

Rating: NC17

Pairing(s): Spike/Xander

Beta(s): Unbeta'd but proofread

Part : Master Post

Warnings : Dub dom/sub, Headgames

Disclaimer: Hmmm, mine? Nah!

Summary: He was bought and paid for

*This is a series of fics based on the prompts from my 🍷
50kinkyways table, 🍷angst_bingo and 🍷hc_bingo cards. They
didn't come from the mind of my normal muse – Lola
Plot!bunny – they come from the dark mind of Hebony
Dark!bunny.*

*Will is a prostitute, Alex is a client. Alex buys Will for one night
but doesn't let him go. And maybe Will doesn't want to get free.
This series is full of mind!fucks and has an informal dom/sub
theme running through it. There is no rough sex written but it is
intimated at. There is, however, explicit male/male sex.*

*Please. Take these warnings seriously – the first few chapters
have already squicked a number of people because it is most
definitely not my normal style. That said, welcome to the
"Bought and Paid For Series" – strap yourself in because it's a
bumpy ride!*

Bought and Paid For

by
Skargasm

Part One

~ A ~

Will shivered as a gust of wind swept under his duster and whipped around his body. Fuckin' hell, it was cold tonight. And when it was cold, the punters were just not interested - no one wanted to whip it out for a quick bj in a darkened alley when you were likely to get frostbite. Sucking hard on his cigarette, he contemplated going back to his flat - sorry, *apartment* as the Americans called it. Rolling his eyes, he checked up and down the street. Bugger this, if he didn't get a punter in the next five minutes he was going home and fuck the money.

Sighing because he knew full well he couldn't afford to say fuck the money, and going home without at least one score meant sneaking past the landlord again, he stamped his feet in his Doc Maartens and prayed to whoever would listen that he would get *someone* willing

to pay out. Flinching as his cigarette burned all the way down and singed his fingers, he dashed it away, cursing as sparks flew back and caught him in the eye.

"Fuck!" Blinking rapidly, eyes watering, he rubbed his eyes.

"Looks painful." The voice caught him completely unaware, and he stumbled back into the wall. Swiping the water from his eyes, he turned to where the sound had come from. How the fuck the guy had managed to sneak up on him was anyone's guess but he'd prayed and it looked like it had been answered. "Sorry, didn't mean to startle you." The voice came closer. Will looked up into hazel eyes, squinting against the wind. He looked the guy up and down, taking in the windswept dark hair, hazel eyes in a tanned face, wide mouth spread in a smile that made you want to trust him.

He was tall - over six feet - with broad shoulders padded out even more in a hefty pea coat. His hands were tucked deep into the pockets of his coat, and Will could see dark jeans on long legs, hefty hiking boots on his feet.

"I'm alright - you just startled me is all. What ya looking for [mate](#)?" Cocking his hip, Will put his hands on his hips,

fingers pointing towards the goods to get the guy interested. Not that the man seemed to need directions - as soon as Will's jacket had slipped open he'd made a very comprehensive [survey](#) of Will from head to toe. He'd taken in the heavily dyed white blond hair forced into spikes all over his head; bright blue eyes in a pale face, sharp cheekbones, strong nose and pouty reddy pink lips. Will was built long and lean, muscular without being muscle-bound. He kept himself fit - running from the police helped, but the punters he came across weren't looking for curves, seeming to prefer his angular shape. He hadn't had any complaints so far and generally made out alright - unless the weather was piss ugly, like tonight. The other regulars had given up, but he needed one score to have his rent money for the month and there was no way he was going back to living on the streets if he could help it.

"Depends what it's going to cost me."

"That depends on what ya want." The man smiled and stepped closer, close enough that his coat brushed against Will's duster. Straightening from the wall, Will looked up and smiled. "You tell me what ya want and we can discuss price. How's that sound?"

"Sounds good. There's a café down there" the man gestured with his head, "fancy a coffee to warm up and discuss terms?"

"Normally get straight down to business mate - not really got time to chat."

"Looks quiet to me - I think you could make the time to chat if you wanted to. Come on, one coffee on me, and who knows what else you'll get?" The smile was back, wide and blindingly white, and Will found himself nodding and following as the man started walking down the block towards the all night café. Shivering, he took a few running steps so they were walking side by side, the bulk of the taller, heavier man protecting him from some of the wind. One coffee wouldn't hurt: he could warm up a bit, get a better look at the man, see if he could figure out his kink. Once you knew a punter's kink, you were halfway there to the green stuff and that's what counted.

~ B ~

The café was warm, the hot chocolate heating him up from the inside as he sipped it slowly, looking over the table at the man. He hadn't taken off the coat and was sat back in his chair, staring at Will and smiling. The

silence became uncomfortable, and Will shuffled in his chair and coughed.

"So - your dime mate."

"So it is. How much for the night?" Will shook his head, not sure he'd heard correctly. The night? No one wanted a hooker for a whole night, not unless it was a party and he didn't do those any more, had seen too many of his street friends get knocked about and messed up.

"Don't do parties mate, don't do gang bangs. If you're the scout, I suggest you move along and find someone else for you and your friends to share."

"Who said anything about a party? I'm talking me and you, how much for the night?"

"S'not so much about the time - it's more about what you're wanting. Everything costs mate, just different rates for different things."

"Okay. How about \$500 dollars for the night, anything goes." A swift intake of breath, and Will struggled not to show anything on his face. \$500 would go a long way to getting him through the cold spell - he could eke that out

for a little while, maybe even have a break. Mind you, no point having that money if he was hospitalised or something.

"Anything goes? Don't think so - I don't do rough stuff, no blood, no drugs and no bare-back."

"What, even if I showed you my latest blood test results?"

"Who the hell carries around their blood test results? You know, I think there's something dodgy about you mate - thanks for the chocolate and all that but I'm gonna go." Will pushed to his feet but was jerked back from leaving by the hand that suddenly took his wrist. Shoving his other hand into the pocket of his duster, he fingered the blade he had hidden there. The café was quiet but not *that* quiet - he didn't want things to get nasty and he end up in jail or something. "Think you're gonna wanna let that go, mate. Don't touch what you ain't bought."

The man didn't even hesitate, warm hand staying exactly where it was, his grip tight but not pinching - he was literally just holding Will in place. With his other hand he reached into his jacket and pulled out a white envelope

and offered it to Will.

"Open it." Flicking his eyes away from the man's face, Will looked at the envelope. What would it prove anyway? Anyone could fake blood test results and he had no way of proving whether whatever was in that envelope belonged to the bloke. "I said open it." Will reached for the envelope without thinking, obeying the voice out of instinct. As soon as Will took the envelope, the man released his hand and gestured back to the chair. Will sat down and opened the envelope, pulling out a sheaf of A4 papers. The heading said Sunnydale Medical Facility, and scanning his eyes over the page Will could see that they were indeed a set of blood test results, everything clear for one Alexander Harris.

"So what, *Alex*?? Doesn't prove anything." He looked over and Alexander was passing him his driving licence, the name and picture confirming he was one Alexander Harris. Yeah, they could be faked but why would someone bother? If Will wouldn't take that much cash for one night, someone else sure as hell would.

"Half the money upfront. I get to make a phone-call, tell a friend where I am. And like I said, no blood, no rough stuff and no drugs." Alex nodded and reached into his

pocket again, pulling out an expensive cell-phone and handing it over to Will. Flipping it open, Will dialled from memory, praying that Wesley would answer. There was no way in hell he wanted to lose out on the chance of that much money, but he wasn't an idiot - he knew boys went missing all the time and he and Wes always took precautions when a punter wanted something out of the ordinary. They even had a code word if they needed rescuing although to date they hadn't had to use it.

"Hello, Wyndham-Pryce Escort Agency, how can I help you?"

"Hey Wes, you can drop the act - it's just me."

"No act as you well know, William. Just because the Wyndham-Pryce Escort Agency consists of only me is no reason to let standards slip. So what can I do for you? Don't tell me you're still out there? Will, I've told you time and time again, we could make a fortune if we combined our businesses. Why there's - "

"Wes, not now 'kay? Got a punter wants the whole night and happy to pay for the privilege. Name's Harris, Alex Harris. Just ringing to let you know right? Gonna call and let you know where I am too so no funny business goes

on. You got my back?"

"Yes of course, of course. Ring me when you get to your destination and when you get home tomorrow."

"Will do, mate. Thanks."

"Anytime William, and please try to be careful." Smirking, Will slapped the phone closed and handed it back to Alex.

"Can I call when we get back to wherever?"

"Certainly. Are you finished?" Alex gestured to the cup of hot chocolate, long gone cold and congealing slightly on the top.

"Yeah, all done. Where we going?"

"Cophorne Villas. I have an apartment there. You'll be surrounded by people, all you have to do is shout." Will nodded - he knew the Villas. Not uptown but not slum either.

"You native then?" Alex shook his head, a hand on Will's back leading him out of the café.

"No. Just some place I stay when I am here." Alex took long strides and Will had to semi-trot to keep up. If they kept this pace all the way back to the Villas, he'd be no use to Alex unless he wanted a still dummy for a partner. About to mention this to Alex, Will stopped beside the man as he tugged some keys out of his pocket and pointed them just down the street. A beeping sound and four flashes showed where he had obviously parked his car, and hiding a smile, Will followed Alex to the vehicle.

~ C ~

Phone call to Wes over with, Spike strolled around the room - picking up and putting down the few knick knacks that decorated the place. It was sparsely furnished - small television in the corner, a two seater sofa, a coffee table and a bureau against the wall, various figurines scattered over it. There were a couple of unicorns but they mainly seemed to be small action figures, and Will vaguely recognised a symbol from Babylon Five.

When they had arrived, Alex had shrugged out of his pea coat, dropped it over the arm of the chair and gone into the kitchen. He came back out holding two glasses of amber liquid, ice clinking against the glass. He walked

over to Will, holding out one of the glasses then smiling.

"You can choose whichever one you want - that way you'll know I haven't drugged it." Flinching at the obviousness of his paranoia, Will reached out and accepted the offering, exchanging it for the cell-phone.

"Happier now you've called in?" Sipping the scotch which burned nicely as it slid down his throat, Will nodded.

"Good. Let's get the rest of this settled shall we?" Alex held out his hand, and Will frowned.

"What?"

"Knife please. There's no way I'm handing over \$250 to someone who might decide to knife me and do a runner." Will blushed, taking his hand out of his pocket where he had been unconsciously playing with the blade. It was a habit, that was all - he'd never even pulled it, let alone used it.

"Not giving you my knife. How about I hang the coat up? That way it's not on my person. And you know I ain't going out in that weather without my coat." Alex stood considering for a moment, then nodded. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of notes, and Will's eyes almost bugged out of his head. "Man, are you insane??"

Don't tell me you were walking around this town carrying all of that?" Alex shrugged and held out the money.

"It's all there - you can count it if you want." Almost unable to believe his luck, Will flicked through the notes to check that they were all actually cash and not wads of plain paper. They looked fine to him, so he tucked them into his pocket and pulled his jacket off, walking over to leave it on the hook on the back of the door. Turning back to Alex, he felt nervous which was stupid - he'd been doing this for nearly a year. Admittedly, he generally didn't do more than blow jobs - most men wouldn't pay out for the whole thing when a bj would do - but he certainly wasn't a virgin. The reason he was in the damn town was because he'd followed his heart and been dumped. Knocking back the rest of the scotch, he winced as fire raced down his throat. Right, time to earn his dosh then.

He slunk over towards Alex, dropping the glass onto the coffee table as he walked past it. He stood in front of Alex, reaching for the heavy belt at the waistband of his jeans, pulling the tab out and working to undo it. Alex's hands gripped both of his wrists, stopping him from doing anything further. He looked up, exasperated.

"What now mate?" Alex smiled at him and jerked his head towards the door that obviously led to the bedroom. "Well alright then." Will clapped once, rubbed his hands together and turned towards the door. "Come on." Maybe Alex was shy? Cos he certainly wasn't dominant or anything like that, letting Will lead him almost docilely towards the bedroom. Turning, he looked up and smiled at Alex before pushing the door open and walking through. He reached blindly for the light switch, flicking it on and turning to look the room over. His eyes widened as he looked around, his mouth dropping open. "Ruddy fuck."

Part Two

~ D ~

The door called to him, ajar as it was. He had no idea where Alex was - after he'd fucked him, he'd left the room, undoing Will's handcuffs before climbing off the

bed. Will let his head fall back down onto the pillow, mind racing. It could be another test. He'd failed those before.

In the first few weeks after he'd followed Alex into Copthorne Villas, he'd failed a number of times. The phone call to Wes telling him he was alright and not to worry - that had been his first real failure. The punishment had been severe, and Will's mind shied away from it even now. It hadn't been enough for Alex that Wes believed him when he said he was fine; not enough that he hadn't tried to use any of their code words to let his friend know he was in trouble; certainly not enough that he'd held back gasps of pain so Wes didn't realise the phone call was made under duress. Alex had wanted him to be *willing* for fuck's sake. Had wanted Will to **want** to cut ties with the only person who knew where he was and who he was with.

Swiping his hands over his face, Will squeezed his eyes closed, forcing back tears. The second and third phone calls had gone much better - the second one to tell Wes that he'd decided to move back home, that life on the street just wasn't what he wanted and returning to England was the best thing for him. He'd struggled throughout that conversation - telling Wes to help

himself to Will's stuff had damn near broken him but fortunately Wes just thought he was being sentimental, took the slight hiccup in Will's voice to be a sign that he would miss his friend. The third phone call, from the airport of all places, had been enough to seal his fate. Wes had wished him Bon Voyage, laughing as Will told him his flight was being called and that he had to go. Alex was nothing but thorough - the flight boarding at the time of the phone-call enough to add authenticity.

There weren't even bruises to show the people around them as they boarded the plane. Alex was always careful not to leave them where they would show - or rather, where they might have to be explained. The bite marks on his neck and shoulders made people blush if he noticed them noticing, Alex's open 'affection' either bringing a smile to the faces of the romantic, or a scowl to the faces of those who thought 'people like him' shouldn't be so overt in public. Will had kept his eyes open for any opportunity to escape, had contemplated making a run for it or making a fuss at airport security. But Alex had been prepared for all of that - a casual arm around his waist to guide him, the harsh press of fingers unseen by others but felt by Will. Even stepping through the metal detectors, the time he had thought would be his best chance to get away, had been prepared for.

When he'd slipped the keys into Will's jacket pocket was anyone's guess but the beeping and the rushing security guard had been disarmed by Alex's charm, the arm slung over his shoulder to pull him in close and Alex's casual 'Don't be embarrassed sweetheart - it could have happened to anyone' enough to convince their audience that they were just a couple of fags travelling together, the little blond 'wife' ditzy enough to leave keys in his coat and get caught out by the metal detector.

Will had almost wept then, realising that Alex was ahead of him every step they took. He'd been 'rewarded' for his good behaviour - his first night in his new home he was allowed to sleep with his legs unshackled. Of course, Alex had decided the next day that some misdemeanor was deserving of punishment and Will had spent the next week tied spread-eagled on the bed, only released when absolutely necessary or when Alex wanted the use of his body. Which happened a lot. The worst part of it all was that Alex always made sure that he liked it - that by the time he got to come, he was begging and pleading, clawing at the other man for release. He hated that more than anything, that Alex had assumed control of his body, that it would betray him like that.

Of course, he tried to tell himself that it wasn't a surprise.

Will wasn't that experienced - a couple of casual flings through school, then Riley and following him only to be dumped. Punters didn't count, and they very rarely cared if Will got off or not. So, no big surprise that having someone pay attention to him, learn what made him writhe and moan, was enough to make his cock sit up and beg, even if his brain was screaming in denial. Even the pain was calculated - enough to throw him out of his comfort zone, push him out of control and into some weird head-space where it started to feel good, where giving up and letting Alex do whatever he wanted to do seemed like the only thing to do - but not so much as to incapacitate, not so much as to cause him real damage that would require medical attention or anything like that.

Sitting up, Will looked over at the door again. His clothes were there - folded neatly in the chair where he had left them. He still couldn't hear Alex, wasn't even sure where he was in the house. He might well have time to slip into his clothes and get out - the lack of noise in the house making him think that maybe Alex was out in the back garden indulging in a rare cigarette. He wriggled his toes in the deep carpet, looking down at his feet to avoid staring at the door. His body ached in so many places - his shoulders from being stretched out holding onto the

headboard; his back and thighs were sore, red welts standing out starkly on his pale skin as he twisted and turned to look at them; no surprise that his ass hurt - Alex wasn't a small man, and when he was excited sometimes he got brutal, pounding away at Will with what felt like his whole body. This room was so very different from the room in Copthorne Villas - nothing to give any clue what went on in there, no obvious signs of what kind of play Alex liked. No shackles visible on the walls, no whips displayed, handcuffs and toys nowhere in evidence. It was part of Will's job to tidy them all away the morning after use - wash them clean of blood and other fluids and put them back in their place.

He ran his hand through his hair, fingers getting tangled in the curls that had grown out in their typical tangle. He never let it grow this long, but Alex loved it - said he liked having it to hold onto when he fucked Will's face. He also said it suited Will better longer, but it was obvious that the main reason he liked it long was being able to pull it. He would wrap his hands in it, tugging Will's head back so he could attack his mouth, devour him with lips, teeth and tongue. There was a part of Will that liked it - liked how strong Alex was, that he could toss Will around into whatever positions he wanted, have him however he wanted, **whenever** he wanted. But that part only came

out after the pain. Alex took great pleasure in pulling that part of him out, forcing Will to admit his desires out loud many times before satisfying them.

Rising carefully from the bed, Will winced as muscles pulled as he walked over to the chest of drawers.

Reaching in, he tugged out a pair of dark sweats and a wife-beater, no underwear because there wasn't any in there. He dressed in silence, head half-cocked to hear if Alex came back. Barefoot he walked silently over to the door, peeking through it into the hallway. The hum of the air conditioning was the only real sound, no floorboards creaking, no television sounds, nothing to intimate that there was anyone else in the house. He stood stock still, reaching out for a sense of anything but nothing came to him and he finally accepted that he was alone. He hadn't been left alone unshackled the entire time he had been here, and it felt strange. Abnormal almost. He turned back into the bedroom, leaning down under the bed for his sneakers. They were new - a gift from Alex. An apology for too rough a night, or a reward for taking everything Alex had dished out without complaint - who knew? He wriggled his feet into them, slipping his finger between his foot and the heel to slide them properly onto his feet.

He returned to the door and listened again. The house was still silent. Slipping through the door, he headed down the hallway to the front door. His duster was there, hanging alone on the peg. He slipped his hand into the pockets, a gasp of surprise leaving him as he felt the almost forgotten comfort of his blade. Alex had taken it the day after they had first met, standing by the bed looking down at Will tied in place while he emptied the jacket of all of his essentials. The tools of his trade - lube and condoms; his pocket knife; a well worn wallet holding nothing but his meagre earnings from that night, an expired student union card and an old bus ticket; gum and breath mints - and of course the wad of notes he himself had handed over to Will. The gag had effectively stopped Will protesting as his life was pulled out of the jacket and stashed in a lock-box, the key pocketed by Alex before draping the jacket over the only chair in the room. He held the knife in his hand, his fingers caressing it as a sense of renewed power came over him. He had a weapon, was no longer at a disadvantage if Alex did return. Although he wondered when Alex had put the pocket knife back. It hadn't been there the previous week when Alex had taken him to a garden party with his work colleagues.

He had felt vulnerable, on display, unsure whether the

people there knew what and who he was. Surprisingly, he'd got on well with them, Alex's friend Angel taking him under his wing and introducing him round. He'd spent half the evening in a state of confusion, wondering why Alex was taking the risk on him telling them about his imprisonment, or even trying to escape. Each time he looked around, Alex was watching him but from a distance. He could have walked away at any time, gone to the bathroom and never returned but he hadn't. Wasn't sure if it was another test and not wanting to face the consequences if he failed it. The people there reminded him of summer parties back home, attending faculty parties with his father before he let the Giles name down by coming out as gay. His father had protested that, said it wasn't about Will being gay, that it was more about Will not living up to his full potential - refusing to go to University. But Will had known that his father was disappointed; that he was never going to be the son that Dr Rupert Giles, Chair of the Anthropology Department wanted. Perhaps that was why he had fallen for Riley's spiel when he came over on an exchange programme; why he had let himself be reeled in and persuaded that coming to the States after Riley failed his course was the right thing to do.

The ease with which he fell back into the party manners

had surprised him, the cockney accent sliding away til his more middle-class tones returned and he found himself playing a bigger role in the conversations, holding his own with the anecdotes. Gently teased about being an Englishman abroad but welcomed nevertheless. That night had been *different* : Alex had made him beg longer, had fucked him harder, but afterwards he hadn't tied Will with all four shackles, had only used one cuff on his wrist while pinning Will down with his body. An effective method of imprisonment but not his usual one. Nothing had been said - they didn't talk about what happened in the bedroom - but Will had spent the next day fingering the bruises, confused. That day had been strange too - Will had been allowed to roam free around the house instead of being confined to Alex's home office where he did whatever work he did. All Will knew was that it paid enough for Alex to have the very best in home-security; the entertainment system in the house was top-notch; he could afford the modifications in the bedroom - the soundproofing, the benches that came out of walls when they were needed. It paid enough for Alex to afford the laptop he had casually thrown into Will's lap one day as though it was nothing, the sunny smile that made you want to trust him crossing his face as he said something about choosing college courses. Knowing that he was being played with, that it was just mind games, Will had

used the laptop to offset the boredom.

Shaking his head, Will threw off his confusing thoughts, slipping the jacket on and relishing the comforting weight. Hand on the door handle, he looked over his shoulder once more. Still no sign of Alex, the house quiet, the hum of the air conditioning loud. The door opening was loud and he winced, expecting Alex to thunder through the house any moment but silence reigned. He slipped through the narrow gap, pulling it closed behind him gently. He walked slowly, hesitantly down the garden path, the familiar squeak of the gate the only sound.

~ E ~

The park was cold and Will huddled into his jacket as he watched the kids playing. Mothers sat gossiping on the benches, watching over their little darlings as they rolled themselves around in the sandpits, clambered over monkey-bars and threw themselves down slides.

Hunching his shoulders, Will sucked hard at his cigarette, a cough overtaking him at the feel of the harsh nicotine down his throat. He didn't smoke much anymore, only allowed to when Alex had one of his rare desires for nicotine, and the tobacco in his pocket had gone a little

dry. He fingered the wad of notes in his pocket. It was enough for a plane ticket. He knew Wes would look out for him while he sorted himself out again, got his pitch on the street back. But he wasn't sure if that was what he wanted - returning to a life on the streets held little appeal after the last few months. He felt like he'd gone soft, couldn't rebuild the hardened veneer needed to handle selling himself after being away for so long. Oh he had learnt so much, would no doubt be able to deal with even the pushiest of punters after this. But he would be a fool if he didn't see this as a wake-up call; he was lucky not to be dead in a ditch somewhere, his laughable attempts at security with Wes highlighted painfully.

Peeling off one of the notes, he walked over to one of the mother's sat a little away from the others, politely asking for change and waiting patiently as she rifled through her huge purse. He had seen a phone box near the entrance to the park, and walking more swiftly now he headed in that direction, wanting to get this over before he changed his mind.

Holding the receiver to his ear, he dialled from memory, the numbers coming to him automatically as he shoved as much change as he could into the slot. The ringing was loud in his ear, and he had almost decided to hang up

when finally the phone was picked up at the other end.

"Dad?"

~ E ~

The wind tousled his hair as he walked, hands shoved deep in pockets as his mind raced over the conversation. It hadn't gone as he had expected, not that he had had time to build expectations. His father had been ecstatic to hear from him, obvious tears in his voice as he asked how Will was, what he was doing, if he was coming home. He'd almost broken down a couple of times himself as he assured his father he was fine, but he held it together, head resting against the top of the phone booth as he simply listened to his father talk. The love in his father's voice, the instant acceptance of the phone call after so long had touched his heart, made him realise that his father had never been disappointed in him, couldn't care less if he was gay. He could look back and see so many of his own issues blinding him to reality, and he cursed fate for leading him to Riley at a time when he was desperate to act out and rebel.

Slipping down the narrow alley between the houses, he turned into the garden - the gap in the hedge more than

wide enough for him to slip through. He walked over the grass, the soles of his sneakers slipping on the wet patches where the sprinklers had enthusiastically watered the lawn earlier. His footsteps sounded loud as he took the three steps up onto the porch and he sat down heavily, sighing as he huddled down into his jacket once more.

"You came back."

"Yes."

"You could have gone." He shrugged. "Why didn't you?"

Will considered for a moment, the thoughts that had been tumbling around in his head finally coming into some sort of order that made sense. He tilted his head, eyes skittering away from the intense hazel gaze as Alex stepped down two of the stairs and sat next to him.

"Nowhere to go." He felt the intensity of Alex's glance, and sighed again. "Nowhere I wanted to go." Alex nodded, shifting over slightly so that the heat emanating from his body reached Will in waves. "How did you know?"

"What? That you would want what I wanted?" Will nodded. "I didn't. I hoped. Didn't know." Will looked down at his lap, processing the unexpected information. Alex always gave the impression that he just knew - that he knew what made Will tick; knew what it took to make Will beg and scream and plead; knew when to loosen the ropes figuratively and literally. Without looking up, Will shifted over the necessary few inches to bring himself against Alex's side, ducking his head as the large arm came over and wrapped around his shoulders. He relaxed into the sensation of Alex's hand sliding up and down his back, gasping as the long fingers deliberately tangled in the curls at the nape of his neck and tugged his head back. He watched through slitted eyes as Alex's face came closer, only closing them as his mouth was taken - lips, teeth, tongue owning Will in a way no-one had ever owned him before. He was panting for breath by the time Alex released him from the kiss, lips swollen, bruised and red, a droplet of blood in the corner evidence of the controlled brutality that had caused the split lip. Alex got to his feet and held out his hand, looking down at Will expectantly. Will looked up into the quiet hazel eyes, taking in the smile that made people *want* to trust Alex, then reached up with his hand and accepted the assistance getting to his feet.

~ F ~

The airport was crowded, people milling about - some aimlessly, some with purpose. Will stood still in the crowd, held firmly against Alex's chest by the arm that was wrapped around him, a solid silent presence behind him. He watched as people came through, some hurrying into waiting embraces, others slow and weary.

The familiar face in the crowd looked a little older, a little wearier but the smile that spread across it brought life and vitality flooding back. Instinctively he moved forward, jerking to a halt as Alex maintained his grip. Will tilted his head back, looking no higher than the firm set of Alex's jaw as he waited. His point made, Alex released him, allowing Will to go to greet his father.

Part Three

~ G ~

He liked watching him with his friends. Sometimes they would all pile into the café and order hot chocolate, squeezing into one booth in one giant puppy pile as they shared their body heat. They all laughed at Will for his sweet tooth, playfully keeping the sugar away from him so he couldn't sweeten his drink even more. The sight of that pointed pink tongue as he delicately lapped at the swirl of cream on the top of his hot drink, the pink lips reddening as the heat from it soaked into him was an arousing one and sometimes that made him have to walk away because it wasn't time.

On other occasions, he watched him with the men who bought his time. Watched him on his knees in dark alleyways, annoyed and pissed off that they got him for any amount of time. Hated them for touching the pale white skin that belonged to him, entertained himself with fantasies of catching each and every one of them and making them pay for touching what didn't belong to them.

He could tell when he was weary, the smile forced, the slinky strut an act instead of his natural grace. He knew there were times when food was a luxury, when paying for the rat-hole of an apartment meant he was out in the

cold longer than the others, doing more to earn more to maintain a standard of living that was unacceptable. He was worth more than that – worth more than being out on the streets, servicing men not fit to wipe his shoes.

He knew the time was coming – the time to take him away from it all. No doubt, there would be a period of *adjustment* while Will dealt with the change in his circumstances – Alex knew that he wouldn't be ready to accept the love and affection that was offered straight away. But then they could begin their life together. In the house he had bought for them, the life he had carefully crafted in preparation for bringing him back. Bringing him home. Soon.

Part Four

~ H ~

He supposed it could be thought of as consideration. His

father's visit was going extremely well, Rupert seeming to be incredibly pleased that Will was doing so well for himself. Strangely, Rupert and Alex got on, way better than Riley had ever managed to get on with the older Giles. They discussed educational courses that Will could attend, Alex impressing Rupert with the thought he had put into how to get around Will's less than legal status. Will was confused because it seemed that Alex had been serious when he threw the laptop at Will and told him to look into online courses – Will had been sure that it was more mind-games, Alex getting into Will's head and screwing with him.

Alex smoothed over any talk of what Will had been doing before they met – simply saying how lucky he was that he had found Will; that he would do anything in his power to keep Will safe from harm, thought of him most definitely as 'his' and what was his he kept and looked after. Rupert had laughed and said Alex made Will sound like a prized possession, but Alex had smiled that 'trust me' smile and Rupert fell the same way everybody else did.

While Alex was cooking in the kitchen, Rupert had sat back and visibly relaxed, obviously relieved that Will was no longer alone in the big bad US of A. They didn't talk

about Riley, or the nasty words that had been spoken when Will left. Rupert was eager to leave all that behind, eager to move forward with his son and his 'life-partner' as he almost coyly described Alex. It took Will a while to realise that Rupert thought they were 'in love' and he almost choked on his wine. Love was the farthest thought from his mind when he considered what he and Alex had together. Obsession? Maybe. Stockholm Syndrome? More than likely. Will wasn't stupid – he knew that what he and Alex had together wasn't 'healthy' by any stretch of the imagination. He also knew that he had no plans to go anywhere. He couldn't explain why – maybe he wasn't as smart as he thought he was.

~ | ~

Dinner was a huge success, Rupert catching a cab to his hotel in a semi-drunken haze, shaking Alex warmly by the hand and thanking him for taking care of his Will. Alex had merely smiled his 'trust me' smile, paid the cab-driver handsomely to ensure Rupert's safe arrival, and rested his hand on the back of Will's neck as they waved goodbye standing by the front gate.

As the cab pulled away, the grip on the back of his neck had tightened and Will took a deep breath. Somehow he

had known without being told that he would pay for all the consideration, owed Alex for putting his father at ease and reassuring him that his son was safe. Rupert had looked old, and it wasn't in Will to worry him further with uncomfortable conversations. If Rupert saw his son being looked after, living in a sprawling house with all the modern conveniences, driven around in a brand new car, and seemingly spoiled rotten by his besotted lover – if that was what Rupert saw, and it set his mind at ease, surely it was worth it?

Turning towards the house, Will took another deep breath, stumbling slightly as Alex's hand slid possessively down his spine to rest on his ass. Most definitely time to pay the piper.

The next morning he was running late. Checking the time, Will realised that he would never get to his father's hotel by the agreed time for their sight-seeing outing. It was his own fault – he had overslept, exhausted from Alex's demands, sliding into sleep a shaking, sweating heap when Alex was finally finished. Tugging on a tee-shirt, he looked at himself in the mirror. Honey-blond curls falling over his forehead, the tips still bleached white from “before”. His face was fuller due to regular meals, his belly no longer concave for the same reason.

Lifting up the black tee, he looked at his chest – fingers ghosting over the bruises and bite-marks decorating the pale expanse. Not a single bruise marred his neck, arms or wrists – no fingerprint smudges, no reddened bracelet marks from cuffs suddenly lined with fur. He turned his head slightly in the mirror, eyes widening as he spotted one bruise. Just one. At the junction of his shoulder and neck, a faint ring of teeth-marks surrounded by redness where Alex had sucked hard.

Will knew it was deliberate. It was no coincidence that there were no marks to be seen by outsiders anywhere else but there. He pressed his fingers into it hard, watched his pupils dilate in his reflection. He knew this bruise had been put there for Rupert to see – the final 'reassurance', a visible claim to let him know that his son was marked and taken. Will guessed it could be thought of as consideration. By some people at least.

Part Five

~ J ~

The whole evening was different. Alex had come out of the office earlier than usual, joining Will on the sofa and watching him watch his programmes. Will had been half looking at various sites on the internet – colleges that offered courses that vaguely interested him, that sort of thing. It was *nice* to spend an evening in doing pretty much nothing, just hanging out together. Alex wasn't particularly talkative but it wasn't a silence that made Will jumpy, edgy waiting for Alex's next move. It was a contemplative silence, almost comfortable.

At ten, Alex stood up from the sofa and held out his hand to Will. The smile on his face was different too – it was gentle, kind. Not the 'trust me' smile that he seemed to use to entangle people in his web, bring them under his nice guy spell so that they ignored any feelings of unease. It was a soft smile, and Will found himself smiling back uncertainly.

Alex led him to the bedroom where it was obvious he had prepared things. There were white candles scattered

around on various surfaces, their flame lending a soft light to the room. None of the chests or boxes were visible, nothing there seemed to have been touched from when Will had cleaned up that morning. The sheets had been changed, the bedspread pulled back invitingly, plump pillows scattered around the headboard, and Will could see rose petals decorating the sheets. Most glaringly, to Will at least, there were no handcuffs or shackles at the head or foot of the bed. No scarves either.

He looked up at Alex, totally confused. It was a scene set for seduction and it made little or no sense. Alex viewed Will as his – to do with as he saw fit, treat how he wanted to, *take* as he wanted to. There had never been a seduction scene in their relationship. Ever. Alex was staring into his eyes, the hazel drowned by his dilated pupils and for a moment, Will wondered if Alex had taken drugs. Inside, he panicked – he knew what damage could be caused by someone who was off their head on drugs, had visited the victim in hospital. Then he realised there was no way Alex had taken drugs – he liked to be in control too much, didn't even drink more than the occasional glass of wine. So what was this?

Will flinched as Alex's hand came up to his face, breath

frozen in his chest as the strong, tanned hand moved towards him. Eyes caught, he watched Alex's face as the man began to trace Will's features – ghosting over his eyebrows and round his eyes; the sharp blade of a cheekbones flowing down to the strong, angular jaw to his lips. Will licked his lips, tongue inadvertently touching Alex's finger, and he gasped as he saw Alex's reactions – his nostrils flared, his eyes widened and he shifted forward until his body was resting against Will's. Using his thumb, Alex pressed against Will's lower lip, and Will opened his mouth. Both of Alex's hands moved to his face, cupping it and tilting it upwards as Alex's head came down and he kissed Will.

Open-mouthed, soft, the kiss was different. No teeth, no tongue, no *claiming* - just gentle, lips touching and sliding against each other. Will's breath gusted out, and he reached up to wrap his arms around Alex's shoulders, holding onto him for balance as the kiss went on and on. He could feel Alex's thumbs pressed against the corners of his mouth, tugging gently to get Will to open up further. His long fingers were wrapped around Will's face, resting beneath his ears as at last he began to explore Will's mouth with his tongue.

Will moaned as Alex's hands slid down from his face,

gently caressed his shoulders before moving to the front of his body and beginning to undo the buttons of his shirt. He went to step back, make it easier, but Alex lifted his head enough to shake it before returning to the long, slow, drugging kisses. Will gasped as long fingers grazed his hardened nipples before returning to pinch lightly then squeeze. He vaguely felt Alex push his shirt off his shoulders, and he finally dropped his arms so that it could slide off completely, puddling on the floor at his feet.

Alex's hands were everywhere, caressing his abs then sliding around to his back and kneading his shoulder blades before slipping down to rest on his ass. Will tensed but the hands remained gentle, squeezing and kneading and pulling him closer until he could feel Alex's hardness pressing into his stomach. Alex's mouth had moved down his jaw, gentle nips of his teeth as he worked his way down Will's neck to his wildly beating pulse. But then he stopped, his hands resting on Will's ass, his breath hot on Will's neck. He pulled his head back, still looking down at Will's neck, and Will's hands fluttered nervously by his side. Alex's hand came up and he pressed gentle fingers on the mark that stood out starkly on Will's neck. He traced the outline of his teeth marks so lightly Will could barely feel his fingers moving

at all. Will's skin was tingling, his heart thumping wildly in his chest. He didn't understand what Alex was doing, why he had stopped kissing him and why he was transfixed by the mark he himself had put there.

About to risk asking what was wrong, Will stumbled backwards when Alex stepped back, his hands reaching for the drawstring waist of Will's sweatpants. Will's arms wind-milled wildly for a moment as he tried to regain his footing, and Alex caught them, steadying him on his feet before sliding the palms of his hands down the inside of Will's sweatpants, pushing them down to pool at his feet. Will was stunned as Alex followed the path of the sweats, coming to rest on his knees in front of Will, looking up at him and again giving that strangely gentle half-smile. Resting the palm of his left hand on Will's hip, Alex traced the fingers of his right hand up the straining length of Will's cock where it rose hard and demanding against Will's stomach. Still looking Will in the eye, he leaned forward and enveloped it from head to root in one move, and unable to keep looking Will threw his head back and closed his eyes, swaying on his feet as Alex sucked at him.

“Oh god, oh god, pleasepleaseplease - “ Will could hear himself begging, hands clenched in fists at his side as Alex

used his knowledge of Will's body to work him into a frenzy. Will desperately needed something to hold onto, wanted to rest his hands on Alex's head or shoulders, but was too scared – scared that Alex would stop, scared that doing so would break the gentle spell that Alex had woven and send them back into the dark passions that were the norm in their bedroom. Head bobbing back and forth, Alex reached round with both hands, gently squeezing Will's ass as he took the head of his cock down his throat. Unable to stop himself, Will thrust forwards with his hips, instigating a stuttering rhythm that felt like he was losing his very soul. “Alex – oh God, Alex, please - “ Head thrown back, Will buried his hands in his hair as he thrust his hips wildly into the hot wet cavern of Alex's mouth, knowing he was on the edge of coming but unable to hold back any longer. “Alex – gonna – please, I'm gonna – ahh!”

~ K ~

Will came to spread-eagled face-down on the bed. He blinked heavily, lifting his head and turning to see where Alex was. He sighed as he felt a gentle touch to his ankle, oiled hands sliding up the back of his calf, before smoothing back down again and beginning on the other side. He moaned as he felt Alex climb onto the bed,

slipping between his legs as his hands caressed the back of Will's legs from his heels to the lower curve of his ass. Those strong, knowledgeable hands kept moving, gliding over the cheeks of his ass, lightly squeezing before travelling upwards. He could feel Alex's presence over his body as the man knelt up and began a gentle but firm massage of his back, removing any last remnants of tension. He could feel Alex's cock pressing against his ass as the man moved backwards and forwards with the rhythm of the massage, slipping into the oiled valley and sliding back and forth.

Unconsciously, he lifted his hips, easing the path as the smooth movements continued. Alex's hands were caressing his shoulders now, working down his biceps to his forearms, then taking hold of his hands. He groaned into the pillow as the long, strong fingers entwined with his and Alex stretched his arms out wide so that he lay like a starfish, spreading out over the entire bed in a sated, relaxed sprawl. Sated but not completely finished – the more Alex touched him, the more he could feel his arousal awakening. Perhaps he had simply got used to a vigorous sex-life – it was rare that Alex didn't fuck him *at least* once a night, often more and then again in the morning. But he was still wanting, the ache beginning to grow within him. He wanted *more* of this strangely

different sex – the caresses that were so firm yet gentle, the knowledge of his body and what it liked being used to bring him what felt like endless pleasure. Alex lowered himself onto his back, hands sliding beneath Will's body and stroking his sides.

“Want me Will?”

“Ummmm.” Will felt too lazy to respond fully, so relaxed he was practically sinking into the bed. In the back of his mind he was waiting to be punished – when Alex spoke to him in bed, he was supposed to respond in full. But the strangeness continued, Alex's lips pressing against the nape of his neck and working their way down. Little nibbling bites taken as Alex worked his way down Will's spine, all the while stroking his hands up and down Will's body. The warm hands moved onto his back again, sliding to his cheeks and gently pulling them apart. Will lifted his hips again, eager to feel Alex inside, wanting the ache inside to be assuaged. “Oh my God!” he gasped as he felt Alex slide even further down the bed, pressing the cheeks of Will's ass apart and attacking Will's asshole with his tongue.

Will had **never** felt anything like it, had never had this done to him before. He writhed on the bed, pressing his

reawakening cock into the firmness of the mattress in order to get some friction. The stabbing movements of Alex's tongue were blowing his mind and he gave another cry as one of Alex's oiled hands slipped beneath his hips and grasped his hardened cock. Will was incoherent, unable to decide between pushing back into the delicious feeling of Alex's tongue caressing him inside and out or thrusting forward into the tight grasp that was jerking his cock. Strong grip just beneath the head, a thumb swiping gathering the pre-cum that was leaking freely and using it as a lubricant for the smooth, regular strokes.

“Pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease – oh God, Alex, please -
“ Will was vaguely aware he was babbling, begging Alex for he knew not what in a way he had never done before. Oh he had begged before – begged for the cessation of pain, begged to be allowed to come, begged to be set free. But never before had he begged Alex for more in *this* way – never before had he felt like a *lover* instead of a possession.

“Tell me what you want Will – tell me and I'll do it for you. I'll do anything for you.” Returning to his task, Alex pressed his tongue in deep, then withdrew it to nibble gently around Will's asshole, pressing his legs apart so

that he could work his way down to Will's perineum

“God – I – oh please, please - “

“Just tell me baby – anything you want I will give you.”

“Fuck me! Please Alex, just fuck me!” Almost on the verge of coming, Will was barely aware of his words, only knowing that he needed Alex to take him – to press in deep and finish this delicious torture. He groaned as Alex moved away from him, lifting and turning his head to see where the other man had gone. He watched as Alex returned, an open tube of lube in his hand as he rearranged himself on the bed between Will's legs. Dropping his head back to the pillow, Will heard the top of the tube flick open then he felt Alex's hands return to his ass, two thick fingers pressing in easily. His hips jerked as Alex's twisted his fingers around, stretching him firmly then crooking and just touching his gland. “God, please – don't make me wait anymore, please Alex, please.”

“Sssh, it's okay baby, I'm here – I'm here.” Will felt the bed give slightly as Alex leaned over to throw the lube onto the bedside table, then gentle hands were reaching for his hips and pulling him to his hands and knees. He huffed out a breath, head falling to hang down towards

his chest as he quivered impatiently, desperately needing Alex inside him to quench the burning. He didn't have to wait long, a low whine coming from his chest as Alex tucked the head of his cock into the spasming pucker of Will's ass and gently pressed. One long, slow, smooth slide and it felt like it was going on forever, that Alex was pushing deeper than he ever had. Will pushed back, trying to get Alex even deeper, needing as much of him as he could get. He felt feverish, panting for breath as Alex began a slow steady rhythm like a metronome – never speeding up or slowing down, just in and out, in and out. Will was keening, hands digging into the bedclothes, twisting them around his fingers as he shoved himself back onto Alex, trying to goad him into a faster, harder rhythm,. But Alex ignored him, continuing his slow, steady pace – in, out, in, out, in, out.

“God – just – oh please, Alex – just – oh fuck! Please – I -
“ Will knew he was keeping up a continuous flow of words but was unable to stop, couldn't form a sentence or find the words to say what it was he needed. He wanted – no *needed* Alex to fuck him harder, to take him – to *own* him, but it seemed as though Alex could maintain this slow steady pace forever and it was driving Will insane. He felt Alex lean forward, drape his body over Will's and then the strong hand was back. Jerking

him off with the same steady rhythm, squeezing gently as Alex worked his throbbing erection back and forth.

“What do you need baby? Tell me what you need.”

“I – oh fuckin' hell – just - “ Without warning, Alex swivelled his hips slightly, nudging against Will's gland on the inwards stroke. Will saw stars break out behind his eyelids, the gliding nudge almost enough – almost getting him there. Not quite, and he felt like he was going insane – wanted to take hold of Alex and *force* him into the rhythm that Will needed, **make** him give it to Will hard and fast and long until he couldn't stop, could just come and come and come.

“You ready Will?”

“Yes – oh God, yes, please.”

“Gonna come for me baby? Gonna squeeze around me and make me come?”

“Yes – anything, please Alex, anything.”

“Tell me you love me.”

~ L ~

“ - “ A twist of hips, the nudging becoming a long slow press as Alex shifted angle slightly, and Will was almost screaming with the need to come.

“Tell me you love me.”

“I – please, Alex, God – please.” He was begging, head pushed into the pillow as he clutched at the bed – desperate for that one final touch to send him over.

“Tell me.” Tighter grip on his cock, thumb sliding over the end and massaging just beneath the head in the spot that no-one else had ever found, the spot that made Will's toes curl up, his ass clench, and his eyes roll back in his head. Alex was circling his hips – not pushing in now, just the head of his cock tugging at the ring of muscles as he shifted his hips round and round. Will knew there was something wrong, that he couldn't say it – shouldn't say what Alex wanted him to say – but he wanted to come so badly, needed to come. Almost crying with need, Will pursed his lips, determined not to give in and tell Alex what he wanted to hear.

But Alex knew him too well, teeth grazing the nape of his

neck whilst playing with that special spot, pushing pushing pushing him towards a declaration he did **not** want to make. Will gritted his teeth, desperately trying to hold on, a loud cry forced from him as without warning, Alex shoved himself in deep and hard. It was enough – finally enough to send Will over the edge into oblivion. He could hear someone screaming, could make out the words “I love you, I love you” but he had no idea who it was, could barely focus as *finally* he came, dragging Alex with him so he could feel the powerful spurts of the other man's orgasm deep in his body.

Will slumped to the bed, panting for breath and uncaring that he was lying in a puddle of his own emissions. Alex carefully disengaged and Will hissed as the slowly softening cock slipped out of him. Alex landed on the bed next to him, and Will pushed himself slowly onto his side, ready to shift his hands and feet into position for the nightly shackles that he wore. But Alex didn't reach for them – instead tugging Will over towards him and locking him in a tight embrace. Heart still thumping, Will tried to clear his head.

The whole evening had been *different* but this was the strangest thing of all. It was too much for his befuddled brain to cope with. He lay with his head on Alex's chest,

listening as the heartbeat settled down to a regular rhythm. As he lay there, Will tried to figure out the cause of his feeling of foreboding – a sense of disquiet preventing him from succumbing to the lassitude overtaking his limbs. The steady thumping in his ear, the exquisite full-body relaxation stealing over him, his eyelids heavy, Will lingered on the verge of sleep. He felt – safe. Safe and loved. For the first time since he had left England, he felt that he had found someone who understood him, who cared for him. After all, why would Alex want Will to declare his feelings if he didn't feel something like that in return? What else would explain the seduction scene, the way Alex had made love to him. Because that's what it was – Alex hadn't fucked Will, he'd *made love* to him.

Alex snuffled in his sleep, turning towards Will and throwing his arm and leg over the smaller man, pulling him in close. A small smile spread across his face and Will closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep wrapped in the arms of his lover. Feeling safe, warm and above all else, loved.

~ M ~

The sun streaming through the window woke Will from a sound sleep, and he lay quietly for a moment, enjoying

the peace of the moment. Without opening his eyes, he moved his foot expecting to rub against Alex's lightly haired leg. But he couldn't move. Opening his eyes, he tried to sit up and found his arm was handcuffed to the top of the bed. He looked around the bedroom and realised that sometime in the night, Alex had left him. Had cuffed and shackled him to the bed, cleared away the candles and the rose petals, and left him to wake up alone. Dropping his head back onto his pillow, for the first time in a long while, Will cried.

Part Six

Alex stood outside the bedroom, his head resting against the door. He could hear Will crying inside and he desperately wanted to go to him, offer some comfort or at least explain. But how could he explain what he didn't understand himself?

~*~*~*~*~

It was all too close, struck too close to home. Alex lay watching Will sleep, the gentle snores gusting Will's warm breath over his chest. He had woken up when Will moved around, and instantly realised that he had forgotten to settle him for the night. He had no

explanation for how the evening had gone – he'd been sat in his office as usual, going over some contracts from Lindsey when he had felt the need to see Will, spend some time with him. He had gotten so used to having him there whenever he looked up, but had accepted that sometimes Will liked to watch TV while he browsed the internet and he wanted to keep him happy. Shutting everything down, he went from his office to the garage then the kitchen, before making his way quietly to the bedroom.

The candles had been purchased several weeks ago but not with this in mind. Will writhed so nicely under hot wax, and these ones were slow-burning with hints of vanilla. Using several small saucers he had brought from the kitchen, Alex looked over the candles, checking to be sure that each flame would be in safe place, wouldn't set fire to any fabric or anything like that.

He made the bed up with crisp new sheets, throwing the dirty ones into the laundry bin in the bathroom. Once the bed was made, he carefully pulled back the bedspread, sprinkling rose petals all over. The roses were from the last bunch he had bought Will but decided against giving him – he hadn't wanted to seem weak, didn't want Will to think that Alex wasn't strong enough to keep him safe.

So the roses had stayed in the garage, along with the five or six other bouquets that were slowly dying there. Their father told them that buying flowers gave the wrong impression, made a man out to be whipped or weak, and even though he now knew his father had been wrong about so many things, he didn't want Will to think he was weak. Will wouldn't stay with a weak man, needed Alex to be strong.

Watching Will as he watched his programmes had been a quiet pleasure, especially as the boy was so relaxed. Relaxed and happy. And Alex wanted a part of that, wanted to sink into him and share that quiet joy. At ten, he tired of waiting, slipping into the bedroom to light the candles before returning and holding out his hand to Will. The smile Will gave him made his heart ache and he couldn't hold back on his own, gave Will the smile he shared with very few people and not for a long long time.

Will willingly followed him to the bedroom, still smiling that sweet smile. And in spite of his misgivings, in spite of the voice of his father in his head telling him that he was being weak, Alex gently took Will's face in his hands and kissed him – long, gentle teasing kisses that made him feel – well, made him *feel*.

~*~*~*~*~

And now he was faced with the consequences of his actions. Will had screamed that he loved him, but did he really? He had never told Alex before – not when he first rescued him from the streets and the life that was grinding him down. Not when he had kept him safe, locked away, secure. Each night he settled him down, bound him to let him know that he was valued; he had even given him the freedom to return to that life if that was what he wanted, a last opportunity to make the choice to be here. And throughout all of that, Will had never told Alex that he loved him. He showed Will every single day and night how much he cared, but Will withheld his declaration until Alex was weak, weak enough to try to act like other people and not himself. But how could Will love Alex when he was weak?

Shaking his head, refusing to consider even the *thought* of Will leaving him all alone, Alex got out of the bed carefully. He retrieved Will's favourite handcuffs – he might not say anything, but he slept sounder when he was in these than at any other time – and carefully secured him to the headboard. Alex dragged out the

shackles from where he had tucked them beneath the bed, gently stretching Will's legs out so that he could secure them to the foot of the bed. Not wanting Will to be reminded of Alex's weakness, he swiftly blew out the candles and took them through to the kitchen, throwing them in the trash. No reminders for either of them. Returning to the bedroom, moving quickly now because he wanted this over and done with, he lifted the bedspread and brushed out as many rose petals as he could find. As sure as he could be that he had got everything, he stood and watched over his Will as he slept.

The desire to slip back into the bed and pull Will close was pressing him, and he realised he needed to get some distance , regain his strength so that he didn't let Will down again.

~*~*~*~*~

Alex knew he was doing the right thing. He had to be strong to be deserving of Will's love, and if he was strong then Will would never leave. He would never have to be alone again. Hand pressed against the door, he contemplated going in, telling Will goodbye. A rap on the

front door saved him from himself, and sighing he walked to open it, a grateful smile crossing his face as he saw his brother. Everything would be alright now.

Part Seven

His first thought was that Alex was passing him on, that he was tired of him. He looked up with swollen eyes, not comprehending. Why was Angel here and not Alex? And why was he in their bedroom? He closed his eyes and sighed wearily – he didn't even have the energy to fight, not moving when Angel unlocked the cuffs and moved down the bed to undo the shackles.

“Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes.” Angel smiled at him then left the room, leaving Will more confused than ever.

~*~*~*~*~*~

“So what do you fancy doing today?” Will looked up from his toast, his mouth dropping open in astonishment. Angel was asking him what he wanted to do? He couldn't think of the last time anyone had *asked* him what he wanted to do – even when his father had visited everything had been arranged by Alex, a careful itinerary that took them all over Sunnydale but revealed nothing of their lives together.

“Erm, I dunno. Where do ya fancy mate?” He slipped back into cockney, his hustler veneer sliding over him like an ill-fitting costume.

“Will – you can be yourself with me. You don't have to put on an accent, or try to hide how you're feeling.” Angel met his gaze, and Will blinked back tears at the sympathy in the man's face. “He'll be back. If I know my brother at all, he cares deeply for you and he **will** be back. He – he just needs a little space. I don't know what happened and I don't need to know. Unless you want to tell me?”

“Brother?”

“Oh wow, do you two not talk or are you still in the

honeymoon period?”

“I just didn't know you were his brother. He never... – when he introduced us – he never said. He doesn't really talk about – stuff.” Will looked down at the table, embarrassed. Although why he was embarrassed he couldn't say – honeymoon period my ass.

“I'm sorry, I just assumed you knew. I tell you what, you go have a shower, get dressed and we'll have a patrol around Sunnydale – I'll answer any questions that I can? How's that?”

“*Any* questions?”

“Well, within reason. I know when I brought Lindsay home the – well the *struggle* with how things were going to be took some getting over. But we're much happier now – we've been together nearly three years.”

“Who's Lindsay?”

“Go – get washed up, dressed, and I'll take you to some of the most scenic cemeteries – Alex said you're artistic so they may awaken your muse.”

~*~*~*~*~

The walk, or patrol as Angel called it, helped to clear Will's brain. They didn't speak as they walked around, just kept up a steady pace and walked. Will accepted that Alex wasn't gone for good, that it was unlikely that he was being passed on. Obviously Angel was involved with some woman called Lindsay, so there was no desire to take on his brother's cast off.

“Ready to talk?” Will looked over at Angel, realising that the man had been giving him space to clear his head. “So when you say you and Alex haven't really talked, is that at all?”

“We didn't meet in the most conventional way, so no – not really talked much at all.”

“I know how you met – you don't have to hide anything, really.” Will blushed, for some reason feeling ashamed. Angel's hand reached out and touched his face, pulling him up by the chin so that he met his gaze. “Seriously, you don't have to hide a thing. I think you and Lindsay would do well to spend some time together. Maybe

when Alex comes back we could have a weekend trip or something. You boys have more in common than you might realise.”

“Boys?”

“Yeah, Lindsay and y – Ohhh. Sorry, yeah, Lindsay is my boy. God, you and Alex don't talk *at all*. I know the sex is hot, but really, take a break and chat sometime!” Angel was smiling to take the sting out of his words, and Will hesitantly smiled back. It was so easy being with Angel – there was no underlying fear or menace. Looking at him, Will could see the family resemblance physically but in other ways they were completely different. They had the same sort of build: tall, broad and dark, but Angel definitely seemed to be the *lighter* of the two in terms of personality. He didn't seem like the type to go all dark and psychotic on someone, tie them to a bed and keep them prisoner or any of the other things that Alex did on a more than regular basis.

They came to a standstill by a grave, and Will read the words on the headstone out loud.”Anya Harris – she saved her sons. A lot.” He looked at Angel swiftly, a question in his eyes. Angel nodded, looking sombre.

“She was our mother. Our childhood was less than erm, standard I guess you could say. Mom did what she could and I think me and Alex turned out okay. But yeah, some things leave scars, you know?”

Will nodded, his brain teeming with questions. Sometimes he thought he took after his father too much. The man was such a 'watcher' – always looking at what people did, trying to figure out *why* they did it instead of actually living his life. Perhaps that had something to do with why Will was the way he was. He looked over at Angel, about to ask the first of many questions.

“Before you pepper me with your questions, what you need to think about is this : will the answers make any difference? Make it any easier to traverse the deep waters that are Alex? Or will it just get in the way of how you feel? There has to be a reason why you're still with him Will. I know, for me and for Lindsay, the answers only came *after* we'd gone through the rough stuff. Maybe you and Alex need to do the same?”

Will stood stock still, wondering if Angel was right. Would knowing Alex's history have made it easier to deal with what had happened the night before? He found he couldn't answer. Shaking his head in frustration, he

stalked off, heading towards the entrance to the cemetery. He huffed angrily when Angel came after him, tempted to run but not sure where he would go.

“Why are you following me?? He left – seems like I should have the same privilege if that's what I want.”

“Fine bodyguard I'd be if I let you go off in a temper.”

“Bodyguard? What the fuck makes you think I need a bodyguard? You're flippin' mad mate – got no idea what you and your brother are on, but I've just about had enough.”

Angel grabbed him by the arm, slamming Will into the wall at the entrance to the cemetery. And there, suddenly, Will could clearly see the family resemblance. It was like Angel was a completely different person, the light-hearted pleasant façade ripped away and revealing the demons within.

“We are **Harris's**! We don't lose what we value. And Alex values you. Now you can either come for a walk with me, and keep things nice, easy and pleasant, or we can go back to the house and I can strap you down to the bed where you fucking belong as long as Alex says you belong

there. It's your choice. But either way – I'm going to do whatever it takes to guard you because that's what my brother needs me to do. Got it?"

Part Eight

The first thing Will did upon leaving the cemetery was visit a drug store. With Angel watching from outside, he made his purchases hurriedly and returned to his 'bodyguard's' side, scowling at Angel's open smile. He knew now that the smile hid something far darker than he had ever imagined and he wasn't going to be fooled again.

He figured since he couldn't leave, Alex would have to learn to deal with the real him. And he fully intended to make the man realise just what he was dealing with. He hadn't lasted on the streets by being a victim, and just because the venue had changed didn't mean he had to.

Angel insisted a party was just the thing to put Will back

into a good mood. This was after a day spent alone as Will point blank refused to come out of the bedroom – it was where he 'fuckin' belonged' after all. When he'd said that to Angel, sneered it into his face, he had been positive the other man was going to hit him. He had stiffened his posture and readied himself for the blow, but it never came. Instead Angel had smiled at him, told him if that was where he wanted to be that was fine, and left him to it. It was actually scarier that Angel *hadn't* hit him, and for a little while Will had worried that his actions might impact on this Lindsay guy. Then he figured Lindsay knew what he was involved with and would be prepared to deal. Will was fighting for himself – he didn't have time to worry about others.

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He knew exactly the impact he made on Angel when he came out of the bedroom for the party. The other man had stopped at the front door, mouth agape as he took in Will's appearance. Will had been unable to hold back a smirk, knowing he looked good, knowing he was being himself and fuck Alex and his running away. The black leather jeans were skin-tight – in fact, he'd had to apply copious amounts of talcum powder to pour himself into

them. The black tee-shirt, shot through with silver metallic strands that caught the light was also extremely tight – tight enough that Angel couldn't help but see the nipple ring that Will had put back in. He didn't tend to wear one when he was 'working' – too much danger of it being pulled out or something nasty like that – but he'd been lucky that it hadn't closed up completely since he'd been with Alex, and the cheap silver earring he'd bought at the drug store made just as much impact as the proper jewellery he used to possess.

But Will knew it wasn't *just* the clothes that had Angel staring. The floppy honey brown curls were gone. In their place was radioactive white blond, cut short so that there were no curls left at all, simply spikes standing up sharply all over his head. It was shorter even than it had been when Alex had first picked him up, and Will knew Angel was seeing what Alex had seen, was seeing what Alex had wanted to possess.

“Well well well. Decided to come out fighting have we?” Walking over to him, Angel looked him up and down. Will lowered his eyes, well aware that Angel was taking in the black eye-liner he'd applied to make the blue of his eyes stand out; the silver ring that matched the nipple ring was in his ear. That had fuckin' hurt, opening that up

again especially since he'd had to use a sewing needle he found in the kit in the bathroom. But the warm throbbing in his ear was worth it for the look he was getting. Angel did a circuit around him, standing close but not quite touching. Will could feel his look like a touch and he shivered delicately. This – this was the power he had given up when he accepted Alex's rules – and it felt damned good to take it back again.

“We gonna go or what?”

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The party was a blast. The Osbourne's had pulled out all the stops and invited only the younger crowd and it showed in the atmosphere. This wasn't polite conversation and vol-au-vents – this was raucous sexy music, couples grinding against each other whilst pretending to dance, serious snogging going on in as many a darkened corner as could be found. Will was loving it. Angel had stuck close to him at the beginning, occasionally standing closer than strictly necessary and sending shivers down Will's spine. The very thing that had frightened him the day before was attracting him now. Underneath the urbane manner was a predator,

and Will was undeniably attracted.

But now, Will was dancing with a young man by the name of Jesse – lanky, gangly and not quite grown into himself, he reminded Will of himself when he was younger. He couldn't name the song – some Justin Timberlake thing with 50 cent – but he could certainly grind to it. Turning away from Jesse, he pressed back so his ass was against the very interested groin of his dance partner. Jesse's arm came around his waist, pulling him that little bit closer, his lips grazing Will's neck as he leaned in.

“You wanna go outside?”

“Wha' for?”

“Some air – it's hot in here, man.” Turning his head, Will considered Jesse for a moment. The boy was young – very young – and Will didn't want to get him into any trouble. Yeah, it had been fun flirting and dancing with him, but that was as far as it went. He turned in Jesse's arms, about to try to find a way to let the boy down gently when he felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up. His head shot around, scanning the room but he couldn't see anything to justify the adrenaline spike.

Shrugging it off as best he could, he turned back to Jesse.

“Yeah, sure luv, some air would be good.”

They grabbed a couple of bottles of beer as they made their way outside, zigzagging to avoid dancing couples, smirking as they observed kissing couples. The night air cooled their sweat-drenched skin, and they walked in companionable silence around the pool. A light breeze stirred the water and they came to a standstill by a set of patio furniture. They stood with their backs to the house, enjoying the view of the stars, the lack of outside lights giving the illusion of isolation.

“You – you're not interested in me are you Will?” Will turned and looked at Jesse, a sigh escaping him. Looked away again. Definitely didn't want to hurt the boy but it looked like Jesse wasn't going to give him a choice.

“Like ya well enough. But – I'm taken, luv.”

“Yeah – no surprise there. Where is – she? He?”

“He. Dunno.” Will shrugged, the hurt scraping his nerves once more as he wondered if Alex intended to return.

“He left you?? Then – I mean, maybe - “

“I wouldn't finish that sentence if I were you.” A strong tanned arm reached around Will's waist, tugging him backwards to rest against a hard body. “I don't blame you for your interest, but as the man says, he's taken. Your mother was looking for you, Jesse, I suggest you go back inside.” With a final smile in Will's direction, Jesse jogged back towards the house, leaving the two men alone. “How far were you going to take it?”

“Dunno what you mean, mate. We were talking – s'all.”

“Uh huh. And if Alex had come out, would he have seen you just talking? You're playing a dangerous game, Will – you better be prepared to handle the consequences if you carry on.”

“Feels to me like I'm not the only one playing, mate.” Will slid his hips from side to side, rubbing his leather-clad ass against the hardening groin behind him. “Seems to me you're guarding me body a little closer than you might need to.”

“You think?”

“I do.”

“What makes you think that Alex didn't give me permission? We *are* brothers after all.”

“What – share an' share alike – s'that what you're saying?”

“And what would you say if I said yes? I don't think you'd find it a particular *hardship*. Alex and I have talked since he met you – I think you would like the way I play.” Will flinched, his mind giving him a clear image of how Angel liked to 'play. He felt Angel's face press against his neck, pushing Will's face to one side and laying a trail of kisses from behind his ear down to his wildly beating pulse.

Will tried to take a step forward, his movement halted by Angel's arm tightening around him and pulling him closer. He gasped as Angel began to nibble on his neck, sucking lightly.

“Seriously – Angel? I don't think - “

“Maybe you should leave the thinking to me, hmmm?” Will pushed harder against the constrictive arm, pushing back with his elbows in an attempt to get free. The

sucking on his neck became stronger, the arms holding him tightened further and Will suddenly felt fear rising. What if Angel marked him? What would Alex do to him – to both of them?

“Angel - “ Will's struggles became more frantic, and he tried to stomp on Angel's foot but missed, jarring his hip and sending him off balance. Angel took advantage, his large hand sliding down the slickness of the metallic shirt and heading towards Will's waistband. “Look, Angel – please. Don't yeah? Was just messing about – honest. Please – just let me go now okay?”

“What if I don't want to let you go? Or were you just using me – me and Jesse in your little fight with Alex?”

“S'not what you think – well, wasn't meant to be okay?? And it's not about what you want. Or what I want. Alex - “

“Alex what?” The long fingers slid between the tightness of his abdomen and the waistband of his leather trousers, stroking back and forth but moving no further down.

“Alex wouldn't like it, okay? An' – and I don't wanna do

anything that's gonna set him off, okay? Just – let me go yeah?”

“Happy now?” Angel stepped back, setting Will free and turning towards the house.

“What the fuck – Alex?” Will turned round, temper flaring as he looked into Alex's eyes. “Were you just messing with my head?? What – trying to see how far I'd go?” Alex said nothing. Merely took another sip from his glass. “Fuck you. And fuck you too!” Will shouted at Angel, turning on his heel and heading the long way round the pool to go back to the house. He didn't get far, Alex grabbing his wrist and yanking him to a stop. “Gerroff me.” He was so angry he could barely see straight – how dare Alex play stupid games like that, especially since he'd been the one to run off?

“Will - “

“I said **get off**” He could honestly say it hadn't been his intention to shove Alex that hard. Temper got the better of him, and he wasn't looking clearly where he was going. The splash as Alex landed in the pool was loud, and Will stood there in complete shock, mouth falling open. “Fuck!!! Alex – 'm so sorry!” Rushing over to the

side of the pool, he squatted down and offered his hand. Alex swam the short distance over to the side of the pool, slicking his hair back from his face and wiping his eyes. He reached up to accept Will's hand, and in that split second Will knew exactly what was going to happen.

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Giving their apologies to Daniel Osbourne, Alex looked like he was simply saying thank you for a pleasant evening. The fact that both he – and Will – were completely soaked through didn't change his attitude in the slightest. Angel had called Daniel outside, explaining that it would probably be a good idea if Will and Alex left by the side entrance rather than trampling through the house. Alex smiled at Daniel, explaining that he'd slipped at the side of the pool and unfortunately tugged Will in with him. Daniel was not fooled for a second – the look he gave Alex clearly showing that. Will was embarrassed, blushing as they headed towards the door, a backward glance showing Daniel watching them with a raised brow and a smile on his face. Alex wasn't smiling as he guided Will to the car, the grip of his hand at Will's waist firm and strong. Will leaned into that grip, aware that there would be bruises there the next day – as well as

potentially more depending on how things went when they got home.

As he got into Alex's car, Will turned back and caught a glimpse of a motionless body watching from the house. He squinted and saw that it was Jesse, standing all alone at an upstairs window, watching them as they left. He lowered his head, momentarily feeling like shit. He hadn't meant to lead Jesse on, make him think that more was going to happen. Will promised himself in future that he wouldn't involve any innocents in the mind-fucking games that he and Alex seemed to be mired in. Far better to play their bizarre Russian roulette with someone like Angel who not only knew the rules, but probably made some of them up. It was the only darkness in the perverse joy of having Alex back; a small blot on the satisfaction of seeing Alex insecure enough to need Angel to test Will's loyalty – find out how far Will was prepared to go.

Will wondered how long it would be before Alex suggested a weekend away with Angel.

Part Nine

"Angel, Angel, come quick – Dad's hurting Mom!" The two boys hurtled up the stairs, Angel quickly overtaking his younger brother as he rushed to their parents room. What on earth had Alex seen? They were back early from their trip to the park, Alex running on ahead because he wanted to show his mother a rock he had found.

They skidded to a halt just down from their parents' bedroom door, and Angel could hear what sounded like slaps and his mother's muffled cries. He didn't want to just rush in there – Dad tended to be heavy handed at the best of times, let alone if they entered his room without permission, but there was no way he could stand there and not do something.

"Ssssh, Alex, we're gonna peek through the gap okay? See what's happening – then we can decide what to do." Alex nodded, his shaggy hair falling into his worried-looking eyes. Moving quietly, the two boys got to the bedroom door, and peeked through the gap caused by the door being slightly ajar. The gap was thin so they couldn't see a lot but when Angel carefully nudged the

door a little they could see a lot more.

Anya was lying on her stomach, her arms and legs bound to the intricate design work of the four poster bed. She was moaning into a pillow and they could see Anthony standing by the side of the bed with a paddle in his hand, bringing it down rhythmically on Anya's back and ass. As they watched, Tony threw the paddle away, stripped off his boxer shorts and climbed onto the bed behind his wife, his large meaty hands coming to rest on the blistering red of her ass.

“You boys get on out and mind your business, you hear me?” They both jumped, looking up from their parents' bodies to their father's face through the gap in the door. They heard their mother give a cry, saw her make an abortive attempt to get up from the bed, before turning her blushing face away.

“Yes sir!” they chorused, and Angel grabbed the door and slammed it shut, turning and hustling Alex down the stairs. They sat in the kitchen, both listening to the rhythmic creaking of the bedsprings which sped up until they could hear the bed thumping against the wall. They didn't look at each other, Alex burying his hot little face in the glass of milk Angel got him from the fridge, his

embarrassment plain to see.

“Did you see - “

“Yeah, Alex, I saw.”

“But Angel – she liked it! I **hate** it when Dad beats my ass, but she was liking it!” Alex was obviously totally confused.

“Alex – it's not the same thing. You'll understand when you're older.” Angel looked over at his little brother who was still clearly trying to wrestle with not only the idea that their parents were having sex as the two boys spoke, but that they were having what could only be described as *kinky* sex.

“Don't say it like that – you're only four years older than me!” Alex was indignant for a moment but then he slumped down in his chair.

“You okay bud?”

Alex nodded, still unable to look at his brother.

“He wasn't really hurting her. I saw this magazine – don't

you dare tell Mom! – it was in Dad's hiding place with some videos, and some people **like** that kind of thing. It's not bad, just – different. Okay?” Alex thought about it for a few moments, trying hard not to imagine what his parents were doing upstairs. Then he looked up at his big brother, who always seemed to know what to say, and nodded. “Just remember, Alex, I'm always here for you. Me and you, bro, now and always.” That made Alex smile because Angel was **always** there for him when it counted – he might be allowed to pick on his younger brother but woe betide anyone else who tried the same thing.

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“I think you're fucking mad if you want the truth. What the hell do you think you're going to prove by running off? D'you think me and Lindsay would be together if the first time he said he loved me I ran out the door? Alex, you're being an ass!”

“And I thank you brother for that ringing endorsement of my character. I just needed to get away – to think clearly. I don't think very clearly when I'm with Will – actually I don't think at all!”

“Yeah – I gathered that from my chat with him this morning. He didn't even know we were brothers for God's sake – what have you been doing these last few months? And no, even **you** can't have been having non-stop sex this long!”

Alex smothered a tiny laugh – however bad things were, he knew he could rely on Angel to understand and to help him through it. Their upbringing had made them close – they were each other's one constant in an ever-changing environment and they watched each other's backs. When you lived with a couple who were either fighting or fucking, a father whose idea of parental advice was the equivalent of tying your woman to the kitchen sink if she wasn't tied to the bed – well, it didn't exactly make for an enlightened upbringing. Their mother had done what she could to mitigate his influence – when he was off drinking or seeing other women, she had spent as much time with her boys as she could.

Anya had tried to teach them that love was something to be valued and not abused, but even Alex knew that somehow he and Angel had mixed up those messages with the ones they received from their father, and that their definitions of abuse might not pass scrutiny in

normal circles. God knows, he had tried 'normal' relationships – had had girlfriends at high school and university – but sooner or later things went sour. He couldn't count how many times he was accused of being closed off emotionally; told that he didn't let anyone in to get to know the real him. He had been eighteen when he realised that he was bisexual, with a slightly stronger tendency towards homosexuality. Nineteen when he met his first male lover. That had been an eye-opening experience, learning at the hands of a much older man what he did and didn't want from a partner. Charles Gunn had been a very interesting man, happy to teach Alex anything and everything. And Alex was eager to learn.

He learned that part of the reason he liked fucking men was that they were generally harder and stronger. He learned that he really liked hard muscles and angular lines instead of softness and curves. He also discovered that he liked a bit of pain with his pleasure – giving as well as receiving. And scarily enough, he discovered that he shared these inclinations with his brother – an accidental meeting at a special club, his evening's choice turning out to be his brother's evening choice, and share-and-share alike became their motto as they explored a whole new world where two brothers who said yes more

often than they said no were eagerly greeted.

There was no need for a safe word with your own brother – not with all the practice they got tag-teaming their partners anyway. And in the clubs they were well-known, well-loved, pandered to and desired. And that had been his life until his visit to the city where he saw Will for the first time. Up until then he hadn't understood Angel's attachment to Lindsay. Oh he liked Lindsay well enough, but he couldn't see what was so special about him. Shortish, blondish, with a sexy Texan accent and a lush, husky singing voice that entranced Angel from the start.

They tag-teamed Lindsay a few times, and then suddenly Alex found that Angel wanted some alone time – wanted to build something with Lindsay and that meant on his own. He hadn't minded too much, had understood – had even helped on a few weekends when an extra hand was needed to convince Lindsay that his days of playing fast and loose were over. But for nearly two years now, Angel hadn't played – well, not without Lindsay anyhow. And seeing Will – suddenly it all made sense. A wrong turn, a café for directions, the sound of laughter dragging his gaze to a booth full of young people and he was completely and utterly sunk. It wasn't the first time he'd

observed someone in their natural habitat before moving in for the kill – sometimes the chase was so much more fun than actually catching the prey. But for Alex it was the first time he'd felt jealousy – blistering, gut-wrenching jealousy.

From that point on, he changed his whole world – arranged everything so he could work from home; bought a house and decorated it to suit the person he knew was his other half; built structures for the bedroom that previously he'd been happy to improvise or simply use the equipment provided at the clubs. For the first time, the money he made brought him some happiness because he got to spend so much of it getting everything ready for Will.

“I don't know – look, I don't have your way with words alright? We – I've been trying to get him feeling secure and happy, get him to want to stay. I thought – after his father visited, and I let him have a bit more freedom, he really seemed to be settling into things. But then things got out of hand, and he just – it completely threw me. How the hell do you cope with all these *feelings* Angel?? I just – sometimes I feel like I'm going to explode with everything that's going on in my head. I've never felt like this before – is it any wonder I had to run?”

“Look, Alex – I get it, I really do. And you know I'm there if you need me. But I would sincerely suggest you get your ass back here tonight – your Will is severely ticked with you and I've got a feeling this party tonight is going to get interesting.”

“How do you mean? Angel – what did you do?”

“Do? Me? Nothing – I swear. Just – Will was giving me some shit when we were out earlier, and I told him how it was with the Harris boys. He needed to hear it Alex. Anyhow, we stopped off at a drug store on the way back and he didn't want me in there with him. No clue what he bought but he got this look in his eye when I told him I was taking him to the Osbourne's party.”

“Fuck. Thanks Angel – just great, thanks. Now he's not just pissed off because I didn't handle things the right way the other night, but you're taking him to the Osbourne's. Why don't you just shoot me now?”

“Oh come on – he'll have a few drinks, dance off some of his mad, and then I'll bring him home to you in one piece. What do you say?”

“Yeah, okay, fine. I'm not that far – I might make it back in time to come to the party. Just don't mention it to Will. I want him to have a good time, and if he knows I might turn up he'll get more annoyed.”

“Has he got party clothes or do I need to go shopping?”

“He's got party clothes. I got him some stuff from 'Demonica's' last time I was there – he's got plenty to choose from. In fact, there are a few things I would love to see him in – not had the chance up til now.”

“Right. I'll either see you at your place or over at the Osbourne's. And Alex, really, relax. It took me and Lindsay a good year to get to where you are – man, you gave him a chance to leave and he stayed. And okay, the love stuff can be a choker, but – look, it takes a special type of person to want what we want, to handle what we dish out. And I think you may have just found the right person for you. So hang in there, okay? You're no Anthony Harris – remember that for me, will ya?”

“Yeah – thanks Angel. I'll see you later.” He was about to hang up when something occurred to him. “Hey, Angel?”

“What?”

“No playing while I'm not there. Okay?” The deep rumbling laugh confirmed that his brother wasn't averse to the idea of playing when Alex **was** there, a fact Alex filed away for later. Maybe things with Will might have progressed to where they could consider an intense family weekend?

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Alex sat at his desk, sipping his morning coffee. It had been a struggle to get out of bed this morning, the inclination to stay there with Will had been strong. But he resisted – Will had shown himself to be quite a strong character, and Alex didn't want to let any more of the control he had in the relationship go by getting too comfortable. As if there was much of a chance of that. He looked down at his arm where a long scratch could be seen wending it's way up his forearm and disappearing up his sleeve. Will had been less than happy by the time they got back from the party and he had made his opinions known both verbally and physically.

By the time they had got into the house and into the bedroom, Alex's ears were ringing with Will's opinion

about people who tested other people by setting honey traps. He had tried to explain that it hadn't been his intention but Will hadn't been particularly interested in listening. Instead, Alex was treated to a long, confusing diatribe that involved graveyards, dancing with lonely young men, queries about tag-teaming (for which he *really* needed to ask Angel what had been said) and threats towards certain precious parts of his anatomy if he ever tried to catch Will out like that again. To say he'd been surprised when Will jumped him was an understatement – it had never occurred to him that Will would switch like, would be *able* to switch like that. Things had been rougher than normal, and he'd enjoyed himself immensely – actually having to exert himself to regain control of the smaller man and get him onto the bed and under Alex where he belonged.

Alex stretched, a grimace of pain crossing his face as various aches made themselves felt. He got up and went to the bathroom, stripping off his sweater and looking in the long mirror. His chest was covered in bite marks and scratches, and his neck looked like he'd been attacked by a vampire. Will had quite the set of teeth on him when he wanted, and last night he had wanted. Turning to the side, Alex examined the array of bruises and marks stretching round his body – finger-tip bruises, the vague

outline of hand-prints where Will had pushed and pulled to get Alex where *he* wanted him, teeth marks adorning his shoulders, biceps and pecs. He imagined Will would find matching marks all over his body when he finally got out of bed, neither of them having being particularly gentle with each other.

He leaned forward, examining and rubbing his fingertips over the clear outline of Will's teeth just about where his neck met his shoulder. He shivered – it had been an intense evening, more so because Will had actively participated without Alex having to overpower any inhibitions – for the first time in their relationship both of them had been passionately engaged from the very beginning.

Alex had planned on having words with Angel about his dirty trick the night before, making Will think that he'd been set up, but now he could actually see why he'd done it. It looked like his big brother was looking out for him still, a fact that made him smile. Like Angel had said, he was there for Alex now and always. Of course, the fact that he was wearing Will's mark might also explain his good mood. Nothing like wearing the physical evidence of how intensely passionate someone felt about you to put a man in a good mood. Will might have with-held

certain words last night, but he hadn't held anything else back. And as their father had often told them actions spoke so much louder than words.

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Will opened his eyes, automatically doing his cataloguing of his bonds (one handcuff, one ankle shackle) and his body's various aches and pains. A blush mounted his cheeks as he considered his actions of the night before. He felt bad about Jesse and made a decision to contact Daniel Osbourne to make sure the young man was alright. He knew what it was like to be used, and felt slightly shamefaced that he had done such a thing.

He recalled Angel stepping in, then getting very up close and personal. He also recalled that his concerns hadn't been about what Angel was capable of doing to him, but how Alex would react if anything happened without his – what? - permission? Only to find out that Alex was there, had witnessed Angel's less than subtle come on, and that the whole thing seemed to be a honey-trap to see how far Will would go. That had hurt – the thought that Alex didn't trust him – hurt and angered him. So much so that for the first time in years he had let his temper get the

better of him. He didn't remember half of what he had screamed at Alex (after they had got out of the pool and left the party that is), but he distinctly remembered getting so riled up that he'd shoved, pushed and wrangled the other man into their bedroom and almost thrown him onto the bed.

What followed was – well, if he was honest, was fucking brilliant. Or brilliant fucking. For once, he wasn't the only one wearing the bruises and bite marks and he felt bloody marvellous. And somehow he wasn't concerned in the slightest about Alex's reaction. Starting from now, things were going to change.

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Will wasn't sure how he felt about it. He certainly hadn't expected it, *especially* after his behaviour after the party. But there it was, snug fit, gleaming in the light streaming through the window of the bathroom. He turned his head to one side, tilting his head down and peeking a look through his lashes. Despite all of the unresolved issues, he couldn't seem to stop himself reaching up and touching it tentatively – almost expecting it to disappear.

Alex had been in a fine mood when he came to unlock Will from the bed – smiling a soft smile, a gentle hand guiding Will into the bathroom, the smooth skin of the back of his fingers sliding down Will's back to rest against his ass. He'd left Will alone long enough to use the bathroom and finish his ablutions, then returned, standing behind him as they stood in front of the mirror.

Eyes locked to each other's, Will couldn't hold back the gasp as Alex pulled it out of his pocket and lifted his hands over Will's head, fastening it carefully before stroking it flat so that the medallion rested in the hollow between his collar bones. Resting the white-gold medallion on his thumb, he could see that it was in the shape of their initials: the legs of the A standing on top of the W. The material was a deep black suede, so soft that it caressed his fingertips when he ran them around it's length.

“You don't have to wear it all the time – if you don't want to.” Will nodded, still staring at his reflection. Still watching Alex.

“Why now?”

“Because last night was finally us. Instead of just me and

you being.....*dragged* into it.” Again, Will found himself nodding. It was true – last night had been the first time he'd been in anyway the aggressor, but it wasn't even that. Last night he hadn't been afraid of what Alex would do, hadn't been flinching or anticipating – he'd been too busy experiencing it all. Too busy learning what made Alex flinch, sigh, moan, cry out and writhe.

He shifted, surprised at a tingle of arousal. Even before all of this, he couldn't remember that last time he had simply been turned on. Actually in the mood. He turned his head, eyes sweeping over Alex's face and neck.

“Like seeing you wearing my mark for a change.” Will smirked as Alex actually flushed, ducked his head.

“Seemed like the first time you wanted to leave one – I never stopped you, you just never tried.”

“So what – you telling me I coulda done that all along?” Alex shrugged. “I don't think so, mate. You never said.”

“You never asked. You're not a prisoner here Will.” Will snorted derisively. “The door's unlocked. You have money, you have clothes, you have your freedom. But I don't think you want to leave – do you?”

“Depends. You gonna keep me handcuffed to the bed all the time? Cos not so much with the being able to leave when you're tied to furniture.”

“Do you want to? Leave I mean.” Will looked back to the mirror, looked down at the collar with their initials soldered together. Met Alex's gaze once more in the mirror. Then smiled. They were quite quite beautiful together. How they felt about each other was obvious to even the most casual on-looker. And he wasn't casual, not at all – what he was seeing wasn't casual.

~*~*~*~*~

It had been relatively easy to follow them from the party. He'd gone back to the garden because he didn't trust Angel – smarmy bastard, interrupting them like that. He and Will had made a *connection*, and if Angel hadn't stuck his nose in – well, who knows what might have happened? He saw Alex and Will in the pool, could see that it wasn't a good time to interrupt. He'd escaped upstairs, watched as a cab drove up and Will and Alex left. He ran downstairs, grabbing one of the bike's from the Osbourne's garage, knowing where they were going

so not having to keep the cab in sight.

They were arguing and he started to get really worried – what if Alex hurt Will? The house was pretty damn secure, he wouldn't be able to get in to save him, didn't even have a cell to call the cops. He'd think of something, wouldn't let Will down. Not the way he'd....

They forgot to close the curtains, too busy screaming at each other he guessed. He hated seeing people fight – reminded him too much of being home and what it was like between Jessica and Ethan. But he stayed, ready to do something if it got out of hand.

They went from screaming at each other to getting physical, and he was about ready to start banging on the window or something when Will shoved Alex and they ended up on the bed. And he found himself completely mesmerised.

~*~*~*~*~

Biting at Alex's lips, Will straddled him, sitting up only long enough to shove Alex's tee-shirt out of the way before returning to bite at his chest, the tawny brown

nipples. Alex's arms wrapped around Will, pulling him down as they devoured each other, before rolling so that he was on top, nestled securely between Will's spread legs.

Planting his hands either side of Will's head, Alex leaned up, grinding their hips together. Will was panting for breath, face flushed with passion and anger. Hands digging into the dark strands of hair falling around Alex's face, he pulled hard, reaching up and smashing his lips against Alex's, tasting the coppery tang of blood but not caring. He moaned as Alex grabbed hold of his wrists, the small bones being squeezed together as his arms were yanked above his head and pressed onto the bed. Alex followed him down, shoving his tongue into Will's mouth as he wrestled for control. Growling, Will wriggled like a snake, fighting to free his hands. When that failed, he bit down on Alex's tongue, smiling savagely when the other man jerked his head back.

“Bastard!” he spat into Alex's face, still struggling to get free. He thrust up with his hips, trying to throw Alex off of him, only succeeding because Alex was still off guard from having his tongue bitten. Taking advantage of the momentary lapse, Will wriggled sideways until he was able to push against Alex's grip to shove the other man

onto his back. His hands unexpectedly free, he wrestled with the button and fly of Alex's jeans, roughly shoving them down until the man's hard cock could spring free. Thumbing the buttons on his leather jeans, he hissed as the cool air hit his own hardened dick, wriggling his hips to slide them down as far as his spread legs allowed.

“Fucking tricking me – oof!”

Alex shoved him backwards, rising from the bed and skinning his jeans and boxers off in one move. Staring up at him, Will lifted his hips and followed suit, shoving the leather trousers off the bed with his feet before yanking the black tee-shirt over his head and finally kneeling naked on the bed. He looked at Alex as he stood next to the bed, red welts already coming up on his chest.

“I keep telling you, it wasn't -” Unwilling to listen, Will threw himself onto the other man, forcibly taking his mouth as he wrapped his arms around him and raked his nails down the other man's back. “Jesus Christ!” Alex muttered, pulling away from Will's mouth even as he gripped his hips and thrust against his pelvis.

He threw Will onto the bed, falling onto him and covering him with his larger body. Gasping for air, Will lurched up and bit Alex on the shoulder, sinking his teeth in and

refusing to release his grip. The tight squeeze of Alex's hands on his cock forced him to let go, and his head lolled back as he moaned. Will twined his legs around Alex's waist as the other man began to jerk them off together, strong, tight grip pushing Will higher, faster.

~*~*~*~*~

Gripping tight to the window pane with one hand, other hand shoved down his pants as he jerked off, he watched the two of them. The arousal was almost painful in it's intensity and he bit his lip trying to muffle the moans that kept trying to escape. Watching them – they were feral – biting and clawing at each other, seeming to be desperate for each other as they threw each other around on the bed. Not gentle but not *nasty* or intending to hurt – just, almost like a demonstration of how strongly they felt. He knew he was part of the reason for the ferocity, knew that his connection with Will – short-lived though it was – had played it's part. So it seemed only right that he see the culmination of it – watch as they reaffirmed *their* connection. And it was so fucking hot watching them, hotter than any pornos he'd watched with his pals at school, hotter than hiding in closets with Larry the jock and tossing each other off. Just watching

Will and Alex together was hotter than anything else he had ever experienced in his young life.

~*~*~*~*~

Alex was flat on his back on the bed, hands squeezing Will's ass cheeks as he opened his throat and took Will's dripping cock deep. Looking up the length of Will's body, he stared into the flushed face. Will's hands were pressed against the wall, holding him upright as he straddled Alex's chest and fucked his mouth. No hesitancy, just knee walked up Alex's body and presented his cock to Alex's mouth, silently insisting on entrance.

Alex slid his hand between the clenching ass cheeks, stroking around Will's asshole with this thumb – slide over, stroke, slide over, stroke – and Will's movements started to stutter. Will pressed himself back into that hand, thrusting forwards hard, cock swelling with need. Slide over, stroke then in – pushing hard with his thumb up to the webbing between his thumb and finger, searching for then just touching that gland. No movement, following Will's hips back and forth, just touch knowing that it drove Will wild for him to just touch it, not stroke, slide, move over – just a constant

gentle touch.

“Take it – fuck, fuck – ohgod, takeittakeittakeit – fucking gonna - “ Sucking so hard, his cheeks hollowed, Alex watched Will's face as the blue eyes bled to a deep, sexy navy, eyelids sliding down, mouth panting open as he breathed obscenities down at Alex. Alex slid his free hand down between Will's legs – he could reach far enough to stroke his perineum – light scratch, then press hard with both hands at the same time, taking Will down his throat and swallowing as Will came.

Knowing what was coming, Alex quickly got his hands free and caught Will as he slumped, tilted him sideways until he landed safely on the bed. Moving quickly, Alex grabbed a pillow and shoved it under Will's ass, canting it up towards him.

“Fuck!” Alex realised he had no lube, and not willing to hurt Will he shifted towards the bedside table, yanking the drawer open and taking out the tube. Practised flip of the lid, he squirted lube into his hand then threw the jar in the direction of the drawer. Sliding his hand up and down his aching cock, groaning because it was so close, almost enough to bring him off, he settled once more between Will's thighs. Alex slid one hand between the

cheeks, sliding his thumb in again but this time circling the guardian ring, slicking up the entrance.

Alex looked up into Will's eyes – half-closed, drowsy looking, beautiful eyes – and he aimed his cock and slammed his way into Will in one long, smooth drive. He watched as Will's eyes rolled back, hands scrabbling for purchase on the sheets, hips canting upwards to make it easier, possible for Alex to pull slowly out then slam back in.

“God, Alex – yeah, fuck me - “

“Wasn't – I didn't set you up Will – swear, ugh – wasn't - “

“Shut up and fuck me!”

Unable to do anything but comply, Alex circled his hips, rubbing the head of his cock around the entrance to Will's body, before slamming back in, balls bouncing against the taut ass cheeks. The tight, rippling feel of Will's body was driving him faster than ever before – the way Will was thrusting back towards him, moaning, hands reaching for Alex's hips and nails digging in. Hips jackhammering backwards and forwards, Alex leaned

forward and took Will's mouth, nibbling at his lips, thrusting his tongue in deep, mirroring the movement of his hips as he worked himself in and out of that deliciously tight body.

“Fucking *own* you – mine, Will, you're mine – all – ohgod, yes - “ Words wrenched from him as he thrust in hard and deep, head thrown back as he felt his cock explode, cum pulsing out of him into the warmth of his Will. Boneless slide as he gently pulled out then let himself fall onto the bed next to Will, chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. Alex was unable to stop himself, possessive arms reached out and pulled Will towards him, holding him close, burying his face into the warm hollow of Will's neck as he laid a daisy-chain of kisses down towards the fast-beating pulse.

~*~*~*~*~

He pressed his head against the wall, gasping for breath as he wiped his hands on the outside of his jeans. God, the mess – he was going to have to ride the bike back with cum-soaked jeans., explain himself to his parents, to the Osbourne's.....

One more look through the window at the two of them. They looked like they had gone to sleep, Alex lying half on top of Will, his head pressed into the smaller man's neck. As he watched, he saw Will's hand come up and gently push back the sweaty-looking strands of hair on Alex's forehead.

And he realised that any connection he had felt with Will had been one-sided. That Will was with who he wanted to be with, that he didn't need saving from Alex's savage temper, that Will didn't need him.

Again. Just like with Jessica – didn't want to be saved, kept telling him that he didn't understand, was too young to get it, that Ethan wasn't hurting her. Maybe he **was** just a kid because it made no sense to him at all. These people who were meant to be in love with each other who seemed to like to cause each other pain.

Head down, deep in his own dark thoughts, Jesse climbed onto his bike and started the long ride home.

Interlude

“Oh you look so pretty Will.” Carefully, Alex took the straight razor and rinsed it off in the bowl. He looked at Will, a zing of arousal coursing through him as he took in the picture his lover made. Tied spread-eagled to the bed, lined leather cuffs holding each wrist, shackles keeping his legs apart. His groin was thrust upwards by the pillows Alex had put under his hips, shoving his leaking erection obscenely into the warm air. “Keep still baby.” Taking hold of Will's cock, Alex brought the razor back to the remaining curls at Will's groin.

Part Ten

Will bit his lip and shifted on the bed, hissing as the movement caused the ache in his ass to intensify. God, he wanted, *needed*. He wiggled his hands, enjoying the feel of the soft fur lining his cuffs on his wrists, the slight

burn in his shoulder muscles of being stretched across the bed.

He shifted again, closing his eyes as the soft sheets brushed against the underside of his cock and balls. When Alex had shaved him, he had said it would make everything feel more sensitive but Will hadn't realised just *how* sensitive everything would be.

“Ssshhh sweetheart, moving isn't gonna take the burn away.” Alex's voice came from down between his legs, the gusts of cool air making the skin on his balls tighten and shift, his thigh muscles clenching. “Oh baby, you are so beautiful like this. I love seeing the skin on your balls lift and move – so pretty without your little curls. Gonna keep you shaved like this, keep them bare so I can watch them. I love the feel of your body stretching and fighting to get away from me; the way everything clenches and releases. Can you feel that? Feel the stretch? It's no bigger than I am, baby – does it feel different?”

“Yesss.” Will's voice was slurred, and he turned his head on the pillow, panting for breath. How long had Alex had him like this? How long since he'd tied Will to the bed, spread his legs and squeezed lube into his ass? Taken Will by surprise by entering him not with a hot, hard cock

but with an anal plug?

“Wanna see how big it can go?” Without giving him a chance to reply, Alex shifted on the bed and Will groaned as he felt the plug inside him inflate. God, it had felt big enough to start with, the solid weight filling him nicely. But now, he couldn't hold back another moan and he realised he was humping the sheets, desperate for some friction. “Fuck you look all pretty, filled with this. I can see how stretched you are around it.... oh yeah, liking this a whole lot baby.” Will tried to scramble to his knees, not sure whether he was trying to get further away or closer to the torture. Alex's finger was tracing around his asshole, pressing against the stretched skin lightly. His other hand was stroking Will's inner thighs, scratching lightly. He felt Alex shift again, the tickle of the dark, shaggy hair against his skin before the feel of Alex's tongue, tracing the base of the plug.

“Please, God Alex, please....”

“Please what baby? Want me to make it bigger? Want the burn a little more?” Again, the shift of hand; again the feel of the plug inflating more. It was verging on uncomfortable, the now constant press against his prostate making him writhe on the sheets, desperate to

get away. He needed, fuck he needed....

“Just tell me, that's all you have to do. Tell me you agree...”

“No..... won't do it....” He heard Alex sigh, the soft tickle on the inside of his legs ceasing. For a moment, he wondered if Alex would stop.

“You know you'd love it. Don't pretend you don't find Angel attractive – I saw the two of you, remember? In the garden?? I saw you – I *saw* when you pressed against him, pushed your ass back into him. I want to see that again – I want to see that properly with no clothes, nothing in the way. Don't you want that too?”

“I don't.....”

“You really don't want to?”

“Shit, I dunno – please, Alex.....” He gasped as he felt the plug inflate once more until it was too much, he couldn't breathe, he was too full. “No.... no more, please Alex...no more.” Will sighed as the size of the plug was lessened fractionally, panting as he felt his body adjusting once more until it was clinging to the soft/hard latex toy.

“Fuck!” The cry was torn from him as Alex moved once more and the plug started to vibrate. Unable to stand it any more, Will began rutting against the sheets, desperate to come as the vibrations shook him from the inside. He could hear Alex crooning to him, saying how beautiful he looked, how much he wanted him; could feel it as Alex alternately tugged and pushed the plug at the entrance of his body, never taking it out, just ensuring that it stayed vibrating where it would have the most impact.

He could hear screaming and begging, knew somewhere in his head that the voice belonged to him but he couldn't seem to get himself to stop. Then at last, a big warm hand wrapped around his dick from behind, providing that last bit of friction needed, and he was shooting, coming so long and so hard he thought he was going to pass out.

A rapid deflation, the shock of the plug being pulled out of him, and suddenly he was full of Alex, that hot, thick cock driving into him and pushing him into the bed. Will was aware of the slapping sounds as Alex's hips hit his ass at every pounding entry; the thick, strong arms wrapped around his chest, pulling him close; a hot hungry mouth biting at his neck and shoulders. Still

dazed, he widened his legs and tilted his hips, letting Alex in that bit deeper, moaning hoarsely at the feel of the blunt head of Alex's cock thudding against his prostate. It was almost enough to turn him on all over again, especially when he looked down and saw Alex's hand pressed against his chest. Around the tanned wrist was a leather bracelet, a white-gold charm dangling from it, almost hypnotising him as it swung back and forth.

The arms disappeared, hands gripping his hips tight as Alex hammered into him, grunting and moaning Will's name. The fingers tightened, digging in harshly and he knew Alex was on the verge of coming. He waited for just the right moment, then clenched and squeezed the muscles in his ass, Alex's bellow and the feel of him coming sending an illicit thrill through him. He loved making the man lose control, loved knowing that he could do that – tied to a bed, barely able to move, he could *still* send the other man over the edge before he was ready.

Will grunted as Alex landed on top of him, then coughed as he realised his throat was sore. “Alex...”

The near-silent pained moan was enough to make Alex disengage gently and move off of him, flicking the quick-

release on one of the handcuffs and rolling Will to the side.

“You okay?” Will tried to speak and realised he couldn't, that he had screamed himself hoarse and his voice was pretty much gone. “Damn! Hold on, I'll get you something to drink – I'll be right back.” Stretching his body as far as he could, Will rolled to the side and let his head fall into the pillow, the coolness of the cotton feeling good against his heated skin.

Maybe if he was ill, Alex wouldn't *make* him go to Angel's that weekend. They were slowly redefining the rules in their relationship, and he knew Alex wanted him to **want** to go to stay with Angel and Lindsay for a weekend with all that that entailed. It wasn't that he didn't want to go – he couldn't even explain why he was hesitating.

Will opened his eyes as the bed gave under Alex's weight, opening his mouth to accept the drink that was pressed against his lips. Cool water soothed the soreness slightly, but he could tell his voice wasn't coming back any-time soon. He shook his head when Alex offered him some more, flopping back onto the bed and watching as Alex placed the glass onto the bedside table. His eyes were once more drawn to the leather bracelet with it's

medallion : an A and a W entwined, the A slotting into the body of the W from below. Alex had laughed when he had been presented with it, but Will knew he was pleased, enjoying the blatant symbolism of the W being on top. Okay, so that hadn't happened yet but there was always hope.

Alex caught where he was looking, and a smile crossed the man's face.

“You don't have to answer now – wait til your voice comes back. But if you agree to the weekend, maybe this won't *just* be symbolic anymore....”

Interlude

“Okay?” Will nodded, eyes wide in his face as he looked up at Alex. “Little longer this time...” Alex pushed his cock into Will's mouth again, avid gaze watching as Will took him in as deeply as he could, swallowing around him. He knew the exact moment when Will couldn't breathe, and counted off in his head, pulling back swiftly as the colour rose in Will's cheeks and his eyes dilated. “Fuck, baby, that is just...”

“Again”. Will's voice was a mere croak, his hands grabbing onto Alex's ass to pull him in again. Willingly,

Alex pushed in again, beginning a slow, steady rhythm in and out of Will's mouth. Each time pressing a little deeper, a little harder, staying a little longer. Alex felt Will's fingers slip between the cheeks of his ass, pressing against his hole as he pulled Alex closer with his other hand. With no other warning, Will shoved his finger in to the knuckle, twisting and turning. Out of his mind with need, Alex began to fuck Will's mouth harder and faster, holding himself in deep longer and longer. Pressing Will back against the pillows, frantically trying to keep count in his head, Alex let his head loll backwards, the sucking sounds loud in the room.

Unable to hold back any longer, Alex shoved himself in deep, groaning at the feel of Will's tongue lashing around his cock. The finger in his ass became two, turning and crooking to press against his hot spot and Alex just about came unglued. He cried out as he came, shooting down Will's throat in hot bursts. The feel of Will's hands pressing against the front of his thighs brought him back to himself, and he pulled free, shifting back on the bed and pulling Will into his arms. The blond was red in the face, lips puffy and swollen as he coughed.

“God, sorry so sorry baby...”

“S'ok – fuck, that was hot. Felt like my head was gonna fly off. Just wow....”

“It's not okay. Not supposed to lose it like that – should have been more in control. We're not doing that again – I could have really hurt you.”

“What – worse than you've hurt me before?”

“YES! Or *different*. Play like that isn't like a spanking or a few bruises Will. I could have really hurt you. Not something I want to do, okay?” Scowling, Alex dragged Will into his arms, stroking the smooth silk of Will's spine.

“Okay, okay, calm down, yeah? I'm fine – don't be so....”

“So what?” Looking down into Will's face, Alex worried. He shouldn't have done it – should have waited til *after* their weekend away when he was feeling more in control. Breath play wasn't the sort of game to play while out of control – he knew that.

“I dunno – nannyish? Come on, Alex, that felt fuckin' brilliant – I **know** you liked it, and it's for damn sure I did. Can't remember the last time I came without anyone touching my dick, yeah?”

“You - “

“Oh yeah”. Alex couldn't stop the smile spreading across his face. Yeah, not something to do when he wasn't fully in control, but damn, he liked the thought of Will coming without being touched. He liked it – a lot.

Part Eleven

There are rules.

What do you mean – rules?

If I go this weekend, there are rules.

Gonna tell me what they are?

No means no.

Even if it's no, please, more?

Alex, I'm serious.

Okay, this is me being serious. Although how you expect me to take you seriously when you're messaging me from across the room I'll never know.

Doc said I had to rest my voice so I'm resting it. And it's actually easier to 'talk' to you this way – about this anyway.

Okay baby, what are you worried about? If you *mean* no, then I'll accept it. The days of me making you do things are long gone.

So, if I said we could play but I wanted to be able to veto things – you'd accept that?

Well, yeah. As long as you're vetoing it because you don't want to do it and not because you're scared.

I'm not scared of anything mate.

Yeah, okay, Big Bad. I *mean*, as long as you're prepared to test a few boundaries then saying no means no. So yeah, gimme an idea of a veto.

I don't want to fuck him. Either of them.

??

And I don't want you to either.

Is that a deal-breaker then?

Yeah, pretty much.

Right.

You mad?

No... I'm thinking.

Well, could you do your thinking out loud so I have a clue what's going on in your head? Cos in there – scary scary place.

Ha ha. I'm thinking that I'm good with that idea with one proviso.

What's the proviso?

That you can change your mind if you want to. And you have to tell me if you do. No saying yes then holding it against me later.

.....

Now you've gone quiet.

Yeah. Didn't think you'd be so – well, reasonable.

Why wouldn't I be reasonable?

Dunno. I guess – I guess part of me wondered if you still thought of me as a hooker and that's why you wanted this weekend. Or who you wanted me to be this weekend.

“What?!”

No talking. Let's keep this on the keyboard cos then it stays civilised, yeah?

FINE.

Don't get mad, please. Alex – I've seen some seriously fucked up things ya know? I've been to parties where

friends of mine from, well from before, have been shared around like they're candy or something. Almost like cos they were being paid then they weren't real people or something, like they had no feelings about what was happening. It wasn't my thing then and it isn't now. I mean, I know you and your brother are close and you've done stuff in the past. But – I don't want to be something you pass around, ya know? If that's where you are – if that's what this is – then I'd really rather know now. I'm not something you bought so have the rights to do whatever you like with -

You're not. It's not like that. I don't want to mess up what we've got. I don't know what it is – it's so not what I was expecting. But I don't want to lose it, I do know that much. Angel and I – yeah, in the past we've...okay, I'm not being very articulate. This whole thing is just beyond my scope of understanding – I've never had a relationship like this before. And if it's really something you're not into then no questions asked, it doesn't happen. Besides....

Besides what?

....I kinda like the idea that I'm the last man who is ever going to be inside you.

Oh you like that do you?

Yeah, I really really do. What you did in the past – well, it's past. And whatever Angel and I did in the past is past. And I like knowing that from now on it's only ever going to be me.

Does that go both ways then?

Do you want it to?

....

It's not that hard a question.

I never knew someone could roll their eyes using messenger.

Will.....

Alright, alright, keep your hair on. Did you know you have a grey hair?

If I have, I know who's responsible for it. Are you going to answer the question?

Given the choice I wouldn't want to share you. Actually, that's not true. I think you and Wes would look really pretty together....

Wes?

The guy I called – that first night.

Oh, right yeah, I remember him now. Never saw him though and I am definitely not pretty. But more importantly, what you're saying is you only want to share me with people you want to share me with?

Did you realise sometimes you babble?

That was so not babble. Believe me – when Willow Osbourne and I were friends as kids, we were gold star babblers so I know without a sliver of a doubt that this? Not babble.

If you say so [mate](#).

I most certainly do.

Is this it then?

Yep, I think it is. I think what we're both saying is that playing is all very well and good but it goes no further than that. Unless we both want it to.

Right then.

Right.

Okay then.

Okay.

So I guess you'd better let me know what I should be packing for the weekend...

Part Twelve

“I got you a present.”

“What is it? And can it wait – kinda busy here.” Alex

sniggered then gasped as Will swallowed him down deep. Will's voice was still husky and low, very sexy although for a couple of days his throat had been really painful.

“God! Yeah – thought the timing was right. Fuck, Will, you feel so good...”

The room was quiet apart from the sounds of Will's sucking and Alex's soft moans.

“Stop, stop – want to put your present on.”

“Kinky outfit, Alex?” Will lifted his head, then slithered up the bed, all lean muscles and silky skin. Alex took the opportunity to slide over and reach into the bedside drawer, bringing out the small item and handing it over to Will. “WOW! Where did you get this?”

“Place called [Esculpta](#). Handmade. I saw it and knew it would look beautiful on you.”

“Want me to model it for you now?”

“Oh yeah – I would love to see you in it now. Just need to stage you properly.”

“Stage me?”

“Oh yeah. I had this picture in my head when I saw it on the website. You on our bed, wrists handcuffed to the headboard, knees hooked over my shoulders. My tongue as deep in you as I can get....”

“Uh huh...”

“Keeping you on edge for a long, long time. As long as I could resist you. Sliding my fingers in and touching you inside, feeling how velvety soft you are, knowing that I am the only person allowed to do that, that I'm going to be the last person to *ever* do that.” As he spoke, Alex suited actions to words, gently handcuffing Will to the headboard, lifting him by his hips so that his ankles automatically went to his shoulders, baring Will's glorious frame to him from head to toe. Stroking the pale hardness, he carefully slid his gift onto Will's cock, the image as beautiful as he had known it would be, the darkness of the ring around the pale stalk, the silver heads gleaming.

He moved his knees closer, shifting Will further up so that he was balanced on his shoulders, his knees hooked

over Alex's shoulders. Dipping his head, he stiffened his tongue and licked between the tense cheeks – from the puckered hole all the way to the soft, delicate skin behind Will's balls. He looked up and watched Will's eyes roll back in his head, his hands clench into fists in the fur-lined cuffs, his cock leaking and hardening even more as Alex licked and nibbled. Cupping Will's ass in his hands, he pulled the cheeks further apart so he could dive between them, circling and stabbing at the spasming hole with his tongue. This was his – all his.

It excited him – even more than any previous thoughts of sharing his Will with the only other person in his life that he loved – excited him that Will belonged to him by choice, that Will had said he wanted Alex to be the only. It sent the blood thrumming through his veins, made his cock as hard as steel, to **know** bone deep that this man had chosen him, would never leave him.

Unbearably aroused now, he let Will's body slip down until he could line himself up and start the glorious slide into that tight heat. As he pushed in as deep as he could, the only words he could mutter as he looked at the glazed blue eyes, the dark suede collar around the elegant neck and finally the hand-crafted black rubber

decorating and marking his territory were “Mine, all mine.”

Part Thirteen

“You know, I think I might well have met your friend Wesley. Tall guy, English? Looks kinda like that old advert for cigarettes - the Marlboro man with that bit of stubble, but underneath he's definitely a 'proper' Englishman?” The silence that greeted him wasn't unexpected – a ball-gag definitely hindered Will's ability to respond, even if his voice was nearly back to normal. “Yeah, that was him. It was while I was waiting for you – needed a bit of *relief* from watching you. So I picked him out – I don't think he was working that night. I know I didn't pay him anyway. I guess he was at the club looking for a similar thing to me and he was my choice for the evening.

The club we were at is called The Black Cat and it has an *amazing* dungeon. Really authentic looking with bars and

shackles. I got him in there and I told him to strip. He's nowhere near as pale as you, but he still looked good in the darkness of the room – nice, soft, white skin. Well that's how it started anyway.

Ever been on a St Andrew's Cross? I like the one at the Black Cat because it's free-standing – I can walk round it if I want to. I strapped him into the cross – he was so trusting, so malleable, just gave himself up to me – so I spread him out so every inch of skin on his back and ass was available to me. But first – first I bound him. Bound him up real tight, so his lovely cock was pressing against his belly and he couldn't do anything about it. Looked really really pretty. Not as pretty as you – no one looks as pretty as you – but he was very nice nevertheless. But you know that – you said yourself you'd like to see the two of us together didn't you?

So there he was, all stretched out on the cross for me and I wanted to see what pretty colors I could paint his skin. I let him see what I was looking through – they had some whips and some paddles, nothing I thought was really special until I saw it. For some reason, it appealed to my mood that night....”

~*~*~*~*~

Checking the cuffs that held Wes in place, Alex patted him gently on the cheek.

“Safe word?”

“Yellow for slow down, red for stop.”

“And you **will** use it if you need to – right?” Wes nodded, meeting Alex's gaze with sincerity. “Good boy. Want to see what I found for us to play with?” He held up the paddle he had chosen, a smile crossing his face at the flush that mounted Wes's cheeks.



“This is gonna be spelt out for everyone to see. You like that idea? That everyone will know?” Flushing even harder, Wes nodded. Stepping back, Alex quickly stripped off his tee-shirt, throwing it onto the nearest chair. Dressed in leather jeans and heavy boots, he turned back to Wesley, admiring the strong lines of the man stretched out waiting for him. He loved this moment – the anticipation of what was going to happen, the trust being displayed, the high he knew he could take the other man to. It was a power trip well and truly, and he was honest enough to admit he got off

on the power.

He started off quite gently – taps really that barely caused the pale skin to flush. He could see that Wes was doing fine – he was breathing slow and deep, muscles that were at first tensed slowly relaxing as things got started. A light sheen of sweat covered them both and he knew they were all warmed up and ready to go.

Thwack!

The sound of the paddle landing was loud, Wes's gasp even louder. Alex could see his hands clench in their bonds, his thighs tensing and relaxing again.

Thwack!

Again, that gasp for air, the clench of hands.

Thwack! Thwack!

He built up to a steady rhythm, aiming for each cheek in turn, slowly turning the curves a delicious shade of red, the outline becoming clearer and clearer as he layered the hits. Wes was going up on his toes each time now, head falling forward to thump against the wood as he

went off into his own space. His hands were no longer clenching, lax in their shackles as he relaxed totally.

Alex was sweating harder, the muscles in his arms aching pleurably as he applied himself to keeping everything steady and rhythmic, the pattern emerging slowly. He was in his own world, a world that consisted of the dark dungeon in the Black Cat, the man of his choice bound and at his command, the rhythmic slapping sound of the paddle landing on soft flesh. Panting slightly, he stopped, stepping forward and running his hand over the heated curves of Wes's ass. He traced the outline of the word, pleased with how clearly it showed. Wesley hissed at his touch, pushing his hips backwards to press his ass more firmly into Alex's hands.

Alex stepped closer so that he was standing between Wes's spread legs, then deliberately leaned in so that the soft leather of his trousers pressed against the bright red skin.

“Aaaaah!” Wes's cry rang out as Alex pressed even harder, hands reaching round and stroking the hardened peaks of the other man's nipples. Sliding down the smoothness of his stomach, he reached for the bound leaking cock. Knowing that Wes wouldn't last, he

carefully began to undo the ties, slowly releasing him while keeping a tight grip on the base of his cock so he wouldn't shoot as soon as he was free. Teasing the leaking head, he maintained his tight grip as he whispered in Wes's ear.

“You going to come for me Wes?”

“Uh huh.”

“Come when I tell you to?” Tight grip, stripping the hard pole of flesh in his hand, squeezing the head at every stroke.

“God yes – just please....”

“Are you ready?!”

“pleasepleaseplease.....”

“Come for me.” Alex released his grip on the base of Wes's cock, hand flying back and forth as he jacked him off, whilst pressing his own erection on the burning cheeks of Wes's ass. Wes cried out, pushing himself backwards then forwards between the twin tortures as he came. Alex waited patiently behind him, stroking him

as Wes came down from his high, his breathing calming down slowly. His head turned round and he smiled softly at Alex, eyes still unfocused and dazed.

“Thank you...”

“No – thank you. You were beautiful.”

“Do you can I do anything for you?” Alex smiled.

“That's okay – I pretty much flew with you.” Wes smiled back, groaning as Alex released his bonds and caught him before he could fall over. Alex lowered Wes to the comfy leather chair in the corner before grabbing two bottles of water – he knew how important after-care was, and after the gift of trust Wes had given him, he wanted to make sure the man was alright.

~*~*~*~*~

Will was moaning behind his gag, head tossed back, hands clenched in their handcuffs as Alex rode him slow and deep, talking the whole time. God, the sound of Alex's voice, the words were just pushing him faster than anything – the pictures he painted so vivid in Will's mind

that he felt like he had actually been there and witnessed the whole thing. Without Alex having to touch his cock at all, he knew he was going to come.

“I lay him down on his stomach and stroked him from head to toe – loved the feel of how hot his ass was as I ran my hands over it. Was fucking gorgeous the way he just took it, beautiful colors on his skin, laid out for me. So yeah, baby, I know what you mean when you talk about your pretty friend – he was beautiful bound up tight. But not as beautiful as you. I would *love* to take you to The Black Cat – tie you to that cross and smack your ass til it's black and blue. God, fuck, Will you are so damn tight – wonder if they still have that paddle? Wonder if – fuck, I'm gonna -”

The image of himself instead of Wes tied to the St Andrew's Cross, putting himself completely in Alex's control – coming at his command sent Will over the edge. Eyes squeezed shut, he wrapped his legs around Alex's waist, thrust his hips up towards Alex and came – long, slow, easy release. All without his cock being touched even once.

He focused enough to feel Alex finally lose control – finally unable to talk, grunting and moaning as he

reached his peak, thrust himself as deeply into Will as he could get and coming with a low moan. Alex slumped on top of him, and he gasped for air, the ball gag making it hard to catch his breath. Before he even had time to consider panicking, Alex had pulled himself out and off of him, slipping the ball gag off and caressing Will's jaw, massaging the aching muscles. As he was wriggling his jaw to get comfy, licking his dry lips, Alex released both wrists and tugged him into a tight hug.

“Fuck, Alex, that was just....”

“Yeah, it was.”

“I mean, God, I love the sound of your voice but I never thought – fuck, you could make your living on sex-lines if you wanted to. Should be registered as a lethal weapon or something the way you can talk – bet you could talk me off without even touching me.” Alex laughed.

“We can try that sometime – would be fun to see if I could.” Will yawned, snuggling into Alex's chest. He vaguely registered Alex shifting him to one side before he left the bed, returning with a warm cloth and cleaning them both off. He climbed back onto the bed, and Will automatically arranged himself so that Alex could lay half

on top of him, crushing him gently into the bed and holding him prisoner with his body. Weird – he couldn't sleep now unless he was either bound in some way, or Alex was lying on top of him. Caressing the medallion that hung from his collar, he closed his eyes and waited for sleep to overtake him. Friday had come around fast and he had the feeling that he would need to be fully rested for the weekend to come.

Part Fourteen

Angel was spooned behind him, sleeping peacefully. One large hand was pressed against his groin, the heavy arm anchoring him to the bed. He was looking forward to this weekend more than he wanted to admit. He had heard lots about Will but not had the pleasure of meeting him as yet. The thought of actually being with the two brothers again was a rush – not that Angel wasn't enough for him, because he most definitely was – but he couldn't deny a small part of him had missed being at the center of their attention. The two of them together were a

pretty awesome package and Lindsey pressed his fingers against one long welt on his upper thigh and took himself back to his very first experience with them.

~*~*~*~*~

The club was thumping, loud techno music pumping from the speakers. The Bronze was known as one of the loudest, hippest BDSM clubs out there and he was bored. A regular attendee, he had yet to find anyone that really did it for him. Oh there were some talented guys here and he had had a pleasant time or two, but no-one that made him want to give up his wild ways and settle into something more than just a scene.

Taking a sip of his beer, Lindsey looked around once more. No one new caught his eye and he resigned himself to going home. It was happening too often lately and he was considering trying a new place. Mind you, a new place might have the same people which wasn't going to help him much. The Hyperion was having a grand re-opening night, maybe he'd give that a go.

Turning to place his beer bottle onto the bar, he bumped into the person behind him.

“Hey, sorry dude.” He turned and looked up, then up some more. Damn, the guy was tall. Lindsey didn't recognise him – he certainly would have remembered this guy if he had seen him before.

“No worries. I hope you're not leaving?” He watched the lips moving, transfixed by the small smile playing around them. Forcing his eyes upwards, he looked into soft brown eyes that were smiling down at him.

“Err, I was thinking of making a move – nothing's caught my eye this evening.”

“Shame – I just got here and it looks like the best choice is leaving.” A swift intake of breath and Lindsey stepped back slightly, hooking the heel of his cowboy boot over the foot rest at the bar.

“Well I don't have to go just yet. Depends what's on offer. Things have got a bit stale here lately.” Lindsey allowed a smile to cross his face, wondering what the guy would come back with. He turned towards the taller man, contemplating staying just a little bit longer.

“I think we can do something about stale, don't you

Angel?” The voice came from behind him, and Lindsey turned. The second man was just as attractive, hazel eyes in a tanned face, wide open trust-me smile.

“Angel?”

“That's me. This is my brother, Alex. And you are?”

“Name's Lindsey.” He pushed his cowboy hat off his forehead with his finger, allowing his bright blue eyes to wander up and down the two prime specimens in front of him. Brothers? Now this could get very interesting. The two of them were built – both tall, broad and dark, looked muscular but not muscle-bound. But he wasn't sure about taking on two of them – the Bronze was pretty good about checking out it's clientèle but you could never be too sure or too careful.

“Groo can vouch for us if you're concerned.”

Appreciating the moment of understanding, and impressed with Angel's ability to read what he was thinking – it boded well – Lindsey turned and looked up at the owner's office. Groo's office was up high on a balcony, windowed room allowing him to oversee everything that went on in the club without the need for cameras. Lindsey turned back to the bar and gestured

the barman over.

“Can I get a check-in with Groo please?” The barman nodded and reached under the bar to hand over a telephone, pressing the number 1 which connected to Groo's office. “Hey Groo, it's Lindsey.”

“Oh if it isn't my favourite Texan. Yeah, I can see you at the bar now. And is that the Harris brothers? Well well, I wondered how long it would take before they found you.” Lindsey grinned – Groo was one of the good guys, always looking out for everyone in his club, a real champion.

“Yeah, they said you would vouch for them. Am I in over my head?” Out of the corner of his eye he saw the two brothers looking at each other, and he swallowed a gulp. Maybe he really was in over his head – they made a pretty lethal looking combination, although of the two he'd trust Alex more – he had the kind of smile that made you want to believe in him for some reason.

“Over your head? Nah, I don't think so. But I think you might have met your match. Lemme know how it goes cowboy – if you have the energy that is!” Groo's husky laugh echoed down the phone before he hung up, and

Lindsey held the receiver for a few moments, considering his next move. Looking at the two men standing waiting for him, both dressed in leather pants, tight shirts and heavy boots he found himself hoping that he was making the right choice, although if it wasn't it looked like he was going to have a great night making a mistake.

~*~*~*~*~

Angel kissed like he was trying to eat Lindsey alive, huge hands holding his face in place while his tongue took possession of Lindsey's mouth like it was imperative he learn every single space within it. Panting for breath, Lindsey couldn't do much more than hang onto the wide shoulders, a groan erupting from him as he felt Alex's hands on the waistband of his jeans. In an attempt to help, he pushed the toe of one foot onto the back of his boot, trying to push it off.

“Nuh huh,” the voice behind him said, then a strong hand took hold of his calf and bent his leg backwards so he was stood like a horse waiting to be shod. He felt Alex tugging off his boot and sock, swiftly offering the other leg so that could be denuded too. Barefoot, he was forced to lean back even more as Angel towered over

him, one hand reaching down to cup his ass while the other held his head in place. He shifted from side to side, rubbing his stomach against the hard cock pressing into it. Man, the guy was built and the slow curl of desire in his gut sped up, his heart-rate leaping as he wondered if the big guy knew how to use it.

Again, hands came around his waist and tugged at the button fly of his jeans, popping each one slowly before yanking them down so that they fell to his ankles. He stepped out of them, holding the material down with one foot while tugging out the other before doing the same on the other side. He hissed into Angel's mouth as Alex stepped up close behind him, soft leather caressing his ass as strong arms bracketed his body and tugged him closer.

A hot mouth caressed the back of his neck and he gasped when he felt teeth – not hard enough to leave a mark...yet.

“You got safe words Cowboy?” Slightly befuddled, Lindsey took a deep breath as Angel stepped away, stripping off the black tee-shirt and moving to the side of the room to drop it onto the same chair that Lindsey's white tee-shirt had landed on when it was thrown there

earlier.

“Yeah, yeah I got safe words.” His drawl had deepened and he felt self-conscious – no-one had ever got to him this fast before, and simply from kissing never. “Range for slowdown, horse for stop.”

“Range and horse. Not typical words to shout out so good choice cowboy. Got any particular objections – things we need to be aware of?” As he spoke, Alex was caressing Lindsey's chest from behind, tweaking his nipples then twisting them, squeezing to the edge of pain then stopping.

“Whu?! Yeah, I mean no permanent marks – no blood, ya know? Don't wanna leave here looking like I've been branded or something.” Alex smiled that trust-me smile again – Lindsey could feel it against the hair on the nape of his neck and he unconsciously relaxed then stiffened again as Angel walked back over to him, running his hand through his hair as he looked Lindsey up and down.

“Why you're just a little bit o'nothing. Sure you can handle us?”

“I can handle whatever you choose to dish out, big guy.

Just wondering whether it's worth my time or not – maybe you can't handle me.” He gasped as Angel reached out and took hold of his cock, strong fingers squeezing the hardness before stroking up and down the length.

“Oh I think we can handle you – right Alex?” Alex stopped nibbling at the base of Lindsey's neck, stroking his face against the soft skin hidden by the cowboy's long hair. He breathed in deeply and his voice rumbled in Lindsey's ear as he replied.

“Yeah, I think we can make it worthwhile Lindsey hanging around. I'm kinda interested in whether this here cowboy has been tamed or not – I get the feeling not.” He stepped back and Lindsey felt chilled and a little intimidated – for some reason having Alex at his back had made him feel safer. From Angel. He couldn't figure out why he found the big guy intimidating – he'd met taller men, played with more muscular men too, so why he was reacting so strongly to this man he really didn't know.

Lindsey turned and watched as Alex stepped to the cupboard in the corner of the room, stripping off his tee-shirt as he did so. The Bronze was very well equipped –

there was a reason it was the premier BDSM club in town. Alex reached in and confidently made his choices, turning back and smiling at Lindsey in a reassuring manner. He came back over, dropping a kiss on Lindsey's mouth. The contrast between the two brothers couldn't have been stronger – Angel almost bullish in comparison to Alex's more gentle approach. Lindsey tipped his head and opened his mouth, tongue darting out to caress Alex's as the other man deepened the kiss, pulling Lindsey close.

Eyes closed, Lindsey flinched as he felt hands on his face, a quiet “sssh” from Angel behind him as he felt a leather band being wrapped around his head, covering his eyes.

“Okay?” Fastening it closed, Angel's hand slipped down and wrapped around his neck from behind, strong thumb stroking Lindsey's nape beneath his hair. Pulling back from Alex's kiss, Lindsey tried to get his equilibrium. Okay wasn't quite how he would describe it but he wasn't feeling threatened. Surrounded yes, Alex in front of him and Angel behind, but not threatened. “Cowboy? You okay?”

“Yeah – okay.” The words sighed out of him as he relaxed, waiting for what they would do next. He could

hear the sounds of something being lifted, then the light thud of a piece of furniture landing next to him.

“You ever used a prie dieu cowboy?” That was Alex's voice, coming slightly from the side. Lindsey shook his head – he'd seen them but not used one. Always seemed a bit perverse using a praying table in a scene. “Okay. Can we trust you to hold on or do we need to restrain you?” Lindsey thought about it for a few moments. Restraints made him hot, but part of him wanted his hands free. He tried to speak, then coughed to clear his throat.

“You can trust me.”

“You can safe-word at any time and we'll stop – okay?” Lindsey nodded again, reassured by Alex's words. Yeah, Alex was definitely the less scary brother.

~*~*~*~*~

Alex couldn't figure out what was going on with Angel. He had never seen his brother come on so heavy so fast – normally they played with their companion for the evening, had a laugh and a joke before getting into a

scene. But from the time they had walked into the Bronze, Angel had been purely focused on the blond cowboy at the bar. He'd managed to keep it fairly low key, letting the man know Groo would vouch for them, but Alex could tell something was riding the other man hard and he wished there was time to make sure he was alright.

“Angel – you okay man?” Angel turned towards him, dragging his eyes off of the picture Lindsey presented. The smaller man stood unashamedly naked, only the leather blindfold marring their view of his face. He was very nicely built – compact, well muscled, sturdy – with bright blue intelligent eyes, a half smile playing around his mouth, and dark blond hair reaching to his shoulders. He wasn't Angel's normal type at all – Angel tended to go for tall, slender brunets – and Alex was even more confused. There was definitely something going on with his brother.

“Huh? Yeah, yeah – I'm good.” Angel's voice was distracted, his hand reaching out to stroke down Lindsey's back before he stepped up close behind the other man, pressing himself against the pert bubble butt with a muffled groan.

Wrapping his arms around Lindsey from behind he began a slow grind, rubbing himself up against him, hard cock pressing against the leather of his trousers.

Shrugging – there was little he could do if Angel insisted he was fine – Alex moved over and dragged the prie dieu in front of Lindsey, careful not to knock the man's feet. He reached over the equipment to grasp Lindsey's hands, guiding them to the edge of the prayer table so that the man leaned over and took his own weight. Angel gasped as the position pushed Lindsey's ass into his groin, the look he threw at Alex over Lindsey's figure promising retribution.

The two brothers swapped, Angel walking around to Lindsey's front and taking the man's mouth in a deep possessive kiss, Alex walking round to the rear. With no warning, Alex slapped Lindsey's ass, a clear hand-print showing red on the tanned cheek. Lindsey tried to lift his head to cry out, one hand coming round to grab at his injured cheek but he couldn't move, Angel holding him in place and sucking the cry into his own mouth.

Forcing Lindsey's hand back to the prie dieu, Alex let fly, spanking each cheek with a slow, steady rhythm, watching as the beautiful colour ebbed and flowed.

Lindsey sank into the blows, arching his spine and pushing his ass towards Alex.

Looking up, Alex watched as Angel tortured Lindsey's hard nipples, twisting and tugging them with one hand whilst stroking his cock at the same time. He could hear his brother talking to Lindsey, low, deep voice rumbling the words into the other man's ears.

“I can't wait til he's finished tanning your ass – I want to ride you cowboy, shove myself deep inside you til you don't know where I end and you begin. I'm gonna *own* you, boy, mark you and make you mine. Like that? Like the feel of my hand on your cock? Do you want it harder, huh, babe? Want me to squeeze you like I'm squeezing these lovely little bits of flesh?”

“Oh God, just – ow! Fuck, Angel please, just....” Lindsey was almost stuttering, still pushing his ass back then thrusting forwards into Angel's hand across the top of the prie dieu, his balls banging against the edge. Alex stroked his hand over the heated cheeks, luxuriating in the warmth emanating from the beaten curves. Lindsey was beautiful where he stood, legs braced as he arched backwards into the soft touch, cock leaking as it pressed against his belly.

Alex caught Angel's eye and Angel stepped away, slowly releasing the abused nipples he had been playing with. His state of arousal was obvious, his erection pressing hard against the front of his leather trousers. Flipping open his own trousers, Alex took his hard cock in hand, walking over to grab the padded leather chair and position it so he had an excellent view. Squirting lube into his palm, he slicked himself up, instigating a slow steady rhythm as he watched Angel roll on a condom and stand behind Lindsey.

~*~*~*~*~

Slipping two fingers into Lindsey's tight hole, Angel hissed at the tight grip. Pressing his other hand onto a reddened ass cheek, he crooked his fingers, searching for Lindsey's gland. The loud cry the cowboy gave and the buck of his hips testified to Angel's success and he knew a harsh grin had split his face. He wanted in the cowboy in the worst way, couldn't explain it to himself let alone to his brother but there was no way he was going to follow Alex. He was taking this man first, and if he had his way he was taking him last too.

Lining himself up, he rubbed at Lindsey's prostate one last time before letting his fingers slide out. Lindsey was gasping, head hanging down towards his chest as he pushed his ass back even further, wiggling it from side to side. Angel slapped it, the crack loud in the room, Lindsey's grunt all the invitation Angel needed to push forward. Breaching the tight ring of muscles, he held himself still – he was so close to coming almost instantly from finally being inside the cowboy, it was ridiculous. Counting backwards from ten to one in Farsi, he slowly brought himself back under control, looking down to watch as he slid in until he was buried to the hilt.

He could see that Lindsey was up on tiptoe, pressing himself back until the heated cheeks of his ass were cradled against the leather of Angel's pants. Fuck, the man was so hot, so tight. Looking up, Angel watched Alex stroking his own cock, eyes glued to him and Lindsey like he was watching a live sex show. Man, his brother was warped but then they both were. Resolving to give him the best show he could, Angel pulled back with his hips, releasing his hard length from Lindsey's tight grip. Taking the tight cheeks of Lindsey's ass in his hands, he split them apart, a groan coming from him as he looked at the head of his cock teasing the tight little hole open. Fuck giving Alex a show, this was going to be hot and fast.

Angel rammed himself in deep, the slap of leather against skin echoing through the room as he instigated a driving, pounding rhythm into Lindsey's welcoming body. Sweat poured into his eyes as he thrust backwards and forwards, grunts emanating from his mouth as he worked himself in and out of the tight passage clinging to him. He was vaguely aware of Lindsey's matching cries, the other man holding tight to the prie dieu to maintain his balance against the driving force Angel was using. One look at Alex was enough to tell his brother was enjoying the view, and Angel knew he wouldn't last much longer.

He pulled himself out, ignoring Lindsey's wail of complaint as he stepped backwards. He pushed Lindsey down gently until he bent his knees, guiding him into position so that the man was kneeling on the padded bench, leaning his body over the top and pushing his ass out towards Angel. It was the work of a moment to kneel behind him, his longer thighs putting him in exactly the right position to fuck Lindsey this way.

“Fuck his mouth,” he ordered, watching as Alex released his grip on his dick and walked over to the sink in the corner of the room. He held Lindsey still as he tried to

wriggle backwards, forcing him to wait as Alex washed the taste of the lube off his cock and walked back towards them. Alex took Lindsey by the ears, guiding his head as he pushed his hard cock between the pouting pink lips. So turned on watching his brother fuck that tight mouth, Angel held off, stroking Lindsey's back and ass, crooning encouragement. "That's it, take him nice and deep. You be good to him and I'll be good to you. Gonna fuck you so hard now, cowboy – you ready for me?" A frantic nod was his only answer and he wasted no time in slamming his way back inside the tight ass that was waiting for him.

With the benefit of long practice, he and Alex found their rhythm, Alex thrusting in as Angel slammed home so that Lindsey was filled at both ends, Angel's weight pushing him further onto Alex's dick so that his face was nearly buried in the tight forest of curls at the base of Alex's cock. There was a flurry of movement, both men working themselves in and out of Lindsey hard and fast. Hips slapping against the pinkened cheeks of Lindsey's ass, Angel reached round and took hold of Lindsey's cock, stroking him to the same fast rhythm the other two men were using.

"You don't come til we do, you hear me?" Lindsey

whimpered around Alex's length, nodding even as he pushed himself back harder into Angel's next thrust. Catching his brother's fevered gaze, Angel nodded at Alex, indicating he was right on the edge. He watched as Alex let rip, shoving himself in deep and holding Lindsey in place with a firm grip on the hair at the base of his neck, coming down Lindsey's throat with a guttural cry. Alex staggered backwards, pulling himself free from Lindsey's mouth and falling into the leather chair and panting for breath.

Hands digging into Lindsey's hips, Angel fucked him harder, pressing as deep as he could get, hips snapping back and forth.

“You gonna come for me Lindsey? Can you? Can you come for me without me touching you again? You're gonna have to cowboy, I'm too busy holding you tight to me – love seeing my bruises on you, fucking love it.” Angel angled his next thrust carefully, shoving himself into Lindsey's prostate and aiming each hammering thrust the same way as he felt his balls drawing up and the familiar tingle in his spine.” I'm gonna come, cowboy, gonna come deep inside you. And soon, real soon, I'm gonna come in you without anything between us – just gonna be me and you, no latex, and I'm gonna watch my

come oozing out of you when I pull out.” The imagery seared itself into his brain, and he pushed himself in deep and held still, coming so hard he thought he was going to black out. He felt the muscles of Lindsey's ass clench tight around him, knew the man had come from the gasping cries he was coming out with, and his only regret was that there was latex between them – otherwise this had been just fucking perfect.

~*~*~*~*~

“Did I say you could play with that?” The rumble of Angel's voice in his ear made Lindsey jump, releasing his cock instantly as he realised he'd been jacking off to the images in his head. “Got yourself all steamed up, cowboy?? What you thinking about – you thinking about this weekend? Or something else?”

“God - thinking about the first time you took me at the Bronze, thinking about how it felt and what you did.” His Texan accent was strong, breath catching in his chest as one large hand reached down and took his dick in hand.

“Am I going to have to bind you up until tomorrow? Can't have you playing all night and not being up to some fun

over the weekend now can we?”

“Angel, man, you **know** nothing we do now is going to affect how I am this weekend – I'm just really wired, okay? Please don't bind me up – you know I hate that.”

“You don't hate it – you just say you do. Besides, it would look so pretty if you were all bound up tight when Alex and Will get here; match the stripes you're wearing as well.”

“Please don't – just, not tonight okay?”

“What *are* you going to do to convince me not to?”

Lindsey rolled over within Angel's grasp, shoving his hair back from his face and looking up into his lover's smiling eyes. Damn, he would never get over how much Angel could say with his eyes, still couldn't believe he'd been a few minutes away from walking out and missing meeting this man. Two years and Angel could still make him hard with just a few words, knew his every kink and button and pressed them regularly. He was one lucky cowboy and he knew it.

“Whatever you want, babe, whatever you want.”

If you want to see what a prie-dieu looks like, go [here](#)

Interlude

Blanketing him with his body, erection pressing against his ass, Angel leaned over and whispered in Lindsay's ear.

“You sure you wanna do this? Do you *really* want to be wearing stripes the first time you meet Alex's boy?”

Lindsay moaned, pressing back against his lover's larger body. He tried to wriggle his hips, but the movement was awkward, his legs held apart by the spreader bar tied to his ankles, arms pulled above his head by the pulley system.

“Okay baby, count 'em and thank me.” Stepping back, Angel lifted the whip and swung his arm back.....

Part Fifteen

His eyes snapped open and he knew he wasn't going to be able to sleep. Alex had slipped straight into sleep, his snores gentle in Will's ear as Will replayed the events of the day in snapshots right up to the statement that had woken him so effectively.

* snap *

The sounds of Angel slapping Lindsey's ass were extremely loud as they arrived on the Friday evening, moans and grunts echoing into the hallway from one of the upstairs bedrooms. Embarrassed and aroused at the same time, Will grimaced as Alex laughed at him. He finally allowed himself an embarrassed smile as Alex led him into the kitchen to make tea and wait for their hosts to come downstairs.

* snap *

Sat drinking with Lindsey as they went through his music collection, sarcastic commentary from Alex as he discovered Angel's secret stash of Barry Manilow cds.

Angel took it well, grimacing at their requests for karaoke once Alex told them how badly Angel sung.

* snap *

Stood in the kitchen doorway having a cigarette, watching Angel walking towards him and wondering what his reaction was going to be. Mesmerised as Angel came right over to him, leaned down and kissed him, inhaling the cigarette smoke he was about to exhale as his tongue licked into Will's mouth and took possession. Cigarette burning down to nothing in his hand as Angel kissed him over and over again, one large hand holding the back of his head to keep him in place, the other squeezing his ass as he was pulled as close to Angel's body as possible.

* snap *

Shakily returning to the living room, unsure of how he felt, unsure of how Alex would react. Angel was right behind him, herding him into the room and he felt panicked for a moment, fearful of what he was facing. Alex looked up as soon as they came in, heat in his eyes as he took in Will's kiss-swollen lips and mussed hair. He stood up, leaving Lindsey lounging on the floor as he

walked over to the two of them. Will found himself sandwiched between Alex and Angel, Alex taking his mouth as though desperate to reclaim him, pushing him backwards with the force of his kiss. Angel wrapping his arms around Will from behind, pulling Alex into both of them by yanking on his tee-shirt.

Confused, unfocused, Will was panting for breath. His chin was grabbed and he found Lindsey standing next to him, leaning forward and sucking Will's lower lip into his mouth, hand coming up to stroke the back of his neck as he kissed him gently. Such a strong contrast between them – the two dark-haired, heavily built men kissing him with passion and heat, Lindsey with gentleness, almost questioning. Surrounded by heat, the hard press of a cock against his ass and another against his stomach, a soft, wet tongue dipping in and out of his mouth.

Watching with heavy eyes as Lindsey pulled back and turned to Alex, leaning up as Alex leaned down and took his mouth. Someone moaned – it could have been him, could have been Angel – as the kiss heated up, but all the while Alex didn't release his grip, holding onto Will with strong hands, bruising him as he maintained their connection.

* snap *

A darkened massive bedroom, a huge bed next to a sling frame, four bodies tumbling together onto soft sheets. Clothes tugged away by impatient hands – a puzzle made up of four pieces desperate to interlock. He kissed Lindsey, could feel Angel pressed up against him behind, could see Alex pressed up against Lindsey. Lindsey threw his thigh over Will's legs, moaning into his mouth and by the jolt of his hips Will knew Alex had entered him – fingers or cock, he wasn't sure which. Fingers – Lindsey gently pushed backwards and forwards, rubbing his cock against Will's before thrusting back into Alex.

Behind him, Will could feel the heaviness of Angel's cock pressing into him and he gasped as he felt Angel's fingers on his ass, pulling his cheeks open. He pulled back from Lindsey, about to protest, remind Angel of the rules before he realised Angel wasn't trying to get into him. The click of a tube of lube being opened, cold drizzle down his crack, then the hot, heavy rub of Angel's cock sliding between the cheeks of his ass and bumping against the back of his balls. Hot, heavy, drooling head thudding into his balls, tapping and knocking them forwards in a languid rhythm as Angel licked and sucked at the back of his neck.

Will grabbed Lindsey, gasping into his mouth as he kissed him forcefully, sliding his hand down the smooth skin of Lindsey's back until he bumped up against the lightly haired skin of Alex's stomach. Wet, heavy kisses as he followed the line of hair down to where he could feel the hot club of Alex's dick pressing against Lindsey's ass.

* snap *

Lindsey's mouth around his cock, sucking hard, tongue tracing the heavy vein on the underside as his head bobbed back and forth. Moaning around Lindsey's cock, gripping his hips and pulling him into a stronger rhythm to match the pace Alex was setting. Leg thrown over Lindsey to open him up so that Alex could fuck into him, the hot hard cock driving into him over and over again. Eyes glazed, his hands slid over Lindsey's cheeks, pulling them slightly apart and slipping further in to feel Angel's cock as he rammed it in and out, balls thudding audibly against the soft skin.

Overwhelmed by the need to come, Will reached back to grab Alex's hips, tugged him closer, urged him to move faster, and Will could feel all of them – Angel's dick driving into Lindsey grazing his fingers at every entry; Lindsey's cock stabbing into his mouth; Alex's cock

unerringly thudding into his prostate so that Will was flying, on the verge of coming but not wanting this to end.

* snap *

Slow gentle strokes of Alex's cock in his ass as they fucked lazily, both of them watching as Angel fixed Lindsey into the sling. Lindsey was completely relaxed, eyes blissed out as he lay back and let the bonds take his weight, his ass openly displayed. Will could see the strap marks from a previous beating, the skin rosy red from the earlier spanking. No blindfold or gag – Angel said he wanted to watch Lindsey's face, hear his cries.

Alex's hand reached over his hip and gently stroked Will's cock. Even after his explosive orgasm, Will's cock tried to revive, stirring under the gentle touch. He was riveted by the sight of Lindsey and Angel in front of them. Angel stood between Lindsey's legs, stroking his stomach and chest, petting and calming him. Reaching down by the side of the bench, Angel came up with something in his hand. Will winced in sympathy as he watched Angel fix the nipple clamps onto the deep pink nipples, a loud hiss coming from Lindsey as he struggled briefly before relaxing into the sling again.

There was another hiss as Angel slipped on a cock sheath, stroking the semi-erect cock before binding it in supple leather. Angel walked around to Lindsey's head, tipping it back gently and checking it was supported by the sling.

“Safe word?”

“Range for slow down, Horse for stop.” Lindsey's voice was low and Will could see he was almost in a trance.

“Deep breaths cowboy, you know how this works.” Angel straddled Lindsey's head, letting the tip of his cock rest against his mouth. “Take me in, nice and slow”.

Slow and steady, Angel moved the swing back and forth, fucking Lindsey's mouth using the straps attached to the frame to set the rhythm. Alex was matching his rhythm, slow and steady thrusts into Will, hands caressing his chest, stomach, thighs. A low level buzz in the pit of his stomach, desire hissing and bubbling inside him.

* snap *

Crying out, Will's hips jolted forward, forcing his cock

further down Lindsey's throat. The spreader bar kept him in place, legs held apart so that Alex could fuck him at his own pace, the frame of the sling perfectly placed for them both to lean against.



Angel was grunting with exertion, fucking Lindsey like a man possessed, one hand using the straps of the sling to pull his writhing partner harder into each thrust, the other squeezing Lindsey's thigh hard enough to leave welts and marks. Alex's hands were digging into Will's hips, new bruises joining old as he lost himself inside the tight, hot depths of Will's body. A silent scream was all that Will could expel as he finally came, Alex's cock hitting him in the right spot over and over, Lindsey's clever tongue licking around the head of his cock, hands cupping Will and Alex's balls as they swayed back and forth. Angel's gaze was heated as he watched the three of them, watched as they moved back and forth, rhythm dictated by his actions.

Will's legs were trembling, his knees buckling but he managed to shift back enough that he wasn't suffocating Lindsey. He leaned forward slightly, groaning as he felt Lindsey's hair press against his sensitive dick as the other man lifted his head. Alex's grasp had moved to his neck, squeezing either side at the join of neck and shoulder,

gasping in Will's ear as he worked himself in and out. Panting, still flying high, Will pushed his hips back into Alex's thrusts, loving the feel of him inside.

“Fuckin' beautiful – you are so beautiful – and you're mine, all mine. God, Will, just - “

“Alex – come in me, want to feel you – please....”

Barely conscious of Angel and Lindsey, Will squeezed the muscles of his ass, clenching around Alex as he thrust heavily inside. “Fuck, baby – that's so good, so good, so good....” Alex was losing his rhythm, grip tightening, pressing Will down and into his thrusts so he could get in as deeply as possible. “Fuckfuck..... God, Will – love you!”

The world froze. The sounds of Angel coming were from a great distance, the screams emanating from Lindsey as the clamps were yanked off, his cock was unsheathed and he was allowed to come barely registering. All Will could hear were the whispers in his ear as Alex slowly came down from his orgasmic high, words he hadn't realised he was desperate to hear until he heard them. “Love you, baby, so much. Love you – always. God, just.....fuck, love you so much.”

* snap *

The stagger to the bedroom, a smile shared with Angel as he released Lindsey from the sling and carried him into the adjoining bathroom for a long, slow soak. Silence between them as they slid into another large bed, rolling together automatically, bodies fitting together with ease. Head resting over Alex's heart, Will wondered if he had the nerve to ask the question that was thumping in his head. Did he want to risk it – what if it was just the sex talk? He wasn't sure if he would survive if Alex denied what he had said. Will hadn't said it again since the first time, remembering Alex's desertion and the gut-wrenching pain. No, he didn't want to risk that – didn't want to ruin this afterglow with angst and brooding.

Rolling into his normal position, he sighed happily as Alex rolled too, sliding over until he was lying half on top of Will, pinning him to the bed. Yawning, Will slid his hand up and down Alex's spine, body relaxed in the boneless way that only great sex could cause. Brain switching off, he closed his eyes, pressing a kiss against Alex's shoulder as he settled down to sleep. Alex turned his head, returning the gentle kiss by lightly pressing his lips against Will's temple. He moved his head down so that

his voice was right next to Will's ear.

“I love you.”

Epilogue

Hot. His eyes as he looked up; the tight, wet clench of his body as he tightened around the unaccustomed invasion; the mewling cries coming from his mouth as he tossed his head from side to side. Hotter still the clench of fists within their shackles, the visual proof of hard-earned trust allowing himself to be tied down. Hottest? Being allowed to touch, to tease, to look his fill at the body that was owned by him, as surely as his own body was owned in return. No hiding now – clear, open, trusting.

Hard. Heavily muscled thighs clutching at his waist; the flexing muscles in the arms that were struggling against their bonds – not to escape, but to be allowed to touch, to hold on tight as passion and lust took over both bodies. Harder still, the feel of his cock being squeezed

and caressed as he thrust in and out, sliding over sensitive places that caused the thighs to clutch even more. Hardest? Holding back the urge to come, fighting the spark that licked up his spine, tingled in the base of his balls. Unwilling to give this up, to let it end so soon. Wanting this first time to go on and on, even whilst knowing that it couldn't last, that if he even acknowledged where he was, what he was doing in his own mind, that would be an end to it.

Wet. Hot tongue greeting his kiss as he pushed into the welcoming mouth, tasting, licking, devouring the warm interior as they moved faster and faster together, mirroring the actions further down. Wetter still, hot, sweet sweat all over their bodies, lubricating the slip-slide as they ground together, his hands tracing the heavy lines of muscles, sinew, bone – finding places that tickled, that aroused, that made the other cry out.

Wettest? Eyes wide open showing honest love and trust, wrenching at his heart, causing tears to flow from both of them as they accepted what was being said without words.

Wild. Gasping cries, thrusting hips, painful grip as he was overcome by it all – the first time in over a year that he had been inside someone, and for it to be now, with him

was just overwhelming. Wilder still, the screams coming from a throat more used to crooning encouragement, coaxing out confessions of lust, passion, need, love. Amazed at the view of his lover as he had never seen him, completely vulnerable as he came with guttural sounds wrenched from him. Wildest? The hot, wet feel of being squeezed and caressed, unable to and not wanting to resist any longer as he was swept away. Driving forward into so tight, so hot as ankles crossed behind him and encouraged him to submit, to give his all, to throw his head back and moan as he was turned inside out. Almost painful as it went on and on, snapping his spine, churning his hips, ripping him open until he collapsed in a breathless, sweating heap on top of warm, rippling muscle, barely able to release the shackles to free the arms that instantly wrapped around him.

Slow. Heartbeats slowing down, thundering sounds lessening as they gasped for breath. Slower still, caressing wrists kissed by fur-lined shackles, stroking cooling skin, slipping free from a still-tight grip, reassured that any ache was beautiful and welcomed; rolling into comfortable, familiar positions that pressed body against body, head against chest, lips against hair. Slowest? Drifting into sleep, safe, secure, knowing the other would always be there when they awoke. The glimmer of a

future that had never before been envisaged but was now coming clear. Both feeling like strangers in a strange land where they were loved just the way they were, the good, the bad, the twisted, the dark. Simply loved.

A/N: It's come to an end. And I learnt that I can't do dark/angsty because eventually they end up here. And that's okay - it was fun exploring that side of me!! Enjoy. Big thanks to [👤windchild85](#) who acts as my unofficial beta and is one of the most caring people I have never met. And to [👤wrtr_aka_wmrg](#) who has built my confidence in myself so that learning darker stuff about me isn't as scary as it might be. Thanks to my readers (lurkers and commenters) for following this bizarre visit into the dark side and sticking with me even when it squicked you, and to [👤forsaken2003](#) I hope you like your happy ending.

The End

