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Turks Cay: Cocksucking Appointment

Turks Cay c. 2009 by Kirby Crow

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**TURK'S CAY:
Cocksucking Appointment**

Kirby Crow

Chapter 1

Ethan hadn't liked to take a call this late. He'd gone swimming earlier and drank too much and he had a bit of a sunburn, to boot. He wasn't in any mood for a difficult customer, but the call came from a number he knew: a man who always paid well. He had a friend, he said, someone in town for the night who just needed a quick blow for a lullaby. Ethan sauntered into his small apartment, stripped down, turned the AC on full blast, and took a short, tepid shower. When he came out, dripping and raking his blond hair back from his forehead, the phone was ringing. He wiped his hands on the towel wrapped around his waist and grabbed his cell, punching the talk button with a damp finger. "Hullo?"

"Hi there! Hello, you!"

The voice was bubbly, too full of the goddamned plastic cheer that Snow used on his own tricks. "I don't pay, in case you forgot."

Snow sounded hurt. "Hey man, that's no way to—"

"Sorry," Ethan broke in, before Snow could start in on the guilt. "I'm sorry. I'm just in a hurry. How are you?"

"Fine." Snow sounded pouty. Ethan could picture that luscious lower lip poked out in woe, and he felt himself start to go hard. He reached down and shifted his dick around under the fuzzy towel. "I said I was sorry, Snow. I'm kinda busy, but I won't be all night. Everything okay?"

"I'm bored."

Ethan chuckled. He gave up rearranging under the towel and curled his fingers around his shaft. "Want to phone sex me?"

"I wanted to see you," Snow replied. Ethan thought he heard music in the background.

"Are you at Turk's?" Turk's was the biggest bar on the cay, right on the beachside, and it was Snow's usual hangout and hunting grounds.

"Yeah, just leaving the parking lot. You got a late customer, huh?"

"He's not supposed to stay long," Ethan said. "How about I give you call when he leaves and you can come over?"

"And get his leftovers?"

Ethan rolled his eyes. Again with the pouting. He asked himself for the hundredth time why he put up with Snow's tantrums and his insecurity and jealousy. It wasn't like Snow wasn't in the same damned business himself! He opened his mouth to tell Snow to piss off when Snow sighed into the receiver and his sweet voice went husky and low. "I love you, you know."

Ethan felt his anger melting. "I know, babe. I love you, too. I'll call you after, okay?"

"Sure thing."

Ethan heard the low, expensive purr of Snow's car engine starting up just as the receiver went dead, and he wondered if Snow was on his way over here to make trouble or on his way to another bar to get himself in trouble of his own. He sighed and put the phone down, going back into the bedroom to scare up something decent to wear. He opened the closet door. "Hmmm what *does* one wear to cocksucking appointments these days?" he said aloud in an exaggerated, mincing voice. "Ah!" he whipped off the towel and posed in front of the mirror, one hand on his hip. "Perfect! Le birthday suit."

Ethan examined himself critically in the mirror, seeing the long hair he kept trimmed to his shoulders and the sleek muscles of his body, the high arches of his feet and the broadness of his shoulders. When dry, his hair would turn to curling gold, and men never stopped complimenting him on his eyes, which were an ordinary brown but had a startling feline shape that whispered sex with every blink of his long lashes.

Definitely not a twink, he decided. Too many men saw his long hair and pretty eyes and assumed he was a bottom. Well, he was, when the money was right. But on his off time, Ethan knew what he wanted and where his Tab A went and he certainly didn't bottom for Snow.

Snow... Ethan hoped tonight wouldn't turn into a godawful mess like last time. Snow had a knack for getting himself into trouble and needing a rescue. He always needed bailing out or sobering up or picking up when some trick had left him in the middle of bumfucknowhere or on the beach miles from the causeway, which had prompted Ethan to dub the younger man Snow White. Ethan had called him Snow in public a few times and the name seemed to stick. Snow was a handful and only getting worse. Ethan sighed and glanced at the framed photo on the dresser next to the mirror, one of him and Snow sitting side by side on the beach during a windy day,

the choppy Atlantic behind them, Snow's dark hair blowing over his pretty face like some exotic veil. Just from looking at the picture, Ethan's cock twitched and he nearly laughed out loud.

"Um, yeah. What a mystery. Why do I put up with you?" He gave the picture a fond, somewhat dazed smile and tucked it safely into a drawer.

The doorbell rang.

"Shit, already?" Ethan mumbled. He pulled the edge of the curtain back and peeked out. He could see the front stoop of his second-floor apartment from the bedroom. A tall, muscular man stood there. He was probably ten years older than Ethan and stood there with his hands crossed patiently in front of him as he waited, looking like some kind of FBI agent or something. Ethan got an impression of sunglasses, dark jacket, and a very short buzzcut before he dropped the edge of the curtain and stepped back. "Just a sec!" he called out.

Ethan decided that dressing for this occasion was probably a waste of time. Besides, the guy was almost half an hour early. He knotted the towel a bit tighter and went to answer the door.

His smile was already pasted on as the door was opening. "Hi there, I'm..." He faltered and his stomach seemed to sink a little. *Oh shit*. Ethan managed to keep the smile firmly on as he stepped back. "You must be Vincent. Come on in."

The trick - Vincent - stooped to pick up a briefcase before he came in, and Ethan's stomach did another little flip-flop. Ethan had always had good instincts, and the past few years of turning tricks had honed those instincts to razor sharpness. This Vincent guy with the mouth like stone and the eyes hidden behind black sunglasses wasn't here for a quick blowjob. Vincent was *serious*. Vincent meant business. Vincent was here for a session that wasn't going to be over in an hour and maybe not even a full night. Maybe Ethan wouldn't be able to walk afterward, either. The briefcase only reinforced Ethan's opinion that he was in Deep Shit Indeed.

Ethan was proud that his voice didn't shake. "You want a drink? I've got scotch, gin... whatever you like."

"Yes, thank you." Vincent's voice was quiet and cultured with a hint of European accent, and Ethan found himself looking at the man's hands, which were fucking *enormous* around the handle of that briefcase. Vincent entered, closed the door, and slid the lock. He took off his sunglasses, and Ethan got

a look at the man's eyes. Okay, so they were not talking serial killer here, at least. He saw a healthy amount of lust there, and the guy wasn't bad looking either. The hair was too short for Ethan to really see what color it was, but he had a strong chin and warm hazel eyes and when he smiled his mouth lost some of that stoniness and looked almost... sensual. Sensual and amused, and he perused Ethan like a very good meal that had just been served up to him on a platter; a very self-assured, anticipatory lust. *Oh, make up your mind*, Ethan snarked at himself, *Is he sexy or is he dangerous?* He was frightened to realize that Vincent was a little of both, and his cock twitched again as he figured out exactly what it was that scared him about Vincent. *He's a Dom.*

Ethan had sworn off Doms and Masters years ago. There were plenty of them in Turk's Cay. Plenty of gay men who claimed to be Doms, too, but he had never known one who was truly anything other than a control freak. A real Master knew that his boy held half the power, and also that the boy knew enough about himself to know that he couldn't be trusted to act in his own interest when his emotions became involved. A Master was supposed to look out for his boy and do what was best for him, but all Ethan ever came into contact with were men who thought that being a Dom meant being in charge and fuck what the bottom wanted or needed. Too many of them confused it with sexual slavery, and too many of them were switches who would just as soon hurt a bottom for real out of jealousy or some repressed need to hurt themselves. No, Ethan was done done *done* with Masters. At least he was until three minutes ago.

Ethan went into the small kitchen for a glass and opened the cabinet. He brought out two tumblers, shrugged, and grabbed the bottle of tequila for himself. Was it smart to start drinking with a Dom in the room? One drink wouldn't hurt, though, although three or four might be stupid, especially given the turn that the night was probably about to take. One, though? That might loosen them both up a bit. "I've got scotch, brandy, beer..."

"Scotch."

The voice was shockingly close to his ear, and Ethan fought down the urge to turn around.

"Rocks?"

"Sure."

Ethan wasn't sure if the monosyllabic conversation was a good thing or a bad one. Oh, he hated the talkers: the ones who chattered incessantly about

their jobs, their cars, their wives and their problems. But the ones who spat words like bullets, reloading after each volley? Much harder to work with.

He poured the scotch and his hand curled around the neck of the tequila bottle next, feeling the warmth of another body close to his back.

"No," Vincent said lowly. One of those huge hands appeared in his field of vision and gently pushed Ethan's fingers away from the bottle. "You don't want one."

Shit. Shit shit fucking SHIT! Ethan inhaled slowly, feeling the muscles of his shoulders tense up. "Oh, I don't, huh?"

"No."

In amazement, Ethan felt his own hand releasing the bottle. Great. With true Masters as scarce as hen's teeth in the world, a real one would have to stroll right into his apartment when he wasn't steeled against him. Something in Ethan felt raw in that moment, scraped and rubbed until he was sore with it. He had known for a long time that the only reason he refused to truly submit to anyone is that he knew they didn't deserve it, hadn't earned it, wouldn't know what to do with it if it was given to them. And Vincent... *my god, five words with him and I'm ready to fall down and kiss his feet, what the fuck?*

Ethan heard a cool sliding sound, and he saw that Vincent had slid the leather briefcase onto the kitchen counter. "Open it," he commanded softly. Vincent reached around him and picked up the scotch tumbler.

Well fuck me.

Ethan pressed the chrome buttons of the briefcase and it snapped open sharply. He raised one half of it gingerly and looked inside, hearing Vincent take a drink of the scotch. He still hadn't turned around to look. He wasn't sure he could.

Ethan stared. In the briefcase was a jumble of leather straps that he realized was a harness, a leather snap-type cock ring with smooth metal studs, and a rather large clear dildo. He touched the dildo and found it was made of glass, silky and cold against his fingers and incised smoothly with realistic bulging veins. "And what... um... am I supposed to do with those?"

"Rocks?"

Ethan did turn around then, and found himself staring up at Vincent. He hadn't realized the man was a few inches taller than he was, and Ethan wasn't short. *Big*, he gulped, but what came out was: "What?"

Amusement colored those warm hazel eyes again. "Ice. You asked me if I wanted ice, remember?" He showed his glass to Ethan.

Nope. No ice. "Oh!" Ethan felt slightly ashamed. First time I've seen a Master in forever and I can't even get the drink order right. He realized he was trapped against the counter with Vincent planted in front of him. "Um... excuse me." He took the tumbler from Vincent, edged away sideways, and opened the freezer. Cold mist fell like a veil from the open door and slid against his belly as he groped for the ice tray. He plopped two cubes into the scotch and then felt one of Vincent's arms curling around his waist.

"And put this in there."

The large glass cock was next to his face. For an instant, Ethan felt like begging, but he wasn't sure at all what he'd beg for. There was no doubt who the cock ring and harness were meant for, and obviously this was meant for him, too. Without a word, Ethan took the heavy thing and placed it in the ice tray, where it clicked against the frozen cubes.

The towel that garlanded his waist tightened briefly as a thick finger shoved between the knot and his flesh, and then it loosened until it sagged, damp and fluffy, across his thighs and trailed on the floor. His fingers tightened on the freezer door.

"Now thank me for not telling you to put the cock ring in there, too."
Vincent's voice was low and amused, right by his ear.

"Thank you," he said lowly, fighting to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

"Leave the towel," Vincent said.

His voice was as cool as the mist from the freezer. Ethan got the distinct impression he would have to work hard to glean warmth from that voice. The hell of it was... he was beginning to think he wanted to do just that.

Vincent took a flexible leather strap from the briefcase, well-worn and sinuous. "Take the other things out of the briefcase and go to the bedroom. You'd better have a decent headboard, boy."

Or else? Ethan thought as he closed the freezer door. Hot and cold, sunburn and ice. Well, he'd been complaining to himself about the sunburn earlier.

The harness was a complicated tangle of supple black leather, gleaming silver rings and buckles, and a chain with a clip attached. With that cradled in the crook of one arm, Ethan picked up the cock ring and examined it.

"You're supposed to wear it, not study it," came the soft rumbled command, and Ethan closed the briefcase awkwardly, the cock ring circling one finger like a naughty wedding promise. He glanced at Vincent and nodded, carrying the items through into his bedroom and hoping his headboard met with Vincent's approval.

Ten minutes later, spread out face-down on the mattress, his hands lashed to his headboard and that icy fucking glass dildo probing at his ass, he wasn't so sure he gave a damn about pleasing Vincent. Then Vincent spoke again and his fingers slid over the back of Ethan's neck, making him shiver. Did he? The cock ring was tight and the leather harness dug uncomfortably into his sunburned back. So far, Vincent was only teasing him, giving commands, displaying Ethan's body in positions he liked, combing Ethan's long hair between his fingers, caressing the softness of his skin appreciatively, but nothing much in the way of satisfying either himself or Ethan.

And that voice. That deep, purring voice was working some kind of magic on him. He wanted to please that voice, to hear it warm with approval and satisfaction. Could he even make that voice gasp in pleasure as Vincent came inside him? He very much wanted to find out.

"More," Ethan whispered harshly, spreading his legs further apart.

"It begs, does it?"

Ethan hissed his displeasure and his fingers tightened against the leather straps binding his wrist. "For fuck's sake..."

"You want more?"

"Yes."

Vincent's fingers were in his hair again. "You want to be fucked?"

"Yes, dammit!"

"By me?" Icy coldness stroked the curve of his ass. "Or by this?"

Ethan swallowed hard. "By you," he murmured.

It wasn't enough, apparently. Vincent's fingers tightened in his hair and Ethan's head was jerked back painfully. "Not quite convincing."

"By you," Ethan tried again. He tried to crane his neck to look into Vincent's eyes. "Please... by you. I want you to take me, please." The confession felt like a rock in his throat. He didn't beg anyone for anything, damnit! Not even Snow to shut up.

And then he heard the key turn in the lock of the front door.

Vincent released him immediately. "Are you expecting anyone?" he asked, his voice clipped. The Master Voice was gone, replaced by something cold and official: a voice that dealt with people.

"No... yes! Oh shit." Ethan squeezed his eyes shut, feeling the hardness of his dick pressed between his body and the mattress. It couldn't be... but of course it was.

Snow was standing in the doorway of the bedroom, wearing nothing but sandals, green-tinted Lennon glasses, and a pair of low-slung jeans riding his slender hips. His dark hair was windblown and a knotted necklace of thin leather and jade beads circled his tanned neck. Snow called it his BumBoyBeach look and knew very well that it made older men wanted to gobble him up like a sweet. Like any good hustler, Snow cultivated his look to his clientele. It was just happy coincidence that it made Ethan hard as a rock to look too.

"Snow, get the fuck out of here!"

Predictably, Snow didn't move, but a pair of outraged green eyes sought Vincent and the boy actually *growled* at the man. "You let him go!"

"Be quiet, both of you," Vincent ordered.

Master voice again, Ethan thought fuzzily. Thinking seemed to take too much work. All of his blood pressure must have rushed to his dick or something, because he found it hard to even form a sentence when Vincent stepped up to Snow and slid his hand under the young man's chin.

"Well, aren't you pretty?"

For once, Snow's smart mouth was silenced as he gaped at Vincent. Ethan knew that ten thousand demands and questions must be crowding Snow's brain all at once, short-circuiting that fluffy organ which was mostly concerned with fucking, sucking, and good times. Snow made it easy to love him, but he was also damn annoying at times.

"What are you doing to Ethan?" Snow finally got out.

"I'm okay, Snow."

"I'm not hurting him," Vincent managed to sound both reassuring and menacing at the same time. "I'm doing what I'm paying him to let me do."

He was also, Ethan noticed, steadily maneuvering Snow into the bedroom. Only when the door was shut did Snow seem to realize he was going right along with whatever Vincent intended to do with him.

"Who are you?" Snow demanded.

By way of answer, Vincent hooked a finger into the waistband of Snow's jeans and tugged them down a further delicious inch. "Knees," Vincent ordered. He carefully took the green glasses from Snow's face and laid them aside.

"But I don't..."

Vincent's big hand landed on Snow's shoulder and pressed down. It didn't look like he was forcing him, but Snow sank down all the same. Snow shot an uncertain look at Ethan, and Ethan found he was taking a certain sort of perverse satisfaction from watching him squirm. Vincent's hands were unzipping his fly.

"Open," he told Snow.

Snow looked like he was trying to stall for time and think it over, but then Vincent's hand curled around the curve of the boy's skull and pulled him forward, and Ethan saw the flushed, rosy head of a thick cock disappearing between Snow's lips.

Fucker! Ethan snarled silently, his wrists twisting in the leather straps that bound him. He wasn't certain who he was cursing, though. Little shit that he was, Snow *had* meant to interrupt, sure, but he was almost positive that Snow hadn't meant to wind up on his knees sucking off Ethan's trick. Poor

kid, always getting more than he bargained for. Ethan's first instinct was always to protect Snow, but then another part of his brain, the brain-stem lizard part that just wants what it wants and fuck the rest pouted and whined: *But that's MY boner, damnit! I want it!*

Vincent looked over at him as he guided Snow's lush mouth onto his cock. He smiled. "So this is the kind of twink you fuck to pass the time around here?"

Snow made an indignant noise, his mouth stuffed full of cock, and Vincent tugged a little on his hair to rebuke him.

Ethan's look was sulky. He felt the cold weight of the glass dildo resting in the small of his back, and he couldn't stop staring at the way Vincent's fucking enormous hands nearly covered the top of Snow's head. "He's more than a pastime." He had to say that. He would have felt like a shit if he hadn't. And besides, it was true.

Now Vincent looked downright interested. It was the first time Ethan was certain he had engaged the man, and he wondered at it.

"Interesting," was all the clue Vincent would give. He looked down on Snow. "Ease up," he ordered, pulling his cock from Snow's mouth with a little wet pop. "Get on the bed. I want to see you next to him."

Snow gave the man a glowering look but obeyed. He slid onto the bed and cuddled up next to Ethan's side, slipping an arm protectively around Ethan's waist. Ethan couldn't move much, but he managed to nuzzle his cheek against Snow's hair before he threw Vincent a look that said clearly: *Mine*.

Vincent smiled at him and began to undress.

Ethan was sure Vincent hadn't come here intending to do that. Masters often stayed clothed during a session, depending on what happened. The sub? Never. But something had turned here. Seeing them together had radically changed Vincent's mind about which direction the session should go.

The two on the bed watched as Vincent stripped and folded his clothes neatly over a chair.

Holy... Ethan suddenly had trouble breathing. Okay, sure, a Master was a Master in his mind. The body wasn't always as important. Being able to take careful control and dominate was important. However, he certainly wasn't about to complain. He had just known Vincent would be built like this under

his clothes, all curved lines of powerful muscle and ribbed stomach. Ethan imagined sliding his tongue over that hard abdomen and shivered.

And then Vincent was joining them on the bed and those incredible hands were stroking them both. Even with his own hands tied, Ethan managed to convey caresses of his own, groaning in pleasure and whispering encouragement as Snow slipped out of his jeans and pressed his body against Ethan's side.

"I want loose," Ethan mumbled. He wanted to hold Snow, damnit.

"Eventually," Vincent said, and moved right over there to Snow himself.

Ethan repressed a snarling moan and rested his forehead on the sheets. *Goddamnit...*

Snow was a noisy kisser. Always had been. He moaned when he was kissed, and wriggled and arched and sighed and generally made you feel like you were trying to get it on with an energetic puppy. It hurt a little to see he did the same thing with Vincent, and for the first time Ethan jerked on his wrists to test the strength of his bonds. Nope. No luck there. Vincent knew how to lash his leather tight.

Then he felt the cold weight on the small of his back lift away. Ethan looked. Vincent's hand was guiding Snow's hand on the glass dildo, pressing it against his entrance.

"Hey hey, no!" Ethan tried to close his legs and his body tensed. "Not him!"

Snow looked vaguely insulted.

Vincent chuckled as he brushed that cold, slick glass against him in achingly slow passes, up and down. "Why not?"

"Well, because... because..."

"Because he's your bottom boy and you don't want him topping you," Vincent finished. "All right." The cold left him. "Fair enough." He slapped Ethan's ass. "Up on your knees."

Ethan's head was spinning. "Why?"

"No questions." But Vincent leaned over and whispered something into Snow's ear that made the boy grin.

All at once, Ethan felt distinctly ganged up on. Vincent gave him a hand up by grabbing his hips and jerking his ass into the air. "Hey! What... ohhhh..."

Delicious, wet, sucking warmth surrounded him, and Ethan realized two things at once: one was that Snow probably had the most talented mouth on the east coast, and the other was that big hands translated to big, lube-slicked fingers.

"I said no questions," Vincent reprimanded as he gently slid a large finger into him.

Oh fucking yessir yessir whatever you say sir, Ethan's mind babbled, and then he was trying to thrust down and up at the same time, wanting more of Snow's mouth and of Vincent's fingers at the same time. Snow's downy-soft hair brushed his belly as Vincent's fingers left him, and Ethan actually whimpered his need. He felt Snow snapping the damned cock ring off and he moaned loudly.

"Steady," Vincent crooned, his hands cradling Ethan's hips.

A moment later, Ethan felt the big, snubbed head of Vincent's cock pressing against him, pressing into him. "Oh fuck yes!" he shouted, his bound hands straining against the leather. Ethan suddenly learned what the harness was for when Vincent grabbed the leather straps and jerked his body back onto his cock, impaling him.

Ethan gulped air and felt his nerves sizzling with pleasure. Snow was sucking eagerly on his cock from below and behind him Vincent was shoving deep into him with no thought for finesse or style, just this rapid, earthy, caveman fucking that made Ethan feel completely out of control. He felt the orgasm rushing up from his thighs, making his toes curl and tearing deep grunts from his chest that hardly sounded like him, and all he could think to stutter was: "Can I? Can I please can I..."

"You may come," Vincent grunted from behind him, his hand curled around the harness, controlling Ethan's body like a fine horse he had a mind to ride into the dirt. "Come into your slut's mouth."

And Ethan obliged, feeling like he was falling from a great height, skin tingling from head to toe, all of his attention centered on that one place in his body that Snow so eagerly and lovingly attended to with lips and mouth and tongue. He gave a strangled groan and shot into Snow's mouth, feeling the inside of Snow's cheeks contract around his cock as he sucked harder.

He always did that when Ethan was about to come, bless him, just sucked harder and faster until Ethan felt like his goddamn *brain* was spurting white and sloppy from the head of his cock and Snow was devouring him and not caring a damn bit.

It seemed like ages before his head cleared. When it did he found he was snuggled up between Vincent and Snow, and Snow was doing a sort of *no you can't touch that, that's mine* hand-dance with Vincent, which seemed to be amusing Vincent no end as he attempted to caress Ethan only to have Snow push his hands off whatever body part he was touching. Only Snow was giggling and not at all mad, which... wasn't quite right for Snow. At this point, Ethan expected a crying jag or a stormy torrent of abuse, but Snow wasn't doing any of that.

Ethan frowned at Snow blearily and tugged him into his arms tighter. "What the hell are you laughing about?"

"You got topped," Snow said with an edge of triumph, his green eyes glittering with humor. "*Really* topped!"

Despite the warm feelings still coursing through Ethan's body, he wasn't sure he enjoyed his sub jeering at him like that. "Oh, and you liked seeing that?"

"I think he did," Vincent murmured coolly. He slid his fingers through Ethan's hair and pressed a kiss to the side of Ethan's throat, making him shiver.

"Too much," Ethan agreed, his eyes narrowing. His arms tightened around Snow.

"In fact," Vincent said in a voice that reminded Ethan of a stalking panther, "I think he enjoyed it far too much. We mustn't let him get ideas above his station."

"Nope," Ethan agreed shortly, pressing Snow back against the mattress.

"A lesson is needed."

"Definitely a lesson."

Snow looked up at them, and Ethan could only imagine what he saw: Ethan's predatory, loving gaze and Vincent's infinite interest and keen desire for both of them that might very well turn to something else. Ethan had a

strong feeling that Snow would be seeing a lot of this view in the future, and he approved with all his heart.

Snow's pretty green eyes went round as marbles. "Wait... dude... what?"

Chapter 2

SIX WEEKS LATER...

"Where is he?!" Vincent stormed back into Ethan's apartment not three minutes after supposedly leaving for the day.

Ethan was at the sink, buck naked, his almond-shaped brown eyes bemused and questioning, long, tousled golden hair spilling over his shoulders and a ham sandwich halfway to his mouth. Ethan always stuffed himself voraciously after one of their long sessions, then hit the pool or the beach and went swimming for hours to clear his head of what he called "sub mode" and what Vincent considered a normal standard and requirement for any boy he was fucking.

"Uh?" Ethan uttered.

"Snow," Vincent fumed. "Where the *fuck* is he?"

"Ah." Ethan very carefully put his sandwich down on a saucer. "Why? What did he do?" He turned and leaned his bare butt against the counter, shifting his weight to one hip and giving Vincent a look he knew the man would interpret as inviting. It was going to be hell getting Snow out of this one. Vincent looked furious.

Oh, and wouldn't you just like taking the venom out of his stinger?

True, Vincent looked really good today. Any day. He was dressed neatly in a black suit and some stupid blue-gray tie with a muted diamond pattern, polished shoes and dark sunglasses, the ever-present briefcase in his hand. Ethan didn't have to ask what he did for a living; Vincent had government written all over him.

Vincent stalked to the window and jerked the curtain back. Sunlight flooded in and Ethan blinked as his neighbor walked by. She probably couldn't see this far into his small apartment, but she could certainly see the big guy with the buzz-cut hair at the window. Ethan didn't want the whole building knowing he peddled his ass for a living.

"Could you shut that please?" he said to Vincent, his voice barbed with annoyance.

Vincent pointed to the parking lot downstairs. "He keyed my car. And not a little scratch I can explain away at the body shop. He gouged his *name* into the paint!"

Ethan was unsurprised, although the thought of Vincent driving his dark sedan around town with SNOW etched into the car door made the corner of his mouth twitch. "And you're all shocked and angry, huh? You do remember slapping his ass this morning, right?"

"He deserved it," Vincent growled. "I told him not to make you come yet, and he did anyway. It threw off the whole session."

Ethan sighed and went to close the curtain himself. He turned to Vincent - still very much aware that he had to look *up* to him to meet his eyes - and put his hand on the man's broad chest. Ethan was neither short nor small himself, and he had plenty of muscle to spare, so not every trick he turned was as big or as handsome as Vincent. And none of them had those hazel eyes that could be warm as sunshine or spitting anger like a guttering flame.

"Be fair. He didn't *entirely* throw it off, did he?"

Vincent didn't budge an inch, and Ethan saw his full, generous, kissable mouth take on that stoniness that scared the hell out of him sometimes. Any kind of order could come from a mouth like that. Any kind of order at all.

It had been six weeks since Vincent had rang his doorbell for the first time, as it were. Since then, the man had showed up for sessions two or three times a week, always in the daytime, and always sharply dressed, prepared, in control, and his big hands curled around the handle of his briefcase of toys. The toys varied from session to session, but Ethan had noticed that Vincent preferred leather to bind his subs and never used silicon or rubber. He preferred the toys he fucked Ethan with to be made out of glass or stainless steel. *So you feel it*, Vincent had explained to Ethan once, which left Ethan no wiser than before. Vincent always invited Snow along, but he paid only Ethan. As far as Vincent was concerned, Snow was here on his own time, which Ethan didn't consider quite fair, but he was willing to put up with it. It wasn't like Snow needed the money. How many other nineteen year olds drove Ferraris?

Vincent's eyes narrowed. "No, he didn't ruin the pleasure I took in you, Ethan," he said, watching Ethan's face carefully.

That look made Ethan's knees weak. He knew Vincent was probing for a chink in his armor, which hadn't come back yet. It usually took him several

hours to feel like himself again after Vincent left. Ethan felt his cock growing stiff from that look.

Vincent let his gaze trail slowly down Ethan's muscled body. He smiled ever so slightly when he saw that Ethan's cock was rising. Vincent reached down and let his thumb graze the rosy head of Ethan's dick.

"So soon? You're becoming quite the little cockslut."

*

It was a sentence that suited Snow more than him, and jarred Ethan out of the warm, syrupy daze of submission he had been slipping back into. He gave Vincent a patently fake, professional hooker smile. "You say the nicest things."

Which didn't fly past Vincent's head at all, no. Vincent never missed a trick. "I think Snow owes me a fuck for that."

Ethan felt his cheeks flush hotly and he firmly tamped his anger down, knowing what Vincent was up to.

"Nobody fucks Snow but me, Vincent," he said reasonably. "You know that."

This wasn't entirely true, since Snow got fucked all the time by his own tricks. However, the Master/sub dynamic they had going here between the three of them worked a certain way, and in that way it was clearly understood there were boundaries as far as Snow was concerned. The rules were that Vincent could touch Snow's cock but not his ass, that Snow could suck Vincent off, but tying Snow up or physically punishing him was off limits, and that the only person allowed to make Snow come was Ethan.

"I know he owes me a thousand dollars for a new paint job."

Ethan shrugged.

"Does he have a thousand dollars?"

"You remember Snow, don't you?" Ethan tilted his head to the side and leveled his hand in the air next to him. "About so high? Black hair, green eyes, sexy little body and the most talented mouth on the east coast?"

Vincent looked amused, and Ethan felt relief flooding him.

"No, it won't be very hard for him to get the money, will it?" Vincent mused. "All he'll have to do is pout at one of his sugar-daddies and they'll trip over themselves to give him whatever he wants. Just like you do."

"Not like me," Ethan said at once. He felt his mood cooling considerably.

"You give into him constantly," Vincent accused calmly, as if he were reading a phone book. "You put up with any sort of bad behavior from him. You let him walk in and out of your home as he pleases, he takes your clothes, he leaves the kitchen a mess, he borrows money and never pays it back, and he steals your cell phones and loses them on a regular basis."

"Hey, enough..." Ethan began.

Vincent continued ticking off Snow's faults: "He threw a beer bottle at one of your clients, he uses drugs, he gets drunk in public, he gets into fights, he steals—"

"I said *enough!*" Ethan snapped. He was fuming. "Who are you to judge him, huh? I don't give a damn what Snow does, I care about him." He crossed his arms over his chest and gritted his teeth, spitting the words out. "Put up with Snow? Hell, I'm lucky he puts up with me! Who the hell else would I be with? You think a nine to five office guy is going to tolerate a boyfriend who sucks cock for a living? I love him, damnit. Why can't you understand that?"

Vincent's demeanor changed entirely. He looked actually shocked, and Ethan was confused by it.

"I do understand it," Vincent said softly. He cupped Ethan's cheek in his hand and brushed his thumb over the soft golden stubble growing there. "And you can be with me. What I don't understand is how you can ignore Snow's needs so thoroughly and still claim you love him."

"What?"

"You heard me." Vincent put his briefcase down for a moment, cupped Ethan's face in both hands, and stared into his eyes. "He's out of control. He has been for a long time. You're his Dom and you're allowing it, so he only gets worse. This incident with the car, you really think that was just because I put a handprint on his bottom? I'm sure his clients pink that cute little ass all the time. Spanking is nothing new to him. He wanted you to do something about his disobedience, and you didn't."

Hot words of denial rose to Ethan's lips. "I..."

Oh, fuck. Oh fucking... fuck!

Vincent waited.

"You're right," Ethan found himself saying, stunned. "You're completely right." Oh fuck, how could he be so fucking stupid? And after all the *moralizing* Snow had listened to him spout about selfish Doms who didn't give a shit for their subs, who treated them like sexual servants and never gave a thought to their deeper needs or their well-being, who hurt their slaves callously for any reason, or no reason at all other than it felt good and the sonofabitches thought they had a right to their sub's pain just because they were on their knees.

"I'm a fucking shitheel," Ethan found himself saying. And yet, he found he was still selfishly turning Vincent's words over and over in his mind like polishing a bright jewel: *You can be with me.*

Vincent smiled. "No, you're not. You just fell into being a Master when you weren't looking."

"But I'm not—"

"You are to Snow," Vincent interrupted. "And I think you're a rare creature, yes. Someone who can be different things to different people, and still keep yourself balanced in the center." He pulled Ethan close and gently kissed his forehead, which left Ethan's head spinning. That kind of kiss was very unlike what he knew of Vincent so far.

So far, Vincent had kept emotion strictly out of this. When he showed up at the door it was clothes off, on your knees, mouth shut or else. And then he proceeded to turn Ethan's mind inside out with the kind of power he could wield over him, but never more than he could handle, never more than he could push himself to take. When Vincent left him – often exhausted and curled up on the bed in a sweaty, naked knot with Snow – Ethan never felt dirty or used. He felt cleansed, if that was possible. Exorcised, in a way. Vincent made him feel better about himself than he had in a long, long time, but what about Snow? Had he even considered what effect this budding relationship the three of them were slipping into was having on Snow, other than to handle his tantrums and keep him out of Vincent's way?

"I need to find Snow," Ethan said, leaning against Vincent and closing his eyes. God, Vincent felt good.

"Wrong. I'm finding Snow." He stepped away from Ethan.

"No, wait," Ethan began, but Vincent turned and slapped a hand firmly over his mouth.

"I said... I'm going to find Snow. When I find him, I'll bring him back here. You're going to stay put. No swim. No gym. Whatever headspace you're in, you stay there until I get back. We're going to settle this."

To his shock, Ethan found himself nodding. Vincent's long hand covered most of the lower half of his face. Goddamn, he was big, and fucking sexy. Why the hell he had to pay for sex was completely beyond Ethan. Pretty boys must have been tearing off their jockstraps and throwing themselves at his feet since he was a teenager in the locker room, but Ethan thought he might be getting it now. It wasn't that Vincent had to pay, he just wanted the boundaries clear and the expected services very plain beforehand. Money had a way of accomplishing that.

But Ethan thought that Vincent might be bending his own rules now. He certainly hoped so.

Vincent removed his hand and covered Ethan's mouth in a long, soul-deep kiss, his tongue thrusting into Ethan's mouth and his hands slipping down to the curve of Ethan's ass, drawing Ethan close to him to rub their hips together. Ethan's worries short-circuited a little. He felt he would say *yessir, right away sir* to damn near anything Vincent said in that moment.

But Snow... damnit Snow was his, Vincent knew Snow belonged to him!

Vincent broke the kiss, and Ethan thought it might have been with reluctance. Vincent reached down and palmed Ethan's stiffening dick in his hand, stroking the length with measured caresses and observing Ethan steadily.

"Are you going to be okay for a while if I go?" he asked, like he knew Ethan's head was just in the wrong place right now to be left alone.

"Actually, no," Ethan said honestly.

Vincent nodded and released him. "All right. Get some pants on. You're coming with me."

*

Vincent walked up to the door of Snow's apartment and knocked once. He was surprised at the seediness of the building where the kid's 3rd floor loft was located. It was the same as a lot of the beachside tourist buildings, constructed of cinder block framing, iron steps, and easily-replaced painted pine porches and boardwalks for when stormy tidewaters washed them away.

It hadn't been hard to find him. He and Ethan had just driven past all of Snow's usual haunts. Turk's was where he picked up his johns, the clapboard dive on the beach where he liked to have greasy lunches and get in fights over shooting pool was called Kojo's, Gloss was the leather and porn store, and then there was the comic book and game shop where Snow was on a first-name basis with the nerds behind the counter. Vincent had actually called them *nerds* in front of Snow once and the boy had stared at him for a moment and then burst into choked giggles. He had asked Ethan if Vincent had actually said nerds. Then Snow had went out that night alone and gotten a black eye for picking a fight over some unclaimed quarters on a pool table. Snow insisted they had been his quarters, following the old tradition of laying quarters on the side rail of a pool table to claim next turn up, but Vincent was sure if that excuse had not sufficed, Snow would have found another reason to get himself in trouble.

Snow wasn't anywhere in town, and that left precious few places for him to be on the cay. It was midmorning and the ocean breeze was balmy and heating up by the time they found Snow's car parked in front of his building. They'd checked there last because Ethan had insisted that Snow wouldn't be there. He'd be hiding out or in public, counting on Ethan's natural reserve and his wish not to make a scene.

Vincent knew better. Snow *wanted* to be caught.

Even knowing this, Vincent couldn't help but feel a little sorry for the boy when Snow opened the door and his jaw dropped. He realized Snow hadn't been harboring the hope at all that Ethan would come after him. The thought made him want to slap Ethan's ass really hard, right then and there, but that wasn't the way to begin.

He hadn't let Ethan get completely dressed, only a pair of cut-off denims and slip-on rubber sandals. Flip-flops, Snow called them, which Vincent wouldn't say to save his life. Snow was still in the worn black t-shirt he had stolen from Ethan's closet and a pair of faded jeans with holes in the knees. The familiar round green Lennon glasses were perched on his nose and he had added a few more leather necklaces and bracelets to his collection.

"Wha..." Snow began.

Vincent wasted no time, but reached forward without a word and hooked his index finger through the braided sinew and leather necklace around Snow's slender throat, turning his arm so he twisted the leather tight and choked Snow's sentence off.

"Back up," Vincent ordered.

Eyes wide, Snow obeyed. Ethan followed Vincent into the dim apartment, his eyes wary and hooded.

"Close the curtains," Vincent said, sure of being obeyed. He had Snow like a little fish on the end of a hook and he wasn't letting go, wasn't looking away from that startled green gaze or letting Snow look away from him. When the boy tried to turn his head aside to catch Ethan's eye, Vincent jerked hard on the leather thong.

"Eyes on me, brat."

Ethan not only closed the curtains, but locked the door as well and checked the small bedroom and bath to make sure Snow was alone. He came back into the living room and nodded at Vincent. All clear.

Vincent took a moment to gather in his surroundings. There was a lot to learn here, and he had to admit that it wasn't what he expected. The apartment was cramped but not cluttered, painted indifferently in off-white with crappy beige trim. TV but no computer, dvd player but no video games, a few framed contemporary matte prints on the walls. There was even a bookshelf and actual books. Snow's tastes weren't as juvenile as his behavior indicated they should be. Interesting.

Some of Snow's comics were on the table, but the rest of his collection was neatly packed in a stack of boxes in the corner. Before Ethan had closed the curtains, Vincent saw that the apartment overlooked the ocean, right on the beach and close enough to hear the surf and the gulls, but the place was still a crackerbox. Why did he live here? Snow could certainly afford better lodgings, and Vincent was sure that any one of Snow's tricks would have been happy to pony up for a penthouse somewhere. A rich man would put up with a lot to have 24/7 access to that pert little ass and that lovely begging mouth. Choosing to live here was something a sensualist would do, choosing form over appearance. He realized that Snow had chosen this place for exactly that reason. Very, very interesting.

"Now you're going to listen to me," he told Snow in a low, charged voice. "You fucked up my car, you little shit, and you're going to pay for it. You're going to do what I tell you to do, and you're going to do it at once, and in a manner that pleases me."

Vincent saw Snow's jade green eyes go wide and he made a squawking noise of protest and turned his gaze to Ethan. "Ethan, tell Spy versus Spy here to get his gorilla paws off me."

Immediately, Vincent gave him a forward-hand slap that knocked the cheap sunglasses from Snow's face, rocked his head back and turned his cheek a nice shade of pink. Enough to sting and get attention, but way short of bloody. He saw Ethan wince.

"You're going to close that smart mouth until I want to put something in it, and you look at me, not at him."

Vincent watched Snow's expression go from shock to outrage to hurt. Snow wasn't used to being reprimanded, or not very hard. Clearly, the slap was unexpected, and from the way Snow was firmly *not* looking at Ethan right now, it was from the wrong quarter.

"Ethan, take his pants down," Vincent said. When Snow balked once more, Vincent let go of his necklace, bunched the front of the black t-shirt in his fists and ripped it in two.

"Hey!" Snow yelled.

By that time, Ethan had stepped up behind Snow and curled his arms around Snow's waist to unbutton his jeans. Ethan slipped them from Snow's skinny hips and then tugged until Snow picked his bare feet up one by one and he could drag the material off his ankles.

"There. Nice and naked, and ready to be taught." Vincent gave Snow one of his cold smiles as he looked Snow's nude body up and down. No complaints there, at least. Snow was honestly lovely in clothes or out of them, and he had exactly the kind of slender, flawless young body that drove men his age wild and made them want to spoil a boy beyond sense. The reckless things Snow did were cute at nineteen, but Vincent doubted any reasonable man would put up with them at twenty nine. They were doing this for Snow's own good.

"I figure it will cost a thousand or more to buff that side out and repair the paint," Vincent said. "You owe me a weekend of your time, Snow."

Snow snorted with his head down. "A weekend. I make that in one... Ow!"

Vincent quirked an eyebrow at Ethan over the top of Snow's head. Ethan had slapped Snow's bare ass hard enough to make a nice, loud *smack* in the room. Snow tried to turn around to look at him, and Ethan grabbed his shoulders and spun him around firmly to face Vincent.

"You call him *Sir* and you behave yourself," Ethan hissed in Snow's ear. "You screwed his car up because you were throwing a tantrum and wanting attention. Well... you got it."

"I didn't *really* screw up his whole stupid G-Man shortbus," Snow grouched. "I only scratch... Ow! Hey!"

Vincent noted with approval that Ethan was putting some force into punishing Snow's ass, and that his face had gone closed and set. Vincent recognized a little of himself in that unyielding look. Ethan wasn't fucking around anymore.

He decided to give Ethan a hand. "Does he have a whip here?" he asked Ethan. He put his hands on Snow's shoulders to keep him there. "Something small?"

Ethan blinked, then nodded curtly and disappeared into the bedroom for a moment. He came back with a short leather riding crop in his hand. The handle and leather tress looked to be well-used and flexible, and Vincent suddenly had a lot more respect for Snow. Not every submissive could take being whipped, and some never allowed it at all. The kid was full of surprises. He was beginning to see what Ethan saw in him.

"Hold onto it," Vincent said. Then he stepped back to undress, folding his clothes neatly into a chair. Naked, he returned to Snow and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Knees." He gave Snow all of two seconds to comply, and when Snow didn't move immediately, Vincent shoved him to his knees and tangled his fingers in Snow's black hair to jerk his head back.

"Suck."

Snow's eyes were spitting fire at him from below, but the boy opened his mouth and took Vincent's cock in, working his tongue over it and sucking.

Vincent fucked Snow's mouth just long enough to make a point, his hazel eyes slitted in pleasure as he watched Snow fight not to resist submitting, then pulled back. "Give me the crop."

Vincent took the little whip and swished it through the air once to hear the leather sing. He slapped the leather tongue against his hand to test it and nodded. "No need for a bed. You haven't earned a bed yet. We can do this here." He pointed the business end of the whip to the kitchen table. "Hands flat."

Snow looked mutinous, but Ethan wasn't having it. He grabbed the boy by his hair and steered him to the table, taking each wrist and firmly directing him into the position Vincent wanted.

"Get your legs apart," Vincent ordered, using his foot to wedge Snow's ankles wider. "Get down lower. Arch your back."

He barked orders harshly, accenting his commands with smart touches of the crop to the backs of Snow's thighs, making Snow display his body, spread his legs even wider and arch his back yet more, making him shamelessly offer up his backside for punishment, until Snow was whimpering and cowed, ripe for discipline. Vincent flicked a look to Ethan to see if he was wavering yet. Their eyes met, Snow naked and trembling between them, bent over the table, and Vincent gave Ethan a moment to think about it.

"You're the one who has to decide," he said quietly. Ethan looked terribly unsure, almost hurt, and Vincent found he didn't like to see that look on Ethan's face. He wanted to kiss him and smooth it away. "It's your call, Ethan." *But he has to have it*, Vincent thought, hoping it wouldn't come to a war of possession. *From you or from me, but one way or another, Snow is getting a Master today.*

"I don't think I can," Ethan whispered. His hand found Snow's dark head and he petted the silky strands restlessly.

Vincent looked for a moment, then merely nodded. "All right. Hands off and go sit down, then."

"But—"

Vincent's voice was iron. "Sit, boy."

Ethan went to a tall kitchen barstool by the counter and slid onto it, his expression carefully arranged to hide the vulnerability Vincent knew he was feeling. Ethan wasn't happy about the way this was going. Vincent flexed the crop between his hands and stepped behind Snow, then began to lay a quick, stinging pattern of welts across his bare ass, careful not to strike his balls or the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. He wasn't out to hurt Snow, just to get his attention, but it was difficult to keep his own attention from wandering to Ethan's face to see how he was taking it.

He stopped when Snow began to sniffle. Vincent placed the crop on the table beside Snow's head and leaned over to brush his fingers through Snow's hair. "Good boy," Vincent whispered into his ear. "You're doing very good. Don't move."

Vincent gave Ethan a warning glance. "You either." Vincent picked up the crop. Snow stiffened, expecting more punishment, but Vincent tossed it to the couch and curved his hands around Snow's hips, pulling that lovely, round ass to his groin so he could rub and grind into it.

"There's lube in my jacket." Vincent said to Ethan, not looking at him. "Get it."

There was a heavy silence as Ethan sat there for a long moment and Vincent continued to grind his cock between the soft cheeks of Snow's ass. There was rule-breaking going on here, but the rules had changed when Ethan allowed Vincent to do the punishing that Ethan should have done a long time ago.

Snow kept the side of the face pressed to the kitchen table and his heels firmly flat on the floor when Ethan got up, which was impressive control as far as Vincent was concerned. He felt a rush of pride in Snow, the same kind of pride he'd have felt in any new possession that performed above expectations. He'd have to question Snow more carefully about his history later. Ethan returned.

"Bring it here. Put it on me." Vincent knew he was pushing it now.

Ethan stared, the hand not clutching the little tube of glide curling into a fist. After a moment of digging his teeth into his lower lip, Ethan shook his head and angrily twisted the cap off the lube. He squeezed a generous puddle into his hand and began to slick the clear stuff onto Vincent's cock. Vincent curled a hand around Ethan's neck and drew him in for a quick kiss, his tongue barely brushing Ethan's mouth.

"Admit it... this isn't as hard as you thought it would be," Vincent whispered into Ethan's ear before he pulled away. He looked down at Ethan's body. "And I want you naked for this."

Ethan's throat worked as he swallowed and he looked away for a moment. Vincent wondered if Ethan felt shame for feeling relief that it wasn't that hard to share Snow with someone. He would have to tell Ethan later that it was only easier because it was him. He was certain Ethan would not have relinquished Snow to anyone he thought unworthy.

Snow's slender body was tense under his hands, stress so deep it seemed to Vincent he could almost feel the tension humming like a live wire under his smooth skin. Vincent slid his big hands over Snow's back and sides, stroking.

"You're not scared of a little fucking are you, boy?" Vincent asked in a smoky tone.

Snow turned his head, his brow furrowed and mouth open to make some smart remark, and Vincent pushed in. Snow gave a breathy gasp and grabbed the sides of the table.

"Yeah, hold on, you're going to need it," Vincent grunted, beginning to work his cock into Snow's tight passage. Fuck, he *was* tight, too, his body gripping Vincent's cock so strongly that it was almost painful. Vincent swore under his breath and began to fuck him in short, shallow strokes, gradually getting deeper as Snow's muscles relaxed. He risked a look at Ethan.

Ethan had his shorts off and was stroking himself with a handful of lube, his eyes avidly watching Snow being penetrated and used on the table.

Vincent grinned widely, just enjoying the sight of Ethan's male beauty and lust. Ethan looked resentful for a moment, then shrugged and grinned back, stepping closer so he could nuzzle and kiss at Vincent's neck while Vincent fucked Snow.

Vincent shivered at the touch of Ethan's mouth. Damn, but this was living! He couldn't recall the last time he had found such a compatible slave, much less two of them. And they were in love with each other, too, which both complicated things and made them vastly easier. He'd have to set some ground rules, sure, but not now, not when Snow was making those whimpery noises he made when he wanted to get off and no one was paying attention to his cock, not when Snow was wriggling his tight little ass and humping his hips. Vincent looked down at his thick cock sliding into Snow's

tight, slick little hole, and then Ethan's hand was under his balls, rubbing his lubed fingers over the wrinkled skin and biting his earlobe at the same time, and he lost it, he just lost it. Fuck calling it and fuck the rules for once, he just wanted this to go on forever, this warm, intense feeling of closeness with two souls who understood him and needed him, and showed him they needed him in the best possible way, with body and hands and mouth and greedy little tongues ready to worship and obey.

"*Oh fuck,*" Vincent groaned. This was the best time, he knew, just after he'd climaxed and the come had spurted out of him to slide hot and slippery over his dick as he slid in and out of the body beneath him. At times like this, he felt like he truly owned the slave he was possessing, that it wasn't all just scenes and psychology and sex, but so far he had never found anyone who was right for the kind of commitment he demanded.

So far. He was beginning to think that was changing.

An eon or so later, he opened his eyes. Snow was still whimpering and begging for attention, and Ethan's cock was pressing insistently into his thigh. A Master's job is never done.

Vincent smiled and kissed Ethan, then gently pulled out of Snow, who moaned more loudly than necessary. Snow's ass was nicely striped with pink welts, and just the sight of it made Vincent's right hand itch to spank those round cheeks to a nice rosy color.

Then he firmly sat Ethan down and returned to Snow. He turned the boy over and bent him back over the table. "You belong to me now," he told Snow. "If you don't agree, you had best say something now."

Snow ran his tongue over his lips and gave Vincent a hot look, his face flushed with desire and weeping. He shook his head. Nothing to say.

Vincent felt Snow's stiffened cock pressing against his leg, and a moment later Snow was squirming to get more skin contact, arching his back and rubbing wantonly, anything to pleasure himself. Bless the kid, he made it easy to love him when he was like this. When his mouth was shut, mostly.

Vincent kissed him slowly, not wanting to rush this. He made Snow suckle on his tongue and kept the boy's dick waiting while he took his time sliding his hands up and down Snow's body, learning his lines, touching all the forbidden places he now owned.

Finally, he pulled back and kissed the tip of Snow's nose. "So...would you like to fuck Ethan now?" he murmured, his big hands still moving, taking in all that beauty under him. Damn, this was going to be a hell of a ride from here.

Snow blinked in shock and turned his head to look at Ethan, but already Vincent could see the interest stirring in Snow's eyes.

Ethan's grin slowly faded as he stared at them both, Vincent's words sinking in. "Wait... what?"

Chapter 3

Snow was a fucking *tyrant*.

Ethan was on his hands and knees scrubbing a rough pencil drawing of a gigantic, thick-veined cock off his own wall. Truth be told, it wasn't a bad drawing, although the legend Ethan sucks cock like your mom blows bubbles was the reason he was contemplating turning Snow over his knee. If it had been in chalk...maybe. Or on paper. But no, true to form, Snow decided that the living room wall of Ethan's apartment was the best canvas for his work.

Ethan had known there would be trouble when Vincent decided he and Snow were equals as subs. Vincent had told the boys in no uncertain terms that—as far as he was concerned—there were no senior positions among his submissives. It was kneel and kneel alike, and if they didn't like it, they would have to learn to.

And Ethan had tried, really he had. But Snow was just... so... fucking... *SNOW!* He was a brat from the marrow outward, and Ethan had never seen Snow make the slightest effort to curb his behavior since Vincent had mastered him. He was still a reckless, disobedient, smart-mouthed, fast-driving, cursing, vodka-drinking, cocksucking little monster.

Ethan wasn't even aware he was mouthing some of the viler epithets out loud until he felt a soft kiss on the back of his neck.

"Anyone I know?"

Ethan's heart melted a little. Monster, sure. Adorable little monster. He wasn't quite ready to fuck and make up, though, and he could tell from long experience that Snow was admiring the muscled lines of his tanned and naked back as he worked. "I should make you do this," he growled to Snow. Neither of them were dressed in anything other than skin. Vincent had only left a quarter of an hour ago.

"Vincent said you had to," Snow quipped, sounding quite smug. His hair, dark as soot and feathery-soft as cornsilk, was wispy around his heart-shaped face. The fingers of one hand fidgeted with his favorite choker, twirling the jade beads around the knotted leather thong. "He said it would teach you a lesson about giving pleasure."

"I know how to give pleasure," Ethan grumbled, dipping a sponge into a bucket of soapy water and scrubbing away. He deliberately averted his eyes

from Snow's body. The boy had always been willow-slender and lovely to look at, but thanks to Vincent, the kid was putting on some muscle. He looked less skinny, more rounded, lines of muscles showing on his belly. It made Ethan extremely conscious of the way his cock felt as it hung down between his legs, of the cool air blowing over it.

"Not to me, you don't." Snow plopped down on his bare butt on the carpet beside Ethan, watching him work. "You used to." He sounded pouty.

"You used to ask nicer."

"You used to like doing it. Maybe you're turning straight, don't like cock anymore."

Ethan scrubbed at the sketchy lines of the base of the cock on the pure white wall, amused at the way the wiry hairs curled like ferns around the shaft, and the thick, wandering dorsal vein that went all the way up to the flared glans. He wondered if this was a cock Snow was acquainted with.

A twinge of jealousy pricked him. Snow no longer reported his comings and goings to Ethan, but to Vincent. He hadn't anticipated that when he'd agreed to Vincent mastering the boy. Not that he had ever kept very close tabs on Snow. *Which, he thought, was the whole problem, according to Vincent: that I topped Snow without controlling him or mastering him in a way that was in Snow's best interest, that Snow sensed that and it was the cause of his bad behavior and tantrums.*

And yet... it had been three weeks since the scene in Snow's apartment, and as far as Ethan could tell, Snow was worse than ever. He didn't try any of his tricks with Vincent, no, but with him? Ha!

Ethan shook his blond hair off his shoulders and scrubbed in silence for several moments, refusing to acknowledge Snow's dig at him. Snow's bright green eyes watched Ethan's hands as they worked. "I suppose now is a bad time to tell you that I bleached your red shirt with your underwear?"

Which meant pink Calvin Kleins from now til Christmas. Ethan hurled the sponge into the bucket and made a grab for Snow.

Snow was already up off the carpet and running into the kitchen. "Accident!" he yelped. "Was an accident!"

"Like hell!" Ethan sudsy fingers were hooked into claws as he stalked after Snow. "You did it on purpose!"

"Bleach bottle looks like fabric softener!" Snow yelled, but his lips were curving into a devil grin. "Not my fault!"

"You know damn well that bleach doesn't smell like... argh!" Ethan made a dive for the boy, missed, slipped on a wet patch on the kitchen floor (courtesy of bucket-carrying when you're pissed off), and threw his arms out as he landed hard on his rump. His teeth clicked together painfully and his palm slapping the floor gave his wrist a jolt that traveled all the way up to his elbow.

Instantly, Snow was contrite. "Ethan?" He knelt beside Ethan anxiously. "Ethan? I'm sorry, okay? You okay? I'm sorry... okay?"

"How many okays is that?" Ethan mumbled, careful of his tongue. He didn't... oh yes he had. He'd bitten it. "Whafuck?" He ran it out for Snow to see. Snow turned pale. "Um... you hurt your tongue, Ethan."

Master of the obvious, he is. Great brain of the universe. Ethan was not in a particularly forgiving mood, even with a pretty, apologetic boy stroking his hair. "Doh, oo hurt mah thung," Ethan complained, narrow-eyed and accusing, hamming it up just for the look on Snow's face. Priceless.

"I'll get some ice." Snow leapt up and opened the freezer. "Um... no ice. But there's a bag of frozen peas," he said helpfully, holding the one pound bag up.

"You want me oo jam a bag of frozen peas in my mouf?!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" Snow slammed the freezer door shut. He looked into the refrigerator next. "We have, um, jello... whipped cream... cucumber?" He grabbed a very large, misshapen one from the crisper and held it up. He gave Ethan a sardonic look. "This better not have been anywhere it wasn't supposed to go."

"Vincent bought it," Ethan said primly, getting to his feet. "Just for you."

Snow got a cocky look on his face. "It's not the right shape. You know I like something undulating."

"I picked it up with you in mind."

Snow measured the girth of the knobbly green vegetable between thumb and forefinger. They barely met. "Are you crazy?"

Ethan spat into the sink, saliva mixed with a little blood. He made a face and turned the faucet on.

"Hey, I really am sorry," Snow murmured, close to his side, all warmth and sweetness now.

Snow moods were so changeable that it made Ethan want to slap him silly. Why couldn't he be like this all the time? If he listened to Vincent, that was his fault, not Snow's. Vincent had even asked him point-blank when he was going to "take control of this situation". He hadn't, so Snow belonged to Vincent, which rankled in more ways than he was willing to examine.

Ethan slipped an arm around Snow's waist. "Gimme that." He tossed the cucumber into the sink. "You really are a fucking impossible brat, you know," he growled as he kicked the refrigerator shut and pushed Snow up against the chilly metal door. He pressed a knee between Snow's legs. "I ought to shove that thing so far up your ass—"

"Ha!" Snow laughed in his face, though his eyes shone with excitement. "No way. Not allowed to fuck me, remember? Vincent's orders."

True. Vincent hadn't let Ethan have Snow's ass for a week. Snow was allowed to suck his cock while Vincent watched, but that was all. Scrubbing the wall had been Ethan's punishment for refusing to let Snow fuck him. Refusing *again*. Vincent seemed to push that issue a lot, but Ethan just couldn't manage it. The thought of Snow fucking him seemed... wrong. It was just all wrong, couldn't they see that?

And, he fumed, Snow hadn't been punished at all for drawing on the wall.

"You've been asking for this!" Ethan growled, attempting to get Snow angled around so he could slide his stiffening cock between those pretty cheeks. or at least get a quick hump between Snow's tightly-closed thighs. Anything!

"I don't think you can handle me anymore," Snow giggled, resisting, slippery as an eel.

Ethan struggled with him briefly. "Just shut the fuck up, and turn around."

"Notta chance!" And a quick duck and slip and Snow was gone, side-stepping Ethan and darting through the living room and into the bedroom, where the door slammed. Ethan raced after him and pounded on the door. He tried to

turn the doorknob. Locked. He could hear Snow's loud giggles from the other side of the door.

"What are you doing in there?" More pounding. "There'd better not be any more 'artwork' on my wall!"

"So what if there is? You can't make me do anything."

"I can...and I think I'd very much like to see you act out whatever you drew."

"Who says I'm drawing anything?"

"You're doing *something*, I know you are!"

"I'm jerking off. Wouldn't you like to watch, too? Nyah!"

That does it. Ethan stalked away, heading for the closet. All the doors in the apartment were lockable from the inside, but a simple piece of straight wire or a small hex key would open them from the outside. He jerked a coat hanger out of the closet, cursing, his bitten tongue smarting, and a raging hard-on between his legs. Snow was going to get fucked whether he liked it or not! Ethan twisted the coat hanger between his hands, drawing one length of it out as straight as it would go, then jammed the end of it into the keyhole and wiggled it around. It swung open obligingly.

Snow was on the bed, languidly giving himself a slow hand-job, smiling at Ethan. Ethan stood there for a moment and simply admired.

"No fucking, huh?" He sauntered into the bedroom, leaving the door open. He wasn't thinking about Vincent, or the consequences if he got caught. At the moment, all he was thinking about was that it had been a long time since he'd had Snow, and damn it, he missed it! He had grown accustomed to feeling Snow in bed with him, to feeling like the boy was something all his own. He wasn't sure how he had let Vincent come between that.

One stupid move at a time, Ethan. You were so busy drooling over Vincent's cock and the way the beautiful fucker could make you kneel with a raised eyebrow that you didn't see what you were losing.

Truth was, he didn't particularly like the whole being equals thing with Snow. Even when Snow was behaving, it didn't feel right. He wondered if there were more to Vincent's methods than simply bagging two slaves for the price of one.

"Oh, absolutely no fucking," Snow grinned, his hand doing a slow tease up and down. He spread his legs a little further apart, giving Ethan a view of the tight balls close to his body.

"Says who?" Ethan drew closer.

"The Master, is who," Snow said with supreme brattiness, that wicked, knowing grin taking Ethan's last reserve and tossing it out the window. "Your Master and mine. He said his property is off limits to you... in certain ways."

"That so?" Ethan was close enough to stroke a hand down Snow's side. He did just that, watching how Snow practically wriggled in pleasure. "We may have to revisit that arrangement, Vincent and I."

Snow snorted. "You'd give up being topped?" He quickened the pace of his hand, fingers sliding on the silky skin, circling the base for a few quick tugs.

"I would if I had to, but it's not going to come to that."

"Yeah, sure, you..."

And then there was no more talking, because Ethan had put one knee on the bed and slapped his hand over Snow's mouth. "When I want that mouth open, I'll let you know by sticking my cock in it. Understand?"

Wide, surprised green eyes peered up at Ethan. Snow nodded quickly, submissively, and Ethan felt a slow, warm sense of power roll over him; lovely, welcome, and intense. It really had been too long since he did this, even though Vincent asserted that he'd never really done it right with Snow. Well, he'd remedy that, and then he'd work it out with Vincent. Somehow. All Ethan knew was that he wasn't meant to be a bottom 24/7. He could feel it in his gut. Most of all, he could feel it in the low, heated charge between him and Snow, like a little electric current running from Snow's mouth to his hand.

Ethan moved onto the bed, straddling Snow's waist. "Wrists crossed above your head," he ordered lowly, never breaking eye contact with Snow. The leather thongs affixed to the headboard had been there for weeks. Vincent used them on Ethan so often that one weekend Ethan just left them there. It was easier than hunting for them every time, and right now he was glad of it.

Snow offered up his hands gracefully, his breathing slow and unsteady, and Ethan had to remove his hand from Snow's mouth to quickly wound the straps around the boy's wrists. He had to lean forward to do so, his rigid cock almost in Snow's face, and he heard Snow moan under him.

"Eager slut," Ethan said, tying the straps firm. He moved back a little and gripped Snow's chin in a strong hand. "You're just a dirty little begging whore, aren't you?"

Snow nodded. "Yes," he whispered. "Please, Ethan, can I..."

"And doesn't know when to shut up and use his mouth for something besides making demands and being a spoiled brat. I'll have to punish you for that. Later."

Ethan watched Snow's mouth. He could feel his cock aching to slide between those pretty lips, and Snow was giving him the same look he gave Vincent sometimes: that puppydog "I'll do whatever you want" look that made Ethan want to shove Snow's knees to his chest and ride him hard until Snow begged for mercy. He felt a wave of tenderness for Snow, but knew he mustn't let him see that. Not right now.

"You want to suck my cock?" Ethan asked roughly, giving Snow's jaw a little shake.

"Yes," Snow whispered again. He wet his lips nervously with a flash of pink tongue. "Please, yes."

Ethan allowed himself a cold smile. "You call that begging? Try again, slut." He marveled that his voice sounded like an echo of Vincent's.

"Oh please yes, please?" Snow was definitely not above begging. "I want to suck your cock, Ethan, I do, please, I want you to fuck me, I want you, I..."

And then there were no more words, because Ethan slid forward and nudged the head of his cock against Snow's mouth, growling and eager. "Open up and suck!" His hand slipped to the nape of Snow's neck and palmed it, pulling him up and forward.

God, so good... so damned good. Snow sucked cock like it was some kind of magic candy, his method full of little slurps, moans, licks, deep sucking, and eager gasps for more. Ethan found his toes curling as Snow suckled on his cock hungrily. He looked down, his own lips parted in excitement as he watched the boy struggle to fit every inch of Ethan's flesh into his mouth and

throat. Ethan rocked his hips back and forth, unable to stop watching his cock slide between Snow's lips for even a second.

Sweet words came to his mind, things he wanted to say, love words, praise, even apologies, but he throttled them back. Now wasn't the time.

Ethan put all his weight on his knees, grabbed Snow's head between his hands, and began to fuck Snow's mouth in sharp, hard strokes, not deep enough to choke him, just letting the boy know that *he* was the one being fucked here. It wasn't the most graceful way to give a blowjob, and Snow whimpered at the loss of freedom to do it his way. Ethan groaned and slid in deep, rolling his hips in a lewd arc as he tried to stave off for a few more minutes, but Snow sensed that Ethan was close and sucked harder, moaning his own want to have Ethan's come in his mouth.

"*Oh fuck,*" Ethan had time to groan. He shuddered and spurting into Snow's mouth, jerking in and out of that lovely, hot little cavern. He could feel Snow's soft, licking tongue all over his cock as he came, and the way Snow's silky, dark tickled his thighs. He seemed too much aware of everything, and it made his orgasm almost unbearably intense.

After a long minute, Ethan pulled his wet and softening cock gently out of Snow's mouth. Snow whined in need and licked his mouth like a cat, his gaze hot as he looked at Ethan expectantly in that oh-so-willing "what now?" way he had. Ethan slid off the bed and stood there, stretching luxuriously, arms way above his head and face tilted to the ceiling. "Mrrrrmm, that was great."

Snow was moaning and writhing on the bed, his wrists bound, his mouth wet and red from friction, unable to do more than rub his legs together and gaze at Ethan pleadingly as he arched his body toward him, his flushed and rosy cock standing out straight from his body.

Goddamn, he looks so, so fucking good...

Ethan looked down on Snow and simply smiled...

...and kept smiling, his hands on his hips, as Snow came to the slow and awful realization that Ethan wasn't going to give him a damn thing. Ethan's smile turned to a rather evil grin. "Try and nap," he suggested. "I may let you go by tonight."

Snow gaped at him, not quite able to believe it was turning out this way, that for once Ethan was serious about mastering him. "You're walking away? You can't just walk away and leave me all..."

Ethan already had his back to Snow. "That's why they call it punishment, or did you not get the memo?" he asked airily.

"Wait. Wait! Can't you at least loosen the... Not FAIR!"

Chapter 4

"I've decided to enslave Snow."

Ethan made himself count to 5 before he put his fork down ever so carefully on the table. He had promised Vincent a nice dinner and they were only in the middle of salad. The good smell of a beef roast drifted in from the kitchen. Snow was out working, as far as he knew. They hadn't spoken much in the past week, not since Ethan had tied him to his bed and left him for Vincent to find (and punish), and the pure fact of that was enough to take the fun out of the evening. Now there was this.

"Like hell you will," Ethan said deliberately. "*Sir*," he added, nearly spitting the word out.

Vincent reached for his glass of wine and took a thoughtful sip as Ethan watched him. Watching Vincent was usually a bad idea, especially when Ethan disagreed with him. It didn't take much gazing at that hard, handsome profile to make all his sensible objections sprout horny little wings and flutter out the window. Ethan squirmed a bit on the seat as his cock stirred in interest. So much for resolve.

"I wasn't aware I'd asked for permission." Vincent dabbed at his mouth with the napkin. "Even though *permission* is an issue I've been very clear with you about, boy."

It's so very easy to slip into boy-mode when one diner at the table is in a very expensive suit and the other is wearing only a thong. Ethan felt a red flush creep up his neck. "So that's what this is about? I fucked him *once*, Vincent. Hell, I didn't even fuck his ass, I fucked his mouth."

"No, you *used* him once," Vincent shot back. "You teased him and then withheld reward, even though he'd given you what you asked. That's something that is strictly my decision to make, for my own damn good reasons. Now he's barely around." Vincent put his hands flat on the table and spoke clearly. "I don't suffer my property to be mind-fucked in certain ways without permission. *My* permission. What part of this was not clear to you when you accepted me as your Dom?"

Vincent took a long drink of wine and set his glass down with a thud. His mouth went into that hardass line that told Ethan the big man had already had his mind made up, thanks, and shut up if you know what's good for you. But...Vincent was right. Ethan was fair enough to know that he had accepted Vincent's rules when he agreed to be Vincent's submissive, and then – without explanation or admission after the fact– proceeded to break several of the cardinal ones where Snow was concerned.

"How did you find out?" Ethan asked sullenly, head down, his appetite gone.

"Snow is a terrible liar."

"Actually, he's a very good liar. He's just a bad liar to anyone he respects." And didn't *that* hurt like hell? Snow trusted Vincent and stammered, blushing and fidgeting, when Vincent questioned him, whereas the little brat could blithely lie his socks off to Ethan, and Ethan would never know the difference.

"Respect is the issue. When you see my collar on him, maybe you'll learn the difference between borrowing and stealing."

"I never meant to," Ethan murmured, feeling a twinge of shame. "I was just..." How could he explain to Vincent that he wasn't ready to be a full-time Dom to Snow, but he also wasn't ready to be Vincent's 24/7 sub either? Or – hell no!– his slave? Then there was the fact of certain urges that kicked in whenever he was around Snow, like the urge to lay claim to his skin, to fuck his tight little ass, to protect him, to kiss that smartass grin right off his beautiful face. Or even, yeah, to tie him up and tease him, to watch him beg and whine just because Snow *would* beg and whine for it. For him. Would he beg for Vincent?

Ethan knew he would.

Oh shit Snow is going to be his slave oh shit..

"You were just helping yourself to my plate because it was closer and your own was empty." Vincent picked up his fork and speared a piece of lettuce from Ethan's salad. He put it in his mouth and chewed. "You had your chance with Snow, and all you were doing was fucking him up and confusing him. He never knew where he stood with you, and you were a sloppy and uncaring Dom."

"I care about him, damn it!" Ethan started to rise and suddenly Vincent's enormous hand was on his shoulder, gripping hard enough to bruise, pushing him back into his seat. Ethan wondered when Vincent had dropped the fork. He supposed he should be grateful for that.

"I didn't say you could get up, boy."

Ethan lowered his head contritely. "Yes, sir."

"To continue;" Vincent said in that frosty tone that told Ethan the next time he interrupted it would earn him a slap to the floor, "You were uncaring. Snow needed you to dominate him and you never would, because that meant he was your mess to clean up. You took from his body but you didn't give back enough of yourself to keep him safe. That's what I call uncaring."

Ethan's eyelids felt hot and he felt tears rising. God, did they have to go over this *again*? It damn near broke his heart every time. Because of course, Vincent was completely right. "Yes, Sir," he murmured, staring at the floor.

He felt Vincent's hand gentle under his chin.

"Ethan...look at me."

Ethan shuddered and obeyed, feeling his control slipping.

"I know you care about him. You may even love him," Vincent said, his deep voice uncommonly soft. "But you are not ready to be a Dom. Not the kind he needs. And if ever a hot little man-hungry slut needed a Dom, he does. I know you think you owe him to try, but please believe me, baby...what you need has more to do with you than with him."

"I don't understand," Ethan whispered. "When I'm with him... I want to be so much better for him. I can't stand the thought of him not respecting me, of not needing me, of him thinking of me as just another... another..."

"Boy?"

Ethan nodded his head, half angry and half miserable. Why did he turn into such a baby when Vincent was around?

Vincent sighed and tugged Ethan over until Ethan was in his lap; a big, golden armful of lovely, near-naked masculine flesh. Vincent stroked Ethan's long hair slowly.

"You poor boy," Vincent murmured, kissing his cheek softly. "He does need you, but you're *my* boy, baby. And so is Snow. I have a responsibility to both of you, and that includes protecting you from each other. You can top Snow when I'm present... for *my* pleasure, and when I order it, but he isn't yours to take whenever you feel like it. Not even," Vincent smiled a little, "when he pushes all your buttons and demands it."

Ethan looked up in surprise. "You knew about that?"

"Snow doesn't have many tricks I'm not wise to."

"He's young. Give him time."

Vincent chuckled, and Ethan marveled how Vincent's mouth could look so soft and kissable when curved in a smile, and so goddamned terrifying when he was angry. He passed his hand over the very short, dark stubble of Vincent's hair.

"How... how do you know you'll be able to control him?" Ethan asked.

For the first time, Vincent looked uncertain, and honestly worried. "I don't. But I'm a Master at heart, Ethan. I'm at my best when a boy submits to me completely, with his whole being, without reservation. That's when I can begin to make him a better sub than he ever thought he could be."

Ethan wondered just who Vincent was talking about now. "And you think Snow will do that?"

"I don't know. We're about to find out." Vincent looked past Ethan to the door.

The doorbell chimed. To Ethan, it even managed to sound obedient.

Ethan wasn't in any shape to receive visitors, and he wasn't expecting anyone either. He looked to the door in alarm.

Vincent patted his cheek. "Don't fret. That's just a few Handlers I invited to get things rolling. We're taking Snow to a... well, for convenience let's call it a dungeon, okay? You're coming, too." His hands slid hotly over Ethan's body as he eased the younger man out of his lap. "But you'll be dressed. I don't think I could keep an eye on two subs tonight, so you'll be there as one of my personal Handlers, got it? That means you have some power over

the subs and slaves and you can't be ordered to strip or perform. Understood?"

Ethan nodded his head. "No."

Vincent laughed, his good mood returning. His eyes were bright and cold at the same time, and Ethan noticed a very prominent bulge at Vincent's groin. Vincent was hard.

He loves this, Ethan realized. He's hyped and ready to enjoy every minute of it.

He only wished he could say the same.

*

Things happened very fast after that.

The two Handlers were... damn, where were his words? They wore black jeans and plain shirts, and they looked rough and used and hungry, but it was a different kind of hungry. These guys had a hunter's aspect about them, a kind of prowling, impatient watchfulness that reminded Ethan of the tiger pen in the zoo around feeding time, or of the lesser soldiers in a pack of wild dogs. They wanted and they wanted now, and God save you if your arm got in way.

When they first saw Ethan dressed only in his little leather thong, they looked him up and down and exchanged knowing grins.

"Is this the bunny?" one of them asked. He was broader in the shoulders than Vincent and had rumped blond hair and a rumped face to match. Handsome, but in a drunken, pub-brawler kind of way.

"No," Vincent said shortly. He banished Ethan to the bedroom with an order to get dressed. Ethan went grumpily, and when he came out he was astonished to see all three men seated at his dinner table, eating his roast neatly with forks and knives and little grunts of appreciation.

Vincent shrugged at his annoyance. "Ethan, this is Seth and Attila."

"*Attila?*" Ethan echoed. He looked at the Handlers. "He's kidding, right?" He fought back an urge to giggle and *oh my god Snow sure is going to laugh*

and what then? If Attila there hits Snow I may hand Attila's skinny ass to him.

Seth (the blond, pub-brawler one) made some kind of noise and waved his fork. Ethan looked expectantly at the other man –presumably Attila– who was leaner and almost wiry of frame, taller than Vincent, short black hair, and the shaggy, rangy, hard-bitten look of an ex-addict.

“Who names their kid Attila?” Ethan was surprised to hear his voice take on a low note of challenge. Vincent’s eyebrows went up.

The dark man chewed and surveyed Ethan narrowly. “Who names their kid Eat-Him?” He had an odd accent that Ethan couldn’t place. Eastern Europe? Not that Ethan had ever been there.

“Eeee-THAN,” Ethan pronounced. “Not EatHim.”

Attila smiled. “Pest,” he explained shortly.

“What?”

“Pest, Pest,” Attila said impatiently. “It’s a common name where I’m from.”

“Where’s that?”

“Pest.”

Ethan gave up. He poked at his dinner sullenly, feeling very much like he imagined Snow must feel when he wasn’t getting his way. *And what way is that, hmm?* Ethan sighed. He answered the somewhat nasty voice rattling around in his brain: *Any way that keeps Snow out of Vincent’s collar.* He was certain now that he didn’t want that to happen.

And what about all that shit, all that very true shit that Vincent said about you? How you’re selfish and you don’t take care of Snow like a sub needs to be taken care of? How you don’t like cleaning up messes that aren’t yours?

I’ll work it out, he thought stubbornly. *I can do that for Snow.*

What, even if it costs you Vincent? that mean, niggling little voice continued to prod him. *Do you want Snow for your own bad enough to risk driving Vincent away? What would it take to make Vincent cut and run?*

Dinner continued around Ethan as he mused on his relationship with Vincent and what it meant. In many ways, Snow had more of an actual *relationship* with Vincent than he did. Vincent told Snow what to do and he did it, when to be there, what to wear, how to please him. Ethan gave Vincent the same kind of obedience, but with one very big difference: Money. Vincent never paid Snow.

Ethan began to suspect that the reason he wanted Snow under his thumb so badly right now was because Vincent and Snow were getting closer. They must be. Why else the mention of a collar and these fucking Handlers at his table? What Ethan had with Vincent was more like a business arrangement. Since there *was* money involved (and the tacit acknowledgement that since it was business as well as pleasure), Vincent's obligations to him went only so far as courtesy demanded. Where did Snow fit in all that? And... had Vincent and Snow begun to see each other outside of their little arrangement? Did Vincent have private sessions with Snow? Without him?

Ethan's heart began to pound a little faster. He knew Snow was a practiced liar and told the truth about one Sunday out of the month, but Vincent... well, he had never asked, had he?

Ethan opened his mouth to start doing some asking when the doorbell rang and then Snow was there, bounding inside like a dumb, happy sheepdog, not waiting for someone to answer the door like a normal person would have, just barging in like he always did, bringing all that young, pent-up, energy and fire into the room like a strong, sudden breeze.

Ethan was suddenly not feeling very generous. "Most people wait for someone to answer the damn bell," he said, hearing the sourness in his voice and hating it.

Snow merrily ignored him and glanced hot at the strange men in the room.

"What's all this?"

Snow grinned broadly and put both hands on his slender hips, posing with one hip cocked, the black mesh tank he had thrown on showing a pink, pierced nipple and more skin than material. He was wearing a pair of what Snow often referred to as his "torn to fuck" jeans, which meant that the washed-out denim of his skin-tight, low-riding jeans was ripped in every revealing place that mattered, showing tanned skin in places most people

would be embarrassed to show in public. Not Snow. His white grin was running at about a thousand watts and he winked at Vincent, black hair mussed from the wind, sweet mouth curved, all of him a soft challenge, invitation, and sex.

Ethan didn't like that one bit. Snow used to wink at him like that. What was he now? Vincent's arm-candy? Vincent's invisible boy? Slave?

Accomplice?

Probably, yeah. That was why he didn't make a sound when Attila (my god what a fucking stupid name but holy shit it fit him) and Seth hopped up from their seats and quietly and efficiently grabbed Snow's arms and wrestled him to the floor.

Snow squawked and yelped but otherwise managed to look pretty, helpless, and fuckable as the Handlers got him out of his clothes. Vincent sauntered over and picked up Snow's jeans from where they had been tossed.

"You wear this out at night? Alone?"

Snow looked up from some rather enthusiastic half-naked grappling with Seth on the carpet and grinned at Vincent.

"You're a braver man than I thought." Vincent dropped the jeans on the couch and waited until Snow was fully naked and neatly pinned down before he knelt down beside Snow. The Handlers were almost unnaturally silent, as if they weren't even there. Their eyes had taken on an avid, waiting stillness that unnerved Ethan. Whatever they did in this dungeon of Vincent's, they were good at it.

Ethan watched as Vincent reached out and smoothed Snow's silky hair, caressing him gently.

"You ready for some fun?" Vincent asked, his voice low and growly in that way that made Ethan's thighs tighten up and he just knew that Vincent was already hard, already wanting Snow.

That had never bothered him before. Ethan got up and went to stand behind Vincent, suddenly realizing that he was too aware of his own hands and where to put them. Awkward. Not at all like the poised, skillful, in-

control hustler it had taken him years to become. This was what subbing did to his head.

Vincent leaned close to Snow. "We're going someplace special. You up for that, baby?" Vincent's soft voice was intimate. Personal. Neither of the Handlers made any move to caress or touch Snow, other than holding him. They were almost not even there.

Snow looked like he had just won a prize or something. How he managed to look like that while naked and spread-eagled on cheap carpet was a thing for Ethan to marvel over. He stared at Snow's face, at those big green eyes and long-lashes and smart mouth that made him –god help him– want to smack the boy hard sometimes, and willed Snow to look back at him, to see *him* and not Vincent, just like it used to be before Vincent walked into their lives carrying an expensive briefcase full of expensive sex toys and a wallet full of cash.

But it didn't happen. Snow kept looking up adoringly at Vincent, that young, beautiful face almost angelic in its rapture of just being there, available, slavishly waiting for Vincent to use him.

Ethan was aware of Vincent giving calm orders to the Handlers, of Snow being trundled downstairs to the car draped in a sheet, and Vincent gathering up his keys and his ever-present briefcase, but there was a buzzing in his ears that made everything seem distant and somehow detached. Numb.

He had lost Snow for good. He was sure of it.

Chapter 5

The car belonged to the Handlers. It wasn't Vincent's car, Ethan was sure. It was too big and drew too much attention with its windows tinted so dark they were nearly black and the gleaming chrome and charcoal-gray gloss of the paint. It was dark by the time they got on the causeway. Seth drove with his window down, Attila beside him and Vincent in the back seat, Snow sandwiched between them. Ethan could hear the surf rolling and sighing as they passed the beach, and the faint cacophony of tree-frogs, crickets, and other night creatures roaming the Cay. They passed Snow's familiar haunt and favorite hunting grounds –the big neon sign flashing **TURKS**– and headed out toward the end of the Cay. Not good. There was very little down there except an abandoned industrial complex, a few seedy houses, and a gutted ship.

Ethan leaned over to look at Vincent questioningly, but Vincent only shook his head. No help there.

All of Ethan's questions were answered when they arrived at the broken iron gates to the complex. All Ethan knew about it was that they used to make some kind of machines there, maybe engines. But the place had been abandoned for more than 40 years, as the talk on Turk's Cay went, and Ethan had never really had much curiosity about it. It seemed like a boring bit of history for the cay.

It was very dark and quiet when they exited the car, only the pounding of surf and the far-away hum of a few cars tooling their way to who-knows-where. There weren't a great many places to go on Turk's Cay, but that didn't mean that you couldn't get lost. That's how he felt now. Lost. Like he had mislaid some part of himself, some vital compass that told him which way to turn and when to jump out of the way.

The complex was a hulking mass of steel bars and indistinct, humped metal shapes against the clear night sky. Ethan smelled iron-rust and old paint mixed with the pungent, earthy smell of damp vegetation creeping into the structure. In a few decades, this place would look like a vine-covered hill at the end of the cay. There was sound coming out of there, though, and Ethan caught sight of a flash inside, maybe a cigarette lighter or the quick opening and closing of a door. He could hear music faintly pounding from somewhere deep inside the complex.

He stood there with Vincent while Seth went to the gates. Snow was still draped in the sheet, wrapped in it like a birthday present, and Snow shot Ethan a misgiving glance, as if suddenly realizing how alone they were out here. His bare feet looked small on the cracked, neglected asphalt of the road, and Ethan reached out and curled his hand around the back of Snow's neck.

"Hey, it's going to be all right, I'm—"

Vincent jerked Snow away from him. Ethan glared at him. "I don't like this," he stated coldly.

"No one asked you. This is between me and Snow."

"Says who?" Ethan demanded. This didn't feel like Vincent. Vincent's expression was different, and his manner had changed. It was offhand. Almost sloppy, as if he didn't care what Ethan thought of this or how he reacted or even if it frightened him. What kind of Dom space was Vincent in right now? Maybe it was the fact that Ethan was dressed like a Handler, that he wasn't Vincent's responsibility tonight. But then, he wasn't exactly focused on Snow either.

What the hell is he up to?

"You had your chance," Vincent grunted, and put a hard grip on Snow's arm, pulling him toward the gates.

Snow looked back at Ethan, his eyes huge and round in the darkness, and Ethan followed helplessly, his stomach in knots. He was sure he wasn't going to like this.

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It took five minutes of walking, Attila leading them unerringly with a flashlight past broken pipes, crumpled metal grates and the indecipherable metal blocks of old machinery, until they reached the core of the complex.

It seemed that a little of the complex had survived after all. In a square brick building several stories high with busted glass windows that had been papered and boarded over again and again until they looked like shattered eyes, there was a makeshift kind of party room that encompassed 2 of the lower floors of the building. On the upper floor was a walkway where one

could stroll all the way around the building, looking down on the floor below. The ground floor had probably been some the shop floor of the factory, but now it was an orgy.

At least, Ethan thought, as close to one as I've ever seen.

The music was that kind of sultry instrumental stuff that was halfway between trance and techno, with a slow, driving bass beat and digital woodwinds trilling out unconnected melodies. No real form or purpose to the music, just fleeting segments of sound that punctuated the bizarre scene on the shop floor.

There were subs on the padded floor, some kneeling, some with their asses in the air, others strapped to padded crosses or arranged in various ways over bondage equipment of cold steel, thick leather, and rubber foam. Ethan picked out the scent of pot smoke and alcohol, both of varying levels of sweetness, and watched wide-eyed as Doms and Masters wandered the gangway either leading chained subs or idly chatting or caressing each other, but always their attention was pulled back to the lower floor where so many things were happening.

Vincent pulled the sheet away from Snow and took his wrist, leading him down the steps to the shop floor. Ethan followed helplessly, knowing he should stop this. This wasn't Snow's kind of scene any more than it was his, even if some of what he saw was making his dick twitch with interest. How could it not? But that didn't mean he wanted to see Snow trussed up on one of those crosses, or used by one of the prowling men in black hoods who were alternately fucking, whipping, or teasing the subs with their hands.

Snow was going wherever Vincent led him, staring wide-eyed at everything, shell-shocked into silence, and Ethan mused resentfully that it was Vincent who had finally found something that would shut Snow up.

Vincent carefully moved Snow to an empty corner and reached into his pocket, bringing out a length of folded black silk. It was a blindfold. He moved to tie it over Snow's eyes deftly and tight, his hands then dropping to gentle Snow's shoulders and he leaned to whisper in his ear.

Snow suddenly stiffened and shook his head. He pulled the blindfold off.

Vincent only smirked and nodded to Attila, who stepped up behind Snow and wrapped a wiry arm around his neck. His other hand slid down Snow's naked belly and played with his cock. Snow twisted, gasping, but not really struggling, not quite. It was way short of outright refusal, especially for Snow. Hell, it could even have been role-playing, but Ethan had had enough.

"Let him go," he told Attila.

Attila smiled and wrapped his hand around Snow's cock, then turned to bend Snow's naked body over a bench padded with black leather. But it wasn't until Attila pulled a tube out of his pocket and squirted lube onto his fingers that Ethan realized in shock that Vincent had given Attila permission to fuck Snow. *HIS* Snow, goddamnit! He watched in a sort of fascinated disbelief as Attila slipped two slick fingers between Snow's cheeks, pushing deep, and then he lunged forward and shoved Attila away from Snow. Snow turned, blinking up at them, and backed away.

Attila looked like he was downright happy that Ethan had done it.

"Now you're big boss, eh?" Attila said in that heavy accent, wiping his slippery hand on his shirt, his lean face looking dangerously pleased "Maybe we find out."

Vincent stepped between him and Attila before it came to a fight. Vincent shook his head at Attila, who backed off at once, then he looked at Ethan, waiting.

Ethan felt a purely primal growl rising up into his throat, and he had to fight to keep his hands from curling into fists. "He doesn't want to."

Vincent's hazel eyes were like mirrors, throwing everything back at him but giving nothing away, no warmth in them at all right now. "He's got a safeword. He can use it anytime. Seth can drive him home."

Ethan's heart was thumping, and suddenly he *knew* there was a lot more at stake here than whether or not Attila got a playtime session with Snow. "And me?"

Vincent waited a long moment before replying. "You can stay."

Well, the question was answered, but the why of it escaped him. Ethan shouldered Vincent aside and moved close to Snow. He put his hands on

either side of Snow's neck, feeling the tremble deep in Snow's bones. He massaged the tight muscles there.

"You want to quit this?" he whispered for Snow's ears alone. "Come on, baby, you're safe. Let me tell them to take you home."

Snow shook his bowed head. "Home." His voice was muffled. "Where's that, if you're not coming with me?"

Several arguments came to mind at once, all of them false, all of them entirely self-serving. "I'll stay because I want to, for Vincent. But you don't want to do this," he said reasonably, telling the closest thing to the truth he could. "I know you don't want to."

"I don't see why you give a shit, is all," Snow spat, suddenly pushing Ethan away.

Ethan gaped and stuttered, dropping his hands to his sides. The music droned on, one long series of notes strung together. "What?" He shook his head. "Snow, I love you, you know that."

"You love me so long as I give you what you want and you get to decide what to give back. When do I get to decide?"

Hurt bled through his words. Ethan reached for him but Snow batted his hands away, wrapping his arms around his own chest protectively.

"No! What I want, you won't give me because you're a goddamn selfish...fucking... selfish... *jerk!*" Snow turned blindly toward Vincent. "Vincent's not scared like you are."

Ethan's shoulders slumped. "I'm not scared, Snow," he said in a sighing voice. "I'm fucking terrified, in case you hadn't noticed."

Snow hesitated. Vincent said nothing, just stood and watched, his eyes cagey but his body posture open, ready to take Snow into his arms if Ethan didn't. Ethan was glad of that, at least. It showed Vincent cared, too, that he wasn't just a manipulating bastard pitting Ethan and Snow against each other because it amused him.

"I'm terrified," Ethan confessed. "Absolutely scared stiff of how many ways I can fuck this up. And fuck you up in the process. Also... you know... I'm not that good at this." He ran a hand through his long hair, snarled his fingers

awkwardly in a tangle and shrugged foolishly. "Being a Dom. At least, there are parts of it I'm not good at. Discipline, for one. Making you own up to the stupid, infuriating shit you do." He held out his hand. "But I'm good at loving you, Snow. I'm really good at that, and I think you know it."

Snow swallowed hard and nodded, his eyes shining, and Ethan had a thought that if Snow started crying here and now, he would probably have to at least attempt to kick Vincent's ass for it. He wasn't sure how far he'd get, but Snow crying never failed to tear him up inside.

Snow took a step toward him and then Ethan dragged him into a tight hug. "I've got you," he whispered fiercely into Snow's ear, his arms closing around Snow possessively. "I've got you."

Snow buried his flushed, warm face in Ethan's neck. "Home," he mumbled.

"You bet. Okay. In a few." Ethan looked over the top of Snow's head to Vincent. "A little privacy, please?"

Vincent's full mouth quirked into a cynical smile, but the warmth was back in his hazel eyes. He snapped his fingers and Attila and Seth melted away, back to the more interesting dramas happening on the shop floor, and the bounty of beautiful, eager flesh waiting to be tasted and disciplined. Ethan didn't know what was going to happen between him and Vincent, but he knew what had to happen between him and Snow.

Had to, or Ethan would never get over it. He was pretty sure of that now. He could stand to share Snow. After all, they both had plenty of time to get used to that. Prostitutes learn to cherry-pick and compartmentalize intimacy, to share this closeness but not that one, based on a complex set of rules that only worked if everyone involved agreed that it worked. They could have probably gone on like that forever if it wasn't for Vincent walking through Ethan's door one day.

Yeah, maybe. And maybe Snow would have washed up on shore one day, a victim not of his own stupidity, but mine.

Vincent waved his hand graciously to a dark doorway on his right and Ethan tugged Snow in that direction. It was just a bare, empty room with old paneled walls and a big, clean-looking bed, some erstwhile kind of office maybe, but now all that mattered was that he was alone with Snow.

Ethan took a long minute just to savor the feel of Snow in his arms, of the raw and mutual need that seemed to pulse between them, and then he was gripping Snow's arms, giving him a rough shake before spinning him around and throwing him across the bed.

Snow yelped and turned a wide-eyed look to Ethan, who deftly grabbed his upper arm and flipped him over onto his stomach.

"Better," Ethan growled. "Much better. What other noises can you make?" He twisted Snow's arm behind his back and pressed his groin against Snow's bare ass, grinding against him. Snow moaned lowly, and Ethan shoved Snow's thighs further apart with his knees.

"It's a good thing you're ready for me," he gasped into Snow's ear, his free hand scrabbling with his zipper, yanking it down. He took his cock out, fumbled for an approximate aim, and slammed inside.

Snow cried out and shoved his ass back against Ethan savagely, hips rolling, wanting everything Ethan had to give. Ethan covered Snow's body with his and thrust into him deep, biting his lip against the sudden urge to come immediately, wanting it to last. Vincent would make it last, he was sure.

Don't think like that anymore. Be your own kind of Master, not Vincent's. Be who Snow needs you to be, not what you needed Vincent to be.

Too much thinking. "Mine, mine, you're *mine*, you hear me, Snow? Fucking mine and no one else's!"

Not Vincent's. Sure the fuck not Attila's. Hell no. Ethan shook his head as if trying to shake the image of Attila finger-fucking Snow out of his brain, his long hair whipping about his face, and pressed his wet mouth to the tender juncture between Snow's neck and shoulder, hips slamming into him now, biting down until Snow cried out in a voice that sounded like sobbing as Ethan rode him hard, begging him for more, and then oh hell yes the head of his cock throbbed and it was hot-slick as he began to spurt and wet and tight, Jesus *FUCK* that was so good so good so damn good...

A few minutes later, Snow's voice took on a tone that sounded distinctly like a complaint: "...Can't breathe... get... off... big dummy..."

Ethan chuckled and slapped Snow's ass. Hard.

"Ow!" Snow wriggled, trying to get out from under him.

Ethan chuckled and licked the deep-red bite mark on Ethan's shoulder, pulling out of him as gently as he could. Snow moaned again and then humped the mattress a little.

"I didn't get to come."

"Later." Ethan rolled over and exhaled, staring up at the nothing-gray of the ceiling. "Find that sheet, or something." he ordered Snow. "I'm taking you home with me. Don't even think about going anywhere else this weekend because you're not leaving my sight."

And to his vast amusement and surprise, Snow –without an argument– got up to do just that.

Vincent's big shape appeared in the doorway. There was no door, and Ethan supposed Vincent could have seen and heard everything. It would be very like Vincent to just watch. Snow froze where he was and Ethan rose on his elbows to look at Vincent. Ethan's pants were still unzipped and his cock was out, long and flaccid against his belly, slick with come and lube.

"I guess we need to talk," Ethan said calmly. "I'm afraid I can't let you have Snow after all. I'm sorry, Vincent. About you and me... well... we'd have to talk. But Snow is out of that equation."

Vincent leaned his shoulder against the door frame and just lounged there like some jungle cat lazily getting ready to spring. "Is that so?"

Ethan found himself staring at Vincent's mouth. God, he was going to miss that mouth if he had to give it up. It was so full and lush, and at the same time, it could turn hard as stone and cow Ethan into acting like a stuttering schoolboy. But Snow was more important. He knew that now.

Ethan nodded and stood up, tucking his cock in and zipping his pants. He had to look up at Vincent, but not by much. "Yeah, it is. Snow belongs to me. I promise you I'll take care of him. I'll give him what he needs, and yeah, if that means taking a whip to his ass and cuffing him to the bed, I'm up to that."

"Oh," Vincent said softly. He slid a glance to Snow and smiled at him. "And what about the other stupid shit he gets himself into? It's not an easy life

the two of you lead, or without dangers. Are you going to do damage control on that, clean up after his messes?"

"He won't be pulling any of that on me," Ethan answered, very sure. "He won't have to anymore. I'm going to make sure he doesn't need to get my attention that way anymore."

Vincent tilted his head, his very short hair a soft, dark burr on his skull. "What about us? What about what the three of us have?"

Had. Ethan swallowed and his eyes turned pained. "I'm not sure what we have, but if you're saying there has to be a choice, then I'm choosing Snow. If there's some way that the three of us can be something else, something not quite in the Master and Slave Manual you carry around in your head... I can work with that if you can. It's up to you, Vincent."

Snow moved close to Ethan and pressed against his side, hugging him. Ethan pressed his lips to Snow's dark hair and smoothed the strands against his palm. There was no "at least" with Snow. No "at least I have him" type of thinking. Snow was a treasure in his own right, not some kind of bonus attached to Vincent, which was how he'd been thinking of Snow for some time. No wonder Snow had turned instinctively to Vincent and submitted to everything he demanded. And it had taken something like this place to shake Ethan out of doing nothing about it.

"I'm so sorry for what I did," Ethan whispered into Snow's hair. "It won't happen again."

But it was Vincent who answered. "It better not. He knows where to come if it does, don't you boy?" Vincent ruffled Snow's hair and Snow snickered in agreement against Ethan's shoulder.

Ethan raised his eyes and saw Vincent looking at him. "Can we try it, the three of us? New rules, mine and yours. It won't be traditional, but... it's what I have to do."

And Ethan was never so shocked in his life when Vincent grinned and said: "Okay."

end

About the Author

Kirby Crow worked as an entertainment editor and ghostwriter for several years before happily giving it up to bake more brownies, read more yaoi, play more video games, and write her own novels.

Changing weather patterns, watering bans, and pesticides have unhappily forced her to give up growing roses, alas.

Her published novels are:

Prisoner of the Raven (historical romance, Torquere Press, 2005)

Scarlet and the White Wolf: The Pedlar and the Bandit King (fantasy romance, Torquere Press, 2006)

Scarlet and the White Wolf: Mariner's Luck (fantasy romance, Torquere Press, 2007)

Scarlet and the White Wolf: The Land of Night (fantasy romance, Torquere Press, 2007)

Angels of the Deep (paranormal/horror, MLR Press, 2009)

All are available in print and digital format from Torquere Books, Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and most online book retailers.

<http://www.KirbyCrow.com>