A Strange Kind of Love

by erisgregory, KurtbastianJust

Summary
Sebastian Smythe needs a strange kind of love, one who will just lie down and *take it*. When he can’t find it elsewhere he accesses his accounts to pay for a sex worker in a brothel two towns away. A young male, Kurt, sees his request form and happily obliges to be himself; a lingerie wearing, pain-loving man in need of Sebastian’s strange love. Things go awry when Kurt comes to work with more bruises than Sebastian gave him and so begins a beautiful relationship.

Notes

As this is a bdsm/prostitution type fic, the warnings will vary from chapter to chapter. Please check the notes as the story will contain graphic depictions of sex and violence in varying degrees and forms. For chapter one, the warnings are: lingerie, humiliation, slut shaming, spanking/flogging which result in some bleeding, minor mentions of past abuse, barebacking, and aftercare.
Kurt flipped through the request book, humming idly as he looked at the multiple kinks. Most he wasn’t insanely crazy for, sure he liked them, but they just… didn’t do it for him. ‘Playmate who will wear fairy costume’ or ‘Sex worker willing to suck cock for hours’ just didn’t appeal to him. He could do that with just about anyone, it wasn’t… specific enough. He found a newer entry for ‘Sebastian Smythe’ and his eyes narrowed.

**Sex Worker Needed:**
**Must not have any objections to markings.**
**Must be willing to wear lingerie.**
**Must know safe words.**
**Must need aftercare.**

Kurt stood quickly, walking to the lobby and handed the book back. “I’ll take Sebastian Smythe tomorrow night and whoever else you want to throw at me. Give me a two hour slot with Sebastian though. I have a feeling it’s going to be interesting. Oh! Tell Mikey that if he doesn’t bring the wet wipes next time he’ll have to wear his dirty diaper the entire night!” He shivered at the thought before seeing his first customer of the night and giving them a little wave. “Go ahead and shower and I’ll be in the room in a moment.” He said, kissing his cheek before going to down a drink from the bar to make it through the next hour with the man who meows during sex.

The next evening Kurt was rolling up his lace stockings, his fingers gliding over the intricate designs in the fabric. It was tantalizing for even Kurt, watching the pink fabric slide over his skin knowing that in thirty minutes someone would want him just for that. He pulled his panties on over it, looking at himself in the mirror as he tightened his corset and hooked it up to the garters. He licked his lips, tipping his head. The brunette wished he knew what Sebastian wanted over it for the beginning. A male’s outfit or a woman’s… He shrugged to himself and slowly chose the school girl outfit just as a simple ‘guys kink’ go-to. He shimmied the small skirt on and then his school girl top and sighed moving to unlock the door and buzzed in he was ready.

Kurt moved to sit on the bed with a notebook and a pen, laying on his stomach to scribble on the paper, whether it be little hearts or just Sebastian’s name over and over. He bit his lip and pinched his cheeks to make them pinker before continuing his scribbles to set the scene. As he wrote he went through his mental check list; Condoms in the bowl, straps all on the bedpost, whips in the drawer, gag and blindfold next to them. He knew the wet naps were under the bed for clean up and the lube was in the ‘Love Lotion’ bottle on the headboard.

He was ready and the mental confidence perked him up a bit for his new client. He needed this.

Sebastian dressed carefully for the evening. A new three piece suit, purchased especially for the occasion, dark gray and slim fitted. A crisp white shirt with a deep purple silk power tie. He could wear it to work, but somehow, Sebastian knew he wouldn’t. He wasn’t dressing for the assholes at the office, or for the new clients he was supposed to bring in. He was dressing for Kurt, even though he’d never met him. That thought made it feel like a date, and it was, sort of, but Sebastian knew he needed to keep his head about him because this wasn’t the regular sort of date at all.

He straightened his tie in the mirror, studying his reflection. He looked good, he nodded his approval to himself, but then he always looked good. Looking good might get him pretty far in most circles, but it never got him quite far enough. Nothing ever had. No amount of wooing or negotiating or anything else could ever procure him exactly what he needed. Which of course was where Kurt
came in.

For the first time ever, Sebastian was going to pay for sex. Hopefully very good sex. It had been several years since he’d had a partner that trusted him enough to sub for him, but even then they couldn’t stand up to what he needed. So he’d always been frustrated in the bedroom. In college there hadn’t been enough casual sex in the world to make up for not finding what he wanted in a partner so he’d full on stopped looking. Focused his energy on graduating, breaking into the world of advertising, making a name for himself. No matter how successful he was, there was still this one crucial thing missing.

Wes slipped him the little plain white card two months before. He might not know the whole story, but he was a perceptive little shit. Sebastian couldn’t seem to throw it away, and instead pulled it out and stared at the agency’s number almost every day. Finally, in a fit of desperation, Sebastian had called, speaking at length to the “intake specialist” before deciding that just maybe, they could find him the exact thing he was looking for. It was simple enough, after his second jack and coke, to fill out their online form. They would be doing a background check on him, and he had to pay a portion of what he owed up front, in good faith. He attached his test results, giving him a clean bill of health, but it was the list of demands that he stumbled over. Typing it out made it real.

**Sex Worker Needed:**

- Must not have any objections to markings.
- Must be willing to wear lingerie.
- Must know safe words.
- Must need aftercare.

His appointment with Kurt came much faster than expected.

Sebastian slipped on his shoes, checked that he had his phone on vibrate, his wallet with the remainder of what he owed for tonight, and he set out across the city. The building was innocuous, as was the front room of the brothel. They took his coat and led him into the bar. It might be a bar in any fine restaurant in New York, except here, everyone was waiting for an appointment. He kept his head down, eyes on his own drink, and tried to breathe. They were just making sure he was who he’d claimed to be. Once his drink was empty a young women retrieved him with an easy smile. She was tall and had black hair. There was no judgment in her eyes as she slipped her arm through his and led him through a back door into a hall.

“I’m Santana. Kurt’s room is 201. He’s waiting there, as per your instructions, and when you’re time is up, I’ll be waiting back in the bar for you, to lead you back out. Sometimes the new clients get lost,” here she chuckled and patted at his arm like they were old friends. He wasn’t sure if he should feel relieved or patronized, but he was too keyed up to really feel anything other than the thrum of excitement as she let him go and turned to head back the way they’d come.

Sebastian only stood outside the room for a moment, moving his head into the space of the scene he’d requested and taking a couple of deep breaths before opening the door.

Kurt sat perched on the bed in a schoolgirl outfit. That hadn’t been what Sebastian was expecting, but it was so much better than what he’d imagined. He shut the door behind him with a soft snick and crossed the space between them, his blood pounding at his temples as he slid into his role for the evening.

“What is this?” Sebastian asked, stopping just shy of the bed. His eyes flicked down to the notebook Kurt was doodling on. Sebastian, Sebastian, Sebastian. His name was scrawled all over it in a delicate script surrounded by plump little hearts. He couldn’t keep from swallowing over a lump in
his throat. But it wasn’t the notebook that held him glued to the floor, barely able to think. It was Kurt, who was probably one of the most beautiful men he’d ever seen. Gorgeous didn’t even do him justice. He was breathtaking and if they had met anywhere else but here, he’d have the same effect on Sebastian that he had now. But Sebastian knew he needed to get a handle on himself. He was paying for this time and didn’t want to waste it by fumbling over himself like some enamored school boy. Oh the irony.

This was a sublime moment for Kurt, letting the man see him and watching him walk over out of the corner of his eye. When he’d asked what’s this Kurt's breath caught as he stared at his face. He was perfect, he was for more than just attractive, he was a man of good standing. Literally, his posture was perfect and it helped Kurt get into the mindset that this man would be the one marking him, fucking him and giving him the most amazing aftercare in the world. He knew it just by the way the man held himself.

“Sorry, Sir. Your name was so pretty, I couldn’t help myself, Sir.” He said, moving to his knees on the bed and bowing his head. It was like an automatic switch was tapped in his head, his body immediately switching him to the perfect sub. His hands were behind his back one hand gripped the other’s wrist.

He admired his long legs from this angle, and they were long. He wouldn’t have been shocked if Sebastian was a swimmer or dancer in his free time. Kurt took a soft bated breath before getting the balls to ask a simple question; “Do I please you, Sir?”

Kurt was perfect. His whole body screamed submission; trust. It made Sebastian’s mouth water, his fingers itching to touch, but he didn’t move. He didn’t answer Kurt’s softly spoken question either. “First, tell me, what is your safe word?” Which should have been the very first thing Sebastian asked when he got there, but Kurt had stunned him so fully he’d lost his train of thought. Even now he was straining to keep it together. He wanted to see if Kurt’s skin was as soft as it looked, if his lips were as silken. He wanted to strip him out of his costume and lay him bare beneath him. Kurt’s creamy pale skin would be perfect for marking up. And Sebastian could imagine just how he wanted to begin.

He took a step closer to the bed, to Kurt, his arms crossed. Oh Kurt pleased him alright, and they hadn’t even begin really. Sebastian could already tell that Kurt was going to be worth every last penny.

Kurt took a soft breath and nodded. “My safe word is Chanel for stop altogether, and Gucci for stop so we can talk and continue after.” He pressed his fingers into his wrist to remind himself of his role. “Sir.” He said after a moment, knowing this man had the ability to take a whip and smack him across the face with it. It wasn’t a pleasant idea, but it was possible. He was trying to figure out what role his new dom needed, a school girl spilling ‘I love you’s’ or a man beaten down into getting in a school girls outfit to please his master.. Either way, there Kurt knelt. A whore easily slipping into his most comfortable role.

He knew he would leave with marks and his boyfriend had an idea that Kurt worked around horny men but his lover believed he was the manager, not the one getting fucked all night. Some marks were normal, Kurt was hoping to come home looking like a different man. He needed it, it’s not like he was getting it elsewhere.

“Sir?” He looked up at the man still hovering at the side of the bed.

“Good, thank you Kurt.” Sebastian circled the bed, studying Kurt from every angle. He held still, arms clasped behind him, the long line of his back arrow straight. His little plaid skirt didn’t quite cover the pink of his panties and Sebastian had to bite his cheek to hold in his groan. “You think this
is what I wanted?” It was, oh it really was, but more than that, Sebastian needed to play out the humiliation of wearing women’s lingerie.

He’d never told anyone, and never would, but he’d been the one sneaking into his mother’s drawers, fingering the silk of her panties and wishing he could get away with wearing them under his jeans. Not because he’d ever wanted to be a women, and not because he had some sick desire for his mother, but because the way they felt against his skin set him on fire.

At fourteen his father found the pair he’d paid one of his girlfriends to buy for him and no amount of lying or arguing had been able to convince his perceptive father that they were a trophy and not something he’d been jerking off in for the past week. It made him a deviant. He knew that, he’d been told that enough. It was even worse that he wanted to play it out on someone else, his partners had all been quick to point out. But that’s what he needed, that’s what it took for him to get off. And he wanted to punish Kurt for looking so damn good like that, but it wasn’t real. He didn’t want to destroy something so beautiful, he only wanted to flirt along the lines of pain.

Sebastian reached out with one finger under Kurt’s chin and tipped his head to the side and up so he could look into his eyes.

Kurt let out a small breath as he felt Sebastian judge him with his eyes. “Ahh.” He paused and smiled at the finger on his chin, eyes shifting up to look back at Sebastian. “Sir?” He whispered and gave the man a pure and genuine smile.

Kurt didn’t find the pleasure Sebastian did in the lingerie, he found it in watching Sebastian. He loved the way his eyes widened seeing his body beneath the lace, the way it hugged his ass… Kurt loved watching someone love him. That was his ultimate kink and why the first time was always the best.

“You may have me, Sir. In whatever way you wish.” He knew that broke sub code, but at the same time he didn’t care and he wanted to be punished. Especially by Sebastian Smythe.

Sebastian’s air left him in a soft whoosh all at once. “You shouldn’t tempt me like that.” He warned, but his voice nearly cracked with want. He dropped his hand away from Kurt and stalked back to the front of the bed. “And you shouldn’t assume you know what I want, ever.” He was trusting the hungry look on his face to convey his real pleasure. “You thought you’d dress up for me, put on a little show? But I’m the one that’s supposed to do the thinking, isn’t that right?”

Sebastian shrugged out of his jacket and lay it over a nearby chair. “You’re meant to obey, nothing more, nothing less.” His fingers found the buttons on his vest as he talked. “You disappoint me, and for that, I’m going to have to punish you.”

He left his tie in place though, his fingers brushing over the silk, itching to be on Kurt instead. “Tell me, Kurt, what do you think is an appropriate punishment for such a breach of conduct?” It was a loaded question, and Sebastian knew it. His eyes traveled around the room, taking note of where Kurt might have stashed his supplies.

Kurt had no idea how to reply to such a question. “Uhm.” He bit his lip and looked away. “Sorry, Sir. I thought you’d like the show. I will only obey you from now on, not myself or others. I understand that I must be punished, you can whip me, Sir, if you like?” It was a loaded question and once again Kurt came off as if he was thinking. It was now a punishable offense.

“They are in the drawer if you need them, Sir.” He said softly bowing his head again. Sebastian was almost infuriatingly hot. His body was tight and lean and once again Kurt mentally accused him of being a swimmer or dancer. He was perfectly toned and God Kurt couldn’t wait for his demands. He
wanted to lick and suck every part of his body.

“Please don’t be mad, Master?”

“I think I’ll leave them in the drawer for now. Instead, because you tried to take control, because you dressed yourself like a woman, a slut no less, because you attempted to tell me how to do what I do best, I think I’ll use my belt on you. Because you are mine, Kurt, for this little window of time afforded us.”

Sebastian stepped so his knees were touching the bed and let his eyes rake over Kurt’s form. He wasn’t angry, hell he was so turned on he could hardly think, but the game was afoot now, and he intended to get exactly what he’d paid for.

“You take it off,” he whispered. “Take it off and then strip down to those ridiculous frilly panties of yours. But do it slow or I really will get angry.”

Kurt’s breath hitched and he nodded. “Ahh… Yes sir.” He said and smiled softly. “Whatever you like sir.” He slowly, so slowly began unbuttoning his shirt and let it fall to the bed. He moved to his knees, making it a show as he rolled the little skirt off of his legs. He started working on the corset, untying it and pulling it over his head, breathing calmly and then slowly, one by one he rolled down the leggings until he was nude all except for the “Frilly panties”. He knelt in front of Sebastian, head bowed. “Is this to your liking, Master?”

“Better.” Sebastian was hard already. The panties didn’t fit Kurt right, they were women’s of course, so they clung to him, tight, too tight, and Sebastian knew if he could get Kurt excited enough the head of his dick would peer out the top of them. Kurt’s body was flawless and not nearly as feminine as it appeared in costume. He was shapely yes, but his arms were defined and strong, his legs long and thick in all the right places, and his stomach was just shy of cut.

Sebastian licked his lips, aching for Kurt. He wanted him in every which way, but the anticipation was half the fun. “Now my belt,” he whispered, his throat feeling thick.

Kurt’s throat felt rough and patchy just from the actual need to be fucked by the man in front of him. “Y-Yes, Master.” He slowly, so slowly, worked the piece of metal open, pulling at the leather strap with his teeth until it unwound from Sebastian’s waist. Being a bad little sub, and one Kurt was happy to be punished for, he pressed his nose to his new Master’s crotch, nuzzling it with his nose. “Master is big.” He whispered softly.

Oh fuck. Kurt almost shook him out of character, but Sebastian held on, despite his hands moving without him realizing it. They tangled into Kurt’s hair and pulled him back so that when Sebastian could think again he was gazing down into Kurt’s eyes, holding his head tipped up with both hands still in his hair. His grip wasn’t tight, he wasn’t trying to hold Kurt in place, he was just trying to hold himself together. Sebastian was so fucking needy, but he knew, if he didn’t pull it together and see it through he’d just be disappointed. He didn’t want a quick tumble between the sheets, though Kurt was breaking down his resolve faster than Sebastian could have imagined. What he wanted, and needed, was the illusion of control. He needed the silky slide of pink panties under his hands, against his mouth. He needed to pinken Kurt’s skin with his belt, make it heat up, mark him, claim him, take him apart bit by bit until neither of them could stand it any longer.

“You’re such a slut.” He swallowed a couple of times before his fingers managed to relax enough that he could let go. “Kneel, hands and knees, face the headboard.” Sebastian felt a little more himself as he took the belt in hand. He couldn’t wait to hear the slap of the leather against Kurt’s gloriously pale skin.
Kurt knew then what he’d planned. “I will red light if you use the belt. It’s too thin and sharp and will only cause pain. Use the flogger or one of the whips or you’ll never get me to enjoy it.” And in that five seconds he was completely different before returning to his sub-like posture. He nuzzled his master’s cock then, trying to remind him that he was in his sub mode, he just didn’t want to red light as things were getting good.

“Master… I’m sorry. I’m sorry for being a slut. I want to be good for you!” He let out a heady whimper just at the thought of being taken by this man, whipped and loved and suddenly he realized, they may not have sex at all. Sebastian could be the kind to get off just by whipping Kurt and leave without pleasing Kurt at all.

He had to sign a waiver acknowledging red light status so Kurt knew that he had to stop. By law. He let out a soft breath, rolling over and propping himself up on his hands and knees, facing the headboard, his cock straining in his frilly pink panties.

And that was exactly what Sebastian was paying him for. Kurt was a professional and the difference between him and some random hookup was that he knew who had the real control in a D/s situation. It felt so good, so right, that Sebastian licked his lips and shuddered involuntarily.

He didn’t say anything as Kurt nuzzled against him again, if he had it would have broken the spell. Instead he clenched his fists, digging his nails into his palms to hold himself together. In his chest, his heart thudded out of control as he watched Kurt pull away and present his ass. For a moment he let himself breathe, reigning back the urge to rip the panties right off Kurt and take him then and there.

Kurt’s cock was hard and Sebastian knew exactly what it must feel like, pressed tight in the pink satin. He had to palm himself as he stood there just to ease some of the pressure in his own pants. Then he crossed to the drawer, slid it open, and pulled out the slender flogger. It’s tails were soft against his palm as he tested it’s weight.

When he got back to the bed and in position he took time to remove his tie, unbutton his top buttons, and roll up his sleeves. Then he said, “I have the flogger. You’re to count each strike to ten and then I’ll decide if that’s enough punishment for being such a controlling, desperate little whore.”

Sebastian’s words were even and concise, but he was burning up inside.

Kurt waited with bated breath, hearing every little movement Sebastian made. The slide of the drawer opening, fingers playing over leather and chains and the door shut. He bit the inside of his cheek before casting a quick glance to see the flogger he picked out. He let out a soft breath, it was softened leather, wider strips and more playful. He could be beaten pink fairly fast but one hard whip and his knees would buckle and his body would force him to give in.

He let out a soft breath as he heard Sebastian roll his sleeves up, exuding that air of DOMINANT and Kurt had to submit. He needed to submit. “Ahh… Yes Sir.” He said, realizing his mouth was involuntarily making nose. He dropped his head, breathing slowly. He prayed ten wouldn’t be enough punishment, he wanted this man to make him bleed.

He let out little pants of breath, shutting his eyes tightly and shivering. “I understand, Master.” He said, his ass stuck as high in the air as he could get it, hoping the man would cave and beat him senseless with the flogger.

At the last moment, Sebastian reached forward with both hands, and tugged the panties down, just enough that Kurt’s ass was exposed, but not enough that his dick fell free. He couldn’t resist running his palms over the smooth skin, thumbs lifting, fingers almost pinching. It was beautiful and so perfectly white that Sebastian could kiss it. He didn’t, though. He stood up, flexed his arms a couple of times, and then trailed the strips over Kurt’s rear as a warning. “Remember to count.” He told
Kurt.

Then he pulled back to land the first blow. It was soft, probably no more than a sting, but Sebastian knew if he wanted this to go far enough he’d have to get the blood flowing under Kurt’s skin. He wanted it to hurt, but not enough that they couldn’t enjoy what came next.

Kurt let out a gasp at the sudden strike and he squeaked, moving a few inches forward, fingers grasping the sheets. “One, Master.” He said, lips quivering and he clutched his eyes shut. He wiggled his butt, getting back into place, balls hanging while his cock was still entrapped in the front of the panties.

Sebastian had to shut his for a moment to regain focus because Kurt looked too good there on his knees. When he felt steady again he pulled back and left two more stinging slaps one on either butt cheek. Already his breathing was harsh and he could feel the first pricks of sweat starting to break out on his forehead.

Kurt whimpered. “Two…. Ah. Three!” He hissed and wiggled his ass. “Harder, Master!” He whined, needing it to be harder. He knew Sebastian wanted to mark him and the first few were to get blood rushing to the area but all Kurt knew he needed was the pain. He wanted the beautiful mixture of ecstasy and torture flowing from his nerves. All of them.

He swallowed a breath of air and controlled his breathing before whispering something to go along with the name he was called earlier. “George beats me harder, Master. So does Henry. Am I not good enough for you?” He loved slut shaming, he loved playing the slut, but what he especially loved most of all was using it to make a man jealous. In character or not.

Kurt’s skin was just showing the first hint of pink. It was too much to resist reaching forward to stroke across the heated skin, but then Kurt was distracting him, insisting on more. It was heady and just on the line of what might be too much for Sebastian. Thank the gods for safe words because now Kurt was naming off other lovers, others Doms, and even though Sebastian knew it was just a game between them it was hitting something deep and possessive inside him.

His hand tightened on the flogger and he thwacked Kurt’s right cheek hard. “Don’t.” he warned, his voice almost breaking over the word. “Don’t say their names here. Here… you’re mine.” He was shaking, just a little, but he knew, deep down, he had to make Kurt believe it too. That he belonged to Sebastian. Even if it was only tonight.

Kurt smirked, getting the lovely reaction he wanted but forgot to count (and he wasn’t sure if it was even on purpose). “I’m just your fucking slut for a night. You will use me and forget me because I’m not even the best! At least Henry remembers me!” He shouted and whimpered at the pain, loving it all the same.

“You get to leave here, you get to live a life fucking subs who aren’t sluts! You don’t want me, Master! I know it!” He cried out and suddenly wasn’t sure if he was still in character or if these were his own words. When Kurt would go home in the morning, he wasn’t going home to an empty house. But… Sebastian, in less than twenty minutes, understood Kurt more than Blaine ever had.

“Please Master. Make me yours. Make me your sub. Mark me, claim me, Sir!”

The next three blows landed in quick succession and were harder than Sebastian intended. Kurt was still running the show, which was good on one hand because Sebastian hadn’t had a willing partner in forever. On the other hand he was afraid Kurt would push him past the point of reason and he’d do something he’d regret. There was no way he could admit out loud how much he loved the thrill of skirting along that line.
His knuckles were white on the flogger as he stood trying to catch his breath. “You are mine, Kurt. You’re here on your knees in front of me because you’re mine.” Sebastian wanted to cover him, take him right then, bite into the hot places the flogger left behind, but he wasn’t ready. Kurt wasn’t ready either. “Do not mention anyone else again or I’ll leave you on the bed while I pleasure myself over on the chair and then I’ll go. Do you understand me?”

Kurt hissed instinctively then yelped at the next two blows landing on his ass in the same place. He knew his ass was red and it made his knees buckle even more, his face landing in the pillows as he caught his breath as well. “Master.” He said weakly. No, it wasn’t all he could take. But if Sebastian kept this routine up he wouldn’t make it to the sex.

He cast a glance over his shoulder, glaring. “Then prove it.” He hissed before turning back to the pillow. “Master.” He threw in condescendingly. Why the fuck didn’t he keep going? “Seven.” He threw in as the count. God he needed it, he needed everything Sebastian was giving him and now he knew, for a fact he WANTED to piss this man off. Make him go too far, pressing Kurt up to his red light line. He wanted to lay on his stomach until he was bleeding on the sheets all for this one perfect man.

He’d only red lighted once in his life and it was when a man wanted to shit on his face. But if Sebastian could get him there with just pain, God he wanted to find out. He wanted to be bitten, swatted, pummeled. He’d take a knife to the thigh if that’s what this man wanted. Kurt knew at that moment Sebastian was getting a discount and a membership for life card as long as he came back.

“Fuck, Master…. What else can you give me?” He breathed heartily into the pillow, eyes shut as he gasped for the breath his body so desperately needed.

Sebastian climbed onto the bed. He hadn’t planned to do it, but he needed to be closer, he needed to touch and taste and own Kurt in ways he’d never expected to feel for a stranger. His empty hand went right to Kurt’s ass, squeezes and pinching the abused flesh. “You want proof?” He asked, his voice a wreck. He bent to lick a stripe along one of the small welts and it was hot on his tongue. Kurt’s balls dangled helpless and vulnerable and he gave them a little fondle and squeeze before straightening back up. The only warning Kurt could have had for the next blow was the sound of the flogger tails swishing before they landed.

They crisscrossed over Kurt’s ass and his thighs and Sebastian didn’t wait to hear the count, he wasn’t even sure he could hear it at this point. He had it in his head though, that was what mattered. Eight, nine, ten…. at fifteen he hit hard, much harder than before. He was overly warm and sweating, and he had to stop long enough to strip out of his shirt. Once his tie and shirt were somewhere on the floor, Sebastian ran soft fingers over the red marks, his mouth watering, his cock aching, leaking.

“What’s the count now?” He asked, voice rough, needing to check in with Kurt before he changed tactics entirely.

Kurt fought to remember, his mind telling him it was sixteen but he felt the flogger come down twice in one swing and the tails seemed to have rebounded…. So was it fifteen or sixteen? “F-Fifteen sir.” He sputtered, his face against the pillows and his knees much further out than they were before. His ass stung, it felt red hot, dripping and bleeding in areas and that’s exactly what Kurt wanted. “Mmmmm…. Sir?” He whispered and blinked warily. “Thank you sir. I like it when you hit me.” He said honestly before going back to his pillows and his knees much further out than they were before.

His ass stung, it felt red hot, dripping and bleeding in areas and that’s exactly what Kurt wanted. “Mmmmm…. Sir?” He whispered and blinked warily. “Thank you sir. I like it when you hit me.” He said honestly before going back to his pillows and biting them as one part of his upper ass screamed bloody murder. It felt like it was splitting open seven ways to Sunday.

“I’m glad Kurt.” Sebastian’s words were soft, even to his ears. He felt like he’d been screaming, but
he knew he’d hardly said anything. He was feeling as raw as Kurt’s ass, but in the best of way.
“Because I’m going to do it again with my hand.” He avoided touching the places that weeped, but
he traced the other lines across Kurt’s backside with his finger, his thumb.

“You’re being so good now.” He mused, his hands spreading Kurt’s cheek so he could stare at the
pucker of his hole, run a teasing finger around it. “Later, when you and I are worn out, I’m going to
fuck you. Would you like that, Kurt?” He hummed appreciatively at the pink of Kurt’s hole, the
angry red of the lash marks.

Kurt whimpered and nodded. “I’d like that very much, Sir. You…. You are allowed to use me
however you like. I’m yours. I’m your slut, no one else.” He glanced at the timer and hissed. “…Sir?
You should pay for another hour…” He whispered. “I don’t want this to stop.” He whispered and
hissed. “And I need water, Sir. May I drink?” He curled his toes, cock now completely rock hard,
still mostly pressed into the panties around his lower ass.

Hell, at the rate they were going, Sebastian was sorry he hadn’t booked the whole night. Kurt said he
was his… of course he was paid to say it, but that didn’t stop something inside him straightening up
and taking notice. He stroked his palm down Kurt’s back a couple of times, gentle easing off from
physical contact before saying, “Lay down, I’ll find the water and my card.” It was a struggle to
switch gears, but Sebastian was no where near ready to go home, not when he felt like they’d just
began to warm up together.

Kurt blushed, nodding happily. “Yes, Master.” He whispered, eyes glowing brightly up at him.
“You’re such a good master, I wish I could have you all the time. When you pay… Tell them I said
‘A OK.’ That way if you ever want to see me again, you’ll get half off and you’ll be on a year
membership so you get to pick what time slots you want with me. You can have me for as long as
you like.” He whispered with doe eyes.

He hoped Sebastian understood that after their sessions, Kurt couldn’t be with anyone else. No one
wanted a broken toy, and Sebastian… BROKE him. He loved every bit of it though. “Hurry,
Master. Don’t want to be alone!” He gave a small pout, completely submissive to the male. “Please?”

Sebastian almost fell over himself to hurry out the door. He pulled out his wallet, but before he even
got down the hall, Santana was there, looking professionally calm, but maybe a bit concerned.
“Everything to your satisfaction?” She asked coolly.

“I’d like to pay for more time, and Kurt wanted me to tell you, a okay.” Sebastian held out his card
expectantly. She took it from him and narrowed her eyes at him. “How much more time?”

“Another hour.” He remember what Kurt had said and didn’t want to push his luck. “An hour and a
half?” Sebastian asked thinking over the fact that he still wanted to clean Kurt up and take care of
him. If he could, if it was allowed.

“Fine.” Santana pulled out an ipad and used it to swipe his card. “Anything else?”

“Water?” He asked.

“There’s a mini fridge if look on the other side of the wardrobe.” Sebastian nodded, thankful, and
then turned to get back to Kurt.

“And Sebastian.” She called after him.

“Yes?” He looked over his shoulder at her.

“Next time, grab a robe.” She tapped her lips with a fingernail and then turned, leaving him standing
in the hall feeling completely hopeless.

He rushed back to the room, found the bottled water and settled on the side of the bed, passing it to Kurt. He was out of breath, embarrassed at the encounter with Santana and dreading the time limit. If he could he’d have Kurt in his bed. He’d keep him there always, because he fit, he was loud and bossy as hell and he knew how to exert his control without ever giving up his submission. Sebastian wanted him, needed him.

“Let me know when you’re ready to continue.” He said it to the room though, not to Kurt. He had his own bottle and he took a swig of it as he stood, pacing, trying to get back to the right frame of mind.

Kurt just stared as he drank his water. He couldn’t sit up without his body screaming so he laid there, drinking slowly as not to feel sick. He watched Sebastian and smiled. “Sir… Could you please sit by me?” He whispered. “Can we talk for a moment, Master?” He hissed and closed his eyes.

He looked up at the camera in the corner of the room before shifting slowly onto some pillows. “I just want you to know I love how easily you take me, but from now on we need a later time slot just because I do have other customers and I’m useless after this. I love this though, I love being dommed and taken and just… perfectly abused.” He whispered as he stared at his water bottle.

“I got you a membership because I want this to continue but let’s talk about what nights you’d like best and what times are okay for you? Just until I can maneuver my ass a bit more. Don’t worry, we’ll have plenty of time and I’ll give you any free extra time just because this is the last session of my night. I’m out of the head space right now anyway…”

Kurt’s words pulled something inside Sebastian. This was exactly why he hadn’t attempted this with anyone else. It’d been way too long and he was so far out of practice he’d lost control. He’d…

Sebastian turned and looked at Kurt, really looked at him laying there on top of the duvet. Was he seriously saying he’d enjoyed that or was he just trying to keep a new customer? Sebastian didn’t know, there was no way he could know. All he could do was set his water aside and nod mutely. Then he sat carefully on the edge of the bed, wincing when he glanced at Kurt’s ass and the havoc he’d wrecked on it.

It made him shudder to think of the darkness in him that had so enjoyed doing that, laying Kurt’s soft porcelain skin open. “Let’s talk,” he agreed, his voice gruff, his tone uncertain. Even now, he knew, he knew he wanted to do this again. Maybe with clearer limits and time frames, but he ached for Kurt like he’d never ached for another his whole life. God he was pathetic.

Sebastian seemed so unknowingly pure that it made Kurt giggle, crawling carefully until his head was on Sebastian’s knee. “I love feeling like this.” He whispered in a blissed out state. “I mean…. I feel so fucking good. Like I’m useful. Are you happy? Have you enjoyed everything so far?” He blinked up at Sebastian with wide doe eyes, looking for praise.

“So… What nights are good for you?” He said, rubbing Sebastian’s thigh. His fingers dug in a little and he then gently rubbed over the area, laying kisses to it. “Sorry Master.” He said softly.

That… wasn’t what Sebastian had been bracing himself to hear, and for a moment he didn’t speak but let his hand settle on Kurt’s head, softly stroking. “I’ve enjoyed it.” Which was the understatement of the year and Sebastian knew it. “You made it perfect.” He added, a smile tugging the corner of his mouth.

“This is the best night for me, but I can also be available Thursday nights.” Sebastian wasn’t
bothered at all by the pressure Kurt exerted on his thigh. If anything it made him feel grounded and present in his skin. Which, if he was being honest he needed badly just then because everything felt too much and too wildly out of his control, even as Kurt’s words help bring him down.

He tipped Kurt’s chin up to look at him and was halfway to leaning down for a kiss when he caught himself. “So… what nights are good for you?” he asked, just shy of teasing.

Kurt noticed the motion and brought himself up, pressing a kiss to the man's lips. He blushed, moving to lay back down slowly. “I’m open to whenever you want me. But once a week gives time to heal which means I can go about my week properly. So Thursdays. Is 3 am too late for you? That would give us a two hour session? I can move it to 2 if we need to.” He whispered, cuddling into his thigh as he thought.

“Two would be best so we’d have adequate time for punishment and after care with you fucking me into the mattress in between.” He whispered softly, eyes hazy with need. “Master, may we continue?”

The kiss, too swift and casual, was the perfect little balm to Sebastian’s frayed nerves. He nodded mutely, two am Thursdays. My god, he thought, he was going to need to adjust his calendar appropriately because Friday mornings he was going to be just as useless as Kurt.

“Yes.” This was whispered, his hands stilling on Kurt’s back where he’d been absently stroking. “Let me take care of these.” These were the pink panties that had to be uncomfortable where they sat pinching the backs of Kurt’s thighs, but maybe he didn’t even notice them compared to the lashing he’d received. Still, Sebastian was ready for them to both be naked so he climbed over Kurt and tugged them down slowly, kissing at the little creases between Kurt’s ass and upper thighs.

Kurt whimpered happily at the feeling. He loved wearing the panties but being free of them was even nicer. It showed his body off the way he was splayed out, taking the kisses from Sebastian as approval of his overall body. Although, who could be upset when they happily let someone whip them open? Honestly, no one could judge if someone did it for them. Kurt mewled softly for the man and spread his legs even further, trying not to hiss at the pain in his ass.

He let his fingers play carefully between the welts on Kurt’s rear, fingers stroking soft and slow between the crease, pausing to press against the pink of his hole. He was wet there, already prepped. It was good, if Sebastian had a partner and they were preparing for something like this, he’d have asked them to be prepared too, but something in him wanted that for himself. Wanted to open Kurt up slowly and make him shake with need and beg for cock. Or use him hard and fast with just enough preparation to get by. He wanted it all the different ways it could be and that felt… dangerous. Even though they had a standing agreement, Kurt was only on loan here. He wasn’t really Sebastian’s.

“I’m going to fuck you now.” He stated simply, both as a warning to Kurt and a reminder to himself about what was really going on here. Even though his voice stayed steady, he couldn’t help but notice that his body was still shivering, still strung taut with want and too much need.

He let one finger press into Kurt, just to test the heat, the tightness there, and it made him choke on a moan. Sebastian spit into his palm, slicked himself up, and then carefully moved in close enough to rub the head of his cock against Kurt’s hole, teasing with whatever willpower he had left.

Kurt laid perfectly still for the man, wanting him to enjoy the sight of his wrecked body. He loved how Sebastian only held a slight reserve and he knew he was taken care of. He knew Sebastian wouldn’t go TOO far but just far enough to be teetering on the red light line. He gasped and let out the air slowly through his nose as he felt the finger.
His eyes fluttered shut when the finger left his entrance and he braced himself, feeling the teasing motion and he hissed, whining in the back of his throat. How dare he tease him!? He whimpered, face nuzzling the pillow and he bit it to stop his ridiculous noises.

“Don’t,” Sebastian ground out. “Let me hear you.” He pressed forward, slow, too slow for his liking, but he only had this, right now. The moment it was over he was back home in his empty bed. At least until next week. Sebastian nudged at Kurt’s knees, forcing them even further apart so he could move in closer as he sank in. Kurt’s raw ass begged to be pinched and stroked, but Sebastian could only focus on the way he body sucked Sebastian’s cock in. Everything narrowed down to that point of connection between them. “Jesus, fuck,” he whispered.

Kurt let go of the pillow just as he began to enter him. “Oh…” A high pitched whine escaped his throat and he swallowed nervously. He panted, legs parted so far his ass squeezed at Sebastian’s cock. “Master!” He cried out, fingers digging into his palms. “Fuck me! Fuck me please!” He cried, eyes shut as he pushed back, needing more. He needed all of this man, every inch and he couldn’t wait to feel his hot and heavy balls slap his ass with his pounding hips. “Fuck me, Master!”

There wasn’t any defense against Kurt’s begging, so Sebastian just gave it to him, sinking to the hilt, hips pausing only a second as he adjusted his position slightly. Then he was pulling out all the way again and slamming forward. He thrust hard but slow, bending so he could nose at Kurt’s spine as he pulled back. He watched drops of sweat land along Kurt’s back as his hips gained momentum, his control thin and slipping. Everything was tight warmth, and Kurt’s poor abused ass cheeks were hard to avoid.

“Fuck, look at you taking it so well, Kurt.” Sebastian’s fingers curled around his hips, pulling and pushing him with every thrust.

“Master is happy!” He giggled before another moan escaped his lips, Sebastian’s thrusts picking up. His toes curled, his ass stung, and he could feel the sweat and blood and everything coating his body as their hips slammed. “AHH!” He would always take Sebastian ‘so well’, it’s what he he needed. He needed the abuse, the consensual maliciousness of the body to keep him going every day. “Nnnn! Master! M-Master harder! HARDER PLEASE!” He cried out, head on the pillow, unable to gather the strength to lift it.

It felt like he was the one breaking open every time he pounded into Kurt, every time their bodies slapped together, Sebastian felt a little piece of himself coming loose. He wasn’t going to last like this, not with Kurt’s pliant body just fucking opening up to him, taking everything while he cried for more.

Sebastian’s fingers tangled into Kurt’s hair and he pulled hard, forcing Kurt into a kneeling position. Like this he could wrap one arm around Kurt’s chest and hold him up, and the other hand could close around Kurt’s cock, slick already from the mingled blood and sweat between their bodies.

The position forced him to be more aware of just how much contact he was making with the swollen stripes on Kurt’s ass cheeks, but it was what he wanted. To be close, like this, for the last few moments he was going to last.

Kurt screamed as Sebastian’s length slammed into his prostate in the new position. He groaned, eyes shut tight as his hair was tugged, chest was clung to and suddenly his hair released just as his own hard cock was grabbed. “Oh!” He let out a small breath of exasperation, spent of all energy. Kurt turned his head just slightly, trying not to drool but unable to stop it and he let out a small cry, bucking between his cock and hand. “Fuck, Sir!”

Sebastian’s senses were overwhelmed. he was chasing his climax as surely as he was trying to drag
one out of Kurt first and there was a sort of haze that lay around them, focusing him on the sounds Kurt made, the way he smelled sweet and salt and male. The sound of flesh hitting flesh, the slick noise of his hand jacking Kurt off desperately. The burn in his muscles that made everything that much better.

“Don’t come. Not until I tell you to.” He whispered roughly against Kurt’s temple.

Kurt whimpered and only gave a small nod, focusing entirely on withholding his orgasm. It almost hurt, pulling himself in yet letting the male fuck him in so much pleasure-pain. He was going to explode and he needed the permission like it was the oxygen that he had been deprived off. He couldn’t utter a single sound other than pants and the strong arm around him cut off some air which he loved, but it made everything hazy just enough to the point he was deliriously in love with the idea of a cock ring and suffocating to death. His head dropped, rolling slowly as he focused everything on not finishing, unable to think of any scenarios that would help.

Kurt’s body drooped in Sebastian’s arms and he struggled to hold him up while still fucking into him at a relentless pace. It wasn’t steady anymore. It was stuttering, graceless. His fingers stilled on Kurt’s cock, squeezing around the base as he felt his balls draw up tight. Close, he was so close and the heat rolling off Kurt was enough to make Sebastian groan. He set his teeth on the crook of Kurt’s neck and sped his fingers back up. “Now, now Kurt. Come for me.” He could barely get the words out, he was that far gone. There weren’t any thoughts left of what was a good idea or what might be over attachment. Nothing mattered but seeing Kurt spill over the sheets and pillows in front of them.

At the words, actually, just the first one Kurt let go of everything, coming hard all over the bed in front of him. He gasped and coughed, body fully over exerted as he slumped in Sebastian’s arms, unable to move. Yeah, he would definitely want this man back in once a week. He couldn’t wait. He let his eyes fall shut, passing out as his master finished.

Sebastian the moment Kurt spurted hot over his fingers. His body stuttered, fighting to keep Kurt against him as he slumped further, going limp. It was only when Sebastian’s body stopped quaking that he realized Kurt was fully out and he had to ease them both down to the bed to pull out of Kurt.

There was awe and terror mixed to a ridiculous degree as he curled over Kurt, checking his pulse and trying to lay him out on his stomach so he wouldn’t hurt himself while he was out. He was half loopy with pleasure himself, but seeing Kurt in such a vulnerable position forced him into action. Once Kurt was settled, Sebastian climbed off the bed, going in search of a couple of rags he could wet in the sink. He also grabbed another bottle of water before climbing back onto the bed. If Kurt didn’t rouse, he’d have to go find someone and there was a scared little voice in the back of his head that warned he’d gone way too far, they were never letting him back in. So he resolved to do right by Kurt. as best he could and let the chips fall where they may. He couldn’t think about how bad he wanted this. Not if Kurt determined it was too much or too far.

He began at Kurt’s forehead and worked his way down, rinsing away the sweat, and then the come, all the while whispering softly to Kurt, petting at his hair and his arms, his back. “When it came to his ass, Sebastian decided against pressing the rag against it and instead worked around the open wounds, until Kurt was mostly clean. He’d need ointment and a massage, but mostly right now, Sebastian just wanted him awake, if only long enough to confirm whether or not Sebastian could keep taking care of him or get the hell out.

“Kurt… babe?” he shook his shoulder gently.

Kurt hummed and blinked his eyes open, feeling wet and hot, the gentle coolness of the rag the only thing bringing him back to reality. He gave a dazed smile as he blinked up at Sebastian. “Hey… You look weird. I’m okay… Lay down.” He mumbled through his haze. “I wanna cuddle.” He closed his
eyes again, shifting slightly as his hand touched Sebastian’s. “Cuddle?” He murmured and grinned.

There was such a relief at Kurt’s voice that Sebastian didn’t think, he just set the rag aside and climbed in close, his arm looping across Kurt, holding him. “Cuddle,” he agreed. Everything felt drowsy then, loose and relaxed, and Kurt wanted him to stay. It hadn’t been too much. Maybe he could have this, even just once a week. Maybe he could have this little taste of what it might be like. With Kurt.

Kurt smiled, moving to him almost as instinct, pressing their bodies flush. “You were so goood.” He mumbled. “Like… Like a bad angel.” He hummed, eyes shut as he reached up, turning off the timer and he yawned. “You’re the perfect man.” He pressed kisses to the man’s body, wherever he could reach in the small space his head was laying. “So perfect.”

Kurt’s sleepy praise made Sebastian’s chest feel tight, but it was too good to make him feel anything other than happy. He stroked his hand down Kurt’s back with a lazy smile. “You’re the angel, Kurt,” he whispered. “So sweet and good…” and okay, that was more than he probably wanted to say, but he couldn’t help himself. Kurt was laying there in his arms all fucked out and beautifully spent. If he had the energy or the money to insist, he’d be begging to stay. And Sebastian never begged.

Kurt smiled and turned just enough to look up at him. “Give me a kiss?” He whispered softly, hand on Sebastian’s arm. “It’s all I want and then you can go back to your more exciting life.” He whispered. It was strange to Kurt that people would rather be in the dark building with strangers just to get their rocks off. He wondered how their lives were spent, in fancy suits at big corporations, drinking coffee. It seemed wondrous to him. Even his boyfriends job seemed marvelous in Kurt’s eyes, who'd always been a prostitute. He loved listening to his lover rant about people in his paper pushing job pissing off about anything. All he did was lay on his stomach and get fucked every night, he never had that interesting business atmosphere everyone else seemed to have.

He tilted his head. “Tell me about your day. Before you came here, I mean.”

It was easy enough to lean in and press a soft kiss to Kurt’s mouth. His lips were silky and Sebastian couldn’t resist tasting the tip of his tongue before pulling back. His life wasn’t exciting, though he didn’t say as much. He just lay next to Kurt silently filing away the myriad of colors in Kurt’s eyes, refusing to think too hard about tomorrow or even five minutes from now.

“I worked, today. I’m in advertising.” Sebastian’s voice went a little flat there. Advertising wasn’t at all what he’d imagined when he’d pictured his future after college, but that’s where he’d ended up. It paid enough to keep him coming back and there was always the hope that one day he’d make partner.

“I’m supposed to be finding new clients, but the day was sort of a wash. I have to step up my game a little and do the whole wining and dining gig I hate.” Sebastian squeezed his eyes shut. He was good at it, the wining and dining, charming new clients thing. But he hated all the posturing and bullshit.

Kurt smiled and nuzzled into his arm. “It sounds fun, you get to eat while on the clock. I do too sometimes but it’s generally weird shit for someone’s kink. I had to eat an entire bowl of lima beans.” He shivered remembering that day. He was sick by the end of the session and puked it all back up, didn’t taste any better and it couldn’t have gotten any worse.

“You are good at your job though, I mean… You paid for this. I’m not cheap.” He smiled, crossing his legs as they laid together. “What would you like for next time, Sebastian? Now that we can really talk about it. What would you really love when you enter through that door? I can have the kitchen set if you want a wife… A very naughty wife!” He grinned softly.
“Or uhm…” He blushed. “I can be dead, it’s not as fun for me, I pretty much take an ice bath, take some medicine, douse myself in powder and lay on a slab. It’s cold but… It turns some guys on. I can’t red light so all you could do is… feel and touch. I can do whatever you want! I loved when you came in and you were so angry and so… dom. It’s the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced!” He said and kissed him again because just thinking about how the night started, how Sebastian walked in filled with so much dominance, it turned him on. He had to feel his lips again.

Sebastian chuckled lightly at Kurt’s nuzzling and at the way he romanticized Sebastian’s job. The laughter cut off immediately at the idea that someone had forced him to eat lima beans of all things to the point of puking. Something twisted in his gut, but Kurt was already moving the conversation along, back to joking softly at their situation. He nodded, Kurt wasn’t cheap, and Sebastian did make enough money to throw it around at just about whatever he wanted.

When Kurt asked out the next time Sebastian smiled a genuine little satisfied smile. He shook his head at the naughty wife scenario as appealing as it might be. Actually Kurt in just about every way was appealing, but that wasn’t what he wanted most. Neither was the Sleeping Beauty scenario which made Sebastian shiver darkly. No, no, he wanted all of Kurt’s little noises. And the big ones too. Kurt’s voice was a gift that should never be squandered. Unless it was muffled behind a gag… which… later.

He dove in for a kiss without thinking, sucking at Kurt’s lips, his tongue. When he pulled himself together again he let go with a smack and grinned, panting softly. “I could wine and dine you. For sex. You of course would refuse. For a while anyway.” Sebastian trailed a finger down Kurt’s back. “And if you wanted to wear something sexy again, I’d love to see you in red satin.”

Kurt hummed against his lips, happy to taste him, feel his body next to his. When he pulled away, Kurt slid his head onto Sebastian’s arm and closed his eyes momentarily. “Mmmm…” He hummed. “Wine and dine me for sex? Every first date I’ve ever had!” He grinned, nudging him with his toes. “I can wear red satin, panties as well? What will you be wearing? I liked your suit. Very… astute.” He said, his finger dancing over Sebastian’s warm chest.

“I had so much fun tonight…. And you know it’s fun when you have to call the medic in.” He grinned, eyes alight with a lust filled passion. “Is there anything in the scene you want different? I can have a candlelit dinner with an elegant table ready, I could pretend you showed up late and be hissy. I can play it off like I hate you?” He pressed more delicate kisses to the muscles in his arms.

“What’s your biggest kink, besides domming? What are those things that make you want too just orgasm with no touch at all?”

“Panties,” Sebastian confirmed softly. He was so damn content laying here, listening to the lilt of Kurt’s voice, soaking up the satiated vibe between them. “I’ll wear something nice again, maybe a few less layers.” Sebastian’s mouth quirked in a little half smile as he answered. The way Kurt said it, astute, made him want to go out of his way to dress up, to please Kurt.

Which of course was the same thing that made him want some seduction scene out of a bad rom com for their next ‘date’. Even if it was just a game, just something he paid for. It wouldn’t be fun without Kurt’s enjoyment. Maybe they could work in some other fun twists too. His mind was whirring just a little, but Kurt’s was too.

“That,” he interrupted with a smirk. “You hate me.” It made him chuckle as he said it, but it sounded fun as hell. “You hate me and I’m trying to be charming, but we both know what a dick I am. Would you let me tie you up?” Sebastian could easily see that his week was going to be spent playing out every possible scenario in his head. When Kurt asked what his biggest kink was, aside from domming, Sebastian had to swallow, his eyes shifting away unconsciously.
“I think you already know,” he murmured. Even though it was his most closely guarded secret, Sebastian felt Kurt would be the one person he could tell.

Kurt licked his lips as he watched him. He smiled, nodding. “You can tie me up. You can do whatever you want to me. You have my full trust, I loved what we did. I loved it.” He said and played with Sebastian’s nipple as he thought. “I think it would be fun to play as if I didn’t like you and you being that evil first date, smacking me around, tying me up and…” He blushed, looking away quietly.

“...Have you worn lingerie before?” He asked, staring now at Sebastian’s hip, fingers sliding to the rounded skin, dancing over the light shine on it.

It was so contradictory watching that shy blush bloom over Kurt’s cheek. Sebastian was caught there, staring, back to watching Kurt and forgetting to be embarrassed himself. “A long time ago,” he whispered. The room had a safe sort of stillness to it and Sebastian hated to break the moment. He’d be leaving soon enough as it was and while he had this, had someone sweet and willing and warm in his arms, he wasn’t disturbing it with talk of things that hurt him.

“I loved it.” He’d never told another soul and here he was telling Kurt everything in a simple sentence.

Kurt’s eyes looked up to meet Sebastian’s green hues. He smiled, genuine and nodded. “I’m not totally fascinated by wearing them, I much prefer nothing.” He said honestly. “My biggest kink, the one that just makes me shiver head to toe thinking about is being gagged, blinded, bound so I have absolutely no control, none at all. Every time I fantasize about it, the dom with me calls me these names, and sometimes it’s just gibberish because I can’t even think up a name so vile... And he pisses on me. It’s like my mind wants me to be trash. It wants me to know I’m nothing and I like it. But it’s kind of embarrassing, to ask someone who is paying you to piss on your face and all you do is take it? I should be paying THEM. Who actually wants that?!"

Kurt sighed, biting his lip. “I’d love to see you in panties.” He decided to put the subject back on Sebastian, seeing as he’d paid for this time and it should be about him anyway. “I’d love to see you look so good, feel so good…” He whispered and slid his hand over the larger male’s thigh before bringing it back up to his hip.

“Can I buy you some that I think would look good on you? Something that will bring out your super sexy eyes?” He asked, innocent yet lust filled as he chewed on his lower lip, thinking about the man in lingerie. “I’ll be your little Gryffindor in red and you can be my mean, dominant Slytherin in green?” He giggled at his own reference before withdrawing his hand.

Sebastian listened in quiet fascination as Kurt spoke. He wasn’t sure he could imagine giving Kurt all of that, but maybe... maybe some day if they were both willing to try together. He didn’t say that out loud, though he did think it was a similar theme. If Kurt knew everything he’d known it was more about the humiliation than anything else. Humiliation was something he could understand and that more than anything else made him want to give Kurt something that was for him and not just for Sebastian.

Kurt drew him back to the present, his voice having gone something closer to sultry than before. “Yeah... that... yes.” Not smooth, but he was suddenly fighting the urge to roll Kurt to his side and have his way with him all over again. It made Sebastian laugh. he combed his fingers through Kurt’s hair a couple of times, grinning helplessly. “We should do that too sometime. I can sneak into your common room and gag you so no one could hear what I did to you.” Really, he was going to have to do his homework. If the possibilities were endless... and it seemed like they just might be, Sebastian was going to have to hit the books, so to speak.
Kurt smiled ridiculously and kissed his cheek softly. “Okay.” He whispered, pulling him close. “Sneak into my dorm and gag me, play with your wand…” He hummed at all the horrible puns he could say before hearing the buzzer go off. He sighed and yawned. “You have to go now… But… I’ll see you next week? If there is anything else you think of for next week, call and let Santana know. She’ll add it in the book and I’ll see it. Remember when you walk through the door, I’ll be in full character. Please don’t be offended by what I say or do, it’s as the character. You can also email me, my card is on the desk up front.” He grinned as he laid down, reaching for the phone to call in for the nurse.

The sound of the buzzer made Sebastian feel like he’d been doused in cold water. But that wasn’t Kurt’s fault, it just was. He sat up, pulling away, nodding as Kurt talked. He wasn’t even dressed yet, he thought absently. He’d been so busy forgetting the world that he’d forgotten to get his ass up and put his clothes back on. That was really what he was paying for, wasn’t it? The ability to leave without any explanations or promises?

“I’ll remember,” he promised, already bending to pull on his pants. Kurt still looked deliciously tempting, so he reached over and squeezed his foot gently before picking up his shirt. “See you later, Kurt.” he said. He slipped on his shoes, grabbed his jacket and tie, and headed for the door, just casting one last longing look back at Kurt before schooling his features as he pulled the door open.

Kurt smiled and blew him a kiss, winking before laying down quietly, his ass stinging as he now had nothing to ignore it. The medic came in, cleaning him up and adding ointment. “He really did a piece of work on you, didn’t he?” Tina asked and Kurt grinned, closing his eyes. “It was pure bliss.” He whispered, just thinking about it. “Pure, amazing, harmonic bliss.” Tina just shook her head and gave him his robe. He put it on as he slipped out of bed. “Have a good night, Tina.” He said and went to get ready to go home, crawl into bed and pass the hell out.

In the hallway, Santana waited patiently, for the most part, for him to finish dressing. She had a look that felt way too knowing for Sebastian’s liking as she typed something in on her pad. He was half tempted to ask her about it, but then realized he probably really didn’t want to know. He was exhausted and ready to just be at home finally where he could sleep and not over think everything that’d just gone done.

She escorted him back out and he paused at the desk, reaching almost without meaning to, for Kurt’s card, the one with his email.

“Goodnight!” the woman behind the desk had that same knowing glint in her eye and as Sebastian hailed a cab he thought they must be used to seeing men come out of Kurt’s room looking just as wrecked and hopeless as he was sure he did.

Kurt yawned, pushing open his door, he blinked as he heard his cat meowing. “Ugh…” He walked to the kitchen, looking at the empty food basket. “Great.” He hummed and filled it plus the water bowl so Jynxy could eat. He grabbed a salad out of the fridge and bit into it as he padded through his house and found Blaine asleep on the sofa, beer bottle dangling from his finger. “Ugh.” He repeated. He began cleaning as he ate, fixing the house to the way he left it before changing into loose pajama pants, grabbing his laptop and laying on his large bed, ready to check his email then pass out.

Nothing relevant had popped up at work so he shut the laptop, darkening the room, threw his plastic container in the trash and closed his eyes, wondering what the next week would be like with his new favorite client.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sebastian and Kurt email about their next meeting.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two days passed and by Sunday Sebastian had opened his email more times than he cared to admit and stared at it blankly wishing he had a good reason to write to Kurt. Every time he thought he had one he’d read through it and realized how ridiculous he sounded and deleted it before he could send it out. Now, after pouring through way too many unhelpful websites, and a few thought provoking ones, and frankly a ton of porn, he had an idea. An idea which maybe wasn’t very original, but at this point, any excuse that sounded even vaguely plausible would work.

To: KH201@SBComp.com
From: s.smythe@area17.com
Subject: An Idea

I’ve spent some time considering options for our next meeting and was wondering how you felt about ring gags.

Sebastian

He sent the email before he could edit or add to it, or really before he could talk himself out of sending it entirely. Then he pulled up the Times website and tried to lose himself in the outside world for a short while. If he didn’t keep himself distracted he’d be right back on that damned website planning to buy the entire place out.

Kurt had danced along the idea of researching what Sebastian’s email was because by the next morning, having received no emails, he’d wondered if he’d done a decent enough job as a sub at all. When Sunday finally rolled around, he laid on his bed, Blaine playing with the cat beside him. Playing technically meant throwing dirty socks on his head which Kurt tried not to be rude about but... as it was, he’d yelled at him twice now and there was no stopping the insolent jerk.

He grinned suddenly hearing the ‘bing’ of his email go off. He clicked on it, grinning when he saw who it was. He quickly replied:

To: s.smythe@area17.com
From: KH201@SBComp.com
I love them.

Are you dead set on red satin?

I found this perfect pair but it has lace on it and... I'll wear red satin if it's what you want. I mean, you asked for it so I will. No objections but... Click here.

I just happen to have these.

I also have some others if you'd like to see. OH and I told you I'd buy them so here and here.

I'll keep the rest secret until I see you.

-KH

When his phone pinged, alerting him to the new email, Sebastian clicked away from the news as quickly as he could. Why pretend anyway, he hadn’t been able to focus at all. The stock market could have crashed and there could have been riots in the street and he still wouldn’t know.

He read through Kurt's email quickly, his heart speeding up in increments as he passed through the ring gag approval and went to click the first link. Who needed satin when he could have Kurt in those? Sebastian shifted on the bed, moving so he could stretch out better before clicking the next two links.

Sebastian sucked in a breath at the thought of finally indulging his fantasies, and really not just those but anything else he could think of too. He pressed a palm against his crotch before typing out his reply.

To: KH201@SBComp.com

From: s.smythe@area17.com

I feel like I need to see more before making an informed decision.

SS

To: s.smythe@area17.com

From: KH201@SBComp

You're cute. How about me IN some panties?

Would that appease you?

-KH

To: KH201@SBComp.com

From: s.smythe@area17.com
It’s worth a try.

SS

To: s.smythe@area17.com

From: KH201@SBComp

Deal. Here you go! Click! Oh, guess that’s not exactly what you want. Have this one!

-KH

Sebastian wasn’t even fighting it at that point. He shoved his sweats down under his balls and fisted his cock fast and dry before letting go to type. He wanted Kurt, for more than just his official time slot, but if this was the best he could get right now, he was taking it.

To: KH201@SBComp.com

From: s.smythe@area17.com

Such cheek. I’d tell you to stop being such a little cocktease if I could actually back that threat up right now.

SS

Kurt bit his lip, glancing at Blaine behind him, oblivious as he watched the game and annoyed the cat. He quickly sent a reply.

To: s.smythe@area17.com

From: KH201@SBComp.com

Can I see you? All of you?

I want to imagine you in these panties.

I have this reeeally cute pair and then I have a very sexy pair.

I want to see you in both.

KH

Sebastian read the email over and over, trying to think logically and not let his mind go straight to insane conclusions. Kurt was asking for a picture. They were trading naked pics on the internet, not setting up private off the books booty calls. Surely.
Are you asking for a picture…?
SS

Yes?
Oh! Oh my God.
I meant picture

We can’t meet outside of work, it’s against the rules. And… My boyfriend wouldn’t like it. He doesn’t exactly know.

KH

He felt like an idiot for even entertaining the idea. Even if it was only for a second. Of course that wasn’t what Kurt meant, Sebastian knew it was against the rules. He’d signed about a million pages stating he’d read the rules and would agree to them. He ground the heel of his palms against his eyes so he could stop rereading the word, boyfriend. Kurt had a life outside his work just like everyone else. Of course he had a boyfriend. Hot, funny, adventurous, fucking hell.

Sebastian shook it off, told himself it didn’t mean anything or change anything and therefore it didn’t matter. Then he pulled out his phone, slipped off the bed, and took a pic to send to Kurt. He didn’t include a message this time, he was still too embarrassed to write anything.

Kurt swallowed as he opened the email, honestly just glad he got one back at all. He was worried after he said ‘boyfriend’ in the last one that Sebastian would give up. He clicked on the attachment and bit his lip at the size of him. It seemed so real after having had it inside of him just days ago.

Suddenly a loud ‘smack’ and a searing pain slid through his body as Blaine smacked his ass. “Go
“Sure, Honey.” He said, closing his laptop after locking it so Blaine couldn’t see it’s contents. He came back with a sandwich and Blaine stroking himself.

“Well it ain’t gonna get off on it’s own!” Blaine sneered and Kurt set down the plate, nodding as he took off his lounge pants followed by his boxers and clambered onto blaine’s lap to bounce repetitively on his cock until he came. “Fuck baby, you’re even hard for me. If you give me a bit I’ll do it again so you can get off.” He stalled.

Kurt smiled and shook his head. “I can do it just fine, don’t worry.” He sat down on his once again stinging bum, and stroked himself off for Blaine’s amusement and consuming laziness. He pulled his clothes back on afterward and went back to his emails.

To: s.smythe@area17.com

From: KH201@SBCorps.com

Suddenly… I wish there were no rules.

I’m going to head to work.

If there’s anything else, go ahead and shoot me a message.

See you in a few days, KH

Sebastian stared at the email for a long time before closing his laptop and pulling his pants back up. He ached from stopping what he’d started, but there was too much tangled up in his head right now to sort out the easy lust he’d had only a few minutes ago. The fact was, there were rules. He knew it, Kurt knew it, and if he wanted that standing appointment he sure as hell better stick to them.

So he got out, got away. Caught up on his laundry, called home, made lunch and found something nonsensical to watch on netflix. He did not think about Kurt. He didn’t think about his lithe body squeezed into too tiny panties. He did not think about breaking every goddamn rule to risk being able to call him, see him whenever either of them wanted. That would be insane. Sebastian didn’t even know the guy. Not really.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to all the beauties I’ve stolen the pictures from. You're all gorgeous and lovely and we thank you for tumbling your heart out.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Sebastian shows his true colors when the need to mark his playtoy arises.

Chapter 2

The week dragged on in a relentless cycle of phone calls and meetings and dinners at restaurants Sebastian would never choose on his own, dining with women he’d never call once he got them signed to the company. There were storyboards and late night cram sessions, but none of it meant anything to Sebastian. Nothing felt real except that little red X on his calendar for Thursday.

He took off early Wednesday to go shopping. The little ring gag had come in the mail and he wanted something new and sleek to hide it in. Like a new suit. Black with a bright blue shirt. In the end he went without the jacket, just the blue against the silver and green of his tie, the little gag in his back pocket.

Rachel, the young woman at the front desk, looked it over with approval. “You know he probably has one of these, but this is beautifully crafted.” Her fingers played over the smooth leather that covered the ring and made up the straps. It would do it’s job without cutting.

Sebastian signed in, slipped the gag back in his pocket and found his way to the bar to wait. He ordered his usual Jack and Coke and slugged it back in two big swallows. The burn was exactly what he needed. No matter what he told himself, he was almost more nervous this time around than he’d been last week. It was a relief to finally see Santana making her way toward him.

Kurt, meanwhile was making his room perfect. He pulled down the projector screen and turned it on to ‘Paris Overlook’. It was a beautiful night sky, the Eiffel tower, the little shops glowing. Everything was beautiful and perfect. He had a table with two elegant dinners set out and lit by candle. The bed was draped in red with little gold accents to match his outfit.

He had candles everywhere, the only real one, non-electronic was that on the table. He smiled as he pulled on his black thigh high boots, his short red dress on, covering a very red pair of panties and a concealed cock. He even swept his hair back a bit, not in it’s usual style. He chewed on his lips to make them plump and pink.

A little bag sat on the bedside table filled with panties for the man he hoped would wear at some point in the night. Maybe during the aftercare so they could cuddle and Kurt could stroke him through the lace. He shivered at the thought before telling Santana he was ready, getting into character. He sat down, waiting, legs crossed and tapping his boot impatiently. He didn’t have to fake it, he knew he wanted Sebastian there and he wanted him there now.

Blaine wasn’t enough, nowhere near enough. He needed what Sebastian gave him. Control in an un-controllable situation. He fiddled with his necklace and yawned, staring at the screen, admiring the shops.
The hallway was quiet as Sebastian and the woman walked. Santana reminded him of the time he’d been booked for and assured him Kurt had blocked it out for him indefinitely. Then she left him standing outside room 201, listening to the muffled strains of music coming from the bar behind him. Time to be in character. He straightened his tie, shook his hands out just a little and rolled his neck, bouncing on the balls of his feet the way he used to do in high school before a performance. He could do this.

Sebastian pushed open the door and almost tripped up as he saw what was waiting for him. He’d had plenty of time to imagine what Kurt might arrange, but nothing had come remotely close. He’d turned around to close the door and buy himself a moment to compose himself all over again, because Kurt had outdone himself.

When he faced Kurt again, the door shut behind him closing them off from the outside world, Sebastian was ready. He flashed Kurt a little smirk and crossed the room, confidence squaring his shoulders as he reached out for Kurt’s hand. “Looks like you couldn’t resist my offer for a date after all.” Sebastian had cocky down to a science, though as he’d grown older and gotten away from home he’d tempered it with wisdom and experience. However, for tonight’s purposes, it was perfect. He let his eyes rove over Kurt’s body, obvious, lustful. Kurt looked like sin poured into a slinky dress, and it made it even harder to keep control knowing what was underneath the dress.

Kurt smiled as the door opened but trained it into a frown. “Jesus Fucking Christ!” He hissed. “What took you so long!? I felt like a moron for waiting! A real gentleman would have been here on time!” He said and looked away. “Just eat. Because I ordered the most expensive item on the menu and oops! Doesn’t look like I brought my money.” He shrugged, eating quietly.

He was careful as he bounced his leg to show just how much skin was showing between the end of the boot and the beginning of the dress. It wasn’t much but it was enough to get the blood flowing.

Sebastian’s hand dropped just short of actually touching Kurt. He fell back swiftly, his mouth tight, his face going hot. It took effort to let himself fully slide into character, more than he expected because Kurt was glorious and distracting and he mostly wanted to kiss that mouth and shut him up. Instead he sank into the seat opposite Kurt, took a deep swallow of his wine and sat it down with an audible thunk.

“You know,” he said, his voice tight with false anger. “It would probably taste a lot better if you weren’t scarfing it down like some backwoods white trash hillbilly who’s never seen a linen napkin.” Sebastian unfolded his own napkin with a flourish and tucked onto his lap before picking up his fork. Inside he was squirming, heartbeat erratic, fast. This was going to be so good.

Kurt sat stunned, turning his eyes to glare directly at the man. “Excuse you, Mr. Late To The Only Date He Will EVER Get With Me??!” He hissed. “Maybe if you had gotten here on time I could have taken my time before it got fucking cold!” Kurt stood from the table, glass of wine in hand. “Well? Are you going to say sorry to your date?” He gave him no time to answer before sloshing his wine in his face. “Fucking ignorant asshole! You know I try?? I try so hard! I put on the dress and the heels and what do I get? A guy who has a corn cob stuck up his ass and calls people out for ‘eating too fast’. You’re a disgrace just like every other Joe, Henry and Bob!” He hissed.

He was back on his feet, mopping the wine from his face with his napkin which he then dropped to the table. “Okay, okay.” He held his hands up; a mock surrender. The apple of Kurt’s cheeks was pinking up before his eyes, presumably in rage. It was beautiful. He didn’t bother to worry about the fact that an angry Kurt was a ridiculously attractive Kurt. There was no point. Kurt was hot as hell, the furious screaming only added a new depth.
“I’m an asshole, right? We know this. I was late and I’m a dick.” There was a little hint of a plea there as he continued to swipe his hands down his shirt and shake off the rest of the wine. “At least give me the chance to make it up to you.”

Kurt just looked at him with worried eyes. He didn’t know where this was going but he liked being top dog in the situation. He knew he had control, he knew Sebastian obeyed him even when Kurt would be bound to the bed later and under Sebastian’s perfect vocal scrutiny. He knew who ran the show and being able to show that was the pinnacle of his sexual desire for the man.

Kurt let out a soft breath and walked towards him, brushing his wet bangs back and nodded. “I suppose I can give you a second chance.” He whispered, eyes sliding down to Sebastians from where they had been eying his soaked hair. “What will you do to redeem yourself?” He asked quietly.

Sebastian licked his lips then pressed them together thoughtfully. “There’s still dessert,” he offered smoothly. “Something to sweeten the mood maybe?” This time though he didn’t try to return to the other side of the table, stepping closer to Kurt as he spoke. “Come on babe, let’s play nice.” It was sleaze wrapped up with a smile and a look that swept down Kurt’s long frame, pausing at the exposed skin of his thighs before trailing back up.

Kurt watched his eyes and growled. “You’re a pig!” He hissed. “All you can think about is stuffing my face then stuffing me.” He whispered, rolling his eyes. “How could anyone ever want you?!” He grabbed his purse and moved to walk away, the scene set for Sebastian to make his move into a dominating role.

“I think you like it,” Sebastian’s hand shot out, grabbing deftly on to Kurt’s arm before he could walk away. He tugged, not to hard, but hard enough that Kurt’s back was pressed to his chest where he trapped him with his other arm. “You knew exactly what I was asking for with this date and you showed up dressed like a whore. I think you want me just the way I am, and you want me bad.” The last was whispered into Kurt’s ear as Sebastian bent his head in close, lips ghosting along his neck. Sebastian’s breath was driving Kurt wild. He didn’t know how to think or respond, he just knew… He NEEDED it. He let his mind swirl in sexual anticipation and his hand dropped to Sebastian’s. “I did.” He acknowledged, nodding slowly and swallowing. “I dressed like a whore so you would fuck me. So you would take me right here, where I stand and make me gag on your cock.” He opened his mouth. “And when you fuck me my heels will dig into your back and you can feel every ounce of my pain.” His lips were dry and he licked at them to try and soften them, voice raspy. “I want to call you Master… But until you tell me too you are just a pitiful man who can’t date another.” He gasped, tugging at his arm to get free.

Kurt’s words slid over his skin, crawled inside him, and wedged themselves into his gut. They were still acting out their scene, as they’d agreed, but that was exactly what he wanted, what he needed. The truth was, he couldn’t date anyone, he needed this. He needed Kurt. On his knees choking on cock and calling him Master.

He whipped Kurt around, still holding him tight and close, so he could look him in the eyes when he spoke. “That mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble.” Sebastian told him plainly. “You need to put it to better use.” He raised one hand to hold Kurt’s chin, lifting it and tugging him even closer. “On your knees. Now.” Sebastian dropped his hands abruptly. Sebastian’s words were forceful, amazingly forceful. He swallowed nervously and nodded. “Yes, Sir.” He said, dropping instantly, head bowed and hands clasped behind him. He was to submit, that was the rules.

Amazement filled him as his heart beat rapidly, feeling like it was going to fly out of his chest. “Sir…
Use me.”

“Oh I intend to, but first I’m going to need you to stop ordering me around.” Sebastian’s hand stroked through Kurt’s hair, admiring the way it swept up and back, the way it looked mussed when his fingers stroked down to Kurt’s hot cheeks. He let his thumb glide slowly over Kurt’s silken lips. There were so many things he wanted to do, so many things he wanted to try, but right now, Kurt’s suggestion of gagging and being fucked standing sounded pretty great.

“Now, tell me, are you going shut up and obey me? I’ll give you my cock, but only if you’re going to be good.”

Kurt smiled, eyes closed for the moment and he swallowed before opening his large, lust-blown eyes. “Y-Yes sir. I’ll be good, sir!” He whined. He was amazed how a simple scene could make his knees quake with need. He knew Sebastian’s cock would fill him within the next five or so minutes and that thought alone had him quivering.

He let out a small, startled breath and shivered as he thought about the phrase ‘I’ll give you my cock’. He wanted it, GOD did he want it! He opened his lips, the faint linger of Sebastian’s thumb pressing against them was orgasmic and he darted his tongue out to taste his skin, begging to suck on it, or any part of him at all.

Sliding his thumb into Kurt’s mouth was the worst kind of tease. Hopefully for both of them. Judging by the way Kurt’s eyes went glassy and his mouth went pliant, Sebastian would say they were definitely on the same page. He stroked the pad of his thumb over Kurt’s tongue, slowly, pressing so that Kurt’s jaw was forced to open just a little further until it was hanging open and ready.

“Good boy,” Sebastian told him softly as he pulled his thumb out and began undoing his belt, flicking his fly open with deft fingers, all the while watching as Kurt tracked his every movement. It was a heady feeling, knowing Kurt was giving over control. Sebastian was already hard as he tugged himself free of his pants and he carefully guided the tip of his cock with one hand, the other holding Kurt’s jaw steady.

Kurt’s mouth just followed the force, tongue magnetised to the taste of his finger and he lapped at it beggingly. The salty taste of skin filled his mouth and he moaned. When the finger was removed he gasped but understood the notion that his mouth was to stay open. He swallowed, eyes focused on his hand and then his cock as it was removed from his pants, springing forward and bouncing. He gasped and looked upward. Sebastian seemed so tall, so enigmatic that his heart thudded in his chest.

He closed his eyes slowly, wanting to taste and taste and taste, he wanted the experience and the smell to be overwhelming so that his half hard cock would stand, press against the lace of the panties and bulge the dress. He wanted to show his Dom just how wanted this was. He wanted to be so good for Sebastian.

Sebastian slid the head of his dick along Kurt’s lower lip, softly at first, then harder, before guiding it into his waiting mouth. Wet heat enveloped him, but he bit back his moan, swallowing the sound so he could focus all his attention on the way Kurt looked there on his knees taking his cock. It took all of his control not to shove forward and come down Kurt’s throat, he looked that good. The dress was pulled tight from his position, tighter than even before, and Sebastian itched to peel it off. Not yet, though.

Once he was buried in the sweetness of Kurt’s mouth, he carded his fingers through Kurt’s hair and tugged, moving Kurt’s head rather than his own hips. “Such a good little slut, taking my cock so well.” The words were whispered, gruff, but achingly sincere despite the filthy context.
Kurt gasped, tongue darting out to taste him. “Oh sir.” He whined just as the cock filled his mouth. He loved it, he loved the taste of the bitter precum bubbling out the tip and he sucked it away immediately, savoring the taste as if it were some delicate imported dessert. He itched to take ahold of Sebastian’s waist and pull him closer, pull him in so his cock would hit the back of his throat, slide down and force him to breathe through his nose.

‘Such a good little slut’.

The words echoed in Kurt’s mind, sending shivers down his spine. Blaine called him that. He whimpered, mouth slacking on his cock, eyes wide and he pulled off. “Yellow!” He gasped. “YELLOW!” He covered his mouth and looked at the ground.

Sebastian took an unsteady step backward, heart pounding. “Look up, Kurt.” He kept himself steady even though he had no idea what had just happened. His voice was devoid of command, but he wanted to know what the ‘yellow’ was for before they moved on. Otherwise he’d probably do it again, whatever it was. If they knew each other better… but he struck that out in his head, it wasn’t that. It was more that they only had a working relationship. So it was best to keep things as devoid of intimacy as possible. Which meant instead of doing what his instincts told him right now, which wanted him to haul Kurt closer, he stayed back, uncertain. This wasn’t Kurt’s safeword, so they weren’t stopping. But he waited all the same. “What happened?”

Kurt gasped for air. “S-Sorry!” He pressed his hands to the carpet and closed his eyes, shaken. “I-I couldn’t think of my talk-light. Gucci. Sorry.” He gasped, eyes brimming with tears. He didn’t want to look up, he wouldn’t see Sebastian if he did. He sat down, sliding his knees to his chest. “I’m sorry.” He broke character, not sure how he felt anymore.

Blaine. God damn it! Why did this man invade everything good in his life?! He let out a gentle cry as the tears slipped. “I’m sorry.” He repeated and pressed his forehead to his knees. “I’m so… so sorry.”

“Kurt…” the name felt like a plea on his tongue. Sebastian didn’t bother with his pants he just knelt there on the floor, giving in to the need to comfort Kurt somehow. He still didn’t know what happened, but he sure as hell wasn’t doing it again. These weren’t the good kind of tears. These were definitely bad and it hurt him to hear Kurt sound so… defeated.

“Babe, don’t apologize, you didn’t do anything wrong. Can we talk about it?” Sebastian kept his voice light, soothing, trying to show that he was out of the scene too, this was just Kurt and Sebastian the people, and if Kurt needed anything, he wanted to know, needed to know.

Kurt opened his mouth but nothing came out. “I... I...” He shivered. “He calls me that. D-Don’t call me that.” He breathed in shakily. “Get me out of this dress! Now!” He whispered, arms up so Sebastian could pull it off. “NOW SEBASTIAN!” He shouted desperately.

Sebastian felt like the wind had been knocked out of him. He moved without saying anything, hurrying to stand as he tugged the dress from the hem up. It peeled off Kurt easily enough and was tossed to the side without much thought. There was no enjoyment right now, only concern and confusion.

Kurt pressed himself into Sebastian’s arms, against his chest. He cried against his neck holding onto him tightly. “I’m not a good little slut. I’m not a good little slut.” He chanted softly. He loved slut shaming, he did. But those words in that particular sentence had him shivering in abandon. He didn’t remember how to breathe, the sharp smacks that came with it when inebriation had been involved. He let out a shaky breath before pulling away. “You may call me slut, just never say…” He choked
on the words, hoping Sebastian could remember the phrase and file it away in ‘hard kinks not to use’. Kurt’s body shook but he slowly, almost achingly got back on his knees, hands behind his back in sub position two and opened his mouth once again.

This was uncharted territory for Sebastian, but he held on to Kurt, squeezing him tight as he sobbed. Someone had done this to him, that was the only real thought Sebastian could muster. The boyfriend, probably. Maybe not, maybe it was some god awful customer, but it felt like something that had happened more than once and it made no sense that he’d agree to keep seeing an abusive customer. It made Sebastian seethe.

“Never again, I promise.” Sebastian let him go, watching him in awe as he sank back to his knees, slipping back into his role with a practiced ease that left Sebastian feeling clumsy and a little lost. “You don’t have to…” he offered quietly.

Kurt finally moved to look at him. “I do. You’re paying for it.” He breathed out slowly before nodding. “Please, sir? Please?” He whispered, needing no control. He needed nothing but to be completely submissive and to please his Dom. His Sir. His Master. Right now, he needed to be tied up, gagged or… something.

The moment seemed unending, like a fear inducing drug, slowing his system. Would Sebastian want him still? Surely he’d lost his erection status, and maybe he didn’t enjoy breaking character to soothe Kurt. Maybe that was it, one ‘yellow’ light and it was over.

He didn’t want it to be over. No one understood what he needed. No one could GIVE him what he needed. Tonight he needed his Dom. He needed the man to bend him over, fuck him and spank him, slut shame him in the right way to get his cock twitching.

Kurt felt mentally unstable and it had to end. His Dom had to end his worry.

Sebastian was halfway to arguing that he wasn’t paying to make Kurt feel like crap, but then Kurt was pleading, his voice so soft and needy. Sebastian raked a hand through his hair and took a quick breath before stepping in close again. He searched Kurt’s eyes for any sign that he was pushing himself, but couldn’t find one. Simply put, Sebastian had a long way to go before he fully understood what the hell he was doing, but he knew what his gut told him and that was that if Kurt needed to stop, he would. Right now, he needed Sebastian to take the reigns again, so that’s what he would do.

He slowly ran his fingers through Kurt’s hair, just above his ear, repeating the motion until his own heart was beating at a much less frantic pace. “Help me out of my pants then.” He whispered, needing just a little longer to make the transition back. He wanted the control, but it came at a heavy cost. Deep down he understood that Kurt was trusting him, a stranger, with more than just his body.

Kurt nodded. “Yes, Sir.” He said and helped pull his pants off his feet. “Sir?” He whispered. He placed his hands on the carpet and licked his lips. He looked up at him with a desperate plea. “Make me yours.” He whispered.

Sebastian knelt in front of Kurt without any further hesitation. He stripped off his shirt and tie, quickly, throwing them off to the side. He took Kurt’s face in his hands and guided it to his half soft dick. “You’re mine,” he told him. “Mine.”

He controlled Kurt’s head between his hands, putting his face right where he wanted it. “Open up for me.”

Kurt’s eyes were dazed, lost in the moment. He wasn’t oblivious but he wasn’t sexually adapting. He
opened his mouth like it was routine, sliding forward out of his hands and took his cock in his mouth. He knew he lacked passion and fervor, he just wanted his Dom happy. He wanted his perfect Master not to hate him. He knew he was thinking too much, he couldn’t stop it.

It wasn’t right. Sebastian could feel the difference in Kurt’s demeanor right away. His movements were mechanical, obedient, but without any interest. “Stop. Kurt, stop.” Sebastian backed up a little himself, but he left his hand on Kurt’s shoulder; a thin tether keeping them connected. Now that he was looking again, he could see the glazed look in Kurt’s eyes.

“Something’s not right and I’m going to need you to tell me what it is or what you need right now. So I’m going to grab my shirt and when I get back we’re going to talk.” Sebastian gently let go of Kurt. His instincts were warring inside him and he wasn’t sure what to listen to. All he could come up with was taking control of this situation verbally until he could be sure Kurt was really okay after having to tell him not to use the offending phrase. But it didn’t feel like enough. He wanted to be covered, and maybe offer the same to Kurt, to create a difference between being in scene and out.

Once he had his shirt on, mostly buttoned, he grabbed a throw from the bed and offered it to Kurt as he sat. “Do you want to cover up or put on something while we talk?”

Kurt took the cover quietly, frowning. Was he not doing a good job? He knew how to suck cock, it wasn’t that hard! He bit his lip and looked up at his master and then at the covers in his hands. He wrapped it around him and sighed. “M’Sorry.” He murmured. “You’re paying for this time… You should use it.” He whispered.

Instinctively, as if they were dating he leaned forward and began fixing all of Sebastian’s buttons, his eyes narrowed as he left his troubles and worked on the pristine little buttons. “I just… I don’t want to be the giver… I… I want you to hurt me.” He said softly.

“I deserve it. I deserve to be punished.” He said softly.

“I am using it.” Sebastian told him firmly. He watched Kurt’s hands as he methodically button the remaining buttons on his shirt. His fingers were nimble, the touches barely there. Sebastian wondered what it would be like to come home to that at the end of a long day. Kurt on his knees, ready to undress him, to wait on him.

His voice interrupted that line of thinking though. At least Sebastian understood now, or he thought he did. After the interruption what Kurt needed was punishment. Even though technically he’d done nothing wrong, maybe he needed it all the same. Sebastian settled his fingers in Kurt’s hair; stroking as he spoke.

“Tell me why you deserve to be punished.” Sebastian kept his voice even; strong. He could do that. He wanted to do it, but he wanted it to be good for both of them. Otherwise all of this was a waste of time and money as far as he was concerned. The last time he’d seen Kurt, he’d beat him far too hard, too fast. Tonight the pain ought to be drawn out, eased into. Something that would stay with both of them. Something that would leave it’s mark on Kurt. His mark.

“Because I’m a bad boy and I…” Kurt’s brows furrowed. He never had to explain before. He opened his mouth. “I-I…” He just stared at the floor, fighting for the appropriate words. “I’m… I’m a bad boy.” He whispered. “I don’t understand why that’s so hard to understand, sir. I yellow lighted, which was even the wrong word for something that wasn’t physically harming me. I don’t know. I’m a very bad boy, Master.” He said softly, torn at his own answer.

Sebastian chose his words carefully. “You are bad, very bad. You’re right, you should be punished.” He stood up, not keeping the pretense of modesty any longer. The shirt kept him only partially
covered. “You will kneel here.” he pointed to the floor by the bed. “On your hands and knees. I’m going to spank you for this, twenty strokes. And at the end of twenty if I’m satisfied that my handprint will stay on your ass long enough, we’ll stop. If not, I’ll have to mark you in some other way.”

“Y-Yes sir.” Kurt whispered and moved to kneel, hands and knees on the carpet. “I understand sir.” He took a soft breath, eyes closed and he pressed his forehead to the ground, chewing on his lower lip. “I am a very bad boy, Sir.”

Sebastian ran his hand over Kurt’s body beginning at his head and trailing over the length of his back, pausing over each luscious ass cheek. This was what he really wanted. This was everything. The rest was all just fluff and filling he really didn’t know how to navigate through yet. This though, this was base desire. It was a headrush, the power he felt just looking at Kurt’s submissive stance, the way he offered himself, the way he needed this the same way Sebastian did. All of it coursed through Sebastian and his heart began to race. This time, he told himself, this time had to be about keeping control. But just because he was planning to keep in control, that didn’t mean he couldn’t give them both exactly what they wanted.

Kurt’s skin was glowing, and Sebastian massaged it gently, squeezing, coaxing the blood to the surface. “This time beautiful, instead of keeping count, you’re going to thank me for every strike.” With that he brought his hand down in a slap that only left the slightest tingle in his hand.

Kurt closed his eyes and nodded. “Yes, Sir!” He whispered and opened his eyes slowly before staring at the floor. He felt the hands sliding over him, squeezing and he let it relax him. He felt his ass warm to the treatment and he closed his eyes tight.

The smack was okay, it wasn’t a true slap and nothing he was expecting. It was almost a let down. “T-Thank you sir. Thank you!” He took a soft breath, putting his ass higher in the air. Just the perfect slap had him easing into what he was finding to be his natural mindset. The rest of Sebastian’s knowledge needed taught but he knew how to spank a sub, his subs at least. He knew how to take care of a problem or issue. He liked that he understood Kurt’s wants and needs to be punished despite the fact the only thing he did wrong as forget a word.

Kurt knew that the spankings weren’t just for him, and maybe, just maybe, they made the Sebastian and Kurt thing work more beautifully.

Sebastian let his hand come down rather quickly, though he kept the slaps to just past stinging. He wanted Kurt to still be able to take his cock after, imagined him riding it, careful to protect his red cheeks as he moved above Sebastian. Just as he’d hoped, the marks across Kurt’s ass became more and more visible, pink and red prints littered around both cheeks, crossing over one another in a pattern that was much more artful than Sebastian could have hoped for.

His own hand was beginning to sting from the repeated strokes, but it was a pleasant burn, one that kept him in place, kept him in his own skin even as he neared the last few strokes. Sebastian paused, fingers ghosting down Kurt’s thighs, eyes trailing over the lines of his body, the way his balls hung heavy and red between his legs. Sebastian wanted. He wanted this, and not just right now, he felt it shoot through him sizzling in his veins. He wanted this for more than a temporary release.

Nineteen came down and the slap of flesh on flesh made Sebastian shiver, twenty made him ache all the way to his toes. He needed help, he knew. Not to fix a problem, but help learning what the hell he was doing. Probably more help than could be gleaned from the internet because so far he’d read a lot and learned practically nothing, and if Kurt was going to continue to let Sebastian see him, then he needed to improve and fast. What he wasn’t ready to admit was that the need to do this right for Kurt had much more to do with Kurt himself and a kernel of terrifying hope that was lodging itself
deep in the center of Sebastian. If he faced it or looked too closely he’d see he was setting himself up for a bad fall. As much as his handprint all over Kurt’s ass looked like, MINE, Kurt wasn’t his.

“Lay down,” Sebastian urged, his voice tight as he climbed up alongside Kurt to check in with him.

Kurt cried out with the last slap to his ass. “Thank you, sir!” He begged and fell down, panting against the cool sheets, eyes blissed out. That was the best punishment he’d ever felt, and his body sang praises of thanks with every throb of pain in his ass. He knew better than to speak so he kept quiet before hearing the intercom beep three times. That was his 30 minute mark. He took a small breath, happy only a quarter of their time had passed.

“M-Master? May I speak?” He asked, eyes in a lovely haze of pain and punishment. He shifted just an inch so his eyes could meet Sebastian’s chin, at a point in the relationship he knew that meeting his eyes was wrong. He was just a sub and that was all.

“Yes, Kurt, thank you for asking.” Sebastian settled in on his side, not quite touching any part of Kurt except where he was stroking at Kurt’s hair with his hands. He didn’t know if he was about to hear something about what a piss poor job he was doing and he didn’t think he could take it at this point, but if that’s what Kurt was about to say then he’d just have to hear it.

He was loose limbed, like Kurt, having experienced a kind of release that he’d never had before. Where before he’d felt strung tight and hot when he’d punished Kurt (pushed him too far), this time he felt sated and warm. In a place of rest and pause while he thought about what was going to happen next. Hopefully Kurt could shed some light on the matter. He was better than Sebastian. Better at being a sub than Sebastian was at being a Dom. All Sebastian could hope for was a learning curve and enough money and right moves to keep Kurt around. It made him feel vulnerable in a way he should hate.

“Master…” Kurt let out a soft breath. “I want to see you in the panties, Sir.” He smiled, biting his lip before glancing away, loving the feeling of Sebastian’s hand twining its way through his hair.

“And… Before we go further, Sir. I need a date.” He leaned up just enough to open the drawer and pulled out a black envelope while they were in their rest period of the play time.

“Do you know what this is?” He asked, pressing a hand to the envelope, turning it over. “They are very rare to come by in certain crowds, I’m sure you have never seen one but you may have heard of it.” He handed the envelope to the male. “I request that you be my date. Actually… I demand it. If you want this to continue.” His eyes turned stony, resilient in his stand. Sebastian would come with him, whether he gnawed inside with worry or not.

Kurt’s words knocked his breath clean out of him. Sebastian stared at him, at his profile as he turned, at the way his lips parted so open and kissable. For the thousandth time he wondered how the creature next to him was even real. How did he manage to flip things over and around so easily? Sebastian sucked in some much needed air, not yet having found the ability to talk. He just watched as Kurt leaned away, listened, the word ‘date’ taking root in his mind in so many different ways that he had to force himself to stop and wait for the rest of whatever Kurt was saying.

Sebastian shook his head, but took the envelope turning it over in his hands before glancing back up as Kurt finished speaking. The demand, that little spike of control Kurt let loose had him carefully pulling the enclosed card out as he sat up to get a better look at what was inside. He hoped he did know what it was.

The card itself was almost entirely devoid of decoration, the script neat and slanted specifying the date and time and that formal attire was expected. There was no number to R.S.V.P. to, no name of the host or the reason for the gathering. Only that it would admit the bearer of the card and one guest.
“Yes.” Sebastian whispered then cleared his throat because he hadn’t meant his reply to sound so soft in the quiet of the room. “Yes, I’ll go.” He didn’t say thank you, he didn’t grab Kurt up in a crushing hug and roll him around the bed like a giddy teenager like he wanted to. Instead he reached for Kurt’s hand and gave it a little squeeze as the possibilities swam behind his eyes. He was going to his first black party and Kurt was his date.

Kurt let out a small sigh of relief and squeezed his hand back, his eyes sliding up to Sebastian’s structured jaw line then up to his eyes. “Good. Now… Panties.” He said and moved to sit, eyes squeezing shut at the pain before opening, hazy once more. The pain was superb, the lasting linger of searing skin had him on edge for what was to come.

Not just that night but for the party. A black party was an exclusive invite-only BDSM party. They were rare and hard to get into without the right circle of friends and money. Not only would Sebastian be able to see all the things they could do later on, he’d be offered opportunities to participate and be taught and Kurt loved to be the center of attention on a bed, doms surrounding him.

His toes curled at the thought and he hoped maybe, just maybe, Sebastian could be trained as a switch. To be the best dom, you had to know what it felt like to submit. He prayed the opportunity would arise but wasn’t determined to make it happen, not if his dom didn’t want it to.

He pulled out the green lingerie from the bag and handed it to Sebastian silently. “You will meet me here that night, an hour before that time so I can check that your outfit is appropriate. Underwear as well. I will also be on a leash that night and it will be your job to give me permissions, but we’ll discuss that when that night comes, alright?”

Sebastian stood, taking the panties between his fingers, feeling the near weightless material. He couldn’t help but let his eyes flit over Kurt as he moved, stretching the skin over his ass. He must be sore, but not so much that he was out for the night. It was hard to focus on just one thing, though his dick seemed to be okay with that. It was still rock hard even as Sebastian moved to finish stripping and pull the flimsy panties on.

He gave Kurt a little nod of understanding. He’d dress his part, underwear and all. That was something Sebastian could handle, if nothing else. He knew how to play the part of the well dressed date. Kurt on a leash, on the other hand. God that was the stuff of fantasy and would require determination and poise if he wasn’t going to yank him against a wall and take him before anyone else got to see him like that. In fact…

Sebastian ran his hands down his sides, down his ass, turning and looking down at his body, his mind in two places at once. He was jealous, just thinking of everyone that would see Kurt, despite being on the other end of that leash. Which was crazy considering he knew what Kurt did for a living. People saw him all the time. Many people. They did more than see him. But when he was with Sebastian, he was just Sebastian’s…

Those were dangerous thoughts so he squashed them down and swallowed them away. The party would be amazing, momentary jealousy aside. “Alright,” he answered turning back to face Kurt. He felt hot and the panties were too small, but he wanted to feel Kurt against him again, now.

He leaned in and kissed the corner of Kurt’s mouth, briefly. “You have excellent taste, babe.” He licked his lips.

Kurt smiled easily into his lips and slowly wound their legs together, kissing back. “So do you.” He breathed easily and pointed to the drawer. “Gag me? I want to scream for you now.” Kurt’s eyes were calm and he slowly slipped his legs away from Sebastian and turned.
Sebastian could do a lot of things in this situation, he could continue his ruthless session of marking or he could just pummel into Kurt’s ass, he certainly was large enough. Kurt trailed his fingers over the tight green pouch filled with his cock and balls. He squeezed it as if trained to tease.

“Fuck me.” He breathed out softly. “Fuck me, Master.” His urge to whisper ‘daddy’ was needy and desperate but he knew certain limits couldn’t be breached and they’d really never had a proper discussion about it anyway. It was definitely a discussion worth having. He let out a soft breath as he took in Sebastian’s form, tall, lean, dominant. Even the way he held himself made Kurt know internally he would never have so much trust and power as the man on top of him.

“You’re so good to me, Kurt, do you know that?” Sebastian’s tone was light, pleased, his hands gentle despite the need in him, the hurricane of emotions held firmly in check now. He wanted to do it, to fuck Kurt, mark him deep inside so that no matter who might touch him later or tomorrow it would only be a shadow of what Sebastian had done.

Sebastian settled over him, hips canting down, rubbing himself wantonly against Kurt, grinding his sore ass into the bed. “My good boy,” he whispered, not able to stop the praise from slipping out. “I’ll fuck you so deep, baby, so hard.” He didn’t know where it came from exactly but it felt right, his boy.

His cock felt so good in the satin slipping against the heat and sweat and precome between them. It made him almost whimper, god Kurt always knew, how did he do it? Sebastian wanted to make him come so hard he wouldn’t even need to jerk off for the next twenty four hours.

He pulled back, gazing down at Kurt, at the flutter of his lashes, the roundness of his bottom lip, the perspiration beading here and there, an errant freckle, the dip of his hip bone, his cock flushed pink and ready between them. “Get yourself ready for me. I want to watch. I want to see how you do when you’re alone.”
Kurt nearly moaned at the command. He loved it, he loved how blunt Sebastian was about their sex lives and if he wanted to see Kurt prepare himself, of course would show him. He sucked on his fingers, glad for half a moment he wasn’t gagged before reaching behind him, shoving two fingers into himself, face pressed to the bed. He reached with his other hand for his hard cock, stroking it just a bit to ease the uncomfortable annoyance of opening himself.

Kurt stopped the movement on his member and proceeded to scissor himself open for Sebastian, letting him see how ruthless he was, even on himself. “Fuck… Want your cock, Master!”

It took more control than Sebastian knew he had to watch Kurt finger himself open. His hole was so pink and shiny with spit that it made his balls ache. The only way to stop himself from just diving forward to feel those fingers sliding in and out with his tongue was to lean around and find the gag Kurt requested. By the time Kurt was begging for it, and Jesus he was practically gagging for it himself; Sebastian was more than ready.

“First things first,” Sebastian told him, the hitch in his voice belying his calm. “I still want to hear you trying to scream around this,” he told Kurt as he fastened the gag in place. The ball of it fit nicely in Kurt’s mouth, but it wasn’t so big that it stretched Kurt’s mouth too wide, it was enough that he wouldn’t be able to form words and could bite down if need be.

After checking that the gag was comfortably in place, and running his fingers through Kurt’s hair, Sebastian slicked himself up, his hand rough and cursory on his cock for fear he’d lose it and shoot all over Kurt’s backside, and then he pushed the excess lube into Kurt’s hole, though he hardly needed it.

He slid in, slow and steady, squeezing himself hard before letting go to hold on to Kurt’s hips as he sank the rest of the way in. “God you take it so well, baby.” Sebastian watched as Kurt’s body sucked him all the way in until his hips were flush with Kurt’s ass. He wasn’t going to last and that was okay because what he needed right now was exactly what Kurt asked for. He was going to fuck Kurt into the mattress.

Kurt, meanwhile, was relishing in the comfort-dom he seemed to have found. Even when he placed the ball gag between his yearning lips he was soft about it. The gentle caress of his hair and the soft command had him nodding. He gave a small moan as he heard Sebastian slicking himself up and was glad to know the sound was still evident, just muffled as a check for the red light signal.

Once he was assured he could stop the session at any point he let out his stress in one sigh and relaxed. His hands clenched and unclenched just before he felt the length of Sebastian start opening him. He let out a subtle gasp and braced as he pushed all the way in. A moan caught between him and the ball gag has his toes curling, his marked body tensing and he pushed back on the cock.

The only thought coursing through him was ‘I’m owned and he’s my master. Let him fuck me and I’ll be sated.’ That was enough to have him rock hard and ready.

The heat around his cock was incredible. Kurt’s skin was satin, smooth, practically hairless, and sinking into him was better every time. Kurt was going supple and relaxed under Sebastian as he pulled back out and slid slowly home again. “Fuck,” He whispered, bending so he could mouth at Kurt’s spine.

Kurt’s body opened up, he didn’t need Sebastian to set an easy pace, he was ready, his every sigh
around the gag letting Sebastian know he was ready. Sebastian snapped his hips forward once, testing, his hands going to Kurt’s hips, grip going tighter than before. “Don’t forget, I’m expecting to still hear something from you,” Sebastian told him, his voice wavering only a little from holding back.

He didn’t give any more warning, but pulled all the way out and slid back, setting a rough pace, one that filled the room with the sound of skin slapping skin. Sebastian let go, let the strain and uncertainty from earlier slip away from him as he pounded into Kurt. The slick of their bodies meeting, the sweat pooling along Kurt’s spine, the way Kurt undulated beneath his hands, these were the only things he could focus on. If he thought for a second about how good it felt, how close he was, he’d lose it and run headlong into his orgasm, and he wasn’t ready, not until Kurt was spent.

Kurt was gasping and moaning as his body was rocked from sheer force of Sebastian’s thrusts. He was filled over and over, roughly, his mouth stretched as he cried out for Sebastian and he pushed back, trying to find that spot within himself, only using his Dom’s cock as the tool to get him to that earth-shattering point.

Just as Kurt arched his back, the cock slid in at the perfect angle, making Kurt scream. “FUCK!” He cried out, everything suddenly feeling stretched and overly hot. His eyes shut, clenched as he rocked back and forth on the bed, his knees slipping and his hands clutching the sheets.

Sebastian fell forward, pressing Kurt into the sheets as he fucked him ever harder, his thrusts beginning to lack rhythm. He slid his hands up Kurt’s sides, into his hair, around his neck, never stopping long anywhere, but wanting to touch him everywhere. Mine, mine, he thought. My perfect boy.

He ate up Kurt’s muffled cries, mouthing at the back of his neck, at his shoulder. Finally he pulled himself up enough to work at finding just the right angle to take Kurt apart. As much as he wanted to keep up his pace indefinitely, it was impossible. He felt strained tight all over.

Sebastian balanced his palm in the center of Kurt’s back, pressing him down as he drove into him, deep and hard, searching, needing to bring Kurt off this way, without touching his cock.

Kurt cried out louder, his lips were on him and it was driving him up the wall. He didn’t have enough, he needed more of this man deep inside him. Kurt’s blissful screams deepened when Sebastian pushed him down, angling sharply and slammed into him over and over. “FUCK!” He screamed and rocked his hips as much as he could, trying to get friction on his cock.

“S-Seb! M-Master!” He cried until the man slammed into his prostate over and over, causing his body to tighten, straining until he was on the edge. “SIR!”

Sebastian’s legs trembled with the effort to keep going, he was so close, so fucking close, and Kurt’s screams were keeping him right on the edge. “Again, say it again, and come. Come. For. Me.” Sebastian’s world focused down to just the ways their bodies were connected, to just his Kurt, to just the pleasure that was rushing toward him. He only needed Kurt to let go first.

Kurt complied to the commands immediately, his body shaking as hot spurts of cum splashed between his abdomen and the sheets, his body shaking with enthusiasm at the need to comply to his dom’s demands. He pressed his body flat to the sheets and his own mess. “Ahh…” He groaned, the ring digging into his cheeks. “Fuck.” He groaned.

Sebastian’s hips stuttered to a stop as he came, Kurt’s ass still clenching in time to his heartbeat around him. For a moment he thought he might just collapse on Kurt, but thought better of it at the last moment and rolled to the side, still plastered against Kurt, petting his back as he tried to get his breathing under control.
As soon as he could breathe, and think, Sebastian leaned up to unclasp the gag, dropping a kiss on Kurt’s head as he carefully pulled it out. “Better?” he asked softly.

Kurt panted, closing his eyes. “Yes, Sir.” He breathed out, glancing at Sebastian. He smiled up at him and pressed his head to his chest. “Sir?” He kissed the males chin. “I love being with you, Sir.” He said, eyes on the man carefully. “Thank you.” He blinked slowly, raising his hands to rub at his jaw, smiling honestly up at Sebastian.

Sebastian pulled Kurt close, cradling his head against his chest, as much to hold him tight as to hide his reaction to Kurt’s words. “You’re welcome, angel.” Sebastian whispered. There wasn’t a way to explain the way he felt just then. Light maybe, lighter than he was used to feeling. Like a heaviness had been lifted off him. It was raw too though, because he didn’t want them to be laying there together in a place where Kurt belonged to many. He wanted to be at home, taking care of him, tucking him close to sleep, and that… that wasn’t ever…

He swallowed the lump in his throat and gave Kurt another tight squeeze before disentangling their limbs. “I need to look you over.” He said, pushing gently until he could sit up all the way.

Kurt smiled as he was held, loving the aftercare that his dom always brought. He licked his lips, wetting them from their rough treatment from the gag. He coughed and nodded, stretching out to show all the marks Sebastian had left frozen in time on his body. Kurt’s head tilted to look up at the man before bashfully closing his eyes, knowing that even within himself, that the words had an effect.

He did love being with Sebastian, he was a dom in so many ways yet he still had years of learning to catch up on. There was no such thing as a crash course and the best way to learn was to be a sub yourself but Kurt didn’t want to top his perfect dom. His innocent-not-so-innocent dom. He knew they needed to find a tutor at the party, someone who could top him in a nonsexual way, who could show him how to work the ropes in their situation.

Kurt was praying it would happen. And Kurt didn’t pray. Ever.

Sebastian pulled away, his hands skimming over Kurt’s skin. “Roll over for me, Kurt.” Reluctantly he rolled away himself and sat up so he could dispose of the condom and grab some water. There was a bottle of lotion sitting on the nightstand which he also brought back with him. The sight of Kurt’s raw and marked skin sent a little thrill through him, but Sebastian reminded himself that he wasn’t supposed to get distracted just yet. Right now was about Kurt and making sure that he was taken care of properly. “You’re amazing, do you know that?” Sebastian told him as he crawled back on the bed, fingers tracing up Kurt’s calf, the back of his thigh.

He’d definitely left his mark, and that left a smug sense of satisfaction deep in Sebastian’s chest. Others would see. They might not know who, but they would definitely see. He warmed the lotion, organic healing something or rather, expensive feeling shit, between his fingers, before starting on Kurt’s thighs. Best to get the hard part over so Kurt could relax after.

“Let me know if this is too much,” he commanded softly. He didn’t add how it felt like too much and not enough to him already. Instead he let his mind wander to the party and kept his hands steady, rubbing gently up to the curve of Kurt’s ass.

Kurt nodded. “Yes, Sir.” He closed his eyes, letting the feeling of Sebastian rubbing his thighs and ass, working the lotion –it was more of an ointment- into his skin to ease the dark, swollen marks. Kurt loved the soft stinging sensation that touching the marks brought, his synapses firing blissfully at every stroke of his hands.
“You’re excellent at that.” He said softly, his eyes still shut. “Sir.” He added, moving his hands through his own hair, feeling the strands oily with sweat. “I need a shower.” He whispered, stretching out more for his dom.

“You really do,” Sebastian mused, moving up Kurt’s back. Kurt was stretching like a cat and derailing Sebastian’s train of thought entirely. “I don’t think I have enough time left to stay for that.” He licked at his lips imagining Kurt under a spray of hot water. Not tonight, he told himself firmly.

Kurt laughed and pressed his hands to the back of his neck. “Maybe next time then?” He asked softly before sitting up and moving to his knees. “We could do that… Or whatever else you want…” He murmured, touching his cheek.

Sebastian had to wonder if Kurt knew the hold he had over him already. “Let’s get cleaned up,” he said, swiping at the cooling sweat along Kurt’s hairline. Anything you want, Kurt, he thought. He moved, giving Kurt room to get up, and swung his feet over the side of the bed. The room was still in a bit of a disarray from before, and Sebastian wondered if someone else did the cleaning or if it was left to Kurt to handle. He stood, watching Kurt, not aware he was still checking to make sure he moved easily and wasn’t badly injured in any way. He was likely still sore and would be for a while, which gave Sebastian a sense of satisfaction, but he wasn’t holding himself like someone deeply hurt.

Kurt felt sore none-the-less. He did get fairly beaten and he knew it wouldn’t fully heal until about the time Sebastian would remake the wounds anyway. His chest was still nearly untouched and he was happy that for the promo photos they had to do this week, he could still be nude and pose correctly.

The boy heard the beeping and glanced at Sebastian. “You’re my last customer of the night… You don’t have to rush.” He said as he moved to grab all of the toys and put them in the small box under the table to be sanitized fully and grabbed a rubber suit from the closet before laying it on the bed for one of the overnight shifts. He grabbed the powder and sat down, opening the suit up to expose the more touched insides and he started powdering it fully. Kurt’s eyes slid up to Sebastian’s and he smiled. “I love our meetings.” He said softly. “You are going to be a great dom to some lucky boy.”

“If you’re sure, I’ll start the water warming up.” Sebastian’s mouth quirked at the rubber suit. He’d never put much thought toward anything like it, but just in the short time he’d known Kurt, he could see how almost anything would be appealing with him.

He stood, rolling his shoulders. Kurt’s words filled him with a spreading warmth. At the same time it was another reminder of their situation. Anything that happened between them, no matter how it felt, was a business transaction. That didn’t mean he wouldn’t keep coming back, because of course he would, it changed nothing to be reminded. In fact it was probably good for him. Kurt was smart.

“Someday,” he deflected.

“Yeah… Someday.” Kurt replied happily as he slid his hand down the suit.
Kurt waited at the front door, both tickets in hand. He knew Sebastian would be working late but he didn’t think it would take this long. He’d approved the males outfit the day before down to the
panties he’d be wearing beneath the leather pants. He licked his lips as he knelt by the door, the doorman being polite enough to hold the umbrella for him. He waited patiently as water dripped around them.

Kurt swallowed, knowing he should call, but it wasn’t in his instructions. He knew, even as the sub, he was the instructor tonight. He still couldn’t rip himself out of kneeling there like a fool as people passed, petting him on his head, his leash dangling from his neck. “It’s been an hour, Mr. Hummel. Would you like me to find you a towel and a warm partner to snuggle up to?”

Kurt lowered his head before shaking it. “No, Sir. I am a one man slave tonight.” He said simply, raising his eyes once more as a car pulled up.

Sebastian was late. Maybe unforgivably late, not the fashionable sort of lateness that made people respect you. The sort that might make a date bail on you. Work had run late, as expected, but it wasn’t what kept him so long. He was dressed to Kurt’s specifications, had been for the last hour and a half, but he’d found himself stalling. It wasn’t a conscious action. He just began by checking his email. Then his voicemails. Set his phone to vibrate. Started a load of laundry so he wouldn’t have to worry about it later. He caught site of a stack of mail he needed to go through, so he sat and did that which is how he found himself sitting at his desk opening even the obvious junk-mail, methodically sorting into stacks of bills and recycling. Before he could leave he had to brush his teeth again, got water on the end of his tie and worried at it until it was dry again. At that point he was already over thirty minutes late and starting to break out in a slight sweat.

“Fuck,” he swore into the empty apartment, slid into his jacket and called down to his driver.

Kurt had done his best to prepare Sebastian, but all of that was theory, and Sebastian was more than a little overwhelmed about performing his role as a Dom in public. He had a whiskey on the rocks to steady his nerves, but he barely felt it. The car pulled up to the front, and Sebastian got out, standing as tall and straight as he could as he walked in, and there, just inside, was Kurt, on his knees, waiting.

Sebastian’s hand reached for him, lightly resting on top of his head for just a second before he spoke. “Have you been waiting here all this time?”

Kurt slid his eyes all the way up, hair still wet from the stalled rain and nodded. “Yes, sir.” He said and then looked down at his leash. “I waited for Sir like a good boy!” He held up the tickets. “Can slave go play now, Sir?” He asked, eyes wide. He knew he’d get the explanation out of him after the party, he wasn’t in the mood to be mad, he truly wanted to show the man an experience of a lifetime. He could hear the muffled voices from within the large building and could feel the beat of the music beneath his knees.

He needed to be inside just as one needed air. He needed to join.

“My good, sweet angel,” Sebastian said, his voice hushed, only for Kurt’s ears. “Let’s go play.”

Even though he felt guilty for leaving Kurt waiting, and knew he’d have to find a way to make it up to him, it was Kurt that gave him a sense of balance. He felt calmer than he had all day.

Somewhere deeper inside there was a steady thrum of bass and Sebastian’s heart was almost beating in time to it already. He was as ready as he’d ever be. So he reached down for Kurt’s leash, letting it slide through his fingers until he reached the end. “Stand up.” Others were talking behind him and walking past, but he only had eyes for Kurt.

Kurt stood, proudly moving to be next to the taller man in which he was slowly claiming as his favorite dom. Despite his lack of training, Sebastian was someone Kurt could see himself learning
with… and loving. That was a dangerous thought path so he moved quickly away from it and brushed a hand down the side of the male, trying to calm him, sensing his nervousness. He opened the door for the man with his free hand and the one resting on his side tensed slightly before relaxing, letting Sebastian lead him into the sweaty crowd of nudity and paraphernalia-induced highs.

“Drink?” A woman clad only in nipple clamps and a bedazzled thong asked, carrying a silver tray of cups with pills in them and pink liquids. Kurt looked over to Sebastian and gave a subtle shake of the head. No. It wasn’t something they wanted nor needed for their first time at a black sheet party together. What they needed was a small gathering to witness some basic forms of dominance and submission. His eyes scanned the crowd before the doors to look at signs labeling certain sub-parties happening within the large house. He found the stairs and knew they weren’t at the level of participating publically just yet.

Kurt spotted a couple walking towards a door labeled ‘Tutoring’ and could tell they owned the show. It was so natural to them and the crowd around them seemed to part as if a biblical parting of the seas. Kurt’s eyes followed as they unlocked the doors and opened them. Kurt tugged on Sebastian’s side gently and glanced up at him.

Sebastian gave Kurt a small smile in gratitude as his boy moved in closer to him, his touch a steadying point of contact. Kurt opened the door for them, and Sebastian schooled his expression as they entered the crowded room. He understood then, the expression, feast for the eyes, because that’s exactly what this was. So much so that Sebastian didn’t know how he could take it all in, but he led Kurt inside all the same.

Right away they were approached and offered drugs. Sebastian wasn’t clear on what they were exactly but he had a guess or two. He glanced to Kurt before shaking his head slightly at the server. She grinned at them over her shoulder as she sauntered away, getting lost in the throng ahead of them.

Thankfully Kurt had a destination for them in mind, otherwise Sebastian might have kept them on the edge, just drinking in the sights. Couples danced, they groped, they fucked, they laughed. A man was paddling his sub as he lay across his lap while a crowd gathered to watch, and all of that was just in their immediate vicinity.

Kurt very subtly began to lead them across to a door, and Sebastian followed, trying to take in everything he saw, some of it he filed away to look into later. They stopped just across from a door labeled ‘Tutoring’ and Kurt’s gentle tug was enough to get Sebastian to breath a sigh of relief. He leaned in, close to Kurt’s ear to whisper and still be heard. “My smart boy.”

He led Kurt through the doors after another couple. Inside was both exactly what one might expect and nothing at all like Sebastian could have guessed. It was lovely, dark, luxurious. A single huge bed took up the center of the room with seating around it. The windows were draped in black to match the bedding, the carpet was lush under his feet, the lighting bright enough to see, but low and soft. He led Kurt forward to a seat to the side, before it too was taken. Apparently this was a popular attraction. He sat, noting the small cushion beside the chair and nodded for Kurt to kneel.

Kurt knelt as his dom instructed with just a gesture. His knees fell and hit the plush cushion, head bowed as to not look at other doms. At shows like this, he was to stay silent and only watch the show. It was a learning experience, some day he wanted to participate. Today was not that day, but imagining Sebastian holding him down and tying him up was making his overly tight panties become even more painfully tight.

“Welcome ladies and gentlemen, subs and slaves. My name is Hunter Clarington and I will be going over the basics.” A confident man strode into the room and sat at the end of the bed. It was the same
man Kurt saw opening the doors with a sub. Kurt’s eyes were wide with envy at how confident the man was, only praying one day Sebastian could be that confident in this subject. It was also plausible Kurt knew this man from his past and had just now placed where. A small gasp escaped his lips and he focused intently on the words the man said.

“Sub!” He shouted and the younger boy, obviously experienced in his role walked in and knelt quickly in front but slightly to the side of his masters knees. “Good boy.” Hunter said and slid his hand through the boys hair. “This is Chandler, ladies and gentlemen, can we give him applause for his beauty alone?”

Sebastian watched, envious of the Dom’s authority. His sub was lovely, and Sebastian applauded, though he didn’t think anyone was as beautiful as Kurt, and so his hand slid to the back of Kurt’s neck, squeezing gently. After the applause wound down, Mr. Clarington patted his sub’s cheek affectionately. “Chandler has been my sub for three years, and in that time we’ve come to trust one another implicitly.” He didn’t look at Chandler, but turned slightly to the side to speak to him. “Up. On the bed.” Hunter stood, his eyes on the group around them as Chandler settled on the bed behind him on his knees, his hands resting on his thighs, head bowed, waiting.

“Trust is earned by each party. The dom trusts the sub to be open and honest and obedient, and the sub trust the dom to be attentive, easily understood, and to stick to the agreed upon parameters. I’m going to assume everyone here understands the foundation so we’re going to move into the first demonstration. Behind me, Chandler is in his waiting position. Any time I ask him to wait for me or get ready for me, this is how I expect to find him.” He turned and addressed his sub directly. Sebastian was totally entranced.

“Good boy. Tell our audience your safe word before we begin.” He commanded gently.

Chandler smiled and nodded. “Yes, Sir. My safe word is Geometry.” Chandler said softly, eyes never looking up to his Masters, steadfastly staring at the sheets beneath him.

“Chandler and I have disbanded the use of a ‘wait word’ as we felt it unnecessary after we got our bearings. This is something you can discuss with your sub as time moves forth, and you should always have updated versions of your contract in whatever area you deem your ‘play room’.” Hunter continued before sliding a hand through Chandler’s hair.

“Notice how whenever Chandler does something good, I compliment him or touch him. It’s a sign of understanding and acknowledging how well he did, even if it’s following a simple command. This is a basic and easy rule for all doms to follow because when you stop, the sub, who most likely will not say anything about it, will feel like they did not do the job properly enough for you or that you do not care to recognize the good job they’re doing.” Hunter continued before lowering his hand. “All BDSM relationships are different, no two are the same, and there are different levels you can label your relationship as. What Chandler and I have is a formal bond, we’re married through our relationship in bed and out. We are, for lack of a better word, old frumpy assholes.” Hunter smiled and nodded. “At any time during this demonstration, you’re allowed to ask questions. Our card is at the door for private tutoring as well.”

“Our next step is after care, as there are multiple showrooms around to show you how to play with your sub, this is to show you how to take care of your sub.”

Sebastian was almost sorry he wasn’t able to take notes. It wasn’t just what Hunter said, it was the way he commanded the air around him. He was definitely in charge, but that confidence didn’t require any great show of power or dominance. It was in the subtle way he pitched his voice, the careful way he attended Chandler, even when they weren’t touching or making eye contact. Sebastian could tell he was always aware of what Chandler was doing and where they were both at;
what he needed to do next. It was nothing less than inspiring. As he listened and watched, Sebastian
rubbed soft circles on the back of Kurt’s neck, between the collar and his hairline.

He sat up just a little straighter when Hunter mentioned aftercare. Sebastian let his eyes flick to the
top of Kurt’s head. “As with every aspect of BDSM, the degrees of aftercare desired and needed will
vary, so you’ll need to be open about this with your partner or partners. Some subs go much deeper
into subspace than others, this means they will need more time to come back to themselves. Aftercare
is about transitioning from the scene. It’s about connecting and bringing the play to an end. For
Chandler and I that means removal of any restraints or other implements, never leaving his body
untouched. Subs tend to be very physically needy, everything at the end of the session has to do with
a connection between dom and sub.

At all times there should be touching, hands against skin.” Even as Hunter said this, his hands slid
down Chandler’s back and the male’s eyes fluttered shut, a small breath of air escaping his lips as he
fully relaxed and succumbed to Hunter’s touch.

Hunter slid his hands slowly over Chandler’s back and then gently turned him so his back was to the
audience where it previously had not. “This is earlier work done on him by myself. As you can see,
we didn’t break skin so it will only sting when touched. There are multiple lotions and salves you
can buy to help the healing process. A simple lotion for aftercare will work though if your sub has no
open wounds.” Hunter paused to grab the lotion, one hand pressing to Chandler’s shoulder and
pressed down, the boy falling forward to his chest with a gentle ‘thump’ and he smiled, curling his
toes.

“Always make sure to never lose physical contact, let your fingers travel around, not over the
wounds. You want your sub to feel comfortable as well as safe.” Hunter informed. “Would anyone
like to try?”

It was beginning to feel warm in the room. Noticeably warmer than before, Sebastian was sure. The
sub was the picture of bliss as he settled further into the bed. That’s what he wanted to do to Kurt,
and really that’s what he’d been wanting for longer than he even knew what aftercare was. He
wanted to take someone, Kurt now, to the edge of their limits, and then bring them gently back. It
made his mouth feel dry but when Hunter locked eyes with him, Sebastian nodded, just once.
Hunter smiled, his hand still stroking softly at Chandler’s back. “We have a volunteer.” Sebastian let
his hand settle on top of Kurt’s head as he stood. “Watch for me, angel,” he whispered as he stood.
Later he’d ask for Kurt’s critique. He was still nervous, but Hunter’s magnetic pull combined with
Chandler’s perfect trust in the situation, brought him forward anyway.

Hunter slid his hand around Sebastian’s wrist, gently guiding him onto the bed. “That’s it. Chandler,
say hi to…?”

“Sebastian.” His voice was meek compared to Hunters.

“-To Sebastian.” Hunter said and kept his hand on Chandler’s back.

“Hello, Sir.” Chandler said, face still in a blissed-out smile. “Please, Sir, take care of me?”

Hunter grinned, holding Sebastian’s wrist and slid it to the small boys back. “Like this, trail your
fingers just beneath the marks, not enough to remind him of the pain, but just enough he can feel
your touch and let it soothe away any stinging sensation.” He paused as he helped Sebastian rub
Chandler’s back. “Good, that’s it. Your sub must be very lucky to have your touch.”

Something about the way Hunter kept eye contact, or the way his touch was so sure, had Sebastian
relaxing into the demonstration. He followed Hunter’s instructions meticulously, avoiding the red marks on Chandler’s back, but soothing the lotion in between and around them. “I’m learning,” Sebastian answered quietly, his eyes darting to meet Kurt’s back where he knelt.

“You have a sure touch and a kind voice. All of us had to start in the same place. The very beginning.” Hunter gave Chandler’s calf a little squeeze. “Feeling good?” He asked.

“Yes, sir. So good.” Chandler sighed and Hunter laughed under his breath.

“After any marks have been tended to, we do clean up. Some nights that’s a warm bath for the both of us, other nights it means a cool rag as he comes back up from subspace. You’ll need to be flexible from scene to scene to determine what will be the best for both of you. No matter what, even if Chandler falls asleep on me, I make sure both of us are cleaned up and hydrated before I go to sleep. Keep doing just that, Sebastian, and I’m going to move to his wrists.”

Hunter moved further up the bed and Chandler held out his hands obediently. It was beautiful the way they moved together, like a dance.

Kurt’s eyes moved over the scene, watching as his dom learned techniques he hadn’t known of before. Kurt smiled, a loving grin holding on his face as he knew how Chandler must feel. He had two patient and caring doms making him sigh with relief and genuine love for the human body.

To say Chandler’s body wasn’t fantastic would be a lie. Even Kurt felt the humming thrill rising within him to slap a whip across his back and feel the resounding throttle of the handle reverberating in his fist. To watch Chandler’s mouth open in a small ‘o’ as Kurt claimed him.

The same small ‘o’ that was being created as Hunter caressed and massaged up the boys arms and Sebastian rubbed his back, careful not to press too hard and remind him of the pain and ecstasy he’d endured only minutes before. “To end the demonstration, you give in to your sub.” Hunter said, fingers still kneading into his skin. “Sebastian, please sit back and I’ll let you do the honors.-- Your sub is one of a kind, they all need different things. You there, what do you need as soon as your play is over?” He asked to Kurt, kneeling on the floor obediently.

Kurt looked up at Sebastian who gave a small nod. “I need conversation and kissing. I need the boyfriend treatment, Sir.”

“Good boy.” Hunter responded making Kurt blush. “Chandler is similar. He needs phallic touch and kissing, but he prefers silence. Sebastian would you like to care for him or I could call someone else up who may have come alone without a sub?”

Kurt needed the boyfriend treatment. The word shouldn’t bring up such powerful images for Sebastian, but it did. Aftercare was something he loved almost more than the scene that might lead up to it. There was power in the surrender, the way a dom and sub could be in that space together.

Sebastian was aching for his own sub, for Kurt. He had followed Hunter and Chandler down this path of blissful after-release, but now he wanted Kurt under his fingers. “I’ll give someone else a shot,” he said, his fingers walking down Chandler’s legs softly so that he touched at his thigh, behind his knee, and his ankle, as a way of transitioning the touch out. Before stepping completely away, Sebastian glanced at Hunter, suppressing a shiver at the control the man was still radiating. “Thanks,” he said softly, just between the two of them.

He took his seat again next to Kurt and his hand went immediately to the back of Kurt’s neck where he slipped his fingers gently under the collar.
Kurt’s eyes fluttered shut at the feeling of Sebastian’s touch. He let his eyes fall but just in time to see another dom step in to touch Chandler in ways that made Kurt blush. He couldn’t imagine enjoying getting hard in aftercare. The point to him was that it was an end to a session, not a beginning to another.

He squeezed his knees with a small frown as Hunter let Chandler unwind and finish before telling everyone thanks for coming. The older dom hugged and touched those around them before waverind near Sebastian and Kurt. He knelt and Kurt smiled, glancing up with the smallest of looks.

“Kurt…. It’s been awhile.” Kurt nodded and bit his lip, waiting for Sebastian to give permission. Hunter noticed the action and looked up at Kurt’s dom.

“May he look and speak to me, Sebastian?” He asked with a grin.

Sebastian only vaguely registered the end of the presentation. His head was full of questions and ideas and now a few things he wanted to try out with Kurt. He did look up to see Hunter’s approach and the familiar way he knelt to talk to Kurt. Strangely enough it didn’t set off the kind of jealousy he’d expected it too.

“Of course, Kurt you are free to speak.” Sebastian was curious now, hoping Kurt would feel free to have this conversation in front of him and not ask for a moment of privacy.

Kurt grinned and slung his arms out to hug Hunter. “I’ve missed you!” He whispered. “I didn’t know you were back in town and dear goodness, Sir, Chandler is adorable! I’m so happy for you!” He said softly, not wanting to alert the room.

Hunter laughed, hugging back. “So… Who is training whom?” He asked as he leaned back. Kurt glanced up at Sebastian with a genuine smile.

“He’s doing very well. I think we’ll participate in a little skit later I watched going on.” Kurt said and made sure to keep a part of him constantly touching Sebastian.

Sebastian returned Kurt’s smile with one of his own. He knew he had a long way to go, but Kurt’s answer made him feel perfectly at ease with the situation. In a lot of ways, Sebastian thought, they seemed to completely understand each other in this matter. He appreciated Kurt’s subtle point of contact, too. Ever the professional, but it didn’t feel like a professional touch. It felt like a kindness and for that, Sebastian was grateful.

When he mentioned the skit, Sebastian raised an eyebrow in silent inquiry and grinned. Whatever it was, if Kurt thought it would be fun, he was all in. His attention snapped back to Hunter then, and his curiosity got the best of him. “Have you two known each other long?” Sebastian’s eyes flicked between the two, hoping he wasn’t stepping over any boundaries.

Kurt smiled, biting his lip. “I taught Kurt the basics of being a sub.” Hunter said as he ran his fingers through his hair. “He knew it was necessary for his job so he seeked me out. I’ve known Kurt for… three years now? He is very smart and a fast learner… Although I guess he’s the teacher now?”

Kurt shrugged. “I’m nowhere near as good as you are, Hunter.” He said and his eyes slid to Chandler who was still cuddling into the bedheets like a kitten. “In fact, I think it would be beneficial if maybe you and Sebastian could get together? You always said the best doms were subs previously?” Kurt grinned as he moved away from Sebastian to crawl toward the bed, appreciating Chandlers form with excitement. If Sebastian wanted to get mad about it, he could always yank his leash back.
It made sense and it settled something inside Sebastian that he hadn’t realized was uneasy. He didn’t have any time to consider it at all though because Kurt’s suggestion flitted over him causing him to shiver and to stare after Kurt as he made his way toward Chandler. He let him go, more because he couldn’t quite think straight than because he wanted to let him move away. Then there was Hunter. He thought he could feel the man’s eyes on him. Kurt sounded so at ease with the idea, he’d just flung it out, and Sebastian had to admit there were parts of him that were very much onboard with it. When he finally tore his eyes away from Kurt slinking toward the bed on his hands and knees he met Hunter’s gaze.

“T’m not sure what just happened,” He admitted, his voice softer than he’d intended. Earlier he’d admired Hunter’s ease and control, now he wished he could conjure up some of it for himself so he didn’t sputter and blush and embarrass himself.

Kurt smiled and he slowly reached out to touch Chandler’s skin. Smooth. He blinked and slowly started crawling around the bed to look at the boy while the doms talked.

Hunter moved to touch Sebastian’s hand. “I would love to take the opportunity to talk about potentially being your temporary dom for training, Sebastian.” Hunter turned to look back at Chandler who nodded once, simply, permitting Hunter to truly offer the idea. “If you are interested, here’s my card. Call me before six in the evening on any given weekday and we can set up a time. My only rule is that my sub be in the room, it’s a part of our contract.” He then snapped and Chandler jumped to his knees and hands.

Kurt squeaked and pulled his hand away that had been caressing the soft dip of his shoulder bone. He scurried back around the bed to Sebastian’s knees, blushing velvet.

Sebastian’s glanced down to the tiny touch of Hunter’s hand. It was a calming gesture, one that Sebastian needed. He was going to have a lot to think about when he finally got home, but at the same time he was hardly ready for the evening to be over. He took the card with a nod of understanding, his lips pursing slightly. It was Hunter’s commanding snap that brought him back to himself and his immediate surroundings. And Kurt who was crimson faced and somewhat guilty looking.

He stood, managing to just keep his smile under wraps. Kurt hardly had the right to look so innocently ashamed when he’d obviously done exactly what he’d been intending. Sebastian slipped the card into his pocket, then offered Hunter his hand, saying a quick thank you and letting him know he’d seriously consider the offer.

“Kurt.” He raised an eyebrow at his sub. “Time to go. Now.” He held his hand out to Kurt, waiting. Kurt raised his head only an increment before letting it fall. “Yes, Sir.” He whispered and his eyes slid over to Hunter’s and gave him a small nod. “Goodbye, Sir.” Hunter pet his hair briefly before turning and walking out. Kurt followed Sebastian’s lead and walked out on his knees, looking at the massive crowd. He wanted to be in a skit, most around were more hard-core than he planned for. He found a fluff pile, or a kitty pile depending on who you asked and behind them were onlookers of the beautiful multicultural sub-pile. He let out a soft breath and turned his head, trying to find something more for Sebastian’s appeal.

Then he saw it, a small stand where collars and muzzles and leashes were being sold. Next to it was a stand for subs to be put on display and for sizing of buttplugs for the rest to see. He nodded in that direction and knew they would explain to new beginners the best whips and toys. He knew Sebastian needed the instruction and they could always use more toys. Not to mention, in less than thirty minutes there was a contract lecture he desperately wanted Sebastian to hear.
Sebastian took the hint and led Kurt slowly toward the display of toys. He could feel a tingle in his hands, an itching to try something new. He could feel the gazes on them as they passed, though some were more covert than others. Kurt was in his prime here, and he worked every tiny movement to his advantage. When they reached the stand, he held his hand down for Kurt, needing him to stand so he could help peruse the seller’s wares.

There was an elegant Domme waiting with a knowing smile, though she let Sebastian take his time looking with Kurt, he could tell she knew just how new he was to everything. It might have been unnerving, but somehow, Sebastian couldn’t help but feel he was finally figuring out where he belonged so it didn’t matter if everyone could see how green he was. Besides, there were much more interesting things to keep Sebastian’s attention. Like the idea of Kurt stretched beautifully on one of the many plugs on display. There were some gorgeous collars too that caught his eye, but he didn’t let himself think too long on them, instead guiding Kurt toward the toys. “Do you see anything you like?” he asked softly. Ahead of them a bronze skinned sub with a curtain of dark hair was bending in half for his master, showing him and everyone else the jeweled plug they’d chosen.

Kurt took the hand offered to him with a pleasant smile aimed at the plugs. He bit his lip as he eyed the different internal designs in the glass works. He reached out for a sterilizing wipe and cleaned off his hands before taking a few and feeling their weight. He picked one up and showed it to Sebastian, smiling. “It has a nice weight… I like the double ringed edge of it.” He hummed softly. “I can imagine you sliding it into me… slowly.” He whispered and picked up another before seeing where Sebastian’s eyes slid to. “Which collar do you like?” He asked patiently.

He heard a soft whistle from behind him and Chandler sauntered close. “Don’t buy the metal collars from her.” He whispered in Kurt’s ear. “They pinch like a bitch.” Kurt shivered at the soft breath against his ear and his eyes slid to Sebastian’s before dropping immediately. He swallowed nervously and nodded for Chandler who giggled and grabbed a gold ring with a wide plug tip and held out a large bill. “Keep the change, Mistress.” He bowed his head and then waved to the two men before bouncing off, happy to be off his leash.

Kurt moved closer to Sebastian, now facing the sub on display and his mouth opened slightly. His fingers reached out, a silent plea to touch him.

Following Kurt’s lead, Sebastian wiped his own hands before handling any of the merchandise. Kurt’s voice held a silky seductive edge as he showed off one of the plugs. Sebastian took it, turning it over and running his finger over the double ringed edge. It was easy to imagine it driving Kurt crazy as it slid inside him. But Kurt was on to him, already asking about the collars, so Sebastian handed the plug to the Domme so they could keep shopping.

Sebastian shot Kurt a smirk and shook his head at how easy it was for Kurt to read him, then reached for the first collar that caught his eye. It was beautifully simple in the front, so blue it was almost black, leather with a silver ring, but the back was laced rather than buckled. Sebastian was just putting it back and turning his attention to another when Chandler arrived. He picked up the black leather collar with the red lining, but found himself openly admiring the way Kurt’s eyes dilated slightly as Chandler whispered to him. It sent a hot throb of want arching through him and his hands clenched on the collar. Quite without meaning to, he was imagining how they would look together in bed, the two of them. With Chandler’s teasing giggle, and Kurt’s telling blush, it was hard to think of anything else. Then Chandler was gone with a wave, leaving a warmed Kurt leaning into him, his attention shifting now to the sub on display.

Sebastian leaned in so his lips brushed the shell of Kurt’s ear as he whispered, “You are a menace, babe.” Then he gave him a little squeeze before letting him go. “You play; I’ll find a souvenir or three for us.”
Kurt let out a soft breath and nodded before pressing his full body against the man’s, loving how strong he felt against his frame. “Find a mask. Silk.” He whispered and kissed his jaw before moving to the playtoy of a sub. He bowed to the sub’s domme and smiled softly with a pleading gaze. “Yes Puppy, you can touch.” Kurt let out a stutter of air and he immediately slid his hands over the male’s bubbled ass and pinched the flesh, watching him squirm.

Kurt’s eyes glazed over and he ran his fingers over the jewel plug and pulled it out slightly before slamming it home and listened to the sub cry out, clutching at the stand he knelt on. Kurt bounced on his heels and padded around the sub to look at his flushed face beneath the bronzed skin. “Hi Puppy.” Kurt whispered to hear a whine behind the small gag. Kurt grinned and knelt beside the stand, waiting for Sebastian to return for him.

Sebastian tried not to be distracted. It took more effort than he’d willingly admit, though he did share a laugh under his breath with a Dom next to him. He passed the collar across to be added to the plug Kurt chose and then stepped up to the masks, resolutely not watching as Kurt played nearby. With just as much control as he could muster, Sebastian chose quickly, a black silk mask that curved up to points that almost mimicked cat ears. Then paid for his purchases and finally turned his attention to Kurt where he knelt next to the sub on display.

“He’s lovely,” the Dom commented as Sebastian came to stand beside him. “Looks a little bit like trouble, too.” He said, but before Sebastian could answer the man added, “I like that in my subs too.” This was said under his breath with a wink.

Sebastian huffed a laugh and nodded in agreement. “It’s never boring,” Sebastian replied softly, his eyes on Kurt and the ease with which he held himself on his knees.

“Those are the keepers,” the man told him, and Sebastian could only nod again, swallowing down the reply that stuck in his throat. It was impossible to be sad though, seeing the envy in the eyes of the men and women around them. Kurt was with him tonight, and that was what mattered.

Sebastian stepped around the stand and reached for Kurt, needing to touch him again, if only briefly. “Here. Now.” There was a buzz in his fingers where he touched Kurt’s arm, so he let himself savor it for a moment, stroking down the back of it and leaning in for a kiss that was shameless and claiming.

Kurt moved instantly to the command and he pressed his lips firmly against Sebastian’s happily. This was a true relationship. The only problem was… Kurt wasn’t exactly available. This was just a job.

Chapter End Notes

Warnings for BDSM play, hints of power exchanging between Sebastian and another Dom and Kurt with two other subs, introduction of Hunter and Chandler as a pair. Introduction of Chunter, Churt, and Kunter. Discussion of aftercare, and Kurt teases another sub with a butt plug.
Kurt’s eyes had roamed the party, even as a sub, when they shouldn’t have been. He wanted to participate in something like an eager child on Christmas, but at the same time he knew he had to limit his options so Sebastian could join. A puppy pile was too tame for Sebastian and Kurt’s liking, not to mention the underwear he knew his Dom was wearing was really for his knowledge only.

His eyes landed on the stairs once more, knowing that above would only lead to more hardcore things than what he was willing to drag Sebastian into. He swallowed nervously, afraid there would be nothing for them to enjoy at the black party until he saw a forming crowd, crawling to it and peeked through the viewers legs and smiled. A spanking line.

He glanced up at Sebastian, raising an eyebrow. It let you spank with hands, then paddles and flogs and whips and chains. Whenever the sub had enough they would crawl off the podium and the last one kneeling won. There was never a prize at the party but it was in general favor for the Dom to give a treat at the end of the night or their next ‘play’ session for winning. Kurt was so out of use he knew he wouldn’t win but it would be fun to get spanked by his lovely Dom.

“I take it you found something you like?” Sebastian’s tone was playful. They both knew he was being led around this party by Kurt, and that was fine for now. Besides, whatever it was, the crowd certainly made it seem exciting, there was a thrum of energy that made Sebastian lick his lower lip unconsciously.

Once they got closer and Sebastian got the gist of what the attraction was, he leaned down to card his fingers through Kurt’s hair and grinned. “I’m game if you are, pet.” Though he wasn’t sure he felt game for spanking other subs, he felt entirely up for seeing his glorious Kurt next to the others while he was tested. Sebastian couldn’t care less about the competition aspect, he already knew Kurt would deserve a reward for arranging the evening and making Sebastian look so good just by being next to him.

Kurt slipped his fingers down over his Dom’s, trying to reassure him that he was allowed to hog Kurt. Under no circumstance was anyone allowed to touch Kurt without Sebastian’s express permission. He crawled up on a podium after slowly unbuttoning his pants, sliding them off and folding them neatly.

He wore no underwear for Sebastian’s sake, his full body then on display as he settled into a spot, a towel in front of his face and beneath his knees. He was given a ball trigger to ring when he’d had enough. He was ready. His eyes fluttered shut as the word ‘hands’ was shouted out, signaling the beginning of the game.

Sebastian wasn’t entirely sure what the rules were going to be or how it was going to work, but once Kurt was in place, with Sebastian behind him, the M.C. welcomed them all and explained the contest for everyone. It was difficult to concentrate with Kurt naked and so willing to be spanked right then and there, but the rules were simple enough.
Some Dom/sub pairs would switch, with the Doms putting the different subs through their paces and some could choose only to compete together. Either way the M.C. would tell the pairings when it was time to move to the next implement. The subs would ring their bell to call it quits and the last sub kneeling on their platform would be declared the winner. They both seemed to be in agreement to only work together, but Sebastian asked to be certain.

Then the M.C. was stepping to the side and everyone got ready. There was a hush over their little crowd and Sebastian could feel the collective energy of everyone on the stage. It made him hard.

“You may begin… now!” Sebastian eased his hands over Kurt’s ass and squeezed. They weren’t going to get much of a warm up but he wanted to get the blood flowing so he would be less likely to injure Kurt. Then he began lightly spanking him, alternating where he laid each strike until Kurt’s cheeks began to pink up.

The first true smack to his ass sent him rolling forward by inches. “Oh!” He smiled and glanced over at other subs. He closed his eyes and let his head hang just enough to breathe properly. The slaps were continuously getting harder as the placements differed. The sub could feel his ass beginning to warm up as the slaps resounded against the crowd and he watched as one sub, barely of legal age cry out and shake her bell before toppling down the stairs to get away from the hands that were smacking her bare cheeks. Kurt sighed, feeling sorry for the pairing. She wasn’t ready for such an event as she seemed new and had probably only met the man at the event.

He shook his head, regaining his focus as he knelt for Sebastian. The M.C. shouted and Kurt’s ears were too filled with the coo’s and aah’s from the subs around him to hear the next assault be called. He watched as whips and flogs were passed and knew he must have said leather. That meant the paddle and cane were next, followed by chain. He shivered at the thought, never a big fan of caning or chains. His toes curled and his body tensed before reminding himself to relax.

Kurt’s blue eyes glanced over his shoulder to peek at his Dom and the crowd and he smiled at the appreciative looks before looking back to the floor. It was only seconds later that he felt it. Four leather straps hitting him simultaneously over his ass to his lower back. “Ohhh God!” He cried out, cock aching, dripping with desire.

It was time to move on to the flogger, and even though that meant losing physical contact with Kurt’s skin, seeing him give himself over like this was made it completely worth it. Kurt’s eyes met his only briefly, then his head was dropping back down, sagging in surrender even as his body jumped at the first hit. Sebastian wasn’t being too hard, not yet, but Kurt was definitely feeling it already and his ass was starting to light up in bright pink stripes.

Next to them a young man rang his bell and was released even as Sebastian brought the flogger down again, and again, with carefully increased force. There wasn’t much sense in making it so Kurt couldn’t walk out of here when it was time to leave, this wasn’t about winning, this was about them, about this world, and very deep down it was about becoming the man he’d always wanted. Even if it was a very tiny little step. It felt momentous. Kurt made it so.

His back and legs were shining in a sheen of sweat and another woman down the line rang out. There were still many contestants around them, though, and the feeling of it, the collective glory of it, beat through his veins like a drug. One that brought him focus though, rather than dreaminess. He was entirely focused on Kurt as the change over was announced and Sebastian switched to a paddle, testing the weight in his hands.

Sebastian rested his palm on Kurt’s lower back, gently, his heart thudding, and he realized he was already out of breath himself. “I’m trusting you to ring that bell when you’re done, Kurt.”
Kurt nodded at the soft command, eyes alight as they moved to face towards his hands. It had been so long… So long since he’d even been in the atmosphere to be touched like this, to be controlled. “Yes, Sir.” He breathed out, his breath dissipating into the sweat filled room. He wiggled slightly, easing the discomfort of his knees and tried to relax and not brace himself for the oncoming pain.

As the paddle hit down he let out a cry and his eyes shut, fingers squeezing the bell but not ringing it. Not yet. He could do another two or three-- The paddle swung down once more in a way that hit where the flogger had just perfectly that it had him cry out, one hand losing grip and the bell ringing. He could have lasted but seeing as how the crowd clapped at the length he’d went, he accepted his own defeat and vowed mentally to make it further than a level three pain tolerance.

He’d been better and he’d get to that point again.

Sebastian helped Kurt down off the platform and back to his feet, one hand on the small of his back as they left the stage. He still felt the buzz of the act and it made him want to crowd against Kurt and show him how proud he was that he’d lasted as long as he had. As soon as they were off, Sebastian’s hand wrapped around Kurt’s waist so he could speak in his ear.

“You were so good, Kurt. So poised and open. Every time you cried out I wanted to push you just a little further. And when you rang that bell, the crowd cheered for you because they saw how beautifully you took it all.” Sebastian let his lips brush the shell of Kurt’s ear as he talked, pulling Kurt close without rubbing against his ass.

He did let his hand slip lower to skim over one cheek. He could feel the heat radiating from it and knew Kurt must be sore. He moved back enough to look into Kurt’s eyes and cradled his cheek in one hand.

“Should we go and take care of you, or do you want more time here?” His thumb ran over the bottom of Kurt’s lower lip as he waited for an answer.

Kurt smiled and his eyes shined at how pleased he was by Sebastian’s calmness. “Go, Sir. I’d like to go for aftercare now.” He glanced at the aftercare couches where subs were being rubbed down.

Sebastian guided Kurt to the designated aftercare couches which were set off in a separate room, though the double doors were open and inviting. He helped ease Kurt down, on his stomach, stretching out naked. No one was paying them any mind, then. Everyone was deep into their own ministrations and with the candles and the soft hum of music, the room felt a little bit like a sanctuary, an island of calm surrounded by a sea of revelry.

There were pitchers of cool water and clean cloths, so Sebastian started there, patting at the back of Kurt’s neck and running the damp cloth down his back, wiping away the sweat that still glistened there. He did the same careful wiping down Kurt’s arms and legs, but avoided his ass as best he could. Then he covered Kurt’s legs with a large clean towel that was fluffy and soft and meant to keep him moderately warm.

Kurt’s ass cheeks were an angry red with several clear paddle marks. Sebastian found the provided bottles of antiseptics, lotions, and balms and went for the balm. It was thick, but as he began rubbing it in carefully, it absorbed nicely into Kurt’s skin. Through all of this, Sebastian stroked Kurt’s back and through his hair. When they finished he helped Kurt dress once more and gave him one of the bottles of water sitting nearby.

It was difficult to leave Kurt after everything. That was the plan, Sebastian knew it was coming, but he wanted to take Kurt home with him. It went completely against his instinct to let Kurt leave his side. But he did. He kissed Kurt’s cheek, lingered, breathing him in, then let him go.
It was a matter of minutes before Kurt was fully dressed and they took their separate ways of leaving with only a promise that more would come soon.

Kurt’s only good thought was how good Sebastian must have looked in the panties he’d been wearing the entire night as he drifted to sleep next to his own boyfriend who wreaked of a mixture of beer and nachos.

The ride home was almost unbearable, but he focused on the good parts of the night, the things he’d seen and learned, and the way Kurt moved through that world like he was born to it. And maybe he was. Sebastian was still in his learning curve. Home, finally, he stripped to the panties he’d worn and climbed between his sheets. He was hard, aching even, but it was a good ache. He didn’t want to do anything about it except enjoy it, so he fell asleep thinking of Kurt, and of the next time he’d get to see him. It couldn’t come soon enough.
Kurt

Chapter Notes

Part one of two interlude pieces that show things from each of our boy’s perspectives.

It only took two days before Kurt found himself staring at the Clarington Estate. The last time he walked into the mansion, his night was knowingly leading towards his body on hands and knees, blindfolded and without a doubt leading to a miserable end.

Tonight found him even more frightened than he’d been that night. There was a lot less knowledge of how the night would play out. He stepped up the stairs, crossing over the delightfully vintage wood that had been stained to a gorgeous mahogany. His entire body shook as he raised his fist, knocking and jumping back when a voice called out from beside him. “Kurt? Is that you?”

The brunette turned to peer around a potted shrub to see Chandler, nude and bound to the chains of a porch swing he was laying on.

“Hi? Punishment or reward?”

“Neither really. It’s how I spark creativity. I’d offer you a seat but…” His eyes casted down towards his erect cock.

“Well I fully understand. You look--”

“Yes? Say it, Kurt.” Hunter said from behind him, seemingly having to have just appeared from thin air.

Kurt’s breath escaped his body, leaving him choked at the command. His knees weakened and he felt the need to kneel. “Y-You look heavenly.” He responded, chills going down his back when Hunter’s hand slid through his hair as a reward for following the order.

Chandler smiled and fluttered his eyelashes. “Thank you, Sir. You look lovely as well.”

“How much longer, Darling?” Hunter asked, moving around Kurt.

“May I have three more hours, Sir?”

Hunter smiled and leaned down, kissing him gently. “Two. No more. Dinner will be ready at seven and you will be attending in your dinner-wear.”

“It it that important of a night, Love? I can come off the chains now…?”

“I feel it may be. No, you stay on the chains for now. Kurt needs some control work, I promise nothing sexual will occur. If it comes to that, I’ll unbind you and you may join.”

Chandler took a moment to think before glancing at Kurt, at his shaking hands and he could tell the boys heart was racing. “Blindfold him. He looks terrified. Unleash me at dinner.” He confirmed.

commanded. Kurt jumped at the opportunity to follow another command. He followed instantly and pressed his hand to the edge of a side table when he spotted it. The biggest ‘it’ that could be in the confines of the house.

“Oh God.” He whispered, falling to his knees.

“Talk to me, Kurt. Tell me what just happened.” Hunter asked as he moved behind him, a hand moving through his hair.

Kurt let out a shuddering breath, closing his mouth before shaking his head. “I saw the collar, Sir.” He whispered. “I saw my collar.”

“And?”

“And I forgot why I left.”

“No. Try again.”

“I for-- I-- I regret leaving.”

“Why?” Hunter asked and slid to his spot in his chair. “Be honest.”

“I want a dom.”

“By what I saw… You have one.”

“But-!” Kurt closed his eyes behind the blindfold. “He’s not you! He’s not trained. I need-”

“Stop!” Hunter whispered and Kurt squeaked, closing his mouth. “You are upset because Sebastian doesn’t understand your needs.”

“No, Sir! It’s…”

“Beyond sexual needs, he doesn’t understand.” That shut Kurt up because it was true. Kurt needed a life with an essence of control. Not just one night a week.

“He is a client sir. I can not sleep with him outside of work.” He said slowly and kept his eyes trained, focusing on the intake and exhale of his breath. “I want him to collar me sir, to sign a contract with me, but--”

“You remember the rules. This house has rules, do you remember?”

“Yes, sir. Don’t interject a sentence with but. State exactly what you want, sir.”

“Good. That was very good. I’m going to blindfold you, are you alright with that?”

“Yes, Sir.” Kurt said and a soft velvet blindfold covered his eyes. It was cheap, probably only used for guests because Kurt knew exactly the wares this house had.

“Now, please keep talking and I’m going to lead you to where I desire. Stand.” Kurt stood shakily and held onto Hunter’s hands as they walked through the room. “Alright. Kneel here and continue. What do you need from Sebastian?”

“I need him to understand all limits, all designed wants, I need him to participate in 50% of them while I participate in all of his that don’t breach my limits. I request our old contract sir so I may make a template for my new one.”
“For a client?” Hunter said calmly.

“I--” Kurt froze and he licked his lips. “I don’t want him as just a client.”

“And Blaine?” Kurt’s breath caught and he frowned at Hunters question.

“Yes… I don’t know.” He whispered. “I can’t leave him. I’m scared of him.” He added.

“Are you in danger?”

“No. No, but if I leave him I could be.”

“Does he still get drunk like he did?”

Kurt could only nod as he sniffed. “Maybe, if you want to break your work rules you should tell Sebastian. If you trust him enough to be your dom, you have to talk to him, Kurt. Also… You are correct that he and I should work together. I think you may be better suited off just having me in for a session or two and he and I work together once or twice a week alone.”

Kurt bit his lip nervously. “It’s only until you’re truly ready to talk to him, Kurt. I can’t condone you being hurt, not again.” Kurt sniffed and nodded.

“I think I should leave.” Kurt said softly.

“I don’t think so. I think you need to be tied down to a chair and spoon fed dinner with no control.” The idea sent a shiver down Kurt’s back. “Good. I will go get the ties and you will call your boyfriend and tell him you’ll be home late.”

“He thinks I’m at work.”

“Right. Then stay there and I’ll be back.” Kurt nodded and let Hunter saunter off to give him what he needed. Lack of control. He trusted Hunter and relied on that trust. He couldn’t wait for the day that he could give that trust purely to Sebastian. He didn’t want to wait.

Late that night he sat on the porch swing, eyes staring up at the sky. ‘I hope you’re having a good night. Stars are amazing. -K’. He smiled, thinking of Sebastian’s green eyes, how they made him smile as soon as he looked in his direction. He couldn’t wait for the next meeting, they had a lot to discuss, even if Hunter was in the room.
Two days after the party, Sebastian slept late. His phone buzzed a couple of times with incoming emails that half roused him, but he rolled over each time, burying his head further under his pillow and slipping back to sleep. It was almost noon when he finally looked at the clock.

Sebastian flung off his duvet, rolled out of bed, and stretched in the patch of sunlight coming through the crack between his curtains. There were calls that needed to be made today, and the cleaning lady would be there in less than an hour. Unfortunately he couldn’t focus on anything beyond a cup of coffee and a hot shower. And Kurt. Kurt Hummel. The name crawled through Sebastian’s veins like a live wire, painful and hot, pulsing and present.

He was smiling, he realized, as he passed the mirror in the bathroom. The smile dropped off his face, but his thoughts kept churning as he took a piss and turned on the shower. The party was a turning point he hadn’t expected. Up to that point things with Kurt had specific parameters. Sebastian paid for Kurt’s time. They met only at Kurt’s work where he met all his other clients. When they went home, it was to separate places and separate lives and Sebastian understood and agreed to those terms.

The water was scalding, but that was the way he liked to wake up, especially after sleeping so late. It massaged his scalp and beat against his back and the glass of the door was white with steam; closing him off in a cocoon of heat alone with his thoughts.

He’d agreed to the terms. He understood them, but ever since he’d laid eyes on Kurt he’d wanted more. No logic could stop the wanting. Every time Kurt spoke, every time his sea colored eyes met Sebastian’s, the way he gave himself over, entirely, keeping nothing back, Sebastian felt himself slip a little further down. Into bliss. Into trouble. Maybe even into hell.

Sebastian thought he knew just how very screwed he was, but he’d had no idea until last night. Last night, with Kurt at his beck and call, leading him into a world straight from Sebastian’s fantasies, but somehow managing to follow all the same, Kurt had shown him just how well and truly fucked he was. Because no matter what happened; even if Sebastian cut out now and never looked back, Kurt had a piece of him he knew he’d never get back.

That would be the smart thing. Cancel his standing appointment and just never see Kurt again, but Sebastian knew himself well enough to know that wasn’t going to happen, no matter how smart it was. Unless Kurt himself refused to see him and that… that was too much to think about, even here in the safety of his shower, miles from Kurt and any imagined drama. It made his chest tight and his stomach lurch. No. He was in this thing, and somehow he was going to have to be okay enough in front of Kurt that he wouldn’t force him to take such drastic measures. Kurt couldn’t find out, he couldn’t slip up and let it show. He couldn’t let Kurt find out how very attached Sebastian was to him.

The rest of his shower was perfunctory, without even his regular sleepy jerk off session. His head was too off and nothing quite felt real here in his penthouse alone. In some ways it was a relief when
he heard the click of the door in the other room that meant Emma was here to clean. She’d be bossy and talkative and that was just fine right about now. But it wasn’t Emma pouring a cup of coffee in his kitchen when he came out, it was Nick and Jeff was sitting at the bar pouring a bowl of cereal.

“Do we have plans?” He asked, going right for the coffee himself. It was very possible he’d made plans with his friend, but forgot due to…

“Hard to make plans when your best friend disappears off the face of the planet,” Nick told him smartly as he leaned against the bar next to Jeff who was smiling smugly around a bite of raisin bran. Sebastian scoffed as he rounded the bar and headed for the coffee machine. “I hardly think a couple of weeks of being busy means I disappeared.”

“Try at least a month, and your secretary didn’t seem to think you were at work all that late any of the times I tried to reach you there.” Nick’s tone of voice was entirely too pleased for Sebastian’s liking. Jeff’s soft snickering wasn’t helping either. He ignored the both of them in favor of adding sugar to his mug and grabbing a banana.

He passed them by and seated himself in the living room on the sofa where he promptly stretched out and began drinking his coffee. Had it been a month since he’d seen them? It didn’t seem like nearly that long. “You’re exaggerating.” Sebastian didn’t look up from his coffee, and there was just a hint of uncomfortable guilt somewhere in the middle of his chest.

Jeff took the other end of the couch and Nick pulled the chair a foot closer so he could lean in as he spoke, “What’s going on?” His voice had taken on an edge of seriousness that Sebastian wasn’t ready to cope with. “If you met someone, we’ll promise not to give you or him too hard of a time.”

“He promises, I don’t.” Jeff interjected matter of factly.

“There’s no one. There’s nothing going on.” This time he met both of their eyes.

“Lie.” Nick said softly.

Sebastian set his mug aside and threw his hands up, but he didn’t say anything, just settled back with a glare.

“Fine, we’re here now, and clearly this one isn’t talking. Let’s go out, tonight. Just the three of us.” Jeff was imploring Nick and ignoring the look Sebastian was levelling at him.

“Sebastian, we’re going out tonight, just the three of us.” Nick pitched his voice as if he were explaining why a five year old needed to eat his broccoli. Sebastian hated that voice as a kid and coming from Nick now it was even worse. He whacked him with a throw pillow before Nick could see it coming. Nick groaned dramatically while Jeff giggled.

“Fine. We’re going out.” He told them, retrieving his cup of coffee with a smug grin. “But just us means just us. No last minute add ons, are we clear?”

“As a bell,” Nick said flatly.

“You sure you don’t want to tell us who gave you that hickey?” Jeff pointed and Sebastian slapped his hand to his neck before he could think. He didn’t have a hickey.

Nick and Jeff were roaring and Sebastian felt his face heating in a way it almost never did. “Assholes.” He buried his face in his cup again.

The terrible twosome left him alone so they could get some shopping done and Sebastian spent the
rest of the day catching up with his own mundane errands. Running to the market, checking his mail, dropping off the dry cleaning. He tried to enjoy the day. The weather was great, his third cup of coffee for the day was perfect, and the cute twink he’d been flirting with off and on was back behind the counter at the cafe where he grabbed a sandwich. He wanted to enjoy it all, to look forward to the night and his friends with excitement. But it was impossible. Because he didn’t want to go out dancing, not even with two of his favorite people. He didn’t want to flirt with anyone, to try and bring someone back to his flat. He wanted Kurt. And not just at the place where Kurt saw all of his clients under the cloak of night behind closed doors. He wanted Kurt out here in the sunlight too. Sebastian started drinking at four and by the time he met Nick outside later that evening, he was well on his way to a night he wouldn’t even have to remember.

Unfortunately his friends were more intuitive than he would have liked which was how he ended up coming to sitting on the curb outside the club sometime around midnight with two bottles of water and and two friends flatly refusing to see him home until he got his shit together, sobered up, and told them what the hell was going on.

The cool night air felt good, though the water was making him a little queasy.

“You mean all those shots you had on top of whatever else you drank are making you queasy,” Jeff said. He must have been speaking out loud. Again.

“Take these.” Nick passed a handful of painkillers and watched him take them as if he were afraid Sebastian might spit them out. He stuck his tongue out but finished the bottle of water and closed his eyes. He really hated the two of them for caring so fucking much.

“Bas. I haven’t seen you that drunk since high school. It’s not like you. I’m worried.” Jeff was leaning against his shoulder.

“We’re worried,” Nick corrected.

“It’s.” Sebastian shook his head. He didn’t know where to begin or what to expect from his friends if he told them, but he knew they weren’t going anywhere unless he was honest and he hated the idea of puking on the sidewalk like a teenager.

Nick slipped his arm around Sebastian so he was supported by both of them on either side. They loved him and he suddenly very much wanted to tell them everything.

“His name is Kurt. He’s an escort. Specializes in BDSM. I’ve been paying for his service for several weeks now.” He stopped, opening the other bottle of water and waiting for the shitstorm. It made his heart thump painfully against his ribs.

“Okay.” Nick said finally. The door opened behind them and a loud group of young guys came out laughing and talking so they fell silent again until the noise died down.

“That’s not why you’re so wasted I’ve half a mind to take you to the E.R. and have you tested for alcohol poisoning.”

“What Nick is trying to say, is that there has to be more to your story, right?” Jeff rubbed soothing circles on Sebastian’s lower back.

“Please tell me you did not go and fall in love with some prostitute.” Nick was teasing but his smile disappeared the moment Sebastian looked over at him.

“Kurt is not some prostitute! He’s a professional and he hasn’t done anything to try and make me think he has feelings for me. I’m not being swindled, I’m not some pathetic jerk giving my paycheck
away at a strip club because someone gave me some attention. I fell for him and I want him in my life, and I don’t know what to do about it and everything is shit!”

“Shit, Bas.” That was Nick.

“Oh hell.” That was Jeff.

Sebastian nodded as he stared a hole into the street beneath his feet. He wasn’t crying, his eyes were blurry and he was still angry, but mostly he felt totally lost because he had no idea how he could ever get his life back or if he’d even want to and he had no idea if things could ever move forward with Kurt.

They did eventually get him home and after he emptied the remainder of alcohol from his stomach into the toilet he felt better. Jeff forced some Gatorade in him and Nick helped him into bed. They were in the living room, he could still hear the buzz of their lowered voices, but that was okay. Something had changed during his epic breakdown, something inside him and around him. Sebastian might not know what the future would hold, but he’d made a decision, an important one.

He was going to get in touch with Hunter Clarington and get his shit straight. If Kurt ever could be his, he’d need to be the type of Dom worthy of him, not this scared confused train wreck of a man he was currently being.

Beep. Beep. Sebastian looked at his phone, just a glance and saw a text. ‘I hope you’re having a good night. Stars are amazing. -K’

Sebastian fell asleep thinking of Kurt and the stars and how the two weren’t so very different.
Kurt smiled over at Sebastian, their fingers interlocked as they watched their child and dog run across the beach from their back porch. “Do you think we made a mistake? Adopting him so late?” He whispered, sipping his lemonade. He felt Sebastian’s thumb press into his palm then over his wedding ring and his eyes moved to Sebastian’s.

“It’s only a mistake if you regret it and I regret nothing when it comes to you and the life we made.”

“Even the gas station sushi in Wisconsin?” Kurt asked, a teasing smile on his lips.

“Well, we learned we weren’t into vore, so no. Not even gas station sushi. Every minute with you is a learning experience. I wouldn’t take any of it back.”

“I would.” Kurt whispered as he stared at their son, his pink dress flowing in the wind. “I’d take back the night we chose to buy that dress. He’s getting sand all over it. ELIJAH! STOP LETTING THE DOG GET HIS PAWS ALL---”

BEEEEP BEEEEP BEEEEEEP!

Kurt jumped up and pressed a hand over his heart as he looked around the room. His free hand shut off the alarm and he glanced at the empty side of his bed. Shit. He blew out a breath of air and looked at the time. “Fuck it. Thirty more minutes won’t kill me.” He murmured, resetting the alarm and falling back onto his pillows.

Later that evening he walked into work and checked his scheduled times. Meowing Mikey, Blindfold Greg, and Allison who worked in drag and just got off by Kurt doing her make up. Then of course, capping his night off was a special session with Sebastian. And Hunter.

He smiled as Mikey entered the building and he went to kiss his cheek as usual. “Go ahead and take your shower. I’ll be up in a minute. Is there anything special you’d like to do?”

Mikey nodded and whispered in Kurt’s ear. “Oooh, that’s adventurous baby! Okay, you go on up. I’ll be there in a moment.” Santana appeared and led Mikey to the room and Kurt glanced at Tina behind the counter. “If he meows while he licks my ass, I may take back everything I ever said about him. You’re right, he may be crazy.” He grinned and took the key to the room and went to get a drink.

A quick call to Blaine to check in with him had Kurt feeling better. He hated waking up alone and this morning had already set him on edge, even if Blaine was just at the bar. Kurt left his phone with Tina and gave her a small smile before putting on his ‘kitty’ face and walking up to his room.

Six hours later, Kurt sat on the bed with Hunter, talking about the plans they had in mind for Sebastian’s training. “So you are okay with me taking him to his limit?” Kurt thought about it before nodding.

“Yes, of course get his permission to do so. But he needs to know where limits can lie, and feel the tension build up. He gets too afraid with me, he’s so tense…” Kurt whispered, chewing on his lip. “Not sure if that’s normal.”

“It is when they’re not trained. We’ll see.” Hunter hummed as Santana opened the door. “Sebastian is here. Are you ready? He looks very… appealing tonight.” Kurt laughed and nodded, agreeing that they were prepared for his dom. When he saw what obviously was the suit Sebastian wore to work
though, his jaw dropped. God, he looked good. Holy shit, the man looked perfect. Now he couldn’t wait to see him strip for Hunter. Kurt’s eyes slid over to Chandler who was napping in a dog bed in the corner, figuring it was time to wake him up for the show.

Just as Kurt had prodded Chandler awake he heard the commanding tone of Hunter’s voice and the slap of a whip against skin. He turned to see Hunter standing in a power position, legs spread slightly, the tail end of the whip in his palm. “Kneel.” Kurt’s heart may have skipped a beat.

By the end of his work day, Sebastian had a serious case of the jitters. He’d made plans with Kurt and Hunter to begin training, and while he knew it was necessary, and ultimately for the best, he also knew it was going to be difficult submitting himself. He considered stopping for a drink on the way to the club, but decided he needed to be clear headed so he could focus on all the reasons he had for doing this. First and foremost, Kurt and learning how to give him what he needed without the fear he’d hurt Kurt or push him past his limits. That fear was holding him back and making him second guess himself every time they were together. He needed to let go and learn to read Kurt inside and out. Sebastian didn’t bother going home, he didn’t get the drink. He went straight to the club.

Once there he did take a seat at the bar and ask for a bottle of water because he was early and needed time to transition from work and get himself in the right mindset for what was to come. The music was soothing tonight, something old Hollywood and almost jazzy. Sebastian turned on the bar stool to look around as he uncapped his water and took a sip.

The outside world faded, a memory just out of reach, leaving soft lighting, leather, and unspoken desires for all who entered. He didn’t really watch anyone else, just soaked in the atmosphere and it soothed away the harsh concrete world just beyond the doors. By the time Santana was coming toward him, to take him back, Sebastian felt almost completely centered.

Holding that frame of mind was Sebastian’s first challenge. He caught the look of surprise on Kurt’s face when he entered and was pleased. One advantage of coming straight from work was he was much more put together than Kurt was used to seeing. He gave Kurt a quick smile before facing Hunter.

“Sebastian, do you give me your permission to take you to your limits tonight?” He was all business and easy authority. Though the words felt foreign on Sebastian’s tongue; he knew he had to answer.

“Yes, sir,” he said as calmly as he could.

Hunter wasted no time after that, but ordered him to kneel. Sebastian took note of how Hunter stood and how his voice held a calm authority. Then he sank to his knees, eyes focused on Hunter’s shoes. Though it felt strange to be in this position, Sebastian was submitting not just to Hunter, but to the process, with the hope that he’d come out the other side a better Dom. One that understood exactly what his sub might feel.

“Very good. Instantaneous response. Fix your posture. That’s it.” Hunter moved to press a hand to Sebastian’s back, pressing it forward while holding his chest back, keeping him straight up as the subs behind them were doing. “Now, remember your sub does this for you. Posture clean, eyes down… for hours, Sebastian.” Hunter said and smiled. “You look very good like that.” He hummed and started to remove the man’s coat. He pulled it off and rested it on the bed. “Arms behind your back in the most comfortable position you can find. With your more strong arms, I would try your fingers around your other wrist.”

Kurt watched quietly, eyes taking note of all the little things Sebastian seemed to take for granted as he forgot to do them as a submissive. He stayed further away on the carpet as to not get in the way of the session.
Hunter tilted his head as he watched the man at his feet, unused to kneeling in one spot for long periods of time. He was doing well, however, and so he granted him a reprieve after five long, quiet minutes. “Stand and strip for me.” He demanded, walking past him to touch Chandler’s hair, letting Kurt know that Hunter wasn’t here to take away his dominant. He was only here to touch, but that left Kurt staring at the male as he removed his clothes, not allowed to touch. It almost felt unfair.

Sebastian stood, his knees already slightly sore though he’d only been on them a few minutes. Behind him, he could feel Kurt’s eyes on him, but it was a calming feeling, one that made it possible to keep going as Hunter ordered him to strip. The shirt was simple enough, so he began there, unbuttoning slowly and methodically until he was able to slip out of it and lay it aside on top of his jacket. Next came shoes and socks, belt and pants.

When he was down to his underwear, Sebastian had to take a breath and refocus. It wasn’t because he was shy, it was because he’d never stripped for so many watching eyes before. Kurt was so good at being in control, even when he’d been in front of a crowd. Sebastian could only imagine it was more to do with willing submission and the freedom that came with it than anything else.

Sebastian slipped his briefs off without any further thought and lay them with his other discarded clothes, then waited with his eyes down for Hunter to tell him what he was supposed to do next. He couldn’t quite stop himself from a quick glance at Kurt and the hungry look there in his eyes.

The whip found Sebastian’s back instantly, however. Hunter’s eyes gazed down on him, having caught his indiscretion. “Eyes down. Is Kurt the one being trained right now, Pup?” He asked, voice almost booming with it’s direct question. They hadn’t really begun, but once more Sebastian had shown he was out of his depth with his knowledge of submissive standards. “On your knees, hands down in front of you, legs spread.”

“This is my personal favorite position. It’s called Confession. Stare straight at the ground and focus, ground yourself, and answer my question. Is Kurt Being Trained Right Now?” Every word, phrase and motion in the sentence was followed by another light whip to Sebastian’s back.

The sting was a shock and Sebastian gasped aloud, but hurried to obey. He felt the hit all over his body, rocking his senses. It shot to his knees and feet leaving him unsteady, and into his hands so he had to clench them to keep them from shaking. He felt it in his cheeks; they were so hot he could feel his heartbeat in them. He’d expected it to be just in his back, but it was everywhere. Not overly painful, but a shock to his system. It stole his voice, leaving him opening his mouth and finding he couldn’t answer. Before he was down on his hands and knees he could feel the beginnings of perspiration on the back of his neck and forehead.

Back down on the floor, Sebastian took a gulp of air and focused his eyes down on the carpet. He was okay. He thought of Kurt, but obediently kept his eyes where Hunter commanded. The subsequent hits made everything narrow down just to his answer, and Sebastian was able to find his voice.

“No, sir.”

Hunter smiled at his response. “And after an order you resume your sub waiting position. You don’t wait for your dom to tell you to kneel, you just resume the motion, on your knees, head down, hands behind your back. If you can’t do it yourself how do you ever expect a sub to kneel and give himself to you fully?” Hunter moved to sit on the edge of the bed watching Sebastian. “Speak, pup.” He demanded.

Sebastian moved back to his waiting position, grateful to have a moment to breathe and think. It made sense. It made so much more sense now than it had before and he knew this was only the
beginning. “I can’t, sir.” He answered quietly, considering. His body was still shivering, the sting a present companion on his back. It was still a struggle, my god was it. This didn’t come naturally to him at all and his knees were starting to ache, but he was experiencing just a taste of what it was like to be in someone else’s control and if he ever wanted to wield that control expertly, then he had to push on.

“Without knowing how it feels, I can’t properly read my sub.” He hoped this was what Hunter was looking for, but if it wasn’t, he knew he’d be told and while there was fear in the unknown, there was peace in the certainty.

Hunter smiled and glanced at Kurt. “Half right.” He said, using his foot to press against his side, checking his balance. “Yes, you have to know how it feels for your sub to know his limits. However, you can read your sub just by testing, Sebastian. You don’t have to be dragged over a limit line to know what it looks like.” He sighed, glancing at the two subs on the floor. “On your back, lie flat.” He said and stood, domineering once more.

“Quick now.” Hunter hummed, eyes retraining onto Sebastian. “I see your knees shaking, you couldn’t go another five minutes without falling. I don’t need to feel that to know you were going to break my rule of kneeling. I can see it.” He said and leaned down, taking his legs and slowly starting to massage them.

Right. Reading the signs of his sub’s body in order to gauge whether or not they are close to the limit and then using that to decide to ease up or push forward depending on the scene or the moment. Sebastian complied, moving to lay down, his mind whirring. His knees were so grateful, and really his thighs, back, and shoulders as well. He breathed out in relief, feeling his body relax into the floor.

Before he could think, a soft, “Thank you,” slipped out as his eyes closed. Immediately he opened his eyes again, but not daring to look at Hunter, both from the embarrassment of thanking him for the simple lesson and the chance to move off his knees, and the feeling that he may have just screwed up by saying anything at all.

Hunter leaned back, examining the boy. “Thank you… what?” He asked, leaning closer to the boy. “What follows those words, Pup?” He asked, sliding the tail of the whip in his hand down his back.

“Sir. Thank you, sir.” Sebastian shivered. It was amazing to feel so exposed. He could feel it amassing in his throat, in a lump there. Too many emotions and none of them made any sense to them. He couldn’t think, he could only feel. This was what Kurt did. He exposed himself so fucking much. It humbled Sebastian, even as he anticipated whatever might happen next.

Hunter looked over the male and smiled. “I think… That’s all for today. Want to leave your subspace so we can talk?” He asked, sliding his hand down the male’s back. “I want to talk to you about your sub and I want you to have a clear mind. Would you like some water?”

At first all Sebastian could do, but he found his voice after a couple of difficult swallows. His mouth was absolutely dry. “Yes, please,” he croaked.

Sebastian sat up on his knees, then slowly got to his feet and made his way to sit on the end of the bed. It was taking time. He hadn’t thought he was so deeply in, but coming up, the sounds of the air conditioner humming, the breathing of others in the room, all of these little things were coming back to him proving how far he’d wandered into subspace. It was incredible the kind of control Hunter had. He’d obviously also known when enough was enough for someone like Sebastian.

He ran a hand through his hair and felt how wet with sweat it was. He was exhausted too and so grateful for his water when Hunter handed it over. Finally, when he felt more present, his eyes cut
over to Kurt. He was beginning to see things so differently than he had before, but he couldn’t yet say in what way. He just knew he was changing, evolving and it was good. It needed to happen.

Hunter sat beside Sebastian, making sure the water made it to his lips. He didn’t want the exit ride from his subspace to make him too dizzy as it could with Chandler. He pressed his hand to the bottom of the glass almost out of habit. “There you go.” He whispered then patted his knee and both subs on the floor crawled closer at the silent command. “Are you guys alright?”

“Yes, Sir” – “Yes, Master.” The words came in unison and one pair of eyes kept glancing at Sebastian, more worried than not. Hunter slid his fingers through Kurt’s hair as they waited for Sebastian to come up, breathing in reality. Hunter honestly hadn’t thought he’d gone so far, but he’d been wrong before. This was nothing new.

It took a surprising amount of time, something he hadn’t expected. Experiencing it meant he finally understood, or admittedly he was beginning to understand. One short scene with Hunter hadn’t turned him into an expert on subs. It was a start. When Sebastian felt more centered, more like he was aware of everything around him, which was strange to realize as the sounds from outside the room and the air conditioning came back to him like his ears had cleared, he glanced over at Hunter with Chandler and Kurt. He had a new respect for all three of them.

Sebastian took stock of himself. He was tired, physically and mentally. He was thirsty, and his mind felt heavy. He had a lot he needed to sort through and he’d have to do it on his own time. He also felt vulnerable and open, like he wanted to cover himself, but knew it would be pointless. It wasn’t an entirely terrible feeling, either, which he’d need to think about as well. Mostly he hoped he’d made progress, learned things he could apply later. He knew he’d be dictating some of this on his way home.

He sat the glass aside and reached for his clothes, but stopped himself. “I need to get dressed,” he stated. It felt awkward and clumsy. It wasn’t a question, but he didn’t know how to navigate the dynamic right now. “Can I get dressed before we talk? Please?” He tried that and it still felt off balance.

Hunter breathed in through his nose, having a hard time himself being asked a question so informally inside a play room. “Yes, you may.” He said slowly, blowing out the breath as gradually as he took it in. He glanced down at the subs and smiled at them, giving a gentle tug on their hair to make sure they were both focused. Kurt let out a small ‘yip’ of surprise but promptly fell silent, eyes on Sebastian’s feet as he dressed.

“Chandler, go fetch everyone some more water and get a towel.” Hunter said calmly and Chandler took off across the room while Sebastian changed.

Sebastian kept his back to the subs on the floor, and to Hunter. He had the feeling he’d had a misstep, but he didn’t have the experience to know where or to what extent. What he really noticed getting dressed was how tired he was. Like he’d been working out or been for a jog. He’d hardly done anything and certainly not for any real length of time. Kurt had amazing stamina and Sebastian wanted to remember to appreciate it in the future.

Once he was dressed, Sebastian didn’t know what to do with himself. He stood awkwardly waiting for either Hunter to tell him where to sit or for himself to make up his own mind.

“May I?” He asked pointing to the end of the bed. “Or?” And then he pointed to the floor. He felt like a complete idiot.

Hunter didn’t smile at the questions, he knew how awkward he had to be feeling as he slipped out of his head space. “Sit wherever you feel comfortable right now.” He accepted his water, his hand
tracing down Chandler’s arm, letting him know it was appreciated.

“If you’re dizzy, focus on the floor, but I want you to talk this out. Tell me what feelings you’re having, tell me what emotions you had during the session. Think about Kurt and what he does for you, imagine his own pressures and issues. Just talk, and don’t stop until I tell you to.”

Sebastian nodded his assent and lowered himself to the edge of the bed once more, hands clasped, head bowed.

“I was surprised by how intense it felt. How much effort it took in the beginning too. I think I took Kurt’s abilities for granted because I didn’t know what it felt like to hold your body a certain way. I found myself in awe of him. Of anyone who does it. Kurt makes it look effortless. Just being down like that, giving myself over to the experience as much as I could, there was a moment when it all made a kind of sense that I don’t think I can explain. I didn’t want to be submissive, but I knew I needed to be, and then when I let go of my control,” Sebastian paused, taking a breath before he continued.

“When I let go it felt good.” This admission was quiet. “And now I feel like I’ve had a very intense workout, which is hardly the case, so I think it must be mostly mental. It was mentally draining. And physically too, though. I’m aching all over. I have no idea how much training Kurt had to do this. Or how long it took, but I respect the hell out of it.”

Sebastian’s admission soothed Kurt, listening to the compliments…. Kurt smiled quietly, staying silent as he knelt. “Kurt, why don’t you come rub Sebastian’s legs, let him feel how a partner’s’ hands can soothe away those aches. It’s all about trust and understanding, Sebastian, I’m glad you’re starting to understand what Kurt does for you. You both deserve to be happy in this relationship-thing.” Hunter smiled.

Kurt moved to grab the lotion and worked a small dollop onto his hands and slid them beneath the hems of Sebastian’s slacks. He pressed in gently with his fingers as he kept his eyes downcast.

Hunter finally stood and held out a hand to Chandler who immediately grabbed a hold on it. “We’ll let you two enjoy the last ten or fifteen minutes of your session and we’ll see you soon. Kurt, just call whenever you feel it appropriate and Sebastian, call if you have questions.” Kurt nodded and blushed.

“Thank you, Sir.” His voice was soft and demure but the eyes that slid to Sebastian’s were filled with a sexual fire that yearned to be fulfilled.

“I will,” Sebastian added, his voice returning to its normal volume. His eyes, though, stayed on Kurt at his feet.

After the door closed behind Hunter and Chandler, Sebastian let his fingers slide into Kurt’s hair. “You’re amazing,” he whispered. Those fingers that were combing through Kurt’s hair closed a fist around it tightly and pulled back, forcing Kurt’s head to tip even further back exposing his long neck.

“I want you. Now.” It wasn’t a request. Sebastian needed him, needed to remember their dynamic. More than anything else he needed to show Kurt he’d learned a thing or two tonight.

Kurt gasped at the sudden yank, his throat bobbing as he swallowed air. His fingers clutched onto Sebastian’s calves where they’d been massaging and then slowly fell away as his dominant required them too. His voice was airy and soft, barely a whisper as his eyes fluttered shut.
“I’m yours, Sir. You can have whatever you want.” His pupils widened as the grip held firm and he felt his body tighten in all the right places at the look in the man’s eyes. He didn’t lie, Kurt was hopelessly Sebastian’s.

“You are mine,” Sebastian agreed. “Climb up on the bed and show me that pretty hole of yours. But don’t touch yourself. Just wait for me.” Sebastian commanded.

Kurt scrambled, wishing he could say gracefully, but it wasn’t in any way, shape or form of the word. He scrambled, grabbing onto the sheets, pulling himself, feet over hands onto the bed to press his face into the pillows and forced anything blocking Sebastian’s view off the bed entirely. His fingers gripped the sheets as he spread his legs, breath leaving him in a huff to the side as he let Sebastian see exactly what he wanted.

His tight hole pressed to the warm air, his cock and balls hanging down from his body, and his back arched down, keeping him tight to the bed.

Sebastian climbed up behind Kurt, hands ghosting over the skin of his calves, thighs, and back. The puckered pink flesh of his hole was inviting, but Sebastian had other plans for right now.

“I can have whatever I want? Say it again.” Sebastian demanded, his voice controlled and low. He let his thumbs dig into the flesh of Kurt’s ass, then moved them up, kneading along his spine until he reached Kurt’s shoulders where he waited.

“You can have… whatever you want, Sir.” Kurt said and let the breath leave his body, his body so comfortable under Sebastian’s hands. “Oh…. Yours’, Sir. Anything you want, anything, I’ll give it to you.” He licked his lips as his eyes fluttered. Complete submission.

“I know you will.” Sebastian wasn’t so out of it that he wasn’t still in awe of Kurt and his submission. It was beautiful. It was totally encompassing and perfect in every little way.

He let his hand slide up into Kurt’s hair and gave a tiny shove, a reminder that he wanted Kurt’s head down, ass in the air. Kurt’s body moved gracefully even as Sebastian pushed at him. Sebastian stroked his hands over Kurt’s back before giving his ass a smack. He couldn’t help himself, then. Kurt was so tempting like that. He moved down so he could spread Kurt’s cheeks apart and lick a stripe over his pink hole.

Kurt shivered, head falling instantly, pressing into the pillow. He wanted desperately for more and Sebastian at this point had to be playing with him, Kurt’s cock was dripping angrily and his impatience was bubbling. He took a deep breath in, counted to three in his head and let it out, knowing his dom would give him what he needed if he was just patient.

Kurt’s breathing deepened and Sebastian took that as a challenge of sorts. He wanted Kurt’s moans; his cries. He didn’t want him trying to stay in control. Sebastian began to tease Kurt’s hole, licking it, sucking the edges around it, never penetrating him, never giving him quite enough. Kurt was so hard it must hurt, but it wasn’t enough yet for Sebastian. He had to let Kurt know he was in charge; that he was learning and improving every time they were together.

Kurt let out a soft whimper as his fingers squeezed into his hands and he shook his head. “Fuck!” He cried out. “Sir!” He gasped and his spine tensed as the pleasure built and built. He could see himself finishing without ever getting what he wanted. He was becoming such a mess with his dom being a true dom. It was getting harder and harder each time they met for him to hold himself back. If he wanted to hear his noises he now was, Kurt couldn’t focus on silence and not coming early at the same time. A slew of moans and whimpers escaped his lips as he felt Sebastian’s tongue teasing but not committing to his ass.
Sebastian pulled back long enough to give Kurt the command, "Don’t come." He then amended, “Unless your clients expect you too.” His thumb circled Kurt’s hole and then dipped in pulling down hard to put pressure on that spot inside him, testing his ability to hold back. “Do you have to come or can you obey me?” He asked, voice rough with his own unanswered desire. He wanted to take Kurt then and there, but more than that he wanted to own Kurt, if only for a moment.

Kurt gasped, eyes flying wide open. Oh no. Nonono! He groaned and his fingers clenched into the sheets and he whimpered. “S-Sir! I can obey!” He whimpered and whined, immediately starting his countdown in his head. After that he listed states alphabetically; anything to make his need to finish lessen.

He gasped, thinking about his dom’s words, face paling. He wouldn’t see Sebastian until next week. A week with no orgasm, because he’d do his best to avoid finishing with his clients. A week minimum. Kurt realized Sebastian may do this every week. The sub tensed, trying to focus on everything but what Sebastian was doing to his body.

Sebastian relished in the torture. It was so clear in every strained line of Kurt’s body. He was obedient even in clear distress, and Sebastian teased it further and further until he was sure Kurt would be forced to disobey, then he backed down. He slowed the pumping of his fingers and moved in to lick softly at the swollen rim. It was an angry red. Sebastian kissed across Kurt’s cheeks, easing off from his touching altogether.

“Good, angel. You did so good for me. Fuck, you look so good.” Sebastian was aching too, but it was a dull need, secondary to having Kurt in his control. “You’ll wait for me, yes? You can relax and tell me.”

Kurt’s eyelids fluttered as the impossible teasing finally ended and he let out a loud moan of need and relief. “Y-Yes Sir.” He whimpered, hearing the word ‘relax’ and he immediately fell, curling up as his body shook in place. It was so nice to have a firm command that challenged him. He hadn’t had one since Hunter and this felt extraordinary. But it also felt condemning, in a way that even if a client told him to come he would feel as if he’d let Sebastian down. Like it was an easy out.

“S-Sir? In the future… Talk to Santana about editing my clients for your tastes. I’ll feel as if I’ve disobeyed if I go against your wishes for someone else.” He whispered. “She’ll understand, I promise.” In fact, telling Kurt not to come? Santana would get a fucking kick out of it.

“Thank you for telling me, Kurt. I will speak to Santana before I leave. You’ve been so good today.” Sebastian climbed on the bed and curled close to Kurt, not touching him too much for fear that Kurt was still over-sensitive.

He settled his hand high up on Kurt’s back and just pressed between his shoulders, keeping his hand on Kurt like an anchor while he shook and his body tried to unwind. “Tell me, what do you need right now?”

Kurt closed his eyes, humming, the firm press of the hand making his head stop rushing. “I--” Not what did he want. What did he need? Kurt smiled as he thought about it, trying to close his eyes and focus. “I need some water and--and a cab home.” He said softly, knowing if he stayed here any longer he’d beg Sebastian to stay and that just couldn’t happen. He was too attached as it was.

“Good. Thank you for being honest.” Sebastian gave him another stroke down his arm before leaving the bed to retrieve the water. He uncapped the bottle before passing it to Kurt.

“I’ll make sure you get that cab, Kurt. And I’ll see you soon.” Sebastian hated to leave Kurt in what
he considered a vulnerable position, but he understood that Kurt’s need for his own space was more important just then. Besides their time really was up.

Sebastian methodically put on his shoes while willing away his erection as best he could. He wasn’t very good at that, not nearly in control of his body as he needed to be, but after a couple of minutes he knew he had to leave anyway. He gave Kurt one last, too genuine, smile, before leaving the room and hunting down Santana to pass on Kurt’s wishes. She assured him it was unnecessary to worry and that of course they would see to it immediately.

Out on the street, Sebastian breathed in the night air and tried not to feel too lost without Kurt by his side. If he didn’t know better he might think it was breaking his heart to leave.
Chapter 10
Chapter by erisgregory

Sebastian usually didn’t mind business dinners. With the right drink and the right company, business over dinner could be productive but interesting as well. This was neither of those things. He was supposed to impress the client, but so far nothing he’d done had worked. This man was unpleasable. He didn’t like baseball or football, so free tickets would be pointless. He wasn’t the type to take to a strip club, or the sort to enjoy opera. As far as Sebastian could tell, he enjoyed nothing but work and he didn’t even enjoy it that much. Sebastian was exhausted from the forty minutes he’d spent with the client so far and was relieved when the man received a call from his boss which he decided to take out in the lobby of the hotel room, just outside the restaurant.

“Make this one a double.” He told the waitress when she came by to collect his empty glass. Dinner was done and unfortunately he had nothing to show for it.

He sipped at his double scotch and leaned back, eyes wandering over the other diners to the bar. There was something familiar about the man in the navy print button down, as he leaned his head back to down his drink. Sebastian looked closer and the stranger turned just enough for Sebastian to realize he was looking at Kurt.

For a week and a half Sebastian had hardly been able to think about anything other than Kurt. Was he obeying Sebastian and keeping himself from orgasm or did he come with the very next client and intend to lie? Sebastian was pretty sure that Kurt would keep his promise. He wasn’t the manipulative sort, he didn’t think, but being busy and away from Kurt was doing things to his head. Things he wasn’t proud of.

Seeing him here now, though, the only thought in the forefront of his mind was how different Kurt seemed here, out in the real world, in his dress clothes. He was somehow bigger. More real. He was wasn’t just a fantasy or a hope in the middle of Sebastian’s chest. He was a man. A beautiful man. Of course he’d always known that, but he’d never had a chance to see it and seeing it dazzled him.

Sebastian stood without thinking and crossed the room. It didn’t look like Kurt was with anyone just now. Of course he might be meeting someone, but Sebastian couldn’t think clearly enough to care. He didn’t spare a thought for the client he was planning to abandon.

“Kurt.” he didn’t reach out and touch Kurt the way he wanted to. Sebastian just stood there, out of breath, waiting for Kurt to turn.

Kurt’s night had been calm, he was happy spending time with Blaine when he wasn’t being a total dick. He’d had a good day, Blaine had gotten an interview and he was fairly sure he nailed it. Kurt had decided to pre-celebrate with the male and take him out. Ten minutes after getting sat down, Blaine excused himself to the bathroom so Kurt preoccupied himself with the extensive drink menu.

“Kurt.” Oh no, not here. Not outside of work. His cock sprung to life, barely able to conceal it as he contorted his legs, having not finished in what felt like months. He bit his lip, eyes sliding up to Sebastian’s. “You can’t be here.” He said simply and glanced around for Blaine.

“Please, Sir? You have to go.” He muttered, closing his eyes for a moment, trying to wish the situation away.

He wasn’t alone. Of course he wasn’t. Why should he be? But Sebastian’s throat tightened around
an unexpected lump at the thought of this other man, possibly the boyfriend he knew Kurt had. Just because he was here on business didn’t mean Kurt was. Kurt’s business was across town behind closed doors.

Even so, even though this was risky, he couldn’t just walk away. His feet stayed planted despite the logic that whispered he didn’t want to make a scene.

“Kurt.” He tried again, though he still didn’t have anything else to add. What had he expected anyway? He knew what he wanted and that was for Kurt to get up off that stool and come with him that very moment. Without all the pleading in his eyes. He wanted Kurt to be as happy to see him as he was to see Kurt, but it wasn’t that simple between them and never had been.

Kurt swallowed nervously and then bit his lip as he turned to face the man. “I promise, I’m being a good sub to you, but you have to go, Sir! I’m not supposed to see you. Not here.” He pleaded, watching Sebastian with desperation in his eyes. Kurt bit his lip and slowly stood, eyes dropping to the floor out of instinct before he nodded.

It was breaking his heart telling Sebastian to go, so the second best thing was to risk it all. Blaine was in the bathroom, which meant the safest place was out of the bar. “Where’s your car, sir?”

“I valet parked.” Sebastian answered before he’d even registered the change in Kurt.

Once he did he silently held his hand out to Kurt. They were leaving and he didn’t waste a second considering the consequences.

Kurt bit his lip, watching the male. His abstinence of ‘finishing’ had made him much more willing to do anything to get to Sebastian, be told he could do as his body wanted. His fingers tightened in his grip, eyes looking down at his outfit. “You look good tonight, Sir.” He said with a smile before realizing what they were actually doing.

“I shouldn’t come with you, Sebastian.” He whispered, feet still following to the valet stand. “I can be fired.” His eyes widened. “Oh God, who is going to pay rent?” He mumbled but none the less followed the man, constantly glancing over his shoulder to look for Blaine.

“No one saw me.” Sebastian said, though he couldn’t really be sure. He didn’t think Kurt’s date had shown back up in time to see them leave. More to the point, he didn’t care. That was terribly selfish, and a tiny part of him registered it as they step through the doors and into the night air.

He passed his ticket to the young man at the valet stand and then they waited. It was less than five minutes, but Sebastian felt like they were racing a clock to get away free and clear without being caught. Every time the door was opened behind them he stiffened just a little more.

“When we get in the car, you’re mine.” He whispered as the car pulled up.

Kurt clutched to the male’s hand, trying desperately to slip into his sub-space and just trust the man, but it was so impossibly hard to do when he was this worried. Seeing the car pull up made Kurt dart forward, without the man’s help and he slid into the passenger’s seat and sunk down, peeking over the edge of the window to see if Blaine had followed.

He let out a deep breath of relief and just laid back, frowning. “May I speak, Sir?” He asked, his fingers running over the leather interior of the car. On a less stressful day, he’d enjoy the fact he was in Sebastian’s car which was apparently custom made and beautiful on top of that.

“Please do.” Sebastian said as he buckled himself in. His hands felt sweaty on the steering wheel, but it wasn’t nerves so much as the thrill. He knew he was doing a very bad thing here, but it felt so very
Sebastian pulled the car out onto the street and headed for home. His thoughts were singular as he waited for Kurt to speak. He wanted Kurt in his bed, right the fuck now.

Kurt’s words were shaky, unstable as he thought. “What happens when he realizes I’m not there and he calls me?” He asked, looking over at the male, fear and excitement flooding his gaze. The scenario did excite him, trusting Sebastian to take care of him excited him but knowing he’d just left his date, his partner for a client? That made him fear for his job and his relationship.

“You…” Kurt whispered. “This is new for us, and breaking a lot of rules.” He murmured.

Sebastian didn’t have an answer to that. It was a major strike against him that he wanted so badly to be Kurt’s full time Dom and take care of him, but now he was putting him in this impossible situation. Without any information, Sebastian could only guess at what ways Kurt might talk his way out of it, but none of them were great. Kurt would likely catch hell for this and Sebastian was basically showing him that he didn’t care.

“I know.” He said back when Kurt fell silent again.

“Kurt.” He started and stopped. They caught a red light and Sebastian took a breath. “Kurt, if you don’t want this you should tell me now before I get to my apartment.” Not quite the caring Dom he wanted to be, but slightly better than a kidnapper.

Kurt closed his eyes, hands coming up to cover his face as he took heavy breaths. “I—I want this, Sir. Logic however dictates it’s a bad fucking idea.” He groaned, lowering his hands as he looked out the window, paranoid that Blaine would find a way to follow him. He took out his phone and turned it off, not wanting it to ring and inspire his doom.

“M-Maybe I can just say I got called into work…” He muttered, the phone shifting from hand to hand as he thought. “This is bad, it’s bad. And you! I waited for you and you missed an appointment! I know you called in and said you couldn’t make it but you could have emailed me! Do you know what it’s like for a sex worker who isn’t allowed to orgasm?!” He shouted, riled up now.

“I should go straight back to the diner, he’s going to wonder where I am. Fuck!” Kurt hyperventilated, sitting straight up in the seat as he tried to remember how to breathe.

The light turned green and Sebastian drove forward. They were only a few blocks from his apartment, but Kurt was melting down in the seat next to him. “That really couldn’t be helped,” He breathed the words more than said them. “I’m here now. Right now is what we have to work with.”

Sebastian felt a tiny flame of pride light up at the fact that Kurt was keeping his promise all this time, even after the missed appointment. That flame just added to the fire in him, making him sure that he was doing exactly what they both needed whether it was smart or not.

He turned on his street and stole another quick glance at Kurt. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there.” Sebastian added softly. “I should have made time.” He twisted his hands on the steering wheel, the immediate high of sneaking away was wearing thin, being replaced solely by his need for Kurt and for Kurt to need him right back.

Kurt watched Sebastian out of the corner of his eye worriedly. “Where are we going, Sebastian?” He asked, noting the part of town they were in. He frowned when they turned into an underground garage beneath an apartment building. “This isn’t a smart idea.” He said, sanely as he gripped the door handle.
“I can’t go in there, Sir.” He said, refusing to let himself relax. “There is a very firm line between work and pleasure, and while they mix in one way they DO NOT mix in the other. I can be fired just for being here.” He groaned, knowing he was just trying to come up with a reason to make Sebastian hesitate. Kurt wouldn’t be able to say no, not now. Not after this long apart with such a need placed on him.

The path twisted back and forth as they drove up to Sebastian’s level. For his part, Sebastian tried to take it slow and easy though he wanted to be parked already so he could just talk to Kurt face to face.

“Smart or sane or even good have nothing to do with this, but I refuse to force you. I need you Kurt and if you need me too, then we’re going in together. If not, I’ll make sure you get back to the restaurant.” Finally he parked the car and turned off the engine.

Now that Sebastian could face Kurt, he did so, taking off his seatbelt so he could turn and really look at the man next to him. He reached out and picked up Kurt’s hand and brought it to his mouth, pressing a kiss over the knuckles. “No one knows you’re with me. No one need ever know. Come with me now, Kurt. Please.” He added the please without thinking.

Sebastian’s ‘please’ broke the spell, making it seem more like an option for the submissive. His eyes closed, the feeling of the soft lips against his fingers almost stung with the pins and needles flicking along his nerves. He lifted his eyes to the male and he slowly shook his head. “I can’t, Sebastian.”

He whispered took his hand away slowly, afraid to be struck at.

This isn’t a scene, he won’t hurt you. Kurt kept repeating, slowly pulling his feet up onto the seat as he thought. “Do you live here?” He asked quietly, not telling him to start the car. He wasn’t ready to face Blaine yet and he didn’t truly want to leave Sebastian. He just couldn’t discern the boyfriend and submissive thoughts in his head to make a decision.

Sebastian nodded, still keeping Kurt’s hand in his. “This is home.” He said. “I want to take you to bed, Kurt. Right now. I want to strip you out of that gorgeous suit, lay you out across my bed, and fuck you into the mattress until you come screaming my name. Twice, at least. If you want that too, you need to tell me, otherwise I’m calling a ride for you because I don’t think I’m capable of driving you back. Not when I want you here.”

Kurt was quiet as he thought about the words. “Don’t give me an ultimatum, Sebastian.” He frowned. “Especially when the options fuck me either way.” He took off his own seat belt and ripped his hand out of the man’s. He opened the car door and slid his body out of the seat to stand by the car. “Of course I want to be with you and be yours and come for you over and over again, but you took me away from a date in the worst way possible! I’m in the right, you’re not!”

He slammed the door and groaned, running a hand over his face. “I shouldn’t even know where you live! You should have just made a request to have me on a different fucking night, hell! At least then we wouldn’t be risking my paycheck and housing situation!” He growled, pacing in the garage.

The smaller boy turned when he heard a door open and he frowned deeper, looking at Sebastian. “It’s not smart to be out here, either take me inside and fuck me or call the damn cab.”

Sebastian was less torn than he ought to be. He knew that. He could see just how dangerous this was, and for Kurt to bring up losing his job and possibly his home, well, he really ought to call that damn cab, as Kurt put it. However he wasn’t being ruled entirely by his head. He wasn’t fifty fifty on the matter either. No, Sebastian was already halfway to his bed in his mind and Kurt was with
him every step of the way.

Especially since he was adamant this was a bad idea. Sebastian only wanted him more, wanted to swallow down his protests and take him apart piece by piece until he was writhing in pleasure, all thoughts of his date or his job erased until it was only them left.

So he paced around the car, took Kurt by the arm, and guided him to the entryway. A swipe of his card and the door was open. Sebastian’s mind was running over everything he could say, but he kept silent, leading Kurt down the hall to his door instead.

Kurt followed, knowing the hallway was empty but it still seemed so loud to Kurt. When the door opened to the apartment he entered it silently, the grip on his arm still firm and solid, much like the man it belonged to. The door shut and silence finally fell as Kurt’s eyes widened, taking in the space around him.

Clean lines, mostly white with pops of black and specks of color. It screamed Sebastian, all work and no fun. Well, that wasn’t true, Sebastian clearly knew how to shake things up when it came to his sex life. Kurt reached up to take his hand gently, his fingers wrapping around his. “Sir.” He said simply, bringing his eyes up to the man’s. His voice broke that cracking silence and all rational thoughts left his mind blank and at ease.

He stepped up against the male, the scent of his cologne, the smell of his hair product and the gentle scents of his apartment wafting around him. “Sir, please show me the rest?” He whispered. “Or… at least the bedroom?” He whispered, desperately craving to show the man how much he hurt and ached after not seeing him.

His anger had built up towards the dom, irrational anger and fear had welled and all spilled out when Sebastian clearly showed no regard to Kurt’s emotions. It didn’t matter though, Kurt knew where they stood. No matter the lines or the job or the realities of his life stopped it from being true. Kurt belonged to Sebastian.

There was a beat of silence as Sebastian drank up Kurt’s proximity, his gentled voice, and the look in his eyes. “Yes,” He whispered. He wrapped his arms around Kurt and ducked down to kiss him, softly, tasting his lips without hurrying. Kurt smelled different, a different soap maybe, a different cologne. His personal things from home, Sebastian realized, and it made him even hungrier to have Kurt beneath him.

Sebastian pulled back, but not too far, just enough to scoop Kurt up into his arms and carry him down the hall to the bedroom where he let him down again at the end of the bed.

“I love you in this suit,” Sebastian murmured as he began to peel it off Kurt. He lay the jacket over a nearby chair, followed by Kurt’s tie and shirt. Sebastian kissed each uncovered inch of Kurt as he slowly undressed him, careful to keep his suit neat as he lay it aside.

“I think you love me out of the suit, Sir.” He whispered, blushing. His cock was already hard as Sebastian worked Kurt’s way out of the clothing. His eyes closed as he enjoyed the male’s lips trailing top to bottom. “Kissing me isn’t an apology for forgetting me, Sir.” He muttered and then moved to sit down on the bed, crawling backwards.

“If you want to make it up to me… I’m going to need you to get naked as well.” He grinned, blissfully accepting the fact he was being out of character even for himself.

Kurt’s cheekiness made Sebastian grin. He was right, he did love him out of the suit. He especially
loved how hard Kurt was because he was just as hard in his pants right now. “Is that so?” Sebastian asked, throwing his own jacket aside. “Well, then, I’ll have to get naked won’t I?”

Kurt was being unusually bold, but Sebastian loved it. In another situation he could imagine playfully chastising Kurt for such brattiness, but now wasn’t the time, now he was going to strip and climb in bed and he didn’t care what sort of cheek he got since he did kind of deserve it anyway.

Sebastian stripped, though slowly enough to make it a bit of a tease as he popped the buttons on his shirt and undid the zip of his pants. When he was standing free of his clothes he climbed on the bed and hovered over Kurt.

“Is this better, sweetheart?” He cocked an eyebrow at Kurt and smiled, knowing he was pushing things just a little bit to see if Kurt wanted him playful too.

Kurt grinned, biting his lip as he watched the strip tease, his toes curling in anticipation. “It’s….” His fingers slipped over the male’s neck, brushing across the angel fine hairs at the nape of his neck. “So much better.” He whispered, finishing the thought before pressing up against the male, his fingers tightening around the man’s neck as he pushed his body up against Sebastian’s.

He’d never done this before with a client, not just the going to their place aspect, but… not being a specific character for them. Kurt while naturally being submissive, was still just Kurt in this bed. It was his hands holding them close, his body rocking up against Sebastian’s to urge him on, and his teeth nipping at Sebastian’s lip trying to get him to be more playful.

“Thought you were going to fuck me, /Sir/.” He grinned, angling himself so he could turn them on the fluffy bed, his legs shifting to pin the male down, his hand sliding to the large cock in front of him. Kurt’s fingers took the shaft, stroking it. “Don’t you want to? Or have you lost interest?” He asked teasingly as he leaned down, taking the head into his mouth for a quick lick.

“Oh, Kurt. I’m going to fuck you so good.” Sebastian promised. His hands went to Kurt’s hair, but he only stroked his fingers through it, he didn’t pull or push. Kurt’s mouth felt amazing enough. If felt good to have Kurt’s weight on him, to have Kurt in his bed. This was his fantasy come true and he intended to make every second count.

“Come up here.” He said, brushing his fingers down over Kurt’s shoulders. “Bring that wicked mouth of yours so I can taste it again.”

Kurt growled, not doing as he asked immediately, taking him all into his throat quickly before licking him slowly as he drew off. He let the cock slip out with a wet ‘pop’ and he happily leaned forward to comply with Sebastian’s request.

“My mouth is not wicked; it’s quite, quite good actually. You should pay more attention.” Kurt whispered before kissing him, one hand still pumping the male’s cock. “It’s been too long for me, I won’t last as long as you.” He whispered when he pulled back for air.

Sebastian gasped as Kurt pumped him, but the sound was swallowed up by Kurt’s kiss. It was hot and wet, and tasting ever so slightly of himself. When Kurt pulled back, Sebastian knew he was done for. Kurt looked mussed and flushed and Sebastian just wanted to mess him up more, make a mess of him.

“Don’t worry, I’m not lasting either.” Sebastian was hesitant to admit it but he’d staved off his own orgasm as well, not even jerking off in the shower the way he usually did. Sebastian wasn’t one for self denial but it made him feel close to Kurt, to suffer, just this once, as Kurt did.
Kurt grinned happily and nodded. He grabbed the lube and helped the male slick his thick cock and then tossed the bottle aside. “I’m going to go slow then, I want to feel you stretching me open. You don’t get a say.” The submissive said, deciding how he wanted this to go.

He shifted down, positioning himself so his cock slid up against his tight hole. “Oh…. Bas.” He whispered, pushing himself down slowly, the tight ring of muscles opening up for him.

Fuck. Oh fuck. Sebastian didn’t care if he had a say or not, fuck having a say, he was inside Kurt. Too long he’d gone without and Kurt felt so tight around him, tight and warm and so slick, God. Sebastian’s hands went to Kurt’s waist to steady him as he lowered himself onto Sebastian’s cock. It felt so good, too good for a couple of harrowing seconds, but Sebastian got himself under control despite hearing his name on Kurt’s sweet lips.

“Kurt, Kurt.” He chanted softly as Kurt seated himself fully and then they were locked together.

Sebastian didn’t move right away. He wanted to see how Kurt wanted it, but he also wanted it to last a little bit longer. Even though he’d warned Kurt, his pride wanted him to stick it out long enough for them both to enjoy this.

“Fuck, Bas. So big.. I love y--” He gasped as his prostate was scraped over by the rim of his cock head. “Your cock!” He moaned, letting his head fall back. His hands moved to grab Sebastian’s arms as he slowly lifted, seeking that feeling again. He slowly impaled himself on his partner’s length over and over again.

Kurt’s eyes were closed as he let the prickling sensations climb his spine, the pure eroticism of the moment, of the taboo actions he’d taken all within an hour mounting in his mind. “BAS!” He cried out, back arching over the male as he slammed down, angled perfectly to crash into that sensitive bundle of nerves as he filled himself with Sebastian.

Sebastian’s legs shook under Kurt, and try as he might to stop them, he couldn’t spare enough energy to still them. Kurt was glorious above him. The way he moved, the way he looked. The way he cried out, “Bas!” It was all so good, so right. They fit together like this so perfectly.

Every time Kurt slammed down he caught Sebastian’s dick just so, right on the edge of the tip until Sebastian was practically seeing stars, his hips raising up to meet Kurt’s at every thrust, his feet trying to find better purchase against his sheets.

Sebastian was getting close, but he needed Kurt’s orgasm first, so he wrapped a tight fist around Kurt’s cock and began to pump it, keeping it as close to their rhythm as he could, but it was so hard to focus. Everything was narrowing down to the point of their joining. Kurt arched his back, slamming down just so and Sebastian couldn’t take it any longer. “Oh god, Kurt, god. You feel so good, you’re perfect, god. **I love you!**” He cried out without thought or censor, his whole body shaking so close to release.

Kurt was breathless, even as Sebastian took his own member, pumping it, almost in rhythm, to the thrusts. “Oh fu--” He heard the words, the three tiny little pin-pricks of emotion hitting him in the back of his thoughts. Love? This wasn’t love, this was emotions riding high on adrenaline and pheromones.

He smiled for the male, intent on getting his own necessary release so he gave into it, nodding. “Yeah…. Yeah, Bas. Oh just like that!” He let himself rise and fall over and over, repeating it until his ministrations on Sebastian’s cock led to his sudden orgasm crashing between them, semen hitting his ‘dom’ on the chest.
“FUCK! Sebastian!” He cried out, panting as he drove himself to keep bouncing on the male’s lap, praying for the other man to finish.

Sebastian followed Kurt almost immediately, the feeling of Kurt’s come hitting him setting him off like nothing else could. He pulled Kurt down into a passionate kiss, one filled with all of the emotion he’d been keeping on lockdown over the past few weeks. When he pulled back he looked into Kurt’s eyes.

Kurt gasped pleasantly, panting against his lips as he grabbed the male’s hair, his legs on either side of him squeezing against his hips. “Bas--” He breathed out, the room around him spinning in that euphoric, I-just-had-great-sex kind of way.

“I love you, Kurt.” Sebastian said again. “I don’t want you to think I said it by mistake.”

Kurt’s kiss-swollen lips froze in a straight line as he tried to process the words, his brain fighting to decide how to respond. He slid a thumb over the male's cheek, leaning down once more to peck his soft lips and nodded. “I know you think you do.” He said quietly. “But you don’t know me. You know a guy you pay to have sex with you.”

Kurt crawled off the male in a smooth, trained motion. He slowly started putting on his clothes, and stretched out his muscles in the action before turning his phone back on, the quiet pings of his boyfriend coming through and he sighed, eyes still trained on Sebastian. “I’m sore.” He smiled, trying to brush off the awkward moment, his hand sliding over Sebastian’s wrist slowly as he lifted the phone, dialing Blaine’s number.

“Hey Babe. Yeah, I know. Can you pick me up?” He asked, moving to grab his socks and shoes, pulling them on. He moved the phone away from his mouth and kissed Sebastian’s cheek. “Thanks, it was fun, /Sir/.” He whispered as a harsh reminder of what this really was. He brought the phone back to his face and walked out of the apartment giving Blaine directions.

Sebastian didn’t move. He couldn’t. His brain wouldn’t move past the realization that Kurt was leaving. Not only was he leaving but he didn’t think anything of what they’d just shared. It was nothing to him. He didn’t even believe that Sebastian had feelings for him. It felt a little like he imagined it would feel to drown.

He couldn’t hear anything, couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. He managed to turn his head and watch as Kurt talked on the phone while getting dressed. The sensation of drowning lasted until Kurt was nearly out the door.

“Wait!” He called, feeling his throat work around a very unexpected lump. His voice was scratchy like he’d swallowed too much salt water and been forced to cough it up.

Sebastian sat up and his head swam. All he knew was that he didn’t want it to end like this. With Kurt so flippant about their lovemaking.

Kurt felt the door click as he listened to Sebastian attempt connecting what just happened to reality. Kurt shut it down, the entire situation blacking out in his mind. He couldn’t think about it, he could lose his job if anyone found out, he’ll probably lose his two front teeth just for calling Blaine after ditching him.

He stepped into the hallway, walking out and keeping his head down. The less camera evidence the more likely Santana wouldn’t have his ass if she ever found out. He opened the door into the parking garage and walked to the entrance, getting into Blaine’s obnoxiously yellow jeep when it pulled up next to him.
“Don’t yell at me until we’re home okay?” He whispered sadly and leaned his head against the window, feeling the anger filling the car from his boyfriend.

Kurt didn’t wait. He was gone and Sebastian felt like his world had been turned on its head. Without thinking he grabbed the clock off his side table and hurled it at the door. It didn’t shatter which somehow felt like an extension of the emptiness that was growing inside him.

Defeated, Sebastian flopped back onto the bed and stared at the ceiling. It couldn’t end like this. This wasn’t their fate.
Kurt was sitting in Santana’s office, picking at the tails of a broken flogger that had found its forever home on her desk. He felt the leather tails trail over his swollen and cracked knuckles. “You gonna talk to me kid?” Kurt flicked both eyes, one a little hazy due to the swelling up at the woman in red. She looked like the evil queen of a fairytale to him, but he didn’t comment. He nodded quietly, sighing. “It’s my fau--”

“Shut up! I don’t care if you think it’s your fault, I care about the fact you came to work looking like you just got out of a non-consensual rape scene.”

“Wouldn’t that just be rape, Santana?” Kurt whispered, looking back down at the flogger.

“You can’t be at work. THIS--” She waved her hands motioning to his bruised jaw and the clear markings of rough handling, “Isn’t what we advertise.”

“Yeah… M’sorry. I… I could explain to them! I could wear make-up and I can still take Teddy! Teddy likes this thing! Listen, I can do my job, Tana. Just… don’t let Sebastian come back.”

“Smythe? Is he the one who did this to you!?”

“No! Well… he’s the… I don’t know.” Kurt whispered, dropping the flogger when his fingers cramped up. “Fuck.” He muttered and Santana rolled her eyes.

“Teddy, and I’ll send you the strays. Make up on, nothing rough, no watersports and keep them tied so they don’t touch. Only you touch, I don’t need this ruining everything.” She sighed, waving her hand. “Get out of my office, and don’t go through the crowd. Take the kitchen path, I don’t want clients to see you.”

Kurt nodded quietly, standing slowly and concealing his throbbing pain by gritting his teeth. “Yes, Tana. Thank you.” He muttered and slipped out.

Sebastian felt like he was going into battle. He dressed in his finest suit, wore the power tie his dad bought him graduation, and the cufflinks that used to be his grandfather’s. And under it all the black lace panties that made him feel centered and sexy. He checked himself in the mirror and once he was satisfied he grabbed his keys and left.

He had to see Kurt. There was nothing for it but to face the man and demand to be heard. Sebastian wasn’t used to being brushed off for any reason, but never once had he confessed his love for someone. Had he for one moment thought Kurt didn’t feel the same way he’d have kept his damned mouth shut.

At the club he decided at the last minute he needed a drink so he stopped at the bar for a whiskey on the rocks which he drank in two gulps. Then he made a beeline for the back.

Santana was standing at the curtain as usual, but she looked more than surprised to see him. She looked taken back. Or furious even.

“What do you think you’re doing?” She asked as he walked up.
“I need to see Kurt.” Sebastian felt off kilter for just a second, but he straightened his shoulders as he spoke.

“Well, that’s not going to happen. Not today, not ever.” Santana informed him.

Sebastian could feel her hatred and it was shocking. “Why not, what did he say?”

Santana opened her mouth in shock. She was losing her cool demeanor she normally had. “He didn’t have to say anything! I just had to look at him to know you fucked up.”

Sebastian didn’t know what to say to that. “I don’t know what you mean. I know it’s not usually done…”

“Not usually done?” Santana’s voice caused several patrons to turn toward them so she leaned in and repeated herself quietly. “Not usually done? That’s the understatement of the fucking year! You hurt him. We don’t have problems with that here. There are rules and safety precautions and you should know better than to cause that level of harm!”

Harm? Sebastian gaped at her for a solid minute before she spoke again.

“Do I need to get the bouncer or are you going to leave peacefully?” She asked.

“I seriously don’t know what you mean. I didn’t hurt him, I didn’t lay a finger on him I swear. Not like that. Never like that.”

Santana seemed to consider his words for a moment. “Dammit.” She whispered. “You didn’t hit him? Bruise him all up so he couldn’t hardly work?”

“I swear I didn’t.” Sebastian assured her.

“So if you didn’t hurt him, who did? And why did he say he doesn’t want to see you?”

Before Sebastian could reply, they were interrupted.

“La Senora?” Chandler asked, coming out from behind the curtain. “Hunter’s asking for aloe for Little Sir’s burns.” He turned to look at Sebastian. “Oh. Hi.”

Sebastian’s head throbbed. “Hello.”

He wanted to see Kurt. Especially since he was clearly hurt badly. He needed to see him.

“Please, I need to see him. I didn’t do this.” Sebastian pleaded.

Santana seemed to consider this before giving him an answer. All the while Chandler stood quietly by watching the both of them. “Fine. You can take him the aloe.”

She retrieved it from the office for him while he waited with Chandler by the entrance to the back.

“Is he okay?” Sebastian asked.

“What do you think?” Chandler shrugged, but his voice held no venom.

Armed with the aloe, with Chandler by his side, Sebastian made his way back to Kurt’s room. He thought he’d prepared himself, but when the door opened and he saw Kurt sitting on the bed holding ice up to his eye, Sebastian almost lost his nerve. How could anyone do this to his Kurt?
Kurt looked up, eyes widening. “Get out! Get. Out!” He grunted through his teeth. “I t-told Santana not to let you in! Get out! Get out S-Si---” He couldn’t even say it right now, it hurt too much. “Hunter?” He whispered, the tears welling in his eyes stinging in all the wrong ways.

“Sebastian… kneel, presenting. Nose to the ground, you’re not allowed to witness this.” Hunter growled, resting a hand on Kurt’s head as he started to stand. “I said KNEEL!”

Chandler took the aloe from Sebastian’s hand quickly to finish the responsibility he had been given and moved to kneel beside his Master quietly, keeping his head down. “Kurt, look at me and only at me.” Hunter commanded calmly. “It’s alright, it’s going to be okay. Ground yourself.” Kurt nodded doing as he was told and Hunter moved towards Sebastian. “I don’t have the time to train you on what’s appropriate but you’re a damn fool for even thinking he was allowed to love you. Get up, get out, and don’t come back. I’m tired of fixing him and you’re making this impossible situation worse.” He whispered in his ear.

Sebastian’s knees hit the floor before he registered his obedience. Immediately he burned with shame, though he continued to follow through with the instructions, his nose to the floor his eyes closed. He was shaking from the force of it all and his need to be upright and helping Kurt. Instead he was helpless. Worse than that, like this he was useless.

He listened as Hunter filled his role, talking gently to Kurt, grounding him. Sebastian burned with shame.

He stood, torn between going to Kurt and leaving as commanded. “No.” He said it softly at first, then louder so he could be sure everyone heard him. “No. I’m not leaving yet. Not until I talk to Kurt.”

Hunter listened and glanced at Kurt. “Fine, if you are going to be so stubborn—” He said and grabbed Sebastian’s hair, shoving his face into the carpet. “I will give you two minutes, two minutes and then you will leave if he says so. You will obey him, he is your sub, you are in his area, and he holds the power.” Hunter felt bad for Sebastian but at the same time his loyalties remained with Kurt.

“Kurt, give him the two minutes to talk, you don’t have to reply, you don’t have to talk to him at all. Sebastian you will not leave this position, you will not touch him or reach for him. Your minutes start now. Chandler, out.” Chandler nodded once and stood, walking out the door with Hunter who immediately leaned on the opposite wall.

“Is he going to hurt him?” The blond asked and Hunter sighed.

“I’m sure someone’s going to get hurt… this isn’t a happy ending situation.” Hunter said and rested a hand in Chandler’s hair. “Go home and prepare the guest bedroom.”

“For which one?”

“We’ll find out, won’t we? Go, I’ll get a cab home.” Chandler nodded his head and left instantly.

Sebastian didn’t move or speak at first, though he was acutely aware that his two minutes were wasting away. Finally he found his voice. “Is this my fault?” He asked. Sebastian didn’t really want to hear the answer because he knew it was. He should have asked something else, anything else, but instead he waited for Kurt’s confirmation.

Kurt didn’t reply for a moment. “Is that really what you’re wasting your breath on asking?”

Sebastian’s mouth was dry but he managed to speak. “No. It’s not. What I want to say is leave him. Leave him and come home with me. I love you, Kurt. Let me take care of you. You have to know I
would never hurt you.”

“You being here hurts.” Kurt whispered. “I feel like I’m suffocating… you-- no, we. We did something wrong, and I-I don’t want to see you anymore, Sebastian. I can’t.” He let out a soft breath he didn’t know he was holding in. Kurt’s eyes flickered over the carpet his toes dragged across. “Sebastian… I need you to leave. Please don’t say those words to me again. I can’t hear them. You signed the contract, you knew the rules.”

It was true that Sebastian knew what he was getting into when he first came, but he’d never anticipated falling for Kurt the way he did. It was real, whatever Kurt said, and deep down Sebastian knew Kurt felt the same way.

“I did sign the contract and I don’t want to hurt you, but Kurt, I didn’t know it would be you. I didn’t know that I’d fall so deep or feel so much. This is killing me, Kurt. Please don’t send me away like this. We could be happy.”

Kurt took in a deep breath. This killed him, it hurt too much. He wanted nothing more than to say yes, but he couldn’t. “Your two minutes are up, Sir.” He moved to his feet slowly. *Hide the pain.* *Hide it. Don’t let him see.* Kurt opened the door and nodded. “Hunter, could you please escort Mr. Smythe to his car, I don’t want to have another blacklisted name on our books.” He said, the pain and hurt in his voice evident.

Hunter sighed, giving a small nod and walked past Kurt and rested a hand on Sebastian’s back. “It’s time.”

“Wait!” Kurt said quickly and moved to the bedside table, pulling out the bag with the ring gag Sebastian had got for him on their second appointment and held it out to the man. “Our contract is formally over, Mr. Smythe. Thank you for your time.”
Santana looked at Chandler, listening as he chattered on and on. “Yeah, I totally can’t believe that asshole would hurt poor Kurt like that.”

“ Fucking Sebastian and--”

“Sebastian? No. Sebastian didn’t hurt him. Blaine did.” He said, tilting his head and the woman in red seethed. Chandler’s eyes widened and looked at his watch. “I was told to leave so I must now. Thank you for talking to me la Senora.”

“No, Chandler. Thank you.” She said tapping her nails on the desk.

***

Hunter was waiting for Sebastian out in the hall when he finally walked out. He couldn’t quite meet Hunter’s eyes.

“Come on, you’re coming with me.” Hunter told him and his tone left no room for arguing.

Sebastian followed Hunter out to his car, climbed in, and stayed put while Hunter went back to check on Kurt. The car was hot and the sun felt too bright but nothing could touch him just then. He was untethered, floating, and it was the worst feeling he’d ever experienced.

They didn’t talk in the car except for Hunter to tell him to buckle up. They didn’t talk when they got to Hunter’s house either. Not until they were seated in a guest room and Hunter was pressing a towel in his hands telling him to shower and change into some of the clothes in the closet. Something comfortable.

“You’ll stay here.” Hunter told him softly, but surely.

Sebastian nodded. He couldn’t imagine going home.

He showered, changed into a soft t-shirt and pajama pants then sat on the bed and pulled out his phone. Even though he wasn’t sure what he’d say, he called Jeff and waited, his heart in his throat, for the call to connect.

“Hey,” Jeff greeted. Sebastian couldn’t bring himself to say hello. “What’s up?” Jeff asked. He was sounding concerned now.

“It’s Kurt.” Sebastian told him.

“Oh my god, is he okay?”

“No. I’m not either. He told me, Jeff…” Sebastian’s voice had started to shake.

“Hey, take it easy, just breathe,” Jeff instructed. “It’s Sebastian, something’s wrong.” This was presumably said to Nick in the background. “Just go slow. Tell me what happened.”

“He told me he never wanted to see me again after I told him. Shit.” Sebastian wasn’t a cryer by nature but he could feel the emotion threatening to spill over. “After I told him I loved him.”
“Oh shit. Here’s Nick.” Jeff passed the phone over and then Nick was there telling him everything was going to be alright.

“It’s not, though. You don’t know. I saw him in public and I made him leave with me. I forced him. And I brought him home.” Sebastian’s eyes were stinging. “I made love to him and I told him I loved him and he just left. It was awful, but that’s not the worst of it. I went to see him today and Nick, he’d been beaten. His boyfriend beat the crap out of him because of what I did. No wonder he doesn’t want to see me ever again.”

Sebastian dashed the tears from his eyes and tried to breathe. Nick passed him back to Jeff who tried to be as comforting as possible, but it was no good. Eventually they got off the phone but not before Sebastian told them where he was staying and asked them to pick up his car from the club.

Hunter came in and sat on the bed next to him. “Tomorrow we’ll talk about how this is all going to work. Tonight I just want you to rest. I know today has been trying. We’ll eat in three hours. Why don’t you try to sleep a little. I can have Chandler come get you when it’s time.”

“Thank you,” Sebastian said softly. He was crying now and there was no stopping it.

He was relieved when Hunter turned off the light. Sebastian climbed beneath the covers and let oblivion set in and sleep take over.

***

Kurt frowned as Santana cornered him, trying to get him to admit to Blaine’s abuse. “No, I’m fine. I just think I should go home. You’re right, I’m not fit to serve anyone right now.” He whispered, not sure what to feel. He had expected to either hurt or be relieved but everything felt numb. There was nothing in him giving him a twinge of an idea on what to feel.

“You’d tell me if something was wrong, right?” She said. “I mean more wrong than what I’m looking at?”

Kurt looked up at her and shrugged. “I’m a prostitute, ‘Tana. The truth isn’t my forte, living a lie is. I think I just need to go and get a bit of sleep. I’m so tired.” Santana sighed, noticing when he edged away from her hand that moved up to rest on his shoulder. She let it drop, silently and nodded.

“Alright, just be safe. Call me when you think you’re ready to come back.” She said cautiously and Kurt nodded, going out the door and out the back way to his car.

Driving home seemed to take no time at all where it usually took ages. He didn’t remember climbing the steps to the apartment, he didn’t recall unlocking, opening the door or stripping for bed. The only thing that floated in his memory was Blaine on the couch, naked with a hand on someone’s head in his lap.

None of it mattered. Kurt was shattered and it was his own damned fault.

***

Santana noticed the boys entering the parking lot. They were nobody she recognized, and as they parked next to Sebastian’s vehicle she tilted her head watching as the blond one slipped beneath the car, grabbed the spare key and climbed out. She frowned, opening the door and walked towards them. “Do you boys know Sebastian?” She asked and the dark haired one rose an eyebrow.

“Why? Who’s asking?”
“Someone with some money to spare.” Santana said, smiling.

Nick glanced at Jeff who shifted to lean against Sebastian’s car. “What’s the job?”

That sentence made Santana smile, turning. “Let’s talk inside, boys.”

***

The first week passed in a bit of a blur. Sebastian felt Kurt’s loss keenly and there wasn’t much to be done about it. The rules helped. The rules were in place to give Sebastian structure and it gave him something to hold on to.

The first being that he was to wear panties every day. Only panties. At first Sebastian thought it would be humiliating, and on some level it was, but it was also freeing. Here he didn’t need to pretend he was anything other than himself. He didn’t need to hide behind expensive suits, he could just be and that was enough.

The second rule was harder. Sebastian wasn’t to speak about Kurt or what had happened, nor was he allowed to ask after Kurt. Kurt was a topic that was completely off limits after the first night.

Sebastian also had to hand over his phone. No outside contact. That one was hard, but he complied nonetheless.

The final rule was simply that he put himself in Hunter’s care and training. Hunter was a Master Dom and Sebastian had a lot to learn. It made the days pass quickly and before Sebastian knew it, he’d been with Hunter and Chandler a month.

Kurt was always with him, in his mind. He’d never been forbidden to think of Kurt and so he did so every day, through every trial. On his knees he imagined what Kurt must have felt in the same position. Serving Hunter he could see the soft smile that Kurt would get when he was in that perfect space, floating and happy. Kurt was there as Hunter began to teach him about spanking and the different implements one could use. At the end of the day as Sebastian soaked his tired muscles in a hot bath, Kurt was there with a kind word and a gentle touch. It was all in his mind, but it felt very real.

They were sitting at dinner that night, one month in, when Hunter got a call that he had to leave the table to take.

“Kurt?” He asked as he was leaving and Sebastian couldn’t help how his heart still leapt into his throat at the mere thought of Kurt’s voice.

***

Kurt took shallow breaths as he laid in the bath, letting himself slip under the water. He let the air out slowly, not caring if he could breathe, more fascinated with how the air capsuled itself in bubbles and fought to get to the surface, to be free. How he wished to be a bubble and just… pop. To exist where the rest of him was. His mind was all over the place, nothing collective.

One week passed, Kurt swears he saw Sebastian leaning against the bank sipping a coffee.

Another and Kurt could feel the tie wrapping around his face blocking off his sight but the scent was so strong.

A third week passed and he swears he felt the weight of the male kneeling over him, the soft wonderful sensation of knowing he was safe beneath him washing over him.
Now, as a month set in it was all too much. He was losing memories, losing the emotions he connected to people. He could only think about the constant numbness in his body and mind. Nothing existed around him. He thought he heard a shout and a crash in the kitchen but it didn’t bother him.

Blaine being agitated was nothing new. He’d clean up the mess later… Kurt closed his eyes, his heart fighting to keep beating as the water had solidly cut him off from Oxygen.

It’s alright, he told himself, as the world faded to match his emotions. Darkness, it felt good. It was the first time anything felt like anything since he told him to leave.

Darkness.

Then a bright light. Fluorescent even.

Everything rushed back as pressure was added to his chest, his throat opening and forcing out the water that had placed itself inside his lungs. He spit it up, coughing and heaving. He saw a tie, it was black with blue stripes. Pretty. “Bas?” He whispered sadly, “Can’t be here… Gotta not be here. Blaine--”

“Oh shit, Nick! NICK COME HERE!” God that was loud, Kurt thought. It wasn’t Sebastian’s voice, he remembered the voice feeling so hurt. “I love you too.” It’s all he should have said, not ‘get out’ or ‘go away’.

“What’s going on? He’s out, it’s fine. He’s already in the car, can’t even recogn-- Oh. Well, that’s unexpected.” Nick said, wiping his hand with a rag, the cloth coming away red.

Jeff frowned, nodding as they watched the sleeping boys ragged, slow breathing. At least he was alive, and that’s the best they could tell Sebastian or Santana.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!