

A movie poster for 'Sigarrio Part One' featuring Kai Tyler. The image shows two men against a dark background. On the left, Kai Tyler has long dark hair and is wearing a dark blue blazer over a light-colored button-down shirt. On the right, another man is wearing a brown hooded sweatshirt and has a goatee. The text 'One hitman. One slave. One death wish.' is in the upper right. 'PART ONE' is in the middle right. The title 'SIGARRIO' is in large, stylized letters with a red and black splatter effect. 'KAI TYLER' is at the bottom in white.

One hitman.
One slave.
One death wish.

PART ONE

SIGARRIO

KAI TYLER

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

SICARIO

By Kai Tyler

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

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

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

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

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SICARIO

By Kai Tyler

Photo Description

A man is bound with coarse, wound rope, hands stretched to the sides and back, body bowed from the waist and head tilted downwards. On the outside he appears beaten. Broken. A man willing to submit to whatever life and his captors have in store for him. But watch his hands. The determined way he grips the ropes. This is a warrior and while the battle may be lost, the war is not over.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

He is the most captivating creature I have ever seen. A human. So frail in body, yet his strength is undeniable. And though he caught the eye of many, he is mine now. No one else could match my bid. In a couple minutes they will release him to me. And I will never let him go.

I am under no illusions. I know he will look upon my deformations and find me hideous. He will be repulsed by my weakness and wish to belong to a finer warrior. But at least I will not be like the others of my kind. I will not use my greater size and strength to hurt and control him. I will not squash the pride in his eyes, equal to any of my people. His beautiful back will never feel the lash again. At least with me he will be free of the pain. But not free to leave. Never free to leave me.

Please don't include infidelity or ménage and please don't include any kind of insta-love, but instead have their relationship develop. Otherwise, get as creative as you like.

Thank you!

Sincerely,

Katian

Story Info

Genre: dystopian, post-apocalypse

Tags: mafia/criminal, captivity, slave, masturbation, suspense

Word Count: 8,549

SICARIO
By Kai Tyler

Chapter One

Lexan

He was close by. I knew it. Sensed it deep in my tightening gut. The man I wanted. The reason I'd broken my three-month long seclusion.

Stepping off the aircraft, I stood on the skyscraper roof, gaze fixed on the bright lights below. Once upon a time, I'd been a significant part of a vibrant city life. Carefree, my only concern had been on fixing my boss's problems. Now, I was nothing more than a ghost, non-existent to many.

At forty floors above street level I heard the honk of cars and the jumbled conversations of people far below. A part of my enhanced abilities that still functioned. It had come in handy when I'd run surveillance on potential targets. Now it served as a reminder of a world carrying on without my input.

Not that I'd ever been a fan of San Jose, the center of the New World. A city full of pretentious people all vying to outdo each other with their unrefined ways. It is said, 'money can't buy good taste,' and the statement stood true for most of its residents.

Still, this was the one place where I could acquire what I needed. One thing stood true about the city: anything could be bought, even if it wasn't for sale.

At the entrance, the retinal scanner beeped before the visible blue shimmer of the protective force field dissipated. The doorman tipped his head in respect. "Welcome Mr. Cesare. Weapons and electronics, please."

Smile curling my lips, I pulled out the Beretta from the shoulder strap under my jacket and phone from my pocket, placing both on the counter. As much as I hardly went anywhere without my weapon of choice, the rules of the auction house stated 'No weapons allowed' as part of their terms and conditions. Moreover, there were other ways of killing, not always as efficient but still effective.

He placed both items in a metal case similar to one you would find in a bank vault and locked it before handing me an electronic key card. Pocketing it, I descended the stairs down to a short corridor.

Why walk in at street level when you can descend from the heavens? the auction brochure had advertised. For an exclusive and discreet auction house such as Kazuyo's, the clients could afford to arrive and depart by air.

In the foyer of shiny dark surfaces and diffused lighting, an usher led me to my seat in an enclosure similar to the VIP box in a theatre, a relic of the Old World but with a one-way glass screen, designed to ensure that I could see the stage and the merchandise being auctioned but no one outside the room could see me. Like the doorman before him, this young man didn't stare at my face, a sign of the discretion required in this business.

Through the glass, the raised platform stage stood lit with low lights. The rest of the auction room lay in an almost eerie darkness. None of the other bidders were visible, probably sitting behind screens too.

The usher offered me refreshments as I relaxed into my seat. No alcohol, mind you. I settled for the sparkling mountain spring water. Taking a sip of the refreshing liquid, I reached for the tablet device on the table beside me and read the message on the screen.

Welcome. Place your card on the screen to begin.

Following the instructions, soon I browsed the electronic brochure. Not a regular at these events. In fact this was my first time. But I had something specific, albeit unusual, in mind. It had taken me weeks to track this particular item, and I had it on good authority that it would be on the block today.

I scrolled through until the merchandise appeared on the screen. My breath caught in my throat at the fierce beauty on display, a strange response for me. But I'd been having odd impulses since the incident that resulted in my retirement.

The lights on the stage pulsed as if in warning that the auctions were about to begin. The background music faded out and silence reigned as the first item was brought to the stage.

How many potential rivals did I have bidding for this? I didn't know, but I would acquire it today even if it cost me my life... and it probably would.

Chapter Two

Enzo

A bright beam of light nearly blinded me as I shuffled out onto the stage, the clinking sound of metal a dismal musical ensemble, the platform cold beneath my bare feet.

“Raise your hands,” one of my guards said, a dark-haired, burly, Eastern-European man who probably spent his leisure time lifting weights.

Gyms were not places I’d ever visited. All my life I’d worked the land, one way or the other. And after months of captivity with restricted rations, the sinews of tight muscles showed in my reflection off the mirrored walls as I obeyed the instructions without resistance.

They bound my outstretched hands and widened legs to a pulley system of ropes and chains that made me look as if I was nailed to a cross.

Assume a submissive posture. The words drilled into me. I bowed my head, even when my mind rebelled, my gaze fixed at the gray metal beneath me.

For months I’d fought against my captors’ attempt to break me. At first I’d wanted to know why I had been taken from my home. Away from the people I loved. No answers came. Instead I received beatings, starvation, and degradation. The excruciating pain eclipsed all else. In the end I begged for them to stop. I’d do anything if they stopped. Kazuyo, the owner of this perverted establishment, had given me a choice—submit to the upcoming auction or suffer a slow, torturous death.

I’d nearly laughed in his face. I wasn’t afraid of death. It came to the best of us. But, I wanted something else more. Vengeance. I wanted the chance to find out who had done this to me and wreck their lives just as they’d done mine.

So I’d agreed. They’d cleaned me up, fed me, and even given me a room with a futon mattress instead of the cold cell floor I’d slept on for weeks. Still a shadow of my pre-captivity self but I could hold my own weight and my mind was returning to full function.

“Lot number three fifty-two is a fine specimen of man.” I recognized Kazuyo’s voice although I couldn’t see him. The pulley swiveled me slowly so that my naked form rotated 360 degrees for however many people were out there bidding for me. “He is rough, hard, and very good looking. Bidding starts at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

Damn. I'd never even seen that amount of money before. Now someone out there was going to pay that for me? My nostrils flared and my grip curled into fists around the chains holding me up. The world had gone to pot when men thought it was okay to buy and sell those less privileged than they were.

"Lift your head up," Kazuyo said.

My jaw tightened at being put on display like cattle, my body curled tight with the urge to smash my fist into his face. Counting to five, I inhaled a deep breath as I remembered the endgame.

With head raised, I stared straight ahead into the darkened auditorium, swallowing the simmering rage in my stomach. In my peripheral view, the auction house owner stood before a large monitor, with a microphone headset and fingers padding across the screen. A man of mixed Asian descent, small in stature and flowing black hair. The first time I met him, I'd thought he appeared gentle. Delicate. Boy, had I been wrong. The man was a sadistic sonofabitch. He got a sickening enjoyment from watching others suffer. I shuddered as I remembered his torturous use of a cattle prod.

Since no one else could be seen or heard, I assumed the bidding was being done anonymously via electronic devices.

Eventually Kazuyo turned to me.

"Congratulations, Enzo," he said in a soft voice like he was talking to a child who had pleased him. "You have a new owner."

Taking a deep breath, I suppressed my anger. For the first time in weeks a kindle of hope ignited within me. The future remained uncertain, yet I wouldn't lose the one thing that had kept me together.

I would escape this degrading life. I would reunite with my family and mete out revenge on those who had wronged me.

Hope. I clung to it as my guards returned and untied me from the pulleys, leading me down the bright corridor accompanied by the sound of shuffling footsteps and rattling chains. The holding cell had nothing in it but stripped back brick wall.

"On your knees," Guard number one ordered.

Normally his tone would've irritated me. Now it had no effect as I complied, the only thoughts in my head of getting out of here.

He removed the metal cuffs and chains attached to my wrists and ankles. I rubbed my unbound arms, getting the circulation going again.

The other man tossed some clothes at me. “Put these on.”

Baring my teeth, I glared from the items on the floor back up at the guards. They were not that much bigger than me. I could take them down and make a run for it. Easier said than done though, considering I still had the damned electronic collar around my neck. The contraption was nasty. It delivered crippling electric shocks to the wearer. I knew from first-hand experience how much it hurt.

The guards smirked as if they knew what I was thinking. I could do nothing to harm them at the moment. One day perhaps. Not today.

Suddenly the men stiffened and stepped outside the room. Eyes narrowed, I wondered if Kazuyo was back. But it wasn't the purveyor of flesh blocking the doorway.

Breath caught in my throat.

A man in a fitted black jacket and trousers, a dark-blue shirt and tie. Expensive shiny fabrics and immaculate tailoring. In my old life, I'd been more of a plaid shirt and faded denim kind of guy. So I could smell rich city slickers a mile away. But he didn't project the usual arrogance and brusque attitude a country guy like me had come to expect from his type.

In fact, I couldn't read him at all. Long brown hair fell to his shoulders. Combined with his lean and angular body, he appeared almost feminine. Half of his face was covered by a black mask. But the piercing, cold, and flat expression was what really got my attention. He had the most intense eyes I'd ever seen, the color of steel blades—perfect, sharp and deadly.

He stared at me with no smile, no emotion. Still, my body temperature rose under his gaze and I resisted the urge to adjust my position. *Damn*, he didn't even blink.

He stepped into the room and shut the door, leaning against the bare wall. At the moment we were at polar opposites. I being completely naked and he covered from neck to toes in luxurious fabric. I should've been uncomfortable. I'd seen the way others leered at my bare form. Yet in his gaze I saw... *admiration?*

He held my gaze, drawing me in with the intensity of his. Pulse racing, my skin tingled. Aware of the warmth spreading through me and converging at my groin, I lowered my eyes. No man had elicited that reaction from me in a long time, raising feelings I'd suppressed. Feelings that could spell death if I didn't hide them.

“I envy you,” he said, his voice soft and almost intimate.

My shoulders tensed. Was he playing games with me?

“What is there to envy about a man who’s been debased and sold to the highest bidder?” Annoyed, I spoke before thinking. I wasn’t supposed to talk back, not unless he asked a question.

“I envy your resilience in spite of everything you’ve been through. I’m not sure I could do the same,” he said, reached for the clothes on the floor, and handed them to me.

My mouth dropped open and I met his gaze, not believing I’d heard him right. I’d expected a reprimand. Kazuyo would’ve instructed I be whipped for my utterance. This man offered me praise instead. Strangely, warmth bloomed in my chest. The first time since my captivity. The corner of my lips tugged in a would-be smile, but I suppressed it.

In praising me, he’d downplayed his own ability. A definite power swap in deference to me. His words called to my protective instinct. The confident, generous me that had almost disappeared with the onslaught of the past few months.

“It’s surprising what the human spirit will do to survive when tested. I’m sure you would have done well under the same circumstances,” I said in a gentle voice.

His eyes sparkled and he nodded toward the clothes in my hand. “Put those on for now. I’ll provide you with better clothing when we get home.”

Reminded of my current state of undress, I pushed off the hard floor and pulled on the loose-fitting sweatpants and shirt. They were more than I’d had to wear for a long time.

“Home?” I asked in a tense voice, giving him a side glance. A word filled with distant promise. Would I get to see mine soon? A ranch house that had been in the family for generations; acres of land for livestock; my sister, mother and fiancée gathered around the dinner table. Even now, I saw their smiling faces and my throat tightened, chest aching.

“Yes, you’re coming home with me,” the stranger’s words augmented my despondency.

As part of the New World elites, he contributed to my current situation. I couldn’t forget my hatred for what he represented. I shook off the crushing

disappointment weighing down my shoulders and straightened to my full height.

“As your slave.” Tired of bowing and scraping, I spat the words out, not caring about the penalty of my rash words. Being passive had never been natural for me anyway.

He flinched and flicked the cuffs of his shirt. “You won’t be beaten or debased in any way.”

Lips flat and jaw set, I studied him with suspicion. What did he take me for? A fool? “Lucky me, I’m to be your sex toy. Is that it?” My words dripped with sarcasm.

Something flickered in his gaze and he shifted from one leg to the other. “You couldn’t be more wrong. I wouldn’t treat you that way.”

If he was trying to play the benevolent owner, I could play too. “So can I go home to my family whenever I want?”

“No.” He shot the word at me with vehemence he hadn’t shown till now. “You can have anything else you want but you can’t leave me.”

Chapter Three

You can't leave me.

The finality of the words rattled in my head as we left the auction house, enraging me. My brain went into overdrive and I assessed all the possible chances of escape. It became imperative now more than ever.

For one thing I got to travel as a 'human' rather than 'goods'. In the New World, slaves stood no higher than animal in status. In fact, prized poodles got better treatment than people of the lower classes. My previous transportation modes had included being bound, gagged, and caged in a cargo hold.

Tonight I sat in the cockpit of a helicopter beside the pilot—my new owner. In the enclosed, intimate space, I smelled his clean masculine scent and had to fight the urge to lean into him. Having him so close made me picture our bodies aligned, writhing together. A dangerous idea to develop at this moment. Needing a distraction, I stared at the switches and dials on the control panel.

"How am I to address you?" I asked. Others demanded they be called 'master' or 'sir'. I couldn't picture myself using any of those honorifics. I would be free of him at the earliest opportunity.

"My name is Lexan." He handed me a headset. "Use this if you want to talk during the flight."

Lex. I rolled the word around in my head.

"Do you promise to behave for the duration of the journey? That way I don't have to anaesthetize you."

I frowned. Had he read my thoughts of escape somehow? Weeks of torture had obviously demolished my ability to hide my expressions. Well, damn him. Damn Kazuyo. Damn the whole lot of them.

Jaw clenched, I gave a taut nod.

"I need your verbal agreement," he said.

Turning to face him, I glared at him. "Yes." I had a twinge of guilt at telling a lie but he was a fool if he expected me to go home with him without a fight. To become his willing slave. *Never.*

"Good," he said.

Soon the overhead rotors spun and we were in the air above the skyscrapers and the city lights. We headed out over the inky ocean. I could see the ships docked at the ports and I wondered if the rows of metal containers were filled with human cargoes. Slavery, the scourge of the earlier centuries on earth had returned in full force. Humanity had regressed instead of progressing after the epidemic that wiped out half of the planet.

Lexan pressed a button, switching to autopilot, and released the controls as he relaxed back into his seat.

I took the opportunity and lashed out, hitting him across the chest. His neck snapped back and his head hit the backrest. With my other hand I unclipped my seat belt and reached for the controls.

Any other man would've passed out cold from the impact. Not Lexan. He lunged at me and we struggled, our bodies hitting the panel. The helicraft jerked to the side and spun out of control. There was something primal and exhilarating about feeling his lean body against mine. It was a heady mix of arousal and adrenaline. I felt a pinprick at my nape. Sharp pain shot down my spine and my limbs became heavy. I slumped onto the floor and fell into darkness.

I opened my eyes to the streak of sunshine through open windows. A gentle breeze cooled my face as I blinked and studied my environment. I lay on a bed. Soft mattress under me and cool white sheets that smelled like the outdoors. White walls and floor to ceiling glass. From this angle all I could see was clear blue sky. Also I could hear the sound of crashing waves.

Standing from the bed, I walked naked toward the window. My head swam as I noticed the glass under my bare feet. Waves crashed against rocks more than one hundred feet beneath me.

Sweat broke on my forehead. My stomach lurched at the weird sensation of walking on air. What crazy person built a house hanging off the sheer face of a cliff?

I remembered last night. Was it last night that I had been sold to Lexan and I'd fought with him in the helicraft? I remembered passing out. Did he bring me here? Was this his home?

Moving away from the windows, I opened one of the tall drawers, searching for something to wear. I found a white T-shirt and pair of shorts that were

perfect fits. I wandered the rest of the house filled with white furniture and glass surfaces, a minimalist heaven. Lexan must have an army of slaves. How else could he keep every surface as shiny as they were?

Peering into each room I walked past for any sign of life, I called out, “Lexan?”

No one responded. I walked past an open-plan living room overlooking the sea into a kitchen. The sight of the coffeemaker made my mouth water. I hadn’t had coffee in months. I ignored it and pushed open the door leading out into a garden filled with shrubs and flowering plants. Somebody had gone to great length to create a tropical paradise here.

The sun wasn’t high yet and the palm trees provided cool shade. A little walk away I came to a timber hut beside a small waterfall and sparkling pool. But still no Lexan or any other sign of life.

Was he hiding away somewhere watching me through cameras? Was he testing me to see what I would do?

I couldn’t help admiring the beauty of the architecture of the house that seemed in tune with its surroundings and the breathtaking landscape. If things were different I could picture myself living here.

But things weren’t different. I wasn’t here of my own volition. And I’d be damned if I’d become a rich boy’s toy.

Gritting my teeth, I returned to the much cooler house. I didn’t want to indulge my melancholy on everything I’d lost. Inside I found a mug and poured myself some coffee. Sitting down at the table, I savored my first sip of the dark liquid. Sighing with pleasure, I closed my eyes, letting the taste and aroma permeate me.

“I see you’re awake.”

Eyes open, I sat up and put the cup down on the table.

Lexan stood in the doorway to the kitchen in running trousers, long-sleeve top, and shoes. Sweat dampened his hair, face, and clothes. A casual version of the man I’d met last night. Was it last night?

“About yesterday,” I started. My attitude had always been to deal with issues head-on. No better time than now.

“I’d rather forget about what happened. It’s done. No need to rehash it,” he said as he pulled open the fridge door and took out a bottle of water.

Head tilted to the side, I watched him. Did he really not mind that I'd fought him in the aircraft? He'd bought me at an auction, paid at least a quarter of a million dollars for me. He owned me.

He didn't look in the least bit perturbed that his slave sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee. Instead he held a plastic bottle of water to his lips and drank, his throat rippling.

No doubt I'd been attracted to him on seeing him for the first time. Now, watching him do something as normal as drinking water, I found it erotic on this man. My tongue darted out, licking my bottom lip as the urge to taste the salt on his skin made my mouth water.

Remembering who I was, I stood. "I couldn't resist the coffee. I hope it was okay to help myself."

"Sure. I want you to make this your home. You are welcome to use anything you find for your pleasure."

The way he said that I could've sworn he meant more than just the food and drink. "Okay."

He nodded and dumped his empty bottle in the sink. "I'm going to have a shower. Would you like to join me?"

Was he flirting with me? He stood close, way too close to me. Those eyes seemed to lack any reflection and made my breath catch. The heat from his body radiated to me. I wanted to touch him. To be touched by him.

"I'd rather finish my coffee, if that's okay with you," I said.

He shrugged and walked off. "I'll make breakfast when I come back out."

Was he really going to leave me here alone while he showered? I could escape. From the looks of it we were close to sea. There would be a boat, surely. And although I hadn't seen any other houses earlier, he would have neighbors and a means of escape.

But my rumbling stomach indicated I needed to refuel and regain my energy before planning any escape. Moreover after last night he would be a fool not to put in measures to keep me restricted. I doubted I would get very far especially in such an unfamiliar location.

Ten minutes later he was out, dressed in a long-sleeved shirt, dark denims, and bare feet. And the partial mask.

Chapter Four

A week later and we'd settled into a kind of routine. Lexan went for a run every morning before breakfast. On the second day I joined him and we followed more or less the same route every day, running along a circular path. I'd discovered we were on a small island and his nearest neighbor was hundreds of miles off across the shark-infested ocean.

With no boat in sight, if I managed to climb down the sheer rock face of the mountain high cliffs, I had to swim through violent waves and razor-edged rocks. I quickly ruled out swimming as an escape option.

After our run I would make the coffee while he showered. Then he would make breakfast while I showered. Every morning he invited me into the shower and every time I refused.

But as the days wore on, I found him increasingly attractive. He was more or less self sufficient, growing his own vegetables and herbs in the garden. I guess living on an island like he did, it wasn't simple to just pop into a grocery shop when he needed to buy an item. He had to make the most of what was in his environment.

He did all the cooking and cleaning. There weren't any other slaves on the island apart from me. Not that he treated me like one. In fact, apart from the fact that I couldn't leave of my own volition I could've been on some all-inclusive tropical island vacation.

Everything I needed was provided, even clothes. He did the laundry too. Anyone would think I was his master.

After dinner one evening we took our glasses of wine and sat out on the verandah watching the flocks of migrating birds and the setting sun.

"Do you ever get any visitors?" I asked out of curiosity. I wasn't sure if he was even going to answer.

"No," came his simple reply.

"Surely you must have friends and family that want to visit once in a while," I probed, wanting to find out more about this young man who had remained an enigma and whom I was beginning to like a lot. He wasn't bad, just misguided, perhaps.

He shook his head. "None."

“What exactly did you do for a living?” I suppose he could’ve worked in an office building but he had too much of a wild spirit to be tamed by mundane office work.

Gaze unwavering, he said, “*Il sicario.*”

Sweat broke on my forehead, my heart thudding. An Old World term used in the Cartels, the organizations that controlled whatever governments were left after half the earth was wiped out by an epidemic.

Lexan was a hit man. I’d seen it in his eyes the first time I saw him. Saw it now as he stared at me with those steel gray eyes. His cold, calculating nature. How did one so young become a hired killer? I wanted to find out so much about him despite everything.

“When I retired,” he carried on conversationally, “my ex-employer wanted me off the grid. I’d bought and built this place a while back as a safe house. It made sense for me to come out here. I didn’t have anybody who would miss my company.” I detected a hint of sadness in his voice.

I watched him as he stared out at the ocean, the light breeze fluttering the hair across his face. He really was a striking man. Why would someone so young lock himself away from the world?

“It must be lonely living out here on your own.”

He turned to me, a sad smile curling the corner of his lips. “I’m not alone any more. I have you.”

My heart clenched and I wanted to reach out to him. “Look, buying a slave just so you can have company isn’t right.”

His expression shuttered and he stood up. “I may have paid for you. But I’ve never treated you like a slave.”

He walked a few steps away and turned, his eyes blazing. “Who exactly is the slave? I do everything for you. I’ve even offered my body to you and you rejected me. I—”

“Hang on a minute,” I cut him off and stood facing him. “When exactly did you offer yourself to me?”

“Every morning after our run I invite you to the shower.”

“But... you were inviting me to fuck you?”

“Yes, I would never think about topping you. Not unless it was what you wanted.”

“What?” The sudden rush of blood southward made me only capable of uttering monosyllabic words. Hang on. Since when did masters let their slaves fuck them?

“Remember the first morning when I met you drinking coffee, I told you that you were free to use anything in this place for your pleasure.”

Jerking my head back, I stared at him. He couldn't know what he was offering me. “That offer included you?”

“Yes, and it still stands.” He went down on his knees, placing his hands on my thighs.

Breath rushed out of me as if he'd punched my lungs. This couldn't be happening. I should step away. End this. But I couldn't move.

His eyes flickered over my face, as he said in a soft voice, “Use me.”

His fingers traced my erection, tenting blue denim, and I let out a hiss. He grinned a little. “Let me get you off.”

I opened my mouth in what I can only class as a weak protest, until he rubbed my erection through my clothes.

“Okay,” I said in a gruff voice, groaning as his hand went up and down, teasing my rigid cock through the fabric. I wanted his lips wrapped around my cock, swallowing my cum.

He pulled my shirt free of the trousers and pushed the fabric up far enough to ghost his mouth across my hard stomach muscles. Nobody had done this for me in months.

What was he expecting in return? I couldn't help wondering.

Unable to resist his allure, I leaned down and grabbed his face with both hands, giving him a thorough kiss.

Fuck! This was such a bad idea if I wanted to end this anytime soon. He tasted better than anything I'd had in a long time. I wanted to lay him flat out on the ground and taste the rest of his body.

When I lifted my head, he was looking at me with a glazed look. I liked that I had that effect on him.

“What would you like me to do?” he asked in a husky voice.

I could see from the expression on his face that he perhaps wanted more. But I wasn't ready for that. I cupped his chin and held his head in place. “The way you touch me is fucking amazing. I'll let you carry on.”

“It feels good to finally do this for you. I’ve wanted to do this from the first day I saw you.”

He’d wanted to do this from that day in the auction house? Wow.

Sucking in a deep breath, I planted my feet apart as he unzipped my trousers and reached into my briefs to cup my erection. I didn’t drop eye contact as I pushed the jeans farther down my thighs.

He stared at the outline of my cock. No one seeing him now on his knees stroking my cock would think he had bought me. Right now I looked like I owned him. Like I was in control. I liked the sight of him on his knees, warm air from his breath fanning me.

I could barely catch my breath as my body overheated. I suddenly wished I had no clothes on.

“Keep going,” I said.

He was quick to obey and pushed down my briefs. My cock sprang free, thick and long, the base cleanly shaved. His hands drifted over my balls, fingers teasing and probing.

“You really are perfection,” he said.

I jerked, letting out a shaky breath as he continued his exploration.

With the flush of arousal, I don’t think I had any more blood left for important bodily functions. At this stage I was far too aroused to deny him anything. If he asked me to fuck him I wasn’t sure I could deny him any longer.

The amount of control he seemed to have over my body should have alarmed me but it didn’t. I wanted more of him. Pure and simple.

His hand drifted down to my cock, and I was lost. He worked his hand up and down my length with a sure grip. He slid a finger through the leaking slit, maintaining eye contact, and a groan slipped past my lips. He had picked up quite a rhythm by this time.

My eyes drifted shut, the tendons in my neck tensed, and my balls tightened. I was close. But I wanted to come in his mouth.

“Slow down,” I said, my voice thick and husky with arousal.

He pumped my cock through his tight fist twice more before groaning, slowing down, and engulfing me fully in his mouth.

“Fuck!”

He bobbed up and down on my hard cock like I was candy. Every time he pulled back, my hips jerked upward to reclaim every inch of space in his mouth.

“Damn it,” I swore, my breathing fast and heavy.

Pulling back just enough so the tip remained in his mouth, his lips curled into a smile. Then he was back tonguing the leaking slit. He took his time exploring my shaft, running his teeth along the length and then sucking me down to the root.

I watched him, eyes half-closed. My nostrils flared, filled with the scent of my arousal and his. My cock towered in front of his face, precum making the swollen head shiny and slick.

I tunneled my fingers through his hair, tugging him close.

He understood my unspoken demand. He took me back into his mouth and I face-fucked him like he was a toy purely for my entertainment.

“Jack yourself,” I ordered.

He tugged his swollen erection out and pumped furiously as he groaned around me. My fingers tightened in his hair and the tip of my cock rammed the back of his throat repeatedly. I surged between his lips again and again, my hips jerking and taking a life of their own as I thrust for what my life was worth.

His eyes went wide but he didn't try to push me away. Instead he took everything I gave. The vision of his total submission to me was my undoing. My balls tightened and hot blasts of cum jetted out of me into his open mouth.

He licked every drop from my cock. I closed my eyes for a minute, enjoying the moment, that satisfaction that comes after bone-melting sex.

I opened my eyes and stared at him as he leaned back on his heels, his spent cock in his cum-covered hand. Slowly I pulled my briefs and trousers back up. I could get used to this. I could take him up on this offer. If I ordered him to strip and get on his hands and knees, he would let me take him right here on the decking. I would enjoy it too.

But another thought strayed into my mind, souring my mood. One day I would get off this island and exact my revenge on the people who had destroyed my life. One day I would leave him.

Chapter Five

The next morning after running, Lex offered me the shower first and made the coffee. When I came out, breakfast was laid out. He was on the phone and switched it off as I walked into the kitchen.

Pulling out a chair, I sat down and bit into the warm croissant before taking a sip of coffee.

“Are you not going to join me?” I asked, watching him standing stiffly by the counter. I should’ve picked up the clue that something was wrong, but I was too engrossed in the beauty of him.

He shook his head regretfully. “I’m sorry,” he said, avoiding my gaze.

“What’s... wrong?” My words came out slurred and my body became heavy. I slumped against the chair before the world went dark.

The whizzing sound of blades woke me and I groggily peeled open my eyes. The sun was high in the sky. I tried to sit up but couldn’t. My legs and arms felt weighted with lead. I tried to remember what had happened. I remembered breakfast and then nothing.

“Lex,” I called out before drifting off to sleep again.

Next time I woke the sun was low in the sky. I dragged myself off the sofa and went in search of Lexan. From the woozy way my head felt I knew I was feeling the after-effect of being drugged. Lexan had drugged me.

Pounding rose in my ears and I felt like punching a hole in the wall. I heard a sound and rushed into the kitchen to find him dumping a box of groceries on the table.

Before he could do anything, I ran full pelt at him and slammed my body into his. “Fucking bastard!”

His back rammed against the counter as he tried to fight me off. “Enzo, wait.”

Despite his plea, I didn’t let up, using my elbow to hit his side, and he doubled over with an *oomph* sound. I pulled open a kitchen drawer and pulled out the roll of Duck tape and a kitchen knife.

“On your knees,” I demanded.

Without protest he obeyed, his eyes fixed on me in an even, soulless stare that would've unnerved someone else. But not me. Not with the adrenaline coursing in my veins.

“Stretch out your hands.”

He did and I bound his hands with the tape. I pushed the box off the table. “Spread yourself on it, face down,” I said, using the knife to point at the cleared table.

He looked from the knife to me before reaching for the other end of the table, lying flat on it. I kicked out his legs and taped each to the table post.

In this posture, he was a sight to behold. For one moment, my anger abated, replaced by arousal. I wondered what it would feel like to take him from this angle. I moved, circling the table.

“You’re going to tell me what the hell is going on.” I pulled his shirt collar back, put the knife under it, and cut through.

For a moment he froze and then relaxed as the shirt ripped from top to bottom. I continued slicing and cutting until the tattered shirt hung like confetti on his body. Then I turned my attention to the silk trousers, giving it the same treatment. I swept the fabric aside and revealed his bare body to my gaze for the first time.

I gasped. Mottled scar tissue marked the left side of his body from shoulder to hip.

“Stand up,” I said before I could stop myself.

As if reluctant to show me and yet reluctant to disobey me, he pushed off his elbows slowly. The dark scars continued to his front and reached up towards his neck like a rising wave.

“What happened to you?” My voice was low. I couldn’t tell exactly what I felt at this moment. Anger. Concern. Desire. What?

He turned his head away, his jaw clenched. “I was in a fire.”

Reaching across, I tried to touch him. He flinched, jerking the table.

“It’s okay. I won’t hurt you,” I said, my voice gentle. True, I’d been angry with him for drugging me. I had no real intentions of hurting him. I just wanted answers.

But seeing the scars provided a little understanding to his loneliness. It echoed the desperation I'd felt the past few months. I wanted to protect him from anything that would hurt him.

I put the knife down on the counter. "Can I touch you?"

He looked at me and I don't know what he saw in my eyes, but he nodded. I traced the smooth, raised, hard skin on his side gently, moving my hand up to his chest. When I reached to touch his mask, he turned his head away again.

"I want to see you," I said.

"I am grotesque," he said. "You didn't want me before. I know you won't want me now."

Frowning, I leaned back. "You think I didn't want you. Far from it."

"What are you saying?" His gaze searched mine.

"I've wanted you from the first time I saw you. But I refuse to fuck you by coercion. So let me see your face."

He nodded and I reached up and gave a gentle tug. The mask came off, revealing damaged skin. I touched the scars tentatively.

"Does it hurt?"

"No. But it's a little sensitive."

I nodded and caressed his face, tangling my fingers in his hair. The scars on his body fascinated me but I saw beyond the physical marks to the kind and loyal man. "You are beautiful."

"Don't say that when it's not true."

"It is true and I'm saying it." Standing beside Lex, I held his head still so he could meet my gaze. Yes, I had so much to deal with beyond these walls and this island. Feelings I needed to sort out about my past. Right here and now, Lexan was the center of my being. Oddly, the personal admission felt liberating. I'd never admitted feelings for a man before. "You are the most beautiful man I've ever seen."

I kissed him, took his lush lips in mine. He let out a moan and opened up to me, his body relaxing in my hold. I lifted my head and said, "Don't ever doubt anything I tell you. Now tell me why you drugged me."

He stiffened. I lowered my hand and smacked him on his tight backside. His eyes widened and then he curled his lips in a slow smile that lit up his face. "That's not a deterrent, you know."

“What?”

“The spanking. I like it.”

“Then I’ll be sure to give you more of it, if you’re honest with me.”

“Okay.” He sighed and lowered his gaze to the floor. “I needed to go out and I didn’t want you knowing where I’d hidden the heliport.”

“So it is on the island.”

He nodded. I thought as much but I hadn’t been able to find it. “Where did you go?”

“To see my former boss, Federico Mancini. He was the one I was speaking to this morning.”

“Right.” I remembered him on the phone and his discomfort when I walked into the kitchen. “What did he want?”

He shifted, the table scraping on the stone tiles. “He wants me to do a job for one of his associates.”

My chest tingled. “I don’t like the sound of this. You don’t have to do this job, do you?”

Head raised, he met my gaze. “No. I don’t have to, but Mancini is a very influential man in the New World. I’ve been left to my own devices mostly because people know he is my sponsor. It wouldn’t do for me to reject this job. Moreover, as you can see I don’t have anything. There’s nobody to worry about me. At least when I worked for him I felt like I belonged somewhere.”

His words pierced me straight through to the bones. I grabbed his shoulders, making sure he wouldn’t mistake my words. “How can you say that? I worry about you. From the moment you turned up at that damned auction, you’ve been on my mind more than I’d care to admit.”

“Then why haven’t you done anything about it?” Head tilted, he eyed me with disbelief.

“Because there’s something that I have to do outside of this island. I need to find out what happened to my family. I need to settle with my past. When it’s done, I want to come back here and see where this thing between us could go.”

He gasped. “You serious?”

“Very. I want to be with you.”

A beautiful smile spread across his face. “I want to be with you too. What should we do?”

Brushing hair away from his face, I smiled at him. I loved when he deferred to me because it meant he trusted me. Trust couldn’t be bought or sold. You either earned it or in my case, had it given as a gift. Lexan had offered me his trust from the moment we met. I just realized it today.

“Meet with Mancini’s friend. Do the job if you have to. In the meantime, I’m going to sort out my affairs. When we get back here we can face a future together without worrying about your old boss or my family.”

“You have a deal,” he whispered against my skin.

I kissed him again, full of passion, and hoped our pasts would be easily confined there.

The End

Author's Note

Dear Reader, thank you for reading this short story introduction to my upcoming World's End series. I also want to extend my thanks to the M/M Romance Goodreads group for the opportunity and to Katian for providing such a beautiful prompt. The image called to me as soon as I saw it.

I hope you enjoyed meeting Lexan and Enzo. They both feature in upcoming books and will get a conclusion to their love story in a full length story coming later in the series. I hope you will stay with me for the journey.

Much love,

Kai

Author Bio

Although I'm new to writing M/M Romance, I've been a reader and lover of the genre for many years. When I'm not helping other authors promote their works, you might find me in a coffee shop, daydreaming about how the cute couple in the corner fell in love. You can also find me online ogling images of hot men, which I do share btw. ☺

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