

Vicktor Alexander

*Do I Get You
What You Want*

DO WHAT YOU WANT

Text Message from Mr. Perfect.

Preston Weaver's life runs on a set schedule. From Friday night at 6:00 p.m. to Monday morning at approximately 7:45 a.m. he is Preston Weaver. One-third of a modern-day parenting unit of three children. Responsible. Fun-loving. He takes care of his three children: Cassandra, Rachel, and Solomon alone on the weekends to give his other two parenting partners, Zora and Demetri, a break. During the weekend, Preston wears "Daddy" clothes. He sleeps in "Daddy" clothes. At least on the outside.

But at 7:45 a.m. on Monday, Preston stops being "Daddy" and becomes "boy," and all it takes is a text message from his Sir, Reginald Van-Moreno.

Did you miss me this weekend?

With a flash, Preston becomes the submissive he was always meant to be. The submissive he loves being. And while he knows the people in his life would never understand his need to not only submit, but his yearning, his love, and his *craving* for wearing lingerie and being restrained, the bite of pain, and the rest of the kink he's into, they don't need to understand or accept it. Preston is really great at keeping the two parts of his life completely separate.

Until he's not.

When a faulty elevator leads to Preston and Reginald, *Mr. Perfect*, taking advantage of a situation, and that leads to both parts of Preston's life colliding, he'll have to come to terms with mixing the personal with the even more personal.

Table of Contents

Blurb	2
Love is an Open Road.....	4
Do What You Want – Information	7
Thank You	8
Author’s Note.....	9
Do What You Want	10
Chapter One	11
Chapter Two.....	16
Chapter Three.....	22
Chapter Four	27
Chapter Five.....	36
Author Bio	48

Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

DO WHAT YOU WANT

By Viktor Alexander

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.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Do What You Want, Copyright © 2015 Viktor Alexander

Cover Art by Broadwhey.

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

DO WHAT YOU WANT

By Viktor Alexander

Photo Description

Two men lying naked on the bed facing the ceiling, in the midst of having sex. One lying on top of the other, but the picture is only of their lower halves. The man on top has his legs straight up, wearing a pair of pantyhose, black garters with red ribbons, and black patent stilettos which are crossed at the ankles, being thoroughly fucked by the man on the bottom whose legs are spread-eagled.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I would like a story that heavily involves MANTIES (men who wear women's lingerie, particularly lacy panties) with D/s or M/s relationship thrown in. I really want the MANTIES wearer to be comfortable wearing the MANTIES rather than being all angst-y and self-loathing about it, please, even to the point of being ok/turned on by some heat of the moment femininization. Also, it can be either the top, bottom or both that wear the MANTIES. Otherwise, kink it up. The only thing that's a hard limit is scat. Bonus points for chastity, though.

Setting? That's up to you, dear author. Kink it up in space. Kink it up in the future. Kink it up with some vampires in future dystopia. Kink it up Regency style with a bunch of corsets thrown in. Kink it up in a fantasy world with dragons if you like.

I would like either an HFN or HEA.

Thank you in advance, dear author,

OKW

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: BDSM, businessman, cross-dressing, established couples, manties, men with children, secret relationship, spanking, toys, workplace sex

Word Count: 15,773

Thank You

Thank You to Optimist King's Wench for the AWESOME prompt. I had an amazing time with these two guys and knew that I had to do one of two things with them, either write the 50k words they were demanding and make everyone wait, or give everyone just a taste of their story. So I hope you're okay with this taste. There is so much more of Reginald and Preston, and don't worry, I'm going to make the story free when I'm done. LOL.

Thank you to my awesome assistant, Melissa, who laughed and said, "Of course you got that prompt," when I told her. And to my bestie, Adara, who described the picture to me in very graphic, steamy detail. I still have it in my email—fans self.

To my amazing cover artist and friend, and to all of the readers who encouraged me on the thread and got excited when I chose the prompt: You guys ROCK!!

And as always: To the Vicksters and my other author friends who wrote, messaged, called, Facebooked, etc. when they didn't hear from me for a while. I feel extremely loved. You have no idea what that means to me. None at all. Thank you. <3

Author's Note

If you are going to engage in any BDSM practices, make sure you know what you are doing. BDSM is not to be taken lightly. Make sure you have a safeword in place. Make sure you have established hard and soft limits. And please be sure you have a trained professional on hand. No matter how successful it was, *Fifty Shades of Grey* is not an accurate depiction of BDSM. If you are curious or interested in the Lifestyle, there are plenty of resources out there to help you. Please do not use romantic fiction as your guide. For more info: <http://www.fetlife.com>, <http://www.submissiveguide.com/encyclopedia/bdsm>, or vicktoralexander@vicktoralexander.com.

DO WHAT YOU WANT

By Viktor Alexander

Chapter One

Monday

It was another fucking Monday morning. Preston Weaver could tell it was Monday even though his eyes hadn't officially opened, and the alarm hadn't gone off yet. No sooner had that thought entered his mind than the annoying tone of Ariana Grande's song came blaring through his phone. A small, too thin arm came flying across the bed and Preston's hand tried to catch it, but it was a moment too late. *Whack!* Right across his face... again. The same thing. Every Monday.

He groaned and rolled his daughter's arm off his face.

"Rachel," he murmured, shaking the seven-year-old who had once again found her way into his bed in the middle of the night. "Time to get up. Your mother will be here any minute."

"Donwanna," the little girl muttered.

"Yeah, well," Preston chuckled. "I don't want to go to work, but such is life. Up and at 'em, Rachel Cottontail."

"Notrachelcottontail."

Preston rolled his eyes and reached over to shut off the incessant screeching of the pop singer coming from his iPhone. He wasn't sure why he had allowed his eldest daughter, Cassie—oh wait, she was *Cassandra* now—to program the alarm to play such a racket, but he had, and now he had no idea how to change it back. Where had the days gone when alarms were just blaring noises or cuckoo clocks?

Oh my God... I'm old. I'm only 34, how is that possible?

He laughed when he heard the grumbling coming from the other side of the bed before the bed finally shifted and moved. Preston could hear her small feet shuffling towards the bedroom door, and he twisted his head to smile at her just as she opened it to step through. He had exactly three minutes of blissful silence before...

"Daddy!"

It's Monday.

Shoving himself up in bed fully, Preston ran his fingers through his blond-streaked brown hair, which he was sure was sleep mussed, before letting his hands straighten his cotton pajama top. He shivered slightly, biting his bottom lip against the moan that threatened when the fabric of the shirt rubbed against his black, silk chemise top.

“Daddy! Solomon threw up!” Cassandra’s voice was frantic, and Preston’s eyes popped open with a groan.

Monday. School week.

Getting to his feet, Preston strode quickly to his son Solomon’s bedroom, expecting to find the four-year-old covered in vomit. Instead, there was a small patch of what appeared to be drool on the little boy’s shoulder that had his oldest sister freaking out. Preston rolled his eyes as he picked up his only son and kissed the little boy’s forehead.

All three of his children were the product of a calm, rational discussion between Preston and his two best friends, Demetri and Zora, a heterosexual couple who were unable to conceive naturally since Demetri was a transgender male and born biologically female. Preston hadn’t hesitated to offer to be the donor for the children, and in their “modern day family” dynamic there was Demetri, the father; Zora, the mother; and Preston, the dad, or daddy in some cases.

Preston got the children on the weekends, giving Demetri and Zora the opportunity for some “naughty adult” time, though he often shuddered when he thought of what heterosexual couples did with each other, but come Monday... Monday at 7:30 a.m., the beautiful blue van would pull up in front of his two-story home and park. Much as it was doing right at that very moment...

Preston finished tying Solomon’s shoes and picked up his bag, ruffling the little boy’s sandy-brown hair. He smiled when he heard the small giggle that emanated from the tiny chest, his heart squeezing as he glanced down into the loving face of his son. Solomon kissed the back of Preston’s hand, and Preston chuckled.

“Lub you, Daddy,” Solomon said, his nose still slightly congested from the cold that was going around.

“I love you too, Captain Solomon,” Preston said, saluting.

Solomon giggled, covering his face with his chubby fingers, and Preston’s heart turned over again. The moment was shattered by the sound of elephants

clomping down the stairs, and Preston turned with a tight smile on his face. He wasn't sure what kind of day they were going to be having yet, and he waited for Cassandra to speak first to let him know if she *loved* him or *hated* him today.

"Daddy? When we come back on Friday, can we go to Six Flags?" Cassandra asked him as she ran her fingers through her straight blonde hair.

Daddy. So she loves me today. Good.

"Sure, pumpkin. I'll tell your mom," he told her.

"Great! Amber, Ashley, and Kelsey are all going, and I absolutely *have* to be there," she told him, looking up at him with her big, light-green eyes.

Preston smiled and nodded, understanding his daughter's desire for popularity, though not her choice in friends. He opened his mouth to talk to her about her vapid friends once again when the front door opened.

"Hello? I bring breakfast!" Zora's voice rang out through the halls, and Preston laughed as the children let out screams of delight and took off toward her. He followed slowly, shaking his head. Standing in the entryway were his best friends, Zora and Demetri. Zora, standing beautiful as ever. Tall and statuesque. Her light-brown skin beautifully attired in a red pantsuit. Her long, tight black curls fell to the middle of her back as she leaned down to pick up Solomon who demanded to be picked up, as always.

"You're spoiling him," Demetri's deep voice echoed through the entryway, and Preston leaned against the doorway to the living room, once again thinking what a shame it was that the gorgeous transman was straight. Demetri was tall and clean shaven, with broad shoulders, a bald head and with dimples in both cheeks of his square jaw. His eyes were a dark green. And though he worked as a lawyer, he spent a considerable amount of time in the gym, giving him a nicely muscled frame.

"But he's my baby. I'm supposed to spoil him," Zora said before she gave Solomon's face a smattering of kisses.

Demetri turned to look at Preston with a beseeching look. "Help me out here, man."

Preston raised his hands. "Leave me out of this one. It's Monday. They are officially yours now."

"That's cold, Pres. Icy cold." Demetri shook his head.

Preston looked down when he felt a tug on his shirt and found Rachel staring up at him. Crouching down, he ran his hand over the little girl's head. Out of all of his children, Rachel was the one who was most like him. Quiet, shy, anxious to please... *submissive*.

"Yes, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Don't forget Wednesday, okay, Daddy?" she reminded him softly.

He made the sign of an X over his chest and raised his hand. "Cross my heart, Rachel Cottontail."

She grinned and wrapped her arms around his neck. He hugged her tightly before releasing her so they could leave. There was a shuffle of bags, shoes, jackets, hugs, and kisses as the kids were ushered out the door, Preston promising to see them all on Wednesday at Rachel's talent show and then on Friday when he would get them again for another weekend. He waved at Demetri who herded them all out to the car, covering his ears when the man thanked him profusely for taking them, telling him that it was *greatly* appreciated.

Preston walked up to Zora, who shoved a bag of donuts and bagels at him. He rolled his eyes as he stared at her.

"You know I can cook my own breakfast, Zo," he told her.

Zora snorted. "I know you can, Pres. I also know that on Mondays you are rushing around after the kids leave to get ready for work, and with you being an assistant for *Mr. Perfect*, you don't have time to make breakfast. Not on Mondays anyway. So, just shut up, take the damn bag, and eat them. Got it?"

Preston grinned and accepted the bag from her, leaning forward to kiss her cheek. "Thanks, Zo. I couldn't have asked for a better baby momma."

Zora laughed. "And I couldn't have asked for a better sperm donor. Now go away."

Preston gestured around. "Um... Zo? This is my house."

Zora giggled. "Oh yeah. Well, then, bye. Gotta get the kids to school. Call me later."

"Will do." Preston stood at the door and waved until the van disappeared from view, then closed it and headed back upstairs, knowing he only had to wait a few minutes for the text. The person sending it lived right down the street and would have seen the van leave, so it wouldn't take long.

Did you miss me?

Preston grinned, his cock growing hard instantly. He pulled off his “Daddy Pajamas,” thrilling at the sight of the black silk chemise and silk boyshorts beneath. He ran his fingers through his hair, feeling sexier as the seconds ticked by. He wasn’t “Daddy Preston” anymore. He was “Boy Preston.” He was *sex. Sensuality. Lust. Passion.*

Not Daddy, but *Boy*. And it felt so damn good to touch his silk again without having to worry about one of the kids stumbling in on him. Damn good.

Of course I did, Sir. I always miss you on the weekends, he responded.

Good. :-) Today is a chastity day, since it’s Monday. So pull out the cage, and I’ll be over to put it on, and then I want to watch you get dressed.

Preston groaned. He both loved and hated chastity days; it most certainly meant that he was going to be teased all day with no end in sight. He trembled in breathless anticipation.

Yes, Sir.

Chapter Two

Preston stepped out of the bathroom, rubbing his white towel over his hair, and froze at the sight that awaited him in his bedroom. Laying on his bed was a pair of black, patent leather, high-heeled pumps and a delicate pair of sheer black stockings. A lacy, red pair of cotton boyshorts were placed lovingly next to them, displayed wantonly among all of the black fabric on the bed like a beacon, beckoning Preston forward. His gaze continued along the mattress, taking in the black garter belt with the small, blood-red, sheer ribbons—untied—and waiting to be smoothed up along his waist. The black corset with its threaded red design sent a shiver through Preston's body, but it was the two items on the end of the bed which caused him to softly moan and clutch the ends of his towel tightly.

The soft tread of footsteps on carpet had Preston's eyes lifting from the bed, and he sighed softly as he gazed upon the pressed, black, pinstriped slacks of his Sir. Preston barely resisted the urge to sink to his knees and lower his head. They weren't doing a scene, and he hadn't been told to do so, and yet the dominance that flowed from the man in front of him, especially on Monday mornings, always made Preston a little weak.

Then again, it could just be DD. Dick Deprivation. Or Dom Deprivation. Either/or.

"You look good and tasty all wet and clean, boy," that deep voice drifted over Preston's skin, and he bit his lower lip.

"Thank you, Sir. I wanted to be clean before work this morning."

"Good. I do not want my boy to make a bad impression upon his coworkers or his boss, now do I? Because that would reflect badly upon me."

"No, Sir."

Preston kept his eyes lowered, focused on the edge of the bed, even when his Sir moved like he intended to pick up the thick, silicone butt plug he'd obviously brought over with him, because Preston absolutely did *not* have one *that large* in his house. Preston trembled when his Sir ran a hand down over his naked back to the edge of his towel. He groaned when the larger man ripped the fabric away from his body and crossed his arm around Preston's torso in a firm grip, resting his hand on Preston's shoulder. In anyone else's arms, Preston

would have felt trapped, contained, as if his life were in danger, but held this way by his Sir, he felt safe, cared for.

“Word,” came the deep rumble from behind him. Preston’s eyes slid closed, just the growl from his Sir and the unrestrained embrace causing his mind to enter *subspace*, that floaty feeling taking over. A warmth filled his limbs, even as an arousing zing shot through him.

“Daffodils,” he responded with his safeword immediately. Though he knew they would not have time to do a full scene, he also knew that his Sir would make him fly and send him to work with a blissful smile on his face.

“Grab your ankles and count, beautiful,” his Sir said before releasing him.

Preston did so without hesitation, anticipation rushing through him. He felt the light, almost nonexistent stroke of his Sir’s hand on his back and his ass before he received the first *whack* on the opposite butt cheek. Preston moaned, the force of the blow causing him to rock forward into the side of the bed slightly. Another soft stroke, and Preston anticipated receiving one hard slap to the opposite ass cheek, but he was startled when multiple smacks rained down on his upturned bottom, on different sides, spots, and strengths, each one designed to send him to the edge of his pleasure, the edge of his control. Preston’s cock was rock hard. Leaking precum like a sieve beneath him, the head of his dick was an angry purple color, demanding release, but Preston did not plead for release, he only continued to count as he had been ordered, though his body trembled.

Yet when he did not think he could take any more, his body trembling, sweating—the shower he had taken now a complete waste—the spanking ceased, and the globes of his ass were gripped in his Sir’s hands and pulled apart. Preston’s eyes squeezed closed when he felt the first swipe of the man’s tongue. His entire body trembled, his hands clenching his ankles, and Preston wondered if one could pass out from pleasure.

He heard a dark chuckle from behind him.

“Stand up and go lean over the arm of the chair so I can put in your plug. I will not rim you today. You have not earned it yet.”

Preston sighed and rose to his full height. He hesitated for only a moment, unsure if he wanted to pout or say thank you. No one could eat an ass like his Sir, and yet... no one could eat an ass like his Sir. Preston was sure to shoot his load if the man so much as stuck the tip of his tongue into Preston’s hole, which would get him punished—ice bath, dear God, not that again—but at the same

time, sometimes a punishment was worth it. Gritting his teeth, Preston lowered his eyes again and barely stopped himself from rolling his eyes at his indecisiveness.

“Yes Sir.”

Walking over to the golden armchair, which his children had more than once asked him about, Preston leaned over the outer arm that was much higher than the arm that sat against the wall. It was a uniquely made spanking/fucking chair. Something he had no plans to ever explain to his children or anyone else. How would he explain that anyway? *I had this made so that I could have it in my home, and it blended in without sticking out too much, but also so I could have something for me and my Sir.* Yeah, that would go over well.

Preston leaned over the arm of the chair and held on to the other arm. Preston waited in breathless anticipation for his Sir’s wide hand to settle upon his naked ass. He wanted to squirm. To shuffle his feet, but he didn’t. He had to hold still while he waited. This was all part of it.

The waiting.

The patience.

The anticipation.

The longing.

Preston’s fingers clenched the fabric of the chair as his toes curled into the thick, plush, green carpet beneath his feet. The muscles and tendons in his legs trembled, and Preston bit his lower lip to hold back his whimper as he listened to Sir’s footsteps slowly make their way toward him.

Oh God. Yes. Finally.

Manicured fingernails trailed down Preston’s back, from the base of his neck to the top of his ass, and Preston hissed at the sensation. His Sir didn’t indulge in what most would call “fluffy” or “frivolous” pursuits. He didn’t spend his free time shopping, only traveled if it was for work, and rarely went to the beach. Preston’s Sir was a businessman when he wasn’t wearing his Dom hat, and he looked the part—from his perfectly styled hair, to his nails and toes and tanned skin—he made Preston drool every time he came over. And when Sir used those fingernails on Preston’s skin or his nipples, it always served to drive Preston wild.

Preston gasped when the sting from a hard slap ricocheted through his left ass cheek. The sharp sting quickly morphed into pleasure, and Preston wiggled,

seeking more from his Sir. The deep, husky chuckle from behind him only served to make Preston seek more of his Sir's approval. Three rapid-fire smacks followed, alternating spots and cheeks, before Sir rubbed his hand over Preston's rear for a long moment.

Even though Preston knew his feet were firmly planted on the floor, could feel his toes curling into the carpet with each smack on his upturned ass, the rest of his body felt weightless, disjointed. He felt as if he were flying, soaring above it all.

This. This was one of the main reasons he always answered when Sir texted and called him. Preston did not trust anyone else to make him fly this way. There were not many other Doms with whom Preston could relax enough, could let down his guard enough with, in order to sink into subspace. And he knew it was the same for Sir. He had watched his Sir and knew the man did not trust easily either. Preston knew him in a way that others did not. It was another reason Preston was able to fly so quickly; their relationship was equally give and take between them both.

When the spanking stopped, Preston wanted to protest, longing for it to continue, but he knew how things went. He wasn't allowed to talk. Not yet. So he remained silent. He was rewarded for it when mere moments later, the tip of a lubed plug was pressed gently against his puckered entrance.

"Push out," Sir demanded, and Preston nodded.

"Yes, Sir," he replied and hissed when the plug was pushed inside of him. The burn was intense, the bite of pain causing him to bite down on his lower lip, and yet Preston could feel his erection dripping precum. God above, it felt amazing. He wasn't sure he was going to be able to hold back. Especially as he felt the plug being pulled out and pushed back in. Out then in. It was wiggled within his hole, causing his eyelids to tighten closed further. Preston shivered at the delicious sensation as his Sir fucked him with the plug, feeling his balls draw close to his body on the verge of blowing his load. He released a shuddering breath as Sir finally settled the plug within him.

"Tsk-tsk," Sir admonished him. "Are you going to come?"

"N-no, Sir," Preston shook his head.

"Turn around."

Preston did so with no hesitation, keeping his arms folded behind his back and his head lowered. He shivered when one finger of his Sir's hand trailed up

the side of his hard length, the manicured nail flicking underneath the head of Preston's shaft. He grunted and clenched his fingers around his arms, exhilarating in the blissful agony of his Dom's touch.

"So beautifully responsive." Those were the only words spoken before Preston watched the tops of his Sir's black wingtip shoes move away, only to return seconds later, his Sir's large hands holding the chastity device. Preston's ass clenched around the plug inside of it, and he kept his gaze rooted on the floor as his Sir grabbed hold of his erection to place his cage upon it. He waited with bated breath as his Sir opened the stainless steel device that, to Preston, had always looked like a mask.

There was a circle that closed around the base of his shaft, and his balls connected to a series of smaller circles that led their way up his cock to the tip that had a circle which pressed to the tip. All of this was fastened and held together by a small padlock... that his Sir held the key to. While Preston would be teased and on edge all day by his Sir, unable to come, he knew it would all be worth it when he was finally given permission. He felt floaty and weightless as he thought about that moment when he was given the command, and a small smile came to his face.

Preston blinked when he felt a sharp tug on his nipples. Hearing his Sir chuckle, Preston realized that being placed in his cage had caused him to sink into subspace. *Well, that's new.*

"Time to get dressed," Sir said.

Preston nodded. "Yes, Sir." Walking slowly and gingerly over to his bed, Preston picked up the boyshorts and bent over to push one foot and then the other through the legs of the undergarment. He let out a soft moan as the soft, lacy, cotton material caressed the skin of his legs before he settled his manties, his male panties, upon his waist. He glanced over at his Sir, sitting in a chair, watching him silently, and continued to get dressed. He then pulled on the black garter belt before sliding on the sheer black stockings and affixed the two together. Grabbing the corset next, Preston wrapped it around his bare torso and snapped each eyehook into place from the bottom to the top, swallowing back the lustful moan that threatened when he saw the desire darkening his Sir's gaze.

He had to put on his suit for work, which was always a disappointment, having to cover up what his Dom had so beautifully picked out for him, but he had to look presentable for work, so Preston walked over to his closet and

pulled down his own black-and-gray pinstripe suit with its light-gray button-down shirt, slim white tie, and diamond cufflinks, and walked back to the bed. With quick efficiency, he pulled on each item, acutely aware of Sir's watchful eye. When he finished, Preston bent over and slipped the black, patent leather high-heeled pumps onto his feet, knowing that there was a pair of black wingtips in the trunk of his car.

Preston stood up and turned to face his Sir, who rose gracefully from his chair. He looked up at the man who watched him with an almost predatory gaze. Preston shivered when his hair was gripped in his Sir's large hand and his head yanked back.

“Open.”

Preston opened his mouth and accepted the bruising kiss, closing his eyes as he reveled in the feeling of Sir's tongue mapping the inside of his mouth, his teeth, and dueling with his own slick muscle. He kept his mouth open even after his Sir lifted his head and stared down at him, a long trail of saliva flowing from the bigger man's lips into his own.

“Swallow.”

Preston did, without hesitation, and smiled and groaned when he received a smack on his well-spanked ass as a reward.

“I'll see you at the office. Don't forget my coffee and cinnamon bagel,” Sir said.

Preston nodded. “Yes Sir, Mr. Moreno.” He watched as his Sir, his boss, walked out of the bedroom, and then set about cleaning up. He didn't have time to waste.

Chapter Three

Reginald Van-Moreno walked to the elevator with a determined stride and a scowl on his face. What had begun as a very *pleasurable* morning with his boy was quickly turning into a shitstorm of epic proportions. He wasn't sure why he had so many incompetent asswipes working for him, but he was quite sure that by the time he had concluded the afternoon conference with everyone—department heads, team leaders, and partners—there would be enough people fired that he would have either found the culprit of this latest debacle, or he would at least feel better.

Shaking out his arms, Reginald closed his eyes and exhaled slowly as the elevator doors opened in front of him. Stepping inside, Reginald wasn't surprised to see Preston step in after him, coffee and bagels in one hand, briefcase in the other. His assistant was nothing if not efficient. It was one of the reasons Reginald had employed him.

It was also one of the reasons why he loved to accept and receive Preston's tightly held control, order, and power. There was nothing more exciting to him. A tremor, scintillating and thrilling, like the beginning of an orgasm... his *Domgasm* always worked its way up Reginald's spine when Preston called him "Sir." There was something very humbling in that word. It was different than being called the word out in "Corporate America," where it was tossed around with little meaning and, oftentimes, with no respect behind it. But in a scene, or in a D/s relationship?

Reginald shivered as he recalled his morning with Preston and shifted slightly in the elevator, trying to regain control. He closed his eyes and focused on his breathing. Losing focus was quite unlike him. What was wrong with him? What had changed?

Glancing at Preston out of the corner of his eye, he took in the way Preston's suit hung on his slender frame and felt himself grow even more aroused as he pictured what lay beneath. He saw the slight smile on Preston's face, and Reginald dropped one hand to his side, holding one finger straight down with the rest curled under. To anyone watching the feed, it would seem as if Reginald was telling Preston about something on the floor or reprimanding him for some infraction, but Reginald and Preston had danced this particular teasing game before, and Reginald knew that Preston understood that when

they got upstairs, Preston would be on his knees under Reginald's desk, servicing Reginald's cock until Reginald said stop.

And he didn't plan to say stop for quite a while.

Reginald pressed his clenched fists onto the top of the conference table and glared at everyone present, looking each one of them in the eye.

"I want results, not excuses. I have no problem telling you that each and every last one of your jobs are on the line. There are only two people in this room who are in no danger of losing their employment: Preston, because he is my assistant and as such does not handle accounts, therefore he did not fuck up like any of you did. Although, he is so meticulous about making sure I have exactly what I need when I need it, I'm sure I could give him one of your accounts, and he would get it done correctly. And myself, because I own the goddamn company, and I'm certainly not going to fire me. I will tell you this, though: by the end of the day, at least two of you, if not more, are going to be packing up your pathetic excuses for an office and getting the hell out of here.

"Now, I want you to explain to me, in detail, why you should stay. Tell me about your account, how you're going to fix it, and why I should keep you," Reginald gritted out before sitting down in his chair and leaning back. He pointed to the team leader on his right. He would let them talk and plead their case, but it made no difference to him; he'd already made up his mind. He'd known who was staying and who was leaving before he'd set foot into the room.

Reaching under the table with his left hand, Reginald pressed a finger against the small remote button that controlled the plug inside of Preston. As he heard the small hitch of breath coming from behind and to the right of him, where Preston sat, Reginald wanted to smile, but he controlled himself, instead shifting in his seat to make room for his thick erection. He kept a disinterested mask on his face as each team leader made their case for their job, while his finger played with the button under the table. Reginald knew Preston would be able to keep his focus no matter how often he pressed the button, which was why he was such an excellent submissive. Though Reginald knew what Preston's breaking point was as well, which was what made him such a good Dom.

Thinking about the first time he and Preston had fallen into each other's arms—*literally*—had Reginald holding back a nostalgic sigh. It had been a late

night, and they had been stuck in the office going over files and accounts as they often did, when Preston had tripped over a box of files of past clients whom they were trying to win back. Reginald had jumped up to catch the smaller man before he could face-plant onto the floor, and when Preston had looked into his eyes, Reginald found himself unable to fight the attraction any longer. He'd been trying so hard for months, going to clubs and slaking his lust in any willing body, male or female, who offered themselves, and still it wasn't enough.

But standing there, holding the object of his obsession, Reginald had done the only thing he could do—he'd lowered his head and taken Preston's lips with his own. When Preston gasped, Reginald had pressed his tongue inside, knowing it was wrong, knowing he could be sued for sexual harassment, and not caring in the least. When Preston moaned and wrapped his arms around Reginald's neck, Reginald had wanted to pump his arm in the air in victory. Instead, he'd growled and lifted Preston onto the desk.

They'd ripped each other's clothes from their bodies and kissed every inch of bared flesh. When Reginald saw the pair of black, mesh, female thong panties that covered Preston's groin, he'd grown so hard he almost sprayed his load all over Preston's stomach right there. Instead, he'd lowered his head and licked all over them, letting Preston know how sexy he found them. He had turned his assistant over and pulled the string to the side and smacked the pale globe of one ass cheek.

As Preston hissed and groaned, Reginald knew he had been right about his assistant. The man was a sub, and perfect for him. He'd heated Preston's ass with his hand, turning the cheeks red with his palm, before licking up and down the crease of Preston's bottom. He'd rubbed his face in the sweat and musk of Preston's ass, thrilling in the smell, rubbing the hairs from his goatee all over the tight pucker and the inner crease. Seeing Preston spread out on his desk in nothing but those panties had aroused Reginald like nothing else ever could.

After stretching Preston with his fingers and fucking the man with those same thick digits until he was mindless and babbling for long minutes, Reginald had pulled on a condom and lubed his cock before pressing the head of his erection to Preston's hole. He'd fucked Preston over his desk until Preston had pleaded with Reginald to *please* let him come. Reginald had held off until the last moment and finally said the words, his hand gripping Preston's balls in a tight hold.

It had been an amazing night.

Earth shattering.

Life changing.

Reginald had spoken with Preston days later about entering into an exclusive D/s relationship, and a contract had been signed. A safeword, hard limits, soft limits, and rules were established. Things were perfect.

They were perfect.

But Reginald was feeling a little unsettled. While he understood the need for them to keep their professionalism, and to be able to keep their relationship a secret at work, Reginald hated the fact that Preston's children had no idea who he was to Reginald, who Reginald was to their father, and how much Preston meant to him. He had purchased a home in Preston's neighborhood in order to be close by just so they could have more time with each other, so he could see when the kids left, and he could come over, but it wasn't enough.

He wanted more. He wanted to be involved in all aspects of Preston's life. He didn't want to just be Preston's boss and his Dom. He wanted to be Preston's partner. And for him, someone who'd spent his life running away from commitment, that was a big deal. But how in the world was he supposed to let Preston know that?

Realizing the room had grown silent, Reginald looked around and recognized that everyone had finished making their presentations. Looking up at the clock on the wall, he saw that it was time for lunch. Sighing deeply, he rubbed his forehead.

"Get out and go to lunch. Come back right after, and I will have made my decision," he barked.

He watched as they all scrambled to gather their folders and briefcases and left the conference room. When there was no one left except him and Preston, Reginald spun his chair around and faced his assistant with a small smile.

"Was I too harsh?" he asked.

"Absolutely not, Mr. Moreno," Preston said, gathering his own items, rubbing a slightly trembling hand over his hair. Reginald smirked.

"Is there a problem, Preston?" He gestured to Preston with the hand holding the remote before folding his hands across his stomach, pressing the button and holding it down.

Preston groaned, his right hand swinging out to grip the arm of his chair. He shook his head.

“N-n-no, S-Sir, M-Mister Moreno.”

Reginald released the button and stood, slipping the remote into his pocket. He knew the plug was expanding and contracting with each press of the button, and when he held the button, the butt plug was practically fucking Preston. It was a pale imitation of his own cock, but it made Reginald hard as steel to know what he was doing to his boy.

“Good. Come on, Preston.”

Preston gasped, his gaze flying up to Reginald’s face and then down at his groin. Reginald looked as well and moaned when he saw the small wet spot on the front of Preston’s pants.

“Did you just come, Preston, without my permission?” he asked with a low growl.

Preston shook his head. “A-almost, Sir.”

Reginald nodded. “Go to the bathroom and clean yourself up and then meet me at the elevators. We’re going out for lunch.”

“Yes, Mister Moreno.”

Reginald watched as Preston hurried out of the room, his eyes riveted to the absentminded sway of Preston’s hips and how the man’s bubble butt bounced as he moved. Thinking about the way Preston had almost come just from him saying “come on,” Reginald chuckled and grabbed his portfolio folder and pen before heading to his office.

“Damn, that’s hot as fuck.”

It might be easier than he thought to get Preston on board to the thought of them being more than just boss and employee, and Dom and sub.

Chapter Four

Preston cursed beneath his breath as he wiped at the front of his pants with a paper towel in the handicapped stall. He couldn't believe he'd almost come in his pants like that. What the hell was the cock cage for if he could still do that? He shook his head and threw the paper into the trashcan and lowered his head with a sigh. He couldn't blame the cage.

It was Reginald. His Sir. There was something about the man that just sent shivers through Preston's body, all day, every day. Just thinking about him made Preston hard. It was so much more than just the domination that oozed from every pore of Reginald's being. There were hints of vulnerability that he seemed to only allow Preston to be privy to. Reginald was also extremely intelligent. He would have to be in order for him to have one of the most successful advertising firms in the world, as well as a research lab that was working hard to find a cure for HIV. Preston was in awe of the man. He respected him. He trusted him.

He loved him.

But it was something he would never tell Reginald. He couldn't. Their relationship, such as it was, was clearly defined in black-and-white. *Restrained*, by a contract signed by both Preston and Reginald, and they weren't due to sit and talk about if they wanted to renegotiate things for another six months.

The sound of the bathroom door opening pulled Preston out of his inner musings, and he stiffened, hearing two different sets of footsteps entering the room. He'd been in the restroom for too long. It was time to leave, but before he could open the door, the conversation the other two men were having drifted to his ears, and he was frozen in place.

"Can you believe he said the only person besides himself whose job was safe was Preston? That spineless assistant?" one of the men said.

"Of course I can. He'd be lost without the man. He can barely function without him."

Preston smirked and stuck out his tongue at the first man, though he couldn't see him.

"I guess you're right. Though I wonder if he's taking care of him in all areas, if you catch my meaning."

Both men started laughing, and Preston's face grew hot, especially since he was *in fact* taking care of Reginald in that way.

“Of course he's not; everyone knows that Reginald Van-Moreno is as straight as they come. As a matter of fact, I was just at the family's estate in the Hamptons for their annual ball, and his father announced that Reginald and his fiancée were not only getting married at the end of the year, but they were going to be expecting a child by then as well.”

Preston lifted a hand to his chest and rubbed as he struggled to breathe, the grip of an icy, rotten hand on his heart growing tighter and tighter until he felt he was going to pass out. Reginald was engaged to marry a woman who was pregnant while he was carrying on a relationship with him? Preston couldn't believe it. White-hot fury exploded through him, and he curled his fingers into fists as he thought about beating the fuck out of Reginald before quitting.

He waited until the door closed behind the other two men, and he was once again alone before he left the stall. Staring at himself in the mirror, Preston saw his flashing eyes and knew that no matter what Reginald said, their lunch today was going to be a turning point for them.

Reginald stood in front of the elevator waiting for Preston so they could go to lunch. When Preston approached him, Reginald could tell that something had occurred in the restroom. Preston didn't walk toward the bank of elevators, he... stomped. Marched. Stormed. Preston looked as if he were on a mission, and Reginald was intrigued, confused and—he'd admit, only under threat of torture—alarmed.

“Are you quite all right, Preston?” he questioned the slender man.

Preston turned to Reginald and glared at him. Reginald raised his eyebrows at the look and lifted his hands in a gesture of surrender.

“Of course, *Mister Moreno*. I'm *perfectly* fine,” Preston practically spat the words.

Reginald stepped close to Preston and lowered his head and his voice. “I'm not sure what happened in the bathroom, but watch your tone with me, Mister Weaver. I am not only your boss, I am your Dom, your Sir. I can not only give you a reprimand, or fire you, but I can and will punish you for how you talk to me. Do you understand, *boy*?”

Preston's eyes lowered instantly, and he nodded. "Yes, Sir."

Reginald inclined his head when the elevator doors opened. "Inside." He followed Preston within the steel cage and pressed the button for the parking garage. "We will talk about what has you in such a state at lunch." Reginald was glad that while the elevators had cameras, they had no sound. Seconds later the lights flickered in the elevator, and the elevator jerked to a stop. Reginald looked around before glancing back at Preston.

"Is the elevator having problems?" Preston asked.

"I believe so." No sooner did he respond than all of the lights in the elevator went out. "Well, I guess that answers that question. Pulling out his phone, Reginald checked to see if he had any service. *Nope. None at all.*

Turning his back to the wall of the elevator, Reginald pushed his phone back into his pocket and sighed. "It seems as if we might be in here for a while," he said. "So would you like to tell me what has you so angry?"

He heard Preston's own frustrated sigh before the other man responded. "Your fiancée."

"My what?" Reginald asked in confusion.

"I was in the bathroom, and I heard two of the team leads come in talking about this morning's meeting. They were talking about my being safe as your assistant, how you would be lost without me..."

"I would be," Reginald interrupted.

Preston didn't say anything for a while, and Reginald wondered if Preston understood exactly what Reginald wasn't saying. When long moments passed without the man speaking, Reginald ran his fingers through his hair. He leaned his head back and folded his arms across his chest.

"I don't understand why that would upset you. I'm sure you've heard worse about our relationship. I know I have."

"You have?" Preston sounded amazed.

"Of course." Reginald shrugged. "It's not like they are completely incorrect regarding the status of our... *interactions*... when they tease and say you must be bending over for my cock to be in my good graces. They just don't understand that you were already there, and your position as my assistant has absolutely nothing to do with your role as my submissive."

Preston huffed. “Well, one of the team leads said he was at your parents’ annual ball in the Hamptons, where they announced your engagement and stated that you and your fiancée were expecting a child.”

Reginald groaned and ran a hand down over his face, growling softly. “And you believed them, of course.”

“Of course I did! Why wouldn’t I, Reginald? I have never met your parents. Why would they lie about something like that?”

Reginald chuckled darkly. “Because it suits them.” He shook his head.

“What?”

Reginald sighed. “My parents come from old money. I believe I told you that. While you and everyone here call me Mister Moreno, I am actually a Van-Moreno. My family has a lot of money, and they believe in breeding, prestige, the family name, money, and the rest of that nonsense. It is not outside of the realm of possibility that my mother and father have indeed found some young woman, gotten me engaged to her by proxy, and inseminated her with some of my sperm.”

“You’re joking.”

Reginald scoffed. “No. My sister is a lesbian who is married to a very wealthy politician. When she was twenty-one, she went in for a routine surgery and signed some papers with the doctor and the family lawyer, just in case something happened. While she was under anesthesia, they not only did the procedure, but she was inseminated with her future husband’s sperm. What she didn’t know was that she was signing papers releasing the doctor from being sued for his part in everything, as well as giving her consent to the procedure, and a contract pledging to marry the man my parents had chosen for her. My parents still allow her to have her lover, but she is a politician’s wife.”

“But why didn’t she protest? Go public about everything?”

Reginald sighed and rubbed his forehead. “Because she is a Van-Moreno.”

The elevator was quiet for a long time before Preston spoke again, very softly. “Will you do the same to me? Keep me as a secret lover while you marry some respectable woman and have a family?”

Reginald moved along the elevator until he found Preston’s left arm. Running his hand up Preston’s shoulder to his face, Reginald leaned down until he could ghost his lips against his boy’s own.

“Absolutely not. I will talk to my parents just as soon as we leave this elevator. I promise.”

“Okay.”

Reginald pressed his lips against Preston’s own, gently at first and then more passionately as the lust he’d been keeping at bay all morning surged through him. Lifting his head, he wished he could see the desire he knew would be darkening Preston’s eyes.

“I don’t know why I feel I can make such demands on you. I’m only your sub and your employee,” Preston panted out.

“Is that what you think?” Reginald asked. “Don’t you know by now that you are so much more to me?”

“I am?”

Reginald laughed. “I see that I shall have to prove it to you.”

With that, Reginald grabbed Preston and spun him around until he faced the elevator wall. Pressing his chest against Preston’s back, he lowered his head to Preston’s neck. He licked the skin before biting it gently, then harder. Dropping his hands to Preston’s arms, which felt like they were strangling the elevator railing, Reginald lifted them up above Preston’s head before reaching around him and unbuttoning Preston’s shirt, slowly. He ran his fingernails down Preston’s chest, unhooking the corset and tossing it aside, licking at the skin of Preston’s ear before sucking the lobe into his mouth.

“Oh, G-God, S-Sir,” Preston groaned.

Reginald smiled and lowered his hands to Preston’s pants, unbuttoning them and lowering the zipper. Pushing the fabric down, he knelt and slipped off Preston’s shoes and pants. While he understood that Preston couldn’t wear the heels at work, he missed them when they had opportunities like this. What he wouldn’t give to be able to run his tongue around the tops of those stilettos right now. Standing back up, Reginald ran his fingertips along the inside of Preston’s legs, pushing them apart as he did so.

When he reached Preston’s firm ass, Reginald grabbed the base of the plug, through the material of Preston’s undergarment, and tugged it out just a little before releasing it and letting Preston’s body pull it back in. Reaching around his sub’s body, Reginald tugged on the bottom of Preston’s balls as he continued to play with the plug in his ass, listening to the younger man’s moans and groans.

“Word?” he demanded.

“Daffodils,” Preston hissed.

“Good boy.” Reginald nodded. Reaching up, he dragged Preston’s arms down from where they rested above his head and finished undressing him, leaving him in only his tie, boyshorts, pantyhose, cock cage, garters, and garter belt.

Loosening Preston’s tie a bit, Reginald pulled it up over his head. Grabbing Preston’s hands, he folded them together and secured them with the tie. Turning Preston away from the elevator wall, Reginald unbuttoned his own shirt and pants, pulling his boxer briefs down until they rested beneath his erection and balls. Happy for once that the elevators were carpeted, Reginald ordered Preston onto his knees.

“Head down, ass up. I believe I need to remind you whom you belong to,” he stated.

Helping Preston onto his knees so he didn’t hurt himself, Reginald reached into the inner pocket of his jacket and pulled out the key to Preston’s cock cage. He would release Preston in a minute.

“Before we get to the fun stuff, I think you deserve a punishment, don’t you? For believing that you don’t mean anything to me? For thinking that I would change the rules of our relationship without discussing it with you first?” he asked.

“Y-yes, Sir,” Preston said.

Pushing Preston’s legs farther apart, Reginald pulled his belt free and folded it in half.

“I think five should do it,” he mused. “Be sure to keep count, or we’ll have to start over.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Standing up and to the side of Preston’s body, Reginald pulled out his phone and turned on the flashlight so he could be sure he aimed for Preston’s balls. Grabbing the top of Preston’s boyshorts, Reginald tugged them down to his sub’s knees, tapping on the base of the plug once he was finished. Lifting the belt, he swung it down and listened to the Italian leather as it whistled through the air before connecting with the flesh of Preston’s testicles.

Preston let out a gasp and a whine before stating clearly, “One, Sir.”

Reginald nodded before swinging the belt again. “Two, Sir.”

Again.

“Three, Sir.” This one was said with a slight hitch in his voice, and Reginald grimaced. He hated having to punish Preston. It hurt him just as much as it hurt the other man. His heart clenched in his chest, and he ran the flashlight over Preston’s body to check and see how he was doing. Preston’s balls, taint, the bottom of his ass, his cock, and even some of his stomach was red from the belt, but while Preston was trembling, he didn’t seem to be under any distress.

And again.

“Four, Sir.” There was a definite sob in his voice that time, but that was to be expected with a punishment, unfortunately. If this was pleasurable, or a *funishment*, then Reginald wouldn’t expect it, but remorse and tears during punishment, Reginald expected, even if it tore him up inside.

And the final swing.

“Five, Sir.”

Reginald dropped the belt to the floor and knelt beside Preston, running his hand over his boy’s head and body, down to his balls, being careful not to handle them too hard.

“I’m sorry, Sir, for not trusting you and not talking to you. For just getting mad and lashing out,” Preston apologized.

Reginald pressed a kiss to the top of Preston’s head. “It’s okay, boy. You’re human. We all are. Flawed and imperfect. It happens. I can’t expect you to be perfect when I’m not.”

He ran his hands over Preston’s back down to his ass, knee walking until he was behind his boy once again. Reginald pulled Preston’s ass cheeks apart, leaned forward, and ran his tongue up the crease. He groaned as the musky taste of the most intimate part of Preston exploded over the slick appendage. He licked around the plug that still sat in Preston’s ass, before reaching up and pulling it free. He tossed it to the side and continued to lick, suck, and nibble at Preston’s hole.

Lifting his hands up, he skimmed his fingertips up to Preston’s nipples and plucked on them before pinching them. He tugged on them until he felt Preston’s torso moving with him in an effort to relieve the pain. Releasing the

nubs, Reginald rubbed his fingers around the abused flesh while he continued to thrust his tongue in and out of Preston's rectum.

Raising his head, Reginald grabbed a packet of lube from his pocket and smeared it on his fingers. Pushing two fingers into Preston's body, Reginald pressed hard and withdrew quickly. Twisting his fingers, he repeated the action, listening to the moans and sighs of Preston from above him.

Leaning down, Reginald bit the flesh of Preston's bottom around the garter and sucked it into his mouth, laving it as he continued to fuck Preston's channel with his fingers, pressing in a third lubed finger. He licked at the no doubt pink skin and pulled his fingers free. Grabbing a condom from his wallet, Reginald sheathed his hard cock and squeezed the rest of the lube onto it and rubbed it in. Wiping his hands on the tails of his shirt, he knew he would have to stop and get a change of clothes before returning to work. But all of that could wait.

Searching around, he grabbed the key for Preston's chastity cage, and taking hold of it, he reached under his boy's body and unlocked the small padlock, placing the cage into the side pocket of his briefcase. He heard Preston's sigh of relief as he freed him just before he lined up the head of his cock with the smaller man's relaxed entrance and thrust inside.

Preston let out a loud groan and slid forward slightly on his shoulders. Reginald reached down with one hand and took hold of Preston's bound hands, the other holding onto his garter belt and the boyshorts that were shoved beneath Preston's hard dick. He growled softly as he relished in the feeling of Preston's tight channel wrapped around his erection.

Pulling his hips back, he slid his cock out until only the head remained before thrusting back in. He set up a punishing pace, in and out of Preston's body. He gloried in the sensation of being back inside of Preston once again. He was glad his phone's flashlight was on so he could see Preston's pantyhose-clad legs pressed against his own and only wished they could be in his bed where he could love on Preston without fear of discovery or interruption.

Love?

Reginald pushed aside that thought as he continued to hammer into Preston's rear, releasing his bound hands to reach under his hips to grab his cock and balls. Gripping Preston's cock, he squeezed it before jacking it slowly then faster and faster. He could hear Preston's breathing coming in shorter gasps and knew his boy was on the verge of an orgasm, feeling his own balls pulling tightly to his body and the tingle at the base of his spine as well as the

tingling in his fingertips and his toes. Reginald decided to put them both out of their misery.

“Come,” he commanded Preston before pressing the tip of his fingernail into the head of Preston’s dick. He pulled it out and grunted as Preston’s ass muscles tightened on his shaft, and the other man moaned out his name before releasing a torrent of cum over his fingers and the carpet below them. Speeding up the plunges in and out of Preston’s chute, Reginald tossed himself headlong into his own orgasm before wrapping his hands tightly around Preston’s hips as he shook and twitched from the force of it.

“I love you, Preston,” he said softly.

“What?” Preston gasped.

Before Reginald could respond, the lights in the elevator flickered back on, and they began to move again, heading toward the parking garage. Cursing, Reginald pulled out of Preston’s body, untied Preston, and tossed the other man his clothes before quickly righting his own clothes. He stepped over to help Preston fix his attire before the doors opened, hoping they would finish before anyone saw them, but when the doors slid apart, Reginald looked down and saw Preston’s corset in the corner, along with his shoes, and butt plug, and both of them obviously looked mused.

There was also the used condom that was lying in the middle of the elevator.

“Daddy?” a voice called out.

“Fuck,” Preston groaned.

Chapter Five

This would be a perfect time for a sinkhole to open up directly beneath my feet and suck me into the middle of the Earth, Preston thought as he looked over Reginald's shoulder and saw Rachel standing outside of the elevator with Cassandra, Demetri, and Zora, who held Solomon in her arms, a smirk on her face as she glanced at him, Reginald, and then at the floor. Preston turned his gaze to what she was looking at and blushed when he saw the used condom and toys on the floor.

Kill me.

When he saw that some of his coworkers were starting to exit the elevators and were glancing over to see what all the commotion was, Preston pushed Reginald away and bent over to grab first his corset and then the condom, which he quickly and efficiently tied and pocketed, before setting himself to rights. Shoes on, shirt tucked in, hair in some semblance of control, tie on, jacket buttoned. He saw that Reginald was doing the same, and had in fact, put the cock cage and butt plug away in his briefcase—thank God for small favors—before Preston once again faced his family. Clearing his throat, Preston smiled.

“Well! Look who’s here! I wasn’t expecting you guys! You caught me at a rather bad time. Mister Moreno and I were on our way to lunch when we got trapped in the elevator there for a while, and now it’s probably time for us to get back to work, so we’ll probably have to order in. So what brings you all by?” he asked with a smile on his face.

He would *not* talk about what they’d obviously interrupted or come upon the end of. Nope, nothing doing. He knew that Demetri and Zora would interrogate him when the kids weren’t around, but there was *no* way he was having this conversation in front of his children.

“Daddy? What were you doing? You looked so messy,” Rachel asked innocently.

Preston blushed and glanced over at Reginald, who was leaning against the elevator doors to keep them from closing. Preston grabbed his own briefcase and things and stepped out ahead of the man. Swallowing nervously, he smiled down at his daughter and gestured at Reginald.

“I told you honey, Mister Moreno and I got stuck in the elevator, and it scared Daddy at first. All the lights went out and everything. We were in there for a long time, but then they came back on, and now here we are,” he said.

“Oh,” she replied and nodded with a smile.

Cassandra smirked at him and crossed her arms. Preston knew that his daughter, who was growing up *way* too fast, didn’t believe him at all.

“So Daddy, this is Mister Moreno, your *boss*?” Cassandra questioned, putting air quotes around the word boss. “The one you and Mommy call Mister Perfect?”

Preston spluttered and looked over at Reginald, who chuckled.

“Well, um... Cassandra. You see... he is my boss, but um...” Preston could see that Reginald was waiting to see how he was going to respond to the question, especially after the man’s confession just minutes earlier. “He’s a little more than that. He’s also Daddy’s boyfriend.”

“What?” Zora gasped. “For how long?”

“A long time. Three years,” Preston confessed.

Zora narrowed her eyes, and Preston knew that he was going to be getting reamed out later on that evening, and not by his Sir, but by the mother of his children. Decidedly unpleasant.

“It’s nice to meet you, Cassandra. I’ve heard a lot about you. All of you, actually,” Reginald said with a nod.

“We’ve heard a lot about you as well, though I’m not sure how much of it we should believe,” Demetri said with a laugh.

The two men laughed, and Preston glared at Demetri before he stopped.

“So why are you all here?” Preston asked again.

Zora rolled her eyes and huffed. “Well, Demetri’s brother is in the hospital. They found him a heart, and we’re going to over to the Cleveland Cardiac Clinic to be there with him and the rest of the family, but we don’t want the kids to miss school, so we need you to take them for the week. Also, they don’t like kids around patients who have just received transplants, because of germs and things, so... can you? I know there’s a daycare here for Solomon.”

Preston glanced over at Reginald with lifted eyebrows. Monday to Friday at six p.m. was their time. He was relieved and humbled when he saw Reginald smile and nod at him.

“Sure, no problem. But why do you have the kids with you now?” Preston asked.

“They had to pack some clothes for school for the entire week because they knew what they wanted to wear, and we needed to pack for ourselves. Plus we’ve been on the phone all morning, talking to doctors, dealing with family, the airline, our jobs... And you know your children—they only have their Monday uniforms with them when they come to your house. They always bring their school uniforms back to the house on Friday and leave them there,” Zora pointed out.

Preston nodded. He’d forgotten about that. His children mostly had summer, winter break, and weekend play clothes at his home.

“Right. Well, do you need me to go and open the trunk of the car so you can leave the luggage, or are you going to drop the kids off at the house?”

“No, we’ll pass them off to your office’s child care center right after school so we can head to the hospital. Can we put their clothes in your car now?” Demetri asked.

“Sure.” Preston searched his pockets for his keys and stopped when Reginald held them up. He blushed when he realized that they must have fallen out when they’d been inside of the elevator having sex.

“Thanks,” he muttered.

“No problem,” Reginald answered.

Walking his family over to the car, Preston was acutely aware of Reginald following them. Pressing the button for the trunk, Preston opened it and heard Demetri grunt. Looking over at the man, Preston looked to see what had caused him to react in such a way and saw that there were four different pairs of his stilettos within.

Preston waited for the shame to wash over him, because wasn’t that what he should feel, being a man who liked to wear female clothes and shoes? However, he realized that he did not feel that way. While he didn’t want to explain anything to his children—they were much too young for that—he didn’t feel as if he needed to justify himself to anyone either.

With a glance at Demetri, Preston collected the heels and placed them into the shopping bag he kept in the trunk before pushing it to the back. Looking toward where Zora stood with their kids, gathering their stuff, Preston turned to Demetri and winked.

“If you want to buy a pair of those shoes for Zora, I can tell you where I got some of them, or Reginald can tell you where he bought the red pair, or the pink pair with the black heels,” he said softly.

Demetri peered at him intently before grinning. “Really?”

“Absolutely,” Reginald answered.

Demetri laughed and nodded. “Great. I think it will be a great birthday present for her.”

Preston snorted. “For her or for you?”

“Let’s not split hairs here.” Demetri shrugged.

They all laughed and stepped aside as Zora returned with the kids to place the bags into the trunk.

After they left, Preston and Reginald each climbed into Reginald’s car and drove to the nearest clothing store to purchase a change of clothes that looked exactly like the ones they’d been wearing previously, or as close as they could manage. And when they returned to work, both eating sandwich wraps that they’d purchased from *Smoothie King*, it was with the knowledge that when they went home it would be to Preston’s home.

Together.

Preston also knew that both parts of his world had collided: “Daddy Preston” and “Boy Preston.” He wasn’t sure what would happen to his carefully organized life, not now that everyone seemed to know about “Mister Perfect,” his Sir, but he didn’t regret it.

Turning to Reginald, Preston grabbed the man’s arm before they left the office for the day to go and collect the kids from the office’s child care center. There was one thing he had to say before he went back to being “Daddy.”

“Yes, Preston?” Reginald asked, his eyebrows rising.

“I love you too, Sir.”

Reginald smiled softly at him. “I was hoping you did.” He looked around and dropped his hand to the front of Preston’s pants to rub his knuckles against Preston’s panty-clad groin. “I wonder what in the world you’ll let me do to you now that we’re in love? You know... once the kids are in bed asleep.” Reginald wagged his eyebrows at him, and Preston snorted a laugh before groaning as desire rushed through him.

“Oh Sir, you can do what you want to me. You know that,” he said.

Reginald nodded. “Good. Word?”

“Daffodils.”

Reginald jerked his head toward the open door. “Let’s go home, Preston.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Preston followed Reginald from the room, smiling as they headed toward the elevators. He let out a snort of amusement when Reginald hesitated, before turning to head toward the stairs, coughing to cover up the laugh when his Sir turned to look at him.

“Do you find something funny, Preston?” Reginald asked.

“No, Sir. Nothing at all.”

Reginald nodded and continued on down the stairs. Preston followed him, chuckling softly. He would deny it if pressed, but even he was a little skittish about re-entering the elevator with only Reginald and he in attendance. Though they had enjoyed a *pleasurable* interlude earlier that day, it was time to pick up the kids, and Preston was really looking forward to feeling Reginald slamming his hard cock in Preston’s ass in his bed. You know, a soft mattress. Not the hard floor of the elevator. He wasn’t as young as he used to be.

As they stepped out of the stairwell and approached the childcare facility for the employees’ children, Preston grinned widely when he heard his children calling out Reginald’s name. He was happy—and if he was being completely honest, relieved—that they had accepted his lover so quickly and so well. He had no delusions that everything would be smooth sailing from here on out, but he would bask in things for now.

“Are you all ready to go?” Preston asked as he signed his kids out, smiling at the plump, brown-haired woman—Denise—who ran the facility.

“Yes!” they all screamed simultaneously.

“Well, let’s go then,” Reginald said with a big smile. “We can even stop for dinner on the way.”

Preston was touched by the effort Reginald was putting into making sure his children were comfortable with his presence and knew he would have to go out of his way to show his Sir his appreciation. He’d have to wait until the children were asleep, but then he’d make sure he sent Reginald to sleep with a smile on his face.

Reginald sent off a final email and closed his laptop, cracking the knuckles of his fingers before stretching one arm over the other as he waited for Preston to finish putting his children to bed. Reginald had never really thought of the reality of Preston's children. He knew they existed. It was why he and Preston weren't together on the weekends, and why Reginald was relegated to being a voyeuristic-type stalker from Friday night to Monday morning as he spent his days and nights either working, golfing, working out, schmoozing clients, or standing—or sitting—in his bedroom, holding onto a pair of his binoculars, with a book in his hand, watching Preston and his children live their lives.

Reginald was completely aware that the children existed. He knew all about them, their mother, and other father. He knew about their education. Their hobbies. He even knew about their social media habits. He would never tell Preston that he'd essentially had his entire family investigated and vetted. It was too... CIA and *Scandal*, even for him. But, Reginald had needed to know about the other part of Preston's life. He wasn't sure why. He just did.

He knew now.

It was because he loved Preston.

But now that he'd put personalities and facial expressions, nuances, and *essences* to the copious files and notes that he'd obtained on Preston's family members, Reginald suddenly felt... dirty about gathering all of his intel without asking Preston's permission. He thought about telling Preston what he'd done. Asking for forgiveness. It wasn't something he'd ever done before. Asking for absolution for an action he'd taken to protect himself, especially since he knew he had to protect himself and his assets, his legacy, his family fortune, his name, but Preston was different. Not just because Preston was his boy, his sub, but because Preston was... Preston.

Reginald knew that Preston was his forever.

Reginald swallowed the lump that formed and turned to grab his phone from the nightstand, swiping his finger over the screen in a pattern to unlock the phone. He opened his Internet browser and went to a special site, searching for a specific item. He was going to buy something for Preston. He had to.

Reginald was going to collar Preston if the other man would have him.

Hearing the door to the master bathroom open, Reginald glanced up, confused. When had Preston gone into the bathroom?

All thought fled his mind when he saw Preston standing in the doorway wearing a light-pink silk halter-style baby-doll with lighter-pink fur around the

collar, the lapels, and the hem. Wrapped around Preston's waist was a pair of see-through pink manties. As Reginald's eyes traveled over Preston's form, he realized that the slim man's skin was shimmering, and he grinned as he saw the minute flecks of gold glitter on Preston's flesh. Preston's feet were lovingly wrapped in a pair of high heels that had pink fur along the top.

Reginald rose from his position on the bed, placed his phone on the nightstand, and stalked across the floor, meeting Preston in the middle of the room. He lifted his hand and buried it in Preston's hair, which smelled faintly of cotton candy, Reginald's favorite scent. Reginald tilted Preston's head back and licked a line from Preston's ear to the base of Preston's neck before he bit the exposed flesh. He felt his already hard cock twitch as Preston grunted and moaned when he felt Reginald bite him, and Reginald sucked on the abused skin, making sure to lick and then kiss it before moving on to do the same thing to the other side of Preston's neck.

Preston wasn't idle. This wasn't a scene. There weren't any parameters set—yet—and so Preston had free reign, and Reginald allowed him to touch as he wanted. He would pull Preston back from the edge when it was time. The leash only stretched so far for them.

Reginald groaned as Preston's fingers moved over his shoulders down to his pecs. While Preston was barely clothed in a silk lingerie number, Reginald had been ready for bed and stood in front of his boy in nothing but his boxer briefs, which were even now straining over his thick shaft.

Reginald pushed his hands beneath the panels of Preston's baby-doll outfit and ran his fingertips up and down the skin of Preston's back before trailing his nails along the flesh of Preston's stomach up to his nipples with one hand while the other kept Preston standing. Reginald plucked Preston's nipples, playing the taut nubs like the strings of a harp. Listening to Preston's harsh, labored breathing, his gasps, and the moans that flowed out of his full lips like a beautiful melody, Reginald closed his eyes and smiled.

Reginald's heart beat in time with Preston's sounds of desire, and Reginald pushed his other hand down the back of Preston's manties, searching for the puckered hole that he knew awaited him. Finding it, Reginald circled the entrance with a finger, tapping it gently as he lowered his head and sucked Preston's nipple between his lips. He lifted his head and pulled his hand out of the back of Preston's manties, ignoring the sub's protest, because... oh yes... the scene was getting ready to start now... and sucked his finger in his mouth.

“Word?”

Reginald watched as Preston took a shuddering breath, his body trembling slightly. Preston's eyes barely dilated; his cock leaked another obscene amount of precum against the front of his manties. Reginald watched as Preston took a deep breath, his Adam's apple moving up and down, and knew he was going to lick and bite that piece of flesh. He was feeling extremely carnivorous this evening.

"Daffodils."

"Good boy." Reginald slid his wet finger back into Preston's manties and pushed it against the clenching hole of Preston's body, tickling and teasing. Not entering, but hinting at the possibility that he might push the finger in. "No speaking unless I ask you a direct question. You can moan and groan, show me your pleasure, let me know how much you like it, but that is all. Do you understand?"

Preston nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"Good boy." Reginald pressed the tip of his finger inside, holding Preston with his other arm, when the sub twitched and moaned. "No coming until I tell you to. But you know this. Don't you, Preston?"

"Yes, Sir."

Reginald grinned. "You did very well today. I think you've earned a present." And with that, Reginald pulled his finger free of Preston's body and lifted the smaller man up into his arms and carried him over to the bed. Placing Preston on the bed in the center, on his hands and knees, Reginald walked over to the head of the bed and squatted down to grab the rope they always pushed down to hide from the children. Pulling it up, Reginald walked over toward Preston, looping and pulling the rope to make one knot before wrapping the rope a few times around Preston's wrist and arm, knotting it every so often. He pulled the end of the rope down to secure it to the headboard and walked around to the other side of the bed to do the same thing to Preston's other arm.

When Reginald was finished with the rope, Preston's upper body was restrained with three different ropes, using the Shibari method. Reginald thrilled at the sight of his design and marks on his boy. Walking down to the foot of the bed, he pulled Preston's manties down to his knees before going to his bag and pulling out his crop. Squeezing the globes of Preston's round bottom, Reginald pulled back his hand and brought it down sharply on Preston's upturned ass. He licked his lips when he saw the tanned flesh turn pink. Lifting his hand again, Reginald smacked Preston's other butt cheek. He

continued to spank Preston, thrilling at the sound of Preston's grunts, groans, hisses, and moans for more.

When Preston's ass was a deep-pink color, Reginald lifted his crop in his hand and stepped back from the bed in order to make sure he had enough room and the impact was truly felt. He ran the tip of the crop up and down the rounded globes of Preston's ass before smoothing it up and down the inside of his cheeks. Reginald could tell from the slight tremble of Preston's body that his boy was trying very hard not to move. To not thrust back, or perhaps to not shy away. Either way, he was being *very* good.

"Good boy," Reginald praised Preston. "Count. Five strokes for each side."

Without waiting for an acknowledgement of his instructions, because he didn't need one, Reginald lifted the crop and brought it down softly against Preston's left ass cheek.

"One, Sir?" Preston replied.

Reginald could tell that Preston was surprised by the first stroke since it had not been as strong or as sharp as he'd expected, but as a Dom, it was Reginald's job to keep Preston on his toes, and so he did. The next smack was just as gentle, and so Preston relaxed, never expecting the third smack which was a harsh smack against the bottom of the curve of his ass.

"Three, Sir!" Preston gasped.

The next smack was just as breath-stealing, as were the next two. Seven and eight were gentle. They were preceded by Reginald running the tip of his crop along the now dark-red flesh of Preston's bottom, which bore the marks of Reginald's crop, and atop his hand, with Preston's Shibari-bound body as a deliciously, beautiful backdrop.

Reginald was so turned on, in such a Dom headspace, his body felt weightless. Only his hands felt heavy. Present. His brain was focused on what he was doing, but the rest of him felt as if he were high. Flying. As if he were on drugs.

Reginald could tell he was bringing his sub pleasure. Knew that he was giving his boy what he needed. As he assessed the other man, Reginald's eyes and brain hyperfocused, Reginald noticed Preston's breathing was speeding up slightly, signaling that his boy was on the brink of an orgasm. Tsk, tsk, tsk. That just wouldn't do. Not yet anyway.

Reginald finished dispensing the final two licks with the crop before returning it to the bag. He moved to the foot of the bed and placed his hands on

the red flesh of Preston's ass. He shushed and soothed Preston when the slimmer man hissed at the contact. Pulling the globes of the man's ass apart, Reginald licked a long line from the top of Preston's crease to his perineum. Reginald sucked one of Preston's testicles into his mouth, lashing it with his tongue, before moving on to the other. He then licked his way back up to Preston's hole.

Swirling his tongue around the puckered entrance, Reginald wriggled the tip of the wet muscle deep inside, trying to taste all of Preston that he could. Reginald moaned as the most intimate, most potent part of Preston's body wafted over his taste buds. Reginald pressed his face as close as he could get as he fucked Preston's channel with his tongue, reaching around to take hold of Preston's cock.

Reginald pinched the piece of skin just between Preston's shaft and his balls. Preston let out a loud and harsh cry, trying to wriggle away, but Reginald refused to let him. He then took hold of Preston's balls and pulled on them as he continued to lick, suck, and nibble on Preston's asshole.

Finally, unable to deny himself anymore, and with Preston slapping his hands on the bed, and Reginald's mind hearing past cries of Preston pleading, "Please, Sir, please, fuck me," the sound practically ringing in his ear, Reginald pushed his boxer briefs down and grabbed the lube off the side table as well as a condom. Rolling the condom down his extremely hard length, Reginald then poured the slippery liquid onto his fingers before spreading it along his dick.

Stepping up to the edge of the bed, Reginald pressed the tip of his cock against Preston's hole, running his fingers along Preston's feet still in his heels, smiling and shivering as a shot of lust ripped through him. Pushing his length deep inside of Preston's body, Reginald knew he would be writing a thank you letter to the creator of the heels Preston had been wearing off and on all day. He pushed that thought out of his mind as he started to thrust in and out of his sub's body, the feeling of Preston's tight channel surrounding him too exquisite to do anything but give it his full attention.

Reginald withdrew his cock slowly until only the head remained inside of Preston's body and then slammed forward. He repeated this action until he had Preston mindless and chanting his name beneath him. Realizing that Preston was disobeying him, Reginald stopped the movement of his hips and lifted his body away from Preston's. Reaching over into the top drawer of the nightstand, Reginald grabbed the hairbrush from within. He watched as Preston's eyes widened. Preston shook his head, and Reginald sighed.

“You were saying my name. Even if it was in passion, you were speaking. Now you must be punished.” He shook his head. “Count them.” With the bristles facing Preston’s skin, Reginald gave Preston five smacks on his balls and ass. When he was finished, he laved the abused area with his tongue, loving on the red flesh before standing and pushing his cock back into Preston’s clenching hole, reminding him to keep quiet. Then he switched his motions and entered slowly and pulled out quickly. When Preston was moaning constantly, his hands squeezing and clawing at the sheets beneath him, and Reginald felt his own balls lifting up close to his body, Reginald knew it was finally time to take things over the cliff.

Leaning over Preston’s body, Reginald slid his hands beneath Preston’s shoulders and slammed his hips forward in an erratic rhythm. Placing his lips next to Preston’s ear, Reginald reached down with one hand to grip Preston’s cock and stroked from the base to the tip once... twice...

“Come,” he ordered.

Preston shuddered in Reginald’s arms, his body tightening on Reginald’s cock as he twitched and spasmed, the grip on his erection sending Reginald hurtling headfirst into his own orgasm. He threw his head back and growled between clenched teeth. He wrapped both arms around Preston’s body as he shook and twitched before finally collapsing atop the smaller man.

It took several long minutes before Reginald could finally pull himself together enough to pull himself out of Preston’s body and climb off him. Reginald made sure to dispose of the condom properly, grimacing at the mess, before turning to walk back into the bedroom. He slowly and gently untied Preston from the bed, rubbing the feeling back into his arms and torso. Reginald rubbed the special oils he applied whenever he used the ropes on Preston into the slimmer man’s skin before rubbing aloe vera into his boy’s ass and the tops of his thighs wherever the flesh was abused. He smiled when he heard the soft sigh Preston released and shifted his boy on the bed before removing his shoes and his manties completely. He’d let him sleep in the baby-doll outfit.

Reginald climbed into bed after washing up and lifted Preston until he was settled half on and half off his body. Reginald ran his hand up and down Preston’s back. He pressed a kiss onto Preston’s forehead and sighed in contentment.

“We’ll go get tested this week,” he stated offhandedly. “I’m sick of using condoms. You’re it for me. Unless you don’t want this or don’t want me, I love

you not just as my sub, but as my partner. I want to collar you and to make this long-term. So we'll do a collaring ceremony and ditch the condoms."

Reginald felt Preston tense for only a second before he sighed again and pressed a kiss to Reginald's chest. When he looked up at Reginald, he had a big grin on his face with tears in his eyes. Preston nodded.

"That was the bossiest, most no-nonsense proposal I've ever heard, and if I didn't know you so well, I wouldn't know that was your way of asking, so my answer is yes. I want this to be long-term. I would love for you to collar me, and I would love to get tested and get rid of the condoms. Thank you. I love you too."

Reginald exhaled and pressed his lips to Preston's in a toe-curling kiss that made his heart skip a beat. When the kiss ended, he grinned at the dazed look on Preston's face and ran his fingers through Preston's hair.

"Thank you for letting me order you around about this."

Preston winked. "I told you. As long as you love me and treat me right, you can do what you want."

Reginald let out a laugh before settling down to sleep with the man he planned to spend the rest of his life with. He wasn't exactly sure what was coming for them, but he knew that they would handle it together. Besides, if either he or Preston started to feel overwhelmed, Reginald would just have to make sure that he found them a faulty elevator and got them caught inside for an hour...

Or two.

The End (for now)

Author Bio

Viktor “Vic” Alexander wrote his first story at the age of ten and hasn’t stopped writing since. He loves reading about anything and everything and is a proud member of the little known U.N. group (Undercover Nerds) because while he lives, eats, breathes, and sleeps sports, he also breathes history, fantasy, and science fiction and grew up a Trekkie. But don’t ask him about Dungeons & Dragons, because he has no idea how to play that game. When it comes to writing, he loves everything from paranormal to contemporary to fantasy to historical and is known not only for being the Epilogue King but also for writing stories that cross lines and boundaries that he doesn’t know are there. Vic is a proud father of two daughters, one of whom watches over him from Heaven with his deceased partner, Christopher. Vic is a proud trans and gay man, and when he is not writing, he is hanging out with his friends, or being distracted by videos of Torchwood, Game of Thrones, Scandal, Criminal Minds, Doctor Who, Downton Abbey, The Big Bang Theory, Modern Family, or ones starring John Barrowman, Jason Momoa (mmm, Khal Drogo), Scott Hoying, and Shemar Moore. Viktor has published numerous bestselling novels and has a WIP list that makes him exhausted just thinking about. He knows that he will be still be writing about hot men falling in love with each other long after he is living in an assisted living facility, flirting with the hot male nurses.*

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Yahoo Group](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Blog](#) | [Website](#)

[Facebook \(Author Page\)](#) | [Facebook \(Profile\)](#)