

Cruel to be

Kind



KIM DARE

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

CRUEL TO BE KIND

By Kim Dare

Introduction

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

What Is Love's Landscapes?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

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

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Photo Description

A naked man lies on the floor in a dark space. He has a muscular build and several tattoos. A light shines down on him from above. He appears to be deep in thought and is holding one hand up so the light shines through his fingers.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I would like a TPE tale. I'd like the characters to have some depth and this lovely boy looks to be a bit melancholy about something. I LOVE angst! There isn't much on the BDSM spectrum that I don't enjoy, but I beg of you no scat. I'm not picky about the setting-dystopian, paranormal, contemporary, tentacles whatever.

Blow my mind please. :)

Sincerely,

~Wench

Story Info

Genre: paranormal

Tags: vampire, BDSM, paddling, friends to lovers, bondage, dominance, submission, masturbation

Word Count: 11,165

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The door creaked open. Xander's blindfold made it impossible for him to see who'd entered the room at the back of the club, but that didn't matter. When footsteps sounded against the bare concrete floor, he had no doubts about who was striding rapidly toward him.

Xander pushed his tongue against the ball-gag wedged between his lips, but the damn thing remained stubbornly in place. It stretched his jaw wide open, preventing him from offering up a single word in his defence.

Hands shoved against Xander's chest. He stumbled back several paces. With his wrists cuffed behind him, he couldn't reach out to balance himself. His shoulder hit a wall, and he slumped against it.

He tried to curse, but the gag turned his words into a weak little mumble.

Sudden unease spiked inside him. It was Malone, right? Of course it was. It had to be Malone. If it wasn't... Xander swallowed as best he could around the gag and did his damndest not to give in to panic.

The guy grabbed Xander's shirt and pulled him away from the wall before slamming him back against it. "Have you lost your mind?" The words were snarled in his ear, anger dripping from every syllable.

Xander let out a muffled sigh and leaned more easily against the wall. His gamble had paid off. When Malone had found out about his offering, he'd come to accept it himself, rather than let one of the other vampires who belonged to that particular blood-club claim him.

"Well?" Malone demanded.

Xander mumbled around the gag, not trying to get any actual words out, just gently reminding his friend that he couldn't answer until someone took away the gag.

"You offered yourself?" Malone bit out.

Xander closed his eyes behind the blindfold and pictured his friend. Furious was a good look on him, it always had been—and Xander had been given plenty of opportunities to admire that particular aspect of Malone's personality.

In debates at the students' union while they were at university, in countless meetings since they'd gone into business with each other after graduation—

Malone's anger at the world's stupidity had been a constant aspect of Xander's life for over five years.

Malone's anger being directed at Xander—that was a less familiar sensation. He shifted uncomfortably against the wall. Malone didn't get angry with him; he got angry with other people on his behalf all the time, but not actually with him.

It would be worth it, Xander reminded himself. No matter how much he hated Malone being pissed with him, if his plan paid off it would be worth some temporary discomfort.

“Well?” Malone demanded.

Xander mumbled behind the gag once more. His jaw ached, but he wasn't under any illusions now. It would stay in place until Malone decided to ask a question that wasn't rhetorical. If he was half as livid as he sounded, that might be a while.

Without warning, the blindfold was torn away from Xander's eyes. The light from the fluorescent tubes running along the ceiling was harsh and glaring. Xander winced and tried to shy away from it.

Malone grabbed his chin and forced his head back. Xander peered at him through half-closed eyes until his vision finally adjusted. Sharp, blue eyes, pale blond hair and more anger than any one expression should be able to contain.

“You offered yourself?” Malone snarled again.

Xander nodded as far as Malone's grip on him allowed. It wasn't far.

Malone snatched his hand away, turned on his heel and strode across to the far side of the room. He was wearing an evening suit. He must have been out somewhere nice when he got the message about Xander's offering.

“That's what you want, to be a toy for a club full of vampires?”

Xander watched him pace.

“Answer me!” Malone snapped. “Is that what you want?”

Xander shook his head.

Malone's expression cleared. He rushed across to Xander's side. Undoing the gag, he carefully eased it from Xander's mouth.

“One,” Xander whispered.

“What?” Malone absentmindedly wiped Xander’s mouth and caressed his jaw as if trying to soothe the ache the gag had put there.

Xander cleared his throat and licked his lips. “I don’t want to be a toy for a club full of vampires, just for one.”

Malone’s fingers froze. His eyes narrowed. “I told you I’m not interested.”

Yet here you are... Xander met Malone’s eyes for a moment.

“I didn’t decide not to take you up on your invitations for my own benefit,” Malone growled. “You don’t want this.”

“If I didn’t want it, I wouldn’t be here.” He would never have taken the risk if he hadn’t been desperate. But all his previous attempts to gain Malone’s attention as something other than a friend and business partner had failed within the first few seconds.

Malone spun away. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.” His pacing took him across the room and back several times. His movements were sharp and lacked their usual easy grace. “You think it’s a nice little game. It’s not.” He turned to glare at Xander. Their eyes locked. “I’m not a nice man, Xander. You should know that by now. Vampires aren’t nice people—least of all to the humans we feed from. It’s not polite. It’s not romantic. We use humans—we take what we want from them, then we throw them away.”

Xander remained silent. It wasn’t anything he hadn’t heard before. Malone had made it all very clear when he informed him that he had no interest in screwing him, or feeding from him, or dominating him in any way. He’d laid out his disinterest in precise and graphic terms. And, he’d been lying.

Xander saw it in every line of his body. Malone wanted this just as much as he did. If Xander could just convince him to give it a chance, everything would be fine.

Malone pushed a hand through his hair, shoving the blond strands back off his face. “I’m going to untie you and take you home. You’re never going to come here again. We’ll forget this ever happened.” He nodded to himself, obviously thrilled with his plan.

“No.”

Tension flooded Malone’s body. “What?”

Xander took a deep breath. It wasn’t something he ever remembered saying to Malone before that night, but he forced himself to repeat the word. “No.”

Malone stalked toward Xander, his gaze intense, his eyes unblinking.

"I'll come back," Xander said, more softly than he intended. "If you throw me out, I'll come back another night."

Malone frowned. "Are you trying to blackmail me?"

Xander tightened his hands into fists behind his back. "Yes." That was exactly what he was trying to do.

For once, Malone seemed to be speechless.

"Twenty-four hours. That's the deal, isn't it? Whichever vampire accepts an offering from a human, he can do whatever he likes with him for twenty-four hours. Give me that long to show you I can do this, and I'll accept whatever decision you make at the end of it." The time he'd spent practicing in front of the mirror held him in good stead. He sounded perfectly calm.

"And if I don't?"

"I'll find a vampire who will."

Malone remained very still for several seconds. "If you had any idea what kind of man you're dealing with, you wouldn't have put that image in my head before handing yourself over to me."

He grabbed Xander's arm. Without uttering another word, he half-led and half-dragged Xander out of the room.

The club was far more crowded now than it had been when Xander had first arrived. Malone rushed them through the main rooms so quickly Xander could barely keep his feet, let alone take in the blur of people they hurried past. Outside, Malone roughly shoved Xander into the passenger seat of his car, before throwing himself behind the wheel.

They screeched out of the club's car park, and Malone turned to the left. That was the opposite direction to Xander's house. Xander's worst fear evaporated. Malone wasn't following through on his threat to take him home. He was actually going for it. This was really happening.

Not a single word was uttered until Malone pulled up outside his house—a modern building full of harsh lines and razor-sharp edges.

"You have a safe word," Malone finally announced. "It's stop."

Xander nodded.

"If you've got any sense, you'll say it now, and we'll forget all about this."

Xander remained silent.

Malone's grip on the steering wheel tightened. "You're not just playing with fire, Xander. You're playing with a vampire. And you're risking far more than a few burns. Whatever you think it will be like to submit to me, you're wrong."

Xander's hands were still cuffed behind his back. That was a good thing. It was the only thing that stopped him from fidgeting under Malone's glare.

Finally, Malone got out. Rounding the bonnet, he jerked open Xander's door and hauled him into the house.

The moment the door slammed shut behind them, Malone shoved Xander against the wall and pinned him there, with his cheek pressed hard against the cold paintwork. Xander's heart rate doubled as Malone tugged at his cuffs, yanking his arms into an uncomfortable position as he undid the restraints.

"You really want to know how a vampire treats his toys? Fine." Malone spun him away from the wall and flung him into the middle of the room.

Xander stumbled, but he managed to stay on his feet. There were faint red marks around his wrists where the cuffs had cut in. He stared at them, wondering if those kinds of marks were going to become a regular feature in his life. He could only pray that they would.

"Strip," Malone snapped. "Now. Keep me waiting, and I'll cut your lucky T-shirt straight off your back."

Xander hurriedly tugged his T-shirt over his head. Lacking anywhere else to put it, he dropped it on the floor at his feet. Toeing off his trainers, he undid his jeans. Obeying Malone was important. Proving he could keep up was important too. He got himself down to his bare skin in record time, taking off his watch and dropping that on top of the pile.

Malone kicked aside the discarded garments and slowly circled Xander. He was still fully clothed. His tie wasn't even crooked.

Xander glanced down at his own naked body. His cock was more than half-hard. It generally was whenever Malone was around. But, his erection was usually hidden behind his own clothes. Xander glanced at Malone's fly, hoping to see a reassuring tent there, but Malone's pacing took him out of his line of sight.

"From this moment on, you can forget whatever you think you know about yourself," Malone said. "Everything you think you are is irrelevant. You're

mine. For the next twenty-four hours, the only thing that matters is what you can do to please me. You're not a person. You're a toy. A snack."

Xander's throat went dry. His cock got harder. Unable to summon a word, he just nodded.

"And there are two things I want more than anything," Malone went on. "For you to realise that you made the worst mistake of your life when you did this and for you to never make such a stupid mistake again. You're going to regret this, Xan. I'm going to see to that."

Malone moved around to face Xander head on. He stared straight into his eyes for several seconds, praying that the warning would spark some hint of self-preservation within his friend.

Nothing.

Malone ground his teeth together.

Cruel to be kind. That was the only way at this point. It would be kinder in the long run if he was cruel now. The sooner he showed Xander what submitting to a vampire was really like and got him to say his safe word, the sooner this would be over, and the better it would be for them both.

Stepping back, Malone ran his gaze up and down Xander's body trying to work out what would make Xander realise his mistake most quickly. He could take a whip to him—not for a flick of the wrist 'isn't this hot and kinky' kind of whipping. He could throw the real thing at him—a true punishment designed to make a man determined never to warrant a punishment again. Xander definitely deserved it for putting himself at risk this way.

Malone bit back a frustrated growl. It was impossible to be objective. All that bare skin made his cock rise and his teeth tingle in expectation.

Damn it, vampires weren't designed to respect the idea that some people were off limits—even when those limits were self-imposed. He'd wanted him for so long. Xander had been offering himself up on a damn platter, and he hadn't even let himself have a taste. And now...

Almost without realising what he was doing, Malone stepped closer. He'd seen Xander's tattoos so many times; he'd watched their number gradually rise.

He'd seen the depth of muscle Xander carried increase too. Xander wasn't a skinny little computer geek anymore. When they'd first met, Malone had been

so much broader across the shoulders, so much stronger than him. Now, Xander was all muscles and tats. It was only Malone's species that gave him an advantage. Well, that and a natural ruthlessness that Xander had never successfully cultivated, no matter how tall, dark and tough he'd managed to make himself look.

Malone ran his fingers down Xander's arm, following a line of black ink from one end of the pattern to the other. He'd picked that one for him the previous year. Xander had asked for his advice on what sort of tattoo to get and, God help him, Malone had given it—knowing that Xander had always followed his advice like it was an order.

Malone had gone online and searched through pictures all night trying to find the perfect design. He'd jacked off at the idea that he was marking Xander as his own. But, he'd never actually touched the tattoo before, never risked it.

The room remained entirely silent as Malone helplessly moved on to the next tattoo that graced Xander's skin. That one was older. Xander hadn't asked him to pick it as such, but he'd shown it to him and asked for his approval. And Malone had known that if he'd said he disliked it, Xander would have abandoned any intention of using it.

Slowly, almost as if he was in a dream, Malone walked around Xander to study his back. He mentally pictured the whip marks he could layer there. How many could he put in place before Xander begged him to stop?

They wouldn't be as permanent as the tattoos, but they would be entirely Malone's marks, and they would be on Xander's skin, under his skin, breaking his skin, maybe even leaving scars that would last as long as any ink.

Cruel to be kind. Malone mentally cursed himself. Cruel because it came naturally to a vampire was more like it. He shook his head, but it was pointless denying the truth. Kindness wasn't something he'd ever been accused of, wasn't something any of his species could be accused of.

As Malone stared at Xander's back, pictures played through his mind, memories of what he'd seen other vampires do to humans over the years. Maybe Malone was as much a bastard as any other vampire, but he was damn sure that Xander was never going to end up stuck in that sort of life.

He grabbed hold of Xander's arm and marched him up the stairs. Xander had been to his house lots of times. There were only two rooms he'd never been permitted to set foot in—Malone's bedroom and his feeding room. It was time he saw the latter.

Unlocking the door, Malone tossed Xander inside. He hit the light switch as Xander staggered into the middle of the room. Righting himself, Xander looked at his new surroundings.

Malone slammed the door. For a full minute, Xander's attention remained on the various kinky toys and implements that filled the room, then he turned to Malone. He seemed to realise that some sort of response was expected.

"You've never hidden what you're into, and I'm not exactly a virgin," Xander said, oh so calmly.

"What?" Having Xander in that room was doing nothing to make Malone feel the least bit calm.

"I'm not shocked. I'm not going to freak out."

"You've never done anything like this before." Malone met Xander's eyes and dared him to deny it.

"I've jacked off thinking about leather ever since I met you."

"You've never done anything like this with another man," Malone repeated.

Xander remained silent for too long. By the time he finally spoke, Malone had already worked out three separate ways he intended to kill whoever had dared raise a whip to Xander in the past.

"No," Xander finally admitted. "I've never submitted to anyone else. I've never wanted to submit to anyone but you."

Malone carefully unfurled his hand from the tight fist it had formed.

Xander turned his attention back to the room. "Do I—?"

"You do what you're told."

Xander smiled slightly and nodded his acceptance.

That was bad. Xander smiling was bad, Xander thinking this was a good idea was bad. He didn't want Xander to be happy in that room. Determined to never set foot in a vampire's feeding room again, that was the aim, wasn't it? Xander's presence wasn't helping Malone think at all clearly.

The room was all set up. A thick chain hung from the beam in the ceiling. A pair of heavy-duty cuffs was suspended from the last link. Malone stepped up to them.

"Come here."

Xander obeyed.

Malone quickly fastened the cuffs around his wrists, trapping them high above his head. He didn't pause to admire the view, but strode quickly to the toys hanging from row after row of hooks on the wall.

Harsh enough to make Xander regret this. Mild enough that he wouldn't be afraid of him at work next week. Painful enough for him not to want to submit to a vampire again. Gentle enough that Xander wouldn't flinch from him when this was over.

Malone closed his eyes and tried to pull his thoughts into order. It was impossible. He wanted Xander too much. He'd always wanted him too much. That was the damn trouble. No other human could make him feel so out of control inside his own skin, or make him feel less able to keep his inner bastard in check.

Malone grabbed a toy from the top row at random. A paddle. It would do.

He turned around. Xander's eyes went straight to the toy. It was nothing special. A handle attached to a surface about twice the size of Malone's hand, covered in black leather. It was heavy, but that meant very little. Malone had had plenty of practice. He knew how to bring it down so it landed just as harshly or as gently as he wished.

"You remember your safe word?" Malone demanded.

"Yes."

"You're an idiot if you don't say it within the first five." Malone stepped up alongside Xander and rested the paddle against his arse.

Xander jerked. His buttocks tensed. Malone gave him a second to speak up. Nothing.

Malone lifted the paddle and brought it down hard against Xander's left buttock. Xander gasped. The chains above his head rattled. He failed to utter his safe word.

Malone landed a symmetrical blow against Xander's other buttock. The sound of leather meeting flesh echoed through the room. Two neat red marks blossomed in the paddle's wake. Malone's cock hardened as he applied the paddle twice more, just a little lower, spreading the colour over Xander's skin.

Another two pairs, hard enough for Malone to be sure that Xander wouldn't enjoy the sensation, controlled enough that he didn't risk any real damage. A

fifth pair of spansks, then a sixth. He found his rhythm and settled into it, allowing enough time for Xander to speak up, but not enough for him to recover in any way before another blow from the paddle demanded his attention.

For what seemed like forever, Xander took it like a pro, barely a reaction, not a single sound. Finally, his control started to crack. His stubbornness couldn't last forever. He jerked, tugging hard at the cuffs as he tossed his head back.

Malone studied him through narrowed eyes. "Do you know why vampires like to spank their toys?"

"Kinky," Xander gasped. Apparently unable to remain still as he fought to process his pain, he twisted beneath the cuffs.

"No. It's all about the adrenaline, the endorphins. They taste nice. We don't play games with lovers, Xander, we prepare our food." Two more spansks with the paddle. "Season the blood until it tastes just right."

Another two, lighter this time, but applied where Malone most loved to spank someone—against the sensitive strip of skin where thigh merged into buttock.

Xander let out a muffled yelp. He closed his eyes. "Thank you."

Malone paused. "What?"

"For telling me." Xander opened his eyes. His voice was rough, but he was making an obvious effort to speak evenly and clearly. "The more I understand, the better chance I have of pleasing you."

"You don't like this," Malone ground out. "There's no masochism in you."

"Submission." Xander swallowed. "There's submission in me."

"That's not the point."

"I like doing what you want. I don't know if I'll ever like being paddled, but I'll always love knowing that you enjoy paddling me." As hard as he obviously tried to control it, he couldn't make his voice entirely steady. "I can enjoy that. I can get off on that."

"You don't have permission to get off!"

Xander smiled slightly. He parted his lips.

“If you thank me for telling you that...” Malone trailed off. What would he do if Xander said it—paddle him? Whip him?

As his mind raced, Malone absentmindedly stroked Xander's arse, palming the sensitised skin. When Xander moaned in approval and pushed back against his hand, Malone jerked away from him. Damn it, how far did he have to take things to convince Xander this was a bad idea?

Malone looked down at the paddle. He owned far harsher toys. But if Xander knew he'd enjoy using them on him, then would that make him take it like it was a damn gift?

Malone took a deep breath. When he looked up, he met Xander's eyes. That was it. Xander wanted to feel a connection. He wanted Malone to be happy, to be pleased with him. It was what he'd always seemed to want for as long as they'd known each other. Pain was only a good thing to Xander when it brought them together.

It took every scrap of self-control Malone possessed, but even as he held his friend's gaze, he bundled up everything he felt for Xander, everything that made him want to treat Xander like a person rather than a blood supply, and he put it in a box. He pushed the box right to the back of his mind and locked it away.

Xander frowned, as if he could sense the change without Malone needing to move a muscle or utter a word.

Malone broke eye contact. A moment later, he lifted the paddle. He brought it down sharply. He gave Xander just enough time to speak up between each blow, but that was the only allowance he made.

He was pushing the right kind of chemicals into Xander's bloodstream now, nothing more. There was nothing friendly about it, nothing erotic, either. He was getting dinner ready. That was all Xander was, all Malone could allow him to be.

Standing alongside Xander let Malone keep half an eye on his expression. No fear. No anger.

It hurt. It had to hurt him, but he still took it all like a damn reward.

Xander gasped. He jerked. He closed his eyes and bit his lip so hard he risked drawing blood, but he never gave any indication that he wanted Malone to stop.

Stubborn bastard. Any other human with Xander's level of experience would have spoken up by then.

That was another reason why Xander should never be allowed to play with leather. He never had any idea when to say enough was enough. Malone always had to make those decisions for him. It was Malone who set his schedule so he didn't work too hard, Malone who made sure he didn't stress himself out when they were going for a new engineering contract. It was Malone who looked after him, Malone who owned him.

He'd owned him for years, but it had never been clearer in that moment that Xander really would let him do *anything*. It was everything Malone had ever wanted, and everything he'd ever been afraid of, wrapped up in a stunning parcel and left bound in his feeding room for his enjoyment.

Malone's heart raced. His cock ached. Lust, need and primal fear all rushed through him, mingling together and making his mind spin. He tossed the paddle aside. It landed with a bang on the far side of the room. Xander jumped. His chains rattled.

Malone stepped in front of him. "Say no." If Xander said it, Malone would be able to stop, but if he didn't say it...

Xander met his gaze. His breathing was ragged. He refused to speak.

Malone caught hold of his jaw and pushed his head back, baring his neck.

"Yes," Xander whispered.

It was too much for Malone to resist. He put his lips to Xander's jugular. His teeth sliced cleanly through his skin. Xander arched, pushing his torso against Malone's, rubbing their bodies together.

Blood filled Malone's mouth. He swallowed it down, greedy and desperate to take Xander and make him part of himself. Blood, body, soul, he wanted it all.

Hunger rushed through Malone. He sucked harder at the wounds, drinking Xander down. With every moment that passed, he expected to taste his fear. It was only to be expected. Every human was afraid the first time a vampire fed from him. But, somehow, Xander wasn't. Malone tasted his pleasure; he tasted his submission, his relief. There was pain there too, and not just a touch. The paddling had hurt him. But the pain was wrapped up in everything else, and just made him all the more perfect. Malone had never tasted that kind of trust. One drop made him an instant addict.

Xander whimpered with pleasure, tipping his head even further back in offering. He wasn't proving a point now, he wasn't getting through an ordeal to please another man, he loved this in its own right.

Growling with frustration, Malone forced himself to break the bite. The wound began to heal the moment his teeth ceased to pierce his skin. Malone ran his tongue across it, helpless to stop himself relishing the final taste.

He pulled back. Their eyes met as they each fought for breath.

Xander swallowed. He licked his lips. His desire for a kiss was obvious. For a long time, Malone stared at Xander's mouth. Over the years, he'd spent almost as much time thinking about kissing him as he had about biting him.

A kiss, a gentle word, a snippet of praise and Xander would let him feed from him for the rest of his life. He'd let him do *anything* with him. Malone would have everything he'd ever wanted, and Xander would spend the rest of his life at his beck and call.

Cruel to be kind.

Malone reached up and undid the cuffs from around Xander's wrists. Not one touch, not one word. Malone turned on his heel and strode out of the room. He slammed the door behind him and stormed into the neighbouring room—his home office.

The computer took hours to start up. Finally, he was able to punch in the right code. An image appeared on the screen.

Xander still stood in the middle of the playroom, just where Malone had left him.

Malone had left so many men in there on other nights, usually after he screwed them as well as fed from them, but even so. That night was the first time he wanted to rush back in there, grab a man, and take him to his bedroom, take his dominance over him into every facet of his real life.

Eventually, Xander moved. He touched his neck where Malone had fed. He reached back and rubbed his sore arse. He winced at the latter. A few minutes passed, and Xander started to look around him. There were no windows, only the skylight in the ceiling. Three doors led out of the room. Two were locked. Xander found the third one and the en suite. For a few moments, he was out of Malone's sight.

When Xander re-entered the room, Malone studied him carefully. He looked remarkably relaxed for a man who was supposed to be freaked out. He went across to the bondage bench on the far side of the room and settled himself on his stomach, apparently more than content to have a nap while Malone was elsewhere. Damn it, business meetings panicked Xander more than the feeding had.

Malone bowed his head. He still had most of his twenty-four hours left. If Xander hadn't come to his senses by the morning, Malone would stop pulling his punches, stop babying his friend and show him how much of a bastard a vampire could really be. Everything would be fine. It would.

Xander woke with a jolt. He tried to jerk himself to his feet. A hand grabbed his shoulder just in time to stop himself from falling off the... He stared at the thing he lay on for a few seconds—the bondage bench. He looked up at Malone.

“You're leaving for work in fifteen minutes, if you're not dressed by then, you're going as you are.” He strode out of the room without giving Xander a chance to answer.

Xander twisted around and perched gingerly on the edge of the bench. His buttocks were still far too sensitive. Sitting behind a desk wasn't going to be pleasant. Xander shifted on the bench. He frowned slightly. Actually, the worst of the pain seemed to have faded during the night.

It was nothing like the intense, blistering heat that had come just after the paddling ended. Over the last few hours, it had turned into an ache that made him want to squirm as much as it made him want to rush to his feet. It was possible that sitting behind a desk was going to be an exercise in frustration rather than endurance. His cock hardened at the prospect.

Xander glanced toward the door his friend had left through. Malone was pissed off, but he was always pissed off pre-noon. Pre-coffee he was damn near murderous most days. Xander quickly hurried through his morning routine. At some point, Malone had deposited a set of Xander's clothes on top of the cage in the playroom.

His trousers rubbed against his arse as he pulled them on. Xander bit his lip and raised an eyebrow. If he got through the day without coming untouched, it would be a minor miracle.

He was just straightening his tie when the door swung open. Malone was dressed for work too, although it was supposed to be his day off. It seemed diplomatic not to mention that fact.

Get in the car. Hurry up. Get inside. Start with the Hatfield project. Take a break. Eat your lunch. The orders came thick and fast, each one issued using the minimum number of words and none of them betraying the least hint of emotion in Malone's part.

Xander smiled slightly to himself. It was quite sweet, really.

"What are you grinning about?" Malone demanded.

Xander glanced up. Malone was standing in his office doorway. He'd spent a hell of a lot of time there that day. Xander was no longer sure if his persistent desire to squirm in his chair came from the residue of his spanking or if it had more to do with Malone constantly staring at him.

"You think that ordering me around is going to make me regret wanting to submit to you."

Malone stopped in front of Xander's desk. "It will."

Xander glanced up at him. "You've been ordering me around ever since we met, and I've let you. For the last couple of years, I've been actively encouraging you."

Malone's fists came to rest on Xander's desk. "What?"

Xander turned his attention to his computer screen. "I like it. I like you telling me what to do. I always have. I'm not sure how that could be news to you."

Malone stared at him as if he'd lost his mind.

Xander's heart raced faster and faster, but he did his best to appear calm. "You think I don't know what kind of dom you are, Mal. But I know exactly what kind of orders you'll give me and exactly what you'll do with any control you have over me. I know, because I've been submitting to you for years."

For once, Malone seemed to be completely speechless.

"You're the reckless one," Xander reminded him. "I don't rush into anything. I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm getting myself into, because I'm most of the way there already. The only thing that will change if you decide you want me as a submissive is that you'll boss me around when we have sex as well as the rest of the time. I'm all in favour of that."

For a moment, Malone's eyes were full of emotion. Then it disappeared. The walls came down. That was bad. It didn't usually happen when Malone was talking to him, but Xander had seen it happen when he was talking to other people.

He just had time to mentally brace himself before Malone's words hit the air.

"And what? You thought that just because I found it convenient to boss you around when we're at work, you're somehow my ideal submissive? Grow up, Xander!" Malone looked him up and down with obvious contempt. "I never gave a damn about the decisions I made for you. It was just a game that passed the time—seeing what I could convince you to do for my amusement. That's all ordering you around will ever be to me. It's all *you* will ever be to me, a game—one that I'm already bored with."

Malone turned on his heel and strode out of the room. He slammed the door behind him. Xander took a deep breath and let it out very slowly, his attention never straying from the door.

It was a lie. Deep down, in a place that was all about instinct, Xander knew that. He had logical evidence for it, too. What he'd seen with his own eyes was more important than a few words Malone threw at him because he was angry.

It was a lie, but Malone had always been a bloody good liar. He had a way of making things sound true and to hell with reality. Xander took another shaky breath.

He wasn't wrong about Malone. He wasn't.

The fan on Xander's computer whirred away, the file he should have been working on remained open. Xander continued to stare at the door.

He had no idea how much time passed before it swung open again. Malone stared across the room at him.

"Shut down your computer. Get your jacket. We're leaving."

Xander did as he was told, just as he had so many times. He could feel Malone watching his every movement, as if expecting him to do something weird and wonderful.

Xander waited for the computer to wind down, switched off the point and picked up his jacket. He looked across to his friend.

Malone walked away without a word, apparently having decided that Xander would follow along behind him obediently enough without a specific order. He was right.

Malone stared at the image on the computer screen in his home office. Xander was naked. He lay in the middle of the feeding room floor, directly under the skylight. As Malone watched, Xander lifted one hand and let the last rays of the sun caress his fingers.

He was stunning. And he was in Malone's feeding room. And he was so bloody unshakable. If a paddling hadn't convinced him to run away, being told exactly how little Malone cared about him should have done the trick.

Everything he'd said had been a lie, of course, but it still should have worked. It still should have made Xander storm off, or take a swing at him, or *something*.

Malone pushed his fingers through his hair. He was losing his mind. Meanwhile, Xander had never looked more composed or more at peace with his place in the world. He'd stripped and gone into the playroom as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Malone cursed himself. He cursed his entire species. He cursed his father, his mother and every member of his extended family. He cursed every vampire he'd ever seen screw over a human just because they could.

But, he couldn't bring himself to curse Xander. He couldn't convince himself to remain separated from Xander for another moment either.

He pushed the feeding room door open so hard, it slammed into the wall behind it. He expected Xander to jump, but he sat up almost serenely, bending his knees up in front of him and looping his arms loosely around his legs. And he just remained on the floor in the middle of the playroom and waited. For another order? Another insult? Another paddling?

The only thing Malone saw in him was pure acceptance of whatever his so-called friend chose to throw at him.

"You need to say no." It sounded to Malone as if his own voice came from a long way away. "You need to say it now."

Xander didn't even blink, let alone speak.

“You need to realise that this isn’t what you want, and you need to tell me that, because once I’ve got you, Xan, I won’t be able to let you go.”

“You’ve had me for years,” Xander said.

Malone closed his eyes. “Not like this, not like I will if you refuse to walk away now.”

When he opened his eyes, Xander was still there, still looking so bloody accepting.

“Why the hell do you trust me so much?” Malone demanded.

“Because you’ve proved that I can. You’ve never made a bad decision for me. You’ve never taken advantage of the fact I like to follow your lead.” He glanced down for a moment. “You’ve always done what’s best for me, always.”

“It won’t be like that anymore,” Malone said. He crouched down in front of Xander, damn near begging him to understand. “You talk about handing your sex life over to me as if it’s the same thing as letting me decide which restaurant we take a client to, as if I’ll treat it like giving you advice about which car to buy. I won’t.”

Xander’s tranquillity didn’t waver for a second.

“Once I’m feeding from you, once I’m screwing you, I guarantee I’ll take advantage of you. I’ll do what I want. I’ll do what’s best for me, always.”

Not even a blink.

Malone’s palms turned slick with nervous sweat. “I won’t treat you the way you deserve just because we were friends first. Even if I manage to think of you as my boyfriend rather than a snack—which is a hell of a long shot for any vampire—I’ll still be a bastard about every single decision to do with sex, and I’ll enjoy every moment of it. I’ll be selfish and demanding, and insist on everything being the way I want it. I’ll use you over and over again, and most of the time I won’t even let you come when I’m done with you.”

Xander took a deep breath. “Okay.”

Malone’s heart raced. Blood pounded in his ears making his own words difficult to hear, but he forced them out regardless. “I’ll put you in chastity for months on end. I’ll find out your every kink and use them all against you. I’ll keep you on edge and frustrated. I’ll use every part of you and leave you panting with need when I walk away. I’ll collar you and never let you take that collar off.”

Xander swallowed. "Promise?"

Malone shook his head. "Xan..."

"Do you really think I've been imagining you as the kind of lover who'll buy me flowers and put me on a pedestal?" he asked. "I know you. I know what you'll be a bastard about, and I know where you'll draw the line."

Malone closed his eyes, blocking out the sight of Xander sitting there, looking so strong and so submissive at the same time.

"You think I'm saying I'll put up with you being in charge and making me jump through hoops, but it's not like that. It's what I want. Bloody hell, Mal, I want it enough to stand up to you for the first time in my life. Doesn't that tell you something about how much I want this?" His words were composed and determined, but his carefully modulated tone did nothing to hide his desperation. By the time he finished, he was gripping his own fingers so tightly his knuckles were all white.

If anyone was going to hold any part of Xander that tightly, it should be Malone, no one else. He took hold of Xander's wrists and tugged his hands apart. The moment he saw his own grip wrapped around Xander's skin, he was mesmerised. He couldn't help but stare.

"I've wanted to belong to you for so long," Xander said.

Malone gazed into Xander's eyes for a long time. Xander had never pushed to get things his own way. He'd never liked admitting what he wanted, let alone demanding that what he wanted should come first.

Malone looked down, and that was the moment that he realised that this was one battle he wouldn't win—that it was the only battle in his life that he had no interest in winning.

Xander wanted this. Xander wanted to submit so much, he'd actually stopped submitting for long enough to make that crystal clear. No one could have asked him to do anything harder, and he'd done it all on his own without any help from Malone.

"You don't belong to me. You're not wearing my collar—yet." He paused for a moment to let that final word sink in. His mind raced. If they were really going to do this... If Xander really was going to belong to him for the rest of his life, they would do it properly and start as they meant to go on... "There's one more thing you have to do before you can belong to me."

Xander nodded, obviously willing to do whatever the hell it was. Malone smiled slightly. No survival instinct at all.

Malone stood up. Xander started to do the same.

“I didn’t tell you to move.”

Xander froze.

“Stay there, but get on your knees.”

If they really were going to do this then...

For a moment, Malone’s mind was a complete blank. He’d been trying to stop himself fantasising about Xander for so long, his brain refused to go there. He looked at his feeding room as if he’d never seen it before.

There were so many things he wanted to do with Xander, he didn’t know what to pick. Treating him like every other person he’d brought to that room was unthinkable. Imagining himself being any other way with a lover was impossible. But, there again, he’d never cared if any of the other men who he’d brought to that room had a survival instinct. He’d never wanted to protect them—from the whip or from his inclination to be a bastard.

He looked across to Xander. He knelt there, still outwardly calm, but when their eyes met, the need burning there was so clear. Xander needed him to make the decision, to show him that everything was fine and that he would look after him no matter what. He also needed to know that Malone had been telling him the truth when he’d told him what their sex life would be like.

Malone’s gaze came to rest on an object propped up in the far corner of the room. He smiled as a version of the future came gradually into focus within his mind. It was time for Xander to really *see* what he was signing up for.

Picking up the large mirror, he carried it across and propped it up against the spanking bench so it was directly in front of Xander.

Xander looked from the reflection to Malone and back, obviously waiting for an explanation.

“Once my collar goes around your neck, you’ll need my permission to come.”

Xander nodded his understanding.

“You won’t have the right to jack off whenever the hell you feel like it. You won’t be allowed to touch your cock at all, unless you’re washing it or aiming

it. And if I think you're taking advantage of my generosity in letting you do either of those two things, you'll lose those exceptions."

"Okay." The word was barely whispered, but it was filled with relief, not fear.

Malone stood over Xander, staring down at him. Xander tilted his head back in return, peering up at him.

"Look at the reflection, look at your cock."

Xander obeyed.

"Put your hands behind your back, I don't want you touching it yet, just look." Malone smiled. "If you go through with this, this is the last time you'll ever look at your cock and know it belongs to you."

Xander swallowed.

Malone stepped behind him so he could see the reflection. So strong. So much muscle, so many tats, and he was Malone's—or he would be soon.

"Do you like getting yourself off?"

Xander met his gaze in the reflection. "Yes." Complete honesty.

Malone's cock stiffened behind his fly as he watched Xander's erection harden and rise. "Will you miss being able to do that whenever you want?"

Xander licked his lips. "Yes."

"This is going to be the last time you're ever going to be able to jack yourself off and know you'll be allowed to come at the end of it."

Xander glanced down at his erection. Malone's gaze never wavered from Xander's face.

"Go ahead. It's still yours, for now. You can play with it a little."

Xander slowly took one hand from behind his back and wrapped his fist around his cock.

Adrenaline spiked in Malone's veins. "That's right," he encouraged. "That feels good, doesn't it?"

Xander nodded.

"Keep it nice and slow. There's no rush. You want to have a good memory of your last guaranteed orgasm. Make it last."

Xander shuffled his knees against the floor, but he seemed to be turned on rather than worried about it all. He took a deep breath and moved his hand more slowly, giving control of his last moments of freedom to Malone without a single hesitation.

“Good boy.”

Xander's attention jerked up to Malone. Their eyes locked together. That was it, what Xander wanted more than anything else. Praise. For his master to be pleased with him. Maybe Malone had been wrong to say there was no masochism in him, but Xander had been right when he set out his stall as a submissive.

Malone's smile turned crooked as he turned away from him. Maybe being a bit of a bastard was acceptable. With a man who got turned on by being told he might never be allowed to come again, perhaps being a bit of a bastard was actually a good thing.

“Keep going as you are,” he said. Somehow, he managed to sound casual. Going to one of the cabinets in the corner, he opened a drawer and found the first thing he wanted. The other item he required was in a different drawer—a locked drawer. He put the second item in his pocket, but he kept the first one in his hand when he went back to Xander.

He was still stroking his cock very slowly, but all his attention was on Malone rather than himself.

“Focus.” Malone crouched down behind Xander and met his gaze in the reflection.

“Sorry.”

Malone rubbed his hand over Xander's tightly cropped hair. “You're forgiven,” he said, with an easy smile.

Xander smiled back, as if all was right with his world.

“You know, it's not just your cock that will belong to me when you're wearing my collar. Do you like playing with your balls when you jack off?”

Xander nodded.

“Go ahead.”

Xander took his left hand from behind his back and cupped his balls. Moving his fingers, he rolled his sac against his palm.

“Good?” Malone asked.

Xander nodded again.

“Do exactly what you’d do if you were on your own,” Malone whispered in his ear. “I want to know what you used to do when your cock belonged to you.”

Xander whimpered.

Possession. Yes, Xander loved that. Malone looked over Xander’s shoulder, watching him play with himself. His strokes were getting firmer now. His hips rocked as if he found it impossible to keep them still. “Good boy.”

Xander relished the words. He wanted to look over his shoulder and face his friend properly, but he killed the instinct and went back to staring at the reflection of his cock, just as Malone had ordered. Everything was still so fragile. It was still so difficult for him to believe that Malone was actually giving in and accepting his submission, taking any kind of risk with that was courting insanity.

“What do you think about?” Malone asked.

“You.” He hadn’t come thinking about anyone else for years, and now Malone was right there, and this was actually happening.

“Me doing what?” Malone asked.

“Screwing me, tying me up, spanking me, feeding from me, ordering me about, all of it,” Xander stuttered out.

Malone smiled, but he still didn’t reach out and touch Xander. He kept one tortuous inch of air between them the whole time.

“There’s another part of you I’m going to own when you’re collared.” Malone dropped a tube of lubricant on the floor within Xander’s easy reach.

Xander stared at it for a long time, not about to take the initiative if waiting patiently might inspire Malone to make the decision for him.

“Since it’s your last chance to finger your arse whenever you want, it would be a crime not to, wouldn’t it?” Malone’s words were softly spoken. As close as his lips were to Xander’s ear, it felt like they were whispered directly into his mind.

Xander nodded. He reached for the lube. His hands were shaking. The top wouldn’t come off.

“Let me do that for you.” Malone deftly took off the lid and squeezed a generous amount of lube onto Xander’s fingers.

“Thank you.”

Malone chuckled. “You’re welcome, pet.”

Xander looked over his shoulder. Malone was just a fraction of an inch away. It would have been so easy for one of them to lean forward and bring their lips together in their first ever kiss. Xander didn’t dare. Malone just smiled and refused to do it because he could, because he knew what Xander wanted and it amused him to deny the request.

Xander looked at his slicked fingers. “Do I need permission to move?”

“Not this time.”

Xander clumsily rearranged himself so he could lie back on the floor and reach down between his legs. He moaned as his fingers slid against his hole, not so much from what he was doing, as from feeling Malone watching him do it.

He stared up at Malone, watching Malone watch him. He slid one finger inside his hole, working it back and forth before replacing it with two. Malone’s gaze never strayed from him. Rocking his hips, Xander pushed himself onto his fingers again and again.

He bit his lip to try to keep back a moan of pleasure as he rubbed his fingertips against his prostate. Heat rushed to Xander’s cheeks, making Malone chuckle again. It wasn’t a harsh sound. It sounded less like Malone was making fun of him and more like Malone was getting into his stride and really starting to enjoy himself.

“That’s enough. Back as you were.”

Xander blinked up at him. His fingers felt good inside him, he had no desire to stop unless they were going to be replaced by Malone’s cock.

Malone didn’t say anything else. He finally seemed to realise that he didn’t have to, that Xander would soon obey him of his own accord. He was right. Xander gave up what he wanted. Twisting around, he got himself back onto his knees.

He was so hard, he thought he might come from a single touch. Whether it was official or not, he already felt like his cock belonged to Malone. He couldn’t risk touching it without permission.

“You can go back to what you were doing,” Malone offered.

Xander stroked himself very cautiously, very lightly, half-terrified that he would make himself come before Malone wanted him to.

“What about here?” Crouching down behind Xander once more, Malone reached around him and ran his fingers over one of Xander’s nipples. “Do you play here when you think about me, too?”

Xander shook his head. A shudder ran through him, but that was because it was Malone’s touch. It had nothing to do with where he was touching him.

“Never?”

Xander shook his head. “Never saw the point.”

“That’s okay. I’ll put clamps on you. Get you nice and sensitive and teach you to love it.”

“Thank you,” Xander whispered.

Malone moved his hand up to Xander’s shoulder and casually caressed his skin. “You know when you’re in bed and you’re half asleep, do you ever just reach down and tug on your cock a few times, just because it feels good, just because you can?”

Xander nodded.

“You won’t be allowed to do that anymore.”

Xander took a deep breath.

“And when you’re in the shower and your hand’s all soapy?” Malone whispered into his ear, with obvious relish. “Never again.” It sounded as if he’d finally realised that it was okay for him to want to twist the knife a little.

Xander bit back a whimper and helplessly rocked his hips as every description of not being allowed to come in the future made him all the more desperate to come right then.

“You’re going to be the one to decide when my ownership of you starts, Xan. As soon as you come, that will be it. You’ll be mine, from that second on, and God, I hope you know what you’re letting yourself in for.”

Xander nodded.

“It’s going to be the last decision you ever make. So, if you’re sure, then go for it, Xan. If you really want to belong to me, show me. Come.”

Xander tightened his grip. He was so close to the edge, it only took him a couple of strokes. Pleasure exploded through him. He thrust his hips, pushing his cock into his hand. His eyes fell closed. Suddenly, something wrapped around his neck.

Jolted out of his pleasure, Xan dropped his cock and reached for his throat. His gaze landed on the mirror. The silver chain around his neck tightened as Malone tugged on it, then slackened as Malone finished fastening the collar in place.

Malone slid his hand around Xander's throat and jerked him off balance. Still reeling from his orgasm, aftershocks rushing through his body, Xander reached back and tried to grab hold of Malone to steady himself.

Malone didn't seem to care what he was trying to do. He pushed Xander's head to one side, forcing him to bare his neck, and he bit.

Another explosion of pleasure so soon after his climax was almost too much. The world wove in and out of existence around Xander as Malone sucked against his neck.

His cock hadn't even had a chance to start softening after he came. He was in no way ready for the kind of bliss Malone's bite brought with it. He whimpered with frustration. If Malone noticed, he showed no sign of caring. That realisation only made Xander's cock ache all the more.

He felt Malone's free hand move between their bodies, but he was far too pleasure-addled to make sense of what Malone was trying to do until he felt Malone's freed erection rub against his buttocks.

Malone broke the bite. He pushed Xander forward. Xander only just managed to reach out in time to stop himself from landing face first on the floor. Malone shoved Xander's legs apart. Xander looked over his shoulder and saw Malone slicking his shaft, but he didn't have time to get his knees underneath him. Malone covered Xander's body and pushed inside him, rough and determined.

Xander gasped. He scrabbled at the floor trying to gain some sort of purchase on the smooth floorboards.

"Mine."

Xander stilled. He dropped his head and let his forehead rest on the floor. "Yours." Relief rushed through him at the word.

Apparently, that was the only conversation Malone required from him. He rocked back and thrust into him. His every movement was jagged and impatient. There was no holding back, no polite concerns about his lover's comfort or the fact Xander's buttocks were still sore after the previous night's paddling. Malone was all about taking what he wanted now.

Xander lifted his head and peered at the reflection. Malone was still mostly dressed. His hair was falling forward into his eyes. He didn't look up at the mirror in return. His gaze remained fixed firmly on the collar around Xander's neck.

It was far too soon after his own orgasm for Xander to enjoy sex on his own behalf, but he knew deep down in his soul that it was never the wrong time for him to love being pinned beneath Malone. Possession, dominance, ownership. It was about far more than an orgasm could ever be.

Malone gripped Xander's shoulder and used it for leverage as he pushed into him again, harder and faster than ever. He yelled out as he came, a harsh triumphant sound. Xander stared at Malone's reflection, watching ecstasy pass across his face.

As his pleasure faded, all Malone's energy seemed to leave him, he slumped against Xander, making no attempt to support his own body and not crush him.

A fair amount of his weight seemed to come to rest directly on Xander's recently spanked arse. Xander took a deep breath and let it out very slowly. A second later, Malone did the same.

"You are by far the most infuriating, amazing and *inconvenient* man I've ever met," Malone bit out. When he spoke again, his voice was quieter, almost confessional. "Making your decisions was never convenient, Xan. It was delicious and addictive, but it was never a game to me. You know that, right?"

Xander closed his eyes. "Yeah, I know." But, damn, it was still good to hear Malone admit it.

"I should never have said that to you."

Xander smiled, his cheek moved against the floorboards. "You've lashed out worse at a temp who brought the wrong coffee order back."

"Other people, yes—not you. I won't do it again."

"Okay."

For a long time, the room was silent. Malone seemed to be lost in his thoughts. He made no effort to move. The residue of Xander's spanking

stopped feeling tingly and started to throb. His left foot fell asleep. His shoulder started to cramp.

Eventually, Malone pulled away, and as soon as he did, Xander wanted him back, no matter how sore it might make his joints.

Xander put his hands on the floor either side of his body. About to lever himself up, he hesitated.

Malone's clothes rustled. A full minute passed. "You can move."

Xander pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, then sat back on his ankles.

Malone stood next to him, looming above him. "I meant it when I said I wouldn't say anything like that to you again."

Xander tipped his head back and looked up at him. "I know." It wasn't in Malone to want to hurt someone he owned that way. Hell, even backed into a corner and making a last ditch attempt to escape, he'd pulled the punch, stopped himself short of saying a hundred things that could have hurt Xander more deeply.

"I meant it when I said I'll keep you frustrated for months and only ever let you come when I want to watch you do that, too."

Xander smiled. "I know." That kind of cruelty was a different thing altogether. Malone had that in spades.

"You'll hate me." The words were completely expressionless.

"No," Xander said, very simply. "I'll love you."

Malone closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them, he looked pissed off. He tugged Xander up onto his feet.

He didn't give Xander a chance to say anything else. The kiss was fierce and possessive. Malone kissed like he needed to conquer the world to balance out any weakness he might have shown. Xander parted his lips, welcomed him in and thrived on having every scrap of control taken away from him.

Breaking the kiss as suddenly as he'd started it, Malone grabbed Xander's wrist. He tugged him out of the room and along the upstairs landing toward his bedroom. They were halfway along the corridor when Malone gave in. "I love you, too." They were thrown down like a challenge, issued without any eye contact, and they were perfect.

Xander smiled at the back of Malone's head. He'd never had any doubt that Malone would say it back once he'd said it. He'd never doubted it would be the truth, either.

In a way, perhaps, it had been cruel of him to admit how he felt out loud. Malone was still coming to terms with accepting him as his submissive and really didn't need anything else thrown at him.

But at the same time, Xander knew deep down he'd been right to give control of that knowledge to Malone along with everything else. Perhaps it was cruel, but sometimes a man had to be cruel to be kind, right?

The End

Author Bio

Kim is a thirty-year-old bisexual submissive from Wales (UK). First published in 2008, she has since released almost 100 BDSM erotic romance titles ranging from short stories to full-length novels. Having worked with a host of fantastic e-publishers, she has just moved into self-publishing.

While she has occasionally ventured towards other pairings, Kim's first love is still, and probably always will be, Male/Male stories. But, no matter what the pairing, from paranormal to contemporary, and from the sweet to the intense, everything she writes will always feature three things - Kink, Love and a Happy Ending.

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