

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

ONLY MINE

Valentina Heart

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

ONLY MINE

By Valentina Heart

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, 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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Photo Description

Two older, good-looking men caught in an intimate moment after a good time in a BDSM club. They are dressed in leather with their T-shirts tucked in their belts. They look dangerous with all that exposed muscle, but still share a touch of tenderness where one man's hands rest at the waist of the other while they press their foreheads together.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

We have what appears to be a Dom and his sub, but appearances can be deceiving. These two men are actually undercover. While their personas are masks, the emotion in this photo is very real.

What has brought these two men to this point of giving and receiving comfort?

I wouldn't mind BDSM in the story. Either because it is a part of one or both of their real lives or because while undercover, they realize that these new experiences work for them in some way.

I would like a HEA and would LOVE this scene to appear in the story.

Sincerely,

Sue

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: law enforcement, BDSM, tattoos, dirty talk, slave

Word count: 9,811

ONLY MINE

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CHAPTER ONE

Gavin

I only had enough time to pull on the first not-too-bad-smelling T-shirt before I could hear the van braking in front of my first-floor apartment and only seconds later, the insistent sound of the horn. I picked up my keys from the cracked bowl by the entrance and shut the door on my way out.

The van was standard cop issue, as inconspicuous as we could make it, cheap in all the places the department could cut costs, and puke ugly to look at. But the door was already open and I could see the irritation on Kent's face as he motioned for me to run faster, as if he'd been waiting for me for hours. It was just one of those things that made the guy who he was and instead of letting it annoy me, I smirked evilly enough to make him huff. I took my wins where I could get them.

Sliding the door closed, Kent was speaking before the rookie behind the wheel managed to put the van in first. I cleared my mind of extra baggage, ready to take on my new personality on the fly.

"Sorry for pulling you in after your double. You're the only one who can do this." Kent gave me that remorseful look that was only half sincere.

"Don't worry about it. It's not the first time and I'm sure it won't be the last. Fill me in."

"You know that BDSM club Pristine? Of course you don't, what am I thinking," Kent answered for himself, making me grin because I did actually know about the club, but decided he was flustered enough even without that information. "Anyway, the owner is this big shot, Francis Long. He has multiple clubs and friends in high places. Pretty much untouchable, but he's been on McKay's radar for a while. You know how he leads his department,

once his teeth are in a suspect, he's not letting go. They suspected him of human trafficking but could never prove anything. But tonight, Pristine is organizing a BDSM show for their exclusive clientele. It's an all-night event, public scenes and very few limits, so once you're in, until the winner is declared, you're not going anywhere. The winner gets the works, a one-time offer to see his private island, private training opportunities and access to another elite BDSM event."

"Why is it always a private fucking island?" I mumbled, thinking it a cliché.

"Security, no trespassing or noisy neighbors. You know this, Gavin."

"Yeah, yeah."

Kent gave an unimpressed look. "Be that as it may, you're not to even think of staging a scene. McKay suspected all the illegal activity has been happening there, but he's had no access, until a while ago when he sent in one of his agents undercover. The guy was supposed to gather enough evidence that Long is actually doing something illegal, and then ask for an extraction. Unfortunately, they lost contact with him a couple of months ago and tonight is the first night he's been seen since. You're his way out and I have every faith in you."

"Of course you do." I laughed. "So who's the guy?"

"We only got word a couple of hours ago, so it's all one big mess."

"Do you even know?" I interrupted him, not letting my original question go.

"Top of the class, standard undercover agent like you, only younger."

"That's really beside the point if he's good at his job. Getting stranded like that can't have been easy on him."

Kent ignored me and went on, "You have to make yourself believable. The agent is up for sale, some twenty-four/seven type of bullshit I don't honestly want to know about, and we need you to buy him. They picked you for your cool personality and general tolerance—read that last one as your sexual

orientation catching their attention—but I don't doubt your looks played a role as well."

I just scowled at him.

"Dude, it's nothing personal, this is a BDSM club, and unlike them, I know being gay and dangerous doesn't equal dominant in bed." Kent had his hands up as if surrendering and I had trouble staying serious. It'd been years since undercover federal agents were required to provide their personal information for inter-departmental cooperation. It made for easily accessible info when different task forces lacked qualified personnel and despite the drawbacks of discrimination, however slight, the arrests that resulted in the following years were very much worth it.

But I ignored his jabs, used to Kent's loud and mouthy way, and gave him a little bit of information, he didn't have authorization to actually sneak a peek at in my file but I didn't mind him knowing at the moment. "Don't worry, I've played before." His expression was priceless but I moved on before he managed to get a grip. "What about the rookie? Could they have read him as a fake right away?"

"He's not exactly a rookie, he's been on the force almost as long as you," Kent said ignoring me back, but one look from me and the words came out. "Yeah, fine. He's listed as gay but no previous experience in similar assignments. You know how these things work, his preference is the key. He wasn't flinching when touched and they deemed it enough."

"But he had some interest at least?" I was getting nervous at that point. If the guy had had absolutely no interest in whips, chains and unmerciful fucking, there was no way he would ever have passed as a sub in a club like Pristine. "This shit is important. Am I gonna go there and find a brainwashed slave, or just a guy who was good enough to actually pass slave training?"

"You kinda just went way over my head. But yeah, he expressed interest." Kent looked apologetic.

"Jesus, just say so. I fucking hate working with other units on such a short notice but we have to get him out safely."

“I hear you, man.”

Then another thing occurred to me. “Will he expect me there or will he blow my cover? What are his unit’s assumptions?”

“They doubt he’ll jeopardize the case, but aren’t giving any guarantees. The general advice is to go in prepared for anything.”

I sighed but gave Kent the signal to go on. “He’s going by the name Will Gordon, submissive obviously. Twenty-seven, writes for a magazine and requires a hard hand.” He smirked at me but didn’t give me a chance to push back. “You’re Chase Gibson, thirty-nine. Owner of a thrift shop, but you come from old money and invest wisely. You’re in town on business. The job allows you to travel and while it’s something you love, it gets kind of lonely. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to find some company. In your professional life, you’re ruthless, not afraid to take what you want, and that transfers to your private affairs where that same control freak gets what he wants sexually—by being a dominant. You got all that?”

“Yeah, alpha personality, no bullshit tolerance and very confident. No problem. They require that much of a background check?” I pushed off my sneakers, ready to get undressed.

“Yeah, we actually had to find a guy to vouch for you. You’re buying a human being, I guess they actually care what happens to their slaves.”

“It’s a different world. Your Will went through a two-month-long intensive training, probably under one of the better-known names in the world. They won’t just let him end up with someone unworthy of the property.”

“Property? What?” Kent asked worriedly.

“Usually people sign up for that. They give themselves to a house and one of their trainers who’s willing to take them on. The handlers train the volunteers to be perfect slaves and then sell them to the highest bidder. There is also a matter of a minimum currency amount previously agreed upon between the slave and the trainer. It’s all consensual and contract binding.” I took off my jeans and pulled at my shirt, managing to take it off again despite the sunglasses perched in my buzz-cut hair. What can I say? It’s a talent.

“I don’t understand.” Kent gaped at me.

“You’d call it kink, but it’s much more than that. It’s a lifestyle and not all that uncommon either.”

“So you think he gained access to the information by becoming a slave? And his department approved it?”

“It’s most likely. But a number of things could have gone wrong. One thing I know for sure, nothing illegal is going to happen tonight. If there is a story worth pursuing, it happened while he was on the island.” I pulled on the white T-shirt, somewhat loose, low-riding leather pants and shiny boots.

“We’re here.” The rookie up front spoke for the first time and I took a deep breath, ready to take on another challenge.

CHAPTER TWO

Spencer

I was insane, irresponsible, weak and just delusional. Why ever did I think everything would work itself out in the real world? That my job would just disappear, my superiors would forget that I vanished from the face of the earth for two whole months without a word or even a letter of resignation. That they would just say *okay, Morris, we totally understand that you want to be someone's slave, clean, serve and take it up the ass. It's perfectly all right that you've let us pursue false leads for the last two months and have nothing to show for it now. Good job.*

I actually snorted at that, earning myself a crop bite on my thigh. Michael laid his hand on my nearly-shaved head and rubbed affectionately. It helped calm me, focus on my position where I knelt on the floor, my thighs slightly spread and my ass resting on my booted heels. It was the perfect position, something I only discovered when Michael took me on, showed me how quickly I could go under and how peaceful it was to just focus on my Master, to let go of the worry and expel the tension.

Michael had me on my knees ten minutes after meeting me, but I required an additional three surprising encounters and a panicked mouthing off in the face of something I desperately craved, to actually accept who I really was. It was one thing knowing what I was supposed to do, to think of it in only a sexual sense, but something completely different to willingly obey and submit to a stranger, without any strings holding me back.

I opened my eyes, took in the crowded club, so many curious eyes, and allowed Michael to ground me, give me courage, where I might have lacked it on my own. This was something I truly wanted, to belong, to serve, to satisfy. I needed a Master and a purpose and my job on the force was a far cry from actual satisfaction.

A loud gong sounded through the spacious club, and I vaguely heard the auctioneer praising our training, attributes and appearance, but the cop in me

had surrendered long ago, and nothing short of Michael's voice or a tap of that crop could have snapped me back to wakefulness.

Once my turn came, I lifted myself up on all fours, following the snap of my Master's fingers and twisted my hips, in an almost seductive crawl that had taken me ages to perfect. My eyes focused on the shiny floor, I followed the leather boots leading me, wishing for an order, almost whining for praise.

I was hard as stone, noticing the harsh breaths of the attentive crowd, seeing the oil glistening on my freckled skin and I felt myself being admired, appraised, wanted. I was someone's future property, a source of pleasure and I could hardly wait.

CHAPTER THREE

Gavin

The club was bustling with people, excitement almost vibrating in the air and the expectation was so thick I could almost taste it on my lips. The smell of sweat and the sound of a whip infused themselves into my senses reminding me of what I was capable of—what I craved and reveled in each and every time I had a moment to spare. This was my world, my kind of drug and also the last thing I ever wanted to relate to work.

Single Doms prevailed for once, lounging in comfortable round sofas, sipping drinks at the bar or focusing on big screens off the side of the stage that were an addition to the usual appearance of the club. The first part of the evening was about to begin, something easily heard in the increasing rush of the muted drum and the focus on the patrons stalking the dimmed stage.

Even the Doms with slaves and subs at their feet paid attention, paused in their sips and riveted their attention to the slowly illuminated entertainment.

My gaze sharpened and centered on the eight people taking over the stage as their features were lit up, four slaves kneeling obediently and their trainers holding an attached leash or simply standing next to the pretty property. I shivered in excitement.

Only one of them was a woman, far to the left, lean and naked with pert nipples on smallish breasts, but I let my gaze barely touch her as the one I was looking for fit a whole different set of parameters—male, of the cop variety, and my future property.

It was a nice presumption, idealistic even, because not even my wildest expectations could have prepared me for what the light revealed: Three men, all of them in different states of undress and rather stunning. Still, it wasn't any of them that held my attention, but rather a familiar set of shoulders dusted with freckles I'd eagerly licked once upon a time and the perfectly held kneeling pose I could remember so clearly between my own feet.

Mindlessly, my legs carried me closer to where my gaze was glued—to his glistening muscles. The leather crossed over his pecs, held in place by the shiny ring between his nipples. His eyes faced downward, but there was no mistaking those long lashes and the full lips that had once been wrapped around my cock. I moaned, unsure if it was from despair or simple undiluted want.

I barely noticed the quiet tap from the man standing next to him, then narrowed my eyes and looked at the dangerous-looking trainer who had Spencer kneeling for him so effortlessly, as if he had that right. He was imposing, sure of himself but with a light step as he led Spencer forward. His kind eyes loosened something in me, and I gave the man the benefit of the doubt that, just maybe, everything was as perfectly kinky as it seemed to a trained eye and that not a single order or crop correction was met by an unwilling slave.

Then my lovely sub crawled a step further, twisting his tight ass while on his knees, putting one hand in front of the other, and I felt my cock lengthen beneath my belly button, my balls pull up. Spencer was like a cat, twisting leisurely, carrying on a confidence I never knew he had. He was performing for the crowd, giving his best for a buyer without even realizing what he was doing to all the interested Doms around him. Without having a clue just how strongly he pulled at my possessive streak and how likely I was to tighten my hand around his neck and have him begging prettily at my feet.

Sweet Spencer, the obedient, tough-looking sub I had never managed to collar as my own. I groaned, mentally kicking myself. The one man I ever wanted but never managed to find enough time to actually give him the attention he deserved.

I was startled as a man from the crowd leaned forward, cupped Spencer's ass, and squeezed as if he already owned him. My blood boiled and I tightened my fists. The sub would be mine, one way or the other and if that Dom didn't stop fondling my property he might just lose his greedy fingers.

I took out my new phone, careful enough not to jeopardize the operation but also determined enough to get what I wanted. I typed a message to my

accountant, the same one who'd never managed to persuade me to enjoy the cash my grandparents had left me ten years ago, and asked for him to prepare for a money transfer, significantly larger than anything I had spent up until now. I would buy my slave with the department's money, for the sake of the case and appearance, but there would be no doubt in Spencer's mind about who actually bought him in the end.

CHAPTER FOUR

Spencer

I had my blushing moments, minutes when my heart raced as if I was running after a suspect instead of kneeling under the scrutiny of a full club. But there were also those when the peace surrounding my whole being surpassed even the best orgasm I'd ever had. I was made to kneel for my Master and there wasn't a doubt in my mind that I'd made the right call.

The men touching me, speaking to Michael, were as much background noise as the hum of the surrounding crowd. It was of no consequence who bought me. All the patrons were checked out, good choices. Still, I would not go into the hands of a Dom unapproved by my trainer, who would check on me occasionally to make sure I was safe and happy.

Shiny boots right in the line of my vision pulled me out of my dazed state. How long had they been there? Was the man even moving? Solid boots without a speck of dirt on them, black, polished. I imagined I could smell them, and I leaned ever so slightly forward until a tap against my thigh had me straightening my back once again, paying attention to my surroundings despite the desire uncoiling in my belly.

Then a hand found its way onto my scalp, fingers rubbing against my short cropped hair. I leaned into it, almost purring at the sensation of the somehow familiar large hand and strong fingers that held me as if I was precious. It was natural to give in, let someone else take the reins and I ceased thinking. The man slid his fingers under my chin, one thumb pressing at the corner of my lips as he tilted my head backward without an ounce of resistance from me.

My eyelids had dropped into slits and even with him in my clear line of sight, I only saw a blurred form who'd deemed me worthy of attention. I sighed in pleasure and the man chuckled, coming closer to me, allowing me to take in his overpowering scent of masculinity and traces of sweat. I hardened to the point of pain even before his breath caressed my skin, but it was the teasing lick against my cheek that had me whimpering.

“Gorgeous, as always,” the man rumbled—such a familiar voice.

I was dropping—a part of me not even aware of reality and the feeling was so good. I couldn't have cared less about the warning signals sounding somewhere in the back of my mind. This man had me in his hands. I was his to play with and he could very well take me right on the spot without even a word of complaint from my lips.

Unfortunately, Michael had other ideas. One resounding “Will,” had me snapping back to attention, as if I rushed into the light from a tight-fitting tunnel, only to be met by the smirk I knew too well and piercing eyes that had never allowed me to hide.

My jaw slackened and eyes widened but I was still too wrapped up in pleasure to connect all the dots, to fit in his familiar face with the person I had once known. He leaned a bit closer, wrapping me up in his scent again and I couldn't have forced myself to care. I just gratefully accepted the chaste kiss against my lips, the playful bite on the edge of my chin as he still held my head in his palm.

“Just a bit longer and I'm taking you home, gorgeous,” he said, and then was gone.

CHAPTER FIVE

Gavin

The auction itself, after the half-hour presentation, was a silent affair. Done over the computer in an expectant hush, it gave the slaves an opportunity to stay in their little safe bubbles, and the bidders an impression of civility. It bothered me that I couldn't assess my competition, but in the end, the fact didn't quite matter. I had an unlimited budget, and since I knew I would be paying every cent of it back to the department, my conscience was clear.

Two men were left at the end, trying to push their way in, but they couldn't match my determination. When my last bid on my boy went unchallenged, I had sealed the deal.

The instructions started scrolling down my screen right away, and Spencer, no—Will, I had to remember his name was Will in this world—was led away from the stage by his trainer. It made me uneasy, but I knew there was no going around the auction's sales contract so I sat comfortably and got on with my reading.

We were not allowed to leave the premises until the last of the entertainment was through. Simple observation of the slaves' interaction with their new owners assured the trainers that the slaves were, in fact, in good hands. No heavy play was allowed until the submissives' contracts were read and signed which would happen sometime during the evening at the Masters' convenience.

The rest was pretty much the usual, with the inclusion of a "damages fee" in case the bidder changed his or her mind after the auction, they would be obligated to pay ten percent of their final bid to the wronged slave. As if I would ever give Spencer back.

One trainer opened the thick curtain hiding the backstage rooms and came back up front announcing the slaves were ready for their new Masters and asked for us to follow him, and I happily obliged.

The new room was surprisingly spacious with designs on the walls, decadent paintings and thick carpets beneath the slaves occupying each flourished corner. Will was still in his leathers, with a black T-shirt tucked into his back pocket, hanging to his mid thigh and strangely turning me on. He was standing next to his trainer, hands behind his back and chin low, but despite the seemingly relaxed pose, I could see just how tense he was and I couldn't wait to ease him into our new beginning. His size was beautifully exposed while on his feet, the muscles twitching unconsciously and the beginning of his sideburns adding to his ruggedness. He was taller than his trainer but wonderfully submissive while the other man aired confident dominance without even trying.

"Hello, I'm Michael," the trainer said, offering me his hand as I came to them, something I happily accepted. I had to fight to tear my gaze from Will and focus on the dominant but very handsome man.

"Chase Gibson. A pleasure," I responded in a voice far from the husky whisper I'd used on Will and the man in question flinched slightly, as if I'd struck a nerve.

"Well, onto the business, I suppose," Michael said as he motioned toward the curved, modern table and pulled out matching chairs, taking a seat himself.

Will dropped down with ease, close enough to lean against Michael, but obviously trained enough not to. He was making my fingers tingle with the urge to touch him, pull him to my side and make him sigh in contentment just for me. I was more than simply another buyer. I had the advantage of being an agent, knowing how Will's mind worked when under pressure, but I also knew the man, and despite being only a part-time Dom, I was still a presence in both his worlds.

"Anything out of the ordinary I should be aware of?" I asked instead, already picking up the contract and reading through it, willing the time to pass quickly and for the formalities to be done and over with.

"No. Everything is very straightforward, and the contract just repeats what was already said in Will's profile. He's not a masochist by any means, and is

looking mainly for servitude. There will be random checks, by me or one of the club owners, to make sure he is all right. We will most likely be accompanied by a doctor to make sure he's not being abused. The rest is up to the two of you."

I nodded, noticing the same clause in the contract in addition to the payment detail sheet, where it was clear that the club got only a portion of the money I'd paid, the rest would go to Will's bank account, something that definitely didn't ring as illegal. Will was in this willingly and I was itching with curiosity to know what exactly was going through his head.

"I believe a two year contract is not too long for you?" Michael's eyebrows popped up as he looked at me unaware of my impatience and the jumble of my enthusiastic, as well as conflicting, thoughts.

"Not at all. I'm looking forward to it actually, and I trust we'll extend that for a longer period eventually," I said with a smirk, completely satisfied with the turn of events despite the niggling obstruction of Will's employment with his department. I wasn't sure Spencer Morris had thought that one through so well before becoming Will Gordon, body and soul.

"Please sign here and I will leave the two of you unless something unexpected occurs." I did as he requested, wishing he would just pop out of there with the snap of my fingers and leave me alone with my lovely new slave. At least that one vision was staying constant and persistent in my head.

I'd never been a slave owner before, but was interested enough to know what it entailed. My priority should have been the case. I was sure it had no grounds considering the slaves were there of their own will. It was a matter of lifestyle instead of imprisonment. But Detective Morris, someone who I knew to be far from a rookie, was too deep into his own submission and way too gorgeous to simply ignore.

I snapped my fingers, watching as the haze instantly faded from his eyes and he crawled the distance to my chair before taking on the same pose. He was the perfect model of submission with all those little details that made him real and irresistible to me, like the way his fingers trembled every so often or

how his tongue slipped out to wet his full lips. It would have been so easy to just sit there and pay attention to him, feed my unyielding erection with his simple presence, and enjoy it for hours.

Touching his head held a promise of becoming my favorite pastime, the prickle of his short hair, the warmth of his scalp, and the cat-like way he always pushed into my hand as if this instinct was stronger than his training. I hummed in satisfaction, squeezing his neck and pulling him against my thigh.

“You are mine now, Will. Does that please you?”

“Yes, sir,” he answered almost with a hiss, and I knew his eyes were closed and he was getting too relaxed again.

“Pay attention to me now.” I slapped his cheek lightly, startling him.

“Yes, sir.” I could see the tip of his tongue as he licked his lips and I wanted to chase it with my own.

“I need to know how settled your affairs are and if there is something that might come and bite you in the ass in the future.” He leaned his chin on my hand as I slipped my fingers to the front side of his neck.

“No, sir,” Will whispered and I didn’t need my detective skills to know he wasn’t really listening to me.

“That means you gave back your detective badge and gun to your chief?” He flinched in my hand, throwing away everything he’d learned to turn and actually look at me for the first time.

“Gavin? What...?” His jaw dropped and I could see the detective struggling to come up front, to disregard the setting, the comforting feeling he’d been lulled into.

“Hush, you’re safe, Spencer,” I whispered, leaning down to cradle his face and lick the corner of his mouth. Knowing that calling him Will just wouldn’t work anymore.

“What are you doing here?” He shook his head and asked, so adorably confused.

“Why, I just got myself a slave, and it turns out, we’re old acquaintances—of the bondage kind.” I grinned wickedly and hardened my grip.

CHAPTER SIX

Spencer

Gavin Perry, detective extraordinaire, was the top bad boy on the force and that perfect Dom every sub dreams of but can't have. Yes, I was so screwed. He was the one detective I should have expected to be sent after me. He worked far enough away from the club and on cases completely unrelated to the BDSM world. No one could have recognized him, and none of those into the lifestyle knew him enough to realize he was actually a cop.

But it was more than that, Gavin Perry was that one Dom who had showed me how good it could be, to crawl and beg and plead. To take the punishment and revel in the reward. Gavin was the start of everything and an end of an era. I was never so dramatic before I'd dropped to my knees for him, and never quite so broken as when he'd taken his last assignment and dropped off the face of the earth.

"It must have been some mistake. You can't buy me," I said, halfway to hysterical, soaked with desperation.

"Oh, but I did," he said smugly, tightening his fingers around my neck, making me struggle to keep my wits about me.

"No, you can't. It's not legitimate if you buy me with the department's money. They will receive their refund on the basis of a criminal investigation. This isn't the twentieth century anymore. You're also undercover, with a false name."

"But you are as well, gorgeous," Gavin said, his features hardening.

"I might have started out as undercover, but right now I'm just protecting my skin. I can't be a cop and a slave for sale. Any of the people who'd spent time in jail thanks to me could very well end up buying me. But strike all that—you're not qualified to own a slave!" I raised my voice, letting the implications overwhelm me as the haze of submission slowly pulled its claws out of me. "You're gone for months at a time, always in danger, plus you don't

have enough money to fulfill the requirements of the contract. You've screwed me over!"

That steel jaw relaxed slightly, his pupils widened and I knew I was right. Gavin had been someone I would have happily stayed with—once upon a time—but that had been long ago, and after distance and a realization of who I really was, he simply wasn't enough anymore.

But then the determination was back, Gavin's lips were pressed tightly and between one blink and the next, he was down on his knees in front of me, pulling me forward until my forehead rested on his chest, fitting perfectly.

"The department paid for you, for the sake of a case I assume is truly nonexistent." I tried to move to answer, but Gavin continued right over me, "But the reimbursement money will be coming from my pocket, not yours. I will pay them back, leaving the amount you've received safely in your account. My family has enough to our name that I don't have to worry about ever working again. It is something I chose, not needed, to do. So don't worry about it."

Another one of my attempts to speak was subdued and his fingers slid almost absentmindedly down my back. "My job was my life up to this point, it was something I enjoyed and would like to continue doing. But it's not something I'm not willing to change. There are plenty of departments these days, jobs with less risk but the same dose of excitement. My decision to buy you might have been instinct more than a thought-through decision, but I didn't bid for you lightly, spend all that money just so I could give you away to someone else, someone who definitely doesn't deserve you. We have our past, those months when you were on your knees for me, licking my leather boots and giving me the hard-on of a lifetime, when I bent you over the sofa and plugged my cum in that sweet ass of yours, where you begged me for more, over and over again. I'd never had a sub like you, someone so free of constrictions, willing to both give and ask for that which was deserved. I left with a heavy heart then, knowing I was giving up not only sex, but a man behind his needs, the kind of brute who was easy to smile, quick to joke and deep enough to give a piece of his heart each time he gave his body." I gasped.

“A man who was too easy to love,” Gavin finished in almost a whisper, and by then I wasn’t struggling to get away, but rather to pull him closer. I needed the warmth of his embrace, the assurance that everything he’d said was true, and if I’d shed a tear or two against his shirt no one would ever know but him, my Master.

He gave me some time, touching my exposed skin, taking me on a journey to the past. Maybe both of us were fools, two tough men so ready to sacrifice themselves, to give up a good thing for the other. His words took away the fault of one man and shared it between us, blamed me for not stopping him, giving him my promise that I would be there once he returned, that he meant more than casual play, and not just putting it all on Gavin’s shoulders, for leaving me, his friend as much as his sub.

Just the same, this time around we had a fighting chance, an opportunity to take whatever was between us and make it better, deepen and nurture it. Then again, maybe training had turned me into a sap, unfit to be an agent again, just as easily as I’d consciously made the decision to leave that life behind.

I flinched as Gavin slapped the back of my head. There was no heat in the reprimand, just as there was none in his words, “Stop that. You’re not allowed to think about your position right now, we’ll solve it together before we leave the club. We’ll stand tall together against all of them. For now, just give into your needs and wants, introduce me again to the slave I bought and let me use you to the best of your ability. Or have you forgotten all Michael and I have taught you?”

He was grinning as he said it, but I felt the challenge deep in my submissive bones, it was an opportunity to please him and he was so on.

Down on my knees, thighs spread and my hands behind my back, I stared into my lap where the ebbing erection was still very much visible, and I waited for his next move, next order.

“Very beautiful. I don’t think you actually have any idea how sinful you look.” His fingertips grazed my scalp, “All muscles, freckles and raw power at

my feet. I feel like the king of the world to have earned submission from someone as well-rounded as you are in my eyes.”

I blushed at the compliment, trying not to let it go to my head but nonetheless feeling the warmth in my chest. I was falling back into that easy dynamic we’d once had between us as if barely a moment had passed since then, as if he’d always been there, demanding the best from me, pushing me over the lines of comfort and letting me soar up high above the clouds only to catch me safely each time I fell.

“Come,” he said, snapping me into the present, the muted noise of the club, the presence of others around us hitting me front and center. He’d connected the leash to my collar and I stood up, falling into step behind him, following him perfectly—deeply aware of his every motion, ready for any silent or verbal request.

I watched his back as he moved, trying to see the tattoos beneath the cloth, the muscles I’d dared scratch in those uncontrolled moments when neither of us cared beyond the next thrust, the approaching edge of the cliff leading into overwhelming satisfaction. I shivered.

Gavin stopped and so did I. Daring to look around, I noticed we were in the secluded part of the club where there was a booth selling accessories. They didn’t carry hair clips and lipstick, but belts, nipple clamps and any type of leather for play could be found in a variety of designs.

“You need something of mine on you. This way you just seem naked, and in the wrong way, too.” He smiled at me before selecting precisely what he wanted with the help of the guy behind the counter.

I tuned out, letting the sounds of the club seep into my skin, bringing myself into that state of mind where I knew only Gavin’s desires were important. Not the hardness between my legs or the drop of sweat sliding down the middle of my back. It was so easy with him around, not even words were needed because he made me feel safe, in the dark or in the brightness, even better than Michael ever could.

His fingers were warm against my wrist as he tightened first one leather cuff then the other. They had rings on the inside of the wrist and as I paid more attention, I noticed him wearing a similar one. Thicker leather of the same color and width but without any rings. We matched and for some reason, it made me smile.

“I knew you’d like that.” He pinched my nipple, drawing out a long moan, and then we were on the move again, him with a clear purpose in his stride and me following blindly, just as I’d always wanted.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Gavin

Spencer kept giving in, tuning in to me every few minutes and I was elated, turned on and simply beyond caring about the outside world. I needed my mark on him, and in our situation leather worked better than a love bite, something that would have taken time and attention I wasn't willing to give an avid audience.

The cuffs satisfied that primal beast in me that believed someone could just take him from under my nose unless he wore a visible sign of my possession, and a trainer's collar certainly wasn't it.

Next, I led him to the back rooms, a necessity in an exclusive club like Pristine. I marked the board next to the entrance as private, not giving others permission to watch, and entered with a goal in mind.

One of the many things I loved about Spencer was his size and rough appearance, that first impression he gave that was so fucking misleading, I reveled in it. I detached the leash, threw it on the nearby table, and then pushed him against the wall. I felt the thud his flesh made and it spurred me on. I crowded him, not letting him lift his arms and react as a cop would. I was all around him, breathing his air and forcing him to breathe in mine. Our skin touched, lips grazed against one another and Spencer reached for me, wanting to bridge the miniscule distance in between, to get that full-on kiss I'd been teasing him with all night, but yet again I moved away.

I left my crotch pressed firmly against his, feeling the heat even through the leather as I pulled off my T-shirt, smirking at the hungry look in his eyes, the need he trembled with. So fucking perfect, my Spencer.

When I surged forward again, it was almost violent. I gripped his head between my palms, squeezing at his cheeks until his lips dropped open and then I pushed inside with all my pent-up desire, pushing my tongue past his, not letting him move an inch under my assault. His moan overlapped with mine as he gripped at my forearms, barely keeping his feet underneath him. Spencer tried moving, rutting his hardness against me, but I forced him still,

needing him desperate and whimpering, unable to think, and when I finally moved away, he looked betrayed, lips wet, his neck flushed and his hands trembling.

“On your knees,” I whispered, and Spencer dropped as if cut down like a strand of grass. He was so ready it would have been painful to watch, if not for that sadistic streak in me that couldn’t get enough.

I crossed the space between us, picking up a condom from a tall, filled-up vase and was impatient enough to unzip my own pants and pull out my hard cock. I suited up almost instantly and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him forward, almost making him fall as he caught himself against my thighs. I liked the position too much to abandon it. “Keep your hands there and open up like a good boy.”

He whimpered again, his fingers gripping at my legs as if needing an anchor and I squeezed harder, pressing his face into my pubes, loving the graze of stubble against my dick. “Will you take in all of me? Can you still do it as beautifully as you could before?” I asked softly, making him strain to hear me.

“Yes, sir!” Spencer gasped, pressing the corner of his lips against the soft skin of my erection, the most I’d allow him, until the anticipation got to me too, and I had the glans between his lips, pushing insistently.

I gave him no adjustment time, loving the way his throat constricted as he gagged, unprepared. I knew he could do it, and I knew how much Spencer loved it and just how hard it made him to take all of me, for me to keep my cock inside his throat, second after long second until I gave in and pulled out.

“Do you want more?” I asked teasingly, knowing the answer even before he pressed his fingers deeper into my flesh almost crying as he desperately said, “Please, sir.”

So I did push in again, deep, slow and unrelenting, repeatedly. I watched as his lips stretched around my flesh, as saliva wetted my pubes and his face. Once he moaned with that desperation I knew meant he was close, I hissed,

“Hold it!” then came, pushing back in through his begging whimper and imagining I was bare and he was swallowing it all.

Spencer held still as I recovered. His hands were still on my thighs and I rubbed at his scalp in gratitude, sliding my hands down his back as I bent over, cradling his head against my stomach and letting my softening cock slide a bit deeper inside him before pulling out all the way and getting rid of the condom.

I went to my knees then, looking at him all sweaty, hard and gorgeous. I had so many plans for us that one night would never suffice, especially not one that should have revolved around work. So instead, I pushed him back, hard enough so he lost his balance and I crawled forward, grinning all the while.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Spencer

Not even the taste of rubber could ruin the dull ache in my throat that signified a good blow job. My head was in a bubble, void of blood that had pooled lower, making me harder than I could remember ever being. Falling down on my back seemed like it was happening to someone else, but if anything could have slapped reality back into my mind, it was that evil smirk on Gavin's face, one that promised too much frustration before satisfaction, and lots of begging on my part. Unfortunately, there was a piece of me that loved that expression just as much as a piece of me despised it.

"Hold on to the bar above you," Gavin said, pulling off my pants and I looked up, only then noticing the foot bar for an elaborate spanking bench above me. Spanking. I shivered, which Gavin obviously noticed because his grin got bigger and all I got was a promise of "When we get home."

The rest was lost with his fingers pulling back my foreskin, exposing me to his hot breath, and the insistent tongue pushing into my slit. I moaned and thrashed as much as I was able with Gavin holding down my hips, trying to keep my orgasm in check. I gave up on holding down my frustrated screams the first time he gripped me hard enough to pull me back from the edge only to continue sucking my glans as if it were a lollipop just minutes later. He explored me thoroughly, not giving in an inch despite all of my pleas and desperate tears. The trembling was now unstoppable and the shakes passed through my legs in waves.

I was no more than the hardness of my cock and the strength of my will that was conditioned enough not to let me come without Gavin saying so, that sweet tone of permission that was worth more than food and water, hell, more than air. "Just let me... let me... please, Gavin, Master... Please..."

And then I almost missed it, as he barked sharply, "Come!" making me bow under the rush of my denied orgasm, spurting over myself, his face and hands, and shedding tears through each and every satisfying spasm.

Gavin cleaned me up while touching my spent body, casually, lovingly, letting me know I was precious, beautiful and telling me how wonderfully I did for him, how happy he was with me. There was no way I was getting up off the padded floor without an order, hell—a whip. Something that unfortunately came all too soon, and not with a word from Gavin but rather a knock on the door that had Gavin zipping up his pants and moving to answer it.

“The scenes are almost over. You’ll be able to leave in half an hour.” I recognized Michael’s voice on the other side, and just like that my heart started pounding and I was headed straight for a collision with reality where I saw no way not to lose over and over again.

“Hey, stop it.” A slap that was casual, but not painless in the least, connected with my cheek and I was focused on Gavin again who’d noticed how hard I was breathing and how quickly I lost all the calm he’d worked so hard for.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to. I can’t... I’m sorry, sir.” I took hold of his shoulders and pleaded.

“It’s okay. Not your fault. Come, stand up. It’s time we sort out the mess.” He stood and pulled me up to my feet. Gavin redressed me without hesitation, tucking my shirt in my belt above my back pocket and doing the same to his, only more to the front, then hugged me close, holding my muscles with his, letting me kiss his shoulder tattoo in gratitude. He picked up his sunglasses from the floor and perched them on the top of his head again before leading me out of the room, through a hallway, and into some type of a storage room where the music was barely heard and not a soul wandered.

Gavin took me close to some type of a boarded-up closet space, taking hold of my waist and keeping me at enough of a distance so that he could see my face before he spoke, “Tell me what you found out while you were on the island?”

I sighed, dispelling the cloudy afterglow from my head and cracking my spine in one twist of my shoulders, “Absolutely nothing. The first couple of

weeks, I faked it. Pushed my way into every nook and cranny, listened to the chatter and tested out every single slave there. There was nothing out of the ordinary—BDSM ordinary that is. But then I was stuck and I actually started listening to Michael, giving in, little by little and something flipped in my head. The lifestyle wasn't as much of a play anymore. I didn't even know I wanted any of it, until Michael led me through positions, service, bondage and the works, step by learning step. The funny thing is, once I gave in, I had even more access around the island, got to talk to Francis Long. God, what a guy. I swear if he wasn't straight, I would have dropped down to my knees for him and begged him to spank me. He has such a personality. He's cocky, sure, but that's only the surface, probably the personality trait that got him on McKay's radar in the first place." I chuckled, rubbing at my chin while Gavin just waited patiently, listening. "Anyway, I found myself there, but I lost sight of the case. Not that there was a case. After meeting the guy, in a setting different from a police station, I would put my hand in fire, that's how sure I am that he's not doing anything illegal. I mean, I understand where McKay is coming from. Some of the slaves were a shock even to me. They need it in the extreme. From true masochists to those who need their Master to tell them when to piss. The property is full of unusual kinks and the people with them mostly belong to some really influential people, let me tell you."

"You couldn't call out and let your department know?" Gavin rubbed his thumbs against my sides.

"Yeah, see, the first month was complete isolation. It was a part of the training requirement. They wanted us to focus on us, our needs and wants, not the outside world. It had no relevance to what we wanted to achieve. Hell, we signed up to be slaves, trained and eventually sold. I didn't even know that part until I got to the island. The department just slipped me in, they had no idea what they were doing. I signed the contract there because otherwise I would have been shipped back home. They give you a chance to observe the first day and decide if it is what you really want. God, they were all so kind and approachable. I didn't want to leave."

"And after the first month?"

“That’s where I screwed up. I knew what would happen, McKay would have demanded an extraction, probably barged right in and pulled me out for all to see. It would have blown my chances of ever finding a Dom in town, let alone a Master. It was a purely selfish decision. I didn’t want to leave.” I lowered my head and Gavin leaned his cheek against my own.

“Then that’s the part that never happened. You were in isolation for two months. Going through slave training. You’ll exaggerate, or rather downplay your enjoyment of the crops and canes, emphasize how much people there enjoyed it. It will be enough of an aversion for the vanillas in your department.”

“So you want me to lie?” I whispered, leaning closer to him, wanting him to tell me it was all right, no big deal.

“You’re only protecting yourself. Long is not a criminal despite what McKay wants and, in the end, his dramatic approach to your extraction would have brought him more trouble than the police force needs. If Long truly has friends in such high places, the last thing they want is for the lifestyle to be on the front cover. McKay probably would have gotten himself fired, as well as everyone else working on the case. So really, you’re doing them all a favor.”

“I can see that.” I smiled with my eyes closed.

“We’re gonna go out there, keep it cool and collected and you’re gonna stick to the truth as much as you can. The rest of it will work itself out.” He kissed my forehead gently.

That was the point where I panicked again. “What about us? We’re sticking to the contract, right? You’re not leaving me again?”

Gavin tightened his grip against my waist, making me lean on the wall next to me. “I’m not going anywhere without you again. You’ll quit if you want, I’ll change my job. Oh, and you’re moving in with me, as soon as your boss chews you out.”

“Are you sure?” I looked up at him, feeling so vulnerable and exposed.

“Nothing is gonna change my mind. We will face it all together. I’m not leaving again, and it can all crumble as far as I’m concerned, we’ll always have each other.” Gavin pressed his nose against my forehead, giving me safety, support and romance. A Dom and a Master, lover and a partner—I got it all with one selfish decision and my heart swelled with those three words I couldn’t yet say.

Then the moment was over. Gavin kissed me hard, making me feel it, realizing the strings between us wouldn’t be breaking anytime soon and we were heading to face the music together.

THE END

Author Bio

Valentina Heart lives in different locations in Split, at the coast of the Adriatic Sea. Like the directions of her stories, her life takes a new twist with every passing year, and she welcomes every single one.

As an avid reader for many years, she had a habit of mixing fiction with reality, until she realized she could simply breathe life to her characters and make them as real as they could get. From forever romantic to deeply troubled, they bring joy to their creator, just as they sometimes bring frustration with their naughty behavior.

Kinky imagination aside, she enjoys music and movies just as much as reading, but give her summer all year round and she'll be ready to free-climb, swim, or stretch in all those mind-stirring yoga positions.

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