



Sub Mission

Author: *T.S. McKinney*

Category: Erotic, Romance, M-m Romance

Description: With subs being murdered at a Miami BDSM club, experienced dominant Agent Seth Wilkinson must find his own submissive to “entice” a killer. When he’s paired with Agent Baker Daley he wonders just how much a straight man can fake. Baker Daley knows he can “play the part”; he just needs a chance to prove it to Wilkinson. Being a straight man should have no bearing when his Domme has trained him well in the practice and lifestyle of submission. After all, this is just a job, right? One scene. One intuitive Dom. One sassy sub. The game is afoot...in more ways than one. As passions ignite and both men grapple with their internal desires, the mission begins to heat up. In a race against time, confusion and danger, they may just discover the greatest threat is to their hearts.

Total Pages (Source): 58

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

Chapter 1

Seth

I stared at my good friend and boss, trying my hardest to not show him my I-told-you-so face. Hell, who was I lying to? I wasn't even trying to hide it. I had tried to explain to him, countless times, that what he was requesting just wasn't feasible. He hadn't listened to me, just waved me off and said The Company had plenty of men who would be willing to go the extra mile, as he'd called it at the time. Sure, there were plenty of agents capable of taking all the pain I was willing to dish out to them, but what Landon, or the rest of them for that matter, hadn't understood about BDSM was they also had to enjoy it. A person with any experience at all—and we were dealing with professionals—would recognize a sub faking it.

The funniest part was the number of agents who had thought they could fake it. I shook my head as I recalled some of the horrendous fake jobs I'd endured before convincing Landon that faking it wasn't an option, and he didn't have anybody qualified to fill the position of my sub on the latest assignment. I sat quietly, waiting on him to admit defeat. It wasn't that I didn't want the assignment, I wanted it bad. Some nut job was abducting and torturing subs from a BDSM club in Miami. He'd beaten and mutilated one so badly that he'd nearly died. On top of that, the fucker filmed the entire thing and played it for some online chat group. I wanted him wiped off the face of the earth, but I also knew we weren't going to accomplish the job with fake subs. Did I have a better plan? No, but I was working on it. Even if the company passed on the job, I planned on working on it behind the scenes.

“Come on, Landon,” I finally said. “Please don't tell me you're still considering

trying to get one of our guys to act the part of my sub. I know you aren't educated in the BDSM lifestyle, but you're asking for a square peg to fit into a round hole. Other Doms and subs will see straight through a bullshitter. We get them in the clubs all the time, people experimenting or who read that erotic romance book one time too many and decided they liked getting their asses spanked. They aren't welcome. Experimenters get a bit more leniency, but still, it puts the entire club on edge. Our lifestyle is frowned upon enough as it is." I leaned in and said, "Let me work on this on my own. At least let me see what I can find out before we do something stupid or, worse than that, pass on the job."

Landon nodded as he stared back. "You think you've got me, don't you? You think you're gonna get to give me the told-you-so talk. Too bad, buddy! I studied through the employee files of different branches of The Company and I've found you the perfect sub." He leaned back and grinned at me. "Apologize to me, Seth. Go ahead. I'm waiting."

I snorted. "Riiigghhtt—like that shit is in the employee files." Fuck, was that in my file? I knew The Company made it their business to know our business, but....

"Well, they do put that information in your files. They put everything in there, Seth—from your dislike of cauliflower to the size of your dick. When they pay us as much as they do, they kinda think they own us. If you don't like it...well, too bad. It's just the way things are." He rubbed his hands together and asked, "You ready to meet your new boy toy?"

"He's here? Now?" I couldn't help it. He'd gotten my attention. If this agent really was a sub and it turned out we could work together, we'd have a good chance of taking this guy down before anyone else lost their life.

"In the flesh," Landon answered. "His name is Baker Daley. Get ready to fall in love, buddy. He's a looker."

I rolled my eyes. “It isn’t about love, Landon. I’ve explained that to you already.”

“Sure, sure. Whatever. Get ready to fall into lust, then. If I wasn’t straight, I’d want a couple of rounds with him myself.”

“You aren’t straight,” I corrected.

He grinned. “I know. And I want to go a couple of rounds with him!”

“You are so inappropriate,” I groaned.

“I know. That’s why I work for a private agency instead of the government.” He reached for the intercom button and told his secretary to send Agent Daley in.

Within a few seconds, I heard the office door open and then close. Landon promptly stood up and said, “Agent Wilkinson, this is Agent Baker Daley. He’ll be working with you on your current assignment. Agent Daley, this is Agent Seth Wilkinson. He’ll take lead.”

“Of course, sir. I assumed as much.”

I’d remained in my chair, my back to the new agent that was supposed to not only be my new temporary partner but my sub, as well. When I heard his husky voice, I quickly stood up to turn and face him. His voice—there’d been something about it that caressed all the parts below my waist. It was low, husky, and incredibly submissive.

When I turned around enough to see him, I nearly had to plant my ass back onto my chair. He was...incredible! Everything my wet dreams had always been made of. He was tall, but still shorter than my own six feet four inches, and, from all the flesh available for my eyes to feast upon, he was lean with taut muscles. His skin was sun-

kissed to a beautiful bronze shade and there were sexy tattoo bracelets around both his wrists. The artwork was a replica of thick chains and decorated his thin wrists perfectly. Inky black hair was not quite shoulder length but long enough for me to grab a handful while he sucked my cock. It was messy to the point of bedroom sexy. He completed his look with full lips, perfect for cock sucking, and the bluest eyes I'd ever seen.

Well, I'd only caught a glimpse of those gorgeous eyes for a split second before his gaze dropped to the floor...like a perfect sub. Everything about his posture and presence screamed submission. Perhaps Landon had found a golden nugget after all. I felt my cock start to thicken with desire.

"Head up, boy," I ordered. "Eyes on me."

His head snapped up at the same time his hands wrapped behind his back and clasped together. "Yes, Sir."

Yes, the bluest I'd ever laid eyes on. He was magnificent. "Sit," I ordered and motioned to the chair next to mine. "I have questions."

"Of course, Sir."

He moved gracefully to the chair and sat down. Not once had he acknowledged Landon's presence in the room, only mine. I liked it, Landon not so much. That fact brought a huge smile to my lips.

Landon cleared his throat. "Yes, Agent Daley, have a seat. They are my seats," he grumbled under his breath.

After chuckling, I turned my attention back to Agent Daley. He sat, with perfect posture, in the tall-backed chair. His hands lay passively on each knee. His eyes were

on mine, as I'd requested. What I found even more delightful was not only did he scream submission, there was also a spark of mischief in his eyes that I knew would be...wickedly fun.

“How old are you?”

He was younger, probably younger than any sub I'd ever taken, and I couldn't help but let his age worry me, even though I found him intriguing at the same time. I also knew his youthful appearance would appeal to the men we were trying to trap, so I suspected it would be something I'd need to overlook. If he was employed by The Company, there was an age requirement. He couldn't be younger than twenty-one years old. This, of course, meant he wouldn't have been in the BDSM lifestyle for more than three years.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

“Twenty-four, Sir.”

Not too bad. Young, but old enough.

“How long have you been involved with BDSM?”

He paused before answering, sending warning signals to me. Honesty between a Dom and sub was absolutely necessary, and if he lied to me on this question, I wasn't sure we'd be able to continue. I respected his desire for privacy but knowing how experienced he was shouldn't be something he wanted to hide...unless he was still a novice.

“Seven years, Sir.”

Fuck...he wasn't a novice. That would have made him seventeen years old when he'd first dipped his toe into BDSM and, in my opinion, much too young to make the decision. I frowned. “Explain.”

“It's simple mathematics, Seth,” Landon interrupted. “What's the problem? Are you simply looking for a reason to reject Agent Daley?”

I held up my hand to quiet Landon and kept my gaze locked on Daley.

“I...I had issues in my home, Sir. At that time in my life, I struggled with...finding myself. I tried many things, from alcohol and drugs, to finally landing on BDSM. After my first...experience, I learned it seemed to ground me. As I continued, my life turned around, things grew stable, and I was able to get back on track. I knew you

would question my youth and I understand why, but I can only say it was something I needed then...and now.”

It was an honest answer, not one that I necessarily liked. “What club permitted you entrance at that age?” That was one aspect I wouldn’t overlook. If there was a club out there allowing children inside, they needed to be shut down.

“No club until I was eighteen, Sir. It was a neighbor. I played at their home until my eighteenth birthday. After that, we would visit clubs occasionally.”

I’d bet they did. I could imagine some arrogant, cocky Dom strutting around with a hot eighteen-year-old beneath his whip. Youngsters were pliable and eager to please—it’s one of the reasons I tried to stay away from younger subs. Had someone taken advantage of Daley’s vulnerabilities? Forced him into something he didn’t, or doesn’t really enjoy?

I guessed there was only one way to find out. I would have one session with him and watch for...hell, I wasn’t sure what I’d watch for. He’d already shown he was well-trained.

“Do you have a regular Dom?” I asked, wondering why a man would be crazy enough to allow another to play with such a prize.

Another pause.

“I have a Domme,” he answered quietly. “Mistress Samantha.”

His eyes flickered away from mine for the first time. He knew damned well his answer wouldn’t be acceptable to me.

“Fuck, Landon!” I swore. “You think this is any better than the princesses you’ve

been parading in front of me for the past three weeks? Absolutely not!”

Landon looked as confused as hell. Naturally, he wouldn't have a clue. Hell, there was a good chance I was being unreasonable, and a really good chance I was pissed off just because he was straight.

“What?” he roared. “You’ve been practically salivating since he walked into the room. He does all that...submissive shit you’ve tried to drill into my brain. What’s the problem now?” He huffed and then added, “I’m beginning to think you’re the problem.”

I stood up and started to leave the room, before I said something both Landon and I would regret. Agent Daley’s husky voice stopped me in my tracks.

“I believe you should give me a chance, Sir. You’ll find that I’m more than...adequate as a submissive. I realize I’m probably not what you desire, but for the assignment, you could, perhaps, lower your standards. While I’m not gay and have no desire to have sex with you, I’m certainly not afraid of...toys.”

He blushed, making me think he might be more afraid than he was willing to admit. He wasn’t gay. Perfect, my fantasy sub. Not. He has no desire to have sex with me—that’s always a box I like to have checked off when interviewing a sub. Again, no fucking way.

“One session, Seth,” Landon urged. “If you’ve endured sessions with the other guys I’ve put in front of you, surely you can give this kid a chance. It was a six-hour flight to get him here. You could at least give him thirty minutes to prove his...worth.”

I looked at Agent Daley and then at Landon. Reproach shined brightly in Landon’s green eyes and humiliation was clearly visible in Daley’s blues. Knowing I was wasting all our time, I told Landon, “Have him at my penthouse in two hours.”

To Daley, I said, “I’ll know if you’re faking, kid. Don’t try to make something work, that’s the wrong way for any sub to behave. I’ll be very disappointed if you attempt to put on a performance for me.” Blowing out a breath of irritation, I added, “I’ll need the phone number for your regular Domme. She and I will need to talk before I touch you.”

His eyes dropped, and he immediately pulled a slip of paper out of his jeans pocket and handed it over to me. “Yes, Sir. She hoped you would want to speak with her first.”

Chapter 2

Baker

As we rode up the elevator to Agent Wilkinson's penthouse suite, I couldn't stop the goosebumps that appeared on my arms. Agent Wilkinson scared me. From our brief encounter, I knew he would be a...demanding Dom, that part I could handle. I also knew he already didn't like me. That was the part causing my stomach to roll with unease. Samantha, my Domme, had already spoken with Seth and called me. When I'd tried to question her on how I should handle Seth' distaste, she'd simply told me to 'behave myself, do as I was told and everything would work out the way it should'. Her answer, short and sweet, hadn't bolstered my courage in the least. If anything, she'd succeeded in making me more nervous.

"Calm down, Agent Daley," Landon said with a chuckle. "Trust me, his bark is worse than his bite. He's just frustrated with me right now. He wants these guys caught and taken out but knows the assignment won't be as simple as I'd originally thought." He laughed outright. "In my ignorance, as Seth tells me, I thought I only had to present him with a man who could handle getting his ass beat without crying like a kindergartener. I had no idea about all the other...whatever the hell it is that makes one a perfect sub." He turned and looked at me, "Until I saw how you acted...and how Seth reacted to you. It certainly helped me see where my ignorance could have gotten us into trouble."

"He already hates me," I said quietly. "I can't imagine he'll give me a fair chance."

"Seth is a lot of things, mostly an asshole, but he's always fair. Just don't try that

faking shit. Man, he went off on some of the guys I sent to him.” He winked and added, “And then he went off on me. I’ve reached the point in this game that I’d rather not listen to him bitch. Just be yourself and let Seth make the decisions. I trust his judgment. You should as well.”

Easier said than done. “Why didn’t you tell him I was straight? He might not have been so angry if he’d gotten a ‘head’s up.’” Landon had really set me up with that stupid trick.

“Kid, he wouldn’t have given you a chance if I’d told him you were straight. I needed him to see you before that bomb dropped into his lap.”

When I frowned, Landon quipped, “Have you seen yourself, kid? I knew he’d have a hard-on for you the instant he saw your lips and eyelashes.”

I blinked. “What’s wrong with my eyelashes?”

The elevator door slid open. Landon stepped out and motioned for me to do the same. Under his breath, I heard him say, “Not a damned thing, kid.”

Any response I might have considered would have been drowned out by his sudden banging on Agent Wilkinson’s door. He was being loud and annoying on purpose, causing me to bite back a smile. “You realize you probably aren’t helping the situation, right? Getting on his nerves first thing,” I said.

He grinned. “Don’t take my fun away from me, Agent Daley.”

“Okay.”

After another few seconds of pounding, he stopped, looked at me, and asked, “Why don’t you call me Sir, like you do with Seth?”

I smiled. “Would you like me to?” I wouldn’t mind calling him ‘Sir’, but only because he was my superior in The Company, not for the same reasons I addressed Seth that way.

“Nah, it creeps me out. Just keep ignoring me like you’ve been doing. I’m good with that...until it’s time to talk business. Then you’d best listen to every damned word Seth or I tell you. Got it?”

“Got it.”

The door flung open, and Seth stood there, in all his masculine glory. I’d had more encounters with Doms than I could count—that simply happened when one frequented the clubs— but none of them had ever made me stop and just look at their...magnificence. Seth was a gorgeous man. He had bulky muscles but still managed to make them appear natural, and I’d already noticed he moved with a grace that screamed how comfortable he was in his body. He had one full tattoo sleeve and several gorgeous designs on his chest. A true artist had done his ink work.

“Well, lookee at you, all dressed up in your leathers,” Landon teased. “I forgot just how intimidating you look when dressed the part.” He turned to look at me. “What do you think, Agent Daley? Does he look anything like your Domme?”

“Ha—ha. Very funny,” I joked. I looked Seth up and down, showing he wasn’t going to intimidate me, even if he did Landon, and said, “Her leather shows her curves off better.”

Landon bent over laughing but Seth glared at me. “What happened to the well-trained sub I met earlier? Were you faking it then, boy?”

I met his glare. “No, Agent Wilkinson, but you made it perfectly clear you weren’t interested in me subbing for you. If you want my respect now, you’ll need to earn it.

In the playroom, of course.”

Every instinct in me screamed that I submit to him, to show him the respect I knew without hesitation he deserved, but Seth had forced my hand. If he was unwilling to look at me as an equal partner in a Dom/sub role, I wasn’t interested in submitting. If everybody looked at it honestly, I was the one really putting myself out there. I was straight, Seth was gay. Seth liked fucking his sub. Me? Not into that so much.

Sure, I’d researched everything I could find on Agent Wilkinson. Unlike him, I hadn’t gone into this totally blind. Seth wasn’t aware of it, but I’d even witnessed one of his scenes at his favorite local club. He was...intense. I’d watched other Doms perform, but none of them had ever interested me...not until I’d watched Seth. He’d never know that, of course.

Landon arched a brow. “I guess he told you,” he teased Seth.

There was, however, a worried expression on his face. He hadn’t known the angle I’d planned on playing with Seth. Looking between the two of them, it was difficult to tell which one wanted to throttle me more.

Seth crossed his arms over his chest and glared down at me. I glared back. I knew how to be the perfect sub. I also knew how to play hardball. I wanted this assignment. People—subs, like me—were being tortured and murdered. I wanted to take them out and planned on doing it, with or without the help of Seth.

“No, boy, we decided you’d get one session to prove you’d be capable of fooling the people trolling Javier’s BDSM club and then kidnapping, torturing, and murdering subs that played there. Am I mistaken?”

I really wished he’d come up with a different nickname thanboy. I didn’t like it. Of course, I didn’t see Seth Wilkinson ever calling me cute names like Angel or Kitten,

either. I also had to admit that he was correct, we had agreed on the one session which meant he was still my potential Dom and me his sub. So much for drawing a line in the sand. I dropped my head and said, “I apologize, Sir.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

“My playroom is the second door on the right, down the hall. Go inside and prepare for me.”

I started past him, but he stopped me with a hand on my chest. “Whatever you have in the bag, you won’t need it. I like my sub completely naked. Do you have a problem with that?”

“No, Sir.” Asshole.

“Landon has sat in on the other sessions. Do you have issues with an audience?” he asked.

I could tell he was just dying for me to fuck this up, to show him a weakness. Oh, he was going to be so damned disappointed. “No, Sir. I enjoy an audience.” I carefully placed my duffel bag next to the door and waited for him to allow me to pass.

He placed a finger beneath my chin and pushed my face up. “Is that so? Did I ask if you enjoyed an audience?”

I swallowed. “No, Sir.”

“What is your role in my playroom, boy?”

“For your enjoyment, Sir.” I really did want to punch him in the face. Before the next hour passed, I probably would.

“Second door on the right,” he finally said.

I breezed past him but not before hearing Landon say, “You guys are so fucked up.”

I smiled, understanding how an outsider might not understand or find pleasure in the dynamics of BDSM. That was Landon’s loss. I enjoyed being a sub and couldn’t imagine subbing for a Dom, instead of a Domme, could be that different. I struggled with OCD issues and subbing gave me the opportunity to step away and allow someone to force me to give that control up. Hopefully, Seth was as good as I’d heard, and he would have me flying free within the next hour.

When I reached the second door, I eased it open and stepped inside. I wasn’t sure how long Seth would give me and knew I should hurry into position, but what I saw in front of me caused me to freeze right inside the doorway. Seth’ playroom was...extraordinary. There was more sex furniture in his playroom than there was in the club where Mistress Samantha and I had our scenes. Some of it I recognized, some looked totally new and piqued my interest. Given enough time, I was certain I could figure each of them out, but Seth had made it clear he wouldn’t appreciate if I made him wait.

With just a quick glance toward the King-sized iron bed in the far corner, I stepped to the side of the door and began removing my clothes. Being naked in front of Seth and Landon wasn’t a biggie, I did it all the time with Mistress Samantha. A large crowd usually enjoyed watching us play. While it really wasn’t my thing, I’d learned to deal with it because my Mistress enjoyed it. As I folded the last article of clothing and placed everything in a neat pile against the wall, I assured myself this scene wouldn’t be any different than what I was accustomed to.

I took a deep, cleansing breath, and dropped to my knees. I wasn’t sure what waiting position Seth desired his subs to use, so I went with one I was comfortable with. I’d played with over fifteen Dommes over the years and they’d each wanted different things. My knees were spread, not obscenely but wide enough for my partner to have a clear view of my cock and balls. My ass rested on the back of my heels and my

hands were clasped behind my back.

While I waited for him to make an entrance, I studied the furniture a bit closer. I recognized an obedience bench with restraint straps attached, a bondage horse, puppy cage, and another punishment bench with a lot of various attachments, none that really interested me. An enema bag hung above it and there was a place for a dildo attachment. The enema was a definite no and the dildo wasn't my thing, but I knew Seth would go there directly in an attempt to make me run. A Saint Andrew's Cross was in the middle of the room and the rest of the furniture was foreign to me. In the corner opposite the large bed, there was a metal cabinet. The items in there should probably worry me.

The turning of the doorknob caused me to drop my head, resting my chin against my chest. When Seth and Landon walked in, closing the door behind them, I felt the familiar calmness begin to wash over me. It was strange how I could be calm and sexually excited at the same time...but I managed. My cock was hard and proudly stood away from my body. If he kept me waiting much longer, I'd drip precum onto his clean floors. Mistress Samantha always spanked me for making a mess.

"Your chair is in the same spot, Landon. Have a seat and enjoy the show," Seth said. When he was in Dom mode, his voice sounded more like a growl. It was so very different than any Mistress but still managed to make my cock twitch.

"I don't expect him to last any longer than the others."

With my head bowed, I was able to bite my bottom lip to keep from telling him to go fuck himself. He was goading me, I knew it and he knew it. I loved being whipped, whether it be a paddle, flogger, whip, or bare hand. He'd have to be incredibly bad to fuck up a session with me.

"Head up, boy."

I raised my eyes and tried to hide the rebellion I suspected lurked in the depths.

“What’s your safe word?”

Uh oh. He wasn’t going to like this. “Rainbow, Sir.”

He simply snorted...in disgust. “Hard limits?”

“No water play, blood-letting, humiliation...that I know of, Sir.” I hesitated and then added, “No kissing on the lips.”

“Is that always a hard limit or a new one designed just for sweet little me?” Seth mocked.

“It’s always a hard limit for me, Sir.” Seriously? He thought I’d be afraid to kiss him, but letting him cram instruments of torture up my ass would be okay?

“Interesting,” he muttered. Looking around the room, he asked, “Do you recognize most of my equipment, boy?”

I took a deep breath and decided now was as good a time as any. “I prefer not to be calledboy, Sir,” I told him, trying to sound as submissive as possible.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

“Is that a hard limit?” he asked politely.

Son of a bitch! “No, Sir.”

“Good, then you’ll be boy until you earn a more deserving nickname. What does your Domme call you now? Sweetheart? Darling? Angel? Puppy?”

He was mocking me. I should have let the boy thing go. I was giving him ammunition to use against me. “She calls me Baker, Sir. I apologize. I overstepped.”

“Again.”

I stopped the growl that begged to be released. “Again, Sir. I’ll do better.”

“Of course you will, boy.” He motioned with his hand and said, “Follow me.”

Just as I’d expected, we walked toward the dreaded metal cabinet. I’d reached that whole ‘put up or shut up’ moment. He made a big production of opening the cabinet doors and then stepped aside, giving me full view of his garage of goodies.

Mother fuck.

Goddamn the man enjoyed ass play.

I played mind games to try and keep my pulse rate slow and steady. From the smirk on his face, I failed.

“I’ve spoken with Mistress Samantha, boy. She tells me you are an excellent sub, very obedient and loves to have your ass whipped.”

“Yes, Sir.” Finally...something besides my usual ‘No, Sir’.

“When we spoke back in Landon’s office, you alluded to the fact that you wouldn’t have any problems with anal...toys. As a matter of fact, you said it with such a lofty attitude that I was certain Mistress Samantha would more than likely tell me you were pegged on a regular basis.” He scratched his chin and I worked to keep my face impassive.

I knew what he referred to, but I’d never tried it. Never wanted to. Still didn’t.

“Imagine my surprise when she told me you and she had played with small butt plugs...and not very often. Do you think I was surprised to hear that, boy?”

“No, Sir.” I was back to my familiar response.

“You’ve disappointed me, boy, and I feel the need to punish you for it. Do you agree you should be punished?”

I fought back a grin. “Yes, Sir.” Maybe I could start giving myself little notches of victory whenever I said something other than ‘no, Sir’?

“Excellent. I have a special toy that I’ve chosen for that pert...yet, untried ass of yours. Would you like to go with what I’ve selected, or do you want to choose for yourself?”

It was a trick question, no doubt. My eyes flickered to the six shelves of oddly shaped contraptions, noting that the drawers pulled out which meant they were probably overflowing with fun, and then back to Seth. The grin on his face looked just as

dangerous as the toys. He probably had a nine-inch, super thick dildo just waiting to shove up my ass. My eyes wandered back to the cabinet. Surely to fuck there was something in there that wasn't obscenely huge.

I squinted and realized that if there was something small, it was clearly hiding near the back of the shelves.

“Oh...and you can only make your selection from the second shelf,” he added, his grin widening.

Why was he doing this? Couldn't he just suck it up and work with me just for the assignment? Hell, we'd be doing good things. Saving lives. Instead, he was dead set on tormenting me into dropping out.

“May I pull the shelf out, Sir?” I asked.

He stepped aside. “By all means.”

I pulled the shelf out and almost did a happy dance when I saw the back row of the second shelf held some beginner butt plugs. My hand extended forward, and I hated that it trembled slightly as I reached for the next to the smallest device. It was shaped oddly and made from black silicone. It was definitely a size I could handle.

“This one, Sir.” I handed him the plug.

“Fabulous selection, boy. You'll enjoy it immensely.” He reached into another section of the cabinet and pulled out some wiring and a remote.

Uh oh.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

“Would you like to see what I’d selected for you?” he asked as he hooked the wiring to the plug I’d selected.

My eyes widened when I saw the plug start to vibrate before he pushed a button on the remote, quieting it down again. When my mind finally cleared, I answered, “Uh, yeah. I guess. Sir.” My mind kept conjuring up a picture of how wildly the small toy had vibrated. How would that feel? The plug Mistress Samantha used didn’t vibrate. My biggest concern had been keeping it inside of me, not whether or not it would cause my ass to jiggle when the remote was activated.

He bent over and picked up a small shopping bag. “I called your Mistress on my drive over, and when she gave me your safe word, which I appreciate you not lying about by the way, I had to stop by my favorite toy store and pick up something just for you.” He pushed the bag toward me and said, “Go ahead. See what you missed out on.”

I peeked into the bag and felt my eyes roll. Tucked in the bag was a butt plug with a rainbow colored furry tail attached. “Ha-ha, Sir. That would have been hilarious.”

“I thought so,” he answered. “I also thought it would look gorgeous dangling between your legs when I bent you over one of my benches and spanked your ass good enough that it would match the pretty pink of your rainbow tail.”

His words did something to me...something they probably shouldn’t have. My cock twitched. Being naked, it was impossible for me to hide my reactions to anything he chose to do to me. Or, as in this case, say to me.

“Oh, well. Perhaps another time.” He reached into the cabinet and pulled out a bottle of something I figured must be lube. “Go over to the spanking bench, bend over, and spread your ass cheeks for me.” He smiled. “Boy.”

That was it. I’d kill him before the hour was over. Inside my head, I called him every dirty, vile name I could think of. Verbally, I said, “Yes, Sir.” Yay, a victory point for me. Rah rah.

I found the bench, bent over, took a deep breath, and reached behind me to pull my cheeks apart, exposing a part of me anyone rarely got a good look at. Okay, nobody ever got a good look at. Until Seth.

My entire body burned with embarrassment.

“Do you know what you selected, boy?” Seth asked as he lubed up the small toy.

“A vibrating butt plug,” I said, not sure if my response sounded like an answer or a question.

“Close. It’s called a prostate stimulator.” He leaned over and licked the spot below my ear. When my body quivered, he chuckled softly. “Have you ever had anyone play with your prostate?”

Damn motherfucking Mistress Samantha for telling him everything. How many of my other erogenous spots did he know about?

“No, Sir,” I grumbled. Point deducted.

“I didn’t think so,” he answered. “Perhaps we’ll get to...one day.”

What? He wasn’t going to use it?

More importantly, why was I so disappointed by the possibility?

He sat the toy aside and said, "Let's move to the Saint Andrew's Cross. I hear it's a favorite of yours." He smacked my ass and walked away from me. "Come on, Baker. Don't dawdle."

Oh, shit. I was in serious trouble. The second he'd said my name...called me something other than boy, it had felt like his hand literally stroked the length of my cock. There was no questioning it, I was leaking precum and he hadn't laid a hand on me yet. Well, other than one playful swat.

Serious, serious trouble.

Once we were both at the cross, he surprised me by twisting my body around to where it faced the cross, instead of having my back against it. Once there, he wasted no time latching my wrists into the leather cuffs attached at each corner and then moved to do the same to my ankles. His touch was rougher than I was accustomed to and ran up and down the length of each of my legs, stopping short of touching my balls. I wanted to whimper in disappointment but managed to hold it in.

My eyes followed him as he moved around to the other side of the cross until he faced me. I frowned in confusion when he knelt in front of me. What. The. Fuck. His hands maneuvered the wood of his cross, causing the center to drop down to where it was even with my crotch. I looked down and watched as his hand, covered in soft leather gloves, reached through an opening in the wood, took my cock, and pulled it through the opening. The moment he touched me, a gasp escaped my lips. I told myself it was because I hadn't expected the touch, but knew I was probably lying. I left it with the lie. It was much easier than accepting I enjoyed a man's touch on my junk.

He, unfortunately, wasn't finished. My balls quickly followed suit and then he deftly

tightened the diameter of the opening, locking my cock and balls on one side of the cross and the rest of me on the other. It was, I realized, even more effective than strapping my waist to the cross. If I tried to dodge any of his blows, I wouldn't be able to move more than a few centimeters without hurting the family jewels.

When he'd finished, he moved to stand behind me...directly behind me. His hips pushed against my ass hard enough that I could easily feel the outline of his cock, even through the leather pants that fit him like a second skin. For some reason, the feel of him against my ass made me want to wriggle against him.

I needed to move...to do something. The positioning of my junk kept me from doing anything other than accepting what he wanted to do to me.

His hand grasped the back of my hair and he jerked my head back. It was rougher than I was used to...yet, rough enough. I felt his breath against my ear. "Look at yourself, Baker," he ordered in that growl that made my mouth water...for some unknown reason.

My eyes looked forward and, for the first time, noticed the giant mirror in front of me. There I stood, trussed to the cross like a slave ready for punishment, with my cock and balls protruding obscenely through the opening. I'd never watched myself being punished before. I'd most certainly not ever found myself secured in such a scandalous position.

"You're beautiful," he whispered as his eyes met mine in the mirror. "I bet you make Mistress Samantha very proud, don't you?"

A touch of anger entered his voice when he made the last statement, causing a delightful tingle to start at the tip of my spine and work its way upward. Was he jealous? He sounded jealous. Why did the thought of him being jealous of my Mistress make my blood warm?

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

My thoughts were yanked back to reality when he landed a hard smack to my ass.

“I asked you a question, boy.”

Coldness replaced the warmth when he went back to calling me boy. My mind fumbled through what he’d said last. “I try, Sir,” I finally managed to answer.

He leaned to my ear again. “You’re making a mess on my floor, Baker.” I melted against him when he said my name. “When I’m finished with you, I may make you lick it clean,” he threatened. His hand caressed the burning spot on my ass that he’d just smacked.

I looked down and saw several drops of my precum glistening on the floor. I’d never tasted my own cum or that of another man. Oddly enough, if Seth called me Baker and asked me to do it, I knew I would.

“Would you like that?”

I stumbled over the answer, not wanting to admit what I’d been thinking but my training wouldn’t allow me to lie. “I...I don’t know, Sir.”

His hand caressed my ass again. “I think you would...Baker.” He licked my shoulder. “I think you’d do about anything I asked you to. I thought I would be disappointed, but you’ve been...enjoyable.”

His praise washed over me, and my eyes closed. If I were a cat, my ears would be laid back and I’d be purring.

“I can’t wait to use the prostate stimulator on you. You’ll purr even louder than you are right now. Do you know why I didn’t put my toy inside your virgin ass, Baker?” Another lick. “Because I wanted everything to be equal with your Mistress. Let’s see who can make you yell louder...to soar higher. Shall we?”

“Fuck yes, Sir,” I answered...and another victory point for me.

He stepped away and this time, I didn’t stop the whimper that tumbled from my lips.

“Your Mistress says you prefer the crop.” He magically presented a crop in front of my face. “Kiss it, Baker.”

I immediately placed a kiss on the cool leather.

With a smile, he pulled the crop away, dropped it down to tap against my cock a couple of times, and then moved to stand behind me again. “Focus, Baker,” he ordered. “Stay with me as long as you can.”

“Yes, Sir.” The crop landed on my backside as soon as the words left my mouth. The sharp sting felt wonderful. Another one followed quickly behind that one. I hissed and closed my eyes.

“Tell me what you’re thinking, Baker,” Seth growled. “Be honest, of course.”

I paused for a second and then answered, “I think you hit like a girl. Sir,” I added respectfully.

If I’d thought to insult him, I’d been mistaken. Watching his face through the mirror, I saw his grin spread from ear to ear.

“I hoped you’d say that, Baker.”

As the words left his mouth, some music suddenly started playing over the sound system in his playroom. It was nothing I'd heard before, at least not that I could recall. It sounded dirty and had a rhythm to match the lashes Seth gave me. My senses...all of them, felt overwhelmed. The room smelled like leather, sex, and a unique scent I'd already associated with Seth. I tried to focus on the dirty sound of the music, and when the slap of leather against my flesh was too fast or too slow, it messed with my head. My body ached and burned from the pain, forcing all my focus on the slow scorch of my ass and thighs.

I hissed, gritted my teeth, and cried my way through the pain...waiting for the second it would turn to pure bliss. I'd never reached subspace but got close every damned time. I didn't have a clue what it felt like but knew how badly I craved that second when everything else in the world evaporated, leaving only me and the feel of the crop caressing my ass. That feeling...it was good enough for me. It gave me the escape my body and mind required.

While I would rather never admit it, Seth got me there much faster than any Mistress before him ever did. It stood to reason, I supposed. He was much stronger. My head dropped back as my muscles grew weak from stress. This was it. The blissful feeling that helped keep me grounded when my world became too much. When things didn't line up as perfectly as I believed they should, this was my escape from my own mind.

I frowned. It wasn't that the bliss wasn't as blissful...it was just that Seth didn't seem to notice my contentment. Mistress always knew. Seth kept working the crop, praising me with some swings and calling me dirty words with others. I moved from being a work of art to a cum dumpster. One swing was praise and the next was deliciously wicked. Yet, he didn't pause to admire his handy work or slow down to admire my euphoria.

No, he kept going.

My body kept soaring, higher and higher. The music, loud and thumping, suddenly sounded far away. My surroundings blurred...all except for Seth. I could see him clearly. I floated, and he was in the air with me, swinging his crop. I no longer felt the kiss of pain, but his arm kept moving. Sweat dripped from his face and I felt my tongue swipe across my lips. I wanted to taste his sweat. His eyes met mine, which was impossible because he was behind me. Yet, there they were, gazing at me with warmth that made something inside me tighten. Tighter. Tighter. I sucked in a breath.

He whispered my name.

“Baker.”

An explosion of emotions tore through my body. I floated even higher. Felt my body orgasm. Heard myself scream. After that, there was nothing. It wasn't a crash or anything negative. Everything just went...black.

Chapter 3

Seth

Mother fuck. I was royally screwed. Baker was...perfect.

Perfect, and I wasn't talking about just for the assignment. His body was gorgeous, all lean muscles and graceful beauty. He could behave like a perfect submissive but still had an edge to him that told me he would keep a Dom on his toes. Correction...Domme. I hadn't had much of an opportunity to see his sense of humor, mostly since I'd been an ass to him, but I'd witnessed enough sass to know it existed.

I fucking craved hearing him laugh...which was utterly ridiculous.

Most of all, though, he was absolutely beautiful when he flew. His Mistress told me as far as she knew, Baker had never achieved subspace. That was fine, most people didn't, so I wasn't surprised when she told me. She stressed that Baker always found what he was searching for, a release from the demons inside of him.

I smiled as I gazed down at his sleeping form. I'd given him something his Mistress hadn't been able to help him achieve. I didn't fool myself into thinking I was that much better at delivering pain, reading a sub's needs or giving them what they craved, but I'd dare anybody to challenge the connection Baker and I had shared. He'd soared straight into subspace because of that connection. I'd simply whispered his name and he'd been gone.

His face, I'd never forget the look of ecstasy.

Many of my subs had gotten there beneath my hand and whip, but none had done it so beautifully. Even now, he took my breath away. His lips were puffy where he'd sucked and bitten on them during the scene, and those damned gorgeous eyelashes rested peacefully against his cheeks. They were long enough to be angel wings.

He's straight.

I tried to quiet the voice inside my head, to let myself have a few minutes of pure satisfaction, but it was a struggle. I wanted him in a way I couldn't remember ever wanting another. While I was thankful to have brought him a taste of euphoria, I wanted something for myself.

I wanted Baker.

I wanted to be inside him...to hear him scream my name when another orgasm ripped through him.

"I guess I understand what you've been trying to explain to me," Landon said.

At some point, he'd moved to stand beside me and I growled out loud at him. I trusted Landon with my life, but still didn't want him near Baker, not when he was as vulnerable as he was following his trip into subspace. When Baker had collapsed, Landon had raced across the room and tried to help me, but I stopped him dead in his tracks with one glare. I should have forced him to leave the room right then, but my focus had been solely on Baker.

"Out," I hissed and put my body between him and Baker's sleeping form. "Now."

He stepped back, a startled expression on his face. "Uh...yeah, I'll wait for you two in the living room." Another step back. "Take your time." Another step. "He was beautiful, yes?"

“Yes,” I answered quietly, damning myself to an assignment which would be pure hell for me and my libido.

I waited until I heard the door close and then returned my attention to Baker. He was slowly starting to join the land of the living again. Those long lashes fluttered weakly and then I was gifted another look into the brightest blue eyes in the world. I remained quiet and watched him slowly realize where he was...what had happened. When I knew he was ready, I grabbed the bottle of water resting on the table next to me, sat down next to him, gently lifted him up, and put it against his lips. He sipped slowly while I continued to hold him. After a few minutes, I felt the muscles in his body start to stiffen as he became more and more alert.

Not wanting him to be uncomfortable, I eased him back down onto the pillows and shifted away, giving him the distance I was certain he wanted. I noticed how my hands trembled as I sat the water bottle back onto the table. It felt too much like a weakness and I tried to push it away.

“Uh...wow.” Baker finally whispered. “So, that’s subspace, huh?”

I smiled at the look of wonder on his face. His voice was still slurred a bit, but his eyes were alert and wild with excitement. “That’s subspace. Did you enjoy it?”

He cleared his throat. “Very much.” He looked up at me and added, “Sir.”

I stepped away, his scent was driving me insane. My cock, hard and aching to be touched, threatened to tear through the strength of the leather trying to hold it back. I turned away and, following his lead, cleared my throat. “I’m glad you enjoyed it, Agent Daley.” I looked over my shoulder at him and he had an odd expression on his face. “I went easy on you, only using the crop and not...touching you. Will you be able to handle more, Agent? The members of the club, and the men we’re trying to catch, will require more.”

I fought an internal battle that would allow my voice to sound steady when I spoke again. Finally, I asked, “Are you in or out, Agent Daley?”

His voice sounded crisp and cold when he answered, “I was always in, Agent Wilkinson. You were the one struggling with whether you could handle me or not.”

“Well, I handled you just fine.” My own response pissed me off, but I couldn’t seem to stop antagonizing him. “I’ll let Landon know.” Why was I allowing him to knock me off my own game? I knew better than to walk away, he deserved better after the gift he’d just given me. It didn’t matter, though. I felt...exposed. Vulnerable. I’d never felt those emotions before and they left a bad taste in my heart.

Quickly, before I revealed too much to him, I crossed the floor. I was intent on escape. I’d never run from anything in my entire life, but I was running from Baker. “Don’t leave that bed for another fifteen minutes, boy. Rest and then meet me and Landon in the living room. If you need more time, there’s a buzzer on the nightstand next to you. Push it and I’ll be in here within seconds.” It wasn’t much but it was the best I could do.

“Sure, Sir,” he responded, the irritation and disappointment evident in his tone. “You might want to study up on aftercare, though. Yours sucks!”

I left the room, knowing he was right. I’d never dismissed a sub so...coldly. I knew where my response came from and it scared the breath from my lungs. Baker Daley was everything I’d ever dreamed of...but nothing I could ever have.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

Once outside the playroom, I strode to my bedroom suite, rushed to take a quick shower, and pulled on some sweat pants and a T-shirt. I tried to wipe away all memories of what just took place, but even if I could remove them from my body, there was no erasing them from my head. Snapshots of Baker submitting so beautifully to me kept blasting through my mind, tempting me. Angrily, I shoved them aside and strode into the living room a full five minutes before Baker should be crawling out of my bed.

One of Landon's eyebrows arched upward as he stared at me. He slowly looked me up and down and then settled on locking with my eyes. "How the mighty are fallen," he whispered, but there wasn't any cockiness or laughter in his voice. "Are you going to be able to pull this off, Seth? I never once thought that maybe this would be difficult for you."

"Of course, I can do this. I don't know what you're talking about," I growled, shutting down his father/son talk before he could get it off the ground. Now wasn't the time. No, never would be more like the best time for that discussion. "Did you bring the portfolio for the assignment?" I asked, swiftly changing the subject. "How quickly can we get started?"

Landon huffed in irritation but pulled two portfolio folders from his briefcase. He tossed one in my direction and held the other in his hand. "Will Agent Daley be joining us?"

I glanced down at my watch and calculated the time it would take him to get dressed. He was pissed, so he'd be fast. "Any second now," I answered.

At that moment the door to the playroom opened and then slammed shut hard enough that the neighbors below would probably wonder if I'd just keeled over dead and would be coming through the floor. As much as it pissed me off, I still had to bite back a smile. I liked sassy, just another one of my boxes Baker could check off. Perfect.

Landon took over the meeting, giving both of us time to sulk, I supposed.

“Have a seat, Agent Daley. Wonderful performance. Agent Wilkinson feels confident the two of you together will attract enough attention that our mark won't be able to pass you up.” He handed a portfolio to Baker and motioned for him to take a seat next to me on the sofa.

He took the far end, opposite me.

“Review the file and know everything in there, upside down and inside out, before this weekend. We've already rented you a penthouse suite located four blocks from the club that seems to generate all the unwanted attention from this...admirer. Javier Flores owns the club and is the man who hired us. He's beefed up his security at the club, but all the subs have been taken from different places—none from the club. Not only is this nut job ruining Javier's business, he's murdered two close friends. The local PD is doing their thing, but, needless to say, they aren't willing to get as...involved as we are. I would like for us to avoid having to deal with them at all, but you know the rules, we don't piss in their backyard.” Landon got up from his seat and started pacing around the room. “Since Agent Daley will be the likely target, if our perp keeps the same MO, I don't feel at all comfortable allowing him to be alone at any time.”

His eyes narrowed as he looked at both of us, and I knew what was coming. Lord help me, I knew what he was going to insist upon. Hell, I even understood it and would have demanded the same thing. I also knew it was going to be virtually

impossible for me to not cross a line with Baker, living under the same roof and participating in scenes.

A line had already been crossed—he made me feel something.

“You’ll be living together in the penthouse as a couple.” He held up his hand and said, “Before either of you start complaining, I assure you there’s two equally large bedrooms and another room that can serve as a playroom,” he paused, smiled, and added, “for practice, of course.”

I heard Baker snort in disgust. That or he’d dozed off. I glanced over, his eyes were alert and the frown on his face looked like it would be cemented there for the duration of our assignment.

“You’ll have support members serving as protection, but you won’t even know they’re there. You two will need to do your own thing and they’ll do theirs.” Landon turned to me. “Javier tells me that your reputation precedes you, Seth. That’s good. He felt like with the majority of members having already heard of you, it’ll be easier to integrate the two of you into the club without raising any warning flags.” Turning to Baker, he said, “I’m going to be honest with you, Agent Daley. He’s worried about you and your role. He doesn’t think you can pull off subbing for a Dom instead of a Mistress.” He smiled. “When I leave here, I’ll call to reassure him of your capabilities.”

“You mentioned we need to be prepared by this weekend. Does that mean we’ll begin putting everything in place by then?” Baker asked.

I could have imagined it, but it sounded like he was in a rush to get it started, just so he could get to the end.

“Yes, Baker.” Landon paused and asked, “Is it okay for me to call you Baker?”

“Of course.”

I liked that he didn't add the Sir.

“The two of you will move into your new love nest in Miami on Saturday. I have movers getting the penthouse ready for the two of you now. You'll each have a wardrobe chosen by Miami designers, a fully stocked kitchen, and luxurious vehicles to drive. They've chosen the wealthier subs in the past, so you're both getting lucky in that department.” He looked back at me. “The last thing they are working on is the list of your, uh, toys that you'll need for the playroom in the new suite. Are you sure you need all those things, Seth?”

“They wouldn't be on the list if I didn't need them, Landon,” I answered as politely as I could. Since Baker hadn't been given the opportunity to shower, he still smelled like sex...and it was driving me wild. I wanted to bend him over the nearest surface and fuck him until he couldn't think of another person, man or woman.

“Do I even want to know why you'd need a,” he looked up and down the list and then continued, “A metal spread anal lock and key?”

“Shit,” Baker muttered under his breath and the tips of his ears turned a pretty pink.

And, just like that, I was having fun again. “Because it's the most comfortable and efficient way for me to open my sub's anus and then lock it into that position.” I stood up and said, “Let me go grab the one I usually use and demonstrate it for...both of you.” I smiled down at Baker. He flipped me the bird.

Within seconds, I was back, holding the metal instrument in my right hand. I displayed it to both of them and explained, “See, once this portion is fully inserted into the anal cavity, I simply push this back portion of the plug and it causes the inserted portion to expand. Once I have it as wide as I enjoy, I can secure it with this

lock and then hold the key hostage.” I looked at Baker and said, “It’s an excellent training device for those who haven’t had much...ass-play and it’s also a decorative way to display my sub to other Doms...or Dommes, of course.” I laughed, Baker’s face was turning a very sickly shade of green. “I can keep them spread and exposed for as long as my evil heart desires.”

Baker refused to meet my eyes, no matter how long I stared in his direction. Landon leaned in and said, “Are you certain you have a heart, Seth?”

Well, that wasn’t very nice.

The rest of the week had flown by and I hadn’t seen Baker again after he’d left my apartment...in a huff. Again, I didn’t blame him. The moment he’d entered my world, I’d done nothing but try to push his buttons. I’d gone for shock value when Landon had opened the door with his metal spread anal lock and key question, and I was fairly certain I’d succeeded. Baker hadn’t looked at me again the rest of the evening.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

We'd spent another hour reviewing the portfolio, getting our new identities, and having a conference call with Javier Flores—digging any and all information we could from him. Baker must have ordered pizza and had it delivered to my apartment because it magically appeared, and I knew Landon hadn't been responsible. He knew I tried to stay on a healthy, high protein diet and would have never tempted me with steaming hot, delicious smelling, cheese—oozing, thick crust pizza.

I ate over half the pizza, fighting Baker for the last piece, and had to pull an extra hour in the gym the next morning. Actually, I probably didn't have to—I'd burned hundreds of calories jacking off to images of Baker inside my head once they'd left, but I did it as another way to punish myself.

As best I could gather, Baker had returned home to take care of last minute issues involved with disappearing from your regular life for what might be up to several months. I hadn't seen or heard from him again until it was time for us to board the plane and head out to Miami. It was an early morning flight and he looked like he'd rolled straight out of bed, ran his fingers through his hair, threw on comfortable traveling clothes, and ran into the airport without a moment to spare. Trying to make amends, I'd given him a pleasant greeting...which he'd answered with a grunt. His eyes were just as blue as I'd remembered, even when I'd tried to convince myself I had to have been mistaken, but there were dark circles beneath them, like he hadn't gotten enough rest.

I'd asked if he felt okay, and I'd gotten another grunt. He pretended to sleep through the entire flight, never once peeking his eyes open, but I'd known he was awake. By the time we landed, I'd been afraid my teeth were ground down to nothing. More than anything, I wanted to bend him over my knee and spank his ass until he wouldn't be

able to sit for a week. I settled on ignoring him in the same earnest way he ignored me. We were acting like children.

As soon as we'd settled into the Bentley Landon had arranged to pick us up, Baker had shuffled over into a corner and played on his phone. I was seconds from calling him out when my cell rang. It was Landon, checking up on us, no doubt.

"Seth," I answered gruffly. At least Baker's eyes had left his phone and now stared at me as he waited to see what Landon had to say. I was certain we were both afraid another sub had been taken. "What's happened?" The plan had been for us to land, head straight to the penthouse, and spend the evening getting acclimated with Miami. I suspected the plan had already changed.

"Hey, everything going okay? Any problems with the flight or the transportation arrangements we made for you?"

"Nope, we're all good," I answered. "The kid can't keep his hands off me but, other than that, everything's going smoothly."

Baker snorted but I could see he fought not to grin. Good. Hopefully, he didn't enjoy the quiet game any more than I did. On top of that, we were supposed to be lovers as well as Dom and sub. Anybody who might have watched our departure or arrival would have thought we were mortal enemies, thrown together to see which one of us would survive.

Landon laughed. "Yeah, I bet that's exactly how it's going. Listen, there's been a change in plans. Javier wants you guys to drop by the club...like...now. Is that possible? I know he's jacking our plans around, but the guy's terrified something's going to happen before we can get in there and stop it. He said he'd like to meet with both of you, which is a common practice if any new Dom or sub plays at his club. Discuss the plan and then maybe, if your boy's ready, put on a small performance.

Apparently, it's a busy night for him and he's hoping you'll give this son of a bitch something to focus on...other than another helpless young man." Landon coughed, and I knew damned well it was his nervous cough. He'd promised something he probably had no business promising. "I've assured him when this jackass, murdering, son of a bitch sees you and Baker together, he'll never look at another sub. I, uh, didn't overstep, did I? I mean, I don't know much about BDSM or any of the shit that goes on in the clubs, but I know you two looked damned hot together. Can you and Baker make it happen tonight? Work some magic?"

I noticed two things at once—Baker's knee started bouncing nervously and his eyes turned from me and he stared out the window. The kid wasn't ready. I'd pushed him too hard...lost his trust. "Not gonna make any promises, Landon," I answered. "Agent Daley and I will play it by ear. If we're ready, we'll give them a performance. If not, we'll give them a different kind of show." I smiled softly. "Baker walking around the club, acting submissive will be enough to draw the attention away from every other fucker in there and straight to him. Trust me on this."

Baker's head whipped around, and he stared at me with a strange expression on his face. The hardness that had been in his eyes all morning dimmed.

"Sound okay to you...Baker?" I asked, making sure when I said his name, it reminded him of what we'd shared. That was one of my hard lines when we'd been making the arrangements—Baker kept his first name. I wasn't a fool. I'd noticed his responses when I'd called him by his given name. I was Seth Deveraux—the name I always used as a Dom.

"Yes, Sir."

His face pinkened. My cock hardened.

"Let me tell the driver we've changed our plans," I said into the phone.

“I’ve already changed the GPS coordinates. He knows where to take you and will wait there until you leave.” I heard him take a deep breath. “Stay safe, Seth.”

“Always.”

“Keep Baker safe,” he ordered gruffly.

“Always.”

Thank goodness Baker hadn’t heard that exchange, he would have most certainly gotten angry when Landon implied he needed me to keep him safe. I’d taken the time to watch his training videos. He knew his way around defending himself and beating the shit out of somebody. Yeah, I’d jacked off to those training videos so many times I was afraid I’d have carpal tunnel by the time we boarded our plane this morning.

As soon as I hung up, Baker said, “So we’re headed straight to the club?”

“Yeah, that’s what it sounds like. Don’t worry, I won’t have you doing anything you aren’t ready for. We aren’t going to rush things just to make Javier happy.”

He shrugged. “I’m ready for whatever you want to do. I’m no fool, it’ll look even more appealing to the crowd if they think you’re pushing my limits.”

He looked me dead in the eye, the hardness back again, and said, “I’m angry with you for how you treated me after our session the other night. You dismissed me like I wasn’t important to you. If you’re nearly as experienced as they say, you knew damn well how vulnerable I was at that moment. It wasn’t...professional.”

I appreciated him calling me on it and doing it soon enough that no more bad feelings simmered between us. He was right, I’d been completely wrong. “I apologize, Baker. You’re right. It won’t happen again.”

“See that it doesn’t,” he snapped, acting every bit the pouting sub.

“Thank you for addressing the issue. I should have been more respectful of your needs.”

He snickered. “Oh, I only addressed the issue now because I think it’s best you know what you’re up against.”

I frowned. Up against? We were on the same team. “Explain yourself.”

His eyes sparkled with mischief...maybe mayhem, I wasn’t sure which. He shrugged again. “If your sub misbehaves tonight, you’ll know why.”

I started to argue then slammed my mouth shut. Shit, the other Doms would salivate if Baker was naughty and I ended up having to discipline him in front of everyone. Hopefully, whoever this son of a bitch was that we were after would stand up and take notice, as well. I leaned back against the seat and answered, “Well, you know what happens to subs who misbehave and embarrass their Dom, don’t you?”

“I’m planning on it.”

I literally had to reach down and adjust my cock before it burst straight through the seams of my jeans. His bottom lip actually pouted. It was the sexiest damned thing I’d ever seen in my life.

Chapter 4

Baker

What in the hell was I thinking? I'd practically just challenged him to discipline me in front of everyone. On top of that dumb shit, I had this bubble of excitement growing inside of me that threatened to explode at any given moment. I'd spent the past four days convincing myself that I'd imagined my heady response to Seth. No, I hadn't gotten any sleep and I knew it showed on my face and in my attitude, but every damned time I closed my eyes, I saw him. His stormy gray eyes would look at me with complete and utter distaste, like they had the moment he'd realized I wasn't gay, but then they'd turn warm with an entirely different emotion. When he'd praised me during our session, I'd preened like a fucking peacock.

Mistress Samantha praised me. I enjoyed it. Hell, I worked hard for that praise. I knew what she wanted, and I gave it to her. In return, she would say all the right words and whip my ass until I couldn't think of anything except the pain she was gifting me with. Being with her had always felt so right.

Now, after Seth, it felt...wrong. The club was the first place I'd gone once I returned home. I'd told her what happened—how he'd made me soar straight into subspace. Never once had I been nervous that she would be angry or jealous, and she hadn't been. As always, she was supportive and allowed me to talk through my concerns. Afterwards, we'd had a scene and I had, for the first time since I was in my first year of training, faked my way through it. It wasn't the same. She didn't whip me hard enough or fast enough. Then she whipped me too hard or too fast. She didn't smell right. Her hair was too long. Her words of praise didn't make me feel warm all over.

She hadn't called me by my name in that damned sexy voice that haunted my every fucking thought.

It infuriated me, but the way that man said my name made me...melt.

I'd never once in my life been attracted to another man—not one damn time. I hadn't even had that niggle in the back of my mind, wondering what it would feel like...what the differences would be. My friends had, and they were as straight as me. Yet, I'd never gone in that direction.

Until now.

There was absolutely no denying it, I was attracted to Seth. No, I didn't want to be, but there was no point in lying to myself. I'd done it for the past four days, almost convinced myself I'd imagined the entire my-cock-gets-hard-every-time-I-think-about-him sensation. Last night, I'd watched some porn and tried to jack off to it. Nope. Nothing. Angry at myself and still fucking confused, I'd switched to gay porn. Nope. Nothing.

Well, not exactly nothing. I'd wondered how in the fuck that went there, without a doctor giving you one of those things they gave pregnant women when she was about to have a baby—the epidural thing. Yeah, it would require one of those. Yet, they'd really looked like they were enjoying it. On the other hand, they were actors. For all I knew, they were thinking about the fact they had to mow the lawn when they got home.

When regular porn and then gay porn didn't offer me any assistance, I'd gone to the shit pinball bouncing around in my head...and settled on jacking off to images of Seth. I'd come the hardest I'd ever come when my mind remembered his large hands holding that prostate stimulator...when his sexy voice had threatened to do things to me with it.

Then I'd gotten mad. I'd went to sleep mad and woke up mad. I'd arrived at the airport mad and gotten even madder when I saw Seth again. He looked even sexier than I remembered. When my eyes had wandered straight down to his crotch area as soon as he'd walked in my direction, my mad had blown off the mad charts.

Then, to top it off, I'd pouted. Did I know who pouted? Girls, that's who. But, nope, it was me. I was the poutiest pouter in the pout house. I leaned back against the rich leather of the Bentley and smiled. I'd pulled a big save with my brilliant plan to act like my pout was part of the plan. Nice save, Agent Baker Dumbass.

The thing was, I wasn't gay. No matter how I looked at it, I wasn't gay. I didn't have a problem with people being gay. It would have been a hell of a lot easier if I were. Maybe then my feelings would have made sense and I'd know how to deal with them. Since I was straight, I didn't have a clue what box to shove my desires and fantasies in to.

More importantly, why did I just say 'was' straight?

I needed a Xanax.

No, I needed this assignment to be over. I needed to be able to put Seth behind me and leave him there. I banged my head against the headrest. Behind me. Seth. Why did that make a dirty picture pop into my head?

"You okay?" I heard him ask quietly.

"Never better," I snapped.

I felt him staring at me and I gripped the door handle and held myself in place. I gripped it so tight my fist had to be white from blood loss. If I didn't hang on, though, I'd lean into him. His stupid sexy scent tickled my nose and I wanted to follow it like

the kids had followed the damned breadcrumbs to the witch's house. I pushed the button to roll the window down. Surely to fuck, that would help.

“Aren't you pretending to be the naughty sub a little early, Baker? We aren't even at the club yet.”

“Practicing,” I hissed.

He laughed.

And so, my night began....

A bright light tried to filter through my eyelids, but I closed them even tighter, blocking out the intruder because I knew, instinctively, that I was hiding. Whatever was on the other side of my eyelids was something I wanted to keep out. If I stayed where I was, I would remain safe—nothing in my life would have changed. Everything would be normal.

I would be normal.

“Shhhh, take your time, Baker. Rest as long as you need to,” a sexy voice whispered in my ear.

I cuddled in closer to the sound and then snuggled against the most amazing warmth. Whatever I was curled against was hot, hard, and smelled delicious. I never wanted to leave the protective circle of arms embracing me. What was that smell? It was familiar, yet....

My eyes popped open at the same time my arms and legs started flailing wildly.

“Shit! Let go of me!” I was in Seth’s lap with his arms wrapped around me in a tight enough grip to keep me right where he wanted me. “Rainbow!”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

His arms released me instantly and I fell onto the floor, landing on my sore ass with a hard enough thud to make me hiss in pain. I crab-crawled away from him until my back hit something solid, ending my retreat. Seth sat calmly on the couch, watching my clumsy escape. His jaw twitched but it was the only movement of his entire body.

Panic clawed at my belly as I looked around the room. Where in the fuck were we? Within a few seconds, I knew. Although I'd never seen the penthouse that was to be our temporary home, I knew that's where he'd taken me. How long had I been out? How did we get here? Question after question slammed through my head...only to be replaced with visions of what happened once we entered the club—beginning with the meeting with Javier and ending with my punishment for being disrespectful to my Dom. I wasn't sure what I'd expected when I'd dreamed up the brilliant plan of covering up my pouting by playing the naughty sub. What I never imagined was him forcing me on my knees in front of everyone, making me lick his cock, through the denim of his jeans, of course, and then, to my humiliation, drape me over his lap, pull my jeans down, and spank my ass...like a child. And then, just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, it started...the floating...the spiraling out of control. Again, the club sounds, loud and rowdy, sounded far away and the only focus I had was me, Seth, and the gift he was giving me.

Then, the exquisite, comforting, and peaceful darkness.

My actions were abso-fucking-lutely-ridiculous. I was addicted, and Seth was my drug of choice. No matter what he did, my body responded obediently. Sure, my brain tried to rebel, fight off the unfamiliar urges, but it was clearly a damned losing battle.

I didn't know if I should be furious with myself, disappointed with myself...or proud of myself.

He rolled a bottle of water across the floor toward me. "Drink."

For the first time since I'd experienced my first BDSM session, I wanted to rebel at even the simplest of tasks. What was wrong with me? "How did we get here?" I asked while removing the cap from the bottle and taking a swig of the cool water.

"Bentley—the same way we got to the club."

"No! Here! How did...how did I get here?" I motioned wildly around the room.

"I carried you," he answered. "Drink it all, Baker. You sweated a lot and you've been out for nearly thirty minutes. I need your fluids replenished."

"You carried me? Of course, you did. Why not? I couldn't walk, right? I was incapacitated. No worries. It happens all the time." I needed to escape. Hide. Run away. The problem was, it was me I needed to hide from—not Seth. I made a huge gesture of looking around the penthouse living room. "Nice digs, huh? I guess we are rich. I hope you took the elevator and not the stairs. I'm not a light-weight. Were there people in the lobby? How many people saw it? Was I drooling? Should I have...?"

Seth held up his hand for me to stop talking. "Just breathe, Baker. It's a natural reaction to the chemicals your body releases from the pleasure you receive from the pain. It's nothing to be ashamed of. If anything, you should be proud. You have an ability...a gift that not many people are able to achieve, no matter how hard they try or how much time and training they invest. Why does it bother you?"

I looked away, ashamed. I shouldn't enjoy the feelings coursing through my body. I

shouldn't crave another man's hands on me. The visions that intruded into my mind, no matter how hard I tried to push them away, shouldn't be there. They were dangerous. I could easily see myself confusing reality with fantasy.

A horrible thought crashed into me. "Did I suck your cock?" My eyes bore into his. "Tell me, Seth! Did I?"

He looked amused. "No, Baker, you didn't. Why would you think you did?"

Because I'd imagined it when I knelt in front of him. His scent was strong and mixed with a hint of musk. The bulge at his crotch had called out to me and I'd wondered what he tasted like. Did that part of him smell as good as the rest of his body? Would his cock be thick or long...or both? Would it fit in my mouth or choke me when he pushed too far down my throat? Would it feel like velvet or steel inside my mouth?

"No reason," I answered, bewildered by the direction of my thoughts and the disappointment I felt upon hearing I hadn't gotten the opportunity to let him fuck my mouth.

"Drink the rest of the water, Baker. Don't make me tell you again."

I gulped the rest of the bottle down and tossed it aside. I'd tried being mad. I'd tried pouting. What would be my next game plan to purge Seth from my soul?

I stood up, wobbled, steadied myself and then pulled my body up into perfect posture. "Which room is mine?" I asked. "I need a shower."

Seth stood up, crossed the room, and wrapped his hand against my upper arm. "This way," he ordered as he pulled me down the hall. We passed one bedroom door and then pushed the second door open. "This is your room, Baker. Come on, let's get you to the shower." He kept pulling at my arm and I kept following. Once inside the

luxurious bathroom, he began stripping my clothes off. It wasn't sexual. His movements were gentle yet firm and he had me stripped in seconds. "Don't move," he told me as he moved toward the shower, turned the water on, and waited until he felt like the temperature was acceptable. When he was satisfied, he motioned for me to step underneath the hot spray. I hissed when the water made contact with my burning ass and he quickly turned me around. "I have some cream for that. I'll put it on you once you've showered." He looked at me and asked, "Do I need to wash you? If you're too weak, I'll handle it for you."

I wanted him to, but I also knew my body couldn't handle more of his...touch. Not yet. Every inch of my body was over—sensitized, and Seth was responsible for that sensitivity. Damn him. "I've, uh, got it," I answered weakly. "Can I be alone for a few minutes? I...kinda need it." I forced myself to look him in the eye and added, "I promise I'll yell if I feel dizzy or weak."

He studied me, looking for dishonesty, and finally agreed, "Okay, but yell, Baker. I'll be here within seconds. I'm going to grab the cream and I'll wait for you in your bedroom. Don't bother getting dressed yet. Your ass will appreciate my medicated cream."

I nodded because it was all I could do. If I opened my mouth, I might beg him to stay. When I closed my eyes, I could see his hands, slippery with soap, washing the sweat and dried cum from my body. "I'm good. Please leave."

"Are you sure, Baker?"

"More than sure," I growled. I expected him to get angry or frustrated with me. Instead he chuckled softly...which was even worse, I supposed.

"You are definitely going to keep me on my toes. First my aftercare isn't enough and now it's too much." He ran his fingers through my hair, massaging my scalp in the

process, and said, “Don’t worry. We’ll get there in due time. It’s a learning process for both of us...Baker.”

He left the room, pulling the door toward him but leaving it cracked so he could hear in case I needed him. How in the hell did he know what him saying my name did to me? Why did it do something to me? I pushed the thoughts away and rushed through the process of scrubbing myself clean. It was my cum dried on my skin, not his. Seth had yet to get any relief during our encounters. I had to be honest with myself, I sucked as a Dom’s sub.

It would have been easy to stay hidden in the shower and contemplate my shortcomings, but I knew if enough time passed, Seth would come after me. With my body clean and hair washed, I stepped out of the shower and grabbed an extra fluffy towel—where did they find towels this fluffy? Thankfully, it was as soft as I imagined clouds would be and wasn’t too rough on my abused flesh. After wrapping the towel around my waist, I brushed my teeth. Flossed. Shaved. Towel dried my hair. Cleaned up the mess I’d made in the bathroom. Used the toilet. Paced the confines of the super-sized room a couple of times. Then, and only then, did I admit I’d run completely out of stalling methods. It was time to face Seth and his delightful cream, which I assumed he intended to rub on my sore ass. Nice.

His words about the aftercare popped into my head. He was one hundred percent correct, but, in my defense, the first time had been his problem, not mine. Tonight, however, was all me. The thing was, I suspected I knew what both our problems were—we’d each enjoyed the encounters more than we’d known we would. Seth had wanted to dislike me...to prove I couldn’t be a worthy sub since I wasn’t gay. My goal had been to prove him wrong. I’d known my training would get me through any stumbling blocks he tried to throw my way—well, except for the one where my body, the damned fucking traitor it was, wanted him. In all the possible scenarios I’d tumbled around in my head, this had never been one of them.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

Yet, here I...wanted him. Not really knowing what I wanted, but wanting him, nonetheless. Anal sex was off the table—that shit had to hurt-and while I liked a bit, or a bunch, of pain during play time, I usually regarded sex time as all pleasure. Oral sex? When I rolled out of bed this morning that also had been a huge negative. After tonight, I was more than...curious. I could lie to everybody at that club and Seth, but there was no lying to myself. I'd wanted his cock in my mouth.

Why? I didn't have a fucking clue.

I took a deep breath, held my shoulders up, and opened the door enough to step through. Seth was there, sitting on my bed, grinning like the asshole that was starting to grow on me, and holding his bucket of cream.

I hadn't taken the first step when he said, "And setting a new world's record in the Olympic game of stalling in the bathroom is Agent Baker Daley! Give him a round of applause!"

I couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled up. I might have known he'd see straight through me. Instead of trying to deny the obvious, I simply took a bow to the fake crowd and grinned back at him. "Guilty."

He smiled back, and I found myself amazed at how much the genuine smile softened his features. If we didn't have this giant gay/straight wall between us, I would undoubtedly enjoy hanging out with him. Hell, I enjoyed being around him already. If that wall between us ever crumbled, I'd be in serious trouble.

"Lose the towel and lay down on your belly, gold medalist. Let's see how much

damage I've done to that cute bubble butt of yours."

I hesitated as the images flickered through my mind again. Me draped across his lap. My cock, hard and leaking, trapped between his legs. His open hand spanking my ass with a diligence that could have earned a gold medal, itself. The crowd that had gathered around us. The wicked remarks. And then...blackness. It had been a taste of heaven.

"You gonna Rainbow me over cream to the ass?" he asked.

"Fuck off," I answered with a grin. My feet finally started moving and within seconds, I was naked and lying on the bed in front of him. "If you tell me to put a pillow under my hips, I'm going to slug you. Sir." I added sweetly.

"Hmmm...I hadn't thought about it, but now that you've mentioned it, that's an excellent idea." He grabbed a pillow and said, "Lift up."

He was right, I'd asked for that one. I should have kept my big mouth closed. I lifted my hips and he had the pillow, doubled—over, of course, beneath my hips before I could think of another curse word to direct toward him. With the pillow folded, my ass was even more arched into the air. I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment, but my cock was hardening. Maybe I was into humiliation after all?

Gently he rubbed the cream against my skin and it felt delicious. My flesh still burned from his punishment and the cream had the perfect amount of coolness to make the burn become a faint memory. "Not bad at all," he murmured. "You're barely pink. I went too easy on you. It won't happen again. I can't wait to see this ass a bright red."

As red as my face?

"Yeah, well I can't wait to challenge you on the mats...when this is over, of course. I

bet I can shut that smart mouth up in a nice wrestling match.”

His fingertip made a seductive trail down the center of my back. When he reached the top of my crack, he leaned over and said, “There are other...waysto shut my smart mouth up,Baker.” His tongue licked my ear. “And they’re a lot more fun and...tasty.”

Oh, fuck.

Suddenly, he pulled back. “I’m going to make you a sandwich, you stay here, just the way you are. We need to let the cream air dry before you turn back over. I’ll only be a few minutes. Ham or turkey?”

“Turkey,” I mumbled. My mind was too occupied with the image of my cock in his mouth to give more than one—word answers. When he returned a short time later, the images were still in my head and my naked ass was still in the air. When I heard his chuckle, I flipped over and dove beneath the covers. There was absolutely no reason to display my stiff-as-stone cock to him. No reason at all.

“Eat your sandwich, the apple, drink the power drink, and then go to sleep. You need rest after this evening’s events.” He sat the tray on the nightstand next to me and took hold of my chin, tilting my head to the left and then the right. “You already had dark circles under your eyes when we boarded the plane this morning. You aren’t taking care of yourself properly. That’s unacceptable,” he reprimanded. His thumb tenderly brushed the skin beneath my eye. “Lights out in twenty minutes, Baker. I’ll be on the balcony, in the hot tub, if you need me for anything.” He pointed toward the wall of curtains in my room. “I’ll keep those closed for your privacy, but just step outside the door and give me a yell. Understood?”

If anybody else said it to me, I’d feel like I was being dismissed. With Seth, it made me feel warm and fuzzy, like he was taking care of me. “Yes, Daddy,” I teased as I tore into the sandwich. I hadn’t realized how famished I was until he’d placed the

food next to me.

His eyes darkened. “Don’t start something you can’t finish, Baker.”

He softened the darkness with a wink, and quickly left the room, leaving me wondering what in the hell his comment meant. I didn’t wonder long, though. Exhaustion quickly took over and my eyes were too heavy to hold open. With the last of my energy, I switched the lamp off and within seconds, the first true sleep I’d gotten in days snuck in and knocked me on my ass. My last thoughts were of Seth and dammit if that didn’t make me smile.

Chapter 5

Seth

I leaned my head back against the tile of the hot tub and stared up at the stars. It was a beautiful night. The temperature and pulsating massaging of the tub's jets were perfect. After two sandwiches, my stomach was full and the two empty bottles of beer on the edge of the hot tub had been deliciously cold and hit the spot. Our first night at the club couldn't have gone more perfectly if I'd handwritten the entire evening myself. The meeting with Javier went well—he was a man desperate to catch the motherfucker trying to destroy him and those he cared about. When Baker and I went out into the club, my pouty sub had every Dom eating out of his hand in the first thirty minutes. The fuckers had literally followed him around like he was a dog in heat. It had taken every inch of willpower in my body to not rip each of their heads off. For Baker's part, he seemed totally oblivious to the impact he made. The other subs were green with jealousy—none of them were nearly as gorgeous, responsive or magnificently trained as Baker. If we were there to get attention, Baker had ensured the night to be a huge success.

Yes, the night had been sheer perfection...except I was in the hot tub alone and Baker was in his bed, sleeping like a baby. My cock was harder than it'd ever been in my life. I'd jacked off twice in the hot tub, each time imagining how gorgeous Baker's ass had looked across my lap. Or the way he melted against me when I'd carried him out of the club and then up to our new penthouse. Or the way he'd licked his lips hungrily when he'd been on his knees in front of me, eyeing my cock like a hungry dog would with a juicy bone. Or the way....

My cell phone interrupted my wicked thoughts. It was two in the morning, this couldn't be good. "Seth," I snapped. Baker was safely tucked in his bedroom. I had nothing to worry about. Fuck, had another sub been taken? I was so into Baker that I'd almost forgotten why we were there. "What's happened?"

"Apparently," Landon drawled out slowly, "you and Baker made quite an impression at the club tonight. Did you think it went well?"

"Of course, it went well. I told you it would. Why are you calling me at this ungodly hour to have a discussion?"

"Because, right now, as we speak on the phone, there's a person watching you from the apartment directly opposite of yours. One of our men noticed an odd reflection from one of the windows and, imagine his surprise, when he pulled out his nifty night binoculars and saw someone looking in your direction through a telescope."

I kept my head leaned back against the hot tub. The last thing we needed to do was let the guy know we were onto him. I reached for my beer and took another swig. "We can't move on him now. We'll have nothing but a case of dirty voyeurism...and that's not even against the law."

"Yes, I'm well aware of that, Agent Wilkinson," he drawled. "I'm also aware of the fact that you're on the balcony and Baker is nowhere to be seen. How exactly do you think that looks to our man...if he's really our man?" Landon kept talking. "It's probably a long shot that he's involved at all, I doubt our guy could have located you so quickly, rented a room, and set up a telescope...but you never know."

"I made sure to mention where we were living several times at the club," I answered. "That clears up the finding us so quickly, but doesn't answer the getting a room rented. These are high—end, expensive apartments, not hotels. That definitely doesn't push me in the direction of believing there's any connection."

“Would this help?” Landon asked. “Your building and the one across from you, are owned by Jericho Flores, Javier’s brother. I can’t find out much on him, but we’re still digging. According to Javier, and verified with all our intel, he’s estranged from his entire family. They are far-right religious and disowned Javier years ago.”

“I don’t suppose it’s a coincidence this is the apartment building you put us in, huh?”

“Not at all. You know I don’t trust anyone, including family. Don’t worry, though. Your penthouse has been swept for any type of video or recording devices. We’ll run a sweep two or three times a day to ensure you and Baker have privacy when inside the penthouse.”

“So, this bit of information improves the possibility of this guy across the way actually being involved with what’s going on with Javier,” I agreed. “Wow. That’s bullshit, right there.”

“Agreed, but we all know the biggest bullshitters can be from our own family,” Landon said. “Anyway, I just wanted you to know he was there and that it might not look good that you’re in the hot tub without Baker. Just sayin’.”

“Actually, the fact that Baker is in bed and I’m in the hot tub would be perfectly normal following a scene. He needed to crash after what I put him through.” I sat up, making certain to never look toward the windows across from me, and looked at the closed curtains that hid mine and Baker’s separate bedrooms. That could have been a huge fuck up on our end, straight out of the gate. “Are they still watching?” I asked. I heard Landon talking to someone in the background.

“Telescope is still there. Are you naughty naked in that hot tub, Seth?”

“You betcha,” I answered. “Looks like it’s time for me to turn in for the night. We are going back to the club for another three days, to give Baker some time to get more

acquainted with how I do things, but you and I will touch base tomorrow.”

“You’re about to give him a show, aren’t you?” Landon asked. “Tell me you’re going to.”

I climbed out of the hot tub and stretched, giving the voyeur a good long look at my hard cock, and answered, “Only if Baker’s in the mood for some make-believe.” I looked at my watch. He hadn’t been sleeping for more than an hour, so I hated to wake him up. On the other hand, it might be a golden opportunity to lure our guy in even deeper. “Talk to you tomorrow, Landon.”

I disconnected the call and let myself into the penthouse. It was totally dark inside, but I could see enough to make my way toward Baker’s bedroom. As soon as I opened the door, Baker sat straight up.

“What’s wrong?” he asked as he reached for the bedside lamp.

“No! Leave it off,” I told him as I made my way across the room. His room, with the curtains pulled tight, was even darker and I stubbed my toe twice, cursing each time. When I finally made it to the bed, I could hear him laughing at me. “Stop laughing. That really hurt,” I whined.

He snorted. “If you think that hurt, you could never be a sub! Toe—stubbing is a cake-walk compared to what you do.”

I sat on the edge of the bed and felt encouraged by the fact he didn’t automatically scoot to the opposite side. If anything, it felt like he moved closer to me. Of course, I could be imagining that simply because that’s what I wanted him to do.

“I heard you talking to somebody out on the balcony. What’s going on?”

“It looks like we have a small problem,” I started. “Some of Landon’s men noticed there’s a man in one of the apartments across from ours that appears to be watching our penthouse through a telescope. Maybe it’s nothing, maybe it’s something. We aren’t sure. Javier’s family owns both the buildings, so that adds more ingredients into the mix. Whether it’s innocent voyeurism or our guy, there’s no way to know for sure until we do more investigating. I think it does, however, mean we’ve really got to be diligent about keeping the curtains closed. If it’s our guy and he realizes we aren’t sleeping together and not being...affectionate, it might send up warning flags.”

My eyes had acclimated to the darkness, so I could see when he turned his head toward the curtains, studied them, and then turned back to me. “Is he watching now?”

“According to Landon...yes.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

“Hmmm.” He was quiet for a few more seconds and then said, “Well, let’s open the curtains and give him something to look at.”

My body must have jerked in shock, because he quickly added, “You non-straight guys can do it under the blanket, can’t you? It’s not like I’m asking you to fuck me, but we can surely fool somebody who’s a hundred yards away, right?”

I hated the nasty taste of disappointment that settled over me. Schooling my features, I answered, “Normally blankets are a no-no. We aren’t prudes like you straight dudes, but I can make an exception for you.” I tried to tease him, hoping he couldn’t hear the disappointment in my voice. What had I expected?

“Uh...are you naked?” he asked.

I laughed. “Yeah, don’t tell me you non-gay guys do it with clothes on.” I got up and went over to push the button that would cause the curtains to slide open. As an afterthought, I pushed the second button—the one that opened the balcony doors. Within seconds, the curtains had shifted to the end and the glass doors had disappeared into the walls. The night breeze caressed my burning skin as I stared out into the darkness. When I turned around, there would be no hiding the hard-on I sported...not with the full moon blazing in the night sky.

“Sir?” he said quietly.

“No, not in here.” I told him. I wasn’t sure why I said the words...why I didn’t want to slip into our Dom/sub roles, but I didn’t. The reality of it was everything about us was a lie.

Another reality was I didn't want it to be.

I knew I was treading on dangerous ground. Danger or not, I slowly walked toward the bed. His eyes, the blue sparkling with the moonlight, stared at my cock. It wasn't disgust on his face. It wasn't desire, either. Maybe...intrigue. Hopefully, interest.

No, it wasn't dangerous ground. It was more like quicksand and I was sinking fast. Too fast. I climbed into the bed, pulled the blanket over me, and turned my back to him...like a coward. "This isn't a good idea, Baker. We'll leave it with sleeping in the same bed. There's no need to try and put on a performance for our peeping Tom."

I felt him scoot closer to me and then felt his hand touch my back. "Don't get scared, big guy. I don't bite."

His hand massaged my shoulder. He was laughing at me...enjoying my discomfort. I guessed I'd earned that from him. "Maybe that's the problem," I answered. "I could play along with this...if only you were a biter." Tease him. Act like it's no big deal. Think about something horrible like drowning puppies—anything to get some of the blood out of my cock and back into my brain.

I hissed in shock when I felt his teeth clamp down on my shoulder. He bit me. Hard. Followed it with a lick.

"Come on, Agent Wilkinson. He may be watching. Don't disappoint him."

The bite. His tongue. The husky sound of his voice. It was all too much. Too good. The thin string that had been holding me back snapped. One second I'd been on my side, letting him touch and tease me, and in the next second, I'd turned and was on top of him. The blanket...his security blanket...was knocked aside with my sudden movement. I wasn't gentle when I pushed his legs apart and settled my weight between them.

Braced over him, I could easily see his eyes were wide with surprise. I was certain this was a position he wasn't used to being in—legs spread with someone between them. My cock, still rock hard, rested against the flat muscles of his stomach...next to his own cock.

Holy fuck! Baker was as hard as I was.

I looked at his face. His tongue darted out and wet his lips. His cock twitched and bumped against mine.

"I...I can't do that, Seth," he stuttered. "Fuck," he muttered quietly. "I know I'm sending out mixed signals. I'm sorry, that's fucked up and unfair. It's just that I'm...confused. My body tells me one thing but my head screams another."

He tried to look away, but I grabbed him by the chin and made him look at me. "Keep talking. Please," I begged.

"I'm not gay, Seth."

Not what I wanted him to say when I'd asked him to keep talking.

"But you make me...think things. Wonder about things. Imagine things." He took a deep breath. "I'd be lying if I didn't say being with you has made me curious." Another deep breath. His heart pounded so hard I could see it make his chest move. "I also know that's about one of the rudest fucking things to say to you...to do to you." He pushed against my chest. "Ignore me, Seth. I'm sorry I bit you. You were right, this is a bad idea."

When he pushed against me, I didn't budge. It was a fucking weak push, anyway. I damned well knew he was stronger than that. "Curious, huh?"

“Don’t make fun of me,” he growled. “Get off me, you weigh a ton.”

He wriggled beneath me, sending shock waves straight to my cock and balls. Would it be possible for me to come just from a swivel of his hips? Maybe.

“No kissing on the lips,” I said to him in response to his telling me to get off him.

He froze. Gulped. Blinked. Licked his lips again. “No kissing on the lips,” he finally whispered.

I would end up getting hurt. Curious men were the worst—they played with you, tossed you back into the water, and then wanted you to swim away and forget they existed. I had a feeling once I sampled Baker, I’d never be able to forget he existed.

One sample would be worth all the pain.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:46 am

I smiled down at him and added, “And I assume you don’t want my cock in your ass, correct?”

“Uh...yeah, that’s correct,” he stammered. “I’m not ready for that. Hell, I may not be ready for anything.”

Not to cross any lines with Rainbow, I said, “Just say stop and it ends.”

“Got it. Stop. I can do that,” he whispered.

His voice already sounded breathless. I figured he’d stop everything the minute I started touching him, and I couldn’t blame him—he was straight. Was I pushing him? Manipulating him into doing what I wanted? I knew how badly he wanted to succeed in this mission, so was I inadvertently using that as a weapon against him? Was what I was about to do some kind of power abuse over him?

“Did you hear me say stop?” he asked, interrupting my train of thought.

“No.”

He laughed softly...nervously. “Well, I hope you aren’t expecting me to take the lead on this. I have no idea what to do with that monster between your legs. I’m gonna need some guidance.”

His hand, the one that had been pushing against my chest, slowly lowered until his fingertips grazed the top of my cock and then slid down the length—just a whisper of a touch, but enough to nearly send me over the edge. I pulled away long enough to

reach for the nightstand, open the drawer, and dig around. There was no way Landon hadn't supplied our bedrooms with lube, he wouldn't do that to me. "Yes!" I hissed in victory when my hand closed around the tube. Flipping the lid open, I squeezed a nice handful into my palm. "Don't panic. This isn't to make penetration easier. I had something else in mind."

"I trust you," he answered simply. "I never thought differently. I've told you what I don't want to do, and I know you'll stay within the...guidelines."

He was terrified. It was written all over his face. He was also aroused and more than a little interested. He trusted me. I needed to offer him the same trust and know that he'd tell me if he lost interest.

I kept my lower body settled between his spread legs, but leaned most of my upper body's weight on my right elbow. With the lube palmed in my left hand, I reached down and wrapped it around both our cocks, sliding up and down until both our dicks were coated from top to bottom. He'd hissed...then gasped. As I kept rubbing our hard lengths together, his noises turned into a moan. It was the sweetest fucking sound ever.

I made sure to swipe the tip of his cock with my thumb with each pass, mixing his precum with the lube. It didn't take many swipes to realize his slit was an extra sensitive spot for him. His Mistress hadn't mentioned that to me. I'd like to tell myself she didn't know—that she hadn't handled him the way I was. As my hand continued to work both of us, I dipped my head to his chest and placed a few kisses and nibbles on his pecs. "That kind of kissing okay?"

"De—definitely," he answered. His breathing was faster...deeper.

I could tell he was trying to hold sounds back, to keep them hidden from me, but I wouldn't allow that much longer. I needed to hear what his pleasure sounded like. I

craved it.

Before long, his hips started thrusting, so I kept my hand still, allowing him to control the motion and speed. My mouth kept tormenting his chest for a few minutes before I finally moved to tongue a nipple. It hardened instantly, and another moan ripped from his throat.

“Fuck! That feels so good. So. Fucking. Good.”

His hips moved faster. The moonlit room was filled with sounds of sex. The squelching sound of the lube. Our heavy breathing. His soft moans and my own grunts and growls. It was merely a hand job for both of us...but it was the best damned sex I’d ever had in my life. I could get lost in watching the look on his face. His eyes were at half mast, looking all lazy and aroused. His lips were parted and if I kept my eyes locked there, I’d see him either bite his bottom lip or his pink tongue would dart out and lick nervously. With the moon’s light, I could see how flushed his body was...how pebbled his nipples were.

I felt my own balls draw up and knew I was going to embarrass myself and blow my load if I spent any more time looking at his face, watching his expressions. Trying to prolong the best night of my life, I looked away from his puffy lips...looked down to the spot where my hand wrapped around both our cocks. My hips met his thrusts, and we were in sync with our lust—driven movements.

“Oh, fuck. I think I’m gonna come,” he hissed. His hand reached up and wrapped around my bicep with a tight grasp. “I...I need....”

His brow crinkled into a frown and he moved his head from side to side on the pillow in frustration. His teeth gnawed at his bottom lip. “I want...more.”

“Give me your hand,” I growled.

Without hesitation, he lifted his hand to me. I squirted lube on it and said, “Work your cock, baby. Show me what you like. I’m going to put my finger inside of you...show you something special. Is that okay? Or too much?”

“No, no...definitely okay,” he answered quickly. “More than okay. Why do I want that so fucking bad?”

“Don’t worry about the ‘whys’,” I ordered. “Just let me pleasure you. Come on, show me how you play with yourself when nobody’s there to give you what you need. Make yourself come for me, babe.”

I leaned back to where I was sitting my ass on my heels between his spread legs.

He made a grab toward my cock but missed as I moved back. “Hey! I wanted to touch that. I thought I was gonna....”

“Don’t worry about me.” The pout on his face was incredibly cute. “I’m so close that just watching you will be enough for me.” He still pouted but his hand obediently started sliding up and down his own length...without much passion, but I felt confident I’d get him there pretty quickly. “Spread your legs wider, Baker.” I took his ankles and bent his legs to where his feet rested on the mattress next to his hips. It gave me a perfect view of his pucker, taint, and balls. If he handled his cock properly, I could handle the rest. I pushed his knees and said, “A little wider. I’ve seen your training videos, I know how flexible you are.”

“Yeah, well, I had my clothes on then,” he retorted. “This is different. Give me a beginner’s break, okay?” His voice was a whine, but his eyes sparkled with fun and his legs widened.

Nervous Baker was funny. I liked him just fine. I squirted more lube onto my hands and said, “Are you sure you’re okay with this?”

Page 17

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

He frowned. “Making me beg is rude, Seth.”

I pushed one digit against his hole and his mouth snapped shut.

“Oh, fuck. Okay. I’m good.”

I couldn’t stop the grin that spread across my face when I looked down at him. He was concentrating so damned hard. “You know I haven’t done anything yet, right?”

“So help me, Jeezus, I’m going to kill you one day,” he muttered, and then opened his mouth to say something else.

My finger slid inside...shutting him up.

“Fuck, you’re tight,” I said. My eyes were locked on the spot where my finger disappeared inside of him. His inside walls were hot and clamped greedily on what invaded him. I pushed deeper and watched as he arched his back off the mattress. The stroking of his cock had grown faster...more desperate.

“Yeah, that. There.”

He’d suddenly turned into a bossy little sub...and I liked it. Hell, I liked everything about Baker Daley. I slid my finger the rest of the way in, pushed, pulled it almost completely out, and then went deep again. Again and again, I worked my digit inside him, loosening the tightness and allowing him to relax. Using my knees, I lifted his hips a bit and rested them on me, tilting him upward enough to give me an even better view. The cords in his neck strained and sounds of pleasure spilled from his lips. He

was gorgeous.

When I thought he'd loosened up enough, I stretched him more by adding another finger.

"Hmmmm," he responded and then used his free hand to begin fondling his balls.

"Do you like your taint played with?" I asked right before I rubbed a finger over the spot and then pushed against it. His back arched gracefully again.

"Uh...yeah. Who doesn't?"

The lube had mixed with his precum and dribbled over his balls, taint, and slowly slid to the hole I had plugged with my fingers. The way his hand vigorously worked his dick caused a wicked sound to tickle my cock. I kept a finger pressed against his taint but crooked the ones inside of him, searching for his sweet spot. I found the nub of nerves and pushed against it.

It was all it took to send him over the edge.

"Arrgghhh!" he roared as he bucked his hips one last time and spurted cum all over his chest and stomach. His balls emptied load after load.

When I could finally pull my eyes away from the pattern of white coating him, I looked at his face and the look of pure pleasure caused me to shoot my own load, mixing it with his. I'd never in my life come without anyone touching me or without some physical stimulation...before Baker. Post Baker—my life would never be the same again. I knew I traveled down a dead end path, but I couldn't stop. I'd picked up too much speed. There was no turning back at this point.

When our breathing settled, and I thought there was a chance I might have the

strength to stand up, I gently eased his legs back to the mattress, slid off of the bed, and headed to the bathroom. Wetting a washrag, I cleaned myself up and then ran warm water over another cloth for Baker. When I walked back into the bedroom, he was still lying in the same position. For a few seconds, I thought he'd drifted off to sleep but when he turned his head in my direction, his eyes were open—wide open. He looked...terrified.

“Hey, it’s okay, Baker. You were experimenting, nothing more. A lot of men do it. Don’t put too much thought into it.” All my words were wrong—the opposite of what my heart wanted me to say. With a determined step, I crossed the floor and said, “Here, let me clean you up.” He didn’t move as I gently wiped him clean with the warm rag. If I wasn’t mistaken, he was on the edge of a panic attack, and when he went off, it would break my damned heart.

And I hated myself for that fucking weakness.

“I’ll clean away all the evidence and we can pretend it never happened.”

Words. Stupid words. Ignorant words. Untrue words. They kept falling out of my mouth.

Knowing there was a good chance our voyeur was still looking through his telescope, I tossed the rag in the direction of the bathroom and climbed into the bed with Baker, careful not to touch him. Leaning up, I retrieved the blanket I’d arrogantly kicked aside earlier and pulled it over us. The room was quiet—him on his side of the bed and me on mine. I wanted to hold him, to somehow make his discomfort and denial go away, but knew it would probably result in a wrestling match which wouldn’t be able to be explained to whoever watched us.

One minute of silence passed. Two minutes. Three. At least he wasn’t having a hissy fit—not on the outside. I was sure he was dying on the inside. Four minutes before

the deafening silence was finally broken.

“Seth...I think we have a problem,” he said in a low, quiet voice.

Here it came.

He wasn't going to be able to work with me anymore. What just happened could never happen again. Or one of my personal favorites—I'd misconstrued his actions and thought he wanted something he really didn't.

I'd expected this moment and thought I'd feel nothing but anger and bitterness. Instead of those emotions, though, I felt...grief—a sadness I hadn't felt in a very long time. Dealing with anger would have been so much easier.

“What's that, Baker?” I asked. My voice sounded defeated. Hell, I was defeated.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when he rolled over, tucked his head beneath my chin and draped one leg over both of mine. One of his arms ended up across my stomach with his palm resting against my side.

“I, uh, don't think I'm as straight now as I was this morning.”

I'd been through a lot in my life, both good and bad. I'd learned to roll with the punches and not let life surprise me enough to knock me flat on my ass. Baker had just knocked me on my ass. Of all the words I'd expected him to say, those weren't anywhere on my radar. A wave of happiness washed over me so fiercely that I almost giggled out loud. I felt my mouth form a huge smile.

“Baker...I don't think that's a problem.”

Chapter 6

Baker

I'd done a lot of things in my life I was ashamed of, but none of them more so than the cowardly way I'd just behaved. Since my first introduction to Agent Seth Wilkinson, I hadn't been able to get much sleep, no actual rest, and definitely not any peace of mind. He'd troubled me from the very first moment I laid eyes on him, but I hadn't been able to understand what it was about him that made me so...itchy. When we'd boarded the plane to Miami, I'd already been exhausted. Then there'd been the thing at the club. Then the aftercare. Then him fixing me food and worrying about my obvious lack of sleep. Then....

Then the almighty, mother of all biggies—the visit to my bedroom in the middle of the night. When I'd heard him talking out on the balcony, I knew something regarding the assignment was going on. It wasn't likely he'd be discussing the weather with a friend at that time in the morning. I'd waited for him to come to my room and brief me. I was ready for that. I wasn't ready for him to show up completely naked, looking all motherfucking hot, delicious, and all the things he should not look to me. Nevertheless, that was exactly how it worked out.

I took one look at him and all brain functioning stopped. Dead. I had zero capacity to listen to assignment details, regardless of how important they might have been. Zero capacity! The only thing I found myself capable of was looking at his defined muscles, sexy tattoos, and that humongous monster cock between his legs. He'd been rock hard. One look and my dick obviously thought 'well, two can play that game' and...the rest was history.

To say I'd acted like a hungry whore, begging for something because I was too inexperienced in the man on man action department to even know what to beg for, would be the understatement of the decade. Him wanting to put on a show for our possible perp had simply opened a door for me. I'd not only crept through, I'd knocked the motherfucker down in my haste to get inside.

None of that, however, was what I was ashamed about. No, it was the best sex I'd ever had in my life and I wasn't going to lie to myself about it and pretend it was something other than the fucking epic moment that it was. I was ashamed because this morning, in the light of the day when all my dirty fantasies were satiated, I'd pretended to be asleep after Seth woke up. I could sense he wanted to do...something, and I'd lain stiff as a fucking board, eyes glued shut, and tried my dead-level best to keep my breathing even.

My dead-level best hadn't been good enough. There was no doubt in my mind he knew I was awake, but he'd been gentlemanly enough to not call me on it. After about twenty minutes, which had felt like an hour, he'd climbed out of the bed, used the restroom, and quietly left the room. Thirty minutes later, I was still piled up in the bed, contemplating what I'd done, what it had meant to me, and how it would forever change my life.

Andtherewas where the problem lay. There was no doubt in my mind that what happened last night was nothing more to Seth than a playful night with a curious virgin, so far as man on man action. It hadn't been earth-shattering and life-altering to him. If anything, I'd been a really bad lay. Hell, he'd done all the work and I'd done all the moaning. So, this morning, after I woke up and snuggled up against him like I was lost in an ice storm and he was the last bit of heat left in the fucking entire world, I'd pretended to be sound asleep. Last night when I'd been weak and basking in the afterglow of the best orgasm of my life, I'd been able to ignore his comments about acting like it never happened and making the evidence disappear. This morning? Not so much.

The thing was, I had to get my head screwed back on properly so I could focus on what our true goal of being in Miami was...instead of wondering what Seth's cock would feel like in my ass. Sure, it sounded like a simple enough task, but I knew me—I'd never be able to do it.

I had to not let myself make this bigger than it was. It was sex. Nothing more, nothing less. Well, nothing more for Seth. A helluva lot more for me. Seth probably had sex with his subs all the time—many Doms did. For all I knew, last night was just another chance for Seth to help me get better prepared to handle being his sub when we 'performed' at Javier's club. Maybe Seth was right, the best way to handle the situation was to pretend it had never happened.

There was a soft knock on the door and then Seth swaggered in without giving me a chance to blink an eye, much less roll over to try and hide my Seth wood.

"Morning, Sleepy Head!" He said cheerfully but his eyes were sending me a telepathic message to remember that there was a good chance somebody could still be watching our every move through the open balcony doors. The curtains, hanging to the side, fluttered with the ocean breeze.

He leaned down and placed a casual kiss on my forehead. "Watchers," he whispered. When he rose back up, a fake smile was on his handsome face. "Come on. I made us some breakfast."

"Uh...y—yeah, s—sure. I'll be there in a second," I answered, stuttering like a total idiot.

He winked and walked out...like nothing had changed...like nothing had happened. I knew better than to be surprised. Hell, I'd just given myself the 'talk', but his nonchalance hurt even though I'd known to expect it. Knowing my choices were limited to jumping over the balcony and plunging to my death or facing him in the

kitchen, I went into the bathroom, did my business, brushed my teeth, and dug through a drawer to find some sweatpants and T-shirt. When dressed, I put on my game face, which consisted of me trying to mirror his nonchalance, and wandered down the hall toward the kitchen.

I smiled to myself—thinking of how facing Seth the Dom in the playroom hadn't been nearly as intimidating as facing Seth the Lover in the kitchen. Correction—he couldn't even be classified as a lover. He certainly wouldn't put himself into that category, so I didn't need to, either.

When I finally reached the kitchen, the scene in front of me was...breathtaking. Seth was over by the stove, scrambling eggs, frying bacon, and working on building a stack of pancakes. The fact that he cooked brought another smile to my face. It would be fun to tease him about it. The fact that he was wearing nothing more than a pair of loose fitting, low-hanging sweat pants that framed his perfect ass, caused my smile to vanish. I shouldn't notice his ass and I definitely shouldn't want to touch it.

With his back still turned to me, he said, "The curtains are open. If that's not going to work, go over and close them. Just act like the sun's too bright or something like that. I'm good either way. It's whatever you're comfortable with this morning."

"Nah, I'm good with 'em open," I answered in a shaky voice. I hoped I could handle it. "I guess it's best to keep them interested, yeah?"

"My thoughts exactly," he answered.

His voice wasn't shaky, it was...chipper. Bastard.

"Grab a seat. I've got this," he ordered.

Seth had already set the table, so I plopped down in one of the seats with a place

setting in front of it. I could do this, regardless of how awkward it was or how much of a lying hypocrite it made me feel like. With a surge of determination, I renewed my plan to pretend like last night had meant absolutely nothing more than both of us getting our rocks off.

He sat two platters down on the table, and turned to grab the plate holding the stack of fluffy pancakes. “I hope you like bacon, eggs, and pancakes.”

I looked at the food, it smelled delicious, but I normally had a bowl of cereal or a strawberry toasted pastry for breakfast. Not being much of a cook and disliking most fast food places, I’d kinda cornered myself into the cereal category. I knew Landon’s shoppers had gotten me my Fruity Pebbles and there were several boxes of strawberry yummy tucked away in the cabinet, just calling my name.

“Wow. This is a lot of food,” I said. “I, uh, usually just grab a boxed treat.” I really wanted that pastry. Not only did the fruity sugars cause a happy dance on my tongue, I didn’t need to allow myself to get into the habit of having somebody there for me, offering to cook a delicious smelling breakfast. My stomach growled. Apparently, my entire body was on Team Seth, betraying Team Baker at every corner.

When he arched a brow at me, I said, “I’ll just grab that box of toasted pastries.” I stood, ready to head toward the cabinet.

“Sit,” he ordered, and my ass hit the seat with a thud.

Traitor column: cock, balls, stomach, and ass.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

Those are my most favorite things about me—they bring me the most pleasure.

“Pop tarts and cereal aren’t exactly healthy, Baker. Especially not day after day. Does your Mistress not get upset with daily abuse of your body?”

I snorted out a laugh but quickly stifled it when I realized he wasn’t smiling. I guess the whole irony of him or my Mistress worrying about the abuse of my body was totally missed by him—flew straight over his head without slowing down. Lowering my head, I answered, “She hasn’t asked about my eating habits, Sir.”

“Mmmhmm,” he answered thoughtfully. “Better yet, Baker, go into the living room, grab a pillow off the sofa and bring it into the kitchen.”

With those words, he dismissed me and started fixing his plate. There went my toasted pastry, flying over the edge of the balcony just like my dignity had soared last night. I had a feeling I was about to be put into a time-out for my eating habits...which I thought were just fine and dandy. My stomach growled loudly when I bent over to pick up the cushion and I mumbled, “Yeah, it serves you right, you fucking traitor. Let’s see how much you like Seth after this morning.” In response, it rumbled again.

“Your cushion, Sir,” I said after I’d baby-stepped it back into the kitchen area.

“No, your cushion,” he answered with a smile. He’d already devoured nearly half the bacon and eggs. “Put it on the floor next to my seat.”

Ohhhhh, maybe my punishment wouldn’t be so horrific after all. A small part of me hoped he was about to force me into an educational class commonly referred to as

Cocksucking 101. Fuck...could I even do that? Yes, I was interested. Was I ready? Doubtful.

I placed the pillow next to his seat and waited.

“Remove your clothing and then put your knees on the pillow, hands clasped behind your back, and don’t move them again until I say you can.”

I could do naked. Naked I did all the time. My hands hesitated when they reached the hem of my T-shirt. Naked in front of Seth seemed...different. It was more.

“Please don’t keep me waiting, Baker,” he said politely. “It won’t benefit you at all to dawdle.”

As soon as he said my name, the clothes came off and my knees hit the pillow. I was so ridiculously easy. I should be ashamed of how easily he managed to maneuver my body and mind, but I wasn’t. Okay, maybe a little.

“Good boy,” he praised. “Do you have any food allergies I should be aware of?”

“No, Sir.”

“Excellent,” Seth answered as he picked up a piece of bacon. “You need to take better care of what’s mine, Baker. There’s plenty of time for sugary sweets but it most certainly isn’t every morning of your life. Your health is very important to me.”

A trickle of warmth started in my head and slid seductively down my entire body as Seth talked. I wasn’t sure any part of me, my health or body, had ever really been important to anybody. At a very young age, I’d learned to take care of myself while my parents jetted around the world, cruised on their private yacht, or graced galas or charity functions with their presence. If I had a toasted breakfast pastry for every time

my mother had reminded me of my accidental conception, Seth would really have a reason to worry about my health!

When he held the strip of bacon in front of my face, I reached up to accept the sweet gesture from him. He smacked the top of my hand hard enough to make me yelp in surprise and pain.

“What the fuck, Seth?” I rubbed the burn out of the top of my hand. “If you didn’t want me to have it, don’t dangle it in front of my face.”

Seth smiled. “That’s one.”

“That’s one, what?” I asked, still rubbing the sting.

“That’s one punishment for disobeying me. I told you to clasp your hands behind your back and leave them there. You’ll receive another punishment for speaking rudely to me and yet another one for your lack of respect when addressing me.” He took a bite from the piece of bacon he’d offered me a few seconds ago. “That’s a total of three punishments for today...and you aren’t even through breakfast yet.”

Seth was nothing more than a sneaky son of a bitch. He probably knew that slipping into my role as his submissive would ease my thoughts away from last night and toward something I was much more familiar and comfortable with. “Yes, Sir,” I answered quietly and dropped my chin against my chest. Several minutes passed with him eating and me wondering if I’d lost my last chance for food before he finally spoke again.

“Would you like a bite of your breakfast?” he asked.

Was it possible to hear a smirk in someone’s voice? Because if it was, I heard his loud and clear.

“Yes, Sir,” I answered.

“Ask me nicely, then.”

Thankfully my head was still bowed, and he couldn’t see the eye roll I gave him.
“May I please have a bite of food?”

“Raise your head and open your mouth for me.”

When I obeyed, he broke off a piece of bacon and pushed it into my mouth. It was still warm and crispy, causing the delicious flavors to explode on my tongue. I chewed and swallowed. It wasn’t like I used my hands to eat, but they still felt weird clasped behind my back while I ate.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

He offered me another bite, which I gladly accepted. I'd never fried bacon and wasn't sure if it was easy to fuck up or if anybody could cook it, but I was pretty sure eating from Seth's hand made it the best bacon I'd ever had in my mouth.

"That's four, Baker—for the eye roll when your head was down," Seth explained calmly at the exact moment I tried to swallow my second bite. I nearly choked on the small piece of meat.

"There's no way you saw that," I grumbled.

His brow arched upward. "Are you denying it?"

"No, Sir."

"Very good, Baker," he said as he placed a forkful of eggs to my lips.

So our breakfast continued—him eating and then feeding me. I didn't exactly earn any more punishments, but did learn that if I allowed the maple syrup to accidentally trickle down my chin, Seth would make a tscking sound and then lick it off. Who would have ever known I could be such a messy eater?

When we finished, Seth said, "You did very well, Baker. Thank you for allowing me to take care of your needs."

"Thank you for taking care of me, Sir."

He leaned back in his chair and said, "I cooked. You clean up the mess. No clothes

will be necessary.”

I’d never taken the role of submissive outside the confines of a club or the playroom of my Mistress, so the game Seth played was new to me. As I washed the dishes, I was very aware of his eyes on my ass. By the time I’d finished, my hands trembled and my cock wept precum. At one point, my hand went down to squeeze the base of my cock and before I could manage to do anything to ease the ache between my legs, he was up and standing directly behind me. My hand froze mid-air.

He took hold of both my hands pulled them in front of me and told me to hold them there. After that, he proceeded to give both ass cheeks three hard swats with his bare hand. “Don’t ever think to touch yourself without my permission, Baker.” His hand reached down and wrapped around the hardness of my cock, giving my length several slow strokes. He swiped my leaking slit with the tip of his finger and used it as lubricant. His other hand reached between my legs from behind and toyed with my balls. “Spread your legs wider for me.”

My mind should have been screaming ‘a man is touching your cock and balls again’. Maybe it ought to have been screaming those words but instead it demanded ‘open your legs wider’.

I opened my legs wider.

It seemed odd with one of his hands coming at me from behind while one worked my cock from the front. Before I could stop myself, I leaned back against the hardness of his chest and whispered, “Thank you, Sir.”

His hands froze and then pulled away. I whimpered—literally whimpered.

“Put some workout clothes on. We’re going to spend a couple of hours in the gym working out and then we’re going to hand out your punishments. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.” There was no doubting the pout in my voice.

I started to walk away to do as he’d ordered when he said, “If you go in your room and touch yourself, Baker, I’ll make you wish you hadn’t.”

I whirled around. “You seriously want me to go to the gym sporting a hard—on? Don’t you think that might be a bit...distracting to the other residents of the building?”

“What will be distracting to the other residents will be when I bend you over my knee and spank your bare ass in front of them. The people in that gym probably won’t find it as sexy and entertaining as the clubbers did last night. Do you really want to embarrass yourself that way?”

I glared at him. He glared back.

He’d do it. I knew he would.

Exactly two hours and ten minutes later, we were riding the elevator back up to our penthouse suite. Sweat dripped off my body and my muscles ached in places I didn’t even know existed. He’d worked me harder in the gym than he did in the playroom. I should be exhausted, but instead felt exhilarated. A good workout always gave me a buzz, but working out with Seth by my side, issuing orders and demands in words that often sounded more like growls, caused me to feel like I’d set up permanent residency on Cloud Nine.

During our workout he told me parts of what he had planned to do to me that day. I’d shivered with a mixture of fear and delight. We were going to spend the next few hours playing. Well, I called it playing, he’d called it stretching my virgin ass with

every toy he'd brought with him. After that, we would spend the evening relaxing in the hot tub. Later tonight, he planned to grill us steaks and vegetables. There'd been a brief argument between us over that. I'd lost. If I wanted the steak, I had to eat the vegetables. No negotiations.

He'd left out mentioning what we might do in the bed that night, but my own imagination had kept my mind preoccupied during the hour long run on the treadmill. Tomorrow, he planned on another session during the day and then we were going to go to a club—not a BDSM club, but a dance club. Like a date. I loved to dance and couldn't wait to see Seth on the dance floor. The next night would be showtime at Javier's club, where it was my responsibility to draw as much attention to myself as I could. Landon wanted us to draw this guy out of hiding and to do it quickly.

I never wanted the Miami trip to end.

And, it was thinking stupid fucking shit like that last thought that would end up destroying me. This was a job. I was a job to Seth. What we were about to do in his playroom was practice for the show at the club. I needed to force my head to stop thinking of it in any other way.

We stepped off the elevator and he punched in the code to unlock the door. While we'd been out, Landon's men had swept the suite for cameras or recording devices and then kept watch over it in our absence. From what Seth told me, they would do this every time we left. They were good—I hadn't seen anybody watching us...good or bad. Of course, I seemed to only have eyes for Seth.

“Do you need to rest before we go to the playroom?” he asked, interrupting my thoughts.

“No, Sir,” I answered quickly.

“Go shower and meet me in there in twenty minutes.”

When I started to walk away, he grabbed my upper arm and jerked me back toward him. “Remember, Baker. There’s nobody watching in that room. It’s only us—Dom and sub. At any time you want to stop something, give me your safe word. I need to learn what you’re going to be comfortable or uncomfortable with before we visit Javier’s club again. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered. He’d just made it perfectly clear. His words reminded me that this was nothing more than a job to him.

With my chin up, I spun around and left him standing there. Fuck him for making me feel like shit for feeling.

Chapter 7

Seth

I stood in the entryway, staring at Baker's ass as he walked away. When he turned into the opening of his bedroom and quietly closed the door, I hissed out a string of curse words. I'd done something to upset him. What had I done? One minute there was a fire in his beautiful blue eyes and the next second, the fire flickered and then dimmed to nothing.

I went over the words in my head. Nothing. What could have upset him about his safety word reminder? I was only trying to take care of him. I was afraid that he, like me, had allowed lines to get blurred. Was his obvious desire to submit forcing him to follow my demands, even if he found them...repulsive?

Fuck no, he'd purred too loud last night.

Continuing to curse, I headed to my own bedroom, showered, dressed in tight leather pants, boots, and added a chest harness that made a crisscross pattern over my upper chest. I dressed the part, but my mind still worried about what had triggered the change in Baker. Had I scared him in the gym? Sure, I'd been fairly explicit when describing what I had planned for him in today's session, but he'd been turned on to the point that anyone could have seen the outline of his cock through his baggy sweats. If they were partially blind and missed that, they surely wouldn't have missed the wet spot on the front. He'd been aroused by my dirty talk.

What the fuck happened?

Still pondering the question, I went online to Javier's club to see if there were any comments, and my eyes widened in disbelief. There were over five hundred comments regarding the scene between Baker and me the previous night. There'd been maybe fifty people in the club and that had led to five hundred comments?

I smiled. This was exactly what Landon had hoped for.

With all the online chit chat regarding the new sub, nabbing Baker would be a wet dream for this guy...whoever he was. I should feel ecstatic—we'd catch the son of a bitch even faster. The problem was, I didn't want my time with Baker to come to an end.

I was so fucked. Without understanding how I'd managed to let myself fall so far and so fast for a freakin' straight boy, I headed toward the room we'd designated the playroom.

Inside the makeshift playroom, that was minus three-fourths of my toys, held none of my hand—made sex furniture, and didn't begin to have proper acoustics for an acceptable sound system...I found the only item that truly mattered—Baker. He was naked and kneeling next to the door. As I looked him over, I noticed most of the tension had left his body. I wasn't surprised, he truly did enjoy submitting and it calmed his soul.

"You're a big hit in Javier's online chat room," I told him. "You've done very well, Baker. I'm pleased with you."

"Thank you, Sir." He paused and then quietly added, "I've enjoyed myself...immensely."

I couldn't stop the smile the words caused to form on my face. "Yes, Baker, so have I," I told him. "However, after some...explorations last night, it appears that my sub's

ass is a bit tight. The game we played at Javier's last night will be forgotten and the crowd will be hungry for more. Are you ready to try more?" I bent down in front of him and used the tip of my finger to lift his chin. "How far are you willing to go, Baker?"

He paused, blinked, and answered, "As far as necessary, Sir."

I chuckled. "I doubt that." I walked to the center of the room and said, "Crawl to me, Baker."

Without hesitation, he dropped his hands to the floor and crawled in my direction. It wasn't a seductive tease crawl like a lot of my subs had used in the past. No, it was an honest—to—God crawl. He couldn't have looked sexier if he'd trained in a harem somewhere.

When he stopped in front of me, I said, "Very good. I checked Javier's online chat room and it appears my sub is the absolute talk of the Miami BDSM world. You're doing very well."

I looked down at his shoulders and noticed he was tight and tense. Frowning, I wondered what troubled him. We'd disagreed about many things and out and out fought over others, but in the playroom, participating in a scene, he'd thus far been spot—on, and it was because he enjoyed it. Baker was naturally submissive and had been trained well. His body and mind automatically performed perfectly once he placed himself in the proper environment. What was different today? Was it because of what happened last night? Neither of us discussed it—just tucked it away like it never happened. I assumed that's what he would want.

Of course, it could always be that after last night, after things turned somewhat intimate, maybe he didn't feel comfortable in his submissive role with a male Dom.

Whatever the reason was...regardless of who or what was to blame, I didn't play with someone if they weren't physically and mentally involved. The world was too dangerous for there to be any hint of hesitation.

I reached down and brushed his hair aside, tucking some behind his ear. "We're finished for today, Baker. Thank you for trying. Get dressed and I'll meet you in the living room."

His head snapped up and his eyes were wide as saucers. "Wh-what did I do wrong?"

"Absolutely nothing," I answered firmly. Squatting in front of him, I said, "Baker, you are more than perfect for any Dominant, male or female. Your submission is the most beautiful gift I've ever received. You aren't at fault in any way."

I started to stand back up, but he yanked me down. "Then why are you ending the scene? I...I thought we were...experimenting with things today. You said there were things we needed to do to prepare for our next appearance at the club."

He acted panicked and I hated seeing the look on his face. It made me want to kiss away his fears...but he'd made it plain kissing was the last thing he wanted from me.

"I can read your body, Baker. You don't want to be here, doing this. It's okay not to want to participate. If you aren't in the mood or just don't want to do it with me, you don't have to today, tomorrow, or ever again and that will be fine. Forcing someone, physically or mentally, is unacceptable."

His eyes dropped to the floor, looked around the room, and then back to me. I tried to prepare for what was about to come out of his mouth. If I'd learned anything about Baker, it was that he wasn't afraid to speak his mind, even when it made him uncomfortable. Right now, I could see how he struggled to find the words to explain what bothered him.

After several seconds, he said, “It isn’t that I don’t want to be here with you, Seth.” He paused and took another deep breath before plowing ahead. “It just seems...not right, you know?”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

No, I didn't know. I had no idea how we went from where we were last night to...here. Of course, I was a fucking idiot because anything and everything I did with Baker seemed...right. "Help me understand, Baker. I'm struggling with your body language. I realize we haven't had many opportunities together, but you've never seemed tense before now. Is it because of what we did last night? Is that what's changed things for you?"

"Uh...yeah," Baker answered like I was a moron.

"I see," I answered. I tried to keep the anger out of my voice but felt confident that I'd failed. Me being pissed off at him for being honest was pretty shitty, so I struggled to force myself to remain professional. "How would you like me to address this with Landon? Do you think you'd be comfortable with the two of us visiting the club, but not participating in a scene? There's been so much online chatter that we might be able to get away with minimal engagement."

When he looked at me this time, he didn't even attempt to hide his eye roll. "No, Seth, you don't see. Oh, and keep Landon out of this," he snapped. "When we started this...assignment, I knew it would be something I could do—even if you didn't have the same faith in my submissive abilities. I've participated in BDSM for a long time. It's given me the opportunity to hand over control to someone else, which helps with my OCD issues. I've, uh, had some really good Mistresses over the years. I know how to act in a scene."

I frowned. "It isn't supposed to be acting, Baker."

"Let me finish," he said with a frown to equal my own.

I nodded for him to continue—my anger beginning to ebb. His frustrations made me ache somewhere near the heart area...which was above and beyond idiocy.

“With the others, it was different. Maybe I was...acting, I don’t know. I didn’t think I was. Like I said, I enjoyed it. I’ve always gotten what I wanted.” His eyes locked with mine. “Until now.”

Well, fuck. There was no denying or lying, which hurt like a mother—fucker.

His tongue swiped his bottom lip before he continued. “Now, with you, what I’m doing doesn’t feel natural.”

Double-fuck.

“I’m saying and doing what I think I’m supposed to, the way I’ve been trained, but it isn’t what I want to do. I want what we’re doing to be more...real. There are things I want to do and say but I know they’re out of line.”

My stupid little heart jumped up for a high-five, right inside my chest. “What do you mean ‘out of line’, Baker? There isn’t a schoolbook of BDSM which describes how each submissive or dominant should behave. It should always be what makes both comfortable and brings enjoyment. No Dom or Domme wants a submissive whose responses are faked.”

He started shaking his head. “It isn’t like I’ve been faking. I haven’t. It’s just that when I’m with you, my responses are different...spontaneous, almost. When it’s always been easy to answer with a simple yes, or no, Ma’am, it’s not so easy now. I want to ask questions and say things.” His head dropped again and with the next statement, his voice lowered. “In my mind, I see me saying smartass, pouty things and I guess I’m asking for leniency for a while.” He waved in my direction and added, “All this is new to me and I don’t really have the experience or training to act

properly. I just...I just want it to be morereal.”

Real—there was nothing I wanted more. I caressed his cheek and he leaned into my touch. Warning alarms sounded in my head. Baker was dangerous. He had the power to steal my heart and then, when he tired of his curiosity, crush that same heart when he walked away.

As he continued to rub into my hand like a cat rubbed against its beloved owner, I realized the pleasure would be worth the pain. No one before Baker had gotten close to touching my heart and I suspected he’d ruin it for all those after him.

“Are you asking if you can be my pouty sub and not be disciplined for your actions?” I asked, forcing my voice into a teasing tone. More than anything, I wanted to alleviate the worry that had his shoulders tense and a frown on his puffy lips. Baker was beautiful when he smiled and laughed—so damned beautiful that I found myself craving the look and sound like an addict craved drugs.

A hint of a smile touched his lips. “You know I don’t mind the discipline, I actually enjoy that.” His blue eyes locked with mine and he added, “I just don’t want to disappoint you.”

I heard my own breath hitch in my throat and my heart tumbled. “Never, Baker. There’s nothing you could do within the walls of this room or outside these walls that would disappoint me.” The tension literally evaporated before my very eyes. The small smile turned into a larger one.

“Okay. Thank you, Sir.”

His voice already sounded sassy. I knew right then and there that today was going to be something new for me. It was rare that I didn’t find enjoyment in my role as a dominant, sometimes a lot more enjoyment than others, but always pleasure. With

Baker, I had a feeling I was about to have plenty of enjoyment...but somefun, as well. It was going to be a day of experimentation for both of us.

“What would you like to do today, my sweet little sub?” I asked. “What dirty deeds are you going to allow me to perform on you?”

His lips moved around on his face in a comical way and his eyes darted around the room. “Uh, yeah, what you mentioned earlier, at the gym, sounded okay with me.”

His cheeks were colored a pretty pink as he answered me.

“No, that’s not going to work for me, Baker,” I answered with a smile of my own. “I want to hear you say it. Think back to all the things I mentioned this morning, and tell me which one you want to start with.” I stood back up and patted him on the head. “Be explicit, please. I love words which help me visualize a specific scene.”

Chapter 8

Baker

Be explicit? I might have known Seth would find a way to agree to my terms, yet make it as erotically uncomfortable for me as humanly possible. I had, however, been surprised when he'd so easily seen through my tension the moment we'd started. Hell, I hadn't even really known how tense I was until he brought it up. I'd only known something wasn't right with how I felt. This morning, when we'd done the breakfast thing, it had been totally new for me and I'd been completely comfortable with the fact I hadn't known how to react properly, and it had been fun. In the playroom, though, I knew what was expected of me. When those two worlds collided, me being able to just respond to what Seth presented to me versus me doing what was expected of me as a trained sub, it put me in a definite funk.

Seth, being absolutely fucking perfect when it came to being a Dom, had recognized it immediately. The problem in front of me, though, was that while Seth might be sheer perfection as a dominant in the playroom, it looked like there was significantly good chance he was blind when it came to reading people's emotions and actions out in the 'real' world. I was falling for him in a really bad way and he wasn't seeing it. Hell, maybe he recognized it and just chose to ignore my fall into quicksand.

No, it wasn't that. I wouldn't be falling in love with a person capable of that type of coldness. Oh, fuck. Did my mind just say what I thought it said? Noooooooooo! I fucking knew better.

"Are you still with me, Baker?"

His voice interrupted my internal panic attack. Now wasn't the time. A playroom was made for play—not ooey-gooney feelings. This. This shit rolling around in my head was exactly what Mistress Samantha had warned me against. It was as if she'd known I would fall for Seth, and she'd tried to prepare me for the explosion.

I shoved the thoughts away, and locked them into the panic room inside my head. They would have to be dealt with later, but I intended to put the emotions off for as long as my heart and soul would allow it.

"I'm here, Sir," I answered. Bravery. Today was going to take a lot of bravery on my part, and I knew how difficult that would be. I also knew Seth would make it worth my efforts. "Uh, okay, you mentioned the prostate stimulator, a dildo shaped with balls that started small and got larger, a penis wand, and an anus stretcher." The words sounded dirty on my lips and tongue, but when I looked at Seth, he looked incredibly...bored. No, he was going to demand so much more than what I'd just given him.

"Yes, I mentioned all of those things," he answered. "Although I feel confident my descriptions were much more vivid than what you just gave me, Baker. Just for the record, I expect improvements as we move along through today's scene."

"Yes, Sir. I never doubted you would." There, that was something I would have never said before, but it flew straight out of my mouth. I chanced a glance up at Seth and he was grinning. It made me smile. "Okay, you said I could veto one of those things, right?"

"That's correct. One and only one. After that, only your safe word will have the ability to keep those items from being deep inside your body, invading tight, dark places that have never been invaded before."

And I'd be fucked if my cock didn't twitch when he alluded to an 'invasion'.

“Which of my beautiful toys are you going to push out to another date?” He turned away, went over to the corner, and when he started back towards me, he was pushing a small cart. The top of the cart was covered with a white piece of fabric, but it did very little to hide the items beneath it.

I was both terrified and excited by all the items on the cart. One, however, frightened me much more than the others. “If it’s acceptable to you, Sir, I think that unless the penis wand is just another name for a Harry Potter wand that can magically make my cock larger, I’m going to pass on that...’beautiful toy’.”

He stood to the side of the cart, his eyes twinkling with mischief. “Are you sure, Baker? I feel the need to remind you how sensitive your slit is. Don’t think I didn’t notice how loudly you moaned or whimpered when I pushed the tip of my finger against it. You liked me doing that didn’t you, Baker? You enjoy the feel of something trying to force its way inside of your tight hole. Admit it, babe.”

Oddly enough, he was right. I would have never imagined the thought of someone putting something inside of me there, might be...appealing. Hell, when I was thirteen years old and had a kidney infection, it had taken four techs to hold me down when they inserted a catheter. Four—and they’d only succeeded because a sneaky nurse had put something into my IV that made me loopy in the head and weak in the arms and legs. No, I was making the correct decision. Wasn’t I?

“Could I see each of them before making my final decision...Sir?” I added that ‘Sir’ a bit too late.

When he looked down at me, the smile on his face was the sweetest I’d ever seen. The words that followed—not so sweet.

“Absolutely not, Baker. The biggest part of the fun is the surprised expression on your face when you see what I’m going to do to you.”

“Fun for you,” I grumbled.

“That’s a true statement,” he agreed.

“I’m going to veto the penis wand,” I said firmly.

“Excellent decision,” Seth answered, totally backtracking from what he’d just said to me.

I supposed that’s when I knew I’d probably made the wrong decision. The motherfucker was too damned pleased with himself.

He used his body to block me seeing the contents on the cart as he removed something, and when he turned back around, the fabric was back in place and he held a small black case in one hand.

“Let me show you the pleasure you denied yourself, Baker.”

Fuck, that was a small box. I should have chosen to keep that one on my list.

He opened the box and pulled out a thin piece of metal with a slight curve on each end. The toy in his hand looked to be about six inches in length.

As I studied the metal, I decided I’d made the correct decision after all. When I said, ‘thin piece of metal’, I didn’t mean that thin. Or, at least, not thin enough!

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“This is a penis wand, Baker. They are officially known as sounds, but penis wand is a term which allows one to get an idea of what their purpose is. The box contains different sizes, starting with a 3mm and moving up to a 19mm. The different sizes are available so that we can gradually and gently enlarge your urethra.”

I looked at him. I looked at the piece of metal in his hand. Then I looked down at my dick. His explanation of the penis wand and its uses hadn't done anything to soften my erection. I felt confident, though, that if he came near me with that thing, my cock would deflate faster than a jumpy house with the plug pulled. “Well...thanks for that, but I'm one hundred percent happy with my decision to toss that particular toy into the never-gonna-happen column.”

His eyes sparkled. “Never say never, Beautiful.” With a wink, he put the strip of metal back into the black box and sat it on the second shelf of his cart. Straightening back up, he rubbed his hands together with glee and said, “Crawl over here.” He motioned for me to follow him to the other side of the room. “I had this delivered this morning while we were at the gym. I've always wanted one but never actually put forth the effort to find one I liked.” He looked at me. “Lucky for you, I found the perfect one just in time for you to be my first victim.”

A large piece of some sort of furniture was covered with a white sheet. I gulped in trepidation. Seth owned quite an extensive selection of sex furniture in the playroom of his apartment. What could this bad boy be?

“Victim? Did I say victim? I didn't mean victim, per se,” he said with a chuckle, causing me to return my attention to him. “I should have said my first lucky participant!”

My eyes narrowed at him. “Rah—rah. Lucky me.” Looking at the white sheet again, I added, “Oddly enough, I don’t feel lucky.”

He ripped the sheet away and tossed it aside—kinda like a magician would do on a grand stage. Still on my knees, I tilted my head from side to side to try and figure out what the contraption was. After a few seconds, I had it.

I wasn’t lucky.

It was some sort of gynecological exam chair that had obviously been the lucky contestant to win a complete overhaul on Pimp-My-Gyno, Episode 1. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Stirrups and everything. There were bondage straps everywhere. Mirrors in places where I couldn’t begin to imagine I’d want to see whatever was in that reflection. I’d told him humiliation wasn’t my thing.

I’d lied. My cock was weeping as I gazed at the cynical-looking exam chair.

He patted the black leather seat and said, “Hop aboard, Sweet Tart. I plan to be incredibly...thorough with you today and this new beauty is going to help me achieve my goal.” He patted the seat again. His eyes glittered. “Now, Baker.”

I stood up, knees trembling, and walked the two steps necessary to put me close enough to ‘hop aboard’, as he’d suggested. The construction was odd, but it didn’t take me long to figure out where my ass went. After I was appropriately situated, Seth moved in to take over. The fucker hummed a merry little tune as he tightened straps across my chest, fastened my wrists into comfortable cuffs located next to my waist, then pulled the stirrups out far enough that my legs would be spread wide. “Feet in the stirrups,” he ordered. My feet, fucking traitors, moved with a will of their own. It took him but mere seconds to have them fastened snugly and firmly into the stirrups.

Just for the hell of it, I tugged, but the bondage fasteners held tight. Just for the fuck of it, I put some real leg muscles into making the table move, but nothing happened. Just for the fuckity fuck of it, I struggled with everything in me...and nothing budged.

When I finally stopped, he said, “Are you done playing, or do you need to safe word, Baker? That was an intense attack on my bondage straps. You should try to take better care with your Dom’s toys.”

I was literally at a loss for words. One would think I should feel like a complete and utter fool—completely naked, strapped in, and spread wide enough that Seth could see every part of me. I probably would have, but when I looked into his eyes and saw the naked hunger residing there as he looked at me, I was good.

More than good.

Fucking good!

“Say your safe word for me, Baker,” Seth ordered harshly.

“I, uh, don’t need to safe word,” I answered quickly. Panic started at the tips of my toes and raced up my legs and spine. I didn’t want to stop. Frankly, I had no clue what was about to happen, but I knew I wanted it. If Seth wanted it, then so did I.

“Say. It. For. Me. Now.”

“Rainbow,” I answered.

“Very good,” he said, his voice changing back to the deep growl I associated with Seth the Dom. “Don’t allow me to push too hard. I have to trust you’ll safe word if things become too...intense. Can I trust you, Baker?”

“Always.” I couldn’t really believe he would ask me that after all the things I’d already exposed about myself to him but, then again, his plans for this day would certainly be driving a straight man over the crazy cliff. As I gazed down at my leaking cock, I knew there was no questioning it—I was gay for Seth.

Maybe nobody else. Probably nobody else. Only Seth.

“Good,” he answered. “I trust you, as well.” He stepped away and returned with his cart of goodies in tow. “Are you comfortable?” he asked as he reached down and tugged at one of my balls...which just dangled in the air because of the position of the seat.

“No, there’s absolutely nothing comfortable about being exposed like this,” I answered honestly. He hadn’t asked me if it was arousing or erotic. If he had, my answer would have been completely different.

“Good,” he answered again, a pleasant smile on his face. “Okay, let’s start out with something easy—something fun for you, shall we?”

“I think we should,” I answered. “That’s always a good place to start...and finish.”

“Tsk. Tsk.”

His hand reached for a lever that was attached to the bottom of the exam chair and the entire thing started slowly moving, turning me upside down. When the motor stopped running and I was looking at the floor, he moved toward me and started fumbling with something else on the seat of the chair. Well, what used to be the seat. Since I was hanging upside down, I wasn’t sure what you’d call it now. After a few more seconds of his twisting and turning things, the infamous seat was removed, and my ass was fully exposed and thrust into the air.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“What the fuck?” I hissed in embarrassment. “Uh...are you sure this is safe?”

He chuckled. “I feel completely safe, Baker.”

Still laughing at his smartass comment, he took the leather seat he’d just removed, slipped it against my belly, and started screwing it into place. When he’d finished that, the comfort level definitely improved. Sure, I still felt exposed and vulnerable, just like he wanted me too, but I no longer felt like I was dangling in mid—air. I glanced down and backward to see my hard dick pointing toward the floor. A small wet spot marked the ground directly beneath it. Next, he put a strap around my forehead, which helped hold my head up without me having to use any neck muscles.

“How do you feel about ball gags?” he asked in his irritatingly chipper voice. Before I could answer, he added, “Don’t worry about your safe word. I’ll give you a bell to hold in your hand. All you need to do is drop it and everything stops.”

Not for one second did I think I’d need my safe word with Seth, but I acted like I contemplated saying no...just to keep him on his toes. “I guess it’s okay,” I finally mumbled in a tone which perfectly mimicked a pouty sub. It earned me a hard slap to my ass.

The sting felt delightful.

“Open,” he ordered and as soon as I obeyed, he shoved the ball gag into my mouth and attached it to the head rest. All in all, it was fairly comfortable. I didn’t for one second dream it would stay that way. A small bell was tucked into my palm. “Drop it for me,” he ordered. When I dropped it, it made an annoying tinkling sound. He put it

back into my palm. “Very good, Baker.”

I closed my eyes and melted into a puddle of lust when he said my name. I didn’t do it every time—only when he made it sound like a fucking caress.

“A healthy prostate is not only vital to a man’s health, Baker, it can also offer a great deal of pleasure when properly stimulated. The toy I’m about to use on you was developed specifically to send pulse after pleasurable pulse against your prostate. It’s going to feel exquisite.” He nipped at my neck and whispered, “It’s going to feel like torture, too.”

He disappeared for a second and when he returned to stand in front of me again, I could see he held something in his hand. The bands across my forehead and the one securing the ball gag in my mouth prevented me from moving enough to see the toy. I squirmed. He laughed.

“The one I’ve chosen for you is approximately four inches in length and about the circumference of two of my fingers. I’m going to lube it up really nice for you and then slowly ease it in. Jingle your bell if you’re okay with that.”

Fuck him for making me ask for it, even with a fucking ball gag in my mouth. My hand twitched and the bell jingled. Excitement bubbled inside of me when he moved to stand between my obscenely spread legs. One of his hands, large, hot, and strong, massaged my ass cheeks while he kept whispering how I needed to relax.

Which was stupid. What I needed was him to put that toy in my ass.

Instead, he kept massaging. Sometimes it was a caress, gentle and soft. Other times, he was rougher. He even spanked my ass cheek several times. When a finger finally slid between my cheeks, I nearly jumped out of my skin and made an embarrassing noise which was muffled by the ball gag. Several times he did that, just teased the

skin between my cheeks but then quickly moved back to massaging. Finally, after what seemed like a lifetime and when my moans of frustration became embarrassingly loud, he used his hand to spread my cheeks wide apart, exposing my hole.

I didn't have long to ponder what I must look like to him or how humiliated I should be. As he held me open, I felt something hard push against my pucker.

"Push out against it, Baker," he ordered softly.

I pushed like he requested and would have screamed loud enough to wake the dead if the damned ball gag wasn't in my mouth when he pushed the entire length of the toy inside me at once. It burned. I felt...too full. It was too much.

We needed to start with a fucking smaller size!

"Does this hand still work?" he asked as he grabbed the fist holding my safe word bell.

When he softened his grasp, I shook my hand to show him I was fine. I wasn't fine, though. It burned like a motherfucker. If that was four inches, my cock was a good solid eight. There was no way that was four inches. Absolutely, positively no way.

"Your ass feels full, doesn't it?" he said as he walked away from me. "Almost too full. Almost too much for you to handle."

When I saw him again, he was placing a large chair directly in front of me, almost touching my head. Just as I realized he meant to sit his ass right in fucking front of me, his cock slapped me on the jaw as he squeezed his body between me and the chair.

He'd gotten naked. Seth was completely naked. Seth was completely naked and sitting in a chair only inches away from my head. When his hand reached down to stroke his own hard length, I moaned through the ball gag.

Fuck, his cock was beautiful. Naturally, he was bigger than me—wouldn't that be my luck? He was thicker and longer, the bulbous head too impossibly large to fit inside another man. Veins ran the length and my tongue, trapped behind the gag, itched to trace the path. A heavy drop of precum looked like a pearl sitting atop his slit.

He scooted the chair closer. If the strap wasn't around my forehead, I could have easily lowered my lips enough to lick him. His scent....

Fuck, he smelled good. Why would I think that? I inhaled deeply again, memorizing his smell so I could jack off to it when I was alone, and my hands weren't tied. His balls were huge, hairless, and looked like they begged for my touch. Every damned thing about him was gorgeous in a totally masculine way. Weird, I'd never really admired the male physique before. Sure, I'd noticed when a guy was bigger than me, as many were, but I'd really been sizing them up to see if they were a danger to me.

"Do you like looking at my cock, Sweet Tart?" Seth asked as he kept stroking the hard length in a lazy, seductive movement.

I watched his hand, reminding myself of a cat watching one of those laser lights people bought to capture their attention. He'd definitely captured mine. Like the cat, I wanted to pounce on him—to knock his hands out of the way and let me play with his toy. How had he done this to me in such a short period of time? How would I ever be able to walk away when he was finished with me?

"I think you do like watching me," he said. "I bet you've gotten so entranced with watching me touch myself that you've forgotten all about having something stuffed in your ass, haven't you?"

Fuck, I had forgotten. The burn had vanished, and the fullness didn't feel nearly as overwhelming to my senses. Apparently, my ass and Seth's toy had decided to make nice and become friends after all.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

With the hand not stroking his cock, he showed me a small remote. “This controls the toy inside of you. In a few seconds, I’m going to turn the stimulator on and, to be honest with you, fireworks are going to go off inside of you. Let me see if I can explain this in a way you might understand,” he said quietly, still stroking. “Being straight and all, you’ve tongued and fingered a woman’s clit, haven’t you? Yeah, I bet you have. Remember how it makes them scream and dig their claws into your back? That little nub of nerves inside of you is like your clit...and I’m going to make you scream.”

There was absolutely no need to bring up the straight part—he was just being an ass. I was pretty sure I’d made it crystal clear that straight couldn’t be an adjective for me any longer. A straight guy wouldn’t enjoy this as much as I did. A straight guy wouldn’t want to suck Seth’s cock so badly that it was starting to piss me off that I couldn’t. I wasn’t sure what I was, but it wasn’t one hundred percent straight.

I was one hundred percent falling head over ass for Agent Seth Wilkinson. I felt like as long as Seth thought of me as straight, he wouldn’t take anything we were doing seriously.

“This is how this is going to work. I’m going to play with this remote until you give me two good orgasms. Understand?”

Two orgasms? Without anybody touching my cock? We were going to be here all fucking day.

“Jingle your bell to show me you understand and agree,” he ordered.

I jingled the bell in my hand. Who was I to question His Royal Highness? He'd have to learn this one the hard way.

"Good. Let's have some fun then, shall we, Sweet Tart," he said, and I watched his finger push something on the remote.

The toy inside me came to life—not wildly fluttering like I'd thought, but more of a thump, thump, thump. It wasn't bad. It wasn't exactly good. It was just...there. I found more pleasure in looking at Seth stroke his cock. His hand moved faster up and down his length and the tempo of the vibration inside my ass sped up to match his pace.

"You're beautiful, Baker," he whispered. "Your submission is...intoxicating. If I'm not very careful, you could become a drug to me—a habit I might never be able to overcome."

I wanted to answer—to ask him what he meant, he hit another button on the remote and the nerves inside my ass literally exploded with pleasure. My body jerked and tried to twist away—the sensations were too much. The toy bumped against my prostate for several minutes and then it changed to a purr. Yes, a purr was the only way I could describe it. My cock was so hard it ached. It dripped. It twitched. My balls were tight and begged for release. I couldn't do anything to escape the exquisite torture. I tried to scream but it came out as a muffled moan. I was happy, then angry. Frustrated, and then soaring. There was a good chance I might have been crying.

"Easy, Sweet Tart," his husky voice said. "Focus on me. Look at my cock. Watch me touch myself. Imagine it's my cock inside of you, pounding your prostate with every thrust. Do you see how badly I want you? Can you see what you do to me?"

I felt...hypnotized. I just couldn't tell if it was the purring in my ass, his dirty talk, or watching him play with his own cock that controlled my body. All those things

together were stimulation beyond what I could handle. It was all too much, yet not enough.

“Watch me, Baker. You come when I come. Understood?”

My motions were frantic and clumsy. I tried to shake my head, but the straps wouldn't allow it, so I jingled the bell wildly. I heard him roar and saw the cum spurt from his cock. My own cock answered as one of the most intense orgasms of my life ripped through my body. I hadn't thought it would be possible to come without being touched. Naturally, Seth had proven me wrong. My white spunk coated the floor beneath me. I didn't give a fuck. What was important was that Seth's cum painted my face.

With my heart pounding wildly in my chest, I struggled for air, fighting the ball gag fitted into my mouth. Seth moved with lightning speed. One second he was still fisting his cock and the next he was on his feet in front of me, releasing the strap that held the ball gag in my mouth. As soon as he tossed it aside, I took a deep breath of sweet, sweet air. Then another. And another. While I did that, Seth tenderly rubbed the side of my face and urged me to take deep steady breaths.

As soon as the panic left my poor lungs, I took advantage of Seth standing in front of me. , I used my tongue and licked clean some of the cum from his lower stomach. I heard him hiss in pleasure but then he took a fistful of my hair and stopped me from continuing to lap at his skin like a cat licking cream.

“What in the hell are you doing, Baker?” he asked. His voice sounded...shocked.

“Tasting you,” I answered and tried to escape the hold he had on me so I could sneak another swipe. His fist held tight.

“Tasting me,” he said softly. His tone was laced with disbelief.

Several seconds passed and I supposed he was trying to figure out what to do with me. I had a feeling that Seth was rarely surprised. I'd like to think I'd done nothing but surprise him since we'd met. I sure the fuck had surprised myself.

Finally, he said, "I'm very disappointed in you, Baker. You were clearly struggling to breathe, but you didn't drop the bell like I'd told you to." His hand swiped along my cheek, wiping some of his cum onto a finger. The hand that was fisted in my hair forced my head up to where I was looking up at him. His eyes were dark—the pupils blown. Very slowly, he placed the coated finger against my lips and I sucked his finger inside my mouth, cleaning the cum away and swallowing it. My eyes never left his. His never left mine.

In that moment, something inside me shifted. I belonged to Seth...whether he wanted me or not.

"That made me very happy, Baker. Because you pleased me so much, I won't discipline you for not dropping the bell. If it happens again, I'll put a cock cage on you and the only way you'll empty your balls will be when I milk them." He patted my head and stepped away. "And trust me on this, you won't enjoy being milked. What would you like to say to me?"

"I'm sorry, Sir," I answered obediently. Then I smiled and said, "You taste good—kinda sweet and tart. Maybe I should call you Sweet Tart instead of the other way around?"

He took his cock in hand, which was already hard again, came forward and smacked me across the face with it. Twice.

"You're very naughty, Baker. One of these days, I might just decide to fuck some of that naughtiness out of you." He stepped back again and pushed the lever that caused the table to flip upright again.

“Promises, promises,” I muttered as the table slowly shifted into place.

When all the movement stopped, he started disassembling the part that he’d placed over my stomach. “Did you enjoy your first encounter with a prostate stimulator?” he asked as he worked on the table.

“It was...intense, ya know? Almost too much pleasure,” I answered truthfully. “There was no way I ever thought I could come without somebody touching me, but you managed to make a liar out of me.” He continued to work on the table. “It was exhausting. How long was it before I...you know? It seemed like hours. Fuck, now that I think about it, your toy was more torture than pleasure.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“Really? Hmmmm,” he murmured as he added a part to each side of the table. The new sections went behind both of my knees and when he hit another button on the table, it started moving the new pieces further back. And further. And fucking further. Before he stopped the machine, my knees were nearly flat against my chest.

He glanced down at his watch and said, “Well, Baker, that only took you about nine minutes. It may have felt like hours, but it was really just a short nine minutes.” He smiled down at me and added, “But the first one is always the fastest. The second orgasm takes much longer.”

“Second? What? No, you’re kidding, right?” I nearly shrieked in alarm.

He shook his head from side to side. Then the thumping started.

Seth

His second orgasm had taken thirty-seven minutes and he’d called me every dirty name in the book. Three times. Oh, and either he spoke several languages, or he’d made up new curse words to call me, I wasn’t sure which it was. He was so fucking cute when he was sexually frustrated. Fifteen minutes had passed, and he was still sipping at the bottle of water I’d given him. His eyes shot poison darts in my direction. I’d released his wrists and put the exam table back into a more comfortable position, but left his ankles secured into the stirrups.

I fiddled with the two remaining toys on my cart and ignored his death ray glare.

“You know, I can’t believe such ugly words could come from such sweet lips, Baker. I’m shocked at some of the things you had to say. You could have simply dropped the bell or said your safe word and it would have all ended immediately.”

“Fuck you, Seth,” he snapped. “Fuck you. Fuck your daddy. And fuck your mommy. Fuck the whole fucking family.” Like the fuck word wasn’t enough, he flipped me a bird.

“Are you angry?”

This time, he had to bite back a grin. “You know that was torture, right?”

“Yes, I’m aware,” I answered.

“You could have touched my cock and helped a guy out, you know. Hell, you could have simply waved a hand over it, and I would have shot my load. But, would you? Noooooo!” He drew the word out into three syllables. “You have an evil streak in you at least a mile long.”

“Thank you,” I answered pleasantly. He rolled his eyes. “Are you ready to continue? You still have two more of my beautiful toys to try out today.” I pulled my chair around to sit it in front of him again. “Just let me know when you’re good to go.”

Even in his exhausted state, he was able to narrow his eyes and glare at me. I watched him take several more sips of the water and noted just how incredibly sexy he could make that simple gesture appear. Every move Baker made enticed me to imagine doing wicked things to his body.

He held the empty bottle of water out to me and said, “Bring it.”

Well, I had to give him a good solid ‘A’ for enthusiasm and pure grit. We’d see what

kind of grade I gave him after his next test. “Would you like to select the next toy, or shall I?” I asked sweetly. “You remember what two to choose from, don’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah, I remember,” he answered in what I guess sounded like a nonchalant, bored voice. He’d failed.

“Let’s go with the ball thingie. I can do that one with no problem.”

He was even cuter when he tried to be cocky. I pulled the black silicone anal ball dildo from beneath the white sheet. It was twelve inches in length and comprised of different sized round balls, the first one being about the size of a pinball and gradually moving to the size of a ball used with pool tables and ending with one the size of a softball. The toy was certainly for a very experienced, well-stretched man or, more often than not, given as a gag gift at parties. I held it in front of him and reassured his worries with, “Don’t worry, I’ll use plenty of lube.”

His eyes widened into silver dollars and the bell dropped from his hand at the same time he squeaked out, “Rainbow.”

I smiled. He’d done well with his second test. I needed to trust he would save word me if I put him into a position he wasn’t comfortable with. “Well done, Sweet Tart,” I told him as I sat the toy back onto the cart and then carefully removed the stimulator still buried in his ass. He moaned and hissed as I pulled it free. I gave his ass a friendly pat and then moved to release him from the exam table. As I began unfastening the restraints at his ankles, I said, “You’ve done well today, Baker. You made me very proud.”

“Thank you, Sir,” he murmured. “Are we finished?”

“Yes, you’ve had more than enough for today. Stand up for me. Slowly, Baker. Your body has been through a myriad of feelings and emotions. You’ll probably feel

somewhat lightheaded.”

“I...I thought we were doing more, though,” he said as he put his feet on the floor and moved slowly, like I’d requested.

When I saw his body sway, I said, “Don’t be greedy, Baker. Who knows your body even better than you?”

“My Dom, Sir,” he answered meekly. Disappointment simmered in his blue eyes—which he could barely hold open.

“Correct. Now, stop whining.” I bent over slightly so I could get a comfortable handle and then tossed him over my shoulder. He yelped in alarm and I answered it with a firm swat to his ass. “Behave!”

“What in the hell are you doing?” he demanded. “I can walk, you know.”

“It’s my decision whether you walk, or I carry you. Hush.” I crossed the room and reached for the door handle. About that same time, his hand caressed my ass.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“What would you do if I spanked this ass the way you do mine?” he asked, still dangling upside down...rubbing his hand up and down my ass.

Smiling, I opened the door and said, “Do you really want to find out, Baker?”

My words must have scared him enough because his hand suddenly withdrew. I missed the touch. It had felt so...intimate. I forced thoughts of Baker along with intimacy out of my head—those two didn’t mix. Theycouldn’tmix. Baker was simply experimenting. I, on the other hand, was gay for life.

I strode through the apartment, pushed the button that opened the balcony doors, and then carried him outside. Sitting him down next to the hot tub, I said, “Climb in. You need to relax. I’m going to grab you something else to drink and then order some take out for us to eat.”

Since it was mid—day, the Miami sun was high and hot. Thankfully, the balcony was equipped with fans that circulated cool air. The hot tub would be exactly what Baker needed to help him relax after our playtime. I couldn’t call it a scene anymore—that sounded too fake. What we would do at the club two nights away would be a scene...maybe. Hell, I wasn’t even certain I could allow another person to see Baker naked. Somehow, my warped mind had determined he belonged to me...only me.

I ordered us some Chinese to have delivered and grabbed a couple bottles of water for each of us. I’d worry about my new-found streak of possessiveness later. Right now, I needed to keep my focus on ensuring Baker received proper aftercare. We had the rest of the evening to relax. Well, Baker could relax. I intended to glean every single detail about his life that he would share. No, I shouldn’t want to know more, but

knowing it was dangerous to my wellbeing did absolutely nothing to stop me.

As soon as I stepped out on the balcony, he said, “Please tell me you ordered Chinese. I love Chinese—any and everything. I’m not picky.” His head was relaxed against the back of the tub and he turned in my direction. “I think I earned it.”

I snorted. “I think you earned a punishment for nearly choking yourself to death and not dropping your bell like you were supposed to.” I handed him a water and climbed onto one of the lounge chairs. There was no point in getting wet when I would have to answer the door to get our delivery sometime in the next thirty minutes.

I wasn’t looking in his direction but could feel him staring at me.

“Nope,” he countered, making an exaggerated popping sound at the end of the word. “I was forgiven that slip-up when I tasted your cum. Remember?”

Water spewed out of my mouth. I couldn’t believe he’d said it. Here. Outside of the playroom—outside the throes of passion. I turned to look at him. He was smiling, looking rather smug with himself, as a matter of fact. He was gorgeous.

“I doubt I’ll ever forget it,” I answered truthfully.

“Me either.”

With that admission, he looked away and silence broadened the distance between us. What was he thinking? Regrets? More curiosity? Repulsion? Fear that someone might find out? There were so many possibilities, I didn’t have a clue which direction his mind traveled.

After a few uncomfortable minutes, he said, “What’s your favorite color?”

Before I'd met Baker, it had been green. "Blue," I answered. The color of his eyes was my new favorite crayon color. "Yours?"

"Gold."

Gold? Not what I expected. At all.

"Favorite sport?" I asked, keeping the question game moving.

"College football," he answered quickly. "Not pros—those guys are only in it for the money. I'm all about the college football. Roll Tide." He grinned and asked, "Your favorite sport? And, for the purposes of this game only, we'll assume that ass spanking is not a sport. Agreed?"

"Ha—ha," I mocked. "Professional football. Looks like we might have a problem, Sweet Tart."

"First of all, there's no problem, college football is on Saturday and the pros play on Sunday—no television argument to be had. Secondly, why in the hell have you settled on Sweet Tart? Yes, I hated Boy, but Sweet Tart? Really?"

"Don't dis my nicknaming ability. You're a little sweet and a lot tart. When I think back to that first day we met, when you acted so sweet and submissive, I can't believe I fell for that act. You're nothing but pure sass."

He shrugged. "Maybe. You seem to bring the sass out of me. My Mistress never provoked those tart responses."

I thought him bringing up his Mistress would make me jealous, but the way he said it left me feeling like I'd given him something she never had. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make myself dislike Mistress Samantha. Baker didn't know, but we'd

spoken on several occasions—beginning with that first introduction phone conversation to her following up on his progress and welfare since we'd arrived in Miami. Her questions and actions didn't lead me to believe she felt anything more for him than a normal affection a Domme felt for their sub. Baker was one of many that she serviced. There was certainly no jealousy on her end, unless she hid it incredibly well.

“Don't dare try blaming me for your sass,” I retorted. “Favorite book?”

“The Mortal Instruments series, of course,” he answered. “I bet you're into science fiction.”

“What in the hell is a mortal instrument?” I asked. Good Lord, I knew there was a small age gap between us, but I'd never heard of the book series he referred to.

“Best books ever. Spill it, Seth. What's your favorite?”

“Harry Potter.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

His head popped up. “Bullshit!” He shook his head. “Oh, man. You’re in so much trouble. My characters are totally going to kick your character’s asses!”

“Impossible. My characters have an entire section of an amusement park designed after them. I’ve never ridden a mortal instrument roller coaster before.”

We bickered back and forth a few more minutes, stopping only when the doorbell acted the referee ringing the bell for us to go to separate corners. It was fun bickering, though. Even exhausted, Baker was funny and animated when he talked. I went to answer the door, fixed our plates, and by the time I returned to the balcony, Baker had gotten out of the hot tub, found a robe, and was sitting at the intimate dinette set in the center of the balcony. He looked relaxed and completely at ease.

“Chinese?” he asked hopefully.

“Anything for my Screamer,” I answered playfully. I sat a plate in front of him, piled high with a mixture of everything I’d ordered, and he started digging in immediately. After sitting my own plate on the table, I put our bottles of water on the table.

He frowned immediately. “You’re going to drown me with all this water, Seth. I like soda. I know they stocked the refrigerator with my sodas. Food doesn’t taste nearly as good with water.” He looked up and fluttered his eyelashes at me. “It’s scientifically proven—you can drown from drinking too much water, you know.”

I rolled my eyes. “You aren’t anywhere close to drowning in water, Baker. Do you want a soda? They aren’t healthy but if you want one, I’ll go grab it.” When he started shaking his head up and down immediately, I held my hand up to stop him.

“But, if you drink the soda now, you don’t get wine with our meal tonight. What’s it going to be? Your choice.”

His frown deepened. “You said you were grilling steaks, right?”

“Correct.”

“How many glasses of wine do I get with my steak?”

Smiling, I answered, “As many as you want, Tart.”

“Hey! What happened to Sweet Tart? Are you implying that I’m only being Tart right now?”

“Correct, again. You’re on fire today!”

“So are you,” he countered dryly. “At being an ass, of course.” He studied the dilemma in front of him and finally answered, “I’ll hold out for the wine, but I get several glasses.”

“You’ll get what I give you,” I answered and was delighted when his eyes darkened with arousal.

“Okay, bossy ass,” he conceded. “Back to the question game. I’ve got lots more to learn about you, so I can hold shit over you and bend you to my will.”

“Eat first. Chat online with some of your fans from Javier’s club next—just to keep the fire stoked for our perp. Questions...the rest of the evening. Deal?”

“Questions and alcohol?”

“Questions and alcohol,” I conceded.

“Deal.”

Baker Daley was going to break my heart.

Baker

“The Dark Room? This is where you planned our dance club date?” I asked in disbelief as we sat in the car outside the building. It wasn’t like The Dark Room wasn’t a nice enough club, it was probably one of the hippest clubs in Miami. The reviews were off the charts good and there were Instagram pics of celebrities partying in the posh venue all the time. I’d always promised myself I’d go if the opportunity ever presented itself. Well, here it was—presenting itself.

It just wasn’t the night I’d planned in my head.

“Yes,” he answered. “It’s one of the most popular clubs in the Miami area. Landon had to call in a lot of favors to ensure we’d be able to get inside. Obviously, he didn’t have faith in our abilities to charm the doorman with our awesome good looks. Weird.” He turned to look at me and his teasing smile faded. “What’s wrong? Did you have another club in mind? I probably should have asked you instead of assuming this one would be acceptable.”

“No! No. It’s not that,” I quickly amended. How did I tell him I’d thought we would go to a gay club? Just blurt it out? Dance all around it and hope he picked up on my signals? Forget it and go into the club he’d chosen?

“What is it then, Baker?” he asked calmly.

How could he be so calm when my heart pounded ninety miles an hour?

Taking the cowards' way out, I said, "I just figured we'd go to a gay club. You know...since you're gay." Those were the words that tumbled out of my mouth. Inside my head, it sounded more like 'since you're gay and I'm clearly bisexual, at the least'.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“Did you now?” His voice suddenly sounded flat. “Well, sorry to disappoint you. I do, however, assure you that gay people go to straight clubs and straight people go to gay clubs all the time, Baker. Alarm bells won’t go off as soon as my gay body passes through the doorway.”

Well, hell, I’d made him mad. I shouldn’t be surprised. Being dishonest and deceitful to someone normally led to anger. “What I meant to say, Seth, was that I’d really enjoy going to a gay bar with you.”

He stared at me so long I started to squirm in my seat. I’d been an idiot, acting like this was something more than what it was. No matter how many times I’d tried to remind myself that this was nothing more than a job to Seth, I kept forgetting. No, it wasn’t that I was forgetting the facts. I simply ignored them and tried to make it be what I wanted instead of what it actually was.

“Still experimenting, huh?” he asked quietly.

Experimenting? He thought everything I’d done was a fucking experiment? Experiments were letting another guy touch your dick or watching gay porn or jacking each other...hell, I didn’t know what all experimenting consisted of, but I damn well knew it didn’t involve me having fantasies about Seth’s cock in my ass. It sure the hell didn’t involve the things we’d done in the playroom. It fucking damn well didn’t involve the secrets we’d shared last night or the way I snuggled against his warmth when we were in bed. Experimenting wasn’t watching his hands perform simple tasks or memorizing his scent.

Experimenting wasn’t wondering what his lips tasted like.

“Sure. I guess,” I answered instead. No use making a fool of myself in front of my first real crush in life. “I’m good with whatever. I’ll dance and drink regardless of where I am. Tonight’s all about relieving stress before our big night tomorrow, right? I can party anywhere.”

“Of course, you can,” he snapped then leaned forward and told the driver to take us to a club called Skittles.

It would have been enjoyable making fun of the club name, but I’d already ruined the mood for the entire evening, it looked like. Seth’s jaw was clenched so tightly his teeth might crumble into sawdust at any given moment. Why did I do that shit? More importantly, why couldn’t he see what he was becoming to me? What he already meant to my heart?

Not willing to throw the towel in on the evening, I asked, “Do you like dancing?”

“Not really, but someone told me you did. I thought it would be a nice evening for you to relax and have some fun before we hit the stage tomorrow night.”

He still sounded grumpy. Very grumpy. If his face froze like it was now, he’d forever be known as the grumpy hottie man. I’d go down in history as the SOB that put the grumpy there.

“Hmmm,” I answered, not having a clue what else to say. Skittles was a gay club. I’d read about it online and it had been the very one I wanted to go to. I supposed I’d gotten my way after all. I just wasn’t sure what the cost would be. “Are you going to dance with me?”

He turned to look at me, a very bored expression on his face. “If you make me.”

There was no denying that the thoughts of me making him do anything made my

cock twitch—which wasn't easy in the skin-tight leather pants he'd presented for me to wear tonight. He'd also brought in a mesh black sleeveless shirt, chunky black army boots, and a thick collar for my neck. After dropping the clothes on my bed, he'd mumbled something about the collar needing to be there in case we were still being watched.

The whole telescope thing had died down to a low rumble when Landon's men noticed that it never moved, nor could they see any movement in the room at all. From what the IT department had been able to dig up, the room was listed as vacant and for all intents and purposes, it looked like it was—other than the telescope. Landon's men had taken picture after picture, had them blown up and analyzed, but there wasn't anybody manning the equipment. We all assumed telescope man was a bust, but Seth and Landon both insisted we keep up appearances wherever we were...just in case.

I didn't mind. When I'd slipped the collar around my neck and fastened it into place, there was no describing the sense of calmness that washed over me. It felt perfect and if I had my way, I'd never take it off. Seeing that I wasn't going to get my way in the whole Seth/Baker dynamic, I figured he'd make me remove it tonight when we returned home from the club. I would, however, get to wear it again tomorrow night.

Seth had been right, my online chatting with the group that attended Javier's club on a regular basis had been a huge hit. Comment after comment after comment. Most of them hot and explicit about what they'd like to see Seth do to me. I agreed with most of those. A few gutsy Doms had tried to entice me into a conversation but Seth had immediately logged on and shut that shit down. Even if it was all pretend, I'd liked how he'd stamped a brand of ownership on me. There'd been a few 'haters' but I chalked those up to other subs. I hadn't had a lot of experience with making friends with other subs, but from what I'd witnessed, they were the jealous sort. My popularity had stepped on a few toes, but nothing sounded dangerous or threatening. It was all about the fact that their asses were better than mine. What. The. Fuck. Ever.

Shit. I was falling into my own profiling.

“Are you still with me, Baker?” Seth asked quietly. He’d moved closer to me in the back seat of the car and had a strange expression on his face. His eyes were dark, the way they turned when he was aroused or in complete and sexy Dom mode.

“Uh...yeah. Why?” How long had I zoned out?

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe because we’ve been sitting outside the club for about fifteen minutes and you’ve been doing nothing but sitting there, staring into space, and toying with your collar. Is it bothering you? Does it trouble you to wear someone’s collar, other than your Mistress, of course?”

I frowned. I hadn’t even been aware that my fingers had been toying with the soft leather of the collar. “I’ve never worn a collar before,” I answered. “Never even come close. Before Mistress Samantha, I switched Dommies every year. It’s different with Samantha, though. There are other...things involved, so I’ve stuck with her longer than any of the others.” When I noted the darkness in his eyes turned to anger, I tried to tell myself it was jealousy. I’d like to believe that, at least. “With Samantha, it is more of a business arrangement.” Weird. I’d never referred to her as Samantha before. Before Seth, she’d always been Mistress Samantha.

It was because she wasn’t my Domme anymore. My body and mind knew it. My heart still struggled. I could understand that, though. My heart didn’t usually participate in the games I played in the playroom.

His eyebrow arched. “Business arrangement? When I spoke to her on the phone, she didn’t mention a business arrangement.”

Yeah, I should have probably told him the truth regarding Samantha, but I couldn’t make myself say the words. I knew it would piss Seth off and I wanted to have fun

with him tonight. I promised myself, however, to tell him the whole story before this mission ended. She should have told him.

I shrugged. “You must not have asked the right questions. It’s strictly business.”

“Like us, huh?” he muttered.

His words crushed my heart. See, that’s why the fucker never wanted to be involved with what happens in the playroom.

“Nothing like us,” I answered. “Whatever, Seth. Can we keep my Mistress out of the conversations tonight? I want to have fun. This isn’t fun.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

Pouty sub! Pouty sub! Only Seth made me pout.

He leaned back against the leather seat and rubbed his forehead. “Yes, I want you to have fun, as well. You’ve earned it. I’m sorry, Baker. Let’s start the evening over.” Turning to smile at me, he asked, “Hey, how about Skittles? It’s a great club. I come here every time I’m in Miami. I think you’ll love it.”

And, just like that, my worries vanished when his smile came out. “I dunno. It’s okay, I guess. I kinda wanted to go to The Dark Room, but this will do.”

His eyes went to the right shade of dark again and a thrill raced through me. He leaned up to the driver, who also worked for Landon, and whispered to him that we’d be a few extra minutes and then pushed the button that would make the privacy wall slide up between us and him. When it was only us, he flipped on one of the small compartment lights and said, “Pants down and over my lap, Tart.”

The windows were tinted dark enough that no one would be able to see us...like I cared. My biggest concern was whether or not I’d be able to get the damn leather pants pulled down. Visions of Ross from Friends flashed through my head. At least that dude would understand my struggle with too-tight leather pants.

“Problems, Tart?” he asked with a wicked smile.

“Just, uh, wondering if I can get these motherfuckers off me in such a tight space.” I looked at him and smiled. “You should have seen me trying to squeeze all of me into the little bit of them.” When his eyebrow arched again, I squeaked out a late, “Sir.”

“Not a problem. That’s what the zippers are for.” He reached for me and before I could yelp in surprise, I was draped over his lap.

What zippers?

“Uh, what are you...”

The sound of said zippers unzipping reached my ears and the cold air from the car’s air conditioning system caressed my heated flesh. There were zippers back there? Twisting around, I could see that the zippers went down each side of my ass and across the top. With just a few movements of his wrist, my ass was completely exposed.

“I should have plugged you for tonight,” he murmured as his hand caressed each globe.

I could imagine a lot of things. Hell, I had imagined a lot of things since being introduced to Seth. But I just couldn’t see me getting my dance on with anything lodged up my ass. Of course, six days ago no one would have been able to convince me I would be craving a cock in my ass and mouth. Six days ago, I would have been wrong.

“Count for me, Tart,” he ordered and then the first smack landed on my ass.

“Fuck, Seth! One. Couldn’t you start out a bit softer?”

Another smack, this one harder. I should have kept my mouth shut. “Two, Sir.”

Chapter 9

Seth

He'd taken fifteen hard swats before we'd entered the club. Before I'd finished with him, his gorgeous bubble butt had been a bright pink. With the last six, I'd had to grip his balls tightly to keep him from coming. He was so deliciously responsive. The spanking had been his punishment for sassing me, but he'd gotten the last word...and his punishment for me had been even worse.

He'd made me dance. I hated dancing. I could swing a whip with the grace of an Olympic ice skater, but when it came to dancing, I'd missed the gene.

On about the fifth song, he'd taken pity on me and told me I could grab us a table and some drinks. That was something I could do and do well. My size alone intimidated people to get out of my way. When I added an angry scowl to my face, they skittered like scared kittens. Before the next song had ended, I'd scored us a booth next to the dance floor and had me an Old Fashioned and him some fruity cocktail thing he'd asked for. I think he'd called it a Singapore Sling.

He hadn't noticed I had a table for us yet. Of course, how could he? He was surrounded by other dancers and having the time of his life. The dancers around him were girls—there were always plenty of straight girls at gay clubs and somehow, they'd managed to swarm Baker like bees would a honey comb. The thing was, I wasn't sure if that made me jealous or just a tad angry. I decided to let it be neither and just be thankful that the girls were keeping the majority of guys away from him.

Just when I congratulated myself on that accomplishment, two guys wrangled their way through the chicks and started bumping and grinding. I saw red. Pure red. And in my mind, it was their blood. When one of them reached out and touched Baker's side, I stood up, ready to destroy the man who touched what belonged to me. Before I could take one step though, Baker's head whipped around, and he smacked the guy's hand away. There was a startled look on his face. Surrounded by women, who'd been touching him all night, I had no idea he'd known it was a guy, but apparently he had and it pissed him off. When he turned to rally against the first one, the second guy touched his side, just like the first one had, and he whipped around to face him. Both guys raised their hands in defeat, apologized, and stepped away.

Baker searched the crowd for me and I waved him over. He looked pissed. Good. My boy didn't want another man touching him. I liked that. It made some silly feeling flow through my blood, warming it in a captivating way.

He stomped over toward me and collapsed into the booth. The frown was still plastered on his face as he grabbed his drink, shoved the straw into his mouth, and sucked nearly half of it down. "Stupid sons of bitches," he muttered and then finished the rest of the drink with his second suck on the straw.

My mind, sick bastard it was, immediately went to how well he'd suck cock.

"What's up, Sweet? You don't like the boys touching you?" Him not wanting other men touching him definitely made him sweet instead of tart in my eyes.

"Nah," he muttered then his eyes snapped up to me. "I mean, yeah, definitely, but that wasn't the biggest problem. If it was just the guy thing, I would have pointed toward you and they would have high-tailed it to safety. I already had a plan in place."

Another Singapore Sling magically slid in front of him. The waiter, a cute twink in go-go shorts said, "An apology from two assholes who apparently tried to feel you up

on the dance floor.” He looked me up and down and, after melting into a puddle of goo, said, “As if you’d give them the time of day when you’re with this hunk of muscle.” He puffed some air out and added, “And you wearing a collar, too. Assholes. Enjoy the drink, cutie.”

With that, he flounced off and I turned my attention back to Baker. He’d already slurped down half the drink before I could tell him not to drink it. I never drank anything I didn’t watch the bartender fix himself and I wouldn’t have allowed Baker to, either. Looks like I was too late.

“What’s got you so fired up?” Suddenly it dawned on me. “Did they say something to you? Do I need to kick their asses?”

He grinned. “I’d like to see that, actually. That may make me a snotty bitch, but I’d still like to see you knock them both on their asses.” He reached around and rubbed one of his sides and then the other. “They shocked me with something. Assholes.”

“What?” I practically screamed. “Shocked you? Like with a taser? Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure, Seth. I felt it. It hurt like a motherfucker.” He kept rubbing one side and then the other. “It still stings.” He frowned. “There’s a welt there, in each spot. Damn! I should have punched them.”

Fury ripped through me. I knew shit like this went on in every bar, but I’d never really encountered it in my small circle of the world. I fully intended to make sure whatever taser they’d used on Baker ended up shoved so far up their asses it would poke out of their mouths. I leaned over and said, “Listen to me, Baker. I want you to sit here. Do. Not. Move. I mean it, Baker. I need to know I can trust you to wait right here for me.”

He gulped another slurp through his straw. “What are you doing? Are you going after

them? Cause if you're going after them, I'm going, too. It was me they zapped. I deserve to get to be the one to zap their asses back."

"I understand how you feel, but I don't feel good about this. Promise me you'll wait right here. I'll only be a few minutes." I smiled and nodded toward his drink. "Finish your slurpee and I'll be right back. Oh, and don't drink anymore. I have a standard rule that if I don't watch the bartender fix the drink, I consider it unsafe to drink – just for future reference. Will you stay here and be a good boy for me?"

He rolled his eyes and pouted. "Fine. I'll stay here, but, just for future reference, I don't think you're being fair. I'm more than capable of taking care of myself," he huffed.

"I'm well aware of that, Baker. Sit tight. I'll only be a few."

Satisfied that he'd do as I asked, I quickly moved through the club towards the back area. Both guys had left the dance floor and I'd seen them headed toward the bathrooms. I hoped to hell that I'd find them there. The rage rolling through my body was much more than the fact that somebody had violated another person's body—that was bad enough on its own, and would always make me angry. What I was feeling, though, had a lot more to do with how I felt about Baker. He was mine. Nobody touched what was mine and I protected what was mine...at all costs. Those sons of bitches were going to pay. Landon would be delighted when he ended up having to bail me out of a Miami jail.

For Baker, I'd deal with Landon's wrath. Hell, for Baker, I'd deal with anything.

I tore down the darkened hall and the scowl on my face must have said it all, people skittered out of the way like terrified ducklings. None of the faces in the hall matched the two idiots who accosted Baker, so I yanked the door open to the men's room. There were a couple of blow jobs going on in corners, some men cleaning up at the

sinks, and a few at the urinals—none were my men. There were six stalls and each one was occupied. The polite thing to do would be wait for them to finish. Number one, I wasn't polite. Number two, Baker was alone while I did this, which meant there was no time for politeness. Before I'd finished, I'd ruined six doors and terrified eight people. Yeah, two were double occupancy, which I guessed was better than the two couples sexing it up out in the open. After mumbling a few apologies and making a mental note to make Landon send the club owner money to repair the doors, I left the men's room and headed toward the bar. It was a huge circular bar that could seat about thirty people and, of course, even more stood around like buzzards circling the dead as they waited for a seat. The men weren't there either. I looked at the dance floor, but it was so wild and crowded, it would be impossible for me to find them without fighting my way out there amongst the partiers and hunt through them.

Of course, it was exactly what I was going to do after I checked in on Baker. They might not be making it easy on me, but I wouldn't give up.

Still cruising on anger, I bumped my way through the crowd to make my way to our table. When I was three steps away, my anger was suddenly directed to someone else entirely—Baker. He hadn't followed my orders. The table was occupied with another couple and Baker was nowhere to be seen. I was going to spank his ass until he wouldn't be able to sit for at least a week. Stomping my way over, I glared down at the two men who'd taken up residence at our table. One was a bigger guy like me and his date was an effeminate twink. When they noticed me standing over them, their eyes sparkled with interest...until they took a good look at the fury on my face. The interest dissolved immediately.

“Can I help you with something?” the bigger guy asked.

I took several deep breaths to try and control my anger and then said, “There was a guy sitting here—black hair, blue eyes, dressed in all black. Did you see him or was he already gone before you go here?”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

The twink giggled. “Oooohhh, yes. He’s a pretty one. He yours?”

“Just answer the fucking question,” I hissed.

“Easy,” the big man warned. “That’s mine so show the same respect I’d show to what belongs to you.” When I turned my glare in his direction, he didn’t back down at all. “The guy you’re talking about was here, but he was sick. It was pretty evident he’d had way too much to drink—couldn’t talk and definitely couldn’t walk on his own. Some other guys from your group helped him get up and said they were taking him home. They told us the table was open and then moved on.”

“What?!” I roared. “When did this happen?” Terror gripped every inch of my body. Baker hadn’t drunk enough to be incapacitated. He’d been drugged. Fucking drugged, right under my nose.

The big man looked alarmed. “Just seconds ago, man. Were those guys not with you? Your man didn’t act...” He stopped talking. “Hell, he couldn’t act like anything. He was too far gone.”

I was surprised when the giant stood up. He had about three inches on me and was nothing but solid muscle. “It pisses me off when shit like this happens. Mischel, stay here and don’t drink anything or let anybody touch you. Blow your whistle if anybody comes near you. I mean it.” He turned to me and said, “They went toward the front exit. Let’s go.”

I had no idea why he was offering to help or if he was leading me to my death, but didn’t particularly care at that moment. If he led me to Baker, I’d deal with what

happened when we got there. Between both of our sizes, people cleared a path for their own safety.

“They couldn’t have gotten far,” the man muttered. “This shit is happening more and more often around here.”

We burst through the doors and the cool night air did nothing to help my burn—it was from the inside out. I looked in one direction and he looked in the other. Within a second, I heard him yell, “There they are!”

I turned toward his voice and just started running. He was already racing down the sidewalk. I looked ahead of him and saw three guys practically dragging a lifeless Baker toward a large black SUV. I roared loud enough to wake the dead and as soon as they heard it, they dropped Baker onto the sidewalk and made a wild dash for their ride.

It felt like it was in slow motion as I watched Baker’s body tumble lifelessly to the ground. The back of his head smacked against the concrete hard enough that I heard it from where I was, even over the loud nightlife noise of Miami. Once he hit, there was no movement at all.

I’d passed the guy who’d helped me and was on my knees, cradling Baker in my arms, and calling 911 before he made it to where we were. After giving the information to 911, I hung up and started checking Baker’s vital signs, whispering words of encouragement and love the entire time.

His eyelids fluttered, and he mumbled, “Stop screaming at me.”

At least, that’s what I thought he said. I was just so damned happy to hear him talk that I almost broke out into a chorus of Hallelujahs...and nearly cried tears of joy.

Big guy finally got to us and asked, “You call an ambulance yet?”

“Yeah, they’re on their way,” I answered. When I turned to look up at him, he gave me their plate numbers and a description of their vehicle. “There’s a lot of this bullshit going on around the clubs right now. Date rape drugs are still rampant, but they have a new technique they’ve added to their arsenal. It’s an EpiPen that injects heavy doses of GHB mixed with Ketamine. It’s fast acting and deadly. Get him to a hospital for some IV fluids.” He stood back up. “I need to get back to mine. Good luck.”

I watched him go, shocked that someone would step up the way that stranger had. Fuck, if it hadn’t been for them telling me about Baker, I could have lost him. If it was the same people responsible for the abductions related to Javier’s club, my partner...my subwould have been abused, defiled, and tortured while under my protection. Nausea caused the contents of my stomach to roll and tumble.

“Easy, babe,” I whispered as I cradled his head in my lap. “I’ve got you. I shouldn’t have left you alone. Shhh, you’re safe.” I kept talking, trying to reassure Baker he was safe. I wasn’t sure what he heard or if he heard anything, but I wanted to him to know I had him. He wasn’t conscious and was sweating profusely. His breathing was labored, and it hurt me to watch him gasping for air. After a few more minutes of waiting for the ambulance, I felt his body start to tremble with seizures. The vomit followed shortly after that. I was thankful the drug was being purged from his body but frightened he might choke on the poison flushing itself from his body.

After what seemed like a lifetime, the ambulance arrived and within minutes, we were both loaded in and headed to Mercy Miami Hospital. As they started an IV flowing through his veins, I shot off a text to Landon, giving him the quickest explanation possible until I could give him a more thorough update. I wouldn’t have taken time to do that, but he was blowing up my phone, wanting a confirmation that Baker was safe. Our men had witnessed the attempted abduction but I’d gotten there

before any of them had blown their covers. I signed off in seconds and checked on Baker's vital signs. His BP was low but, other than that, he looked like he was merely sleeping—much better than earlier.

We'd dodged a bullet. My jealousy had almost cost Baker his safety. Had I lost my ability to be professional? To keep focused on the job they were paying me to do? Past victims and future victims depended on me to settle this shit. Was I capable of separating my personal feelings from my job?

Two hours later, I felt much better regarding Baker's health and even worse about my actions at the club. They'd been pumping fluids through his system and performed a gastric lavage as soon as he'd arrived. Watching them do that to him, inserting the tubes down his throat and in his nose, had been difficult. Seeing the fury in his cloudy blue eyes when he'd woken up to find himself being held down while tubing was inserted into him had been even worse—one of the worst feelings of helplessness and guilt of my life.

Now we were just waiting for the release papers to creep their way through the hospital's system. Other than yes or no answers, he'd yet to talk very much. Did he blame me? He had to. How could he not?

Landon had been busy. They'd entered the tag numbers into the system and, of course, it ended up being stolen plates placed on the SUV. With the way my luck was going, I should have known it wouldn't be that simple. He'd now pulled all the men that had been watching our penthouse to start gathering any camera footage they could obtain from surrounding businesses. With all the restaurants, clubs, and even a bank within a two-mile block of Skittles, there would have to be security cameras that caught the SUV as it traveled to the scene and then raced away. If we were lucky, one of the cameras would capture the money shot and show faces of the vehicle's occupants. Until then, we were dead in the water on what our next step needed to be. Landon didn't agree with me, but I'd already told him there was no way Baker would

be in Javier's club tomorrow night. He swore he'd have extra security in place before then and that I was being unreasonable. He was probably right, but I didn't give a fuck. I wasn't doing another damn thing to risk Baker's safety.

"Why did you bring me to the hospital?" he asked, finally breaking the silent treatment torture he'd put me through since he'd woken up and realized what was happening to him.

"Because you'd been drugged, Baker," I answered quietly. We weren't in a room and the only thing separating us and the next person were some curtains. We couldn't afford to trust anyone or assume we weren't being watched or listened to. I motioned around our curtained area to remind him of our surroundings.

He flipped me off. "I'm not incompetent, Seth. It was a simple question. You knew I'd been drugged and surely had a good idea what it was. I shouldn't have drunk the cocktail, I know that." He swore. "I knew better than that. Everybody knows you can get roofied in a club. I was just pissed, I guess."

Baker didn't know the entire story. When we were back at the penthouse and after I'd swept for listening devices, I'd explain that it was much more than him getting a dose of a regular date rape drug. They'd given him two EpiPens of some unidentified drug and then added something to his drink. He had no idea they'd been three steps from loading his unconscious body into their vehicle.

He had no idea my entire life flashed before my eyes when I realized he'd been taken.

"We'll discuss it at home," I answered softly. "Try to rest as much as you can until they cut you loose."

He rolled his eyes. "I'm not sleepy. Trust me, they got everything out of me. Are you fucking kidding me? I didn't even think they pumped stomachs anymore. It's like

Frankenstein medicine. Seriously? There was no need. I would have slept it off. No biggie.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“UmmmHmmm,” I answered. Thankfully the doctor walked backed into our cubicle before Baker could argue with me.

“Looks like we’re ready to go home.” He said cheerfully. “Baker, you need to be more careful. Clubs are a dangerous world these days. Keep plenty of fluids going through your system for the next twenty-four hours and take over-the-counter meds for your headache. Other than that, regular activity should be fine.” He patted Baker’s shoulder and shook my hand. “Looks like you were correct, Mr. Wilkinson. The gastric lavage did speed up his recovery time. It’d been a while since I’ve performed one.” He hung the clipboard at the end of the bed and said, “You’re free to go, but please be more careful next time.”

“You?” Baker hissed. “You had them do that to me?”

Well, shit. That doctor had a goddamned big mouth. “I was worried, Baker. I wanted the poison out of your system as quickly as possible.” When he stood up with his usual grace, I knew I’d made the right decision. The drugs were completely out of his system or he’d be staggering around the room like a drunk.

“I’m going to pay you back for that one. I want that on the record,” he growled as he reached for his folded clothes that the nurses had laid there during their last check-in. “So help me, I will. I don’t know how, but it’s coming, so don’t be surprised.” He snatched up his leather pants and frowned. “Fuck, I don’t have the energy to stuff myself into these things again. Find me some scrubs to put on.”

“Bossy, aren’t we?” I teased. “Nurse!” I poked my head through the curtain and tried to get the attention of a nurse. No way was I leaving Baker’s side, even if it was to

get him some much more comfortable scrubs. After a few minutes, he was dressed, papers signed, and the nurse was wheeling him toward the parking lot while I checked with the Uber driver to make sure he was waiting for us at the entrance. Baker sent me a questioning look but climbed inside without saying a word and remained silent during the short trip back to the apartment building.

We rode the elevator in silence and my apprehension level had peaked to its highest level yet. I wasn't certain of the exact moment that Baker Daley became the most important person in my life, but it had happened—snuck right up on me when I least expected it, I guessed. He was clearly angry with me and I had a feeling the anger was fueled by much more than me requesting they pump his stomach. Did he feel like I let him down?

If that was it, I was in some serious shit because he still didn't know he'd nearly been abducted. Right now, he was merely pissed because I'd allowed him to drink the drugged cocktail and then left him alone. The doctor had explained to me that there was a good chance he might not remember any of the night. While they hadn't had a chance to run lab tests on what drugs Baker had been given, most date rape drugs affected short—term memory.

Inside the apartment, I motioned for him to not say anything. “Lay down on the couch, babe. Let me grab you a blanket, pillow, and some water. It'll just take me a few minutes.” While talking, I pulled out the electronic device we would use to sweep the apartment for any listening or video devices. He nodded, walked over to the couch, and plopped down. His eyes, however, tracked my every move.

A few minutes later, I returned to the living room and said, “We're good. How are you feeling?”

“Where's our usual driver?” he asked, diving straight in.

“Landon pulled our driver and the other men to work on gathering some video evidence of what happened outside the club. They should be back in force by mid-morning.” I told him

He huffed out a breath. “So you think it was more than two guys trying to get some free ass, huh?”

“It definitely was,” I admitted. “By the time I got back to the table to check on you, you were gone. They’d taken you.” My voice trembled with emotion that I’d rather he didn’t witness. It made me feel weak but then, I heard that love always did.

“What?” His shock was evident. “Are you serious? What happened? How did you get me back?”

“They were about to load you into a vehicle when they saw me. To save their own asses, they dropped you on the sidewalk and took off. Another man helped us with the tag number, but it was stolen. Landon’s pulling all the surveillance tapes available in that area to see what we can find out.”

“Shit. Fuck. I don’t remember any of that.” His hand reached up to touch the back of his head. “I guess that’s why I have a headache, huh?”

“Yeah, that’s why you have a headache.”

Chapter 10

Baker

The look on Seth's face was brutal. It was easy to see that he blamed himself for me nearly being taken. Seth considered himself the in-charge alpha, so he would take it personally. Looking into his eyes, though, made me want to believe there was something more. Was it possible he'd started feeling something for me...like I had for him? I wanted to believe it. My heart begged me to. My head told me to slow my roll.

My body? Oh, hell. That was a totally different story altogether. I wanted him. I wanted him in every single carnal way my imagination could delight my senses with. As soon as I'd come into my right mind at the hospital, I'd immediately searched the room for him. When my eyes found him, I'd felt the calmness wash over me. That calmness, however, hadn't lasted very long. As I'd lain there, having things shoved down my throat and up my nose, I'd also had to endure watching every damned person that walked into my cubicle look Seth up and down with the same hungry look that had to be on my face right now. They'd all wanted him and with all the shit crammed in every orifice of my body, I hadn't been able to lay claim to him. I'd had no choice but to endure having my stomach pumped while having my heart stomped on at the same damn time. I'd been so fucking jealous, I'd expected everything they pulled from my body to be green.

I was tired of trying to fight or understand my feelings. Just so fucking tired. I'd stopped trying to question why I felt the way I felt about Seth. I didn't need an explanation...I needed him.

And I was tired of waiting.

“What are you thinking, Baker?” Seth asked softly. “I know I shouldn’t have left you alone. Trust me, I’ve beaten myself up every damned second since I realized you were gone. I fucked up. I know that.”

“Shut up, Seth.” He needed to get over acting like he was a he-man and I was the damsel in distress. I might be submissive in the bedroom and playroom, but I was as capable an agent as he was. Well...except for the fact that I’d gotten myself drugged and he hadn’t.

Seth looked shocked but didn’t make any attempts to fight back or defend himself. I stood up and he literally took a step back from me. It almost made me laugh. Almost. I was too turned on to laugh. He’d flaunted that hot body of his in front of me so often that he’d finally pushed me past my limits. Reaching down, I grabbed the hem of my shirt, pulled it over my head, and tossed it onto the couch. “The bedroom. Now.”

When walking past him, I noted his mouth gaped wide open. I kept walking, hoping he’d follow...trusting he’d never hurt me, physically or emotionally. I hadn’t taken too many steps until I heard him fall in behind me. An explosion of fireworks went off inside my body. I was nervous, yes, but far too aroused to let anything silly like nerves get in my way. In my head, Seth belonged to me. I belonged to Seth. It was past time we consummated the physical aspect of our relationship.

Inside the bedroom, my eyes went straight to the king-sized bed. The bedding was still rumpled from the morning. Knowing it would smell like Seth, my feet walked straight in that direction. I sat down on the edge and turned around to face him. As I suspected, he lingered in the doorway. His eyes were dark with arousal, but wary, as well.

Fuck, wary. I was tired of us dancing around each other.

“There’s no need to put on a show, Baker,” he said, nodding toward the opened balcony doors. “Landon’s men couldn’t find any sign of life behind the telescope. I thought I told you that already.”

I shrugged. “You did.”

The scrub pants they’d found me at the hospital were baggy, so it didn’t take much effort on my part. All I had to do was lift my hips up and shimmy straight out of them. Since the damned leather pants hadn’t left room for underwear, when the scrubs were removed, I was completely naked. I might be unsure of how Seth felt about me regarding any type of permanent relationship, but I knew he found my body attractive. This part, the sex, didn’t worry me. I might not be potential boyfriend material, but he wanted inside my body...exactly where I wanted him.

“What? Are you worried your performance might not be up to par?” I asked. I looked over my shoulder and nodded toward the doors, just like he’d done. I winked at him. “Don’t get stage fright, babe. I have faith in your, uh...” I looked him up and down before adding, “Abilities.”

He shook his head. “Fuck, Baker. Are you still high? I thought the doctor said all that shit was out of your system.” He turned around, like he was leaving and said, “Let me grab my phone. I’ll call the hospital and see what they say.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Seth!” I yelled. “I’m not high on roofies. They make you sleepy or unconscious.” I reached down and stroke my cock, which was harder than it’d ever been, and said, “Do I look unconscious to you?”

His head dropped for a few seconds. When he looked back up, he whispered, “What are you doing, Baker?”

“I’m tired of waiting for you to take it.” I stood up and walked toward him. “It looks like you’re going to make me beg you to fuck me.” My feet didn’t stop until we were mere inches apart. “Please fuck me, Seth.” I stuck out my bottom lip to add to my pout.

Seth growled.

My cock twitched. Yeah, I guess I liked that alpha part of him. I wasn’t sure how much longer I’d be able to take the lead—it wasn’t my thing. I needed him to take me.

“Curiosity killed the cat, you know,” he murmured.

“Hmmm.” My hands started unbuckling his belt. “Your lack of curiosity is killing my cock.” With his belt unbuckled, I grabbed the hem of his shirt and said, “Arms up, big boy.”

The look on his face made me think I held a knife to his balls. I’d never seen Seth unsure of himself. He wanted me...but didn’t want to.

Just when I was about to give up, he said, “Get on your knees, and suck my cock.”

I tilted my head to the side and looked at him for a couple of seconds and then dropped to my knees. I hadn’t taken Cocksucking 101 yet, but I’d do the best I could. I knew what felt good, so I had that going for me. How hard could it be?

There wasn’t even the slightest tremble to my hands when I reached forward, unbuttoned his jeans and pulled the zipper down. Commando. Nice. Knowing Seth, I wasn’t surprised. Closing my eyes, I breathed in his scent. It made me dizzy...a lot like the roofie had, but so much fucking better.

“Holy, shit,” he growled. “You’re serious, aren’t you?”

I pulled his semi-hard cock out of his pants and answered, “Fuck, yeah, I’m serious.” Looking up at him, I added, “I need you to get serious, Seth. If you don’t want me, say so now. Otherwise, we’re taking this all the way.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

At least, that's what I thought I said. My mind was too fascinated with the way he felt in my hand to be able to complete complicated thoughts or sentences. His length grew and hardened as I held him, and it made me feel fucking powerful. Going on instinct, I fisted the base of his cock and put the head in my mouth, like a lollipop. I'd barely gotten a taste before I felt him grab a fistful of my hair and yank my head back.

"Hell, no, Baker. If I'm going to finally have you, it's going to last all night long. But if you're doing that, it won't last three minutes. Get on the bed."

Yes! I was much better at following orders.

As I climbed onto the bed, I heard him removing his clothes...at record speed. The thought that I had him that aroused turned me on even more. My hand automatically went to my cock but dropped my favorite toy when he yelled at me.

"Nu uh," he said after barking at me for touching myself. "You only get to touch that when I say you can." He reached into the nightstand and pulled out the lube and packet of condoms. "And I didn't say you could."

I grinned. "Then hurry the fuck up and do something to distract me. When this bad boy wants some attention, he wants some attention!"

He climbed onto the bed. His hand palmed my cheek and he whispered, "Are you sure, Baker? This is a big deal. I have to know you're in your right state of..."

"Put. Your. Cock. In. My. Ass."

His grin was wicked. “Well, Sweet Tart, it’s not quite as simple as that, especially with a virgin.”

I shoved him down on the bed and straddled his hips. “Don’t call me a virgin. That pisses me off. You’ve witnessed, first hand, things disappearing into my ass. Stop acting like I don’t know what it feels like.”

“Yes, Tart,” he answered sweetly. Picking up the lube, he offered it to me and said, “Get yourself ready for me.”

Shit! I had to do that? What the hell was he here for? I wasn’t doing all the damned work. Instead of saying that, though, I squeaked out, “Me?”

“Nah,” he answered. “I’ll do it for you. Turn around.”

“Huh?” Turn around? Like I couldn’t watch? Hide my eyes? What the fuck?

“Reverse cowboy,” he explained. “Straddle me in the other direction.”

He was grinning so goddamned big, it made me want to....

Shit, it made me want to kiss him.

I didn’t kiss. I never kissed. Kissing was special—something I’d always saved.

Maybe reverse cowboy was best. That way I wouldn’t be tempted to break my own golden rule.

I did as he asked, but felt like an idiot. Sure, I’d done it this way with women plenty of times. It was nice to watch my cock disappear into their....

Oh! So that's what he was doing.

"What now, Your Royal Highness?" I asked as I looked over my shoulder at him.

He sat up, propped up some pillows behind his back until he was in a comfortable position, and then answered, "Scoot back, cowboy. Ass up, head down."

Then, as if I wasn't capable of following instructions, he yanked me backwards, pulled my ass up, and placed a hand on the back of my neck to press my head down. With the position, he'd put me in, my face was grinding against his cock and balls. Doing what felt natural, I licked the closest thing...which happened to be one of his balls.

He smacked my ass. Hard.

"Absolutely not, Tart. Keep your tongue in and mouth closed. I need to focus on this beautiful ass in front of me." He lubed up one hand as he spoke.

"That hardly seems fair. If this is the new me, my mouth needs to learn its way around that most important area."

"Do as you're told," he growled.

I felt him dribble some lube at the top of my crease and then he parted my cheeks. That pretty much shut me up. I could feel the lubricant sliding along my skin—felt it when it hit my hole. From there, his finger swirled it around my entrance and then he pushed a finger inside. My back arched with the sheer joy of the invasion. I knew how I must look to him—my cheeks spread by his hand, his finger in my hole, and my body arched with pleasure, but I didn't care. I needed him and wasn't ashamed of it.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” he muttered as his finger moved in and out. Stretching me slowly when I wanted to move at a much faster rate of speed. I was desperate for him. The slit on the head of my cock held a pearl of precum that was about to drip onto Seth’s abs. “God, you’re going to feel so good wrapped around my cock.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

Another finger joined the first one and there was a sting of pain. I'd expected it. I'd done this before. No biggie. Just breathe and relax. Push out. Think about how good't feel when he finally did me the favor of hitting that sweet spot again. He knew where it was. He could do it right goddamned then...if he wanted to. Instead, he just toyed with me. Wriggling his fingers and moving them in and out. When he did a scissor thing, I sucked in a hiss. I felt that one, for fucking sure.

“You okay, Sweet? Is it too much?”

Awww, I was Sweet when I had my ass spread and his fingers buried inside me. Looking over my shoulder, I said, “Just waiting on you to get your courage up, big man.”

That comment earned me a smack on the ass and a third finger. My hiss on digit number three was louder and followed by a softly muttered, “Fuck.”

He picked up the lube and squirted more around my hole. His fingers slipped out to gather up the slippery liquid and then plunged back in again. “You're so beautiful,” he said quietly. “The first day, when you walked into the conference room, I nearly came in my pants. You were so obediently submissive. Who would have thought you were hiding all that sass you keep zinging at me?”

His thick fingers started to feel at home in my ass. The burning, stinging sensation was slowly subsiding...turning into something else entirely. “I don't think it was all I was hiding,” I answered, meaning it as a joke, but knowing on some level, it had to be true. It was the only plausible explanation for my obsession with Seth.

“Nah, you just took one look at my cock and knew you had to have it,” he quipped. “It happens all the time.”

Conversation was quickly moving toward being above my pay grade. Every thought, feeling, or sensation was quickly moving toward how fucking good it felt to have his fingers stuffed in my body. I was ready, I wanted that monster of his inside of me. Maybe he was right? Maybe I had taken to stalking his cock?

“Why don’t you go ahead and give it to me, then?” I asked. “I’m more than ready. Quit playing with me.” I tried for sounding bossy, but it may have come out much more like a whine.

“Don’t you worry, Tart. I’m going to give it to you...all night long. I plan on taking you in every position in the fucking book. But, you aren’t stretched enough yet. Anyway, I’m doing all the work. Take some initiative, and ride my fingers. I’ll be really still, and you just ride away.”

Oh, fuck. Now that would make me look like a dirty little whore. I was good with that. He needed to know I was more than capable of being stuffed by him. I rose up on my elbows, so I could have some leverage, and slowly started moving my ass forward and then back again. I felt every slide of his fingers inside of me, caressing my tight canal with a promise of more to come. Little by little, I felt more comfortable, the pleasure became even more intense, and before I knew it, I was bouncing faster and faster on his digits. Odd sounds tumbled from my mouth—sounds that should embarrass me and probably would later on, but not at the moment. While riding his fingers like he’d ordered, the noises, albeit close to whimpers, were deemed appropriate in my head.

When I shifted from my elbows to my hands, it tilted my hips in just the right position, and every time I moved, his fingers teased my prostate. The whimper sounds stopped, and a flood of words followed. “Oh. Oh, fuck. Fuck. Yes. Mmmm.

Oh. Fuck. Oh, God. Yes!” Stupid shit kept tumbling out but I rode his fingers like a fucking porn star.

His stomach was coated with my precum, but I didn’t give a fuckity fuck. It felt so good. My balls drew up and I could feel an explosion of a lifetime about to take place, but just as my eyes rolled back in my head to enjoy the fireworks, Seth gripped my balls in a tight enough squeeze that it halted my liftoff.

“What the fuck? Ouch! Stop squeezing so hard, you maniac. Those babies are delicate.”

“You were about to come,” he answered. “I’m not ready for that yet.” His fingers popped out of my ass with an embarrassing squelching sound as he reached for a condom and the lube bottle again. I watched him work the condom down his length and then squirt nearly the entire bottle of lube onto his cock. Entranced by the vision right in front of me, I couldn’t look away...nor could I stop myself from thinking that logistically, what we were about to do simply didn’t look feasible. I mean, I knew it would fit...I just didn’t know how.

His hold on my balls hadn’t loosened in the least. Between that and staring at his nine inches of thick weaponry, my poor cock, which had a mind of its own, started thinking maybe this wasn’t such a fantastic idea after all. My mind told it to shut the fuck up. I was doing this, and I was doing it because I couldn’t go through another day of sexual frustration. I couldn’t have a single thought or look at an item that didn’t have a way of making me think of Seth fucking my ass.

“Scoot up a little, babe,” he said as he patted my ass and moaned, “Oh, fuck, your hole is beautiful. It’s still open right now, stretched wide from my fingers. I need to make sure I use a speculum sometime real soon.”

Speculum, my ass. I didn’t need him peering inside of me...unless he wanted to, of

course. Jeezus, I'd do anything he asked.

Still confident, I scooted up like he'd instructed. There was no doubt in my mind that I could do this. Guys did this every day. I enjoyed pain. What was there to worry about? I'd go slow...everything would be fine.

Famous last fucking words. Fifteen minutes later, I'd managed, with much more effort on my part than I'd ever anticipated, and a hell of a lot more cussing, to get the bulbous head of his cock inside of me. That was it. Not a goddamned inch more. I'd been hiking one time when I was a kid and we'd all gotten that hare-brained idea to climb a huge fucking rock—just by hanging and dangling. Stupid kid shit. I'd gotten half way up the rock, and then froze in fear. I couldn't go the rest of the way up. I couldn't climb back down. Fucking frozen. That was exactly how I felt with the tip of Seth's cock in my ass.

He was breathing hard and struggling to keep his hips still. He said all the right things, telling me how good I was doing and how sexy I looked. Then telling me it was okay to stop, that there were plenty of other things we could do. Then...nothing. I was pretty sure he'd lost his ability to speak. He could only focus on not moving. Of course, that might have something to do with every damned time he moved just a fraction, like when he took a breath, I barked at him to lie the fuck still.

I'd hit the point to where my plan was to offer him all the money in my savings account to knock me out, go balls deep, and then when I woke up...voila! A slight tremble in his body, almost like a vibration, jerked me back to my incredibly harsh reality.

"Are you laughing at me?" I growled.

"No, of course not," he answered quickly. After another second, he said, "Yes. Yes, I'm laughing. I'm sorry, Sweet Tart, but when it's all over, you'll be able to laugh

about it, too. Let's call this a night on anal sex and have some sixty-nine fun. You've gotten tense on me and trust me when I say, it ain't gonna work unless you're relaxed. It's okay, babe. I'll make sure you have a night of multiple orgasms."

Well, shit. I was a lot of things, but a quitter wasn't one of them. "Move and die," I warned him. Of course, Seth wasn't a quitter either—he'd been hard the entire time and didn't seem to be softening up at all. My dick, on the other hand, had taken on a somewhat wilted appearance. Sticking my hand behind me, I demanded, sounding a lot like a doctor in an ER room, "Lube!"

"Come on, babe. You're killing me," he moaned but squirted what was left of the lube onto my palm.

"Don't you dare act like you're on the losing end of this...stick," I argued as I massaged the lube onto my softened cock. I knew what I liked and within minutes, my focus was back where it needed to be—my pleasure. After a few seconds, Seth saw what I was doing and urged me on with the dirtiest, most wicked details I'd ever heard. He described how sexy my ass looked, my cock looked, and every other beautiful inch of me—his words, not mine.

I leaned over and braced myself on one arm and stroked my cock with the other. Up and down, with a twist at the top. I was just getting into the swing of things when I felt one of his hands begin to play with my balls. He tested the weight of each, rolled them around, and then used a finger to push against my taint. Waves of pleasure rolled through my body as, between the two of us, each of my erogenous spots were teased and tormented.

"Brace yourself with your knees and use that hand to play with your nipples," he urged. "I know you love twisting and pinching them. Do it, babe. Do it and let me hear how much you love it."

Carefully, I lifted my weight from my arm, balanced myself, and did as he'd suggested. My nipples were sensitive. Within minutes, my moans echoed around the room. It all felt so good. The pleasure too perfect. My hips rocked into my fist as I fucked my own hand. Seth kept up his good work on my balls and taint.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

My head leaned back as the promise of an orgasm crept up on me. My hips moved faster into my hand and my balls tightened. Instead of gripping them like before, Seth teased them with the tips of his fingers and urged me to come for him. He kept the pressure on my taint, pushing hard against the spot. Another two strokes and I roared my release. My cum spurted across the bedsheets, painting them streak after streak with my spunk. My entire body quivered and trembled with the afterglow of my earth shattering climax.

When my breathing settled, and I was able to return to the land of the living again, I found myself fully seated on Seth's cock. I wasn't sure how it had happened—whether I'd impaled myself on his rod during my orgasm or if Seth had thrust upward. It didn't matter.

Seth's cock was in my ass. The entire thing. All of it. I felt his balls resting against mine. Somewhere in the back of my head *We Are The Champions* started playing but it was more like *I Was The Champion*.

I felt way too full and the burn was definitely there, but nothing like before.

It felt...fucking perfect—like it was what I'd waited my entire life for.

I felt his hands caress down the center of my back and stop on my waist, right above my hips. I looked down and the sight of his fingers gripped against my hip bones was a damned sexy sight. I felt like a possession—Seth's possession.

“Fuck, Baker,” he whispered. “I would have given anything to see your face when you came undone. Don't get me wrong, my view was beautiful, but seeing your eyes

darken...damn.”

I felt drunk. Fabulously drunk—not the sloppy drunk one got from drinking alcohol. I was on a sexual high and felt confident that as long as I was with Seth, it would never go away.

“Turn around and look at me, Baker. I need to finish, and I want to watch your face when I’m fucking you.”

I knew my eyes were droopy with exhaustion when I looked over my shoulder at him. “I hope you aren’t implying that I use my stripper pole skills and spin around with the grace of a porn star. Nope. No can do.” I leaned forward on my arms and tried to get my breathing back to normal. Sweat poured off my body, mixing with the obscene amount of lube we’d used. Between that and my cum, our bed was a hot mess.

He smacked my ass. “Then get off and get back on again. I’ve really shown some restraint, Baker, and I think I need my reward.”

I started shaking my head immediately. “Nuh—uh. It’s in there, I may never let you take it out.”

I yelped in surprise when those same hands I’d been admiring only seconds ago, lifted me off his cock, spun me around, and slammed me back down onto his stiffness. He wasn’t gentle. I smiled. It didn’t hurt. And, just like that, I was a professional. I wriggled my ass, testing the fit, and then lifted up and seated myself again. I’d already come once, but with that first slide on his pole, I felt blood start a nice, steady flow toward my cock.

“Everything good?” he growled.

His gorgeous face was twisted in pain. I guess I had fucking tortured him while I’d

been focused solely on my own pleasure.

“Sure. It looks like I’m going to survive but....”

Another yelp when I found myself being manhandled again. He flipped me onto my back, keeping his cock lodged deep inside my ass the entire time, grabbed the spots behind my knees, and pushed my legs back to where my knees were somewhere really close to my ears.

“You might want to get a tight hold on that headboard, Baker. The ride’s about to get rough.”

I grinned and raised my hands up to grip the headboard. “Rough. Got it. Let’s see what you’ve got, big guy.”

True to his word, he fucked me rough. His hips thrust like a piston. Fast and hard. He’d pull almost completely out and then slam into me again. My feet were in the air. My hands gripped the headboard...the same headboard that banged against the wall with each and every thrust. He wouldn’t break me, but I didn’t feel the same confidence for the bed’s survival.

There weren’t words to describe how fucking sexy he looked as he pounded into me. The corded muscles of his shoulders strained. Veins bulged. Sweat dripped from his face. His balls slapped my ass with the rhythm that followed the banging on the wall. The entire time, though, his eyes were locked with mine. The stormy gray orbs were dark and swirling with arousal. It looked primal. I knew without any doubts, he was laying claim to my body.

Minutes later, he slammed into me and roared his release. I felt his cock jerk and convulse inside me as he emptied into the condom. It was the strangest, most wonderful feeling. I wanted the condom gone. I wanted to know what it would feel

like for his jizz to fill me to the point of overflowing. I was imagining how my hole would look with his cum leaking out when he jolted me back to reality when pulling out and collapsing on the bed next to me.

He struggled to breathe. I purred with contentment to see what I'd done to him.

Unfortunately, my cock was hard again, and I was ready for round two...and he looked like he might not recover from round one. Trying to make myself useful while he recovered, I removed the condom from his softened cock, tied it at the end, and rolled out of bed to throw it away and grab some wet rags to wipe us down with. Supporting my own weight, however, turned out to be tougher than I could have ever imagined. My legs felt like noodles. My ass felt like somebody had shoved a bag of firecrackers in there and lit the fuse.

"Ouch," I whined but forced myself to walk the short distance to the bathroom so I could take care of business. Fuck, I'd be feeling that for a while. I never wanted the feeling to go away.

Armed with my wet rags, I walked back into the bedroom, half expecting him to be snoring, and was shocked to see him sitting on the edge of the bed. He looked me up and down, and then said, "I hope you didn't try to wash that lube out of your ass. You're gonna need it, Sweet Tart. We just got started."

Sassy Seth was as sexy as Dom Seth. Weird, I would never have thought it possible. I climbed onto the bed and handed him one of the rags. "We've made a mess."

He chuckled and answered, "No, you made a mess. I kept mine contained."

"In my ass," I grumbled as I wiped the sweat off my body before using the rag to try and wipe my spunk off the bedding.

He grabbed my hand, took the rag, and tossed it aside. “I’m not finished with you yet. No need to clean up...unless you’ve had enough, of course.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

Good God in the heavens...he looked almost shy. The sight was so hilarious, I barked out a laugh. I tugged him onto the bed, forced him to lie flat, and then snuggled up next to him. Weird, I'd never been a snuggler before Seth. "Maybe I'm not finished with you yet," I challenged.

He rolled to his side, leaving us facing each other—chest to chest, cock to cock, and legs entwined. Using the tip of his finger, he traced the outline of my lips in the sweetest gesture ever and then dropped his hand lower to tweak my nipple. Mr. Sweets vanished right before my very eyes. Mr. Dirty Deeds took his place.

"Are you sure you can handle more? You've got to be sore."

"Yeah, but that means I'm just going to feel it even more," I answered truthfully. "I feel like I'm a gay sex god. Do you see how easily I took to it? I mean...I guess some people are just made for it, right?"

He smacked my ass. "Yeah, Sweet Tart. You slid right down that pole like a regular fireman."

After his playful insult, he leaned in, bringing his lips closer to mine, and when I would normally panic and push someone away, I closed my eyes and waited for his mouth to touch mine. Instead, his lips went to my shoulder and began nibbling and kissing. In the same movement, he rolled me onto my back and settled himself between my legs. "Spread those legs, bitch," he growled.

It should have pissed me off. It didn't. I spread my legs, welcoming the feel of his larger frame forcing me against the bed—forcing my legs wide. Kissing his way

down my body, he spent a little extra time sucking and biting my nipples. After only a few seconds, my body writhed beneath his. I squirmed and that ridiculous moaning started again. Our cocks bumped against each other and I'd be lying if I said it wasn't one of the most erotic feelings in my world.

"I've got to have you again." His voice was even huskier than when we were in the playroom and he was in full Dom-mode.

My hand frantically searched the mattress for the packet of condoms. Score! I held my treasure in front of his face. "Looks like we're in luck. There's like eight more in this box." Yanking one out, I ripped it open with my teeth, and pulled it out. I pushed on his chest, so he'd know I wanted him to lean back and let me do the honors. Needless to say, my dick was the only one I'd ever suited up before. In case things didn't go my way and this was my last night of sex with Seth, I wanted to make sure I enjoyed every delicacy on his menu.

The condom slid on and I toyed with his cock and balls for a few seconds before he pushed my hands away with another one of his growls.

"Put your legs over my shoulders," he ordered.

The second time was much easier—which was good because he plowed straight in. He fucked me with the fast and hard technique he'd used the first time. Then he'd done this deliciously evil thing where he went balls deep, got up on his knees, and just held me there...not moving with his cock stuffed as deep as it could go. It didn't take long before I was squirming and wriggling, begging and cussing. I felt like a fish on a hook. I had no idea how long he tortured me that way—it felt like hours but was probably more like minutes.

Then he'd gone and really fucked with my head. His thrusts had turned slow and lazy. His dirty talk was replaced with pretty words that made my heart do weird

things. His eyes worshipped me...not my body—just me. It was then that I'd lost everything. My heart soared, and I knew I loved him. He no longer fucked me. We made love.

At the end, after we'd both come, I'd kissed him. It was unclear which one of us was more shocked. Kissing was supposed to be off my table. A red light. Hard line. Non-negotiable. Something I hadn't done since high school, and that shit couldn't really count because I hadn't had a clue what I was doing.

I kissed him with everything I had in me. Loving the feel of his lips on mine, their softness when everything else about him was so masculine and hard. The taste. The warmth. The way his hands held both sides of my face. His tongue. Fuck...all of it.

Seth was my heaven.

Three orgasms later, Seth dozed off with me snuggled in his arms. We were both exhausted.

I was in love.

Yep...love. I lay in the darkness contemplating my next move. I knew I'd royally fucked up and broken every office policy rule in the book, crossed all sorts of sex in the workplace lines, and fallen in love with a man who was more than likely just playing with me. Hell, Seth still thought I was merely experimenting. Would he have made love to me if he'd known I was falling in love? No, he would have more than likely run for his life.

The thing was, I wasn't one to hide from the truth. Yes, I'd tried to convince myself what I'd been feeling for Seth wasn't love, but now that I'd admitted it to myself, there was no going back. I had to tell him how I felt. If he rejected me, I'd have to accept that and deal with it like an adult.

And when I said, ‘deal with it like an adult’, I meant disappear and never ever face him again. That was, unfortunately, my level of adulthood.

The only question rattling around in my head was when to tell him. Should I wait until the assignment was over? Could we both be professional with my heart hosting glitter and confetti parties when I looked at him? Hell, I wasn’t even sure I could do another scene with him at Javier’s club. It had been okay when it was merely a physical act. Now? Opposite of okay, in my head.

Huffing in frustration, I turned my head to look out the window. We had a job to do and if I backed out before it was completed, I could make the both of us look unprofessional. That was unacceptable. On the other hand, was it something I could hold inside me? A part of me suspected that the very next time I looked into his eyes, I would blurt out my feelings, whether the time was right or not.

The skyline in Miami was beautiful, but I loved where I lived. Seth lived in Denver, Colorado. I lived in Scottsdale, Arizona. I wasn’t into long-distance relationships. This was the first time I’d ever been in love, but I had the feeling that there was a good chance I would be one of those clingy types. I most certainly wouldn’t have any peace of mind worrying about him taking another sub into his playroom.

Shit, what was I thinking? It wasn’t like Seth was going to fall in love with me—not the way I had with him. He was a player and as much as I’d fussed at him earlier, I was pretty much a virgin...at least in the ways of the heart.

As I stared at the starry sky and worried about the fact that I’d fallen for someone who probably wouldn’t love me back, the flash of light caught my attention. I lay perfectly still, my eyes drooping to half-slits and waited. I didn’t have to wait long. The flash came again, and it didn’t take much calculation on my part to realize the flashes were coming from the window where Landon’s men had noticed the telescope. They may have thought no one manned the telescope, but it looked a lot

like pictures were being taken, or at least that's what the flashes resembled to me. Was the fact that pictures were being taken even important? It could be perfectly innocent. Well, maybe not innocent but at least not connected to what was happening at Javier's club.

I turned my head and looked at Seth, checking to see if he'd noticed anything. His soft snores ruled that possibility out right away. The first thought that crossed my mind was that the faster this man, whoever it was abducting and torturing the subs from Javier's club, was taken down, the faster I would be able to focus on telling Seth how I felt about him. A part of me hoped this was it—that whoever was on the other side of that lens was our man and he was about to make the biggest mistake of his life. Suddenly, my stomach growled loud enough that I was afraid it might have woken Seth up. I glanced over again, smiled when I heard another snore, and decided that fixing myself a sandwich while I waited to see if Landon called with any instructions wouldn't be a bad idea. There was also something else I needed to take care of...just in case things didn't go perfect with our mission.

My decision made, I slipped out of the bed as quietly as possible, snatched up the scrubs I'd worn home from the hospital, grabbed a T—shirt and crept out of the bedroom. Inside the living room, I put the clothes on, moved to the kitchen and fixed my sandwich, then grabbed some paper so I could tell Seth how I truly felt about him and what we'd shared. I didn't want to push myself on him, but still wanted him to know how I felt. As it turned out, I wasn't much of a romantic scholar, so the words turned out to be nothing more than a jumbled mess. Feeling frustrated, I assured myself I'd make the time to do a better job expressing my feelings. As I chewed my sandwich, I looked around the room for a place to tuck the letter until I was ready to give it to him or where he could easily find it if something went wrong. Seth's cell started ringing before I was able to find a spot. I dropped the paper on the countertop and quickly scooped up the phone, making sure to turn my body away from the window so whoever was watching wouldn't be able to see I was on the phone.

“Baker,” I answered quietly. Yeah...like they could hear me from the other building.

“Ready to be some bait?” Landon asked. “There’s movement and flashing from the apartment across the way. There may not be a connection, but I’m thinking there is. I want to try and lure them out. How do you feel about a nice, lonely walk on the beach?”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

I felt sick to my stomach. I needed more time with Seth. I also knew now wasn't the time to be worried about my needs. "Walk on the beach. Got it. What do I tell Seth?" I'd been pacing back and forth in the living room, but then started in the direction of the bedroom.

Landon answered with a string of curse words. "He's going to be a problem, I'm afraid. He won't be comfortable with sending you down by yourself. He can be an overprotective bastard at times." After a few seconds, Landon said, "Take his phone into the bedroom and put it on the nightstand next to him. I'm going to send you down first and have him follow within fifteen minutes. Trust me; Seth won't let anything happen to you."

Standing outside the bedroom door, I countered with, "Yeah, well maybe I won't let anything happen to Seth. Ever think about that?" Seth was going to be so angry that I went down without him, but I knew Landon was in charge of our mission.

"No, not really," Landon answered dryly. "Just put the phone on the nightstand and keep your cute ass safe. I don't need Seth gunning for me if something goes wrong and you end up scraping your knee or something as equally tragic. You've got this, kid. Everything's good."

Not feeling good about the situation at all, I still gently placed the phone on the nightstand, took a few seconds to soak up every beautiful detail of my lover's face, and then left the bedroom. Was the mission really about to be over? More importantly, was there a chance Seth might want me the way I wanted him. As I opened the apartment door, I thought about the note I'd left on the counter. Suddenly, I wished I'd said more.

Knowing there wasn't time to make things better, I exited the apartment and headed for the elevator. Landon would kick my ass if I did something to screw up a job as simple as being bait. As I rode the elevator to the ground floor, I tried to work out some sort of believable plan to use once I reached the lobby. I had no idea who was friend or foe...or where they were spying from.

A quick plan formed in my mind—something that would look believable to anybody who just spent the last three hours watching Seth and me making love like a real couple...like the couple I wanted us to be. When the elevator doors slid open to the lobby of the apartment building, the doorman was waiting there, a friendly but sleepy smile on his face.

“Good evening, Mr. Solomon,” the man greeted. It was weird, being called by the wrong name, but I kept my face relaxed and friendly. “Unable to sleep, Sir?”

“You could say that,” I answered. It was then that I noticed I'd forgotten to put shoes on my feet. Oops. “Which is the fastest way to the beach? I need to hear the waves tonight.”

“Of course, sir,” he answered pleasantly. “Straight down that hall.” He pointed to a long hall to my left. “You'll be able to exit the building but in order to re-enter, you'll need the access code. I assume you have it?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Excellent. When you exit the door at the end of the hall, the path will lead you directly to our private beach.” He gave me a grandfatherly smile. “The waves soothe my soul, as well. Be careful, though. I wouldn't recommend any night swimming, that's when the sharks are the most dangerous.”

I nodded. “Definitely no night swimming, then. I'm terrified of sharks, so no need to

put myself on their buffet. Thanks for your help, Henri. Have a good evening.”

His smile brightened when I called him by his name. It was sad. I’d noticed a lot of the residents were uppity and I hated to imagine how many of them made the staff feel like they weren’t appreciated. Hell, half of them had looked at me like I resembled something they scraped off their shoes and I should be viewed as one of their equals...financially, at least. I guessed it could have been their distaste of mine and Seth’s lifestyle. I smiled as I walked down the hallway. I hoped that was something I needed to get used to because I wanted to keep Seth in my life, living this particular lifestyle.

Once I reached the end of the hall, I took a deep, calming breath, pulled the door open, and stepped out into the late night/early morning world of Miami. My feet followed the path, taking my time and trying to pretend that I wasn’t terrified of every shadow I crossed. After a few minutes, and with nothing suspicious happening, I finally reached the boardwalk that led to the beach area. I followed it until my feet hit the cool sand. Twenty or thirty more steps led me to the shoreline. Calm waves slapped against each other and then rushed forward to dance around my feet. The bottoms of my scrubs were soaking wet within seconds.

I’d left the safety of Seth’s arms to act as bait, but the sound of the ocean truly was soothing. Maybe I could buy us a beach house—not in Miami, but someplace more secluded. My family owned an estate in Barbados and it was gorgeous. Would Seth enjoy that?

Lost in my fantasies of how Seth would feel about making love to me on our own private beach, I never realized I was no longer alone until it was too late. The sound of a gun cocking and then being shoved against my head let me know that our man had taken my bait. Now, hopefully, Landon’s men were reporting the news that I’d made contact and Seth was already on the elevator, charging to my rescue.

“Well, well. I would have thought you’d be exhausted after how long you just allowed that man to defile your body.” A very familiar voice spat at me. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and alarms sounded in my head. First of all, I suddenly remembered that Landon’s men weren’t watching us tonight—they were going through the security tapes. Secondly, I knew that voice.

Slowly, I raised my hands into the air, trying not to look aggressive, and turned to face my abductor. My eyes met the strangely colored violet orbs that belonged to someone I considered to be on our team. “Javier? Why?” I asked, not understanding.

He swung his arm back and punched my jaw with a serious left hook. “Don’t dare call me that! You’re nothing but a sinful sodomite. You don’t deserve to say my name!”

Worried about what this new fact meant to our assignment, I wrapped my hand around my watch, and squeezed tightly. It was the last thing I remembered.

Chapter 11

Seth

I was so content in my comfy sexual cocoon, my mind begged me to ignore the screeching of my cell. I didn't want to wake up. A part of me feared what had just happened was nothing more than a dream...my biggest fantasy actually coming true...and being even better than the fantasy. Seconds later, my brain registered it was my 911 ring from Landon. I jerked awake and wildly reached for the phone, trying to be careful and not disturb Baker.

At the same time I answered the call, I realized I was alone in the bed. His scent lingered, but Baker was nowhere to be seen. Coldness washed over me.

"What's happened?" I demanded.

"Calm down, Seth. I've sent Baker down to the beach...as bait. There's been a flurry of movement from the apartment across the way. Try to be as discreet as possible, but you need to throw on some clothes and head for the beach. Before you panic or threaten to take my head off, he's only about ten minutes ahead of you. He's perfectly safe. Now, get moving," Landon ordered.

Baker went to the beach? Without me? What the fuck had he been thinking?

"Fuck! Okay, forget discreet, Seth. I need you to start moving. Now!"

I was moving within seconds, hopping clumsily as I forced my legs into the jeans I'd

stripped off earlier. Baker was in danger. My heart felt...wrong. As I ran toward the door, I screamed, "What in the hell were you thinking, Landon? You sent him down there alone?" My heart thundered like a racehorse as I punched the button to send the elevator to our floor. If anything happened to Baker...

"He's activated the alarm on his watch, so we have GPS activated. Where are you, Seth? We have time, but I don't want to take any chances. I need you and the rest of the men on site as quickly as possible."

Landon was being so fucking calm, and it was quickly pissing me off. If I understood him correctly, Baker was in the very hands of danger while I'd been in fucking bed!

I punched the elevator button again, and screamed into the phone, "Are you telling me they have Baker and you're on the fucking telephone with me, sounding all calm and shit? If something happens to him, Landon...."

"Agent Wilkinson! Get your game face on and do your fucking job! You're the professional here, Baker's the rookie. Yet, he's doing his job, just the way we planned it, and you're falling to pieces on me." His voice softened. "Fuck, I knew this would happen the second I laid eyes on him. He's your walking wet dream. I get it. You've fallen for him."

"Shut. The. Fuck. Up." I growled furiously. "Send the coordinates to my phone." I hand-patted the weapon in my shoulder holster. . "How many men do I have with me and how many are already on site?" What was wrong with the goddamned elevator? No sooner had I'd asked myself that question when I noticed a red message flashing across the elevator panel. Out of order. That wasn't fucking possible!

"The other men are in route, Seth, but you know I pulled them off last night to review the surveillance videos from the businesses surrounding the club. They are a bit further out than you, but will be there in less than six minutes. Game face, Seth, I'm

serious. Baker is depending on you to get him out safely.”

Fuck! Nobody had eyes on him? I raced toward the stairway, knowing this was going to take time that Landon hadn’t calculated...time Baker might not have. “Do I even have a driver or am I going to have to carjack somebody?” This assignment was turning into a clusterfuck...the most important one of my life and everything was going wrong. Why hadn’t he woken me up?Why? “The elevators are down, Landon. Fucking out of order,” I snapped.

There was a long pause before Landon answered, and I knew my mentor hadn’t been prepared for the loss of the elevators. How much time would that cause me to lose? I raced down the stairs, jumping down the bottom four steps on every floor.

“No need for a driver. The tracking device on his watch shows him in the building across the street. We were correct with our first assumptions on telescope man. He’s in the basement of the building. I have the blueprints in front of me and can talk you through it. We’ve got this, Seth. Baker is going to be completely safe. Using him as bait was always part of the plan. You were well aware and signed off on it.”

That was before I fell in love with him, I wanted to scream.

I punched the stairwell door open as Landon spoke into the phone, “Follow the hallway to your left and exit the building through the door at the end of the hall. Outside that door, make another left and there’s a walkway that leads to the neighboring building. We aren’t going to go in through the front door, so don’t barrel straight in. Let me know when you reach the end of the walkway. ETA on the rest of the team is four minutes.”

It took everything in me to not sprint in the direction of the building, but I knew I didn’t need to do anything to draw attention to myself. No doubt whoever it was behind this had people watching the building...just like we’d been watching them.

Then it dawned on me. “Are you telling me that Javier’s involved with this?” Landon had told me his family owned both properties. Why in the hell would the man do something that could ruin his own business and then hire us to catch the fucker?

More importantly, did this mean Baker was in even more danger? Javier wouldn’t know about the GPS tracker in Baker’s watch, but he would be waiting for other members of the team to come to Baker’s rescue.

“No, not Javier. Javier is estranged from the rest of his family due to his homosexuality. His father, mother, sister, and twin brother are extreme right wing, Bible-thumping, fanatics. Who knows what their entire plan is, but it’s clear they are on a vendetta to destroy Javier and they don’t concern themselves with collateral damage, like the poor men they’ve abducted and abused. It’s the twin brother, Jericho, who’s taken Baker.”

My anger and fear were reaching a boiling point. “I’m at the end of the walkway. Which way now?” Every precious second lost could be a moment where the group was torturing Baker. I’d seen pictures of the other victims, it wasn’t pretty. They’d all survived, but would be scarred for life, physically and emotionally.

“Go right and follow the path like you’re headed toward the ocean. At the end of the building, you’ll see a service entrance that will lead to the basement floor. I have the code when you get there. The surveillance tapes were very helpful. It looks like it was Jericho, Javier’s twin brother, driving the SUV, and the other two guys are members of his church. I’m sure they think they’re doing shit to save souls...when they really only need to be worried about their own.”

“Code?” I demanded.

“372468#,” he answered. “The rest of the team is two minutes away. I don’t want you waiting on them, but I don’t need to hear you going in there like a keg of dynamite

going off either, Seth. You've done this hundreds of times. Baker's depending on you to keep your head on straight so you can keep him safe. 'Go to the fifth door on the left, there'll be a staircase that leads down to the soundproof room where they are holding him.'

"I've got to go silent, Landon. I'll keep the phone activated and in my pocket from here on out. Don't talk unless it's an emergency," I growled.

"Seth...try to keep everybody alive—including the bad guys. Once they're apprehended, the police will step in and take care of the rest. When you kill people, it's loads of paperwork on my end."

"Fuck off," I hissed, too angry and afraid to make any promises. If they hurt Baker, I won't be able to stop myself from killing every damned one of them.

“Just fucking try,” he answered and then went silent.

There was one guard near the middle of the hallway, probably standing in front of the door that would lead to Baker, and he jerked around to look at me the minute I stepped through the entrance. Plastering a friendly smile on my face, I said, “Hey, man. Do you happen to know where the maintenance department is? I’m new, first day and all, and I’ve gotten myself lost.” I looked down at my watch as I kept walking in his direction. “If I don’t find it in the next four minutes, I’m going to be late on my first day. That won’t look good, will it?”

By the time I’d finished my story, I stood in front of him and knocked him out before he could tell me to get the fuck out of there. The best move would be to hide his body, but I couldn’t risk opening a door that might set off alarms or barge into a room filled with people. I settled for taking his gun and smashing his cell. The door in front of me had a lock alarm on it as well, so I had to get Landon to give me the code. It opened quietly—finally some luck—and I peered down the dark staircase. Unwilling to risk any type of light, I went into it dark and moved as carefully and silently as possible. Halfway down the stairs, the phone in my pocket vibrated, alerting me that the rest of the team was on site and right behind me. At the bottom of the stairs, there was yet another door with a lock alarm. When I pulled out my cell, the code flashed across my screen. If nothing else, Landon was efficient.

I might kill him when this was over, but at least we could add efficient to his headstone.

Drawing my gun, I punched in the code, and yanked the door open. The first thing I saw was Baker...suspended in the air by chains wrapped around his wrists. Welts and

bruises already covered his torso, but he was goading them...laughing at them every time one of them punched him. For the briefest of seconds, his eyes locked with mine and the hugest smile spread across his face. After that, all hell broke loose because the rest of them saw me, too.

Oh well, these men taught about heaven and hell, at least their version of it, who was I to prevent one of them from getting there sooner than they'd expected? Paperwork, be damned.

"Jericho! It's the other sodomite!" One of them screamed as I charged in his direction.

Seconds before I reached him, I noticed the taser he held in his right hand. Had he used that on Baker? When he thrust his arm in my direction, intent on trying to use his weapon on me, I caught his wrist in a tight grip and then used my body's momentum to twist the motherfucker in a direction the bones weren't supposed to go. His wail of pain and horror only lasted for the briefest of seconds because my other hand crashed against his skull, knocking him unconscious immediately.

Two more men, one being Jericho, remained in the room and they had their bodies positioned between me and Baker, their attention focused solely on me. Normally, I would have chosen Jericho to be the next to fall, since he was their "leader", but the man standing next to him pulled a long, wicked blade from a holder attached to his belt. He waved it in front of him, a sinister smile on his face. Jericho might be their leader, but this man definitely enjoyed the job of hurting others.

"You sicken me!" he snarled in disgust and then spat in my direction.

"Well, you're not doing a whole lot for me, either," I answered. Yeah, Jericho would have to wait. I couldn't risk that knife going anywhere near Baker's body, so this man needed to be taken out.

“Don’t worry about me,” Baker said as blood oozed from a large cut to his upper lip. One eye was swollen shut, but he used the other to wink at me. “I’ll just hang here and babysit this one, so he doesn’t get in your way.” Before Jericho could even register what Baker had said, Baker grabbed his wounded hands around the chain that held him prisoner, and then lifted his legs to wrap tightly around Jericho’s neck. I watched in delight as the bastard responsible for hurting Baker struggled to escape...struggled to even breathe.

From the grimace of pain that crossed his face, I knew the movement had been difficult for Baker’s battered body. I needed to make short work of the fucker waving the knife in front of me. Delightful thoughts of just shooting him dead danced around in my head, but then that would be too fast and not nearly painful enough. When, without any fucking skill at all, he lunged in my direction, I twisted away at the last second, planted my elbow into his kidney, and then followed that motion with an uppercut that caused his head to snap back. While he was still trying to regain his footing, I grabbed the hand that held the deadly knife and raised my knee while lowering his arm, allowing them both to meet with enough momentum to snap his wrist. The knife dropped to the concrete floor, and I kicked it out of the way. After a quick look around to ensure that Baker was still clamped onto Jericho but hadn’t killed him yet, I turned back to the man clutching his wrist as he tried to run toward the door. Fucking coward. Before he could get there, the door burst open, causing him to stumble backward and straight into my arms, as the rest of Landon’s men poured into the room.

Shit...cops were with them, too. I hated cops; they always wanted to go ‘by the book’. After seeing what they did to Baker, I wanted to play with them. “Take care of Baker!” I ordered our men. “I’ve got this one.”

I heard the cops say something about them having things under control, but pretended I didn’t. I jumped into making the fucker pay for hurting Baker and all the men taken before him, and I did it quickly and efficiently, knowing the cops wouldn’t stand

aside for very long. I had no intentions of killing the man, but a part of me wanted to get as close to that point as I could before stepping over the line. I smashed his face with my fist and then raised my knee to connect to his balls...if he had any. When his blood sprayed across my face, there was no stopping me. I kept pounding into him, trying, even though I knew it to be impossible, to beat the hatred and prejudice out of him.

My fists and knees kept connecting until he no longer struggled, but lay in a fetal position on the floor, begging and sobbing for me to stop. I wasn't sure I could have forced myself to stop even then, but Baker's weak voice, halted every movement.

"Seth! Stop it; that's enough," he ordered. "Our jobs are done here."

Two cops had to support Baker's body, and his wrists dangled at an awkward angle. My heart broke in fucking two when I paused long enough to really see how much damage they'd done to him while I'd been running around like a chicken with its head cut off. I wanted to reach for him, to hold him against me and swear I'd never let another person touch him again, but guilt kept my feet planted to the floor.

"We're finished," he said softly.

Just when I finally gained control of my body again and started to reach for him, Landon stormed into the room, shouting orders and taking control of the scene. There were a couple of men with him and I assumed they were detectives with the local police department. My heart ached. I needed to feel Baker in my arms again just to assure myself he was fine...that they hadn't hurt him too badly.

Landon strode forward. "Take over the scene, Agent Wilkinson. Ensure that the proper men are taken into custody and share all our credentials and information with these men." He ushered the two detectives in my direction. He leaned closer to me and said, "Do your job, Agent. You know how this goes. The police need as much

information as we can give them to assist with the case. I'll make sure that Baker gets to the hospital."

I tore through the doors of the hospital at the same time that Landon was exiting, knocking him flat on his ass when we collided. I paused to yank him off the floor and demand, "Where is he?"

I'd spent four hours trapped at the police station, showing them my credentials, answering questions, answering more questions, and, finally, answering even more fucking questions. My nerves were shot, my head exploding with worry for Baker, and furious because Landon hadn't answered any of my texts, other than to tell me what hospital they'd taken Baker to. The way I saw things, they should be on their hands and knees, bowing down to me and my incredible display of strength for not killing the sons of bitches that had dared lay a violent hand on Baker. Instead, they were apparently trying to push me over the edge just for shits and giggles. When I'd finally escaped, no—walked out on them, I'd been shocked to find that Landon didn't have a car waiting on me.

After calling him every bad name in my mental dictionary and flagging down a taxi, it had been a good five hours since I'd last seen Baker. My Baker. His face had already been bruising and blood trickled from his mouth. There'd been a cut on both corners of his lips, a gash on the top lip, and one eye was swollen shut. Burn marks, probably from the taser, mottled his chest. The way they had him hanging there had to have done damage to his wrists and shoulders. Through all that, though, he'd smiled at me. There wasn't even a hint of surprise on his face—he'd known I'd get to him.

As soon as he was properly healed, I was going to throttle his pretty ass until he wouldn't be capable of sitting for a week...or longer. How could he have left me

behind like he did?

I knew why—it was because he'd been capable of doing his job...and he'd known I wouldn't be. He'd known there was no way I would allow him to put himself in danger, even though it was part of our original plan.

He'd done the right thing, but I was still going to spank his pretty ass.

“Calm down, Agent Wilkinson,” Landon said, his voice sounding incredibly nervous. “We need to meet with our client, inform him of what happened and who was responsible. Javier needs an update before he's surprised by the police or news agency. We need to do our job, Seth.”

“Where. Is. Baker?” I growled. Terror gripped my soul and began twisting it in one direction and then another, wringing the very life from me.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“He’s gone, Seth. He wanted to go home, and the director of the agency agreed. He was injured, nothing too serious, but enough to keep him from meeting with Javier.”

Relief washed over me. “Home? So, he’s back at the apartment,” I concluded. “That’s good. Is somebody there with him? Somebody to take care of him until I get back?”

Landon’s eyes shifted nervously. He pushed me through the doors and back outside of the hospital, and answered, “No, Seth. Home. He went back home...back to where he lives. The agency sent a private jet for him over an hour ago. I’ve been taking care of his paperwork. He’s...he’s gone. I’m sorry, Seth. I know this hurts you.” He reached out to touch my shoulder, but I jerked away. “Tell me what I can do,” he pleaded.

I’d known better. What had I thought? That he was falling in love with me? Fuck, no. He was straight. I’d been some fun experiment to satisfy his curiosity. I’d fucking known. Hell, he’d even told me back in that room. We’re finished, he’d said.

I tucked my feelings in the darkest corner of my mind, looked at Landon, and said, “Not a damn thing, Boss. I’m good. We don’t need Baker for this part of it.” I clapped him on the shoulder. “Let’s go tell Mr. Flores what a shitty family he has. It seems like Javier could have mentioned he had an identical twin...that hated him.” I looked at Landon, hoping the pain ripping my heart out wasn’t visible in my gaze and said, “His name was Jericho, right?”

Landon stared at me, not falling for my act for a second. “I’m sorry, Seth. I would have never allowed the Director to send him to us if I’d ever thought it would lead to

this. I'm so fucking sorry.”

A black SUV pulled up and I assumed it was there to pick us up, so I started walking toward it. I felt Landon fall in step with me. “Don’t sweat it, Landon. Baker’s straight. It wasn’t like we were going to fall in love, adopt puppies, and remodel a three-story Victorian. I’ll survive. He was a good sub, but there’s plenty more out there.” I opened the door for him and added, “Gay subs for me from now on.”

He climbed into the backseat and I followed. I could do this. My job had been my life for as long as I could remember. Nothing had changed.

Every-fucking-thing had changed, and my life would never be the same again.

Two weeks had passed, and the pain felt as raw today as it had that same moment Landon had told me Baker left me. I functioned, but it was merely robotic. My mind felt scrambled and if anybody had requested more than basic tasks from me, they’d been shit out of luck. Landon had relegated me to desk duty, which would have normally pissed me off to my highest level of pissiness, but I didn’t really give a fuck.

Landon begged me to take some time off, a beach vacation to catch some fun in the sun and drink plenty of booze. Little did he know, I’d never be able to visit a beach again—not after spending time there with Baker. I hadn’t returned to the penthouse we’d shared during our assignment. The pain would have been too much. I’d known there would be traces of Baker everywhere. His smell. His Pop Tarts. The fucking bedsheets stained with his cum.

I slammed my fist down on my desk hard enough to make my cup of coffee tip over and saturate the contents of the latest file Landon tossed on my desk. I didn’t give a

shit, it was nothing more than busy work, anyway. Hell, I didn't even know why they hadn't already fired me. I would have.

"You gonna clean that up?" Ari asked me.

Poor kid. His desk was next to mine and I honestly pitied the fool. I'd snapped at him at every opportunity and even created some when there was nothing readily available to snap at. I griped when he talked on the phone. Growled when he tapped on the keyboard of his laptop. Cussed when he invited me to lunch and then threw the sandwich away he'd brought to me when I wouldn't go with him. All in all, I'd been a complete asshole to him.

He was really a nice kid.

"No, Arizona," I answered. "I don't think I am." I leaned back in my chair and dared him to even act like he was going to wipe the coffee up with the handful of paper towels clutched in his left hand. Arizona was cute. If he wasn't Landon's son, I would have fucked him six months ago when he'd first started helping out at the agency. Now, after Baker, I no longer felt the urge to even flirt with him, much less fuck him.

Sadly, I hadn't had the urge...period. As soon as I'd gotten home, I'd visited my favorite club with the intentions of whipping and fucking all images of Baker from my head. I'd left after only fifteen minutes. The thought of being Dom to anyone other than Baker left a bad taste in my mouth.

Ari dropped the paper towels on my desk, shrugged, and said, "Suit yourself. Now your desk can look as sloppy as you do." He waved his arm up and down in front of me and said, "You're letting yourself go, Seth. That's okay up until the point that you get so gross that no hot guys are going to look in this direction at all." He leaned over my desk, narrowed his eyes at me, and said, "That's when you start pissing in my pool. If they won't look over here, they aren't seeing me. That's not working for me."

Get over yourself. You got dumped. I've been dumped at least seven times, and, for your information, I've only dated seven guys. You don't see me whining about it. When was the last fucking time you shaved, anyway?"

I frowned. "Seven guys? You're only nineteen, Arizona. What the hell? Does your daddy know you're a manwhore?"

He laughed. "Yes, he warns me all the time that I'm going to be just like Seth Wilkinson if I'm not careful." He shivered like the thought disgusted him. "Okay, about my seven boyfriends. There was Calvin Patriot in the first grade. He had the sweetest smile and his mother packed the best lunches." He grinned. "Yes, I might have used him for his awesome lunches, but I figured he may as well learn early on that life was filled with one disappointment after another. I was actually doing him a favor. After that, we had Trevor Monroe." He fanned himself and said, "Good God, that Trevor had the curliest hair I'd ever seen in my life. Over and over again, I imagined getting my hands tangled in those golden locks. I never touched him, of course, but it was fun to think about it. After that there was...."

I held up my hand and he shut up immediately.

"Sorry, Seth. I just hate seeing you like this. It makes me sad and makes my dad grumpy. I was being silly...hoping to cheer you up."

Now I felt even shittier. "Sorry, Ari. I'm just in a slump. It'll pass." It wouldn't but there was no point in scaring Ari half to death.

"I hope so. This whole brooding thing isn't your sexiest look." He waved his hand up and down in front of me again.

"Thanks," I mumbled. "You're making me feel better already."

“Oh, fuck you,” he countered. “Hey, what’s that stuff?” He maneuvered around my desk to look at something behind me.

I looked over my shoulder and cringed when I saw what had gotten his attention. It was the four boxes of shit belonging to me that the clean—up team had pulled out of the penthouse I’d shared with Baker for only a few days...but the happiest days of my life. “It’s nothing. I need to throw it away, but I haven’t had the energy.”

I turned back to my desk and, contrary to what I’d told Ari, grabbed the paper towels he’d dropped and began wiping up the coffee I’d spilt. I really had meant to throw the boxes away. I didn’t want any memories or mementos of what transpired in Miami. Maybe I’d get lucky and Ari would offer to toss everything for me.

“This is some cool stuff. The Company bought you these clothes? These are fucking nice. It’s a shame you’re humongous or I could steal some of this and call it my own. Give it a good home. Take care of it and show it some love.”

Page 44

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

I loved Arizona. I'd known him since he was fifteen and listened to his father share tale after tale of his teenage trouble-making. It was that love right there that kept me from grabbing a roll of duct tape and wrapping it around his head three or four times, covering his mouth so he'd stop talking for just a few fucking minutes.

"Uh...Seth...have you looked at this stuff?"

"Nope."

"Do you think you should?"

"Nope."

"Have you ever been wrong before?"

"Nope." That was a fat lie, I'd been oh so wrong about Baker.

"I'm, uh, just gonna leave this right here for you then and I'm gonna disappear into thin air. See ya later, Seth. Love ya like a brother, man."

He sat an envelope on my desk with my name written across it...in Baker's handwriting.

My hand started trembling and my heart ached. If there weren't other people in the room, I'd have picked the envelope up and smelled it, hoping Baker's scent would have lingered. I stared at the envelope. Stared at it until the rest of the people sitting at their desks left for the day...or ran for their lives. I wasn't sure which, nor did I

care. Fuck it all. I was thirty years old and this was my first Dear John letter. Maybe I should just toss it? What did it matter what was on the inside? He'd already made things perfectly clear when he pulled his disappearing act and then never called, never...anything.

I crumpled it up and tossed it in the trash, where it belonged. Angrily, I gathered my shit up, slamming and shoving things like a teenage kid pouting when he didn't get his way. As I stormed past Landon's office, I noticed he was still working. He looked at me, frowned, shook his head, and returned to the pile of paperwork in front of him. He wasn't watching, but I flipped him off anyway. Three people got on the elevator on the numerous stops it took to reach the bottom...and three people regretted it. I acted like an ass.

Didn't give a fuck.

I made it to my Harley Davidson in record time and shoved my backpack into the saddlebag on the side of the monster ride. It had been months since I'd ridden, but once I'd returned from Miami, it seemed I enjoyed the risk. I drove as fast and dangerous as possible. It was never when other cars were around, but when I was alone on the road leading up to my cabin in the mountains, I drove like the hounds of hell nipped at my heels. I hadn't considered driving over the edge of one of the cliffs yet, but figured that particular thought wasn't far down the road, not with the high rate of speed I zoomed toward a deep depression.

After snapping the saddlebags shut, I climbed on and roared the engine to life. There was one other couple in the parking garage and they grimaced when the loud sound echoed off the concrete walls. I sat there, revving the engine, thinking about the envelope crumpled in my trash can. Housekeeping would take care of it tonight and that would be the last of Baker Daley.

I killed the engine and raced back toward the elevator. When it didn't rush down fast

enough for me, I ran to the stairwell, and started my sprint to the eleventh floor. Driven by despair, I reached my floor in record time, yanked the door open, and stormed back to my desk.

There it lay...still untouched.

With an all-consuming dread, I sat down in my chair, pulled the envelope out, and straightened the edges from where I'd crumpled it earlier. Had he gone back to the penthouse while I'd been at the police station, answering questions? Had he sent it through somebody and Landon put it with my things? Hell, maybe the fucking tooth fairy had given it to the Easter Bunny, and he'd handed it off to Santa Claus.

I braced myself, tried to wrap a protective cocoon around my heart, and carefully opened the envelope. His messy writing was there, mocking me, but wrapping around my heart at the same time. With a heavy heart, I started reading.

Dear Sweet (cause that was the sweetest fucking night of my entire life),

I hope you're reading this because the assignment is complete instead of me being dead. Haha. Just kidding. I know that you'll be my knight in shining armor and rescue me before too much damage is done to this gorgeous body of mine. First of all, I didn't wake you before leaving because I know we've crossed too many lines, made things too unprofessional. To be honest, I wasn't sure you'd even let me go. That wouldn't have been cool and would have pissed me off...which would have led to you having to discipline me. Okay, I'm rambling because I'm nervous. I don't have much time, but there are things I needed to say, just in case something goes wrong.

You were right, Seth...I was experimenting. I was curious. You see, I've never been in love before and I wanted to know what it felt like, even though I knew it probably wouldn't end the way my fantasies played out in my head. I broke every rule known to man and the agency. I made things personal when they should have stayed

professional. Trust me, I didn't mean for it to happen, but once I started falling, I couldn't stop. No, I didn't want to stop. It felt too good—too perfect.

I fell in love with you, Seth. Couldn't help it. You're pretty damned lovable, especially when you try hard not to be.

Anyway, I know there's a really high chance this was all a game for you. I understand that—it should have never been anything more. You're a damn good Dom, but I know that doesn't mean you are supposed to fall in love with your sub...especially your borrowed sub. I'll deal with it if this was nothing more than a job for you.

After the mission ends, and we've saved the day, I'm gonna disappear—go back home and hang out. If you're interested in something more, you know where to find me. If you don't come, I'll completely understand. Either way, thank you for giving me something I've never had before and never thought I'd have the chance to enjoy. Being in love makes me feel giddy. It's the most wonderful feeling in the world. I hope you find it one day, even if it isn't with me.

Forever Yours,

Sweet Tart

I stared at the crisp white paper in front of me. It had the logo of the apartment building emblazoned across the top. I remembered Baker swiping it from the front lobby, laughing like he'd really pulled off the heist of the century.

When had he...

That meant he'd written it...

Oh, fuck. He'd written me this note the night he'd left our penthouse, intending to

walk straight into the hands of danger.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

He loved me? Two weeks had passed. Two long weeks of me suffering a pain that touched the very core of my soul. Two weeks where he'd thought I wasn't coming for him. Two fucking weeks.

I snatched up the letter and trotted toward Landon's office. My heart felt like it might explode. Was he still waiting? Had he given up on me?

I didn't knock. I stormed straight into his office like I owned the place.

He looked up at me long and hard, and said, "You aren't quitting on me, Seth. The hurt you're feeling will pass. I promise. I can't believe you've lived this long without having your heart broken. Consider yourself lucky, most of us have been through it double-digit times by the time we reach our late twenties."

"I need to take some time off, Landon," I said, my voice sounding strange because of the excitement I wasn't even trying to contain.

He closed his laptop and asked, "Why?"

"There's been a misunderstanding. I need to see Baker. No, it can't wait, so don't even suggest it. I'm going home, grabbing a bag, and heading straight to the airport. You're gonna have to either deal with it or fire me."

He laughed. "You're going to see Agent Daley?"

"Damned straight, I am," I answered. I felt the stupidest grin on my face but could care less if I looked like a lovesick moron. I was.

He picked up his briefcase, shoved his laptop inside, and said, “Well, in that case, I’ve been authorized to use the company jet.” He stood up and started toward me. “I’ll call the airport on the way and it should be ready to leave by the time we go by both our houses and grab what we need.” He passed by me and headed straight for the elevator. “You coming?” he yelled over his shoulder.

“Hell, yeah, I am,” I answered. “The company jet? How did my personal life rate the company jet?” I didn’t really care, I was just thankful I’d get to Baker even sooner.

As the elevator doors slid together, Landon said, “Oh, honey. I don’t think it was your personal life that scored the jet.”

Chapter 12

Baker

The doorbell blasted through the house, interrupting my nap and pissing me off at the same damn time. How many goddamned times could she possibly forget the code to my locks? She'd practically moved in with me when I'd returned from my Miami assignment but, even after two full weeks and one day, three hundred and thirty-seven hours, she still forgot the code to my locks over half the time. I considered ignoring the annoying chimes and not hitting the automatic unlock from my remote but knew she would simply keep hitting the doorbell—she was antagonistic like that.

I reached for the remote, hit unlock, turned my back to the bedroom door, and buried my head into a pillow. Maybe she would take pity on me and drop off what she'd picked up at the store and then leave me in peace. Pity parties required peace so, therefore, I needed peace because I was hosting the most impressive pity party in the history of mankind.

I hadn't lost my composure until the third day. On days one and two, I kept telling myself he would come for me. There was absolutely no way I could have fallen madly in love with someone who wouldn't...or couldn't love me back. It just wasn't possible. The doubts hit me on day three. I was sick on day four. Angry on day five. Furious on day six. Deep, dark depression had settled in on day seven and that motherfucking bitch hadn't left. To be honest, she didn't look like she'd be leaving anytime in my near future.

I would have starved if Sammie hadn't force-fed me...literally. With two broken

wrists, I was about as useless as a human could be. The jury was still out on whether I should be thankful that Sammie stepped up or blame her for not letting me die just to end my torment.

When I heard her footsteps coming down the hall, I decided to blame her for all my misery. In a way, it was her fault. She'd been the one to suggest me for the assignment. She'd been the one that told me I'd be a perfect sub for him—yes, I refused to say his name, even inside my head. She'd been the one to ship me off to Colorado with a pat on the head and note in my pocket.

Bitch.

I wanted to hate her but couldn't. It wasn't her fault that I hadn't been enough for...him.

The footsteps stopped at my doorway, but I could feel the eyeballs drilling into my back. I thought about pretending to be asleep, but then remembered that I'd had to hit the remote to unlock the doors. Since that wouldn't work, I'd try being mean. Maybe that would make her finally walk out on me, once and for all. "So help me, Sammie, if you come at me with more food, I'm going to bitch-slap you. I'm not even kidding either. I can feed myself. I can do everything for myself. Please leave. I just need some peace and quiet. I'll be back in the office next year. I promise." I'd only been with the agency long enough to have earned two weeks' vacation, but I didn't care. They'd be lucky if I ever walked through the office doors again. She could fire me if she wanted to. It wasn't like I needed the money, my grandparents had left me a hefty trust fund.

That was me—trust fund baby. Heavy on the cash, light on the love.

The story of my life.

“Hey, Babe,” a husky voice said. No, not a husky voice. The husky voice. The husky voice that I’d thought belonged to me.

I whipped around and, sure enough, there stood Seth...right in my bedroom doorway, looking all hot and fucking perfect. Well, other than the fact that he looked tired, with black rings under his beautiful gray eyes. When I looked in the mirror, I saw the same thing. “Wh...what are you doing here?” I stammered.

Seth was in my house!

He took a deep breath, and answered, “I came for you, Baker.”

I didn’t take a deep breath—just roared, “Did you fucking walk from Colorado?” I would have thrown a pillow at him if my wrists weren’t broken and in casts. “Are you serious? It’s been two weeks, Seth. Two long fucking weeks! What? You had to see if you got any better offers before you settled? What’s the story? Please tell me. I’m all ears.”

Don’t jump up and tackle him. Don’t jump up and tackle him. Try to find some dignity hidden deep down inside. Just try!

There was no dignity to be found. When my mouth opened again, it was to say, “Never the fuck mind—get in this bed with me!” I flipped the covers back and silently sent a ‘thank you’ prayer to Sammie for forcing me to finally take a shower this morning.

A sexy grin split his face and he was on top of me in a mere second. His muscled weight pressed me into the soft mattress and my body sang hallelujah. My hands...well, fingers since most of each hand was trapped in casts, reached up to clasp the sides of his face and I whispered, “Kiss me. Please kiss me.”

He kissed me softly, teasing my lips with butterfly kisses for a few minutes, and then shoving his tongue inside my mouth and tasting every inch of me. I gave as good as I got. His scent wrapped around me, offering a cocoon of happiness that I never wanted to leave. My legs opened wide to give him room to make himself at home. I was so happy, a stupid giggle bubbled up from my throat.

Not cool. Not cool, at all.

“What took you so damn long?” I demanded when we finally came up for air.

“I thought you left me, Baker. You’d already boarded the jet before I left the police station. Landon told me you wanted to go home.” He closed his eyes and when he opened them again, they were damp with unshed tears. “I didn’t find the letter until last night, babe. I thought you were finished with me and I kept telling myself to step aside and let you be happy. I...I had no idea you were waiting on me to come for you. It’s been hell without you in my world, Baker. Please don’t ever do that to me again.”

Frowning, I asked, “How did you not get my letter? I left it right on the countertop for you—next to the refrigerator.”

“I couldn’t go back to the penthouse after Landon told me you’d left. I...just couldn’t. I didn’t want to see all the reminders of...of what I’d never have. Last night when Ari started digging through the boxes that they’d brought back from Miami, he found the letter and gave it to me.”

“Who the fuck is Ari?” I demanded, angrily. I could just imagine some hot little twinkie sub digging through Seth’s personal belongings in between scenes.

He laughed. “Ari is Arizona—Landon’s son. His desk is next to mine at the office. That’s where the boxes were.” He dropped his head, shook it, and said, “Fuck, Baker, I almost tossed those boxes without ever looking inside.” Despair made his voice

sound raw. “What if I’d never seen the letter? What if we’d both just gone our separate ways, each believing the other didn’t want us?”

“That wouldn’t have happened, Tart,” I mocked. “The minute my wrists were healed, I planned on flying to Colorado to kick your ass. I think the truth might have come out then.”

He nuzzled my lips and whispered, “I’ve missed your sweetness and especially the tartness. I’m never letting you go, Baker. I hope you know that. I’ll move, or you’ll move. One way or another, we’re together. Got it?”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“Just try to shake me, big guy,” I answered.

“No more misunderstandings, lies, half—truths, or assumptions,” he added. “We tell each other everything and never assume anything.”

“Oh, shit, guys!” Landon’s voice interrupted our private love fest. “What in the fuckity fuck is the director doing here? She just pulled into the driveway. I swear on all that’s holy that I had permission to use the company jet.”

Uh oh. There might have been one more thing I hadn’t told Seth. When I heard Sammie stomping up the stairs, I knew it was too late to try and cover my ass now. The shit was about to hit the fan.

“The director? How do you know the director?” Seth asked.

Before I could answer, Sammie rounded the corner, hands on her hips, and looking ready to rip some heads off. I wasn’t even certain it was the heads that sat on top of shoulders, either.

“Landon,” she nodded in his direction but never took her eyes away from Seth. “Agent Wilkinson,” she moved in closer, her eyes glaring, “it’s finally nice to meet you in person instead of talking on the phone.”

Seth rolled off the bed and stared at her, a confused expression on his face.

“Uh, Seth, this is Sammie,” I said. “She, uh, yeah, she used to be called Mistress Samantha.” I grinned sheepishly. “You know, before I met and fell in love with you.”

When I'd returned home from Miami, I'd been up front with Samantha right away, and told her our professional relationship, in the clubs, not at work, was officially over. I'd gushed about having fallen madly in love with Seth and revealed my hopes and prayers that he felt the same and would come for me. She'd promised he would, there was no way he did not love me back, she'd vowed. As the days passed with no word from him, she'd gotten madder and madder at Seth, threatening to fire him. I'm sure she was joking, but she also mentioned having him 'knocked off'. Just in case she hadn't been kidding, I'd quickly explained I'd have her 'knocked off' if she did. My threat hadn't seemed to bother her much, so I added Esmerelda, her beloved dog into the mix. She totally got the picture then and never mentioned making Seth vanish again. After that conversation, it was merely chopping his balls off and feeding them to him.

It was during those conversations that I'd taken to calling her Sammie. Mistress Samantha didn't work anymore and after all we'd shared together, Miss. Strickland didn't fit either. We'd both settled on Sammie. I would always love her but had never considered being in love with her...not like I was with Seth. I'd known there was something different from the very first scene Seth and I shared together but had tried to chalk it up to him being my first male Dominant. It hadn't been that. It hadn't been that at all. My heart had recognized him immediately as my soul mate. The rest of me had caught up and agreed with the revelation fairly quickly. It was hard to imagine that we'd only been thrown together for a few days, but he'd managed to change my entire world.

Seth's eyes were suddenly as round as silver dollars. "Your Mistress is the director of the agency? You never thought to mention that to me, Baker?"

"Thought about it," I squeaked. "Then thought maybe I shouldn't. Anyway, she's my ex-Mistress...and she owns the company."

"Oh, shit," Landon, who had tried to be invisible up until this point, muttered. He was

standing in a corner of my bedroom, trying to blend in with the navy walls. Hmmm, it wasn't working for him. "Couldn't you have shared some of that information with me, Director Strickland? It might have made things easier."

"No, I couldn't, Landon. I didn't need Baker getting any special treatment, good or bad, because of who he associated with. I'm well aware of the tight relationship you have with Agent Wilkinson and I simply couldn't trust you not to tell him." She turned and stared him down. "If it had been pertinent to the assignment, I would have shared it."

After she finished silencing Landon, Sammie moved around the room until she stood nose to nose with Seth. Yeah, she was incredibly tall for a woman, and just had this thing about her. When she walked into a room, you knew she was somebody not to be trifled with. Seth straightened his back and met her gaze. "I'm sorry, Mistress. He belongs to me now."

Those words did really nice things to my belly, like riding a roller coaster. Funny, my few days with Seth had been a non-stop thrill ride...one I didn't intend on ever getting off of.

"Why in this world do you think I'd give him to you?" she questioned arrogantly. "When I allowed you, another Dom, to touch him, I distinctly recall telling you not to hurt him." She stepped closer. "I also distinctly recall you vowing you wouldn't. I accepted your word because you're a respected Dom in the community. Now? Well, let's just say, it all hinges on your next words, Sir," she threatened...or maybe mocked, I wasn't sure which.

"Because I'm in love with him." Seth looked down at me and added, "And he's in love with me."

She smiled. "Well played...well played. He's all yours." Her grin became sinister.

“He’s behaved like such a child over these past two weeks. He’ll need disciplined for that. Did you just hear him say he would bitch-slap me?”

“Yes, ma’am, I did,” Seth answered. “I assure you, I’ll take care of it.”

“Promises, promises,” I answered.

Chapter 13

Baker

I nervously paced the length of the office area, back and forth, back and forth, while I waited for Seth's meeting with Landon to finish. It was late in the evening and the only people left on the floor of our building were me, Seth, Landon, and Ari. I shouldn't feel so irritated since I was ninety-nine percent certain the meeting was about me and my continuous demands to be released from a medical hold, so I could return to work, but I was still antsy. Hell, if anybody should be royally pissed about the after-hours-stand-around-doing-nothing party, it should be Ari. He'd been forced to wait around on his dad to finish up discussing my future...with Seth, not me. Yeah, I was borderline pissed, so I tried to focus my mind on how we ended up where we were and how incredibly pleased I'd been with the decision. Maybe, just maybe, remembering those facts might help me feel better?

Doubtful...but they would make me feel warm and fuzzy on the inside, which might possibly lead to the melting of my heart. Ha! I had a gift; I could be pissed off and happy at the same damn time!

Once Seth and I communicated our feelings, we'd both determined that I'd keep my house in Arizona for when we wanted to visit or just escape life, but our home base needed to be in Colorado. Seth had presented a list of reasons why Colorado would be the best place for us to settle and while they were all legitimate reasons, I felt confident one of his biggest hang-ups with us staying in Arizona was that we would be spending a lot of time interacting with Sammie. Yeah, he might have a touch of a possessive streak that I find very sexy. As for me, I could have cared less which state

we settled in, as long as we were together.

Seth and I remained in Arizona for almost a month while I continued to recover from my wrist injuries and it had been nothing short of a huge slice of heaven cake. Just watching Seth putter around the house, touching my things and looking totally hot while doing it had made my heart do stupid little pitter patter symphonies. There had, of course, been a dash of negative to mix in with the positive, though. He'd taken his nursing duties very serious and babied me to the point of nearly driving me insane. I hated being helpless but, oddly enough, me hating something didn't change the facts in the least bit. I was still pretty much helpless, no matter how frustrated it made me feel or regardless of how many temper tantrums I unleashed. When my pouting ended, my wrists were still useless, and Seth had added yet another discipline mark beside my name...for when I was completely healed. His words, not mine.

If anyone here paused long enough to ask me, they'd know I now felt completely healed. I was more than ready to return to work and, more importantly, ready to begin receiving all my disciplinary punishment. Most of all, though, I was ready to be treated like a man instead of the helpless creature Seth believed me to be. He'd awoken all these...desires inside of me but refused to continue with my education. At this rate I was going to have to purchase a Gay Sex for Dummies book just so I'd have a fucking clue.

Sex. Well, what there was of it, had become all gentle. Like I was suddenly a fragile butterfly that needed to be carefully caressed and then deposited into a safe place. Seth was afraid of hurting me. I was afraid of Sethnohurting me. Yes, I understood that I was injured. Yes, I understood that one wrong move could set my healing cycle back by weeks. Yes, I understood wrist restraints weren't possible. I understood all that, but it didn't keep me from wanting...more.

Once we left Arizona and settled in Colorado, I'd expected things to change. Other than the fact that the doctor released me for desk-duty two weeks ago, there really

hadn't been many serious adjustments to my supposed helplessness. We'd yet to even enter the infamous playroom that I'd only gotten to enjoy one time, much less gotten naked and dirty while allowing me to thoroughly enjoy Seth dominating me in every way imaginable. I hadn't been on my knees for him one time. Well, at least in a submission sort of way. He still waited on me, babied me, and made sure my every whim, regardless of how utterly ridiculous, was taken care of. Yes, I was ashamed to say I'd requested some ridiculousness just to test him.

He'd passed.

I was pretty sure I was failing.

I stopped pacing long enough to stare out one of the windows, trying my best to focus on the beautiful snow-kissed scenery in hopes that it might magically help ease the panic that suddenly began tightening around my chest. Deep breaths. Everything would be fine. It was all going to work out.

I'd found in the last month that my frustrations had morphed into panic attacks that were coming more often and getting stronger with each friendly visit. I knew BDSM was a huge part of Seth's life and had been for years. Would he continue to want me around if I couldn't give him everything he needed? Damn, it was what we both needed, but I was a hell of a lot more worried about satisfying Seth than I was about my own needs. Was he changing his mind? Realizing I wasn't really what he wanted after all? My 'new' was already wearing off?

Sex and submission were the two most important things I could give him and for the past three months, I was a fucking failure.

The panic threatened to cut off the air trying to get to my lungs.

"Baker!" a male voice interrupted the I-think-I'm-dying process at the same time a

hand clamped down on my shoulder. “Are you okay, man? You don’t look so good.”

Ari turned me away from the window and made me face him as he talked.

“Look at me, Baker,” he ordered. “Take slow, deep breaths.” Ari mimicked his own words, showing and telling me what I needed to do. “Deep breaths...just focus on my voice.”

I wasn’t sure how much time passed before my breathing returned to normal and the panic attack subsided. When my mind cleared, I found Ari staring at me with an incredibly worried expression on his face.

Because of the streak of jealousy that had raced through me the first time Seth mentioned Arizona’s name, I’d thought I wouldn’t like the guy. I’d been wrong. He was smart, cute, friendly, and one hundred percent grateful that Seth and I were together. We’d shared many laughs over how pitiful Seth had supposedly acted when he’d thought I’d left him after our mission in Miami ended. Other than Seth, he was my only friend in Colorado.

“Uhhhhh...what happened just then, Baker? First, I had to endure watching you stomp a good two miles in a less than one-hundred-yards of office space. That was comical at first but turned really annoying quickly. After that, I got to see you turn a deathly gray color and act like you were smothering to death.” He looked me up and down. “You’re a hottie, but death gray isn’t your best look, doll. What’s up?”

“N-nothing,” I stammered nervously. No matter how cool I thought Ari was, I wasn’t interested in anybody knowing about my insecurities. I tried to pull off a nonchalant shrug and added, “Just ready to go home.” I looked toward Landon’s office and asked, “How much longer do you think they’ll be in there?”

Ari glanced down at his watch and said, “Not much longer, I’m sure. Dad...I mean,

Landon has an interview with someone in twenty minutes. My guess is he and Seth will be wrapping things up any minute now. At least they'd better be. I seriously doubt the asshole will be late, and I don't intend to be around when he shows up."

I didn't have time to question Ari's odd comments because no sooner had he spoken the words, the door to Landon's office opened and Seth walked out. His eyes didn't search the room to look for me. No, they immediately landed on me, causing every inch of my body to grow uncomfortably warm. It was like he had a Baker GPS built into his system. He smiled, and all my worries evaporated in an instant. That damn smile was going to be the death of me!

"You ready to go, babe?" he yelled across the room.

"Yep!" Ari and I answered at the same time. I turned to look at Ari, silently questioning why he'd answered too.

"Oh...yeah...I, uh, need a ride home," Ari explained as he grabbed my arm and steered me toward Seth.

Even though my wrists were, in my opinion, top notch healed, Ari was careful with his touch. Hell, even that annoyed me. Did the entire state of Colorado think I was helpless and weak?

"Hands off, Arizona," Seth growled when we were within hearing distance. "That's mine. Find your own."

Ari rolled his eyes, but his hands dropped to his sides. It would have bothered me to think Seth hurt his feelings, but I seriously doubted Seth scared or intimidated Ari in the least bit.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“Fine,” Ari snipped. “I don’t want yours anyway.” His entire body wiggled in an exaggerated display of dislike before he added, “I’m not into that kinky shit the two of you do in your playroom.” For sheer meanness, he leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. “Because of that, I won’t take him away from you. Asshole.”

Seth pulled me into a polite hug, kissed the top of my head, and laughed at Ari. “You don’t know what you’re missing, Arizona. Not only is there a really good chance that you would enjoy it, you seriously need a strong Dom to take you into hand and spank that ass of yours until some of your sassiness tones down a level or two.”

Polite. Hug. Kiss on top of head.

Fuck. That. Shit.

I turned to face him, grabbed both of his cheeks, and yanked him down for a smoldering kiss. When our lips met, I gave him everything I had to offer...used every skill he’d taught me in our three months and twenty-seven days together. My body melted against his hardness, craving the feel of his muscles more than I craved the very beat of my own heart. Whenever we touched, it always felt like an explosion of fireworks would erupt inside of me.

He didn’t resist my horny attack and even returned my kiss, just not with his usual level of passion. I wasn’t certain what caused his hesitation and if my heart wasn’t linked so tightly with his, I might not have even noticed. But, I noticed. There was hesitation...a nervousness that I couldn’t begin to understand. Embarrassed, I finished my kiss and stepped away from him. On a bright note, he kept me plastered to his side by linking his arm around my waist. On a much dimmer note, even that

touch felt somewhat nervous or uncomfortable.

I cleared my throat, giving myself time to squash down the feelings of panic, and asked, “How did the meeting go? Do I get to finally make myself useful again? Do something besides desk duty?”

My heart splintered with each passing moment. He didn’t want me anymore. What other explanation could there be for his sudden lack of passion?

“We’ll discuss it at home,” Seth answered shortly, but softened the answer with a pat to my ass. “You ready?”

Ari’s eyes darted between the two of us, a confused expression on his face. Not one to hold anything back, he said, “Seth, either you’re really constipated or there’s a stick up your ass. You’re acting weird. Stop it.” Turning to me, he said, “And don’t think I’m letting you off the hook about what happened earlier. Tomorrow. Lunch. Honesty.” He turned and looked nervously at the elevator. “For now, let’s get the hell out of here. I’ve got things to do and places to be.” He grabbed his backpack from his desk and said, “I need a ride home. Let’s go. I don’t have all night to watch the two of you do the awkward dance.”

Seth looked at me and I shrugged my shoulders, letting him know I didn’t have a clue. I had bigger things to worry about than Ari’s need to do things and go places. There was a damn good chance the man I loved was falling out of love with me.

“What’s his deal?” Seth whispered as we followed Ari to the elevators.

“Not a clue.”

Seth frowned. “What’s your deal?”

By this time, we were standing in front of the elevator doors. Ari paced back and forth, a lot like I'd done earlier. He was right; it turned annoying pretty quickly. Turning to Seth, I answered, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"What's taking the elevator so long?" Ari interrupted. "Does it always take this long? It never takes this long." He glanced at his watch and swore. "Fuck this; I'm taking the stairs."

Seth reached out and grabbed Ari's arm as he tried to make his escape. "Nobody's taking the stairs, Ari. We're on the fifteenth floor! The elevator will be here in a few seconds. Calm down."

As if on cue, the elevator dinged, and the doors slid open.

"See? Told you," Seth said with a laugh. He let go of his hold on Ari and motioned for me to enter ahead of him.

I took two steps and collided with a hard body compiled of muscles and tattoos. The jolt might have sent me tumbling to the ground if Seth hadn't stepped up to put his equally hard body behind me, causing the collision to occur between me and Seth instead of me and the floor. Possessive Seth immediately maneuvered our bodies until he was between me and the new muscle man. The devil in me wondered if I could flirt with the stranger to bring Seth's caveman out. Maybe then, he'd take me the way I wanted him to? The reasonable side reminded me that acting the flirt when I didn't mean it would make me an asshole.

"Watch where you're going," Seth growled out a warning.

"Yeah, sorry about that," the man answered in an equally manly growl. "Someone plowed straight into me while I didn't move an inch. That's all on me." When he finished with his sarcastic remarks to Seth, he looked around at me and said, "I am

sorry. You okay?"

Smothering a grin, I answered, "I'm fine. No harm." Cutting my eyes in Seth's direction, I added, "I'm not as fragile as some people tend to believe."

The stranger laughed, and Seth scowled.

"I bet there's not one damn fragile thing about you."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Seth demanded, rudely ignoring the newcomer. "I don't think you're fragile. Were you implying that I did? Because that's how it sounded."

"Ding. Ding. Ding. He got it in one!" I chimed sarcastically. I knew this discussion didn't need to take place in front of anyone, much less someone we didn't know, but my frustrations and insecurities were at a peak and, I could no longer be held responsible for not making reasonable decisions.

Stranger took pity on me. "Hey, I'll leave you guys to it if you could just point me in the direction of Landon Honeycutt's office. I have an interview that I'm about to be late for."

My eyes narrowed as I actually paused long enough to take a good look at the man who'd nearly knocked me on my ass...the one who Ari had referred to as an asshole during our earlier conversation. In my opinion, he wasn't nearly as handsome as Seth and didn't make my heart or cock do funny things, but I could definitely see how the rest of the female, and male population, could be intrigued by his looks. And by intrigued, I meant "let me find the closest flat surface so I can bend over, drop my drawers, and let you fuck me" kind of intrigued. He was as tall as Seth and stacked with just as many muscles. His inky black hair was long enough to look shaggy but short enough to tame if necessary. And his eyes were a bright green, like they were

stripped straight from the scenery of a fairy-tale. But then he spun off the fairy-tale world with tattoo sleeves hot enough to make one think when he wasn't living in fairy land, he was dancing with the demons in hell.

Who was this man to Ari and why did he dislike him so much?

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

Seth pointed toward Landon's office and said, "There's his office; he's expecting you. Since you're going to be one of us, I'm sorry for this rough start. Welcome to the team." Seth extended his hand and Ari's Asshole shook it. "I'm Agent Seth Wilkinson and this is Agent Baker Daley."

When I offered my hand for a shake, Seth said, "He's mine." I rolled my eyes and shook my head in embarrassment. I also felt my heart do its stupid Seth dance.

"I kinda picked up on that," the man answered with a friendly looking smirk. "I'm Eli Wallace. Nice to meet you both."

Both? Did he plan on simply ignoring Arizona's presence altogether? No wonder my friend thought the guy was an asshole!

Not intending to allow it to happen, I said, "This is...."

The words died in my mouth when I turned to grab Ari so I could force introductions, but there was no Ari there. He was gone. Vanished. Disappeared into thin air. I looked around the office area, and it was empty except for the three of us.

"Never mind," I mumbled when I turned back around to find Eli staring at me, a question dancing around in his oddly colored eyes. "Well, it was nice meeting you, Eli." I grabbed Seth by the arm and tugged him onto the elevator. "We need to run. Things to do, and places to be," I said, repeating Ari's words from earlier. The sneaky bastard had to have slipped away by escaping through the door leading to the stairwell. He was running, and I intended to find out why.

As the door slid shut, Seth asked, “What was that about and where in the hell did Arizona disappear to?”

There were so many things I wanted to say to Seth, questions to ask where the answers could lead to calming my insecurities or sending my emotions into a state of despair. Instead of having the balls to ask any of those questions, though, I said, “Am I released to go back to work yet?”

Seth sighed. “No, Baker; you’re not. You knew the answer to that question before I went into Landon’s office. I feel confident you were present at your own doctor’s appointment this morning and heard his decision. Doctor Jacobs says one more week. Landon can’t release you until the doctor does.”

It was stupid. I was fine. I told the doctor I was fine. Like everyone else, he ignored me. Frustration made me want to pick a fight and since Seth was the only one trapped in the elevator with me, he should be on the receiving end of my wrath...but I couldn’t. The fear that I’d do or say something that might finally push him away and send me back to Arizona kept my mouth closed with the smart-ass remark dying to escape. Instead of demanding he explain why he was suddenly Mr. Rule-Abider, I asked, “If it wasn’t to discuss my medical release, what was the meeting about?”

“The new employee,” Seth growled bitterly.

I wanted to laugh at the sour expression on his face but managed to hold it inside. Was this my new life? Was I always going to be tip-toeing on egg shells, living in constant fear that I’d do something wrong in front of Seth? Frowning, I paused to try and figure out when exactly things had gotten so tense between us. Sure, we’d bickered over silly things from the very beginning, but since bickering always led to make-up sex, we’d both been completely comfortable with it. All that had changed about two weeks ago. Seth had changed. He acted nervous and withdrawn. No, not exactly withdrawn, but not exactly himself, either. I’d caught him whispering on the phone to

some unknown person and then there'd been several times I'd walked in and he'd been on his laptop. He would immediately log off and tuck it away.

Sketchy.

Shit, he was cheating on me!

How could I have missed it? It all made sense now. His nervousness. His whispered phone calls. Sneaky computer activity. His refusal to take me to the playroom. His determination to keep sex as vanilla as possible.

Shit. Fuck. Damn.

I felt my back bump against the cold elevator wall and I slowly slid to the floor, shocked at the remarkable speed I'd managed to fuck things up with Seth. I should have known I wouldn't be able to hold his interest. Seth was...Seth. He was perfect. I was...inexperienced. At relationships. And as a gay man. Boring, probably.

"Baker! What's wrong, babe? Talk to me!" I heard Seth yelling at me in a fear-laced voice. His hands touched my face and then began slowly working down the length of my body, like he was checking for injuries. "Baker, you're scaring me."

The elevator door opened, and I saw we'd finally reached the parking garage. Ari stood right outside the door, obviously waiting on us, and then hustled inside when he saw me on the floor with Seth kneeling next to me. Confusion mingled with the pain that had caused my collapse. I didn't understand. One second Seth was whispering to strangers and in the next second, he was acting like the perfect boyfriend.

I looked into his eyes and saw nothing but worry and love. Maybe I was overreacting, seeing monsters under the bed when there weren't any there?

“What happened?” Ari demanded as he knelt next to Seth. “Are you okay, Baker?” He looked at Seth and said, “What did you do?”

“Me? Why would you think I did something?”

Okay, this conversation needed to stop.

“I’m fine,” I answered quickly and made myself stand back up, shrugging off the help both of them offered. “I think my sugar must be messed up. I just felt dizzy for a second.” My sugar wasn’t messed up...my head was.

By the tightening of Seth’s lips, I knew he didn’t believe a word I’d just said.

“Come on,” I urged. “I’m hungry. Let’s get home so I can eat. I’ll be fine then.” I stepped off the elevator, knowing they’d be forced to follow me or get stuck on the other side of the elevator door.

“Did you tell Seth I needed a ride home?” Ari asked, catching up to me quicker than Seth. Actually, Seth seemed to be hanging back, pecking away on his phone. “Because if you didn’t, let’s not mention it. I’ll call for a car. If you’re feeling bad enough to almost pass out, I’m not going to be the one responsible for keeping you away from food.” His body shook in another exaggerated shiver, like earlier. “I don’t want to be the one caveman blames if his lover has another sugar attack.”

Clearly, Ari didn’t believe me either. I must be the world’s worst liar.

“No, you’re riding with us. You told him earlier you needed a ride. Remember? Anyway, it’s no problem to drop you off at home.” I pulled a candy bar out of my backpack and said, “See? Nothing to worry about. This bad boy will save the day.” The last thing I wanted to do was drop a chocolate bar onto my already churning stomach but I was determined to live-the-lie, so I ripped open the package and bit off

a huge bite. Chewed. Swallowed. Smiled. “Yum. I’m already feeling better.”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“Whatever,” Ari mumbled. “Listen, Baker, whatever’s troubling you about Seth, you need to talk to him about it. He’s a good guy and loves you, like enough to be the poster child for a lovesick fool. Just talk it out.” He snatched the candy bar out of my hand and said, “And put that shit away. You aren’t hungry. Or having a sugar attack.”

I smiled. “It’s a good thing you’re gay, Ari. Women wouldn’t put up with that attitude of yours. Snatching chocolate from their hands could get you killed, no questions asked, and they wouldn’t feel the least bit bad about it afterwards. No touchy the chocolate.”

I looked over my shoulder and saw Seth tuck his cell into his back pocket. His eyes met mine, darted away guiltily, and then returned to mine.

He winked.

I frowned.

Ari rolled his eyes.

“You still need a ride, Ari?” Seth asked as he jogged to catch up to us. We reached the car at the same time, and Seth quickly moved to open the passenger door for me.

Aww, what a mother-fucking, cheating gentleman.

Smiling up at him, I said, “Thank you, Seth.”

“Climb in, Ari,” Seth said as he opened the car door for him, as well. “Why did you

disappear?”

I turned around in my seat to look at Ari. Watching my friend squirm might work wonders for getting my attention off my own problems. “Yeah, Ari,” I said as Seth backed the car out of the parking lot. “What was with the vanishing act? And, before you answer, remember that you accidentally referred to the new employee as an asshole when we were talking earlier.”

He flipped me off. “He’s not going to be a new employee if I have anything to do with it,” he muttered in disgust. “I try my best to stay out of dad’s business, but I’m going to have to meddle this time. We don’t need Eli on our team. End of story. I’m going to tell dad not to hire him.”

Seth snorted out a laugh. “Yeah, I don’t think that’s going to work out for you, Ari. The interview tonight was nothing more than a formality.” Looking into the review mirror where he could meet Ari’s gaze, Seth added, “Trust me; I’m no more excited about his presence than you, my friend.”

My head whipped around in Seth’s direction. “Why would you say that? You barely spoke twenty words to him.”

Seth’s chest expanded with a deep breath before he answered. “The man we just met, Eli Wallace, is Samantha’s stepbrother.” He turned and looked at me, a naughty look twinkling in his eyes. “You remember Samantha, right? Your ex-Domme?”

My eyes widened in shock. Why was Samantha’s stepbrother suddenly interested in the business? I plopped back against the seat and realized that I didn’t know if this man was just suddenly interested in the business. He could have been working at one of the satellite agencies for years, and I wouldn’t have known it. Not only had I only been working for The Company for a little over a year, the Domme/sub relationship I’d had with Samantha had been strictly business. I knew absolutely nothing about

her family or what, if any, their dealings in the company's business might be.

Without considering the consequences, I seized the opportunity Seth had just tossed into my court and answered, "Why, yes, I do remember her. Maybe I need to visit her again...just so I don't forget what the inside of a playroom looks like, of course."

I heard Arizona's gasp of surprise, but it was nothing compared to the look of pain that flashed across Seth's face. I wanted to take it back the instant it left my mouth, but it was too late.

Fuck. I'd fucked up. Again. The fucking story of my life.

Seth's hands tightened on the steering wheel, but he didn't use words to fight back against my unfair and intentionally mean threat. He used his silence, and it hurt far worse.

"I'm sorry, Seth," I whispered. "I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean it. You know I didn't mean it, right?"

"I'll always want you to say what's on your mind, Baker," Seth finally answered. "It's one of the many things I love about you. Your honesty." He offered me a stiff smile and added, "Let's change the subject, shall we? Perhaps this is something better left to discuss when we're alone."

"Hell, yeah, it is," Ari muttered from his spot in the back seat. "I'm not into those dirty games the two of you play in the dark, but that comment made me want to whip your ass, Baker. Can we please just talk about me and how this asshole's arrival is going to potentially ruin my life? Me, me, me," he teased. "You two need to work on your miscommunications in the privacy of your own home. I need all the focus onmeright now."

I turned around to glare at him. “I know you’re not into all the dirty games Seth and I play in the dark, but I really think somebody needs to whip your ass right now,” I countered. “Could you possibly be any more spoiled? The whole world doesn’t revolve around you, Arizona.” Narrowing my eyes at him, I ordered, “Now...spill the deets. Why do you hate Eli Wallace, also known as Samantha’s step brother, aka asshole, so much?”

Still feeling like a shit, I reached my hand over and looped it around Seth’s. I wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d shoved it away, but he answered with a reassuring squeeze. I kept our hands locked together.

“Okay,” Ari began. “You guys know that I’m a computer nerd and there’s not a code out there that I can’t write or decipher.”

“Brag much?” I said.

“What you probably don’t know is that I’m not just a computer nerd...there’s a good chance I’m a full-time, twenty-four seven, around-the-clock nerd. I graduated from MIT when I was seventeen years old. When your entire section of the world is much older than you, more mature than you, and more confident than you...well...it leads to ugly situations. People were either mean or treated me like some sort of pet mascot.”

He grew quiet for a few seconds and had a faraway look in his eyes. I hadn’t known Arizona for very long, but I’d never seen him act anything other than happy and well-adjusted. He always smiled and wasn’t stingy with laughs. Looking at him now, his eyes screamed sadness and insecurity.

“Did Eli do something to you, Arizona?” Seth growled. “Was he one of the crowd that mistreated you? Does your father know this?”

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

He kept firing questions, not giving Ari a chance to answer before barking out another one. It was evident that Seth wasn't going to have any difficulties in disliking Eli. I didn't doubt for a second that Seth suspected Samantha had sent Eli to the satellite office to keep an eye on the two of us. He was wrong, though. I think Seth totally misunderstood the type of relationship Samantha and I had. It was nothing like the connection the two of us shared.

“Well, Seth, you remember the night you were whining around about Baker not loving you, Baker leaving you without a goodbye, Baker...blah, blah, blah. You remember that night, right?”

Seth rolled his eyes and I couldn't help but smile. It wasn't like it brought me joy to know that Seth had suffered the same way that I had when we'd been apart...but it did make me smile.

“Yeah, I thought you did. Remember me telling you that I'd already been dumped seven times in my life, so you needed to quit whining about the one and only time somebody had left you high, dry, and horny? Well, Eli Wallace was my number seven. Bastard. He broke my heart and walked away with a swagger that screamed, ‘I-don't-give-a-fuck’.” He unfastened his seat belt and leaned up closer to us. “You just don't do that to people. It's wrong. It's mean. It hurts. So, for that reason, I'm going to beg dad to not hire him, regardless of who he's related to.”

“Not going to work,” I countered. “He's the stepbrother to the owner of the company. I doubt Landon will have a choice in the matter.”

“Okay, you're probably right about that,” Ari conceded. “But, here's the deal; nobody

in this car is going to like him, be polite to him, welcome him to the team, or even talk to him. It's like a friend code, or something. Pinky swear, guys. I'm not kidding. We are going to smother him with a level of hate that will suffocate him to the point that he runs back to wherever he came from, tail tucked between his legs."

"I'm in!" Seth answered cheerfully.

While Ari had been preaching his rant, my mind had been working up some basic mathematical calculations. Something wasn't adding up, and that something was age. Looking back at Ari, I asked, "You met Eli at MIT, right?"

Ari scooted back and buckled his seatbelt again. "I see where you're going with this and think its best you mind your own business, Baker. You're starting to step on toes,my toes, and I don't like it when that happens. Zip it." For the first time since I'd known him, he looked like the nineteen-year-old he was.

"You said you were seventeen years old when you graduated. That's underage, Arizona. If there was something between you and Eli, it was illegal, and your father damn well needs to know about it." Seth's eyes narrowed. "I don't give a fuck whose stepbrother he is. That's against the fucking law. You were a kid, for fuck's sake!"

"Nothing happened," Ari muttered. "At least nothing physical." He huffed around in the back seat a few more seconds before he added, "There's a good chance I might have lied to Eli about my age. Maybe. Probably." He crossed his arms over his chest and even though I hadn't believed it to be possible, his bottom lip pooched out in a big pout.

"Yeah, I lied about my age," he muttered.

Seth pulled into Ari's neighborhood and then, seconds later, into his driveway...or the driveway that belonged to his parents. Arizona still lived at home. It would have

driven me crazy, but they seemed to make it work.

After putting the car into park, Seth turned to Ari and asked, “You lied about your age? How old did you tell him you were?” Seth snorted. “And how could he have been dumb enough to believe it?”

Ari kicked the back of Seth’s seat with the tip of his foot. “Don’t be an ass, Seth. I’ve told you time and time again that it isn’t an attractive look on you. I told him I was nineteen-years-old. I looked identical to how I look now, my looks haven’t changed hardly at all. Anyway, I was a senior at MIT. It wasn’t even a hard lie to pull off.”

“If he believed you were nineteen, I’m having a difficult time believing the two of you didn’t have sex, Ari.”

“We almost did...but then he heard the truth from one of my teachers. Up-tight bastard ratted me out before I had a chance to lure Eli into my bed. I should have gotten him fired for that,” Ari said thoughtfully and then pulled a notepad out of his backpack. “I’m going to make a note to see if it’s not too late.”

“No, you are not!” I yelled. “You and I both know the teacher did the right thing by you and Eli. Especially Eli. Hell, Ari, he could have gone to jail!”

“I wouldn’t have told! I was in love with him! I knew perfectly well what I wanted!”

I threw up my hands. One couldn’t argue with stupid.

“I might have known you’d side with him,” Ari muttered. “Good thing I got you to pinky swear before I told you the whole story.”

“Get out of the car, dumbass,” Seth said. “You need to tell your father the entire story, Ari. After that, you need to get your mess sorted with Eli. Don’t put your father

in a position where he has to choose between his son and the owner's stepbrother. He'll end up quitting and we all know how valuable he is to the company's success and the team's safety. Come clean with him, Arizona," Seth ordered. "Now, get out of my fucking car." He looked at me. "Baker and I have an important discussion of our own that needs to take place."

Oh, shit.

"Fine. Thanks for the ride. Both of you keep your big mouths shut. I'll handle this with dad." He wagged his finger between us. "You all need to worry about your own shit and keep your noses out of mine."

"You do realize you just rubbed our noses in it, right?" I asked as he got out of the car. He didn't answer, only flipped me off and started walking toward the front door.

"That's going to be a problem, I'm afraid," Seth said as he backed out of the driveway. "Arizona has a brilliant mind, but his emotions are still on the teenage level. Eli Wallace is way too much man for Ari, but it's clear that Ari still has feelings for him."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. What do you and I need to discuss?" I asked, already terrified this was the break-up discussion. The "it's me, not you" talk. The "I'll sleep on the couch until you find a place to stay" dialogue. The....

"We'll talk about it at home," Seth answered quietly.

"What if I want to talk about it now?" I prompted...like an idiot.

"Then you're going to be disappointed," he answered. Turning to look at me, he added, "You know...like you obviously are with our sex life right now."

The remainder of the car ride was spent in silence. I had nothing to say, no way to defend myself as Seth's words pinged around in my head like that tiny ball in a pinball machine. Well, it was more than those words. They were there, slamming into brain matter, but there was also the secretive phone calls, the computer, and the complete withdrawal from the playroom. It didn't take long before I felt like my head would explode from all the anxieties that had suddenly taken up residence inside of me.

Chapter 14

Seth

I'd really fucked things up with Baker. It was my responsibility...no, privilege to take care of him, and I'd made him feel unwanted. The thought of the man I loved hurting because he believed I didn't find him sexually attractive made my heart ache with enough pain to nearly cripple me. If I didn't have our evening already planned, I probably would be doubled over with worry.

What kind of irresponsible Dom let something like this slink into our lives? Maybe Samantha was right by sending her stepbrother to watch over Baker? And, yes, that's exactly what I thought Eli's sudden presence in Colorado was. When Landon told me, it had been nothing more than an irritant. I had nothing to worry about. Baker and I were happy...like happily-ever-after happy. At least I'd thought we were.

Was tonight the wrong night to do what I'd been planning for weeks? Was my timing fucked up?

The questions were still running in a loop inside my head when we pulled into our driveway. It looked like the workers had finished installing the black iron fencing around the property, so maybe that would perk Baker up. I looked over to see him gnawing his bottom lip like a man chewing on his last meal before execution. I cleared my throat. "It looks like they finished the fencing today. That means as soon as they get the gate up, we'll be able to start searching the animal shelters for those dogs you're wanting."

Slowly, he turned to look at me and then whispered, “I love you, Seth. I...uh...I just want you to know that, okay?”

I frowned. “And I love you, too, Baker.” Shit, the problem was worse than I’d even suspected. Despair lurked in his eyes. “Baker, I need you to go inside the house, remove all your clothing, and kneel beside the front door. Wait for me there.”

He took a deep, faltering breath. “It’s okay, Seth. We don’t have to.”

“Do as you’re told, please.”

Without looking at me, he climbed out of the car, made his way to the front door, and went inside. I sat there...waiting. Never in my life did I imagine finding myself in this position, so I wasn’t properly prepared. Not properly prepared might be an understatement. I didn’t know what the fuck I was doing.

I’d never wanted it before. With Baker, it was all I could think of.

Would I be pushing too hard? Moving too fast?

Not only was I the only man Baker had ever had sex with, I had a feeling I was the only serious relationship he’d ever been in. Well, we had that much in common—the relationship part. I’d been so caught up in what I was doing...what I wanted...that I hadn’t paused long enough to see that the man I loved was hurting.

And he was hurting because of me.

Satisfied that I’d given him enough time, I climbed out of the car and made my way to the front door. I’d already texted William, our housekeeper, to ensure that everything was in place, so at least I wouldn’t have that to worry about. That left only a half a million other worries floating around in my head.

I stepped inside to find Baker naked and kneeling, just as I'd requested. His chin rested against his chest in a submissive pose. Knees were spread, and hands clasped behind his back. His posture and posing were perfect. His cock was limp.

So his body was perfect, but his heart and soul weren't playing along.

I'd never been angrier in my entire life. Angry at myself for letting him get to this point. I should have explained. Fuck, I'd thought that since I was happier than I'd ever been in my life, he would feel the same. For the past three weeks, I'd taken my eyes off the prize.

I would never do it again.

I moved to stand in front of him and put one of my fingers beneath his chin to lift his face. He was, even with sadness lurking in his blue eyes, the most beautiful creature on the face of this earth. How could I have ever gotten so fucking lucky to have won his love?

"You aren't happy, are you, Baker?" I asked softly.

"Of course, I am," he lied.

"Why aren't you hard for me?"

He tried to drop his head, but I wouldn't allow it. "Honesty, Baker. Remember? With our games, one must always be honest."

He closed his eyes slowly and then opened them again. "Because I'm angry with you. I'm afraid. I'm confused. I...I think you aren't happy with me anymore, that you've grown tired of me." Another blink. "And I think you might be seeing someone else. That's why I'm not hard...Sir."

Seeing someone else? My knees nearly collapsed as his words seeped into my soul. I couldn't speak. I couldn't move. I was pretty sure my heart stopped beating.

A tiny part of me wanted to be angry with him. How could he doubt how much I loved him? The remainder of me placed the blame where it belonged. With me.

"You think I might be seeing someone else, yet you're still here...kneeling for me?" I asked, finally finding my voice.

"Always," he answered. "As long as you'll have me."

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“As long as I’ll have you,” I repeated softly. “Well, let’s try to figure out how long that will be, shall we?”

His blue eyes shot up toward mine, anger flashing before it quickly dimmed into hurt. My Baker had been there for a split second. The fiery, feisty Baker that ripped my heart right out of my chest when I’d least expected it. Sad, insecure Baker just wouldn’t do. “Kiss my cock, Baker,” I ordered.

Another flash of anger, but it diminished just as quickly as he leaned forward and placed a kiss on the front of my pants. I stepped back and said, “Crawl to the bedroom.”

“What?” he hissed, a remarkably ugly frown knotting his brows.

I bit back a smile, thankful that feisty Baker couldn’t stay hidden for very long. God...I hoped he loved me as much as I loved him.

“I’m sorry; I thought I’d spoken clearly. Crawl down the hall to the bedroom.”

I watched the battle waging within him. He didn’t want to do it, but he didn’t want to disobey either. Silently, I wondered which one would win. My Baker or the Baker I’d created with my lack of proper attention. He started crawling.

Damn it!

Tears threatened to pool in my eyes as I watched him crawl toward the hallway. We’d taken ten steps forward in Miami and a hundred steps back in Colorado, not what I’d

dreamed of. He'd made it one fourth of the way down the hall when he paused, sat back on his heels, and muttered something unintelligible. Hope sprang up inside of me as I walked past him.

"Did I tell you to stop, Baker?" I asked.

He took a couple of deep breaths and said, "You know what, Seth. If you want somebody to crawl down the hall, you can do it your fucking self! No, better yet, why don't you get whoever you've been sneaking around on the phone and computer with! Get them to crawl down your fucking hall because I'm not doing it. Fuck that!" He gracefully stood up and glared at me. "That's something a sub would do and we both know I haven't been that to you since Miami!"

I continued to look at him, my heart swelling with pride and love. His chest heaved with fury and his eyes flashed defiance. I loved him so fucking much.

"There he is," I whispered softly, a huge-ass grin on my face. I know I had to look like a total fool but didn't give a shit. Love was beautiful, regardless of how stupid it made you act at times.

Frowning, he hissed, "What the hell does that mean? I've been here all along, Seth. It's you who's been absent from this relationship, not me."

I crossed my arms and faced him. "I don't believe I've been absent, Baker, but I do apologize for my actions over the past few weeks. I've been...distracted."

He snorted. "Yeah, noticed that."

"I have a present for you in the bedroom, Baker. I'd like for you to go into our room...but don't touch the gift. There are some things I need to say before you open it."

Baker straightened his back and stared at me long enough that I nearly squirmed. I had imagined this night hundreds of times over the past several weeks, but in all my fantasies, it was nothing like this. Of course, with Baker, things had never been what I'd expected, and I suspected it would always be that way.

Finally, he said, "If there's another man in there and this is your way of asking me for a threesome, so help me Jeezus, I'm going to kill you slowly, Seth. I mean it. I don't share."

"Neither do I," I answered.

"Fine," he snapped.

"Fine," I answered.

After another two-minute staring contest, he walked past me, toward the bedroom. My heart pounded, and my palms felt sweaty. I was literally dizzy with a mixture of terror and happiness. This could go so right...or so wrong. I followed him into the bedroom, nearly bumping into him when he paused at the doorway.

A large package, wrapped in white with a giant red bow on top, sat in the middle of the bed. I watched as he eyed it like it could be a bomb of some sort. After a few seconds and hopefully concluding that the present wasn't something dangerous, he walked over and sat on the edge of the bed.

"On the bed or floor?" he asked softly. A cute blush painted his cheekbones.

"Bed," I answered.

Wondering where to start, I paced back and forth in front of him for a few seconds. He was angry and thought I was cheating on him. That needed to be dealt with straight

away. “Why would you think I’m cheating on you, Baker? I committed my heart to you in Arizona.” I smiled. “Hell, I committed my heart to you in Miami, but wasn’t man enough to admit it to you. Why, babe? What have I done?”

I could see he struggled and, again, I wondered which Baker would make an appearance. Hoping to help, I added, “I love you, Baker Daley.”

“Why won’t you take me into your playroom, then? You handle me like some kind of fragile butterfly that might get my wings damaged if you fuck me too hard!” He took a deep breath, clearly on a roll after he’d gotten past his initial hesitation. “You’re on the phone with somebody, whispering about something you don’t want me to hear. That makes you look guilty. When I walk into the room, you slam your laptop shut like it has the winning lottery numbers on it and you’re afraid I’ll see them! I...I know that I’m inexperienced and probably not anywhere close to the best lay you’ve ever had, but I thought I’d made it pretty damn clear that I’m willing to give anything a try. It’s...it’s like you aren’t even giving me a chance, Seth,” he accused. His eyes filled with tears when he said, “You’re everything to me and I want to be that for you. If you’ll just give me a chance, I think I can give you what you need. I...I just need that chance, Seth. Why aren’t you giving it to me?”

This time, I felt the tears streaming down my face. I’d never been in love before; I didn’t know how to handle situations like this. I had no clue how to fix my fuck-ups. Honesty...just like I’d told Baker earlier.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“You’re already everything to me, Baker,” I said. “What don’t you think you’re giving me?”

“Sex. Submission.” He quickly answered. “Those are the two things that I can give you, but you aren’t allowing me to do either. Submission is something I’m good at and I’ll learn to be better at the other.”

If he got any better at it, he’d kill me.

“What do you think my role is in this relationship?”

“Huh?”

“You said that I wouldn’t take you to my playroom, correct?” He nodded. “It’s because the doctor says you have an injury, Baker. It’s my privilege to take care of you in every possible way. I’m not here just to fuck and dominate you. I’m here to love you, Baker, and loving you will sometimes mean taking care of you when you’re sick. It’s been my honor to do things to help you heal.”

He frowned.

“I also question my own ability to...hold back and not be too rough while you’re injured. Your safety has and will always be my top priority.”

He held his hand up. “Oh...no, no, no. We aren’t turning this around on me...making it my fault! I see what you’re trying to do,” he accused. “You’re distracting me by saying all those things you know I want to hear. It isn’t going to work, Seth,” he

huffed. “What about the phone calls? Computer shit? What about those?”

He looked quite pleased with himself...and hurt at the same time. “What disciplinary number are you on right now, Baker?” I’d been collecting disciplinary points since our first day in Arizona. Once the doctor did finally release him, he wouldn’t be sitting down for a full month.

“Three hundred and twelve...not that it matters, I guess,” he answered.

“Make that three hundred and thirteen, please,” I countered. “Baker Daley, I’m in love with you. You stole my heart from me when I wasn’t looking, and I don’t ever want you to give it back. I’ve planned this night for several weeks...which led to my being distracted...and whispering on the phone...and computer secrets. I’m sorry, babe. I turned something that should have been one of the most beautiful nights of our lives into something that ended up being hurtful to you. Please don’t ever doubt me again, Baker. I love you. Only you. Always you.”

He tapped his fingers against the bedding. Both hands.

“Well...I kinda feel like shit now,” he mumbled. Looking up at me, with those bewitching blue eyes, he asked, “You want me to go back and crawl down the hall?”

Even with the tears streaking down my face, I burst out laughing. Only he could do that to me. It was Baker Daley from that first day and always would be Baker Daley. “I ought to make you,” I answered between laughs.

“You were trying to piss me off, weren’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, babe. I didn’t like the sad Baker. I like my sassy Baker. I thought the ‘kiss my cock’ would do it, but you held out longer than I expected.”

“Do I still get my present?” he asked playfully. “Cause if it’s a puppy, we need to get it out of that box. I don’t see any air holes and it isn’t making any noise.” He winked at me. “Permission to open present, Sir?”

The coward in me wanted to run and hide. The Dom in me answered, “Permission granted.”

Like we hadn’t just been involved with our first huge fight and he hadn’t accused me of cheating on him only minutes earlier, Baker scrambled to the middle of the bed and grabbed his package.

“Wow. That’s a tiny puppy,” he said. “It doesn’t weigh anything.”

“Just open the damn present, Baker,” I growled. Patience, especially under intense pressure, had never been my strong suit.

I noticed his hands trembled as he unraveled the red bow. Right before he removed the lid, he looked over his shoulder and said, “I love you, Seth Wilkinson. You made my world a better place to live in.”

The box was intentionally large. The gift was small...but gigantic in emotional value. I waited, breath held, as he lifted the lid and stared into the box. He stared. And stared. And stared.

I couldn’t hold my breath any longer...nor could I force air into my lungs.

Finally, he slowly reached into the box and pulled the titanium collar out. His back was still to me as he held the commitment of my devotion and pledge to love and protect him for all the days, nights, minutes, and seconds he belonged to me. When I couldn’t wait any longer, I asked, “Do you know what it is, Baker?”

He nodded but didn't turn to face me.

It was too soon. I'd pushed too fast...wanted too much from him...wantedallof him.

I'd given up all hope for a happy ending to our night when I saw a tear drop from his jaw and onto the collar. He turned and looked at me and tears streaked his handsome face.

"You want me? Just me?"

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 9:47 am

“You. Forever...just you.”

“It’s beautiful, Seth.” His blue eyes were glued to the titanium collar. It was nearly an inch thick and decorated with engraved letters and numbers. His initials on one side, mine on the other, and a large W in the center. On one side of the back clasp was the date we’d met and on the other side was the date we’d first made love.

“Can I wear it now?” he asked.

“I would love for you to wear it now, but I’d also like for us to have a commitment ceremony, as well. I want everyone to know we belong to one another.” I sucked in a deep breath, suddenly even more nervous than I’d been minutes ago. “I mean, I never really asked you how you felt about being collared, but I’d hoped...”

Baker scrambled from the bed and shut up my rambling with a passionate kiss. When we broke apart, he whispered, “I’ve never wanted a collar before, even laughed at people who did. When I opened that box, though, and saw what was in it...my heart nearly exploded with happiness.” He grabbed both sides of my face and said, “Yes, Seth! Yes, yes, yes! I want your collar...to belong to you and only you.”

I kissed him again and whispered, “Always mine, Baker.”

He dropped to his knees in front of me and ordered, “Put it on me. Now.”

“Three hundred and fourteen...for trying to boss me around,” I joked as I locked the collar around his neck. It had been made just for him, with much whispering on secret phone calls about proper measurements and engravings, so it fit perfectly. I felt my

eyes pool with tears again when I stepped back to see how perfect and beautiful my collar looked wrapped possessively around my sub.

“Perfect,” I whispered in complete awe. “I’m so sorry, Baker. Sorry that I’ve made you worry. If what we shared was nothing more than a Dom/sub relationship, I think I would have picked up on your concerns, it’s what I’ve been trained to do. When love enters the picture, though, it makes things so much...more. I found myself more focused on our future together than your immediate needs. I’ll work diligently to mesh those two worlds together, to make our time together as complete for you as I possibly can.”

“Totally forgiven,” Baker whispered. “I’m sorry, too. I shouldn’t have doubted you or, if I did, I should have talked to you about it.”

I cleared my throat, feeling nervous once again. “There’s...uh...another present in the box. Just lift the fabric the collar rested on.” Shit, my palms were sweaty and there was a good chance some heart palpitations were happening inside my chest. It was just that I’d never wanted anything so badly in my life.

Still on his knees in front of me, Baker said, “Another one? Is it important...because I thought since I was already down here, wearing my sexy collar, I could just unzip your pants and...”

“It’s important,” I whispered. I wasn’t sure if it was the look on my face or the sound of my voice, but his playfulness disappeared and he was back on the bed before I blinked.

I watched as he carefully removed the fabric covering. This time, his entire body trembled when he reached his hand into the box for a second time. When he turned to face me, my gift in his hand and a shocked expression on his face, I was the one on bended knee. “Baker Daley, will you marry me?”

He looked at me with the sweetest smile on his face, tucked the ring into his fist, lunged through the air, and tackled me to the ground. I barely had time to register his movements before I was flat on my back with the man of my dreams straddling me.

“Why, yes...I think I will,” he answered. A tear leaked from his eye and dropped onto my cheek. Untucking his fist, he held the ring out to me and ordered, “Put this one on me, too.” He blinked and another tear dropped to kiss my skin. “You put it on me, and I’ll never take it off.”

Epilogue

Baker

Samantha smirked at me. “A collaring, Baker?” She tapped her chin thoughtfully...with a heavy dose of smart-assery. “If I recall correctly, I remember a sub I used to have that made fun of the very idea of allowing someone to collar them. Did you know him? His name is Mr. Eat-His-Words.”

Grinning widely, I wrapped her in a hug and answered, “I’ve met him.” I winked. “Trust me, he’s seen the error of his ways.”

“Good to hear, love,” she whispered as she kissed my cheek. “I couldn’t be happier for you. Seth is perfect.”

“Hands off the merchandise, Mistress,” Seth teased as he sauntered over and wrapped his arm around my waist. “You had your chance.”

She grinned and released me to give Seth a hug. “No, darling,” she answered. “I never had a chance with this one. He’s always been yours...just waiting for you to find him.”

Pushing away from both of us, she said, “Now...where’s the alcohol? I’m not into this whole lovey-dovey stuff. I’m going to have to be completely shit-faced drunk to keep from sobbing like a cry-baby during the ceremony. My little man’s all grown up.”

Rolling my eyes, I said, “Dear Lord, you’re already half-way drunk now, aren’t you?”

“Of course, darling,” she answered. “I rode with Eli and I’m not planning on participating in any scenes tonight so I’m free to behave like a sloppy drunk...as long as I don’t do anything to ruin your ceremony.”

“Eli’s here?” I asked, my voice sounding a bit more high-pitched than usual. It wasn’t that I didn’t like Eli, quite the contrary, actually. He was a cool dude, funny, and incredibly good at his job. Over the past six weeks, Eli, Seth, and I had already managed to build a firm foundation to what would be a solid friendship in the future. The only problem was that the day Eli started working, Ari stopped. Well, Ari didn’t actually stop working, he just stopped coming into the office. Since his job was computer work, he was able to work from home.

Coward.

I’d told him just as much, but there was no getting him to budge on his stay-away-from-Eli line in the sand. He’d promised to attend tonight only because I’d participated in another pinky swear that Eli Wallace would not be invited. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. As it turned out, it looked like I was really bad at that pinky swearing thing.

“Oh, honey,” Samantha cooed. “Get that deer in the headlights look off your face. He understands he’s restricted to the club floor only. He’s here only to make sure I have a safe ride home. I don’t understand why he wasn’t invited, but he seems to agree that it’s for the best.” She looked around the intimate room we’d reserved for our ceremony and asked, “Where is the little twerp, anyway?”

Twerp? “I assume you’re referring to my best friend, Arizona?” I countered. “He isn’t here yet. I’ll be sure to introduce the two of you as soon as he arrives.”

“Don’t bother,” she replied. “If he doesn’t like my Eli, then I’m not going to like him. No introductions will be necessary.” She blew Seth and me a kiss and then left us to make her way over to the bar.

“Well...that went well,” I told Seth. “You think she’ll tie Ari up and spank him before the night is over?”

Seth studied her for a second before answering, “No, he should be safe tonight. She’s a good Domme so she’d never lay hand on ass while drinking. He keeps acting like a teenage boy over Eli, and I can’t make any promises for the future of his safety, though.”

Seth looked around the room, checking for the hundredth time that everything was absolutely perfect, and then shoved his hands into his pockets. I was one hundred percent certain that was to keep them from fluttering around nervously. Who would have ever thought I would be the calm one?

“Everything’s perfect, Seth,” I whispered. “Stop worrying. If Ari doesn’t show up, Landon fires us, or Samantha dances naked on the bar, none of it will matter. When this night is over, your collar will be on my neck and nobody will ever be able to take it from me. Three months from now, your ring will be on my finger and mine on yours. Same story. Nobody steals what’s in our hearts.” I smiled, thinking of how I’d taken both our wedding bands to the jeweler and had them engraved. Seth hadn’t known of my plans, but I’d had zero doubts that he would approve. My band said Owned and his was engraved with Owner. When I’d shown them to him, he’d fucked me harder and longer than ever before, whispering words of love with each and every thrust.

“But is the venue okay with you?” he asked nervously. “I mean, I know it isn’t the nicest place in town, but this club is where I first trained as a Dom. This is what brought me to you and you to me.” He glanced around. “This room is nice enough

and Jaxson worked hard to make sure it was decorated as beautifully as possible, but I can still hear moaning and the swats of paddles in the room next door. That's not all right, is it?"

"It's more than all right, Seth. It sours."

Before he could find something else to fret over, Ari breezed through the door. A huge grin split his face when he saw us. He rushed over, gave us both tight hugs, and said, "I'm here! Let's get this party started!"

The words and enthusiasm matched the Ari I'd come to love. The way his eyes nervously darted around the room, no doubt searching for Eli.

"He isn't here," I assured him. "Just like we promised. He is next door, though, in the club. He's Samantha's ride home. She promised he won't come anywhere near our room. You're safe from facing your past and trying that whole communication thing you bitched me out for."

"Touché," he muttered...but looked relieved, nonetheless.

"It's time," Seth whispered. "You ready, babe?"

I smiled at him and answered, "I've been ready since the first moment I saw you. Give me your collar."

"Better than that...I'll give you my heart."

Ari

I leaned against the opened doorframe and stared out, in shock and awe, at the sexual acts going on right in front of me. Right there. In front of me. It was like a wonderful, live version of porn. Sure, some men and women were getting their asses spanked and they were tied up in a various assortment of humiliating positions, but it was still porn. I would only have to take two steps forward, and I would be out of the sanctity of the fairy-tale love story taking place in the room behind me, and into the pits of sinful delights.

My feet remained glued to the floor, though, because no matter how badly I might want the glorious display of wickedness in front of me, I also wanted the love that existed in the room behind me. The sad truth of the matter was that I'd probably never have either one of them. Like a coward, I sat at home every day, working away on my computer and not existing in the real world.

The story of my life—afraid to take a step forward and afraid to take a step back.

Just as I started to turn away and rejoin Seth and Baker's collaring ceremony after-party, something caught my eye. No, someone. I froze, my feet suddenly unable or unwilling to move. I felt like every person in the club froze and then simply disappeared. Everyone except for me and Eli.

He stood about ten feet away from me, looking sexier than fuck and even more arrogant than I remembered. I hadn't thought it possible, but his muscles were larger, more defined, and oh-so-perfectly accented by the leather harness thingie that criss-crossed his chest. Black leather pants were molded to his legs.

I literally felt myself gulp. Seriously, like some cartoon character, I gulped.

He smirked and then crooked his finger to gesture for me to come to him. With what could only be described as pure guidance by my cock, my right foot took a step forward. The sounds of the club returned and all the participants reappeared. That's when it dawned on me. Eli was not only at a BDSM club but he was dressed the part.

My feet froze again.

His finger crooked again.

Knowing I needed to face the music sooner or later, I covered the short distance between us and said, "What are you doing in Colorado, Eli? This is my world, with my friends. Not very long ago, you made it perfectly clear that you didn't belong with me. Why show up now? If you're hoping for a side order of revenge because of my lie, then you'd best get ready to be disappointed. My friends will kill you if you try to hurt me." That probably wasn't true, but maybe Eli wouldn't know any better.

One corner of his lips tilted upward as he gazed down at me...working some sort of devilry with the lower portion of my body. Why? Why did he have to smell so fucking good? Look so fucking delicious? Why?

"I'm here because I got tired of waiting, Ari. You're old enough now...and you're mine."

And then I ran...in the opposite direction.

The End