



GINA A. ROGERS

ROUTINE
WATCH

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

ROUTINE WATCH

By Gina A. Rogers

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

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

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

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Photo Description

A man looking through binoculars. He has muscular shoulders. His hands wrap around the binoculars, thumbs meeting along the bridge of his nose. His face is blocked by the binoculars but we can see dark scruff, full lips and dark, slicked-back hair. Reflected (almost hidden) in the lenses is an image of two naked men, one behind the other. The man in front is on his knees, back arched, with a smile on his face.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I'm new to town, just got out of the Navy—back from the Middle East. I moved here to be close to my brother and he's only lived here a couple years. I'm looking for a job and trying to get settled, but some of my habits from the Navy have carried over into civilian life. Like I can't sleep at night until I've closely checked the neighborhood out and made sure it's safe. And what to my wondering eyes did appear...

Wow... I've got to get my application in at the office building across the street!

Thanks—

Kiki

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: voyeurism, former military, self-discovery, fetish, toys, HFN

Content warnings: light BDSM

Word count: 9,419

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Up. Down. Flex. Contract. I push my body to its limits, the muscles of my upper body—triceps, deltoids and pectorals—straining to fulfill my demands. Up. Down. Even though I've been shore-side for three months I can still hear Master Chief Zhang calling out the commands in his deep, barking voice. *Seventy-five reps done, only twenty-five more to go* I tell myself. *Up. Down.* The desire to break rhythm, go harder and faster, nips at me but I quash it down.

It's the end of yet another day in my new life, and the physical exertion is part of my daily wind-down routine. Routine. A customary or regular course of procedure. It's what the United States Navy was built on, and what kept me on the straight and narrow for the last twelve years. Wake up. PT, or physical training to regular folks. Eat. Train. Eat. More PT. Sleep and repeat.

But routine can also be defined as dull or uninteresting; commonplace. And I am starting to feel that itch, the one that starts as a tiny spark of thought in my cerebral matter and then travels as a stinging, needling sensation. It traipses down to my shoulder blade then around to my pec before seeping down to my thighs, all the way to the space between my toes. Of course I know it's all just psychological and there aren't really tiny fire ants, crawling just under my skin.

It's that knowledge right there that helps me keep this steady up and down pace, allowing my routine to wrap its mental bindings around me and keep me from breaking free. In the Navy, there was just the right balance of rigid structure and adrenaline rush. Now that I'm on the outside? I've got the rigidity part down pat; but without the bursts of heart-pounding excitement, my inner chaos is trying to claw its way free. Freedom for a guy like me? It's dangerous.

I finish my first set of one hundred push-ups and let my knees hit the floor. My arms and shoulders burn, but it's a minor inconvenience. I swing my legs

around so that I'm sitting on the floor, knees bent. I say a small prayer of thanks for the carpet beneath my ass as I lower my torso to the floor to begin a set of sit ups. Once you've experienced the ache of doing this during Basic Training on the grinder, a slab of unforgiving concrete and asphalt, even the slight padding of carpet makes you want to sing hallelujah.

My abdominals tighten and I take a second to enjoy the sensation before I lever myself off the floor, silently counting off one when my chest brushes against my knees. I lower myself slowly, loving the taut strength of my core. I feel like a god when I'm doing this; powerful, in control, hot as fuck, invincible.

What in the happy fuck do you think you're doing? the memory of Master Chief Zhang screams at me. I realize I've completely lost count, as well as control, as I snap my body to and fro so fast my back will probably be bruised tomorrow.

I close my eyes, counting off from fifty, and envision myself back in Virginia under my Navy security blanket. I can see the master chief's boots as he walks through the lines, watching for anyone slacking off or any little mistake. Sometimes I would be tempted to fuck up on purpose, just so I could experience the zing I got from being the focus of such intensity. Was the feeling fear? Adrenaline? Arousal? I try not to think about that last one as I finish my reps at a nice even pace.

One hundred. I stretch my legs out flat and sit for a minute, hands on my thighs, listening to my body, telling it to behave. Sweat trickles from the nape of my neck down my back, following the trail of my spine. Fucking repeal of Don't Ask Don't Tell. The policy had been yet another rope I used to bind myself, a rule that needed to be followed. But after the repeal became effective in September, 2011, it became a case of please-don't-ask-because-I-don't-want-to-tell. So when my re-enlistment came up the beginning of this year, I did something I never thought I would. I got out.

And so here I sit, on the floor of my brother's apartment in New York City, feeling like a SEAL out of water. No enforced routine, no structure, no purpose. I tell myself to give it time. For now, self-regulation, my own

personal brand of self-medication, was doing its job. I'll figure out what to do with myself soon, despite having no real clue as to what that might be.

At least I know what to do with myself right now in this moment. I roll to the right, bringing myself to rest on my hands and knees. I lock my elbows and shift my weight off my knees and onto my toes, flattening my body into a smooth line. *Down. Up.* I settle into the rhythm once again and let it soothe my thoughts.

By the time I complete three sets of one hundred, the hyper state I was in throughout the day gives way to the throbbing burn of my muscles. Phase one of daily Operation Beat Myself Into A Moderately Sound Sleep is complete. I rise from the floor and saunter towards my room.

Twenty minutes later I stand before the bathroom mirror, swiping my hand across its foggy surface before placing my palm on the edge of the sink to brace myself. I lean in, studying myself in the streak of exposed mirror. My thick, dark hair is slicked back. I have a strong forehead, not too long and no signs of wrinkles yet. My nose could be described as Greek I guess: long, straight and narrow. My jaw, covered in a dark nine o'clock shadow, is still square despite having taken its share of punches.

Sitting above my chin are some of my best assets; my lips are soft and plump. The color not really red-based but more like bronzed peach and the arches and curves nearly perfect. But the best part, the thing that drives people wild, is the little shadowed dip that forms just below my full bottom lip. Too bad what I really want isn't some simpering chick begging me to use those lips on her body. No, I want a man. Want him to take that lip between his teeth and bite down right on that spot, just hard enough to sting. Want him to grab a handful of my dark hair and—

Fuck! I break eye contact with my reflection and scrub my hands over my face. I'm gay. I've known that since I was fourteen. True, I pushed those desires aside once I joined the Navy, and fucked my share of women in the last ten years. Hey, when a guy gets tired of his hand and being gay is against the rules of the job he needs, he takes what he can get.

But being gay isn't really the problem right now. I already have a hard time settling down at night. A hard on and a jonesing for some cock is not going to help that situation. Finishing my routine, that's what I need to be doing.

In my bedroom I pull on a pair of plaid pajama bottoms. My towel and dirty laundry get sorted into the proper baskets and I lay out an outfit for tomorrow. Moving to the bed, I fold back the blankets before going to the nightstand and pulling out Mildred, my Beretta M9. We've been together for twelve years and not a day goes by that I don't check her over. I pull out the magazine, check the slide. Tomorrow I'll spend some one-on-one time with her, lovingly taking apart all her pieces and cleaning them.

Safety back on and Mildred tucked away, I grab my other favorite piece of equipment. As much as I would like that to be my dick right now, it's not. Although my two-thousand-dollar Swarovski high-definition binoculars can be just as fun to play with sometimes.

Recon. It's the final step in my bedtime routine; the familiar lullaby that rocks me to sleep. Not that I really need to be scouting the area for enemies, but for some reason looking into the lives of the people around me, seeing some of their issues or their happiness and even their pain makes me feel at peace. I'd like to think it has something to do with seeing my own smallness in the big scheme of things but really I'm probably just being a selfish voyeur. Good thing my brother is a cutthroat and makes the big bucks. It's a shame he never gets any downtime to enjoy the apartment. It has a hell of a view.

Walking through the apartment, I make sure all the lights are off before settling into the oversized leather armchair I've turned to face the line of floor-to-ceiling windows that border the living area. Moving east to west I check in with all my favorites. Mrs. Fluffikins, the blonde-haired princess who likes to let her little yippy dog lick her face, currently has the dog sitting on the kitchen counter while she paints its nails.

Mr. Stewie on the seventeenth floor of the brown brick complex is getting ready for bed. He already has on his giant diaper and is walking towards the kitchen, probably to grab a bottle from the back of the fridge where he keeps them hidden.

Why these people don't have any fucking curtains is beyond me. Then again, I'm sure they don't expect someone to be peering through their windows with a pair of binoculars that cost more than some of their furniture.

Of course there are plenty of normal folks too: TV watchers, exercisers, book readers. But the weirdoes, those people are some of my favorites. Like the ones on the infamous *People of Wal-Mart* website, the people of New York City always make me feel normal when I watch them.

Feeling calmer, I move from my usual suspects to scan the streets below. Nothing exciting going on down there either. Though I'm not really sure whether some excitement would be good or bad for my restlessness. I can't stop the huge sigh that escapes through my parted lips. I really need to find something to do with myself. I just have no clue what. Anything that involves sitting in an office all day is definitely out. So are mundane repetitive-type jobs.

I have plenty of money, that's not the issue. I lived on base during the entire twelve years I was in the Navy and rarely spent any of my income, just gave my brother access to it all. The fucking genius nearly tripled it. Another sigh bubbles up.

Maybe I should concentrate on the small things first. I swing the binoculars towards the gray high-rise on the block catty-corner from this one. I've been thinking of putting in an application for an apartment there. Living with Jake isn't bad. He's hardly ever home, but I need my own place, something I have complete control over. I need to feel comfortable bringing people home. I haven't had any "guests" since I got here, and that sure as hell is not helping my situation.

The building is well-maintained and the apartments are just my style; modern with dark wood floors and an overall industrial feel. Plus it's close to Jake and the park and it has a pool. I peer through a few windows, looking to see if any look vacant. As I make one last sweep, something on the periphery of my vision catches my eye. I backtrack, looking for the movement.

Oh shit! My lips part as my breath catches and I instantly feel the familiar tightening of desire in my groin. Two men—two abso-fucking-lutely gorgeous

men are having sex in full view of the window. One guy, I immediately give him the nickname Fuck Thing One, is on his knees, legs spread wide and upper body braced by his long muscular arms. His head is thrown back, arching his neck and spine, as the guy behind him, Fuck Thing Two, pounds into his ass.

I am so, *so* fucking thankful I paid top dollar for these binoculars. The high color contrast ability means this hot live porn show is razor sharp. I can see the sheen of sweat glistening off their bodies for Christ's sake! I mean, I've seen plenty of porn on a high-quality computer but this is real-time real life and Fuck Thing One and Fuck Thing Two have no idea I'm watching. Call me a creep, but that makes my blood run hot. All the way to my cock.

I have no intention of looking away. Two has a hand on One's hip, the grip so powerful I can see the shadows made from the indentation of his skin. Two's other hand is on One's shoulder. I watch, enraptured, as the muscles in his arm flex to pull One back hard onto his cock each time he thrusts his hips forward. I roll my own hips, squeezing the muscles of my ass, trying to get some friction between my dick and cotton.

I need both hands to hold the Swarovskis steady, preventing me from reaching into my pants and slow-jacking my shaft. Besides, I decide, jerking off while watching strangers have sex crosses the line. I think. No matter though, because the burn of arousal that's humming through my system right now is eerily similar to the adrenaline rush I'd get from something like running through a live-fire training mission. And the rush alone is enough, for a guy like me.

Savoring the feeling and wanting to prolong it, I concentrate on the scene before me again, this time checking out Fuck Thing Two a little closer. His arms are covered in dark hair and I can see each tendon and muscle, outlined and defined by shadows. The V that runs from his narrow hips catches my eye as well, drawing my attention to the center of his body. Dayum! Two has some serious abs going on. Flexing and rolling as he thrusts his hips.

I readjust my grip, my palms starting to sweat, as I lean forward in the chair trying to get closer, even if it is only a few inches. God, the pounding

Two is dishing out! The thought makes my mouth dry and I lick my lips, wetting the parched skin. Two is still going and it's making me squirm, the muscles of my ass squeezing and releasing, wanting some of that action.

One must be in heaven. I pan downward to torture myself some more by watching the look of bliss on his face. What I find is so unexpected I nearly drop the binoculars. One looks like he's in pain. And not the good kind. His face is pulled tight, forehead and eyes scrunched. He's grabbing at the floor, scraping along the hardwood like he's trying to pull himself away.

Now that the haze of lust has cleared a bit I notice some other things, too. One has a bruise on his cheekbone and his lips are moving. I stand and bring the binoculars as close to the window as I can, my surveillance training kicking in as I try to figure out what he's saying. "Oh shit," I gasp out loud. *Stop*. He's saying *Stop*.

A sudden wave of nausea hits me as I realize I haven't been watching two men slake their passion. I've been watching a rape and getting turned on by it. Immediately I go into hero mode as I reach into my back pocket to grab my phone, one hand still on the binoculars.

I briefly look away to dial nine-one-one only to come to the realization that I have no idea what to report. I can't really say I was peeping into people's windows with my high-definition binoculars and happened to see two guys having sex and I watched long enough to realize it's not consensual. I don't even know the address.

I focus my eyes on the building again, and count the floors up from the sidewalk. Okay, so I know it's the gray building on the corner, sixteen floors up. I check in on One. Fuck! Two is holding him down now, hand between his shoulder blades, smashing his face to the floor.

Damn it! I need to do something. Frozen with indecision, I watch as Two reaches behind himself and then raises his arm, something long and black in his hand. When he brings the object down hard across One's back I turn and run towards the door, deciding to take matters into my own hands. I pause to set the Swarovskis on the hallway table and briefly consider grabbing Mildred before deciding against it.

I do, however, grab one of Jake's hoodies off the coat rack and slip my feet into a pair of tennis shoes as I run out the door. I take the stairs, leaping down two at a time until I get to the lobby. Luckily it's late at night and there aren't that many people around as I sprint out the building and down the sidewalk. I haven't given much thought to how I am going to get into the building, but luck is on my side when a young couple leaving holds the door open for me.

I walk quickly across the foyer, deciding to take the elevator and trying not to draw too much attention to myself. Plus I need the time to try and orient myself and figure out which apartment I need to look for. The only other person in the elevator with me gets off on the eleventh floor, so I pull the hood of my sweatshirt over my head as far as I can, concealing my face as much as possible.

The ding sounds, notifying me I've reached the sixteenth floor. I take a deep breath and step out into the hallway. Calculating the direction of my building and the position of the windows, I turn left and walk five doors down, turning to knock on the door. I'm prepared with a I'm-just-looking-for-my-friend kind of speech as I raise my knuckles to the door.

The door to my right suddenly opens, the sound startling me and making me jerk my hand back. Instinctually I turn towards the noise, just in time to see One step out into the hall. My heart is pounding and the rush of adrenaline is a welcome and familiar feeling. I tense my muscles, prepared to jump to One's rescue.

I catch a glimpse of Two, wearing nothing but a pair of gray slacks, standing just inside the doorway so that the only things I can see are muscular bronze arms crossed over a bare chest and a side profile of his shadowed face. He's taller than I expected, at least six foot two. But I'm a trained Navy SEAL and I know I can easily take him if I have to.

Poor One, he looks weak and shaky. I move to step towards him, offer him some help, when he turns back towards Two and wraps his arms around his waist before kissing his cheek. Two is like a statue, staring straight forward, not so much as a twitch.

My brain simply cannot process the scene before me. Two looks as though he's the one who's been violated and abused, while One is acting like a lovesick schoolgirl, clinging to him and practically purring. With another kiss on Two's cheek, One steps back and utters the most unfathomable words. "Thank you."

My mouth drops open in shock. Completely oblivious to my presence, One continues on. "I know you don't like to use it while fucking but I needed the crop to take me over the edge. Thank you, sir. You always give me exactly what I need."

Two simply nods and turns away, closing the door with a quiet snick. I have just enough sense to turn back towards the door in front of me before One starts walking my way. My mind is still reeling, trying to make sense of everything. I realize I must look like a serial killer standing here in a hood just staring at the navy blue door.

I slide my eyes towards One just in time to see him notice my presence. His step falters before he inconspicuously slides towards the far wall and increases his pace, practically jogging towards the elevator. So now I'm the bad guy here? Un-fucking-believable.

I take the next elevator back down and walk back to the apartment, my steps slow and heavy. I feel kind of numb, my body crashing hard from the rush. I flop down into the leather chair again, back to where it all began. My mind gradually comes back on line and I begin to process exactly what happened.

I jump up out of the chair and begin pacing. I want to scream. This is just like me. At least the pre-Navy me. Rushing off half-cocked, thinking I'm some kind of hero and seeing exactly what I needed to see to make that happen. I saw a little kinky sex and turned it into a life-or-death, do-or-die, situation, and once again did something that could have gotten me hurt or arrested.

I drag a shaky hand down my face. Things are getting out of control. I'm getting out of control. I need... *something*. An image of Two, all power and control, flashes across my mind. I shake my head, trying to dislodge the thought.

Before I can think about it, I grab the binoculars again. It only takes me a few seconds to locate Two's window. My mind no longer clouded by a combination of boredom and frenetic energy, I take everything in. The apartment is all clean lines and dark colors. Very masculine. Precise.

Movement catches my eye. Two is bending over, picking something up off the floor near where he and One had been going at it. There are actually several items laying around and spread across the nearby coffee table. I focus on them. Several dildos and a bottle of lube I recognize, but there are other things I don't. There is metal and lots of black. A little shiver of revulsion rolls through me.

Two comes into view once again, picking up more of the implements. I follow him this time to an ornate wardrobe against the wall. He swings the doors open, revealing neat rows of pegs and several long drawers. Methodically, from top left to bottom right, he puts things away before closing the doors and returning to the remaining items.

He picks up several dildos, all shapes and sizes, and heads towards the kitchen. A towel has been laid out across the island and he lays each item down, perfectly spaced from left to right. He picks up the first one and sprays it with something before using a rag to wipe it down. His movements are fluid and almost graceful as he picks up each one and cleans them.

I find myself watching his face. He really is gorgeous, and now that I know he's not a rapist I allow myself to appreciate it. His dark eyebrows and chiseled jaw give him a striking appearance, the cleft chin driving it home. Something about his eyes is off though. He looks almost haunted. Not what I would expect after a successful fuck session.

One had said he got exactly what he needed from Two, but I get the feeling the reverse is not true. I watch a little while longer. Two is methodical in his movements and I recognize a piece of myself there. I can see he uses routines and obsessive compulsiveness to protect himself. The question is from what. I lower the binoculars and tell myself it's none of my business.

The day suddenly catches up to me and exhaustion hits me like a ton of bricks. I head towards my bedroom, wanting to put the entire day, all my stress

and uncertainty, to rest. As the Recruit Division Commander informed me on my first day in the United States Navy, “The only easy day is yesterday.” I hope that’s true come morning.

God, I feel like such an ass! I can’t believe I let myself get so carried away last night, running into that building like some kind of vigilante. The walls I’ve built around myself, carefully put together out of routine tasks and physical endurance, are starting to crack. I feel twitchy and on the edge. I try to concentrate on the feel of my feet slapping the pavement as I take my early morning run through Central Park. I’ve got three miles behind me and yet I still feel like I’m being chased. By life. By myself. By *him*.

As I expected, even though I’d followed my routine and exhausted myself, I slept like complete shit last night. I tossed and turned, the physical manifestation of my mind’s inability to simply shut the fuck off. On that fuzzy ledge between awake and asleep, thoughts of Navy life, miniature dogs with giant tongues, and hot-ass motherfuckers with sweat-slicked abs swirled around in my head right up until my alarm went off. I could have just hit snooze and tried to get some more rest, but the need to keep on task yanked me up and out of bed.

The pounding song on my iPod fades out and is replaced by a recording of one of the many cadence calls I’ve become accustomed to. It’s just what I need to focus myself on the run. I call it out in my head as I stretch my legs to max capacity.

*Down in the ocean,
down in the grimy sea*

*There’s a Great White Shark,
he’s a lookin’ at me.*

*He said ‘Hey there SEAL,
I’m the King of the Sea’*

*‘And if you want to get by,
you gotta get through me.’*

*The point man laughed,
as he drew his knife.*

*He said 'Hey there Sharky,
you must be tired of life.'*

I smile, the words of the cadence bringing back feelings of bravado. We SEALs *are* pretty badass, I think to myself. Makes me wonder why this little situation is freaking me out so badly. I've parachuted out of airplanes in the pitch black of night and been grazed by bullets while sprinting across sandy beaches. I should not feel such choking anxiety over watching a little rough sex.

Another mile gone and I'm not any closer to an answer. It's not like anyone knows what I saw or that I went running off looking like I was going to rob a convenience store. Even if I did run into One or Two, they probably wouldn't be able to recognize me.

Lost in my thoughts and worrying about putting one foot in front of the other, I nearly get pummeled when a big barrel-chested guy comes crashing across my path. I stumble a few steps and turn to give the asshole a lesson in profanity, but before I can utter my first four-letter word another guy tackles him face first into the ground.

I quickly recognize the dark blue police uniform and stop to watch, thrilled to have an unexpected adventure. The officer has Mr. Criminal pinned down, a knee between his shoulder blades, as he pulls his arms back. The glint of cold steel catches my eye and apparently my nipples feel the chill as well because they're all pebbled and tingly now. I hear the ratcheting sound of the handcuffs being tightened and it makes my cock twitch.

Light bulb. Well, what do you know, I'm not embarrassed or disgusted by handcuffs and rough play. I'm turned on by it! I watch the scene before me a little longer, as the cop pulls Mr. Criminal to his feet and begins shoving him back down the path. Another officer meets up with them and back pats are given between the policemen. There's power and camaraderie there. And I want it, desperately.

I know I look ridiculous standing here, gawking, so I force myself to turn the opposite way and continue my run. It only takes me a minute to decide I don't want to be a cop. If I wanted to worry about being shot in the back because my coworkers don't appreciate the fact that I like dick I would have stayed in the Navy.

Having watched Fuck Thing One and Fuck Thing Two last night though, I know there's an alternative. I can't say I'm very knowledgeable when it comes to the whole bondage and domination lifestyle but I know it exists, and I absolutely plan to find out everything there is to know about it.

Looks like I've got myself a task to complete, I tell myself; but not wanting to break routine, I finish the ten-mile circuit. So maybe I got back to the apartment fifteen minutes earlier than usual. I let it slide. I may, after all, have discovered an answer to my problems.

Using my recent epiphany as an excuse once again, I rush through my shower and breakfast. I even skip making my bed and doing the dishes. Jake is already gone for the day, so I bring my laptop into the living room, not worried about anyone seeing the topic of my search.

What is the topic of my search, I wonder. Kinky sex? I decide that's not it. There's more to it than that. I can feel it. I sit on the sofa with the computer on the coffee table in front of me, a Google search box pulled up and my fingers hovering over the keys. I decide to start simple, and type 'bondage' in the box. I click on the little magnifying glass and hold my breath.

The first site listed is a Wiki on BDSM. Figuring that was a safe bet for starters, I click on the link. Once I get past the pictures of men and women in rope and gags and such, I can concentrate on what is actually written.

When I finish reading the last paragraph, I look at the time in the corner of my screen. Over three hours have gone by. That's the thing with using Wikipedia; clicking on all the embedded links can be a little bit like falling down a rabbit hole. I learned a lot though, about the BDSM lifestyle and about my own proclivities. I now know that I would be very interested in rope bondage, am absolutely ordering some leather gear and would definitely not be interested in any kind of public display.

I also know, with absolute certainty, that this is what I want. I need to be a Dom. Thanks to the beauty of the internet I'm now familiar with the term. Self-control being one of the key factors of a good Dom. It's perfect for me. A reason to keep the control and structure I so desperately need in place. And I get laid in the process. Score another one for me!

Feeling happier and more enthusiastic than I've been in months, I stand and stretch, cracking my back. I walk towards the kitchen but stop as I pass the big leather chair, still turned towards the windows. My binoculars are sitting on the floor, right where I left them last night after watching Two. I pick them up and stand in front of the window. I have the binoculars to my eyes before I even think about what I'm doing.

I'm sure his apartment is empty right now, but I'm drawn to look. Not a single thing is out of place. The line of dildos and the towel from last night are gone. There are no dishes in the sink or food sitting on the counter. I pan to the right, my eyes drawn to the gothic cabinet. I can name many of the items tucked away there now, thanks to the internet.

The coffee table catches my eye next. Nothing there now but a pristine white decorative bowl, made of something like antlers or coral. Looking around, you would never guess at what had been going down in that room less than twenty-four hours ago. A slideshow of images flashed behind my eyes. One's arched back and Two's long fingers pressing into the thick flesh of his hips. Two's thrusts, hard and unforgiving.

My stomach growls, cutting off my line of thought before it brings *other* bodily needs to the forefront. I toss together an arugula salad for lunch, something simple that doesn't require a lot of concentration to make, allowing me freedom to think about my next steps.

A BDSM club is an obvious place to begin. I wonder if Two has a favorite one. I figure I should probably find some good leather-and-whips kind of porn to watch at home as well. I should look closely at Two's shelves to see if he has any videos there. My thoughts continue along the same lines as I eat. When I'm done, I force myself to put everything away and wash the two sets of dishes in the sink.

What I really want to do is look into Two's apartment some more, but I know I need to not let myself get too far off task. I go to my bedroom and finally make my bed, wondering what Two's bed looks like. I bet it has a sturdy headboard with places to tie ropes or clip handcuffs.

I am thinking about Two a lot I realize. Obviously I'm turning the guy into some kind of Dom role model. I wish there was a good way for me to make contact with him, maybe ask his advice. The answer comes to me as I'm brushing my teeth, scrubbing away any leftover bits of green.

I look in the mirror, making eye contact with myself. "I need an apartment in that building," I utter. I spit and rinse before heading back to the living room and the laptop. I've got a new objective now. And one thing about SEALS, we love the fuck out of a new mission.

I unlock the apartment door and walk into the darkness. Jake probably wouldn't be home tonight. Good for him. The guy works too hard and definitely deserves a fun night out at the clubs once in a while. I throw my keys on the table in the entryway and walk towards my room. The moon is shining brightly through the floor to ceiling windows and there's no need for me to turn on a light to guide my way.

I'm coming home from a club as well, but not the kind of club I imagine Jake is enjoying. Sitting on the bed, I remove my heavy black boots and stand to take off my pants. A sigh escapes as the black leather is peeled down, cool air hitting my damp sweat-slicked skin. I love these pants, but they definitely make me hot. In all kinds of ways, I snicker to myself.

It's been three weeks since I decided the BDSM lifestyle was the answer to my post-Navy derailment. The D part in particular, providing me with the water I need to fight the flames of my ADHD. It's a battle I wage every single day in the war to control my impulsive and reckless urges. My parents didn't 'believe' in medication. I joined the Navy at eighteen, terrified of what I would continue to do on my own without some sort of control, and it literally saved my life. Now that I'm just a regular civilian, I desperately need a way to keep myself under lock and key.

I've been studying, devouring every piece of information I could find online about the lifestyle. I've chatted with others online and visited all of my local sex shops, scoping out the various tools and gear. Finally feeling ready to put myself out there and put all my newfound knowledge to the test, I put on my black leather pants and a tight charcoal gray shirt, and went to Pleas & Thanx, a local gay fetish club.

The club had various rooms, like movie sets, all with only three walls so that people could watch what was going on within. There was a classroom, a medical facility, something that looked like an interrogation room out of a *Law & Order* episode, and a room with bales of straw and saddles that, quite frankly, frightens me a bit. Despite having watched an insane amount of kink porn in the past weeks, I still feel off kilter, like I don't belong.

I guess having some experience will make me feel less like a poser. Only one way to get it, I thought, so I wandered around, taking it all in, making mental notes and trying to find that moment, the one where I would initiate contact and take action. It never came.

A few guys had approached me and polite hey-how-are-ya conversation was made, but I just wasn't feeling it. I chalked it up to first time jitters but doubt niggled at me as I walked home. What was I doing wrong? I know, *know*, this is right for me and I want it so fucking bad I practically vibrate with wanting.

I found myself, yet again, thinking of Two as I showered away the night. Several times I had caught myself searching for him at the club tonight. In the days since 'the hoodie incident' as I call it, I've peeked in on him a few times, but I've been trying real hard not to cross the creepy-stalker line. I just need some guidance. I make it a goal to find a way to contact him when I move in on the twenty-second floor of his building in two weeks. I'm sure I can find him by the mailboxes or in the elevator or something.

Dried off and dressed, clothes sorted and laid out, Mildred given some love and attention and it was time for my routine watch. I may have to ask Jake if I can buy his leather chair because I'm pretty sure this one is molded to fit my ass perfectly by now.

It's pretty late so there's not much going on out there. The blue glow of televisions makes an odd checkered pattern across the neighboring building's sides. Down on the street a rather tall woman is walking in her open-toed stilettos, long dark red hair blown behind her by the breeze. She's wearing an obscenely short skirt and tight deep-cut blouse. On first glance I thought she was a hooker, but the man with her, tall, dark and handsome, was looking at her with entirely too much affection to be a john. They look like tourists actually, heading back to their hotel after a night on the town.

Watching the infatuated couple makes me feel a bit maudlin. I unconsciously sweep my gaze to the gray building, sixteenth floor. I wonder if Two is alone tonight, but quickly see that he's not. The apartment is completely lit and Two steps into view, eliciting a quiet gasp from my throat.

He's fully dressed. The dark slacks, emerald green button-down shirt and dark patterned tie make him look like he's at a board meeting rather than walking across his living room with a flogger dangling from his hand. I slowly turn my head, binoculars glued to my eyes, to watch him swagger across the room.

I can see One now. He's kneeling on the floor, facing east with his hands cuffed or tied behind his back. Two paces behind him, rigid and yet somehow fluid at the same time, lightly slapping the strands of the flogger against his own thigh. He looks completely in control. So powerful.

Before I can think about what I'm doing, I slide off the chair onto my knees, eyes transfixed on Two. The hairs on the back of my neck are up and a shiver rolls down my spine. When he stops, inches from One's shoulder, commanding all of his personal space, and drags the knotted ends of the flogger across his skin I swear I can feel it ghost across my own.

Shaken by my reaction I nearly drop the Swarovskis, my hands quivering. I carefully sit them on the floor and run a hand over my face. What the fuck? My heart is racing and my breath comes in short erratic gulps. I cup my cock with my other hand. Rock. Fucking. Hard.

I leap to my feet and rush out of the room, putting as much distance between me and Two as possible. I splash cold water over my face in the

bathroom. It's been a long night, I tell myself, and I am just exhausted and overwhelmed by everything that happened. I turn off the light and head to bed, burying myself under the covers.

Of course this is the time when my brain decides to go into overdrive. A half an hour of tossing and turning and I throw my covers off. Every nerve ending in my body is strung tight, like a guitar string on the verge of snapping. And worst of all, my fucking dick is standing straight up, pre-come leaking from the tip and soaking through my pants.

Fine. Fuck you brain. I'll do what you want, follow this thread until I've unraveled the problem. I throw off the blanket and push my pajama bottoms down and lie there, legs splayed and arms thrown out. I imagine cuffs around my wrists and ankles, holding me open, giving Two complete access to anything he wants. I can feel a warm drop of liquid roll across my abs and down my side.

My body clearly knows what it wants. I may not understand it but it's time for my mind to figure it out as well. I close my eyes and relax my body. A scene begins to paint itself on the back of my eyelids.

My hand on a silver door knob, turning it to the right and pushing open the heavy blue door. I step into Two's home. The lights are bright and I can see a row of clear glass windows ahead. I feel exposed and vulnerable as I walk further into the apartment, towards the big black chair that's turned towards the window, facing the night sky.

Two is sitting in the chair, the back of his head and swell of his shoulders visible. He doesn't move or acknowledge my presence as I walk around to face him. He's looking straight ahead, one hand resting along the arm of the chair and the other holding a tumbler of amber-colored liquid. His right ankle rests on his muscular thigh, exposing his cloth-covered groin.

I move directly into the path of his gaze. His eyes travel the length of my body as he sips from his glass. My hands come up to the collar of my shirt. I realize I'm wearing my Navy dress whites, showing him exactly who and what I am, offering him everything.

Slowly I unbutton my shirt and remove it. I carefully fold it and place it on the coffee table, knowing that's what he would want. My shoes, socks, pants and briefs follow. The whole time Two is simply watching, occasionally sipping his drink.

I take a step forward and divert my eyes downward, not missing the bulge of Two's cock behind the zipper of his pants. It's a heady feeling, knowing I did that to him simply by undressing. Mere inches separate me from him as I drop to my knees, almost as if I were melting.

I can feel the hard unforgiving floor beneath my knees, a sensation I can focus on as I wait for him to take what he wants from me. I don't move. I don't fidget or twitch or even so much as sigh, held there by his absolute power over me.

In that moment I can finally see the difference between us, what makes him a Dominant and me... I am a submissive. I didn't understand that before. Two, he wields the belt. It's an extension of himself and he controls everything about it. It's what he was created to do and what makes him whole. Me, I want to feel the belt wrap around me, because that squeeze is what makes it possible for me to breathe without fear of my lungs bursting.

I can't crack the belt and wear it at the same time; and that's why here, on my knees offering up everything to somebody else's control, all the pieces finally fall into place. I could sit here forever, held in place by Two's will and my deep-seated desire to please him. It's my fantasy though, so Two doesn't make me wait long.

He sets his drink down on the small table next to the chair and leans forward. He places a finger under my chin and forces my head up, our eyes meeting. "You want to be mine?" he asks, pinching my nipple between his fingers and twisting hard to emphasize his words.

The harsh, possessive touch makes my nerve endings scream and my cock lengthen and fill. "Yes, Sir," I croak, my sandpaper tongue scraping against the words.

Two sits back, and the breath I'm holding takes the opportunity to escape. So many sensations, threatening to drown me. My nipple throbs and I can feel the weight of my cock and balls hanging heavily between my legs, gravity tugging on them like a lover.

"You're going to have to prove it to me," he says as something cold and smooth wraps around my neck, adding another layer and bringing my attention back above my waist. I want to look down, reach up and touch it or ask about it, but I don't. My eyes, my fingers, not even my voice belong to me. I would rip out my fucking heart and hand it to him on a platter just to feel this way for the rest of my life. Free. I feel so goddamned free!

Two relaxes back into the chair, taking a moment to admire his work before reaching down along the cushion and pulling up a long silver chain, the sound of the metal unfurling like a musical waterfall. He reaches forward and clips one end of it to the thing around my neck before standing. His cloth covered dick is mere centimeters from my mouth and I want so badly to take him in and show him how long a Navy SEAL can hold his breath. Decisions. Choices. They don't belong to me any more either.

Two steps to the side and tugs on the chain. "On your hands and knees," he says. I turn towards him and drop my hands to the floor, rushing to obey, driven to prove myself. Two's shoes are black leather with sophisticated points at the toe. I admit to myself that I would lick them if he told me to. I would go that far.

Something cold and wet plops between my shoulder blades and I jerk, unprepared for it and unable to control my reaction. It's moving now, sliding down my spine and leaving a trail of goose bumps. It's Two's glass, I realize, and he's sliding it into the valley of my lower back and up the mound of my ass. At the tip of my ass crack he pushes a little, spreading my cheeks just enough for a drip of cool liquid to slide between before reversing direction, settling the weight of the glass in the middle of my back.

Another tug, on what's essentially a leash, pulling me forward. "Come," Two commands and I swear I just might but not the way he wants me to. I slide my hand and the opposite knee forward as I begin to move. The glass shifts

and I flatten my back to keep it from sliding off. Steadily I follow Two, eyes focused on the heels of his shoes as he leads me where he wants me to go.

I'm crawling on the floor, wearing a collar and leash, I think to myself. But I don't feel like an animal or anything less than the man I am. I don't feel demeaned or forced. I've been given directions and a task to complete and I do it to the best of my ability because I want to. I want to make Two proud. I want to make myself proud.

Two comes to a stop and I follow suit. We're in the kitchen. I recognize the cherry cabinets. The weight on my back is gone and I can see Two moving about for a few seconds before he turns back towards the living room, confident in the fact that I'll follow, with or without the presence of the leash.

We stop by the couch and he orders me to kneel. He walks behind me and I can feel the release of pressure as he removes the chain from my collar. His footsteps echo on the wood floors as he walks away. I hear a latch click and the squeak of hinges. I know what he's doing and my cock jerks.

Two sits on the couch to my left and places several items on the coffee table. "Have you ever been spanked," he asks me.

I have to swallow before I can respond. "No, Sir."

"Do you want to be?"

"Do you like doing it, Sir?" I flinch as I realize I didn't answer a direct question but this feels important. I want to know. I risk looking at him, knowing I'm breaking protocol but I need to see his face.

I'm surprised to see that he actually has to think about it before he answers, "I do."

"Then, yes, I would like to try it, Sir."

When he looks at me this time, his eyes are no longer the distant cold I've seen in the past. They shine, pleased with my answer, and it makes me feel so powerful. He orders me to lay across his lap, my dick hanging between his open thighs and not getting any of the friction it so desperately craves.

I barely feel the strokes of the leather against my skin, still flying high with the knowledge that I can control Two this way. When he's finished I can feel the tingling heat spread across my skin. Two's hand is gentle as it glides down my back and over my ass. His voice seems almost reverent when he whispers, "So beautiful."

Louder now he tells me, "On your knees again."

I scramble off his lap, less graceful than I want to be, and kneel on the floor.

He stands and orders, "Give me your hand." Placing it against the zipper of his slacks, he grinds his hard cock into my palm. "See what you do to me," he says, grabbing a handful of my hair with his other hand and jerking my head back. "Spread your legs and sit back on your heels. I want you to feel what I've done to you while I use you."

He grabs another item from the table. I've seen ring gags being used, but the thought of actually experiencing it myself excites me. "Open," he orders and I drop my jaw, stretching my mouth as wide as it can go. It's still not enough and the pressure against my lips and jaw is almost more than I can bear as he inserts the gag, locking my mouth open.

He fastens it behind my head and steps back. His eyes are like a mirror as he gazes down at me because I can see myself reflected in them, in the heat and desire there. His hands go to the button of his pants and his nimble fingers slowly slide the button through the hole before lowering his zipper.

His briefs are deep purple. That's the last thought I have before everything is replaced by Two's cock. It's thick and dark and uncut. I want to wrap my lips around it and swallow it down and for a second I hate the fucking ring gag with an absolute passion. But then I remember it's not my choice, not my pleasure, it's his, and the building pressure of anger and frustration is relieved.

Two grabs a handful of hair again, his other hand at the base of his cock pulling back his foreskin and guiding it towards my open mouth. "I'm gonna

fuck your throat. Gonna feel it squeeze my cock and make me come down your throat.”

I run my tongue along his length as he slowly pushes in through the ring of the gag. He tastes like espresso. I have to fight the feeling of panic when the crown first pushes down into the tunnel of my throat, blocking my airway. This is Two, I tell myself. He’s in control and he’ll take care of me.

I relax then, giving Two my trust as he thrusts into my mouth over and over. He fucks my throat raw before coming with a moan so deep I feel it vibrate in my balls. Tears are streaming down my face. Not from pain or humiliation but from joy. I brought him to the line between heaven and earth and showed him the angels.

Two wipes the tears from my cheek with his thumb and looks me dead in the eye. “You’re mine now, Calvin. Mine.”

My eyes fly open and for a moment I forget that I am actually lying on my bed in my brother’s apartment. Holy shit! Holy fucking shit! My heart is racing yet my mind is absolutely still. My mission is crystal clear. I’ve already done the recon. I’ll be setting up a base of operations in two weeks. And then it will be time to take action, focusing on my objective. And if there’s one thing that’s for absolute fucking certain about a United States Navy SEAL, we complete our mission or die trying.

THE END

Author Bio

Gina A. Rogers is an Amazon living in South Central Pennsylvania where she grew up, and will never be allowed to forget she once sported a mullet. She has mild OCD issues with regards to symmetry and reading order and is obsessed with the letter V. She loves nerds and men who wield swords (pun intended), especially while wearing skirts of the tartan or even leather variety. Although she loves reading dark and tragic stories, the ones that play out in her head and find their way to paper are fun, snarky and always end happily ever after!

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