

## Beyond Eden Sequel Opening:

Dear Readers,

Right after I finished Beyond Eden, I was so into the characters that I immediately jumped into writing a sequel. I honestly, never once considered that the publisher wouldn't like it. Why? Cause I love these next scenes, especially for Paul. Hands down, my favorite Paul stuff is in these three chapters.

I just love grown up Paul!!

When I sent the first four chapters in, the publisher promptly rejected not just this idea, but any sequel for Beyond Eden where the romance revolved around the three main

characters. The reason being, for me to write the sequel, I would basically have to undo their happy ending to create enough conflict for a sequel (which, as you'll read, I did – big time) and that was a no go.

There were other reasons, but it ultimately doesn't matter what they were because the entire idea of writing a sequel was panned. At the time, I was in a terrible contract that just basically made it impossible to pursue. This was one of the first truly hard lessons of my writing career, when I couldn't write what I wanted to write, no matter how badly I wanted to write it.

I was trapped.

So, I put away this story, and I was depressed about it to be honest, but I kept walking forward. I started Queen's Consorts, partially out of spite, and also because I felt like I still had topics and ideas to explore within the complexities of a three person love story. If you look real close, you can see the veins of Danny/Paul/Eve in Queen's Consorts, but I set it in a different world, far away from my publisher's meddling ways. That story became its own thing, but the energy of it was certainly created from the rejection of this Beyond Eden sequel.

Eventually, through much whining on my part, the publisher agreed I could write a

prequel, since that doesn't undo the happy ending and Finding Eden was born.

Hope you enjoy!!

Much Aloha,

Kele

# Chapter One

“Kinks?”

Paul stared at the thin, blond man behind the desk. He was handsome in a young, pretty boy type of way and Paul couldn't help the flare of jealousy that raged inside him. He knew he had to seem menacing as he glared at the twenty something kid with sheer malice.

“Pain,” he said rather than lash out the way he wanted. “It's pretty hardcore. There's not much I can't take.”

“If you say so,” the kid who had introduced himself as Charlie said, looking at his clipboard and writing down notes. “You haven't been

with my boss yet — most of his clients safe word in the first session.”

Paul stared at Charlie, unable to hide his concern. “Really?”

“Yes, really, he’s the cruelest Dom you can hire in New York,” Charlie said smugly. “That is what you wanted, right?”

“Yeah, sure,” Paul said distantly.

“Are you a switch?”

“No,” Paul said, still distracted as he ran a hand through his hair.

“Never?” Charlie barked in surprise.

“You’re lying.”

Paul’s head snapped up, his eyes narrowing.

“Why would I lie about that?”

“My boss doesn’t service switches,” Charlie said, glaring at Paul across the table. “Or straight guys.”

Paul grinned, knowing how cynical he must look. “I bet that’s a lie. I bet your boss loves straight guys.”

“I don’t think you’re a fit,” Charlie said as he set the clip board down. “You’re too ballsy, you’ll just piss him off. He’ll have my ass if I give him a switch and I don’t believe for one moment you’re a bottom.”

“What’re you, an expert?” Paul snorted incredulously. “You’ve been playing in the scene, for what, two years and suddenly you can spot a switch from a mile away. I do not

switch—ever,” he said firmly. “You can put submission right underneath pain on your checklist there and trust me—he’ll like the way I do it.”

“You’re not acting very submissive right now.”

“That’s because I don’t submit to bubblegum twinks,” Paul growled at him. “Why did your boss hire you? It’s not because you’re good at this. You must do something else for him.”

“You’re not a fit,” Charlie said rather than rise to Paul’s bait. “I’m sorry you wasted your time. The receptionist will validate you on the way out.”



“Really?” Paul said incredulously. “A handsome, married, straight man with a hardcore pain fetish isn’t a fit?”

“Yes, really,” Charlie said firmly. “If you like, I could recommend someone else, perhaps a woman.”

“I have a female Domme already,” Paul said evenly. “She’s the one who recommended me to your boss. I guess I’ll have to tell Circe she was wrong.” He stood up and reached into his suit pocket, pulling out his cell phone. “That should go over well. Circe loves being told she’s wrong.”

“You didn’t tell me you were recommended by Circe,” Charlie said, his face paling

noticeably. “She’s married. She doesn’t take clients.”

“She makes a few exceptions,” Paul said simply. “For the right submissive.”

“I know you,” Charlie said, leaning back in his chair and studying Paul. “I’ve seen you somewhere. It’s the suit that’s throwing me off.”

“Probably.” Paul shrugged as he started dialing Circe’s number. “I’ve been playing on the scene a long time. Long enough to know when a Dom who is supposed to be known for his professionalism has a really shitty assistant.”

“Don’t call her,” Charlie said pleadingly.  
“Please.”

“No?” Paul said, lowering his phone to stare at Charlie in surprise. “I thought I wasn’t a fit. I’m a busy man. I’ve got a job, a wife and a new baby. I don’t have time to fuck around with bubblegum assistants. If Circe was wrong, she should know about it.”

“You could be a fit,” Charlie said as he picked up his clipboard and started writing again. “I’ll discuss you with him and I’ll call you to tell you a time if he’s interested.”

“Very well,” Paul said, putting his phone back into the pocket. “I’ll look forward to it.”



# Chapter Two

“Honey, I’m home.”

Eve rolled her eyes and laughed as she got up from her chair in the living room, holding her son closer to her as she did so. With the baby cradled in her arms she walked around the corner to find her husband closing the front door.

“How was work?”

“Fine,” he said as he set down his briefcase underneath the table by the door and reached for the baby. “How ‘bout you?”

“Unsuccessful,” Eve said, avoiding his eyes as she handed their son to him. “He keeps me busy, I don’t have time--”

“Is that the excuse we’re going with now?” Paul asked her blandly as he held up the baby and spoke in a higher pitch, as if speaking to him instead of Eve. “First mommy couldn’t paint because the fumes were bad for her pregnancy. Then she was recovering from having you—now she doesn’t have time even though Daddy has offered to hire a nanny for her.”

“I don’t want a nanny.”

“Your clients are pissed off. You’re on contract. That means you’re supposed to deliver.”

“Ask me if I give a shit. I’m married to a business attorney who’s supposed to make sure I don’t get nailed by contracts,” Eve said as she turned to walk towards the kitchen. “Do you want me to make you dinner?”

“God, no,” Paul said with a wince. “I’ll cook.”

“I don’t love you enough to eat your cooking,” Eve said bitterly. “I guess we’re getting take out – again.”

“Evie,” Paul started as he walked into the kitchen, cradling the baby close to his chest as

his blue eyes became soft and sad. “Have you considered trying to talk to him? It’s been a year. He’s probably cooled down, come to his senses a little.”

“No,” Eve said firmly. “I’m not talking to him. I don’t even want you to mention him in this house.”

“Evie Girl--”

“I said, no!” She turned around to glare at Paul who looked so attractive in his expensive, three-piece business suit. His sandy blond hair was cut short and pushed away from his face, showing off angelically masculine features. He was a large man, all broad shoulders and hard cut muscles and despite everything she had



never stopped wanting him. “I love you,” she whispered, staring up at him and remembering how very much she meant it. “You’re all I need.”

“Then why can’t you paint?” he asked her sadly.

“Because I’m growing up,” she sighed, as she reached out and ran a hand over his shoulder in a soft caress and fought the urge to cry. “It happens to all of us eventually – even me.”

“I didn’t want you to grow up,” he sighed, his voice a little whinny. “Not like this.”

“Don’t say that,” Eve said, giving him a halfhearted glare. She stepped closer and leaned down to kiss her son’s forehead and

then tilted her head to admire him. “He’s so beautiful. He’s worth it, don’t you think?”

“He’s beautiful,” Paul said instead of agreeing with the full statement. “I’ll get changed and then I’ll go pick something up—sound good?”

“Sure,” Eve said distantly. “Sounds great.”

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Danny put his feet up on his desk and as he lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke up towards the ceiling of the apartment that he hated despite the fact it had cost him a small fortune.

“I only have one more,” Charlie said as he sat on the other side of the desk and sorted through his files distractedly. “But, I don’t think he’s a fit. I think you’ll hate him.”

“Then why are we talking about him,” Danny asked blandly. “Don’t I pay you to sort out the good from the bad? Isn’t that your job?”

“Yes, sir,” Charlie agreed in a soft voice as a blush stained his cheeks and he looked back down at his file. “But, he, um—threatened me—sort of.”

“Then I don’t want him. He’s a switch. I hate switches. I want good, obedient slaves--” Danny took a long drag off his cigarette and

blew the smoke at Charlie. “I would say like you – but, we both know you don’t please me.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

Danny rolled his eyes. “Throw his file out.”

“I would, but Circe recommended him,” Charlie said, lifting his pale blue eyes to Danny.

“I thought you should know that.”

“Circe,” Danny repeated as he lowered his feet and looked at Charlie in surprise. “Really?”

“That’s what he said,” Charlie shrugged. “Do you wanna hear about him?”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

“He said he’s fully submissive, not a switch – he was insistent about it.”

“Okay, that’s promising. Is he good looking?” Danny asked as he tapped his cigarette against his ashtray. He lifted his eyes to Charlie when he didn’t get a response and found him flushed again. “Well?”

“Yes.” Charlie nodded. “He’s, um – big, very muscular. He must work out constantly. He looks like a body builder.”

“Huh?” Danny said, raising his eyebrows thoughtfully. “What’re his kinks?”

“Pain,” Charlie said, looking unimpressed. “He said he’s hardcore, that there’s nothing he can’t take.”

“Gay, straight or bi?”

“He never said, but I’d call straight—he’s married.”

“Hardcore masochist, looks like a body builder—you’re certain you’d call straight on him?”

“That’s the vibe he gave me.” Charlie shrugged. “He certainly wasn’t interested in me.”

“Well, you’re a bottom. That could be why,” Danny said distantly as he took another drag off his cigarette and blew out the smoke thoughtfully. “What color was his hair?”

“Blondish—not like mine, darker, with brown in it.”

“Eye color?”

“Light—I think blue.”

“How handsome was he?” Danny asked, raising his eyes to Charlie. “Be honest. Lying will piss me off.”

“Really handsome,” Charlie said with a sigh of defeat. “Drop dead gorgeous—extremely fuckable.”

“Then why would you think he wouldn’t fit?” Danny asked him sharply.

“I don’t know,” Charlie shrugged and avoided his eyes once more. “I may have been jealous. I’m sorry, sir.”

“Handsome enough to be jealous of.” Danny raised his eyebrows as he considered that. “What’s his name?”

“Oh.” Charlie looked down at the file. “I didn’t verify his legal name, but he wrote down the name Adam. No last name.”

“I see,” Danny said as he stared down at the desk and a wealth of emotions rushed over him. The ache was back, more potently than ever, but there was more. He couldn’t deny the surge of excitement and lust that washed over him in a way that it hadn’t in a very long time. Before he could stop himself he found himself saying, “Call him, make an appointment for tomorrow.”

“I’ll need time to verify his tests and everything.”

“I’ll be careful, we can verify his tests later.”



“I don’t even know if he can afford you,” Charlie said, obviously taken back by Danny’s rash reaction when he never took a client without going through the proper procedure. “He’ll need to submit a financial statement.”

“He can afford me,” Danny said distantly before he lifted his eyes to Charlie, knowing they were haunted. “Get out.”

“Excuse me?”

“Get out of my office,” Danny growled at him as he put out his cigarette with more force than necessary. He suddenly felt raw and exposed and he’d be damned if he let Charlie see it. “Now.”

# Chapter Three

“Are you kidding?”

“I knew you couldn’t afford him,” Charlie said, shaking his head sadly as he typed at his computer. “I told him we’d need financial statements. I’ll tell him you aren’t interested.”

“I’m interested,” Paul said, gritting his teeth as he put his briefcase on the counter Charlie was sitting behind. He opened it, and searched through it, grabbing the checkbook of the account he shared with Eve. He stared at it thoughtfully, wondering if this was all really worth the risk. “The only checkbook I have on me with that much money is the account I share

with my wife. What're you gonna do about that?"

"Not our problem," Charlie said dismissively, still working at his computer and appearing very disinterested in Paul's dilemma. "If you don't have a private account with enough funds for our service, perhaps you ought to consider someone less expensive."

"I have the money, I just don't carry that particular checkbook on me. I didn't think it was going to be that much," Paul growled as he stared at the checkbook with Eve's name on it. "My wife will have my ass if she finds out I wrote a check for that much to your boss. No

shit, she'll fucking kill me. I need another option."

"We accept credit cards."

Paul stared at the annoying little shit behind the desk, deciding there were very few people in the world he loathed as much as Charlie. "It has to be because you're pretty," he mumbled under his breath as he pulled out his wallet and opened it. "Will American Express work?"

"Sure, if you want to put fifteen grand on an American Express, be my guest."

"I do," Paul said as he put his card on the table. When Charlie grabbed it, Paul leaned against the counter and studied Charlie closer while he ran his American Express. "Does he

have a lot of customers willing to pay this much?”

“Obviously,” Charlie said, holding up a hand to the office.

Paul looked around, admiring the dark woods and hauntingly beautiful décor, deciding that it was extremely fitting for what it represented. “Is this business actually profitable, even with the overhead?” he asked, the business attorney in him going crazy when he considered the price of the building they were conducting business in. He knew from conversations with Circe that Danny not only ran his business out of this building, but lived on the top floor. “Can he support the payments

for this building off the business, or is he using his own money?"

"What'd you care?"

"I guess I don't," Paul mumbled as he turned around and leaned against the counter. He looked at his watch nervously, knowing he was going to have to lie his ass off to Eve. He wondered if Danny had made the appointment at this time on purpose, right when he got off of work so he'd be decidedly late getting home. After staring at his watch for a second, he made the split decision to take it off, because it had been a gift and he didn't really want to be caught still wearing it. He threw it in his briefcase and then grabbed the credit card slip

from Charlie, signing it quickly and handing it back. “How long do I have to wait?”

“Do you get to have an opinion?” Charlie asked blandly. “Sit over there and I’ll tell you when he’s ready for you.”

“This is part of the game,” Paul whispered, staring around the office once more. “Making me wait for him.”

“Duh,” Charlie whispered under his breath as he went back to working at his computer. “Sit down. You’ll know when he’s ready.”

Paul rolled his eyes, but sat down in a chair in the corner. He grabbed his cell phone out of his suit pocket to text Eve, knowing she would hear the lie in his voice if he attempted to call

her. It wouldn't be the first time he had a meeting that made him late, she'd buy it for the time being.

“What'd you do for a living?”

“Is that your business?” Paul asked as he worked on texting Eve.

“Just curiosity. You're the first client that hasn't had to fill out a financial statement,” Charlie said, his voice mystified. “Or submit blood tests.”

“I have my blood tests if you want them,” Paul said offhandedly, still typing on his phone. “I was surprised you didn't ask. Glad to know I'm the exception.”

“You're not going to tell me.”



“Nope.”

“Why?”

“Just to piss you off,” Paul said as he put his phone back into his pocket. “You represent everything I hate.”

“And what is that exactly?”

“Pretty, arrogant, college boys rub me the wrong way – especially ones who think they’re hardcore because they like getting tied up on the weekends,” Paul sighed as he stared at Charlie again. “It’s not you, Charlie. I dislike most male bottoms-particularly pretty ones with pesky, little pain fetishes. I don’t want you in the same category as me and it irritates me when you are.”

“Why?”

Paul shrugged. “‘Maybe ‘cause I’m secretly a vain asshole who likes to think he’s tougher than everyone else. I’m competitive. When I do something I want to be the best at it—that includes, but is not limited to being a pain slut submissive.”

“Are you tougher than everyone else?” Charlie asked curiously.

“Yes, I am,” Paul said as he reached forward and grabbed a magazine. “Lucky me.”

“I don’t believe it. I think you’re all bark and no bite.”

“Well, I don’t give a shit what you think. He is leaving me out here with you to piss me off.

For all I know, he hired you just for the hopes of irritating me.”

“I’ve been working here for eight months.”

“That means nothing,” Paul said dismissively as he thumbed through the magazine and then tossed back on the table. “He knew I’d show up eventually and he knew you’d be here when I did.”

“I want to watch him punish you,” Charlie said in a dark, evil voice. “I want to watch him make you cry.”

“Why, because he makes you cry?” Paul asked, raising his eyebrows thoughtfully as he gave Charlie a calculated look. “I’ll tell you what, Charlie, lets do that. I’ll let you watch

him punishing me as long as you agree to let me watch him punish you after. That'll be the fun part for me, watching you cry after you've seen me take it without even a wince. You agree and I'll even pay extra for it. Deal?"

"You're a freak," Charlie snapped at him.

"Duh," Paul said, mimicking the high pitched, mocking tone Charlie had used earlier. "I just paid fifteen grand to get the shit beaten out of me. He didn't hire you for your intellect, did he?"

"Stop it, Paul Guy," A sharp voice cut into the office as a door behind Charlie's desk was pushed open. "He didn't do anything to you."

“Did you hire him to irritate me?” Paul countered as he grabbed his brief case and stood up, staring at the man leaning against the open door frame smoking a cigarette. “Be honest.”

“Yes,” he admitted with a sigh and then pulled a face at Charlie. “But, in my defense I like pretty college boys, even if Paul doesn’t. It was a win, win situation.”

“Told you,” Paul said as he went ahead and walked behind the desk, and looked down at Charlie. “Your boss is the cruelest master in New York because I made him that way. You still wanna watch?”

“I’ll pass,” Charlie said hesitantly, his eyes darting from Danny to Paul.

“I knew he was a pussy,” Paul whispered in disgust to Danny. “You better not be fucking him, Danny Boy.”

“I’m not fucking him,” Danny said, his eyes running over Paul as he pulled the door close, effectively blocking them from Charlie’s inquisitive stare. “What’d you want, Paul Guy.”

Paul set his briefcase down and then rubbed at the back of his neck as he looked around the room Danny had locked them in. Like the waiting room, it was decorated in dark woods and crimson. It was beautiful and classy in a

way only Danny could create, but the difference between this room and the waiting room was that it was decorated with a large variety of equipment used to punish and abuse. Paul couldn't help the pulse of excitement that went through him as he looked around and realized it had been a very long time since he had played these particular types of games and he had missed them profoundly.

“This is nice,” he rasped as he rubbed at the back of his neck once more and stared at the whip hanging in the corner. Knowing longing was probably showing on his face he looked away. “Expensive equipment—is the business supporting itself or are you blowing your inheritance to feed a fetish?”

“You’re being a business attorney,” Danny observed quietly. “You’re hiding.”

“I’m not hiding,” Paul said as he turned his attention on Danny when he walked over to a table in the corner and grabbed a pack of cigarettes. “When did you start smoking again?”

“The day I left,” Danny said as he lit the cigarette and blew out the smoke shakily. “I can’t do this if you’re gonna come in here and be a business attorney.”

Paul shrugged. “I just want to make sure its supporting itself. You’ve been open almost a year, it should be supporting itself – especially at the prices you charge.”



Danny snorted, shaking his head sadly. “The business supports itself, okay? I’m not paying for the building out of my inheritance.”

“Is everything set up correctly? This is a gray area at best, you need to make sure your ass is covered.”

“It’s probably not.”

“Do you have a good business attorney?” Paul asked in concern. “Death and taxes, Danny Boy. You can’t fuck around if you’re raking it in like this. You need someone who knows what they’re doing. I’ll make some calls for you if--”

“I don’t want to shop for a business attorney,” Danny growled at him.

“Why?” Paul barked incredulously. “You obviously need help.”

“‘Cause I miss my old one,” Danny said in anguish as he tapped his cigarette against the ashtray on the table distractedly. “I miss him a lot. I don’t want a new one. I’d rather go without one forever then have to replace him. Are you happy now? Is that what you paid fifteen grand to come and find out?”

“Maybe,” Paul sighed as he studied Danny. He was barefoot and bare-chested, wearing only a pair of black leather pants. His skin was warm olive. His body cut and lithely muscular, but he was thinner than Paul remembered. His dark eyes were heavy lidded as they ran over

Paul in a wild, hungry way of a starving predator. He was still surreally beautiful, perhaps more so than before because the darkness had always suited Danny and he had obviously fallen head first into it since he had left. Paul didn't think he had ever seen him so haunted. Beautiful or not, it bothered him. He made his voice husky on purpose as he asked, "What'd you want, Danny Boy?"

Danny raised surprised eyes to Paul's as he stared at him in shock. "You paid fifteen grand and you wanna do what I want?"

Paul nodded, still studying Danny intently after a year away from him. "Yup."

"Why?" Danny asked cynically.

“Cause it gets my dick hard.” Paul shrugged. “I like making you happy. I’m fucked up like that.”

“I guess,” Danny snorted as he took another long drag off his cigarette, his eyes dazed and distant as he stared at Paul’s chest. “Evie would shit if she heard you say that. You should be kicking my ass.”

“I should,” Paul agreed instantly. “But, that never got my dick hard and I just paid a very large sum of money to get off. Now I’m gonna ask you again—What do you want, Danny Boy?”

Danny lifted his eyes back to Paul, narrowing them menacing. "I wanna hurt you."

"Okay," Paul said, noticing for the first time the southern drawl was back in Danny's voice when it had been missing for the good part of fifteen years. He'd lost himself somehow, his rein on his control that had always been tight fisted had slipped to the point that he was reveling sides of himself that he always kept hidden, sides he hated. "Then lets do that."

"Evie will see," Danny said warningly.

"Don't worry about it," Paul said softly, trying to hide the pain he felt over Danny

becoming this person, someone he never wanted to be. “Evie’s my problem.”

Danny stiffened at that, his eyes flaring as he misunderstood Paul’s meaning. “I want you naked,” he said sharply. “Now.”

“Okay.”

Paul reached down to unbutton his suit jacket as he silently tried to find his subspace. It had never been hard for him before with Danny, but now he was struggling with it. He realized he had come here looking for his lover and found his master instead. He pulled his jacket off unceremoniously, taking his frustration out on it rather than lashing out at Danny.

“You’re doing it wrong,” Danny said in a low, hypnotic voice that caused a trickle of something to roll down Paul’s spine. “You’re my slave – act like it.”

“Right,” Paul mumbled, still struggling at finding something he realized he hadn’t had to tap in a very long time.

Even before Danny left, they hadn’t played like this. He had stopped being his master a long time ago and instead become a lover who didn’t mind hurting Paul because he got off on it. It had been fun, almost playful, nothing like this and it was frustrating Paul because he should be able to meet Danny halfway.

“Have you forgotten?” Danny asked in a bored drawl, his southern accent more noticeable than ever.

“Possibly,” Paul sighed as he looked up at Danny. “We may have to skip this part.”

Danny rolled his eyes. “Why don’t ya just get out, Paul Guy. Even Charlie does a better job than this.”

Paul stiffened, he couldn’t help it. “Excuse me?”

“I said ‘get out,’” Danny said lazily as he tapped his cigarette against the ashtray. “Go back to your boring, domesticated, vanilla favored life and forget about trying to play with me. I’ve surpassed you. You’re not my partner



anymore, not even close. Send Charlie in here on your way out.”

“Are you fucking with me?” Paul asked him, unable to stop himself from gaping at the insult.

“I wish I were,” Danny sighed, looking disgusted with Paul. “The day a twenty-two year old twink with a spanking fetish is more appealing to me than you is a very sad day. I’ll reimburse your money. I owe you just for coming here and reiterating that leaving was the right choice.”

Paul sucked in a sharp breath, because it washed over him like a tidal wave. He had

thought it was gone, that he had somehow moved past the side of himself that longed to be mentally abused. The pain fetish was different, he was a masochist, that was never going away, but this sort of rush had been absent for years. He was stunned at how good it felt, how profound the white-hot wash of lust was as it danced over his skin, leaving every fine hair on his body standing on end—it was almost better than pain.

“Oh my God,” he whispered in shock, his eyes wide and stunned.

“I told you to get out,” Danny said sharply, reminding Paul that he was still there. “I don’t need a business attorney.”

“No,” Paul said, turning around to face Danny with wide eyes. “I can do this – for you I can do this.”

“I don’t think you can.”

“You’re wrong.”

Danny’s eyes narrowed. He would have looked wholly evil if it weren’t for the ghost of a smile tugging at his lips. “Did you just tell me I was *wrong*?”

“Yes.” Paul nodded frantically. “I did.”

Danny stared hard at him, his eyes still narrowed before Paul saw him suck in a quick gasp of air. He turned away, closing his eyes as a shiver clearly caused by desire passed over him. Paul had been Danny’s slave for nine

years, and his lover for five years after that, he knew when he was turned on.

His entire body tightened, his cock hard and aching as Danny took another drag off his cigarette and then parted his lips, letting the smoke waft past them in a way it hadn't in so long.

“I guess I'll have to punish you then,” Danny said nonchalantly, though Paul could hear the rasp in his voice, the way it was breathy, making it obvious it was taking everything in him to hold onto his composure.

“You should,” Paul agreed, his voice suddenly soft and seductive. “Please punish me. I’d like that very much.”

“Why?” Danny asked, raising his eyebrows as his eyes ran over Paul. His gaze was suddenly dazed, the rasp in his voice no longer hidden. “Why do you like that, Paul Guy?”

“Because it pleases you,” Paul said, reaching for his tie and loosening it slowly. “Let me try again. Let me undress for you, Danny Boy.”

“Okay.” Danny nodded, his eyes on Paul’s hands as he pulled his tie out of his collar and dropped it on the ground. “Your clothes will get wrinkled.”

“I don’t care if you don’t,” Paul said as he pulled the top button of his white shirt undone. “They’re yours anyway.”

“Right, what’s yours is mine ‘cause you belong to me,” Danny said distantly, as if only now remembering the rules. “Is that still true?”

Paul felt a smile tug at his lips as he worked at undoing the buttons of his shirt slowly, watching Danny’s eyes follow the line of skin he reveled. “It’s true – so true I just paid fifteen grand to serve you.”

“Yeah, I like that,” Danny rasped, his cigarette abandoned in the ashtray as he rubbed the pad of his thumb over his full bottom lip. “That’s sexy – you’re sexy.”

“Thank you.”

Paul forced his eyes to remain soft as he worked at undoing his shirt. When he got the buttons at his wrist undone, he slipped it off, being deliberate about the way that he did it. Though part of him bristled, he tossed his shirt to the ground, being very aware of what Danny wanted to see.

There was no sexy way to remove shoes and socks, so Paul did that quickly and efficiently before he straightened and undid the button to his black slacks. Danny’s eyes, shadowy and heavy lidded were trained on Paul’s hands as he worked at the zipper and Paul felt himself falling hard. He suddenly felt the forced one-

year separation and he was desperate for everything Danny had to offer. He loved Eve, had loved her for as long as he could remember, but there was an awful lot she couldn't give him and it was all wrapped up in the darkly beautiful package of Danny Carlow.

Forget the seduction of Danny, Paul was seducing himself by going into his subspace and pulling his pants down slowly for his master that he had missed more than he had ever realized. He took his underwear with them, tossing it all aside and standing there naked. He wanted to be on his knees, he wanted to stroke himself shamelessly and put himself on display for Danny. Forget the pain,



he wanted to get to the raw, animalistic fucking part of this game.

Paul ran his hand up his stomach, forcing Danny's eyes to follow as he trailed his fingers up the broad expanse of his chest. He licked his lips as he fingered one pierced nipple, twisted the silver barbell, his head falling back from the small zing of pain that went through him.

"Fuck," Danny growled, his voice heavy with lust.

Then he was there, his heavy footfalls bringing him into Paul's personal space and his entire body ignited. He groaned out loud, arching into Danny shamelessly, twisting his nipple once more as his teeth bit hard into his

lower lip, causing the copper tang of blood to burst on his tongue.

“Oh my God,” Danny panted, his breathing like that of a wild animal as his fingers suddenly tangled into Paul’s hair, jerking his head back viciously. “You’re doing it on purpose, you worthless piece of shit. You’re flaunting yourself thinking I’ve missed you.”

“I’m sorry. It’s just been too long,” Paul rasped, his chest heaving. “Hurt me, Danny Boy. Please hurt me,” he choked, his voice almost whinny in his desperation, a years worth of desire springing free in a wave of uncontrollable, deviant desire. “I need it.”

“You gotta suck me first,” Danny whispered, his breath still ragged pants of desire. “I’m gonna fuck your mouth, Paul Guy. I’m gonna make you a whore. Do you like that?”

“Fuck yes,” Paul said, languid and heavy with desire, Danny didn’t have to tug much to get Paul to fall to his knees in front of him. He landed hard, pain radiating up his thigh from an old football injury, and it hurt so fucking good Paul didn’t know if he was going to be able to stop himself from coming. He wrapped his arms around Danny, pulling him close as he laved his tongue over the lines of his abdominal muscles in an act of lurid worship. “Can I touch you?” he whispered against his skin, inhaling his scent, savoring his taste as he licked him

once more. "Give me permission, please, Danny Boy."

"Do it," Danny growled, his fingers tightening his Paul's hair, jerking his head back once more. Paul looked up at him, seeing the wild haze of rapid desire glowing in his dark eyes as his beautiful chest heaved and glimmered with a fine sheen of lust induced sweat. "Take it out, suck it like you love it. Be a fucking whore, Paul Guy. I wanna see it."

Paul reeled back, his eyes glazing under the tidal wave of desire. Danny really was at the top of his game. Paul didn't know how he got this level of abusive ability, how Danny had managed to tap into this much anger and he

was so deeply into his subspace he didn't care. He ripped at Danny's leather pants, his fingers shaking as he tugged at the ties. His groan was primal and audible as he freed the long, thick length of Danny's cock. He took a deep breath as he leaned in, savoring the smell of him, the salty taste of precum as lapped ravenously at the head of it.

Then he was choking, gagging as Danny thrust himself deeply into his mouth and Paul loved it. His fingers dug into the sensitive skin at the curve of Danny's waist, holding him close as he sucked hard. It must have been too much, because he was suddenly baring most of Danny's weight, physically holding him on his feet when the pleasure hit him. Paul wrapped

his arms around him as Danny's hands flew to Paul's shoulders, his fingers biting into the skin as he thrust his hips forward once more silently begging for everything he had to offer.

It didn't last long, Paul was too enthusiastic and Danny was too turned on. Paul's eyes strung from when that first salty tang of Danny burst to life on his tongue and he sucked harder, wanting to savor his flavor, not knowing when he was going to taste him again. His hold became soft, his hands sliding down the line of Danny's back in a way that was less the worship of a slave and more one of scorned lover who shamelessly needed that one last taste of the divine.

“No, no, no,” Danny moaned desperately, his voice choked with tears as his fingers dug deeper into the muscles on Paul’s shoulders as he continued to fuck his mouth, riding out his orgasm despite the misstep by Paul. “Don’t do that. Please don’t do that, Paul Guy.”

Hearing his master beg was not sexy no matter what the game, but Paul wasn’t sucking off his master, he was sucking off the boyfriend he had loved his entire adult life, one who had been completely absent for the past year. He couldn’t stop loving him even if he wanted to and it seemed Danny wasn’t capable of seizing control back and stopping him. His entire body shuddered, his grip on Paul’s shoulders became a feather of a caress as his hands slid to

the back of his neck and then to his face, cupping his cheeks as he leaned heavily into him.

Paul had to fight for his composure. He leaned against Danny, resting his cheek against his stomach, holding onto him tightly as his eyes burned and a sob of pain trapped itself in the back of his throat. He didn't want to let go, he wanted to drag him home and keep him there no matter what it took. Danny's fingers were in his hair, caressing it softly, his raspy breathing more that of emotional desperation than coming down from a pleasure high. Paul didn't dare look up at him, he knew instinctively that they'd both come apart if they did and neither of them wanted that.



“Please just say sorry to her,” Paul whispered into the deafening silence of Danny’s playroom, the fear of saying something he shouldn’t weak in comparison for his family to be together and whole once more. “If you did it right, she’d let you come home.”

It happened so fast, Paul was confused as to why his cheek was suddenly pressed against the unforgiving dark wood. He was sprawled out on the floor, Danny on top of him, his hand shoving painfully against the side of his face as he pushed harder, forcing an imprint of expensive, heavily grained cherry wood to sear into his skin.

He'd attacked like a snake, quick and vicious, reminding Paul distantly of an angry teenager who would hit first and ask questions later. It wasn't only Danny's accent that had returned with a vengeance, it was everything that had once drawn Paul to him like a moth to a flame. Vicious, angry, selfish and self centered, Paul suddenly realized who he was dealing with. This was Danny from long ago, one who was almost hazy in Paul's memory until that moment.

With crystal sharp clarity, an image of Danny as a teenager, with dark, dangerous eyes that could freeze and terrify even the most ferocious of bullies. He was capable of things Paul would have never admitted out loud to

anyone, not to himself, certainly not to Eve. This was the friend of his youth that had been heading on the fast track to being a career criminal and found BDSM instead. To save Paul from himself, Danny had channeled this vicious, raw anger into being his master instead of taking it out on others who didn't appreciate the passion behind it. This was Danny before his training with Circe, before she broke what was pure sadistic passion to Paul, this was a man the masochistic pain slut in him had sulked over losing for a very long time.

Paul wilted, the calm of his subspace jerking into a euphoric place of not quite reality. If Danny could be this vicious, sadistic master from days gone past, Paul could certainly be

the broken hearted masochist who had discovered a love of submission because he would have done literally anything to be hurt. The scars he had from those days were like love notes saved in boxes to stare at when one stopped remembering what it felt like the first time. Danny may deny it to everyone, including himself, but many of those scars on Paul's body were from him.

He didn't have to use his imagination to remember heartache so all consuming he was desperate for the most painful distraction possible to hide from it. That feeling was pretty fucking visceral in his mind and it had been for the past year.

“Do you get to have a fucking opinion,” Danny growled, making time bleed away when he shoved Paul’s face harder against the ground. Paul hadn’t felt this young, this fantastically vulnerable and alive since he was nineteen and discovered that his and Danny’s fetishes played well together. “Do you get to even speak?”

“No, sir,” Paul said, his voice shaking from the desire, making him seem frightened and vulnerable, he was neither, but his cock was sure having a fun time pretending.

Danny’s hold loosened, his breath hitching. “That’s against the rules.”

“Are you playing by the rules?” Paul asked, trying really hard to keep the taunt out of his voice.

“No,” Danny said distantly, his voice shaking as Paul’s was, meaning that he was lost in the fantasy as well, something that was never supposed to happen. They weren’t both supposed to lose control. “Fuck the rules.”

Paul smiled, time blurring even more intensely. “Don’t listen to that stupid bitch, sir. She’s trying to control you.”

“Fuck Circe, I don’t have to listen to her. I’m better than her now,” Danny agreed, leaning heavily into Paul, his weight crushing the breath out of him as he whispered in his ear. “I

want you to call me master or sir – you’re not my friend.”

The barrier of nicknames removed, the one rule quite literally beaten into both of them by Circe as a safe guard to remind each other that at the core of the game, they were abusing and submitting to their best friend, someone they loved and cared about. That was one unique them, two victims of lust who when Circe had gotten a hold of them, had been a very real danger to each other.

The memory of just how tortured Danny could be after a particularly vicious season had Paul snapping back to reality. In those days, no matter what a mess Paul was, Danny had

always been the one who needed aftercare. The one Paul had to talk off the ledge when he realized his anger had gotten so extreme he'd scarred and damaged his best friend.

"My safe words are Evie and Frankie," Paul said, forcing the shiver out of his voice. "Tell me you heard me, Danny boy."

"Evie and Frankie," Danny said, his voice still shaking with desire. "Whose Frankie?"

"My son," Paul said softly, feeling the vibration of Danny's anger off him from that one statement. He wilted, giving up responsibility for the moment and added. "Sir."

"I'm gonna hurt you so badly," Danny growled at him, his southern accent and deep



voice reminding Paul of Danny's long dead father. "I'm gonna make you cry."

"Okay," Paul said softly. "I'd deserve it, sir."

"You ruined everything," Danny rasped, his voice razor sharp in hurt and fury. "You knocked her up. I fucking hate you for that!"

Paul closed his eyes, trying desperately to be as faceless as Danny needed him to be, because that had him wanting to turn around and sucker punch him. He gritted his teeth, his hands curling into balled fists. "I'm sorry, sir," he ground out, promising himself that he would spend a very long time on his knees for Eve to make up for that apology.

“You ruined everything,” Danny repeated in a distant, tortured whisper.

If he thought he was getting another apology for that, he was delusional. Paul turned his head to look back at Danny, wrenching his wrist out of his grasp easily, needing to remind him for just the moment who was bigger and stronger. “So shut up and fucking punish me for it,” Paul growled at him, raising his eyebrows challenging. “Sir.”

Danny’s eyes narrowed, his body growing tense, reminding Paul once again of a snake about to strike. Paul knew right then that he was going to get a fifteen thousand dollar beating and he really hoped he wasn’t going to

end up in a doctor's office instead of going home to his wife because of it.

# Chapter Four

Danny's knee shook as he stared at Paul, who had refused any sort of fusing. He smoked his cigarette, watching as Paul toweled himself off while he cast long, concerned looks at Danny.

"Y-You probably need to go to a doctor."

"Probably," Paul agreed as he walked back into the large, master bathroom in the upstairs apartment of the building. Danny never let clients into his private sanctuary, but Paul wasn't an ordinary client. Paul turned around and stared at his back in the mirror. "Inspired, using fire – no blood."

“I didn’t want to have to clean you up.”

“I get it,” Paul said tensely.

“Why’d you safe word?” Danny asked the question that had been bugging him for the past half an hour.

“What does it matter?” Paul asked blandly as he looked around Danny apartment and then threw up his hands. “Shit, my clothes are downstairs.”

“Maybe I want you naked,” Danny offered, unable to keep the sharp edge out of his voice.

“Do you fuck your clients?” Paul asked, raising his eyebrows curiously.

Danny hesitated, before he looked away.

“No.”

“Then, oh well,” Paul said, pushing past Danny with an uncharacteristic show of anger and headed towards the door. He was going to walk bare assed naked downstairs for his clothes, not that it wasn’t predictable, he walked naked upstairs for a shower. Danny dashed in front of him, blocking the door and Paul stood there, folding his arms over his chest. “What?” he barked, looking extremely ominous and large, something that was strange to see.

Danny took a shuddering breath, his gaze running over Paul for one hot moment as reeled over had badly he wanted him. “Are you coming back?” he asked, hating the desperation in his voice.

“At fifteen grand a session,” Paul snorted, giving Danny an incredulous look. “I don’t think so.”

“I’ll give you a discount,” Danny whispered, unwilling to give Paul too much control over the situation. “It won’t be unaffordable for you.”

“You have to be fucking kidding me,” Paul said slowly, his eyes wide in stunned shock. “You’ll give me a discount?”

“A considerable one,” Danny added.

Paul snorted, and forcibly pushed Danny aside to open the door. Danny stood there, reeling at just how strong and powerful Paul was when he wanted to be. He found himself

jogging after him, following the curve of that beautiful muscular ass down the stairs. He just tried not to look at how much damaged he'd caused Paul's back, how serious the burns were. If Paul hadn't used his safe word —

Danny shuddered. "Did you use it because it was too painful?" he asked, following Paul through the backdoor of his playroom. "Is that the reason?"

"If that's what you want to believe."

Paul reached down to grab his pants and underwear, tugging them on in quick, jerky motions, making it obvious he wanted to go home and fuck his wife. He worked on his



shoes and socks next, balancing on one foot, putting them on impatiently.

“I’ll do it for free,” Danny whispered when Paul slipped on his shirt.

“I’m flattered,” Paul said blandly, leaving his shirt unbuttoned and picking up his suit jacket. He shook it out, looking bothered by the wrinkles. “But, no, I’m not going to be your whipping boy.”

“You love being my whipping boy.” Danny snorted at the absurdity of this debate. “It’s your favorite thing.”

“Here’s the way I see it,” Paul said as he threw his jacket over his shoulder and went for his briefcase. He set it on the table by the door

and flipped both snaps to open it. He pulled out a gold, engraved pen that Danny recognized as a gift he'd given him for Christmas two years ago. Paul turned the pen with precision and then reached for one of his business cards. "I can go to any club or party and find some sadist who gets off on hurting me. You, however, appear to be lacking a submissive willing to deal with the level of abuse you're craving to feed this fetish that's gotten creatively extreme."

"I can find someone," Danny said defensively.

"Good for you," Paul said simply as he leaned over and wrote on his business card.

“But, if you find yourself in need of someone a little tougher than your twinkie boyfriend out there call this number. Talk to my secretary and tell her your name is Lucas Diablo and you’re interested in going over a long-term business plan for your start up. I’ll make sure she knows to schedule you an appointment.”

“An appointment?” Danny barked in disbelief. “You’re fucked!”

“It’ll cost you five thousand dollars,” Paul went on as if he hadn’t heard him.

Danny laughed. “You *are* fucked!”

“Money order, make it payable to Eve Matting,” Paul said as he handed Danny his business card, which he found himself taking

just to see what he wrote on it. “In the comments section write – For Frankie.”

“I’m not paying you five thousand dollars,” Danny said with certainty. “There are plenty of pain sluts out there.”

“Then throw out the card,” Paul said as he turned to walk out the door, shirt open, expensive jacket slung over his shoulder.

Danny stared at the door after it closed in his face and then looked at the card, seeing Paul’s neat, efficient handwriting spelling out something that made Danny’s gut clench.

*I fuck my clients.*