfold and placed it over Brown’s eyes.

“So soon? Aren’t you going to let me watch what you’re about to do to me?”

“No.” He sounded vengeful, and he was. Brown would laugh at him if he saw just how helpless he was. But, like this, he could pretend to be skilled and mysterious.

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It was true that removing one sense worked wonders for the others. Rhett stood still, curious about the kitten walking into his lair, pretending to know what he was doing. Curious fingers probed his cock now. His breath caught when a thumb rubbed over the head, spreading the precum. He heard a small sound shortly after. “Did you just taste me, pretty boy?”

“No.”

He was getting crazy about that petulant voice. Tonight, he would allow Christian to do whatever he wanted. Later, he would turn the tables. He would take the boy on all fours, pounding into him and making sure to redden his behind. Christian had to have the most exquisite voice in the throes of pleasure.

If he wanted this to be remotely pleasurable for him and not pure torture, he needed to put a stop to his fantasies.

“Is it getting softer?” Christian seemed surprised.

“Maybe you’re not treating it right,” Rhett teased.

He wanted to start giving pointers, but he stopped when he sensed something soft, wet, and warm against the head of his cock. Was Christian Marshall, the golden boy, going down on him? Offering the blindfold had been a bad idea. He would have loved to see it, that beautiful mouth stretched around his cock, the sultry eyes watching him intently, their owner hungry for approval.

He hissed when teeth scraped slightly against the sensitive skin. “No teeth, please.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Christian huffed, but when he got back to the task at hand, he carefully covered his teeth with his lips by what Rhett could tell.

The boy had no technique, no finesse. He didn’t have any idea what he was doing. In all respects, he was less than the least experienced of his subs, past and present. But Rhett could feel his balls pulling tight as Christian placed one hand on them and squeezed them.

It was true, after all, that the biggest sex organ was the brain. Rhett had a hard-on like he hadn’t had in a long time. Christian was getting more and more enthusiastic, rubbing his lips against the engorged head and licking with undisguised pleasure.

“Slow down,” Rhett urged him, “if you want something else from it tonight.”

“Like fucking?”

If Christian played him with that innocent act, he was one hell of an actor.

“Yes. I suppose you didn’t tie me up and blindfold me just so that you could offer a mediocre blowjob.”

Rhett knew what he was doing. Pushing Christian into doing more required more than simple directness. The kitten was a warrior inside; he needed to be provoked to show his true colors.

“It’s only my first,” Christian retorted, “of course I suck.”

Really? No playing with other boys? Rhett was still unsure whether that was the truth or Christian was playing him. He could hear the rustling of clothes and regretted again his decision to offer that blindfold.

There was something else touching his cock now. Since it was no longer a mouth and neither fingers, it could only be one thing. Rhett laughed gently. “Are you measuring your cock against mine?”

“Shut up,” came the mumbled reply.

“Ah, I thought you were a good boy, always polite about how he addressed his elders.”

“Shut up, Mr. Brown.”

Sure. That was more like it.

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Christian could feel his entire skin on fire. He had gone and sucked a man’s cock. It hadn’t been bad, either. Actually, if Brown hadn’t been an asshole about it, Christian would have taken his time to explore that thoroughly. Who knew? Maybe by morning, he could even deepthroat if he wanted.

Now, he had to move faster. He didn’t want Brown’s cock to go soft on him, and he didn’t have the practice to know how to keep a guy like that interested.

Christian had never thought of his cock as being too small or anything, but right now, he suffered a bout of penis envy. He chose to be philosophical for a moment; his cock wasn’t important. Although he hadn’t thought much of it, either, he knew he had to be a bottom. When exploring that area with his fingers while jerking off, he had the best orgasms. And then, it had been the times when he even fooled around with a dildo. He has been satisfied to see that it fit and that the pressure was pleasurable.

But this was the real thing. Christian took a condom out of the box and unwrapped it. How did they explain it in sex ed? Since he had never had sex, he wasn't practiced in putting one on. He checked the short instructions on the back.

"May I know what you're doing?"

"Reading the instructions on how to put a condom on," Christian replied promptly.

Brown fell silent for a moment. "Are you pulling my leg?"

"I saw it in sex ed, even did it a couple of times, but not with the real thing. I just want to make sure."

Silence fell again. Maybe he should have kept his mouth shut? Brown didn't need to know he was that inexperienced. He could even refuse to go further, and Christian cursed at his own lack of awareness about whatever he chose to confess.

"Are you a virgin, Christian?" Brown asked quietly.

"Like you didn't know that." Christian snorted.

"Then you're about to --"

Christian didn't need to have that conversation right now. He began to roll down the condom down Brown's cock, satisfied to find it still hard. "I'm about to do what I want," he said.

"Then knock yourself out." Brown was amused.

Maybe he wouldn't be for long. Maybe Christian would be so good that he would blow this experienced man's mind. Right. Now he wanted to laugh at himself. But he was determined to go all the way, whatever it took.

He regretted not undressing Brown when he had had the chance. The dress shirt was still in place, so Christian chose to unbutton it and push the undershirt up so that he could admire Brown's abdomen, hard as a rock, and his tough pecs. He ran his hands over them and shuddered. Just watching that muscular body made him lose his mind.

He knew what he wanted. With a hand filled with lube, he began to play with his own ass. Soft moans escaped his lips as he went a bit deeper.

"Make sure to prepare enough." Great, now Brown sounded worried.

"I know what I'm doing," he replied stubbornly.

"A virgin boy who knows what he's doing," Brown commented.

“How would you know about that? I bet none of your subs were virgins when you took them for a ride.”

“Touché,” Brown admitted.

Christian pushed it. “I bet they were used and loose.”

“Hmm, are you jealous?”

How could he be? He straddled Brown’s hips, adjusting his position so that he could align that fantastic cock with his ass. Ah, that was it. So now, he just needed to push himself down.

“Ah,” he gasped.

That was so much bigger than the dildo he had played with or his fingers. Christian looked between his legs. Had Brown’s cock grown all of a sudden? No, but it sure felt like it.

“This was a bad idea,” Brown huffed. “Untie me.”

“No way.” Christian couldn’t stand it. He should have said he was experienced and just gone with it. Now Brown didn’t want to go all the way because he hated virgins, probably. Yeah, he liked his subs, who were capable of jumping on any cock, loose as they were.

“Christian, I indulged you enough.”

“No, please, just let me. And don’t go soft on me,” he demanded.

It looked like there was no chance of that. As he struggled to make that thing go inside him, Brown’s cock got harder.

“You’re about to pop your cherry using my cock,” Brown said impatiently.

“And? Didn’t you know what I wanted when you took me here? No way am I going home tonight still a lame virgin.”

“Untie me, and I’ll take care of you,” Brown promised. He grunted as Christian descended a fraction of an inch. “Fuck, you’re tight.”

Was it a bad thing? But he couldn’t have his ass adapt to that monstrous cock if he didn’t put his mind to it. “You’re lying. The moment I let you go, you’re going to send me home, tail between the legs,” he said.

Ugh, a little more. The fullness was unbearable. Brown wasn’t unaffected, either. The harsh grunts coming from him unsettled Christian. “Am I that bad? Do you hate it?”

“I don’t hate it,” Brown breathed out. “Release me, Christian, and I’ll fuck your sweet ass into tomorrow.”



“If you don’t hate it, then I can continue.” He could barely breathe, let alone talk. There was pain, too, but he had read about it, so it was normal, and he just needed to let his body adjust. Brown’s cock pulsed like a hot rod in his ass. Christian shivered and gasped as he insisted on impaling himself into that thing. Was he insane? How could he think this was pleasant? Right now, he was being split in two, and he was supposed to enjoy it.

“Christian,” Brown moaned his name. “Are you crazy, attempting a thing like this for your first time?”

“Why? What’s wrong with how I do it?” Each word came out with another gasp. “You said you didn’t hate it. Is my ass strangling your cock or something?”

“No.” Brown bucked his hips, and Christian stopped breathing for a moment.

The lube was working, and so did whatever Brown had in mind, moving like that. Christian pushed down a little more and felt his ass resting against the other’s balls. “I did it,” he whispered.

“You crazy beautiful boy,” Brown let out. “Now move that sweet ass on my cock.”

He couldn’t stand being told what to do, although he needed it. “Just to be clear,” he whispered, “I’m doing what I want.”

Things hurt, but not as much. Christian leaned forward and caught Brown’s mouth into a kiss. To go through this, to see the end of it, he needed fuel. After a short moment of surprise, Brown reacted. His tongue shot into Christian’s mouth, aggressive and a bit frightening, but now he stood his ground.

He kissed back and placed his hands on Brown’s chest. He squeezed the pecs, enjoying how firm they were and big, and found an anchor in the hard nipples. There was a hiss from the other when he leaned back, breaking the kiss.

“You’re going to rip my tits,” Brown chided him.

“I’m sure you’ll live,” Christian replied.

“Without my tits?”

Christian would have laughed at the image of a pissed off Brown, staring at his own nipples in the mirror. But his ass was too full, his lips were tingling, and his mind a mess. His lack of experience would end tonight. Armed with practical knowledge, he would know more about how to deal with men like Rhett Brown. Not with him, him, though. What he was doing was dangerous, so it had to be a one-time thing. Ed would kill him if he knew, and not only him.

He rose and pushed back. An unfamiliar sensation shot through him. He had never pushed that dildo too far in, and the cock in his ass was deep inside. His entire body shook. He found reassurance in fondling Brown's pecs and nipples again and attempted to move again.

"Okay, okay," he whispered.

"Christian," Brown moaned softly. "You can untie me anytime."

"I can, but I won't." Slowly, he began falling into a rhythm. So this was it, right? He just needed to ensure enough ... friction.

Brown didn't stay still. He moved his hips upward, meeting each of Christian's moves. He would have protested if he still had anything left in him. But his entire attention was focused on what happened inside him, the myriad of sensations shooting through him with each move, each thrust.

He had heard plenty about the advantages of a big cock. For his first time, he could have done with someone less endowed. But he didn't want to let go and give up. The pain lessened and lessened, and now he could sustain that pace without too much discomfort. "Is it good?" he asked, in a timid voice he hated instantly.

"Your ass is perfect," Brown whispered.

"Good, that's good," he breathed out and went for another kiss.

His hips moved more amply as the kiss deepened. Brown didn't have much control over how they fucked, but he sure knew how to kiss to blow Christian's mind to smithereens. The clumsiness from before was fading, and his rhythm became more controlled, sensual even. Pleasure rose in him like a tide. Brown struggled with his position and began hitting him inside just right.

He collapsed against Brown's shoulder and wrapped his arms around his neck as the man did his best to fuck him like that. It was so amazing that tears flooded his eyes. His skin was all goosebumps. He loved it. He pushed back, helping his partner in their common quest for a release that seemed elusive at the moment.

"You're good, Christian, you're good," Brown praised him gently. "Give me your lips."

He felt tired already, but he obeyed. This time, he used his tongue, too, and new pleasure flooded his entire body, like the two connections, through his mouth and his ass, were enough to make him come completely undone.

"I'm dying to touch you," Brown whispered. "Touch your cock for me, Christian."

Wasn't he supposed to come just from getting fucked in the ass? Actually, if he thought better, those guys in porn videos often jerked off. The idea annoyed him a little, but the pleasure didn't leave his cock unaffected, either. The stimulation in his ass was enough to make his little guy itch for action, too.

Despite his determination to disobey each of Brown's commands, he grabbed his cock. Oh, it felt so good. The hard cock in his ass was working him good, so good that Christian wanted to have a dildo modeled after it to use it when alone. But no, it wasn't just the size or the shape.

Everything about this man was making him lose his sanity, temporarily, but still. Maybe he wasn't Brown's type, but Brown was his. As far as first experiences went, this one was fantastic, and he would remember it forever.

He let go of the other's mouth so that he could lick his jawline and neck. He couldn't get enough. He wanted to taste his partner thoroughly. How would his cum taste like? He was dying to know but had a feeling that his curiosity would remain unsatisfied.

"Are you close?" Brown's voice reverberated, strained and ragged.

"So close," Christian murmured in reply.

Feeling so much pleasure had to be illegal all around the world. No way would anyone in their right mind want to do anything else day in and day out if it weren't. He had come in the past. He had jerked off, watched porn, teased other boys. But it had never been like this. That kind of pleasure trampled all.

A strange sound escaped his lips, and he sat deeper, as deep as he could, in the other's cock. Brown was breathing hard, and something had to be happening to him at the same time because through the all-conquering sensations spreading from his ass, Christian could identify something else, something that didn't belong to him.

"Are you coming?" he whispered. "Are you really? In my ass?"

"Yes, yes, you crazy boy," Brown whispered back.

Christian shuddered through the last recoil of his orgasm. He had done more than he had thought possible. He had made Brown come, too, and it was crazy even to think that because, come on, the man was experienced and had who knew how many lovers, and Christian was just a virgin – had been until minutes ago.

He kissed Brown softly, enjoying how their lips fit. It didn't matter how much of an asshole the guy was. Everything about that night had been perfect, beyond his wildest dreams.

He let go slowly and stood up on trembling feet. He stared at the full condom and peeled it away. Brown's cock was still half-hard. To test it, he touched it with hesitant fingers.

“Wow, you came so much, Mr. Brown.”

“That was just the entrée,” Brown said. “Now untie me so that I can show you how it’s done.”

His words had the effect of a cold shower on Christian. Hadn’t that been perfect? Was he the only one to think so? “What do you mean?”

Brown moved his wrists impatiently against their restraints. “You’ve had your fun, boy. Now it’s my turn.”

“I made you come,” Christian pointed out.

“And? Who do you take me for? I appreciate the appetizer, but I’m the kind of guy who likes a full course meal when the prospect is so appealing.”

Christian was sure his ass needed a serious break. There was no way he would have sex again tonight. And Brown was downright insulting him. He opened his mouth to say something and heard a phone ring. His eyes found it on the nightstand. It was Brown’s phone, and sudden, irrational jealousy flooded him. Who could be calling so late? It had to be one of his many lovers. It had to be fun to have beautiful guys at your fingertips like that.

Everything was clear. No matter how special he had thought this night to be, that had only been him. And he had made a promise to himself that he wouldn’t lose his head during this little adventure.

As for the guy lying on the bed, he had been good for one thing. Good, if he were trying hard enough to have cynical thoughts, in the end, he would manage to feel that way, too.

“Christian?” Brown asked tentatively. He was moving his head around in a hopeless attempt to get rid of the blindfold.

Christian began dressing up.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m punishing you.” He wanted to sound hard and sophisticated, but all he managed was sound like a child who couldn’t have his way.

“For what? I could tell that you came all over me. You had your fun, hadn’t you?”

Christian stared at Brown’s hard abdomen. Yes, that immense pleasure he had experienced earlier, the one without equivalent, had its proof there, drying on the other’s skin. “I suppose I did. But that’s what you do with all the others, don’t you?”

Great. Now he sounded jealous, too.

Brown laughed. Big mistake. For a second, Christian had considered untying him before leaving. But no, he had to go ahead and behave like an asshole, which he was.

“I’ll be off, Mr. Brown,” he said airily.

“What?”

He headed toward the door.

“Christian? Christian, come back here, you little devil!”

“You can’t tell me what to do.”

He hadn’t meant to slam the door, he had been taught not to do that no matter how upset he ever got, but it felt good to do it. It took the edge off a little from how he felt inside.

Which was, in short, a complete mess.

## *Chapter Five – Miscalculations*

Rhett was fuming. He had tried to untie himself for some time now, and the need to piss was getting stronger. What kind of demon did that to a guy? Christian Marshall had been sweet like candy until he had turned all sour. And over what? Rhett still had a hard time trying to figure out what had made the boy behave like that. His mercurial personality was part of his charm, but not if one were at the receiving end of his whims.

And why did he have to be so good at tying knots? At first, he had thought it to be a joke, that Christian would come back, but after half an hour, it had become clear that nothing like that would happen.

The most annoying part was that what Christian had done felt like an insult. A humiliation. Was the boy trying to serve him a lesson because of some misconstrued conceptions he had about what relationships between doms and subs were? Who knew what Eddy must have told him?

Anger was growing inside him. He could ask the virtual assistant to make a phone call for him, but he couldn't think of one person in his contacts who wouldn't laugh at his predicament if he saw him like that.

The alternative wasn't making him particularly happy, and it involved waiting, but it was the lesser of two evils. He gave up on trying to break free and began planning his revenge.

A boy so sweet and such an evil mind! Rhett would pull out all the stops once he got his hands on Christian again. The boy would get a spanking like he had never gotten in his life. He would be tied and kept on the verge of climax for hours while Rhett would get his fill out of his delicious young body. He would be taught everything, he would be abused, and he would beg for mercy.

Damn, his body was reacting. Rhett sighed and began laughing. Well, he was overreacting. Not that Christian Marshall wasn't in for a serious spanking, but he was getting too worked up over such a young man.

Christian had sounded jealous, and while he was smart and had a quirky personality, he couldn't hide his feelings well. Even blindfolded, Rhett could tell that he had struck a sensitive chord when he had insulted Christian's performance earlier. He hadn't meant for his words to sound like that, but he had been impatient to see that beautiful naked body and give it his all. The phone ringing couldn't have bidden well with Christian, either. It had been clear from their earlier conversation that the boy was easy to stir.

Then, in that case, he was partially to blame. It wouldn't take long until his cook arrived to prepare the food for the day. Rhett could only congratulate himself for having the inspiration to have the guy make fresh meals, including on Sundays.

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“I hate myself,” Christian said out loud and buried his head in the pillow.

It had all seemed like such a fun idea. Rhett Brown was an asshole, a good looking asshole who could be used. And Christian had done so, but come on, why had it all turned against him so easily? For once, he had thought that he had succeeded in making a man like that feel something for him, even if it was just sex.

“No, I don’t hate myself. I take it back,” Christian added.

It was Brown’s fault, he decided. Not that he had a weird, impractical notion of romance, that he should have been appreciated for allowing that asshole to pop his cherry. But still, Brown had been ready to teach him a lesson in sex like he hadn’t come just seconds earlier.

Had all his efforts been in vain? And it had felt so great, too! Just thinking of that made Christian shudder. He had taken a shower and the time needed to feel sorry for himself, but now was the moment for something else.

He would forget about Brown, his awesome body, and how great his incredible cock felt in his ass. There were many men in the world, and he didn’t need to stop at someone like that. Plus, hadn’t he been the one who had imagined all that as a one-night-stand and nothing else?

It served Brown right to remain tied and blindfolded like that. But what if he couldn’t break free? Guilt crept in right away. Nah, he could. Right? Maybe he needed to go back and check? But dawn was almost breaking, and he would be caught if he tried to sneak out of the house.

No, the asshole would be fine. He would just have his virtual assistant, which Christian had seen on the nightstand, call someone. It would be weird as fuck, probably, and just as likely, Brown had to have a bunch of subs with loose morals in his contact list, so it couldn’t be too much of a biggy.

And if he felt humiliated and pissed, that was for the better. After all, Christian felt the same, and it was all the other’s fault.

He touched his backside gingerly. He would be sore tomorrow, for sure. What had driven him to attempt such a thing? But he had been in control, and if he had ruined his ass impaling himself on Brown’s cock, that was all on him because he had chosen that.

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“Caleb,” Rhett shouted the moment he heard the front door.

The cook’s steps could be heard as marching through the penthouse. “Oh, Mr. Brown.” The young man gasped. “Did I come at a bad time? I can always --”

“No,” Rhett said impatiently. “Your timing is impeccable. Please untie me.”

He could tell Caleb had a hard time attempting that and probably had a thousand questions on his mind.

“Who tied these knots?” Caleb expressed his astonishment as he struggled with the rope restraints. “Did you get involved with a sexy sailor this time, Mr. Brown? Too sexy for your own good?”

Rhett wanted to roll his eyes, but it couldn’t serve anyone since he was still blindfolded. The teasing in Caleb’s voice was unmistakable. “Not really.”

Caleb paused. “Would you like me to call the police?” he asked quietly.

“No, that’s not the case. I just miscalculated something. And I know that it’s a lot to ask, but could you please keep this to yourself?”

“Sure thing, Mr. Brown,” Caleb agreed.

The rumor mill would have a tasty morsel to digest soon enough. Caleb was lucky Rhett loved his cooking, as he was a gossip of the highest caliber.

Well, as long as Christian kept his mouth shut, no one would know who the ‘sexy sailor’ was. And rumors came and went, and Rhett usually enjoyed the attention. Only that, this time, he knew that the laugh and mockery would be on him.

He took off the blindfold as soon as his arms were free. He stared at the rope burns, and laughter bubbled in his chest. Well, the trap had been laid for an innocent angel, and Rhett had caught a naughty devil instead. Things would only get interesting from now on.

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Although he couldn’t share with anyone what he had done the night before, Christian felt the need to illustrate his suffering accordingly. He had been hurt more in his heart than in his butt, but he had the soreness to prove that his backside hadn’t been spared. Therefore, he put on his sunglasses and lay by the pool with an exaggerated sigh.

“Partying too hard last night?” His dad stared at him over the magazine he was reading while having his morning smoothie at a nearby table.

Christian knew his father hated those things, but his mom could be a pest when she got an idea in her head. His dad needed to watch over his health, and that was, apparently, one way to do it so that he didn’t incur the wrath of his better half. Christian could bet his father would have liked to start the day with whiskey on the rocks and a cigar, but those had been banned from his lifestyle



– at least in the mornings – for a while now. At least, his dad knew how to be dignified even while doing things he hated. In a straw hat and light-colored suit, he looked the part, for sure.

“You know how it is,” Christian replied. “Partying,” he said with emphasis.

“Hmm.” His dad pretended to be interested in something in the magazine. “Any pretty girls at this party?”

Christian pretended not to hear. He hadn’t really come out to his parents, but he believed that they were suspecting the truth anyway.

“Any pretty boys, then?” his dad asked again.

“Dad,” Christian complained.

“What? Am I not allowed to know who you like? A father has to know.”

Christian loved his parents for being so amazing and now felt a little guilty over the escapade from the night before. As open-minded as his mom and dad were, he had a feeling that they would have a hard time stomaching the kind of person Rhett Brown was.

“There’s no one I like.” He jumped into the pool and enjoyed the sensation of cold water on his skin.

When he rose to the surface at the other end, his father was still watching him.

“What?” he asked, suddenly a bit suspicious about his dad’s interest in his love life. Could it be Ed had said something?

His dad observed him with keen eyes. Even from that distance, Christian could tell.

“You need to have more fun, Christian. Don’t always do what your mother says. If it were after her, she would keep you by her side until you’re eighty.”

Hmm, it could be a trap. His mother was rash and always came in like a wrecking ball, under the pretext that she wanted to understand him, but she always failed. That was when she sent in the heavy artillery, aka dad. His old man knew how to be subtle and get under his skin, but not today.

Christian’s secret was too important to blurt out to his dad. No one had to know about what had happened the night before. It was his secret.

And Brown’s.

Oh, damn. Will that guy keep his mouth shut?

Well, he had no proof.

Wait, what if he had cameras in the bedroom?

“Christian,” his dad called.

“Yes, dad?”

“I trust you, son.”

“I know.”

His dad was definitely suspecting something. All the more reason for him to be extra careful in his escapades from now on. Had his parents found out that there had been no party?

His brain was a mess, and it had to be because of that handsome asshole. Whom Christian must have pissed off really badly, seeing how he had left him tied up to the bed, with cum drying on his belly.

Oh, no. The retaliation would be brutal.

Time to build defenses, then, and everyone knew that the best defense was offense. Christian grabbed a towel and walked toward the house. He needed to be social today and find out where the handsome asshole was hanging out.

“Dad, tell mom I’ll be out most of the day. I’m meeting with some friends.”

“Of course. Anything else you want me to tell her?”

“No. Yes. Tell her I love her.”

“Ah, only her?” his father teased him.

Christian hurried by his dad’s side and kissed his cheek, earning a short hug in return.

So sorry, dad. Your son just got into trouble, but he’ll get out of it without your knowing or breaking your heart.

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“What are these?”

Rhett stared at his wrists and the man’s fingers teasing the skin. Since he was dressed casually in a short-sleeved polo t-shirt, he couldn’t hide the little memento Christian had left him with. “Nothing,” he replied coolly.

He didn’t know why he even had company. All he wanted was to enjoy a fresh drink while watching the others mingle on the open terrace of that swanky bar. It was too early to drink alcohol, so he had opted for something else.

In all truth, he could have stayed all day indoors and then hide the rope burns under a shirt's long sleeves while at work, but somehow, he had a perverse desire to flaunt them. It was a bit absurd to believe that Christian would hear about them and then feel guilty over what he had done. On an off chance, he might meet Eddy and his husband, but he could only guess how those guys were spending their Sunday.

Probably in bed, wrapped around each other. That was what married couples in love did, not that Brown was too fond of that idea. His parents loved each other very much, and in their love, they hadn't had that much room left for anyone else. During his childhood, he had often felt as an intruder.

Why was he thinking of old history right now? He couldn't say his parents had ever treated him unfairly. They had given him everything, but Rhett was still unsure whether that had been a way for them to escape the responsibility of it all so that they could lose into each other for as long as they lived.

So much love was unhealthy, and he would never fall prey to that insanity. It was one of the reasons why he had chosen the lifestyle he kept. As long as he was in control, nothing else mattered.

"I'd say," his companion grabbed one of his hands and examined the wrist with unhidden interest, "that someone had a little too much fun last night."

"There's no such thing as too much fun," Rhett replied.

"Hmm. But I thought you were the type of guy who tied up people, not the other way around."

So, the rumors hadn't taken long to spread. Caleb certainly needed an award for being the best spreader of fake news in the universe. It didn't matter that there was truth in them. No one could even imagine how the mighty Rhett Brown had gotten himself in such a situation that he had had to be saved by his cook.

The secret was delicious in its own right. How must Christian have looked while getting his fill from Rhett's body last night? He was dying to know, and he would think of something to make the little devil walk into his lair again and on his own accord.

His companion let go of his hand. "You know, you do seem like a scary guy when you smile like that. No wonder people worry so much about getting on your bad side."

"Worry?" Rhett quirked an eyebrow in simulated surprise.

"Worry is too little a word. They're scared of you."

Not everyone felt that way, though. There was a certain Christian Marshall who showed more guts than all the people he knew. Scared by a kiss, but brave enough to leave Rhett all tied up and far from satisfied.

“I gotta go. Selfie?” his companion asked and held the phone.

Rhett couldn't fathom the younger generation's obsession with documenting any moment of their lives like that. But he agreed with a shrug. He knew for a fact that he looked good in any photos.

Was that how Christian spent his Sundays, too? Taking selfies with vacuous acquaintances and posting them on social media while pretending to have fun? He seemed too smart for that.

Yes, but not too smart to avoid the plan Rhett would soon have in store for him. All he needed was time and to put his mind to work. First, the lingering sensations of last night had to go. They were the number one enemy of a clear head at the moment.

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Brown didn't keep up with social media, by what he could tell, Christian thought, as his searches were only leading him to corporate news and posts related to the guy's position as CEO of his company.

Given that his parents probably suspected something was happening and that Ed and Adrian also watched over him, he couldn't go around and ask about Brown's whereabouts.

And if he did find out, what could he do? What did he want to do?

Christian pressed his fingers against his lips and sighed. Why was pleasure so fleeting? And that wasn't even the biggest problem.

No, the biggest problem was that he wanted more of the same thing, while he knew well that it was stupid to even think of that. First of all, he had wanted Brown on a whim. Well, maybe not on a whim-whim, but he had been startled by how he had reacted to that first kiss.

What was the initial plan again? What could the handsome asshole think of right now? Was he still pissed? He could be, and somehow, Christian counted on it. All that dom play he was indulging in had to be so boring. Those guys were willing, and when Brown punished them – a way of saying – it was just an act, and no real anger was involved.

Was he crazy to want that kind of man pissed at him? Clearly, the answer was yes because he had done just that.

Bored with the fruitlessness of his searches, he began to flick through his feed. Everyone was there, having fun on Sunday, and he only cared about one thing.

How to kick the hornet's nest again.

He wasn't even registering what he was looking at anymore and scrolling out of habit when he caught something. He went back and stared at the pic posted by someone on his extensive acquaintance list only minutes ago.

"Chilling with a cool guy," he read the caption out loud.

Christian felt invigorated in the blink of an eye. If he hurried enough, he might still catch him there. But Brown had company, by the looks of it, and the other dude in the picture looked really attractive. Christian couldn't remember how he had gotten on his so-called friends' list, but he didn't care about how the other few thousands had done the same, anyway.

It didn't matter. He would go there, like by accident, and then pretend to bump into the guy.

What would happen next? Christian couldn't see that far into the future.

But it was bound to be so exciting.

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Rhett was glad to be alone again. After taking that selfie, his companion had scurried off somewhere, probably interested in more exciting company. All his life, Rhett had been pleased with the on-off switch he could use when either he wanted to have fun or wanted to work.

When had it been the last time he had enjoyed a real challenge? Except for the role-playing he indulged in with his subs, there was none of that in his sex life. At work, things were different. There was always new fish in the sea and sharks waiting to strike. Those challenges were real, and when overcome, they provided true rewards. That was why Rhett loved what he did for a living and wouldn't change it for the world.

On the other hand, his sex life wasn't that exciting. Finding ways to break a man and put him back together so he could experience unbridled pleasure was interesting and arousing, but it no longer had the power to conquer all his senses, his body, as well as his mind.

And here came Christian Marshall. Rhett would have to find a way to cross paths with the naughty devil again. He doubted the youngster preferred swanky bars on Sunday afternoons, so there was not much he could do. Maybe he could head back home and get some early work done. Or maybe he could blow some steam taking it on the punching bag. The prospects were far from extremely appealing, but Rhett took great pride in keeping himself busy.

He stood up and walked toward the exit. In the meantime, he began browsing through his phone, checking his schedule for the next week.

Someone bumped hard into him, almost making him drop the phone. Rhett raised his eyes, decided to put the stranger politely but firmly in place. His entire face morphed into a broad grin he couldn't keep in. Was that his lucky day or what?

Right in front of him stood no one else but the young man he wanted so much to see. Christian was breathing hard like he had run there, his pretty face was flushed, and his large blue eyes were staring at him like there was no one else in the world. He was dressed in loose clothes like he had just come down from a k-pop video, and his hair, like usual, looked like it could never have a proper relationship with a brush.

“Mr. Brown, hi,” he said.

“Hi?” Rhett grabbed Christian by the elbow and forced him to walk along.

“Um, yes?”

“Don’t ‘hi’ and ‘yes’ me, young man, after the stunt you pulled last night,” Rhett warned.

“Oh, yeah, about that ... sorry.”

Rhett sighed. He was supposed to have time and plan his next move, not stumble upon the boy so quickly, no matter how he had secretly wished for it to happen. “Oh, you will be sorry, and I’ll make sure of that.”

He expected a bit of struggle and protests at his words, but Christian was surprisingly quiet. He didn’t attempt to break free and obeyed when Rhett opened the car door and gestured for him to get inside. Just how much did the young man want to ride in a fast car?

Without a word, Rhett got behind the wheel. If Christian liked it fast, he would know how that felt soon enough.

There was nothing like enjoying the power of a supercar and testing its limits. It was also a way to prove something to a hothead like the one sitting quietly and apparently much chastised on the seat next to him.

Rhett kicked the engine into gear. He knew where to take Christian and show him how fast they could get.

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Christian waited without saying a word. He could barely keep in his excitement. Brown was seriously pissed. They were somewhere, on an empty track, and they were going fast. Like really fast.

It was like he was in heaven. The only thing missing was that he couldn’t be behind the wheel. The roaring engine was music to his ears. Next to him, Brown was in control of that magnificent vehicle, and he looked damned sexy while at it.

That was freedom, Christian though, completely elated and feeling like he was finally getting loose of all the things keeping him back.

“Do you enjoy this? The speed?” Brown asked.

Christian just nodded. Probably, he had a silly smile on his face, but he couldn't get rid of it.

“Can it go faster?”

“Faster, do you say?”

Christian looked out the window at the scenery flying by. They were going so fast. “Yes, faster,” he whispered.

“What do you like so much about it?” Brown seemed calm on the outside, but Christian could bet he was like a volcano waiting to erupt.

“It's cool.” Christian's eyes fell on the other's wrists. The rope burns made him wince. “How did you free yourself?”

Brown stared at him for a moment, but then he looked straight ahead, focused on his driving.

“My cook found me.”

“Your cook? How many hours did you --”

“Enough to know that you're an incredibly naughty boy who hadn't gotten a spanking in his entire life.”

Christian snickered, but then he schooled his face into a possibly neutral expression. “I'm sorry, I really am.”

“I told you. You will be.”

What did that mean? Christian didn't think he would ever say that, but now he wished for Brown to stop the car and show him exactly what his punishment would be about.

## *Chapter Six – Give Me What I Need*

That was enough playing. Rhett had hoped he would scare the boy a little by showing him how fast a car like that could go. But Christian was not of the usual mold; he wasn't easy to scare and make aware of the consequences of his actions.

It was all for the better. And it would all work out to the best of his interests, too. After all, Christian was willing to push his limits, which meant that he would hit two birds with one stone. It would be a pleasure to punish the boy accordingly, and if Eddy ever came to him and complain, Rhett would just rub it in his face.

A few days ago, he had been willing to develop a conscience and let the boy go. But since Christian proved that he didn't plan on doing that himself, who was he to deny him the pleasure of experimenting?

He stopped the car brusquely. In his mind, he would take Christian home, tie him up, and spank him properly. But his hands itched, and his khaki pants were suddenly too tight; good thing, the place he had chosen was completely deserted and far enough from prying eyes.

He stepped out and opened the car door for Christian to climb out, too. It was easy to observe that he, also, moved with some difficulty, holding both hands in front and looking down like a guilty kid.

Rhett made a move, half-expecting Christian to run away. But no, there was no way in hell something like that could happen as long as it involved that rebellious youth. While he kept his eyes down, he stood his ground.

A rush of sudden anticipated pleasure ran through Rhett. He could pretend he understood what Christian was thinking right now, but he didn't know a thing. He tipped the boy's chin gently, and their eyes met.

"You realize that what you did was wrong, don't you?" he asked, surprised by the roughness of his voice.

A rosy tongue darted out, licking plump lips. "Yes," came the barely audible reply.

Rhett moved his hand and brushed his thumb against the beautiful mouth. His eyes rested on those moist lips, fascinated with them. "I cannot let you go without proper punishment."

"Then punish me if that makes you happy."

Ah, no longer so chastised, after all. Even in that position, Christian was challenging him. Rhett took him by one arm and then placed both of the boy's hands on the hood of the car. "Don't move your hands unless I say so. Is that understood?"



There was no reply this time, so Rhett grabbed Christian ass hard. “I asked you something.”

“Yes. It is. I didn’t know I had to confirm everything.”

Rhett bit back a laugh. Of course, how could he even imagine that Christian would be obedient? He hooked his fingers into the elastic band of Christian’s pants and pulled them down. It was hard to remain focused on anger when a pert ass made its appearance from underneath the large t-shirt.

There was always an anticipatory thrill when meeting someone new. But how many times had he been disappointed already? Rhett moved one hand slowly, cupping one round butt cheek and moving to its sibling, equally plump and perky. No sound could be heard from the other, so he decided to run his fingers along the crack, pushing slightly.

That earned him an instant shiver and a small gasp. That was more like it. But he couldn’t let himself swayed by the little punk and his sexy behind. First, a bit of punishment was in order. He let go of the enticing ass, steadied himself, and smacked his open palm across the unblemished skin.

“Ouch! That hurt!” Christian turned, ignoring completely the earlier order to keep his hands on the car.

“Of course it did. That’s what it’s supposed to do,” Rhett retorted.

“I don’t like it.” Defiant eyes challenged him from underneath curly eyelashes, the color of dark gold.

“Why should you? I’m the one who should enjoy it, or have you forgotten already what you said? You allowed me to punish you.”

“I take it back.” Christian crossed his arms over his chest, apparently unaware of how he stood there, his pants around his ankles, his dick swinging in the wind.

It only occurred to Rhett then that Christian didn’t wear any underwear, and pushing down his pants had left him conveniently naked. That also made him look at the young cock that seemed to be as much up to no good as its master.

Without a word, he grabbed Christian by his manhood. The young man leaned against the car and parted his legs as much as he could in his predicament. “Oh, yes, this I like.”

Incorrigible. That was one word to describe the beautiful boy in front of him. Rhett had never been much attracted by the willowy type in his life; he liked his men muscular and with plenty of meat on their bones. But right now, he was seduced by the look of those slender thighs. Christian was fit, but he wasn’t some gym bunny.

He made a fist around the smooth cock in his hand and used the leverage he had to grab Christian hard by one buttock. Without being said anything, Christian began fucking himself into Rhett's fist while biting his bottom lip and tipping his head back with a look of absolute pleasure on his face.

"Please, kiss me, Mr. Brown," he whispered.

"Aren't you something?" Rhett wanted to sound harsh and unforgiving, but he barely managed to get his point across.

He got closer and pressed himself against Christian's hip. It was of no consequence that his hard cock found little friction like that, but at least it would let the other know that his actions affected his so-called tormentor.

"Please," Christian asked sweetly and turned his head to look at him.

"At least, you know how to ask nicely," Rhett admitted grudgingly.

He let go of the delicious bottom he had been fondling until now and used his free hand to grab Christian by the hair at the back of his head. Their lips crashed, and Rhett wanted to make that kiss hard, but, again, against his better judgment, he was losing focus on what was at stake.

Christian swung his hips with abandon, making his cock go in and out Rhett's hand. How could he be so unguarded? Didn't he know that there were people in the world who wouldn't think twice about using him? The thought that someone else would look at Christian and find him an easy prey angered him.

It was enough to make him deepen the kiss and claim himself the conqueror. He could feel the small trembling in the other's body, the longing and the want, and he began to help by moving his hand and giving Christian what he needed.

Rhett didn't have to look to know that nothing else was required for his precious charge to lose himself and fly over the edge. Christian turned limp and leaned against him. Small mercies were in order; he allowed the boy to breathe.

However, that didn't mean that he was satisfied. Something of the sudden anger from earlier returned. Maybe the best course of action was to give Christian a lesson, one that would scare him good and make sure that he would never attempt a thing like that again.

"Do you see what you did?" he asked and held his hand high. Some of Christian's cum made the index and middle fingers glisten.

"I'll clean up," Christian murmured.

It took Rhett all his discipline and good training to keep in an immediate reaction at Christian's lips wrapping around his fingers and licking his own cum.

"I thought you would reach for some tissues, or something." The words were meant to tease; his voice, not so much.

"Don't have any," Christian replied after finishing the task at hand. "Does all cum taste the same?"

Rhett was sure it would take a while to figure out how Christian's mind worked. It was refreshing; people today tended to be so dull, so predictable. "There's one way of learning." He pushed his crotch into the other's hip. That should be enough for a suggestion.

"Do you want me to suck you off?" Christian asked, his voice suddenly deep and unsure.

That type of boy was only good to send on his way packing. But Rhett replied, "Sure, why not? You still owe me."

"Okay. It's better than spanking. I don't like that," he said the last words quickly as if Rhett were ready to put him back in position and give him a proper punishment.

So far, Christian had only done what he wanted. Rhett had an inkling that he had been dying to be asked to suck a guy's cock. Or maybe, not just any cock. It was foolish to believe that such a young man could nurture any other feelings but curiosity and lust toward whatever was happening between them at the moment. But it felt good to indulge in a little fantasy and imagine that Christian liked him, at least, a little.

What was he now? Some teenager? He surely let his hormones run wild because he didn't control the way his cock sprang free the moment Christian opened his fly and reached inside with clumsy hands.

"Are you like this because of me?" Christian asked timidly.

Anyone else, anyone else in the whole frigging world, would take advantage. That was the voice of innocence, of someone who didn't know what he was getting himself into. It drove Rhett crazy only to think of that, of men who would be glad to find a weakness and exploit it.

Unfortunately, he was one of those men. He had used to be, at least. Now, he wasn't that sure anymore.

Christian made a move to get on his knees, but Rhett stopped him. He pulled the boy's pants up and kissed him shortly. "Now you can get to work."

Murmured thanks followed, and Rhett had a mind to tease Christian over being so polite all the time, but all was gone from his mind the moment soft lips wrapped around his cock. That had

been his fantasy at first, and he now had the privilege to see it happening. He caressed Christian's head, running his fingers through the silky golden strands.

A shy tongue explored the head of his cock. Rhett grunted in undisguised pleasure when it reached for the small hole and poked at it.

"I think it will taste a little different," Christian said, pulling away.

No more teasing. Rhett grabbed him by the back of the head and guided him back to the hard cock in front of him. "Don't talk, just suck."

When he expected the boy to struggle, Christian was surprisingly obedient. As far as it was about sex and experimenting with new things, he was curious and bold. What ticked him wrong were other things, like jealousy.

Rhett was aware that having his plan about Christian put correctly in place required time and his ability to make order in his thoughts. Right now, there were more pressing matters. He closed his eyes and helped Christian set into a rhythm while his naughty tongue explored, and his plump sexy lips pressed against Rhett's cock just enough to make it pleasurable.

Taught right, the boy would be amazing between the sheets. Maybe that was a good plan, one better than anything else. Step one was underway, and it meant to seduce him. Step two would take finesse and involved getting Christian hooked. Step three would bring ...

What would it bring? Revenge? Rhett couldn't even think of that right now. Even how the word sounded made no sense while his cock was stroked and sucked with youthful enthusiasm. As much as he took pride in being capable to bar his cock from thinking for him, now wasn't the time to recall that.

Christian moved only so that he could tease the underside with his tongue as he looked up and opened his mouth wide. Rhett lost himself in those big blue eyes.

"Oh, damn," he uttered with a grunt.

He registered his own pleasure and the small flinch in the other as he began shooting. Christian held his mouth open, his tongue soon coated with white fluid.

He looked amazing like that. He was sex, pure and simple, Rhett thought. It wasn't fair a man this young had so much sex appeal in his slender body. "Swallow," he said shortly, as his hand tightened on the back of Christian's neck.

The naughty mouth closed, and Rhett smiled. Satisfaction, absolute and with no shadow of a doubt, spread through him. Oh, yes, he had forgotten he hadn't had any fun with his own cock ever since he had kissed the punk knelt in front of him.

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“It’s a bit different,” Christian said out loud.

He had given the first blowjob in his life! He would have shouted to celebrate his victory, but he didn’t want Brown to learn that much about him. Now that his balls were empty, and so were his partner’s, he could go back to playing it cool.

Brown helped him to his feet and caught his mouth in a smoldering kiss. Christian could feel his mind running away from him when that happened. All that remained behind was the need to laugh like a silly person and bones made of jelly and not much else.

He could feel a hard arm wrapped around his waist and a hand in his hair. Of course, then there were those lips, firm and demanding, and that tongue that had no consideration for the fact that Christian needed to breathe, just like any normal person.

But he loved it, he was crazy about any minute of it, and he had wanted to ask Brown about letting himself sucked off. But he hadn’t even needed to insist because Brown had wanted that as much as him.

“You are a naughty kid, and I have to take you home to mine.”

“What? But my ass hurts,” Christian blurted out.

That seemed to annoy Brown, for some reason. “Have I said anything about your ass?”

“No, but you clearly want to fuck me.”

“You are such a presumptuous little prick, aren’t you?”

Christian bristled. “Not everyone walks around with a monster cock between his legs, like you.”

Brown stared at him like he was growing a second head. “I said absolutely nothing about your cock. I was just commenting on you being kind of a dick.”

What? What was he now?

Brown moved him out of the way to open the car door. “Get inside already. And your ass obviously hurts because you decided on your own to pop your cherry on my cock, with no consideration whatsoever for your lovely behind.”

“Do I have a lovely behind?” Christian knew he had to look completely silly, with a stupid smile plastered on his face.

“If no one told you that before, I’ll make sure you’ll hear it from me plenty.”

“Okay, I’m coming then,” he said and climbed inside the car. “But still, no fucking.”

“No worries, by the time I’m finished with you, you’ll beg for it. If I choose to comply with your request, it remains to be seen.”

Ha! Brown thought himself some hot stuff. And he was, of course he was, but he had no idea who he was dealing with. Christian felt triumphant. His very first blowjob, and he had managed to make the guy come like a fountain. A faint taste of cum still lingered in his mouth, but he loved it. It was just one of those things he had never tried before, and as he had suspected for so long, it was awesome.

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Christian rotated his wrists tentatively and then his ankles. Curiosity had pushed him to accept the strange position he was in. Brown had no shortage of equipment, so now he was on his back, with his legs secured close to his also tied wrists. That way, with his legs up, spread wide, and incapable of moving, he was completely exposed but not uncomfortable. Maybe it was because the sling he had seen before was made to accommodate guys who were into being abused.

He wasn’t, but he had allowed Brown to undress him and put him in there. All because of curiosity. What if he got fucked anyway, despite his protests? No, Brown wouldn’t do that. He had gathered that much during these few encounters.

But he was in a position that could only lead to one thing. So, he was also curious about how long he could get away with telling Brown ‘no’.

Just as he wondered where his host had gone off to, he heard him walking back into the room. Christian examined Brown through his eyelashes, trying to fake boredom. He had hoped to see him naked, but there was no chance of that. Apparently, Brown had taken the time to dress up, not down. He was in dress pants and a dress shirt, its sleeves rolled up to his elbows, showing off muscular forearms. Christian stared as much as he could without becoming obvious. Something about that outfit made him squirm a little.

“So, are you well adjusted?”

Christian moved his hands and feet. “As much as one can in such an embarrassing position.”

“Embarrassing, you say? And yet, you left me in much worse circumstances when you ran off. Now, tell me, why did you do it?”

It was enough for Brown to look at him with that penetrating gaze, and he could feel his cock getting hard.

“Does something excite you?”

Even his voice was making Christian feel things ... forbidden things. It was a manly voice, deep, a bit harsh. But it could be gentle, too, laced with inflections of warmth. Was that how Brown

was seducing his subs? With the promise that he would be kind? There were so many questions he wished to ask but didn't dare. He walked on thin ice, and his opponent was formidable. One wrong move and things could end.

Christian didn't want it to end, whatever it was. He closed his eyes and shivered when cool fingers touched his balls.

"Tell me why you're hard, Christian." Again, that deep voice, harsh but gentle.

"Isn't it obvious?"

"You never drop the punk act, do you?"

Was he a punk? That was a compliment! He would thank Brown, but that would make him less of a punk, right?

"It's because you touch my balls," he opted for the truth.

The rough hand moved and began to stroke his cock slowly. Too slowly. He squirmed, trying to meet the hand torturing him, but the sling didn't give him enough leverage to push his hips up.

"Do you want me to jerk you off?"

"Why do you have to ask everything? I want it, of course I want it!" Christian struggled some more.

To his dismay, Brown removed his hand. Christian huffed in displeasure.

"Before I give you what you need --"

"I know, I know, I have to ask nicely. Please do me, Mr. Brown."

"You're so impatient."

He opened his eyes and was surprised to find his host much closer, by his right side. "What do I have to do?"

Brown leaned in, making their eyes met. "Start with the truth. Why did you leave last night?"

Christian moved his head away. "If I had known we were just going to talk, I wouldn't have come."

"Ah, then you want to get fucked? It's either that, or the truth." Brown touched his chin and made his head turn.

Vulgar words sounded so good in that man's mouth. Christian wanted to kiss him again. He would re-do last night, given a chance. "It was rude of you to have your subs call you at night while I was with you."

"Ah." Brown caressed his jawline slowly and let go of him again.

Christian began moving his toes in annoyance.

"It was rude of me." Brown moved around him, inspecting him with keen eyes. It made Christian feel self-conscious of his body and how he had to look. Skinny? Unappealing? Too young?

"Yes, it was."

"I had no idea you would come and use me to lose your virginity. I would have planned things differently."

Christian huffed. "Just because of me? I don't buy it."

Brown stopped. "Why would you sell yourself so short, Christian?"

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The boy had a mouth on him, but that only hid insecurities and nothing else. Rhett had a mind to release him, hold him, and tell him how beautiful he was. But it would only be a way for him to lose himself, and that was out of the question. It didn't bide his plans well to get too close.

The simplest strategy was to give Christian a good fucking and send him home, with the promise to himself that they would never see each other in that manner again. After all, he wasn't some toy for a spoiled kid.

Still, curiosity was nudging him to find out more.

"I'm not selling myself short," Christian babbled.

Rhett grabbed one slim ankle and steadied it. "Let's try something simpler. Why were you looking like you'd just come back from a marathon when we met today? And why didn't you wear underwear?"

Christian bit his bottom lip. He did that a lot, and it meant that he was trying to find a believable lie. "I just left home in a hurry."

"Hmm, and the cause of that hurry, what was it?"

"I wanted to see you."

Rhett suspected as much, but the sudden honesty took him aback. "How did you know where I was?"



“I saw it on some guy’s feed,” came the reluctant reply.

Ah, that selfie. It explained some things about the too connected generation Christian belonged to. But it had worked to his advantage, so no complaints. He smiled. “And the lack of underwear? Still because of that?”

“I didn’t have time. I usually wear it.”

“I don’t mind it. But why did you want to see me so badly?”

“To see if you were all right.”

Did he hear well? Was Christian - almost - apologizing? “It would take more than a punk like you to cause me nuisance.”

Baby blues flashed daggers at him. That always worked.

“I want to go home.”

And whenever things didn’t work his way, he would just run away and hide. So easy to stir.

Rhett ran his fingers along the slender leg. “Jealous, quick to anger, spoiled.”

“Who are you talking about?”

Rhett rested his fingers close to the swollen cock begging for attention. All this time, Christian had only gotten harder. “You. Are you ready to run away? I will release you, have no doubt.” He allowed a short pause. “But I don’t want to have anything to do with you, ever again.”

Spoiled kids had to be beaten with their own weapons.

“What’s your answer?”

“I’ll stay.” The reply was coy.

“Good.”

Rhett took Christian’s cock and began to stroke it, but not too fast. After all, he needed to pay back some of the torture suffered.

“Faster, please, Mr. Brown,” Christian whispered and grunted.

“No can do. There are still things I want to hear from you.”

“Then just ask them already.”

“Why did you decide to lose your virginity with me? Isn’t it supposed to be a big step?”

Christian breathed deeply. He was fighting against his arousal. "It was. And I thought about it."

"Really? And how did I appear into that plan?"

"I knew you wouldn't mind. And how special was your first time anyway?"

Rhett grimaced. It hadn't been special. It had been calculated and void of emotion, like many other things in his life. But it had been pleasurable, and that was the only thing that mattered.

"You just wanted to be done with it? So it was nothing special?"

Christian squirmed under his ministrations. "It was special. You just ruined it."

The sudden accusation hit at point-blank. Rhett stopped. Had he ruined it?

## *Chapter Seven – The Same Thing*

Christian could tell Brown was surprised by his sudden confession. Just how dense could he be not to realize the real reason Christian had been pissed at him?

“Explain.” The order was short and brooked no contradiction.

Ah, damn, this was hard. He moved his wrists and ankles, but it was impossible to get out of those restraints without assistance. Maybe accepting that position, one that didn’t allow him to run, hadn’t been that brilliant an idea.

He looked away. Brown’s rough hand rested on top of his sex, without doing anything.

“Christian. There’s nowhere for you to run. Be honest.”

“You,” Christian started but choked on his word. “You just didn’t think anything of it. Of me.”

“I certainly did. You made me come while fucking yourself with my cock. What other proof did you want?”

“You thought I was bad.”

There was a short silence. Then a sigh followed. “What am I to do with a hothead like you?”

Christian had a few ideas, but he still had half a brain and knew what Brown meant by that. So he kept his mouth shut.

“You stirred me all right last night. You gave me a taste of you, and then you run away. Like a coward.”

“Who’s a coward?” Christian revolted.

“If you didn’t like something, you should have stayed and talked about it.”

“But then you would have had the upper hand.”

And made me feel young and inexperienced.

“Is this what things are about with you? Having the upper hand? Being in control?”

“Aren’t you about the same stuff? You should hear yourself talking.”

There was a small pause again, from the other. He was ready to ask to be released, regardless of consequences, but the hand on his cock began teasing it again.

“You’re too young.” The hand was warm, but the voice was cold. “You shouldn’t walk around, pretending you know what you’re doing. Don’t you realize what position you are in, Christian? I could do everything I want right now, and you wouldn’t be able to stop me.”

What that supposed to scare him? Maybe a little. But no, that wasn’t the kind of game he played. He let out a small moan and turned his head so that he could bury his face into the crook of his shoulder.

“Please, put your mouth on me, Mr. Brown,” he whispered.

“I never suck off my subs.”

“I’m not your sub,” he replied.

“That’s true.” The harsh voice was gone; the tone was now amused. “Since we’re at the point where you seem to consider yourself still much entitled to make demands, what else would you like?”

Christian knew why he was hiding his face. He could barely keep in a smile. “Suck my cock. And lick my ass,” he added quickly.

“Lick your ass?”

“Do to me what you never do to your subs.”

An exaggerated sigh was the immediate reaction. “You’re lucky you’re this beautiful.”

Beauty didn’t have much to do with anything. Christian was sure he wasn’t Brown’s type, seeing what kind of men he preferred as his playthings. But he could bring something to the table that even a guy like that could consider a novelty.

A penchant for disobedience. A true challenge. Of course, at any moment, Brown could just start laughing, leave him in that humiliating position, and go watch sports or whatever. To some degree, he would deserve it, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t try and see how much he could get away with.

The warm, firm tongue on his balls made him gasp. It was so sudden and nothing like he was expecting. That had been just a way to rile up Brown more, to take him further, but this was a surprise.

Was that hotshot CEO and sexy dom really doing what he wanted? It looked like it.

“Oh, Mr. Brown, this is so good,” he whispered.

His breath hitched in his chest as the bold tongue went lower and poked at his backdoor. Wow. Pleasure flooded him, and he squirmed, crazy about getting more.

“I’m putting my tongue inside your ass. One would think that you could drop formalities by now. When are you going to call me Rhett?”

He wasn’t ready for something like that. He had to up the ante with a crazy idea, but his brain was too much of a mess right now. “I can’t call you that.”

“Why? Because I’m too old for you?”

No, because you’re intimidating.

“Yes.”

“You cheeky brat.” Brown smacked one of his buttocks, making him yelp, but compensated by sticking his tongue again as deep inside as he could.

“Don’t call me that.”

“Hmm, and why should I listen to you?”

“I’ve been called that before. Call me something else.”

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He had more fun than he was supposed to. What was the game about anymore? Christian was shameless, but, right now, that got him going like no other things had managed for a while. He was demanding, hot and sexy, and he knew how to push a few buttons.

Due to his position – the one he had chosen for himself a long time ago – he rarely performed such sexual acts. So it was surprising to see how much he liked it, rimming the boy, and making him moan like that.

“Hmm, so you don’t like being called a brat. Does it remind you of how young you are?”

There was no reply. Rhett alternated small licks with steady smacks on both buttocks. After all, the punk did deserve a red behind for his shenanigans. “Then I’ll stick to your given name. It is, after all, very beautiful, just like you.”

“Works for me. Punk is also nice.”

Rhett couldn’t allow himself to start laughing. How come he had never known what a riot Eddy’s cousin was? He would have made a move sooner.

But no, he had been caught up in other things. The timing was right, and it also gave him the leverage he needed, the kind he preferred to have. He could allow Christian to have fun and his ass licked. It was, after all, a sure way to get him hooked on him.

“All right, you little punk,” Rhett said and stood up. “I believe it’s high time you got a proper dicking.”

“I got one last night, thank you very much.”

“So young and no stamina?”

The teasing hit its mark. “You know what I mean.”

“All right. Then I think it’s time for us to stop here.”

“Can you?”

“What kind of question is that? Of course I can. I’m not a dog in heat.”

“Aren’t you hard?” Christian was struggling to move and see him better.

“Nothing happens unless you say ‘yes’, Christian.”

He could tell the little punk wasn’t all that pleased with having to ask. He pouted and then murmured, “Please fuck me, Mr. Brown.”

“Ah, should I?”

“That’s it! I’m going home!” Christian protested.

Rhett placed his hands on the boy’s waist. His hands looked rough and dark against the supple marble-like skin that made Christian’s ephebic beauty stand out even more. “Not so fast. I haven’t said ‘no’.”

“Then hurry and say ‘yes’. You ask me to confirm all the time. Now tell me that you want to fuck me. Please.”

“All right. If you’re so keen.”

“I’m not keen, I’m horny,” came the petulant reply.

“And I can’t wait to be inside you properly.”

Pools of blue filled with desire set on him, but their daggers were not as sharp as always.

He opted for praise. “You did well last night, Christian. You knew what you wanted and took it. You’ll grow up to be a great man one day.”

That seemed to appease the unruly youth for the moment. Rhett took his time to prepare both himself and the tight channel of muscles presenting itself so nicely. Christian shivered, moaned, and cursed softly.

“But you’ve also been a bit naughty and didn’t think that your body needed the proper preparation to accommodate someone else inside it. So, pay attention to this lesson, ‘cause it’s free. Don’t go around, challenging men to fuck you. Not all will be as considerate as I am right now.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

‘Little punk’ suited him. Rhett pushed inside gently, allowing the young body to adjust to his girth little by little. As much as everyone thought he enjoyed rough sex, it hadn’t brought him the usual pleasure for a while now.

It had to be because it was all new, but simple things, like how he took the time to get inside Christian, made him aware of everything he experienced at the moment, all he felt. With his usual partners, it was all about having a strategy, a plan.

But as much as he had tried to do the same with this beautiful boy before him, nothing was the same. It was laughable to think that it was an emotion experienced for the first time. He had fucked dozens of men before.

Another new desire grew inside, too. He never fucked raw. It had been ingrained in his mind from an early age that he needed to be safe from the world in all possible ways. But right now, he had this sudden, overwhelming wish to be inside Christian without the rubber between them, to fuck him until they both lost himself, and then looked at the cum gushing out of that well-fucked hole, a proof that he had been there, and a little part of him had fused with the other.

Something was wrong with him these days. He exhaled once he was all in.

“Mr. Brown, you’re so big,” Christian whispered, his beautiful eyes far gone, his mouth red and moist, his cheeks flushed with excitement. “Fuck me now.”

Rhett shook his head. Who made Christian so valiant? His parents doted on him and tried to keep him away from all evils. But that didn’t seem to stop him from being himself, someone brave and unrelenting in the pursuit of his desires.

He didn’t bother to argue and pulled back slowly, only to push harder inside.

“Oh, oh,” Christian chanted with each of his thrusts. “You surely know how to fuck, Mr. Brown.”

“I surely hope so.”

Wasn’t it ludicrous to let such praises hit home? Everywhere he went, people did that, to curry favors, without a doubt. But there was honesty in Christian’s words, and that made all the difference.

“This is so good,” Christian moaned. “Right there, ah, right there. Please, more.”

“You are really not supposed to ask for anything.” Rhett grunted as he found his rhythm, and pleasure soared inside him, too. “You are such a punk.”

Christian liked being called that. Maybe he had been called a good boy all his life. And sometimes a brat, according to him.

The swing helped his ample moves and hitting the same pleasurable spot over and over. It looked like it wouldn't take Christian a lot to go over the edge. That was good because, surprisingly enough, he was not that far, either.

How was that plan again? To keep Christian on the verge of climax while he took care of his own business. That was hardly fair, and this way better. Sometimes, things were just that simple.

He took Christian's cock and pumped it to control his partner's orgasm. For silly reasons, he wanted to have both of them come together at the same moment.

Christian squirmed and shivered. “Not fair,” he moaned. “I want, I want ...”

The words that followed made little sense, and Rhett knew why. That was just how he felt, too. They wanted the same thing.

He leaned over Christian and pulled him into a kiss as he moved his hips and his hand into the same rhythm for the last few times. They were the best kiss and the best fuck in a long time, and it was too bad he couldn't bottle those moments and keep them forever.

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Christian blinked lazily while Brown massaged his buttocks. They had abandoned the swing in favor of the bed, and they had made love again.

It was lovemaking; he tried to convince himself. It was complete and amazing, and his ass didn't hurt as much as before. Brown really knew how to give it to him, and he was thankful for each minute of it.

“Is this how you treat all your subs?”

“I thought you didn't consider yourself one.”

“I don't. But I'm curious.”

Brown kissed his shoulder and pressed him down with his body by climbing on top of him. “You should stop getting so jealous. You're young, you're beautiful, and there's an entire life before you. Don't bother your pretty head with things like that.”



This guy was good; he was just so good. He knew exactly what to tell him, the words he longed to hear. But even knowing that Brown just wanted to play him, he still couldn't help feeling happy.

“Were they many?”

With a small huff, Brown got off him and plopped down by his side. “Why are you so interested, Christian? Do you want to be my boyfriend, perhaps?”

Boyfriend. Christian frowned. “Of course not,” he replied, hoping his aggressive tone wasn't making him sound like a liar. “Who would want that?”

Brown grinned. “I would go out on a limb and say that person is you.”

All right, he needed to get this fixed and quickly. He straddled Brown fast and placed both hands on his hard pecs. “Not interested. But I do like how you fuck. You're awesome.”

“That hurt, you know? So, you're just using me?”

Christian snickered. “So far, you seem to like it, too.” He leaned in and stole a kiss. Boyfriend. Right.

“I do. We should take a shower and then have you on your way. I'll take you home.”

“No. I can't risk being seen with you again. I'll get in trouble.”

The illicit nature of the entire affair gave it flavor, and he loved it.

“Your cousin gave me an earful and told me to stay away from you.” Brown pinched his nipples playfully.

Christian recoiled. His entire body was a sensitive spot right now. “Ed doesn't think you're good for me.”

“He's right. I'm not.”

“So? I don't want you to be my boyfriend, anyway.”

Brown allowed him to indulge in the kiss more this time.

“Fuck me one more time,” Christian demanded.

“You're one crazy beautiful punk. Your ass will definitely be sore.”

“It was sore before. What's one more time going to do to it?”

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He should have known better. His ass was something else, so Christian chose to find things to do while standing all Monday while working at the law firm. He itched to know what Brown was doing, which was silly because they were nothing but ...

What exactly were they? Fuck buddies? That sounded like an arrangement, and they hadn't talked about it. He had left Brown's penthouse the day before without any promises that they would see each other again. They hadn't talked about anything, really. Brown had indulged him in staying on top and getting as much pleasure as he wanted but had taken him on all fours, too.

Only thinking of it made Christian shiver in pleasure. When had he stopped thinking of mastering plans to play with Brown and had it replace with this feeling?

It was only physical pleasure, and since he was new to it, it was normal to think so much of it. At least, there was the promise of something more to come. They had exchanged phone numbers, and while he was dead set on the idea that he wouldn't be the first to call, he surely hoped for the phone to ring and hear that rough, pleasant voice on the other end.

He checked his phone and saw a new message. Since he had to be an outstanding temp while working there, he had muted it.

Why are you so bad at driving?

The direct question put a smile on his face. He looked around to see if anyone noticed him typing messages instead of filing documents and then decided to escape to the bathroom.

I'm good at it. There are just too many obstacles everywhere.

He put the lid down and climbed on the seat. There was bubbling excitement in his chest, and he couldn't stop grinning.

I'll teach you.

What? Christian had been deemed a horrible, helpless student when it came to driving by people with a lot of experience teaching others. Where did all of Brown's confidence come from?

But if you wreck my car, you'll have to pay for it with your body.

Deal.

You don't know what you're agreeing to. It's an expensive car. It might take you years to pay it back.

Then that's a risk I'm willing to take.

All right, punk. This Saturday, at ten pm sharp. Be at the race track. You know which one I'm talking about.

Of course he knew. It had been there that he had given his first successful blowjob. It was unlikely he would forget about it all his life.

And he would learn how to drive! In that kind of car! Christian put one fist up and muttered a very quiet 'yes'. He had something extraordinary to look forward to this weekend.

And he expected that they would have sex again. What new torture could he invent until then? He liked it when Brown dominated him, but even then, his mouth never shut up. It was also cool when he was on top and called the shots.

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“Is this the car you were talking about?”

Rhett kept a straight face as he took in the petulant lips and disappointed expression on Christian's face. “Of course. It is one of the best out there to teach someone how to drive.”

“So not cool,” Christian complained, but he got closer to inspect the Subaru Rhett had chosen for their lesson.

“It is cool enough to help you get the basics right without feeling the need to run out of tarmac. Get in.”

“If I wreck it, I think I can pay for it with like half a blowjob.”

Christian should know better than talk of blowjobs so soon. Not that Rhett couldn't control himself; in all his dealings, he was anything but reckless. It was just when it came to the boy in front of him that he tended to forget about his usual *modus operandi*.

“Don't be such a punk. You have a long way to give that good head.”

Christian's face lit up. “Then I need more practice.”

Rhett shook his head. “Just get in the car already, and let's see why you're such a danger for society when you climb behind the wheel.”

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Christian had been surprisingly obedient, but just as surprisingly, it looked like simple sequences of operations offered a challenge to him. In a way, it seemed like the young man was too smart for his own good. He treated driving like a problem for which he needed to find a solution, regardless of how many steps he skipped.

Still, Rhett didn't lose his cool or concentration. Whatever driving teachers Christian had had before, they must have been stunned by the boy's unconventional logic. It took him some time to figure out where the problem was, but it was smooth sailing after that.

“I am driving,” Christian said excitedly, both hands on the wheel, hunched forward and looking straight ahead.

“Now you can relax a little.” Rhett patted his shoulder and helped him lean back.

“Next time, can I drive your Aventador?”

“Not just yet.”

“But sometime in the future?”

“Maybe.”

They stepped out of the car, and Christian stopped in front of him. “I really got it this time. How come you’re so good at teaching?”

Rhett shrugged. “I don’t know about teaching. I’d rather say that I’m good at giving directions.”

Christian cocked his head. “Is that a way of saying that you’re a good dom?”

“I suppose.”

Many things were a challenge with this boy. Rhett was no longer surprised. “I’m starting to understand what goes through your head.”

“You do?” Christian’s eyes grew wide.

“Yes. Right now, I can bet you’re just devising way of proving to me that I’m not that great a dom.”

“Close, but not quite.”

“Then indulge me, just this time. What are you thinking?”

Christian paused and then said quickly, “You don’t enjoy being a dom as much as you think.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. You enjoy it when I get on top of you and do anything I want with you.”

“Eh, then I must say that I notice a smidge of wishful thinking in what you say.”

Christian snorted. “No way it’s wishful thinking. Isn’t it nice to let go of all that tiring control once in a while, Mr. Brown?”

He had to reconsider. Christian could still take him by surprise with his line of reasoning. “All I do is let you feel good.”

“And? Why would you do it if you disliked it?”

Hmm. That was true. Rhett wasn't one to beat around the bush. “I guess you're right. But I'm wondering how come you get off so much on being the one on top? Young guys like you usually prefer a strong hand to guide them.”

Christian laughed, and Rhett felt an impulse to grab him and kiss him. “Maybe that's me only when it comes to driving.”

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“Christian, slow down a little.”

Brown could use his stern voice all he wanted. But he had given permission to have his cock used as Christian pleased, so there was no backing down from it.

All week, he had looked into what made the perfect blowjob. He had even used his dildo to practice and then dreamed of how it would feel while trying all those tricks with the real thing.

“Why should I slow down? Are you coming already?” Christian kept his hand tight around the base of the hard cock he was playing with.

“How come you went from level zero to one hundred at this?”

Christian shrugged. “I've studied all week.”

“Did you go around, sucking guys off?” Brown sounded alarmed.

Christian glared. “Of course not. I'm not loose. I just read, watched videos, and practiced on my dildo.”

“Ah, I see. If you told me you made your dildo come then, I wouldn't be surprised.”

He could feel a grin splitting his face. “Is this what's happening to you? Am I too good for you?”

Am I better than your other partners?

He didn't ask that because he didn't need another lecture on how he didn't have to be jealous.

“There's no such thing as too good. But sometimes, your intelligence scares me a little.”

“Good,” Christian said with satisfaction.

He had restrained Brown with the promise that he would not run away like a week ago. It was necessary since he was bent on not letting the other take the reins when he felt like it. It had been easier than expected to convince his host to have his hands tied to the headboard again.

And damn, Brown looked good like that. Christian had undressed him completely this time, and he had kissed all his body, insisting, of course, on his cock and balls. At first, Brown had teased him over what he wanted to do, but right now, he no longer seemed amused.

He was aroused, and a bit sweaty, and Christian loved to lick his neck and made him curse. But the main course wasn't that.

Damn, he could get addicted to sucking that cock. The fact that Brown didn't care about keeping his voice down or his thoughts to himself made it all the more rewarding.

"Will you beg me to let you come?"

Brown growled playfully. "You're taking things too far, Christian."

"Am I?" Christian used the hard cock in his hand to slap himself over the mouth and cheeks.

"All right. This time. Please let me come. Punk."

"All you ever have to do is to ask nicely." Christian pushed as much as he could into his mouth and began pumping, using one hand, too.

It didn't take long. After being teased for a while now, Brown no longer needed anything else. The reward didn't fail to show, and Christian swallowed, timing his last few suction motions to prolong the other's orgasm. That had been one thing he couldn't properly study on his dildo, and as far as tries went, it seemed to work just fine.

"Ah, so good," he said with satisfaction as he pushed himself back.

"Untie me," Brown demanded impatiently.

This time, he obeyed. It could be pretty uncomfortable to have his arms spread like that. His host was barely out of his restraints that he was grabbed, pushed on his back, and his cock swallowed to the hilt.

Of course, he still couldn't depththroat. But he had all the time to master that, as well.

## *Chapter Eight - Still Much To Learn*

Rhett couldn't quite recall the last time he had laid like that in bed, lingering next to another hot body. In everything he did, he was all business, something he had considered up till now, an exceptional trait to be proud of. Right now, it made him think of funny things, like how lonely his life had been.

Lonely? He was surrounded by too many people for his own liking. Christian moved and threw one arm over him. Sleeping in the afternoon was decadent by his standards. He wasn't the lazy type. He never lingered.

But Christian had declared himself exhausted, and somehow they ended up falling asleep together. He caressed the slim arm resting across his chest, tracing the lean muscles. What was with him and indulging in this young man so much?

"That tickles."

"Ah, so you were awake."

"And you were lost in thought."

Christian's astuteness was still surprising, but he was getting used to it.

"Yes, I was. Just thinking of how I should see you out the door the quickest."

He kept a straight face and his eyes closed. That was a mistake. A pillow hit him square in the face. He caught it and turned the tables right away. "You spoiled kid!"

"I surrender," Christian babbled once he was caught underneath Rhett's body, and there was no way for him to escape.

"You always have a solution to save your ass, don't you?"

"Yes."

Challenging eyes, unruly hair, and lips to die for. Rhett caressed Christian's forehead, pushing the runaway strands away. He placed a chaste kiss on the smooth skin. For a moment, he expected a punkish reply, but none came. They looked at each other for a while, no one seemingly in the mood to break the spell.

Rhett decided to take control of the situation. He gave Christian a short but sweet kiss. "Would you have a late-late lunch with me?"

A sigh followed. "I can't. My parents are getting suspicious of me and how I spend my time. If I don't plan well, I'll run out of friends they don't know well in need of me to show them the city or take them to parties."

“So the golden boy is lying so that he could meet me in secret?”

“I’m not that,” Christian protested. “But you’re a secret worth keeping.”

“Hmm.” Rhett rested his forehead against Christian’s. “You’re full of secrets.”

“So I’m mysterious?” For some reason, the punk was excited by that statement.

“You are to me. I know you were a virgin when you met me, and you’re still clumsy --”

“What?”

“--and wonderful, but I can’t help wondering just for how long you must have thought of this. You’re not practiced, and yet you’re knowledgeable.” Rhett knew Christian needed approval, but he wasn’t lying. Every word he said was the truth.

“I do a lot of research,” Christian replied with a small shrug.

Rhett traced his jawline slowly. “I see. What about your need to dominate your partner?”

“Not all bottoms are obedient. Right?”

Rhett smiled. “I guess not. You’re a power bottom in the making.”

“In the making?”

“You still have a lot to learn.”

“Like what?”

“I won’t teach you how to torture me better.”

Or other men.

“It’s all right. I’m going to learn on my own.”

“I’m sure of it.”

Christian wrapped his arms around his neck. “I hate that I have to go.”

“So? Aren’t you a punk? Why don’t you do what you want for a changed?”

“I don’t them to get all suspicious of me. They can be a drag when they want to set me on the straight path. I want to keep you to myself a little longer.”

Was that a promise that things would end between them? Rhett willed away the frown on his face.



“Then don’t let me keep you.” He moved away and began dressing up to hide the sudden annoyance he felt.

He could hear Christian doing the same thing but didn’t look at him.

“Are you going to teach me again how to drive?”

So the punk searched for reasons so that they could continue to meet.

“I think you’ll do fine with any teacher from now on.” He felt petty the moment the words flew from his mouth.

Christian deflated. “Ah, okay. See you around, Mr. Brown.”

What was he doing? He didn’t plan on letting Christian get away just yet. He grabbed him and kissed him hard. “However, if you want to be a great power bottom, you’ll need more practice, and for that, I have no qualms with my being your willing subject.”

“Really?” Christian’s face lit up. “Great, then. Next weekend?”

Rhett grimaced. “I’ll be on a business trip out of town.”

“Will you be busy, like really busy?”

“Not all the time. Actually, it will be a pretty boring thing.”

“Then can I come with you? I mean, can I come to visit you?”

“What lie will you come up to your folks to justify your absence over an entire weekend?”

“Let that be my problem.” Christian stopped for a moment. “But are you sure that --”

Again, that insecurity. Rhett stopped him with a kiss. “You’ll be the highlight of my trip, I’m sure.”

He really needed to send Christian on his way if they truly wanted the young man’s parents to remain oblivious of their son’s shenanigans. If it were after him, he would keep him there for the entire day and night, and even beyond that.

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Christian was on cloud nine. An entire weekend to spend with Brown! He barely kept from waltzing around the office and smiling at everyone coming and going.

No one would believe him if he told them that he knew exactly what kind of man Brown was once the facade fell. He was a good teacher, in bed and outside of it. Not that Christian depended on his advice, and he had his own ideas about everything, anyway, but still.

Among other things, he now knew how to drive, or at least had the gist of it, and he had Brown to thank for.

Now, the following step would be a lot more complicated than he had done so far. Brown was a different person when they were together; he could bet. Christian was sure he wanted the man for himself.

But how was he supposed to tell his parents about his relationship with Brown? It wouldn't be easy, but he would convince them. What could they say? First of all, that the age difference between them was an obstacle. But Brown was exactly nineteen years, two months, and five days older than him, while his dad was twenty-one years older than his mother. If they mentioned anything, he would say that the preference for older partners ran in the family, anyway.

Then, there was the issue with Brown's lifestyle. Christian doubted that his parents would know of it in detail, but eventually, they were bound to find out more. This one was trickier. Well, for starters, he would tell them that no one should be judged for their past. And that now, Brown was a reformed man.

But was he? They hadn't talked about exclusivity yet. Was the famous dom still seeing his subs? Christian felt a particular tinge of jealousy. He had gotten familiar with the feeling lately, so he knew how to deal with it. Of course, he was thinking ahead and needed to secure Brown as a boyfriend - an exclusive boyfriend that didn't have time for subs - before he would come with all these in front of his parents. Nonetheless, it served to be prepared.

But, then, there was also the problem with Ed and his profound dislike of the man. He might convince his parents, who didn't know the guy, but what was he to do about his cousin who had a clear formed opinion of him?

Hmm, maybe he needed to breach the subject carefully and in advance. Ed would have to be prepared to hear that Christian intended to have a serious relationship with Brown. But, until then, as he had told his sex partner, he would keep him as his secret for a little while longer.

He hadn't talked to Ed as much as usual lately. His cousin was busy settling in a new life with his husband and also opted for moving to a new neighborhood so that they could be close to their friends.

That meant it was time for him to shop for a home warming present and pay Ed and Adrian a visit. As much as Ed thought he knew Brown, he couldn't know him as well as Christian did.

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"Now that's what I call a nice surprise. Come in, Christian," Adrian urged him as soon as he opened the door.

Christian offered the gift basket, and Adrian took it inside while gesturing for him to follow.

“It was overdue, I think.”

“Don’t worry. I think we still have things to unpack. How have you been lately?”

Christian sat on the sofa and looked at Adrian. He was a strikingly handsome man, and Ed was so lucky to have him. “I learned how to drive,” he blurted out.

Adrian grinned. “I heard from your mom.”

Christian huffed. “I’m not talking about how I dented her Lexus. I’m going to take my licence soon.”

Adrian cocked his head, and his eyes narrowed in thought. “Hmm, something feels different about you. Have you grown taller since the last time I saw you?”

Could it be that having sex showed somehow? “I kind of started seeing someone,” he said boldly.

Adrian quirked an eyebrow. “Kind of?”

“Well, it’s a secret. I mean, it won’t be for long.”

“Okay. When do we get to meet him?”

Christian fiddled with his thumbs. “I’m working on it.”

Adrian seemed keen on adding something, but the entrance door opened, and Ed walked in. “Ah, Christian, you’re here. That’s great. I was afraid you’d start being a stranger, now that you’re busy with work at that law firm and your summer break.”

Christian stood and hugged Ed. He watched as Ed kissed Adrian shortly, and a pang of jealousy shot through him. It wasn’t because of them, but because he wanted to have the same thing with the man he liked.

“Have you been good?” Ed teased him. “Can you guys put something together while I go grab a shower? I promise I’ll be quick.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll be the cooks tonight. Right, Christian?” Adrian asked.

He would start asking questions once they sat at the table.

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“Is the food okay? You’re stabbing that steak like it’s your mortal enemy,” Ed joked as he took a sip of wine from his glass.

“I believe Christian has something he wants to share with us,” Adrian said and smiled at him.

“He does?” Ed examined him over the glass, and his eyes crinkled in amusement.

“I know how to drive.”

He could tell Ed wasn't buying it even without saying anything.

“Go on,” Adrian encouraged him. “Tell him about the other thing.”

Had he been uninspired to tell Adrian he was seeing someone? Under Ed's scrutinizing gaze, he lost some of his earlier courage. “Yeah, I'm like dating someone.”

“Like?” Ed's smile left no room for mistakes.

“It's complicated.”

“Hmm.”

Christian didn't have to look to know the two husbands were exchanging glances. “All right, so it's an older dude.”

“How much older?”

“Enough to have people wonder and pester me.”

“That's not a fair answer, Christian. Who is this man?”

“I'm not ready to say yet.”

“And why is that?”

Christian felt irritated. Why did he have to hide so much, anyway? But he couldn't just blurt out the truth. Brown didn't know yet they were exclusive. It would be a little unfair to go around and shout out their relationship. Still, he needed to move forward. “You wouldn't approve,” he mumbled while staring at the steak and contemplating his lack of appetite for a moment.

“Christian.” Ed's voice was stern. “Are you telling me you've ignored all the good advice I gave you in regards to --”

Christian stood up. “I haven't ignored everything. I just know how things are on my own. I don't need to be held by the hand all the time. I'm not a kid!”

“Is the brat saying what I'm think he's saying?” Adrian asked.

“The brat says what he thinks,” Christian replied and threw his napkin on the table.

“Christian, are you really seeing that man?” Ed asked, his voice just a note higher.

“No,” Christian replied and looked at Ed straight in the eyes. “There’s nothing going on, and I shouldn’t have come here in the first place.”

“Are you guys always beating around the bush like this?” Adrian intervened again. “If that asshole Brown is the topic here --”

Christian pushed his chair under the table with a loud noise. “We’re not talking about him. We’re not talking about anyone and anything because I have no one to talk to.”

What had he expected? He hadn’t even had the chance to open his mouth properly. Ed had understood who he was alluding to without any extra explanations, and Adrian was in the loop, too. But, of course, they were against it.

“Christian, please sit down,” Ed insisted. “Let’s talk this through.”

“I know everything you want to tell me.”

“No, you don’t. Please, don’t let this blow out of proportions.”

“Oh, really? You’re doing that!”

Adrian stood up. “Christian, please, Edward only wants what’s best for you and so do I.”

He curled his hands into fists and set his jaw hard. “Even if that’s true,” he said quietly, “I know how to think for myself. And you don’t know him like I do.”

Adrian and Ed called after him in vain. He ran out of the house, angered at them for trying to think for him and himself for being so impatient to tell them about his secret lover.

What if they told his parents? That would be a huge problem. But Ed wouldn’t betray him like that. His cousin would try to reach for him and reason with him, but he wouldn’t just go and tell on him.

He stopped in the middle of the street. He didn’t even have a license. Of course, everyone thought he was still a kid; it was funny and all, but not so entertaining once he tried to behave like a grownup, which he was.

He didn’t have the patience to call and wait for a cab, so he decided to walk and clear his head for a while.

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Rhett stared for a moment at his phone, frowned, and decided to answer. “What a surprise,” he said. “I gave you my number years ago, and yet you’ve never called me. To what particular string of events do I owe the pleasure?” He hoped his tone was vexed enough to put the other on guard, as he felt right now.

“I thought you were a man of your word,” Eddy started without even a perfunctory greeting. “What have you done to Christian?”

He was expecting that. “Nothing unpleasant, I assure you.”

There was a small pause on the other end. “Rhett, why do you have to --”

“Rhett? You’ve never called me that. Ah, I apologize, you once did. We could have been friends, but I guess your misconceptions about me stood in the way too much.”

“Is this because you’re holding a grudge against me? I’m sure we can settle the matter between us, without involving someone who’s not to blame in the mildest.”

“I don’t see how that would be possible. You have nothing I want.”

How many years had he waited to say something like that? Edward Hastings had been a thorn in his side ever since he had refused him, point-blank. He had fantasized about having that perfect man grovel at his feet, knowing well it would never happen.

It wasn’t happening now, either, and Rhett realized that he felt strangely detached like it didn’t matter anymore if he got his revenge on Eddy at all. Or his husband. Those things were water under the bridge, and his mind had been focused on something else.

Or better said, someone else who appeared to have a big mouth and must have let something slip. The details were not important. Still, it irritated him that Eddy would come and accuse him like that. If he thought well, Christian had almost seduced him, and not the other way around.

“I know we’re not on the best terms, but I thought there were lines not even you would cross. People would talk, and not only about Christian. You would be blamed, too, and maybe the precious social standing you hold dear might suffer a hit, as well.”

“Are you threatening me, by chance?”

“I’m not. I am just warning you of how things will look if you continue like this. Yes, I know I have no leverage and nothing to offer you that you would deem worthy. I already appealed once to your word and pride as a man. So, before you jump to any conclusions, this is what I called to say. Please, not Christian. You could have anyone.”

“Anyone? I couldn’t have you either when I wanted you.”

Another brief pause followed. “We were incompatible. You must have seen it, too, or otherwise, you would have been relentless. Even though we’re not friends, I know of you enough. When you put your mind to something, nothing stands in your way.”

“Was that a compliment, or an insult? Are you trying to tell me that I didn’t want you enough?”

“Yes, it’s true. You didn’t want me. You perhaps entertained an idea of me succumbing to your well-crafted strategies. But no, you never wanted me or even liked me much.”

Rhett closed his eyes for a second. Eddy’s words hit a little too close to home.

“So don’t do it now, either, I beg you. You don’t want Christian. You want what he represents. You want to hurt this idea of him, but you’ll hurt him in the process.”

“I won’t,” Rhett said through his teeth. The mere thought of hurting that young man, so happy, naughty, and full of life, was alien to him.

“Yes, you will. If you don’t leave him alone, you will do it anyway. I don’t know what has happened so far between you two. Christian appears to entertain a romantic image of you, but I know for a fact – for no other reason except for your flaunting all your dealings – that you don’t date or entertain relationships.”

What crazy things could the boy have told his cousin? A small flare of pleasure lit in the middle of his chest. But that wasn’t the time to allow himself wide-eye dreaming. “That is correct,” he said in a cool voice.

Eddy sighed. “He’s young, Rhett. I don’t say that he will be hard to mend because I’m trusting his resilience and willpower. But it’s too soon for something like that to happen to him, don’t you think? I’m certain you can see that.”

There had been a time when words couldn’t hurt him like that. It had to be all because of what had happened lately, and Rhett realized, with unmistakable clarity, that he had let himself swayed from his usual path without knowing. Eddy was right. The Rhett Brown everyone knew wouldn’t hesitate to use Christian and get rid of him, making a mess out of everything. That was the kind of thing he thrived on. No, he used to thrive on.

“He is young, indeed. But has it ever crossed your mind he’s old enough to make his own decisions?”

“With a clear head, yes. But there’s nothing clear about getting involved with you, isn’t it? You’re messing with him.”

Rhett pinched the bridge of his nose. Eddy didn’t know half the truth. But did he know it? Somehow, things were put in a new perspective, and he didn’t like it. “Of course. You would think so.”

“Because it is so.”

“And what do you want me to do? Break up with him?”

“Are you two in a relationship?” Eddy sounded surprised.

Rhett paused. No, not exactly. They were messing with each other, truth be told. And Christian, regardless of what his cousin was worried about, had alluded to how their thing, whatever it was, wouldn't last long.

"I don't know how I should interpret your silence."

"Has it crossed your mind that if I did what you're asking me it would hurt Christian anyway?"

"It's just a fleeting infatuation. We've all been there. He would get over it. But being made the butt joke --"

"As always, you're wrong about me and what I'm doing. It makes me wonder what kind of man you are to have felt attracted to me while despising me at the same time."

"I don't have an answer to that."

"I have. That's what you see in that husband of yours. You're lucky he's in love with you, Eddy. Keep that in mind."

"I don't need you to remember me that."

So, Eddy could be riled up just as well as he was right now.

"You were lucky to find him, and not someone clever enough to play you."

"I believe I know how to take care of myself. I got away from you, didn't I?"

"You're wrong there. You didn't have to. I would have treated you right."

"Allow me to doubt that."

"You're free to do so, of course."

"This conversation has strayed long enough from the main topic. Please, Rhett. Let Christian go. He might think himself hurt by your rejection, but there's nothing there, and you know it. I would be grateful if you did that."

"Grateful is an empty word. As I told you before, you have nothing I want."

He should have smoothed things out. He should have told Eddy that he would think about it. But he felt hurt because of how right Eddy was about him. That was the image he had kept on projecting and offering to the world. Was he really upset now because it came and bit him in the ass?

"I will insist that Christian listens to me, and, in the meantime, I'll keep hoping that you would lose interest in him."



“That’s it? No threats? No bribing?”

“I don’t threaten people. As for bribing, you were clear on two accounts that I have nothing you want. I wish you a good day.”

Rhett threw the phone on the desk and stared out the window. Where had this feeling of dissatisfaction come from? Wasn’t he supposed to gloat now over how he had managed to distress Edward Hastings to the point that he had needed to pick up the phone and call him?

He felt nothing of the kind. Instead, there was a firm sensation of pressing weight on his chest. Yes, that was how he looked like to anyone else. He was an asshole, a man who only did whatever served his interests and didn’t care about who got hurt in the process.

The scandals before, he had navigated them like a skillful captain on a stormy sea. Eddy was wrong this time. Rhett would do the unthinkable. He would do the right thing, although no one would ever suspect him of an uncharacteristic bout of noble urges.

He would do it in such a way that no one would suspect him of being a good man. And yes, a young heart might get hurt in the process, but he wasn’t entirely sure of that.

Eddy was underestimating his cousin. Everyone did, except for him.

## *Chapter Nine – I'm Not A Good Man*

His parents hadn't commented on his sudden decision to take a trip by himself out of town or even question him too in-depth about details, but he was still on guard. Ed had called him several times all week and left some messages, but it appeared that he hadn't talked to Christian's parents at all.

That meant that he still had time. Brown hadn't called him, but that was their usual MO, and he wasn't bothered. Much.

This weekend, he would ask Brown about wanting to go steady. They liked each other, and they clicked. So the next logical step was that; it didn't matter that Christian had no interest in becoming a sub and that his partner liked to be known as a dom. No one knew the real Rhett Brown.

But he did. Christian smiled and looked at himself in the mirror. If only he could make his hair behave. He had tried cutting it before, but he looked weird if it was too short. His ears were gigantic, and he looked like a strange winged animal. If Brown saw him that way, he would laugh so hard.

Rhett. Christian said the name in his head a few times. He would call him that, but only after Brown agreed to become his boyfriend for real. Ha, he would be so surprised after insisting for so long.

It was time for him to go. Brown had sent him a single message with his room number and the hotel he was staying at. Christian had so many things in mind, things he wanted to do to him, but only after they got the matter of an exclusive relationship out of the way.

He threw one last look at himself in the mirror. He liked baggy clothes lately since they didn't allow anyone to see how skinny he was. Maybe Brown didn't like the muscular type as much as other people thought, but he didn't want to remind him by showing off how much of a contrast he was to that ideal.

What was he thinking? He would spend the weekend mostly naked, anyway, and Brown had praised him before. There was nothing for him to worry about.

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As expected, the conference had been a dull affair, but even tedious things had an end, so now he could go back to his hotel room and unwind for the remainder of the day. He had half-expected Christian to appear on Friday evening, but they hadn't talked details.

Maybe the kid wouldn't come at all. Rhett had arranged so that things worked the way he wanted, but he didn't mind sparing Christian of a humiliation he wouldn't forget soon. It would

be better if fickle as he could sometimes be, he had forgotten already about his promise to come to visit.

Tough chance of that, he thought, as someone jumped on his back the moment he was inside. He had left instructions for a certain young companion to be allowed into his room as soon as he made an appearance.

With an exaggerated grunt, Rhett reached behind him and grabbed Christian. A naughty giggle was the immediate reaction. What he planned to do had to be the hardest thing he had done in a long time.

“Hmm, you look so tired, Mr. Brown,” Christian teased once they were face to face. “How did you introduce me to the hotel personnel? As your paramour?”

“Now that’s a term I bet the hotel personnel here doesn’t often hear. And I don’t ever justify myself.”

“I bet.” Christian snickered. “I missed you.”

A romantic image of him, Eddy had called it, whatever Christian thought. A likewise reply stood on his lips, but he kept from letting out such inane words. So, instead, he grinned and pointed Christian to the bedroom. “You’ll have to show me how much.”

Christian’s eyes lit up. The boy couldn’t suspect a thing. “Sure thing I will.”

He walked in front, with Rhett following closely.

Once inside, Rhett wasted no more time. He kissed Christian once, hard, and pushed him on the bed. “Oh, wow, you really missed me.”

He was unceremonious while removing Christian’s clothes and throwing them on the floor. The blue eyes were shining, but there was no fear in them. Rhett got hold of a slender ankle and pulled Christian to the edge of the bed.

He spat into his palm and pushed his hand roughly between the boy’s buttocks. Any moment now, the kitten would show his claws, but instead, Christian’s breathing deepened, and his lips opened slightly.

Despite the promise he had made himself, Rhett leaned in and placed a soft kiss on that alluring mouth. He fiddled with the condom for a while, as Christian showed no signs of letting him go and wrapped his arms around his neck, holding on tightly.

How was he supposed to make Christian understand who he was dealing with if they kept kissing like that? They were both hungry for each other, and that was no act. The young man shivered in his arms as he continued.

He wanted this final act to be rough and unloving. But Christian made love of things that weren't supposed to be that, which only made the hurt worse. At the first gasp of pained pleasure, Rhett stopped and kissed the other so more until the slender body gave in, little by little.

"I only let you get away with this," Christian breathed out, "because you missed me so much."

And when he didn't want to say the words on the tip of his tongue, Christian had to fuck all expectations and do it for him. Was it the right thing to let him go? To push him away?

It was. Christian deserved better, and that was one thing Eddy was right about. But that didn't need he couldn't allow himself one last bout of pleasure, one last memory to hold on to.

He moved his hips fast while his heart told him to go slow. He thrust in and out while Christian held on to him and voiced his pleasure loudly. Rhett couldn't help but look at him, at his beautiful face lost in sensations.

Sometimes, men had to give up on those people they wanted the most simply because it was the right thing to do.

Christian dropped his feet on the floor and sighed as soon as their act consumed. "Wow, now that was wild," he said. "Don't you ever jerk off, Mr. Brown?"

Maybe the punk had been right to keep the distance by calling him that instead of Rhett. It was a tangible reminder of the distance between them and not just that regarding age.

"I'm too busy to jerk off," he offered an answer.

Too busy thinking of you and what you're doing to me.

"I guess you wouldn't be the financial genius you are without sacrificing a couple of things. But I'm here, so you don't have to sacrifice anything anymore." Christian stood up and padded around the room without care that he was completely naked.

Rhett looked away. "Things cannot go on like this."

Christian turned. "I totally agree."

"You do?"

"Yes." Christian shrugged. "I mean, I think you're a little too old to hide like this, and as much as I like all this secrecy, it lost its shine."

"A little too old, huh?"

"Hey, I didn't say it like that, okay?" Christian said. "There's something I want to tell you. Ask you."

Rhett looked at him. “All right. You can go first since I also want to tell you a few things.”

Christian stopped and frowned for a second. But all was gone, and his beautiful face lit up with a smile. “You told me I shouldn’t feel insecure. So, this is what I’m asking. Will you be my boyfriend?”

Rhett blinked. Why couldn’t have Christian come here to tell him that was their last time together? What was he doing? Was he even thinking what a ludicrous thing he was asking?

It was high time to set him straight. “Boyfriend?”

“Yeah,” Christian said boldly. “I don’t want to be with anyone else, and I think you like me a lot.”

Rhett cursed inwardly. He hadn’t expected that. What Christian was saying made perfect sense, but for who? Definitely not for the entire world waiting behind that door. Still, it offered him the ideal opportunity to put his plan in motion. “Well, if that’s what you think, why don’t you lie on the bed?”

Christian didn’t bristle at his harsh tone. Instead, he sat on the bed like an obedient child. Rhett pushed against his shoulders. “Further up, and lie on your belly. Good,” he added, as Christian did as told. “Now spread your legs and arms as far as you can.”

Since it was part of the plan, he was prepared. He took his time to tie Christian’s ankles and wrists with rope to the bedposts, and for a second, he stopped. Not to admire his handwork and strategize his next move, like usual, but because it was hard to continue.

He moved around, fighting to collect his thoughts. “Why would you want me as your boyfriend, Christian?”

“Because I like you.”

Smack! Rhett wanted to put all his strength behind that, but he knew, instinctively, that he was still too gentle. He counted on the element of surprise to get where he needed with that course of action.

“Hey! You spanked me!”

“Yes, that’s exactly what I did. A punk like you deserves it and even more.” He let his hand descend once more on the plump buttocks.

It was a lesson not only for this time but for the future, too. Christian would know better before trusting someone blindly like that again.

“This isn’t funny,” Christian complained and fought against his restraints to no avail.

“For you, I suppose it’s not. Now, answer the question, Christian.”

“Why I want you as my boyfriend? I already did.”

Rhett smacked his palm against the reddening bottom.

“Why are you such a prick?” Christian revolted. “You don’t want to be my boyfriend? Fine, just say it.”

“Oh, I should do that, right? Because there was never talk of something like that between us, and you’re simply breaking the rules.”

“What rules? We’ve never talked of any rules.”

“Don’t pretend to be dense now. And really, don’t you think I’ve seen through your act? How long were you planning to make a fool out of me?”

Christian gasped as Rhett spanked him relentlessly. “What on earth are you talking about?”

“You’re a clever punk, I give it to you. But playing me? What did you think? That I was born yesterday? Or blinded by your youth and beauty?”

Christian looked over his shoulder as much as he could in his predicament. “Weren’t you? Blinded, I mean --”

Yes, he was, he still was, but that wasn’t on the table. “No,” he said harshly. “I let you play your game, curious of how far you would take things.”

“This isn’t fair! There’s no game!”

“Sure there is. You wanted to drive your family nuts and thought of me as a pawn in your little plan to do so. Even worse, hearing from your cousin how I could be a proper challenge for your wits, you thought of humiliating me in the process, too. Let’s say that I would have answered ‘yes’ to your little proposal. What would have happened next?”

He put more force behind his hand this time. Christian gasped and cursed. “Are you hard in the head? We would have been boyfriends, done boyfriends’ things, I don’t know!”

“Well, Christian, allow me to have a hard time believing that. You are smart, brilliant even, but you’re not ready to sit at the big boys’ table. And that means that you need to learn your lesson now.”

“Stop spanking me,” Christian shouted.

“Oh, you want me to stop? Then tell me the truth.”

“This is the truth.”

“No, it’s not, and you won’t be able to sit for days if you insist.”

“I like you, asshole!”

“I have no reason to believe you. Ah, right, if you like me so much, why have you done things your way all the time? You knew I liked being a dom, and yet you refused adamantly to become my sub. Now this is my version of how our relationship would only be ever possible.” Rhett struck Christian’s butt once more, and his heart squeezed.

“You’re such an asshole,” Christian said bitterly. “Is this all we can be? I don’t like it! I hate it!”

“And I hate to allow a punk twenty years younger --”

“Nineteen --”

Rhett stood up abruptly. If he looked too much at Christian, if he listened too much, he would end up releasing him, taking him into his arms, and telling him he was right. “And I hate it,” he continued, “to allow someone like you to pretend he could dominate me in bed. It’s against everything I’m made of.”

“You liked it,” Christian accused quietly.

“No.” He sat with his back turned so that the young man couldn’t see his face. “I pretended, curious of how far you would go. You surprised me.”

“Nothing of what you say is true,” Christian protested, but his voice wavered. “You did like me, too. I just don’t get it why you’re such an asshole --”

“Because that’s who I am,” Rhett replied harshly. “If what you say about your feelings for me is true, then I pity you.”

“You pity me?”

“Yes. Taking a liking at me shouldn’t have ever been in your plan.”

“No, it shouldn’t have,” Christian admitted in a wooden voice. “And yes, there was a plan, at first. And it didn’t include me falling in love with you.”

Falling in love? Rhett squeezed his fists tightly. Now would be a good moment to start laughing, but even if he mustered all his strength, he couldn’t do it. A fleeting infatuation, Eddy had said. For Christian’s sake, he hoped that was true.

“I’m glad you’re finally admitting to your wrongdoings,” he said flatly. “You earned the right to be released.” He moved quickly, without looking at Christian, not even for one moment.

Christian remained in the middle of the bed, rubbing his wrists.

“I suggest you dress up.” Rhett typed a message quickly on his phone. “There are people here to take you home.”

“What? What people?”

“Dress up, Christian. I know your cousin feels deeply for you, and you might not live down too well the humiliation of being seen like this by him. Nor him.”

He didn’t have to look to know what Christian was doing. A small quiet snuffle was the giveaway. “Why are you doing this?”

“You should know why. I’m not a good man.”

Christian didn’t offer any other reply to that, but he got up from the bed and began following the order. Rhett moved out of the way. A loud, agitated knock on the door interrupted his messed up thoughts.

“Where is he?” Eddy pushed him out of the way and entered the room.

Adrian stood in the door and looked around. He didn’t seem as affected by the current circumstances as his husband. Instead, his dark eyes set on him, questioning without words.

“What?” he asked and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Hmm.”

Eddy moved past him, with one arm wrapped around Christian’s shoulders, murmuring encouraging words to him.

“Be thankful,” Rhett said. “I could have turned this into a scandal, but I chose not to. Remember this, Eddy.”

There was tension in Eddy’s back, but he turned to face him. “I will, Brown. Be sure I will remember everything.”

“No thanks, no warm parting words?” he insisted when Eddy continued to walk, with his cousin in his arms.

Adrian moved to let them pass, but he remained there, watching Rhett with keen eyes.

“What? Should we have a little show off? A little boxing match?” Rhett asked.

To his surprise, Adrian grinned. The fucker dared to do that, and he looked so damned smug about it, too. “Why didn’t you?”

“Why didn’t I what?”



Adrian turned on his heels lazily, his grin growing broader. “You know.”

Rhett waited for their steps to die down, closed the door, and smacked his palm against the flat surface. Once, twice, thrice. A boxing match with Eddy’s husband would have helped a lot.

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Christian was frozen in place. He could barely register Ed’s warm hand caressing his back. What the hell had just happened? Had he misread the situation so badly? He had even let it slip that he had fallen in love with that bastard. Was this why there was such an expression as ‘madly in love’? Because you suddenly became mad, incapable of thinking reasonably?

No, no, it couldn’t be. Something must have happened, but what? Why would Brown behave like that all of a sudden? Was he that great an actor? Christian wanted to believe otherwise, but he had the proof in front of him. He had a butt that hurt in more ways than one, but it was nothing like the pain in his heart.

Brown had gone off and hurt him on purpose. But why? He could just call things off, and Christian would have gotten over him. Not quickly, but –

He pushed his fists against his eyes. Why did he feel like crying?

“I’m so, so sorry, Christian,” Ed said softly. “Had I know that man’s grudge would take him this far, I would have done better when you came to talk to us about him.”

“What grudge?” Christian asked.

Ed sighed. “You know that I rejected him in the past.”

“Yeah, you mentioned it.”

“Well, I didn’t get into details at the time, but it wasn’t pleasant. I think he took it badly.”

“He’s not in love with you,” Christian rebelled.

He could see Adrian in the rearview mirror. Ed’s husband was behind the wheel because, obviously, they wanted to keep this under wraps.

“Of course he’s not. And he never was. But that’s not the point with a man like him,” Ed explained. “Although I didn’t want to make it into something others would notice, he continued his pursuit for a while.”

“Pfft,” Adrian snorted. “He was like a hound dog even when you were already with me.”

Christian forgot about his pain and sorrow for a moment. These details were new. He wiped his tears and focused on Ed.

“Yes, well, he didn’t know we were really together. He just thought you were another plaything,” Ed said.

Christian snickered. Somehow, the idea of Adrian being treated as a plaything amused him. He winced when he shifted his position, and his butt hurt. The laughter died in his throat. “How did you know I would be here?”

“Brown texted me yesterday and told me to be here today if I wanted him to give up on you once and for all, as well as on causing a scandal --”

“Did you blackmail him?” Christian asked, alarmed by his cousin’s words.

Ed sighed. “No. I appealed to his common sense, in hope that he still had at least one moral bone in his body.”

And what a body that was, Christian thought and shook his head. The situation was serious, his backside was on fire from all that spanking, and his heart bled – a little – and he still couldn’t think of anything else but how much he was attracted to that asshole.

“I should have known better,” Ed added with bitterness in his voice. “I should have gotten down to his level, threatened him, but I still had a sliver of hope that he would do the right thing.”

“What right thing?” Christian asked, fearing the answer.

Ed caressed his head. “To let go of you. From the start, all he wanted and planned was to hurt you.”

Christian looked down. Maybe that was the truth, even if his heart didn’t want to believe it for one moment. Could men fake liking someone the way Brown had done with him? And to believe that he had thought himself capable of playing that kind of man.

“But he didn’t hurt me,” he said quietly, still looking down.

“What do you mean?” Ed asked. “I don’t recall seeing you crying, ever since you were five or so.”

“Sometimes, dudes have to cry because of their own stupidity,” Christian replied.

Adrian chuckled.

Ed didn’t appear to agree. “Don’t make this your fault, Christian. You know well you were the victim in this.”

“The victim? Why would I be the victim when I was the one to pursue him and not the other way around?”

He looked up and met Adrian's eyes in the rearview mirror. A short nod encouraged him to talk further. "Yes, that's true," he said and held his head high. "I was curious, so I went after him. And I got him. I had him, Ed."

"Christian," Ed scolded him softly, "he might have made things look like you were in charge, but he's a cunning man, ruthless and --"

"You don't know him at all," Christian accused.

Ed fell silent for a moment. "Maybe that's true. But everything he told me when I talked to him about you confirmed all my suppositions about the true nature of his intentions."

That was a problem, and Christian couldn't wrap his head around it. Had Brown just used him, after all, to get back at Ed? Had he been this blind? No, things didn't add up. "When did you talk to him?"

"On Tuesday. Does it matter?"

That must have been right after Christian had run off from Adrian's and Ed's house. It had given Brown plenty of days to think things through, then. "What did you ask him?"

"In a nutshell? I asked him to do the right thing."

"And abandon me."

"Christian, please, I know that you must have thought he liked you, but understand my position, too. I've always cared about you, and I'll always will."

Of course that was the truth. But Christian was still unsettled by the real reasons that must have pushed Brown into behaving like that. He really needed to think things through, but first, he needed to tend to the sorrow state of his ass and his heart.

"He did the right thing," Adrian pointed out, taking both Christian and Ed by surprise.

"How so?" Ed expressed his feelings.

"He did exactly what you told him to do. Must be because he still likes you."

"He doesn't like me," Ed replied.

"He doesn't like Ed," Christian said at the same time.

Adrian laughed softly. "That's a world class asshole we're dealing with here. But, come on, you two, you know that I'm right. Especially you, Edward. It's not like you to be blind."

Ed seemed to ponder. "I really hope that's not some jealousy talking, Adrian."

“Me? Jealous of that guy? I married you. And if he ever tries anything, I’ll slug him,” Adrian said like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Christian snickered.

Adrian continued. “Here’s my two cents, my beautiful airheads. Brown respects you, Edward. That’s how he likes you, and that’s why he did what he did. And he likes Christian, well, in more physical ways, at least. If he hadn’t liked him, you would have seen your cousin’s lovely ass scattered around the Internet, on some shady sex tape, or whatever this guy does to cause a scandal.”

“That must be it!” Christian exclaimed. “He likes me!”

“Adrian, stop giving Christian false hopes,” Ed said sternly.

“I love you more than anything, honey, but sometimes your upbringing blinds you to the simplest things, it’s funny.”

“Honey? Did you just call me ‘honey’?”

“It seemed appropriate, and also I’ve been thinking of endearing terms for a while.”

“I am definitely against it. ‘Honey’ is not something I want to be called,” Ed said, sounding rather vexed.

Christian grinned and relaxed.

“Sugar?”

“No, not in a million years.”

“Sweetheart?”

“You are going to give me diabetes.”

“Hmm, pumpkin?”

“Don’t, Adrian, just don’t.”

Christian tuned out the bickering between the two husbands and began planning. If only his ass didn’t hurt as much, he would have a clearer head, too. What he needed was to find a way to convince a certain stubborn man that he was wrong to discard him so easily.

Or else.

## *Chapter Ten - Young And Cruel*

Was there an expiration date on uncomfortable memories? Rhett perused the documents in front of him for the umpteenth time, without understanding what he was looking at. This happened too often for his own good. He ended up pulling long hours not to be more productive, like in the past, but just to keep himself busy.

Otherwise, his mind would begin traveling back to that day and that moment. Then, the questions would appear. Had it been the right decision? Just because he had wanted to prove to Eddy - and himself - that he could walk away if he wanted?

No, that wasn't the real reason but if he were to address it, really look into it... No, it wasn't a good idea to go there.

So getting himself buried in work, have it piled on top of his sanity was the only strategy at hand he could depend on at the moment.

At one point, he would have to get out of that situation and see about his life as usual. The only problem was that he couldn't. He was a man of action, never lethargic, never one to let himself overwhelmed by situations he couldn't control.

He was always in control of everything and everyone in his life. Apparently, that kind of false belief and vacuous pride had been challenged by whatever words came from an incredibly delicious mouth belonging to the most rebellious youth he had come across in his life.

He shifted in his chair and turned toward the floor to ceiling window behind him. His office overlooked the busiest corner in the city, but the usual hustle and bustle he could stare at from above like the king of the world weren't as assuring as always.

What he needed was to stop whatever he was doing. Like a bull, he had to rush forward if he wanted to escape this, the annoying pain in his side that was threatening to take over his life. A good option, the best he had, was to get back in the saddle.

He turned toward the large computer monitor on his desk. The work was finished for the day, so it was a good moment to evaluate what type of pleasures he could plan for the upcoming weekend.

The playground was full, as always. Whoever knew better didn't attempt to contact him directly but used the respectable virtual venues to get in touch with him. That went for new contacts, without fail. The potentials had to be vetted when they were not his direct acquaintances, and there were people he trusted when it came to this.

The same-old, same-old was there. Rhett felt tired and bored just wading through the numerous invitations and enticing pics of muscular men, eager to please, dressed in inventive leather gear to impress the dom in him.

He was about to give up and leave that decision for another day when the last entry left for him drew his attention. The thin golden frame was not something he saw often. He never took money for this kind of thing, but the people in charge of the vetting process had a business to run, and he was fine with it. Those neat letters encased by the thin filament the color of gold made him click on the invitation.

He frowned as he read the well-crafted words. It was not a standard letter, but what was much more unconventional was that there were no pics attached. How could those people expect him to make a decision if he couldn't see the man in question? He could dismiss it altogether, but now his curiosity was piqued.

“Taste and forget,” he read out loud.

Was he okay with playing along? Whoever the man was, he must have spent a small fortune to get this done. He would be disappointed if he were to be ignored, right? Usually, Rhett couldn't care less about people's feelings, as long as it didn't serve him to do so.

He could ignore the invitation. It had been sent two weeks ago. Maybe the mysterious man had given up on waiting for a reply and had gone with another dom to fulfill his fantasy. By the tone of the letter, it appeared to be a one-time thing. Perhaps, he had lost the courage by now.

He clicked quickly on the ‘Accept’ button and waited. The system was well put in place, which meant that he would get a confirmation as soon as the sender received the notification. If it sank or swam, it could be a matter of days.

Rhett quirked an eyebrow when the familiar ping announced that a reply was already in his inbox. “Looking forward to making your acquaintance?” He laughed for the first time in the last month. Whoever the man behind the invitation was, he was awfully formal about what he put in motion by asking to be punished and dominated by a man with a reputation for being ruthless and pushing his subs to his limits.

Well, that could be entertaining. Rhett tried to think of it, picture it, but the usual excitement was gone. He stood up abruptly. He wasn't some teenager, prone to moping in his room over his crush for months. What he needed was a breath of fresh air.

Taste and forget. Why not? It sounded like a good strategy to get rid of obsessions.

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He was dressed in a conservative business suit, as the letter had demanded. While not usually one to allow his subs to plan the enactment of their fantasies, Rhett had found the clarity of the request comforting. Whoever the man was, he knew what he wanted, something not usually encountered in that line of entertainment. People came to him for answers, most of the time.

However, right now, Rhett had a feeling that he would meet someone who, while indulging in fantasies of being dominated, asked to be treated as an equal. It was refreshing to see that, and he, too, was looking forward to meeting such a man.

What kind of person could he be? Rhett knew that he wouldn't get to see his face, and with the room sunk in complete darkness, he wouldn't see his body, either. However, he would feel it, he would know, from his experience, approximately how old he was, what shape his body had, how he would react to each of the things he had politely asked to be done to him.

He opened the door, and a sliver of light peeked inside. It wasn't enough to catch a glimpse, and Rhett wasn't the cheating kind. A small sharp intake of breath let him know the direction he needed to follow. He let his eyes adjust to the darkness for a while, half hoping that the unnerving silence would determine his special guest to speak.

A narrow high window allowed some of the light pollution outside to seep into the room. So it wasn't complete darkness, after all. Even so, a pang of claustrophobia would affect someone not used to that type of setting.

Rhett didn't get that vibe from the man. Now, he could make the shape of an X-stand and a human body attached to it. He indulged in the familiar and pleasant feeling of being in charge.

He approached his prey slowly. A mask entirely covered the man's head, and his heavy breathing gave off his excitement. Rhett brushed the tips of his fingers along the latex, attempting to identify some discernable features underneath.

There was not much to get from that, so his hand moved lower, indulging in the smooth skin. Curiosity pushed him further, and he felt the stretched muscles in the lean arms, and then the suppleness of a taut abdomen. So his guest was young. Younger than expected. That was a surprise seeing how the tone of that letter had seemed to belong to someone who didn't want to live the rest of his life with regrets.

Rhett allowed both of his hands to wander. He knew that, from that point forward, he would be in charge. He would be the one to pull all the strings, call all the shots.

Between the man's legs, his cock was hard as a rock and leaking precum. Rhett didn't use gloves, ever. The vetting process demanded that all involved were in perfect health, so he indulged himself in having a little taste.

He frowned, and all his senses tingled, suddenly in a state of alert. He leaned forward and sniffed his guest's neck. Delicious.

A rush of something akin to happiness rushed through his system. He smiled despite himself.

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So, the plan hadn't been for him to be uncomfortable as hell, Christian thought, as he squirmed a little while Brown was busy touching him everywhere. That mask was awful, and his nose was itching as only his airways and mouth were free. Would it be out of character to sneeze? Probably yes, so he used all his willpower to abstain.

Good thing Brown was already doing things to his body to draw his attention from his lack of comfort. So far, the famous dom wasn't making an appearance. There was just a man touching him everywhere. Which was pleasant, but Christian expected more than a spanking. He had planned to endure whatever Brown had in store for him, a supposedly random guy who wanted a taste of that forbidden world.

He couldn't speak up and demand the guy to hurry and do his thing. After all, that was a test of sorts, too. But if his heart got broken along with his body, that would be fine because he would have a clean slate to look forward to.

It was easier to focus on such brave thoughts, when all month, he had been missing Brown like crazy. Christian haven't known of such feelings until now. It was quite annoying. And it hurt.

Just like his nipples being pinched hard. He hissed and stopped right on time before ruining everything and giving himself away. Some pretty heavy words stood on the tip of his tongue, but he left them there. If this worked out well, he would get his revenge. If not – well, he wasn't about to think like a defeatist for now.

The torture on his nipples stopped. He felt something small and flat hitting his abdomen lightly, and he shivered. So far, this looked pretty tame. It was more his expectation torturing him than anything else.

To his surprise, his wrists were released from their holds and his ankles, too, but only so that Brown could turn him and tie him back, but this time with Christian's ass to him. Ah, so that was the part where things were about to get hard and heavy. He braced himself.

"You sent your safe word," Brown said.

To hear his voice after so long felt soothing. How could lovers usually endure being apart? Christian had a hard time figuring that out. And if now, Brown went ahead and did something to confirm that he was forgotten –

Hard lips pressed against the back of his neck. Why did this feel so good? It was nothing but someone touching someone, and it wasn't like he had never been touched in his life. And wasn't this the part where Brown would take out his whip or whatever and give him a good punishment? He had explicitly asked for that. Convincing that guy to let him get to Brown had been a pain, to begin with. Even so, he had been told not to get his hopes up.



Fortunately, it worked, but now, it looked like Brown was taking the reins and doing whatever he wanted. That was fine by him, but it was too intimate and driving him nuts a bit. Had Brown no idea of how much Christian had yearned for him all month long? How could he do that with a stranger?

Conflicted between his thoughts and what his body felt at the moment, Christian missed the question addressed to him.

His nipples were pinched again. “I asked you something. Do you recall your safe word? Just nod if you don’t want to talk.”

Christian nodded eagerly while Brown held one hand across his jawline.

A chuckle followed. “Good. Now, I must admit that I was rather intrigued with the demanding tone of your letter.”

Had he gone too far? Given himself away with that?

“I never take demands,” Brown added. “Therefore, from now on, this game is played as I see fit, and you, if you can’t live with I’m doing to you, just say the word and you’ll be free.”

If it only were that easy. The last month had taught him many things, including that freedom was a relative sensation, after all. As long he couldn’t command his thoughts to stop going back to the man behind him, who was now kissing his shoulder slowly, he couldn’t pretend he was free.

Christian heard the rustling of clothes. Was Brown undressing? But why? Sex wasn’t on the menu, as he had been clear in his letter.

“I’m surprised you’re so young.” Knuckles rolled slowly down his spine. “That means you don’t know what you want.”

Like hell, I don’t! Well, he couldn’t yell that and couldn’t use the safe word either because that meant ‘game over’. Therefore, in that suppressed position, he was a prisoner, waiting for things to be done to him, things he wanted to be done to him, but also he didn’t, at the same time.

As he had told Ed and Adrian, it was complicated.

“To taste the power of another man, as you put it, ultimately means this.”

Christian gasped when slick fingers pushed against his ass. He would have pulled his legs together, but he was attached to the X-stand and couldn’t move an inch if he wanted. Maybe he could protest, in a low, cartoonish voice. But then, he would just influence the test.

If Brown started to fuck him, it was over.

“I suppose you’re wondering why I’m not punishing you, as you demanded. I can tell you’re not versed in this lifestyle, and therefore, your demands came across to me as childish.”

Christian would have rolled his eyes if the damned mask had allowed it. Childish. Sure. He had done his homework, and Brown should have been grateful for allowing him to do those things to him.

“I can’t see you, but I can feel you.” Brown moved his fingers across Christian’s back. “I bet you’re beautiful. Not that you might not look beautiful, too, with red marks on your back and ass. You would, I’m sure. But such punishment,” he leaned in and whispered, “would only be skin-deep.”

Christian trembled. It was too much.

“You wouldn’t learn a thing.”

Waiting for what the man would do to him next was agonizing torture. Brown moved away, and Christian whimpered at the loss of that closeness. He had yearned for it for so long; it wasn’t fair to have it taken away from him.

Brown touched his ass again. Christian struggled against his restraints as skilled fingers moved in and out of him. He was beyond himself with want now, but it meant one thing if Brown went on and fucked him.

It meant that he had moved on.

“I don’t usually do this,” the deep baritone voice continued. A chuckle followed. “I never do this.”

Christian wondered what that was. He let out a gasp as something pushed against his backdoor, slick and warm.

And big. But it stopped. What could Brown mean by that? Was he never fucking his subs? Now that was a blatant lie.

“It’s time for you to use your safe word. You were vetted, and I trust the people in charge. I assure you that I’m in perfect health, too.”

Christian was about to ask, but he bit his tongue in time. What was Brown talking about? Yeah, he had obeyed all the requests regarding health tests, but what that had to do with anything?

“I’m putting it in,” Brown announced. His breath was hot and unnerving on Christian’s skin. “Raw.”

Raw? Like in no rubber? Christian’s mind went blank. He had fantasized about all kinds of things these last weeks, including having the man behind him pound into him and filling him up.

He had even watched breeding videos and jerked off insanely much while doing so. But what was a guy to do while waiting to mend his broken heart?

“Well?” Brown moved the head of his huge cock between his buttocks, making him shiver with renewed excitement. “One word and it won’t happen.”

It would be a dream come true. But also, it would mean that Brown had just decided to fuck a stranger.

“Still waiting.”

Christian pushed his ass back as much as he could. As much as it would hurt later, he would have this to remember.

“I guess I got my answer.”

Christian let out a gasp of surprise as a strong arm wrapped around his chest, and a warm body covered his back. He could feel Brown’s chest hair tickling his skin, and it just made everything even more incredibly maddening.

But what he felt the most was the hard cock breaching his defenses. He moaned as he was stretched. He had loved it before; missing it had been hard enough. Now it was even better than ever before.

“I’ll put my mark on you,” Brown whispered as he began moving against him. He bit Christian’s shoulder, quite hard, but that didn’t take any of the pleasure away. Instead, it made it soar. “I’ll fuck you and breed your sweet ass.”

How could he say those words to a stranger? If he hadn’t been so aroused, Christian would have felt hurt. He was hurt, but he didn’t want to stop, either. He, too, wanted that, to hear those words spoken to him like that, and those things to happen to him.

“Your body is amazing,” Brown continued, as his hips crashed against Christian’s ass over and over. “I wonder if you’ve been fucked before.”

Christian couldn’t talk. He was sure his grunts and moans could give him away, but it no longer mattered. But he still wouldn’t talk.

His restraints were released, and he was taken to a mat and placed on all fours.

“If you came to search for such an experience, I’m afraid those lovers you had before haven’t done too good a job. You’re a young man who needs to be taken in hand.”

Christian was too busy keeping himself on the mat as Brown slammed inside him without mercy. From this position, their fucking was complete. He wasn’t completely sure Brown had been so deep inside him before. He had been quite considerate during their short time together.

This was better, even if it had to be the last time, or maybe that was the reason. Christian wanted to cry a little. So, that was the truth, after all. Brown would breed some random guy's ass while Christian still missed him like crazy.

It was a lesson he needed. He leaned forward, pushing his ass up. Brown wasn't touching him, but his ass was pounded so good that his cock couldn't help feeling aroused. Christian wasn't that sure about hands-free ejaculations, but if it were a perfect moment for one, it had to be that.

His breathing grew heavier, his moans louder. His entire body was an erogenous spot. Whenever Brown touched him on the shoulders, on the back, on his ass, he trembled. His pleasure couldn't go much higher. He shouted it from the top of his lungs as his cock erupted.

"I suppose that's my cue." Brown caressed his back. "Good boy."

Christian continued to experience the last ripples of his aftermath as Brown increased his rhythm. There was a new type of pleasure as he felt his ass getting filled. Those porn videos couldn't prepare him for that.

But that meant it was done. And he would still have a broken heart to mend. Christian suspected that watching porn might not be that efficient this time. Now, there was no hope left.

"I wish I could see my cum pouring out of your gorgeous ass," Brown commented and laughed. "Ah, wait, I'm the dom here, and unless you say the safe word, I can do as I please."

Christian didn't know what he meant by that, but he realized that the light might be turned on. He really couldn't see a thing with the mask on, and it should have been pretty scary.

Only that nothing was scary as long as he was with Brown. Too bad, that kind of comfort had been short-lived.

Rough hands were on his ass, pulling the buttocks apart.

"And now, I think we should see each other."

Christian hadn't planned for that. Brown's hand reached for his mask.

"Hey, dude, code red, or something."

Oh, damn, he had forgotten to use an accent. He straightened up and tried to fight against Brown. He only ended up on his back, with the other on top of him. It was a child's play for Brown to unmask him.

He defiantly kept his eyes close.

"Oh, who do we have here?" Brown drawled.

“Just spare me already,” Christian replied with a huff. “Get off me, you cheater.”

“Cheater? How am I a cheater?”

“You just fucked a stranger without a rubber while I --” Christian stopped.

“You what, Christian? What are you doing here? Pulling another prank on me?”

Christian felt hot with anger. “I’m not pulling any pranks. I just wanted to show you that I can take your lifestyle. For like once a month.” Silence followed. “All right, once a week. Twice. Not every day, though.”

“Really? And why would you do that?” Brown pressed him down and seemed too comfortable while stretching on top of him.

“Because I wanted to show you that I can do what you want. That I’m not a selfish power bottom who only wants to have his way.”

“Why?”

“Why?” Christian huffed again. “Because I’m in love with you, asshole, and I’ve missed you like crazy.”

Ah, wait, he wasn’t supposed to say that. But what was one more humiliation?

“Ugh, now just get off me,” he demanded.

“No,” Brown replied.

“No? I said the safe word!”

“And? Since when are you and I in that kind of relationship?”

It was true. They weren’t.

“Right. Well, you had your fun, then. Of course, you don’t believe me, and you would rather fuck a stranger --”

He mumbled in protest as his lips were taken, and an insistent tongue probed his mouth. This wasn’t fair. Now he needed to have a clear head and get out of there, with the last remnants of his pride still intact, if there were any left.

He took a deep breath when Brown let him.

“I believe you.” Those were solemn words, and there wasn’t a trace of humor in them. “Now open your eyes, Christian, and look at me.”

He did. He closed them again, but then he decided to look at the other. Brown was as handsome as ever, and that wasn't fair. "Well, it's too late."

"Why is that?"

"Because you fucked a stranger --"

"When did I do that?"

"Right now."

"I fucked you."

"Yeah, but you thought --"

"No 'buts', Christian. I knew it was you."

"Really? Ah, that guy --"

"No, don't blame him. He didn't tell me anything. He's a true professional and always respects his clients. God knows how you managed to convince him to arrange your meeting with me, but I'm glad you did."

"So how did you know then?"

Brown caressed his face and kissed him again. "After all the crazy sex I had with you, you think I wouldn't know you? Your smell," he sniffed Christian's neck and gave it a small lick, "your taste, the shape of your body."

"Do you recall all these about all your subs?"

Brown pinched his cheeks hard, making him yelp. "You've never been my sub."

"Right. But still --"

"No more 'buts', Christian. And really, did you expect me to whip you? Were you out of your mind? I should take you over one knee and spank you properly for that crazy idea alone."

"But I'm not your sub, you cannot spank me," Christian said quickly.

"Yes, I can. You're my crazy beautiful lover, and I must apply corrections when needed."

"Ah. Are you sure? What am I saying? I humiliated myself enough, so I should just go home now. I told you I'm in love with you and --"

“And?” Brown kept his face close. “You can say it, Christian. I didn’t fuck a stranger because, since you, I couldn’t. And only when I knew it was you, I moved forward. So finish that sentence; it’s an order. You told me you’re in love with me and --”

“You didn’t say it back,” Christian said in one go and closed his eyes.

“Ah, so this is how it works.” Now Brown was totally pulling his leg.

“Just let me go,” he moaned.

“No. You’re stuck here, under me. You surely are persistent. You’re rash, impatient, brazen, and uncouth. To think that I would take my whip at your beautiful back and ass.”

“Hey, I would have done it for love.”

“I’m sure. But I wouldn’t go that far. You proved yourself to me.”

“You didn’t miss me all this time,” Christian said accusingly.

“I did. And today, it was just a way for me to try to forget about you. But you chose to put on a latex mask and provoke me. The moment I realized it was you, only one thought remained on my mind.”

“What thought?” Christian asked softly and looked away.

Brown brought him back, cupping his cheeks, and caressing his mouth with his thumbs. “That I’ve been lying to myself all this time. I cannot forget you. And I don’t want to. To hell with your cousin, right?”

Christian snickered. “Actually, Ed helped me.”

Brown appeared surprised. “He did?”

“And Adrian.”

Now there was a deep frown etched on that handsome face.

“Hey, how do you think I could have gotten the money to pay that guy to get to you? I’m just some college kid.”

“You go to the university,” Brown pointed out.

“Whatever, you get the point. I don’t have my own money just yet.”

“How on earth did you convince your cousin and his husband to help you with this?”

“That’s my secret.”

“Don’t you have too many of those?”

Christian shrugged. “What can I do? It’s just who I am.”

Brown kissed him sweetly. “You can forget about whipping and all that. I only want you.”

“You came inside my ass,” Christian said and blushed.

“You could have stopped me at any time. But you didn’t. Why?”

“Because,” Christian replied with a small sigh, “it was like a fantasy of mine.”

“Ah, I see. Mine, too.”

“For real? And you never come inside other dudes?”

“No. It was amazing, Christian. And just to be clear, I started having this fantasy only after I met you.”

Christian wrapped his arms around Brown’s shoulders. “Me, too. Now what do we do?”

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That was a good question. Rhett couldn’t quite believe Christian was in his arms. The sex had been amazing, but that wasn’t it. No, it was all about having him there, determined and rebellious, like always. He had denied himself all this time for nothing.

It couldn’t be a coincidence that he felt like this. So the answer to Christian’s question was as clear as day.

“We should get married.”

“What?” Christian’s beautiful eyes grew as big as saucers.

“Yes. Why not? I might have knocked you up.”

Christian began to struggle against him. “Stop joking, asshole.”

Rhett held him tightly. “Asshole? Where are your manners?”

“Stop joking, Mr. Brown.”

“Ah, see what I’m dealing with? Call me Rhett.”

“No,” came the petulant reply.

“Then marry me so that you can call me Rhett. I hope you’re not going to call your husband Mr. Brown.”



“But I’m too young, and I have like a career or something to think about first.”

“All right. So young and cruel. Marry me one day, then. Once you’ve become a big shot lawyer. What do you say?”

“Okay, I’ll marry you. But can I sit on your face?”

“Sit on my --” Rhett scoffed and immediately went for a side attack and began tickling Christian, making him howl with laughter and protests. “Is this the power bottom in you talking?”

“Like you’re not a dom,” Christian said. “If you let me, I’ll let you do dom stuff to me, too. But twice a week, at best.”

“I didn’t know I was at the negotiations table.”

Christian fell silent and then grinned. “Do you really, really, really, want to marry me?”

Rhett let out an exaggerated sigh. “I’m not getting any younger. It’s time for me to settle down. Also, your ass feels amazing, and I don’t want anyone else.”

“So, it’s all about practical things with you,” Christian protested.

“Not only. I love you, Christian,” Rhett said simply. “This long month of heartache taught me enough. You’re in my arms now, and I’m not letting you go. Is that clear?”

“It is. Oh, oh, oh, did you just say that you love me?”

“I see that I must work hard to convince you. So I’m going to repeat it, over and over, until you get it into your pretty head. Is that all right with you?”

“Yes, it is,” Christian breathed out and let himself kissed.

Rhett didn’t hesitate one moment. Plus, that delicious behind was already lubed. Christian’s only answer to his obvious intentions was a small gasp.

No protests whatsoever.

## *Epilogue*

“You’ll have to meet mom and dad,” Christian said promptly while dressing up.

Rhett stopped for a moment. “Why?”

“You want to marry me, right? I think it would be right to introduce you as my boyfriend first. You know, to ease the shock.”

Rhett quirked an eyebrow. “You think they will be shocked. Because of the age difference?”

Christian looked away. “Don’t worry. I built a solid case, and they won’t be able to say anything. Plus, there’s about the same age difference between them, too.”

It was easy to see how nervous Christian was, despite his braveness. Rhett came close to him and pushed his unruly hair behind his ears. “I’ll be there with you.” He placed a brief kiss on Christian’s forehead.

He noticed how the young man hurried to run his fingers through his hair, to mess it up again.

“Not fond of a brush, are you?”

“It’s just my ears,” Christian said in a quiet voice. “They’re huge.”

Rhett raised his hands and touched the said ears. “They’re not. You’re imagining things. And you’ll grow into them. Wait, are you a little vain or it’s just my imagination?”

“It’s your imagination,” Christian replied quickly. “When do you think you can come visit?”

“Whenever you say.”

“Okay.” Christian took one deep breath.

Rhett was still curious about something, now that his brain was functioning at full capacity again. “I cannot wrap my head around how you managed to make Eddy help you with this. And his husband. I think you’ll be one hell of a lawyer.”

“Well, it wasn’t easy. But Adrian was on my side, and he and Ed – Whatever, the point is they believed me. And so will my parents. Just don’t take any subs in the meantime.”

“Do you really think I’d be capable of doing such a thing? Now that I have you? I have you, right?”

The little devil snickered. “You can’t be so unsure of yourself, Mr. Brown.”

Rhett caught Christian in his arms tightly and kissed him. “You need to get rid of this habit to call me ‘Mr. Brown’. What will your parents think, hearing you calling your boyfriend like he’s your high school teacher or something?”

“But you are a good teacher.”

“Don’t change the subject, Christian. Come on, call me Rhett.”

Christian hesitated. “I wanted to. But then you were mean to me, and I hated you. A little. Not much. So I decided not to call you by your given name until I wasn’t sure you liked me back.”

“I love you back,” Rhett said. “So, make an effort. Say it.”

Christian looked into his eyes, and Rhett knew why he had fallen in love with such an incorrigible youngster. When he wanted, he could be the most honest person in the world.

“I love you, Rhett. Geez, that sounded so corny. Why do you have such a weird name?”

“Weird? And did you have to spoil the moment?”

“I bet I’m going to hear so many jokes,” Christian continued his train of thought. “People will call me Scarlett.”

“No, they won’t or I’ll have to kick their asses.”

“They won’t stop. Do you have another name?”

Rhett laughed. “Even if I did, it still won’t matter. I guess Scarlett will be your nickname from now on.”

Christian pouted, but Rhett made it go away with a long and convincing kiss. “Let’s go, Christian. And don’t worry about the little things. We’ll find a way to deal with everything.”

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“So, the kid won you over, after all.”

Rhett turned to find Adrian standing a few feet away. After meeting Christian’s parents, he had been kindly asked to wait in an adjacent room. Normally, he would have had a few things to say, but given the circumstances, Rhett didn’t want to get on his future in-laws’ bad side.

There was a challenge in Adrian’s eyes, and Rhett couldn’t keep a smile. “Yes, he did.”

“You know, I’m not entirely convinced you reformed, Brown. Edward isn’t, either.”

“And I’m sure he can tell me that himself.”

Adrian's eyes shot daggers at him. "I suppose we'll be close, whether we like it or not. So, I'm only going to tell you this once. Don't you dare mess with Christian. And Edward is completely off-limits. Clear?"

"Crystal." Rhett found Adrian's jealousy a bit funny. After getting together with Christian, he couldn't recall the feelings he had nurtured toward Eddy at all. It was like they had never been there. "Now, Rossi, enlighten me. Why did you help Christian if you are so sure I'm a jerk?"

Adrian seemed slightly taken aback by his words. "So he told you."

"Yeah. I'm going to marry him, so he's not supposed to keep any secrets from me."

"Marry?"

Rhett wanted to take a picture. But instead, he just relaxed and grinned at Adrian. "What? Didn't you marry Eddy? What's so surprising about the idea?"

Adrian shrugged, gaining back his self-assurance. "I didn't think you'd be the marrying type."

"I guess you weren't that, either, before meeting your husband, right?"

Adrian relaxed, too, and smiled. "That's true. I still can't understand you. You seem to like being perceived as an asshole by the outside world."

Rhett grinned. "Well, it helps. And who says I'm not an asshole?"

"The brat is crazy about you. He wouldn't be if you were an asshole; he's wholesome like that."

"Hmm, now that's something you'll need to struggle with, right? Figuring me out, all that."

"Ah, I won't bother that much. Plus, as long as you stay away from Edward, you can be whatever you want. Of course, it goes without saying that you shouldn't even think of hurting Christian."

"Now I could be an ass and allude to my lifestyle. Hurting Christian could mean many things. But rest assured," Rhett put one hand up, "that I know what you mean. And even if I don't have to justify myself to you, here's what you should know. Christian is in my care now. Not only I won't hurt him; I'll hurt anyone who dares to do that to him."

Adrian seemed convinced, even if not completely.

Rhett was starting to wonder if he could really make small talk with Adrian when Christian rushed through the door. "Oh, hi, Adrian." He stopped only for a second to give Adrian a short hug and then hurried to Rhett. "I so need to get out of here right now." He grabbed him by the hand and began dragging him toward the door. "Say hi to Ed from me," he shot at Adrian over the shoulder.

“Wait, are we hurrying somewhere?” Rhett asked.

“No time to explain,” Christian said quickly.

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Christian could barely wait to be out of the house, now that he had his parents’ blessing to date Rhett. Yes, he was Rhett now, not Brown or worse, Mr. Brown, and he needed to get used to that.

“Well, are you going to tell me what are we supposed to do next?”

“Let’s just get in your car and drive somewhere.”

“That’s quite vague.”

Rhett had come in a dark Lexus to visit his parents, and Christian wondered for a brief moment if his boyfriend had wanted to present himself as the kind of reliable, responsible partner moms and dads everywhere usually liked. He preferred Rhett to be himself, and a fast, aggressive car was a better reflection of his personality.

Christian climbed in his seat and waited for Rhett to put the engine into gear. “They loved you,” he said.

“You can be honest. I don’t get hurt easily.”

Christian hid a smile and looked out the window on his side. “They liked you, at least.”

“Ah, so we’re still away from the truth. But it’s all right. I know that I need to work hard to gain their trust. God knows I’ve never been careful about my reputation before.”

“I mean it.” Christian looked at his partner with eyes full of love.

Rhett stole a sideways glance and smiled. “What did they tell you once they sent me to the other room?”

“Dad told me he trusts me. Mom ... well, she was a bit, um, well, she got around.”

“Ah. So she’ll be tough, right?”

“She’s the same with everyone. And way too protective of me.”

“I agree to that. You have a way of getting involved in risky business.”

“Really?” Christian glared this time.

“You know, trying to seduce a guy with a bad reputation, asking to be whipped --”

Christian scoffed. "I've done all that once. Now you're mine, so there's no need for that anymore."

Rhett chuckled. "It's all right. I'll watch you like a hawk. Put that tongue inside your mouth, Christian, or else."

Christian obeyed instantly. He hoped Rhett would notice him making faces at him. Recently, his lover had been nothing but considerate with him. Which was terrific, and each time they had sex, he was left breathless, but he didn't want Rhett to grow bored with him and all that vanilla action. So, now he needed to find a way to make the dom in his partner to wake up to life. Plus, he kind of liked it when Rhett was hard on him.

Only that he couldn't just go ahead and asked for it. It would hurt his image as a power bottom.

"What could you be thinking of right now?"

"Just how I can get you mad enough to fuck me hard." Christian realized he had said the words out loud only after they had left his mouth. "Oh, damn."

Rhett laughed. It made Christian feel a hot seed pleasure rose inside his belly when he did that.

"You want me to punish you a little?"

"No," Christian shot back, annoyed with his loose tongue.

"It's all right. You can ask for it."

"I won't."

"Good. All the more reason for me to go as hard on you as I want."

"You can't be serious," Christian protested. "I'm not one of your subs."

"So you keep reminding me. Still jealous? Ah, I see. You must think I'm keeping something from you since I'm not punishing you at all."

"Kind of," Christian admitted.

"Finally, a bit of honesty. So, my place?"

"Yes," Christian said in one breath. "As fast as this car can go."

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That hadn't been exactly what he had in mind. Christian curled his toes against the coverlet and moaned loudly as he was brought on the edge again. "Ah, you're so mean," he complained.

Rhett straddled him, and he was holding his thighs between his much stronger ones. Christian could clearly see how hard and angry his cock looked. It was the fourth time Rhett was bringing him to that point but without giving him relief. His hands were tied, and his arms stretched, so there was nothing he could do.

Most of all, Christian was jealous of Rhett and his ability to ignore his own arousal. It was clear as day that he was also hard, but he was putting his all into torturing Christian.

And there was one other thing. Rhett looked so fucking sexy with that stern and focused look on his face. Christian loved his body, his strong arms, and his wonderful chest. He ached to have that cock inside him now.

“What is my safe word? I can’t anymore,” he complained.

“Safe word.” Rhett laughed. “No, you don’t get one because I know exactly how much to push you.”

“That’s it. Untie me and fuck me properly. I want to feel you.” Christian grunted and felt his eyes rolling in his head as Rhett brushed his thumb over the sensitive head.

“Is that an order? I didn’t hear the word ‘please’.”

“And you won’t,” Christian replied. He had begged already, and it hadn’t worked. So it had to be something else he needed to do to make sure that his hot lover would finally fuck him. “And it’s an order.”

“I see.” Rhett moved away only so that he could get between Christian’s legs.

“Hurry,” Christian said, as hard fingers were finally in his ass, making him anticipate the pleasure ahead.

“Now, now, let’s not be impatient,” Rhett scolded him.

Christian wrapped his legs around Rhett’s waist. When their bodies connected, the immediate effect was that of intense pleasure shortcircuiting his brain. “Yes,” he hissed, “fuck me.”

He was beyond himself with arousal. At last, his insistence was paying off. Rhett was hard and fast, so Christian voiced his appreciation for being taken like that. The headboard was banging against the wall, but they didn’t care.

“Impatient little devil,” Rhett said through brief and harsh grunts while slamming into him.

Christian had a few things to say, but he was too close to care about perfecting his argumentation.

“So good with no hands,” he whispered as the final thrust threw him over the edge and his cock exploded.

Rhett continued for a short while as Christian rode on his climax. They were both sweaty and breathless when they got back to earth. Rhett buried his head into the crook of Christian’s shoulder.

“You’re crazy, beautiful, and mine,” he said as he struggled to gain his breath back.

“You’re one to talk. You’re crazy, too,” Christian mumbled.

Rhett brought their mouths into a kiss. “It wasn’t bad, was it?”

“You’re kidding me? It was awesome! And I have a feeling you like me to order you stuff.”

Rhett shrugged. “I do, and I won’t lie about it. It’s this side of you no one knows about, and you chose to show it to me.”

Christian winced as he tried to move his hands. “Now here’s another order. Untie me.”

Rhett looked at him and grinned. “Although, sometimes, you really drive me crazy. And once, you left me tied up. That was really mean, Christian.”

He stood up. “I’m going to take a shower.”

Christian gasped in disbelief. “Are you going to leave me here, like this? But it’s uncomfortable! It sucks.”

Rhett offered him a smug grin. “It must be. I’ve been there.”

Christian began searching frantically for something to say to keep Rhett from leaving him there, like that. “Rhett, please, just untie me.”

“No can do. Damn, I’m so sweaty. I really need that shower.”

Christian began struggling against his restraints but to no avail. “You are a jerk. Untie me, now.”

Rhett was laughing out loud. “I have to take a picture of you like this, with murder all over your cute face. It makes me instantly hard.”

“This isn’t funny anymore.” Christian had to admit that he deserved it, but still. He didn’t want to be left like that. “I’m going to do bad things to you once I get up from here.”

Rhett no longer seemed in a hurry to get that shower. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked at him. “Like what things?”

“I don’t know, I’ll think of something.”



“Hmm, will the real you come to light again, then?”

Christian stopped. What was Rhett talking about? “What real me?”

“Lately,” Rhett climbed on the bed again and hovered over him, “you’ve been such a good boy that I began to wonder if I broke you somehow.”

“Really? You were the one too considerate in bed,” Christian said. “You’ve been holding back.”

Rhett stopped, and then he made their lips meet again. “So, are we both a bit afraid to lose the other?”

Christian’s eyes grew wide. “Is that true? Are you afraid?”

Rhett kissed him again, and this time reached for his restraints and released him. “A bit. You’re a little wild, and I like you like that.”

“Then just hold me close. There’s no place in the world I’d rather be. Damn, did I just sound awfully romantic?”

“Maybe,” Rhett teased him. “Always be yourself, Christian, you hear me?”

“You, too,” Christian said back. “And, by the way, I told my parents the wedding would take place right after I graduate.”

“You cheeky punk,” Rhett chided him with affection. “Weren’t you the one saying you should get a career first? What about shocking your parents?”

“First, I think you have enough money to keep a husband, I mean, me. And second, my parents would never take me seriously if I didn’t shock them once in a while.”

He could tell Rhett was happy. And he was happy, too. “So, what do you say? Do you still want to marry me?”

“Yes. And now shut up.”

“Aren’t we going to shower?” Christian asked after another breathless kiss.

“It can wait. Now that I know we’re engaged, I have to fuck you again.”

“Fair enough,” Christian replied and kissed back with all his might.

Now, he had to figure out a way to finish his studies as fast as possible. Maybe if he could --

He would think about that later. Now, his future husband was making love to him, and his mind couldn’t be in two places at the same time.

THE END