

H.C. BROWN

PUNISHED

COPS
'N' FLOGGERS 2



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Bad boys, bad boys

When Vice Detective Del Hood receives a call out to investigate a muscular, tattooed man in black hanging around the entrance to a sex shop, he believes the smart-mouthed Danny Rose is trouble with a capital T. Problem is the moment he pats him down and runs his hands over his hard body, a connection between them sizzles.

Could Danny be the arrogant, wisecracking sub of his dreams?

Reader Advisory: This Gay Romance series contains scenes of BDSM and hot sexy undercover vice cops out to find their perfect subs.

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Chapter One

“Spread ‘em.” I shoved the guy against the hood of my SUV and kicked his legs apart. He’d made the owner of the sex shop nervous by hanging around for over an hour. The call had come in, and I’d sat in my car watching him for twenty minutes. This guy posed a threat and was as sure as hell casing the joint, or waiting for the chance to mug someone.

“What the fuck?” The big man resisted, but when he turned his head, his eyes widened at the sight of my shoulder holster. “You a cop?”

“Shut the fuck up. I’ve observed you loitering with intent outside this establishment, so best you cooperate.” I bent him over nearly drooling as the tight denim hugged his muscular thighs and peachy ass. Man, he smelled so fucking good too, all freshly showered and spicy. “You carrying?”

“Nope.”

“I’m gonna pat you down.” I dragged his hands behind his back then ran my fingers over his chest and down his long legs. *Oh, fuck*, making an arrest is the last thing on my mind right now. Visions of him spread out naked in my dungeon, angry and spitting fire filled my mind. I rested one hand on his rounded butt reluctant to stop touching perfection. The way he wiggled under my palm made my heart race. I ground my teeth to push down the overpowering desire to drag my thumb up the seam between his ripe buttocks just to see his reaction.

“Who the fuck are you?” The man shot me a look over one shoulder and pinned me with a fierce blue gaze. “Take your fucking hand off my ass.”

I straightened and easily spun him around to face me then pulled out my creds and flipped open the holder. “Detective Del Hood, Vice. Show me ID.”

“Why?” The man folded his arms over his chest and glared at me. “I haven’t done anything wrong. This is police harassment.”

I moved into his personal space, and his submissive reaction filled my cock so fast my head spun. “Give me your name, boy.”

“Fine.” He lifted his gaze from my shitkickers, took out his wallet, and produced a driver’s license. “Danny Rose. Now what law have I broken?” He looked up and glared at me defiantly. “If you’re not arresting me, I’m leaving.”

I glanced at the license, and twenty-three and six-two of hot sub dropped his lashes as if waiting for instructions. *God, give me strength*. Allowing my gaze to move over him, I stared for a slow count of five on the bulge in the front of his pants. He’d obviously enjoyed my domination, and out in the street with people looking on, he’d shown an exhibitionist streak. *Nice*. I returned to examine his strong features and fashionable stubble. *Shit*, I could almost feel the rasp of it against my lips. When he lifted his head, I

caught a flash of arrogance in his eyes. He'd submitted to me and maybe the idea kind of worried him. A big strong guy giving up control to a cop would take some doing, but I'm sure he felt the crazy connection flare between us the moment I touched him. No matter what, I couldn't let him walk away without having a taste.

I moved closer and could hear his sharp intake of breath. I unbalanced him, aroused him, but would he submit to me without the badge? "Well, Danny Rose, I want to know what you are doing hanging around the back door of a BDSM club? I know you're not one of the usual rent boys, and trust me, the locals don't like new guys taking their spot."

"I'm not a fucking rent boy." Danny stared at him and swallowed hard. "I'm looking for my brother."

"Your brother, huh?" Detective Del Hood rubbed his clean-shaven chin. "Why do you think he'd be here? Is he a member of Safeword?"

"Could be." Danny flicked a glance over the powerful man standing before him. "We lost touch, and I heard someone had seen him in the area."

"So why not go inside and enquire after him?" Hood rolled his massive shoulders and stood feet apart.

Danny could picture a flogger in his hand and had the strange yet forceful desire to drop to his knees before the cop eyeing him with contempt. He had the strangest feeling Detective Del Hood was a Dom, mainly by the intimate way he'd touched him. Man, cops had frisked him heaps of times. He looked bad, wore earrings, and dragon tattoos adorned his arms. Add wearing a leather jacket, and in this neighborhood, cops stopped to search him on a regular basis. Vice cops throwing him against a wall and let's say being less than gentle during a shakedown was usual for a guy that looked like him, but this cop had caressed him intimately, and in truth, he'd liked it.

"I knocked on the door, but they said I needed a sponsor to get inside. It's a private club." He wet his lips, and the small action caught the attention of the cop. "I thought I'd wait outside just in case he came out." He straightened. "No crime in that is there, officer?"

"Hanging around here isn't something I'd recommend." Hood flicked a glance toward the flashing lights around the sex shop's façade. "How did you know Safeword is in that shop's basement. It's kind of 'need to know' if you get my meaning?"

Not sure if he should divulge his life story or his brother's, Danny shrugged. "I just know, okay?"

"Nope, not okay." Hood jerked a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the club. "The manager of the sex shop thought you were casing the joint and called it in. Guys that look like you make people nervous."

"Do I make *you* nervous?" The words popped out of his mouth before his brain had time to process them. *Oh—shit.*

"Nope, you make me hungry."

Danny blinked thinking he'd misheard him. "I missed that, sorry."

He caught the flash of amusement in his eyes and swallowed hard.

"Never mind." Hood glanced at his watch. "My shift finished ten minutes ago. I need to check in then I'll see if I can find your brother." He turned and strolled toward a black SUV with tinted windows and an overabundance of chrome.

A few moments later, he returned and gave him the slow up and down inspection he had earlier. Danny wanted to stare him down, challenge him for being so fucking personal but the man drew him with something primal—a raw masculine attraction only a true edge playing Dom could produce for a sub like him. He liked rough, hot "fuck me anywhere" sex, but he craved the punishment a big muscular Dom could give him. Of late, the scenes he'd endured under inexperienced Masters had made him wary of seeking company. A bad scene followed by no cooldown cuddle and selfish sex did things to a sub's mind, and right now, he was close to becoming a monk. "I'm not sure if anyone can help me. Up to now, I've been hitting brick walls as if my brother is protected by some fucking ring of silence or something."

Hood inclined his head and swept his gaze over him as if assessing him again.

"Yeah? You'll soon discover I'm not 'anyone.'"

What game is he playing? "How are you planning on getting inside Fort Knox over there?" He grinned. "I doubt even flashing your badge will make the baboon on the door allow you to enter a private club."

"I'm a member." Hood gave him a slow, satisfied smile. "Quite a few cops spend their downtime in Safeword. If you want to come inside and look for your brother, I'll sign you in, but I have one rule."

Danny straightened and raised a brow in question. He was no man's bitch and didn't intend to become one just to look for his brother. Yeah, he enjoyed domination but on his terms. "I'm not giving you my ass and if that's a condition of helping me, forget it. I'll wait here and see if he comes out."

"You *are* a fiery one." Hood chuckled and met his gaze. "Much as I'd like to tame that belligerent streak, I don't fuck guys I've just met. I prefer the slower approach. You see, I can be *very* demanding, and most of the boys who come to my dungeon have plenty of experience." He bent closer and lowered his voice to a whisper. "With such an arrogant streak, I doubt many Dom's would risk the chance of you being a 'do-me queen.' I don't like subs giving me orders. I expect complete surrender—always."

"So, what's your angle?" Danny inhaled the rich masculine scent of the man and bit back a moan of pleasure.

"If I sign you in as my guest, you remain by my side and leave with me." Hood rubbed his chin. "Think you can manage that, boy?"

Danny shrugged reluctant to move away from the hard body so damn close to him the heat from him seared his jeans. "Not a problem. I know BDSM club rules, and I have my

test results on me. I know most private clubs require them before entry. I *am* clean by the way.”

“Great! I’ll remember that if I get the urge to fuck you.” Hood strolled toward his car. “I’ll grab my bag and change inside.” He grinned. “Best you stay close, the Dom’s in Safeword are pretty aggressive with new boys.” He grabbed his bag and headed for a flight of steps disappearing into darkness.

“As long as you don’t expect me to hold your hand.” Danny followed close behind.

“Maybe later.” Hook winked then grinned in a flash of white teeth. “Mind your step, it’s dark down here.” He moved slowly to the bottom of the stairs and flashed a card under an illuminated scanner beside the door.

“Yeah, I know.” Danny followed behind taking each tread with care. “I came down here just before, and the guy inside told me to fuck off.”

The door clicked open, and the gorilla stood to one side and waved Hood into the foyer.

“Is he with you, Master Hood?”

“Yeah, he is my guest.” Hood turned to Danny and indicated with his chin toward a counter. “Sign in over there.” He nodded to the man dressed in studded black leather behind the desk. “This is Danny Rose. He is sightseeing tonight. If he likes what he sees, I’ll bring his paperwork next visit.”

“Okay.” The Dom pushed a book across the counter toward Danny. “Name and address, sign the waiver, and you’re good to go.”

What the fuck? “Waiver for what?”

The Dom’s mouth twitched at the corners as if he was trying to smother a grin.

“Well, some of the new pups get carried away, racing hormones and all that, so the waiver is so they don’t sue Safeword if they end up in a dungeon.”

Danny straightened to his full height. “That’s not gonna happen, but I’ll sign anyway. I need to ask you something. I’m looking for my brother, Steve Rose. He goes by the name of ‘Thorn.’”

“Sorry, we are not allowed to give out member’s names, but you’re welcome to look for him. I’d try the dressing rooms behind the stage if I were you.” He chuckled. “I think you might get lucky tonight Hood, two for the price of one. Although, I find it hard to believe he is Thorn’s brother.” He gave Danny a slow once over. “If Master Hood is too edgy for you, come see me, pup. I’m Mast—”

“Back off Brian.” Hood slammed his fist on the counter making the pens roll off the edge and spin away in all directions.

“Sure thing, Hood.” Brian stepped back. “You’re good to go.”

Danny glanced from one Dom to the other. Hood’s eyes blazed a warning and all the color drained from Brian’s face. *Trust me to befriend the Alpha.*

Chapter Two

I scowled at Brian and watched his Adam's apple bob up and down as he swallowed his words. "Come with me, Danny. I need to change. The members wouldn't appreciate me going inside dressed as a vice cop." I turned and walked away hoping the boy would follow me.

"Do you know my brother?" Danny touched my arm. "Brian seemed to recall him."

I looked down at his hand, glad when he removed it fast as if he'd touched a hot iron. Slowly, for full pissed-off Dom effect, I raised my gaze to his face. "I know Thorn, he is one of the strippers working the leather club circuit. Didn't know his surname was 'Rose' or I'd have tied you in with him." I walked on.

I would never have picked him and Danny as brothers. Thorn is the complete opposite to Danny. Small, pretty, and has refused every Dom in the place, excluding me. I've never approached him—he is not my type.

I paused outside the Dom's locker room and turned to him. "You'll have to wait here. The guys don't like subs in their private space. I'll be five minutes." I pointed to a small arcade of shops. "Why don't you take a look at what's on offer here."

"Yeah, thanks." Danny headed toward the leather shop, his tight buns sliding deliciously inside his jeans.

I swallowed hard at the way my fingers itched to touch him again, but he would be hard to tame. I've had a few like him in the past, arrogant, tough, but in the end, they all begged for my cock and snuggled into me after a scene. I know this makes me sound like a prize asshole, but I'm not like that at all. I look for the special qualities in a sub I can work with to bring out the very best level of satisfaction for both of us. His type make the best subs and winning their trust is something special. I value and cherish my boys and one day, I will meet the one who decides to stay with me forever.

I have the feeling Danny isn't attached, he reacted to my touch too easily, like a guy hankering for some action. I do not believe for one second he isn't interested in me. *Fuck*, he smells like sex, and when guys are turned on big time, they give off that special musky aroma. He would be mine for the taking if I decided to play along with his little game of not being interested in me. *Oh yeah*, within the week, I'd have his trust, and he'd be screaming under my flogger. Problem is, I don't chase subs. Sure, I encourage the ones I like, but I allow them to make the first move. I never demand and always have an agreement about what happens inside the dungeon then it's my way or the highway. To set the record straight, respect goes both ways in a scene and allowing a strong-willed boy to dictate the terms of a relationship is a recipe for disaster. I'm a Dom, and I am in charge—always.

I removed my street clothes and dressed quickly in leather pants and vest then pushed my clothes, shoulder holster, and Glock 22 into my locker. A Dom carrying a loaded firearm wouldn't be too welcome inside Safeword. As many of the members are cops, firefighters and the like, we have our locker rooms situated outside the private club area. As I stepped into the hallway, I spotted Danny leaning against a shop front window gazing inside. I stared at his muscular frame. Cut with zero body fat, he wears his clothes tight to display his physique to its best advantage. When he turned slowly, and our eyes met, my stomach went into freefall. *Holy cow*, it had been a very long time since a man had that effect on me. His gaze flicked over me, and the way the corner of his mouth curled up in approval made blood rush to my cock. Schooling my expression, I moved to his side and couldn't resist inhaling. "Ready?"

"Yeah." Danny wet his lips. "Will black jeans pass the dress code?"

I smiled at the flash of doubt in his eyes. "You're with me, if you were wearing a pink tutu no one would dare say a word, but yeah, black is the dress code, leather is expected."

"I see." Danny paced beside me. "So how do you know my brother?"

I glanced at him. "You know he's a stripper, right?"

"Dancer." Danny rubbed his chin. "I haven't seen him since he left home four years ago." He cleared his throat. "We lost contact then I ran into a friend who told me he was a member of a number of clubs in the area. I came straight away, but up to now, no one will admit he is a member, and if the guys on the door let me inside to look for him, they want something in return. So, I wait outside, but up to now, he has avoided me."

"Why would he avoid you?"

"My dad threw him out, and I guess he expected me to follow him." Danny shrugged. "I had a good job and couldn't just walk out, so I waited for my vacation then looked for him, but he'd vanished." He flicked him a glance. "I've spent years searching for him without luck. I guess he is avoiding me, but now, I have to speak with him. It's important."

"Okay." I led him past the security and through the glass doors into the main floor of the club. "We'll check the dressing rooms first." I skirted the dance floor and took the steps to the performer's area.

It was late, and if Thorn had performed, he could have already left for the night. I checked the names on the doors and waved a hand toward the one with his name. "Good luck, I'll wait for you." I hammered on the door with my fist.

The door flew open, and Thorn gaped at me then turned his attention to Danny.

"What the fuck are you doing here and with that asshole?"

Danny flicked Hood an apologetic glance then regarded his brother with interest. He hadn't changed a bit apart from the glitter on his cheekbones and dark black lines around each eye. "I'm looking for you, like I have been for the last fucking four years. Master Hood was kind enough to sign me in so we could talk."

“Oh, he’ll do anything to flail the flesh from your body and screw you senseless.” Thorn flicked his hair from his face and glared at Hood. “Isn’t that right? We call you ‘The Reaper of Lost Assholes’ in here.”

“I have a fan club, how sweet.” Hood snorted in obvious amusement. “Jealous you’re not a member, Thorn? I’m sorry, twinkles aren’t on my menu.”

“No, but he is, isn’t he?” Thorn jerked a thumb toward Danny.

“Cut it out, Steve.” Danny stepped between them and shook his head. “You’re angry with me, not him. Look, we need to talk.”

“Fine, but its ‘Thorn,’ Steve died years ago. Come into my dressing room and leave the Terminator outside.”

Danny turned to Hood and smiled. “Thank you, I owe you one.”

“I’ll wait here for you just in case things get rough in there.” Hood gave him a slow smile and propped his back against the wall. “Take your time.”

Inside the dressing room, Danny glanced at the skimpy costumes hanging on coat hangers attached to pegs in the dirty wall and swallowed hard. He turned to speak to Thorn. “So, do you like stripping for a living?”

“Never mind what I *do*. What the fuck do you want?” Thorn dropped into a chair before a large mirror with lights all around and plucked wipes from a box then slowly removed his makeup. “That guy out there is trouble, why are you hanging with him?”

“I’m not hanging with him, we only just met.” Danny stared at his brother in the mirror. “He was going to arrest me for loitering outside the sex shop. I’ve been searching for you for ages, years in fact.”

“Like I said, what do you want, Danny?” Thorn flicked him a long cold stare. “Say it and leave.”

Danny grabbed the back of the chair and shifted his brother to face him. “I’m not fucking leaving, and I need you to prepare yourself for a shock.”

“Nothing will shock me.” Thorn glared at him. “Get on with it.” He turned back to the mirror.

Gathering the soul-destroying pain in his heart, he laid one hand on Thorn’s shoulder. “Mom and Dad died in a wreck three months back.”

Chapter Three

“Why did you take so long to tell me?” Thorn’s sheet-white face stared at Danny’s reflection.

Danny rubbed the back of his neck taking in the way Thorn’s hand trembled. His brother always had a way of pushing his buttons, and this wasn’t the time to retaliate. “I left messages and my phone number all over. Of course, I didn’t know you had taken up stripping in underground dives.”

“Stop it! I had no choice.”

“You did. You left me alone with a father who thought you’d perverted me. Do you know how long it took to put him straight? At least he died knowing gay men are not freaks of nature. Thank God our parents never found out what you do for a living, being gay is one thing but stripping—fuck!”

“Says the boy giving goo-goo eyes to the biggest edge playing Dom in the club. I bet Dad didn’t know about your secret perversion.”

“No, but I’m not wiggling my bare ass in front of an audience of randy men six days a week.” He glared at his brother. “I couldn’t believe my ears when I ran into Julian and he told me where you worked.”

“Don’t mention that man’s name in my presence.” Thorn pushed to his feet, headed into the small bathroom, and turned on the shower. “That asshole is the reason I have to work six nights a week. Did he mention when he was spilling his guts he took me for fifty grand?”

Danny stared after him in shock. “Fifty grand? How?”

“Remember the house we purchased?” Thorn let out a string of expletives broken with the need to disembowel Julian. “The asshole told me we needed a second mortgage and I had to sign some documents.”

Oh Lord, when it came to handling money, Thorn was hopeless. Danny leaned against the bathroom door. “And you signed away your half interest in the house ... right before he dumped you?”

“Yeah, you got it in one.” Thorn stepped from the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist. “I tried to reason with him, but he is far too smart for me. I honestly believed when we went to sign the paperwork it was to refinance, not to sell the fucking place and in the paperwork, I somehow agreed all the proceeds would go to him.” He lifted his chin and Danny thought he noticed a quiver in his bottom lip. “It happened so fast. I had to go away for a week. There was a conference in Atlanta, and when I came back, the new owner gave me a letter with a key to a storage locker.”

“Why didn’t you come home? You know I would have beaten the living shit out of Julian and got you at least some of your money back.”

“What, and tell Dad?” Thorn pulled on his clothes. “He threw me out when I wanted to move in with Julian—remember?” He covered his face with his hands. “I can’t believe they’re gone. I didn’t get the chance to say goodbye.”

“I’m sorry, but you should know they sent me out looking for you.” Danny gripped his brother’s shoulder and squeezed. “They forgave you years ago for leaving.”

“That’s good.” Thorn glanced at him. “I’m glad you found me. You okay? I guess you had to handle all the arrangements alone?”

“Yeah.” Danny frowned. “Their wills stated the house had to be sold, and everything split between us.”

“So, they left me something in their wills, did they?”

“Even split.” Danny sighed. “The lawyer is holding your half of the cash. It is a substantial amount. Dad had more in the bank than I imagined. Not that I need the money.” He sighed. “I followed in your footsteps, started off in IT, and now I own ATIC Games.”

“You own ATIC—Get the fuck out of here.” Thorn looked genuinely interested. “Are you *that* good?”

“Does, *Rip Apart* ring a bell?”

“Hell, yeah.” Thorn raised both brows. “Yours?”

“Ah-huh.” Slightly embarrassed, Danny pushed both hands into the front pockets of his jeans. “Why did you start stripping? You had a fantastic job in the video games industry.”

“A fantastic job in the same company as Julian.” Thorn snorted. “Who do you think the guys at work would believe, him or me? My credibility was shot, and I needed money. I met a stripper in a leather club downtown, and he helped me out. He let me stay at his place, and introduced me around. That was over two years ago, and I’m headlining now in four major clubs.” He flicked him a glance. “I own my own apartment and live alone. Where are you staying?”

Danny smiled at him. “Hotel.” He flicked a glance at the door and lowered his voice. “Unless I get lucky with tall, dark, and cop outside.”

“Trust me, that Dom is trouble.” Thorn smiled. “Hot, oh yeah, but brutal. Are you sure you know what you’re doing? Ah-huh, from *that* look I see you do.” He tapped his bottom lip. “Hood expects boys to fall at his feet, so if you really want to see if you fit with his personal style of brutality, maybe you should back off with the raging hormones and let him chase you.”

“Hmm, that sounds like a plan.” Danny grinned. “So, am I going home with my big, little brother?”

“Yeah, that will really piss him off.” Thorn grinned. “I can’t wait to see his face when you tell him. Hood isn’t known for his patience.”

When the dressing room door finally opened, Danny peeked his head out and looked at me with an expression I could only determine as guilt. I straightened and met his gaze, keeping my expression as neutral as possible. “All good?”

“Ah ... I guess.” Danny glanced behind him then back at me. “Giving people bad news isn’t something I enjoy.”

“Oh? I’m sorry.” I noticed Thorn behind him looking upset and put all thoughts of having Danny lubed and naked to the back of my mind. “Would you and Thorn like to have a meal with me? Food is a great way to soothe the nerves, and I’d like to help out any way I can.” *Did I just say that?*

“I’ll just ask Thorn.” Danny turned his head toward his brother obscuring his face from me.

“Yeah, thanks.” Thorn threw open the door. “But I’m not discussing family problems with you, *Master Hood*. If we start dragging up the past again, I think we’ll need a referee.”

I smiled at him. “That bad, huh?”

“Yeah, finding out my parents died in a wreck isn’t something that happens every day.” Thorn flicked back his long bangs and eyed me with distrust. “Or finding out my brother hooked up with *you*.”

“We only just met an hour ago”—Danny gave me an apologetic shrug—“and that’s not a nice thing to say. *Master Hood* has been very kind to me. I’ve been waiting outside for hours.”

“And you didn’t get arrested?” Thorn stepped into the hallway.

“Yeah, I did—well, not arrested, questioned by *Master Hood*.”

I looked from one to the other determined to end the bickering once and for all. “Yeah, and I signed him in the club to speak to you. Now can we get a meal? My shift just finished, and I’m famished.” I glared at Thorn. “I’m sure you know the way.”

“Walk this way, girls.” Thorn sashayed toward the stairs.

I chuckled noting Danny’s blank expression. “If I walked like that, I’d do myself an injury.”

“I don’t want to know.” Danny covered his eyes. “I can’t look at him when he acts like a queen.”

I couldn’t resist the temptation and grinned. “Man, you should see his act. He is something special. The way he—”

“Don’t go there or you’ll put me off my food for a week.” Danny shuddered. “Maybe two.”

I walked beside him, resisting the need to touch him. I wanted to hold his hand or squeeze his delicious butt but pulled back the urge. I had time to explore Danny as a possible sub. A man who’d just found his long-lost brother was not leaving yet awhile, and I sure as hell wasn’t going anywhere. I needed to ease into a fact-finding conversation. “I know you’re new in town, so where are you staying?”

“The Regency up to now, but Thorn has offered to take me in until I find a place of my own.”

“If you find a place of your own.” Thorn winked at him over one shoulder. “I need a big strong brother to keep the men from following me home.”

I slowed my pace allowing Thorn to move ahead, glad when Danny remained at my side. “So how long have you been in the scene?”

“Three years.” Danny flicked me a glance and his cheeks pinked. “You?”

“Five.” I wet my lips. “Do you have a Dom back home?”

“There is no ‘back home’ and I’ve been let’s say ‘experimenting’ a bit with a few different Doms. I haven’t found a fit yet.”

The look he gave me made me instantly hard. I grabbed his arm and turned him to face me. I just had to ask. “What are you into?”

“Pain.”

Chapter Four

The restaurant was deserted, but I led the boys to a secluded booth at the back. I had the feeling Thorn didn't particularly want his friends seeing him with me, and that was fine. I'm the type of Dom the more timid types of men avoid like the plague, and I know some of Thorn's buddies fit that description, not that Thorn doesn't have the same edginess as Danny. In fact, if he wasn't so small and pretty, I might have chased him myself. Both boys stood to one side to allow me to sit first, the small action only a sub would do made me bit back a smile. The brothers, complete opposites had a couple of things in common, both being gay and subs.

I waited for the waiter to leave with our orders before resting my attention on Danny. No matter what game he was playing, I knew he was more than a little curious about me. His brother had painted a pretty sordid picture of my character or Dom status in Safeword, all true of course. I couldn't help overhearing his warning and the argument through the thin dressing room walls. I met his gaze. His soft, yet interested expression, turned me on, because I knew a stubborn pig-headed man lay beneath the handsome exterior. For me, his temperament was like a red flag to a bull.

Deciding to act as if I hadn't listened in to their conversation, I leaned back in the chair and gave Danny my best guileless smile. "Now you've found Thorn, what's your plans? You said you didn't have a home to go to but what about a job?"

"I have a job." Danny pulled out his phone and placed it on the table. "I can do everything I need to on this baby. My crew runs a tight ship."

"He's only asking you because he wants to recruit you into his 'Lost Boys' program." Thorn eyed me over a glass of water. "There are a few members, all vice cops, who get underage rent boys off the street."

"Oh, well, I'm not underage, and I'm employed." Danny shrugged. "I hope you don't put the kids into foster care?"

I noticed the suspicion in his face and cleared my throat. "No, we have a safe house run by some of the rent boys we rescued and who decided to stay to help the younger ones. It's funded by a bunch of rock 'n' roll dudes, and the police commissioner overlooks the whole deal." I rubbed my chin. "It's not a prison. The kids stay there, go to school and get jobs because they want a better life. It's a caring environment where they are protected from predators."

Danny stared at me, and a strange expression crossed his face, astonishment perhaps as if an asshole like me was incapable of feelings. The waiter came with the food, and we all ate in silence for some time before Danny refilled his glass from a jug of water on the table and looked at me.

“Later, not tonight, I’d like to know more about the ‘Lost Boys’ scheme.” Danny sipped his drink. “If it’s not a scam I’d be interested in donating to the cause. I’ve noticed too many kids hanging in back alleyways since I started searching for Thorn. It’s epidemic, problem is, most organizations have no idea how to handle kids, or they’re corrupt.” He gave him a long searching look. “I would never have imagined you’d be involved with children. You are very intimidating even out of the leather gear. You’d scare most kids.”

I pressed a hand to my chest and pulled a horrified face. “Stabbed straight to the heart. Don’t you know the best Doms are those who care?”

“Okay.” Danny grinned. “But you’ll have to convince me, and trust me I’ll need a lot of persuading.”

I took out my phone and pulled up my contacts page then handed it to him. “Give me your number. I’m sure we can discuss anything you need to know. I’m free Saturday if you’d like to go for a drink, or dinner?”

“I don’t drink but how about lunch?” Danny keyed in his number then slid the phone back to me.

“Lunch is good. I’ll call you with the details.”

“When you two are finished acting like high school sweethearts I’d like to leave. I’m exhausted.” Thorn glared at me. “I have to get home and make up my spare room for Danny.”

“Sure.” I reached for my wallet.

“No, you don’t. I’m not your boy.” Thorn pulled notes out of his pocket, but before he could drop them on the table, Danny stopped him with a wave of his hand.

“My treat, and don’t go ballistic on me for offering to pay for a meal. You can buy the next one.” Danny gave me the sweetest smile. “I’m fucking loaded ... ah, *Master*.” He opened a billfold packed with one-hundred-dollar bills and dropped a couple on the table. He wet his lips in a suggestive slow move and stared into my eyes. “Call me.”

With that, he placed one arm around Thorn’s shoulder and left the restaurant. Speechless, I stared after them trying to grasp the situation. I should feel elated, I’d obtained Danny’s phone number, made a date, and discovered his taste in scenes, but somehow, he’d manipulated me into chasing *him*. *The smartass, when I get him into my dungeon, I’ll show him I’m the Master*. The image of him walking away stirred my cock to another full erection. *God help me*, my balls would be blue by morning at this rate. I contemplated going down to the main floor of Safeword and finding a willing house sub for a quick BJ, but the thought left my mind as fast as it had entered. Instead, I stared at my phone. I would call him late, maybe not until eleven, make him wait and teach him his first lesson of being with Master Hood. I opened the list of contacts and laughed, scaring the busboy half to death. Instead of his name, Danny had written:

“Punish Me.”

* * *

I woke the following morning to hammering on my door. *Fuck!* Saturday was my day off and whoever had decided to disturb me before ten needed a very good excuse. If someone planned to sell me something, then they would get an eyeful. I threw back the blankets and strolled to the door buck-naked to see two familiar faces. “What?”

“Gonna let us in or do you want the old lady coming along the passageway to drop dead with shock.” Nash Mage lifted his chin toward my neighbor and gave me his patented death stare.

“Whatever.” I turned away and headed for the bedroom leaving the door open.

“How they ever gave you a gold shield defies reason.” Tyler Speed followed me inside with Nash on his heels.

“Guys, if you’re that desperate to see me bend over, take a seat and I’ll do it in slow-mo.” I reached for a pair of jeans and hopping on one leg pulled them on.

“You do have a peachy ass.” Nash grinned and cocked one black eyebrow. “But I’m married.” He rubbed his chin. “But I’d be open to taking a few body shots.”

I glared at him. “What the fuck do you want this early?”

“It’s ten-thirty.” Tyler glanced at his watch. “You been out on the tiles all night?”

“Nope.”

“I thought you might have found a house sub to keep you company last night.” Tyler flicked a glance at Nash. “Oh, fuck he has got it bad.”

I dragged on a tee shirt and stared from one grinning face to the other. “I need coffee before you explain what the fuck you two are talking about.” I headed for the kitchen.

“Nash got a call from Thorn this morning.” Tyler dropped into a kitchen chair watching me fill the coffee maker. “He is worried about his brother.”

“Yeah.” Nash turned a chair around and straddled it resting his arms on the back. “He knows you’re an asshole and thinks his brother is out of his league.”

A hysterical laugh bubbled up my throat. “And he called *you?*” I grabbed mugs from the cupboard. “That’s like a virgin calling Dracula for help because they cut their pinkie.”

“I’m so glad my reputation precedes me.” Nash chuckled. “Especially when I’m a happily married man.”

“A happily married man who if he didn’t have three vice cops as best friends would likely be doing time about now.” I put the cream and sugar on the table then made myself a bowl of Fruit Loops. “Are you talking about a sub by the name of Danny Rose?”

“That’s him.” Tyler got to his feet and collected the coffeepot then poured three cups. “Thorn is worried about him. He believes he’s in big trouble.”

“He begged, and I mean that literally, to persuade you to back away.” Nash sipped his coffee and sighed. “Maybe you should leave this boy alone?”

“Hmm really?” I met Tyler’s gaze and smiled. “This is the two hundred pounds of muscle, sub, who when I asked what he was into said ‘Pain’ and who added his number to my phone under the name, ‘Punish Me.’ That Danny Rose?”

“Shit! I thought he was a very young twink, going on Thorn’s description of his ‘baby’ brother.” Tyler spooned sugar into his mug. “What the fuck is going on?”

“You came into my home with backup and got heavy.” I glared at the pair of them. “You tell me.”

“What went down last night?” Nash leaned back in his chair and stretched his long muscular legs. “Something must have spooked him?”

I gave them a quick rundown of what happened and munched on my breakfast waiting for them to decide how to crawl out of the mess they’d made. They said nothing, and I slowly raised my chin and glared at them. “So, you honestly think I’d take a vanilla to my dungeon and flail the skin from him? *Really?* Give me a break.” I pushed my plate away so fast it slid across the table and Tyler caught it before it crashed onto the floor. “What about the code? Fuck, I thought we were friends, and now I’m wondering.”

“Sorry man.” Tyler winced. “It’s just I know how easy it is to fall for someone young and pretty and if Danny is anything like Thorn, man he would make it easy to break the rules.” He shrugged. “I know being in vice and having rent boys putting the hard word on us day in and out isn’t easy. Do you know how many cops, including the straight ones, accept sex as a bribe?”

“Not me. I’m not into twinks.” I stared at him over the rim of my mug. “I’m not the one who took a rent boy home and made him my sub.” I snorted. “How is your live-in boy? Ricky is his name, isn’t it? Sweet thing. How can you possibly trust Nash to work with him?”

“Forget Ricky.” Tyler refilled his mug. “We’re here about Danny.”

“Danny isn’t on the game, he is wealthy as in owns his business *and* has experience. He is trying to play me, as in a do-me queen. I gather in the dungeon he is planning to be much like one of Nash’s old subs. Damien tried to mindfuck you, didn’t he?” I looked at Nash and noticed him stiffen.

“I don’t speak about Damien, he is gone and forgotten.” Nash frowned. “You sure you’re strong enough mentally to take on a sub who tries to override everything you do? The moment you fall for the guy, you’ll be lost. Trust me, it happens then everything goes crazy. It’s like the world turns upside down and you’re out of control. You don’t want to go there it does things to your mind.”

“I agree, Danny is a challenge, he likes to be in charge, but if he makes it into a scene with me, he’ll discover my way is the only way.”

“That’s good, but I just can’t figure out Thorn’s angle in all this.” Nash cleared his throat. “Why try and cause trouble?”

“Jealousy.” I leaned back in my chair. “That boy has been hanging around the clubs for years, and I know a few Doms have let him down. His trust issues are shot, and he needs to find a Dom and get back into the scene.” I drummed my fingers on the table. “Then along comes his brother and he runs into me the first night. We had that sizzle between us from the get-go. You know what I mean when two guys just know sex is going to be out of the ballpark?”

“Yeah.” Tyler grinned. “I know it well. So, Thorn is going to be a problem. What can we do?”

“Nothing.” I rubbed the back of my neck thinking. “Once I’m satisfied Danny and I are a fit, we’ll bring Thorn into our group of friends. I’m sure we’ll find a horny Dom to suit him. He just needs a push in the right direction.” I grinned. “I know more than one Dom who can tame that wildcat.”

Chapter Five

Danny paced the sitting room, his mind conjuring all sorts of excuses to talk Thorn into obtaining Master Hood's phone number from one of the other Doms who worked with him. What had gone wrong? Had he come on too strong or not acted submissive enough? He glanced at the clock for the millionth time then noticed Thorn's almost smug expression. Dropping onto the sofa next to him, he let out a long sigh. "I have the feeling you've been up to something. I want to get involved with Master Hood, have you done anything to put him off?"

"Me?" Thorn raised one immaculate brow. "Why would I try and prevent my little brother from making the biggest mistake of his life?"

"You didn't?" He gaped at Thorn in disbelief. "Please tell me you haven't gone behind my back and caused trouble?"

"Do you know how many subs limp out of that asshole's dungeon ruined for life? Do you?" Thorn lifted his chin. "He takes everything, and leaves his boys a mess. I've seen them and heard the stories."

Danny could not believe his ears. "Did you actually speak to any of his subs or are you going on gossip?"

"I've seen the marks on them and heard the gossip." Thorn flicked his hair agitated. "No, I haven't spoken to any of them. None of them would dare to complain. Hood is dangerous."

"Absolute twaddle." Danny shook his head. "It's been years, Thorn. I *know* you like to be dominated, but you play at being a sub—me, I live for the pain." He met his brother's worried gaze. "I'm a big boy and can take care of myself. I need a Dom like Hood. Fuck, just being near him makes me hard."

"Don't come running to me when he castrates you."

Danny's phone rang and as he stared at the screen, his stomach twisted. "Hello."

"It's Hood. So, where do you wanna meet for lunch?"

Danny flicked a glance at Thorn and walked away at his brother's eye-roll. "I need to get back to my hotel and change. My bags are there, I crashed at Thorn's last night."

"And you've been waiting for me to call before you left, how sweet, or do you need your big brother's permission to have a meal with me?"

"No, I make my own decisions and have done for a long time." Danny strolled into his bedroom and shut the door. "Thorn is just looking out for me, he doesn't understand my needs. A scene for him is spanking and anal play." He cleared his throat. "Your reputation intrigues me, are you as bad as they say?"

"Ha! Well, to find out, you will have to come into my dungeon and give up everything to me. I mean everything, boy. The first step is, trusting me." Hood's voice dropped to a

low husky whisper. *“I’ll push you to your limit, but I know when to stop. I demand complete surrender, nothing less. In return, I’ll set you free and let you fly on the biggest orgasm you’ve had in your life.”*

Danny swallowed hard. His jeans tightened unbearably, and his cock throbbed with need. He willed his voice to come out normal and sucked in a deep breath. “Okay. I guess we should sort out the details. My hotel at three. I’m in room twenty-one at the Regency. That’s on the second floor.”

“You need two hours to get pretty for me?”

“Ah, no but I wanted to pack my bags and drop them off here on the way to lunch.”

“How long until check-out?”

Danny chewed on his bottom lip, his heart racing with anticipation of meeting Master Hood again. “I booked the room for another two days, so I have plenty of time.”

“Then we’ll order room service, and I’ll drop you back to Thorn’s with your bags later.” Master Hood chuckled. *“I’m taking over control, now. Just go with it like a good boy.”*

The line went dead.

I arrived at the Regency dressed in black jeans, tee shirt, and a sports coat to cover my shoulder holster. I have enemies, most of us in vice have the odd crazy out on the streets looking for trouble. I carry my creds and off-duty weapon, a Glock 22 at all time. The doorman at the upmarket hotel looked down his nose at me, but I wasted no time making my way across the soft blue carpet and into the elevator. As the doors slid shut, I stared him down then grinned. He probably thought I’d arrived to do a drug deal. I don’t often get picked as a cop that’s why I’m so good at my job.

The elevator crunched to a halt, and the doors opened onto a cozy passageway, rooms ran down each side, some with trays piled with dirty dishes outside waiting for collection. I ambled along checking out the room numbers. I was over an hour early, and the idea of surprising my new pet made me hot. The thought of touching and tasting his prime flesh made my balls ache. With any luck, I’d find him in the shower and wouldn’t have to encourage him to remove his clothes. *Oh yeah*, I fully intended to have his ass, and my need was more than the hunger pains in my gut. Anticipation and the half bowl of Fruit Loops had ruined my appetite but not my desire for him.

The number twenty-two loomed up, and I straightened then knocked on the door. No sound came from within. I used my fist and pounded making the wood creak under the force then I heard him.

“Okay, I’m coming.” Danny threw open the door and stared at me. “Oh, I—you’re early.” He grasped the towel around his waist. “Come in.”

There is nothing—and I mean *nothing* better than seeing a man wet from the shower. The way the water dripped from the ends of his collar-length hair and ran over bunched

muscle made my lips tingle. I followed him inside and closed the door flicking over the security bolt. "I couldn't wait." I stepped closer and snatched the front of the towel before he had the chance to react. "Come here."

"I'm all wet."

"So I see." I bent to capture his mouth thrusting my tongue deep into his soft, willing mouth.

When he moaned like an animal in pain, I deepened the kiss and gripping handfuls of his soaking hair, held him and devoured him. He kissed me back, meeting every savage stroke of my tongue with a hunger—no a demand for more of me. Dragging my face away, I stared into his eyes, deep blue pools of sin. I grabbed cuffs from my back pocket and cinched his wrists together then pulled away the towel. His cock, cut and dripping precum bounced up to greet me. Man, I wanted to taste the pearly wetness, but that would have to wait. He needed tough love, and I am just the man to give it to him. "I'm gonna fuck you raw. Do you have a problem with that, boy?"

He shook his head then dropped his gaze, submissive, and a shiver went through him. I spun him around and pushed him toward the line of coat pegs beside the door. He staggered then gathered his feet under him only gasping in complaint when I slammed him against the wall. "Get your hands up. Loop the chain on the cuffs over the peg." I pressed my fist between his shoulder blades. "Don't speak but I will allow you to moan."

I stepped back, removed my jacket, shoulder holster, and tee shirt then tossed them onto a chair. "Spread 'em. Wider." I pushed one arm around his waist and pulled his feet backward, so he made a ninety-degree angle with the wall.

I pressed against him and ran my hands over his chest, squeezed his flat nipples and tugged at his rings. His skin pebbled under my palms, not from the cold, the heat radiating from him was almost burning me. I used my nails over thighs and hips, deliberately avoiding his cock and balls. I know he wants me to touch him, cup his sac, soothe his throbbing erection but I'll never be predictable. I pushed away, squeezed his ass and pulled the cheeks apart. He didn't tense as if accepting everything I planned to do to him without a struggle. *Hmm*. I liked his fight, his arrogant need for control. I wanted to tame him not see him bow to me too easily. I slapped him then turned to scan the room. My gaze rested on a pile of bags and a baseball bat. I grinned and picked it up slapping the length against my hand. His head turned in my direction, and I caught a flash of concern move over his face before the shutters came down again. "Will this fit in your mouth?"

I pressed the end of the bat against his lips, and he lifted his gaze and shook his head. I dropped the bat. "Why you may ask? Because if it fits in your mouth, it probably fits up your ass." I rubbed the top of the bat with the palm of my hand. "If I stick a condom on this baby, and lube it up, we'll be ready to go."

"Permission to speak, Master?"

I scowled at him. "What, not up to a bit of ass spreading?"

“Not that kind.” Danny shook his head. “I’m game to try most things, but you’ll tear me a new asshole if you try to fuck me with that thing.”

Sweat had replaced the water and beaded on his brow. I’d hit the mark and unsettled him. I guess now, he was having second thoughts. I gave a dramatic long sigh. “Okay, maybe next time.” I unzipped my jeans and stroked my aching erection. “This too big for you as well?”

His gaze fixed on my hand. He wet his succulent, slightly swollen lips and shook his head. The sight of my dick usually has men running for the door. It’s thick and the Prince Albert kind of worries some guys. I’m not sure why, it’s designed for optimum pleasure, no sharp edges. I suited up taking my time to display the erotic beauty of my exceptional length then walked to him and held out my hand. “Spit.”

He gave me the best “oh, fuck” expression I’ve seen for ages but obliged. “I told you I’d fuck you raw.” I wiped the spit on his hole lingering to push one finger inside then grasped his hips.

My cock has its own sonar, and I’m convinced it can find a willing asshole without any help from me. I grasped his hips and thrust in to the root. The small cry he made almost made me lose control and spill. I froze inside his heat to give myself a few precious minutes’ grace and leaned on him, making him take my weight on his arms. I loved the way his muscles trembled as the metal cuffs bit into his flesh. The exquisite quivering went right through him and wrapped around my cock like my own personal vibrator. I ground my hips in slow circles and enjoyed his gasps of delight. Pressed so intimately against his ass I can feel the brush of the light dusting of hair on his buttocks scraping against my balls. The sheer pleasure of being inside him grabs me, tugs at the realization I’ve wanted a tough hardheaded man like Danny all my life. He moves rocking his hips, trying to make me pound him. *No, no, no, delicious boy. I’m in charge, always.*

I pulled out, and the drag against my pulsing flesh was pure torment. He glanced over one shoulder, a shocked, desperate expression in his beautiful eyes. I gave him no explanation and ignored him. Kicking off my boots then removing my jeans, I took my time slipping out the leather belt. It’s studded and about three inches wide, just right to teach my new boy a lesson in manners. The noise as it swings through the air made Danny tense. Good, the pain will be much sharper. I brought down the strap, once, twice, three times then repeated the thrashing and when my boy’s legs shook I knew the time had come to take him hard. Digging my nails into his warm, damp flesh, I dragged him back, stretching his panting frame toward my super hard dick. I rammed inside, and this time, I wanted to make him feel every fucking stroke.

He grunted keeping time with the hard slaps echoing in the room. *God!* He was so fucking tight, so hot I wanted to ride him to hell and back. My head spun, and the room shifted out of focus, but nothing mattered but the flames of exquisite desire curling around my balls. The tingle like a rush of tormenting heat climbed up my cock. I wanted

to slow it, savor the moment and try to think of anything but the trembling man against my chest then it happened, the catch in his throat, a long feral moan, and his ass gripped my cock in sublime waves. I thrust deep, taking everything his body offered me and let go. *Fuck*, when I spilled the backwash made my legs shake. I wanted to hold him, lick the sweat from his spine and demand he continued this delight in my dungeon but I held my tongue.

“Oh, fuck.” Danny sucked in deep breaths. “Permission to speak, Master Hood.”

“Speak.” Reluctantly, I slipped free of him and stepped away to clean up. “I’m done—for now.” I needed a minute to gather myself. Man, this guy was so fucking hot. A night with him would be a dream come true.

“You are remarkable.” He glanced at me and his gaze traveled over every inch of my nakedness. “I’ve never been so fucking turned on.”

I snorted and unclenched his hands then spun him around to face me. “That was nothing. If you want more, we have to thrash out a few rules. For me, that was just sex.” I pulled him into my arms, found his lips, and took his mouth in a branding.

When I lifted my head, some time later, his eyes were unfocused, dreamy. I held him away and smiled. “Let’s order lunch then have a shower. I just happen to have a contract in my jacket pocket.”

“Hmm.” Danny touched his lips. “That sounds like a plan.”

Chapter Six

Danny used the key Thorn had given him to open the apartment door. He moved inside, glad his brother had already left for work. Behind him, Hood carried one of his bags inside. He smiled at him. "My room is this way." He led the way to his bedroom and dropped his bags on the floor.

"Nice place." Hood glanced around then grinned. "The frilly cushions are so Thorn." He rubbed his chin. "You seem more the sparse, modern kind of guy."

"Well, I managed to convince him to give me the spare bedroom to set up as an office. I'll need to work from home if I decide to stay here." Danny glanced at the man who had taken him to a new level of erotica. "I can do just about everything from here and go into the office once maybe twice a week. My crew are pretty reliable. If anything comes up they can't handle, they'll call."

"That's good." Hood cupped Danny's chin in one large palm and stared into his eyes. "You had enough to eat? I noticed you didn't eat much dinner and I need you to be strong for our first scene tonight."

Danny ignored the dropping feeling in his gut. He wanted to fly, and Master Hood would take him there and back. He trusted him. The way he'd set out the scene, asking minute details of his previous pain levels, what he liked, disliked and what he thought he might want to try. "I'm good. A bit nervous. You are an unknown quantity, but I trust you."

"Good." Hood nibbled on Danny's lips then took the bottom one between his sharp teeth and pulled. "I'll allow you to speak tonight. I'm going to push you out of your comfort zone, but I want to hear you swear at me. Use your safeword if you need too."

Danny's knees shook with desire. He wanted to be in a scene this second not wait for his Master to make arrangements. He leaned into Hood, desperate for one more kiss, one show of his passion toward him. As if his Master had understood, he stepped back leaving a cooling gap between them.

"You are demanding." Master Hood lifted one perfect brow, and his lips narrowed to a thin line. "If you want us to work leave me to make the moves, curse at me, and disagree like you did today. That is a turn-on for me, but you will never, ever, bend me to your will. I'll be in charge of every emotion, every tingle of awareness, and I *will* control when you orgasm. From the moment you walk into my dungeon, free will no longer exist. I don't expect you to take everything I have to offer during our first scene. I don't care if you use your safeword, it means you respect my authority." He palmed Danny's growing erection. "You need direction, boy, and I'm gonna make you fly." He ran his thick thumb over Danny's length then turned away. "Tonight. I'll meet you in the foyer of Safeword at eight. Take a cab, you won't be driving home."

Danny stared after him wanting to explain he didn't own a car and had hoped Hood would have picked him up. He rubbed his chin then glanced at his watch. He had two hours to kill and wandered into the kitchen glad to see Thorn had left a fresh pot of coffee brewing. The events of the afternoon percolated through his mind. The scene with Master Hood would be different from any he'd experienced before. Most of his previous partners had followed his direction to some extent, how hard to flog him and the like, but this Dom was a whole new ballgame. *How will I please him?* Perhaps by adding a little eyeliner to his eyes and wearing his leather pants and sleeveless vest to show off his tattoos. He took a mug from the cupboard, filled it with coffee, and added the fixings then strolled back to his room. His ass still tingled from the pounding Hood had given him earlier, and the memory of him balls deep sent curls of desire straight to his shaft. He glanced in the mirror and smiled at his reflection. "Tonight, I'm gonna learn how to fly."

* * *

I strolled into Safeword early to wait for Danny to arrive and leaned casually against the front desk. Making me wait would be a great excuse for some on the spot humiliation. My boy would get off on me dragging him through the club. No Mr. Nice Guy tonight, I'd set my Dom face in punishment mode. The effect was working. Thorn walked into the foyer, gave me a quick once-over then turned tail and fled. *Ha!*

I had the scene planned out and booked the dungeon for two hours, then a room upstairs for the night. I figured my new plaything would need some lovin' after his first scene with me and I can be sensitive to a boy's needs. Not that I'll need any encouragement, just touching Danny makes me content, kissing him pushes me way out of my Dom zone and into an unfamiliar mushy place. I've never been truly in love but the crazy way my stomach leaps at the sight of him, makes me wonder if we have a chance together. Ah, well tonight will seal my fate one way or the other. He wants my bad side, and he'll get it, but the caring side will be there in the background, like a newly set fire waiting for the spark to burst into flames.

I'd left Danny's name at the front door as my guest, he'd get his membership card tonight if he decided to stay. I heard voices and noticed him standing in the passageway towering over the bouncer. When he turned and moved into the light, my heart skipped a beat. Add the sudden need to drool, and you'll get the picture. Dressed in black leather, he wore a long black coat open at the front to reveal low-slung skin-tight pants and a vest. His broad, bare muscular chest glistened with oil, and when he moved, the vest gaped to reveal gold nipple studs. *Hmm*, he'd changed the rings for something more substantial. His hair was damp from the shower and, *dear Lord*, he had a line of black surrounding both blue eyes. I sucked in a deep breath to calm the excited tremble in my legs. Danny resembled a Dom and had the strut and attitude to match.

I remained propped against the desk and waited for him to come to me. The clock had struck eight not ten seconds ago, but that was late in my book. I lifted my head slowly toward the clock and waited until the hand clicked to one minute past eight then looked back at him. "You're late."

"I'm sorry, Master Hood. I was detained by the idiot on the door." Danny boldly met my gaze. "He wouldn't believe me and insisted you were waiting for a sub."

"Sign in." I indicated with my chin to the book on the counter. "Then remove your clothes. Master Brian will take care of your belongings for you. Won't you, Brian?"

"They'll be safe with me." The Dom behind the counter eyed me with suspicion. "Or would you prefer a locker?"

"You'll take care of them for him, Brian."

"Master Hood, forgive me for asking but do you really expect me to undress here in the foyer?" Danny glanced at the people milling around then turned to me, his cheeks pinking. "In front of everyone?"

I stepped closer, so close I could feel the heat radiating from him. "Are you questioning me, boy?" I grabbed his chin and sunk my fingers into his cheeks. "Did you or did you not sign a contract for a scene with me?"

"Yes, Master Hood but—"

"The scene started the moment you walked into the club." I glared down at him biting back the overpowering need to crush his delicious lips. "Changed your mind so soon?"

"No, I'm sorry I—"

"If you say you're sorry one more fucking time, I'm leaving." I dropped my hand and stepped away.

Anger blazed in his eyes. Oh yeah, this is what I needed. His chin came up, and he rolled his shoulders. Fuck me; he actually rolled his shoulders as if he planned to put one right on my chin.

"Strip, and do it slowly, I want you to give everyone a show."

"You're an asshole." Danny flashed me a petulant look. "*Master.*" He removed his coat, balled it up and threw it like a football at Brian.

The vest came next, and when he bent to remove his boots, I cleared my throat. "Pants next."

"They won't come off over my boots." Danny scowled at me. "And I'm not wearing jocks. Don't you think you're taking this a bit far, Master?"

"Pants next and look at me."

A small crowd had gathered mainly from the arguing, because most of the members were used to naked men parading around the hallways. I folded my arms across my chest and watched Danny slide the zipper down to reveal a wedge of tanned skin, then his cock bounced out, and I heard a few of the guys sigh. Not fully erect, but good enough to make an impression. He slipped the pants down to his knees then gave me a filthy look and held

out his arms waiting for instruction. I counted to ten, making sure all eyes had turned toward the spectacle. “Now bend over and remove your boots.”

“Asshole.” I heard Danny whisper under his breath.

“Without the commentary, if you don’t mind. For being disrespectful in front of my friends, I think a wiggle of that fine ass is recompense.” He obliged and man, it was a beautiful sight, bringing loud, raucous comments from our audience. When he finally straightened, his cheeks flushed, I walked toward him and grabbed his dick. “Good boy. See, you can take instruction if you try hard enough.” I massaged him making him hard in my palm. “Now give Master Brian your belongings and bring that anxious cock to my dungeon.” I turned and headed through the glass doors into the main floor of the club.

I wanted to drag him behind me on a collar and lead, but that simple act would declare my commitment, and I want him on edge, uncertain, and begging me to keep him. My boy, my arrogant strutting sub, needed me to be an asshole. He had to learn to let go and place his raging sex drive in my capable hands. As I headed toward the steps leading to the dungeon, I could hear him muttering behind me. I stopped walking and glared at him. “What?”

“My brother is here, and I really don’t want him to see me like this.” His hands covered his delicious cock.

I growled showing him a flash of temper. “Uncover yourself immediately, or I’ll take you center stage and fuck you in front of the entire room.” When he bristled and glared at me his eyes flashing, I thought for one moment he would refuse, but he dropped his hands. “Better, and as your brother is completely naked most of the time, I’m sure he wouldn’t bat an eyelid at seeing you in the buff.” I rubbed my chin. “He asked one of the Doms to fuck him on stage once. Can you imagine doing a sex act in front of a room filled with cops?”

“Did you stop him?” Danny frowned.

“Nope, I think he had three cops that night.” I wet my lips. “This is a private club, we make our own rules, or you’d be arrested for public indecency.” I turned back toward the steps. “Best you keep walking you’re getting attention from all the wrong people.”

“Why? I’m with you.” Danny flicked his glance around the room. “They know that, right?”

“A naked sub, un-collared strolling through the VIP section—ah no. You’re advertising you’re ready and willing to be fucked.” I strolled away from him and heard him utter a string of expletives. I grinned. “Better keep up, boy, the natives are getting restless.”

Chapter Seven

Avoiding eye contact, Danny kept his attention on Master Hood's butt and what a nice ass he had too. Tight buns and thick thighs bulging inside his black leather pants—not his usual ones—these had the appearance of snakeskin, the scales moving sensually over each ridge of muscle. He'd never asked him if he worked out but somehow he imagined, like him, Hood's physique was God given, no extra work required. The sessions in the dungeon might be the reason for the wide back and bulging biceps, but he doubted it. He followed him down the stairs, the exhibitionist in him regretted leaving the crowded club, *yeah*, he'd made as if he hated his Master's instructions but in truth, being humiliated made him hard.

The dungeon was bigger than the cells in his old club and once inside with the door firmly locked, he stared at the flagstones and waited for instruction. Anticipation of the scene they'd planned made his stomach flutter, and although being nervous hadn't usually been a problem, this time, bravado aside, being disciplined by an edge playing Dom with a brutal reputation had him a little shaky. He glanced at him from under his lashes, following Master Hood's meticulous preparation. The ice machine whirred, and a bucket filled then the scent of candlewax drifted on the air and Danny swallowed hard. *Oh, man, I fucking love hot wax.*

His attention moved to a tray of low melting point candles in holders, flames quivering sitting on a bench beside a wooden crucifix. Next Hood pushed a small table toward a pillory that looked like it had marched right out of the eighteenth century. On the table, he'd placed a bowl of condoms, lube, and a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Danny swallowed the lump in his throat. He'd never experienced the cat before, but the long ribbons hanging over the edge of the small table did not have knots or metal tips. His new Master had decided not to cut him. He wet his lips. Thorn insisted Hood had a reputation of distributing exquisite pain and the idea made his balls tighten. The very phrase, "exquisite pain" defined exactly what he'd craved for a very long time. He closed his eyes savoring the ambiance of the room. The scent of male musk, leather, and hot wax flowed over him tantalizing him for what was to come.

"You can sleep later." Master Hood's voice cracked like a whip. "Back against the cross, arms and legs spread."

Danny complied and waited in silence for his Master to secure him to the cross. *Oh, yeah*, Hood knew how to make it hurt. He had him so fucking stretched his shoulder muscles immediately ached and his hips had near separated. He *loved* it. When Hood bent and took his cock in his mouth, he writhed in surprise rolling his hips wanting more of his warm, succulent mouth. His Master had a cunning reason to make him hard and slipped a cock ring over his shaft rolling it to the root. Next, a rough leather strap went

around him, securing his hard length flat against his belly. The sensation made his legs tremble, and he met Master Hood's gaze with a raised eyebrow.

"You question my methods, and we haven't got started yet?"

Danny shook his head. "No, Master, I've never been restrained like this before, my cock feels like it might burst. Isn't prolonged restriction of blood flow dangerous?"

The slap around his face jerked his head back and made his eyes water. He blinked away the tears in time to see the first droplets of wax fly from the candle in Master Hood's hand. Heat flamed across his balls. "Holy fuck!"

He couldn't move, held so tight against the cross, spread out at his Master's mercy. The concentration etched on Hood's face surprised him. Showing no emotion, he held the candle close allowing a stream of wax to dribble over his burning sac. Pain escalated from intense to erotic making his cock strain against the strap holding it out of harm's way. His Master wanted unrestricted access to his most delicate parts and was determined to coat his tender balls with wax.

When Hood reached for a cube of ice, Danny shook his head. "No, not on my balls, I won't be able to stand it. This is crazy."

"Use your safeword." Hood waited for some seconds. "No?" He circled Danny's ass with the ice then slipped it inside. "Maybe you should trust me, boy. I *know* what's good for you."

The next wave of heat scorched Danny's sac, wax splashed a sizzling line on his thighs then his Master pushed more ice inside him, and then used more wax. He panted, his mind not understanding the sudden change from hot to cold. Sensations surged along nerve endings in a shudder of ecstasy. He let out a long feral moan. He would spill at the intensity and tightened the muscles at the base of his cock but found the move impossible. Then the binding slipped away, and Hood's mouth closed around him again bringing him so close, so damn close to the edge before rubbing an ice cube down the length to prevent his orgasm. The act so intense, he cried out. "Fuck, you are driving me insane. I can't take much more."

"You can and you will." Hood bent his head again and suckled him hard then slipped off the cock ring. "The wax ball restraint suits you." He ran an ice cube over the tip of Danny's cock. "That hurts like a bitch, but you love it, don't you, boy?"

Danny lifted his chin and met Hood's blank expression. *How does he know?* "Yes, Master."

"How much more can you take?" Hood untied him, grabbed his arm in one large fist and dragged him to the pillory.

With his head and hands restrained, a wave of panic hit Danny. He closed his eyes and counted to ten. Tingling waves of pleasure tormented his genitals, and he needed a fuck, but the sub inside wanted to fly. He hadn't taken a breath to calm his nerves when he heard the cat whine through the air. The first six cuts from thighs to back, relaxed him,

the next six cut deliciously deeper. When Hood leaned his full heavy weight against him and licked the welts, he cried out. “More. Please, Master, give me more.”

“*You* are a pain slut.” Hood dropped the cat on the table. “I am the Master. I decide how much you can take, not you.” He moved to face him then cupped his chin in one large palm, his other hand palmed his aching cock and squeezed. “So close.”

Danny hadn’t expected the kiss. The warm, soft lips and probing tongue threw him into a strange place. He kissed him back, neck straining against the wooden collar. Hood raked his chest, and tugged at his nipple studs sending waves of amazing sensation surging through him. He groaned in frustration when Hood pulled away and deserted him by strolling to the other side of the room to rummage through the equipment. To receive more punishment, he would need to push his Master’s buttons. Yet Hood was experienced, and hated do-me queens. Confusion welled and he sagged in the pillory glad when the slick of cool lube hit his needy hole. The scene was over. When the sharp sting of a cane hit him, he gasped in surprise then moaned his appreciation. Oh yes, Master Hood knew exactly how to inflict pain and did so swishing the cane through the air with impressive skill. Danny squirmed, but no soothing mouth calmed the hurt. “Oh, fuck!”

He blinked trying to focus, but the room crinkled at the edges. A rush of euphoria claimed him, and he seemed to float upward. He heard a grunt and his ass exploded with delight. Hood had entered him in one glorious long slide filling to the limit. His Master’s hips thrust against his battered flesh better than any soothing lick. Glorious heat and the mind-altering slide over his prostate pushed him onto a new plane of erotic delirium. Hood rode him hard, his sharp nails digging deliciously into the flesh of his hips. He existed in a world of blissful sensation then shattered in an explosive orgasm, so strong his knees buckled.

Danny sagged barely conscious in the pillory, but I held his hips and rode him hard. His ass had gripped me so tight the moment he orgasmed pain shot into my balls. I yelled in satisfied triumph when my sac tightened and heat scorched up my shaft to a blessed release. I had no time to bask in the afterglow. If I had left Danny in subspace, he would likely break his neck in the pillory. Taking his weight by pushing one shoulder under his arm, I released him, and we staggered none too gracefully to the mattress in the corner. Sweat soaked and trembling, he was muttering something unintelligible, but I gathered him against my chest and waited. After ten minutes, I grabbed one of the bottles of water lined up by the wall and took a sip. Danny stirred in my arms then looked up at me, his eyes slightly unfocused. I pressed the bottle to his lips. “Sip nice and slow, good boy.”

He’d come out of the scene faster than I’d expected, some of my boys fall into a deep sleep, and I have to remain beside them for hours. He took the bottle from me and let out a long sigh. I smiled down at him. “Was it good for you?”

“Spectacular but I’m still horny, and my balls are set in cement.” He raised up on one elbow. “You should come with a warning notice. Man, you are something else.”

I took the water from him, emptied the bottle and tossed it in the trash. “Still horny, huh? Well, as that is usual after a heavy scene, I booked a room upstairs for the night. If you’re game?”

“Not here.” Danny leaned toward me and nipped at my lips. “My place is close by, and the bed is huge. I will cook breakfast for you in the morning, and if you don’t have to work, we could fuck all day. *If* you still want me?”

I chuckled. “Yeah, I want you.” He did like to take charge, but I could deal with it out of the club. “But I’m sure Thorn will complain if you take me home. He doesn’t like me very much.”

“Thorn just needs to get laid regularly, not the odd fuck on stage. He needs a Dom to take care of all his needs.” Danny wet his lips. “He’s too scared to take the plunge and find a man who suits him. Any ideas?”

“Maybe.” I rubbed my chin. “Do you know what he is in to?” I licked a path across Danny’s lips. I wanted him again already, and my cock pressed into his thigh.

“Being a stripper, exhibitionism to the extreme but he values his looks so won’t enjoy being marked too much, spanking, domination, and fucking, I guess.” Danny palmed my dick and smiled. “Thinking of him making you hot?”

I shook my head. “*You* make me hot. I do have someone in mind for Thorn, but that discussion can wait for another time. I’d rather talk about us.” I rolled my hips enjoying the feel of being in his palm, but I wanted more, all night and then some. “I think going back to your place is a great idea and I’m not on duty until Monday night.”

“Uh-huh, *sooo* does this mean we’re a fit?” Danny slid down the bed and licked the head of my aching cock, his gaze fixed on my face. “I have a terrible crush on you already.” He licked his lips. “It shows, huh? Does that worry you?”

“That depends.” I ran a finger down his cheek. “I don’t share. If this is going to work, you will wear my collar and promise me you will never change your attitude. I need a challenge.”

“Deal. What else should I know about you?”

I moaned as my shaft disappeared into his warm, wet mouth. “I’m stubborn, loyal, and terribly jealous.”

My cock left his mouth with a *pop*. He gave me an angelic grin. “Seems like I’ve been waiting for you my entire life.”

THE END

Coming soon...

Abducted
Cops 'n' Floggers 3
H.C. Brown

The lights dimmed, and music thumped in a primal beat. A single spotlight lit the stage at the Safeword BDSM club, and Vice Detective, Riley Jacob's mouth went dry.

"You're not on duty, and this is a private club, so sit the fuck down and feast your eyes." Del Hood waved him toward a table in the front row. "That sweet thing is Thorn. You'll need a whip and a chair to tame him, but I think you're the man for the job. Thorn has trust issues, he needs a Master with patience, and you have the patience of a Saint."

The stripper sitting center stage unfurled with slow, enticing movements to stand. Unable to breathe Riley's attention slid over the twink's angelic features. The spotlight highlighted green eye shadow and lines of kohl around his eyes. Glitter covered his cheekbones and flowed in a path down his neck to circle one flat nipple. Under the strobe lighting, Thorn's smooth body became a living work of art, each sexy movement, each mind-blowing undulation, and oh-so-slow baring of skin had Riley's cock straining against his zipper.

His attention fixed on the delicious man. With each beat of the music, Thorn peeled fabric to expose strips of tempting flesh. Riley's nerve endings sizzled with desire for the man no Dom could tame. Unable to look away, he swallowed the lump in his throat to reply to his friend. "Thanks for convincing me to join Safeword. You know this angel?"

"He sure ain't no angel. He is a fucking asshole, but his brother is my boy, Danny, I'll get him to introduce you then Thorn might trust you enough to have a drink with us but take it slow, or he'll run."

"I know the type. Tell your boy, his brother will be in safe hands." Riley chuckled. "Very safe hands." He dragged in a breath and the rich, spicy scent radiating from the stage spilled over his tongue. Thorn danced as if in a world of his own, and he dragged his gaze away to watch the way the audience reacted. All to a man stared at Thorn with stupid expressions of adoration. He turned back in time to see the last strip of material slide from Thorn's flesh leaving nothing more than butt floss to hide his engorged shaft. *Oh, fuck, he is something special.* Sweat ran into his eyes, and his cock ached. He pushed down the desire to snatch Thorn from the stage, take him to his dungeon, and fuck his brains out. *Then you'd be lost forever.*

He turned back to Hood and grinned. "Go get your boy. I think my meeting with Thorn should be backstage and private—just the four of us. If he is as Dom shy as you say, then you're both going to have to hang around until he feels okay with me. I have one week's vacation left to see if he accepts me."

“Man, do you have him all wrong.” Hood barked a laugh. “That innocent looking ‘angel’ as you put it has a potty mouth, no respect for any of us, and will tell you like it is from the get-go—but if that’s what you want?”

Riley rubbed his chin then met his friend’s eyes. “I have a better idea. Is there a back entrance to this place?”

“Yeah, the stage door opens out onto a back alley. Why?” Hood eyed him with suspicion.

Riley turned around and headed for the foyer, Hood followed close on his heels. “Change of plan.” He turned and winked at his friend. “You know my motto, ‘if it don’t fit force it.’”

“What the fuck do you mean by that?” Hood raised one dark brow and glared at him.

“I’m going to get my car. I need to pick up a special delivery for the dungeon in my basement.”

To be continued...

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Author Biography

H.C. Brown is a multi-published, multi-genre, bestselling, award-winning author.

In 2016, she was delighted to be named Luminosity Publishing's Bestselling Author of 2015.

In 2015, she was delighted to be named Luminosity Publishing's Bestselling Author of 2014.

In 2015, *Highlander in the Mist* was placed 3rd in Historical and *Rock 'n' Leather* was placed 3rd GLBT in the Easychair Bookshop Competition.

In 2015, *Highlander in The Mist* was nominated in The Romance Reviews 2015 Readers' Awards.

In 2011, she was delighted to receive nominations in three categories in the 2011 CAPA Awards: Favorite Author, Best GLBT Romance, and Best Science Fiction Romance.

She was nominated for Best Historical M/M in the 2013, Goodreads Book of Year Awards.

H.C writes about strong alpha male heroes and girl next door heroines in complex settings, and all her stories have happy endings.

H.C. welcomes feedback from her readers.

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