

**ONLY TO YOU**



**Gabrielle Bhlack**



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# Love's Landscapes

*An M/M Romance series*

## ONLY TO YOU

**By Gabrielle Bhlack**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Cover Art by A.E. Vaughan

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# ONLY TO YOU

By Gabrielle Bhlack

## Photo Description

Two attractive young men of Korean descent are facing each other, surrounded by blue pulsing lights. The dark haired man on the left is slim, but muscular and sporting several unique tattoos on his naked torso, above his skin-tight white jeans. He is gripping the reddish-brown hair of the second man while singing to him. That man is wearing a dark blue suit accented by silver sequins on his lapels and the belt over his jacket.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*My name is \_\_\_\_\_ and I'm a singer. I'm well known and well respected in the biz, but I'm a very private man, which means that I tend to keep my status as a gay man on the low. I'm usually pretty good at keeping my life under wraps, especially since the entertainment company I have a contract with keeps me on a tight leash. I don't want the world to know that I'm gay because that would cause a lot of problems in my life, especially if people discover something that I'm just starting to find out about myself: I'm a submissive. I've never done anything about it, but I want to. I've read so much about it and watched so much kinky porn but I've never met someone that I'd trust enough to go that far with.*

*I've got a meeting coming up with my record label... They want me to meet up with someone to talk about maybe doing a duet but I'm dreading it. What if our styles aren't cohesive? I guess I'll find out tomorrow.*

*P.S. This contemporary story can have an HEA or an HFN, I'm fine with either one. The BDSM element must be sexy and steamy, but not too over the top. Thanks!!*

*Sincerely,*

*Erika K*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** rock stars, in the closet, BDSM, new sub, coming out, Korean pop/K-pop

**Word Count:** 43,249

Acknowledgements

First I need to thank Erika, not just for creating such an intriguing prompt, but also for helping me get some of my facts straight as well as keeping in touch with me and just supporting me in general!

Since this is the first time I've written a story that's going to be read by people other than my m/m romance friends, I also need to thank my beta Donna and her daughter Mandy for their ideas, support, and amazing editing skills! Donna, you're more than my beta as far as I'm concerned, you're my co-author, and I would have cracked from the pressure months ago if it hadn't been for you and Mandy!

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More thanks also go out to Leslie and Josh, thanks for your insight guys!

Of course, a big thanks to Raevyn for her support and patience!

THANK YOU ALL!!!

**ONLY TO YOU**  
**By Gabrielle Bhlack**

## Prologue

*Darkness... all around him is darkness, causing him to be acutely aware of every little thing that is happening to him. The blindfold covering his eyes completely takes away his sight—the rope binding his arms tightly behind his back takes away his ability to touch—being taken without any say on his part... all of these things are his choice.*

*A faint stirring of air is the only warning he has that he is no longer alone. He waits patiently; feeling the cold from the hardwood floor beneath his knees. Anticipation grips him, until the touch of a hand gently caresses down the side of his face. How he wishes the blindfold was not covering his eyes, making his world dark, like a starless night in the desert. Even so, he is glad that the blindfold is there, making it impossible for him to see what is about to happen. A warm hand drifts across his shoulders. He takes a deep breath, trying to keep his body from shuddering with excitement.*

*“Are you ready to begin?” a masculine voice whispers softly but firmly behind him. The feel of Master’s heated breath across his ear sends bolts of electricity shooting through his body, exciting him even more.*

*Choices, life is always about choices... until the session begins. Then—freedom! There really is no choice at all, he comes here to give up control and escape from reality. No matter how many times he is asked, the answer will always be “Yes, Sir.”*

*Swish. Without warning the tips of the flogger make contact with his back. The slight sting makes him lose his breath for just a moment.*

*“Breathe, little one.” He feels Master place a tender kiss upon his forehead.*

*“Now, count for me.”*

*He rapidly swallows, trying to alleviate the dryness in his mouth. “Yes, Sir.” He awaits the sound of the flogger flying through the air until he finally hears it.*

*Swish*

*“One!”*

*Over and over the flogger caresses his body. “Two! Three! Four!” On and on he counts... his cock is aching from the need to come, but he knows that this will happen only when he is commanded to do so.*



*“Open!”*

*Catching the musky scent of Master's cock, his mouth opens without a second thought. The wonderful feeling of the thick cock slowly entering his mouth helps him to remember why he is here, in this place, at this time. The feeling of being filled and controlled by Master in even this simple way has him fighting the tightening of his balls even more.*

*“Take more of me! Open up that throat like the good little cocksucker that I know you are!”*

*Breathing through his nose, he attempts to please. As two hands firmly grasp the sides of his head, controlling the movements of his face and mouth, he grows even more excited and sexually frustrated. This is what his mind and body craves.*

*Hands are softly running through his long, dark hair, when his head is abruptly pulled back.*

*“Now, take all of me!”*

*Even though he thought it wasn't possible, his cock swells even more. Oh, how he wishes he could have just a small reprieve from the glorious agony he is feeling right now.*

*The touch of Master's foot gently beginning to work his cock brings tears of relief to his eyes.*

*How does Master always know what he needs?*

*Truth be told, it has been like this from the very first time they met. Master just instinctively knew what his mind couldn't even begin to understand about himself. This was the real reason he was here, because Master sees him for who he truly is, and he is loved all the more for it.*

*“Do not come,” Master commands as his foot continues its ministrations.*

*As the cock hits the back of his throat, he works diligently to open up and take all that is offered to him.*

*Once again, Master's hands are controlling the speed and depth of the entry into his mouth. The hands in his hair, pulling his head forward, are making the invasion into his throat even deeper. This is what he was meant to be, a receptacle for Master's cum. He is not a man looking for release, he is a man in search of the mind space that he is slowly beginning to float into. That place where nothing matters, except the wants and needs of Master, which in turn fulfills his own desires.*

*Sucking with loving care, he can feel the cock swelling in his mouth, and he knows that the end is near. Soon he will receive his reward for pleasuring Master so well.*

*“Yes, suck harder! Oh, my wonderful little slut! This is all for you! Don't miss a drop or you will not be coming tonight!”*

*As the hot cum shoots into his mouth, he savors the slightly salty taste as he carefully swallows down every single drop.*

Yun closes his eyes, cutting off his view of the video on the monitor. His hand grasps his cock even harder, quickly moving it up and down, he is so close to coming that he can hardly breathe.

*Something must be wrong with me, for such an obscene act to turn me on so.*

But now is not the time to think about that. Yun continues to work his cock, unable to stop himself, he opens his eyes and is once again mesmerized by what he is seeing on the screen.

As he watches the man on the video, he admits to himself, that this is what he needs. He needs to feel the ropes tightly binding his arms. He needs to be on his knees pleasuring another man's cock. He needs to taste the cum as it shoots down the back of his throat. It is all too much. His hand loses its rhythm and his back arches with the explosion of his release.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter One

I can't believe I've finally made it to this place in my career. Being a singer and performing is all I've ever wanted to do with my life. Through hard work, and using what many call natural talent, I've managed to work my way up from some of the roughest dives in Korea to places even singers more experienced than I have yet to perform.

The show has been sold out since it was announced that I was coming to Los Angeles, which seems to be the pattern of ticket sales for my concerts over the past few months. As always, when I'm about to go on stage, I have more adrenaline than blood rushing through my veins. I can hear the crowd from here in my dressing room. The opening act has them really fired up, especially the young girls. I would be flattered by their screams of excitement if I hadn't recently discovered that I prefer men.

Many artists play the mysterious, unreachable card, but for me it's not an act. Reporters have tried and failed to discover my sexual orientation in the past, but it would appear that it was something even I had been trying to discover about myself. I know for a fact that my record company is on the conservative side, as are most things in Korea. So my discovering that my sexual preference runs toward men is somewhat disconcerting for me. As with most things in life, this discovery was not something that I'd gone searching for, it was more a case of it finding me, in the form of Michael.

I was relaxing with a drink at a little bar in an out-of-the-way part of town, where I was sure I wouldn't be recognized. I was trying to wind down from my performance that night, when an attractive, older man came over and introduced himself to me. It started off much the same way as when a man and woman might first meet. Michael walked over and flashed his bright smile in my direction. His green eyes sparkled in the bar's semi-bright lighting. The attraction I felt upon meeting him was quite instantaneous. Now, this wasn't the first time that I'd ever been attracted to another man, but it was the first time that I had felt a compulsion to act upon those feelings.

I invited him to join me at my table, and we began the *getting to know each other* part of the night. I learned that he was in Korea on business from San Francisco, and that he was slightly familiar with the Korean language and culture because of an uncle of his who had told him stories of when he served there during the war. He didn't ask me too many questions about myself, beyond the usual "so what do you do for a living?"

When I mentioned my name, and that I was a singer, he surprised me by not asking how famous I was, but rather what kind of music I performed, if I enjoyed touring, and about life on the road. It was very nice to be with someone who wasn't familiar with my name or face; someone, who didn't ask for a picture or an autograph right on the spot. That night, it was just me and a new friend having a quiet drink together.

Michael and I talked late into the night. We were surprised to find that there were many things that we had in common. Conversation had been comfortable, and Michael really seemed interested in my life while on the road, and all the wild and strange things that could happen while touring. As I was relating a particularly humorous story, I noticed Michael had gotten very quiet and was looking at me quite intensely. The next words he spoke, I must say, took me by complete surprise.

"I've seen you in here at least twice this week, Yun, and even though I didn't know who you were, I was very attracted to you. I was afraid that tonight would be my last chance to get to know you, and I just couldn't let this opportunity slip away from me."

I stared blankly at him for a few minutes, unsure of what to say to his honest statement. In Korea, someone who is *byuntae* or gay is never looked upon with favor. That may have been one of the reasons why I hadn't really looked at my sexuality too closely in the past. But the time I had spent with Michael that night, made it clear to me... my attraction to men was not just going to go away. There was no point in trying to deny it any longer—I was gay.

I looked down and saw Michael's hand lying near mine on the table. Deciding to take a chance, I slowly slid my hand over and pressed it gently against his. Michael then turned his hand over to firmly grasp mine. Just from the simple act of our hands touching, a wave of need, like I had never felt before, ran through my body.

I sat there staring at our entwined hands, mine looking somewhat smaller compared to his, and I wondered why it felt so right to be there... in that place... at that time... with that particular man.

"Yun, I need you to look at me," Michael said as he lightly squeezed my hand.

As I tried to look up from our joined hands, for a reason that I couldn't understand, I found it hard to look him in the eye.

He once again gave my hand a squeeze with an even more substantial amount of pressure.

I felt compelled to keep looking down, but I knew that if I wanted to explore whatever there was between Michael and me any further that night, then I was going to have to make a decision— right then.

I slowly raised my head, until I could see the intense hunger in his eyes. In that moment, I knew that for the first time in my life, I had found a man that I couldn't walk away from.

We left the bar just before it closed for the night. Even though I still had to pack and make last minute arrangements for my first tour in the United States, the thought of Michael in my bed was what consumed my mind.

I dazedly stared as he started to walk in what I assumed to be the direction of his hotel. After a brief moment of hesitation, I caught up to him and placed my hand on his arm. As he turned to look at me, it felt like he was trying to see right into my soul. The look of decisiveness on his face made me realize that he was prepared to see where our feelings would take us. I knew that I would have to make a choice as he was reaching his hand out toward me. It was either now or never, and my body was screaming *Now!* I placed my hand in his as a sign of my submission. I eagerly followed as he turned to continue the journey to his hotel room.

As we arrived at Michael's hotel, he dropped my hand and proceeded to walk over to the wall of elevators at the far end of the lobby. I must admit that at that point I was feeling extremely nervous, but I still found myself going to stand by him. The ping of the elevator car arriving made me look up from the floor, and I watched Michael enter as the doors slid open.

"Come, Yun," was all he said as he raised his hand to push the button that would take us to his floor. I felt I had no choice but to follow him.

Arriving at his floor, I realized that I had been so busy watching Michael out of the corner of my eye that I hadn't even noticed that the elevator stopped, and the doors had opened, revealing the hall to his room. During the ride up, my mind had been full of rapid thoughts such as: *Was this wise? What am I thinking? I can't do this! Turn around and walk away!* On and on they ran through my mind, causing me to question my own sanity. However, the only thought that I found myself listening to was the one telling me that the right thing for me was to be with Michael, so I followed him to the door of his room. When he had the door unlocked, he turned and stopped me from entering by

placing his hand on my shoulder. His eyes locked with mine, and again I saw the attraction from earlier. Bringing his body close, he pressed his chest to mine, forcing my back against the wall behind me.

Michael raised his left hand to caress my face, tracing down from my brow to below my chin. The heat from his touch shot straight to my cock, making it throb and thicken. With his finger, he firmly raised my head, so I was once again looking into his eyes. I watched as his head slowly lowered, his mesmerizing eyes never losing contact with mine. My heart was pounding so hard I was sure that I was going to pass out right there on the spot. Then his lips touched mine... they were firm and immediately took complete control, forcing my lips to part.

Michael reached down and grasped both of my hands in one of his and slowly raised them to the wall above my head. As he securely held them in place, he firmly pressed his body into mine. I could feel the hard length of his erection pressing into my thigh. At that moment, my breath just left me, and I was afraid that I was going to come right then and there.

Lowering his head, Michael nuzzled my neck and whispered to me, "You like it when I hold you tight don't you, Yun?" He softly blew into my ear, causing shudders to run down my body.

"I just knew when I first saw you that this was how you would react to me."

I stood there, trying to take in what he was saying to me.

"Yun, do you understand what is happening here?"

As he asked the question, my mind finally came to understand that what we were doing was very important to him, and therefore it would also be very important to me if there was to be an *us* that night.

Michael gently placed his free hand under my chin and brought my face up, forcing me yet again to look into his eyes. "If you're not comfortable with this, then I'll walk you back down to the lobby."

I knew that I could still choose to walk away. I appreciated his concern for me even though we barely knew each other. It meant a lot to me that he wanted to ensure my comfort.

I answered him in the only way that I thought would make him truly understand the extent of my own need and commitment to this sexual experience... with a kiss. Nothing sensual or heated, just one that I hoped would let him know that I was interested in discovering more about these

strange, new feelings that were urging me to step outside of my comfort zone and offer my body into his care and control.

He slowly lifted his head, pulling away from the kiss, and welcomed me into his room with another one of those warm smiles. That night I learned two things; I learned what it felt like to be with a man, and I learned that I was a natural submissive—and that it felt wonderful.

\*\*\*\*

“Yun? Yun? Yun!”

The sound of my manager yelling my name abruptly snaps me out of my pleasant reverie. With a sigh, I turn around to look in his direction. I have always considered Young Soo somewhat attractive with his short, black hair and his tall, lanky build. I might even have found myself attracted to him if not for two things. One, he is money hungry. Two, he can be extremely annoying when it comes to getting something he wants, like money.

“What is it, Young Soo?”

He just rolls his eyes and says, “You go on in two minutes. Now is not the time to be daydreaming, so finish getting ready. You can’t keep all of those new fans waiting!”

From my dressing room, I can hear the audience excitedly shouting my name, and I feel the anticipation building inside of me. Nodding my head toward Young Soo, I take one last quick look in the mirror to make sure my hair is just the way I want it, and then I draw in a deep breath. Turning away from the mirror, I head out of the dressing room.

From behind the curtains, I see the lights dim, cuing me to take the stage. This is what makes all of my hard work and sacrifices worthwhile. Nothing in my life can compare with the adrenaline rush I get right before I go on stage to perform. The shouts and screams from the audience is almost deafening, but I thrive on the raw energy that comes from a live concert, so I allow it to wash over me as I finally step out... the lights come up, and the music blasts throughout the building.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

By the time I had finished the concert, it was just a little after ten. Even though I feel like I could sleep for a week, the buzz leftover from the show is keeping me from crashing on the sofa in my dressing room.

Grabbing a towel, I head toward the small bathroom at the back of the room. All I can think about is getting cleaned up and heading back to my hotel room for some much needed rest. Rubbing the towel over my sweat-drenched hair and face, I almost make it to the changing screen, when I hear a quick tap on my door. Past experience allows me to predict who is on the other side. I turn back and drop down on the sofa. With a weary sigh, I unenthusiastically respond, "Come on in, it's open."

As the door opens, my suspicions are confirmed with the sight of my manager, Young Soo, who is wearing the same pleased smile that he always wears when one of my shows has been a huge success.

"You were amazing tonight, Yun! Great job!" Young Soo exclaims.

"Thanks," I reply as I lay my head back and close my eyes.

For the past three or four years, I've heard him use almost the exact same congratulatory line after every concert. Deciding to just let him say whatever it is he needs to say, I look in Young Soo's direction and try to move the conversation along.

"Is there something more you wanted, Young Soo? If not, I would like to head back to the hotel and grab a few hours of sleep!"

I dab the towel along my forehead again, ridding it of any excess sweat before smoothing my reddish brown bangs back into place.

Young Soo doesn't move from his place by my door, he just kind of shrugs his shoulders before saying, "I just wanted to congratulate you on another successful show. Remember, tomorrow is your last night in Los Angeles, and you'll be heading to San Francisco the next day. As always, I've made the reservations for your hotel suite, and all the arrangements for your shows have been finalized."

I only half listen to him check things off, mostly wondering why he feels like he needs to do a checklist now, when I am so close to either falling on my butt from exhaustion or curling up for a nap on the sofa. As I continue to listen,



he drones on and on about the plans for the next phase of my somewhat rigorous touring schedule. I barely catch myself from giggling out loud when I have the passing thought *maybe he just likes hearing himself talk*. What in the world, men don't giggle. It is way past time to call it a night.

"Can we go through your check-list in the morning, Young Soo?" I ask, feeling completely overtaken with exhaustion and yearning to get away from my overprotective manager. "Right now I just want to grab a quick shower and head out."

"Alright, I'll get out of your hair, but don't forget you also have an autograph signing at the concert theater at seven tomorrow evening. Your fans will be expecting you."

I nod and make the appropriate sounds of agreement as I stand and walk behind my changing screen. I know they're old-fashioned, but I always feel more comfortable getting ready behind one of them, as opposed to stripping in the small bathrooms that the dressing rooms always seem to have.

At the sound of my dressing room door finally closing, my mind silently screams, *Alone at last!*

After a quick shower, I throw on a dark blue button-down and an old pair of shredded, acid-washed blue jeans. Stuffing my sweat-dampened clothes from the performance haphazardly into my black backpack, I head out of my dressing room, trying to get to the back of the building, before anyone from the media spots me.

As I step out into the cool night air through the back entrance of the theater, I search the nearly empty parking lot for the limo that has been hired for me. Since I'm so unfamiliar with the city, Young Soo is always against the idea of me taking a cab anywhere.

I was just reaching into my pocket to grab my phone, when I hear a loud, piercing honk. There to the left, under the streetlight, sits my limo, driven by my very sexy driver, Absalom. He's easy on the eyes with his long black braids, which he usually wears pulled back into a ponytail. He also has a tight, compact body that always seems to catch my attention when he gets out of the driver's seat to open my door for me. The rich, dark chocolate color of his skin has me imagining what it would taste like if I took a bite, just to see if he truly is as scrumptious as he looks. You can tell by the way he fills out his uniform that he takes pride in his body and works hard to keep it in great shape. A fact that I'm always thankful for, every time he comes to pick me up.

How could I have ever questioned my sexuality? Ever since the night of carnal exploration with Michael, I find myself imagining other adventures that could feed my new-found sensual appetite.

As I make my way toward the car, I notice two shapes as they begin to move out of the shadows. A feeling of uncertainty comes over me, and I notice Absalom opening his door of the limo. I've often wondered if maybe he was actually more than just my driver, but I've never had cause to find out in the past. As the shapes move closer, I instantly feel myself relax. I wave my hand to him, indicating that all is well, and turn to greet the woman and the small girl by her side. The child appears to be no more than seven or eight years old, and I can tell that they are both of Asian descent.

When they suddenly stop, my curiosity compels me to move a bit closer to them. As I get within speaking range, I watch as the girl steps behind the older woman, popping her head around to see me. Not wanting to make her any more nervous than she already is, I kneel down to her height, making it possible for us to see eye to eye with each other. In the light from the streetlight, I notice that she has something clutched tightly in her small hand that appears to be an autograph book.

I'm inclined to believe that both of them are Korean, since they are Asian and have come to my concert. They are both quite lovely with their long dark hair, high cheek bones, and almond-shaped eyes. Not certain whether either spoke English, I am thinking that it would be best to go with a simple *hello* in Korean and see what happens.

*"Annyeonghaseyo."* I feel a small smile tug at my lips when the young girl's beautiful eyes brighten, and she waves to me shyly.

She understands Korean, so I know that I had been correct in my assumption. I'm still unsure if either one of them speaks any English, so I decide to play it safe and use my native tongue once again. Since I'm already on eye level with the young girl, I pose my question to her.

*"Yeonguh hashil jool ahseyo?"*

The young girl smiles and says in a sweet, shy voice, "Yes, I can speak English, so can Mamma. You are from Korea as well."

"Yes, I am. Do you like my music? Is that why you're here?"

The girl's smile lessens a little when I ask her this, and she once again moves in closer to her mother. Her mother gently wraps her arms around the

young girl and answers for her. "We have only been in this country for two years, but Mi Sun learns quickly. She speaks English quite well, but she has not made many friends here yet, as she is terribly shy. Mi Sun heard your music last week, when we were coming home from shopping, and she could not stop talking about it. Her father was quite amazed by the effect your music has had on her. It has really gotten her to open up and to express herself better, so he allowed us to come to your concert tonight."

I smile at Mi Sun's mother. She'd named her daughter well, since the child is beautiful, very sweet, and respectful. It isn't often that I get to meet someone from my home country, so this evening is turning out to be extra special for me. Hearing that my music, specifically, has made such a difference in the life of this shy, sweet girl... well, it just gives me such a warm feeling inside to know that it is benefiting others, as well as giving me a great sense of accomplishment.

I turn in Mi Sun's direction and hold out my hand for the little book she is still holding so tightly in her hand. She hesitates to hand it over, and I feel the need to reassure her that I wasn't going to do anything wrong. "It's alright, Mi Sun. May I write in your book?"

I see Mi Sun look to her mother for guidance. When her mother nods, Mi Sun hands the little book over to me. As I reach for the pen in my pocket, I begin flipping through the pages. I was right, it is an autograph book. Mi Sun seems to treasure it, but I have a hunch that she doesn't quite understand its use. I flip back to the first page and sign my name in easy to read English.

I show the signature to Mi Sun and watch as she traces the writing with her index finger. She looks up at me, her pretty eyes shining with happiness. I close the book and hand it back to her, saying, "That's my name, Mi Sun, now you have something, so that you can always remember this night."

She nods, still smiling widely at me. I rise to my full height and once again start for my limo. I'm nearly there, when out of the corner of my eye, I see Mi Sun running toward me. I quickly turn around and kneel down again. I'm shocked when she throws her arms around me for a quick hug.

*"Gamsahabnida!"* She says excitedly!

She only said "thank you" but the way she said it, with such enthusiasm and in that sweet little voice... it just makes my heart fill with happiness. I smile warmly and say in a voice, that I hope will express to her how genuinely

pleased I am, “You are very welcome, Mi Sun. Perhaps I’ll see you again someday.”

She waves and runs back to her mother. As they slowly walk away, I turn to see Absalom standing there, holding the back door open for me—just as he always does. So I do my best to give him a smile. I slide in and lay my head against the back of the seat, exhaustion once again overtaking me. As the limo heads toward my hotel, I can see him smiling at me through the rearview mirror. He seems to approve of my exchange with Mi Sun, and I wonder why it would matter to him.

He answers my question before I even get a chance to ask it.

“You were nice to her... sometimes that’s all a kid needs to be happy.”

I smile back at him. I couldn’t agree more.

\*\*\*\*

By the time I drag myself through the doorway of my hotel room, it is well past midnight. I look around and am surprised to realize that all the euphoria that I normally feel after finishing a concert is not there. With the success of my first concert here in L.A. behind me, I feel that this tour could be the realization of my dreams, the accomplishment of a goal that I had set for myself a few years back, when I first started performing in Korea. Even though I get how wonderful my career is going right now, I can’t help but wonder why I have the feeling that there’s still something very important missing in my life?

I move through the room, heading directly to the bedroom. I’m glad that I grabbed a quick shower after the show, because I’m just too tired to bother with it now that I’m this close to my bed.

After changing into a pair of comfortable gray sweats and a worn black T-shirt—which happens to be some of my favorite *just hanging around* clothes—I head back into the sitting area. As usual, I’m drawn to the large windows that reveal the stunning beauty of the L.A. night. Looking out into the darkness, I watch lights from the buildings sparkle like stars, making a dazzling picture for all to see. Leaning against one of the window panes, an incredible feeling of longing comes over me. As I gaze out over the brightly lit city, the loneliness is almost too overwhelming to bear. It’s at times like this that I can’t help but think of Michael and wish that he was here with me.

With a sigh, I pull the cord to close the curtains, managing to effectively shut out the rest of the world. I head back to the bedroom, adjusting the

overhead lights, so that the room is now drenched in darkness. Climbing into the king size bed, I let the warmth of the blankets and the softness of the silk sheets carry me away to my dreams. The only place where I don't feel so alone.

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## Chapter Three

The rattling of my cell phone, as it vibrates on the night table, slowly rouses me from my sleep. As I lay here on my stomach with my eyes still closed, I have a pretty good idea of who it is that would be calling me this early in the morning. Placing my pillow over my head, pretending that I don't hear a thing, the phone stops its little dance, and I give a huge sigh of relief... but luck is not with me. Seconds later, the dance begins again. Realizing that Young Soo is just going to keep calling until I answer, I blindly reach over. Not quite ready to give up on the possibility of a couple more hours of sleep, I drag the phone under the pillow, to my ear.

"It's early, Young Soo." I truly hope he'll take my hint and decide to call back later. But once again, no luck.

"Now, Yun, don't be that way. This is your last day in L.A., surely you would like to go out and see some of the sights before the signing tonight!"

*This* gave me pause. Usually when I'm touring, it is a mad dash from one concert to the next. The only downtime I ever seem to have is when we're traveling on the bus or plane. So this is somewhat of an anomaly for me, free time—what should I do with it?

"Do you have any suggestions for what I might do for the day?"

I don't know why I'm surprised when Young Soo replies, "Absalom will be there to pick you up in about an hour. He is playing tour guide for you today."

His comment has me quickly throwing the pillow off my head and sitting up on the bed. Looking down, I notice that I wasn't the only thing that has popped up with the mention of spending the whole day with Absalom. Now, I'm thinking spending some one-on-one time with my sexy limo driver is something that would be well worth getting out of bed for. I can just picture him with all of that luscious dark chocolate skin and those amazing black braids hanging down his back. Yes, this would be a great way to start my day.

Even though I really didn't want to let Young Soo know how intrigued I am with his plans, I can't seem to contain my excitement.

"Well, I had better head for the shower, since he will be here shortly. I'll see you at the signing tonight. Thanks, Young Soo, for thinking of this."

Choosing to ignore what sounds suspiciously like Young Soo chuckling, I quickly end the call and head for the shower.

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As Absalom pulls the limo up to the front of the hotel, we're laughing so hard we can't even speak. I'd forgotten how great it feels just to take time for myself, and even though I hate to admit it, I was glad that Young Soo had suggested this time off.

Absalom had certainly done his homework. We'd gone to the best stores and bought the most fab clothes. He'd found a great restaurant for us to have brunch; the food was wonderful, and the company was even better. I don't know how Absalom knew about my passion for designer clothes and great food, but I sure enjoyed the benefits of his suggestions.

I am still chuckling to myself, as Absalom comes around to open my door. After the day that we had spent together, it feels strange to have him doing this for me. He was at the airport with Young Soo when I first arrived in L.A. several weeks ago, and even though Absalom is a man of few words, we have slowly been getting to know each other during this time.

Today certainly has brought a new dimension to our relationship—I think it would be safe to say that we are now *good* friends. Although, at times I think that I'd like to see this turn into more of a *friends with benefits* type of situation. Even though there have been a few occasions where I felt that Absalom might be attracted to me, he's never given me any indication that he would be interested in pursuing that attraction.

Trying to get myself into some sort of serious mindset, I climb out of the limo to help Absalom retrieve all of my bags from the trunk.

"OK, I may have gone a little overboard with the shopping today," I comment to Absalom as we juggle the armful of bags that we both end up carrying.

Absalom just gives me one of his all-knowing smiles and tells me, "I'm pretty sure there is no such thing as, *too much shopping*, when you are shopping on Rodeo Drive."

I just start laughing all over again and nod my head in agreement.

As we enter the hotel, heading toward the elevators, I notice Young Soo sitting on one of the chairs in the lobby. As he looks up from the computer he's

working on and catches sight of us, he hastily puts away the computer and comes over to join us.

“So, is it safe to say that today’s outing was a great success?” Young Soo asks, as he takes in all the shopping bags that we’re carrying.

“Yes, I had a wonderful day. This is an amazing city, with so many things I would still love to see. Maybe I will get a chance to come back again sometime soon.”

I’m sure that Young Soo has no clue that one of the major attractions that L.A. holds for me is Absalom.

I’m excited to continue my concert tour after the signing this evening. San Francisco really sounds like a place I’m going to be comfortable in. However, I knew it wasn’t going to be the same without Absalom there to help see me through the everyday things that can be so confusing for me when I travel to a new city or town. I’m sure that if I was honest with myself, I would admit that the closeness that I feel to Absalom is playing a large part in my desire to not see the last of him when I leave L.A.

The ding of the elevator’s arrival pulls my thoughts back to the present and the chore of getting all of my wonderful purchases up to my room. Young Soo is going on and on about the signing later this evening, and all the arrangements that have been made. As I hand Young Soo the key card to my suite, I feel a gentle bump to my lower back. Looking over my left shoulder, I see Absalom rolling his eyes, and I smile ruefully back at him. This isn’t the first time, and I am sure that this won’t be the last time that we’ll be hearing the details, as Young Soo loves to repeat himself, several times, when we’re preparing for an event.

“I have arranged for free T-shirts for the first one hundred fans that arrive for the signing,” Young Soo was saying as he unlocked the door.

Knowing he’s waiting for a response, and frankly, I am surprised by his thoughtfulness, I say, That sounds great, I’m sure that they will appreciate the T-shirts, and it will certainly be much easier for me to sign *them* than some of the things the fans bring in for me to sign.”

“You mean, some of the *body parts* that the girls want you to sign.” Absalom says with a smirk on his face.

“Yikes, don’t remind me! If I have one more girl pull down her shirt for me to sign her boob, I think I’ll scream.”



“Now, Yun... you know that young girls make up a large part of your fan base. I know I don't have to tell you that fans equal concert ticket sales.”

“I know, Young Soo, and I love the rush of a live concert, but it is a little awkward, when it's a one-on-one situation, like when I'm doing a signing or meeting fans backstage after a concert.”

Moving into the bedroom, I throw my bags on the bed. Turning to retrieve the rest of the bags from Absalom, I roll my eyes at him. Both of us just shake our heads and turn toward Young Soo, trying to keep a straight face.

“Speaking of the signing, I had better hit the shower and get my things packed. I assume we're heading to the airport right after we finish up?”

Young Soo is absently looking through my bags as he replies, “Yes, that is the plan. I will let you know a few minutes before it is time to head out. We don't want to arrive at the airport in a mad dash for our flight.”

In his usual abrupt manner, Young Soo heads for the door. “What do you say we all meet out front in about an hour, and then we can head over to the signing together.”

We hear the click of the door closing, before either one of us can even respond.

“Well, I will leave you to your packing. I guess I will see you downstairs in an hour or so.”

Watching Absalom walk toward the door, I'm once again in awe of his wonderful body. The way he carries himself is a show in itself, making my cock stand up and take notice. Just the thought of saying good-bye to him tonight, knowing that I would never see him again, is getting harder and harder to accept as the time to leave grows closer.

“Don't go!”

*I can't believe those words just came out of my mouth.*

“I mean... wait a minute.”

Absalom turns with a questioning look on his face. As he walks slowly back toward me, all I can think is... *what in the world am I going to say now.*

Realizing that this is a now-or-never moment for me, I take a deep breath, open my mouth to speak and... *nothing.* My mind is blank. Then it occurs to me; actions speak louder than words. Quickly I close the remaining distance between us and just reach out and hug him. I'm afraid to look at him, as I am

sure he must be confused by my actions. Then, to my surprise, Absalom slowly wraps his arms around me.

“I need you to come with me... to San Francisco... please.” Well, now it’s out there. I drop my head to his shoulder and squeeze him tight. The silence is deafening—I hold on and listen to our quiet breathing... in... then out... and still he doesn’t say a word.

How do I make him understand what he’s come to mean to me, and how much I value our friendship. Now is probably not the best time to approach the *attraction* issue, except that it is playing such a huge part in my asking him to come with me that I’m not sure I can leave it unsaid.

“I know it’s asking a lot of you, but this thing between us, call it friendship or whatever you feel comfortable with, I don’t want to lose it. I don’t want to lose you. You’ve become an important part of my life, and the thought of leaving without you—it just seems wrong.”

The feel of Absalom gently laying his head against mine gives me hope.

“This *thing*, it *is* strong, it’s touched me as well. I dreaded seeing you leave tonight and was wondering how I was going to handle tomorrow without you there. So, how can my answer be anything but *yes*.”

A feeling of lightheadedness comes over me. It is then I realize that I’ve been holding my breath. After taking a moment to pull myself together, I lift my head and see the most beautiful smile in the world on his face. That’s when I knew, no matter where this *thing* went, I would always have a true friend in Absalom.

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This change in plans calls for some fast organization on our parts. We have bags to pack, phone calls to make, and of course a signing to get to. Just as we’re closing the last suitcase, my phone rings.

“I am down here in the lobby, and there is no car, no Absalom, and no Yun. Now tell me, what is wrong with this picture? The signing starts in less than thirty minutes, and we need to get over there—now!”

Ahhhh, Young Soo, always there to keep me on track. I’m so excited about Absalom agreeing to go with me, that not even Young Soo can irritate me right now.

“Yes, I know. We’re on our way down. There’s been a small change of plans, but I’ll explain on the way to the signing.”

I could just imagine the look on Young Soo's face. I never—I mean never—mess with his schedule and plans. This one time though, I'm going to have my way. I knew after I explained my reasons, Young Soo would be easily persuaded to go along with my plans to take Absalom with us.

“Okay, we will talk about whatever it is later, but we need to get going.”

I hear the phone click off on the other end. As always, Young Soo likes to have the last word.

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As I suspected, it was just a matter of explaining to Young Soo that I felt comfortable with Absalom as my driver and that we had become friends, of a sort, so I'd asked him to come to San Francisco with us. Needless to say, I arrive at the signing with a smile of joy on my face and a feeling of excitement in my heart.

Pulling up to the front of the building, where the signing is being held, the number of people who are lining up to get in is unbelievable. I'm always amazed, but secretly ecstatic, by all the fans that listen to my music, buy my CD's, and come to my concerts. Young Soo always insists on having these signings when I first arrive in a new city, and when I'm leaving. It seems like such a small thing to me, but the fans are thrilled to be able to spend a little time with me, and I am slowly getting better with the one-on-one aspect of my career. To me it starts with the music, but it ends with the fans.

Absalom carefully parks the limo and comes around to open the door for me. As I exit the car, I can't stop myself from giving him a wink and a quick smile. The screaming of my name, by the fans still waiting to get in, breaks the spell that Absalom seems to hold over me. I head for the front door of the building, following Absalom as he makes a path for me. Waving to the crowd, I'm so hyped-up I feel like my feet are barely touching the ground as I make my way inside.

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They sure know how to throw a party in L.A. The fans are enjoying the abundance of food that's been brought in, and I'm having a great time getting to meet the people that my music has touched in some small way. Absalom stays near-by, giving me the support that I hadn't even known that I would need until now.

Signing yet another body part—unfortunately the T-shirts had run out very quickly—I look around for Young Soo. I have a feeling that it's getting close to

the time when we need to head to the airport. As Young Soo had said, we didn't want to have to make a mad dash for it.

"Can I get you something?" Absalom, once again, is looking out for me.

"No, I was just wondering where Young Soo has disappeared to. I have not seen him for a while."

Absalom, who stands a good eight inches taller than me, sweeps the room, looking for Young Soo.

"He's over in the corner, talking on the phone."

"Well, you may want to go let him know that I'm finishing up here, and I can be ready to head to the airport in just a few minutes." I hear loud giggles coming from behind my back. Rolling my eyes at Absalom, I turn to the group of girls standing there.

Within minutes, Young Soo is by my side, ushering me towards the front door. Stepping out into the cool night air, I take a deep breath. Even though I love meeting my fans, it can be exhausting to be the up-beat K-pop star all the time.

Glancing over, I see Absalom opening the car door for us, and I gratefully slide in. Grabbing a chilled bottle of water, I guzzle it down. My eyes make contact with Absalom's in the rear-view mirror, and the heat from his look scorches me through and through.

"Yun. Yun. Yun!" Finally, it hits me that Young Soo is repeating my name.

"Yeah, I hear you," I reply, as I slowly drag my eyes away from the mirror.

"Yun, we need to talk," Young Soo says as I turn my attention to him.

"Oh, Young Soo, can't we talk about my schedule for San Francisco after we get to San Francisco?"

"Yes, yes... we will talk about that later, but this is important, and I feel that we should discuss it now."

I'm not sure why, but I have a feeling that I'm not going to like whatever it is that Young Soo wants to talk about.

"All right, what is so important that it cannot wait until tomorrow?"

Young Soo reaches over and grabs a bottle of water for himself. Slowly twisting the top off, he takes a quick drink and twists the top back on. I find myself thinking how unusual it is for Young Soo to stall, when he's the one

who insisted that we needed to talk. Now I'm getting very worried, because Young Soo has always been very up-front with me; annoying on occasion, but always honest.

I watch him as he passes his water from one hand to the other, then back again. Then he turns toward me, and I see a look of determination in his eyes that I've never seen before.

“Okay, here's the deal. I have been working with your record company, and we've arranged that in San Francisco, you'll perform with a singer from Korea that has already established himself here in the States. We have a meeting with him first thing in the morning.”

Speechless... I am absolutely speechless. I haven't performed with anyone on stage since my early days, when I first started out with a group of other young K-pop artists. My first thought is—*why?* And then my next thought is—*who?*

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## Chapter Four

Early the next morning, I arrive at the hotel that has been chosen as a neutral meeting place for all parties, with Young Soo and Absalom by my side. My manager is here to make sure everything goes smoothly. Absalom, on the other hand, has decided to come with me just to offer his support, and I couldn't be happier.

As we make our way toward the front desk to get directions to the room where the meeting is being held, I can't help but be apprehensive about this whole situation. When it comes to my music, I have my own style and way of doing things. The thought of having to perform with someone that I don't know gives me a tight, edgy feeling in my chest.

It doesn't help matters, that after landing in San Francisco late last evening, I had no time or energy to track down Young Soo to see if I could get more information about the performer I was to meet this morning. The only thing I do know about him is that he's Korean. For some reason, which I don't understand, my manager seems to think that knowing his nationality alone should put me at ease.

*What an idiot!* I think bitterly. Young Soo knows that I hadn't really been close to anyone back home in Korea. In fact, there had only been a few people that I'd hit it off with, one of them being my trainer who had been on the K-pop scene for many years prior to my own introduction into this business.

Young Soo's reasoning for this collaboration seems completely asinine to me. However, there are two things I'm sure about. One, when I get him alone, I'm going to have a serious talk with Young Soo about making these kinds of decisions on his own. Two, I'm going to need a strong drink and a long venting session with Absalom.

The clerk in charge of the front desk is very friendly and helpful. Even though I tell her it's unnecessary, she insists on escorting us up.

She's an attractive young woman with blonde hair that glistens with red highlights. She appears to be quite shy and doesn't attempt to flirt or throw any of her *assets* in my direction. If my tastes had run toward women—she would have made a great girlfriend.

A few moments later, we arrive at the room where the meeting is to take place. There we find a set of tall, light oak doors that allows the light from the

sconces on each side to bounce and dance off of them, giving the doors and the surrounding area a kind of warm energy that seems to say *come on in*.

As the clerk moves to open the doors, she makes a polite gesture for us to proceed forward into the room. I can feel the nervous tightness clutching a little harder at my chest. I'm really not ready for this, as I have no idea what to expect.

Young Soo heads in first, immediately directing orders to the young clerk, who is surprisingly agreeable to taking down notes and suggestions. I must admit that I feel bad for her, as Young Soo can be quite demanding. While he's busy trying to make the room perfect, I take the opportunity to step inside and briefly glance around, taking in my surroundings. The room seems to have a cozy, intimate feel. I straightaway spot one of the nicest things about it—the large window with its beautiful view of the city's skyline. Unfortunately, even this serene scene doesn't calm the feelings of uncertainty rushing around in my stomach.

At that moment, I sense someone behind me, and I feel myself tense as a strong, yet gentle hand is placed on my shoulder, which prompts me to turn around. It's Absalom, and he doesn't say anything at all, but the way he's staring at me seems to be a silent inquiry, asking if I'm alright.

I turn back around and continue to just stare out at the beautiful view, until I feel Absalom gently squeeze my shoulder. I don't move as he leans in and whispers in my ear, "I'm here, Yun, you don't have to be nervous. I can stay in here the whole time."

Suddenly, I feel as if most of my fear and anxiety just melts away. I can't explain the feeling, nor can I explain why Absalom's presence makes it so much easier to deal with what may become a potentially career-changing event. All I know is that with him close by... I'll be okay. No matter how this meeting turns out.

Young Soo has arranged for some refreshments to be brought to the room. I guess he feels that we will all behave more civilly to each other if we aren't worried about our stomachs interrupting our interactions. I'm not sure how I feel about eating, but as the food arrives, I decide that trying to get through this meeting on an empty stomach is not a smart idea. I look over, and I'm surprised to find that the friendly desk clerk is also helping to bring things in. Once everything is set up, the clerk shyly smiles, gives me a small wave and says, "If you need anything else, just call me at the front desk. My name is Ashley."

I smile in her direction. She has gone above what one might expect, and I make a mental note to be sure and mention this to her superior. She really does deserve credit for how helpful she's been... especially after having to put up with Young Soo.

Shortly after we start eating, there is a sharp knock against the door. Soundlessly, Absalom leaves his seat to go answer it. I appreciate the gesture, but I catch myself hoping that he doesn't think that I expect him to do everything for me in his role as my driver. Hopefully, by now he knows I consider him my best friend.

I find my eyes drawn to the doors, but I can't see who Absalom is talking to. I then look at Young Soo and notice that he also has his eyes on the door.

It seems that the moment of truth had arrived along with the singer that I'm supposed to perform with.

Absalom pulls the door wide open to allow our guest to enter the room and I find myself standing, out of respect, as I have been taught from a young age. I stand there in awe, because entering the room is the most attractive man that I've ever seen. One that I'd never thought to actually run into while I was here in the States, but if I was honest with myself, that I had secretly hoped to meet some day. *Kwan*.

Young Soo stands also and moves to offer his hand in greeting, and our guest immediately accepts. The two begin to talk, and I just stand there—staring.

Finally, I manage to break out of my stupor and turn to Absalom to quietly say, "Do you know who that is?"

Shaking his head, Absalom whispers in reply, "He simply said he had business with you and your manager, he didn't tell me anything else. Just remember what I said, Yun, I'll be here for as long as you need me to."

Young Soo steps forward and gestures toward the man he has been speaking with and says, "Yun, this is the singer I've been telling you about."

As I start to walk in Young Soo's direction, I try my best not to sound too irritated when I reply in a matter of fact kind of way, "It is not polite to lie, Young Soo, especially in front of our guest. You know very well that you have told me next to nothing about him, not even his name."

Young Soo shoots me an annoyed glare and then just as quickly returns his gaze to our guest, saying, "Please excuse Yun, this week has been a bit rough



on him. He isn't usually this forward. A little rest and he'll be far more receptive to this concept."

The minute Young Soo finishes his sentence, the other man's warm dark brown eyes meet mine, and he replies in a smooth, deep voice, "It's fine, Young Soo, I appreciate his honesty. Nowadays there are so many people out there who are afraid to be honest, it's refreshing to know that Yun isn't one of them."

The way he says my name sends wild shivers of anticipation and apprehension racing through my body. *I want him*. I can feel the strength and confidence radiating off him in heated waves, and the fact that I want to be on the receiving end of that strength scares me more than the prospect of performing with him.

He steps away from Young Soo and moves closer to me, holding out his hand for me to take, but I'm once again taken in by his eyes. He blinks, and whatever trance I seem to be under is instantly broken, and I allow myself to take his hand. The smile he gives me sends sizzling sensations of desire coursing through my veins.

An emotion sparks in those eyes that I can't read, and his already deep voice seems to deepen even further as he says, "Your manager failed to properly introduce us, Yun, I'm looking forward to working with you and getting to know you better. My name is Kwan."

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## Chapter Five

The moment after Kwan introduces himself to me seems to last forever, but Absalom whispering in my ear somehow manages to bring my mind back from wherever it had been temporarily vacationing.

“Yun, I think you can let go of his hand now. He’ll probably need it later.”

I shake my head to rid it of the mental fog that has—without warning—wrapped tightly around my brain. I release Kwan’s hand and take a step back; I can’t help but be annoyed with myself. Here I am, meeting the man of my dreams, who I’ll probably be performing with, and all I’m able to do is stare and mentally drool. *So much for first impressions.*

Kwan doesn’t seem bothered by the fact that I’ve been holding his hand for such a long period of time. On the contrary, he seems to be enjoying watching me squirm under his piercing, hypnotic gaze.

Not wanting to embarrass myself further, I force myself to look away and listen, as Young Soo attempts to fill in the awkward holes of the conversation left by the odd tension that seems to have popped up between Kwan and myself.

Young Soo starts by offering Kwan a chair and something to eat, which Kwan politely turns down, stating that he’d eaten before making the trip to the hotel. Absalom and I resume our seats at the table, but I find myself unable to eat another bite. It feels impossible to focus on satisfying the needs of my stomach when Kwan is so close, and my body is demanding that I satisfy other, more important needs.

Who am I kidding; it’s impossible to focus on any aspect of the meeting, when the whole time all I want to do is catalog the many wonderful things about his body. Kwan, on some level, must have sensed my inability to concentrate, because he looks in my direction and says in that smooth voice which makes me want to beg him to keep talking and at the same time, to tell him to shut the hell up.

“I feel like we don’t have your full attention, Yun. Perhaps it would be better if you and I talk in private. You know, have a quiet little meeting of our own. Hmmm?”

Damn him, and damn his voice—and damn his ability to sense my unease. Luckily, Young Soo instantly makes his displeasure at this idea known. “If

you're having a hard time focusing, Yun, we can always reschedule. I'd prefer for all of us to be at our sharpest, if this meeting and the upcoming concerts are going to be successful. Do you think you'll be more mentally prepared, if we reschedule the meeting for tomorrow?"

I'm willing to do anything to avoid being in here, with this man, for another moment. However, when I open my mouth to tell Young Soo that tomorrow might be a better time, and that I think it would be best to reschedule, words that are the complete opposite of what I'm thinking begin to pour out of my mouth.

"Actually, I think it would be a good idea if Kwan and I have some time to talk privately."

*What is wrong with me?*

Maybe last night's flight took more out of me than I'd originally thought.

I can tell that Young Soo is still uncomfortable with the idea of being left out of the meeting, and I notice that Absalom is staying quiet about the matter. But his silence, and the way he's looking at Kwan, leads me to believe that he isn't crazy about the idea of Kwan and me being left alone together either.

Kwan has absolutely no problems stating his case. It's obvious to me, that he knows exactly what to say in order to get what he wants.

"I understand your uncertainty, but if you will allow Yun and me to talk, it will take a lot less time for me to reassure him that working together will be beneficial to all of us."

I realize the exact moment when Young Soo finally concedes to Kwan's wishes, because he sighs heavily and gets up from the table. Absalom stands as well, but I can sense his reluctance to leave. After a brief glance in Kwan's direction, I get up and follow them to the door. Absalom lingers in the doorway for a moment. "Are you sure about this, Yun? You don't know this guy. I'd rather remain here with you, than risk something going wrong."

I look in Kwan's direction once again, and I notice that he's watching my exchange with Absalom very closely. What I say next is, in my opinion, a pathetic attempt to calm his worries as well as my own.

"It will be alright, Absalom, the quicker I get this over with, the quicker I can get the whole idea of my performing with someone else out of Young Soo's head—permanently. No worries, really... I will have this taken care of in no time."

Absalom knows me better than this, and I know he isn't convinced either, but he humors me anyway and softly closes the door behind himself as he leaves. When I turn to face Kwan that nervous feeling returns to my stomach. I'm alone with him, and suddenly I don't feel so confident anymore.

I return to my seat at the table, and I realize that I'm even more nervous now than I was before Kwan arrived. The tension in the room is thick, and the silence is overwhelming.

Thankfully, the suffocating silence is at last broken, when Kwan finally speaks.

"You don't need to be nervous around me, Yun. I really think that we can come to a better understanding about this whole situation if it is just the two of us. It's so much easier to be open and honest with each other when we're not having to worry about what others might think or say."

He leaves his place at the table and comes to sit next to me. I have to admit that up close he's even more gorgeous than I'd ever imagined him to be. Even though we share the same eye color, there are times when his eyes seem to be a darker, more intense shade of brown. His hair is also similar in color to mine, and I have this ridiculous thought, if someone didn't know any better, they might mistake us for brothers.

He looks absolutely breathtaking in his black, leg-hugging jeans and skin-tight, white tank top. His choice of clothing shows off every single inch of his body to its fullest advantage.

I've never been so eager to get away from anyone in my life; my attraction to Kwan is so irritatingly intriguing. I attempt to get the conversation going again, so I can put this meeting behind me once and for all.

"I did not expect you to show up alone. Young Soo gave me the impression that we were to meet with you *and* your manager."

Kwan smiles at me in a way that sends shivers racing along my spine. The look in his eyes is nothing short of appreciative, as he moves his gaze up and down my body. He focuses directly on my face as he says, "Something came up. I told my manager I'd be fine by myself. He wanted to reschedule, but I'm glad I was able to talk him out of it. I wouldn't have missed this meeting for anything."

I don't know how to respond, there seems to be a hidden meaning to his words that I just can't decipher. All I can think to say is, "How did you find out about me? Why did you decide that we should perform together?"

There's that smile again—damn that smile! It's full of confidence and something else... something I can't identify. Certainty, maybe?

That certainty, if that's what it truly is, becomes somewhat apparent when he says, "I saw a video of one of your concerts on the Internet—the energy that you exude on stage is quite amazing, Yun. Add in your talent and there's nothing that you can't do. I think we can mesh our styles and create something new and fresh that will blow the fans away."

His honesty knocks me off my feet, figuratively speaking of course, but I can't figure out what it is about this man that's threatening to drive me out of my mind.

I can't take much more of this. All I want to do is tell him, no, I don't want to perform with you, and beat a hasty retreat back to my room.

I pull in a deep breath and try to aim for both respect and tact. "I appreciate that you want us to perform together Kwan, but to be honest, I don't see how this is going to work. I've never collaborated with anyone before, and I just don't think I can—not right now, maybe not ever."

The look in his eyes is at best unreadable. He doesn't seem angry or offended, but I'm unable to get a lock on any of his emotions.

I can't remain this close to him anymore. I stand and move toward the window—just trying to find something to look at other than Kwan. Focusing my attention outside seems to calm me somewhat, and as I look back, to my surprise I see that Kwan is still seated at the table. The fact that he's allowing me this small concession begins to relieve some of the nervousness that I've been feeling.

"Yun, I understand your hesitation. You know nothing about me. However, I'd appreciate you hearing me out before you make any kind of decision."

I allow my gaze to return to the window, letting the images of the far-off buildings distract me once again. He really isn't asking for much; even though he makes me uncomfortable, I know that I should, at the very least, listen to what he has to say. I do my best to be respectful and look him in the eyes, but it's difficult because my eyes seem to have formed a permanent relationship with the floor. I'm not quite sure how, but I finally manage to meet his gaze. I want to let him know that I'm willing to give him a chance to explain his ideas, however, I barely manage to get out. "I'm listening."

His smile is different this time; it doesn't have that cocky, arrogant air to it. Perhaps this is why I'm not so intimidated anymore, but I still can't help but want to run from the room.

"I suggest, Yun, that we do two concerts together and see how everything goes. You have a lot of potential, just look at how well-known you are in Korea. If you let me, I can help you gain that same kind of recognition throughout the States."

He's starting with that cocky, arrogant attitude thing again. He says I have potential, but he seems so sure that I need help earning a name for myself here in the States. I can't seem to turn off my irritation with his previous statement, and he can probably hear it in my voice. "You might think I need help gaining recognition as a good performer here, but I don't—not from you—not from anyone. I did quite well by myself in Korea, and my concert in L.A. was successful, so I'm sure that I can do the same here."

His smile is gone now. I can't say he's angry exactly, but I'm beginning to feel like I may have pushed him a bit too far this time. At this point, I'm thinking that I should've continued with the *respectful* attitude, but it's too late for that now. Maybe if he believes I'm too stubborn to work with, he'll decide that we shouldn't work together after all. Maybe he'll think he's making a mistake.

Kwan stands up from his place at the table, and it looks like he's just going to leave the room without a word, and that's what I want. At least I think it is... but then why does some inner part of me want to stop him from going?

Instead, he comes to stand in front of me, and as we stare into each other's eyes, I can't be sure, but there seems to be a flash of determination, maybe even annoyance, reflected in his eyes. I can easily pick up both of those emotions in his voice as he says, "I'm going to say it again, Yun. I understand that you're not eager to work with me. Nevertheless, we *are* going to continue this meeting, and we *are* going to treat each other with respect."

I realize after he's finished speaking that I've been stubborn and antagonistic practically since we were left alone together. I instantly feel a generous amount of guilt settling in the center of my chest; this isn't like me at all, and I can't completely blame Kwan for my attitude. I'm sure this whole thing has gotten further under my skin than I wanted it to. I return to my seat, saying as I sit down, "I apologize for my behavior, Kwan, and I really am interested in hearing your ideas concerning our working together."

I am sure he can easily hear the resignation in my voice, but he doesn't seem to mind as he takes a seat as well right next to mine, and suddenly everything in me becomes tense again.

"I'm only asking for two concerts. Once they're over, if we feel we absolutely can't work together, then I'll inform Young Soo, and that will be that."

Here comes that feeling again... the feeling that's telling me that I want to spend more time with Kwan and try to make this collaboration work.

Even though I am leery of where my feelings are leading me, I can't seem to find it in myself to just walk away from the possibilities that could come from us performing together. Having to come to terms with my attraction for Kwan is, of course, another matter altogether.

The fact that I'm still here at this meeting makes me realize that I've already decided to hear what Kwan has to say, and that I'm actually considering his idea of us performing together. One thing is for sure, if we're going to do these two concerts together, then I can accept nothing less than our best efforts.

"What do you have in mind for the concerts?"

There's a brief moment of silence before he says, "As I said before, I'm amazed at your energy on stage. I want to make a few suggestions to develop your incredible stage presence. That is, if you're still willing to perform with me after you hear my ideas."

He lets this statement hang between us for a few moments; maybe giving it a chance to settle as well as giving me the appropriate amount of time to respond. Something inside of me decides to be negative, and it whispers in my ear, "*You already know you're not going to like what he is going to say, Yun.*"

Sometimes I hate my instincts because they're usually right. I hear myself sigh heavily, and it drives me crazy, knowing that having this meeting and possibly performing with Kwan feels more like something that I'm being pressured into, rather than a decision I'm making of my own free will.

Kwan must have picked up on my uncertainty again, because to my great surprise he reaches over to where my hand rests on the table top and places his hand on mine.

It's hard to understand or believe his forwardness, but the instant he places his hand over mine, I can feel myself start to relax, and the only thing I can

think to say at the moment is, "What kind of suggestions did you have in mind?"

This time his smile is warm and easy with just a hint of a smirk to it—that same smirk which both irritates and arouses me at the same time.

"It's clear from the shouting I heard on your last concert video that you're popular with the girls. I think if you play to that half of your audience, they'll appreciate you and your music even more."

His eyes once again catch and hold mine, and there seems to be quite a bit of heat reflecting in those brown orbs of his. I sense that there is more to him, and more to those looks, than meets the eye.

"I also think that we make your audience sweat a little by giving them a little bit of sexual tension between you and me. In my experience, women love to see two men who look like they're turned on by each other. It gives them a little extra excitement."

*Damn, I hate it when my instincts are right!*

That's when I start to see red. When I heard his comment about *sexual tension*, I was afraid that this was where he was going to go with his ideas. I'd been hoping that maybe I'd just been overreacting. Of course part of me understands what he is saying, but the other part of me is extremely annoyed that he would even suggest I use my sexuality to sell concert tickets.

I try very hard to speak calmly and respectfully, but I'm not very successful. My voice starts off strained, instead of calm, and I find myself moving my hand away from his. I sense his surprise when I do this. Maybe he feels we were finally making progress, and that's why my sudden distance surprises him so, but I don't have time to think on it anymore as I hear myself saying, "Kwan, I appreciate your insight, but what you're suggesting isn't the kind of entertainment I want to provide my audience with, or the type of excitement that I want to arouse. I prefer to give them what they want without making them secretly question my sexuality. If that's what you think will sell more tickets to my shows, then please leave me out of it. I refuse to turn my concerts into a sexual farce in order to be recognized as a great performer!"

I am shouting by now, and I don't give a damn if the other guests or even the hotel staff hear me. What Kwan is proposing is unacceptable.

The last thing I want is for my concerts to be turned into some kind of media-related circus. I personally don't care that I'm gay, but I'm not ready for the rest of the world to find out yet.



I don't realize that I'm heading for the door, until it's right in front of me.

However, I also don't see Kwan move, until I feel his hand wrapping around my wrist—not hard enough to bruise or injure me, but just tight enough to ensure that I'm not going to get away from him easily.

I feel my body tense up with the realization that he isn't going to let me go. The fact that he can so easily capture me emotionally and physically only irritates me more, and I know Kwan hears that irritation and determination as it reflects in my voice.

“Let me go—now!”

I don't sense any annoyance coming from him, but I can feel that he's just as determined to keep me here as I am to leave.

“I'm not letting go, yet—not until we discuss this matter civilly. I want you to understand that both our managers and record labels think that our performing together will be good for the both of us. I'm well known here. Us working together can only mean the beginning of even better things for your career.”

I hate that he's right, but if this is the only way for me to become better known in the States then I'd rather go back to Korea where the kinds of things he's suggesting would be frowned upon, and my secret attraction to men would be safe from the media.

Kwan probably has a pretty good idea about my sexual preferences. That is, if he's been paying attention either to the looks I've been giving him, or to the fact that I haven't been able to control my erection when I get too close to him. I shake my head trying to rid my mind of these distracting, ridiculous thoughts; all I want to do is free myself from his grip and run for the safety of my suite or better yet—Absalom's arms, which are probably much closer and more comforting. Even though I'm sure it is useless, I attempt to free myself again... as I thought, it is an exercise in futility. I'm not going to get free unless he decides to let me go. This fact only fuels my anger and irritation more.

“Fine then, I get to work with a fellow K-pop artist who's well known both in Korea and this part of the world. What exactly, may I ask, do *you* get out of us forming a working relationship?”

With no effort on his part whatsoever, Kwan pulls me closer to him. He's only an inch or two taller than me, so I have no problem looking directly into

those beautiful, dark brown eyes. There's confidence and some other emotion I can't quite name reflected there.

As his eyes seem to suddenly darken, that's when I see what might be desire in those eyes. I am entranced by them again. As I continue to stare at him, I realize too late that he's maneuvering me away from the door. I feel myself struggling against his strength, but it's no use. Kwan has me positioned with my back against the solid wall.

For what seems like forever, Kwan is silent. When he finally answers, his voice is low, and he moves in even closer. With his lips so close to my ear that I can feel his warm breath caressing it, I have to strain to hear him when he whispers, "What do you think I get out of this professional relationship, Yun? What more could I want, than to work with an attractive fellow artist who's climbed through the ranks and become a star in his own right?"

I swear I can feel my eyes widen when he says this. Can this be what he has wanted the whole time—to be able to perform with me—or is there something more to it than that? He must have already known about me; our country is fairly small, so it's common for K-pop stars to know about one another, even if one performer starts their career earlier or later than the other.

I close my eyes, trying to get my mind to clear, but it's impossible with Kwan pressed in so close to me. I can't handle him being this near, my whole body is screaming—declaring its want and need for more. I can't figure out what is wrong with me. I want him to release me, but at the same time, I want to remain pressed between him and the wall. I'm sure my voice sounds weak and breathy, but I can't help it.

"Please... let me go Kwan, I can't take this—you barely know me, just let me go."

I sense him pulling his face away from my ear, but I can still feel his breath caress it. I can't be sure if he's doing it on purpose or if it's involuntary. Either way, it hasn't eased my attraction for him, if anything it has managed to further flame both my desire for him and my anger toward him.

As I turn my head to look at him, I can't identify the look on Kwan's face, and I don't get a chance to try to figure it out before he speaks, "Are you sure that's what you want, Yun? I can feel your response to me. You're hard aren't you? My holding you like this—it excites you, doesn't it?"

*No!* My mind shouts, but my heart and my cock know better. I've been drawn to him from the moment we met, and if I'm truthful with myself, I'll admit that I want him to hold me even tighter, to control my every sexual need.

However, my mind takes over once again, and I push against him, until he finally backs away, and I'm able to move from the wall. I practically run around to the other side of the table, foolishly thinking that it'll stop him from getting close to me again.

Kwan calmly returns to his original place at the table, saying as he does so, "Two concerts, that's all I ask. After that we'll see where fate takes us, agreed?"

*That's all he asks? Liar!*

I squash that thought as soon as it makes itself known, and I reply, "Agreed. However, I want to talk about what we are going to be doing on stage."

I let it end at that, afraid that if I say any more, he will notice how I'm still unnerved by his presence. He only nods his head, as he rises from his seat and begins to make his way to the door. Before he opens it, he turns toward me and manages to surprise me yet again. "I'd like to invite you to breakfast, so that we can further discuss the concerts as well as dissolve some of this tension between us. It won't do either one of us any good, if I feel like all you want to do, when we are trying to work together, is strangle me. I'll run the idea by your manager. I'm free any morning this coming week."

*Damn him!* I'd barely survived this encounter with Kwan, and he already wants to meet again in such a short amount of time? I feel my hands clench into fists at my sides, but I manage to answer him in a dignified, but very quiet manner as opposed to punching him in the face.

"Friday," I mumble. His eyebrows raise, and I'm sure that he's barely heard me, so I say it again.

"I said Friday. If that's good for you?"

He nods and smiles, but it still resembles that annoying smirk that seems to constantly grace his lips. "Then Friday it is—I'll see you then."

I thank god for the reprieve. Today is Saturday, so I've managed to get myself a few more days to prepare before spending more time with Kwan. I watch as he finally opens the door, and then he motions for me to precede him out. I succeed in composing myself before I exit the room first, but as I walk past him, I catch myself drawing in a deep breath and breathing in what is becoming known to me as his very unique scent. Having survived this meeting, I wonder how in the world I'm going to get through Friday without giving in to what I'm afraid is my very obvious sexual reaction to Kwan.

When we arrive outside the door, Absalom, who's casually leaning against the wall, comes over to meet us, followed by Young Soo, who looks like he's been pacing the whole time. Seeing the concerned look on his face, lets me know that even though we have our differences, Young Soo is the right manager for me; he's truly concerned about me and is always looking out for my best interests.

Young Soo is the first to speak, of course, "So, have we reached an agreement?"

Kwan speaks before I have a chance to answer Young Soo's question, "Yes, we have. We've decided to do two concerts together. We'll discuss the possibility of further collaborations after that."

Young Soo seems to instantly relax after hearing this news; to him this agreement means that things have gone well. Absalom, on the other hand, isn't fooled—he knows how uncomfortable I've been around Kwan. Thankfully, he says nothing for the time being. He does, however, move closer, and I am grateful for his quiet strength and support.

Young Soo is too busy making arrangements for Kwan and me to have breakfast together for him to notice how nervous I am around Kwan. Before I can say anything, Absalom is once again stepping in to take care of me.

"Excuse me, Young Soo, but it's been a long morning for all of us, Yun especially. If you and Kwan don't mind, I'm going to drive him back to the hotel, so that he can relax for a while."

"Hmmm? Oh yes, Absalom, that's fine. I'm just going to finish talking with Kwan here, and then when I return to the hotel, we can all three sit down and discuss the tour schedule."

*I can't wait*, I think sarcastically. I decide not to worry about that right now, so I start toward the lobby. Young Soo turns to Kwan, and they pick up the conversation again. When I look back, I notice that Kwan is watching me walk away, his eyes not missing a single detail. I can almost feel the heat of his stare on my back as I face forward and do my best to ignore it.

Absalom is immediately at my side as I reach the front door. I appreciate that he doesn't try to pull information out of me, in fact all he asks is, "How did it go?"

I want to be honest with him, but the meeting is the last thing that I want to talk about right now, so I reply, "I would rather talk about it later, Absalom."

In his ever understanding way, Absalom nods his head. "Alright, how about over dinner then?"

The question surprises me a little, but I'm glad for the invitation. Somehow, he knows I want to talk about what has happened, just not right now. I don't know how he knows, but I'm grateful that he always seems to be sure about how I'm feeling... I guess this is a sign of a true friend.

Ever thankful for such a friend, I feel a smile start to grow. "Okay, over dinner then. Thank you, Absalom."

He places his hand on my shoulder and squeezes it comfortingly before he replies, "You're welcome. I'll take you to your hotel room, and then I'll be back for you in a few hours, okay?"

I smile again and nod as we head out the door to the limo. He really is the best friend.

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A few hours later, Absalom and I are sitting at a table with a perfect view of the Golden Gate Bridge. The restaurant is surprisingly quiet for it being early evening on a Saturday. We've come here on a whim and find that it has a nice, intimate atmosphere. The lighting is low and romantic, and if we were a regular couple instead of just friends, this restaurant might've been the perfect place for a first date.

Absalom, being originally from Los Angeles and having only been to San Francisco once or twice before, has apparently not had a lot of time to sample the variety of foods available here. This being my first time in the city, we're both looking forward to the wide selection of dishes that this restaurant has to offer. I'm sure that it's going to be a treat for both of us. Since I have a deep appreciation for spicy foods, I order some Cajun chicken pasta, while Absalom satisfies his passion for great seafood with an order of seafood stew. When we order, I promise him a bite of my pasta in exchange for a little of his stew, which he happily agrees to, after pretending to pout.

We're both enjoying our food so much that I've nearly forgotten about the disastrous meeting with Kwan... that is until Absalom mentions it as a conversation opener.

"So, what's Kwan like? What did happen at that meeting?"

I knew the question was coming, but the thought of trying to explain what went on makes me wonder if I should take a break from my meal. I push my

plate away and mentally struggle to figure out how to tell Absalom the truth, while making sure he doesn't realize that I'm not telling him *everything*.

"He's arrogant, stubborn, and overconfident. He just has this *air* about him. He seems to think that I can't make it big here in the States without help from him. The whole time I was there, I felt like we were dancing around each other."

I sigh heavily and take a sip of my coke, cringing at the watery taste the ice-cubes have left behind. *I should have ordered ice tea*, I think to myself, but it can't be helped, and Absalom patiently waits for me to finish the rest of my story.

"I hate to admit it, but I kind of behaved like a spoiled child, Absalom. I barely let him get a word in edgewise. I think some sick part of me likes trying to get on his nerves, I do not think this collaboration's going to work, it just feels like it's too much, too soon. Yet, something inside of me is saying that this is a great idea. I just can't explain it."

Never once does Absalom interrupt me; he listens and understands, just like I knew he would. I must say that I'm surprised when he actually reaches across the table and covers my hand with his. The contact doesn't last long, because he knows that I'm uncomfortable with the fact that we're in public, and he's only attempting to comfort me.

"I know this is hard for you, Yun, but you have to try and think about this positively. You're a star in your own right, but if you hope to become even more well-known, then you're going to have to open yourself up to many different experiences like this."

*He sounds just like Kwan.* Even though I find it irritating, I know that he's right—they both are. I decide right then and there that I'm going to try and be more open-minded about this whole situation. I know that if I don't, it's going to be impossible for Kwan and I to perform together, and I would be missing an important opportunity for furthering my music career.

I discreetly turn my hand over and clasp Absalom's. "Thank you. I knew you would understand."

He smiles as he glances out the window we are seated next to; the view has only gotten better with the appearance of a spectacular sunset. The reflection of orange and pinks make the impressive status of the bridge pop even more.

I'm feeling so much better now, and it's all because of Absalom, I wish I could better express my gratitude and growing affection for him, but I'm not

sure how. I don't get any more time to think it over before our waiter comes over to check on us.

He's an attractive, dark haired, young man, and his Spanish accent is enough to make you want to melt. Fortunately or *unfortunately*, I find that the sound of Kwan's deeply resonating, but slightly Americanized, Asian accent really gets to me a lot more. Absalom, on the other hand, seems quite taken not only with the waiters accent, but with the waiter himself.

"Gentlemen, is there anything else I can get for you—dessert perhaps?"

Absalom and I quickly release each other's hands, but I'm sure that our waiter isn't fooled. He smiles at our nervousness and winks in my direction.

I'm actually surprised to find that I can speak without stammering, "Thank you, Lopez, but I think we're both fine here, am I right, Absalom?"

He nods his head in agreement then adds. "That's right... but if you could bring us some to-go boxes, we'd really appreciate it."

Lopez flashes us his bright, friendly smile. "Two to-go boxes coming right up. You'd like one for your rolls as well, right?"

Absalom and I nod at the same time, and Lopez seems to think it's cute. I refrain from telling him that Absalom and I aren't together as he probably wouldn't have believed me anyway.

As he walks away, Absalom turns to me once again. "I guess, once our boxes get here we should get going. Young Soo might be getting worried... I didn't exactly mention to him that we were going out."

I smile and think to myself, *god forbid!* I hadn't given any thought to the fact that Young Soo likes to be made aware of all my activities.

Leaning back in my chair, I send a grin Absalom's way. "He must not be too worried, or he would have called to check on us. He was so wrapped up in his conversation with Kwan that he probably didn't even give us a thought until after he had returned to the hotel. I really needed some down time, and I appreciate that you had the great idea to get away for a while. This is a great restaurant, and you can't beat the view. Thanks again."

"Anything to ease your mind. Oh, here comes Lopez with our boxes."

I turn around, and sure enough, there he is with two boxes in one hand and a Styrofoam soup container in the other. He sets them down, and with a wink he says, "I hope to see you two again real soon, take care now, Mr. Yun." He

quickly turns toward Absalom, and leans in close to say, "If you ever come in without your *friend*, I'd be more than willing to be your dinner companion."

He takes off for the kitchen doors, and I look back at Absalom, who actually seems to be a little embarrassed. I find myself wanting to tease him—I just can't help myself.

"I think he likes you. What do you think, Absalom: boxers, briefs, or commando?"

He smiles in a way that makes me think he either wants to kiss me or ruffle my hair, the way an older brother might do. In the end he just shakes his head. "Very funny, Yun." He glances back toward the kitchen doors, and his smile begins to change, like he is privy to a closely guarded secret.

"Besides, Lopez looks more like the *silk panties* type to me. Maybe someday I'll get to know for sure."

I glare at him playfully, as we gather our leftovers and head outside to Absalom's rented car. The air near the bay has cooled down a bit, but it isn't so cool as to be uncomfortably chilly, just enough to raise the hairs on your arm.

It's just a little after dark when he parks the car near the hotel. As Absalom and I enter the lobby, the manager nods to me and almost instantly picks up the phone on his desk—probably to call Young Soo. Knowing him the way I do, I'm pretty sure that I only have about fifteen, maybe twenty minutes tops before Young Soo arrives to ruin my pleasant evening with a lengthy discussion about my touring schedule and subtle inquiries about the meeting that Kwan and I had.

We immediately head for the elevators. I want just a little more time with Absalom before real life decides to intervene. This is one of the few times since arriving in San Francisco that I've been able to just be me, and I want it to be a moment that I can treasure.

It doesn't take long for us to enter the elevator and enjoy the smooth ride to my floor. However, there's a certain aspect to our relationship that's weighing on my mind, and I impatiently have to wait until we're alone again to get it sorted out.

The trip doesn't take anytime at all, and before I know it, the elevator's arrival tone sounds, and we're on our way to my room. I don't quite know how to broach the subject that I want to discuss with Absalom... hopefully something will come to me soon.



Since the time with Michael, when I first discovered my need to be controlled, I've wanted to find someone I could trust. Someone who cared for me, and wanted to be with me and teach me how to be a proper submissive. I had felt that Michael could have been that man, and even though the night we'd spent together would always be special to me, I've come to realize that he was only going to help me better understand the role I longed to play as a submissive.

After the way we had expressed our growing feelings for each other in my suite in Los Angeles, I've been trying to find a way to tell Absalom about the *other* part of me. My biggest concerns are about whether or not we can form a truly loving relationship, and most importantly, is he the man that could and would want to be my forever Dom.

We arrive at the door to my suite, which is at the very end of the hall. I want to keep my attitude casual, but when I ask Absalom if he wants to come in the words come out all wrong, and I sound shy, uncertain, and scared.

"Thanks for the offer, Yun, but Young Soo will probably show up any minute. So, I think it's best if I go back to my room. We can talk later if you'd like, okay?"

I sigh heavily, hoping it doesn't make me sound like a disappointed child. "Just for a few minutes Absalom, I—I really want to talk to you about something important... please?"

He looks to the left and then to the right in the empty hall. I suppose he's being careful, and on some level I appreciate it, but on another level I kind of wish that he would just open the door and take me inside. Not like a married couple, but in a way that would speak to my inner submissive. The fact that he doesn't, pretty much tells me everything that I need to know without asking, but I still want to be sure about our relationship.

I feel Absalom's hand on my arm, and it brings me back to the here and now. I take in his beautiful features, and when I see the uncertainty reflected in his chocolate-brown eyes, something inside of me begins to hurt just a little, because now I know that Absalom can never be the dominant lover that I so badly want and need.

I fish my key card out of my pocket, and when the door's unlocked, I walk inside first. I am half-tempted to turn around and see if he is still there, but I can't bring myself to do it. Even if we can never become anything more than

friends, I don't want any moment from tonight to create an awkward strain between us, I really care about Absalom, and I want us to remain friends.

I'm so caught up in the painful realization that my dreams of us being together are never going to happen, that I don't even hear the door close. So, when I turn around and see Absalom is still standing there just inside the room, it startles me for a minute.

"You're still here. I'd thought that you would have—"

Absalom moves toward me, and when he's within touching distance, he strokes his knuckles against my cheek. I revel in the feel of his skin caressing mine. I only wish there didn't seem to be such a look of longing in his eyes as he looks at me. He seems to be going through the same inner struggle that I'm experiencing.

"Yun, I don't know how to say this but—I can't be what you need me to be. I need someone strong, like you do."

What he says causes my heart to skip a beat, and a barrage of questions to slam against my mind.

*Am I really that transparent—has he known this whole time—*

On and on my brain is bombarded. It is hard to fathom that strong, always-sure-of-himself Absalom has the same sexual needs and requires the same dominance as I do.

"How? How did you know, Absalom?"

He moves in even closer until he can rest his forehead against mine, and he remains silent for a long moment before he answers my question.

"I saw the way you were looking at Kwan. You may be uncomfortable around him, but I could read your body language, you were drawn to him. You don't realize how easy you are to read. If performing with him doesn't work out, at least think about exploring the attraction that you feel for him."

*But I want you, Absalom.*

I know I can't tell him that, it would just make things harder, so instead I press my lips to his. It was the only thing that felt right. He becomes tense for a second before putting his other hand on my face and deepening the kiss.

His kiss is strong, but it isn't what either of us needs. He pulls away from the kiss first, then wraps his arms around me. It feels good to have his arms holding me tightly. This is the feeling of security that I long for, but I

understand now that Absalom needs the same thing, so we'll both have to find someone else.

I wrap my arms tightly around him, and we stay like this for a few minutes longer. I search my mind for a way to tell him that I will always care about him, and that we would always be close friends... I just can't seem to find the words. However, I don't get the chance because he beats me to it.

"Yun, I don't want anything to change between us. I'm going to be here for you throughout the whole tour and even beyond that, whenever and wherever you need me, okay? I hope you know that."

There is a sudden knock on the door, and we jump away from each other like two scared teenagers who have been caught making out.

"Yun? The hotel manager called and said you were back, we need to talk. You know I don't like not knowing where you are. Come on, Yun, open up!"

Absalom looks at me, and I can see the same fear and uncertainty in his eyes that I'm sure is reflected in mine. He moves toward me again, quickly this time, and kisses my forehead before moving to sit on the couch with a casual air to his movements that I would never have been able to pull off in the same situation. He grabs the remote and turns on the flat screen TV. I try to be as casual as he is, but it isn't easy. I head to the kitchen area, just off the living room space, to see if I can find us something to drink. I figure that if it looks like Absalom and I have just been hanging out, instead of being wrapped up in each other's arms, then Young Soo would give me his usual lecture, and then he'd take off.

That's what I was hoping for anyway, but once again Young Soo's impatience is evident as he begins to knock on my door, more persistently this time. I switch directions and head for my door, catching Absalom's eyes as I do so. He nods and says as I pass him, "It will be fine, Yun, we haven't done anything wrong. Just answer the door, and we'll explain everything... together. Don't worry."

The instant he says that, I feel better. How can just hearing him speak make me feel like everything will be okay? I decide to think about it later as I continue on my path to the door. I pull in a deep breath and mentally prepare myself for Young Soo's lecture, then reach out and open the door.

Young Soo is inside before I can even utter a "Hi, come on in." I ignore his lack of greeting and follow him back to where Absalom is relaxing on the

couch. Young Soo stops in front of the TV, effectively blocking Absalom's view.

As Absalom lounges with his arms stretched out along the back of the couch, I don't know how he manages to sound so casual. "Hey, Young Soo, nice of you stop by. Would you like a drink or something?"

In my opinion, Young Soo looks like he is about to give Absalom a harsh dressing-down, even though when standing Absalom is easily a head taller than Young Soo. It's apparent that he isn't really bothered by the height difference, he just wants to make sure we both understand that he doesn't like being worried about me. I do appreciate his big brother type attitude but sometimes—like now—he takes it a little too far.

"No, I don't want a drink. What I want is to know why you took Yun out and didn't tell me where you were going or when you'd be back?"

Absalom stands without a word and walks around the small coffee table to come almost face to face with Young Soo. It's obvious that he's just a little irritated with my manager's attitude, but he also seems to understand his concern, and I hear that understanding in his voice when he answers Young Soo.

"Look, Young Soo, Yun was stressed after the meeting. I was thinking that if he got out for a little bit, he'd be able to relax, and then he would be more focused during your meeting about his touring schedule tomorrow. He's my friend, and I just want to make sure this whole idea of performing with someone else doesn't mess with him or his ability to perform."

I'm amazed when Young Soo actually drops his head, as he begins to realize how he has over-reacted.

"I'm sorry, Yun. I didn't notice how upset you were. You just had me worried, that's all. So, just call me the next time that you need a break and let me know that you are safe, that's all I ask. I'll try and be more understanding in the future, okay?"

I nod in agreement. This is the first time I have ever seen Young Soo when he wasn't his usual driven, overprotective self. He starts toward me and stops when we're within touching distance. I'm unable to read all of the emotions flickering across his handsome face, but the one that's the most clear is fondness. He's looking at me, the way an older brother might look at his younger sibling. I half expect him to ruffle my hair, but he simply nods to me and leaves the room.

When he's gone, Absalom comes over to me, and he puts his hand on my shoulder, squeezing gently.

"I'm sorry about that, Yun. I just wanted to give you a little downtime, not to cause more problems."

I cover his hand with mine, keeping it there for a moment, reveling in Absalom's presence.

"There's no need for you to apologize, Absalom, you gave me a great evening away from everything, and I appreciate it. I guess next time we should give Young Soo a quick call, he really seemed to be distressed. Well, I'm thinking that I had better call it a night, huh?"

"Sounds good, we don't want you falling asleep during Young Soo's review of your schedule itinerary, he might get *really* ticked off at you." Absalom teases with a grin on his face.

As he heads for the door, I call to him, "Thanks again for today and for being honest with me about—well, about us."

He nods and turns to leave the room.

"I will see you tomorrow. Sleep well."

He looks back and gives me that smile I like so much. "You too."

After he's gone, I turn off the TV and head to my bedroom. I now know that Absalom and I are the same in regards to our sexual preferences, but it's hard, wanting him so badly and knowing that I'm not what he needs—that we can never be together in the way that I'd so hoped we could, but I will always be thankful to be able to call him *friend*.

Deciding not to think about it anymore tonight, I climb into bed and hit the switch for the lamp on my side table. I sigh and pull the covers up to my chin and simply lie there in the dark.

*Kwan*—his image just pops uninvited into my head. I have no idea why he'd be haunting my thoughts now, of all times, but strangely enough, as soon as he enters them, I feel comforted and find myself drifting off to sleep. As my world begins to part, with dreams on one side and reality on the other, I find myself wishing that he was here... with me.

As I slip completely into sleep, *Kwan* is standing on the side where my dreams reside. He's holding his hand out to me, and before I realize it, I find myself moving toward him and taking his hand in mine. *Kwan* then pulls me

close and gently kisses me... it is just a slight brushing of his lips, but with just that one *dream* kiss, it becomes clear to me, what I couldn't see while awake. He is the *ONE* that I have been looking for.

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## Chapter Six

The following week goes by so quickly that there's no time for me to prepare for my breakfast meeting with Kwan, and I'm even less prepared after having the strange dream about him. As I head to the shower to begin the nerve-racking process of getting ready for *the* breakfast, I keep telling myself that this is necessary in order for us to have a strong working relationship. But it would seem that throwing logic at my emotionally scattered mind isn't doing me a bit of good.

I take one last look in the full-length mirror that's positioned near my bathroom door. Hoping to present a casual feel, I'm going with a pair of black skinny jeans and a black button-up shirt, layered over a red undershirt. I'm thinking that this will give me the look that I'm aiming for, since we're only having breakfast.

I can only hope Kwan isn't going to take me to someplace up-scale. It seems like he's the kind of guy who would do exactly that, just to throw me off balance—not that I don't already feel that way right now. Working with the man is going to be next to impossible if I don't get this attraction that I feel for him under some semblance of control.

My thoughts drift back to the odd dream that I had about Kwan. Before that night, my dreams had never held that much meaning for me, they just flickered here and there resembling an old-fashioned slide show. For some reason, this particular dream is determined to stay vivid in my mind.

The feeling of my phone vibrating against my thigh allows me to get back to the matter at hand. I manage to fish it out of my jeans pocket just in time to see that it's Absalom calling. He probably wants to check up on me. Kwan and I are meeting at the restaurant, and Absalom, naturally, is going to make sure I get there safely.

I slide my finger across the screen to answer the call and listen as he begins to speak. I know I've said it before, but I could listen to Absalom talk every day for a year, and I wouldn't get tired of hearing that beautiful, deep resonance of his voice.

“Yun? It's me. Young Soo just received a call from Kwan. He's on his way to the restaurant, and he'd like to meet you there, I hope you're ready. I'm on my way to your room now.”

When he says this, I take another quick look in the mirror. I'm content with the image that's reflected back at me. I'm a fairly attractive guy, I know that much. With my short, reddish-brown hair and brown eyes, I'm pretty sure it's not just my singing voice that drives my fans crazy.

I look around my suite with the phone still to my ear. It's apparent that I've zoned out again, because the next thing I know, Absalom is saying my name—repeatedly.

“Yes, I'm sorry, Absalom, what were you saying?”

Absalom doesn't sound annoyed or angry when he replies, just concerned.

“I was asking if you were ready. I know you're not crazy about having to attend this breakfast meeting, but you shouldn't keep Kwan waiting too long.”

I make a simple noise of agreement and do a mental check-list just to be sure I have everything. When I'm sure that I haven't forgotten anything, I say to Absalom, “Okay, I think I'm ready to go. Come on over.”

He replies, “Sounds good. I'll see you in a minute.”

I slip my phone back into my pocket and head for the door. I check my pockets, just to make sure I have my key card, and when I'm satisfied that it's safely tucked away, I open the door to Absalom's knock and join him in the hallway.

Once I have checked to make sure the door is locked securely behind me, we set off down the hall toward the elevator. We quickly ride down to the lobby, and I'm surprised to find Young Soo waiting there for us. I'm not sure why I'm surprised; it's not like this is something he wouldn't do. Still, I'm surprised just the same.

He comes to meet us just as we're exiting the elevator. “Good luck today, Yun. This will be good for both of you, you'll see.”

Once again, all I can do is nod. It is useless trying to explain to him that I still feel apprehensive about performing with Kwan. However, I tell myself right here and now that I'm not going to let my anxieties get in the way of something that could be a big step up for my career.

“I'm sure it will be alright, Young Soo. I'll call you after breakfast and let you know what went on, okay?”

He nods and then heads off in his own direction, while Absalom and I head for the lobby door. Even though he's dressed in his uniform, I can still see his



gorgeous muscles through the material, and that alone makes going to this breakfast easier on me.

Kwan calls me shortly after I get in the car in order to give me the name of the restaurant where we're going to eat. Somehow, I manage to stay calm while talking to him, especially when I notice that his voice sounds even sexier over the phone. It's not very hard to find the place, and the fact that the morning traffic is surprisingly pleasant makes getting there much easier than I thought it'd be.

Unfortunately, we arrive in no time, and my reprieve from Kwan quickly runs out. The thought, *the sooner I get inside and begin this meeting, the sooner I can leave*, pops into my head.

The thought, of course, is ridiculous, I know it isn't going to be that easy. However, if I'm honest with myself then I'll admit that I'm glad that Kwan and I are getting another chance to talk. Absalom temporarily parks the limo and then offers to come inside with me, but I politely decline his offer. If I'm going to work with Kwan, then I have to be able to be alone with him without being nervous.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come in with you? It's really no problem."

"Thanks, Absalom, but I think I'll be able to handle things better this time. Besides, working with him is going to be impossible if we don't ease this tension between us. I'll call you when I'm ready to leave."

He smiles and restarts the engine. I leave the car and head for the restaurant's doors. When I'm inside, I immediately find myself looking for Kwan. The inside of the restaurant is comfortable, well lit, and one can easily pick up on the quiet ambiance.

No one notices my entrance, and yet, I still feel like I'm being watched. I've only been standing here for a few moments when a friendly looking hostess comes over to help me.

"Is there something I can help you with, sir?"

I take a look around the restaurant one more time before answering her, "Yes, I'm actually supposed to be having breakfast with a friend. He said he would meet me here, but I can't seem to find him."

The hostess smiles warmly, and a look of recognition appears on her face.

"And, what's your friend's name?" she asks with a grin.

“Kwan, his name is Kwan.” I reply with a grin of my own.

The hostess gestures for me to follow her. She leads me up a short flight of stairs, and it's when we arrive at the upper balcony that I really understand how elegant this place truly is.

There are only a few tables situated on this floor, and I'm guessing that this area is specifically for the restaurant patrons who can afford it. Only one table is currently occupied, and by the very man I've been dreaming about.

When we reach the table, I finally find myself face to face with the object of my lust, irritation, and longing. He acknowledges me exactly the way I expected him to, with that smirk that seems to say *I was wondering when you'd get here*.

Kwan gestures for me to sit, and without question, I do. He smiles easily at the hostess and says, “Thank you, Mina, I knew if anyone could find him it would be you. Could you please find Yun a menu? I don't believe he's familiar with the food you serve here.”

Mina hurries off to do as Kwan has requested. Kwan turns to me and smiles that same smile, which I find both irritating and intriguing.

“I'm glad you didn't have any problems finding the restaurant, Yun. So what do you think of this place?”

I take a moment to further study my surroundings. The walls are a burgundy-red, and they match perfectly with the dark, wooden floor. All in all the place is quite elegant in a comfortable way, and I can see why it's so popular.

I want to tell Kwan this, but a thought that's been bugging me since I arrived pushes itself to the forefront of my mind, and I find myself quickly giving it a voice, “What kind of pull do you have with the owner, Kwan? This upstairs dining room is beautiful, and yet we're the only ones up here.”

He surprises me by being completely honest, instead of dancing around the question the way someone less secure about themselves might. “It isn't that I have any pull with the owner, it's really just the fact that I'm a loyal patron. The owner is a friend, and I helped him with some financial backing when he was first getting the restaurant started.”

The answer was simple, but I notice that even though Kwan is looking like he enjoys the perks, in actuality it seems as if he's somewhat uncomfortable with the special treatment.

The longer I sit here, the more comfortable I become around him, and that's not something I want—at least I don't think it is. I try to get the meeting officially started, telling myself that I don't want to be around Kwan any longer than necessary.

“I'm ready to start whenever you are, Kwan.”

“Straight to the point I see. Well, I guess there's no reason to hold off on this conversation any longer.”

The meeting starts off easy and with no trace of the tension that had appeared at the first meeting. I'm secretly glad that we have this part of the restaurant to ourselves, because the last thing I want to do is talk about creating sexual tension between two male performers during a concert with a bunch of people close by.

I get a brief respite from Kwan's penetrating gaze when Mina reappears with a menu for me. I find to my surprise that even though I'm not very hungry, everything on the menu looks delicious. I decide on a simple meal of scrambled eggs, sausage, and hot tea.

I wonder what Kwan's going to order, but of course, he doesn't even glance at the menu. Instead he sends Mina away with a wave of his hand, saying, “The usual for me please, Mina.”

Kwan refocuses his attention on me and says, “Now, let's continue, shall we?”

I can only stare as I watch him take a sip of his water. I'm almost ashamed to admit that even something as mundane as Kwan taking a drink is a turn on for me. He immediately picks up where we had left off, and I find myself trying to pay attention.

“I suggest that at the beginning of the concert you go on stage by yourself. After a short period of time, we'll have the lights go off. We'll have your sound and light man create a wide array of bright strobe lights, and that's when I will appear on stage.”

I don't want to admit it, but it actually sounds like a great idea. My traitorous mind wants to go even further with the idea, and before I can stop myself, the words begin to fly one after the other.

“What if we find a way to create sparks for your entrance as well, it will give them an even greater thrill. Also, if I pretend that I was not expecting you, it may create a nice twist for the audience.”

Kwan smiles approvingly at me. "It's good to know that you're finally getting into this idea, Yun."

I can't figure out why, but just hearing him say this makes me want to smile, which I refuse to do. It's becoming impossible for me to keep disliking this guy. I can't figure out why I don't want this partnership to work, but the need to disillusion Kwan, to make sure he knows that I'm still against working with him, outweighs the need I have to smile and revel in his praise.

"Just because I'm helping you come up with ideas that we can use in our concerts together, it doesn't mean that I like the idea of performing with you."

Kwan's smile morphs into a narrow line across his lips. That simple movement of his mouth seems to quickly spread throughout his entire body, and I can feel the anger rolling off him in waves. Still, he remains calm and collected. He looks as if he wants to say something, but the arrival of our breakfast stops him.

I can't stop myself from staring at the amount of food he's ordered. I'm instantly amazed at how healthy he looks, especially if he eats this heartily all the time.

We eat in silence for a few minutes. I can hear the occasional sounds coming from the downstairs dining room, but beyond that our meal is peaceful. The fact that Kwan and I still haven't settled our concert arrangements keeps me from being able to truly enjoy my meal, so I push my plate away and quietly wait for Kwan to finish.

Kwan glances up, and seeing that I've stopped eating, does the same. Placing his elbows where his plate had been, he steepled his fingers under his chin as he stares straight at me. I find myself buckling under his scrutiny. He must be tiring of my attitude, and I have to admit that I don't like being so childish and stubborn, but something in me demands that I not let Kwan befriend me too easily. He seems to pull these thoughts directly from my head as he speaks his next words.

"Yun, this tension between us, I don't know where it came from, but we need to find a way to ease it. I no longer wish for us to dance around each other. It was amusing at first, but now I've had my fill of both your stubbornness and your inability to make up your mind as to whether or not you want to perform with me."

I can tell by the tone of his voice that he is serious, and I want to say something to him, maybe something that will explain my behavior, but he doesn't give me a chance as he begins to speak again.

“You probably feel obligated to perform with me, but I don’t share that feeling. I was telling the truth when I said that I thought we’d work well together. I still feel, along with my manager and yours, that if we perform together, it will be a positive thing. Before we discuss the concert any further, I want you to make a choice. If you say yes, we’ll make definitive concert plans, something that we can both live with... no more dancing around each other. Now that I’ve made that clear—will you perform with me? Make the decision, yes or no?”

I can’t help but feel that as he asks the question, underneath it he’s really seeking the answer to an entirely different question—and if my answer is *yes*, then we’ll come together and form a very different kind of partnership other than our musical one. I fear performing with this man, but my greatest fear is that after we’ve finished our concerts together, I’ll crave something more from him, and that he won’t be able to give it to me.

I pull in a deep breath and prepare to give him my answer. Absalom’s words from a few nights ago give me the strength to say what I desperately want to say to Kwan. I feel the urge to keep my gaze lowered, but I manage to focus and stare directly into his eyes.

“First of all, I want to apologize for my bad behavior. I have been acting childish, and I’m truly sorry for that. Next, I want to be honest and say that the idea of performing with you, or anyone for that matter, terrifies me, but as you said this collaboration will be good for both of us. Finally, I want to tell you, that yes, I will perform with you, and I will cease acting like a brat who can’t always get his way.”

Kwan smiles, and although I can sense that he’s pleased with my response, I also sense that he’s amused with the way I answered his question, and for some reason the fact that he seems to be laughing at me doesn’t seem to bother me right now. Kwan only nods in a silent reply before he says, “I’m glad that we finally have everything cleared up, Yun. I promise that performing with me will be an enjoyable experience for you so try not to be afraid of it. If you have any other concerns about our ideas for the concert or working with me in general, please don’t hesitate to let me know. Now, let me just say that I don’t mind if you sometimes act like a brat. Just don’t go overboard or I might have to punish you.”

If I’d been eating or drinking something, I probably would’ve choked on it. Thankfully, the only way you can tell that his words affected me at all is if you

are looking closely at my face and see the red tinge to my cheeks, or if you happen to look down at my lap and notice the large bulge in my jeans.

I attempt, without much success, to get my facial color to return to normal, and as for the other visible sign of both my embarrassment and arousal, right now there seems to be no help for it. I can only hope and pray that it's gone by the time I'm ready to leave.

When I look in Kwan's direction, he seems to be enjoying my discomfort, but I manage not to show my irritation with him. We continue on with the meeting, spending the rest of the morning bouncing concert ideas off of each other. I feel that the meeting is starting to draw to an end, and there's still one more issue that's troubling me that hasn't been addressed yet.

"Kwan, I only have one other concern about performing with you that we have not discussed. I'm willing to fake the sexual tension onstage, but all I ask is that we not make it too obvious."

At first, I thought I saw something in Kwan's eyes that looked like disappointment when I said this, but just as quickly the look is gone, and I'm left wondering if it was just my imagination. I can tell that he really wants us to work well together, and I can easily sense that he's trying to put my fears to rest when he says, "I understand your concerns, Yun. Rest assured that I won't do anything with you onstage that we haven't discussed beforehand."

Kwan's reassurance goes a long way to making me feel more comfortable with our plans, and it gives me hope that this whole thing may work out better than I had thought.

As Kwan signs the bill for our meal, I offer to split the cost with him, but he won't hear of it. I'm glad we had breakfast together. I feel like I can finally relax around Kwan. After he hands the booklet back to our waitress, I realize that it's already after noon, but I feel it has been time well spent as Kwan and I have discussed so many concert ideas that you could probably fill a book with them.

He focuses his beautiful brown eyes on me, and without saying a word, leaves his seat and comes around to meet me. He stands in place while I move from my own chair. As we make our way back to the downstairs dining area, I notice how busy the place has gotten. It doesn't take us long to make our way outside and take a seat on one of the benches placed in front of the restaurant. The morning has been surprisingly productive—that is, after I decided to give performing with Kwan a chance.

I pull out my cell phone and call Absalom, telling him I'm ready to head back to the hotel.

As I slip my phone back into the pocket of my jeans, Kwan turns to me and says, "I assume the man that accompanied you to our first meeting is coming now to pick you up?"

I nod without looking in his direction. Neither of us says anything after that, we just continue to stare at nothing in particular. Then out of nowhere, Kwan asks, "This man, is he your lover?"

I immediately turn to face him. Absalom had said that I was easy to read, and I'm beginning to think he is right. Still, it's hard for me to fathom that Kwan's instincts about my sexual preferences could be so spot-on that he'd ask such a direct question. God knows I want to answer yes, but the fact that I care about Absalom, and that I'm beginning to like Kwan, prevents me from being dishonest.

"Lover? No, Kwan, Absalom is my driver and closest friend. Sadly, that's all we can ever be to each other. Now I have a question for you, how could you have possibly known that I'm—?"

"*Byuntae?*" Kwan shrugs casually, before he continues.

"Yun, I've always considered myself to be quite observant. I wasn't completely sure until today, but when I saw how comfortable you and Absalom are around each other, it was a natural conclusion."

I let my eyes drift, begging them to look anywhere but at Kwan's face, but stopping my next comment was not so easy. "What if you had been wrong? What would you have done then?"

He places two fingers under my chin and gently lifts it, forcing me to look at him, and even though part of me disapproves of the action, the submissive part of me soars from the controlling action.

"My instincts are very rarely wrong, Yun, but if this had been one of those unlikely moments, then I'd have apologized for my assumptions. However, since my instincts turned out to be right, I'd like to ask you another question."

I find myself curious about the question he is going to ask, but nothing could have prepared me for when he says, "Yun, I haven't forgotten the way you reacted to me when we were together in the meeting room. I had you pinned against the wall and I could feel your arousal against me. I know you denied it then, and you can deny it all you want now, but it was obvious that

being held tightly like that turns you on as much as it did me. Your reaction leads me to believe that you may be a natural submissive, someone who needs to be controlled, but also needs to be cared for. I think this is something that we should explore, and I believe that we would feel more comfortable somewhere private, and my home would probably be the best place for that.”

All I can do is sit here and try to take in all that Kwan is saying to me. He is right about how aroused I had been when he held me, but I am not sure that I would be able to admit this to him. As my mind races, trying to find something, anything to say in response to his comments, he continues.

“You have such great potential, and my reaction to you leads me to believe that what we feel for each other could lead to a very enlightening and fulfilling relationship. So, what I want to know... do you want to see where these feelings will take us?”

His question is making me confront my many unfulfilled needs, but now I have to find the courage to admit that I have these needs to someone else. I know he's right. I can deny my attraction to him for as long as I want, but it doesn't change the fact that everything he's just said is true—I'd been harder than a rock when he had practically held me captive against that wall, and if I'm honest with myself now, I'll admit that I still long to have him hold me like that again.

Coming to this conclusion, I know that there's only one answer I can give him. I continue to look into his eyes—I don't have any choice considering Kwan still has a gentle hold on my chin. Before I can say anything, though, a loud piercing honk breaks the moment. I see the limo pull up in front of the restaurant, and it's only a matter of time before Absalom actually spots me. So, I make my answer quick but clear.

“Yes, I feel like this is something that I can't deny anymore. Even though I have only explored this need to be dominated once before, I want to be with you, I just don't want Young Soo or Absalom to know about it for now.”

My answer must have pleased him, because his face lights up with a bright smile. It was the first time I'd ever seen true joy on Kwan's face, and it's a look that I hope to be the cause of many more times in the future.

“Can you come over late tomorrow night? Don't worry, no one has to know but us. I'll call your room late tomorrow evening, so we can make plans.”

Tomorrow night sounds so soon, but I'm unable to ask him if he can pick another night, and I find myself nodding yes. Kwan finally releases me and



stands to head toward the parking lot, but not before saying just loud enough for me to hear, “Until tomorrow night, Yun. I’m really looking forward to it.”

I continue to watch him until he’s out of sight. Another loud honk captures my attention, and I quickly leave the bench to get into the limo.

As I close the door, Absalom looks at me through the rearview mirror and asks, “So, did everything go better this time?”

I try, and just barely succeed, in keeping a straight face as I answer, “It went much better this time, I think it will be just fine.”

Absalom smiles at me and doesn’t say anything else after that. I stare out my window during the ride back to the hotel, there’s this feeling of excitement deep in the pit of my stomach, and I find myself thinking, *I can’t wait until tomorrow night!*

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## Chapter Seven

It's about five till eleven the next evening when Kwan calls my room just as he said he would. The conversation is somewhat brief with Kwan giving me directions to his house and telling me to arrive no later than midnight. I agree and we say our good-byes. I had attempted to do some subtle checking with Absalom and Young Soo earlier in the evening in order to find out what their plans were for the rest of the night.

I learned that they both planned to remain in their respective rooms for the remainder of the evening, Absalom was waiting on an important phone call that would most likely keep him occupied at least until around midnight. He sounded kind of mysterious about the whole thing but I promised myself that I wouldn't pry, because Absalom had shown me the same courtesy on numerous occasions in the past. Young Soo had much the same plans, but he chose not to elaborate.

I told them both that I planned to take in some fresh air, Young Soo suggested that I take one of the hotel's security staff with me just to be on the safe side. I assured Young Soo that I would be fine on my own and that he shouldn't worry. He sighed heavily and only asked that I try not to be out too late. Now that the time to leave has arrived, I grab a light jacket, after making sure my key card is tucked safely in my pocket, along with my cell phone, wallet and the scrap of paper that I had written Kwan's address on. I make my way down to the lobby via the elevator.

A few short minutes later the tone sounds and I step out and head for the door, a tiny nudge of guilt comes over me for lying to Absalom and Young Soo about just going for a walk. I know Absalom would understand, but I just couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth. Telling Young Soo was absolutely out of the question, granted my sex life is none of his business, but I'm sure he'd ask questions if I'd told him that I was going to see Kwan.

I walk past the manager's desk and I'm surprised to find that I don't see anyone there. As I step outside I pull out my cell phone and scroll through my contacts list; which at the moment is not very extensive. I quickly come to the number of the only cab company listed there. I don't like the idea of calling a cab but after doing some research, and convincing Young Soo that it'd be a good idea to have the number of at least one company just in case Absalom

couldn't drive me around for one reason or another, I managed to get the number for one of San Francisco's most reliable cab companies.

I call the number and surprisingly, someone answers on the first ring. The man who answers is friendly, but I keep the conversation short, telling him where I am and where I wish to go. I quickly express my thanks and hang up.

It's barely ten minutes later when a car with the company logo detailed on the passenger door pulls up to the curb where I'm standing. The idea of being in a cab by myself is a little nerve-racking but the idea of being alone with Kwan bolsters my courage, so I get into the car. Before I can think more carefully about my decision, we're off.

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On the ride over, I come to the realization that Kwan's home is in a popular, fairly high-end neighborhood, where there's a strong possibility that I could be recognized. After exiting the cab and paying my fare, I make my way to the front door. Standing there, the thought of someone actually recognizing me nearly has me reaching for my phone to call a cab to return me to the safety of my hotel room, but I can't bring myself to make the call. I just have to see this through, so I ring the doorbell.

As I wait for Kwan to answer the door, I'm trying to figure out how he has managed to talk me into coming. The lonely, frustrated half of me knows exactly why I've agreed to this. I'm curious to see where my attraction to Kwan will take me, but my logical, uncertain half is still questioning the wisdom of my decision to come here in the first place.

I know I'm still not being totally honest with myself. It isn't just my curiosity that's brought me to this place, it is my overwhelming desire to be with someone who can fulfill my need to be dominated. I haven't been with another Dom since my encounter with Michael, and there have been many nights when I've found comfort with those memories.

The strong attraction that I felt for Kwan, the first time we met, has been a constant problem for me. I can't even be in the same room with him without having to mentally fight to keep my physical attraction from becoming very obvious. It isn't just his gorgeous body—although, those muscles alone are enough to make my mouth water and those dark brown eyes—I just can't help but want to fall into them. However, the thing that attracts me the most is his forceful personality.

There's a strength about him that I can't help but notice. It was the same strength that I'd felt drawn to when I'd been with Michael, but there's a difference in my attraction for Kwan—I just haven't been able to identify exactly what it is. All I know is that my feelings this time are stronger, more poignant than they ever were when I was with Michael.

The sound of the door opening catches my attention. There stands Kwan, dressed in a burgundy hoodie with the zipper positioned in such a way that I'm able to catch a glimpse of his perfectly muscled chest. The only other thing he has on is a pair of white jeans that barely hang on his hips, like they're ready to fall off at any second. It really doesn't seem fair that he can look so gorgeous without even trying.

He greets me with that smirk of his that I love to hate and a gesture to come inside, the cocky bastard probably knows that I won't be able to resist. As I step inside and remove my shoes, I have to admit his taste in decorating surprises me. I'd expected his furniture to match his outgoing personality, maybe crazy, mismatched pieces along with an overpowering wall color, but this room feels surprisingly comfortable with its walls painted a chocolate-brown color which went very well with the light brown coffee-table, the dark blue sofa and the light blue arm-chair.

The sound of the front door closing has me quickly spinning around to face Kwan. The smartass grins knowingly when he sees me take a quick step back from him. The way he's looking at me makes me feel like I'm his prey, and that feeling becomes even stronger as his eyes slowly devour me. Without me realizing which one of us has moved, I find that we're standing face to face. I can feel the heat from his eyes as Kwan sweeps his gaze up and down my body one last time.

That look alone has me both aroused and nervous. There's a heated promise in it, a promise that I'm not going to walk out of this house the same person as I was when I walked in. Still, I find the strength not to run when he at last starts to reach for me.

His gaze never strays from mine as he cups my cheek in his left hand. It never even occurs to me to pull away, the touch of his hand on my face makes me feel so safe. When he brings his face closer, I feel my heart slam inside my chest. I'm not only ready for him to kiss me, but I actually crave it. However, I find that what I'm not prepared for is the astounding emotions that overtake me when he presses his lips to mine. I'm completely overwhelmed by the feelings of arousal that starts in my chest and makes their way south toward my cock.

The kiss is slow and lingering, and I feel myself drift even closer to Kwan. It's like I have no control over my own body or even my own mind, for that matter. As he gently pulls away from me, he captures my lower lip with his teeth, just nipping it slightly. It doesn't hurt, but the feeling it leaves behind sends another wave of arousal racing through my body.

As I'm trying to catch my breath, Kwan lightly runs his thumb across the lip he's just nipped. He seems so calm and in control, but as I look up through my lashes, I see that he's just as effected by our kiss as I am, and the feel of his hard length pressing against my thigh only reinforces that knowledge.

As he leans in close, I have to strain to hear him when he says in a hushed voice, "Are you ready to begin, Yun?"

There—that's the same sensual promise from before, only this time I pick it up in his voice. I'm certain my voice would shake with desire if I try to speak, so all I can do is nod, but of course it's not enough for Kwan.

"Say it, Yun. You have to tell me you're ready for this."

I swallow hard, trying to ensure my voice doesn't crack. I can't remember a time when my mouth has ever been this dry, but I know this is the one time that I can't hide from what I want. Gathering all the courage I can find, I softly say, "I'm ready to begin... Sir."

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Kwan looks pleased when I add the *Sir*. I don't even know why I said it, because we've never discussed how I should address him when we're together, yet saying it just feels right, somehow. I can see the approval in his gaze when Kwan raises my head, so that he can look into my eyes.

I wonder briefly where all of this might lead, but I don't have any more time to dwell on it because Kwan moves away and starts toward the entrance of the hall. When he notices I'm not following him, he turns toward me and says in a voice that makes little shivers of anticipation and uncertainty dance up and down my spine, "Come with me now—or you may choose to leave."

As Kwan turns to continue walking away, he looks over his shoulder toward me. "You are the only one who can decide."

Even after all of this, he's giving me a chance to walk away, just like Michael had. I know that I have no desire to leave now, just as I hadn't then. Yet, something's different this time. Walking away from Michael would've been hard, but I know that I could've done it. The difference in taking this

journey with Kwan is that some part of me is already determined to see it through, no matter where it leads. I desperately want to submit to him, even if it's just for tonight.

Having made up my mind that I'm making the right choice, I move to stand next to him. I'm not sure that I can look him directly in the eyes, as it would seem that it's not in my nature to do so, but he makes the decision for me by taking my chin in his hand and forcing me to look up.

"It'll be alright." I can hear the warmth and caring in his voice that comes with his reassurance.

"I promise you that we will take this slowly, and any time you're unsure or have a question, I will stop, and we'll decide together what will happen."

Hearing Kwan's reassurance lifts a weight off of me I wasn't even aware that I was carrying. Being able to let go and not have to make all the decisions is what I truly need. I'm constantly trying to make the right choices for my career, so the feeling of release that I have, knowing that Kwan will be the one to make the decisions, even if it's only when we're alone, gives me a sense of freedom like I've never felt before.

Licking my dry lips, I speak the words that were impossible to stop.

"I know that this is something I must do. I've been searching for something or someone for a very long time now. I knew when we first met, that you were what I had been searching for. Perhaps that is why I fought so hard against my attraction to you."

My answer apparently pleases him because he leans in again. With his hand still holding my chin, he takes my lips in another slow, scorching kiss. Pulling me to his side, we start walking down the hall together.

At the end of the hall there is a beautifully arched wooden door made of what appears to me to be cherry wood. Kwan quietly swings open the door to reveal a room with dark blue carpeting and walls the color of dark whiskey. As we walk through this room, I take notice of a smaller, more closed off area without a door. It appears to be an office or work-space, but from my point of view there isn't much about it that really holds my attention, although there is a beautiful fireplace decked out on the back wall with a few books arranged on the mantle.

Kwan leads me to yet another door on the left side of the room, this door is of a lighter wooden color than the walls, but it still has that beautiful polished

look to it. There's a simple lock on the dark-colored handle, which he unlocks with a key that he's taken from around his neck. I find myself wondering how I hadn't noticed the key before. I shrug it off and watch as Kwan promptly opens the door, and he hits a light switch positioned on the wall.

A light comes on, illuminating a white staircase with dark wooden edges and a wooden railing to match. Kwan starts down the stairs, not waiting to see if I'm following him. I must say it's quite the view, with the soft light showcasing Kwan's ass as he continues to the bottom of the stairs. Not wanting to let him know I've been watching, I sigh and quickly follow behind him.

When I reach the bottom, I find that the floor in this room is carpeted as well, and my feet sink right into the light blue material. I can tell at a glance that this room has to be the largest one in the house. As I move further into the room, two more lights are switched on, one positioned on the far right and another on the far left.

Kwan is standing on the left side of the room with his hand on yet another light switch. When the last switch is hit, the three lights bathe the room in a warm, comfortable glow.

That's when I notice that there's a massive wooden bed in the corner. The frame is round, but at the far end, towards the wall, something catches and reflects the light.

As Kwan makes his way toward me, there's an easy smile on his face. Just seeing that confident smile, that shows all of the authority that his demeanor demands, calms my nerves and reignites my longing for his domination. When he is close enough that he can touch me, he raises his hand to my face, and I feel his knuckles just barely glide across my skin. This feather-light touch causes a shiver of desire to chase through my body.

Kwan unexpectedly turns away, leaving me alone in the center of the room.

"Look around if you'd like, I'll be back shortly."

Deciding to take this time to examine the bed more closely, I walk toward it. I notice that the glint is coming from the silver buckles on strips of worn leather that have been attached to the wood—the sight both arouses and scares me. I jump when I feel a hand on my shoulder, and I turn to find Kwan's warm, dark brown eyes staring into mine.

He smiles, and it's actually comforting to me, as opposed to irritating me as it normally has in the past. He gently leads me away from the bed, saying as he

does so, "Since you've only done this once before, we'll save the bed for next time when you're more comfortable."

He sounds so sure that there'll be a next time—that I'll be here again. He really seems too sure of himself, but for some reason I don't find that irritating either. Instead it calms me, while further igniting the fire burning in my groin. At that point I know that this is something we both want to explore further, and it's not just for the night.

He leads me over to where I see a long, thick chain hanging from the ceiling, and he positions me near it. Suddenly, I feel his warm breath softly caress my left ear.

"You're doing fine, Yun. Now, take off your shirt, then undo your pants."

The thrill I get from his breathy voice near my ear only serves to arouse me further. I do as he says without question.

When I have my shirt off, and my pants are undone, I stand there waiting, and let my mind wander. Kwan surprises me again when I feel his hands stroking up and down the length of my arms. Then I feel him trail his lips from my ear to my neck, nibbling lightly as he goes. He stops at the point where my neck meets my shoulder, but the arousal I'm feeling doesn't stop when he does, it continues to move lower—to the part of me that really doesn't need any more stimulation at all.

I'm so lost in the sensations he's awakening in me, that I don't even notice him tying my wrists together with something soft and silky. It isn't until I feel my arms being stretched above my head and the cool feeling of the chain in my hands that I realize what he's doing.

"Hold on tightly to the chain, Yun. If you release the chain, then I will stop and this will end...so think very carefully before you let go."

At first I tense at the strange new feeling, but a warm hand sliding down my chest, moving toward the entrance of my briefs, quickly has me focused on what that hand is going to do when it reaches my painfully aroused cock.

Before I can find out, I feel something with the same soft, silky texture being tied loosely over my eyes. Now I'm blind, very aroused, and just a little nervous, but Kwan's voice near my ear immediately puts me at ease... although I can't comprehend why just hearing his voice can calm me so.

We haven't discussed any rules or safe words, hell, we haven't even discussed how far I'm willing to go, or how far he's willing to take me. Still, he seems so sure that I'll be here again.



“Remember, Yun, this is just us getting to know each other better, finding out your wants and needs. For tonight, if you feel apprehensive or uncomfortable about anything, tell me, and I’ll stop. Later, we’ll discuss *your* safe words, but for now we’ll just use the standard, red for stop, yellow for when you need to talk about something that’s making you uncomfortable, and green for... well, I’m sure you get the idea what green is all about.” I can hear the smirk in his voice as he finishes.

*How the hell does he do that? Knowing my thoughts before I can even voice them?*

“Don’t focus on being unable to see, just concentrate on what you are feeling.”

I attempt to do what he says, trying to understand what my other senses are telling me. A soft movement of air tells me that Kwan’s position has changed, but I can’t figure out where he has moved to. Then the feel of a warm, wet tongue on my chest gives me the answer. The feeling of his lips and then his teeth on first my right, then my left nipple has me gripping the chain tightly with both of my hands. I need something to keep me grounded while I’m being overwhelmed by these incredible feelings.

Sure, I’ve been with other guys since Michael, but none of them has ever gotten me this aroused or awakened feelings like this in me. I can’t be sure if it’s the fact that it’s Kwan doing this to me that makes this experience so much more, or if it’s the fact that I can’t see him doing it that’s arousing me so—I suspect it’s a combination of both. The gentle feeling of his teeth nibbling, and then a soothing swipe from his tongue across a nipple, almost has me jumping out of my skin.

Strong hands on my shoulders keep me from flying apart, and it leaves me wondering, how feeling someone’s lips and teeth can get me so close to the edge, when he hasn’t even made a move toward my erection yet.

“Easy, Yun, stay with me. I only want you to come apart when I have my hand on that gorgeous cock of yours. Then, and only then, do I want to feel you come.”

At this point, I’m shaking uncontrollably against him.

We both know that the only true control I have is the ability to decide whether or not we keep going. I can’t control what he’s making me feel, and I can honestly say that I don’t want to. I want him to decide when I will come; I want him to make *every* decision about what goes on between us tonight.

My breathing sounds rough and ragged in the sudden quiet that follows his statement, but I don't care. I have to tell him what is going through my mind. "Please, don't stop! Whatever you do—please don't stop touching me. I don't think I could stand it if you quit touching me."

The next thing I feel is his lips pressing hard against mine. I know then that I've pleased him with my admission. At that moment, I wish I had the use of my hands, because all I want to do is pull him closer to me and wrap my arms around him.

His kisses seems to go on forever, raising my desire to a fever pitch, but then he pulls away. I feel myself drifting forward blindly, searching for those amazing lips that have aroused me so. The touch of his hands on my shoulders pulling me backward startles me slightly, but the feel of my back being pressed against his chest reassures me that he's as invested in this moment as I am. I find myself wondering what he's going to do next. My cock's in a state of perpetual need now, and I've no idea when relief will be made available to me. Just a soft stroke from his hand would give me the release I desire, but I know that he'll be the one to decide when or if I will be finding my release tonight.

Imagine my elation, when he doesn't leave me writhing for his touch for long. I feel his hand sliding down my chest, and I know exactly where that hand is going. I can only pray he doesn't stop.

The moment his fingers wrap around my cock, my hips thrust forward of their own accord, sending it further into his hand. The sound of my heavy breathing resonates incredibly loud in the quiet of the room, but my breathing's all I can hear.

I find it slightly disturbing that Kwan doesn't seem as aroused as I am by what we're doing. When he wraps his other arm around my waist, pulling my bottom closer to his crotch, I feel his long, hard erection pressing against the crease of my ass. The realization that I've been wrong sends a thrill coursing through my body. He wants me, just as much as I want him.

His grip on my cock tightens just enough to have me groaning low in my throat. I can feel his breath by my ear again. The tone of his voice is rougher now when he says, "You're easy enough to read, Yun. When we're together, do not doubt the effect that your body has on mine. You do arouse me more than you seem to comprehend. Understand?"

He emphasizes his point by quickly nipping at my neck. At the same time he's sliding his thumb over the very tip of my cock, dipping his nail gently into the slit.

My response comes out as a shouted groan as he nips me a second time. At this point I can barely think, much less speak, but I know he's demanding an answer. "Yes! I—understand. More—please more."

As my head falls back against his chest, I can't believe that he's brought me to the point of begging with so little effort on his part. Thankfully, Kwan quickly obliges me, and I feel his hand begin to move on me in that way that any gay or straight man would appreciate. To keep myself from crying out, I bite my bottom lip between my teeth. I'm so far gone that I don't even realize that he's moved, until I feel his lips by my ear again.

"Careful, your lip will bleed."

His other hand, which has been wrapped around my waist, is suddenly by my mouth. He runs his thumb along the seam of my lips, coaxing me to open for him. The stroking motion of his hand on my cock increases in speed, causing the cry that I've been trying to hold back to break free. The minute I release my lower lip, he takes the opportunity to massage it once again before taking my mouth in another explosive kiss.

He pulls his lips away, but continues to move his hand faster and harder on my cock, only now he's thrusting his own hardness against my ass. I can't be sure how close he is to coming, but I know that if he keeps up this pace with his hand, I'm going to lose it.

"I can't, Kwan—I can't take it, I'm going to—"

"Then do it, Yun, come for me. Now!"

He moves his hand faster and grips my cock a little tighter, but it's the sudden feeling of fingernails scraping down my back that causes the mixture of pleasure and pain to finally push me over the edge. I call Kwan's name as I reach a climax more intense than anything I've ever experienced before. The force of this release makes my sexual experience with Michael seem quite tame and less commanding.

It seems like forever before I can breathe normally again. Kwan's breathing sounds even rougher to my ears, and I think for a minute that he hasn't been able to hold himself back either, and that maybe he's joined me in release. Although, as I slowly come down, I can still feel his erection gliding along the crack of my ass, which quickly dispels that thought. Of course, Kwan is always in control.

Still, he sounds content when he says, “I don’t want you holding back from me next time. I like hearing all those sounds of satisfaction you make when you come, and I want to hear them again and again.”

The certainty in his voice when he says *next time* reassures me. I feel a shiver of anticipation race through my body from the thought of being in this room with him again, with him once more making me feel like this.

My thoughts drift as I feel his hand reach up and pull away the blindfold, his hand lingering in a way that makes me think that he isn’t ready to let me go just yet. As he wraps his arm around my waist, I’m glad for the comfort and support that it is giving me.

To my astonishment, I watch Kwan move around to my front and slowly lean down to begin licking up the cum that has shot up onto my chest. I think it’s the most erotic thing that I’ve ever seen, and I can feel my cock beginning to try to fill again.

“Do you think you’ll be able to move without falling?”

The sound of Kwan’s voice is unexpected. Truthfully, I just want to keep letting the chain take my weight while the rest of me leans against his chest. I wiggle my fingers and my wrists the best I can while they’re tied, checking to make sure they haven’t fallen asleep, and then I attempt to put my full weight on my legs. When they don’t buckle under me, I nod in Kwan’s direction, letting him know that it’s okay for me to release the chain.

However, the sudden weight of my arms dropping heavily back to my sides causes me to stumble a little, but Kwan quickly wraps his arms back around me, so he’s able to keep me from falling.

Kwan then leads me to the bed. Once again my eyes are drawn to the leather straps hanging limply from the wooden frame, but I’m too exhausted to give them any more than a passing glance. I appreciate Kwan’s help with getting to the bed and sitting down, because my legs are still quivering. I can’t be sure if it’s because my body is still recovering from the best orgasm of my life, or if it’s because of Kwan himself. I’ve come to see that this man sure knows how to handle a submissive, even one as inexperienced as I am. Kwan quickly removes the soft strip that holds my wrists together.

“Stay here, Yun. I’ll be right back.”

I can only nod, as speaking at this point would have been impossible. He walks into the bathroom that I can see off to the side of the room, only to return

a few moments later with a warm, wet cloth in hand. He gently begins to wipe the remaining cum from my chest, and though the warm water helps, it gets me thinking again about how good Kwan's hand had felt wrapped around my cock, and I'm sure that I'll need a shower when I return to my hotel.

As he finishes removing the last traces of my release, I catch a glimpse of Kwan's erection, and I immediately feel my mouth begin to water just from imagining what his long, thick cock would taste like in my mouth. I gently grasp his arm as he looks down at me, and Kwan must have noticed what I was staring at so intently, because he places his hand under my chin and gently attempts to raise my head. I grudgingly look up from his erection to his face, and I ask in a voice that sounds too much like I'm begging, even to my own ears.

"Kwan, may I? Would you please let me?"

I inwardly curse my inability to tell him what I want, but he's already read the hungry look in my eyes. He removes my hand from his arm and slowly pulls me up, his eyes radiating his desire for me. I'm sure that he is going to say yes to my request.

"I'm tempted, Yun. I'd like nothing more, than to feel the heat of your mouth wrapped around my cock, but I want to make sure we're both ready for that step, before I let you pleasure me in that way."

He kisses me then. It's a slow and lingering kiss, but I can still feel the passion behind it. Even though he's turned down my request to give him release, it makes me feel better knowing that this is something for us to look forward to in the near future.

Kwan reaches down and picks up my discarded shirt. Handing it to me, he gives me a quick kiss on my forehead.

"Would you like something cold to drink... some water or juice?"

Looking down at my clothes, I realize two things—as I'd stood there bound and naked, Kwan had remained fully clothed—and that I was dying of thirst.

"Yes, some water would be great."

Kwan walks over to the bar that runs along the far wall and opens the small mini fridge to grab two bottles of water. Handing me one of them, he says, "Why don't you get dressed. I'll be back in just a few minutes."

Kwan quickly disappears upstairs for a few minutes, and I can only assume that he's gone to relieve some of the pressure from what has to be a painful erection.

He returns shortly after in a pair of loose-fitting, black sports pants, looking only slightly more comfortable than before. Sitting down beside me on the bed, Kwan gently pulls me into a cuddle. Yes, I said a cuddle. That's the only word that I can think of to describe the comfortable warmth that is spreading through my body as he continues to hold me. So, here we sit, as I occasionally sip my water, and he moves from kissing my cheek, to my forehead, and then to the back of my neck. I must admit, that I've never in my whole life felt this loved and cared for. Reaching over to set the bottle of water on the matching nightstand, I place my head gently on Kwan's shoulder and just take a deep breath; a feeling of absolute contentment consumes me.

Although I hate the thought of this ending, even if it's just for this time, I know that I need to head back to my hotel. I give Kwan one last hug and then stand when I feel like my legs can support me again. Kwan leads me back up the stairs and to his front door. Before I leave, he turns me to face him, and I can once again see that same spark of desire as before.

He kisses me hard, and it takes everything I have in me not to beg to stay the night with him. It feels strange thinking like this when we've barely had a chance to explore each other or our desires.

He pulls away, and I can easily hear our harsh breathing in the quiet of the room. Kwan rests his forehead against mine and says in a voice rough with barely leashed desire, "I need to get you back to your hotel before I decide to lock us both downstairs for the remainder of the night."

*Oh how I wish that could come true!*

He unlocks the door and leads me to his car. The ride back is over far too quickly. It's fairly quiet when we walk into the lobby of my hotel. I really want to invite Kwan to come up with me to my suite, but the idea that I might ask him to stay for the rest of the night keeps me silent.

Instead, I enter the elevator alone, and the last thing I see as the doors close is that warm, easy smirk that I'm really beginning to love.

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After returning from taking Yun back to his hotel, Kwan takes a cold shower to rid himself of his newly raging erection. As he towel-dries his short hair, he makes his way back to the basement door. He'd seriously considered granting Yun's request, but tonight was only supposed to be about Yun and his needs and wants, although he'd found it very hard to stick with that plan. Yun was far more tempting than he'd thought he would be.

Kwan closes and locks the door to his *playroom* and heads to the nondescript little room he'd seen Yun eying before. It isn't an overly large room, it's just big enough to comfortably house his computer desk and his office chair, which he now sits down in.

Booting up his laptop and entering the password, he scrolls through page after page of personal research that he's been working on. An *alert* tone sounds from the lower right side of his computer, signaling that someone has sent him a message.

He clicks on the upper right-hand corner to bring up the chat window and briefly skims the message. It's from a close friend that he'd been chatting with earlier in the evening before Yun had arrived. His friend had been the one to introduce Kwan into the BDSM lifestyle, and he's frequently offered to take Kwan to some of his favorite spots in the city and let him meet others who are in the lifestyle as well. Kwan has always politely declined, because even though he's comfortable with being in the D/s lifestyle, he has been unsure about taking his need to control someone outside of his own playroom.

The message window sounds again, and Kwan glances at his friend's message, smiling as he does so at his friend's user-name.

Teacher: *So how did it go tonight?*

Kwan quickly responds, his fingers flying effortlessly across the keyboard.

Dom K: *Even better than I'd hoped for. He responds so beautifully to me. I never felt at any time that he doubted my abilities to know what he needed, and I could feel the trust that he had in me to take care of those needs.*

Kwan didn't have to wait for long to get a response; if anything, Teacher is prompt.

Teacher: *Glad to hear it. It sounds like you've finally found the sub you've been looking for. Congratulations.*

Kwan smiles at the response. Yes, at last it would seem that he's finally found the one person that he'd been waiting so long for... someone to fulfill his need to be dominant and to bring passion and happiness into his life.

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## Chapter Eight

Over the past three weeks, since Kwan first invited me to his home, he's reintroduced me to the joys of being a submissive, or to be more specific, he's been teaching me the joys of being *his* submissive. I admit that I'm never happier or more content than when I'm in a scene with Kwan. I feel like I need him and his dominance like I need the air that I breathe; he's becoming my addiction.

However, between Kwan's personal schedule, all of my meetings with Young Soo and various promoters regarding the rest of my touring schedule, and the continuing preparations and rehearsals for our upcoming concert, Kwan and I haven't had much time to spend alone.

I try to be content with just talking and spending a few private moments with him either in his dressing room or mine, but there just never seems to be enough time for *us*.

Even though he hasn't been my Dom for very long, Kwan always seems to know when I need him. Sometimes, all it takes is one of his smirky smiles, the one that I used to despise, to get me going. We've nearly been caught once or twice when I was unable control my need for him, so we make sure to lock the dressing room door every time we enter one, just to be on the safe side.

I was so sure Kwan and I would never be able to collaborate musically, let alone perform a concert together, but now I can't seem to get enough of the man. However, this past week I've felt like some kind of disaster might be on the horizon, and I'm not sure where the feeling is coming from.

Last week Kwan and I were giving a press conference to announce our upcoming concert together, and there was a very persistent and annoying reporter who, even after Kwan or myself had finished answering his question to the best of our ability, would push forward and ask still yet another question. Each time his questions seemed to become more and more personal.

After the conference was over, I got the strangest feeling that someone was following us. Absalom has been acting more like my bodyguard than my limo driver ever since then, and on more than one occasion he has spotted the reporter following us.

Even though things have more or less gone back to normal, I still can't shake the feeling that something is going to go wrong. I have yet to discuss my



suspicious with Kwan, as we both have many other important things to worry about right now.

As we finish the last rehearsal for our first concert together, which is just three days away, I'm really getting excited about performing with Kwan.

Walking back to our respective dressing rooms, we part ways to clean up. Kwan has invited me to have lunch with him in order to celebrate the success of the rehearsals. I'm more excited than I've ever been in my entire life, this whole thing is turning out so much better than I'd originally thought it would, both professionally and personally.

A solid knock suddenly sounds at my door, and I find myself calling, *come in*, without any sort of hesitation. As I turn to face my visitor, my eyes are caught and held by a pair of dark brown eyes; eyes that could've been a mirror image of my own, had they been just a shade lighter.

I instantly feel myself smile as Kwan steps inside and turns to close and lock the door. I rise from my seat in front of my mirror to go meet him, but he signals me to stop and stay where I am. He moves toward me without a word, and when he's within touching distance, he brings his hand to my cheek and simply caresses it.

I find myself almost immediately leaning into his touch, I can't help myself. I've really been missing him today, it's torture having to fake the sexual tension during the rehearsal, because every part of me craves to respond in earnest to everything we do on stage.

He continues to stroke my cheek for another moment, before finally bringing up his other hand to my face and pulling me even closer, so that we're at last tasting each other's lips. What starts out as a simple kiss, quickly transforms into something hot and passionate. Before long, I find myself sliding my hands under his shirt and running them up and down his strong, well-muscled back.

I can feel those same muscles bunch and flex under my hands as I move closer to him. Just as I'm about to pull away and make him even more aware of how much I need him, he beats me to it and pulls back. We're staring into each other's eyes again, and the reassurance I see eases my desire for him, but only a little.

*Soon enough, Yun, then I can have you all to myself. Just be patient.*

I find myself nodding to his unspoken statement. It's strange that I'm beginning to understand what he's saying to me just by looking into his eyes.

Kwan steps close again and leans in to simply kiss me on the forehead. I'm unable to fathom how such a simple action has come to mean so much to me.

I must have been lost in my thoughts for a brief moment, because I barely hear him when he asks, "Will you be ready to leave soon?"

I look in the direction of my backpack, which I'd placed on a nearby chair when I first arrived and notice that it's packed and ready to go. All I need to do now is zip the bag and grab my jacket, which I do quickly and eagerly.

Kwan gives me a smile of approval and unlocks the door. I hit the light as I exit the room. This time I make sure to tell Young Soo that I'll be having lunch with Kwan, and before I know it, we're in Kwan's car and headed to the restaurant.

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A few pleasant hours later finds Kwan and me getting ready to leave the restaurant and start on our way to his home. It was decided over lunch that we needed to spend more *alone* time together. We both know that with our first concert just a couple of days away, things are going to just get crazier. So this time with Kwan is going to be even more special for me, especially since we've had to be so careful over these past few weeks.

I truly wish that I could overcome my fear of being with Kwan out in the open. He's never said so, but I've often sensed that Kwan has wanted to openly express his feelings for me, the way any man might want to show his feelings for someone he truly cares about. I'm finding, that putting aside the fears that I have from years of seeing how hard it is for gay couples in Korea is not something that I can do overnight. I want to be able to let him show his feelings for me so badly, to let them shine brightly for the world to see. And I'd love to allow my feelings for Kwan to be seen by one and all, but the fear—it remains in the back of my mind at all times.

I know that I'll have plenty of time after the first concert to figure these things out—right now, I just want to spend the rest of my afternoon and possibly the evening with my Dom.

As we exit the restaurant, that strange feeling that has been hounding me for the last few weeks returns and with a vengeance. I'm beginning to wonder if maybe I should've mentioned it to Kwan earlier, but something inside is telling me that it's too late for that.

I try to push the feeling away, because I don't want it to ruin my time with Kwan, but it's not so easy. I finally decide to tell him about my suspicions,

feeling that the only way I can get this odd feeling to disappear is by seeking assurance from my Dom.

“Kwan, ever since the press conference I have been having this odd feeling. I feel like something or someone is going to wreck what we have, and I just can't get the feeling to go away.”

As he turns to face me, I can instantly pick up on how calm he is. It has me wondering why I hadn't come to him with my problem before now.

Kwan's eyes are warm and sincere when he says to me, “It'll be alright, Yun, you're probably just rattled from the encounter with that reporter. There are many more like him, and you'll just have to learn how to react to them. Just remember, I'll be around to help you get used to how things work here in the States—I'll always be here for you.”

For some reason, hearing these words seems to immediately make me feel better. But some nagging feeling inside won't let go of the idea that something is still going to try and mess with our relationship.

Kwan shocks me by leaning in and gently brushing his lips against mine. I instinctively begin to kiss him back, and it isn't until a bright flash of light practically blinds the both of us, that I realize someone has taken our picture.

I stumble backwards, knowing it's already too late. As I turn in the direction that I thought the flash had come from, I see the reporter from the conference. He's holding a full-size digital camera with a zoom lens and is staring at me with a look of triumph on his smarmy, disgusting face.

I feel like I'm far away—just watching it all happen, unable to stop it. I can see myself backing away, and I can see Kwan reaching out to me. His lips are moving, but I can't hear anything he is saying. It feels like the world is still spinning around, and people are continuing on their way, but it all seems to be happening while on mute. Everything is eerily quiet, and then my hearing suddenly comes back full force. Without warning, other reporters seem to be almost climbing out of the sidewalk and sticking their microphones in our faces.

Question after question is being thrown at us, and I feel as if I'm being barraged by cannon-fire.

*“How long have you been a couple?”*

*“Did you always know you were gay?”*

*“When did you start dating one of San Francisco’s most well-known musicians?”*

I can no longer take it. Without thinking, I quickly start running down the street, on the look-out for a cab to hail. As I spot one on the next corner, I throw up my hand and make a mad dash for the vehicle. Ripping open the rear door, I practically throw myself inside. I call out to the driver to *just drive*, without even giving him any kind of clear direction. All I can think about is getting as far away as possible from everything that has gone terribly wrong—including the man that I’m sure I’m falling in love with.

I only look back once before the cab speeds away. The last thing I see is Kwan being swarmed by the media. As he stares directly at me, I can almost hear him say, *“Please don’t go, Yun, I’m so sorry this happened. Please come back to me.”*

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It’s been over three hours since that disastrous moment when he and Yun had been photographed kissing in broad daylight. For the fifth time, Kwan pulls out his cell and dials Yun’s number.

One ring, two, three, four, five and then, *“I apologize but I’m not able to get to my phone right now. Please leave your name and number, and I will call you back shortly, thank you.”*

He wonders if he should leave yet another message. Deciding against it, Kwan hangs up. *How could I have been so damn careless? Yun’s privacy and his career mean everything to him. It can’t be ruined. I have to find a way to fix this. I won’t accept that I’ve lost him, just as we’re beginning to discover each other.*

Suddenly, his cell begins to go off. Kwan quickly glances at the screen, mentally praying that it isn’t another reporter wanting the inside scoop on his relationship with Yun. Seeing the number for Yun’s friend and driver Absalom, Kwan quickly slides his finger across the screen to answer the call.

“Kwan, I need to know what happened. The story has been aired at least three times on six different channels, and Yun isn’t answering my calls. What in the world happened today?”

Under normal circumstances Kwan might have told him to back off and that what happened wasn’t really any of his business, but since Absalom is Yun’s closest, if not only friend, Kwan feels that he deserves to know the truth.

“I messed up, Absalom. I did something very stupid, and now he’s running scared. He won’t take my calls either. I have no idea where he is.”

Kwan thought for sure that Absalom was going to give him hell, at the very least, he figures he’ll call him an ass and hang up on him, but all he does is sigh heavily, before saying, “He hasn’t been back to the hotel. Young Soo is pacing like a mad man. He’s convinced that the photo has been altered in some way to make it look like the two of you were kissing. I’m worried, because Yun doesn’t know this city at all, and I’ve been trying to keep Young Soo calm, so I haven’t been able to leave and go look for him. You’re going to have to start the search for him alone. San Francisco can be a maze if you don’t know it well, and since you’ve lived here for some time now, you will have a better chance of finding him than I would. So go find him—then call me. Even if he’s angry with you, Kwan, you’re still the only person, besides Young Soo and myself, that Yun trusts.”

Kwan wants to argue, but he knows that Yun had come to trust him, and he’s willing to do whatever it takes to get that trust back, even if it takes him a lifetime to do it. He promises Absalom that when he finds Yun he’ll call him, and then he quickly hangs up. Grabbing his umbrella and his car keys, Kwan heads out to find his precious submissive.

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## Chapter Nine

It's after seven when I find shelter from the storm in the form of a bar. I probably look like a drowned rat, but right now I couldn't care less about my appearance. Dragging myself up onto a barstool, I order a whiskey. Normally, whiskey isn't my beverage of choice, but I just want something to help me forget. Forget about those bastard reporters, but mostly to help me forget about Kwan... at least for a moment or two.

As I sit here nursing my second drink, having gulped my first one down, the door is blown open by a particularly fierce gust of wind. A tall, well-muscled, long-haired man walks in, acting as if this weather is perfectly normal for him. It probably is if he was born in San Francisco, or he has lived here long enough to be familiar with all its varying weather patterns. I'm not sure why I'm giving this so much thought; probably because *anything* is better than what's constantly running through my head. I don't want to even think about what happened outside of the restaurant, much less try to figure out what I'm going to do about Kwan.

To my surprise, the man seems to hone directly in on the empty stool next to me, and with a grace I wouldn't have expected from a man his size, he quickly and efficiently lifts himself up onto the seat.

I don't really want to talk to anyone right now, so I try my best to appear busy, looking into my drink. My efforts are apparently useless, because he immediately turns to me and says, "I guess you weren't prepared for today's downpour, huh?"

Not only was I brought up to be polite and show respect to everyone I meet, but it's simply not in my nature to be rude, so I answer quietly and with a one word answer, praying that he would pick up on the fact that I want to be by myself right now.

"No."

The man only nods and continues, "You're not from around here, are you? Not to be rude, but the way you speak is a little odd. Let me guess—you're probably not from anywhere in the States, huh?"

I try not to be surprised that he's picked up on my accent with just hearing my one-word reply. In a last effort to get him to see that I'm not in the mood for idle conversation, I simply say, "Korea."

He actually smiles when I say this, and it seems to light up his whole face. He's quite attractive with his long hair, dark eyes, and warm smile. Almost instantly, a smile just like his appears in my mind's eye—Kwan. Damn, I'm not going there right now. Even though I tell myself that there can't be an *us*, I'm crushed by how much I miss and need him.

The man sitting next to me seems completely oblivious to my inner struggle and continues to ask me questions.

“Korea, huh? I have a close friend who's Korean. He's a popular musician here in the States. Maybe you've heard of hi—”

“I don't mean to be rude, but I really don't want to talk to anyone right now. Please understand, I'm having a rough day, and I just want to finish my drink and be left alone.”

Instead of taking offense, the way I thought he might, he simply smiles. “I understand. I can sometimes be a chatterbox. I keep talking when anyone else might leave you alone. My boyfriend says it's one of my faults, but he also says that sometimes, people appreciate having someone who'll just listen even if they don't want to admit it. I guess I'll just leave you to your drink, but if you want to talk, I can be a really good listener too.”

I find myself smiling, even though that's the last thing that I can imagine doing. I also find myself asking, “What's your name?”

He holds his hand out for me to shake. “It's Lance. I'm glad to meet you.”

I take his hand without hesitation. “My name is Yun.”

My smile doesn't last long, because I once again find my thoughts drifting to Kwan. I pull my drink close and stare into it, as if all the answers are in my tiny shot glass. How am I going to find it in myself to forgive him? Logically, I know that he didn't out me on purpose, but my heart is so full of anger, that it's not quite ready to see the logic in the situation... at least, not yet.

The only thing that I do know at this moment in time is that I *need* him. I need to be near him, even though I'd rather stay in this bar and drown my sorrows in drinks, which by the way, isn't working very well. I find myself staring into Lance's gentle, dark eyes. “Your musician friend, his name wouldn't happen to be Kwan, would it?”

*Damn, why did I ask that? Not going there, remember?*

Lance seems to be surprised by my question.

“Yeah, I was talking about Kwan. Do you know him too?”

I don't mean for it to happen, but I can feel the tears as they start to roll down my face. As I try to nonchalantly wipe them away before Lance catches sight of them, I realize that I'm not fast enough. I'm amazed that he doesn't get up and run away, but instead he lays his hand on my shoulder and gives it a light squeeze.

“Hey, man, I didn't mean to upset you. Are you OK? I get the feeling that you do know Kwan, maybe very well. I can call him, if you want.”

Should I let him call Kwan for me? No, it would be too hard to hear his voice over the phone. I desperately want to see him and feel his arms around me. I barely know Lance, but since he's a friend of Kwan's, I decide to take a chance and ask him for a favor. “Kwan is—well, we're kind of together. I really need to see him, could you take me to his house? It's—it's important that I see him.”

It takes him all of two seconds to answer my question, which he does by slipping a ten dollar bill onto the bar and easily sliding down from his stool. He pulls his long coat tightly around himself and heads for the door.

He turns to me just as he's opening the door. “Are you coming, Yun?”

I smile and quickly follow him. I have no idea what I'm going to say or do when I see Kwan again, but right now all I want is to be wrapped up in his arms.

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The storm is just as fierce now, as it had been when it had started over three hours ago. Kwan is glad he'd decided to search for Yun by car or else he'd be soaked. Even though he's still dry, he would have gladly run blindly through the rain just to find Yun and be sure that he's okay. He's running out of places to look, because he'd only taken Yun to a few different places around the city.

There's still so much of San Francisco that he wants Yun to see. Now, because he's angry with Kwan, he's afraid that Yun will never get to know the San Francisco that Kwan knows and loves so well.

*There must to be a way for me to make up for my mistake. Please, just let him be alright. Let me find him, so I can apologize and tell him how much he means to me.*

He's startled out of his worried thoughts by the vibration and tone of his cell phone. Praying that it's Yun, he attempts and fails to fish the device out of the



front pocket of his jeans. Actually, he almost drops the phone twice, before he can finally answer it.

“Yun? Is that you? Are you alright?”

The long silence, following his questions gives him cause for concern.

“Kwan, it's Lance. I guess Yun wasn't lying when he said you two were sort of together.”

“Yun's with you?” Kwan asks hurriedly. “Is he alright?”

“Yeah, look, I hope you don't mind, but I gave him a ride to your house and let him in. He seems really upset.”

Kwan swallows audibly. “Yeah, I know,” he admits.

Lance pauses before he continues. “He wanted to be alone, but I can stay outside the house until you get here, okay? But don't be too long. Cyrus will worry about me if I don't get home soon.”

*He's safe!*

Kwan has never been more thankful for Lance's friendship, than he is right now. He can actually feel some of the tension slowly fade away, just at hearing the news that Yun is safe and that he's waiting for him. “Thank you for looking after him for me Lance. I'll be there in about twenty minutes or so.”

He can practically hear the smile in Lance's voice when he replies, “That's what friends are for, Kwan. Just be careful in this weather. I'll see you in twenty.”

Kwan thanks Lance one last time before before hanging up. Remembering his promise to let Absalom know when Yun was found, he quickly makes the call, as he turns his car in the direction of his house, he can't wait to see Yun—to hold him close and to apologize to him for what had happened outside the restaurant.

As he turned his car down a side street, taking one of his many shortcuts to return to his house, he only keeps thinking one thing. *I hope he forgives me. Please, let him be able to forgive me.*

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## Chapter Ten

Exactly eighteen minutes later, after stopping to talk with Lance and thanking him one final time for taking care of Yun, Kwan walks through his front door—into total darkness. Not even the hall light has been turned on. He maneuvers himself toward the kitchen, glad that he knows his home so well. After turning on the light over the sink, he heads back out into the hallway to see if he can figure out where Yun is.

Kwan tries to never worry too much about anything, but he has to admit, that not hearing from Yun following the incident with the slimy reporter has bothered him greatly.

The incident may possibly have wrecked the relationship he and Yun have been working so hard to build, and he can't even begin to figure out how to make things right again. Kwan knows he needs to take responsibility for everything that's happened—but he has no idea where to start.

Everything he's ever done or has attempted to do in his life that's gone wrong has always started with the best intentions. He'd only kissed Yun in public because he'd wanted ease Yun's mind about his odd suspicions. But, if he was honest with himself, he would admit that his other reason for doing so had been a little more selfish.

Kwan was tired of only having Yun when no one else was around—of only having him at night, or in the warm glow of his playroom. Even when they turned their practice performances into a game of *are they really together or not*, everyone always assumed that it's just a game, never realizing how much they truly care for each other.

His thoughts collide and crash to a sudden stop when he sees a lone flickering light coming from the master bedroom. Kwan hurries down the remainder of the hallway, only to stop when he makes it to the doorway.

There on the bed, surrounded by darkness except for the flickering light of the TV, sits his lover. He is positioned so that his legs are now tucked up close to Yun's body with his head resting on top of them.

Yun is intently focusing on the TV, and Kwan has a sneaking suspicion of what has his eyes drawn so completely to the screen. The television isn't overly loud, but the sound is at a level where he can pick up most of what's being said.

It has to be the fourth or fifth time the story has been covered today. Surely, there must be other more important stories that need both the attention of the public and the local reporters.

Kwan moves into the room and toward the nightstand, turning on the lamp. Its black shade reduces the light, but provides just enough that he can see his love. Yun continues to stare at the TV, having not moved or spoken since Kwan has entered the room. Kwan moves around in front to block Yun's view of the news report, and still he doesn't acknowledge Kwan's presence.

Kwan reaches over and turns off the TV, then kneels before Yun. The fact that his lover has yet to acknowledge him is beginning to irritate him, but he manages to keep it in check. After all, if anyone deserves to be angry, it's Yun. Kwan takes his lover's chin in his hand and gently forces Yun to look at him, but stubbornly his lover keeps his gaze on some invisible spot just over Kwan's shoulder.

Sighing heavily, he knows that he'll just have to start talking and hope that Yun will try to understand and that maybe he can forgive him.

"Yun, I understand you'd rather look at the wall or the floor, than look at me... I get that. But, at least hear me out. I was—I am proud to call you my lover. I care about you, and I don't want you to feel like you have to hide when you're with me... when you tell me about your feelings. Also, I just wanted to ease your mind. When we walked out of that restaurant, I was just so glad to have you there with me that I let my emotions override my better judgment. I knew that you weren't ready to have our relationship out in the open, and I made a mistake. One that I'm truly sorry for. It should've been your decision to make, and through my thoughtlessness, I took that choice away from you. I hope that you can find a way to forgive me."

Finally, Yun looks at him, and Kwan releases the breath that he hadn't even realized he'd been holding. For the longest moment after Kwan's apology, Yun says nothing. Then suddenly, he moves from his place on the bed. Kwan stands from his kneeling position and gives Yun room to move away. Yun chooses to move out into the hall, and Kwan follows him.

Yun still doesn't say anything—not a *I forgive you* or even a *fuck off*. Kwan isn't even sure that Yun would be candid enough to say that last one. The fact that he remains silent worries Kwan. It's when they're back in the hallway that Yun turns, so that he's face to face with Kwan—and then he slaps Kwan *hard* across the face.

Kwan feels himself stumble backward, not from the force of the blow, but from the unexpected attack. Recovering quickly, he follows Yun down the remaining length of the hall. Just before they reach the end, he manages to grab hold of Yun's wrist and pull him in close. Kwan feels his lover's body tense almost instantly, and he just barely manages to catch Yun's other wrist, which had been coming full speed toward his face, in the shape of a fist.

Still Yun says nothing, but he continues to struggle and fight with Kwan, so he moves so that Yun is backed up against the closest wall. For a moment, Kwan has forgotten just how irritatingly strong his lover can be when he's ticked off, but Kwan figures that Yun can be mad at him for as long as he wants, if it means that he isn't going to ignore him anymore.

They were going to have a talk, even if it meant that Kwan had to keep doing all the talking. He maneuvers Yun's arms up above his head and against the wall, so that he can grip them with just one hand. Oddly enough, as soon as he does this, Yun's struggles seem to lessen. Of course, Kwan is in control, and he knows that even though Yun is angry, he isn't going to struggle... at least not against being held tightly.

Yun is finally looking at him now and no longer struggling, but he can still feel his lover shaking with unreleased anger. Kwan doesn't know what to say to Yun to make this right. His attempt to apologize had only gotten him a sore mouth, but he really doesn't want Yun to walk away from him angry—who is he kidding? He doesn't want Yun to walk away at all.

They are just beginning to figure out this relationship, and Kwan can only hope that he hasn't killed it before it even had a chance to thrive; not because of his stupid, selfish mistake. He only wishes he could somehow explain that to Yun. He wishes he could find the words to make Yun understand. Kwan loosens his grip a little and leans forward to kiss him, secretly hoping that Yun won't try to bite him.

He keeps it brief, just trying to once again tell Yun how sorry he is about possibly wrecking his career and his life. When he pulls away, Yun's eyes are closed. Kwan raises his free hand to gently stroke his thumb along his lover's cheek. Finally, this gets Yun's attention and causes him to open his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I truly didn't mean for this to happen. If you want, I can take you back to your hotel. I just need you to understand why I did it."

He moves his other hand away and starts for the kitchen, where he picks up his keys. He intends to do exactly what he said he would, even though it kills

him a little inside to make the offer. As Kwan turns for the door, he feels Yun's arms wrap around his waist from behind, and the feelings the gesture brings forth almost sends him to his knees. Gathering all of his control, Kwan unwraps Yun's arms and turns around, before wrapping his arms back around Yun's waist.

Like this they're front to front, with Yun's cheek resting against his chest. Yun still hasn't said the words, but Kwan is sure that he's been forgiven. Since Yun still hasn't said whether or not he wants to be taken home, Kwan asks again, knowing that the answer might break something inside of him.

"What do you want to do, Yun? Do you want to go back to your hotel?"

Yun lifts his face, so Kwan can gaze into his eyes—the eyes that he's truly starting to love. As Yun shakes his head from side to side, the gesture makes Kwan feel somewhat better, but he needs to hear him say it. He raises his hand to Yun's cheek and strokes it once before saying, "Say it, Yun. Tell me that you want to stay. I need to hear it."

Yun's eyes never stray from Kwan's, and there's a certainty in his voice.

"I want to stay with you. More than that, I need to be here—I need you."

Yun barely gets out the last word before Kwan takes his lips in a nearly bruising kiss. Instantly, he feels Yun's arms wrap around his neck, returning the kiss just as fervently.

Kwan maneuvers Yun up against the wall again, and that only seems to turn Yun on more. Kwan manages to pull away long enough to give them both some air. Yun still has his arms locked around him, and their harsh breathing is the loudest thing in the house.

Kwan rests his forehead against Yun's for a brief moment, his desire for Yun is overruling his usual dominating control. Kwan is sure that he doesn't have the patience or restraint to enact a full scene with his submissive. Right now, all he wants is *Yun*—sweating and groaning as he thrusts his cock deep inside Yun's body.

He can feel Yun's harsh breathing against his neck, and he's sure that his submissive wants and needs the same thing he does, but he doesn't want to assume anything.

"Yun, I want—I want to fuck you. I can't wait anymore, I need to be inside you—tonight. Please, just tell me what you need, and it's yours. Just be honest, and I'll give you all I have to give."

He feels Yun pushing at his chest. At first he fears that his lover is still angry about what had happened that afternoon. When Yun speaks though, his words makes something inside of Kwan soar.

“Kwan, I need you too. I want to feel you moving hard and fast inside me. I want that just as badly as you, maybe even more.”

Kwan once again barely gives Yun time to finish his sentence, before taking his lips in another hard, hungry kiss.

He can feel his submissive's rock-hard arousal against his thigh, and Kwan is finally convinced that this is what Yun wants also. He pulls away quickly, grabbing Yun's hand and leading him back to his bedroom. It takes everything he has not to slam Yun up against the bedroom wall and take him hard and fast right there with no build-up or preparations. Which, if he's honest with himself, is exactly what he wants to do.

He kisses Yun again and again, but as he feels his lover's arms wrapping around him, he realizes that he can wait no longer to have Yun. Before he can stop himself, he pushes Yun even harder against the wall, tearing his shirt from his body as he goes. Yun seems a bit surprised by the abrupt destruction of his shirt, but he doesn't push his Dom away. Yun attempts to be patient as Kwan moves away one more time to grab something from his nightstand.

He returns with a condom and a tube of lube in his hand. He moves in close to Yun and ravages his mouth again. Nipping Yun's lips as he goes, Kwan works his way down Yun's chest to his nipples which he nips too. First the left and then the right, before using his tongue to soothe the bites—by now both of them are near their breaking point.

“Kwan, please... I can't take it anymore. Please, fuck—me—now!”

The begging note in his lover's voice finally breaks what tiny bit of control Kwan has been able to hold on to. He knows neither of them are thinking clearly anymore, and he couldn't care less.

He quickly unbuttons Yun's pants and then just as quickly undoes his own. His lover's breathing is labored, and now Kwan's desire has fully taken over. He pushes Yun's jeans down to his ankles, watching with heated interest as Yun's cock is quickly revealed to him.

He pops the top of lube open and squeezes a generous amount into his hand. He takes Yun's mouth ravenously, while at the same time he begins to ready both his cock and Yun's entrance.

Kwan is striving to be gentle, even though he wants to take Yun—now! He swirls one finger and then a second around Yun's hole and then gently moves one finger inside.

“Ah! Kwan, god, please don't tease me!”

While still getting Yun ready for him, Kwan says in a voice that's rough from his desire, “I'm not teasing you, Yun. I don't want to hurt you when I come inside, this is hard for me too. I'd like nothing more than to just slam into you, and if you keep begging me like this, that's exactly what I'm going to do.”

Yun is shaking from head to toe when he finally says, “Oh please, your finger—keep moving it inside me—I need it, please!”

Kwan can't take it anymore, he removes his finger. Yun begins to protest but quiets when Kwan once again slams his mouth against Yun's. Kwan pulls away just long enough to roll on the condom and slather it with the lube. “Yun, do you trust me? If so, wrap your arms around me and let me lean you against the wall.”

Without hesitation, Yun comes close and loosely wraps his arms around Kwan's shoulder. Kwan then pushes Yun back up against the wall. When he's sure they're both steady, he slides his cock along Yun's once, which gets both of them groaning, before he at long last pushes his aching erection all the way into his lover's tight hole.

“Ahhh—Kwan, I can feel you—god, you're huge!”

He can feel Yun involuntarily tightening around his cock. He wants his submissive to tell him he's ready. If Yun doesn't say it soon, then Kwan can't guarantee how long he'll be able to hold back.

Suddenly, Yun deliberately tightens around him and wiggles just a bit. Kwan takes that as a signal that it is okay for him to start moving. He lifts Yun's legs up and around his waist and slowly pulls back, which causes Yun to cry out, “Oh god, Kwan! Please keep going—don't stop!”

Kwan has no intention of stopping until they're both exhausted. He quickly readjusts himself and then surges his cock back into Yun's body. The feeling of finally being inside the man he's falling in love with is intense and incredible.

He's sure neither of them will last long, and he intends to come along with his lover. Kwan pulls back again and then returns, again and again, with the same ferocity each time. Kwan feels himself cringe as Yun tightens around him.

*I'm going too slow—faster, I need to move faster—and harder!*

He forces himself to stop moving for a moment. Yun tries to get him to keep going, but Kwan manages to hold him still long enough to whisper roughly into his lover's ear, "Believe me when I say that I'm not going to stop until you're screaming my name. I need to move faster, but I don't want to hurt you. Can you handle it? I need to hear it, Yun—say it!"

His lover's gaze never leaves Kwan's as he whispers back, "I can take it, Kwan—please, take me now—don't stop until we explode together."

That's all Kwan needs to hear, and he pulls out and then just as quickly surges back into Yun. The force of his thrusts causes them both to groan out loud, breaking the quiet that had settled in the room.

The incredible intensity from the first moment he entered Yun only increases with Kwan's speed. He continues to fuck his lover, enjoying every sound that Yun makes.

"Please! Faster—I'm—almost there!"

*So am I!* Kwan thinks as he continues to thrust into Yun. He can feel his body preparing itself for climax.

Yun pulls him closer, as he moves in for another thrust. Kwan can hear how breathless Yun is when he says, "Now, Kwan! I can feel it, I'm going to—ahhhh!"

*Yes, now. Now!*

He grips Yun tighter, pulling out and surging back, harder than ever before, and that's when he explodes. Taking his lover with him as he comes.

"Kwan—ahhh! I'm coming—ahhh!"

There's an intensity now that rivals the first time that Yun climaxed with him, and this time he gets to fully experience what his lover did that first night.

Their breathing is now the loudest thing in the room, as they slowly come down from their incredible high. Kwan slowly and carefully pulls out of Yun and disposes of the condom.

Kwan repositions his lover, so he has his legs wrapped around him again, and then he carefully carries him over to the bed. He makes sure Yun is alright and then makes his way to the bathroom where he grabs a washcloth and runs it under the warm water, before returning to the room.



Yun is laying on his side, and Kwan begins to worry when he barely stirs as he wipes the cum from Yun's stomach. "Yun? Are you okay?" Kwan moves further onto the bed and notices how Yun is trying to fall asleep. At first he feels guilty—the last thing he wanted to do was take Yun to the point of complete exhaustion—but then Yun moves closer to him, and when Kwan finishes cleaning him up, his lover pulls the cloth out of his hand and throws it to the floor, then snuggles in close to him. "Can we clean up later? I just want to fall asleep in your arms."

"Yun, I'm sorry if I was too rough. I just—"

His sentence is cut off when Yun somehow manages to sit up and kiss his lips before he pulls Kwan down next to him and says, "I'm fine, Kwan. I have never been so happy and content in my whole life. I needed you so much, and you felt so good. Please don't worry, right now I just want to feel your arms wrapped around me while I sleep."

It's such a simple request, so he grants it readily. He's now sure that Yun has forgiven him, even though he hasn't said the words.

*I can't give him up, I need to find a way to show him that I want to keep him.*

Suddenly, an idea comes to him. He knows exactly how to let Yun know that he wants to keep him as both his submissive and his lover. It doesn't take long for the idea to take root, and Kwan falls asleep with his arms wrapped around his sweet lover—he can't wait until their first concert. That is when he's going to prove to Yun that he loves him.

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## Chapter Eleven

Tonight is the night. At last, the night of our first concert together is finally here. The fact that Kwan and I still want to perform together after the media incident, which unfortunately Young Soo is still trying to fix, only proves that our relationship is strong enough to endure any possible rough patches that appear.

Young Soo was surprisingly understanding when we told him that the photo was real. I was so sure that both he and the record company would want to replace me as one of their top singers, but somehow my manager convinced them not to drop me. Perhaps, explaining to them that the incident hadn't been my fault, and that it would be hard to find someone to replace me played a big part in swaying their decision. Also, the fact that I'm quickly gaining an American following had probably helped Young Soo get them to see his point.

I'll be going on stage shortly, and while I am a little nervous, I know Kwan will keep me grounded like he has ever since that first night in his playroom. I can't be sure, but I feel like Kwan is still trying to make up for what happened between us even though I've told him several times since then that I've forgiven him.

The time for the concert draws near, so I need to head for Kwan's dressing room shortly. He'd told me to come see him fifteen minutes before my part of the concert is scheduled to begin. I've no idea why he wants to see me so close to performance time, but I don't question it, as he always has his reasons—and because he's my Dom—and because I genuinely care about him, I'm going to respect and honor his command.

I still have a little time before the concert, and before I need to go see Kwan. Since I'm not used to having free time, I don't really know what to do with myself. I look around my dressing room, just trying to focus on something other than my performance, or the fact that I really did not want to wait to see my Dom.

I decide to take a short walk to ease some of my restlessness. Before leaving, I take one last look in my mirror to make sure that everything is in order.

I especially like the dark blue pants and matching jacket that I'm wearing tonight. The jacket is accented with silver sequins on the lapels and the belt,

and they reflected perfectly under the stage lights during rehearsal. The outfit was chosen for me specifically for this concert, and I'm very lucky to have such a gifted wardrobe manager. When Kwan had first seen me in it, he quickly made his opinion about my outfit known. The only thing that had kept him from getting me out of my clothes was the fact that we still had thirty more minutes of rehearsal time left.

I let myself smile at the memory as I leave my dressing room and head toward the stage curtains. This isn't something I usually do shortly before a show, but with no other preparations to make or questions to ask, I wander over to the seam in the dark blue curtains that lead to the stage. Even though this concert has been sold out, as I look through the curtain's subtle opening, I allow the worry that has been in the back of my mind to slowly slip away. It would appear the fact that Kwan and I have been briefly flashed in the negative light of the media has in no way harmed our careers—I find myself smiling, yet again, as I look out over the crowd... the theater is packed.

It's over and done with, and now Kwan and I have better things to focus on—like a possible future as partners both in the music business and in our personal lives.

We haven't talked it over, but I really want to pursue a permanent relationship with Kwan. I need and want a strong Dom, but not just any strong Dom—I want Kwan.

A hand on my shoulder startles me from my thoughts of Kwan, and I turn to see Absalom standing behind me. He has that beautiful smile on his face, but I notice that it doesn't quite reach his dark chocolate-brown eyes. I never like beating around the bush when it comes to understanding something, so I simply ask, "Is there a reason you're smiling at me like that?"

His smile doesn't waver when he says, "I'm just happy for you, Yun. You've come a long way from wanting nothing to do with Kwan to being in both a professional and personal relationship with him. I'm glad you found someone who can be what you need."

I believe Absalom when he says he's happy for me, but I can also sense a sadness behind his kind words. He nods to me once, before turning to walk away. I place a hand on his arm to stop him, and when he turns back to face me, I do the only thing that I think will make him feel better. I hug him. It's only a few seconds before he returns my hug.

Just before I pull away, I find myself saying, "You're a good man, Absalom, and an even better friend. Someday, you will find someone who will

see in you, what I see. Someone strong enough to give you what you need and strong enough to love you the way you deserve to be loved.”

This time his smile seems to spread out across his face and into his eyes. What I said probably sounds a little *corny*, as an American might say, but I didn't really care because I'd meant every word of it.

“Thank you, Yun. I'll be looking forward to that day. Right now, though, I'm just happy that you found the right person. Good luck with tonight's show.”

I look down at my watch to see that it's nearly time for the concert to begin, which means that I have to go see Kwan. I look up and notice that Absalom is heading toward the stage exit. I really want him to stay for the show, but if he has other plans then I understand that he needs to leave.

Despite telling myself this, I still find myself quickly moving after him.

“Absalom, wait!”

He stops, but he doesn't turn to face me. Some part of me is afraid that he's starting to distance himself from me. We're now standing close enough that we don't have to shout to each other over the din.

“You're not going to stay for the show?”

Absalom still doesn't say anything, and something inside of me feels that maybe this is the only answer I'm going to receive. I start to head in the direction of Kwan's dressing room when I hear him say, “I'd like to stay, Yun, but I'm expecting an important phone call from a relative of mine. You'll see me at your next concert, I promise.”

This makes me both happy and curious. Even though I consider Absalom my closest friend, it isn't until this moment that I realize that I don't know all that much about him. I don't know about his family or if he had any jobs prior to becoming my driver or anything of that nature.

Granted, he doesn't know much about my personal life either, and in a sense I'm okay with that. Still, I can't help but wonder about this mysterious relative. I decide not pry, because Absalom has on more than one occasion offered me the same courtesy. I figure that if he wants to share anything about his life that I don't already know, then I'll be ready to listen when that time comes.

“Until the next concert then—thank you for everything, Absalom.”

He then does something I'm not expecting at all; he walks up to me and pulls me into his arms. The embrace is brief, and I barely get to return it before he pulls away.

He starts to head for the exit again, but not before saying, "I'd like to get together with you and Kwan sometime soon for lunch or dinner. That is, if you have some free time in between concerts during the rest of your tour."

"I would love that. I'll run the idea by Kwan and let you know when would be a good time for the three of us to hang out. You had better go, before you miss your phone call. I guess I'll see you after the concert then?"

He nods and finally makes his way out the exit door. After he leaves, I casually glance at my watch, and I find myself in a bit of panic. The concert needs to start shortly, and I still haven't seen Kwan. Luckily, I'm already dressed. I can only hope that Kwan doesn't mind me being a little late.

I quickly make my way to his dressing room and knock on the door. It opens to reveal my lover, wearing white pants that hang low on his slender hips—hips that I can't believe are capable of keeping me anchored to his body while he's slamming his wonderful cock into me.

I push away the mental image, because I know that if I don't, then I won't be able to focus on the concert ahead. Kwan's eyes capture my own, and he must see something there that amuses him, because his lips instantly begin to form into that smirk—the one that not so long ago would have irritated me to no end. Now I crave it. I crave how hot it makes me feel, and I crave the man behind it even more.

He moves from the entrance to let me further into the room, but as I close and lock the door, I hear him clear his throat. I don't understand why he does this until I turn to look at him again, and we lock gazes.

"You're late, Yun. Now we don't have much time before you have to be on stage."

He doesn't sound angry, just disappointed, and I find myself providing an explanation, "I apologize for being late. Absalom could not stay for the concert, and I just wanted to be able to say good-bye to him."

Kwan nods, saying as he does so, "He's going to continue to be your driver, right?"

I begin to move in closer to him. "Yes, as far as I know, at least until this tour is over. He's expecting an important phone call. That was the only reason he gave for why he could not stay."

There must be something in my voice that conveys to Kwan that I need comforting, because he moves closer to me and pulls me into his strong arms.

Having him hold me like this makes me feel better about Absalom's sudden departure, even though I know I'll see him again later tonight.

He pulls back and then kisses me. It starts off gentle and easy, but then, very quickly, he's ravaging my mouth, and I find myself struggling to keep up with his movements. Things might have heated up even further if it wasn't for the sudden knock on Kwan's door.

"Kwan? Have you seen Yun? Everything's set up. He's got to go on in five minutes, and I can't find him anywhere!"

*Brilliant timing, Young Soo.* I think irritably as Kwan and I separate. I rest my forehead against his chest, trying my best to get my breathing back to normal. I hear Kwan's heart beating somewhat rapidly, and I take comfort in the fact that I'm not the only one affected by our kiss.

Immediately, Kwan answers, "I'm sure he's around, Young Soo, he won't be late for his concert. He may have gone to get some air, try looking outside. I'll be out in a minute to help you look for him."

"Maybe you're right, Kwan. Okay, I'll see you in a minute."

We stay close together until we're sure he's gone, and my breathing is at last returning to normal. I pull away and look at my watch. When I realize that Young Soo is right, I turn to Kwan.

"He's right, I have to be on stage soon. The concert can't be delayed."

Kwan nods and kisses me again. I feel the same passion as from our last kiss. He pulls away first and directs me toward the door, saying as he does so, "You can't keep your fans waiting, and if Young Soo doesn't see you soon, he may send out a search party. I'll see you onstage. You remember everything we're going to do right?"

I nod, but the thought of doing some of the things we'd talked about on stage in front of thousands of people both arouses and unnerves me.

"I remember. I'm nervous though. What if the audience reacts badly, Kwan?"

He strokes his knuckles gently along my cheek. "Everything will be alright, Yun, imagine it's just the two of us. No one else around, it'll just be us. You singing to me and me singing to you, can you do that?"

"Yes, Kwan, just you and me together... on stage."

The image immediately settles into my head, and I find myself craving the moment when he appears on stage with me.

I continue to make my way to the door, but when I unlock and open it, Kwan surprises me by closing it again with one hand. Before I know it, he has me pushed up against the door and is kissing the breath out of me.

I wrap my arms around him, and he runs his hands down my back, then digs his fingers into my backside. I barely manage to suppress my groan as he rubs his cock hard against mine.

“Kwan—ohhh—the concert.”

He pulls away, but not before brushing my now painfully erect cock with his fingers. It takes everything in me not to cry out and risk someone hearing us. After my breathing settles, I open the door again and check to make sure Young Soo is nowhere around. There are people milling about, making sure everything is as it should be, but thankfully, no one seems to be paying any attention to me.

I step back out into the backstage area but turn to Kwan and say, “I hope I can walk onstage without everyone noticing how aroused I am. Just what was that all about anyways, Kwan?”

He only smirks at me. “I just wanted to give you something to look forward to... after the concert.”

I swear that I can feel my cock swell even more, and my heart rate speeds up from his statement. I can only shake my head at him as I make my way to the backstage curtains.

“Yun, there you are! Come on everything’s ready. You can’t keep your fans waiting.”

I instantly snap around when Young Soo calls to me. I make sure my clothes aren’t wrinkled from my encounter with Kwan, and then I head behind the curtains. The lights begin to dim, and the announcement is being made in both English and Korean as it comes on over the PA system.

I pull in a deep breath, but thoughts of my performance with Kwan have me both craving and dreading the time when he appears on stage. I manage to push my excitement down to a manageable level.

The announcement finishes, and wild shouts of my name and screams of appreciation greet me as I pull back the curtain stepping onto the stage and begin what I’m sure will be one of the greatest performances of my life.

The screams coming from my fans are almost deafening, but over the years I've learned to block them out. Tonight is no different. The pulse-pounding lights along with the heart-pounding music reminds me that I'm in my element. Being onstage surrounded by my fans. This is my life—and I love it.

I play to the crowd and allow myself to get lost in the music just as I always have. Although I crave the joy I feel from the music and the thousands of fans calling to me, I crave the appearance of my Dom even more.

As I finish my first song, and the lead into the next one begins, the feeling of anticipation is building inside of me to the point that I'm finding it hard to concentrate on the job at hand.

*How will the crowd react when Kwan joins me on stage?*

The stage is set up with a short walkway extending from each side of the main stage that ends at a small circular stage, and it has a long walkway that runs down the center. As I reach the end of the long walkway, I drop to my knees, facing the crowd when the song comes to the end.

All of a sudden, the stage behind me becomes absolutely dark and silent. As I jump up and turn to see what is going on, I hear the crowd go quiet also. Then, with a loud boom and bright flashes of light, the silhouette of a man appears on the top step at the center of the stage.

At this time, I begin to slowly make my way back up the walkway. As the music for the next song begins to play, small flares of white light begin to appear behind the man as he draws nearer to me on the stage. The flares behind him are beginning to grow in size and brightness. First there is white, then red, then blue—the colors just keep coming, and the flares just keep getting taller. As the music reaches the end of the loud intro, the man begins to sing.

The crowd goes crazy. The cheering and clapping and foot stomping is so loud that I can barely hear the music as it comes in through my earpiece. The anticipation of seeing me and Kwan on stage together was reaching a fever pitch.

As Kwan's silhouette nears me, I stop and allow my head to slowly drop forward. He takes one more step toward me, then reaches up to tenderly grasp the hair at the back of my head. Standing directly in front of me, he pulls my hair gently, just enough to raise my head, so that he can look straight into my eyes.

Through all of this, he has continued to sing to me. Finishing the last line of his part of the song, Kwan lays his forehead against mine. It's now time for me



to begin; I raise the mic and start to sing the words that comes straight from my heart. We have chosen this song carefully and worked for many hours to make sure that the timing is perfect. It's hard to stare into Kwan's eyes as I sing—the fact that he's only wearing skin-tight, very low-riding white jeans is a huge distraction, as well as all of those beautiful tattoos that I love to admire and kiss—but I'm nothing if not professional.

So, as I continue to sing my lines, I hear the crowd behind me stomping their feet and screaming at the top of their lungs—it's a madhouse. Kwan had been right, they're eating this up. The sexual tension that's pouring off of the two of us sends the crowd into a frenzy. As my last line is completed, I drop the mic to my side and lay my head on Kwan's chest as he finishes the song with the final two lines—then he gently rubs his cheek on mine and pulls me close into his body.

As the stage goes black and silent I feel the quick brush of his lips on mine.

Then bright lights are once again flaring as the music begins blasting over and over, and we move on to the next song with the two of us breaking apart, and each of us running for one of the two smaller stages.

The concert speeds by so quickly that I'm totally surprised to hear the soft chords that introduces our final song. As the music progresses, I head for the long runway, and the crowd begins to quiet down as I softly begin to sing. It's a song of a newfound love, and how hard it was to find, and how I feel so unsure about how long it will last.

At this point, Kwan is supposed to slowly walk toward me as I turn my back to the crowd. Only this time, there's a slight difference from all of the other times that we've rehearsed this part of the show. Hanging from Kwan's left arm is a pair of bright, shiny silver handcuffs.

My heart just stops.

I know that he can't see the confusion displayed on my face, but I'm sure that he knows it's there.

As he begins to sing of a newfound love, and of how hard and long he has searched to find it, I know that every word is meant for me and for me alone. We're slowly nearing each other, and as I raise the mic to my lips, I begin the final stanza of the song. Kwan once again reaches for me and pulls our heads together until his forehead is resting on mine.

Softly, we sing the final line of the beautiful love song together, then I feel a gentle tug on my right wrist and then a snap. Looking down, I see that Kwan

has secured our wrists together with the handcuffs. As he turns us to face the crowd, he raises our arms above our heads for all to see how we are connected. Then he looks straight into my eyes and says, "Only to you."

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## Epilogue

Kwan takes my hand as he introduces me to some of his friends in the lifestyle. I really try my best to act like a proper little sub and keep my eyes on the floor, but that is just so hard to do while I am trying to see everything that is going on around me. This is mine and Kwan's first time out as a D/s couple, and even though he explained all the *rules* to me, I have to keep reminding myself that this is one of the many things that I am supposed to do to show respect to Kwan when we are at the club. I can't even begin to imagine how anyone did this on a daily basis—I am quickly coming to realize that the D/s part of our relationship is a very casual one compared to many of the couples that I am seeing tonight.

As we walk around the crowded room, Kwan wraps his arm tightly around my waist in a possessive manner. Having him hold me so close helps me to remain calm during this—our first foray into the world of D/s together—and then there's the fact that it keeps me from running into other people. I catch myself furtively glancing here and there, trying not to miss a thing, when suddenly, I hear Kwan's voice in my ear. "Stay right here, there's a very special person that I want you to meet."

I do as he says, keeping my eyes on the floor while making sure that I'm not in the way of the other guests. Before long, I see two pairs of shoes appear in my line of vision, and Kwan's voice captures my attention once more.

"Yun, it's okay to look up. I'm sure he'd rather look into your beautiful brown eyes than at the top of your head." I can hear the amusement in his voice as he says this.

I let my gaze drift upward, so that I can get a look at Kwan's friend.

"Yun, this is one of my best friends, who also happens to be the man that helped me to realize that I was a Dom and introduced me to the D/s lifestyle."

I can hear Kwan as he is speaking to me, but as I realize who it is he is introducing me to, all of my breath leaves me in a quiet gasp. I know those eyes! They are the same sparkling green eyes from all those months ago.

"Michael?"

His eyes are reflecting the same shock and recognition as mine.

*This is Kwan's friend?*

“Yun, is it really you?”

His voice is the same voice that I'd taken commands from on the night that I acknowledged my desire to be a submissive.

An awkward silence follows Michael's question. Kwan is silent, and I'm unable to tell what he is feeling at this moment. He slowly looks back and forth between Michael and me. Finally, he says in that steady, calm voice that always manages to make me feel safe and wanted.

“So, how do you two know each other?”

**The End**

## Author Bio

*Gabrielle has always been an avid reader, probably a trait she inherited from her mother. She has spent and continues to spend most of her time reading, and when it came time for high school, she divided her time between trying to graduate and working on her writing skills.*

*After changing her career path so many times during those four years, she realized that writing professionally was a dream she wanted to follow.*

*Her favorite genre is paranormal romance, but she realized early on that there were all kinds of love, and it didn't matter if it's between two men, two women, a man and a woman, or even three men. Only To You is her first foray into the world of gay contemporary romance.*

*Her dream of writing is being constantly bolstered by the love and support of her family, immediate and extended alike. When she's not writing or reading, she plays the role of right hand to her mother and helps care for her two younger brothers. Although she originally hails from Massachusetts, she is currently residing in the great state of Ohio.*

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