

LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD



Don't Read in the Closet 2015

BURN FOR ME

Ann Anderson

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

BURN FOR ME

By Ann Anderson

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 is an Open Road*.

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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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

Photo 1: One picture has our pirate captain with arrogance and authority in every line of his tan, muscled body, a patch over one eye and a scar beneath the other.

Photo 2: The other has our genie with his long red hair and tattoos on the left side of his body.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My days as a genie have been very long. Living in my bottle, waiting for a new Master to claim me. I've been abused and used by previous, greedy Masters. I have a feeling that my new Master, the pirate captain of a ship, who found my bottle in a treasure cave, is not like my other owners. I love nothing more to submit to my Master, to be tied and collared, to be his boy. My new Master is different from my previous owners, he looks at me just so, touches me with reverence before being paddled or playing with his erotic toys. Master hasn't even used his three wishes as of yet. I've come to crave Master and the aftercare. He takes the time to learn my body, my pirate Master. I want him to keep me always. Can you tell our D/s love story?

No fisting, watersports, steampunk or sci-fi please.

Thanks so much!

Sincerely,

SheReadsALot

Story Info

Genre: fantasy

Tags: magic users, pirates, genies, BDSM, tattoos

Word Count: 23,340

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Chapter One

Awakening came with a touch. A gentle caress along the raised lines and swirls decorating the left side of his body. Salai cracked an eye open, gazing at the darkness, a minor debate taking place as to whether the tracing of his marks would constitute a call. Fingertips brushed along the curves of his body, a shiver racing through him at the softness he'd only experienced from family. That last rub was certainly a call, his magic waking with a hungry buzz at the mere notion of being utilized. Stretching himself in the confines of his home, Salai gathered himself and pushed his magic out, connecting with the man who held him, and pulled himself toward the warm, human presence.

At least this one's human. The thought left bitter oil across his mind as he squeezed out into the world, settling himself in the cloud that always followed, and waited for the mist to dissipate. It never took long.

There was a group of men crammed into the tight confines of what appeared to be a cave, swords, guns, and knives drawn as they stared at him—all except the man who held his lamp, his gaze seeming to follow the same path his fingers had. Salai ached at the possessive heat in the man's solitary pale brown eye, his other covered by a dark brown eye patch that was far more impressive than any of the pretentious black ones Salai had seen the last time he'd been part of the world.

But Salai refused to fall easily. *Never again.* He bowed to the man who held his lamp, his crimson hair spilling over his shoulders, and intoned in a bored manner, "Hello, master."

There were murmurs, something about witchcraft, demons, and other nonsense that only served to amuse Salai. He hovered in the air, his lower half still inside his lamp as he watched the man, curious whether he would need to make a quick return to his home. The man before him—*my master*—smirked, slow and self-assured, and the gesture sent desire licking through Salai's blood. It had been so long since he'd been with anyone; his being missed the comfort of another, even if it was a platonic relation. Instead of showing his desire, he cocked an eyebrow and tilted his head, his hair slipping along his shoulders in a featherlight caress that his master followed with his gaze.

Salai swallowed, a sudden fear gripping him, but, no, no one could be as bad as his... He had to think a moment, but if his calculations were correct, it had been his third to last master who had nearly broken him.

“How interesting,” the man said, his voice a decadent wine that hazed his brain with just a few sips. The man was potent, and deadly if the way his body stiffened and his hand was on his sword hilt when one of the men behind him crept forward was any indication.

“Captain, you canna be thinkin’ of bringin’ it aboard.”

“Oh?” His master turned, his eye patch on the man who’d stepped up. It seemed like his master didn’t see the man as any kind of threat. “And why is that?”

Salai wanted no part of the thunder in his master’s voice, his body slipping back into his home a little bit, ready to run at a moment’s notice. This was certainly a different reaction than he’d ever had before from a master.

The man recoiled from his captain, a horrified look on his face, but another stepped forward, this one old with a noticeable limp. “Captain.” The man nodded, his gaze flicking to Salai, a sharp hardness entering those old eyes.

The captain released his hand on his sword, the sound of it sliding back into its sheath nearly unheard as thunder clapped at the mouth of the cave. Salai shivered at the coincidence, and the way his master glanced sidelong at him before returning his focus to the man beside him.

“What is it, Hamsted?”

Salai paused while slinking further into his home at that name. There was something distantly familiar about it, but squinting at the old man brought no wisdom, just a minor headache. And, really, that might have just been the whole of the situation rather than anything else.

“He appears to be a genie.”

Salai held back the urge to applaud Hamsted at his intelligence, but just. It appeared his master was less than impressed with the obvious as well, his arms crossing his chest, the leather that wrapped around his biceps creaking with the motion. Salai noticed the way his jacket fit him, his arms thick beneath the faded red cloth. His mouth grew dry at the thought of those arms pinning him while his new master bent him over a table and—

“They are cursed creatures.”

Well, that was just rude. Salai snorted, crossing his own arms and shaking his head as everyone’s attention focused on him. “Cursed? Really? That’s the best you can come up with?” Salai smiled, knowing it was sharp and cruel. He

flowed from his home, keeping his legs in their mist form as he wrapped himself around Hamsted, one of his hands trailing along the man's arm, relishing in the resultant shiver. "How cute."

He slipped back to his home, visible from his torso up. "Do feel free to leave me so... Hamsted can return and collect me." He tilted his head and gave a benign smile to his master, wondering what the man would do.

Laughter had been rather far down on the list, but Salai was glad to know his master had a sense of humor.

"And why, my dear genie, would Hamsted wish to possess you?"

Salai could not repress the shiver at the words that staked a claim. "Three wishes, of course. Every man" —at this, Salai stretched himself forward, cupping his master's cheek—"has desires, wishes, and who better to answer them than a genie."

His master chuckled and turned from Salai, barking at his men, "Collect what you can and return to the ship, whatever is left we can return for after the storm."

As if to punctuate his words there was another clap of thunder, lightning illuminating the cave for a moment. His master gazed at him over his shoulder. "Return to your lamp for the moment."

Salai huffed, rather put out that he had to return to his home, but if his master willed it, then there was almost nothing he could do about it. With a bow, Salai slunk back into his home, the darkness wrapping around him as he stared at the never-ending expanse. There was a slight jostling, his home being placed somewhere, then they were moving.

Maybe Hamsted will be my new master. It was a rather depressing thought, especially after seeing his master, so to distract himself, Salai closed his eyes and focused, the mental connection he shared with his eldest sister still intact after so many life spans. He sent a pulse of warmth to her, joy suffusing him as she returned the gesture faster than he'd expected. Pleased to not be alone, Salai sent questions to his sister, amused to learn that her master was currently bound and gagged in their bedroom. It still entertained Salai that the pair had such a role reversal even after the hundred years they'd spent together.

Warm hands wrapped around his home, his body luxuriating in the touch and distracting him from his sister. There was a confused pulse along their path, but he gave her some quick reassurance and could sense her interest, though she

subsided, her presence dimming to a nonexistent point in his mind. He sent a vague pulse of thanks, his focus on how he was being moved. He was set down, the hands leaving him, and a strange sensation of cold seeped into him. Time passed, unknown in his home, but he was still awake, not drifting in a half-awake state or asleep, so his master hadn't abandoned him to be picked up by Hamsted.

Really, who would want to be called that? It has to be a last name. No parent would be cruel enough to name their child Hamsted. Then again his parents had named him Salai, so maybe he had no room to talk. At least it wasn't as bad as one of his brothers. *Our parents must have been drunk to name him Sue.*

Warmth licked up his sides, anticipation churning his gut as Salai held his breath, eager to do what he was made for. His sides were rubbed and, since sleep was no longer clouding his mind, he was quick to respond, a smile breaking free at the sight of his master, the pirate captain. He perused the room while the man watched him, taking in the elegant, simple furnishings. In the center, blocking a direct charge to the bed, was a solid wooden table where a map was spread, pins of various colors sticking out.

“Does it please you?”

That voice... Salai turned back to his master, a surge of cockiness stealing his tongue before he could think better of it at the clear confidence on his master's face. “It will have to do,” he said on a sigh, his head turning from side to side as if he were looking the room over again.

His master chuckled as he stepped forward, his fingers wrapping around Salai's wrist. He was unprepared for the tug, his legs popping from their home without his conscious thought. Salai scowled at that. It was rather apparent now that his master was not only confident, but had a strong will that could crush Salai into fine particles of dust. Fear tickled his spine, but he pushed it down, unwilling to revisit memories left buried in a part of himself he hoped to never see again.

“That's rather rude of you.” Salai sniffed, straightening his hair that had gone everywhere and tugging the sleeveless coat back into place. “You haven't even given me your name, master.” He added the last a little late, but it kept his magic from tingling beneath his skin. *Must stick with the formalities*, he thought with just a touch of bitterness.

“Hmm...” His master stepped forward, and Salai, in a fit of nerves he could usually keep under control, retreated, but all too soon saw the error of that

action as the table dug into his lower back. His master leaned in close, his arms trapping Salai as they settled on either side of him.

He's a bit shorter than I thought, Salai thought, his gaze taking in the scar over his uncovered left eye, the small patch of hair beneath his bottom lip that trailed down to his chin and spread out. His skin was a light brown, and Salai wanted to lick it, to see if his master tasted as good as he looked.

What would we look like together? His own skin was pale; someone in his past had claimed it was reminiscent of starlight, though he liked to think his skin wasn't that light.

His master leaned close, and Salai took a deep breath and regretted it. His master smelled like sunshine and the salty waters he sailed. The heat flowing from the man to wrap around Salai was intoxicating. Being trapped in his home, even if it was an extension of his body, left him cold and lonely, and this man embodied everything Salai craved when he drifted in a half-awake state or even when he dreamed. It was all rather unfair.

"Laren."

Salai blinked, confused. Then his mind slapped itself as he caught on. He would not blush though, not even if his master, Laren, had a look that said he knew exactly what Salai was thinking.

"And you?"

Another blink, and then he did blush because how many of his past masters wanted to know his name? Maybe the first. He was a sweet lad, yet, for all his magic, Salai could not remember if the boy had ever asked for his name. "Salai."

"Hmm. Salai."

It was as if Laren was savoring the sweetest treat with the way Salai's name rolled off his tongue. If Salai had a fan, he was certain he'd be waving it frantically at himself in a bid to cool down.

"Salai?"

"Yes?" Mortification took him at the way he squeaked. His eldest sister would have a good laugh at his expense once she learned of this. And she would. She was evil like that.

Laren's lips quirked, his eyes smoldering as he reached forward, his fingers tracing the bottom of the slim gold chain that circled Salai's throat. "Why do you wear this?"

He swallowed, basking in the way Laren's nails scraped against his Adam's apple, even if he was a bit uneasy to explain the need that coursed through him. "For my Master." He knew of no other genie who was like him. Then again, he knew of no genie that was like his sister. Of those he'd met, most were rather vanilla in their bed sport, yet he and his sister, though opposite in their desires, craved the same thing: someone to be exclusively theirs in every sense.

"What kind of a master?" Laren leaned in close, his nose a small span away from Salai's, their breath mingling. Salai craved to move forward, but something held him back.

He blinked as a small niggling thought brought realization. His master was preventing him from moving with the force of his will. "Have you had a genie before?" As far as he knew, it was impossible for anyone to have two genies. Then again, there were those who would say genies were a story made to impress others.

His master's eye crinkled at the corners, amusement evident in his pale brown eye. "My mother. She taught me how to feel a genie's connection with myself. Besides, we've always had a connection with genie magic."

Salai wanted to sulk. No wonder his master had been rather blasé about Salai's appearance.

"Now." Laren's fingers wrapped around Salai's throat, squeezing just enough in warning, and fire ignited in Salai's belly. "What kind of master?"

He leaned forward, his lips teasing the shell of Salai's ear. "One who binds your hands and feet?"

Salai shivered, his throat constricting, but he managed a feeble, "Yes."

"Do you want me to strip you bare?" His master's teeth tugged at his lobe, worrying the flesh.

"Yes." This one was far breathier, filled with more need than he could ever remember. It really had been too long if he was already this desperate.

A hand cupped his cock through the cloth, and it was a searing touch, wrenching a gasp from Salai as he bucked into the contact, more than ready for more.

"I will be your master in every way that being the owner of your lamp affords me and your Master in everything sexual, no one else." His hand slipped away from Salai's cock, but returned, this time slipping beneath the fabric and fondling the bare length of him. "Not even Hamsted."

A giggle slipped out. It filled the room and relaxed Salai more than he thought it should, but a burden had been lifted that he need not explain all the rules to the man currently stroking him in too gentle a fashion. He reached down, cupping his Master's hand where it held his cock, urging him to move faster, harder, while his other slid up Laren's covered chest and snuck around into the back of his hair, tugging the man close and into a sloppy kiss.

A few rapid heartbeats later, he was groaning into his Master's mouth, his body trembling with release as he gripped tighter to the man that tasted far sweeter than he had any right to. Salai sighed as Laren pulled back, then scowled as a knock sounded on the door. Laren grinned at him, holding out his wet hand.

"Lick it."

Salai swallowed, but did as bid. As soon as his tongue flicked across his Master's hand, Laren barked, "Enter."

Tempted to pull back, Salai nonetheless continued to clean the hand before him, peeking from the corner of his eyes to see Hamsted watching them, an unreadable expression smoothing out his face.

"Captain," Hamsted said with a bow, "the evening meal is ready."

"Thank you." Laren's tone was dismissive, and if Salai had not been watching the man, he would have missed the way Hamsted twitched at the words.

Hamsted nodded and left, the door clicking behind him. Salai licked the last of his release from his Master's palm and lifted his head, his tongue tracing his lips as he watched Laren's eye. He reached forward, his fingers teasing the hard length of his Master's cock where it pulsed, trapped behind constrictive cloth.

"Shall I please you?" Salai winced at the words. He was no incubus, but those words had sounded too close to what the demons said. And they were far more desperate than Salai wanted to admit he was.

Laren leaned in close, his tongue darting out to flick at the tip of Salai's nose. "Undress and get on the bed." He stepped back, and Salai shivered at the warmth that left him.

He nodded, curious if his Master would like a show, but Laren turned from him and moved to the door, leaving without a word. *Perhaps he is getting us dinner?* Salai would never admit it out loud, but he was excited to eat food. It

was a luxury he rarely partook in. Mostly because his previous masters quickly made their wishes, and then his magic drove him to return home and wait for a new master. Though there had been that one... He pushed the thoughts away. There was no reason to travel that dark road, not when he had a new Master, one who seemed more than ready to fulfill Salai's desires without even a wish to set Salai's jaded heart on a steadier path.

Eager, Salai stripped, careful with his clothes though he could conjure another pair if needed, and climbed onto the bed, taking a moment to decide how best to present himself for when his Master returned. After some fidgeting, he settled for propped up against some pillows, one leg outstretched while he brought the other close to his body, leaning against the upraised knee.

Minutes dragged by, and the storm began to abate. Night descended, but still his Master did not return. His arousal flagged, and a scowl overtook his features. When his body started to ache from the tight lock he'd kept on his muscles, Salai gave up. The moon had risen and moved a shy space from the zenith of the sky. If his Master was returning, it seemed it would not be that night. Aggravated with himself for hoping, Salai climbed from the bed and began to put his clothes back on; there was no need for him to catch a chill, even if his magic would prevent such an occurrence. He was reaching for his home when the door opened, his master standing in the door, because Salai could not bear to think of the man as anything else if he were to keep his sanity.

Laren cocked an eyebrow as he stepped into the cabin and shut the door behind him, his fingers flicking out to lock it. "The rules."

Confusion clouded his mind a bit, then Salai understood, a scowl overcoming his features as he stared at his master. "I thought your mother had a genie. Shouldn't you know the rules?"

Those lips, a little thinner than Salai liked, curved at the corners, but there was no warmth there. "It's been a while. Maybe I forgot."

There was a tug inside Salai, a force that wrapped around his magic and pulled, preventing him from leaving and driving the truth from between clenched teeth. "They're simple and rather difficult to forget. First, you can only have three wishes, there is no wishing for more wishes. I am unable to grant a wish that asks for immortality, bringing someone back from the dead, or would result in my inflicting harm upon another. You cannot give me away to someone of your choosing, and you can be master but once. As soon as your wishes are up, I will return to my home, and you will be unable to find me ever

again. Is there anything else you desire, master?" He spat the last word, bitterness heavy on his tongue.

"I believe you've forgotten one." His master walked toward him, his heavy steps an ominous beat, the beads and chimes in his hair a soft, mournful accompaniment.

Salai shook himself, unprepared for the longing that coursed through him. In anger, more at his own weak will than anything else, he snapped out, "And what would that be, oh master?"

Laren leaned in close, his breath teasing Salai's lips. "I am your Master." He crushed their lips together, and Salai scrambled for purchase, both physically and mentally, as he burned from the fire that consumed his being. The will around his magic that belonged to his master was gentle yet firm, guiding him to relax, to trust. It was so sweetly seductive that tears gathered along his lower lashes, a threat to his inner peace if they fell.

But Laren stepped back, his tongue sliding across his lower lip as he stared with wild hunger at Salai. He was too far out of his depth, fear weighing down his limbs and thoughts.

"Strip and get on the bed."

He blinked, swallowed, and obeyed. He craved the domination in the other's eye, the promise of torturous release.

A calloused hand traveled the dips and ridges of his spine as Salai settled on his hands and knees, his face away from his... master. He would wait, he had to, so his spirit couldn't be crushed by inevitable disappointment. *Besides*, he told himself as he tensed beneath the light touch, *it is too early to get my hopes up. He could make all three of his wishes tonight.*

"Hush." The word hung in the air, a presence that covered Salai's body as he tried to calm his thoughts.

A sharp clap filled the air, heat surging through his left ass cheek a moment later. Salai gasped, pain and lust intermingling in his body as a second smack landed on his butt. Each subsequent blow blended into the next until Salai ached, his cock hard and glistening between his spread legs, his eyes shut against the dim lighting of the cabin. He whimpered when a hand cupped his, undoubtedly, red flesh.

"Good boy."

Salai melted at the name. It was what he'd always wanted, and the way it rolled off Laren's tongue made him feel cherished, a treasure worthy of a pirate captain. But a piece of him, long used to the actions of other beings toward genies, held back, unwilling to lose all of himself to this master after a short first meeting and some love taps.

"What are you thinking of?" The words were whispered against burning skin, chapped lips mapping the edges of fading pain.

Salai shook his head, unable to answer, his body trembling as he maintained his pose. He jerked when teeth scraped across his bruised flesh, a tongue leading the way. Whimpers slipped from his lips, his cock throbbing almost painfully. He needed release, but he would not beg.

As if sensing his thoughts, Laren left the abused skin and placed kisses along his spine, and as he moved, he whispered, "I know of genies, of their need for a master, but none have a need quite like yours, do they?" There was no pause as he continued, "No, none like you. Fire trapped inside a cage, needing someone to release you and let you burn."

A gasp, a hiccup, and Salai shuddered, his mind a wreck as his master's will stroked over his core, far gentler a caress than Salai had ever encountered.

"Will you burn for me?" Laren's teeth scraped the back of his neck, his nose nudging into the space behind Salai's right ear, and then those teeth were on his ear, nibbling the lobe, tugging, pulling, biting.

Salai trembled, and his resolve slipped. He shook his head, his hair sticky as it fell over his shoulders. Then his master's hips pushed into Salai, his hard length pushing between Salai's cheeks, his belt a brand against the heat, both cold and hot in its own measure.

A shiver, another gasp as Laren rocked his hips forward and draped his clothed body atop Salai's sweaty skin, the rub of fabric a delicious tease.

"Will..." A thrust of hips. "You..." Teeth scraping his neck. "Burn..." A rough hand curving over his hip where his skin was unmarked by dark swirls. "For..." The other hand linking their fingers together. "Me?"

His master began to rut against him, his fingers clenching where they held Salai, his teeth marking where they dug in to the point of pain at the base of his throat.

Salai moved with his master, driven to gnawing his tongue so words of submission would stay where they were rather than spill into the cramped

confines of the cabin. He was so close to coming, but something held him back. He whimpered, digging through his self, and that's when he realized that his master's will was blocking that last push of desire to send him over the edge. He keened at that knowledge, his head falling to the well-worn blanket.

"Please." It slipped out, a prayer and scream and question.

Lips curled up into a smile against his skin, and that force of will that had encased him seemed to reach into the center of his being and caress him. The pleasure was so much that his body was unable to understand it, then it slammed into him, a choked-off sound preceding the kind of release he hadn't felt for so long. Since the last time he'd had a master.

He came to with a hand massaging his scalp, his body a boneless heap as he lay on his side, a pleasant glow filling him. His cock was limp and clean, along with the rest of his body. He spotted a bowl on the table with a rag laid flat beside it. Happiness tickled him at the thought that his master had cleaned him.

Maybe he can be my—He cut the thought off before it could take root.

"My good boy," his master whispered beside him.

If he could have, Salai would have purred at the words; instead what came out was some kind of rumble that irritated his throat and had him coughing.

"Shh." Laren leaned over him and placed a kiss on his forehead. "Sleep."

Salai hummed, his eyes shutting as the will of his master encompassed him, lulling him into darkness that was far brighter than what his home provided.

"Hello, brother."

Salai turned, joy swelling in his breast as he ran to his eldest sister, flinging himself into her open arms and burying his face in her shoulder. "I missed you," he whispered, then pulled back, his gaze taking in the dreamscape they shared.

"Do you like it?" Her gaze roamed the room they stood in. "It's not dissimilar to the one I met Aya in."

"How is your master?" He strode to a chair and plopped down. The fireplace beside him roared to life, but there was no heat.

"Still bound, though I took out her gag. She's so pretty when she begs."

Salai snorted, wrapping his arms around himself. It was strange, the lack of heat from the fire and the nonexistent temperature of the room. It had been awhile since he'd last ventured into a dreamscape, and he was certain his sister had pulled him here. He hadn't wandered in of his own choosing.

"How are you?"

He glanced up into her concerned, mismatched eyes. That was one of the few features they shared. Her pale blue, almost white one in the right socket and a pale gray in the other. He shrugged, turning away from the knowing smile. "All right."

"Just all right? We dimmed the bond, yet I could still feel your release," she teased.

He hummed, spreading his legs when she nudged forward, stepping into the space he created and pulling his body forward, so he could rest his head upon her chest.

"Tell me about your new master. Or is it Master? I can tell you're already smitten."

"I shouldn't be, and it's just master, I don't trust him." He bit his lip to stop from adding "yet" onto the end of that sentence. He craved that man, who so easily consumed him, to be more than just a master of a lamp.

His sister quirked an eyebrow, but remained silent on that point. That wasn't to say she was silent altogether. "So, you don't deny you're smitten. Well, that's a start at least."

Salai shook his head, amused as always by his sister's ability to turn everything in her favor. "Maybe. But..."

"Yes?" She stroked a hand through his hair, lifting the heavy mass until the ends slipped through her fingers, then started again.

"Somehow... somehow he knows how to use his will." If she had not been holding him, Salai would have missed the way she stiffened, her arms pulling him closer.

"Oh?"

Salai winced at that deceptively calm tone she used when on the verge of demanding answers, even if it meant using cruel methods. "Yes?"

She pulled back, her gaze trained on his face. He watched the storm of emotions in her eyes, tempted to slip away from the dreamscape.

“Will you let me in?” Her hand had returned to sifting through his hair.

Salai thought about it for a moment, but nodded. She would never hurt him. They focused on each other, and Salai locked his muscles to prevent from jerking as she slipped a bit of her magic down their bond and into the center of his being. She used her magic to poke at the will of his master which tightened, nearly pushing his sister’s magic from him. His master’s will paused, then settled, but it was as if someone watched them.

His sister pulled back, a thoughtful expression across her features. “How interesting.”

“What?”

A wicked smirk curled his sister’s lips. “Your master has magic in his blood and not just any kind of magic.”

Salai startled. As far as he knew, that was impossible. “How? What kind?”

She shrugged and stepped further away, the dreamscape around them dimming. “That I do not know. You’ll have to ask him.” She brought her fingers to her lips and blew him a kiss. “I’ll see you later, brother.”

Salai gaped, even as the dreamscape faded to nothing, then all he knew was darkness.

Chapter Two

A warm, heavy arm lay loosely across his chest, holding him firmly against a broad, well-muscled chest. Salai curled into the heat permeating from his bed partner, his sleep-addled brain all too happy to drift in a pleasant waking state. When a clothed groin pushed against his backside, minor heat flared, his mind confused as to why, but his body eager to have bared flesh against his most intimate of places. He squirmed until his arm was behind him and able to cup the enticing bulge. There was a soft chuckle, but no move to aid him. Frowning, Salai gave a muted crow of triumph once he managed to undo the belt and slip his hand into the trousers that hid his prize.

Teeth tugging his earlobe snapped Salai's mind into focus, and he remembered the night before, as well as the conversation he shared with his sister. He tried to scramble away, but the hand not holding him close covered his through the cloth and coaxed it into moving. Curious, because Salai could never claim to be a saint or prude or someone waiting for their one true love, he grasped the cock, his fingers tracing the veins, a shocked sound slipping out when he encountered the bar at the base of the hard flesh.

"Do you like it?" Laren whispered, his voice rough and sleep-warmed in his ear.

Salai shivered and, unable to find his voice, nodded his head, hesitant to look at his master. What must the man think of him? Just reaching back and groping.

"You think too much." There was another tug at his earlobe, then he was rolled onto his back beneath the body of his master.

Salai swallowed at the look of sleepy hunger in his master's eye. His body, already half-hard, awoke fully to the desire that circled his magic, brushing against the core of himself. He squinted at the man above him, unsure if he was willing to voice the thoughts in his head. Then again, if he didn't, they would eat away at him, and he had eternity still stretched before him. "You have some form of magic, that's why you're able to easily wrap around my core."

Laren snorted at him and lowered his weight, his arm muscles bulging with the slow descent until he was a short span away. "And how would you know that? Ah..." He grinned. "Who were you with in your sleep?"

Half tempted to lie, Salai found no untrue words would leave his throat. He scowled as he realized that Laren's will was stalling any falsehoods. "My sister."

"Oh?" Laren lowered himself a fraction more. "Do tell."

Salai huffed and folded his arms across his chest. They brushed the heat of Laren's body and pushed his master back a few scant inches. "We talk when I have a new master, and last night was no exception."

"Does she normally poke around your magic?"

He gnawed his cheek before exhaling. "No, but I may have mentioned that you already knew how to assert your will over my own, and she may have gotten curious."

"Hmm..." Laren leaned down until their noses touched. "Do you know how I found you? What I heard?"

Salai wrinkled his brow, utterly confused as to what his master was talking about. He shook his head when the silence began to stretch out between them.

"Loneliness." Laren's voice was soft, hypnotic as their gazes locked. Salai was enchanted by the pale brown of the solitary eye. "It was distant, away from the route we had planned, but it was a siren song of old, able to overpower even the call of the sea. It slipped into my dreams, twined around my waking thoughts until I was walking through dreams."

He tilted his head, brushed their lips as if to share a secret. "Darkness surrounded me, but a far-off light guided me, and then I saw you. Curled in on yourself. Even while dreaming you reached for me."

Salai gasped, and his master slipped his tongue between his lips, teasing his tongue into a slow, seductive tangle. When he pulled back, Salai was flushed and craved another kiss.

"I followed your call." He graced Salai with a roguish grin. "I'm glad my dreams lived up to the reality."

His throat dry, Salai tried to swallow, to grasp some form of wetness so he could speak, but nothing came to him except conflicting desires to fall into this man and run as far away as he could. A dark emotion crossed his master's face.

"I will not be giving you to anyone, and I will not be making any wishes."

A bitter, broken laugh tore open wounds as it left Salai, but he ignored the bleeding in his being to scowl at his master. "You are human, no matter what

distant blood you carry, and all men fall to the temptation of wishes. Do not make a promise you can't keep."

As if unperturbed, Laren smirked at him. "I like your fire. Will you burn for me?"

"I don't..." Salai shook his head, his gaze never leaving his master's face. "What do you mean?"

"My grandmother five times back was a widow with no prospects of marriage and no children. All she wanted was a child. She found a genie and made the sole wish to have a child, but she didn't want the child to be bound by a genie's destiny. The genie agreed, and so they had a son. For years they lived together, until she passed some years after their son reached adulthood. Without his master, the genie returned to his lamp, but not without imparting some wisdom to his child.

"We do not love easily, but when we do, we burn for the one we love.' I have burned for you since I saw you so many months ago in my dreams. Will you burn for me?"

Salai had no recollection of such an occurrence with a genie, but what other explanation could there be? His master's distant ancestors were a genie and a human. His own parents, though they loved each other, had never mentioned burning for one another, both willing, and eager, to love others. Maybe his sister, with her vampire master, burned, but he'd never thought to ask. Could he burn for the man above him? *I don't know.*

Salai tried to turn his face away, but a firm hand stilled the movement. He swallowed, the action reminiscent of consuming sand, which he had done, long ago when he'd still been a child and dared into the foolish action by one of his elder brothers. "I don't know."

Laren nodded, once, but the hunger didn't leave his eye. "As long as you try that is all I can ask for." He pulled away, but Salai grabbed his biceps.

"Wait. How can you burn for me without knowing me?" It confused Salai to no end since he knew that love could lead to pain, and he was scared after so quickly becoming enamored by the man before him that he would be devastated if he should pass.

"You're courageous." Laren leaned in to kiss the corner of his mouth. "Because you called out and let the world know you needed someone to come

save you. There are few beings in your position that would admit to a weakness.”

He kissed the tip of Salai’s nose. “You’re affectionate and kind because when I found you in my dreams, though you slept, you reached for me, held me, and when I came to you wounded, you healed me.”

This... this was... He wasn’t sure. Salai had never heard of such an event taking place. How could it? Genies were bound to their homes and unable to use their magic while there to affect the outside world.

“You trusted me.” His master kissed his forehead, and warmth suffused him. “Even now you trust me.”

“But...” Salai shut his mouth because, if he was being honest, there was something about this pirate captain that relaxed Salai. Maybe it was his bulk, the presence of the man, or the way he put his will around Salai’s magic as if to protect him. As it was, Salai could still slip through the will if he wanted to, but he felt no need.

No, he would not leave his master’s will until the captain betrayed him, or if he turned out to be like some of his more despicable Masters. And, if he were being honest with himself, then yes, he did trust his master. He desperately wanted to claim him as Master, but the night before... He did not mind waiting as long as he knew he would be waiting, yet he had not been told. It could have been his own imagination that saw the promise in that eye, claiming his master would be back soon, but it gnawed at a part of him. He had learned early that communication was integral for any relationship, and theirs had started with almost none.

Yes, he could admit to trusting his master, but to trust him as a Master? That would need to be earned, no matter how much he craved to be brought over his master’s lap and given a firm spanking. He shivered at the idea, delight licking low in his belly.

“If you did not trust me, you would have already left me.” There was no question in that statement, and for some reason, it irked Salai.

He lifted his chin, defiance in every rigid line of his body. “Be that as it may, I only trust you so far.”

“Aye, I expected as much.” Laren shifted, lowering himself onto his elbows then settling his weight on one arm, the other coming up to drag dull nails across Salai’s belly and the swirling tattoo beside his belly button.

Salai gasped at the strange sensation and the overwhelming pleasure of having one of his marks touched, his stomach caving in as he tried in vain to escape the unexpected touch. Those nails took a path known only to them until his master's hand covered Salai's rising cock, pushing the forming hardness against Salai's stomach. Laren's hand rubbing slow and firm along the length until Salai reached up, his hands wrapping around a slender wrist and tugging in an attempt to speed up the process. His master smirked as his hand traveled at the same pace he'd set at the beginning.

"Please," Salai whined, soft and high. It had been too long since he'd been touched, and the caresses from the previous night had reawakened the part of Salai that craved the contact sex gave.

His master's grin grew. "No," he whispered, his fingers forming a ring around the base of Salai's cock and squeezing.

A whimper wriggled free, and Salai could not find it in himself to care. It usually took much more than a few basic touches... His eyes fluttered shut, and he found the concentration to realize that his master was also touching his magic, caressing it in much the same way as he was Salai's body. It doubled his pleasure and explained the shuddering need clawing at the base of Salai's spine.

"What a naughty boy." His master's fingers were replaced by something cold.

Salai jerked at the chill and raised his head enough to glance down the length of his body, stalling a bit at the sight of their skin tones clashing before he remembered his mission and looked at his cock, a ring fixed snug around the base. There had been another, so long ago now, that he'd worn, but it had been far cruder than this silver circle with an intricate design etched into the surface. A soft, deep chuckle drew Salai's attention back to the man hovering over him, and his eyes widened.

"I do believe you're in need of some punishment."

In his master's hands was a small container and a long, cylindrical device that, if Salai was not mistaken, resembled a cock, though this one had a strange curving point near the base. It didn't seem like it was meant to be painful, but it still looked odd.

"Turn over."

No other thought processed until Salai was on his hands and knees, again, his head hanging down as he gazed at the rumpled sheet. *Why am I doing this?*

A smack to his upturned ass answered that question as heat surged through his blood. He was far too weak when faced with pleasure.

A hand cupped the spanked cheek, breath ghosting over the still sensitive flesh. It was followed by teeth and lips, and Salai wondered if the previous night would be repeated. Then his cheeks were spread, his hole revealed to the world. He waited, a lost attempt to relax frustrating him as he imagined that fake cock being rammed into him.

He squeaked in shock when instead of a large object forcing him open, a wet pressure traced from the bottom of his balls up and over his hole and lifted away at the end of his crack. Salai shuddered. There had been maybe one Master who had seen fit to pleasure Salai in such a manner, but it had not lasted long. Salai had been ordered to give some of his masters this treatment, and from their reactions he imagined it was good. The way Laren had given no indication for what he was doing sent a spike of arousal coursing through him, his cock throbbing as if to beg release from its trap.

A small tide of shame washed over him. He wanted the excitement of not knowing what would come next, yet craved to know when his expectations wouldn't be met. How did any of that make sense? Before he could think on it, the question was floating away as Salai was dragged back into the moment.

His master's tongue teased at his entrance, wetting the tight muscle and loosening every part of Salai; he sagged against the bed, the sheets a mild irritant against his face as he pushed forward into the unkind cloth and spread his legs wider. A chuckle was Laren's response along with the tongue retreating, pushing and prodding at the edge of the ring before returning to the center.

The tip wriggled inside of him, loosening his muscles. Salai gasped and groaned, needing more. He tried to say something to convey what he wanted, but all that escaped were whimpers and cut-off sounds, his teeth digging into his bottom lip. His master's tongue moved further into him, twisting and turning.

"Please..." It was weak and pitiful and choked out, but Salai was glad he at least managed the plea.

His master pulled back with a slurp, a fleeting kiss placed against his hole. Salai peeked beneath his arm, just able to watch as Laren reached for the container and twisted off the lid. A faint smell filled the air and was quickly

gone. Steady fingers dipped into the container and came out slicked. Salai licked his lips, turning his aching neck back into a position that was a small relief, his body aching at the position he'd held.

Those fingers teased along his crack, wringing a startled gasp at the coldness covering them, his master responding with a chuckle. Salai shivered at the chill, but it wasn't long before the fingers and, what had to be oil, warmed, two of the fingers pushing past the slightly loosened ring and spreading slick around his passage. He jerked when his prostate was nudged, hiking his hips as far as he could, straining his back, the muscles pulled taut as he silently begged for more.

Another slap landed on his ass, tightening his muscles around the invading fingers, dragging a groan from him at the delicious sense of fullness, but all too soon his muscles were relaxing, another finger pressing inside his body. He shuddered as they twisted and stretched, opening him up until he thought his master could see into the heart of him.

Those dexterous fingers began to withdraw, but before Salai could make a sound, they hooked at his rim, stretching him impossibly wide, embarrassment singing through him, and that strange toy he'd seen earlier began to push inside. It stretched him far more than the fingers had, the oil on the device making it slide easy, while the strange curved point remained outside, slipping against his perineum like a teasing caress. Once the main, larger piece was settled inside him, the smaller part nestled just behind his balls, pushing inward toward his prostate.

Salai trembled at the overwhelming sensations cascading through him, driving him higher and higher until he tumbled over a peak he hadn't seen, his being shattering as it crashed beneath the earth where it was remade. When he came to, his master's hand was carding through his hair, dragging repeatedly through the long strands while his other kept him close to his master's warm, solid chest, anchoring him more than anything else in the cabin.

"That's my good boy. You handled it so well."

Salai wanted to purr at the praise and the warm glow that suffused his being. He shifted, his muscles clenching, and gasped. That strange device was still inside him, still pressing toward his insides. He craned his neck back, staring up at his master. He was unsure what his face had to show, but he hoped he conveyed his distress well enough that his overstimulated body would be allowed to relax.

His master shook his head. “This is your punishment.” His hand trailed from his hair, over his shoulder and arm, tangling with his fingers for a moment, then skimming away to caress the curve of his hip, dipping towards his rear and pushing lightly against the device.

Salai gasped and whimpered, his body reacting with one fine tremor after another. The ring was still around his cock, reminding him that it would be a while before he could experience a new orgasm, even as his cock rose in a valiant effort to relieve itself of the pleasure burning his veins.

Maybe I can burn?

Just as the thought surfaced, it faded away, his master helping him to his feet, coaxing him into a sleeveless jacket he’d never worn before, followed by a pair of pants decorated on all four sides of his body with extra fabric that draped as if in imitation of a skirt.

“You look so pretty dressed in my clothes,” his master said, his gaze dark and heavy as it traced every inch of Salai’s weak form.

Salai made some sort of noise between a whine and a whimper, his mind gone on the nudge and press against his most intimate of places, his legs wobbly as he stood barefoot. His master eyed his feet, then slipped a pair of sandals on Salai’s feet while Salai clung to his shoulders to remain upright.

“Come.” His master took his arm, leading him one unsteady step at a time toward the door. “Let’s show everyone who you belong to.”

Salai’s head rolled on his neck, his energy focused on keeping himself standing. A part of him wanted to say no, to pull the device out of himself, throw it out a window or burn it in a bonfire, then return to the bed and demand to be taken care of. The larger part of himself, the one that thrived on taking orders, especially those of a sexual nature, lolled about as a cat in a field of catnip, happy to let his master lead the way.

Maybe a test? Some distant area of his mind whispered, the words a slow, seductive sprawl across silk sheets with decadent food at his lips. *A test to see if he can be our Master.* The words helped stiffen his spine, even as the device moved within him at each contraction of his muscles. It was an exquisite torture that was bound to drive him mad.

“Good boy.” His master’s hand settled at the small of his back, guiding him forward as he opened the door, the light somehow brighter than it had been

when spilling through the windows of the cabin. Salai blinked, adjusting to the sun that had started its descent toward the horizon.

A sharp, long whistle drew his attention to the side where a young man stood, garbed in a similar outfit to Salai's, his visible skin bronzed, most likely more from his parents than the sun. Chatter settled into a low buzz as those on deck seemed to focus on them, though, as his eyes acclimated, he could see that not everyone was turned toward them.

“So the captain finally took a boy all for his own.”

Salai's gaze settled on the boy who'd whistled, the young man sauntering over to them, his expression showing amusement, even as Salai noticed the cold glint of his eyes. He wondered at the jealousy there but forgot all about it when his master nudged him forward a step, and his muscles contracted unconsciously at the movement, nearly driving him to his knees as he stumbled at the renewed pleasure.

He gritted his teeth and willed himself to relax, his gaze focused on the well-worn wood of the deck as he breathed. When he glanced up, warmth had replaced the cold in the unknown man's eyes, which only made Salai curious as to who he was.

“How fares the weather?” his master called out.

A tall, thin man stepped forward, his head clean-shaven and a bandana in his hand. “Storm's passed. Water's still choppy.”

Salai glanced to the side, watching his master nod his head, his gaze traveling over those gathered when his focus seemed to stall. Salai glanced back at the group and spotted the man from the cave, the one who'd stepped forward and called him cursed. *Hamsted*, his memory supplied. He looked less than happy to see them.

An arm around his waist tugged Salai close to his master, a familiar wave of burning pleasure originating from his ass. He gritted his teeth, debating the merits of biting his tongue as his master led him around the deck, introducing him to the present men. He forgot the names before they even passed his master's lips. What he did notice was that the young man who'd first spoken was trailing them, and that his master had yet to introduce him. They made it back to the captain's cabin without incident, though Hamsted had made himself scarce when they neared where he had originally stood. Salai was expecting the man to appear before they entered the cabin, or at least the boy to step before them and demand an introduction, but nothing happened. With just a few

whistles and some men making crude gestures, they were behind locked doors, his master bending him over the table.

Salai gasped and squirmed, then gave up and buried his face in his arms as he let himself go, orgasming even as the ring around his cock tried to choke the action off. He yelped, the sound followed by a sigh as his master pulled down his pants and removed the toy. There was no white bliss to fall into, no numbing of the pain that radiated from having something in his ass when he came.

“You did so well,” his master whispered, his hand cupping the curve of his ass while the other trailed up his spine and sifted through his hair, petting the top of his head.

Salai relaxed beneath the touches, sagging against the table as his legs gave way, his master moving in to hold him up, wrap him in his arms, and carry him to the bed where he proceeded to spread Salai out. Salai watched through lidded eyes as his master went to a small dresser he had barely noticed, a washbasin settled into a dip in the top, a washrag beside it. His master dipped the cloth in and wrung it out before returning to the bed and cleaning Salai off, checking his asshole. What for, Salai was unsure, but he let his master do what he wanted as he drifted, his body heavy and his mind tired.

“Sleep,” his master coaxed as he draped a thick, warm blanket over Salai’s prone body.

He hummed and let himself drift into that space of waking and dreaming.

Chapter Three

Salai woke with a start and scrambled away from whatever had woken him, blinking his eyes to clear the lingering bit of sleep from them. He stared, confused, at the sight before him. Perched on a stool by the central table sat the young man who had run cold and hot toward him.

“Uhm... hello?” Not one to cower from a challenge, Salai still wrapped the blanket around himself, unwilling to anger his Master. He shook his head at the thought. It was his master, nothing else yet.

The boy glanced at him, released a snort, and returned to what he was chopping. Salai leaned forward for a better look, his stomach grumbling at the sight of fresh fruit. While his magic could maintain him, when he was out in the real world, he still experienced the urge to consume food.

The boy suddenly rose, thrusting the bowl of fruit at Salai, then settling on the edge of the bed when Salai took the offered treat. “So...”

Salai waited, popping a bite of fruit in his mouth and savoring the sweet flavor as well as the small zing from the tartness. “So, what?” he queried when the boy didn’t say anything.

“Is he good in bed?” The boy turned to him, a smirk on his lips as he wagged his eyebrows.

Salai choked on the fruit, spluttering as his back was smacked. As if that would assist him. “What?” he gasped out.

The boy snorted and rolled his eyes. “Come on, you know what I said.”

“Um...” Salai gaped, and decided the best course of action was to shove another piece of fruit in his mouth. He had been expecting anger, jealousy, something other than the apparent amusement on the boy’s face. “I don’t know?”

The boy stared at him. “You’re joking, right?”

Salai shook his head, popping another piece of fruit and letting the juice settle on his tongue before swallowing. “We just...” He flushed. When was the last time he’d talked about sex with someone? Even his sister only skimmed over what she did, and she never asked him for details. “Just...” He turned to the boy—he really needed to learn his name—and stared as if this unknown stranger would have the answers.

“Well, he has to have pleased you.”

Salai nodded, memories flooding in as his body tingled at the reminder of that toy pushing and prodding him to two orgasms. And that cock ring. He shifted, glad when he noticed the ring was gone.

“So, what did he do?” The boy leaned close, his hand on Salai’s leg just above his knee.

Salai chuckled. “I don’t even know your name, and you want details about... your captain’s bed habits?”

The boy smirked. “I guess you got me. Name’s Fin. The captain and me, well, you could say we’re related by blood.”

“Oh?” Salai bit into a larger piece of fruit and chased after the liquid seeping between his fingers.

“Yup.” Fin popped the word and reached out to grab Salai’s wrist, tugging his hand close and lapping at the juice.

Salai tried to remove his wrist from Fin’s hold, but no matter how slight the other man looked, there was strength in his arms as he held Salai trapped.

“So, what did he do?” Fin’s hand that still rested on Salai’s leg began creeping up, then moved in before Salai could shift away and cupped his groin. “Did he fondle your cock?”

Salai jerked back, tumbling down onto the sheets, gasping as a body he was unaccustomed to shifted to lay atop him. “Wha—”

“Fin.”

Salai’s focus jerked to the side, and he stared, open-mouthed, at his master as he strode into the room, a dark look in his eye even as his face remained neutral.

“Aw, just when the fun was going to start.” Fin leveraged himself up, Salai’s hand falling to the bed, unmindful of the oozing fruit he still held. “And he’s a pretty one.”

Salai shivered at those words, a far distant memory floating just beneath the surface. He watched as Fin slipped past Laren, a few whispered words Salai couldn’t hear directed to Laren’s ear, and then the young man was gone, the door clicking behind him. His master didn’t hesitate to lock the door, turning, his eye as neutral as his face when he looked at Salai.

Unsure what to do, Salai remained as he was, sprawled across the bed, fruit juice drying on his lips and his arm where it had leaked down. His master strode toward him, shedding the long red jacket he wore, the sound of it hitting the floor a dull thump that increased Salai's heartbeat. His heart slammed against his chest with each piece of clothing discarded, until his master stood before him in nothing except his trousers. The fabric rode low on his hips, exposing a tantalizing trail of hair from his navel down into the hidden depths.

“Did you enjoy that?”

Salai snapped his attention to the man whose voice spoke of dark promises best saved for the dead of night even if all he did was ask a simple question. Or not so simple, because Salai was a bit confused as to what he was referring to. “The fruit? Yes.”

His master chuckled, the sound rolling over him and sinking into his being. He shivered at the sensation. “Having him splayed across you.”

Salai's brow wrinkled as he stared at his master. “No.” It was true. While he didn't mind having another body upon his own, if it was unwanted then where was the joy?

A hum was his response, and he watched as his master slunk onto the bed, his muscles a fine work of art as they bunched and released, an invitation to touch and explore in every ripple. Salai wanted to answer that call, more than anything. He reached forward, forgetting the state he was in, and gasped as his wrist was caught, his master lowering his mouth to take the half-eaten piece of fruit between his teeth. Salai watched as that face moved toward his own, that eye delivering a promise in its depths.

The fruit touched his lips, and Salai opened his mouth, accepting the gift as it was pushed in. He had no choice but to bite into it or risk being suffocated. The juice trickled from between his lips, the trail faint and almost ticklish against his jaw, his neck. His master swallowed the piece of fruit still between his teeth, then dove forward, startling Salai with the quickness of his actions, and lapped at the juice, suckling the skin beneath his lips.

Salai choked and gasped, tangling the fingers of his free hand in the coarse hair atop his master's head, tugging in an attempt to direct his master's movements, but he was thwarted at each turn as teeth scraped against his flesh, nibbling at his Adam's apple. His cock grew hard beneath the fingers that danced along his body, learning the curves of his bones as they traced over the

layers hiding them from the day. His master's hands shifted away, the distant sound of cloth shifting barely registering, then their cocks were pushed together, his master lowering himself so their hips connected. Salai made every noise of ecstasy and bowed beneath the powerful thrusts and resulting friction of their damp flesh sliding together. All too soon, Salai's body was seizing as his eyes rolled toward the heavens, and the wet splatter of his release coated his stomach.

His master panted above him, his hips moving with increased force even as Salai tried to squirm away from the pressure on his oversensitive cock. He could numb the pain, make it go away, but there was something freeing, something alive about experiencing the pain that all the humans whose lives he'd touched had battled against. His master's guttural groan drew him back to the present, and relief washed over him as his cock was released, his master lowering himself to the bed beside Salai, draping an arm across him to draw him close. It was strange; few of his previous masters ever remained at his side after an orgasm, simply allowing themselves to catch their breath before moving on, but even as Laren's breathing evened out, he remained beside Salai, holding him close.

He wanted to believe that this would be the master, the last master for him, the master he could share his sister's secret with, but the words died before they reached the back of his tongue. It had been a day. Too short a time to spill secrets, especially when they had engaged in very little beyond simple bed sport.

"What are you thinking about?" his master asked against the shell of his ear, his teeth skimming the length down to his lobe, catching and tugging on it.

"Nothing of consequence." It was a lie, one that he knew his master saw through with his will wrapped around Salai's magic, but he said nothing, merely hummed and pulled Salai closer.

"Be careful who you let touch you."

A small trace of fear slipped cold fingers down his spine. "Oh?"

His master hummed, snuggling close. "Talk with whom you will, but I am a jealous lover, a jealous Master, and I would have no others' touch upon your skin."

Salai snorted, snuggling into the warmth that radiated from his master. He seemed far warmer than any of his past masters, but it could just be from the

change in years. “We’re on a ship. That could prove difficult if I am to venture beyond your room.” A nervous flutter took up residence in his stomach as he waited to see what his master would do. Some didn’t like their authority being questioned, even if it was for clarification.

His master’s arm pulled him closer to the man’s broad chest. It moved beneath Salai’s own, their fronts pressed together, so close that there was the bare amount of space when either of them exhaled. “Do not fear me. Unintentional touch I can do nothing about, but if one of them touches you, especially in an overt gesture, I will not be pleased.”

Salai sighed, closing his eyes. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d slept so much or been so lazy, when he had a master whose wishes he should be granting. He debated continuing the conversation about touch, but decided it was better to drop it. “Who is Fin?”

“A... cousin, of sorts.”

“How does that work?” Salai shifted, lifting his nose so he could nuzzle the underside of his master’s throat, amused by the affection his master bestowed upon him by kissing his forehead.

“Through many years of deception.” His master leveraged himself up so he was looming over Salai. “Now, why don’t you tell me who this belongs to?” His master fingered the slim gold chain around his neck, a gift Salai had been unable to remove no matter how much his magic and soul wanted it gone.

“A mark of ownership.” It was, and one that shouldn’t have lasted, but magic, far more powerful than his own, had been used to put and keep it in place. Salai shivered at the whisper of memories that teased around his mind, begging to be brought forth so he could drown in their freezing cold depths.

A snarl filled the air, and for a moment Salai thought he saw a burst of color in his master’s solitary eye, but when he blinked it was the same brown as before. His master’s fingers twisted in the chain. Salai wanted to warn him that it wouldn’t break, but there was a tug against his magic, and he realized his master was reaching through him, feeling out the foreign magic that had blended yet still remained apart from Salai’s over the years.

It was a strange sensation having the magic that had become a part of himself unravel, especially since he’d been drugged when his previous master had woven the magic and bound the chain to him. He didn’t believe it was actually happening, not until Laren tugged on the chain and the old clasp

snapped. The small weight was missed, even though he'd longed to have that piece of his past removed. Salai raised a hand and felt along the area where he had once been covered. To be without it left him bereft, somehow wishing for the comfort that it had never truly given him.

His master rolled away and off the bed. Salai watched the muscles of his back as they flexed, the tempting ass covered by loose cloth. He was certain he would see the shape of that supple behind once his master either stripped the fabric or tightened it with a belt. He wanted to reach out and grab hold, to use the loose waistband to tug his master back, to wrap himself in the man's arms and burrow back into that warmth.

His master turned around, and the front was just as delectable as the rear, only now he was able to see the scars, small and large, that littered his master's chest as he raised his gaze from the man's groin. His master stalked toward the bed, something clutched in his hands. He stopped at the edge of the bed, just staring at Salai. Confusion and no small amount of discomfort began to fill him as his mind wandered to what could be going through his master's mind.

"Look at me."

Salai's focus snapped to his master, his breath stalling in his throat as he waited.

"I would offer you this." He held out his hands. Clutched loosely in his grasp was a thick, plain brown collar that matched the outfit his master had dressed him in earlier. "As a start, a promise."

Salai glanced between his master and the collar he held. He swallowed, his throat dry, unable to collect any moisture.

"But..." His master waited until Salai was looking at his face. "But this will mean you are my boy. I will promise to care for you, to do my best to keep you from harm, and to be the Master you have craved since I came to you in your sleep."

Salai flushed a bit at that last statement. His being craved a Master, a place where he knew he belonged and could let go. He gnawed his bottom lip, his gaze straying to the collar. His master appeared to be a good man. He took care of the men on his ship, and if there was any trace of mutiny, it would have occurred almost as soon as Salai was brought on board. He was almost certain of that with the way the men he'd seen had reacted to his appearance. He was a pirate, so there would always be some form of danger involved there. However,

if Salai were honest with himself, which he tried to be, a little bit of adventure sounded like a boon compared to the pampered living he had been subjected to with his previous masters.

A Master. Maybe they had met in Salai's dreams. Maybe he had called out, wanting to be found. He'd heard that some genies, if they went too long without granting wishes, could send out a call, something subtle so nothing dangerous could pinpoint them. It was a legend that someone might hear a call and find a genie in a dreamscape, but legends had to be based in some form of fact. Right?

Or maybe I'm just needy and desperate. The question was whether or not he could live with himself if he caved so easily to the pleasure and comfort the man before him offered.

Salai bit his lip, glanced at his master, and nodded. "Yes, Master." The words felt like a breath of long-held air was released. When his Master put the collar on him, tension oozed from his body. He sagged forward, his Master catching him. Salai snuggled close and wrapped his arms around his Master's middle.

It was nice being able to let go, though a small piece of himself held back, wary as it watched the world around it. A little bit of caution couldn't do him wrong though, not in matters such as these.

"What are you thinking of?" his Master asked as he settled Salai on the bed, pulling a thin sheet over both of them.

Salai squirmed close, glad of the heat radiating from his Master. "What your wishes might be." Another half-truth, but one that weighed heavy upon his mind.

His Master rolled them over, hitched Salai's hips toward the ceiling, and his hand came down on his butt, the smack lingering in the silence between one breath and the next. Salai trembled, craning his neck to look at his Master as he shifted, his weight leaving the bed.

"What...?" His gaze followed the predatory movements of his Master as he moved to the desk, pulling a trunk from beneath. He flipped open the lid, and Salai swallowed, a low thrum of fear and arousal rattling his bones as he glimpsed inside. There were different devices, most of them Salai recognized as implements of pleasure or pain.

His Master pulled out a paddle, holes in the wide head, and stepped away from the open trunk, his expression grim as he stepped forward. "Do not lie to

me again. I will go easy on you this time, but I will punish you. Do you understand?"

Salai swallowed and bobbed his head. He knew that a true relationship relied on trust and truth, and Salai wanted a real relationship. That did not mean he was prepared for something that had been absent from his life for who knew how many lifetimes. He turned away, burying his face in the musty sheets, dragging the scent of his Master into his lungs as he braced for the sting.

Silence stretched around them, a cavernous abyss that threatened to consume the small bits of control Salai clung to. When it became too much, his curiosity whimpering in nervous anticipation, Salai tilted his head, peeking from between strands of his hair and over the curve of his shoulder.

His Master watched him, a softness around the tight corners of his eye and mouth. Salai was unsure what consumed him, but his body tingled, a sheen of sweat beading on his skin as he grew warm beneath that gaze. It seemed his Master was focused on every inch of his exposed flesh, and a jolt of awareness singed Salai. None of his previous masters had given him such attention. They'd only ever focused on what he could give them. He was far more exposed under the single eye of his current master and Master than he'd ever been in the past. It was disconcerting and thrilling, and his cock filled out, hanging heavy between his thighs. Shivers went through him, bumps rising along his body.

He turned his face away, his hands fisting in the sheets, but he could still feel that gaze, like a caress that was far more potent than skin-to-skin contact.

A calloused hand traced the curve of his ass, a jolt of shyness stealing his breath at that simple touch. He whimpered, raising his ass higher, needing this to be over with. It was too much and his magic... His magic was being stroked and teased, no part of his being hidden from his Master. Salai gasped and shuddered, his cock throbbing as a small drop of pre-cum leaked out.

"So beautiful," his Master whispered, and it only drew Salai closer to the fire that was burning him from the inside out. "Are you ready?"

Salai whimpered, the only sound he could make through the constriction of his throat, and hiked his hips higher. He thought he heard a faint whistle just before the paddle landed against the bottom curve of his rear, but it didn't matter as his ears rang, a gasp clogging his throat. He had no time to recover as another hit landed, seeming to bottle the very breath from his lungs and extract

it in a rush. There was no air inside him as another painful smack landed. It went on, dragging Salai into a deep, murky place of dark water and a buzzing in his head.

Something cool pressed against his back, and a sticky wetness coated his legs. Words were being murmured against his ear, but he couldn't make them out. He moved as if through thick sludge and came to on his side, blinking at the dim light from a single candle. His gaze moved about the room, his mind confused by the drawn curtains, a faint hint of day peeking beneath the heavy fabric. A hand was stroking through the hair draped across his shoulder, another brushed something cold against his backside, and that was what snapped him awake.

It was pain. Pure and sweet and not at all kind. He moaned and rolled over onto his stomach, tucking his head against his shoulder as he gazed at his Master.

“Do you remember what we said?”

Words floated just out of reach, but a gentle poke to his backside had him reaching for them, grasping them close, and slowly Salai remembered. He nodded his head and opened his mouth, his voice rasping as he tried to speak.

“Here.” His Master reached to a small table near the head of the bed and returned with a cup in his hand, his other moving to adjust Salai back onto his side.

Cool water saturated his throat as he took a sip, his body wishing for more, but his Master kept the cup tilted at a gentle slope, so he couldn't drown himself. Once the cup was empty, Salai lay down on his stomach again, folding one of his arms beneath his chin while he reached out with the other, settling it on his Master's knee.

He waited for his hand to be removed, but instead, his Master took his hand and interlaced their fingers, bringing them up and kissing the back of Salai's hand. His gaze as he watched Salai made warmth flow through the genie even though there was nothing covering him against the slight, damp chill of the cabin.

Salai swallowed, his mind toying with the question he'd been asked once he came to, but he so wanted a real relationship. “I should not lie to you.”

His Master leaned down, brushing a kiss across his head. “Good boy.”

Happiness swelled inside Salai's breast as his Master pulled back, their fingers still folded together. He wanted to cuddle close, but didn't dare turn onto his back. He'd dealt with punishments before and knew better than to aggravate abused flesh unless he wanted to be in pain for longer than was needed. And he refused to use his magic to numb his punishment.

His Master slipped onto his side beside Salai, his arm looping around his waist, his fingers tracing patterns along his spine. "I must work, but you will rest. If you need anything, just tug on our bond."

Salai smiled, but a small feeling of doubt writhed within his happiness. "If you are busy?"

His Master leaned forward, rubbing his nose against Salai's forehead before kissing him tenderly on the lips. "There should be nothing that cannot wait, and if there is, then I shall send Fin."

Salai quirked a brow but didn't question it. If his Master wanted to send the one who'd started the small bout of jealousy, then far be it for Salai to say anything.

As if sensing his thoughts, his Master chuckled, nipping at Salai's jaw before dragging his lips down the side of his throat. Salai sighed at the tender caress. "Fin will not do anything he should not."

Salai bit his tongue to stop a question tumbling from his lips.

"Yes, I am sure." His Master laughed against the skin he had snagged, worrying it between his teeth and sucking until Salai worried he would have a bruise that not even his magic would be able to heal. "We may be related, but he knows better than to raise my ire."

Salai hummed, sighing in regret as his Master released him and rose from the bed, striding about the room to collect his clothes and dress.

It was a shame that all that raw power had to be covered by coarse fabric, but Salai delighted in the knowledge that when his Master returned, he could strip the fabric away, and maybe this time he'd be allowed to explore the other male.

"We'll see," his Master said, sending a wink over his shoulder before leaving the cabin.

Salai sighed and snuggled further into the sheets, tugging one over his nude form even as it scraped against his abused backside. At least it would serve as a

reminder that the one standing between him and what he wanted was, more often than not, himself.

Chapter Four

Salai shivered as the rope dug into his flesh, certain parts rougher than the rest to add an extra dimension of contrast. It had been weeks since his Master had found him, and the man had yet to make any wishes. Salai could feel his will crumbling with each day, each moment that passed between them. His Master was far too kind to him, touching him with reverence, kissing every mark he made before and after he'd smear cream on the aches. It was a sense of intoxication Salai never wanted to relinquish.

"So beautiful," his Master whispered against Salai's clasped hands, the rope strong and tight around his wrists.

Salai lolled his head across the back of the chair he'd been settled in, the dildo a constant presence as his body twitched around the large device. He whimpered around the gag in his mouth at the love and desire in his Master's eye. Salai wanted nothing more than to fall to his knees, to suck his Master's cock into his mouth, then tumble the man to the floor and ride him. Even after all they'd done, his Master had kept from taking him in the most basic of fashion. It had taken a week of groping before he'd managed to wear his Master down enough to taste his cock, to give the pleasure he was the constant recipient of. He enjoyed the toys, the pain and pleasure his Master gave him, but he needed more, needed to feel the man inside him, moving over and around him as he marked him with his lips and teeth.

"Shh..." his Master soothed, running one hand through Salai's hair while the other tested the rope, his fingers a fleeting touch between rope and skin. "We'll play once I'm back."

A sigh escaped him, stifled by the gag, but he was certain his Master had heard it.

"Remember, burn for me," his Master whispered in his ear, the words husky and sinful as they twirled through Salai's ear and saturated his brain. His Master's fingers skimmed the tattoos spread out across Salai's side, teasing the sensitive flesh. He could still remember when his Master had figured out that touching the black ink could drive Salai toward madness. His Master had tied him down and explored every line and dot with his tongue, teeth, and fingers until Salai had begged for mercy.

Salai shuddered at the memory and the fact that he already burned, though he hadn't known it was possible. He whimpered, rolling his head on his neck as he watched his Master collect his weapons and stride from the room. There was the sound of a key in the door, and Salai's heart beat just a little faster. He'd learned that the door locking wasn't a way to keep Fin out, that boy could find his way into a chastity device if he really put his mind to it, but a signal that something dangerous might occur. And while Salai had the capability to protect himself, his Master had told him, deep in the night when Salai had been drifting close to sleep, that he was a treasure his Master would never willingly give up.

It could just be that they were entering dangerous waters; Salai had heard the sounds of cannon fire and smelled burned wood and smoke as well as heard the cries of the injured and the triumphant roar of victory before, but it seemed that of late there was more and more dissent amongst the crew.

He couldn't help but wonder if it was due to Hamsted. The old man had avoided every interaction with Salai, even going so far as to sneak out of the dining hall the one time Salai had eaten there. And any time Salai had caught the man's focus on him when Hamsted appeared to believe no one was watching, Salai saw anger and maybe even a touch of jealousy in that old gaze. Though Fin was proving less than helpful as well, voicing his amusement at his captain's private activities as well as draping himself across Salai every chance he had. There had only been one time Salai had been punished for Fin's actions, and Salai had to admit he deserved that one.

He squirmed a bit at the reminder of that punishment, of kissing Fin because the young man refused to shut up about how he could hear Salai the previous night, and gasped as he managed to nudge the fake cock just so. There was no ring around his cock, and Salai was tempted to come, but this was his Master's pleasure, to return from his work keeping his men happy and in line to see Salai bound, his skin flushed red from whatever tool his Master had used earlier, and desperate for release.

Still, he teased himself, climbing as close to the edge as he dared then stopping, sliding backward on that torturous slope, only to repeat the action. When a loud boom and the shaking of the ship started, he stopped teasing himself, instead keeping his ears trained on the ensuing sounds of battle. There were gunshots and screams, the sound of cries that ebbed and flowed between terror, anger, and anguish.

Then the silence came. It was its own instrument of fear, and Salai leaned forward in his seat, straining his ears for any sound. There was none aside from his racing heartbeat.

A thud against the cabin door, followed by shouts and a scream, had him rocking forward, nearly toppling from the chair. He used his magic to steady himself and waited. His heart pounded, pulsing inside his head in an uneven beat to the thoughts buffeting his mind. Pain slowly blossomed behind his eyes, and he had to close them, to take deep, steady breaths as he willed himself to calm. He focused, glad his Master's will was still encircling his own.

The sound of a key turning in the door had Salai shifting his attention on the door, his magic ready to spring forth if his Master was injured or someone other than his Master stepped through—even if it would be a fruitless endeavor. If his master was dead, then he would need a new one, and he would return to his lamp. But his Master was still alive, he could feel his will. The door swung open, and his Master stumbled in, Fin supporting him. Though his attention was on his Master, he still saw the body sprawled across the deck behind him, some of the men shuffling forward to take care of it. Salai shivered at the sight and made sure to focus fully on his Master.

After Fin settled him on the bed, he turned to Salai, a wide smirk on his lips. “Well, this is a pleasant surprise.”

“Fin...” His Master's tone was enough warning, and Fin held up his hands.

“I'll just untie him, so he can take care of you.”

His Master grunted in acceptance, and Salai was swamped with relief because he wouldn't have to watch as someone else cared for his Master. He didn't wait for Fin to move close, instead using his magic to disintegrate the rope and gag before rising, stumbling a little as the fake cock made itself known. He quickly used his magic to dull the sensations, so he could focus on one thing.

Fin chuckled, making sure to swat Salai's ass as he passed. “I'll leave him in your care.”

Salai scowled after the man, but moved to the bed when his Master shifted, looking as if he would stand. The door clicked softly behind him, and Salai felt secure enough to give his full attention to his Master.

“What happened?” He batted his Master's hands away when he tried to push Salai back and began fiddling with buttons and strings to remove the clothes that hid far too much.

“It's nothing.” But his Master assisted, shifting so Salai could remove the top half of his clothes and see the smear of red along his side.

Salai went to the small washbasin, collecting a damp rag and some bandages from a lower drawer, and returned, dabbing at the shallow wound, glad that it had stopped bleeding. It might have been shallow, but it was long, curving around his Master's side and thinning just before his spine. Fear had Salai swallowing, because an injury to the spine was not nothing. He kept his thoughts trained on what he was doing, putting forth some effort to stall the dangerous, meandering path that fear beckoned his mind to travel. No good could come from all the what-ifs teasing the edge of his thoughts.

Once his Master was clean and bandaged, Salai straddled his hips and reached behind himself, removing the plug that had been a minor distraction the whole time he'd been assisting his Master. He couldn't fully numb the teasing pressure, and now he didn't have to since his Master was well and Salai wanted.

"And what are you doing?" his Master asked as he leaned back against the mass of pillows that he kept at the head of his bed, his eye half-closing as he stared at Salai.

Salai swallowed, the nerves tickling his throat, grabbing the courage he knew he carried and staring into his Master's solitary eye. "Going to have sex with you." It came out with the hint of a question, but he couldn't take the words back.

His Master smirked at him, his hands reaching out and curling around Salai's hips, his thumb spreading to tease the tail of his lowest tattoo. "Is that so?"

"Yes," Salai whispered, his body tightening after the teasing touch to one of his most sensitive spots, and he scooted forward to make room, so he could undo his Master's trousers, tugging them down enough that his half-hard cock was free.

Shifting further back, Salai bent over, leaving soft kisses along his Master's stomach, tracing his tongue over the gentle curve of a hipbone and a few faded scars so old they were hard to see. Then he dipped lower, satisfied with the way his Master trembled beneath his ministrations as he teased the crease of his thigh, ghosting his breath over the hardening cock. He shifted his face, so he could nudge the head with his nose, his fingers moving to tease the metal bar, his nails scraping across the tight skin of his sac. Salai hummed as he darted his tongue out, tracing the veins and texture of his Master's cock. He lapped at the head, flicking his tongue across the slit, then took the head onto his tongue,

rolling his muscle across the hard flesh. He occasionally suckled as he drew it deeper, steadily moving down the length until his nose was pressed tight into the wiry hairs of his Master's crotch.

His Master groaned, but remained as still as he could, his fingers threading through Salai's hair as Salai began to bob, sucking as he rose and teasing with teeth and tongue as he sank back down, the tip hitting the back of his throat every so often. When his Master began to give aborted thrusts, Salai pulled off with a pop, licking his lips as he stared at the flushed form of his Master.

"Come on, boy," his Master said through gritted teeth. "Ride me."

Salai shivered at the invitation and scrambled up, his legs on either side of his Master's hips. He grabbed the heavy length, positioning it at his opening and sinking down slowly. There had been a bit of slick still inside from the plug, and the saliva on his Master's cock was a welcome addition, but it was still a bit dry. They both shuddered once his Master was fully seated, and Salai gave an experimental roll of his hips, biting into his bottom lip to stop a cry from escaping. The length inside him was thick and filled him just to the edge of splitting. It was delicious.

He took a deep breath, then rose, gasping at the drag inside, the way his hole grasped at the cock leaving him. He didn't want to let it go, wanted to keep his Master inside him always. As the head reached his entrance, Salai started a slow descent, almost stilling as he occasionally squeezed his muscles, happy with the gasps and moans he wrung from his Master. He continued with the slow pace, speeding up every so often just to feel the flex of his Master's fingers where they dug into his hips.

When his muscles started to protest the strain from the slow pace, Salai moved faster, fisting his cock and tugging, whimpering when his Master dislodged his hand. He grasped both Salai's wrists and dragged them up his firm abs and old scars, settling them on his pecs where Salai couldn't resist the siren call of his firm, flat nipples. He rolled the pebbled flesh between his fingers, gasping as his Master's fingers returned to his hips, teasing over a tattoo, and began to thrust his hips up whenever Salai drove down.

Their pace grew more frantic, his Master using the grip on his hips as leverage to slam him down onto his cock. Salai groaned and gasped at the hard, fast pounding and the drag of the hard length inside him, stretching him as he shifted, rolling his hips and squeezing around the organ. His Master grunted, slamming Salai into his lap and grinding up, punching a startled gasp from

Salai as he was filled. He was on the edge, trying to rock, to get some friction, while his Master held him still. He was shifted, the softening cock slipping from him, and his Master shoved three fingers inside his hole, stretching them wide as he grasped Salai's cock and tugged.

Salai couldn't have counted how many times his Master's hand dragged across his cock, his brain going blank as his orgasm slammed through him, his hips shifting against the fingers inside before they withdrew. He fell forward, gasping against his Master's collarbone as he tried to regain his breath. His Master chuckled, kissing Salai's sweaty forehead, his clean hand shifting Salai's hair out of the way then tugging him close. Their lips sealed together as his Master's tongue darted out, tracing Salai's open lips.

“My good boy.”

Salai preened at the praise and shifted enough that he could trail nipping kisses along his Master's jaw, delighting in the rumbling chuckle that reverberated from his Master into him, and the lingering kiss to his forehead. He shifted away after another kiss to his Master's lips and peeked at the bandages he'd wrapped around his Master's middle. There was no blood staining the white fabric, but a small stab of guilt still poked him repeatedly in the brain as he realized the foolishness of deciding to have their first experience when his Master was injured.

“Enough.” His Master cupped his chin, turning his head until they were nose to nose. “You did nothing wrong.”

He pulled Salai forward, kissing him, teasing his tongue into Salai's mouth and dragging a groan from deep inside Salai, his cock stirring against his Master's belly. He was tempted to see if he couldn't get his Master back to full hardness, because he really wanted another round, except the cabin door opened, Hamsted strutting in with Fin close on his heels.

“Captain, there's an issue,” Hamsted barked out.

Salai curled into his Master's side, confused by the unknown look on Hamsted's face, but his Master didn't seem to notice it as he shifted Salai behind him, rolling from the bed and onto his feet without a care for his nakedness. Salai wanted to pull him back onto the bed, to cover his Master from everyone else's eyes, but he didn't dare as his Master collected his clothes.

“What is it?”

“It’s—”

“One of the men,” Hamsted cut Fin off, sneering at the younger man when Salai’s Master ducked down to collect one of his swords, “has decided to send a message to one of the Pirate Hunters.”

Salai watched his Master stiffen, a flash of shock on the half of his face Salai could see, and Salai hoped it went unnoticed by the other men in the room. When his Master straightened fully, adjusting the belts slung low on his hips, his face was hard, his single eye dark as he turned to his men.

“Let’s go.”

Salai wanted to get up, to follow, but his Master’s will tugged on his magic, a clear message that he should remain where he was. Temptation whispered at him to ignore the command, but another tug on his magic let him know what the consequences would be if he disregarded his Master’s will. He swallowed. While he enjoyed being paddled, teased, and sexually tortured, he knew that his Master would not be kind if he followed. So he stayed, sprawled across the bed, sweat and cum drying on his skin and the sheets, and watched as Laren stormed out, Fin and Hamsted following. Hamsted cast a quick, dirty look over his shoulder, a frisson of fear racing through Salai at the expression twisting the older man’s face, before his Master was shutting the door, the key scraping in the lock and setting Salai’s heartbeat into a fast tempo. Fear tugged at the edges of his mind, nibbling at his stomach. There was only one being he could think to consult on the strange terror encroaching on his dwindling afterglow.

Salai settled himself against the mound of pillows and steadied his breathing, doing his best to calm down enough that he could fall asleep and slip into a dreamscape.

The room was blurred, far more than was usual, but that could have been because of the anxiety churning his guts. He paced the floor, sending minute signals to his sister. While she loved him, she would not take kindly to being interrupted in a moment of ecstasy. What felt like far too long passed before a response came, one that was questioning with a tinge of aggravation. Chances were she’d been hoping to have a little alone time with her partner.

“Yes, that was what I had wanted, but your call came through.” She stepped from the shadows, eyeing the blurred surroundings. “What happened?”

“Ah...” Salai fidgeted, trying to organize his thoughts enough that the room would be more focused. It didn’t work. “I don’t know.”

His sister looked at him, her gaze penetrating, and he knew she could see the agitated state of his magic. “Something must have.”

He rolled his shoulders in a shrug, trying to answer her while alleviating the tension settling across his back. “A hunch. Something. I’m just worried.”

Her gaze never wavered. “Do you want to tell him?”

Salai gulped. A part of him did, but it had only been a month. What would he do if his Master used a wish? Or used all of them as soon as Salai told him his sister’s secret? How could he deal with that? He sighed, his gaze straying across the room. It seemed to grow fuzzier, the longer he thought.

A heavy sigh drew his attention back to his sister. “You love him.”

Salai spluttered, words dying on his tongue before they could even form. He wanted to whine, to tug at his hair, to... to... He sagged. How could he love a man so soon after meeting him? And hadn’t he learned his lesson from one of his previous masters? The same one who’d shown Salai that he craved the command of a Master? Watching as he grew old and left... Hadn’t he thought, never again?

“Hey.” His sister’s hand cupped his cheek, and he blinked, having never seen her move. “Welcome to adulthood.”

He blinked, his mind processing, and scowled as she grinned at him.

“Sorry, couldn’t resist.”

“Of course.” Salai waved off her apology. “But... love?”

His sister hummed, gliding about the room. He noticed there was a little more definition to some of the objects his mind had conjured to fill the space.

“Listen...”

He focused back on his sister, watching as she settled against one of the hazy chairs.

“If something happens, and you need me, tug on my magic. And I don’t mean that piddly attempt you made to summon me here. Tug, pull, yank me to you. All right? If nothing else, I am a sound judge of character. And Aya can always eat him.”

Salai nodded, a small smile tugging at his lips because Aya wouldn't eat anyone without a good reason. "Okay." Relief pushed some of the fear away, but there was still a worm of doubt that refused to relinquish its hold.

"Good." His sister straightened, a devilish curl to her lips. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a vampire in need of blood and some discipline."

Salai chuckled, more amused than he wanted to admit at his sister's joy. He hoped that someday soon, he could experience that overwhelming joy at returning to his Master. Rolling his head in another attempt to be rid of the tension that still lingered, Salai pushed himself away from the hazy dreamscape, more than ready to return to his Master's room and clean the place. At least it would be one less worry for his Master.

He came awake slowly, a hint of drowsiness still present, but he pushed through it, wanting to please his Master more than anything at the moment. Besides, there was a chance that cleaning would keep his mind off the worry that plagued him.

When his Master returned after the moon had risen, Salai dragged him to the bed after stripping off both their clothes and snuggled in close, the fear still present even after all the cleaning and organizing he'd done.

Chapter Five

Salai stood beside the wheel, the air crisp and light with salt coating his tongue and driving him to thirst. His eyes scanned the deck, easily spotting his Master. Maybe he could whine a little and sneak away for a little fun with his Master; it wasn't as if anyone needed either of them at the moment. He grinned at the idea, smirking when a nearby crewman squeaked and scurried away. Some of them were still terrified of the big bad genie, not that Salai minded; it kept most of those who would cause trouble at a distance, because who wanted to cause a riot when fear was high? A shout rang out, startling Salai from his thoughts of showing some of the crewmen just how much of a devil he could be by seducing their captain before their eyes. He focused on where his Master stood, sword drawn, surrounded by a handful of his men. This didn't look like a training exercise.

He gathered his magic, ready to stand beside his Master, when a choked-out gasp stalled him, followed by a deep, menacing chuckle that had dark memories perking up to say hello. Salai turned, his bones creaking with the strain he put on them in his attempt not to snap around and snarl. Or whimper in fear.

Fin's face was losing color, and Hamsted stood there, a smug smirk on his lips as he choked Fin and kept a dagger pressed into the fabric covering the young man's stomach. There was a light in Hamsted's eyes, one that could only be produced by magic.

"What..." Salai tried to swallow, running his tongue over too dry lips. "What do you want?"

Hamsted's smirk grew wider, a manic twist on the ends. "What do I want?" He shuffled forward, Fin's mouth moving, opening and closing, like a fish out of water as his feet dragged along the deck. "I want you back."

Salai shook his head and took a step back. He cursed himself at the weakness, especially when Hamsted chuckled, the sound dangerous and oh-so-familiar, but fear made the memories murky. "You can't." His gaze focused on Fin as the boy began to slip, his eyes glazing over.

Hamsted seemed to realize his hostage was of no more use and tossed him aside. Salai wanted nothing more than to go to the young man and see if he couldn't be revived, but his feet betrayed him, refusing to move from their spot. Hamsted took an unsteady step forward, laughing as he stumbled.

“Ah, it appears this body is nearing the end of its usefulness.”

Salai gasped. “No.”

Hamsted laughed, deep and full of mirth. It was unnatural.

“You can’t...” Salai swallowed, memories crowding in, cooing lies and screaming truths. “How?”

Hamsted took another unsteady step forward, swaying as he stopped just shy of grabbing distance. “Genies aren’t the only ones with magic.” He laughed, the sound broken and jagged.

It dug deep into the darkest part of Salai, and he remembered the strength it had taken for him to break free of his cruel master so many lifetimes ago, even if he had been reminded every time a slim gold chain swayed against his neck. “What did you do?” His voice had gained some strength, but he could still hear the tremble of fear, and it was certain that his former master could too.

“I took them.” He leaned forward, and Salai could almost imagine that his breath carried some sort of stench, even if it wasn’t true. “First, I found a mage. Desperate man. The poor thing killed his family. All an accident, of course.” His eyes were wide, his smile even wider, and Salai could see the madness clear in their murky depths. “He just wanted to clear his name, and I promised I would.”

Salai believed that. Memories broke free, and he remembered. His life had been filled with opulence, everything he could have wished for at his fingertips, except his freedom. He’d been a prisoner in a rich man’s home, a rich man that had no qualms using his power for whatever he wanted, and he had wanted what even some of the worst criminals would have shied away from. Something tugged at him, something familiar, but he forgot to look at his former master’s next words.

“If he found my genie.”

An angry shout distracted him, but he remembered his past well enough to step out of the way of the grasping hands, twirling around to face his nightmare. “You only get three wishes, that’s it.”

“Oh, I know,” his former master purred, licking his lips. “But I’ve been through enough bodies that my spirit isn’t as it was before, and as soon as that piece of filth is gone, I can have what has always been mine.”

“No.” Salai would not go back to that torture. He ducked to the right, spinning to the left when the monster before him lunged, and darted across the

deck to Fin's side, relieved when he saw that the young man still breathed, though he was paler than Salai liked.

He scooped Fin into his arms, using a small touch of magic to make his weight lighter, and dodged and weaved away from his past, down the stairs and in and out of the crowd until he reached the captain's cabin. He made his way inside and settled Fin in a corner, a blanket draped over his lap. He sent a touch of magic into Fin's body to encourage healing and was surprised by the small spark he received in kind. It was another's magic reassuring him.

A mighty roar distracted him enough that he pulled away from the curiosity before him and left the cabin, ducking low and even jumping when someone would take a swipe at him. It was chaos, and Salai was certain he knew the cause of it. Even after two months, the crew had still been apprehensive, even with Fin poking and prodding at him to show he wasn't dangerous. It had amused Salai, but he should have tried harder to make himself a member of the crew rather than the captain's newest toy.

Pain lanced through his scalp as someone yanked on his hair and for the first time, Salai wished his hair wasn't so long. It was a bit sad that his own magic was incapable of granting such a wish, but that didn't stop him from twisting around, his hair wrapping around the hand that had snagged it, and he swung out with his leg, connecting with the stomach of a burly man who, in his shock, released Salai's hair. Taking the opportunity he'd been given, Salai followed up with a punch straight to the man's jaw, a bit disturbed at the satisfaction he felt when some of the man's teeth left his mouth.

There was some cheering, but Salai didn't have time to figure out if it was for him or against his Master. Using a cowering man as a springboard, Salai flew through the air, slamming into another pirate's back who had a sword drawn against his Master. There was a momentary lull in the action when the man went down, but Salai would not stop. He flew to his feet, lashing out at the nearest person who looked ready to hurt him, and moved along, snatching up a fallen sword though it had been a long time since he'd wielded one. Still, his muscles remembered, and his mind supplied a deep, raspy voice that instructed him how to move, to watch his back, that he was a good lad.

His body filled with warmth at the memory. That had been one of his better Masters, though his kinks in bed had been some of the strangest Salai had ever encountered, even if his sister had thought them amusing.

He swung the sword, his gaze skittering away from the blood that coated his blade, and tried to find his Master. He blinked, momentarily distracted when he

found himself beside the man, his shirt open, a long, thin line of blood down his chest where a sword had managed to slice through fabric. A shout had him twirling around, the sight of a man charging him obstructed for a moment by his hair whipping around his face, then their swords were meeting, a kiss that rang out even with the sound of battle cocooning them.

“Ya’ll be a pretty lil whore,” the man sneered, and Salai spat in his face, using the momentary distraction to impale the pirate on his sword.

He wrenched the blade from the man’s body, turning, his jaw clenched as he waited for the next assault. There was none. His Master watched him, a hint of amusement around the corners of his mouth and eye. Salai relaxed, glad to see he wasn’t injured beyond a few scratches. Relief filled him, even as the sounds of the injured and dying reached toward the heavens. He took a step forward and screamed as a blade slid through his Master’s body.

His Master glanced down, as if unable to comprehend what had happened. The blade disappeared back through his body, and his Master fell to his knees. Salai stared at his former master or, at least, the body he now inhabited. He smirked at Salai, raised his foot, and shoved it into his Master’s back.

Salai screamed, his magic burning him as he charged. Some part of him recognized a former master’s spirit and balked as ancient laws woke deep within his being, but it was confusing, because the man before him had taken on small pieces of the previous spirits that had resided in the bodies he’d stolen. It was that small amount of confusion in his magic that allowed Salai to lash out, his sword moving faster than was possible as it slipped across the gloating man’s throat. He spluttered, but continued to cackle.

“You can’t get rid of me. I have another body prepared.”

“Unless he destroys your spirit.”

Salai gasped. His sister’s master stood behind the body of Hamsted, her hand wrapped around his throat. And he remembered the earlier tug. His sister had to have sensed his fear and had decided to investigate by sending her master.

“Or I do it for him.”

There was a question there. It glittered in the depths of her unnatural eyes. Salai looked at the struggling man before him, his gaze shifting to his dying Master. He nodded, his gaze unable to stray from his Master. He moved away from the vampire and her newest prey, falling to his knees beside his Master.

“Shall we share our secret?” his sister asked as her magic wrapped around him. She wasn’t there, but it was almost as if she were.

Salai rolled his Master over, staring at the man as he struggled to breath.

“Sa... la... i...” his Master gasped, his hand struggling to reach for him.

Salai swallowed, grasping his Master’s hand with a desperation he’d never thought he’d display. He’d admitted to his sister that he loved this man, but what if the sentiment wasn’t returned?

“That’s the risk we all must take,” his sister whispered, her voice sweet as honey and thick as molasses, her magic teasing along his own while in the distance he heard the faint scream of his former master.

Having your soul ripped from a body couldn’t be pleasant. A tremor of disgust traveled through him. What must it have been like for the true Hamsted when his spirit was taken from his body and put in another?

“You’re distracting yourself, and he’s dying.”

Salai shivered, his attention focusing on his Master. There was blood on his lips, a tremor in the hand that Salai gripped within his own, and his eye was glazing over. He leaned forward, wetting his lips. “Master?”

That eye seemed to focus on him. His mouth opened, but only a faint, wheezy gasp escaped.

“Master, you have to make a wish,” Salai choked out.

His Master shook his head, a shallow cough bringing up a bubble of blood.

“Shh...” Salai soothed. “Do you want to be with me forever?” It was a lot to ask of anyone, let alone a man who barely knew him.

There was a hint of another color in his Master’s eye, a fire deep in its depth.

“He has to wish it,” his sister said, her voice tight, strained.

“Master?”

He took in a breath.

Too shallow. He needs more oxygen. Salai leaned forward, pressing his lips against his Master’s and pushing air into his lungs, a hint of magic in his breath to try and heal some of the damage. “Master?”

“Yes...”

“You have to say I wish.” Blood began to pound in Salai’s head, his temples throbbing as he stared at his Master. The man had to say I wish or he’d die.

“I...” He gasped, a strangled cough falling wetly from his stained lips. “...wi-ish...”

“I can’t stay much longer.” His sister’s voice was fading, her magic receding.

“Please, Master.” Salai brought his Master’s hand to his lips, kissing the knuckles, smearing some of his Master’s blood across the dry skin.

“To-oo...” Salai ducked down, forcing more air and magic into his Master. “Sta-ay... wi-i-ith... yo...”

“Good enough.”

His sister’s magic slammed through him, directing the wish. There were several paths it could take, and his magic hesitated, but his sister’s knew what it was doing and herded the power pulsing through his being, reaching out and down, down into his Master’s soul, dragging out hidden magic that burned.

“Is that...” Salai couldn’t believe it.

“Dragon fire,” his sister whispered, awe coloring her tone. “Shit.”

Several pieces slipped into place. His Master’s need for Salai to burn for him; it was something a dragon felt when they found their life-mate. No matter how little dragon blood a being carried, rumors, myths, and legends told that every one of them would feel a fire inside them at meeting their life-mate. It would also explain why his Master had been able to visit him when Salai’s magic had called out for a new master. And why his sister hadn’t known the type of magic in his Master’s blood. A genie might not be his Master’s ancestor, but a woman wanting a child with dormant dragon blood would have the ability to conceive a child if her blood were woken up for that purpose.

“Salai!” His sister’s voice recalled him, the magic she was attempting to steer bucking from her grasp.

Salai grabbed his own magic with all his will as his sister’s magic slipped away. It bucked against him, wanting to take a different path, but now that his Master’s dormant blood had been awakened, he needed to see it through or they could both burn. He nearly giggled. It made sense now that his Master was

always saying Salai would burn for him. If the man had dragon blood, there was a chance it could come to the fore, and that seemed to be the case.

“Come on,” Salai whispered, closing his eyes to better concentrate.

He wrapped his magic around the dragon fire his sister had drawn out, tugging it, wincing at the heat that seared him from the inside out, but he couldn't stop. He took hold of the blaze and filled it into every damaged piece of his Master, drawing on the innate rapid healing of a dragon's magic. The worst wound, the one that had gone through his Master and punctured a lung so he was drowning in his own blood, was the hardest, both their magics resisting, but it was a wish, a valid one, and while his Master's magic didn't have to answer to him, his own did. So he gritted his teeth against the pain and pushed, entwining their magic, binding them together as his sister was bound to her vampire. As long as his Master didn't use his last two wishes, they would be bound, sharing a genie's lifespan which, as far as anyone knew, was an eternity. It was the one way around the immortality rule since a genie's magic could be used to keep their master living long after their lifetime should have ended.

The only downside was if a master choose to use their remaining wishes then they and their genie would die. A shiver raced through Salai at that thought, because when a master used up all his wishes, a genie's magic would tug at them to find a new master. Being bound with a previous master would make a genie's magic grow confused, and eventually it would shred a genie from the inside out in an attempt to remain bound while also seeking out a new master. A genie could only ever have one master.

Fear gripped him, all the what-ifs dancing around his brain, but the gasp of a new breath, the throb of his Master's heartbeat beside his own, drew Salai to what was important. His Master stared at the sky, most likely unseeing. After touching death, it was a wonder he wasn't screaming. Or, worse, moving away from Salai. His Master turned to him, as if drawn by his thoughts.

They stared at each other and even with their joined magic, Salai couldn't tell what the other man was thinking. The hand he still held grasped his and tugged, toppling Salai over onto his Master's recently healed chest. Salai tried to scramble back, worry lancing through him, but his Master dragged him back. His free hand fisted in Salai's hair and forced him down, their lips meeting, his Master's tongue delving into his mouth when a surprised gasp left Salai. He was so lost in the life thrumming beneath his hands inside his Master's chest that it took a moment for him to realize someone was nudging him.

Salai jerked back, panting for breath while his Master growled, his eye glowing with his inner fire, and tugged on Salai's hair to drag him back down. A touch drew Salai away from the temptation spread before him, and he turned his head, relief nudging alongside the joy of having his Master back. Fin stood beside them, clearly bemused but better, though there were dark bruises around his neck.

“All right, love birds. Why don't you let the rest of us clean up?”

Salai nodded, maneuvering his Master onto his feet, so he could haul the man across the deck to his cabin. His Master didn't make it easy, groping and caressing Salai with every step. Some of the men chuckled, while others ducked their heads, mixed expressions on their faces. It was something he could worry about later, for now he had an amorous Master with dragon fire waking in his blood.

At least this will be memorable, Salai thought, chuckling.

He made sure to lock the door and gasped, as his body slammed into the wood and his Master's mouth on him. The kiss he was given was rough, demanding, and Salai gave himself to it, letting his Master lead. A pleased growl filled the space between them, and Salai shivered at the possessive power behind the sound. He snaked his hands up, wrapping his fingers in his Master's hair, not taking over, but clinging as he sucked on his Master's lips, drawing out his tongue and teasing the slick muscle.

Heat filled him, his Master sharing his magic. Salai was sure he didn't know he was doing it, but he returned it, adding some of his own, moaning when his Master shifted, gripping Salai's backside and dragging him up the door. Worried he might cause them to fall, Salai hooked his legs around his Master's hips and held on tight, gasping as his Master shifted forward, grinding them together.

“Mine,” his Master growled.

Salai nodded, a whimper slipping free as he undulated against his Master's firm stomach, his arousal heavy where it strained against his trousers.

“My good boy.” The endearment was murmured against his throat, his Master sucking bruises into his skin, tracing his teeth along his pulse.

Gasping, panting breaths filled the air between them, and Salai was hot, too hot. He needed out of his clothes. Releasing some of his Master's hair, Salai reached between them, fumbling with the ties on his trousers first. He must

have tied them too tight, because they refused to give under his clumsy ministrations.

His Master snarled and spun them around, striding toward the bed, and every step jerked Salai forward, his body rubbing against his Master's. When his Master threw him onto the bed, Salai struggled to get rid of his clothes, watching as his Master ripped his own clothes from his body before prowling across the bed. His eye was dark with desire, a flicker of fire in its depths that fascinated Salai. His Master grasped the edge of his trousers and tugged them down when Salai didn't move to fully remove them.

A trickle of trepidation slid down his spine as he watched his Master move up his body, a shadow covering the whole of his own paler expanse.

"I'm going to taste you," his Master murmured, his gaze tracing Salai from the top of his head down as far as he could see while looming over Salai's prone form. "All of you. And you will not come until I am inside you."

Salai swallowed, but nodded his head, more than ready.

His Master grasped his wrists, tugging them to the headboard. "Keep them there."

Salai bobbed his head, more than eager to be restrained. His Master leaned forward, tracing kisses along his face, nipping at his nose and lips, but never lingering. His tongue teased some of the bruises he'd made, then dipped into his ear before pulling out, his teeth tugging at one lobe, then the other. Salai could see his Master's hands from the corner of his eyes, both of them fisted in the sheets as if it was his Master who was restraining himself and most likely he was. As far as Salai knew, when a person had dormant blood woken, they tended to go one of two extremes: fighting or fucking. That his Master would restrain himself, would explore his body... Salai shivered as his Master teased a nipple, dragging his teeth over the raised flesh then flicking it with his tongue. It was torture in its best form, and Salai had to dig his fingers into the wood he held, so he wouldn't reach down and urge his Master to go faster.

A tongue passing the edge of one swirl of his tattoo had Salai jerking, bucking his hips up into his Master's chest, a deep groan spilling out. His Master chuckled, and Salai bit his lip as that tongue traced every curvy black line that adorned his side and arm, occasionally dragging his teeth across the center of a swirl. When his Master's fingers joined, teasing along the ink that connected him to his home, Salai cried out, savagely biting his tongue at the

amplified pleasure. His markings had always been sensitive, but now he could feel his Master's magic joined with his own, swirling just beneath the thin skin. It was as close to physically touching his center of being as could be had. It made him struggle against the nearing edge, desperate to come. *Not yet*, he thought as he shifted away from the teasing touches, but if his Master persisted he might be in need of a punishment.

Shivers wracked his body at that thought. To have his Master's fingers on his skin, covering his tattoos while he paddled his backside.

"What are you thinking?" his Master asked as he nibbled on the curved end of one mark, dragging a shudder through Salai's body that seemed to originate in the marrow of his bones.

"About coming and you paddling me while tracing my designs," Salai gasped out, writhing beneath the hand that dipped low, teasing the hairs above his straining cock.

"Would you like that?" His hand skimmed lower, but avoided Salai's cock, instead teasing the crease of his thigh.

"Yesss," Salai said on a hiss, squirming to try and get that hand on his cock.

His Master hummed, his face dipping down. His tongue traced Salai's belly button, then slipped lower, the rough stubble along his chin scraping against Salai's hard length, wringing delicious shivers throughout his body. "I like that."

"Huh?" He was too dazed to follow whatever thought process his Master was having.

A hot, wet mouth slipped around his cock, taking the whole of him in, and Salai whimpered and gasped, pitiful sounds falling from his parted lips as he trembled, putting forth an attempt not to thrust into the suction that was driving him too close to the edge.

"Come for me," his Master commanded as he pulled off his cock, his nails digging into several tattoos as he spread his hand along Salai's side, and even if he would be punished, Salai couldn't resist. He hung suspended for a moment, then fell, his orgasm streaking from him.

He collapsed against the bed, his arms aching from being stretched out, though he didn't dare release the headboard. He'd been given one chance for leniency, he knew there wouldn't be a second.

“Good boy,” his Master murmured between kisses as he nudged Salai’s legs wider, filling the space with his broad shoulders and shifting to cup his ass, tilting it up to his mouth.

Salai grunted at the first swipe of that talented tongue against his hole, bucking against the slick muscle as it slowly worked its way inside, unrelenting in its pursuit to reach the very depths of Salai’s being. He arched his back in an effort to give his Master better access as he kissed Salai’s hole before moving his tongue in and out, a finger joining soon after.

After what was too long and not long enough, his Master pulled back with a filthy slurp. Salai whimpered, turning away from the sight of his Master looking at him over his once again straining cock.

“Turn over,” his Master growled.

Salai nodded, quick to comply, his hands releasing the headboard, and as soon as they fisted in the sheets, his Master’s palm came down, the smack adding fire to Salai’s overheated blood. He cried out at the pleasure and pain, canting his hips higher, a silent demand for more. The bed shifted. Salai peeked over his shoulder, his gaze riveted to his Master’s backside as he walked toward his toy trunk. Salai sucked in a breath as his Master bent to retrieve something then turned around. In one hand was his favorite paddle, one that was quickly becoming Salai’s favored one too, and a cock ring in the other. He could practically hear his length whimper in worry at the sight of that ring. If his Master held that ring, chances were he’d also exert his will over Salai’s magic, using it to aid him in keeping Salai on the edge for as long as he wanted.

He watched his Master approach, apprehension and excitement building in his belly. His Master handed him the ring, and Salai licked it, getting it as wet as he could to make the slide onto his cock easier. His Master took it from him when Salai held it out on his tongue, a smirk on his lips as he reached under Salai, fitting the tight ring around his length. Then the paddle came down.

Salai jerked forward, a yelp spilling out before he could stop it, then felt another smack with a similar reaction. He didn’t bother to count the blows, too fixated on his Master’s face as his gaze traveled over Salai’s body. His neck protested the strain, but Salai couldn’t look away.

Fingers trailed along one of his marks, and Salai ground into the bed beneath him, needing some form of relief from the dual assault. His Master chuckled, the sound an added piece of torture as Salai wanted to come. Then

the paddle smacked his side, lighter than his ass but just over a cluster of his tattoos, and Salai screamed, tears stinging his eyes at the intense pleasure that flared out. He collapsed against the bed, his Master's hands quickly on his body, murmured apologies covering Salai's ears. It took him a moment to regain his breath, but once he did, he whispered, "More," because he'd never experienced such pleasure before.

"Are you sure?" his Master asked while his fingers traced where he'd smacked.

Salai made some kind of noise he'd deny ever uttering and nodded his head, turning his burning eyes onto his Master. "Yes, please."

"Hmm." His Master traced the ink a little longer, ducking down to kiss the red skin, then pulled back, bringing the paddle down again, lighter than the first.

When Salai bucked and whimpered, asking for more, another stroke came, then another, each gaining in intensity until he thought he might burst apart. His Master traced the edge of his ear with his lips and teeth, murmuring words of praise that barely penetrated and quickly slipped away once they had. Maybe he'd drifted for a moment, Salai wasn't sure, but when he became aware again, his Master held him close, a cup of cool water in one hand and some dried fruit in the other.

"Drink."

Salai wouldn't argue, he was thirsty. He tried to gulp the liquid, but his Master kept the stream slow, switching the drink with some fruit. As soon as he felt refreshed, Salai squirmed in his Master's hold until he could settle himself in his lap, leaning forward to kiss and tease his Master's mouth with his own.

He was still hard, and he ached. His magic buzzed beneath his skin, almost as if it were agitated. "Please."

His Master hummed, shifting Salai in his lap so he was on his knees, his ass at a better angle for his Master to tease at his hole, slicking it with some oil that seemed to always be at hand. Salai chuckled at the thought, shaking his head when his Master gave him an inquiring glance.

His Master teased him with his fingers, and Salai sighed, rocking against them, happy and feeling a little floaty as he was stretched. Having his Master slip inside him while his fingers were hooked at his rim was electrifying, and

Salai shuddered, his forehead falling to rest against his Master's shoulder. He worried the flesh before his mouth, little punched-out noises leaving him as his Master moved him, raising and lowering him on the hard length spearing him open. It was gentle and sweet, even as his abused flesh sent out little pulses of heat every time it was brushed against.

“So good for me,” his Master whispered into his hair, dragging Salai closer as he moved them faster. “Will you come for me?”

Salai nodded, gnawing at the flesh between his teeth as his Master's hand skimmed his side, gently pressing against the smarting tattoos before slipping between them, undoing the ring around Salai's cock. His Master grasped him in a firm hand and tugged. The pleasure was too much, and Salai came on a rolling wave, trembling as he clung to his Master. He used a little magic to lessen the pain of still having his Master's cock inside him after he came, shifting in his lap to get him moving again. Even though he felt weak and boneless, he still did his best to match his Master's pace, squeezing his channel when his Master slid out. His Master grunted against his throat, sucking another bruise above his pulse. He crushed Salai to him when he came, little breathy pants leaving him as he rolled his hips through his orgasm.

“That was nice,” Salai said on a chuckle, nuzzling into his Master's throat.

His Master hummed, leaning back and taking Salai with him. Salai grinned as he snuggled into the heat radiating from his Master. A deep, rumbling sound shook his Master's chest, and Salai laughed softly at the happy sound, amazed by the way he could feel his Master even more than ever before, their magic joined as it was along with their heartbeats. He'd have to remember to thank his sister for stepping in, but for now, he had a Master to fall asleep on.

The End

Author Bio

Ann Anderson is an odd little duck who lives in an odd little pond in an odd little place. It's a place filled with words, a pond filled with ideas, and a duck without enough time to listen and write them all down. Ann loves the usual reading and writing, but she also enjoys playing video games when she can spare the time and isn't working or torturing her cats.

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