The art of coming clean

by in_need_of_some_sanity

Summary

Set during Season 1. AU from canon. Harvey never hired an associate and Mike never delivered the weed to the Chilton. And yet they meet at an unexpected place and events unfold.

Notes

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters of Suits, I've just borrowed them to have my lewd ways with them.
Harvey closed his burning eyes for a minute. At least, that’s what he told himself. Just a minute until the pain would subside and then he’d plow through the next mountain of files.

The low, sweet sound of Ray Charles’ *Georgia on my mind* washed over him and only as he exhaled slowly and made the conscious effort to relax his shoulders he became fully aware of how tense his muscles had been. He desperately wanted to pour himself a glass of Whisky but that would come later, as a reward when he’d finally found what he so urgently was looking for – a solution for the mess he had gotten himself and Wyatt, the techno geek, into. He knew he would find it eventually. The thought of not being able to win for his client never crossed his mind. Well, it did but if asked he would take the 5th on that. He was, after all, New York’s best closer. And not even the honorable Judge Donald Pearl would wrinkle his reputation even if he was willing to sacrifice his own in order to stick it to his, allegedly, unfaithful wife.

With his head dropped back against the backrest of his lounging chair, he allowed his thoughts to drift back to the day he’d been supposed to hire his own associate. When Jessica had first told him that he had to take care of the associates’ interviews at the Chilton and thus revealing to him that he finally made it to senior partner, in front of Louis no less (the memory of the face of that ferret still made Harvey snigger), Harvey had felt ecstatic.

That feeling hadn’t lasted. After 8 hours of tedious interviews with one Harvard clone after another his joy had changed into resentment. Halfway through the day he had been seriously tempted to randomly hire any of the douchebags just to get it over with. Even his arrangement with Donna to streamline the process had been futile, because the candidates were all just so generic, boring and uninspired. Not at all a second him he was looking for, like he had told his assistant earlier. In the end he just couldn’t settle for anybody below his standards. After all, he would have to work with this person, probably see them on a daily basis and – oh, the thought made him shudder – mentor them.

NO! That just wouldn’t do. Harvey Specter wouldn’t settle for second best, even if that meant that he would have to dig through Wyatt’s case files all by himself. Or that the reason he was in this mess in the first place was, that he had tried to do everything by himself and thus had filed the patent a day late, as Jessica had stated succinctly, much to his chagrin. The woman knew about everything that happened in her firm and so the “I told you so” came as no surprise to him. It still rankled though.

With that thought he forced his eyes open again, briefly pinched the bridge of his nose and picked up another folder with a sigh. The words blurred a little in front of his tired eyes but he willed them to make sense. He would dig himself out of this and if he needed to pull several all-nighters to do so, then so be it.

A strange buzzing noise crept into his consciousness and when he looked up he saw the shadow of a young man in baggy jeans and a tee in the dim light outside his office. The slender man was slightly hunched over and moved slowly in a crisscross path across the hallway, holding the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner.

It took Harvey a few moments to realize that the guy must belong to the cleaning crew Pearson Hardman hired. A glance at his expensive wristwatch confirmed that it was way past midnight.
The buzzing noise stopped and the guy made his way towards Donna’s cubicle. Harvey reached out to the lamp beside his chair and dimmed the lights to obscure his presence. Somehow he was intrigued by the movements of the man, although despite of his stature and the way he moved Harvey hadn’t been able to make out more than the outlines of the slender figure against the dim hallway light. Somehow there was something familiar about the man though Harvey couldn’t for the life of him pinpoint what it was.

The man had picked up Donna’s bin and emptied the contents into a large black plastic trash bag he was dragging behind him. Then the vacuum cleaner once more sprang to life and the inside of the cubicle was thoroughly hoovered.

The movements of the guy were efficient and quick but his slender figure added a sort of gracefulness that appealed to Harvey. And once more, the sense of familiarity niggled at the back of his mind. Then the guy turned and for a moment his face was illuminated by the low lights of the energy saving lamps in the hallway.

Harvey gasped.

Chapter End Notes

I only recently discovered Suits and fell head over heels for the guys. After reading fanfiction for the last 5 months to satisfy my infatuation I finally had an idea for my own Story. I was inspired by the works of a lot of very talented People, like sal_si_puedes, thaotherperv, poppypickford, jonius_belonius, to mention just a few. I have never practiced BDSM and everything my brain came up with in this story is pure fiction. This story is not beta'd and every mistake is my own. English is not my first language and I apologize for all errors in spelling and grammar. I would appreciate comments and suggestions but please be aware that I only watched the show till S03E13 so far so please, no spoilers.
Finding a puppy

Three weeks ago.

Harvey went to Natasha’s because, frankly, he needed to unwind a little. These days his visits were not as regular as they used to be when he first started out in the scene over a decade ago. His workload had increased palpably since he was announced senior partner and between work, sleep, working-out and the occasional one-night-stand there wasn’t just enough time. But sometimes he indulged his dark side, his Dom-side, and he went to Natasha’s to play.

The club was discreet, high-class and the members were hand-picked. The interior was expensive, tasteful and anything but dungeon-themed and tacky. Mostly couples, Doms with their subs, attended the club but singles like Harvey were also welcome, once they had gone through a proper vetting process. Safe, sane and consensual was the unwritten motto of the club and the employees always took great care in the matching process. They even employed some subs in case a single Dom was in need of a willing playmate.

Harvey had an appointment with Natalie, a sweet blonde sub, who was one of the club’s employees. Since his time was so limited, he had come to appreciate the efficiency of scening with an experienced sub. Natalie knew what she needed and where her limits were and Harvey had scened a couple of times with her and knew that they were a good match.

Natalie greeted him with a smile and a kiss on his cheek when she met him at the bar before she followed him to one of the private rooms he had booked for their session. He himself wasn’t shy and even liked to display his skills every now and then but he knew that Natalie preferred a more intimate setting. After he closed the door the sub slipped out of her silk-robe and knelted down in the middle of the room in perfect submissive posture. Harvey took off his jacket and then circled the kneeling woman, drinking in the sight of her. Natalie was petite with ample breasts and a penchant for pain. Just what he needed tonight. He could already feel the tension leave his body.

Harvey loved the feeling of being in control, needed it really. At Pearson Hardman nobody questioned his dominance anymore. Well, Louis possessed the poor judgement to try now and again, but came out second every time he engaged in a power play with Harvey.

But dominating at work was totally different from what he was doing here. Natalie’s ability to relinquish her own free will and give herself up completely gave Harvey a rush every time they scened together. The knowledge that she got at least as much out of their time together as he did, that she needed as much to submit as he needed to dominate, was exhilarating. He took a few calming breaths before he stopped his inspection of her body. She seemed serene and totally at ease as she was kneeling for her Dom, for him, so beautifully.

“Are you going to be my good girl?” Harvey whispered in her ear as he was standing close behind her, leaning down a little while he rolled up his shirt sleeves. The feeling of his breath brushing her ear and cheek made the sub shiver slightly in anticipation.

“Yes, Sir. I will be so good for you.” Her voice was breathy as though she were already halfway in subspace.

“You know the rules?”

“Yes Sir.”
“Recite them to me.”

“No talking except you ask a question. Safe word is red to stop and yellow to slow down, Sir.”

“That’s right,” he praised her and added as an afterthought, “Do you like me to make you come today?”

Sex was not necessarily part of their scenes and although, strictly speaking, Harvey was bisexual, during a scene he preferred sexual intercourse with a male sub. He felt he could be rougher and needn’t hold back when he was fucking a man. He knew it was a paradox because he could thrash a woman’s backside as thoroughly and mercilessly as a man’s if his partner was so inclined, but when it came to actual fucking, he felt that with a woman he couldn’t quite let himself go as well as he could with a man.

But he would still make his female subs come if they were well behaved and wanted it too, although his cock would stay inside his pants. He could always pick someone up at a bar on his way home if he needed really to get off after a scene.

“If you think that I earned it, I would like that very much, Sir. But it is your decision.”

At that Harvey couldn’t suppress a satisfied smirk. *Such a good girl.*

“Damn right it is.” His fingers tapped lightly on the piece of furniture in front of him. ”Now, get your pretty little ass on the spanking bench. Let’s see how fast I can make you fly.”

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After the scene, which had contained heavy impact play with several different implements and as a finale an earthshattering orgasm for Natalie (she had indeed been a good girl), Harvey had made sure that his sub was securely wrapped up in a blanket while he let her sip some water and held her in his arms. Natalie had recovered a little while later and Harvey had sent her home in a cab with the instruction to call him should she experience any signs of sub drop.

He planned on calling her tomorrow to make sure she was okay and their scene didn’t have any unpleasant side effects on her. Harvey knew that the club kept tabs on their employed subs after scenes but he felt that as a Dom proper aftercare was his responsibility regardless of how temporary his arrangement with the sub was.

After Natalie had left, Harvey ventured into the main room of the club and got himself a drink, his first that evening, at the bar. The open setting of the room allowed a view into several adjoining alcoves where couples played when they wanted an audience. Since it was a workday there weren’t many patrons present but in one of the alcoves a big Dom with black hair was scening with a younger blond man.

Steven, if Harvey remembered the name of the Dom correctly, was a regular but the younger guy with the messy dark blond hair and the slender figure must’ve been new. When the bartender named Marc gave him a refill Harvey slightly nodded towards the alcove.

“Who is Steven’s partner? I haven’t seen him around.”

“A newbie I think. Steven brought him as his guest but I think they don’t know each other so
Harvey arched an eyebrow questioningly and Marc explained. “They had a drink earlier and from what I could overhear, today is their first scene. They are only just starting now. To be honest, I’m not really sure that they are a good fit, but that’s just a feeling. The sub seems very jumpy.”

Harvey was intrigued and wandered over to the alcove to get a better view. He knew Steven from the club but had never watched him during a scene. He was curious about the other Dom’s style. Who knew, maybe he could learn something new. *Yeah, as if!* His overdeveloped confidence crushed that ridiculous thought immediately.

The ice cubes in his glass made a soft clinking noise as he casually leaned against the open entranceway and took a sip of the aged Macallan.

Steven noticed Harvey and the two Doms acknowledged each other with a polite nod. Then Steven turned back to his kneeling sub.

The young man’s face was turned away from the doorway towards the wall and Harvey could only glimpse the side of his face from his vantage point.

He was already naked and Harvey could make out goosebumps on the unblemished fair skin on the backside of his thighs. Since it was warm in the club, the goosebumps must be attributed to either nerves or arousal.

The posture of the sub was terrible compared to Natalie’s and Steven corrected his sub with rough movements of his hands. When the young sub finally kneeled with a straight back, knees wide apart, hands interlocked behind his head, elbows turned outward, he was slightly trembling. Between the gap of his thighs, Harvey could see that the sub’s cock was still flaccid.

“*Nerves*”, thought Harvey “*not arousal*”. Steven’s treatment of the newbie had been quite harsh and accompanied with barked orders and Harvey knew instinctively that this sub would thrive more on praise and encouragement. Obviously Steven had different views.

“If you little slut don’t keep it together I’m gonna blister your ass with the bullwhip until you’ve screamed yourself hoarse.” Steven’s voice sounded mean to Harvey’s ears and obviously the young sub thought so too, because the trembling increased and not in a good way.

“I’m sorry Sir. I try to do better. I want to be your good sub, Sir.” Even his voice shook a little bit.

Steven, standing behind the trembling figure, pushed his fingers into the dark blond messy hair, grabbed a handful and pulled back until the young man’s head was bent backwards at an awkward angle. He could hardly keep his balance on his knees with his hands still behind his head and his whole weight was being held by the hand in his hairs. Harvey could see the effort it took the young man not to whimper.

“I haven’t allowed you to speak. That gets you 10 more strikes.”

Harvey wanted to intervene but caught himself just in time. This was none of his business. Just because Steven’s style wasn’t to his taste didn’t mean that the sub didn’t like it as well. Maybe he was reading the sub wrong and anyway, the blond man could always safeword out. Which he hadn’t so far.

Steven finally let go of his sub’s hair und gave him a slight push forwards.

“On your feet und towards the St. Andrews Cross. Face towards the wall. And no talking. I don’t...”
want to hear another sound out of your filthy mouth.”

The sub came shakily to his feet and stumbled over to the wall. His hands and feet found their positions and Steven secured his limbs with the leather straps.

In this position, the round firm ass and the long slender limbs of the young man were displayed to their advantage and Harvey felt a pang of regret. The young sub was exactly his type and although the session with Natalie should have sated Harvey’s appetite for the moment, he was painfully reminded by his swelling cock that he, unlike Natalie, hadn’t come.

Harvey pondered for a moment whether he should watch Steven abuse his poor sub or just leave and find himself a willing one-night stand but his feet seemed rooted to the spot, his subconscious making the decision for him.

Steven had selected a flogger and assumed position behind the young man. Without warning, not a word or even a soft touch, he let the leather strips hit the sub’s right shoulder blade. The head of the blond man jerked back in surprise and his breath escaped him with a hissing noise. Steven didn’t give him time to process the pain but swung his arm again and again, raining down hard blows all over the young man’s back, ass and thighs.

When the fair skin was tinted a dark pink all over the Dom selected a riding crop and without pause or checking in on the young man, resumed his treatment with hard strikes. The sub really seemed to be new at this because Harvey could see how his muscles tensed under the onslaught of blows and how he shifted within the range of his bonds instead of trying to relax into the pain. The blond head turned rapidly from one side to another as though that little freedom of movement made the pain more bearable and soft moans escaped the dark pink lips.

Even from his position Harvey could see that the young man was desperately biting his own lower lip in order to not cry out. To keep it together, like Steven had instructed before. If he went on like this, the sub’s lower lip would soon start bleeding, Harvey was sure of that. Sadly, Steven didn’t seem to notice or just didn’t care. Harvey could hear how irregular and erratic the breathing of the tied man had become and his worry increased. He seemed to hyperventilate and if Steven wouldn’t ease up a little the young man could pass out from lack of oxygen.

“Red.” The soft whisper was barely audible over the harsh slaps of the striker’s leather-flap on skin. Maybe Harvey only heard it because he was waiting for it, hoping for it really.

When Steven, who obviously hadn’t heard, drew his arm back once more, Harvey was ready. He took a few hasty steps forward and grabbed the Dom’s wrist to hold him back.

“What the hell…” Steven tried to free his wrist from Harvey’s grip.

“He safeworded! Didn’t you hear?” Harvey didn’t let go of Steven and his voice sounded at least as pissed as Steven’s did.

“What kind of Dom are you that you are so careless with your sub?” Harvey stepped into Steven’s space and although Steven was taller and had more muscle than the lawyer, he backed down under Harvey’s obvious anger.

When Harvey was sure that the other Dom had gotten the message, he let go of the hairy wrist still holding the crop and turned to the sub.

At this point the young man was only upright because he was tied to the St. Andrews cross, but his head had rolled back and his eyes were firmly closed. Harvey could barely hear his breath and his
first thought was that the sub really had fainted.

He stepped in close behind the slack body and carefully laid a hand on the neck of the blond man. The sub tried to shy away from the touch and Harvey shushed at him softly but didn’t break contact with the man.

“Shush. I've got you. It’s over,” he whispered softly and tried to reassure the man that the attack on him had ended. He pressed himself more firmly behind the tied up body to support its weight, whispering little encouragements.

“Come on. Try to stand on your own feet. Yeah, that’s more like it. Only for a little bit until I have untied you.”

“Where’s …” whispered the hurt sub in confusion.

Harvey could guess the rest of the question. “He’s over there in the corner and he’s not coming near you again if you don’t want him to.” He sent a resentful glare in Steven’s direction. The other Dom looked a little embarrassed, obviously only now realizing his mistakes.

“I don’t.” The young man shook his head violently.

“Go!” Harvey shot in Steven’s direction. “I’ll deal with this.”

Steven seemed ashamed and took a step toward the St. Andrews Cross where Harvey loosened one of the buckles of the wrist-straps with his right hand while holding the trembling body of the sub upright with his left arm firmly wrapped around a narrow chest. The skin with the sparse soft hair felt clammy under his fingers.

Harvey only gave him another glare and shook his head slightly.

“I’m sorry!” Steven managed before he left the alcove.

“He’s gone,” Harvey whispered in the young man’s ear. “I’m taking care of you now. So, be a good boy and try to stand up a little for me. Yeah, that’s it Sweetheart. Such a good boy.”

Harvey had been right in his assessment of the kid because the silly endearments and the soft tone of his voice seemed to calm him down enough to be able to lock his knees and hold himself upright so that Harvey could finish the unbuckling process.

The bartender whom Steven had informed of the situation before he left the club in shame, brought a soft blanket and the two men wrapped the slender form securely in the warm fabric.

The sub was beginning to shake violently, the overflow of adrenalin catching up with him and Harvey acted instinctively. He picked the boy up and shot a questioning glance at the bartender.

“There’s a free room at the end of the hall with a bed. Best take him there.”

Without awaiting a reply, Marc walked in said direction and Harvey followed him. When they arrived at the room, Harvey sat down on the bed and held the trembling sub firmly in his lap, guiding the young man’s head to rest on his left shoulder. He was well aware that every contact with the skin on his backside must hurt the boy, but right now it was even more important that the sub felt cared for, and cradling him in his lap like a little kid seemed to do the trick.

“You don’t have to do that,” Marc told him. “I could ask one of the other employees. Another Dom. Martin should arrive soon. He,” the barkeeper nodded towards the shaking sub, “is not your
A limp hand sneaked its way out of the folds of the blanket and long fingers curled into Harvey’s button-down shirt, issuing a death grip on the expensive fabric. Obviously the kid had a different opinion.

“I’m not going anywhere right now. It’s all right.” Harvey replied for Marc’s benefit as well as for the sub’s.

Marc nodded. “I’ll bring you a soda for the boy and maybe I find some snacks as well.”

When they were alone Harvey allowed himself a first good look at the boy’s face. His features were soft and he looked very young although he must be legal because the club was meticulous in checking ID. Long dark blond lashes framed the kid’s closed eyelids and on his plump pink lower lip Harvey could see the teeth marks his front teeth had made earlier when he so desperately had tried not to cry out. The skin hadn’t broken but from the deep indentations still visible it had been a close call. The lips were slightly parted and Harvey could see a glint of the white and slightly prominent front teeth just behind them, which made the boy, no, the young man, look even younger and more vulnerable. How Steven could have been so harsh with him escaped Harvey’s comprehension especially when the boy’s puppy-like appearance had quite the opposite effect on himself.

Suddenly Harvey longed to swipe his own tongue softly and slowly over the boy’s abused lip. He wanted to taste him, soothe him, make him moan but this time with want and not with hurt.

It was this very moment that the young sub chose to open his eyes. Suddenly bright blue orbs appeared as his eyelids fluttered open and for a moment Harvey couldn’t breathe. A wave of protectiveness washed over him at the sight of the beautiful puppy eyes.

The boy’s face took on a slightly confused expression as though he didn’t know where he were or what had happened.

“Oh, hi,” he whispered. “Who are you then?” The soft voice sounded slightly raw although during the scene the sub hadn’t made a sound. Perhaps the effort of keeping all the screams and moans in had put a strain on his vocal cords, as paradox as that may sound.

“I’m Harvey,” he answered softly. ”I’m going to take care of you for a little while if you allow me.” He tried to make his voice as reassuring as he could although he was a little shaken himself. He normally wasn’t prone to be affected by beautiful helpless subs like he was by this boy.

“Hi Harvey. I’m Mike.”

The sub smiled weakly and his head snuggled closer to Harvey’s neck which made Harvey sadly lose his focus on the blue eyes. The boy inhaled audibly as if he was sniffing Harvey and the cold tip of his nose brushed lightly over the Dom’s skin under his ear.

A soft knock on the door announced Marc’s return with the promised snacks. He set them at the table near the bed and after receiving a nod from Harvey left them alone again.

Harvey took the can of coke and guided the straw between Mike’s lips.

“Here. Take a sip. You need the sugar and the fluids.”

Mike leaned forward a little and his spiky hair brushed Harvey’s left cheek. Despite the stiff and messy appearance it felt soft on his skin and smelt faintly of coconut.
When Mike was done with the coke Harvey fed him a cookie. Crumps were falling on his shirt but the Dom didn’t care. He was now in full aftercare mode. After three chocolate-chip cookies Harvey offered Mike the remaining drink and when Mike sighed contentedly and closed his eyes, the lawyer shifted them both so that they could lay side by side on the bed, Harvey on his back and Mike on his right side with his head resting on Harvey’s left shoulder, his left leg lying atop Harvey’s. He could hear Mike’s breathing even out as the sub drifted off.

Harvey turned his head to the side and watched the boy’s face, now relaxed in sleep. He was nearly nose to nose with the boy and his cookie-scented breath washed over Harvey’s face. A few cookie crumbs were nestled in one corner of his mouth and Harvey used his right thumb to brush them away. When the pad of his thumb touched Mike’s lip the young sub smiled in his sleep and damn, that sweet smile went directly to Harvey’s cock, which he tried to ignore to the best of his abilities.

To distract himself from his beginning arousal Harvey let his gaze drift over the pretty face of the young man beside him. He tried to commit as much of him to his memory as he could. There was this mole on the outer edge of his right eyebrow, obscured by the dark blond hairs, unlike Harvey’s own two, which sat prominently above his left eyebrow. The sub’s cheeks and jawline were covered in dark blond stubble which was softer than it looked as Harvey learned when he brushed his fingers over it. His hand came to rest on Mike’s neck, fingers curling towards the nape while his thumb caressed the pulse point just below his left ear.

Mike shifted slightly and leaned into the touch. The blanket slipped a little and Harvey could now make out where neck met shoulder, the sharp line of Mike’s clavicle under pale skin and right above it near the hollow of his throat another dark brown mole on the otherwise unblemished fair skin.

For a moment Harvey indulged in the fantasy of caressing him there with his lips, swiping his tongue along the sharp outline of the clavicle, kissing his way up to the pulse point and then teasing Mike’s mouth with the tip of his tongue till he would get another sweet smile as a reward.

Harvey closed his eyes briefly and shook his head. Not today, not under these circumstances. The boy, Mike, just had a terrible experience. He was vulnerable and easy to manipulate and it was his responsibility as a Dom to make sure that this sub wasn’t hurt any more than he already had been.

With this thought he firmly reminded himself that there was more that needed to be done. He disentangled the slender fingers of Mike’s hand from his shirt und slipped out of the bed. Mike looked close to waking up and Harvey knelt down beside the bed, gently petted his head, brushing his fingers through the soft strands of blond hair.

“Shhhhh. I need you to roll on your stomach now. You can sleep on though.”

“Harvey?”

“I’m right here, Sweetheart. But I need to take care of your back now or it’s too late and you will hurt very badly tomorrow.”

Mike shifted obediently onto his stomach but his eyes remained firmly shut. Despite his earlier experience the young man seemed to instinctively trust Harvey, a literal stranger, enough to give himself over into his caring hands without as much as another thought.

In the adjoining bathroom the Dom found the necessary supplies. He took the pump-flask of soothing lotion and a towel with him.
Back at the bed he slowly tried to untangle the blanket from Mike’s prone form without waking him up too much. Since Steven had gone to town on the whole of Mike’s backside from his shoulders down to his thighs right above the hollows of his knees, the Dom needed to expose the whole body of the sleeping kid. Without the blanket goosebumps immediately appeared on the red and irritated skin. There were even a few swollen welts from the riding crop.

Harvey silently cursed Steven for his carelessness. It was so obvious that Mike was new to this and needed to be eased into it. Instead, Steven had opted for throwing Mike into the deep end and had nearly drowned him in the process.

“Focus,” Harvey reminded himself. His anger for the other Dom changed nothing of the current situation and leaving the sub longer than necessary exposed to the cold would simply not do. He sighed and got on with the task at hand.

He poured a generous amount of the ointment into his hand and slowly spread it over his palms to warm it up. Then he applied it gently to Mike’s skin with feather light strokes so as not to irritate the skin any further or cause any more unnecessary pain.

When his hands first made contact with the sub’s shoulders, Mike tensed a little and made a small mewling sound but when the lotion developed its soothing effect the young man relaxed visibly and even gave a small contented sigh.

With sure even strokes Harvey covered all of the red skin with a thin layer of the lotion. Mike’s irritated skin felt almost hot under his hands and he kept his touches as light as possible. Before he went into the bathroom to wash his hands, he pulled the blanket back over the slim figure on the bed.

When he came back out of the bathroom Mike was snoring lightly. Harvey smiled involuntarily. The small sound was just so endearing and the relaxed expression on the young face was so much better than the hurt and confused one he had seen just half an hour before.

He longed to get back into bed, to hold the young man and keep him safe but there was one other thing he needed to take care of.

Harvey silently left the room, hoping that Mike would sleep until he came back.
The puppy made a mess

The main room of the club had filled a little in the time he had been away and Marc was busy pouring drinks. When he noticed Harvey he gave him a slight nod, indicating that he would come to him as soon as he had taken care of his customers. It took a couple more minutes but then another employee took over from Marc and both settled at a table in the corner of the room.

“How is he?” Marc wanted to know.

“Sleeping for now. A little raw around the edges though and I think he will feel his backside the next couple of days. What happened with Steven?”

Marc shrugged. “Told me that his sub safeworded, mumbled that you had sent him away and that he was sorry and then he left.”

“What a jerk.” Harvey shook his head slightly. “I hope the club revokes his membership. He should have seen the signs much earlier. If Mike hadn’t safeworded out I would have ended it anyway. It was clear that the boy had no idea what he had gotten himself into.”

Marc sighed. As an employee it wasn’t his place to criticize paying customers. And he himself had been long enough part of the scene, as a sub, that he knew a thing or three about how a Dom/sub relationship should work. So he tried to placate the other Dom’s anger.

“I know that you hold yourself to very high standards as a Dom and I would trust you with any sub I know, myself included, but don’t you think that the responsibility for a good scene does also, at least to some degree, lies with the sub? We don’t know what they negotiated beforehand, how well they knew each other. Perhaps it was a matter of miscommunication.”

Harvey shook his head. “Doesn’t matter. Mike’s body language was clear. Hell, I could see the signs and I didn’t know Mike from Adam, so Steven should’ve seen them too.”

Marc raised his hands in a gesture of surrender. “All I’m saying is that there are two sides to each story. Maybe you should ask the sub for his version.”

“Oh, I will. And then I’m going to kick Steven’s ass from here to next Monday.”

The barkeeper rolled his eyes. That was so typical Dom-behavior. “Just don’t do it on the club’s premises,” he muttered. “Would be a shame if you’d be banned, too.”

Harvey took on glance at his wristwatch.

“I need to get Mike’s clothes and then I see to it that he gets home safely.”

“I’ll fetch them for you. You can go back to the room. I can see that you are a little restless.”

Harvey nodded. He really felt a little on edge and wanted to get back to Mike as soon as possible. “Thank you. I really think I should get back.”

“Wouldn’t have thought the damsel in distress shtick worked on you,” Marc mumbled but softly enough that Harvey chose to ignore the insolent remark.

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Mike was just beginning to stir when Harvey opened the door. Harvey took a moment to watch him until he made his presence known.

“Hey Sleepyhead. Back to the land of the living?”

Mike yawned but when he tried to sit up he winced. The irritated and swollen skin on his back pulled at every movement.

Harvey sat down on the edge of the bed and carded his fingers slowly through the young man’s hair. He didn’t know why, but this sub brought out his touchy-feely side.

“How do you feel?”

“Like someone hit me with a bus. Repeatedly.” Mike sounded more alert which Harvey took as a good sign.

“Yeah. A round with a flogger and a riding crop will do that to you,” he replied dryly.

Mike managed to sit up beside Harvey and pulled the blanket around himself protectively.

He sighed a little and shook his head. “I need to apologize to Steven.”

Harvey turned his head so fast it nearly gave him whiplash.

“Excuse me? Has the flogger accidentally shaken something loose in your brain? Why on earth do you think you need to apologize?” he asked incredulous.

“Because I lied to him and then I bailed on him and used my safeword.” Mike sounded desolate.

“You should have used your safeword right at the beginning of the scene,” Harvey lectured. “But how did you lie to him? What’s that about?”

Mike just shrugged and refused to answer so Harvey got off the bed and knelt before Mike so that his face was right in front of Mike’s. Since the sub’s head was bowed he used his right hand to gently entice Mike to look him in the eyes. When his own dark brown eyes met Mike’s blue ones Harvey could detect an expression of shame in them.

“Hey. You can tell me. What happened?” he coaxed.

Mike drew in a shuddering breath. But then he seemed to find his resolve and he met Harvey’s eyes more firmly.

“Confession is good for the soul and all. At least that’s what my Grammy used to say. So, here goes.” He pulled his blanket a little tighter around himself as if it was armor. Harvey shifted backwards a little to give him more space but his hands rested lightly on Mike’s thighs not willing to loose contact with the distraught sub.

“I haven’t done anything like this before.” His voice sounded small.

“That much was obvious, Rookie.” Harvey tried to keep his tone light to encourage the younger man.

“Well, not to Steven. I met him online in a chatroom. Today was our first meeting. I’d told him that I have done this before, though.”
“Why would you do something so incredibly stupid?” Harvey was stunned. “How could you be so careless and irresponsible and …,” he trailed off, the words escaping him.

“I wanted it so badly, had wanted it for so long now and in my mind it was so good. I… I didn’t know how to meet the right people and in the chatroom…. Everybody wrote how it was a pain in the ass to train a newbie and …. I just wanted to do it… to try it … I thought that I could handle it. I read everything about BDSM I could find, I’ve fantasized about it for ages and I just wanted to do it for real.”

Mike wiped his eyes furiously with the heels of his hands. Harvey softly gripped his wrists and stopped him. He then brought his hands up to cradle Mike’s face and carefully swiped away the tears that were running down his cheeks with his thumbs.

“Go on,” he encouraged the young man, careful to leave any sign of judgement out of his tone of voice.

“Steven chatted me up and I told him that I had done it before, many times. When he told me what he liked I was like … yeah, I like that too… I was a little scared but … I just wanted to try it. I thought that I would tell him in person when we met but somehow I never got round to that part. I was afraid he would call the whole thing off and…. .”

“And you wanted it so badly that you threw caution to the wind,” Harvey concluded matter-of-factly.

“Yeah. And being high hadn’t helped much in the caution department either,” Mike admitted sheepishly.

Harvey gripped Mike’s face more firmly and looked him straight in the eyes, searching for any signs of intoxication.

“You are high? On what?” He couldn’t keep the anger he felt out of his voice any longer.

“Just weed. And I’m not high anymore. I think it wore off when the first strips of flesh fell off my back.”

“That’s not funny, Michael!” Harvey couldn’t help that his Dom voice took over but this was too serious to not stress the point.

“You never, not ever, enter into a scene high or inebriated. Never! Especially not when you’re trying something new with someone you’ve never been with before. Look at me and tell me that you understand!”

Mike had tried to avoid Harvey’s gaze but now his eyes shifted back to meet Harvey’s. As soon as they met, Harvey saw Mike’s pupils dilate and the sub scooted forward as if he tried to get off the bed to kneel in front of Harvey. Only the Dom’s firm hold of his face prevented Mike from slipping off the bed.

Although Harvey was pleased with the involuntary reaction he reminded himself firmly once more that now was not the time.

“How do you know that my real name is Michael?” the sub whispered stunned.

Harvey rolled his eyes so hard, it nearly gave him a headache.

“Everybody knows that Mike is short for Michael. But that's so not the point right now. I want your
verbal confirmation that you understand what I just told you. Now!”

The pupils dilated even more and only a thin blue ring was visible between the deep black and the slightly bloodshot white in Mike’s eyes

“I understand,” he whispered obediently. “Never enter a scene drunk or high. I’m sorry Sir. I will never do that again.”

Harvey sighed. Under different circumstances Mike would have been perfect for him. He seemed to be a natural submissive. Maybe he should start to frequent these chatrooms if diamonds in the rough like Mike were starting out there. But right now his own arousal at Mike’s near perfect reply needed to be ignored.

Luckily the knock at the door saved him from showing an inappropriate reaction, like shoving the boy onto the bed and fucking him through the mattress.

Marc came in and laid a bundle of clothes on the table near the bed. “Sorry it took so long. Steven came back and wanted to know how Mike was doing.”

At that, Mike tried to stand up and Harvey let go of his face, shifted his weight back to the balls of his feet and stood up himself to give the kid some room.

“Is he still here? Oh God. I need to apologize to him.”

Marc placed a hand on Mike’s shoulder to prevent him from leaving the room with only the blanket wrapped around himself toga style.

“No, he left again. But I assured him that you’re okay. He left his number if you want to call him though.” With that he placed a card on top of the bundle of clothes, looked over at Harvey and turned to leave the room.

“If you need me to call you a taxi just let me know,” he told Mike as an afterthought.

Before Mike could reply Harvey interrupted. “Thanks Marc, but that won’t be necessary. I will make sure that Mike gets home safely.”

Mike remained standing when he was alone with Harvey but he pulled the blanket even more securely around himself. Suddenly there was an awkwardness between them and Harvey decided to give the young man some space.

“If you’re feeling up to it you should get dressed,” he suggested and gestured towards the bundle of clothes. “I can stay and help you if you’re still shaky.”

When Mike stayed silent he added, “Or I can wait at the bar if you’d rather be alone.”

Mike wouldn’t look at him. “I think I can manage on my own, but thanks,” he mumbled.

Harvey nodded. “Take your time.”

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The young man appeared 10 Minutes later fully clothed in apparently cheap jeans, a thin t-shirt
with a frayed hem and a sweat-jacket. He was still moving slowly and carefully and Harvey was glad the he’d had the foresight to bring his car round to the front of the club. He knew that every unnecessary step and movement would hurt Mike.

Without another word he took Mike by the hand, nodded a thank-you in the direction of Marc and guided the sub out of the club. Only when he beeped his car open with the remote Mike dug his heels in.

“You don’t need to drive me home. My bike is over there.”

Harvey turned, a puzzled expression on his face. Surely he must have heard wrong.

“Your what is where?”

“My bike. Over there.” Mike gestured vaguely toward a lamp post to which indeed a mountain bike was padlocked.

“You biked here?”

“Yes. Why not? I live in Brooklyn. Do you have any idea how expensive a cab fare is these days?” His voice sounded defensive.

Harvey couldn’t believe it. He stepped closer towards the young man and tilted his head slightly to the side.

“So let me recap.” His voice had adopted a slightly mocking tone like one would assume when talking to an imbecile. “You thought it was a good idea to bike from Brooklyn to a BDSM club in Manhattan, where you wanted to get your ass spanked by a stranger you met online and lied to regarding your proclivities and experience and after that you wanted to ride your bike back home.” His right hand lashed out and smacked Mike’s sore bottom, not really hard, but it made the sub jump and whimper in pain nevertheless. “Please tell me you see what’s wrong with this harebrained scheme of yours.”

Before Mike could speak, Harvey went on.

“Get your bike. I think it will fit in the trunk.” He saw Mike open his mouth, probably to protest once more.

“I’m not asking. I’m telling. Now be a good boy and do as you’re told.” He put the full power of his Dom-voice behind the words and Mike snapped his mouth shut before he hurried to obey Harvey.

They had to borrow a blanket from the club to wrap around the bike to prevent it from scratching the car, but together they managed to fit the bike into the trunk even if they had to secure the lid with Mike’s belt to keep it from popping open.

When Mike took his seat beside Harvey he winced slightly. Harvey shot him a look and shook his head.

“Biking home.” He scoffed. “Really, Rookie?”

Mike chose to ignore him. He knew he had been stupid. He could see that now. But that didn’t mean that he liked Harvey’s snide remarks. And after all, it had been Mike’s weed-brain that had come up with his travel arrangements. He had been so nervous when the meeting with Steven at the club approached that he’d smoked a pipe to calm his nerves. After that, it had seemed the most
natural thing to bike to Manhattan. After all, Mike was a bike-messenger and biking his natural mode of transportation. In hindsight he should have known better.

Harvey steered his Lexus in the general direction of Brooklyn Bridge.

“Care to share an address with me?” he asked after several minutes of silence.

For a moment it seemed like Mike would decline but then he gave in and mumbled his address.

“Just tell me where to go. I don’t make my money as a cabbie.”

Besides the directions Mike gave they drove in silence. When they arrived a Mike’s flat Harvey killed the engine but stayed seated. The tension was increasing by the second and Mike couldn’t take it anymore.

His hand reached for the door lock but suddenly Harvey took hold of his wrist.

“What you did to Steven was unfair, you know.” His voice didn’t sound angry, only like he was stating a fact.

“I know.”

“You don’t have to tell me what you told him, but maybe it would help if you talked about it.”

Mike inhaled shakily. “I’m so ashamed.” Harvey could hear him fight the tears back.

Harvey’s thumb drew slow circles on the back of the kid’s left hand while his fingers were still curled lightly around his wrist. The touch was meant to reassure him not to hold him in place.

“Tell me anyway.”

Mike nodded but remained silent. The lawyer didn’t press the matter, just waited while the boy struggled with his conscience.

“When he, Steven, told me he liked pain play I said I liked it too although I was scared because I never even had someone spank me. I mean, I fantasized about it but… .” Mike trailed off helplessly.

Harvey nodded but otherwise stayed silent.

“I even told him that I was into roleplay, that I liked to play the newbie and that he just should do his thing and pay no attention if I acted out a little. That I could handle it if he was rough, liked it even.”

Harvey scoffed. He just couldn’t help himself. “And he fell for that?”

Mike shrugged. “I can be very convincing.”

“Not really. I think that Steven is just very gullible. Anyway, your little ploy backfired epically.”

Mike only nodded.

“I don’t need to tell you, that what you did was stupid, unfair, dangerous, selfish and just wrong amongst a plethora of other things.”

“That’s a lot of adjectives.”
“Not the best of times to get lippy, Kid”, Harvey chided.

Mike sighed and rubbed his right hand through his hair which made it stand on end even more.

“Sorry. It’s just something I do when I’m nervous. I can’t help it.”

Harvey sighed too. “It’s not entirely your fault, you know. Steven should’ve been able to read you better. A good Dom should be adept at reading body language. It was obvious that you were in over your head.”

“I still need to apologize,” the boy whispered.

“That’s true. And do it tonight. If Steven is just a little like me, he will need to hear from you that you’re all right. Don’t make him wait. That would be cruel.”

Harvey patted his hand reassuringly before he let go. Mike nodded once and pushed the door open.

The lawyer helped him get his bike and accompanied him towards the entrance of the building. Before Mike could push his key into the lock Harvey waved a cardboard rectangle, stuck between his index and middle finger, in front of the kid’s face.

“Here’s my card. Do me a favor and call me tomorrow. Just let me know how you’re doing. I’ll worry if you don’t.”

Mike’s eyes met Harvey’s for the last time under the dim light of a street lantern.

“Okay. I wouldn’t want that.” Mike turned towards the door but stilled once again, his head hanging down, eyes fixed firmly on the tips of his ratty sneakers.

“Thanks Harvey,” he mumbled barely audible. “Really, I mean it. You were great.”

Without awaiting a reaction Mike pushed the door open and vanished inside, dragging his bike with him.
An inappropriate crush

Chapter Summary

The days after they first met from Harvey's POV. Short chapter but more is soon to come.

After Harvey got home that night, he couldn’t help but think about the kid. How he had looked when he had kneeled on the floor at Steven’s feet. How his round but firm butt had quivered under the harsh lashes of the flogger. How his fair skin had taken on a pink hue. How it had felt to hold the trembling body of the boy in his arms.

Harvey tried all his usual tricks to relax and calm his mind but when booze and music failed him and he couldn’t concentrate on work either, he gave in. With practiced and efficient movements he jerked himself off in the shower, a vision of Mike before his eyes and his name on his lips as he spent himself against the tiled wall.

This maneuver only half worked because at 3 a.m., when he awoke with a start, he was fully erect again and couldn’t get rid of the image of a young beautiful sub with bright blue eyes until he got himself off again with only a few quick strokes of his hand. I’m behaving like a teenager with a crush. Somehow, that kid had gotten under his thick skin and it seemed that he was there to stay.

The next day just before noon Mike stayed true to his promise and called Harvey. He sounded hesitant and ashamed and the call ended just after a few minutes. Other than assuring the lawyer that he was all right albeit a bit sore and that he had called Steven and tried to make amends, they didn’t talk much.

Harvey, who was at work, didn’t try to prolong their talk when Mike so clearly felt uncomfortable talking to him but he planned to call Mike back in the evening to get a little more information about how the talk with Steven had worked out. And of course there was one other agenda he had.

Harvey intended to find out how Mike felt about the whole BDSM-thing after his awful initiation. Maybe he still wanted to experiment. And who knew into which kind of terrible situations the kid would get himself on his quest of educating himself on the finer points of being a sub. Better to make sure that his next venture into the world of BDSM would be more enjoyable. Surely, as a responsible Dom he had no other choice but to take the kid under his wing. That’s your cock talking, his reasonable side of the brain was chiding, but Harvey chose to ignore it.

When he came home he was full of anticipation but instead of immediately giving in to his urges, he changed into a soft Henley and black sweatpants, got himself a beer from the fridge and put on a Lee Fields’ record. Than he settled down on the sofa and dialed Mike’s phone.

The call went straight to voicemail.

“Hey Mike. It’s Harvey. Just wanted to hear how you’re doing. Please give me a call.”

After the anticlimactic phone call Harvey got his laptop and worked a little more. When he finally shut it down, it was after midnight and Mike still hadn’t called him back. Since it didn’t seem likely that he would, Harvey got into the shower, once more jerked himself off to the image of
Mike in front of his inner eye and went to bed.

The next few day’s Harvey tried to get hold of Mike every evening and every evening, after leaving another message on the kid’s voicemail, he didn’t get the one phone call he was waiting for.

After 4 days Harvey was fed up and decided to change tactics. He got the phone number he needed from the club and called Steven in the evening. He was hoping that the other Dom had another way to reach Mike but he was sorely disappointed.

“Sorry, but I only have the one phone number of him.”

“What about the chatroom you met in. Could I try to reach him there? What’s his screen-name?”

“Sorry man, but that will not work either.” Steven sounded truly apologetic. “After the stunt he pulled I had him banned.”

*Shit.* “When was the last time you talked to him?”

“Late that evening after you had dropped him off. Look man, he told me how you took care of him and I’m truly grateful to you. I should have done it but after I realized that he had tricked me… anyway, thanks man.”

“Don’t mention it. And I need to apologize to you too for all the names I called you.”

Steven sounded confused. “You didn’t… .”

“Not to your face.”

“Well, if I had really been the asshole you suspected me to be, I’d had earned it, so no harm done,” Steven conceded.

After they ended the call Harvey stood a long time in the dark living room and just watched the lights of the city flicker below in the streets as life went on in the Big Apple. Under normal circumstances that sight of the busy city soothed his mind but tonight he felt restless and ill at ease. He needed to do something. Waiting passively for Mike to call him back was just not in his nature.

He quickly changed into some dark slacks and a grey button down, got his leather jacket and took the elevator down to the garage. Luckily he had the satnav in his car guide him from Mike’s flat back to his condo the other night, so he just had to program the satnav to reverse the direction to find his way back to the kid’s place.

When Harvey arrived in the not so respectable part of the city he parked a couple of doors down from Mike’s building. For a moment he questioned his own sanity of stalking, yes stalking, a young man who obviously didn’t want to talk to him. But his lawyer-brain made the argument that it was only natural for him to make sure that the kid was okay and didn’t suffer from sub-drop. So, he wasn’t stalking, he was just being a responsible Dom.

Satisfied with this reasoning, he got out of the car before some semblance of sanity could catch up with him once more.

He rang the top-doorbell with the name-tag “*Ross*” since Mike had told him that he lived on the 4th floor, but there was no reaction. He took a few steps back to watch the windows, but they remained dark.
Well, it was a little after 10 p.m. and maybe Mike was out. He was a young guy after all so it would be only natural for him to go out with friends and not stay in and pine after a random guy he met at a club.

But maybe he should ring one of the other apartments, speak to the kids neighbors and ask them if the kid was all right.

*Yeah, that wouldn’t be creepy at all!*

Harvey shook his head and went back to his car. He seriously needed to get a grip. He promised himself that tonight was it. This would not go any further. He would get into his car, drive home and forget about the damn kid. No more voicemails, no more drive-bys, no more jerking himself off to the memory of blue puppy eyes.

He was just about to start his car and get the hell out of Dodge when a taxi stopped in front of Mike’s building and the young man stepped out. Before Harvey could react a blonde girl followed and the two of them made a bee-line to Mike’s front door. They laughed and Mike seemed relaxed and happy. He unlocked the door, ushered the blonde in and followed. After a couple of minutes the lights behind the windows in the top floor went on and briefly two silhouettes were visible before the curtains were drawn.

Harvey started his car and headed home.
And it begins...

Chapter Summary

Mike and Harvey finally meet again. Mike takes his first step to become Harvey's sub.

Chapter Notes

I tend to switch between POV’s and I hope it's not too annoying and confusing. I apologize for all errors regarding to spelling and grammar. English is not my first language and if I've made some serious blunders, please be so kind and point them out to me so I can correct them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The present day.

Mike made quick work with the industrial vacuum cleaner. If he could keep up his pace, he would be done with his assigned floor in about 30 minutes and could finally go home and cram a few hours of sleep in before he had to get up for his day job.

The cleaning gig wasn’t ideal since it meant that he had to go to bed early, sleep a couple of hours, get up before midnight, work a few hours and then go back to sleep for another couple of hours before he had to roam the streets of Manhattan on his bike.

It was only his second week on this new job but he already could feel the strain it put on his social life and on his mood. Right now his life really sucked.

But his Grammy needed better care and all he could come up with to get money at short notice, despite selling drugs for Trevor – or robbing a bank -, was this job. He would keep looking for something else though because cleaning, really not his style.

And the fact that he had to clean the offices of a law-firm didn’t make it any better. Until a couple of years ago it had been his dream to work in a law-firm, but now, not so much anymore, at least not in his recent capacity. Somehow, dragging a trash-bag behind him as he was walking the hallway had never featured in his dream.

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He’d always wanted to become a lawyer as far as he could think back, but some poor judgement on his side, and the fact that he could never say no to Trevor and his harebrained schemes to make a quick buck, had ended that dream. He’d been kicked out of Columbia for selling a math-test he’d
memorized -Trevor’s idea - to the dean’s daughter - again Trevor’s idea - before he could finish his
degree. The full ride to Harvard that he’d had in his pocket had been taken away from him as well.
The dean had made sure of that by just one single phone-call, as he’d told Mike with a satisfied
grin before having him escorted from campus.

One poor decision had transformed him from the local wunderkind into an outcast. Now, without a
scholarship, he couldn’t even afford a local college and much less a respectable law school. He had
been kicked into a different life in a matter of seconds and he had nobody to blame for this but
himself… and Trevor.

Mike sighed inwardly. Better not think about Trevor and how they’d fought because Mike
wouldn’t make a drop for him at a fancy hotel. But a suitcase full of weed was too hot for Mike’s
taste. He had to take care of his Grammy and he couldn’t very well do that if he were rotting in
prison for a drug deal gone bust. Although he was quite sure that his Grammy would die of shame
anyway when she’d learn that her grandson was a drug-dealer.

And now Trevor was mad at him for not helping him out. Deep in his heart Mike knew that Trevor
was an anchor weighing him down – that’s what his Grammy had told him and she was always
right-, but he just couldn’t cut his childhood friend loose. They shared so much history.

The day Mike moved in with his Grammy after his parents had died, he’d met Trevor. Mike had
been a small scraggly kid with huge anger-management issues and as soon as his suitcase had been
unpacked and his Grammy had sent him out to look around, Mike had picked a fight with the
meanest kid in the neighborhood.

Tony Rizzo, the one kid that everyone gave a wide berth. Mike hadn’t known and wouldn’t have
cared anyway. He’d been so angry and unhappy and furious at life itself and when the bully had
made a rude comment about Mike’s t-shirt (he loved this Batman t-shirt) he had just snapped.

Hollering out a war cry, he had flung himself towards the kid, fists flailing like a deranged
windmill, only to be knocked out by a meaty fist making solid contact with his lip and pinned to the
ground by sweaty hands. But Mike wouldn’t stop fighting, wouldn’t give in and lay still. He’d spit
the kid in the face and as soon as he’d seen the expression in Tony’s eyes when the bloodied spittle
ran down the bully’s cheek, he’d known that he was done for. Not wanting to see what would
happen next, Mike had pressed his eyelids firmly shut and waited for the pain.

Instead, he’d heard a strange brassy sound accompanied by a loud “Ouch!” and suddenly he
wasn’t pinned down anymore and another sweaty hand had grabbed his, dragged him up and then
he was running full tilt after a dark haired boy. Later Mike had learned that Trevor had hit Tony
with a trashcan-lid, which really was, at least in Mike’s opinion, rather fitting.

From this day on Trevor was his best friend and they’d shared a lot of milestones.

Basically all of Mike’s first-times were connected to Trevor.

The first time he’d cheated on a test had been for Trevor. It had been back in 5th grade and Trevor
had been too lazy to study for math and panicked when he’d realized that he would fail. He’d
reasoned with Mike that if his parents were mad because of the test, Mike wouldn’t be allowed to
come over anymore – naturally Mike had caved.

The first time he got drunk he was 14 and Trevor had figured out how to break into the liquor
cabinet of his parents. Trevor’s parents had been celebrating their wedding-anniversary and wanted
to spend the night at a fancy hotel. True to his nature Trevor had come up with a plan to have some
fun.
They had told Trevor’s parents Trevor would stay at Mike’s and Grammy that Trevor’s parents were okay with Mike having a sleep-over at Trevor’s place. Of course, they’d forgone the part where Trevor’s parents would spend the night away. The two boys had gorged themselves on Tequila, Don Julio, and then taken turns throwing up. How they’d never got caught was something Mike still couldn’t quite fathom. That he still liked to get drunk on Tequila was another miracle.

Trevor’s parents had found out about the Tequila, even so the boys had filled it up with water so it seemed untouched, at their next dinner-party. Trevor had been grounded for that but never ratted on Mike.

The first time Mike had kissed a girl when he was 15, Trevor had been involved too, although in a more passive capacity and not during the event itself. Mike had been secretly hung up on Gloria Miller for month but was too shy to take actions. Trevor had orchestrated their meeting under the bleachers beside the football field. It was only later, after his crush had burned itself out, that Trevor confessed that he had bribed Gloria with some weed to do the –not really – nasty with Mike.

The first time he got high when he was 16 had been with Trevor again and incidentally this was also the first time he'd gotten arrested.

The first time he’d kissed a guy had also been with Trevor, drunk again on Tequila. They’d never talked about it after and Mike was too much chicken to ever mention it. But that was when he’d realized that he was into guys too.

Usually, all the first times he’d had with Trevor were somewhat tainted, if only in hindsight. He secretly had begun to think, that his tendency to let Trevor persuade him in doing dumb stuff was the one weakness he needed to get rid of in order to get some semblance of sanity back into his life. The thing was, Mike liked it when he was given orders, when Trevor made him do stuff. It made him feel… good. How sick was this?

So he tried to stay away from Trevor and make his own decisions, but somehow had managed to screw that up as well as his adventure with Steven was testimony to.

His life really sucked.

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When the cubicles in the hallway were done, he made his way to the corner office. When he’d seen the name on the glass wall besides the door on his first night on the job, Mike had smiled involuntarily because it had brought back the memory of the man who had been so nice to him that evening when he had behaved so stupidly. He still could’ve kicked himself when he thought back at that day but on the other hand, he couldn’t really regret his actions since he wouldn’t have met Harvey, the Dom, his Dom, otherwise.

He had thought about Harvey a lot in the days after his ill-fated venture in the Dom/sub world. He wanted to call him a couple of times, but after their phone call the next day everything seemed so awkward between them. And then he had lost his phone and it made Mike realize that he really was a screw-up, with or without Trevor, and Harvey had been only kind to him because he was so pathetic. So he tried to forget Harvey, forget about the whole BDSM-thing, and get on with his life – sans Trevor.
He even met a couple of times with Jenny, just as friends though, because even if she had broken up with Trevor, again, and he and Trevor weren’t currently on speaking terms, again, starting something with her would’ve still felt wrong.

And then there was this guy with this beautiful dark brown eyes, the self-assured posture and the voice that went straight to Mike’s dick, on whom he was secretly hung up.

Not that he would admit to any of that. He hadn’t told Jenny about his escapade. She didn’t know about his kinky interests, didn’t even know that he was into guys too and he wasn’t sure she would understand.

He didn’t understand it himself. He just knew that he wanted someone to belong to. Someone who kept him in check, who would guide him, take care of him, take responsibility so that he wouldn’t have to and protect him from his own stupidity. And maybe even someone who could make his over-active brain shut up for a few moments every now and then.

That was why he had wanted to try pain play when Steven had suggested it. While he was educating himself by reading everything he could find about BDSM, he came across this article which explained in a scientific way why pain would release all sorts of natural chemicals to the brain, hormones like endorphin, dopamine and so on. And apparently these hormones could create some sort of natural high. After that, he specifically searched for blogs written by subs who described their experiences with this phenomena called subspace. It sounded very intriguing and peaceful and that was why Mike had agreed when Steven had brought up this particular interest. Sadly, the reality hadn’t quite matched his fantasy.

Mike just hoped the yearning he still felt would finally go away because he had no idea how to meet another Dom since he had been banned from the chatroom. Not that he could blame Steven. But it seemed as though word had gotten around the community and he had been red-flagged at a couple of other web-sides as well. And his experience with Steven had taught him anyway that it wasn’t enough to meet any Dom, it needed to be the right Dom.

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Mike shook his head and tried to focus on the task at hand. He needed to get a move on if he wanted to get any sleep before having to ride his bike for 8 to 10 hours.

The guy who owned this office had great taste in music. Mike knew that he wasn’t allowed to touch anything that he needn’t touch in order to get his work done. But since he worked this floor alone and he had a photographic memory and could put back everything so that nobody would ever know, he had indulged himself a little and perused the guy’s record collection in the past couple of days.

He always cleaned this office last and then sat on the sofa, sometimes playing with the baseball from the lawyers desk whilst letting the music wash over him before he packed up and went home. One night, he even fell asleep on the couch and had woken up just in time when he heard the first associates shuffling in at 6 a.m. Sitting on this expensive and oh so comfortable couch, playing with the sports-mementos on display, which were surely more valuable than Mike could make in a year, in both his jobs, and listening to the music had become his favorite part of the day.

When he pushed the glass door open now, he could hear soft jazz playing on the turntable even so
his earphones were still sticking in his ears, playing some hip-hop-song from his playlist. He shut his music off and pulled the earphones out. Yep, someone was definitely moving in the corner of the dark office and Mike’s first thought was, that he was interrupting a burglary in progress. Instead of running away he once again made a stupid decision.

“If you are a robber I will have you know that I am armed. With a big gun.” He raised the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner and hoped that it would pass for the barrel of a gun in the dim light.

Suddenly the lamp in the corner of the office was switched on and Mike could see the man lounging in the chair.

“You could at least try to sound more convincing,” Harvey mocked him.

Mike let go of the nozzle.

“What… ?” His mouth dropped open and Harvey had a hard time to keep a straight face.

“You’re catching flies, Kid,” he joked. “Whom did you expect? Santa Clause? The Easter-bunny?”

“What are you doing here?” Mike’s voice sounded incredulous.

He couldn’t believe that the guy he’d fantasized about during his jerk-off sessions for the last couple of weeks now sat in front of him in this office. Maybe the last joint he had smoked had been bad. But this didn’t seem like a bad trip.

Harvey looked different than he remembered. Less relaxed and more like a businessman. He was wearing dark grey pinstriped suit-pants and a matching vest, the sleeves of his light-blue dress-shirt rolled up to his elbows but not messy like Mike would have done it, but carefully folded up so as not to wrinkle the clearly expensive shirt more than necessary. The wide dark blue tie around his neck had been loosened a little and Mike could see that the top-button of the shirt had been opened. Harvey’s dark hair was slicked back with a lot of hair-product but one strand of hair had gotten loose and hung down, brushing the man’s forehead. His eyes had dark circles underneath and he gave of the over-all expression of bone-tiredness, despite his teasing tone of voice.

Harvey pointed to the files in his lap. “Working late.”

“But you… why… here… ?”

“Are you having a stroke? I seem to remember that you are normally at least a little bit more coherent, even after you’ve been thoroughly flogged.”

Mike simply shook his head and flapped his arms like a confused penguin.

“You do realize that this office has my name on the door?”

Mike took a couple of steps back and actually looked at the name and then back at Harvey who raised an eyebrow mockingly.

“I gave you my card. It had my name on it as well as my phone number.” His voice sounded like he was talking to a simpleton.

Mike conjured the image up in front of his inner eyes. Harvey was right, of course he was. Mike just had never properly looked at the surname, only at the number.

“I didn’t realize… ,“ he tried to explain.
“So you haven’t infiltrated the cleaning service of Pearson Hardman for the sole purpose of stalking me?”

“What?” Mike shouted and he opened his eyes so wide, his eyebrows almost met his hairline. “No! You have to believe me. I didn’t.” He looked close to panicking.

Now Harvey really cracked up. He couldn’t help himself. The image of the flustered kid who was so easy to rile up was just too funny.

When Mike saw Harvey’s face light up and laughter lines appear around the brown eyes he knew that Harvey had only kidded. For a moment he had thought that Harvey would complain to his supervisor and he would lose this job and his Grammy would be kicked out of her nursing home.

After a moment of just smiling at each other, Mike with relief and Harvey with real fondness, Harvey stood up and went to Mike. He wanted to hug him but instead laid a hand on the younger man’s shoulder and squeezed lightly, just a slight flexing of his fingers.

“So,” the lawyer ventured, “how have you been?”

Mike blushed a little at the all of a sudden too close proximity of his man-crush.

Harvey took it for discomfort and backed off a little. He gestured invitingly towards his sofa while he himself took one of the leather chairs so as to not crowd the kid.

Mike slowly sat down, unsure where to look. “Fine,” he mumbled shyly. “And you?”

Harvey tried to catch the kid’s eyes but he seemed to have developed a sudden interest in the cleanliness of his fingernails and wouldn’t look up.

“I left you a couple of voice mails. I was worried about you.” Harvey tried to keep his tone as neutral a possible.

“Sorry. I lost my phone.”

Harvey exhaled slowly. “I see.” His voice sounded a little sad and Mike looked up. For a brief moment he could see the sadness in the eyes of the lawyer before the professional mask slid back on. Mike didn’t get it. Why would Harvey be sad?

“What do you see?” he asked instead.

“You haven’t lost my number, have you?”

“No. And even if I had, I would’ve remembered it anyway.” Mike dug himself even deeper without realizing it.

“So you didn’t call me again because you didn’t want to,” Harvey concluded, voice carefully devoid of any emotion.

Mike winced. Harvey couldn’t be more wrong. He slowly shook his head while he tried to catch Harvey’s eyes.

“I wanted to,” he admitted. “But, I’m such a screw up. And you were so angry because of everything I had done.” He shrugged, unsure if he should elaborate but Harvey stayed silent.

“I got it all wrong. I wanted it, the submission-thing, so much and I got about it all wrong. I can still remember how pissed you were when I told you about the lie and the weed and everything.”
He trailed off and nibbled at his lower lip as if he needed a few moments to formulate a thought.

“The thing is though,” he continued hesitantly, “I don’t regret it.” He looked bashful and a blush crept over his face and down to his throat. “I know I should, but if I hadn’t done it I never would have met you. And I can’t regret that.”

A small hopeful smile spread over Harvey’s lips. “I can’t regret that either, Puppy.” He leaned forwards a little and placed a hand on Mike’s thigh, watching the kid’s reaction as he did.

As soon as the palm of his hand made contact with the grubby jeans and the warmth of his hand radiated through the rough fabric Mike’s pupils dilated ever so slightly. Harvey noticed it. Of course he noticed.

“Have you given up on your quest or are you still interested in becoming a sub?”

Once again, Mike averted his eyes and the blush on his cheeks deepened, crept further down his throat towards his chest and vanished under the frayed neckline of his tee.

Harvey would not allow any kind of avoidance though. He flexed his fingers on the boy’s thigh slightly to get his attention.

“Michael.” Harvey chose the formal version of Mike’s name deliberately because of Mike’s reaction to it the other night. This seemed to push one of the kid’s buttons and Harvey wanted to stress the significance of his demand. “Please look at me. This is important.” He didn’t raise his voice but the playfulness from before was gone and had given way to an almost palpable determination in the lawyer’s tone of voice.

Mike instantly obeyed. How could he not? He dragged his eyes up to meet Harvey’s. The Dom could see how difficult it was for the sub to maintain eye contact and gave him a little encouraging half smile along with another squeeze of his fingers.

“Good boy,” he praised and Mike’s pupils dilated even more. Harvey was sure that by now Mike must be sporting at least a semi but he didn’t want to break eye contact to confirm his suspicion.

“Now. Please answer my question.”

Mike licked his lips once more before nibbling at his lower lip briefly and Harvey memorized this as one of the kid’s tells.

“I still want to try it,” he admitted nervously. Mike could feel that they were on the brink of something.

“Are you not afraid after what happened at the club?”

Mike shook his head decisively. “No. I realize now what I did wrong. I lied and I was high and I will never be so stupid again. But I think that with the right Dom it would feel great to submit. Peaceful and safe.”

“And who would be the right Dom for you? How should this Dom be?” Harvey very nearly held his breath. This was it. The moment of truth. And Mike took the leap of faith.

“Ever since this evening I think of you as my Dom, Sir.” Another little biting of the lip but then the kid found his resolve. “Please, Sir. I think you would be perfect for me.”

Harvey exhaled slowly. “And why is that, Puppy? I need to be sure that you really thought this
Mike smiled slightly, suddenly all he wanted nearly at the tips of his fingers, if only he could get his answer right. “Because, every time you call me Puppy or Good Boy or Kid it just goes straight to my cock like a pavlovian reaction and all I want is to make you proud of me, be good for you. Be your good sub. I get into trouble all the time and I think if had someone who would take care of me, who would hold me responsible for my actions, maybe then I wouldn’t screw up so much.” He took a shaking breath. “And I trust you. You said it yourself. A good Dom should be able to read their sub and I have the feeling that you can read me like a book. I can’t hide from you, can’t bullshit you. And you were so kind to me when you didn’t need to. I just know that you would never hurt me… unless I wanted you to, that is.”

“What do you want from me?” Although inside, Harvey was dancing a little victory dance, his pokerface did not waver once.

“I want you to teach me how to be a good sub for you. I want you to give me orders. To take care of me. I want to belong to you, to be yours.”

This kid was really almost perfect.

“There will be a lot of rules if we’re really going to do this.”

“I know.”

“I will make you work for it, you know.”

Mike smiled a little. “I didn’t expect you to give it up for free,” he quipped lightly before he caught himself. He expected a reprimand from Harvey for his lip but instead, the lawyer broke out into a huge grin.

“For free,” he whispered as though deep in thought. Then he seemed to catch himself. “Normally I wouldn’t let you get away with such behavior but your quip just gave me an idea how I could win my case, so I let your misbehavior slide for once. Don’t get used to it, though or you will be a very sorry sub indeed.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.” Mike sounded relieved.

“Now, sadly I have to work a little since my case is rather time-sensitive.”

Mike nodded and took this statement as his dismissal. He tried to stand up when Harvey’s hand squeezed his thigh almost painfully.

“Have I told you to get up, Puppy?” If his boy wanted rules, he would give him rules.

Mike took a shaky breath. Suddenly he felt giddy. They were really doing this. Harvey was really doing this to him, with him.

“No, Sir.” He shook his head slightly and looked Harvey in the eye.

“I will need to work for at least an hour. If you really want to become my sub you will do exactly as I tell you. Tonight we will start slow. We will do nothing that will require negotiations. But don’t think that it will be easy.” Harvey looked firmly into Mike’s eyes. “Do you still want to proceed?”

“Yes.”
“What was that?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey nodded satisfied. “Go to the desk and fetch me my laptop.”

Mike stood immediately and did as he was told. When he handed Harvey the computer the lawyer set it down on the coffee table in front of him. Mike remained standing beside Harvey’s chair, unsure how to proceed.

“For tonight we will work with the color system. Once we do this more often, you can choose your own safewords if you want to. Now, do you know how the color system works?”

Mike just nodded and Harvey rolled his eyes.

“I need your verbal confirmation, Mike.”

“Yellow is to slow down and red is to stop, Sir.”

“And green?” Harvey prompted. Mike seemed a little confused. He hadn’t read anything about green so he took an educated guess.

“When everything is good?” The kid’s voice sounded hesitant, as tough he was afraid to fail at a task.

“That’s right,” Harvey reassured him and then elaborated. “Especially in the beginning I will ask you regularly what your color is. Like you said before, I’m pretty good at reading people but nevertheless, doing things this way prevents us both from misjudging a situation and it forces you to think about what you really feel at any given situation. So, what’s your color right now?”

“Green, Sir.”

Harvey nodded satisfied. “I want you to undress as far as you feel comfortable. Don’t try to impress me. I will know when you’re uncomfortable so I want you to really think about it before you take off your clothes. This is not a test. Whatever you decide is good.”

Mike nodded his head again and caught Harvey’s expression just in time. “Yes, Sir.”

He toed of his sneakers and his socks and pulled his t-shirt over his head. Then his hands nestled at the button of his jeans but didn’t open it. Once again his teeth worried at the pink flesh of his lower lip.

“That’s enough for now,” Harvey helped him out of his predicament. “Like I said, there is no right or wrong.”

Mike seemed relieved. He had no idea what was going to happen and suddenly his over-imaginative brain conjured up a plethora of different scenarios in light-speed. He wanted this, wanted to be Harvey’s sub, so badly and yet he was afraid of what would happen, in which direction this would go.

Maybe Harvey would spank him, bend him over the desk or his knee and hit his ass with a wooden ruler. He still remembered the pain on his butt from his session with Steven and since he needed to be on his bike in a couple of hours, he would rather not be on the receiving end of Harvey’s arm. That was the main reason for his hesitation to take off his jeans. If there was a spanking coming, he would have at least two layers of clothes to make it more bearable. On the other hand, Harvey
had told him that they would do something simple, something that wouldn’t require negotiation. Surely even a spanking would need that.

Maybe Harvey would do something sexual with him instead. Order him to suck his cock or even fuck him here in this office with the glass walls. Sure, Mike was attracted to Harvey, very much so as his latest jerk-off sessions were testimony to, but his experience with male sex partners was a little limited.

When they still had been in college Trevor and he had jerked each other off one night when they had killed a bottle of tequila all by themselves (not the night of their kiss though, that had been earlier) and on another occasion there had been a little making out with another guy he’d met at a bar, but Mike had never actually been fucked by another man. He wanted to do it with Harvey, he really did, but not like this, not casually in Harvey’s office.

Harvey could see that Mike was on the cusp of panicking. He knew that he needed to be patient and give him all the help he would require because he was, after all, a rookie.

He stood up slowly and approached the now slightly quivering figure. Mike was once more looking down at his feet and Harvey used his right hand to lift Mike’s chin so that he could look him in the eyes.

“Color?” Harvey asked softly, when their eyes finally met.

“Green?”

Harvey sighed and arched an eyebrow mockingly. “Wanna try again, Kid?”

*Be honest and think about how you feel.* Mike swallowed audibly. “Yellow, Sir. I’m sorry.”

Harvey took another step forward and pulled Mike into his arms. His hands firmly stroked the kid’s warm skin on his back and after a few moments he felt the young man relax into his embrace.

“Tell me what’s going on in that mind of yours.” Although the Dom’s voice was barely a whisper in Mike’s ear, the sub knew an order when he heard one.

“I’m a little afraid because I don’t know where this is going. I don’t think that I can take a spanking or something like this today. And I really want to have sex with you because you’re hot and really sexy but I haven’t done it before and I’m really nervous and I don’t want to do it now.”

Harvey’s hands continued to rub soothing circles on Mike’s back. He couldn’t help smiling when Mike told him that he thought he was sexy although Harvey knew that he was considered handsome. “Thank you for your honesty,” he whispered in his sub’s ear.

He took a little step back and Mike whimpered involuntarily when Harvey’s hands lost contact with his back. Instead, Harvey took Mike by the hand, sat back down in his chair and tugged at Mike’s fingers until his boy got the message and settled down in Harvey’s lap like he had done 3 weeks ago. He felt immediately safe and cared for.

Harvey guided Mike’s head toward the crook of his neck and petted his hair. Mike inhaled deeply as though he was scenting Harvey.

“Do you trust me, Mike?” he asked after a few minutes.

“I really want to, but I’m a little afraid.” His voice sounded forlorn.
“That’s okay. As long as you’re honest with me. I get that trust needs to be earned. It’s a learning curve.”

“You’re not mad at me?”

“I will never be mad as long as you don’t lie to me. Now, will it help if I explain to you what I want you to do for me tonight?”

“Yes Sir. I think that would be a big help.”

“I want you to kneel for me, right beside this chair. I know that you have a terrible posture and we really need to work on that in the future, but for tonight, all I want is your submission, nothing else. I will probably be petting you a little to reassure you but that’s all. No sex and no pain.” He turned his head to look Mike in the eyes although, because of the close proximity, he had to squint a little. “Is that acceptable?”

The kid smiled relieved. “Yes, Sir.”

“Then tell me your color, Mike.”

“Green, Sir.”

“Okay Puppy,” Harvey groaned. “You’re getting heavy and I need to work.” He patted Mike’s backside lightly to encourage him to stand up and his sub instantly obliged.

Before Mike could sink to his knees, Harvey placed a cushion right beside his chair.

“Your knees are still knew to this. Better to be on the safe side.”

When Mike had settled in on the floor Harvey retrieved his laptop and started working. Every now and then he glanced at his kneeling sub. He had seen newbies who were completely overwhelmed by the simple act of kneeling and submitting, so he didn’t take the kid’s obvious eagerness on face value. But he needn’t have worried. After a while Mike’s breathing slowed and his eyelids drooped a little. He seemed on the brink of sleep. Harvey reached out with his hand and guided his sub’s head to rest against his knee. When he could feel the kid relax against his leg he continued to pet Mike’s hair with one hand while he worked his laptop with the other.

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Mike became aware that someone petted his head while saying his name but he felt so relaxed and at ease that he wanted to ignore it. His heavy head was leaning against a warm leg and the fabric of the suit-pants felt soft against his cheek. The petting converted into insistent tugging, not quite painful but harder to ignore. He opened his eyes slowly. Harvey looked down at him, his computer gone from his lap.

“Hey Sleepyhead. Time to wake up.”

“Ugh…”

“It’s ass o’clock and if I want to get any sleep before my first meeting at ten, I should get out of here soon. And so should you, I think. Come on, I give you a lift home.”
Mike shook his head slightly, not to defy Harvey but to clear his thoughts. Had he really fallen asleep while he knelt at his Dom’s feet?

He came slowly to his feet and as he did so, his eyes fell on the vacuum cleaner which stood forlornly near the office’s door.

“I never cleaned your office,” he blurted out.

Harvey only smiled. “If you don’t tell, I won’t either.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, no porn yet although the good stuff is already in my head. I just need to get it out of there but this will probably not happen for a few chapters. This story is already becoming longer than I had planned but I’m so in love with my guys right now that I will update every few days. Since this is the first story I've ever shared publicly I would love to read your comments.
Wednesday.

While Mike weaved through the gridlocked Manhattan traffic almost on autopilot, his memory replayed the more noteworthy points of the previous night.

How Harvey had made him kneel, how he had petted his hair and made him relax against his leg, the smell of Harvey’s skin when he had buried his nose into Harvey’s crook of the neck, Harvey’s warm hands on the bare skin of his back.

The hour he had slept with his head against his Dom’s knee had been more restful than the few stolen hours he’d had in between jobs in the last couple of weeks. He had felt so safe and at ease. He couldn’t wait to see Harvey, his Dom, again. He almost felt giddy at this thought and that exhilarating feeling was probably the reason why he choose to run a red light instead of playing it safe and stopping.

Brakes screeched, a horn blared and only the impressive reactions of the cabby prevented Mike from becoming a footnote in New York’s traffic-fatalities-statistics. But although he didn’t make contact with the solid front-end of the cab, he still took a dive as he swerved out of the way and braked at the same time and his rear-wheel just skidded away under him. When he hit the ground, he tried to soften the impact by rolling in on himself, tugging his head in and making himself as small as he could. This wasn’t his first swan-dive but it still sucked.

For a moment he lay spread-eagled on the street, just trying to catch his breath, before he became aware of people standing around him and asking him if he was hurt. He slowly stood up, assessing the damage on himself and his bike. It wasn’t too bad. Just a skinned knee and probably some bruises, but nothing was broken. His bike looked okay, too.

Before he could get on it though, the furious cabdriver got into his face and berated him in what Mike took for Armenian. Sensing that the cabby could soon become violent Mike just grinned at him apologetically and shrugged at the furious man, swung his leg over the rear-wheel of his bike and quickly pedaled away, soon getting lost in the heavy traffic.

While rapidly gaining momentum, Mike shook his head at his own recklessness. He really needed to get a grip and concentrate on what he was doing, otherwise his career as Harvey’s sub would be woefully short-lived.

_Harvey!_ Mike groaned inwardly. There was no way he could keep the accident from Harvey. _Shit._

When Harvey had driven him home the other night, once again Mike’s bike securely stored in the trunk, he had laid down a ground rule.
“No more lying, whether direct or through omission. I expect total honesty of you, Michael. Otherwise, this won’t work.”

Mike had eagerly agreed not aware that only a few hours later he would be sorely tempted to disobey said rule.

*I need to tell him when I call him later. And he will probably be mad. Shit. Shiiiiiiit!*

Since Harvey had needed to settle his case, the case in which Mike involuntarily had helped even though he hadn’t a clue how, and Mike didn’t have any spare time between his two jobs either, they had agreed to meet on Saturday evening at Harvey’s place. That meant there were still 3 days to go but Harvey had instructed him to call him every night as soon as he got home from his day job.

As eager as Mike had been to finish his last delivery for the day as hesitant he was now to finish up and go home. Going home meant having to call Harvey and confessing his stupidity. For a moment he pondered whether he should call dispatch and ask for one more delivery. But that wouldn’t change anything, only prolong his torment.

When he arrived home, lugging his bike up the stairs because leaving it in the street was not an option in this part of town, he got his first aid kit from under the sink in the bathroom and assessed the damage.

His knee didn’t look so bad but his left elbow had seriously started to hurt shortly after his escape from the scene of the accident. Mike slowly undressed and looked at himself in his body-length mirror, clad only in his boxers.

There was a little scrape on his shoulder blade which he felt more than he could see, his right knee had lost a layer of skin but his left elbow was raw-looking and already a little swollen. He could see some street-grit embedded around the oozing wound and opted to take a shower, to get the worst of it out.

When his shower finally had heated up and the hot water hit his sore body he hissed in pain and carefully washed himself but tried to keep the soap away from the open wounds. He stayed under the shower for as long as it distributed hot water, which was about 5 minutes max if nobody else showered at the same time-slot. He hated his shower. It needed ages to heat up properly and every time someone in his apartment building turned on their water or flushed a toilet he would get surprised by a cold gush.

He had once read somewhere (it was in Jenny’s Cosmopolitan, issue 3 of 2004, site 63 to be precise) that a dude, well a German priest named Sebastian Kneipp who had lived in the 19th century, actually promoted the alternation between hot and cold water during a shower as healthy. There were in fact some spa-places that took good money for that kind of thing as the magazine had advertised. Well, maybe he should sub-let his shower to some deranged health-freaks. He could make a mint.

His brain automatically came up with some adds he could post in magazines. Or he could hand out flyers to random passersby. He couldn’t do it in front of his building though, because nobody in his neighborhood had money to burn, but in the richer parts of Manhattan some people would do anything if you just told them it was fashionable. Like mudding. Hell, taking hot / cold showers in a shabby apartment in Brooklyn wasn’t a far cry from lying naked in wet dirt, at least not in his book. He would need to stock up on snacks and fancy mineral-water though, because these folks probably wouldn’t drink his type of cheap beer and Red Bull. He could ask Harvey what the other
half, the rich half, deemed appropriate for quenching their thirst. Harvey! It felt like a cold shower on his brain when the thought of his Dom brought him back from his silly little daydream, forcing him to get on with things.

He cautiously toweled off and then took the bottle with the disinfectant and cleaned his elbow, watching himself in the mirror to get a good look at the irritated flesh as he did so. After that he applied the antiseptic salve and tried to bandage his elbow as well as he could with only one hand and his teeth at his disposal. Luckily the wound on his knee would only need a Band-Aid and the rest of the little abrasions and bruises would probably heal without further ado.

He put his boxers and a t-shirt back on, got a bottle of beer (cheap but tasty) out of his fridge and laid down on the bed. With a resigned sigh, he dialed Harvey’s number to get it over with.

**********

Harvey’s day had been great so far. It had taken only a little persuasion to make Wyatt go with his plan. When he’d told the young geek that he should tell the opposing council to shove their offer up their asses, the techie had first frowned but when Harvey had explained that instead of losing small (and braking barely even constituted as losing in Harvey’s book) they could win big by blindsiding their opponents, threatening to publish Wyatt’s schematics for the satellite phone online for free, he had instantly agreed.

After they’d arrived at the offices of Velocity Data Solution under the pretense of accepting the settlement offer of 20 Million, he’d had a hard time to keep his poker face on. His mind kept wandering back to the other night, to the perfect boy who involuntarily had given Harvey this brilliant idea.

“I didn’t expect you to give it up for free,” Mike had quipped. Velocity Data Solution wouldn’t expect that either, and therein lay the beauty of his plan. He would get them totally by surprise.

Now it was late afternoon and Harvey was celebrating his victory. A settlement of 400 Million, twenty times the money Wyatt had spent in developing the phone, of which a large portion would find its way into Pearson Hardman’s accounts, was indeed a victory. The papers had been drafted up, signed and delivered to each party and the deal was done.

With Donna already gone for the day, he had poured himself a celebratory glass of his favorite Scotch, as he had promised himself he would do the other night, and now stood at his large windows, his favorite basketball (the one with Kobe Bryant’s signature) pressed with his left hand to his hip, and surveyed the street’s under him as if he were the King of the World. He could barely refrain from spreading his arms wide and shouting it out loud, but a Titanic-reference was too girly for his taste, although Leo had developed into a fine actor as soon as he’d lost his baby-face.

The Spinners’ “It’s a shame” was softly filtering out of the hidden speakers and Harvey felt relaxed and happy. Only the phone call with his boy could make his day any better now.

A light tap against the glass-door announced a visitor. He slowly turned and greeted Jessica with a self-confident smile.

“Somebody feels awfully smug today,” she observed, but couldn’t help that a fond smile played briefly over her lips in response to his. Her protégé was, after all, her favorite senior partner,
although she carefully tried not to let it show too much, especially not to him. He was cocky enough as it was and his ego didn’t need boosting. In fact, sometimes he needed to be put properly in his place, just as she intended to do now.

Harvey, who was too relaxed and happy to pick up on her tigress-stalking-prey-vibe, put the basketball away, poured her a drink and handed her the tumbler. Her perfectly manicured hand with the large ring on her middle-finger accepted it gracefully and they clinked glasses.

“It all worked out in the end,” he announced with a smirk, clearly expecting a praise from her for his well-executed gamble.

“It also would’ve worked out if you had filed the patent on time.” The corners of his mouth stayed fixed in place although it cost him some effort. “Or if the judge, whom you somehow seemed to have rubbed the wrong way, had granted your injunction.”

Harvey grinned even wider. He knew where she was going with this but refused to let her fluster him or show that he was flustered, which of course he wasn’t.

“But where would have been the fun in that?” he tried to deflect.

“Don’t tell me that you made it deliberately complicated just so you could have some fun,” she called his bullshit.

“Not exactly,” Harvey admitted. “But it’s the result that counts, so no harm done.”

Jessica shook her head, downed the Whisky in one gulp much to Harvey’s respect and put the glass down pointedly. Her eyes bore into his with a no-nonsense expression and Harvey was once more made aware, that she had about half an inch of height on him. “It’s the heels,” he reminded himself, but it still annoyed him.

A wide smile spread over the managing partner’s full lips, as if she was able to read his thoughts. Harvey wouldn’t put it past her.

“Hire a good-damn associate, Harvey.”

She turned on her heel and left his office without another word.

Harvey pondered whether he should follow her and argue the point as his phone started ringing.

**********

When he saw that it was Mike, he closed the glass-door of his office and settled down on the sofa, putting his feet up on the coffee table, before he hit the answer button.

“Hello Mike. How was your day?” He couldn’t help the smile creeping into his tone of voice.

Instead of a simple fine or okay after which he intended to apprise Mike of his great day, impress him with his win and maybe give him some credit for providing him the initial idea, even though Mike had done it only by accident, the boy only sighed on the other end of the line. Harvey’s smugness evaporated slowly.

“Mike, is something wrong?” Surely the kid wouldn't have second thoughts.
“Not really. But…, well…, there was a little incident.” His boy sounded hesitant.

“Incident? Care to elaborate?”

Mike gave another small sigh. "I sort of fell off my bike.”

“You sort of fell off your bike,” Harvey repeated. “The way this story is going already concerns me. Did you have your training-wheels removed today or why did you fall off your bike?”

Mike’s every hope that he could simply leave it at that simple statement, without having to explain further, vanished. Should’ve know he wouldn’t let it lie. He’s a goddamn lawyer after all.

“I was nearly hit by a cab and when I tried to swerve out of the way, I lost my balance and fell.”

Harvey’s good mood disappeared for good making room for concern.

“Are you hurt, Mike?”

“Only a little but it’s not so bad.”

“Define not so bad.”

Mike could hear how much it cost Harvey not to flip out and a small part of him felt all warm and fuzzy as he noticed his Dom’s concern for him.

“A skinned knee and elbow and a few bruises. Nothing’s broken and my bike is okay, too.”

“Screw the damn bike! Has the police been informed? Did you file a report? You can claim damages with the insurance and if the cabbie was negligent he could lose his license as well.”

Harvey had shifted into lawyer-mode, already planning to take the cabby for everything he had and ripping him to shreds in court.

“Ehm….” Mike stayed silent for a moment and Harvey could hear his breathing getting louder through the phone as if he had to fight to keep calm. A suspicion was forming in his mind, but he needed his boy to fess up voluntarily. So he only nudged him a little.

“Mike? You know you can tell me.” He deliberately kept his tone of voice light and friendly.

“Promise you won’t get mad,” the kid whispered and sounded so young and vulnerable.

“I can’t promise you that,” the Dom replied honestly. “But I can promise you that I won’t stay mad at you for long as long as you don’t lie to me.”

“Rule #1, right?”

“That’s right Kid.” Harvey made a decision. “Would it help if I came over to your place and you could tell me face to face?”

The moment of silence stretched up to the point where Harvey thought that Mike had accidentally, or deliberately, hung up on him.

“Mike?” he prompted.

“I ran a red light.” The confession was whispered as though saying the words softly would make his transgression less serious.
Harvey closed his eyes as his worst suspicion was confirmed. After all, he knew how New York’s bike messengers managed to get around so quickly and Mike surely wouldn’t be the exception of the rule. He lowered the hand that held the phone and let out a shuddering breath as soon as the speaker wasn’t in proximity to his mouth anymore. He downed the rest of his Scotch but almost instantly regretted it.

An onslaught of different scenarios played themselves out in front of his mind. Mike, lying broken and bleeding in the street. Mike’s lifeless body lying on the hood of a cab with his head smashed through the broken windshield. His boy, lying in a hospital bed with tubes coming out of his body, being kept alive only by beeping machines.

He swallowed around the bile that rose in his throat, the taste of the expensive Scotch suddenly making him nauseous.

This stupid kid! How could he do something so utterly reckless and stupid and… . Words failed him and suddenly he longed to take Mike over his knee and spank him till he squealed. With a red hot ass he wouldn’t be able to ride this stupid bike of his, wouldn’t be able to get himself killed. Harvey could sense how his feelings started to spiral out of control.

Stop! Get a grip! He tried hard to fight his feelings, to get himself under control again and not to get utterly and uncontrollably mad, like Mike had feared. When he felt that he could speak without giving himself away he lifted the phone to his ear again.

“…so sorry, Harvey. Please, speak to me….please, don’t send me away. Just say something, please!” Harvey could hear that Mike was on the verge of crying. He must have babbled all the while Harvey had been battling with the images of a dead Mike.

“Shhh. It’s okay Mike. Thank you for your honesty.”

“Please don’t be mad at me. I’m mad at myself and it will never happen again. I will pay more attention. Please, I just want to be your good sub… ,” Mike continued to drone on as though he hadn’t heard Harvey.

“Mike, it’s okay. I’m not mad. I’m just glad that you’re all right.” He made a decision. "But I need to come over to see you tonight. Do you understand that?”

“You want to come over now?” The kid’s voice sounded suspicious, obviously not trusting his Dom’s previous statement that he wasn't mad.

“I need to see for myself that you’re okay,” Harvey explained.

“’k.” Harvey could hear the relief in the kid’s voice.

“’ll be there in half an hour.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, again no porn but some hurt/comfort. Apology for any mistakes regarding grammar and / or spelling. In the next chapter, Harvey will get his hands on a naked Mike though, so don't give up on me yet.

As always, comments are very welcome.
Chapter Summary

Harvey makes sure that Mike is okay after the accident. Some uncomfortable truth is revealed as well and Mike has to make a decision.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Just as Harvey was leaving the office and heading for the elevator banks on the 50th floor his phone beeped again. He thought about letting it go to voicemail but when he saw who the caller was he took the call.

“Hello Vanessa. I’m a little bit in a hurry,” he greeted her as he entered the elevator.

“Hi Harvey,” the PI replied. “I just wanted to give you the first results of my investigation on Mike Ross.”

“Already? I only hired you this morning.” The lawyer was impressed at how quickly his preferred private eye had been able to dig up facts.

The elevator doors slid open in front of him and he cleared the lobby of the building with long strides, heading for the street where Ray would be waiting with the Lexus.

“Well, almost everything’s on public record, so it wasn’t hard,” she played her efforts down. “But Harvey, this guy is just a kid, a nobody. Why are you interested in him anyway?”

“His name came up as a potential witness in a lawsuit.”

Harvey hated lying to Vanessa. He liked the woman and not only because she was exceptionally good at her job. He’d known her for a couple of years now and had tried on more than one occasion to charm her out of her panties but she seemed immune against his good looks and winning smile. She always let him down easy though and over the years his flirting had become more of a habit than an actual attempt to get her into bed. He respected her and knew, that a one-night-stand would at least make their professional relationship awkward if not downright impossible.

Vanessa knew the lawyer long enough to call his bullshit. “All right, you don’t have to tell me. I’ve e-mailed you everything I could find so far. If you want me to dig deeper just let me know.”

“Thanks Vanessa. I appreciate it.”

She laughed lightly. “And I appreciate your paycheck. Always a pleasure working for you, Harvey.”

After they ended the call Harvey greeted Ray with a nod and gave him the address in Brooklyn. His driver raised an eyebrow but refrained from commenting further although he knew that their destination was a far cry from his employer’s usual hunting-ground.
Harvey settled into the backseat and looked through his e-mail. He began reading Vanessa’s report, not really expecting any big revelations regarding the life of Mike Ross but Harvey had learned early on in his career that it never hurt to be diligent. And Mike was, after all he had learned about him so far, a compulsive liar.

The first details he read only described a tragic but otherwise uneventful childhood. Both parents killed in a traffic accident when the kid was 11. Raised by his paternal grandmother, one Edith Ross, now the resident of a nursing home in the kid’s neighborhood due to poor health. As a child Mike had gotten good grades, well enough in fact that he could’ve skipped a few years but he never did. He’d graduated high school at 17 like most of his peers. As Harvey scrawled further down the file, he found a juvy-record, that should have been sealed to the public but Vanessa somehow had unearthed nevertheless. Mike had been caught smoking weed at the age of 16 and one more time at 17, on both occasions accompanied by one Trevor Evans.

After graduating the kid had won a full scholarship at Columbia but got expelled after only one year. His curriculum had included pre-law and psychology.

Harvey couldn’t find the reason for Mike’s expulsion but at the end of Vanessa’s file he found several test sheets attached. From early achievement tests when Mike had still been at grammar school up to his SATs in high school. Mike had scored on each and every one in the 99%. Well, that explained at least why he had gotten a full ride in Columbia.

After Mike had left the college he had taken a few different tests as well, although he wouldn’t have been able to get into the appropriate universities without first finishing his college degree, even if his test scores hadn’t been abysmal. Only one LSAT, the first he ever took, had been exceptional. Mike had scored a perfect result.

Harvey puzzled over this seemingly contradictory information. Why would Mike take the LSAT, get a 180 and then take the test several more times with very poor Outcome? Suddenly something clicked and everything made sense. *Oh, his clever boy. His stupid clever boy. Compulsive liar indeed.*

At the end of the file, Vanessa had left Harvey some thoughts of her own.

*Hi Harvey,*

*Mr. Ross is still friends with Trevor Evans and this guy is poison. He deals drugs, mainly weed, but so far I haven’t found any indication that Mr. Ross is involved although he seems to smoke regularly. Mr. Evans and Mr. Ross have known each other since grammar school and attended Columbia together. Both have been expelled at the same time, but I haven’t been able to find the reason yet. It seems likely though, that Mr. Evans got them in trouble and Mr. Ross paid the price. According to his school records Mr. Evans has always been a troublemaker, from an early age on. Mr. Evans’ girlfriend, Jenny Griffith, is also a good friend of Mr. Ross and he often goes out with both of them. As far as I know she isn’t involved in Mr. Evans’ business either. I can’t prove it but the test-scores I could find seem to indicate that Mr. Ross takes tests for other people for money. I was able to speak with one of his former professors in Columbia and he told me that Mr. Ross has an eidetic memory and was on the track for a full ride in Harvard before he was kicked out. This kid is basically a genius, albeit one with very poor judgement.*

*Right now Mr. Ross works as a bike messenger and has recently acquired another job with Schmidt Facility Management in a cleaning crew. He has in fact been cleaning the offices of Pearson Hardman for the last 2 weeks during the night, which is, I’m quite sure, the reason you*
asked me to investigate him in the first place, so you better don’t give me any bullshit when I call you now and ask you for the reason of your interest in the guy. Well, I’m sure you will bullshit me but you seriously need to make it up to me with a nice dinner before I’m willing to take any more assignments from you. I’m expecting the full wine and dine treatment.

Love

Vanessa

Harvey rolled his eyes. He should’ve known that he couldn’t fool his favorite PI.

At the end of the file Vanessa had attached some pictures. Mike with an elderly lady, obviously his grandmother, Mike and another guy with dark hair and a winning grin, Trevor Evans. A blonde girl Harvey recognized from the night he was trying to track Mike down when he couldn’t get hold of him on the phone. This picture was captioned “Jenny Griffith”. Harvey grinned pleased. Well, at least one thing less to worry about although everything Vanessa had dug up on Mike would indicate that a potential girlfriend should be the least of his worries.

Harvey had an inkling that his life was about to get very interesting indeed.

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When the doorbell rang Mike slowly got off his bed and limped towards the door. His muscles had tensed up during his short rest on his bed and he couldn’t have felt any worse if the cab had actually hit him. He rolled his head from side to side to get the kinks out and put on a brave face. He was determined to not show Harvey how much he actually hurt.

He opened the door and was met by two concerned brown eyes gazing intently into his face. For a minute they just stared at each other, then Harvey raised his right hand and cupped Mike’s face, his thumb softly caressing the cheekbone. For a brief moment Harvey leaned his forehead against Mike’s and exhaled slowly.

“You really are all right,” he sighed. “You have no idea how much you scared me.”

Harvey took a step back and looked Mike over, taking in the Band-Aid on his knee and the bandage around his elbow. “Won’t you invite me in?”

Mike made an inviting gesture and Harvey stepped into the little apartment. It took all but 3 seconds for him to take everything in. The shoe-box sized flat was equipped with cheap furniture and currently a not very clean floor. The kid seemed to think that cleaning was something you did for others when you got paid for it. Otherwise the room seemed more or less tidy but Harvey would’ve bet good money that Mike had thrown everything that had cluttered the place into his closet as soon as Harvey had ended the call with him.

“Do you want something to drink?” Mike offered but Harvey just shook his head. He shrugged off his suit-coat and looked around for a place it wouldn’t get wrinkled. In the end, he opted for the back of the sofa. Then he once more faced his sub.
“Can you take off your shirt, Mike? I need to see that you’re not hiding some grave injuries from me.”

Mike wanted to protest but Harvey just held up his hand. “Please.” The look of concern in Harvey’s eyes undid Mike.

He nodded and slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head, wincing a little as he raised his stiff arms up over his head. He threw the shirt carelessly onto the sofa and just stood in the middle of the living room.

Harvey slowly circled the slim man, trailing his eyes up and down the body to evaluate any damages his accidental tumble might have caused.

When he saw the scrape on Mike’s shoulder blade he softly brushed his fingers over the reddened skin and then placed a tender kiss on top of it. Mike shivered when he felt his Dom’s lips on his skin and closed his eyes to revel in the feeling. Harvey then trailed both of his hands over Mike’s sides, from under his armpits right down to the hips, gently pressing the palms of his hands against Mike’s ribs. When Mike didn’t flinch or show any sign of discomfort, he withdrew his hands and finished his circle, coming to a halt in front of Mike. They were only inches away and Harvey slowly brought his hands to Mike’s hips, swept his palms over the slightly protruding hipbones downwards towards both thighs. Mike bucked a little as Harvey’s hand pressed against a bruise on his left upper thigh, hidden by his boxers. Harvey immediately reduced the pressure and stepped back.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you.” Mike could detect true regret in the brown eyes.

“It’s okay,” he reassured his Dom.

Harvey stepped back into Mike’s space lowered his hands once again to Mike’s hips and started to push his sub’s boxers down. Mike’s hands tried to stop him but Harvey looked firmly into his eyes.

“I need to see.” Mike sensed his need and slowly let go of Harvey’s hands, nodding his consent.

Harvey pushed the fabric down to Mike’s ankles and lowered himself on one knee to assess the injuries in close proximity. This position brought him close to Mike’s dick, which twitched interestedly and began to rise as Harvey’s breath accidentally brushed over the exposed skin of the sensitive tip.

Mike’s cock was on the slender side but had a respectable length. It was gently curved and circumcised. His dark blond pubic hair had been neatly trimmed and his balls were nearly hairless. In general Mike wasn’t a hairy guy, much to Harvey’s delight. But now was not the time to admire his boy’s beautiful cock, or think about how the smooth skin of the slowly moistening tip would feel and taste on his tongue.

Harvey brought his hands once more to Mike’s hips and slowly made him turn on the spot, shuffling a little with his feet since his boxers around his ankles restricted his movements. Every time Harvey saw a bruise or a scrape he brushed his hand over it as if to soothe the pain away. When he came face to butt with Mike’s round backside, he cupped both cheeks with his hands, using his thumbs to slightly pull them apart. Mike sighed but otherwise held still. Harvey could make out Mike’s opening in the depth of his ass-crack and blew a stream of cool air playfully over the sensitive spot.

“Harvey!” Mike’s protest came as a high squeal as he tried to shy away from his Dom’s hands but was firmly held in place. His cock had gotten rock-hard in an instant and he was a little
embarrassed at how thoroughly Harvey inspected his body. He wasn’t exactly shy but this was a little much right now.

“Just checking that everything is in working order,” Harvey justified his actions with an audible smile but quit his teasing.

When he was satisfied that Mike had indeed only acquired a few bruises, he stood up and tugged the boxers back over Mike’s midriff. His gaze lingered on the telltale bulge of Mike’s cock and the slowly spreading wet spot on the fabric though, and the sub blushed deeply.

“I love that you’re so responsive,” Harvey tried to reassure him and handed the boy his abandoned t-shirt with slight regret.

“Now, sit down and let me see your elbow.”

They both settled on the sofa and Harvey slowly unwound the untidy bandage. His fingers carefully prodded the swollen flesh around the slightly oozing wound but when Mike was able to straighten and bend his elbow, he was satisfied and only applied another layer of the antiseptic salve before neatly re-bandaging Mike’s arm.

He then went to Mike’s bed which was placed in a little niche adjacent to the living room, took the comforter and wrapped his sub up to keep him warm.

Harvey made himself comfortable on the other end of the couch, facing Mike but not crowding him.

“Please tell me what happened, Mike.”

The young sub shrugged but stayed silent, eyes trained on the fabric of the comforter and Harvey rolled his eyes.

“Michael, this wasn’t a request.” His tone had gotten a little sharper and Mike’s reaction was instantaneous. His head whipped up to make eye-contact with the lawyer and his pupils dilated ever so slightly.

“I was on my way back from the last delivery and I thought about last night and our upcoming phone call and…, well, the light changed but I thought I had still time to clear the crossing, only suddenly there was this cab and… ,” he trailed off.

“The cab didn’t hit you?”

Mike shook his head but remembered just in time. “No. But my rear-wheel jammed when I swerved out of the way and I fell.”

Another thought occurred to Harvey. “Mike, did you hit your head?”

“No, I rolled in on myself to protect it.”

“Show me your helmet. I want to make sure that there are no marks on it from the impact.”

Mike looked guiltily. “My helmet got stolen a couple of weeks ago when I left it hanging on the handlebar as I was getting a sandwich and I haven’t replaced it yet.”

Harvey couldn’t believe it. *Genius indeed, my ass.*

“Mike,” he explained slowly. “You’re a bike messenger. You need to wear a helmet, especially if
your regard for common traffic rules is as lax as I think it is. Surely you must see this.”

Mike held up his hands in surrender. “I know,” he sighed. “I’m not stupid. And my Grammy is always scolding me for that as well. But when there is the choice between a helmet and food, food wins the competition every time. There’s only so much ramen one can eat.”

Was Mike really that broke? Harvey wondered. He knew that Mike couldn’t make much money on both of his jobs, but surely things couldn’t be that bad.

“Mike, you have two jobs. This dump of an apartment can’t cost much so you should be able to afford at least the basic necessities for your job.”

Mike glared back at him defensively. “My Grammy is in a nursing home. She raised me when my…, when I had nobody else and she used all her savings to do so. She even put off her retirement until she couldn’t work anymore. I owe it to her to not let her rot in a state facility. So all my money goes to her. She’s more important than a helmet. She’s more important than everything, really.”

Harvey respected loyalty and couldn’t fault Mike for wanting to take care of his grandmother. He made a mental note to look into the matter. Maybe he could help Mike and his Grammy without being obvious about it. If he read the kid right, Mike wouldn’t take kindly to any suggestions of him taking money from Harvey. And it would put their developing… thing into a bad place right from the start. Well, he’d have to be sneaky about it, but sneaky was his middle name.

“All right. Let’s safe this discussion for later.”

Mike relaxed when Harvey let the subject drop so unexpectedly but was instantly suspicious when Harvey got off the sofa and wandered around it to stand behind him.

He tried to turn his head to see what the lawyer was up to but strong hands grabbed hold of both sides of his skull.

“Hold still. I just want to make sure that you won’t die on me from brain-damage within the next five minutes.”

Harvey swept his hands slowly and meticulously over Mike’s head, from the nape of his neck to his forehead and behind his ears. When his thumbs brushed lightly over the rim of Mike’s ears, the kid shivered slightly and the soft hairs on his neck stood suddenly on edge. Harvey filed that response away for later since right now was not the time to tease any more of this beautiful reactions out of Mike. Only when he couldn’t find any bumps or wounds beneath the soft hair and Mike sighed contentedly under his exploring fingers instead of wincing in pain, he was satisfied.

After he settled back on the couch, he broached the topic that had been on his mind since last night and Vanessa’s report had only hardened his resolve.

“There’s something else I wanted to discuss with you, though. I wanted to safe it till Saturday but seeing how things are progressing between us, I might as well explain it to you now.” Harvey could see that Mike wanted to interrupt him but he was quicker. “I want you to listen to me, without interruption. You don’t need to make a decision now, but I want you to think on it.”

Mike looked at him expectantly but otherwise stayed silent.

“There are different ways of having a Dom/sub relationship, as I’m sure you’ve learned from all your research,” Harvey continued to explain. “Some are casual and only include a scene every now and then, either as a standing appointment or a meeting whenever both parties desire it.”
nodded as a sign that he understood.

“But there are also more serious… commitments.” He avoided the term relationship on purpose. “I’m fine with it if you only want to meet occasionally whenever we can fit a meeting into our schedules, although that would mean slower progress on your side. But I think in your case, a more permanent arrangement would be more beneficial for you.”

He took a moment to assess Mike’s reactions. When his boy gave a slight nod, he continued to make his case.

“When I asked you yesterday what you expected from me, you said that you wanted someone who took care of you. Someone who wouldn’t take any bullshit from you, someone who would keep you from screwing up. What happened today is another testimony of how badly you need this certain someone. I can be that someone for you if you let me. But this would mean a 24/7 arrangement. It wouldn’t be casual. And I most certainly wouldn’t make it easy for you.”

Mike opened his mouth as if to speak but caught Harvey’s gaze just in time.

“I would take care of you and hold you responsible for your actions. Maybe if you knew that you couldn’t make shitty decisions without getting punished, it would help you to develop your full potential.”

Mike looked at him questioningly, a slight frown on his forehead as though he was unsure what Harvey was getting at. He raised his hand as if he was in school and Harvey could sense that something was eating at Mike. With a nod he permitted him to speak.

“Does this speech mean that you want to punish me for today? For my shitty choice of running a red?”

Harvey suddenly realized why Mike had been hesitant to see him.

Since he already made the decision that honesty would be necessary on his part as well if this should work, he exhaled slowly but didn’t bother to hide his feelings behind his obligatory mask although his voice, when he finally spoke, sounded calmer than he actually felt.

“When you told me what happened my first instinct was to make sure that you’re okay. I can’t really explain why, but I already see you as mine and I need to protect what is mine.”

At Harvey’s emphasis on the word mine Mike’s cock made a sudden encore appearance although it had gone to sleep under the warmth of the comforter after Harvey had finished fondling his head. His breath hitched with the sudden arousal and he could actually feel a drop of pre-come rising to the tip of his cock, spilling out of his slit and being soaked up by the already soiled fabric of his boxers, the spreading wet stain cool against his sensitive skin of his dick.

Harvey’s mischievous grin showed him that his reaction hadn’t gone unnoticed by the lawyer but Mike wasn’t embarrassed. On the contrary. He wanted Harvey to see how he made him feel, what he could do to him with only a few carefully chosen words. He was sick and tired of hiding who he was.

“My second instinct was to put you over my knee and spank your ass so hard that you couldn’t ride a bike in the foreseeable future,” Harvey continued and gave Mike another amused smile when the boy only looked at him with a fixed gaze, the growing arousal obvious in his huge eyes.

“Right now I’m alternating between the two urges,” he admitted and sighed. “But since we haven’t negotiated the terms of our arrangement yet, my own desires regarding your punishment are mute.
I need your formal consent before I would do anything more serious to you than I already did so far.”

When Mike opened his mouth to speak, most likely to give him permission for the punishment, as the huge dilated pupils of Mike’s eyes indicated, Harvey held up his index finger, shushing the young man with only a small calculated gesture. Mike closed his mouth obediently and Harvey continued.

“Regardless of any negotiation, since you’re already hurting and I truly believe that you’ve learned your lesson, I would forego punishment for this transgression anyway.”

Since Mike still looked like he might want to argue the point, Harvey decided to change track.

When the lawyer had read Vanessa’s file on Mike, he hadn’t planned on revealing to him that he had him looked into but now he decided to come clean. In for a penny and all that.

“I need to confess something to you as well, although I don’t regret what I did.”

Mike tilted his head slightly to one side, intrigued what might come next.

“Mike, I had you investigated by a PI I have on retainer. She sent me her findings just as I was on my way to you.” He unlocked his phone, selected the e-mail with the file and offered it to Mike.

“I want you to know what I know about you. And I want you to know that after I read the file, I was even more determined to do this with you. I think that with a little help and guidance, you could become so much more, as a sub and as a person.”

At the word PI Mike glared at him like he was offended. Harvey sighed. He knew that he was taking a risk and the chance that Mike would balk after he had read the file was quite big.

“I didn’t need to tell you what I did, but honesty goes both ways and I want us to be on an even footing so that you’re able to make an educated decision. And I’m also willing to answer every question you might have regarding myself.”

Mike took the phone and scrawled through the file in record time, his eyes rapidly trailing over the text. His brows knitted together every now and then and when he was finished he held on to the phone, not looking up. After a few minutes of silence, Harvey couldn’t take it anymore. He was afraid that he had gone too far. After all, Vanessa’s investigation had brought up some unpleasant truths and Harvey was aware that reading this, knowing that a stranger had dug up the dirt, must at least feel very awkward to Mike.

“Mike, are you okay?” The boy seemed deep in thought and Harvey leaned forward and lightly touched his hand.

“Why did you do it?” Mike dragged his eyes up to meet Harvey’s and an expression of hurt and betrayal was visible in the blue orbs.

“Because I needed to know about you and I couldn’t trust you to tell me everything I needed to know.”

“I told you about the accident.”

“Yes, and I’m really proud of you. It couldn’t have been easy for you.”

“It wasn’t. But I wanted to be your good boy and obey your rules.”
Harvey closed his eyes briefly and exhaled slowly. When he opened his eyes again he saw Mike looking at him warily. He scooted closer to his boy and tugged gently at his arm. At first Mike resisted a little but then he gave in and Harvey pulled him into his lap, wrapping his arms tightly around his sub. He brushed his lips over Mike’s right temple and then buried his nose in the soft dark blond hair.

“I’m sorry that my decision to have you investigated hurt you, but after your recent behavior I felt that I couldn’t take the chance and simply believe that you would be totally honest with me. I hoped that you would, but your track record isn’t exactly squeaky-clean.”

Surely Mike must see the validity of his argument but instead of relaxing into his Dom’s embrace Harvey could feel Mike stiffen in his arms. The young man turned his gaze towards Harvey’s and looked at him imploringly.

“Will you ever be able to trust me, Harvey? If not, then maybe we should call this whole thing off because I don’t think that I can take it.”

Harvey thought about it. Could he give up his suspicious nature and give Mike the benefit of the doubt although his experience as a lawyer had taught him that leopards couldn’t change their spots?

Mike’s eyes kept watching him warily as he was coming to a decision.

“I told you yesterday that trust needs to be earned. It’s a learning curve and it goes both ways.” He brushed his lips once more over Mike’s temple, more a caress than an actual kiss, breathing in the subtle coconut-scent of Mike’s hair. “I’m willing to trust that you will try to be honest with me, Mike. From now on, if I want to know something about you, I will ask you. You have the right to refuse to answer but please don’t ever lie to me. And I promise you the same in return.”

Mike could hear the resolve in his Dom’s voice and after a moment he finally relaxed and buried his head against Harvey’s neck, letting the delicious scent of Harvey’s cologne mixed with his very own smell that was pure Harvey wash over him.

“I promise. And thank you,” he whispered. Both men held onto each other, sensing that they had taken another important step. Suddenly, Mike began to giggle. “I can’t believe that you still want me after you read that file on me.”

Harvey smiled. He knew where Mike was going with this but refused to play along.

“Why wouldn’t I want you? According to Vanessa you’re a genius. And although I really like your ass, I find brains even sexier.”

“Yeah,” Mike mocked. “I’m a total catch and you should call yourself lucky that you can have your lewd ways with me.”

“Oh, Kid. You have no idea.”

Chapter End Notes

I really struggled with this chapter and edited it several times, changing and adding bits and pieces. I hope that it nevertheless feels fluid to you. The next update will probably be next weekend.
As always, I apologize for all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling. English is not my first language and this story is not beta-read.

Comments are very welcome.
Silly red bow

Chapter Summary

Mike's night after his accident.

Chapter Notes

This is a short chapter but I will post another one this weekend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shortly after they'd made up, Harvey had left and Mike had tried to catch some sorely needed sleep before it was time to get up again for his cleaning gig. He truly needed to find another way to make some money or he would never be able to see Harvey more than once a week or have something with the semblance of a social life.

He had promised Harvey that he would think about the possible options for their arrangement but he was already sure, had been since last night really, that he wanted the 24/7 arrangement, but that wouldn’t really be possible if he needed to work all of his time. Sure, they could do some of it by phone but it would be a poor substitute for a real meeting. He wanted to do this right, to commit himself to this, to Harvey and to his own needs. He didn’t want to walk into this halfheartedly like he had done so many times before with less serious stuff.

And then there was his Grammy. He hadn’t been able to visit her for almost two weeks now and this Sunday afternoon was the only day he had a couple of hours off since he didn’t want to postpone his meeting with Harvey.

He really missed her. Just sitting with her, playing checkers or cards and listening to her talking about Grandpa George made him feel happy. But lately, her memory was a little fuzzy and sometimes she looked at him, if only for a few seconds, like she had no idea who he was. Then her face would light up again and she would ask him how Columbia was, like she had totally forgotten how bad he had disappointed her when he got kicked out (she’d never said an angry word to him but he’d seen in her eyes how upset she’d been). At these moments he just wanted to climb into her lap like the little boy he had once been and cry his eyes out until he was numb and had no more tears. But he couldn’t let her see how her failing health affected him, so he put on a brave face and told her some made up story about his adventures as a college student, never letting on how much his heart was breaking for her.

At the next visit, she would be totally lucid and even beat him at checkers, laughing with glee when he would walk into one of her carefully constructed traps. Then he could see how she had been before, the 64 year old woman who had taken the 11 year old orphan in, had given him a home and enveloped him in her love until he wouldn’t cry himself to sleep anymore. He knew that he hadn’t turned out exactly as planned, but if he’d gone into the system instead to his Grammy, his life could’ve been so much worse. All in all, he couldn’t complain and maybe this time, with Harvey’s help, he could pull himself together and finally get a grip on his life and make her proud.
It occurred to him that it might not be fair to Harvey to pin all his hopes on the man, this almost stranger. Sure, Harvey had agreed to take him on as a sub, to train him and show him, what submitting to a Dom meant. But did that mean he could put the burden of making him better, becoming a better person, on Harvey’s shoulders as well? Harvey indicated it, when he proposed the arrangement between them, but wasn’t it time to take responsibility for his own life instead of just hoping that Harvey would somehow magically fix him?

Maybe Harvey could point him in the right direction but he himself needed to do all the work. And he couldn’t allow himself to fall too hard for Harvey, to rely too heavily upon him. After all, the people he had relied on most in his life, like his parents, Trevor and now his Grammy, always seemed to leave him, if not on their own accord. If Harvey would decide sometime that he would cut Mike loose, he needed to be able to function without him.

The rational side of his mind told him that he shouldn’t get too emotionally involved, too dependent. This wasn’t “Pretty woman” or a fairytale and Harvey was neither Edward Lewis nor Prince Charming. “Tough luck,” his heart chimed in, “you’ve already fallen head over heels for that man and there is no way that you can put that Jack back in the box. I’m already Harvey’s and Harvey’s alone.” Stupid thing!

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Tired to his bones Mike was once again hoovering the floors of Pearson Hardman, fighting against the pain in his shoulders. Oh god, he really hated that vacuum cleaner. It was loud and heavy and even under normal circumstances handling this monster would make his back ache within 30 minutes. He didn’t know how the female cleaners, some of them double his age, could stand doing this for years and years on end. He’d rather kill himself, or at least sell weed for Trevor. Well, at least his elbow was a little better and the swelling had gone down after he’d followed Harvey’s advice to put an ice-pack on it.

He’d taken some painkillers before he had to go to work but he knew from past experience that he would be sore for a couple more days. *Serves you right for being so stupid. That’s your just punishment.*

He really had a hard time of letting go of it. He was such a screw up. What would happen to his Grammy if he got himself killed in a stupid accident? She would be devastated and they would kick her into a state facility quicker than they could put his sorry ass into a pauper’s grave, no doubt settling the costs for it on Grammy.

The scene of the changing light played itself over and over before his inner eye and he could pinpoint the exact moment he’d made the wrong decision. Damn his brain! He really tried to let go of it, spilled milk and all, but he just couldn’t. The urge to punish himself just to get rid of the guilt, wasn’t new. In fact, every time he’d done something stupid he’d spiraled into an abyss of self-loathing and self-punishment. One time, he had denied himself food for 3 days and only when he almost fainted and his Grammy had been so afraid that he was coming down with a serious illness, he had stopped. Another time he had only taken cold showers for a month and after the Columbia debacle he had tried to quit smoking weed. Only when he couldn’t sleep for nearly a week with his brain going on overload and had walked around like a zombie, Trevor had been able to persuade him to smoke a bowl, for medical reasons as he’d put it.

But it never really worked that way anyway. The guilt never completely went away and he never
seemed to learn because his screw-ups made a frequent reoccurrence, no matter in what fashion he punished himself.

And now it seemed that Harvey could forgive him more easily than he could forgive himself. When his Dom had explained why he wouldn’t deem it necessary to punish Mike, the urge to punish himself had disappeared. Like Harvey had given him some kind of absolution and his sins had been washed away. Mike wasn’t religious, not even a little, but if that was how it felt to give himself over to a higher power, he would gladly be a founding member of the Church of Harvey.

Actually, Harvey had been really great about the whole thing. It still baffled Mike how much care Harvey had taken in making sure that he was all right, especially since they were still almost strangers, even though it didn’t feel that way. That he would make him strip and look over every inch of his body to make sure that he wasn’t badly injured.

And of course there was his own reaction to this thorough inspection. The way his body responded to Harvey’s touch or even the flutter of Harvey’s breath on his skin, the fact that even a few choice words spoken in a certain tone of voice could turn him on so much that he forgot all about the pain and the guilt and he only craved his Dom’s touch, was perplexing and wonderful. And Harvey’s reaction to his own arousal was an even bigger turn on. It was almost as if they were spiraling around each other, each reaction feeding a counter-reaction of the other. Mike knew that he tended to be needy and clingy at times, Trevor had often complained about it, but that Harvey, in his unique way, appeared to feel the same about him, seemed to revel in his involuntary responses, was… mindboggling.

And Harvey’s care for him hadn’t ended after he’d sent Mike to bed. He had insisted on leaving him some money for a cab since he didn’t want Mike biking over to Manhattan when he was on painkillers. Mike could understand the lawyers reasoning, but had chosen to take the subway instead. He wanted to save the cab-money and buy himself a helmet the next day, not only to earn Harvey’s approval and show him that he wanted to be his good boy. He wasn’t stupid and could totally see the necessity of a helmet.

By taking the subway he had needed more than an hour to get to work, since he had to change lines a couple of times. That’s why he was already later than usual and Mike knew that his rest period between his jobs would be cut painfully short. Well, that couldn’t be helped. He longed to get back to bed and sleep for a week, but he couldn’t afford to call in sick and risk losing either of his jobs.

**********

When he finally stood in front of Harvey’s office, saving it again for last, he briefly thought about skipping to clean it. Surely, Harvey would understand. But then he decided that he couldn’t take the risk. He knew that his supervisor did surprise-inspections every now and then and he wouldn’t trust his luck, not when his Grammy’s well-being and health-care was at risk.

With a resigned sigh he pushed the glass door open and switched on the light. His eyes widened when he looked towards the windows opposite the entrance.

In the middle of Harvey’s desk sat a matte-black bike-helmet, adorned with a silly bright-red bow on top. A note was attached to it. Mike slowly approached it, not sure if he could trust his eyes, and took the note.
Mike,

the thought of you terrorizing the streets on your bike without proper headgear makes my stomach clench. Since I don’t want to get an ulcer I expect you to wear the helmet every time you get your ass on a bike. And please, don’t run any more red lights. You’re mine and I don’t want you to damage my property any further.

Harvey

Mike could feel a huge grin spreading over his face as he imagined Harvey’s tone of voice while he read the note. Harvey must’ve bought the helmet right after he had left his apartment and then driven back to the office to leave it as a surprise for Mike. And although Harvey’s note seemed to indicate that he had bought the helmet more for his own sake than his sub’s benefit, Mike wasn’t fooled. Harvey genuinely cared about him, no doubt about that.

He picked up the helmet, got rid of the silly bow and put it on. Mike knew that the brand was expensive and renowned for its good quality. Well, for Harvey Specter only the best was good enough. From advertisements in bike-magazines Mike knew that a lot of professionals wore this kind of helmet in downhill races and since he was pretty sure that Harvey wasn’t a subscriber to said magazines, the lawyer must have bullied some poor sales clerk into simply selling him the best of the best.

Mike adjusted the size by shortening the straps and after a few moments the helmet fit him perfectly. It was light enough that he barely felt it and it was way more comfortable than his old one which he had gotten second-hand from a fellow messenger.

On a whim he decided to take a selfie and send it to Harvey as a thank-you. Maybe it would make him smile in the morning when he checked his phone. Only moments after he’d hit the send button on his phone, Mike could hear a faint beeping behind him. For a moment he was confused but then a thought arose in his mind and he slowly turned around.

Sure enough, Harvey was standing in the doorway, his mobile phone in his hand, looking down at the screen. He was wearing casual clothes and his hair looked for once un-styled and a few shades lighter without the gel as it fell in natural waves and slightly tousled across his forehead. Mike had the suspicion that Harvey had discontinued his night’s sleep for the sole purpose to surprise him in the middle of the night and his heart sang with joy. But he wasn’t stupid enough to call Harvey out on it.

“It looks good on you,” the lawyer commented softly and put his phone away.

Mike slowly took the helmet off, casually rubbing his fingers through his flattened hair to make it stand up again, his eyes never leaving Harvey’s face. The older man watched him intently but stayed where he was, his hands now casually shoved in his pants-pockets. Mike closed the distance, helmet still in his left hand and only stopped when he was a few inches away from Harvey.

For the first time he actually realized that they were nearly the same height, Harvey maybe only half an inch taller. It was merely the difference in their physique and posture that made Mike always feel smaller and inferior.

After a few seconds, Mike dropped his eyes from Harvey’s intense gaze down to the lawyer’s mouth.

Right from the start Mike had noticed that Harvey had the most intriguing mouth he’d ever seen.
The lips were thinning into lines towards the corners of his mouth but were a little fuller in the center. Not really pretty in a classic way but in Mike’s book they were unique and perfect, like the man they belonged to.

Without making a conscious decision Mike swiftly closed the remaining distance between them and pressed his own lips on his Dom’s. For a second he could feel Harvey stiffen and he thought that he had made a mistake, but then Harvey responded to the kiss by opening his mouth. At first the lawyer’s lips felt soft on Mike’s own but Harvey soon seemed to overcome his initial surprise at Mike’s forwardness and began to dominate the kiss. His lips became more demanding and his tongue found its way into Mike’s mouth, claiming it as his prize. The kiss became messier as Mike responded in kind and their tongues wound around each other, exploring the wet heat of their mouths.

Harvey retreated a little to sweep his tongue over Mike’s full lower lip which earned him a sweet sigh, only to plunge it deep into his sub’s mouth once more, sampling his boy’s taste with abandon. Their breathing became more labored and Mike could feel Harvey’s hands all over his torso, finally finding their way under his t-shirt, first on his back then wandering to his chest. When Harvey’s blunt fingernails raked accidentally over his nipples, making them instantly hard, he moaned loudly into Harvey’s mouth, his hips bucking forward involuntarily.

Mike became aware that during their kiss he had gotten almost painfully hard and all he wanted now was to rub himself against Harvey’s thigh like a cat in heat while his mouth was being plundered by his Dom. Harvey seemed to sense Mike’s need but instead of obliging him, the Dom broke the kiss and placed his hands firmly on Mike’s chest, slowly pushing him away a few inches. Mike whined in protest but when he caught Harvey’s chiding gaze he tried to control himself.

“You need to learn self-restraint, Puppy.” Harvey’s voice sounded perfectly in control but he looked as wrecked as Mike was sure he himself looked. “Pushiness is unbecoming in a good sub. But don’t worry, I will teach you.”

The Dom’s eyes had become nearly black with arousal and when Mike let his gaze drop toward Harvey’s crotch he could see a telltale bulge behind the dark-grey fabric of the slacks Harvey were wearing.

Not trusting his voice Mike only nodded. Harvey gave him an approving look and ruffled his hair affectionately.

“Good boy.”

Mike groaned. “You’re not helping.”

Harvey grinned broadly and Mike was reminded of a shark while he suddenly felt like a little clownfish without an anemone to hide in.

“And where would be the fun in that, Rookie?”

Mike slowly shook his head, questioning his own sanity regarding his decision to become Harvey’s sub. He suddenly had the feeling, that he had no idea what he would get himself into come Saturday, only that, whatever it was, it would change him forever.

“You’re a cruel man, Mr. Specter.”

Harvey’s grin spread to his eyes and suddenly they were framed with a lot of laughter-lines, giving the Dom a much younger impression.
“And you only just get that now?” He turned on the spot and left the office. A few feet away he stopped, looked over his shoulder and asked casually, “Want a lift home, Rookie?”

Now, two nights in a row, Harvey’s office wouldn’t be cleaned but the lawyer had only to blame himself for that.

“Give me 10 minutes to store the supplies.”

“You got 5, Kid. And don’t forget your helmet.”

Chapter End Notes

I had planned a kissing scene much later in the story but pushy Mike went ahead and took Harvey and myself totally by surprise. Once I had written it down I couldn’t delete it (I was staring at my screen thinking, where did that suddenly come from?) because it seemed perfect this way.

Thank you for reading. All errors regarding grammar and spelling are my own. This story is not beta-read.
I would love to read your comments and kudos is also appreciated.
Thursday

When Mike drifted slowly toward consciousness, having slept for a few blissful hours after Harvey had dropped him off, his right hand sneaked under his well-worn comforter and down to his crotch of its own accord. He palmed his morning-hard dick through the soft fabric of his pajama pants for a few precious moments, as if to make sure that it hadn’t miraculously disappeared during the night. Talk about abandonment issues. A psychiatrist would probably have a field day with that.

The memory of the kiss popped into his mind. With only his thumb and index finger he slowly trailed up and down his length, teasing himself through the well-worn cotton cloth a little without causing much real friction. For a moment he contemplated indulging himself in a languid hand job while his memory would provide him with Harvey’s image as an incentive. His thumb swiped over his still clothed cockhead and he could feel himself getting even harder the more he thought about how Harvey’s tongue had felt in his mouth.

Oh, hell, he had earned a little fun. Mike let go of himself to get the lube from his dresser beside his bed but as he rummaged around in the drawer for the bottle, his eyes involuntarily swept over his alarm clock.

08:21 am! Fuck!

He had overslept and would never manage to get to his job on time, which incidentally would be in 9 minutes. He needed to call the messenger headquarter to let them know he was running late or the owner, who wasn’t exactly a fan of him due to some smart-ass comments on his side, would fire him on the spot. There were always enough desperate guys out there to replace him in a heartbeat, as Jorge never grew tired to remind him.

When he unlocked his phone he discovered that he had a text message from Harvey.

(Harvey 07:12 am) *Morning Sleepyhead. Check your e-mail.*

(Mike 08:23 am) *Morning. Is it okay if I do it tonight? I’m already late for work. I overslept.*

(Harvey 08:25 am) *Yes. Tonight then. Don’t run any red lights. And wear your helmet!*

Mike rolled his eyes and before he could help himself he texted back.

(Mike 08:26 am) *Yes Mom!*
As soon as he hit send, he cringed. Shit!

Sure enough, Harvey didn’t let it slide. Of course he didn’t.

(Harvey 08:32 am) Keep up that kind of attitude and I can guarantee you that after Saturday you will never be able to sit in my presence comfortably again.

(Mike 08:33 am) Sorry, Sir! Really, so sorry.

When Harvey didn’t text back, he quickly made his call to the messenger-service. Luckily for him, Lisa was on phone duty and although she wasn’t happy about him running late she didn’t exactly give him a hard time either.

Mike swallowed some Advil down dry, got dressed in a hurry and bolted out of his flat with his bike in tow only to return seconds later to fetch his new helmet. Since he still had Harvey’s cab money from the night before he decided to treat himself a little and buy a delicious breakfast burrito at the place near the bike-messenger office. He could eat it with one hand while biking and wouldn’t lose much time in order to get to work.

Still chewing, he sauntered in at 09:13 am, nearly 45 minutes after he was supposed to show up, and gave the woman on phone-duty his best charming smile.

“Hey Lisa, how’s tricks?” he hollered at her as soon as he was through the door, wiping his chin with the back of his hand to get rid of some lingering drops of hot sauce that had got caught in his 5-day stubble. It made a slight rasping noise and felt prickly against the skin on the back of his hand. He should probably shave before Saturday. Harvey, always immaculately groomed himself, didn’t seem like the type of guy who would like beard-burn, assuming (hoping) they would be kissing again.

Since the woman was on the phone she only gave him an eye-roll and pointed accusingly to the clock on the wall.

“Yeah, sorry I’m late,” he mouthed so as not to interrupt her phone call any further, rubbing his hands clean on his pants since he had forgotten to take some napkins when he’d gotten his breakfast.

Lisa hung up and waved the slip of paper she had scribbled on in his direction.

“Thank you for gracing me with your presence. You’re lucky it has been a slow morning so far.”

He pointed at his bandaged elbow and made a pained face. “I would’ve been here earlier but I had a little accident yesterday on my way home and the pain…” He let his voice trail off in a theatrical fashion as if he were lying on his death-bed. Lisa couldn’t help but smile. Mike’s boyish charm always melted her heart, although she didn’t buy his act for one second.

“All right smart ass. Here’s your first tour.” She handed him the note and waved him off as the phone rang once more.

As Mike pedaled through the street canyons of the Financial District, he actually tried to focus on the traffic around him instead of thinking about the kiss or the e-mail that was waiting for him at home. After he finished his first delivery and checked in with Lisa again to get his next assignment, he pondered for a moment if he should visit the internet-café in SoHo, near the Deli where he planned to get his lunch, and check his e-mail. He decided against it after a few moments of careful thought because most likely Harvey would’ve sent him something that would distract him for the rest of the day and he couldn’t risk another stunt like yesterday. So he tried to put the
thought of the e-mail, and Harvey in general, out of his mind and get his shift over with without becoming a smear on the tarmac for a change.

Since it really was a slow day, Lisa sent him home at 5 pm and for once he didn’t protest that he needed the hours.

As soon as the door closed behind him he fired up his laptop, toed of his sneakers, got himself a beer to battle the Red Bull buzz from the fridge and settled in on his couch lengthwise.

The old computer needed a few minutes until he finally could open Thunderbird and he impatiently tapped his fingers against the scratched and battered casing, beating out the rhythm of Learn to fly by the Foo Fighters that had been stuck in his head for almost the whole day (it had been playing on the radio in the mail room of this wall street firm on his 6th delivery).

Like most of his possessions, it was second-hand, a hand-me-down from Jenny when she’d bought herself a new one. Finally, the program opened and slowly downloaded the new e-mails. The WLAN of his downstairs neighbor (password Tom999, how stupid could one be although the 999 made it marginally safer?) was excruciatingly slow but since Mike was poaching he really wasn’t in a position to complain.

He quickly scrolled through his inbox (spam, spam and more spam and ouch, a new invoice from Grammys nursing home) until he found what he was looking for.

To Mike.Ross@....com

From Harvey.Specter@....com

Subject: Questionnaire

Mike,

the purpose of the attached questionnaire is to give me a better feeling for what you like and dislike and what you might be interested in regarding our upcoming arrangement. However, in this questionnaire are some options included that I myself would probably not choose and am not entirely comfortable with but giving you a broad range of options will help me to assess what you want and need.

So, regardless of my own preferences, I want you to be honest, to think about what you want, what you’re curious about and where your limits (hard / soft) are. Don’t think about what I might want from you, this doesn’t work that way.

I will fill out an almost identical form and then we will compare our notes and talk about our preferences and hopefully come to a satisfactory agreement for both of us on Saturday.

After you have drafted the contract (let’s see what Columbia pre-law can do) to our negotiated specifications and we both have signed, I want us to have a scene. Bring an overnight bag because after our first proper scene I want you to stay to make sure that you’re all right.

As a sort of signing-bonus you are allowed to choose from three different options I have prepared for our scene. After that there won’t be a whole lot of choices you’re allowed to make, so better enjoy it while you can.
I know that we haven’t entered officially into our arrangement yet but nevertheless, until our meeting at Saturday, I don’t want you to come. You can touch yourself but don’t get yourself off. That will be my job. If you feel that you’re not able to do what I ask, I want you to call me before you take further actions, at any time, and tell me why you can’t wait till Saturday.

If you have any questions or feel uneasy or nervous about anything, I want you to call me. Like stated in the questionnaire under non-negotiable rules, communication between us is essential, so please don’t fail to talk to me just because you think that what you’re thinking or feeling is stupid or that I might get mad at you or suddenly don’t want you anymore. That will not be the case.

And please think about in which kind of capacity you want to execute our association as Dom / sub. Like I explained on Wednesday after your accident, I truly believe that you would benefit from a full-time arrangement because then I could hold you responsible for all your actions and help you develop your full potential. However, if you want to take it slow, the contract could also apply only to whenever we meet to have a scene.

Harvey

P.S. I still want you to call every evening until our meeting, if only for a couple of minutes.

The e-mail had a word-document attached to it and Mike curiously clicked it open.

His eyes scanned quickly over the words and he absentmindedly took a sip of his beer, licked his lips afterward and began to nibble at his lower lip. He could feel his cock getting hard and pressing up against his laptop that lay in his lap just by reading a few words and imagining how they could apply to his person.

Holy shit! That was….HOLY SHIT! All these different options. And Harvey would really let him choose. Would even overcome some of his own soft limits if Mike would want to try something he himself hadn’t wanted so far. At least that’s what Harvey had indicated in his e-mail. He felt like a little kid in a candy store, not knowing where to start first.

Mike’s breathing became quicker as his eyes darted erratically over the document, scrolling up and down, bouncing around like a bumblebee on steroids. He felt a little overwhelmed with all the choices he had to make, he was allowed, nay required to make.

Sure, he had talked with Harvey about this, but suddenly seeing all this specific options written down in front of him made it much more real. Before today, everything they had talked about had still somehow seemed hypothetical like Harvey could always take it back and tell him that it had been a mistake, or worse, a joke. Some subconscious part of Mike had still believed (feared) that talk was all they were ever going to do, but now, seeing the words in writing suddenly took the whole concept out of fantasy world and placed it right here in reality.

They were really doing this. This document was proof of it. They would even make a contract, in writing. Sure, it probably wouldn’t hold up in court (that would be a fun court case), but still.

The formality and seriousness of it hit Mike.

His first impulse had been to enthusiastically agree to almost everything, just trusting that Harvey would get it right for both of them, but it suddenly dawned on him, that he owed it to Harvey, and himself, to consider every option carefully and assess how he felt about it. In this at least they
would be equal partners and he would need to take responsibility for his own needs and desires. This couldn’t be done casually in only a couple of minutes.

Suddenly, he felt terrified. What if he got it wrong? What if he made a mistake, misjudged himself somehow and what had happened with Steven would repeat itself again, but this time with Harvey? He could feel his throat closing up and breathing became hard work. Mike sat up and placed the laptop on his coffee table. First, he needed to calm down. As he took some slow deep breaths his gaze fell on his phone and on a whim he decided to call Harvey.

The lawyer picked up almost immediately.

“Mike. You’re home early,” Harvey greeted him casually, almost as if someone might overhear him and the voice instantly calmed Mike down.

“Yes. Slow day.” Mike didn’t really know how to brooch the subject of the questionnaire so he decided to make small talk until his brain had come down from its panic-induced rush a little. “Are you still at work?”

“Yes. Something came up and I need to work a couple more hours.”

“Well, don’t leave any mess in your office or the poor guy who will need to clean it later might be upset.”

“Well, the poor guy, as you call that slacker, hasn’t cleaned my office for the past two days. There are fingerprints, I repeat, fingerprints all over the surface of my desk. It’s disgusting. I’m actually considering complaining to his supervisor. This sort of work ethic really shouldn’t go unpunished.”

“Hahaha…” Mike was almost sure that Harvey was joking. Almost.

“Or maybe I do the punishing myself. Bend him over my desk and take the ruler to his bare ass. Make him lick it clean afterwards.” The Dom’s voice had grown dark and husky and the image of Harvey making good on his threat let Mike swallow in nervous anticipation.

“Of course, any sort of punishment would need to be negotiated beforehand. Speaking of which, have you read my e-mail? I assume that’s why you’re sounding a little bit flustered.”

Damn, did nothing escape that man?

“Since you mention it, yeah, I’ve read your e-mail.” He paused, not sure how to go on.

“And… ,” Harvey prompted.

“Yeah, well…. It’s a lot to take in. It’s not that I’ve done something like this before.”

“Is there anything that worries you?”

Mike actually thought about it. Was he worried? No, more like terrified.

Harvey had waited patiently for his reply, sensing the internal struggle of the rookie.

“I’m not worried, I’m terrified. I’ve only skimmed over the list so far, but I feel a little overwhelmed and I’m scared that I get it wrong. And I’m horny as well. And nervous. What if I make a mistake and… .”

“Mike, do you want to call it off? Is it too much too soon?”
“NO! No I don’t. It’s just, I got it wrong with Steven and we both know how that worked out. You’re much more important and I’m terrified that I will screw up again. I want this – us to work.”

Harvey laughed relieved. He thought back to his first questionnaire and could totally understand what Mike was getting at. The first big leap was to admit to yourself that you felt the need to either dominate or submit. The second was to actually do something about it. He remembered how he had felt when he negotiated his first scene with a sub, under the supervision of an experienced Dom. He got why Mike was overwhelmed and worried although he knew that the kid had no reason to be afraid. After all, Harvey was experienced enough to pick up on any error of judgment Mike might make regarding his own needs.

“Just take your time. Don’t make any rushed decisions and remember that we can always re-negotiate if necessary. I don’t expect you to get it exactly right just now. Like I already told you, it’s a learning curve. And I will carefully watch any of your reactions when we try something new and the moment I suspect something is wrong, I will stop. I've got you, Mike. No need to be afraid.”

Harvey’s self-assured voice managed to calm Mike down a bit and he managed to voice a thought that had stuck in the back of his brain ever since he opened the document.

“Where did you get the list anyway? Did you download it from the internet? www.Doms’rUs.com?”

“Yeah, sure. And catch myself a virus as a bonus. Think again, Rookie.”

“So you wrote it yourself.” Mike’s voice dropped into a conspiratorially whisper. “Did you do it during work while you were sitting at your desk with the glass tabletop, getting it all smudged in the process?” Mike was picturing Harvey in his expensive suit, with his perfectly groomed hair sitting at his glass desk, writing the kink-list and getting hard while he thought about which of these things he might wanna do to Mike.

Harvey could guess how Mike’s mind worked but refused to play along.

“Actually, I had my assistant type it up for me,” Harvey deadpanned.

Mike was only baffled for a second. “You know, the sad thing is, I actually believe you.”

“See, you’re already getting to know me.” Harvey chuckled.

The easy banter between them felt natural and Harvey, to his slight regret, could see how he needed to nip that in the bud after Saturday or Mike would probably take it as permission to mouth off to him. He already skirted awfully close to the thin red line as it was, crossing it with the occasional toe, like he had earlier with his text message.

“Can I give you some advice?” he offered a little more seriously.

“Sure. That would be great.” The kid was so easy to guide, always eager to follow his lead.

“Scan the list a couple of times. Think first about your hard limits and narrow the list down. Then do the same with your soft limits and things you’re curious about. What’s left after that should be all the things you definitely want to do. If you’re not sure how you feel about something, just try to picture it in your head and see how your body reacts. If you’re still not sure after that, we can talk about that on Saturday. Or earlier, if you want.”

Mike thought about this approach. This definitely sounded sensible and he wouldn’t be
overwhelmed when he narrowed the list down in stages.

“I think this really helps. Yeah, I will do it this way.”

“Well, then better get to it rookie. Only 2 more nights to go.”

“Yes, Sir!” Although Mike couldn’t be faulted for the choice of words, his mocking tone of voice definitely demanded a reprimand.

“I would better watch myself, Lippy. After Saturday this kind of behavior will get you in trouble. So better start practicing now.”

Mike gulped audibly. He really needed to keep himself in check. Harvey was not one of his fellow colleagues or Trevor or even Jenny and he didn’t want him to be, either. He needed Harvey to be his Dom not his friend. Well, maybe a combination of both at times but not only a friend.

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry.”

“I know. And now, both of us have work to do. Hear you tomorrow.”

“Bye. And thanks, Harvey.”

“Call if something’s on your mind.”

“I will. Good night.”

After the call, Mike felt more collected. Thanks to Harvey he now had a plan how to proceed.

He grabbed his laptop once more but this time he stretched out onto his bed, his head propped up against the wooden headboard.

“If you not sure how you feel about something, just try to picture it in your head and see how your body reacts,” Harvey’s voice replayed in his mind.

Mike grinned a little. This might actually get more than a little enjoyable. He stood up again and decided to get ready for bed since it would take him most likely a couple of hours to consider all the options on Harvey’s list thoroughly. And, as an added bonus, his pajama-pants would give him easier access if he needed to assess the reactions of his body properly.

Suddenly another thought occurred.

“I know that we haven’t entered officially into our arrangement yet but until our meeting at Saturday, I don’t want you to come. You can touch yourself but don’t get yourself off. That will be my job.”

Fuck!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. I apologize for any mistakes regarding grammar and spelling.
I would really like to read any comments you have for me and kudos is also very much appreciated.
A very special delivery

Chapter Summary

Mike delivers his homework to Harvey like the good little bike-messenger he is.

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains the negotiation questionnaire that was mentioned in the previous chapter. I don't speak English legalese but I did my best to make it sound like a contract. I actually wrote it myself although I'm quite sure that there might be some of these available online. But I was a little afraid of what kind of mail or ads I would get if I downloaded one and besides, I had a lot of fun making the list up by myself. Like I said before, I have no personal experience with BDSM so if I got something really wrong, please feel free to comment on it and I will correct it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday

Harvey was sitting at his desk, trying to concentrate on the boring merger that Jessica had stuck him with (she'd actually played the managing partner card) when he noticed a commotion outside his office. Since every distraction was better than staring at the columns of figures on the screen of his laptop he happily let himself be distracted. As he looked up he could see Donna argue with a guy in bike-shorts and a somewhat familiar black bike helmet.

Mike! His heart actually skipped a little, not a full beat but there was definitely a tiny stumble.

He hit the button of his intercom since he couldn't hear what Donna and Mike were arguing about.

“Donna! What’s going on?” Instead of replying via the intercom, she just stuck her head into his office, making sure to shield the entrance from the intruder.

“There’s a bike messenger who claims that he needs to make his delivery in person. He wouldn’t let me have it. Wouldn’t even tell me who sent it. Insolent little shit.” She sounded pissed off that she as Harvey’s gatekeeper and trusty secretary couldn’t convince one lowly messenger to hand her the envelope. Maybe she was afraid that she was losing her touch. This guy with the boyish grin definitely didn’t seem cowed by her sheer force of will.

Harvey rolled his eyes. What was the kid up to now?

“All right. Send him in. I deal with it.”

“Really Harvey, I can manage. I’m Donna. This guy will need to learn his place.”

For a moment Harvey’s fantasy provided him with the image of a furious Donna driving the 4-inch heel of her shoe through Mike’s skull. Luckily his kid was still wearing the helmet. This woman
could be fierce when scorned. Hell-hath-no-fury-fierce.

Harvey cringed internally while maintaining his impassive lawyer face. *Shit! If he would intervene now, Donna would be pissed at him too. But on the other hand, he couldn’t risk that Donna would find out that he knew Mike somewhat intimately. So he decided to try a little subterfuge.*

Winking at her, he let an evil smile, the one he usually reserved for Louis, spread over his lips.

“And why should you have all the fun? No, really Donna. I could need a distraction because Louis’ figures are giving me a headache. Putting someone in their proper place is exactly what I need right now. And you always frown when I do it to one of the associates.”

As always, the redhead put his needs in front of her own. She smiled back conspiratorially, happy that she could provide him with this distraction.

“You got it, boss.” With a mocking gesture and a “you had it coming, kid” expression on her face she indicated that Mike should enter the sanctum sanctorum that was Harvey’s office.

Before Mike could open his mouth, Harvey had stood up, shoulders back and chin slightly raised to emphasize on his superior physique, lips pressed together razor-thin, giving the intruder a seriously pissed-off look.

“Do you always barge in and interrupt people way more important than you during their work? Do you have any idea how much my time is worth?”

Mike gulped visibly so Harvey gave him a wink when he was sure that Donna’s back was turned. He pointed towards the intercom to let Mike know that they had an eavesdropper. His boy was quick on the uptake and smiled relieved, nodding slightly to show Harvey that he had understood.

“I’m so sorry Sir, but the sender insisted that this envelope would be delivered only into your own hands. I would’ve given it to your beautiful assistant but I was afraid that I could lose my job.” He sounded suitably cowed and remorseful and Harvey could read in the way Donna’s posture changed, that she felt satisfied with the kid’s demure explanation. After all, he hadn’t slighted her person but only was afraid of losing his source of income. She could be magnanimous and live with that.

Harvey held out his hand. “Hand it over then,” he ordered brusque.

Mike rummaged in his messenger bag and pulled out a large brown envelope. After handing it over to Harvey he got his phone out, typed something and then handed it to Harvey as well.

“I need your signature, Sir,” he explained.

Harvey looked down on the phone and saw that Mike had opened his text messenger.

“Sorry. Didn’t mean to cause trouble but couldn’t risk her opening the envelope. Missed you and wanted to see you.”

Mouthy and pushy. His to-do list for Mike’s training got longer and longer. A gag would definitely do the trick to shut this beautiful mouth up for once and with the proper restraints, all the pushiness would be kept in check as well, with the additional benefit that Mike would look stunning like that, naked, bound and gagged, only allowed to plead with this beautiful blue eyes.

With a quick glance Harvey made sure that Donna’s back was still turned. “I missed you too,” he mouthed softly only for Mike’s ears. After all, it wasn’t Saturday yet and he still was allowed to be
a little forgiving. Mike’s training hadn’t begun yet. For Donna’s benefit he added louder, “Get out
of here and don’t cause any more trouble or I will complain to your supervisor. People like you
should know how to behave properly. Maybe a day’s work without pay would teach you that
lesson.”

Although Mike knew that Harvey was only play-acting he actually felt a little intimidated by the
lawyers display of power.

“Please Sir, don’t report me. I’m so sorry to have inconvenienced you. Again, my apologies to you
and your assistant as well.” He sounded almost desperate, as if Harvey really would do that to him.

Then he winked at Harvey, mouthed a soft “Bye” and turned around. His head was actually tucked
a little between his shoulders when he hurried out of Harvey’s office. He didn’t spare Donna
another glance and rushed along the hallway towards the elevator.

As soon as Mike was out of sight, Donna got out of her cubicle and went to Harvey.

“That was a little harsh,” she commented, well aware that Harvey knew she had listened in.

Harvey just shrugged. “Well, you wanted this guy beaten into submission and that’s what I did.”

“Yes, but that was before I knew that he wasn’t trying to be disrespectful to me but only wanted to
do his job.” She sighed. “The poor guy looked like a kicked puppy when he practically ran out of
your office.”

“Yeah, well. He had it coming because he upset you.” He gave her his best Harvey Specter smile.

Harvey had actually fun seeing Donna defend his boy.

“You know Harvey, only because you hate to work with Louis on this merger doesn’t give you the
right to treat other people like shit. And kicking puppies has never solved any problems.” Having
scolded her boss properly she turned on her heel and went back outside, turning her back at him as
she sat down.

For a moment Harvey just sat there, with his mouth slightly open. Then he shook his head in
disbelief. It seemed that Mike triggered a protective urge not only in him, but in Donna as well. It
would be interesting to see how Jessica would react to his boy. She would probably adopt him on
the spot.

When he looked down, he remembered the envelope on his desk top. Using the silver letter opener
Jessica had given him when he made it to senior associate, he slit it open and peeked inside.

It seemed as though his boy had done his homework. But as curious as he was, he couldn’t risk to
read Mike’s answers here, where everybody could interrupt him. If Louis saw what was on the
pages, he would probably shit himself with glee right before running to Jessica to rat him out.

He slid the envelope in the drawer with the lock and shut it away for now. With a resigned sigh he
turned back to his laptop to peruse the financials of the merger once more.

**********
When Harvey had finally shaken Louis off – god, this guy could be really obnoxious – and managed to get home, he was literally vibrating with anticipation. He had a pretty good idea, what Mike might want to explore but he couldn’t wait to see if he was right.

He placed his briefcase with the envelope inside on his coffee table and went into his bedroom to change into something more comfortable. After a quick look in his fridge he decided to have the leftover Chinese for dinner and heated it up in the microwave. Before he settled in on the breakfast bar to eat, he got the envelope and slid the pages with the questionnaire out, spreading them in front of him.

Settling down and eating absentmindedly he scanned over Mike’s responses.

********************************************************************

Negotiation Questionnaire

Preface:

The following options of which Mike Ross, subsequently dubbed the sub, is allowed to choose will apply to each scene both parties (Harvey Specter –Dom- / Mike Ross - sub-) participate in.

The scenes can either be scheduled as a standing appointment or as individual appointments whenever the parties agree.

However, should the sub choose to enter into a permanent arrangement with his Dom (24/7) the options below would apply whenever both parties are in a scene. In addition, the Dom would also take control of certain aspects of the day to day life of the sub. These may include decisions regarding

- Sex-partners (outside scenes with Dom) Right now I think that you will be all I can manage.
- Self-pleasuring / Masturbation / Orgasm (outside scenes with Dom) I’m okay with that I guess. Might be a little frustrating if you leave me hanging too long, though.
- Personal grooming What’s wrong with my grooming? So far you seem to like how I look.
- Clothing You know that I’m a bike-messenger / cleaner, right?
- Nutrition I’m not going vegan or eating Quinoa or such shit. Hard limit!
- Health care I already have Obama-care and floss regularly.
- Intake of alcohol and illegal substances Well, I guess this is only fair as long as I’m allowed a drink and smoke every now and then.
- Financial issues I’m not taking money for being your sub and I’m not paying you either. Couldn’t afford you anyway.
- Personal contacts etc. Not sure that I’m comfortable with that.

The specifics can be negotiated should the sub choose to enter into said permanent arrangement.
Options during a scene (in single capacity or combination):

**Restraints / bondage:** yes / no

If yes, elaborate (check or mark as soft / hard limit)

- Restraining of wrists / arms and / or legs / and / or whole body with **yes to everything**
- rope (hemp, sisal, synthetic fiber) **Yes**
- cuffs (metal / leather) **Yes**
- leather restraints **Yes**
- shibari-bondage **Need more information. Looks gorgeous if uncomfortable. But I guess that’s the point.**
- predicament bondage **Needed to watch some porn to know what you mean. Probably not my cup of tea but maybe later. Unsure. Soft limit for now.**
- zip ties **Soft limit. Sounds very cheap and uncomfortable.**
- spreader bars **Not sure but could be fun. Need more information but willing to try.**
- unconventional restraints (scarfs, ties, clothing items, etc.) **Yes**

**Gags:** yes / no  
*But I’m a little concerned about breathing issues.*

If yes, elaborate (check or mark as soft / hard limit)

- Ball gag **Not sure. Need to try it I guess.**
- Wiffle gag **Had to google it but since it has holes in it I think it’s okay.**
- Cock gag **For now soft limit. Little afraid that I would gag or choke.**
- Bit gag **This might be okay. Breathing seems possible but it looks a little silly. Like a horse in harness. You wouldn’t want me to neigh, would you?**
- Spider gag **Really? Looks more like a torture device. Hard limit.**
- Ring gag **Would have to try it. But I’m pretty sure that I would drool a lot. Do you really find that hot, me drooling like a bitch in heat? But then, I guess I would have your cock in my mouth most of the time, since this is the purpose of this kind of gag.**
- Unconventional gag (cloth, tie etc.) **Yes, as long as breathing is not impaired.**

**Pain-play:** yes / no

If yes, elaborate (check or mark as hard / soft limit)

- Impact play with various implements (check or mark implements as hard / soft limit)
  - Hand **Yes**
  - Paddle **Yes**
  - Strap **Yes**
  - Flogger **maybe after a while but not in the beginning. Still remembering Steven. I think that you need to go slow on me at first.**
  - Riding crop see flogger
  - Cane see flogger
  - Whip see flogger
  - Unconventional implements (hairbrush, ruler, cooking-tools etc.) **As long as it’s not**
barbed wire it is okay I guess. Can I decide when the occasion arises?

• Marking (check or mark options as hard / soft limits)
  ○ Only if can be hidden under clothes Yes
  ○ Permanent marks (scars, tattoos, brandings, piercings etc.) Yes
  ○ Temporary marks (bruises, welts, love bites etc.) Yes
  ○ Breaking of skin / bleeding (cuts, needle marks, blisters, scratches, abrasions etc.)

• Further pain-inducing equipment (check or mark as hard / soft limits)
  ○ Nipple clamps Yes but I have never tried it so if I hate it and my nipples turn black and fall off, it’s off the list.
  ○ Needle play (only in combination with breaking skin / bleeding) No way! Watched a video and almost puked.
  ○ Electricity You’re kidding right? What would you use anyway? Taser? Cattle prod?
  ○ Hot wax Curious but not sure. Could be great or could seriously suck. Can we try it before I make a final decision?

Breath-play: yes / no

(Note: You would be supervised at all times and no force against your throat and neck will occur)

If yes, elaborate: (check or mark as soft / hard limit)

• Hand over mouth and / or nose
• Mask or other mechanical breath controlling implement

Sensory-play: yes / no

If yes, elaborate: (check or mark as soft / hard limit)

• Sensory deprivation
  ○ Blindfolds (professional or makeshift) Yes
  ○ Restraints (professional or makeshift) Yes
  ○ Sound canceling headphones / ear plugs Yes

• Sensory stimulation
  ○ Hot / cold implements (ice cubes, heating lube etc.) Yes
  ○ Soft and hard implements (feathers, soft cloth, wartenberg wheel etc.) Yes
  ○ Massage of full body or individual body parts Yes, please!

Sex: yes / no Please, yes!

If yes, elaborate (check or mark as soft / hard limit)

• Anal intercourse Yes! Never done it before, but I want to do it with you.
• Stimulation of whole body by mouth / hands / toys in a passive capacity Yes!
• Rutting against object or body part of Dom for stimulation of sub Well, if you’re into that, I guess I could give it a try. Never actually thought about it, though. Might look silly doing
my horny dog impression.

- Oral stimulation to genitals and/or ass (rimming) both in a passive and active capacity Now I’m getting really hard. Yes, of course!
- Face-fucking in a passive capacity I have no idea if I could do that (gag-reflex) although the thought of it makes me horny. Would need you to take it slow.
- Stimulation of genitals (penis, testicles and anal region) by hand both in a passive and active capacity Yes
- Being objectified by Dom for sexual gratification of said Dom No idea what you’re getting at.
- Use of Toys: yes/no If yes, elaborate (check or mark as soft/hard Limit)
  - Anal plugs (various sizes and shapes, can be negotiated on a scene by scene basis) Yes!
  - Vibrators (various sizes, can be negotiated on a scene by scene basis) Yes!
  - Dildos (various sizes and material, can be negotiated on a scene by scene basis) Yes!
  - Cock rings Curious but no idea if I would like it.
  - Cock cages Not sure. Probably soft limit. Willing to try if you’re into it. But would depend on cage.
  - Sounding devices Watched a video and the thought of you doing this to me makes me cringe and my boner just evaporated and my balls actually tried to climb back into my body, so an emphatic NO!
- Orgasm delay/denial (during scene) Sounds exciting if a little bit frustrating. Yes!
- Forced orgasm(s) Can one force an orgasm? I’m quite sure I would always want to come, no force necessary.
- Sex/felatio without condoms (testing for STD’s of both parties required) Yes
- Cum-play (testing for STD’s of both parties required) Yes
- Golden shower/water works I really hope that this is one of the things you don’t want to do.

Further kinks: (check or mark as soft/hard limit)

- Humiliation (verbal/non-verbal) I guess calling me slut or something like that might be o.k. when you fuck me but in general I’m not sure that I’m into that.
- Praise (verbal/non-verbal) Yes, but then, I already told you how much I like it.
- Being given orders Yes as long as orders are not totally weird like barking like a dog or eating from the floor or something like that.
- Kneeling You already know that I like that.
- Begging Depends on the occasion. Being fucked or allowed to come yes, being allowed to lick your shoes or clean your toilet probably not.
- Being forbidden to speak Might be sensible considering how my mouth always gets me in trouble. I give it my best shot but please don’t expect me to be good at it.
- Specific clothing or lack thereof (nudity) I think that I would enjoy being naked for you, especially when you’re still wearing one of your suits. Wearing women’s panties or a latex body-suit not really a turn-on for me.
- Collaring Not sure. The thought appalls and excites me at the same time. Need to talk with you about it.
- Being given to another person by Dom for play (under supervision of Dom) Hard limit!
Exhibitionism / public play (in a safe environment like a club) Yes.
Bathroom-denial Seriously?
Finger-feeding Like you feeding me? Willing to try but not sure. Never thought about it. How would that work anyway? I guess Spaghettis and soup would be off the table?
Puppy play Just NO! And I’m not wagging my tail for you either.
Other: I really like it when you pet my head and stroke my hair. It calms me down and makes me sleepy.
Kissing: I really liked kissing you so it would be great if we could do that often.

Non-negotiable rules:

- Honesty between Dom and sub is essential for a successful Dom / sub relationship, proper communication is key and therefore required of both parties.
- The sub will always treat his Dom with the utmost respect. Any other Doms he may encounter in public (for example a club) are included in this rule.

**Punishment**
- Explanation for punishment will always be given before punishment is executed
- Punishment is not demeaning but a way to help correcting flaws and ultimately becoming a better sub
- Disregard or silent treatment will never be used as punishment
- Punishment will fit the transgression
  - Corner time or certain chores for minor lapses like being disrespectful, disobeying minor rules etc.
  - Pain caused by different implements for more serious transgressions like violating a direct order, dishonesty, lying etc.
  - Other options if the transgressions demand it That’s a little vague. In a contract that would be a humongous loophole.
- After the punishment has been executed, the transgression will be forgiven and forgotten by the Dom

**Safe words:** The use of the negotiated safe word (color-system or other) is not only encouraged but demanded if it becomes necessary. Its use will never be punished or even frowned upon.

Proper aftercare will always be provided after a scene. The sub will always communicate if unforeseen side-effects during or after a scene occur (sub drop, panic attacks etc.)

All scenes will be instigated by the Dom but the sub is allowed to ask for a scene, specific or general Another loophole because this phrase doesn’t mean that you would actually do it if I asked.

All scenes will be explained beforehand by the Dom and the sub will voice any misgivings and questions he may have in order to feel safe.

*Hi Harvey,*

*This took longer than I expected and now I’m really hard and want to get off so badly but I can’t because you asked me not to. Also, I’m quite certain that my downstairs neighbor will get some*
very strange adds the next time he goes on the internet. Definitely need to delete my browser history.

I’m really excited about all this and can’t wait to see you Saturday.

Mike

Harvey still held the fork in his right hand, but his last bite had been a couple of minutes ago and the cold pork mu shu slowly congealed on the plate.

Well, Mike had been honest, Harvey had to give him that. He had been a mouthy little shit about it, sometimes downright snarky but that couldn’t be helped right now. Come Saturday, though, he would spank that snark out of his boy.

He pushed the plate aside, suddenly not hungry anymore. As he stood up he had to adjust himself a little since reading Mike’s responses, snark or no snark, had affected him quite a bit. He went to his home-office, got a legal pad and settled down on the couch.

Since he had promised Mike 3 different scenes for him to choose from he would better get to work and outline this scenes in accordance with Mike’s interest. He was really looking forward to see his boy tomorrow. They had agreed that Mike would come by at 5 pm since he worked morning till noon.

They would talk about their preferences than would eat and after that, finally play.

Tomorrow couldn’t come too soon.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Please forgive any mistakes regarding grammar or spelling. Comments and Kudos are very much appreciated.
Wet dreams and soapy fingers

Chapter Summary

Saturday has come at last. A teeny tiny bit of porn and lots of dirty talk and negotiations.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday morning.

He could feel Harvey’s mouth nibbling his neck right at this sensitive spot where it met his shoulder and the feeling of sharp teeth scraping over his skin, just the promise of pain instead of the actual thing, made him shiver with anticipation. Strong fingers wrapped themselves around his hard cock, executing just the right amount of pressure, spreading the moisture of the pre-come over its sensitive head. The solid body on top of him, holding him down, just added to his arousal. Being held down so firmly, surrendering himself to his Dom’s will, felt incredible. Harvey’s other hand had found its way to one of his nipples, teasing it with his fingertips until it was a hard rosy bud against the pale skin of his chest.

“You’re so beautiful like this. All blushing and hard and moaning for me,” Harvey’s low voice, hoarse with arousal, whispered into his ear.

Mike could feel his orgasm building in his stomach as the hand around his cock picked up speed.

Suddenly the teasing fingers on his nipple pinched hard and the pain only drove him closer to the edge.

“Harvey, please!” he begged. “Please let me come.”

“Not yet.” The hand around his cock teased him relentlessly and Mike’s hips tried to buck up to seek more friction.

“Please. I need to come. Please, Harvey, please!”

He was hushed by Harvey’s tongue licking into his mouth, shutting him up effectively.


Slowly Mike drifted awake when he heard the alarm he had set on his phone for 7 am. He could still feel Harvey’s hand around his cock, stroking him in a steady rhythm, only slowly becoming aware that it was his own hand that was wrapped around his hard leaking flesh and his other hand plucking at his sensitive nipple. His hips chased the friction and he realized that he was only seconds away from coming. Giving his hand a twist on the upstroke he could feel his balls tightening. One more firm stroke and he came with a muffled cry, spending himself over his fingers in his pajama-pants. Without much pressure he milked the last drops from his now sensitive cock, trying to catch his breath after his orgasm.
Wow, that had been awesome. He smiled a little as he tried to remember the dream, the memory of it rapidly becoming fuzzy. But Harvey had been there and he had done things to Mike, good things, painful things, but good.

Mike’s last wet dream had been a couple of years ago, when he was still in his teens, but all the changes in the last couple of days must have kicked his subconscious into overload. No wonder that he’d had such a vivid dream.

After Mike had studied Harvey’s kink list Thursday evening, considering every choice, in parts fantasizing about them, he had been nearly constantly aroused and only Harvey’s instructions that he wasn’t allowed to …. Oh Shit! OH FUCK!

Mike yanked his hand from his cock as if it suddenly burned red hot. What had he done? How could he have forgotten? Harvey had given him one order. Only one order. And he’d screwed up again. He was the worst sub ever. Harvey would be so mad at him. How could he make it up to Harvey? What if Harvey had enough of him and this thing between them would end before it had even started properly?

For a moment Mike had the feeling that he couldn’t breathe. His chest felt constricted and only with great effort he managed to pull some air into his lungs. He concentrated on breathing, taking slow measured breaths, trying to calm down. When he felt his panic ebb a little, he wiped his hand clean on the sheets, grabbed the phone and did the only thing he could think of right now.

“Mike, you’re up early.” Harvey greeted him.

“I did something bad,” Mike confessed immediately, still a little breathless.

“Okay.” Harvey’s voice sounded carefully impassive. “What did you do, Mike?”

“I got myself off. I didn’t mean to but it happened and I’m so sorry. I never wanted to disappoint you and now you’re mad at me and you have every right. I have no self-control and I’m so sorry. I don’t deserve to be your sub but please, please, don’t send me away. Please, give me one more chance.”

“Mike, slow down. You sound like you’re at the brink of a panic attack. I want you to take a few deep breaths for me. Can you do that?”

The calm and slightly concerned voice of his Dom, devoid of even a hint of anger, was like an anchor that stopped Mike from spiraling down further into a full blown panic attack. He breathed in audibly, held his breath for a few seconds and exhaled. After a few more repeats he felt a little better and the pressure on his chest eased up.

“I’m better now,” he whispered.

“Okay, Michael. Tell me what happened.”

“I got myself off. Just now. I’m sorry.”

He could hear a little impatience creep into Harvey’s worried voice. “I got that the first time Mike. I want to know why you got yourself off when disobeying me is so clearly distressing to you.”

“I didn’t mean to. Really Harvey, you have to believe me. Please! I wasn’t really aware that I was doing it right until the last moment.”

A suspicion dawned on Harvey. “Mike, were you asleep and dreaming?”
“My alarm woke me up and my hand was already wrapped around my cock and I was stroking myself only in my dream it had been your hand and I couldn’t stop myself. It felt so good and I was still thinking of you, imagining that it was your hand. But I wasn’t dreaming anymore. I was awake. I just didn’t remember that I wasn’t supposed to come. I’m so sorry, Harvey. Please, forgive me.”

“Michael. I want you to listen to me.” Harvey waited for confirmation which didn’t come.

“Michael?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I’m very proud of you that you called me as soon as you realized what you had done. And your transgression is a minor one. You were still half-asleep. Mike, these things happen, especially now when everything is new and exciting.”

“You’re not mad at me?”

“No Mike. I’m not mad at you. On the contrary. You did the right thing when you could have simply decided to keep it a secret. I would never have known.”

Mike snorted a little at that. “I couldn’t have hidden it from you. You would’ve known as soon as you’d seen me tonight.”

“Probably,” Harvey conceded, remembering how bad the kid was at hiding his feelings. “But still, your honesty makes me proud.”

“So you will not punish me?” Mike’s voice sounded a little odd and a thought popped into Harvey’s mind. He decided to go with his gut.

“Mike, do you want me to punish you?”

“No, I… I don’t.… but, maybe… yes, I think I need that. Otherwise I won’t be able to forgive myself.”

“Mike, there’s nothing to forgive.”

When Mike stayed silent, Harvey gave in.

“You need to learn to forgive yourself, Mike. Trust me, when I tell you that everything is okay, then you did nothing wrong. Cut yourself some slack.”

“Please Harvey, I really think I need to be punished.”

“Why is that, Mike?”

“Because I cut myself so much slack over the last years that I almost hanged myself on it. I think that I need boundaries. I need you to be firm with me when I do something I should not do. I need to know that you will enforce these boundaries, because otherwise, what’s the point? Please Harvey, I need this.”

Mike could hear Harvey’s breathing as his Dom seemed to think about his request.

“All right Mike. I will punish you for what you did. But I decide how and you will forgive yourself when the punishment is over. Is that understood?”
Mike closed his eyes. Harvey had got him. He would keep him in check, keep him safe. The world felt steady once more, not spiraling out of control.

“Yes Sir. Thank you.”

“Now, listen carefully to what I want you to do until our meeting at 5 pm.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I want you to get up. Take a shower and get ready for work. I want you to eat something, preferably something healthy containing some vegetables or fresh fruit and not a whole string of e-numbers. I want you to pay attention to the traffic and wear your helmet. You will not, I repeat, not try to punish yourself in any way. This is my job.”

“Yes Sir.”

“When does your shift end?”

“At 1 pm, Sir.”

“When you get home, I want you to have lunch and then I want you to rest a little. Take a nap or just watch TV, whatever you want. I’ll send a cab to your address that will pick you up at 4:15 pm. That should give you enough time to get to my place. Before the cab picks you up however, I want you to take a hot shower and thoroughly clean yourself everywhere. And Mike, that will require you to insert a soapy finger into your ass. I want you clean inside and out.”

Mike’s breath hitched a little at that. He had done that before, fingered himself a little bit while jerking off, but only for his own pleasure. Doing it for Harvey, to get himself clean for him, ready for his Dom, was different.

“Mike, do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“And will you do this for me?”

“I will do everything for you, Sir.”

“Okay, now get to work. And don’t forget your overnight bag when you come over. I’m looking forward to having you for myself the whole night.”

“Yes, Harvey. I’m looking forward to that, too.”

**********

Harvey had prepared the evening like he would prepare for trial. The stage was carefully set, out here in the living room as well as in the intimate setting of his bedroom and he had dressed himself in one of his 3-piece suits, dark-blue pinstripe with matching vest but without the jacket, white dress shirt and burgundy red tie with a subtle pattern. This would emphasize his superiority because Mike would be dressed most likely in another one of his faded jeans and an old tee. And later, of course, he would spend the rest of the evening naked. Harvey, on the other hand, planned to show very little skin of his own tonight.
The items he intended to use on Mike were already laid out on the little bench on the end of his bed, ready for use when he would need them. He found that their display could be as arousing, or terrifying, as their actual use.

He had decided on a simple and light meal for them, just steaks and salad, that he would finish cooking while Mike would be busy playing secretary. Today there would be no alcohol, as much as Mike probably would want a drink to take the edge off.

To Harvey’s annoyance, the doorbell rang at 5:07 pm and he deliberately took his sweet time to open the door. He wouldn’t be the forgiving, easy going type today. He would set the tone between them just right, like it needed to be between Dom and sub, between them, from now on.

Mike didn’t seem to notice his stern gaze and gave him one of his excited happy puppy-smiles as soon as he saw Harvey, his young face actually lighting up a little.

“Hi Harvey.” His eyes trailed over the shoulder of the older man who kept blocking the door and they got even wider than they’d already been. “Whoa, you gotta sweet place. Do you think that I can take it off your hands when you’re going out of town, like kind of a house-sitting situation?”

“You’re late!” Harvey actually barked a little to emphasize his annoyance.

Mike’s excited face fell and if he’d been a real puppy he would’ve probably tucked his tail between his legs right about now at the scolding of the much bigger scary dog. “Yeah, I’m sorry, but it’s only…” He looked at his watch. “… About 7 minutes. It’s still 5-ish,” he tried to play his transgression down.

“Did I ever give you the impression that tardiness is acceptable to me?” Harvey tilted his head a little to the right like he was curious with which kind of ludicrous excuse Mike would come up.

“I…, the traffic,” Mike saw Harvey’s unwavering expression and seemed to understand that he had only one option. “I’m sorry, Sir. I will do better next time.”

Harvey took a step back and magnanimously waved Mike in.

“You’d better,” he grumbled a little for show.

Mike slowly walked towards the living room, his head shifting from side to side to take everything in. When he saw the huge windows, he made a bee-line and came to a halt with his nose mere inches away from the glass.

“Wow!” His warm breath actually fogged the glass a little as he exhaled against it.

Harvey came to stand behind him but kept some distance between their bodies. His touch would be a privilege that needed to be earned by Mike from now on. Mike didn’t know it yet, but his training was already under way.

“Mike, turn around and look at me.”

Mike did as he was asked, although instead of looking Harvey in the eyes his gaze flickered nervously around the open room, unable to settle anywhere.

“Michael! Eyes.”

That did the trick.
“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey grabbed Mike’s chin with his right hand, thumb placed over the barely noticeable cleft and looked the young man searchingly in the eyes. He could tell that Mike had a hard time to meet his enquiring gaze, his eyes wandering off Harvey’s own immediately, settling on his mouth instead.

“Did you drink any alcohol, smoke any pot or take anything else to get high today?”

Mike’s eyes snapped firmly back to his and took on a determined and also slightly wounded expression. “No, Sir. I haven’t forgotten what you told me at the club. I wouldn’t do that when I’m with you.”

Harvey was satisfied with what he could see in Mike’s face. He nodded his approval and let go of him.

“Put your duffle bag over there and take your shoes off. You can leave them there as well. Then sit on the couch. I…,” Mike started to move toward the indicated direction but Harvey’s hand against his chest held him back. “I wasn’t finished…”

“But you…”

“Do we need to have a conversation about how you keep interrupting me?” Although the tone was light enough, the steely gaze of the dark brown eyes impressed on Mike that he was already, and without even trying, in deep water.

Great!

“No, Sir.”

“I want to lay down a few ground rules for today, because frankly, you can be a mouthy little brat without someone to keep you in check. That might be endearing and funny at times but it’s not a quality I appreciate in my sub and as such won’t tolerate from you anymore. So, until you’ve learned to behave yourself tonight you’re only allowed to speak when you’re asked a direct question. And your answer better be respectful and truthful. Do you understand?”

Mike looked like a scolded little kid. “Yes, Sir,” he mumbled but didn’t dare move.

Harvey reached out his hand and softly touched Mike’s cheek, caressing his cheekbone with his thumb to take the sting out of his former statement. Carrot and stick.

“I have every confidence in you, that you will get the hang of it soon,” he assured the nervous young man. “Now go and do as I’ve told you.”

When Mike was settled in at the couch, sock-clad feet (Harvey had at least seen one hole in each of them) tucked in under his thighs, Harvey placed a glass of ice water and a legal pad in front of him on the coffee table.

“I want you to take notes on what we agree,” he explained. “When we’re done negotiating, you will draw up the contract while I make dinner. After that we’ll play, although you’ve already forfeited your signing bonus. Latecomers don’t get treats.”

Mike opened his mouth to protest but caught himself just in time.

“See, you’re already learning. I knew that you would be my good boy,” the Dom praised. Positive reinforcement was such an essential part in Mike’s training.
Mike’s gaze fell on a few pages, lying upside down on the coffee table near where Harvey had taken a seat at the other end of the couch.

When Harvey picked them up, Mike knew immediately what they were.

Harvey perused them for a few moments to build up a little tension.

“Although I appreciate the honesty with which you filled out the negotiation questionnaire, I found your answers or comments in parts somewhat lacking in respect if not downright rude. I can guess that this is mainly due to your excitement when you filled out the form but it shows me that you blurt out everything that’s on your mind, without giving it a second thought. And I guess that this has gotten you in trouble on more than one occasion in the past. So, we will try to address this particular problem of yours until you’ve developed the necessary filter between your brain and mouth. If you have an urgent question you may raise your hand and wait for my permission to speak. And of course you’re always allowed to use your safe word, no permission beforehand needed.”

Harvey waited a few moments but when Mike stayed obediently silent he went on.

“What’s your color, Mike?”

“It’s green, Sir.”

Harvey nodded satisfied.

“I will take it from the top and you will take the minutes. I know that you don’t need to but do it anyway.” Mike nodded.

“Now, first of all, have you decided whether you want our arrangement to be casual or in a permanent capacity?”

Mike nodded and when Harvey arched an eyebrow (the left with the moles) he took it as permission to speak.

“I would like the 24/7 arrangement, Sir. I think you’re right and I could benefit greatly if I knew that you would take care of me and hold me responsible at all times and not only during a scene.”

Harvey nodded satisfied. “Okay. Agreed. Note that down. Now, regarding the rules of the 24/7.”

He frowned a little as his eyes drifted over Mike’s somewhat flippant responses regarding them.

“We can agree that, for now at least, our arrangement will be exclusively between us either in a scene as well as outside of one. That means, no other partner for either of us. And you’re right regarding rule #2. After you’ve signed the contract, your body will essentially belong to me, and so will your orgasms. I find orgasm delay or denial highly effective in the training of a sub so you will need to be a fast learner or you will indeed be a very frustrated boy.”

Harvey had watched Mike closely during his little speech and right on cue Mike had shown this little tells of his. He had licked and nibbled at his lower lip and his pupils dilated ever so slightly when Harvey told him that he would essentially own him now.

“Regarding your comment on rule #3: Yes, I like how you look but there is always room for improvement. A regular shave for example although I see that you made the effort tonight and I’m very pleased. Or combing your hair once in a while if not to speak of regular haircuts.” Harvey paused for a beat and shifted his eyes pointedly towards Mike’s crotch. “Or the waxing of certain areas.” Mikes breath hitched a little at that and Harvey gave him a small sardonic smile.
“You’re not really hairy, but I would prefer you smooth down there.” As if Mike’s dick knew that the Dom was speaking about it or at least, its surrounding areas, it swelled visibly under the worn fabric of the faded jeans. Mike raised a hand questioningly.

Harvey nodded his consent.

“Wouldn’t a shave suffice? I mean, waxing is supposed to be really painful. Plus, it’s kind of humiliating to get it done, what with strangers seeing and handling my junk, since I don’t suppose that you would be doing the waxing yourself.”

“A shave doesn’t get you as smooth as a waxing. But let’s make a deal. You try it once for me and if you really can’t take it you can list it as a hard limit and we’ll make other arrangements. I know a place where some of the Doms from the club let their subs get waxed and believe me, the waxperts see so much junk in different sizes and shapes every day, they wouldn’t pay much attention to yours, although you’re quite pretty down there. Does that sound acceptable?”

Mike looked thoughtful for a moment, actually staring down into his lap as if to ponder how he would look, all bare and smooth. Then he gave a little shrug. After all, women did that all the time so how bad could it be?

“I will try it for you, Sir, although I’m not sure if my dignity could survive. But if it pleases you, I will get it done.”

He leaned forward a little, laying a hand on Mike’s knee giving it a reassuring pat, knowing that this demand could’ve been a deal-breaker as well. “It will please me very much. Thank you, Mike.”

He broke their contact and leaned back again, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“Now, your answers to the next rules are quite explicit if not downright insolent. So let me explain what is expected of you.”

Harvey took a sip of water from his own glass before he elaborated.

“As my sub you’re a reflection of me, so everything that you will say in public, wear in public or your general appearance and behavior in public will make me either look good or not. If you make me look bad, I will be very displeased with you and you will be punished. I’m well aware that you’re a bike-messenger and cleaner. I will not interfere with the way you need to dress at work. But when you are with me, you will look like I want you to look, which is like my pretty little boy. We already talked about grooming. If I want to make changes regarding your appearance and your clothes you will consent to my wishes. And before you say something, the costs will be on me. This is non-negotiable. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now, regarding the rules concerning nutrition, health care, drinking and using drugs. As I already told you before, and I got the distinct impression that you liked that a lot, you’re mine.”

Yep. Another little catch in Mike’s breathing and the bulge straining against the zipper of his jeans got a little more solid. This kid should never play poker. He would be broke within minutes, but then, he already was broke.

“Your body belongs to me. And I take care of what is mine, although you seem to think that you can survive solely on junk food, getting drunk on cheap booze and smoking pot.”
Mike had once again averted his gaze and looked down at the legal pad even though he wasn’t writing anything down.

"Mike, eyes!" he was instantly reminded and obediently looked up again.

"You will be allowed to indulge yourself every now and then but I want you to change to a healthier diet. Don’t think that I haven’t seen all the pizza and junk food cartons at your place, not to speak of all the Red Bull cans. That stuff is pure sugar and chemicals. I despise the smell and taste of it. So, I don’t want to smell it in your breath or taste it in your mouth. Clear?"

"Yes, Sir." Harvey could see Mike’s eyes shift slightly to the side away from his gaze and tapped his sub slightly on the knee to correct him.

"I want you to eat some vegetables and fruit every now and then and when we go out, I’d like to order for you. I will not force you to go vegan as you’ve so succinctly put it, or eat something you hate but I think it’s time to broaden your culinary horizon a little. Now, regarding your intake of alcohol; you may drink in responsible amounts when you’re with me, meaning, I will decide what and how much. When you’re alone at home or out with friends, you will ask for my permission to drink and I will tell you what you’re allowed to drink and how much. After you’ve exhausted your quota, you will switch to non-alcoholic beverages, preferably water or juice. Understood?"

"Yes Sir."

"Regarding your health care, the ACA might be fine with you, but I reserve the right to send you to any doctor I deem necessary should the occasion arise. Meaning, if you get ill or hurt, I will sent you to a physician of my choosing, and you will do as you’re told. And do you know why that is, Mike?"

"Because my body belongs to you and you take care of what is yours, Sir."

"That’s absolutely right. And since we’re on topic, I want you to get tested for STDs. I made an appointment at my GP for you. Monday at 6 pm and his address is in Manhattan so this shouldn’t interfere too much with your day job. I got tested last Thursday and got the results today. I’m clean, in case you’re wondering.” He leafed through the pages in his hand until he found the right one which he handed to Mike. The young man quickly scanned the lab results and handed the page back. Then he raised his hand slowly and Harvey gave him permission with a nod.

"Why did you get tested on Thursday?"

"Maybe getting tested was a little premature, but I was… optimistic,” he explained with a shrug.

"You know, one can hope and you seemed eager so I wanted to be prepared. Any further questions?"

"Does this mean that we will, you know, without…?" Mike actually blushed a little at the thought.

"Mike, you’re a grown up although you might look like jailbait. I’m sure you can say the word condoms without blushing like a virgin. And yes, I would prefer being with you without having to use them. And from your response further down the questionnaire I got the impression that you would prefer that too. Hence us getting tested. And we’ve already agreed that we would be exclusive. Or do you have second thoughts?"

"No, Sir. No rubber is fine by me. I think that I would like to feel you without anything between us.”

Harvey tried to suppress a smile but only succeeded half. To get himself under control he wanted to
learn about Mike’s past conduct regarding safer sex.

“When was the last time you had sex without condoms, Mike?”

“Never, actually. My Grammy used to give me a lecture every time I had a new girlfriend and I was too afraid that I would get someone pregnant and my Grammy would have a stroke, so I took always care to use them. I still can remember her first speech. I was 15 and she put the fear of God in me. I think I’ve never been as intimidated by someone as I was by her when she described all the consequences unsafe sex could have. She even had a book with ugly pictures of diseased genitals which she forced me to look at. Plus, she always bought a box of condoms for me and leave them on my bed as a reminder as soon as I was going out with someone. I used to be really embarrassed about that but there was no way I would disobey her. And I haven’t been with someone long enough to do the whole getting tested and exclusivity thing yet.”

“I’m glad that we’re on the same page then.” Harvey nodded satisfied and made a mental note to arrange a weekly flower delivery to Grammy Ross from a secret admirer. He could only imagine in what kind of trouble his boy would’ve gotten himself into if not for the good influence of his Grandma. “I would still like you to get tested, just to make sure that you haven’t picked up something in another way, you know, due diligence. Would you do that for me, Mike?”

“Of course. I will visit your Doc on Monday.”

Mike seemed like he had another question but didn’t raise his hand this time, like he was afraid. Instead, his fingers fidgeted with the ball-pen, clicking it rapidly, much to Harvey’s annoyance.

“Mike, ask your question and stop fiddling with the pen.”

“What about smoking some weed? You haven’t said anything about that.”

“What do you think I will say?”

“That you want me to be happy and allow me to smoke the occasional bowl if I ask nicely?” Mike had put on an endearing smile, clearly in the attempt to manipulate Harvey a little.

“That’s your first strike, Lippy!”

“Strike?”

“And that’s the second right there.”

Mike looked frustrate, actually huffing a little with indignation, like they were playing a game and only Harvey knew the rules, but he didn’t dare open his mouth again. *Smart kid!*

Harvey let the silence hang between them a few moments longer just to make sure that Mike had gotten the message.

“Since you’re new at this, I invoke the tree-strike rule. Meaning, that for now you get 2 warnings before you’re being punished. So better watch yourself from now on because you already have a punishment coming and every new disobedience will now add to the punishment I already have in store for you. Do you understand that, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now, why do you want to smoke pot so badly? Is it a real addiction or just a bad habit for you? And before you try to bullshit me, I will sooner rather than later know if you have a serious
problem so now is your chance to come clean with me. I promise that I won’t be mad.”

Mike actually took a few moments to think about the question and since Harvey saw that he wasn’t just stalling, he waited patiently.

“It makes my mind go quiet,” he finally said, as if that was all the explanation Harvey would need.

Well, it wasn’t.

“Please explain.”

“You read the file on me from the PI you hired. I have an eidetic memory which means I never forget anything that I’ve read, but I’m pretty good with auditory and photographic memory as well. There are all this pictures and words in my brain that need to be processed and it’s like there is a constant buzzing in my head. Like tinnitus of the brain. Something I can’t really shut off, as much as I want to. Most of the times it’s just like background noise but every so often it gets really annoying, like fingernails on a blackboard.”

Harvey had watched Mike carefully during that explanation and tried to keep a neutral expression although he finally understood, a little at least, with what kind of overload the kid must be constantly dealing. His heart grew a little heavy but he managed to keep a neutral expression.

“The weed shuts your brain off?”

Mike shrugged. “It makes it go quiet for a while. Peaceful. So I can sleep.”

Now Harvey really had a hard time to keep his feelings in check but he was too experienced a lawyer to let them show too much.

“Is there no other way?”

Mike thought about that, sighed and seemed to come to a decision. “I read something about subspace. And I thought that maybe…,” his voice trailed off.

Some gears in Harvey’s brain shifted into place and suddenly Mike’s previous behavior made a lot more sense. “That’s why you were so determined to meet with Steven and let him beat you. You wanted him to take you down.”

Mike confirmed his statement with a nod, eyes trained down in his lap, as if he was too embarrassed to look at Harvey.

The Dom laid once more his hand on Mike’s thigh and flexed his fingers slightly to gain his attention.

“I think I understand now. And you’re right, pain-play can result in subspace which can be described as a natural high created by your own released hormones during an intense scene. But this needs, as everything, practice. The chances that I will put you down so far that you fly during our first few scenes are slim, but not impossible. However, since we might need a little time to get you where you need to be, I propose a deal.”

Mike looked at him expectantly and nodded slightly but stayed obediently silent. Harvey’s 3 strike speech appeared to have worked.

“If you really need to shut your brain up I want you to call me. If I don’t answer your call text 911 and I will get back at you as soon as possible. We will talk about why you need to smoke and if
I’m convinced that lighting up is the best solution in that particular situation, I will grant you permission.”

Mike smiled gratefully and Harvey nodded towards the legal pad in Mike’s lap. “Better write it down, eidetic memory or no.” After the scratching of the pen on paper had subsided, Harvey went on.

“Let’s get to the last two rules. Finances and personal contacts. Your little statement is of course ridiculous as you very well know. All I want to do is counsel you in financial matters. If some issues arise, like a debt or sudden unexpected expenses, I want you to trust me enough to tell me about it. Believe it or not, but I wasn’t born in a penthouse. There was a time when I worked in a mailroom and ate ramen at more evenings than I care to remember. I know how expensive New York is and how it feels to be broke. I want to give you advice before you do something stupid like selling yourself to a loan-shark or getting into your so-called friends drug business. Which incidentally brings us to the last rule. Cut Trevor Evans loose. I don’t want him near you, I don’t want you talking to him, neither in person nor by phone or mail or smoke-signals or whatever. This guy will get you into prison if you keep hanging out with him. Is that understood, Michael?”

Not quite unexpected, the kid dug his heels in.

“He’s my best friend,” Mike tried to explain. “He was there for me when I needed him most. I can’t, Harvey. I just can’t. Please, don’t make me choose between you two.” His voice had taken on a pleading tone.

Harvey knew instinctively that he couldn’t force the issue, not yet anyway. This was, unlike the waxing, indeed a deal-breaker, so he decided to cut his losses for now and work the issue from a different angle.

“All right. How about that? Before you meet with him, I want you to tell me where and when. I want you to keep your phone on you and I want you to call me if you’re on the brink of doing something stupid because of him. Well, I want you to call me anytime if you’re on the brink of doing something stupid, period. And I want you to call me as soon as you get home so I can stop worrying. Additionally to that, I want you to sit down and think about your friendship. Make a list with two columns, positive and negative. Be brutally honest with yourself and figure out how often your friendship with Trevor had cost you dearly. Try to leave emotions out of it, although I realize that this might not be possible for you. When you made the list, let’s talk about it some more.”

Mike’s gaze had once more found its way into his lap but he nodded his consent, obviously glad that Harvey had let him off the hook so easily.

Harvey decided that it was time for a reward. He shifted his weight forward, cradled Mike’s face in the palm of his right hand and made his boy look up. When the blue eyes finally met his, he slowly closed the remaining distance between them and trailed his lips softly over Mike’s, just the promise of a kiss rather than the real thing. For a moment they shared the same breath until Harvey broke the contact and sat back down on his end of the couch. Mike stared back at him dazed, like he couldn’t process what had just happened.

“Now, shall we get to the fun part?”

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With all the serious stuff out of the way, the rest of their negotiations went more or less smoothly. They were indeed a good match and only one thing gave Harvey serious pause.

“Why are you afraid of suffocating? I would’ve assumed that breath-play is something you might enjoy since it has the same effect as pain-play, only quicker and more intense. Is there a particular reason for your fear?”

Mike averted his gaze and began to fiddle with the pen once more. His eyes suddenly looked very sad. “I don’t really want to talk about it now. It still hurts and will kill the mood. You said that I’m allowed to not tell you stuff if I don’t lie about it.”

Harvey suppressed an eye-roll. Damn the kid’s freaky brain, but of course Mike was right. That’s what he had promised him. But it didn’t mean that Harvey couldn’t try to convince him otherwise.

“I don’t want to hurt you or to force you to talk about something you’re clearly not ready to talk about. But I need to know if this is something that has the potential to hurt you when we’re together. I want to avoid making mistakes, for your benefit as well as for my own.”

The kid seemed to get his point but Harvey could sense how much it cost him to get the words out.

“My mother,” Mike finally said, talking down to his lap. “She suffocated on her own blood when they couldn’t get her out of the car after the accident. I read it when I finally managed to get my hands on the accident report a couple of years ago. Ever since then I get this nightmares where I can’t breathe. It scares the shit out of me.” The last sentences was almost whispered, as if Mike was ashamed to admit it.

Harvey suppressed his urge to gather Mike into his lap to keep him safe. He wasn’t sure if he would be able to let go of the boy ever again and that would indeed kill the mood. And Harvey had the distinct feeling that pity wouldn’t help Mike anyway. But understanding and reassurance would.

“I see,” he said after a moment of silence. “And I will make sure, that this will never become an issue when we are together. I promise. And thank you for telling me.”

This subject had put a little dampener on their talk but soon enough, as soon as they came to the topic of sex, the excited atmosphere was back.

“You already indicated to me that you’re a virgin. I would like to hear the story behind that, Mike. You don’t seem like the wallflower type to me.”

“I’m not a virgin,” Mike protested indignantly. “I had my first time when I was 17 and since then I’ve been with a lot of girls. I just haven’t been with a man. Well, not really anyway.”

“Have you ever been fucked by a man?”

“No, but…”

“That means you’re a virgin.”

“Maybe technically but…”

“Please stop saying but and just concede that you have no idea how sex with a man would feel. What was the farthest you have gotten with another guy?”

“I kissed Trevor once when we were drunk but we never talked about it afterwards. A while later
we jerked each other off, but we were drunk again and Trevor was... And a couple of month ago I met someone at a bar and we made out. I went home with him and we fooled around but he didn’t have any condoms and mine were old and not safe anymore so we just got each other off.”

His Grammy had really trained him well if he was able to keep his head in such a situation.

“Why haven’t you pursued the matter any further? You’re a good looking guy, Mike. At the right bars you could have your pick.”

Mike shrugged, looking a little sheepish.

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m old fashioned but I thought that the first time should be with someone I actually like and trust, not someone random. Someone who would take care of me and make it good for me. I thought that a one-night-stand would probably not be the right choice.”

“What about Trevor? You’ve known each other for a long time and you clearly have feelings for him.”

“Trevor isn’t gay,” Mike mumbled barely audible.

“Neither are you, or I for that matter, but even if that were the case, there is nothing wrong with it.”

“Trevor thinks otherwise. He made that very clear after the second time when we, you know, touched. He was really mad and then there’s Jenny. I couldn’t do that to her.” There was clearly a painful story behind that statement but Harvey let it go for the moment. He didn’t want to talk about Trevor, not now and preferably not ever again. Learning that Trevor was a homophobic jerk only strengthened his resolve to keep Mike away from the guy.

“So let me recap. Your sole experience with other men consists of two jerk-off-sessions and a little kissing. And yet you seem sure that you want to be fucked by me. Why is that Mike?”

“Because I’ve always liked guys as much as girls, I just never talked about it or admitted it to anybody. Back in high school I used to jerk-off to the mental images of half the football team. Taking showers after PE wasn’t especially fun back then. I took a lot of cold showers so I wouldn’t embarrass myself. And I’m seriously turned on by the thought of having sex with you. I get why you’re cautious but I’m sure, Harvey. I want you. I trust you. And I won’t suddenly back out.”

Harvey sighed. “You know that you could, though? Anytime you want to stop you can.”

“I wouldn’t want to stop. I want this so much.” Mike blushed a little but decided to confide in Harvey. “When I prepared for tonight like you asked me to, you know, in the shower, I imagined that it was your finger inside of me and I got excited. I did a little more than just clean myself, you know, trying to get it deep inside and then felt around a little and it was really good. Strange but good and although the angle was a little awkward, I think I hit my prostate once because it felt like someone had given me a jolt of electricity and I nearly came. After that I stopped but Harvey, it felt so good. And that was just me and one finger and the mental image of you.”

Harvey couldn’t help but smile. “So you found your happy spot. I’m glad that you liked it. This gives me a lot of options. But did you ever have anything bigger inside of you than a finger? A toy maybe?”

Mike shook his head. “But I’m really enthusiastic to try it.”

Harvey gave him one of his appraising looks with one eyebrow cocked. “I sort of got that from your responses on the questionnaire. So, let’s agree that I take it slow with you, a careful treatment
bemiffing for the virgin that you are. You’re not allowed to ask for more or be your pushy little self. You will take what I give you when I give it to you. No more and no less. Got that, rookie?”

“Yes Sir.”

“So, regarding oral sex. You’re new to this too, aren’t you? I mean sucking cock. Licking pussy isn’t quite the same.” Although Harvey had opted for a neutral tone, Mike seemed somehow ashamed.

“I’m sorry, Sir. But I’m a quick study. I’m sure that I will be able to learn how to make it good for you in no time.”

“Mike, you misunderstand.” He once again laid his hand on Mike’s thigh to reassure his boy. “I’m sure that you already picked up on my mildly possessive streak.” He smiled a little when Mike only barely was able to suppress an eye roll.

“The fact that I’m your first very much excites me. Being the first one ever inside you, in your ass and your mouth, showing you how to make it good for both of us, is more than I could’ve wished for. You being inexperienced is not a flaw, not to me. It’s a whole world of possibilities. Something we can discover together. And I’m grateful that you want me to be your first. It’s a privilege, Mike, not a hardship.”

Mike smiled at him. “Then I’m happy that I can give this to you. That I waited for you, Sir.”

“You’re my good boy. And I will enjoy exploring you so much.”

After that, the rest was quickly negotiated. Essentially they agreed that they would play everything Mike had marked as unsure or as possible soft limit, as well as everything he had enthusiastically agreed to but hadn’t done so far, by ear, evaluating his reactions during play and adjusting the contract later accordingly if necessary.

Now, Harvey stood in the kitchen, actually wearing an apron to protect his suit from the sizzling oil in the pan as he was frying the steaks.

Mike had settled in with Harvey’s laptop but since Harvey had already outlined their contract Mike needed only to fill in the particulars, which shouldn’t take long.

Sure enough, as soon as the diner was ready, Mike was too. Harvey quickly read over Mike’s work and then printed it out for both of them to sign. The formalities finally out of the way, they enjoyed the simple meal together.

When they had finished Mike seemed to get a little restless. Harvey had a pretty good idea why. As they brought the dirty dishes into the kitchen, Harvey laid his hand on Mike’s shoulder and forced him to look up.

“Ready for play, Puppy?”

Mike was once again worrying his lip with his teeth. Harvey raised his thumb to Mike’s mouth to put a stop to it and then swiped it across Mike’s cheekbone in a quick caress.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Are you nervous, Mike?”

The kid let out a little relieved smile. He couldn’t fool Harvey.
“A little, Sir.”

Harvey pulled him into a hug, trailing his strong hands over Mike’s tense back.

“There’s no reason for that. I’ve got you. Everything will be fine.”

He could feel Mike nod his head against his shoulder.

“Tell me your color, Mike.”

“It’s green, Sir.”

Harvey broke the embrace and stepped back a little, his posture becoming more imposing.

“I want you to go into my bedroom and undress. Fold your clothes and put them in the top drawer of the dresser. Use the bathroom. You won’t have a chance for that in the next hours so better relieve yourself while you can. There’s a washcloth next to the basin in the bathroom. You can use it to freshen yourself up. After that I want you to kneel in the middle of the room, with your back to the door, and wait for me. Do you still remember the posture Steven put you in at the club?”

“Yes Sir.”

“I want you to assume that posture while you wait. Can you do that?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Give me your color again, Mike.”

“Green Sir.”

“All right. And your gag-order commences now. We’ve gotten a little lax during our sex-talk but that ends right now. Do you remember the rules?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m only allowed to talk when you ask a question.”

“Exception?”

“When I need to use the safe word.” Mike anticipated Harvey’s next question but stayed obediently quiet.

“Which is?”

“Yellow to slow down and red to stop, Sir.”

Harvey was satisfied and stepped a little closer into Mike’s space. His hands cradled Mike’s face as he let his brown eyes trail intently over Mike’s soft features. “I’ve waited so long for this,” he sighed. Actually, it had only been 4 days, but these days had felt like an eternity. Then he stepped back a little further and indicated with a nod of his head, that Mike should go and do as he had been told.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading and all the kind comments and the Kudos. I really get a thrill out of your encouragement. And yes, I seem to have developed a praise kink like Mike. The next two chapters will be more or less pure porn and I will post probably one of them next weekend.

The quotes from Suits I've used in this chapter and in the previous chapters as well are meant as homage to the show. All the hardcore fans will know anyway, that these words are not mine and no copyright infringement was intended.

This story is not beta-read and all mistakes concerning grammar and spelling are my own.
As always, comments and Kudos are highly appreciated.
Harvey’s bedroom was as intimidating as the rest of the condo. Huge glass windows, or to be more precise, glass walls, on two sides allowed an unimpeded view of the city below. The floor was dark hardwood with a soft light grey rug in front of the bed. The bed itself was huge and quite high and Mike realized that if he would bend over it, the edge of the mattress would nearly reach up to his hip. Mike suspected that this had been the intention when Harvey bought the bed and not a mere coincidence. The bedframe was made of wood, complementing the floor in its shade and so were the rest of the furniture. A soft grey comforter covered the whole mattress and some throw cushions were propped against the high headboard.

Behind one of these pillows Mike could see a dark metal ring, its color almost the same shade as the wood of the bedframe. He went to inspect this oddity, shifting the pillows out of the way, and sure enough, all around the bedframe, placed at strategic points were a few of these rings firmly screwed into the wood. Mike grinned a little, guessing at what their purpose might be.

At the foot-end of the bed stood a little bench and on the bench some items were displayed, ready for use. Mike knew that this display was for his own benefit, most likely to stimulate his fantasy. Some coils of rope, a bottle of lube, a black paddle, almost the same shape and size as a ping-pong paddle but made of leather, a silk shawl and a towel were laid out on the black leather of the bench.

The two walls which were not made of glass were painted white and monochromatic photographs of New York were the only decoration in this very masculine room. There were two wooden doors, aside from the sliding door in the glass wall leading to the deck, and one of them was slightly ajar. When Mike ventured closer, he could see that it led into the bathroom. The other one would most likely lead into a walk-in closet, home to Harvey’s innumerable suits.

Remembering his orders, Mike quickly undressed and threw his clothes haphazardly into the drawer, having never learned how to fold clothes properly. His Grammy had always done that for him. He hoped that Harvey would be too preoccupied to inspect his folding skills. Then he went into the bathroom to get rid of the huge amounts of ice-water Harvey had him drink during the evening and made quick use of the washcloth.

When he finally assumed his position in the middle of the rug, he could see his reflection in the glass of the windows. Mike was sure that this had been Harvey’s intention when he so explicitly
told him where to kneel. He adjusted his posture until he was satisfied that his back was as straight as it could get, his knees wide enough apart to accentuate his butt and strong thighs.

As Mike scrutinized his own reflection he tried to see himself with Harvey’s eyes.

A scrawny kid with shaggy dark blond hair, fair skin and huge blue eyes stared right back at him. A faint blush crept over the boy’s face down towards his chest with the sparse hairs and the rosy nipples. The cock, surrounded by dark blond trimmed pubic hair, was mostly flaccid right now since he hadn’t waited for the water to heat up when he’d used the washcloth.

While Mike waited, straining to hear what Harvey was doing in the living room, he thought about what would happen now. He knew that a punishment for his transgression was in store but Harvey had hinted that they would also play a little. He tried to imagine which of the items on display Harvey would use on him and in which combination and capacity. In the end he gave up though.

Mike knew that it was futile to guess what Harvey had planned and so he waited patiently, adjusting his pose every few minutes as soon as he saw himself losing his straight posture in his reflection of the glass. He wanted Harvey to be proud of him when his Dom would finally enter the room.

*His Dom!* Now that they’d signed the contract he could truly call Harvey his Dom and he was Harvey’s sub. He was Harvey’s. He belonged!

Mike could hear the soft noise of the door slowly being opened behind his back and the bright spot-lights in the ceiling dimmed down into a warm glow. The reflection in the glass almost vanished completely and Mike could see the lights of the city behind it once more.

He could feel it when Harvey was mere inches away from him, as if his presence alone was enough to wrap Mike in a feeling of warmth and safety.

Cool fingertips touched him softly between his shoulder blades, the subtle pressure reminding him to keep his back straight. His fingers were interlaced at the back of his head, his elbows turned outwards but Harvey’s fingers trailed up to the nape of his neck, briefly caressing the short hairs before gliding over his knuckles and then vanishing.

Mike exhaled slowly, aware that this simple innocent touch had been enough to give him a semi.

Harvey circled him slowly, once, twice, dark brown eyes trailing over every inch of his body and he felt much barer than his nudity alone warranted. He felt like he had no more barriers, nothing to hide behind but instead of being terrified of this sudden vulnerability he felt warm and safe. Harvey saw him. All of him. All his flaws and faults and scars and imperfections. And he still chose him to be his sub.

Mike could feel pressure building up in his throat and he swallowed audibly, blinking rapidly to get rid of the moisture that threatened to spill out of the corners of his eyes. Right at this moment, he was so happy and this feeling almost overwhelmed him. He couldn’t remember when he had ever felt like that and given his freak brain, this really meant something.

Suddenly Harvey was kneeling in front of him, cupping his face in strong warm hands.

“Mike, are you all right?”

Mike could’ve gotten lost in those searching dark brown eyes but when he saw a growing concern in them he smiled happily to show Harvey how he felt.
“I’m just happy. This feels so right.” His voice sounded a little raw with emotion.

Harvey’s lips slowly stretched into an answering smile as he leaned forward. His hands left Mike’s face, finding their way to his wrists and guiding the sub’s hands down to lay on his thighs, palms down. Then he cradled the back of Mike’s head, fingertips brushing through his short hairs. Another searching glance trailed over his face but when Mike only showed him open curiosity and happiness Harvey closed the distance and placed a tender kiss on Mike’s lips, almost chaste and without tongue. Before he could really savor the feeling of Harvey’s lips on his own his Dom had already broken the contact and sat down at the edge of the bed.

“You can sit back on your heels, Mike. I’m proud that you held your position so well, but I don’t want to exhaust you.”

Mike obediently sat back but tried to keep his back as straight as possible. His hands lay where Harvey had placed them on his widely spread thighs, his slowly hardening cock on display for Harvey.

“You’re truly beautiful like this,” Harvey whispered as if he couldn’t keep the words in. Then he seemed to catch himself and his face got a little more impassive, his posture a little more erect and imposing. He still wore his suit, the sleeves of his dress-shirt folded up to the middle of his forearms but vest and tie still in place. Mike loved to see Harvey like this. And the fact that he himself was naked made this sight only so much hotter.

“I’m going to explain what I will do to you. I want you to listen and to think about how you feel about it. When I’m finished, I’m going to ask you to give me your color, and I need you to answer truthfully. Nod if you understand.”

Mike nodded.

“We will start with play. With a spanking, to be precise. And Mike, this is not your punishment. That comes later and will be something different.” Harvey took a moment to assess Mike’s reaction before he continued.

“I know that our contract says that pain-play can be a form of punishment. For tonight though, for our first attempt at pain-play, I want you to enjoy yourself. I want to link the pain with a positive experience so that you learn to appreciate it. I’m well aware that your last attempt in that area was a huge failure and I want to make you forget this trauma. So, for the warm-up I will put you over my knee and I will spank that beautiful butt of yours until the skin is slightly pink and the tissue thoroughly prepared. Then I will place you on the bed and will increase the force of the slaps. If you take it as well as I think you will, I will use the paddle for the last round, but that is optional, depending on your responses to the hand-spanking. I will stop every now and then and ask you how you feel and what your color is. If it gets too much, feel free to use your safe words. Otherwise you’re not allowed to speak unless I ask you a direct question. But I encourage you to make as much noise as you want.”

During Harvey’s description Mike’s cock had gotten fully erect and Harvey gave him an appreciative smile.

“Although I can see how you feel about it, I still need you to tell me your color, Mike.”

“It’s green, Sir. Very, very green.”

Harvey shifted back a little until he sat firmly on the edge of the mattress and grabbed a little pillow, which he placed to his side. Then he tapped his left thigh.
“Come here, Puppy.”

Mike came to his feet but stumbled a little since he had underestimated how numb his knees had gotten.

“Easy Puppy.” Harvey’s strong fingers encircled Mike’s wrist as he positioned the young sub over his left thigh. He used his right leg to hold Mike’s legs in position and pushed the pillow towards him.

“If you hug the pillow to your torso, you will be more comfortable,” he explained.

Mike shifted a little until he found the most comfortable position. His sensitive dick was firmly pressed against the inside of Harvey’s left thigh and for a moment Mike was worried that he would soil the expensive pants with his pre-come but then he let go of this thought. Harvey was in control and all he had to worry about now was to take what Harvey would give him.

“Relax your back and legs for me. I’ve got you.”

Warm broad hands stroked his back and ass and as he exhaled slowly he tried to let go of all the pent-up tension in his muscles.

“Good boy.”

The hand on his upper back stayed in place like it was an anchor which would connect him to Harvey, but the other hand now trailed circles over his butt-cheeks. Then the hand was gone and a second later the palm made firm contact with his butt. The noise was louder than Mike had expected and he flinched a little with the surprise, but the sting was barely palpable. It was more like a rough caress and he relaxed further. Harvey dealt out the slaps in a steady rhythm, each one hitting a different spot to make sure that his whole hindquarter from his lower back down to where butt met thigh, was prepared. After a while Mike became aware that the pleasant little stings got more intense, never quite fading away completely, one little pain overlapped by the next, ever increasing. Interestingly, the more the pain amplified in his butt, the more intense got his arousal as well.

Suddenly the slaps stopped and the hand once more trailed firm circles over the cheeks of his butt. This actually soothed the pain a little but Mike wasn’t quite sure if he was glad about that or not.

“How do you feel, Mike?”

Mike tried to turn his head around so he could look at Harvey and his Dom obliged by shifting him a little.

“I feel really good. It doesn’t hurt much just smarts a little and it’s really hot.”

“Yes, I think I can feel what you mean.” Harvey’s voice sounded slightly amused but in a kind way and not like he was laughing at him.

“So, are you ready to take it up a notch?”

“Yes, Sir. I would like that very much.”

“I want you to kneel down on the bed, parallel to the side. Put your forearms on the mattress and let your head hang down relaxed between your shoulders. But I want your ass up high.”

Mike was a little disappointed that he couldn’t stay over Harvey’s knee but he assumed his position
on the bed obediently. Harvey made him shift a little bit more to the edge of the mattress and then once more put both of his hands on Mike’s back and butt, stroking the now warmed-up flesh with sure movements. Mike knew what Harvey wanted him to do and relaxed his back-muscles as much as this new position allowed.

“I told you before, that I want to link the pain with pleasure. In order to do so, I will touch and stimulate your cock as well as your balls and your hole while I spank you.”

Mike could barely contain a moan and his dick twitched enthusiastically at this announcement.

“Please, give me your color, Mike.”

“Green, Sir.” So fucking green that there was no greener green in the whole wide world.

The hands vanished and Mike saw out of the corner of his eyes, that Harvey stepped back and out of his line of sight. When he tried to turn his head to see what Harvey was doing, a slap landed on his butt, more a warning than actually painful.

“Stay in position.”

So he focused his eyes firmly on the comforter in front of his nose but strained his other senses to anticipate Harvey’s next move.

He heard a cap being popped open and a wet squirting noise. Something fell with a soft thud on the mattress near his spread thighs but he didn’t dare look at it. Then Harvey was back beside the bed and suddenly a cool slick hand grasped his cock, jerking him slowly, thumb swiping over the head. His hips bucked forward into the touch, chasing the friction, but a firm smack on his backside made him aware of his mistake.

“You will not move from this position,” Harvey’s stern voice reminded him. “You will take what I give you when I give it to you. Is that understood?”

Harvey’s hand had continued to jerk his cock with long strokes and Mike was by now panting with want.

“Yes, Sir.”

As if Harvey could sense how close he already was, his Dom loosened his grip around Mike’s dick and with barely any friction trailed his fingertips softly up and down Mike’s length.

Too little. Want more.

Mike made a little whining noise but otherwise stayed submissively in position. Harvey had said that he could make noise and this was the only way he could think of to make his frustration known.

Before he could think any more about it, Harvey’s other hand, which had resumed trailing circles on Mike’s tender butt, landed a stinging smack on his right cheek and for a moment Mike lost his breath. Holy cow! That hurt so much more than the warm-up. His ass-muscles clenched involuntarily and the next swat, this time on his left cheek, hurt even more, reverberating through his whole lower body.

The soothing hand was back on his butt, rubbing the pain away, while the fingertips on his dick ghosted up and down his shaft.
“Try to relax your muscles. Clenching up will only increase the pain.”

Mike exhaled slowly and made a conscious effort to relax his whole body. He even needed to uncurl his toes, he realized slightly amused.

“Very good. Now, I want you to evaluate the next hits. Try to stay relaxed and think about how it feels on impact and the seconds after. I will give you enough time between smacks and will stop after the tenth.”

Without letting the anticipation built up too much, Harvey landed the next smack, again on the right cheek but a little further down.

Instead of shying away from the pain, Mike really tried to think about how it made him feel. The impact was like a sharp sting but it also felt a little thuddy. Then the sting vanished and a warm pain was radiating outwards from the initial contact with Harvey’s hand like ripples in water, until it nearly faded away far from the first impact point, leaving a dull residual pain in its wake. Then the next swat hit and Mike tried to evaluate this one as well. It felt the same like before, but the pain did something strange to him. It was like he hated it but on the other hand wanted it. Dread and want. Pain and pleasure. When Harvey completed the tenth hit, Mike became aware that by thinking about how the pain had felt, he had sort of detached himself from it like he was standing on the outside and watching a stranger getting spanked. He could still feel the pain, but it didn’t bother him as much. It still made him horny, though.

The soothing hand was back on his ass and the hand on his cock increased the pressure a little, stoking his arousal, as if Harvey wanted to override Mike’s pain with pleasure.

“You took that very well,” Harvey praised. “I’m sure you can take 10 more from me. And after the next set is completed I will give you a little treat. Would you like that, Mike?”

Mike panted a little, whether from the pain in his butt, Harvey’s stroking hand on his dick or the prospect of the treat, Mike didn’t know, and frankly didn’t care. A slight sheen of sweat was covering his whole body by now like the warmth from his butt was radiating through all of him and making him sweat.

“Yes, Sir. And my color is still green.”

“So eager and a little pushy.” Harvey sounded amused but Mike could also detect a hint of annoyance in his Dom’s voice.

The next swats felt even more painful. Mike didn’t know if Harvey had increased the force or if his skin had become so tender that it only felt this way but he tried to stay relaxed and take every stinging swat and the different stages of pain it issued one at a time, breathing through the pain when it got too intense. He discovered that a loud exhale and even a moan somehow helped with processing the pain and after that his noises filled the bedroom.

Sooner than he had expected, because he actually had been so caught up in letting himself embrace the pain that he hadn’t counted the strokes (which was a first for his freak brain), the swats ended and the soothing strong hand was caressing his tender flesh once more but only briefly. Than the hand around his dick vanished as well and for a second Mike wanted to protest. What kind of treat should the neglect of his throbbing cock and butt be? Not being connected to Harvey felt like a punishment at this point and he wanted to whimper in frustration. But then, something caught his attention.

Once more Mike could hear a wet noise and then a cool slick finger slipped between his surely by
now bright red ass-cheeks, trailing its tip from his tail-bone down across his hole to his taint and a little further to briefly fondle his balls. Then the finger found its way back to Mike’s entrance and began circling the hole without breaching the tight ring of muscles. Mike pressed his forehead against the mattress and forced his eyes firmly shut to focus all of his attention on the probing, searching, caressing finger like his whole world suddenly consisted only of this sensation.

Mike could feel the mattress dip as Harvey kneeled down behind his spread legs to gain a better position. Then the other hand cupped his balls, held them in a warm palm, slightly weighing them before the fingers slowly started to roll them, play with them, while the searching finger in his crease teased the muscle-ring relentlessly without ever breaching it. The hand around his balls slipped towards his dick, jerking him a few times and Mike couldn’t take it anymore. He moaned loudly, begging wordlessly for more. The teasing seemed to continue endlessly but every time Mike thought that he would come, Harvey eased up a little, pulling him back from the brink.

Then Harvey pressed himself up against Mikes butt and back, the soft fabric of his suit a soothing sensation against his sensitive skin. Harvey’s breath tickled a little as he whispered softly in Mike’s left ear.

“You have no idea how beautiful you are like this. You’re so good for me, Mike. I’m so proud of you. You’re doing so well. My good boy.”

Mike began to shiver all over as his Dom’s praise washed over him.

“I want you to take my finger up your ass, Mike. Do you think you can do that for me?”

Mike’s breathing became more labored with the sudden increase of arousal.

“Yes, Sir. Please! I want it so much. Please. I can take it.”

Mike could feel Harvey placing feather-light kisses down his spine until he reached the dimples right above his butt-cheeks. Then the teasing finger was back circling once again around his hole but still not penetrating it. Something wet and cool was dribbled into the crease between his cheeks and the finger spread the slick moisture around.

“I would love to see your crack smooth and hairless,” Mike could hear Harvey whisper behind him and at this moment he vowed to himself that he would do everything Harvey wanted him to do, even if that meant getting all of his hairs plucked out by tweezers one at a time.

Harvey seemed satisfied with how slick Mike’s hole was because the pressure slowly increased and Mike could feel his sphincter giving way to the intruding finger. Slowly but firmly, the slender digit pressed in up to the second knuckle, making space where previously had been none. Than the finger retreated only to be once more pressed in with one firm stroke, this time a little deeper.

“You take my finger so beautiful, Mike. The sight of your tight hole stretching around my finger, you opening up to me, is so fucking hot. I can’t wait to see how you will take my cock.” Harvey’s voice sounded raspy with arousal and Mike wanted to ask him what he waited for. But he knew, he wasn’t allowed to talk or to beg for more. He would take what Harvey gave him, but not more.

Instead, he moaned loudly as he was slowly stretched open, feeling only a slight burn in his muscles.

Harvey’s finger slowly fucked him and he relaxed even more around it the more used he got to this sensation.

“Do you think you can take another one, Puppy?”
“Yes Sir, please, I can do it. This feels so good. Please, more.” He couldn’t help himself, he simply had to beg but his Dom didn’t seem to mind.

The finger slipped out of him but after only a second of almost painful emptiness he could feel two fingertips eliciting firm pressure against his entrance.

“Exhale and relax for me,” Harvey instructed him and Mike promptly obeyed.

“You can take it, I know you can. Yes, there you go. You take that so well, my beautiful good boy.”

The burn was more intense this time but Mike liked how he needed to make an effort to be good for Harvey. And the slight pain went straight to his cock and he could feel a thick drop of pre-come spilling out of the slit and sliding down the head before dripping on the comforter. He couldn’t care less and he was sure that Harvey didn’t either.

The slow fucking, now with two fingers, commenced until he could feel Harvey’s knuckles pressed firmly against his crease and the tender flesh of his butt, the fingers as deep inside him as they could reach. Then Harvey crooked the fingers slightly and trailed the fingertips searchingly over his tight canal walls.

“Oh…!” Mike shouted out and jerked back to press his ass even more firmly against Harvey’s hand when his Dom found the right spot.

“Talk to me Mike. I want to hear how that feels.”

“So good. Please …more…please…. ah… good… want to come… please…. Harvey!” Mike was aware that he was a babbling mess of need, by now solely running on his base instincts and that the rational part of his brain wasn’t in control anymore, actually hadn’t been in control for a while now.

Harvey withdrew his fingers slowly, rubbing soothing circles on Mike’s lower back with his other hand, as if that could calm him down a little.

Mike went into a full body-shiver, pressing his eyes once more firmly shut and trying very hard not to shout out his frustration. The emptiness inside him felt so painful when all he craved was the sweet pressure of his Dom’s fingers, slowly stretching him open, massaging his prostate.

“I know, Puppy, I know,” Harvey tried to soothe him with whispered words. “But you have to wait a little while longer.”

The mattress shifted as Harvey got up and walked away a few steps. Through the blood rushing in his ears he couldn’t hear what his Dom was doing and since he kept his eyes firmly shut, concentrating just on his breathing to calm himself down, the warm hand on the nape of his neck came as a surprise.

“Mike, please look at me.”

He obeyed instantly (how could he not?) and forced his eyes open, looking at Harvey who was crouching next to the bed, his face now at the same level as Mike’s.

He slowly raised his hand, showing the sub what he was holding.

“I want you to take 10 more swats with the paddle for me, Mike. Do you think you can do that?”
Of course he could. He could do everything Harvey wanted him to do.

“Yes Sir, I will take them for you.”

“That’s my good boy,” Harvey praised. “And Mike, I want you to use your safe word, yellow or red, if you need to. And you can make as much noise as you like. Don’t hold back.”

Mike only nodded, not trusting his voice.

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

Harvey stood up, his left hand once more anchoring the sub with a firm touch between the shoulder blades. The cool leather of the paddle made contact with Mike’s butt, firmly being pressed against the already red skin of the sub’s backside, rubbing against it in circles the same way Harvey’s hand had rubbed his ass earlier.

“Relax for me and try to process the pain as you did before, then you will be fine. I know that you can take it for me, Mike. You’re my good boy.”

Without dragging it out any longer, the paddle briefly lost contact with Mike’s ass only to come back with a vengeance. Although Mike’s rational mind was sure that Harvey was holding back and hitting him with much less force than he could have, the impact still took his breath away. The shock threatened to overwhelm him, the intense sensation suddenly too much for him to process.

But Harvey had got him.

“Breathe, Mike. Come on. Take a deep breath. Yes, that’s it.” The hand between his shoulder blades rubbed slow circles on his back and Mike knew that he could trust Harvey to give him time before the next swat would hit him.

“You ready?” came Harvey’s question, when Mike finally managed to get his breathing back under control and he could unclench his muscles.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Remember to breathe through the pain. If you must, you can shout. I have excellent sound-proofing so don’t worry about the neighbors.”

The next impact wasn’t as bad as the first one although Mike had taken Harvey’s advice and shouted out his pain. With each hit it got easier to take the pain, to accept it and relax through it. Harvey had found a steady rhythm and took great care to spread the hits around and Mike could feel how everything slowly started to fade away until his whole world seemed to consist only of the pain Harvey was giving him. His dick was painfully hard, a counter-ache to his throbbing ass.

Then it was over and Harvey’s warm hands were all over him. Stroking his back, his ass and thighs and gently easing the pain.

“Stay like this a little longer,” Harvey whispered in his ear before he took once more position behind Mike.

He could feel cool lube being drizzled between his throbbing ass-cheeks and then Harvey’s fingertips were back, once again seeking entrance. In the wake of the ebbing pain, Mike felt boneless and the probing fingers slid into him easily, filling him up once more, giving him that
sweet pressure he craved so much. Harvey’s other hand wrapped itself around his hard cock and while the fingers in his butt once again found his happy spot, massaging the bundle of nerves relentlessly, the firm grip around his cock gave Mike the rest. He moaned loudly as if keeping all the noise inside were an impossible task, as if vocalizing his feelings could ease and amplify them at the same time.

“Come for me, Michael!” Harvey commanded and Mike obeyed before his brain could even register the meaning of the words.

With a strangled cry he came so hard that for a moment a blinding white light flashed before his inner eye and he lost track of time. Seconds stretched into eternity as his balls unloaded spurt after spurt of hot semen over Harvey’s still stroking fingers and onto the comforter. Mike couldn’t support himself any longer as his arms collapsed under his weight and he fell limply onto his stomach, losing contact with the stroking fingers in his ass. Before he could mourn the loss, his brain just shut off and Mike went to sleep.

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Harvey quickly wiped his fingers on the towel before he shifted the blissed out Mike into a more comfortable position on the bed. He trailed his hands slowly over his beautiful boy’s limp body, careful not to disturb the exhausted sub.

Mike’s face looked so young and open, every emotion clearly displayed on his features although right now his jaw had gone slack from exhaustion. The breathing was deep and even and Harvey knew that this slumber was the natural result of all the new sensations Mike had to deal with in the last hour.

He went to the bathroom to clean his hands and came back with the wet warm washcloth and a bottle of lotion. Sitting down on the mattress, he cleaned Mike up as well as he could. After that, he used some of the soothing lotion he had purchased from the club (they had the best stuff) to tend to Mike’s sore ass. The skin was a bright shade of red as Harvey noticed with pride. It had taken on the exact hue he wanted it to be, knowing that any redder and it would have bruised too much for Mike’s first time. The comforter on which Mike was still sprawled out needed to go into the washing since Mike had emptied himself all over it, but he had a spare one which he now fetched to keep Mike warm. With one last look at his boy, Harvey left the room to get some water and dark chocolate. It only took a few minutes and when he got back, Mike was still sleeping, making the little snoring noises, more like a snuffling really, he had found so endearing when Mike had made them in the club the night they’d met.

Harvey decided to get more comfortable and went into his walk-in closet, leaving the door ajar so he could hear it if Mike would wake up.

As he pulled his suit-pants down he became aware of a dried spot of white pre-come on the inside of his left thigh and some lube-stains on the crotch-area from when he had pressed himself up against Mike’s ass to whisper in his ear. Harvey sighed and made a mental note to give his dry-cleaner a huge tip. Well, it wouldn’t be the first time they had to deal with some uncommon spots and the results had always been excellent so far.

Harvey dressed himself in black sweat-pants and a black formfitting V-neck t-shirt but remained barefoot and padded back into his bedroom. Mike was still dead to the world and he decided to try
and wrangle the soiled comforter out from under Mike.

His efforts were met by a few protesting noises and mumbled words, but Mike shifted obediently and promptly fell back to sleep.

Harvey placed himself beside Mike, leaning against the headboard, carding his fingers through the soft messy hair of his boy, petting him like he was a real puppy. He had read Mike’s comment on how much he liked that and was sure that, even though Mike was asleep, he could still feel Harvey’s caress.

The Dom replayed the scene in his head. He was sure that it had been the right approach and that Mike hadn’t been too overwhelmed. Pain-play was something one needed to learn, as a Dom as much as a sub, and during his training as Dom Harvey had experienced all sorts of pain himself. He didn’t particularly like it although he was able to take it (his boxing training had come in handy at that) but he wanted to feel it for himself before he would dole it out to one of his subs. He knew that not all Doms shared this view, but Harvey was a firm believer in his approach of the matter.

He had a mentor, someone who had taken him under his wing when Harvey had started out in the scene and he still went to Kieran, a red-haired man with a soft Irish lilt in his voice and very forceful arms, when he wanted to try out a new implement. After all, that wasn’t about submitting to someone, it was about needing help to fully understand what said implement could do, what kind of pleasure, pain and damage it could elicit. Kieran respected him for that and never tried to dominate him in any other way than showing him how the new toy could be used and what it felt like.

Over the years Harvey had drawn his personal line at the cane. He hated that thing, hated how it felt like being cut open with a red-hot knife. He occasionally had scened with a sub that had asked for the cane, but he never felt comfortable enough in its use, always afraid that he might miscalculate the force of his hit and break the skin.

Thankfully Mike was very far away yet from the cane and if he would never want to try it that would be more than fine with him.

Harvey shifted downwards so he could lay beside his sleeping boy, watching his features while he continued to let his fingertips glide through Mike’s short soft hair.

He would give his boy an hour to sleep the worst exhaustion off but then he needed to wake him and give him the punishment he had asked for earlier that morning.

Harvey was actually a little proud of his plan for said punishment because it would be befitting for the crime and educational as well. He was quite sure how his boy would react when he explained it to him, not knowing that this could indeed be punishment and not play, although on first glance it might seem harmless and pleasurable.

Harvey took out his phone and set the timer to an hour, then he shifted closer to his boy and cradled him in his arms.

He was so proud of his good boy. With a sigh he placed an affectionate kiss on Mike’s forehead before he allowed himself a little rest as well.

Chapter End Notes
This is the first spanking scene I ever wrote (and boy was I drunk). Since I’m neither experienced in being spanked / spanking someone else nor in the possession of male genitalia and hence only can guess how it would feel to have ones prostate massaged, this chapter is solely based on what my strange mind could make up. I apologize for any mistakes regarding spelling, grammar or in the plot itself. Thank you for reading and I would love to read any comments you might wanna make on this chapter. And Kudos is of course appreciated as well (did I mention my quickly developing praise-kink?)
An educational punishment

Chapter Summary

The Punishment.

Chapter Notes

There'll be even more porn than before. And since I'm not really sure about triggers, just to be on the safe side, I will be more specific on what's going on in this chapter at the end-notes. Proceed with caution and on your own risk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Slowly drifting awake like a deep-sea diver would drift towards the surface of the sea, Mike became aware of his surroundings in stages. At first, he just felt Harvey’s breath on his cheek, tickling him slightly. Next he felt the strong arms hugging him to a solid torso and a slow heartbeat under his fingertips that were resting on Harvey’s firm chest. He instinctively shifted closer to this center of comfort and warmth that his Dom had become for him. He burrowed his nose into the space between Harvey’s shoulder and neck, taking in this unique scent of expensive aftershave and the spicy aroma of pure Harvey. As he slowly opened his eyes he looked directly into Harvey’s, who was openly studying him with such an unguarded look of affection that Mike couldn’t help but smile. It seemed that not only his own walls had crumbled tonight.

“How do you feel, Sweetheart?” Harvey’s voice sounded soft and tender.

Mike took a moment to think about that. There were so many emotions going on inside of him right now but he focused on the major ones.

“Relaxed and tired and my butt hurts but it feels also really good.”

“No regrets?” Brown eyes studied him for any signs of second thoughts.

“None whatsoever. I liked it a lot.” He buried his head in the crook of Harvey’s neck again and breathed in deeply, letting Harvey’s scent wash over him. He loved how his Dom smelled, fresh and citrus-y from his aftershave or whatever he used but also warm and spicy, like sandalwood with a hint of nutmeg and a little musk. If he could bottle Harvey’s scent he would be rich in a few weeks.

“Can you tell me what you liked in particular?” Harvey interrupted Mike’s musing over his scent.

Mike closed his eyes as if to replay the scene in his mind. When he finally spoke, his voice was a little dreamy but Harvey thought that he could detect some hint of arousal as well.

“I liked it when you took me over your knee. Being close to you while you spanked me, feeling your body, your warmth. And that one hand was always touching me, my back or my cock. Being connected to you helped a lot. Like an anchor I could hold onto. When Steven… I felt so alone
being bound to the cross without a touch, like I was lost. With you, I felt safe. And the way you talked to me. The praise and encouragement. That made me feel like I could do anything for you.”

Harvey’s hands were rubbing slow circles on his warm skin on his back like he could feel how much the young man craved to be touched and he snuggled closer to the warm body of his Dom, resting his head on the solid chest, feeling totally relaxed and at ease.

Mike was someone who easily hugged and touched other people, for the most part only small gestures and always conscious of the reaction of the recipient, ready to back off should his touch be unwelcome. He just liked expressing his affection for someone through touch. Maybe because he had lost his parents when he was so young and his Grammy couldn’t make up for the lack of physical contact, despite her best efforts.

“And what about the pain? Did you like that too?” Harvey asked after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

Mike sighed a little. How could he explain his complex emotions? “Yes and no. It’s complicated. It’s like my body and my mind are a little at odds on the matter. I don’t like the pain as such. It doesn’t feel nice, you know. Pain’s pain and it still hurts even if I ask for it. Funnily, my dick obviously does like the pain. What I like is how it makes me feel when I have suffered through it. Like I achieved something, done something not everybody can do. I think maybe it’s a little like running a marathon. I imagine that it really sucks while you’re running but when you reach the finish line, it must be the best feeling in the world.”

“That’s true although only the last 10 kilometers seriously suck.”

“You’ve run the marathon?” Mike knew that he shouldn’t be surprised since his Dom was Bruce Wayne, but somehow he couldn’t picture Harvey in running gear. Maybe he had his stuff tailor-made and in a pinstripe design.

“Only twice and it was some time ago. Now I run 10 k twice a week. But I think I know what you mean. You’re battling against your own body which tells you to stop and when you push yourself through it, it’s the best feeling in the world.”

Mike nodded his head. That was exactly what he meant. “And for a moment, when you were using the paddle, it was like everything was going fuzzy and there was only the pain and your hand on my back and nothing else. Like I was floating in that bubble of pain and your presence and nothing else.”

Harvey seemed surprised. “Really? What happened then?”

“Then you stopped and rubbed my butt and made the pain ease a little. That pulled me back.”

Harvey sighed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know. Next time I will pay more attention. Let you fly a little longer.” He sounded rueful, as if he had somehow failed him and a thought popped into Mike’s head.

“Was that what subspace feels like?”

“I’ve never experienced it myself, but the way you describe it I think you were at least beginning to get there. Did you like that feeling?”

“Yes. It was peaceful. The pain didn’t matter and I was just… existing, without anything else to do than to kneel for you on that bed and take what you gave me. That felt good.”
“I’m really glad you liked it.” He could hear that Harvey was smiling a little and then his Dom was shifting Mike off his torso so he could lean over him.

Harvey placed a playful little kiss on his nose but when Mike thought that this would become a make-out session, Harvey moved away and sat up reaching out to the bedside table. When he turned around again, he held a bottle of water with a straw in it in his hand.

“Here. You need to rehydrate.”

Mike pushed himself up a little and obediently began to suckle on the straw. After the first couple of sips he realized how thirsty he had been.

“Hey, slow down a little.” The straw was taken away from him and something solid pressed between his lips instead. Mike took it into his mouth and savored the rich and sweet taste.

“Chocolate?” he mumbled around the large chunk of the sweet treat.

Another piece was pushed into his mouth and he took his chance to lick playfully over the providing fingers. Harvey withdrew them pointedly but otherwise didn’t comment on Mike’s pushiness.

“The sugar helps you to recover. You’ve burned a lot of calories and need to replenish. Low blood-sugar is the enemy of a healthy sub.”

Mike crawled once again a little closer to Harvey who had propped himself up against the headboard and rested his head on Harvey’s stomach. Strong fingers carded through his hair, massaging his scalp a little and Mike let out a contented sigh. This felt so fucking good.

“Here, finish your drink.”

Mike reluctantly opened his eyes again and lifted his head to receive the straw. After he had emptied the bottle he wanted to lay back down on top of Harvey again, but his Dom had other ideas.

Harvey shifted away under him and stood up. Mike let out a frustrated huff to express his feelings but didn’t dare protest in words. He was dimly able to remember that Harvey had set rules for tonight and he wasn’t sure if the rules still applied. Better to play it safe.

A warm hand was placed between his shoulder blades and Mike became aware that Harvey was crouching next to the bed, his face again on the same level as his own.

“Mike, look at me!”

Although right now he really wanted to go back to sleep he couldn’t ignore this request.

“Good boy,” he was praised when he made the effort to open his eyes. “I want you to wake up properly and sit up. We need to talk about your punishment.”

Oh, right. The punishment. Well, I’ve asked for it, so no sense in complaining now.

He slowly lifted himself on all fours and then folded his legs under him so that he could sit down on only one thigh and ass-cheek. It didn’t hurt as much as he’d expected and only then he noticed that he had been cleaned up and his ass treated with the soothing lotion. He had been so out of it, he hadn’t felt that Harvey had taken care of him.
As soon as he was sitting, Harvey stood up, now looming over him in his all black casual clothes (when had that happened?), which looked more formal than anything Mike owned in the clothing department. Trust Harvey that even his sweats were classy and magnificent.

“I want you to look at me, Mike.”

His eyes found Harvey’s and although the impulse to avoid the now again steely gaze of his Dom was very strong, he forced himself to meet the dark brown eyes. See? He was learning.

“I’m going to explain what your punishment will be and I want you to remain silent and just listen. You can ask questions after I’m finished with my explanation. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.” Mike couldn’t help that he felt a little aroused at seeing Harvey back in his stern Dom-mode. He liked caring and sweet Harvey very much but stern, imposing Harvey was a class on its own and pushed all of Mike’s buttons at once.

“You will receive the punishment because you orgasmed without my permission and against my explicit orders,” Harvey explained. “I told you on more than one occasion that your body and thus your orgasms belong to me. Now, I think that you have no idea what that actually means so I will have to show you. I will tie you down on the bed, legs spread open and immobile and then I will play with you. I want to see how many orgasms I can draw out of you in one hour and you will take everything I give you. You will not hold anything back. You will be my sweet little plaything, my toy. You will stay silent, not allowed to talk or to beg, only allowed to make pretty noises for me. Your comment in the questionnaire regarding the subject of forced orgasms was something along the line that there is no such thing and that you would always want to come. Let’s put that to the test.”

The mildly sardonic smile on Harvey’s lips made Mike worry that he was in over his head.

Harvey wandered down towards the bench and picked up the coils of rope, showing them to Mike.

“I will use these ropes to tie your hands above your head. Then I will tie your ankles to your thighs and fasten your legs to the sides of the bedframe. You will be spread open for me, your hole, your taint, your balls and your cock on display for my pleasure, for me to touch and to play with.”

With one swift movement the comforter was pulled away from the bed and thrown over a chair in the corner of the room so that there was nothing left he could hide under.

“Do you have any questions regarding your punishment, Michael?

Mike’s mouth had gone totally dry as Harvey had described his impending punishment, his mind blank for once. After a few moments he managed to formulate a thought.

“Will you fuck me, Sir?”

Harvey’s face softened a little. “No, Mike. Our first time together will not be punishment. It will be pleasurable and tender as it should be and I want us both to enjoy it.”

Mike nodded relieved but another question obviously remained in his face.

“I will use my fingers and some toys to make you come. I will not hurt you, not in the literal sense anyway, but I can guarantee you that at some point you will want me to stop very much. You can safe word out if you really need to and the punishment will end and everything will be forgiven. But before you do use your safe word, I want you to think for a second if you really can’t take it anymore or if you just want an easy way out. Do you understand?”
“Yes Sir.” I can do this. I will not use my safe word. I deserve this punishment.

“What is your color, Michael?”

“It’s green Sir. But please, can I have some more water before you start?”

Harvey smiled and cupped Mike’s face with a warm hand, caressing his cheekbone with a gentle swipe of his thumb.

“Of course. You can always ask for basic necessities, like water or food or using the bathroom or being kept warm. Now, lay down in the middle of the bed, arms outstretched over your head, while I get you another bottle of water.”

Harvey laid down the rope he had held in his hands on the mattress and left the room. With a resigned sigh, Mike shifted himself to the middle of the bed and stretched his arms over his head, his fingertips nearly touching the headboard.

When Harvey came back Mike stayed in position and Harvey supported his head so he could drink some more.

“Do you want some chocolate as well?”

“No Sir, but thank you.”

“All right. Keep your eyes open all the time. I want to see what is going on in them.”

Mike nodded.

Harvey picked up the coils of rope again and trailed them over Mike’s prone form, from his right ankle across the inside of his leg and groin, the stomach and chest along his outstretched arms. The rope felt soft and warm against his skin and Mike noted with slight regret that his Dom had deliberately spared his cock when he’d trailed the rope over the length of his body.

Harvey sat down at the edge of the bed beside Mike’s head, uncoiling the rope and winding it around Mike’s wrists in a tight 8, the palms of his hands facing outward. He secured the shorter end of the rope with an elaborate knot between his wrists and fastened the longer end to one of the metal rings at the headboard.

Since Mike had been lying nearer to the headboard, the rope had some slack. Harvey fixed that by walking down to the end of the bed, grabbing Mike’s ankles and pulling him down until his arms were fully outstretched over his head, his fingertips now about a foot away from the headboard with the rope pulled tight.

He used another length of rope to wind around his right thigh, careful not to tighten it too much to prevent a disturbance of the blood flow. He then pulled the longer end of the rope to the side of the bed, threading it through one of the metal rings and looping it back up to the mattress.

“Bend your knee.”

A hand in the hollow of his knee guided his leg in the right position and the rope was looped around his ankle. The remaining couple of inches of rope were used to tie his ankle to the rope around his thigh and Mike had the distinct impression that he wouldn’t be able to move an inch as soon as Harvey was done with him. The thought aroused him so much that his cock, already erect, started to leak and a drop of pre-come oozed from the slit in his cock-head onto his stomach.
Harvey picked up on how Mike was feeling and gave him an encouraging little smile.

“You’re so eager and responsive. I like that very much, Mike. You are my good boy.”

When Harvey was satisfied that Mike’s right leg was securely in position he went to the other side of the bed and did the same with his left leg.

Mike was so turned on, that by the time he was firmly tied down, he was already breathing hard with arousal, his cock now leaking constantly, already a little puddle of pre-come on his fair skin with the soft hair of his pleasure trail matted by the sticky liquid.

When Harvey saw the growing wet spot that was pooling near Mike’s belly button, he gathered some of it on the pad of his thumb and brought it up to Mike’s mouth.

“Have you ever tasted yourself, Mike?” he enquired.

Mike shook his head and Harvey offered him his thumb with a questioning glance, clearly not wanting to force him if Mike would be appalled by the notion. Well, he wasn’t although he hadn’t thought about it before but now that Harvey had put the idea in his head, it seemed the most natural thing to do.

He opened his mouth invitingly for Harvey and suckled on the thumb when it was pushed in. The taste was odd, salty and a little bitter but not unpleasant and suddenly the urge to taste not himself but Harvey, Harvey’s come, was nearly overwhelming. The few drops were soon gone but Mike continued to suck on Harvey’s thumb, using his tongue to caress it as if it was a substitute for Harvey’s cock. All the while he held eye contact with his Dom, moaning slightly when the thumb was pushed a little deeper into his mouth. He imagined how it would feel to have Harvey’s cock in his mouth, slowly pushing into him, stretching his lips around his length. How the smooth head would feel on his tongue, how Harvey would taste, how his moaning would sound when Mike would make it good for his Dom.

Harvey’s breathing got a little louder, almost labored and the thumb was withdrawn from his mouth but trailed over his lips, spit slick and hot, in a messy caress.

“You are a little slut for this, hmmm众人?” Harvey’s voice sounded very low and raspy and for a moment Mike wanted to be offended. “I can’t wait to teach you how to suck my cock. You are a natural at this, I can tell from your little show right now.” He could see in Harvey’s eyes with the dilated pupils how much his Dom had liked his little impromptu thumb sucking and didn’t mind the slur any longer. After all, he had made his Dom lose a tiny bit of his composure.

Finally Harvey pulled himself together and got back to business.

He used one of the smaller pillows to elevate Mike’s hips and ass for easier access and since the rings on the side of the bed were positioned a little behind his hips, nearer to his chest, Mike now resembled a frog lying on its back, ass lifted up from the mattress.

Another bigger pillow was pushed under his head to support his neck and upper back so that he could watch what would be going on between his legs and then Harvey stood at the end of the bed, taking his time to just look at his tied up sub.

Mike fought hard against the urge to close his eyes and relax into the feeling of being so tightly held down, but he wanted to be Harvey’s good boy and make his Dom proud of him.

Harvey went to the dresser and opened the second drawer from the top. Mike could hear things being shifted and had an idea what Harvey stored in there. After a few moments Harvey was back
on the bed, positioning himself on his knees between Mike’s widely spread legs.

He held up the items he was holding in his hands and Mike could see a slim black butt plug and a slender dark blue vibe with an angled head, both in circumference not much bigger than two of Harvey’s fingers.

“I will use these on you as well as my fingers. And there will be lots of lube to make sure that you won’t get injured, but rest assured that at one point during the next hour you will hurt. Before I start I need you to tell me your color, Michael.”

“Green Sir.”

“Please tell me why you need to be punished.”

“Because I got myself off when you ordered me not to. Because I disobeyed you and was a bad sub.”

Harvey’s face grew a little softer and he laid the items on the bed near Mike’s thighs together with the bottle of lube. Then he shifted forward and placed his hands beside Mike’s outstretched arms to support himself on his knees and hands as he hovered over the boy’s immobile body.

Harvey’s nose was only inches away from his own and the dark brown eyes stared into his with a fierce determination. But his voice was very gentle when he spoke.

“You’re not a bad sub, Michael. You’re my good and beautiful boy and I don’t want you to bad-mouth yourself. You made a mistake and you took the responsibility and after this punishment it will be forgiven and forgotten. I don’t want you to dwell on it any longer, do you understand that?

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey pressed a firm kiss on Mike’s lips before he shifted himself back between Mike’s legs.

“I want you to look at me, to watch what I’m doing to you.”

Mike nodded.

Harvey shifted himself forward again, but not to the level of Mike’s face. He supported his weight on his left forearm and then Harvey’s mouth found his right nipple. The wet hot tongue drew tight circles around the sensitive bud until it stood hard and erect. Then the lips closed around it and started to suckle. Mike groaned loudly, not able to stay silent. How did Harvey know that he liked it so much when his nipples were played with? He tried to arch his back a little to encourage Harvey to suck harder and his Dom seemed to get the message. Suddenly, Mike could feel the hint of teeth, scraping over his sensitive flesh and then the teeth closed around the nipple with a firm but careful grip and tugged a little while the lips continued to create excellent suction.

“Oh…. Har….ohh.” He just caught himself on time, remembering his gag-order.

Then Harvey’s fingers of his right hand found his left nipple and the fingertips circled and tugged at it until it was as hard and sensitive as its twin.

Mike was sure that he could come from this nipple-play alone but Harvey had planned something else. He ceased the torment and kissed his way down towards Mike’s groin, carefully avoiding Mike’s leaking cock and the mess he’d already made on his stomach. Then Harvey set back on his heels and watched Mike with a satisfied grin.
“You’re so beautiful for me, Mike. All flushed and hot and horny with your red nipples and leaking cock. It’s amazing how much pre-come you produce.”

Harvey’s strong hands caressed the insides of Mike’s spread thighs, sweeping over them with sure even strokes, as if he was a skittish horse that needed to be calmed down.

Then Harvey picked up the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount in his palm.

“Let’s see how fast I can make you come. I wager I need less than 5 minutes, seeing how hard and desperate you already are.”

Mike wasn’t sure if he could last that long because Harvey’s artful foreplay had already pushed him firmly towards the brink of the abyss.

“Remember to make those pretty noises for me but don’t talk. And don’t hold back. I want you to give yourself to me completely.”

Harvey coated the index and middle finger of his right hand in a layer of lube and used the rest of it to make his left palm slick.

Mike could see how Harvey brought his finger to his crack and getting the visual paired with the sensation was mind-blowing. The slick cool fingers trailed up and down his crack, stopped for a few moments at his taint, massaging him there and then began to circle his tight entrance.

Mike knew what to expect when the pressure increased slowly and he exhaled noisily, willing his muscles to relax.

“Yes, that’s it. Let me in. Relax for me.”

“Ohhhh…!”

Both fingers at once were slowly pushed into him up to the first knuckles, making his muscles burn a little with the unexpected stretch. At the same time Harvey’s left hand took a firm hold of Mike’s dick, trailing his fist up and down as he fucked Mike’s ass with long slow strokes, getting deeper and deeper with every retreat and push, until he could use the full length of his digits, withdrawing them till only the fingertips were barely inside Mike and then pushing them back in until his knuckles were firmly pressed against the butt-cheeks. Harvey actually coordinated his hand-movements so that every down-stroke of his left hand on Mike’s dick collided with a firm push of Harvey’s fingers inside Mike’s ass.

The sensation was… sensational. His tired and lust filled brain couldn’t come up with a more elaborate description as Harvey played him with both his hands as if Mike was a precious Stradivari and the Dom the reincarnation of Nicollò Paganini, drawing sounds from him that Mike didn’t actually knew he could make.

He was moaning non-stop now, not able or even wanting to stay silent.

The urge to throw his head back, close his eyes and lose himself in the feeling, the slow building pressure, the sweet pain when Harvey began to scissor his fingers on every withdrawal to stretch him more, was almost unbearable but he wanted to be Harvey’s good boy so he forced himself to keep his eyes open and watch his Dom play with him.

“Don’t hold back, Michael. I know that you’re close. Look at how my fingers vanish inside this tight ass of yours while your cock fucks into my fist. I can feel you clenching around my fingers. You’re so desperate for it, my poor boy.”
With a strangled cry Mike let go, letting himself being pushed over the edge by Harvey’s voice and words and the sight of Harvey’s hands on his body, the fingers vanishing inside his body, eliciting such exquisite pressure.

His balls tightened and for a second all of his muscles clenched up until he found his release. Hot spurts of come flowed over Harvey’s strong fingers and splattered onto his already wet and sticky stomach.

“Such a good boy,” Harvey crooned as he continued to milk Mike’s cock with firm strokes of his left fist. “That was number one. And in under 5 minutes as I have predicted. You’re such a needy desperate boy.”

Mike was gulping big breaths of air into his lungs, his heart racing as if he had just won the Tour de France.

His cock slowly began to soften but Harvey continued to stimulate him, spreading his come all over his shaft and head, while the fingers in his ass stayed in place, firmly pressed into him as far as they could reach, filling him up.

When the teasing fingertips trailed over his crown, the blunt fingernail of the index finger brushed over his slit which still spilled drops of come and that sensation made Mike hiss a little with pain. He was oversensitive after his climax but Harvey wouldn’t let up. Suddenly it dawned on Mike what Harvey had meant when he said that he would hurt.

He bit his lip to stifle a moan but Harvey would have none of that.

“Stop that Michael,” he was reprimanded. “I want to kiss that hot wet mouth of yours when I’m done and I can’t do that if you bite yourself bloody. And I want to hear your noises.”

Mike let go of his lower lip and groaned loudly as Harvey continued to trail circles on and around his sensitive cock-head right at the seam where the head met the shaft.

“I guess you’re really sensitive. Even the lightest touch of my fingers is too much right now, isn’t it, Mike?

He took the question as permission to speak. “Yes, too much. Please stop.”

“I can’t do that Michael. And you know why. Tell me.”

“Ah…. Because… ah… my body belongs… ahhh to you and you need to teach…ahhh, please, Sir….teach me that my orgasms…oh god, belong to you…..shhh….too.”

“And do you think that after the punishment you will have learned that lesson?”

“Oh god, yes, Sir. Ahh…yes. Lesson learned, Sir.”

Harvey lifted an eyebrow and looked quizzically at him. “Not quite yet, but you will have when I’m done with you. Only 52 minutes to go, puppy.”

Mike whimpered loudly and briefly closed his eyes but snapped them back open when the tormenting hand around his cock finally let go of his sensitive sticky flesh and slapped the tender inside of his thigh.

“And I haven’t even massaged your prostate yet,” Harvey commented with a slightly evil grin.
The deeply seated fingers in his ass began moving once more, the strokes getting longer and more forceful and the scissoring commenced as well, causing that exquisite stretching burn. Than the finger-fucking stopped and Mike could feel the fingertips being pressed searchingly against the walls of his tight canal.

After a few seconds Harvey had zeroed in on his happy-spot and a jolt of lust surged through Mike’s whole body. Only his cock didn’t seem to get the message because it stayed dead to the world. Mike didn’t quite know if he should be worried or relieved at the sight of his limp dick but then he remembered that it had only been a couple of minutes ago that he had climaxed. Sure, he was young but he wasn’t Superman, or Dirk Diggler.

Harvey shifted his position so that he could lay on his stomach between Mike’s spread legs, his left hand on Mike’s thigh to prop himself up a little while Harvey’s right hand continued to finger his ass.

Mike could only see the top of Harvey’s head now and the hot wet tongue on his balls came as a surprise.

“Ohhhh God!” He just couldn’t help himself but the awaited scolding never came. One should be thankful for small mercies.

He could feel a huff of warm breath against his wet balls as Harvey let out a small laugh. Then the tip of the tongue started to prod at his balls, tease them with quick jabs, all the while the fingers in his ass kept stimulating his prostate.

Mike could see how his dick couldn’t resist the onslaught of stimulation and began to stiffen slightly, not as dead as he had thought.

Suddenly Harvey lifted his head and his dark eyes met Mike’s hypnotized gaze. The Dom smiled sardonically when he saw Mike’s cock slowly swelling between the spread legs. *Smug bastard!*

Then the head dipped down again and Mike could feel his balls being sucked into Harvey’s warm wet mouth, first one and then the other, always alternating between them but never both at once. The slight scraping of teeth against his skin made the sensation so much more intense as if the reminder of what Harvey could do to him, how much pain he could inflict if he wanted to, intensified the pleasure. Somehow Harvey’s thumb had found its way to his taint and started with firm little circles to massage him there and the combined sensation of the fingers brushing over his prostate, the thumb massaging his taint and thus stimulating his prostate from the outside and the sucking mouth on his balls was suddenly way too much for Mike.

“Nghhh…!” He arched his back as far as he could and yanked on his tied wrists as if the tension in his body could ease the growing tension in his balls and cock.

“You make such pretty noises for me,” Harvey whispered barely loud enough for Mike to hear.

As if his Dom knew that Mike was almost ready again, he shifted his head a little and kissed the inside of Mike’s thigh. Then he started to nibble at the tender flesh of Mike’s muscular bike-messenger thighs, alternating between broad licks, open-mouthed wet kisses and careful bites.

Mike could feel Harvey’s stiff, slicked-back hair brushing over his skin and then the wet mouth latched onto a patch of skin, high up near the groin and his Dom started to suck in earnest.
Mike shook his head on the pillow, eyes firmly closed, no longer able to obey his Dom and watch what was going on between his legs.

Suddenly a sharp pain bloomed on his thigh as Harvey increased the suction and used his teeth to worry the skin in earnest. Mike’s eyes flew open while he sucked in a stream of air, looking down to the source of the pain and its cause. He was sure that he would have a purple bruise on this spot and this jolt of pain went straight to his dick, making it fully hard and ready again.

Harvey’s face appeared between his legs once more as if he wanted to admire his work.

“Look at my pretty little masochist,” he crooned. “I knew your cock would like that. Do you like to be marked by me, Puppy?”

He could feel Harvey’s smooth cheek pressed against the insides of his thigh, his breath tickling over the tender flesh where he’d given him the love bite. The effort of keeping his eyes open became too much for him and he was breathing heavy as if he were running a marathon instead of lying immobile on his back.

“Yes, please Sir. Mark me as yours. The pain ... so good.” His voice sounded strange and hoarse to himself, as if a stranger was saying them.

Harvey kissed his inner thigh affectionately and then sat up again. All the while, the stroking, pressing, searching fingers in his ass never ceased to stimulate him.

“Mike, open your eyes and look at me.” The order was barely a whisper but Mike obeyed instantly. He saw that Harvey held the bottle of lube in his left hand, flicking the cap open with his thumb. Then a stripe of the clear gel was applied along the length of his shaft.

With a firm grip, Harvey’s left hand took possession of Mike’s dick, beginning to slowly jerk him while it spread the lube all over the hot hard flesh. The fingers in his ass ceased to press against the nerve-endings of his prostate and he was finger-fucked once again. Then the fingers were withdrawn and the sudden feeling of emptiness made Mike wail a little.

Harvey reached behind himself, snatched the towel up from the bench and wiped his sticky fingers on the soft cloth. Then he shifted forward, left hand still jerking Mike’s cock while his mouth found the oh so sensitive nipples of Mike, sucking onto them like a leech out for blood, stimulating them with suction and the hard tip of his tongue until Mike thought he might pass out, his synapses firing in all directions, shifting his brain into overload.

Then Harvey bit him and at the same time swiped his thumb over the slick crown of his cock.

Mike instinctively tried to arch his hips but was held back by the tight rope around his legs before he could move barely an inch.

“I want you to come for me Mike. I’m gonna bite you again, right below the nipple and at the same time jerk you hard and I want you to come for me.” Harvey’s voice had taken on the steely tone, his Dom-voice and Mike knew that he would obey, no matter what the costs may be.

Mike panted hard, not able to get enough air into his lungs. Then Harvey made good on his promise and right below his left nipple a sharp pain bloomed and was intensified by the sucking mouth and the scraping teeth.
Mike could feel his balls tighten again although he was sure that they still must be almost empty but nevertheless, the firm strokes, executed with a little force, pushed him over the edge and he climaxed again, crying out a strangled moan. “Arrghhh….!”

Weak spurts of come, much less than before, wetted Harvey’s fingers and dribbled on his stomach, on top of the already drying come.

“That’s it, Mike. Let it happen. Relax and come for me. Be my good boy.” Harvey’s breath ghosted over Mike’s hard nipple as he was speaking the words of encouragement.

Mike shivered all over and he closed his eyes firmly, not able to hold back the tears that were now streaming down his cheeks, whether from the actual pain of the over-stimulation or sheer relieve that he had managed to obey is Dom and had came, Mike didn’t know.

Only slowly the tides of his forced climax ebbed and all Mike wanted now, was the touching of his spent cock to stop and to be allowed to go to sleep for a week. But he knew that the hour of his punishment wasn’t over yet.

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When Mike came, he cried out and the sound told Harvey that his boy was already hurting a bit and this orgasm hadn’t been the blissful release it should have been under normal circumstances. For a moment he thought about stopping the punishment then and there, telling Mike that it was over and he was forgiven. After all, the punishment hadn’t been his idea in the first place.

But Mike wasn’t stupid. He would know that the announced time frame for his punishment wasn’t over and even if he would gladly take Harvey’s mercy on him now, later he would ask questions and probably think, that Harvey only had gone easy on him because he wasn’t worth the effort. His boy’s mind was twisted in that way. No, it was better to see it through. He would help his boy though, without advertising what he was doing.

When the spasms of his climax slowly subsided and Mike’s breathing evened out a little, Harvey let go of Mike’s cock. He knew that by now, even the slightest touch would be torture, no matter how much lube he would use to ease the friction on the oversensitive skin.

Harvey shifted back to sit between Mike’s spread legs, wiped his sticky hand on the towel and then let his hands trail up and down the trembling thighs of his sub, the touch intended to soothe and calm. After a few moments, when the shaking of the tensed up thigh-muscles slowly subsided, he pressed a tender kiss on each knee and then stood up and walked towards the headboard. He picked up the water-bottle and sat down on the mattress next to Mike’s head.

“Take a sip of water, Mike. You need to drink.”

He gently pressed the straw against Mike’s red lips and his boy, eyes still firmly closed, began to suckle. Holding the bottle with one hand Harvey used the thumb of the other to wipe away the tears that were still trickling from underneath the closed eyelids, by now not as sign of pain but just another form of release.

When Mike was done with the water, Harvey put the bottle away and placed a series of feather-light kisses all over his boy’s face, murmuring sweet endearments in between.
“You’re so brave for me” – kiss – “so good” – kiss – “so beautiful” – kiss – “my sweet boy” – kiss – “my good little sub” – kiss – “suffering so beautifully” – kiss – “for me”. When his lips found Mike’s he stopped talking and concentrated on thoroughly kissing that beautiful mouth. The kiss was tender and not intended to arouse. It was a kiss for its own sake, not meant to lead up to something more. Harvey could feel Mike relax under him and he cupped his face in his hands, not holding him in place, only wanting another form of connection between them.

When Harvey slowly introduced his tongue into Mike’s mouth, he was met with welcome, Mike opening his mouth a little wider for him, his boy’s tongue greeting his own, and then their tongues danced around each other, not fighting for dominance, just wanting to taste and touch and caress each other. It was a kiss as sweet and innocent and thorough as two teenagers would kiss when they first discovered kissing.

When Harvey finally broke the kiss, Mike tried to lift his head up from the pillow to chase his lips, not willing to let it end. When he was held back by his restraints, he let his head fall back, making a little mewling noise but otherwise he stayed silent although he obviously wanted protest.

Harvey continued to caress his sub’s face with his thumb while he still cradled the left cheek with the palm of his right hand. Mike slowly opened his eyes and met Harvey’s enquiring gaze.

“How do you feel, Mike?”

“Better now.” His voice still sounded hoarse but that couldn’t be helped now.

“Do you want your punishment to stop, Mike?”

He watched him closely as Mike thought about it, the different emotions clearly displayed on his face. From hopeful over resigned to determined.

“How long to go?”

Harvey looked at his watch. “About 20 minutes.”

Mike winced. “I don’t know if I can take it, Sir. I want to… take it I mean, but I don’t know if I can.”

“You can always safe word out. I will not think any less of you.”

“I don’t want that.” Mike shook his head determinately. “I want to see this through.”

“All right.” Harvey reached out between Mike’s spread legs and picked up one of the toys he had placed there earlier.

“I will use this next.” He held the item up so Mike could see it. “It’s a vibrator, designed for prostate massage. It has 5 different settings and I will start it on low.”

Mike swallowed visibly at that announcement but didn’t protest.

“Please tell me your color, Mike.”

“Can I please ask a question, Sir?”

“Of course.”

“Do I need to come once more or will you stop after the 20 minutes no matter what?”
Harvey gave it some thought before he made a decision.

“I will stop after whatever comes first. Orgasm or reaching the deadline.”

Mike nodded, but more as if to reassure himself that he could do it.

“My color is green, Sir. But can you please talk to me while you play with me. It helps when I can concentrate on your voice.”

“Of course, Mike. If it makes it easier for you, I will talk you through it.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Mike shifted a little within the limits of his restraints as if to find the most comfortable positon. Then he sighed once, his face taking on a determined (stubborn) expression. “I’m ready, Sir.”

Harvey couldn’t help himself. He was so proud of Mike that he leaned once again forward and placed another kiss on Mike’s lips. Then he stood up and steeled himself for what he was about to do to Mike.

When he had taken his position between his sub’s legs, he picked up the bottle of lube and squirted a blob of the gel onto the head of the vibe. Then he dribbled some of the slick liquid between Mike’s ass-checks, placing the bottle right behind his balls and just squeezing it, so that the contents slowly flowed from the taint down over his hole before the excess dripped onto the already soiled sheets.

Harvey used his left hand to spread Mike’s cheeks open slightly while he trailed the head of the vibe, for now still turned off, up and down the crack. Then he aimed for Mike’s entrance and slowly increased the pressure until the opening gave way and the tip of the toy vanished in his boy’s body. Mike gasped when the toy breached the tight muscle-ring but then exhaled slowly as he tried to relax.

The sight was breathtaking and the noises Mike made when his body was breached went straight to Harvey’s own cock.

He had been hard from the moment he had seen his boy kneel for him earlier that evening and only the time between the end of the spanking and the beginning of the punishment had been a reprieve for Harvey. Over the years he had learned to ignore his own arousal when he was playing with a sub, the need for self-control always more important to him than the need to give into his own baser urges. But today he was sorely tested, since the sight of his brave boy was almost too much even for him to bear. Then he remembered Mike’s request.

“Oh, Mike. Look at that. Look at how your body opens up for the vibe.” He slowly began to fuck Mike with the toy, every stroke a little deeper than the one before.

“You’re so beautiful. The way you’re stretched around it, so tight.”

Harvey’s gaze was fixed onto the few square inches of Mike where the toy was vanishing into the body and the thought of how tight and hot Mike would feel around his dick was enough to draw a thick drop of pre-come from his own dick. Harvey could feel it being soaked up by his tight boxer-briefs, the wet silky material now clinging to his sensitive cock-head. He grew determined not to need the whole remaining 18 minutes but to make Mike come again as quickly as possible and then to get off himself.

When the vibe was deep inside of Mike, he angled it a little until he could see in Mike’s widening eyes that he’d found the right spot.
“I’m going to turn it on now, Mike. On the lowest setting first, so you can get used to it.”

He pushed the button on the bottom of the toy and Mike’s whole body immediately went stiff as a board.

“Ohhhh…,” he moaned loudly, his breath coming in short puffs.

“Mike, you can talk to me now. Tell me how it feels.”

Maybe voicing this sensations would help him to process them.

“Oh God, Sir. That’s …ahhhh…almost too much.”

Harvey began to shift the vibe slowly inside of Mike’s body, the pressure against the prostate now easing up a little.

“Is that a little better?”

Mike took a deep breath. “Yes, better. Good. Ohhhh!”

Harvey had withdrawn the toy until only the tip was still inside of Mike and then pushed it back in with one long stroke, angling it on the last inch to brush against the prostate. By now he had memorized where exactly it was positioned inside of his boy and zeroing in on it was no problem.

He could see the muscles on his boy’s thighs tensing up, pulling at the restraints that held his legs wide open as he instinctively tried to close them and the palm of his left hand immediately petted the inside of the struggling limb to make it relax once more.

Mike moaned almost non-stop, only pausing to draw in some air with a shuddering breath every now and then. He seemed to have forgotten that he was allowed to use words or maybe formulating and articulating them was too much of a bother right now.

But despite Harvey’s best efforts, Mike’s dick stayed stubbornly flaccid although his boy was obviously aroused and enjoyed, at least to some degree, the attention to his prostate.

“I’m going to take it up a notch, Mike,” Harvey announced and increased the setting of the vibe while he pressed it firmly against the little bundle of nerve-endings.

“Ohhhhh,” Mike sighed, his lips forming an almost perfect o-shape. But still, Mike’s dick didn’t seem to want to play.

Harvey would have none of that and was willing to take extreme measures. Since his boy had been careful thanks to his Grammy the risk would be minimal.

Harvey shifted forward a little and took Mike’s limp dick into his left hand, holding it loosely at its base. Then he bent down and licked a wet stripe across Mike’s balls along the shaft up to the red cockhead.

“Ahhhhh!” A quick glance up to his boy’s face told him, that his puppy enjoyed the attention of Harvey’s tongue and he repeated the action for good measure all the while shifting the vibe minutely around in Mike’s ass, brushing over the prostate every so often.

“Do you like my tongue on your dick, Mike?” Harvey’s voice was low and slightly growly and at the next moment he blew a stream of cool air on the wet skin.

“Ahhhh. Oh, yes. So good, Sir.”
“Then you will enjoy what comes next even more.” Without giving Mike time to ask, Harvey opened his mouth again and took the cock-head in his mouth, suckling softly at it. Then he stiffened the tip of his tongue and pressed it teasingly against the slit, as if he wanted to gain access.”

“Ohhhh God!”

His left hand slowly started to make a pumping motion at the lower part of the shaft and Harvey was actually proud of how well he was able to coordinate both of his hands and his mouth to stimulate Mike in the most elaborate way possible.

The tip of his tongue ceased its attack on the slit and started to circle the head right at the seam where it met the shaft while his lips and mouth still created a slight suction. When he paused to take a breath he looked up to Mike’s face and saw, that he had thrown his head back into the pillow, eyes firmly shut and mouth open and moaning. The bound hands were balled into fists and he was pulling on his restraints as if he was searching for some kind of support.

He briefly licked over the head with a broad soft tongue and then opened his mouth wider, taking in as much of Mike’s slowly hardening cock as he could. Then he started bobbing his head while his left hand shifted downwards to his sub’s balls and started playing with them.

“Please, Sir. Too much. Please!” Mike suddenly cried out and Harvey stopped and let go of Mike’s half hard dick. His hands stopped what they were doing but he didn’t withdrew the vibe from his boy’s ass, although he turned off the vibrations.

“Mike, look at me.”

Taking some deep breaths, Mike finally managed to lift his head slightly and look at Harvey. His face was again tear-stained and flushed red.

“Did I hurt you, Mike?”

“No, no… Sir,” Mike stuttered, still a little out of breath. “But it’s too much. I can’t take it. It’s too intense.”

“Do you want to use your safe word? You only have to say it, Mike. I won’t be mad. I promise.”

Mike looked torn between what his body demanded him to do and what he wanted on a rational level.

“I don’t want to say it, Sir,” he finally whispered, shaking his head vigorously on the pillow.

“There’s no shame in using your safe word, Michael. I will still be proud of you. I am proud of you.”

Harvey really wanted Mike to give up, if only to teach him how to safe-word out properly. This was a lesson every new sub needed to learn sooner or later and his boy seemed to have reached the end of his tether.

“No, I don’t want to. I don’t. I won’t. But please, Sir. Help me.”

This proud and stubborn boy.

Harvey gave in with a resigned sigh. “All right Mike. What can I do?”
“Please, do it quickly. No more teasing. Just… end it. I can take it if I know that you won’t draw it out.”

Harvey looked skeptically at him. “You sure? It will be pretty intense if not painful.”

“It already is. Intense I mean. And a little painful. But also good. I hate it and I love it. I don’t know.”

Harvey nodded. “As you wish. But please, use your safe word if it gets too much.”

Mike nodded.

Harvey placed a kiss on the inside of Mike’s right thigh and flicked the vibe back on, dialing it up to its highest setting. Mike’s whole body immediately responded and went rigid, arms and legs pulling on the restraints, the tendons clearly visible under Mike’s sweat covered and flushed skin.

“Ohhhhh, God!” Mike shouted at the top of his lungs.

Without further ado, Harvey bent forward once again and swallowed as much of Mike’s semi-hard cock as he could in one go. He cradled the underside of the cock with his tongue and as he withdrew it from his mouth he trailed the vein on the underside of the shaft with the tip of his tongue, swirling it around the head before he bopped his head down again, taking as much as he could into his mouth and throat. Mike’s dick seemed to appreciate his efforts and soon reached its former size.

It had been a while since Harvey had last deep-throated someone, (normally he did the mouth-fucking) but his boy’s cock appeared to have just the perfect size for him. Long enough that it reached down his throat and he had to make a conscious effort to relax his muscles while breathing through his nose, but not thick enough to make him gag or stretch his lips uncomfortably.

His right hand pressed the vibe firmly against Mike’s prostate, only shifting it slightly while he continued to bob his head up and down Mike’s length, letting his boy fuck into the warm wet heat that was Harvey’s mouth.

Suddenly, he could feel Mike’s hips buck up the one inch he could move and a strangled cry reached his ears. That was all the warning he would get and then the hard cock twitched weakly in his mouth and he eased up a little so he could swirl his tongue around the head once more while his lips provided the necessary suction.

It was no surprise for Harvey when only a few drops of come spilled out of the slit and he let the dick pop out of his mouth, caressing the bright red cock-head with his soft tongue, lapping up the last traces of come, savoring its taste although he knew that his boy would’ve tasted a little different the first and second time around. Slowly the trembling in Mike’s whole body subsided when the last waves of the orgasm ebbed.

As soon as Mike’s climax was over, Harvey flicked the vibe off and removed it. His strong hands stroked the insides of Mike’s thighs with sure firm movements while he waited for his boy to get his breath back.

Then he shifted forward, propping himself up on his knees and forearms as he hovered over his boy’s still bound form, careful not to brush against Mike’s oh so sensitive crotch. He started to kiss his way up to Mike’s face from his left shoulder, over his neck, along his jawline until he reached his beautiful pink lips. Harvey pressed a chaste kiss on them. “I’m so proud of you, Mike. You have been such a good boy,” he whispered softly, his breath brushing against his boy’s cheek.
Mike met his gaze with his tired blue teary eyes, clearly by now running only on fumes. But still he managed a weak smile.

“I did it,” he mumbled, his voice slightly slurred with fatigue but unmistakably proud.

Harvey placed a playful kiss on the tip of his nose. “You did indeed,” he confirmed with an answering smile of his own. Then his gaze took on a longing expression.

“Mike, can I ask you for one more thing. You can say no. Your punishment is over, but…” Harvey trailed off, not sure that he could demand more of his exhausted sub. But his sudden yearning seemed to overpower him.

“What is it, Sir?” Mike asked curiously.

“No, forget it. I can’t ask that of you. Not now.” Harvey started to shift back, intent on freeing Mike from his restraints and provide him with the proper aftercare.

“Please Sir, tell me. I want to know.”

Harvey stopped in his tracks. “You sure?” he asked skeptically.

Mike nodded, his eyes firmly on Harvey’s, as if he wanted to compel his Dom to talk.

Harvey swallowed once, not sure if he should give in to his urges. But Mike’s open gaze, the trust and affection he could see in his puppy’s beautiful blue eyes, gave Harvey the final push.

“I’m so turned on and hard, have been the whole evening, and you’re so beautiful like this. Can you stay like this a little while longer while I make myself come? You make such a pretty picture, all flushed and well fucked with dried come all over you. I won’t need long, I promise.”

Mike’s smile widened and Harvey could have sworn that if his boy, young as he was, hadn’t come three times within the last hour, there would be a spark of arousal in his eyes. Well, maybe not arousal, but definitely interest.

“I would like that very much, Sir,” his perfect little sub answered obediently. Harvey nodded once, then shifted back until he kneeled upright between Mike’s widely spread legs.

Harvey pushed his sweatpants and underwear down to mid-thigh and took his own by now painfully hard cock in his right hand.

“If you would let me lick your palm, make it really wet and slick, it would be more comfortable for you,” Mike interrupted him, but the offer was so considerate and perfect that he couldn’t reprimand him for talking without permission.

“That’s very kind of you, Mike, but not necessary.” Harvey swiped his palm once over his cockhead to slicken it up with pre-come and then closed his fingers firmly around his length. This wouldn’t take long enough that the friction would become painful without lubricant. While his eyes roamed over his boy’s beautiful body and face, remembering how he had tasted and how his tight hot hole had felt around his fingers, his hips fucked into his own fist, every now and then swiping the thumb over his slick head and teasing the slit.

Mike’s gaze was intently fixed on his cock and Harvey realized that Mike saw him now for the first time.

“You’re so fucking pretty, Mike. I can’t wait to fuck that beautiful tight ass of yours. I want to
touch you everywhere, taste every part of you.”

Mike wet his lips with his pink tongue and then his teeth nibbled on his bottom lip. Harvey could’ve sworn that if Mike wouldn’t have been so fucked out and tired right now, he would’ve gotten hard again, just by watching Harvey jerking off.

He could see that his boy wanted to say something. “Talk to me, Mike. Let me hear your voice.”

“Your cock is so beautiful, Sir.” There was real awe in his voice so Harvey was sure it wasn’t just meaningless flattery. “So big and dark. Most dicks get red but yours is just a darker shade of your skin tone. I can’t wait until I’m allowed to touch it and maybe even taste it. I’m sure that you taste great. And I want to feel you inside me. Even right now, I would want you to fuck me if you wanted that too.”

That was enough for Harvey to be pushed over the edge. Two firm strokes and then his back arched, hips stuttering and he came with Mike’s name on his lips, hot spurts of come splattering on his sub’s stomach and chest, mixing with his puppy’s own, already dried, come. Mike moaned loudly when Harvey’s semen painted white stripes over his body as if he was participating in his Dom’s orgasm.

Harvey stroked himself through the aftershocks, eyes closed and his breathing labored. When his thighs began to tremble a little with the post-climax exhaustion, he sat back and opened his eyes again, his right hand still around his dick, coaxing the last drops of come out of the slowly softening flesh.

Mike’s gaze was still firmly raking over his body, such longing in the wide blue eyes, bottom lip bitten almost raw.

He felt a surge of affection for his beautiful puppy and his voice was slightly throaty. “Thank you, Mike. That was amazing.”

He reached behind himself to clean his hand with the towel but Mike made a protesting noise and Harvey stopped.

“What is it Mike?”

“Please Sir, can I taste you? Please?” Mike’s huge eyes were giving him such a hungry look, full of want and longing and the pink tip of his tongue darted out between the red lips in anticipation, like his mouth was already watering for Harvey’s come.

Harvey looked down at his sticky hand, remembering how much Mike had enjoyed tasting himself and sucking on his thumb. He smiled indulgently. His boy had deserved a treat.

With his left hand, he pulled his pants back up before he left his spot between Mike’s legs. When he sat down beside Mike’s head he reached for the ring in the headboard where the rope had been fastened, but Mike interrupted him again.

“Please Sir, like this.”

He would have, no, should have reprimanded him there and then but Mike had been so good for him that he decided to let it go for now.

“You sure? Aren’t your arms hurting by now?”

Mike smiled at that, an almost dreamy expression in his eyes. “Yes Sir, it hurts a little. But it feels
good as well. Being held down, unable to move, all yours.”

“Alright then. Suit yourself.” Harvey cradled Mike’s face with his left and brought his right to Mike’s mouth. He held up his index finger so Mike could see the drops of sticky white come clinging to his skin. Mike opened his mouth and Harvey slowly pushed the finger in. The sub immediately started to suck on it, tongue swirling around, seemingly determined to collect every last drop of come. Harvey slowly withdrew his finger after a few moments, showing Mike his sticky middle finger before pushing it into the greedy wet mouth.

When Mike had cleaned all his fingers and thumb thoroughly Harvey held up his palm to show him the last remnants of sperm. Obediently Mike stuck his tongue out and licked the hand clean, from wrist to fingertips, all the while slurping and moaning like Harvey’s come was the most delicious treat he had ever tasted. The tongue continued to lick in the spaces between the fingers and then Mike’s mouth focused onto his thumb once more, sucking at it like there was no tomorrow.

When Harvey tried to withdraw it, he could feel Mike’s teeth closing around it, as if he wanted to prevent his Dom from pulling it out by force. That was a little too much for Harvey, even in this generous state of mind he was in right now, post-climax. The thumb of his left hand shifted to the pressure point behind the jaw-joint and pressed down firmly. Mike gasped as the sharp pain shot through his jaw and immediately opened his mouth, giving Harvey a hurt and slightly indignant look.

“Pushy little subs need to learn their place,” Harvey explained sternly. “Remember what I told you more than once already.”

It took Mike only a moment before he knew what Harvey meant and his petulant expression made way for an apologetic one. “I will only take what you give me when you give it to me. I’m not allowed to ask for more or be my pushy little self. I’m sorry, Sir. I forgot myself for a moment.”

Harvey nodded once to show Mike that he had accepted the apology. Then he stood up to untie his sub, starting at the legs.

When the first leg was untied, he guided the limb with his hands into an outstretched position. Mike moaned and Harvey knew, that the joint and the sinews would be stiff from holding the unnatural position for so long. With firm strokes of his hands he tried to soothe the pain, massaging the stiff muscles a little and pushing his thumbs in the hollow of Mike’s knee to loosen up the stiff joint and ligatures.

When both legs were outstretched he went to the headboard and unraveled the restraints that held Mike’s arms. Harvey had chosen a simple knot that held firm but could be easily untied if you pushed the two ends of the rope together. He kept scissors nearby in case he needed to free his sub in a hurry but since Mike seemed to like the feeling of being bound, he took his time. Finally Mike’s wrist slipped free and Harvey guided both arms in a position beside Mike’s upper body.

His boy winced a little and Harvey sat down beside him and gave both arms the same treatment he had given to the legs. When he was sure that the pain had subsided and that there was only minimal rope-burn on Mike’s skin he placed a soft kiss on Mike’s mouth, surprising him since his exhausted sub had closed his eyes, nearly drifting off to sleep while his Dom took care of him.

“Stay like this. I will get you cleaned up in a minute.”

Harvey went to the bathroom to get the washcloth and some lotion to treat the rope burn. When he had cleaned Mike up as thoroughly as he could short of dragging him into the shower and rubbed
the salve on his wrists and ankles, he got the comforter and settled in beside Mike, gathering his sweet boy into his arms.

“Good night, Sweetheart.”

“Can I retract my statement regarding forced orgasms, Sir?” Mike mumbled sleepily.

“Changed your mind, hunh?” Harvey chuckled softly. “All right, we make the changes in the contract tomorrow. Now sleep.”

“Night,” Mike mumbled barely audible, pushed his nose firmly against Harvey’s neck, snuffled once and promptly obeyed his Dom.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter contains explicit descriptions of forced orgasms but Mike gets several opportunities to safe-word out, so it’s not dub-con.

Thank you for reading and all your support and the nice comments and the kudos so far. You guys rock.

As always, this chapter hasn’t been beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

I have no personal experience in BDSM and also no male genitalia so everything is a product of my weird imagination.

I would love to read your thoughts or comments on this chapter and Kudos is also very welcome (mild praise-kink here).
Harvey woke up at around 7 a.m., which was almost a little late for him, even on a Sunday. Normally he would get up early and go for a run in the park or work out at the gym before he would get himself ready for the day and then most likely be working for a few hours at least. But today, a warm slender body was firmly pressed against his own and the masculine scent of sweat and sex still lingered in his bedroom and on the sheets. For a moment he pondered the thought of waking Mike up and seducing him to lazy morning sex but although he’d sucked Mike off last night, he wasn’t prepared to have sex without condoms before Mike had gotten tested. He was sure that Mike would be healthy, Grammy had taken care of that, but years of discipline in that area couldn’t be forgotten just because a beautiful young man was lying naked in his arms, looking adorable with his ruffled hair and soft relaxed features.

He propped himself up on his elbow to study Mike’s face for a while. He had done this a couple of times by now but each time he discovered a new minute detail like the unnaturally long lashes or the little brown freckle on the rim of his left ear, or the twin spots on his left temple, and it hadn’t gotten old so far. Every now and then, a soft little snore would escape the pink and slightly open mouth and sometimes the young man wrinkled his nose a little after that like his own noise disturbed him.

Harvey sighed. He really needed to remember that Mike was not a sweet innocent kid but a grown man with serious discipline issues and a brilliant mind. Treating him like a puppy in a scene, especially when he was new to what was happening, was all well and good but during their normal day to day life his boy needed to learn discipline and self-restraint.

And it was self-restraint that forced Harvey to get up and leave his sleeping sub alone or he would have given into his urges and rubbed himself against Mike’s relaxed body until either he would’ve come or Mike had woken up and he would’ve made both of them come together.

Harvey took a quick shower during which he took care of his growing erection with practiced movements while thinking about last night and then got through his morning routine which included even on Sundays a shave and the careful styling of his hair. When he was finished, Mike
was still sleeping and he was resolved to let him be for now, allowing him a few more hours of sleep. After all, last night must’ve been a lot for Mike to process and the kid didn’t get much sleep during the week either.

Harvey was sitting at his breakfast-bar, dressed in tan slacks and dark-blue button-down shirt, his second cup of coffee almost empty and his open laptop in front of him, working on that damn merger he had been stuck with by Jessica.

He found that his mind worked always better when his sexual needs had been met and therefore intended to use his post-sex brain for the good of his client.

He was so absorbed in his work, staring at the screen while taking notes on the legal pad with his right hand, that he first noticed Mike when he was already standing in the middle of his living room, clothed only in his boxers.

“Good morning, Mike. Have you slept well?”

Mike scratched at his chest, a dark-red love-bite clearly visible below his left nipple, and yawned hugely before sauntering over to him, his blue eyes firmly fixed onto the coffee-maker.

“Yeah, thanks. Really good. Hey, can I have some coffee?”

Before Harvey could answer the question Mike had already started to open the kitchen cabinets in search for the cups, all of yesterday’s lessons clearly forgotten. The pushy little brat was back in town.

Harvey stood up and landed a quick forceful swat on Mike’s backside which made his sub jump with surprise.

“Harvey!” he protested loudly. “That hurt.”

Harvey, and not Sir, the Dom noted with growing irritation.

“Good,” he replied with barely concealed anger. “Stop touching my things without my permission. Go to the bathroom, take a shower and brush your teeth. Don’t bother to dress yourself but you can put on the bathrobe. You have 5 minutes.” He looked at his watch and then went back to his computer, ignoring Mike whose mouth was gaping open in shock.

When his sub didn’t move Harvey pushed a little. “4 minutes, 40 seconds. And the prospect of you being allowed to come during the next week is seriously dwindling if you keep up the shitty attitude.” His eyes had stayed fixedly on the screen of his laptop but he could see in his peripheral vision that Mike, without another word, hurried back to the bedroom.

It was a close call, but Mike managed to be back just on time, his hair still damp and sticking up at odd angles since he hadn’t bothered to comb it after toweling it dry. Harvey’s fluffy dark-blue bathrobe was a little big for him and he stood forlornly in front of Harvey, clearly not knowing what to do next.

Harvey looked up from the computer-screen pointedly before he gestured to one of the high barstools.

“Take a seat, Mike.”

Mike sat down obediently on the indicated place opposite Harvey, eyes fixed on the glossy surface of the kitchen isle.
Harvey reached out and forced Mike’s chin up with his right index finger.

“Can you tell me what you did wrong just now?”

A slightly stubborn expression flickered over Mike’s face.

“I just wanted a cup of coffee. You told me yesterday that I always could get something to drink when I wanted it, as well as food and the bathroom.”

Harvey rolled his eyes at him. “No Mike, that’s not what I told you. Use your brain and remember my words. My exact words.”

Mike’s eyes seemed to lose focus for a moment as he replayed their conversation in his mind. Harvey could see it in Mike’s eyes when his boy finally noticed his mistake.

“You said, you can always ask for basic necessities, like water or food or using the bathroom or being kept warm,” Mike quoted back verbatim at Harvey, who nodded his agreement.

“And how does this apply to the situation a couple of minutes ago?”

Mike sighed defeated, obviously a little troubled of being confronted with his mistake, but replied obediently. “Coffee isn’t water and anyway, I didn’t just ask but tried to take it myself. I didn’t wait for your permission. I’m sorry Sir, I was wrong.”

“And how do you think I should punish you for this transgression?”

Mike nibbled at his lip, clearly not sure how he should reply. Was this a minor transgression or would this warrant a spanking?

Harvey decided to go easy on him for now.

“Get one of the throw-pillows from the couch.”

When Mike handed his Dom the pillow Harvey let it drop beside his chair.

“Take the robe off, place it over the stool and kneel on the pillow, face towards my thigh.”

When Mike had taken his position on the pillow Harvey let his palm trail over the naked man’s back.

“Back a little straighter. Hand’s behind your back and grab your left wrist with your right hand. Shoulders further back. Yes, like this. Now, eyes on the floor in front of you. You will stay like this until I’m satisfied that you have learned your lesson. And no talking or making noises. I need to concentrate on my work.”

Harvey focused his attention back onto the screen but every now and then he surreptitiously glanced down at Mike although he refrained from petting him, like he had done before on similar occasions. This was punishment and not play and Mike needed to learn to live without his Dom’s constant reassurance.

To Harvey’s astonishment the sub seemed to cope remarkably well with his punishment. He swayed a little on his knees and every so often shifted minutely but otherwise held his position.

After 15 minutes Harvey decided to reward him for his obedience if he would pass one more test. He took his cup of coffee and emptied it with a large gulp. Harvey could see that Mike was very much aware of his Dom’s actions although his eyes were firmly fixed at the floor in front of him.
The rosy tip of the tongue darted out briefly between his pink lips while his adam’s-apple bopped visibly, mirroring Harvey’s own as he swallowed the lukewarm liquid down.

Harvey stood up and went to the coffee-maker to get a refill. He added a dash of skimmed milk but no sugar, just like he preferred his coffee and went back to his seat. He turned a little in his chair towards Mike, watching him openly now while he took a sip of the fresh coffee, putting on a show for his sub. When Mike’s eyes stayed firmly on the floor Harvey reached out with his left hand and lifted Mike’s face with his fingers. Then he brought his cup up to his sub’s lips.

“It’s not too hot but I want you to take shallow sips nevertheless, just to be on the safe side.”

When blue eyes looked up at his face skeptically he could see Mike’s thoughts clearly displayed in them.

“Don’t worry, Mike. I won’t spill it on you. Your cock is safe. You can trust me.”

Mike opened his lips and Harvey tipped the cup carefully. Mike slurped a little as the hot liquid flowed into his mouth but they didn’t spill a drop. After a few sips, Harvey took the cup away and placed it on the table.

“I would’ve given you a cup of coffee, Mike, of course I would have, if you’d only asked nicely. But your course of action forced me to punish you instead. I didn’t want to do that. I would’ve preferred a nice and relaxed breakfast with you sitting at the table. But you asked me to set you boundaries and I can see now that they’re indeed sorely needed. So, you will stay where you are, not allowed to sit with me at the adult table, while I make you some toast. You will eat it down there and afterward we will have a talk about proper behavior and what is expected of you. I realize now that we haven’t been specific enough yesterday when we talked about general rules. We need to remedy that.”

Harvey stood up again and went to put some whole-grain bread into the toaster. When it was crispy and slightly brown he buttered it lightly, cut it into stripes and placed them on a plate. He also took a green apple out of the fruit basket and sliced it into bite-sized pieces. It was high time to include some vitamins into his boy’s diet.

“Any food allergies I should now about?” he asked as an afterthought.

“No, Sir.”

When he sat back down he took one of the pieces of buttered toast and brought it down to Mike’s mouth. Mike let go of his left wrist but Harvey took the piece of toast away before the sub could reach for it.

“No Mike, stay in position. I will feed you. This way you learn to only take what is given to you when it’s given to you.”

Mike obeyed and opened his mouth expectantly. Harvey popped the first stripe of toast in and his sub took a bite. Alternating between toast, bits of apple and sips of coffee Harvey took care of feeding Mike in comfortable silence. Only once he had to reprimand his sub. Mike tried to lick playfully at Harvey’s fingers and he quickly withdrew them. “None of that Mike. This isn’t play.”

When they were finished, Harvey cleared the plate and the cup away but instead of taking his seat at the table, Harvey went to the couch and settled in.

“Come here, Mike. And take your pillow with you.”
Harvey could see that Mike was unsure regarding the right protocol but he stayed silent, curious what his sub would do. After a few seconds, Mike raised a hand.

“Yes, Mike?"

“Can I get up and walk or shall I crawl, Sir?”

A pensive expression flickered over Harvey’s face as he studied Mike intently.

“Would you do that for me, Mike? Crawl on the floor like a puppy?”

Mike seemed to think about it for a moment, eyeing the stretch of hardwood floor between them hesitantly. Then he appeared to come to a decision.

“If you want me to, yes Sir.” Mike started to shift forward and placed his palms on the floor in front of him but Harvey stopped him.

“Don’t Mike. You can stand up and walk. I gain no pleasure in seeing you crawl but thank you for your willingness.”

Mike nodded and slowly stood up. He winced softly when he stretched his legs and surreptitiously tried to shake them a little to get the kinks out.

“Take your time, Mike. You held the position for quite a while. I know that your legs must hurt by now.”

When he felt a little surer on his legs he went over to Harvey, handing him the pillow. Harvey placed it beside his feet but before Mike could get on his knees Harvey put a hand on Mike’s right thigh. “Show me the inside.”

Mike turned his leg a little so Harvey could see the dark purple bruise on the inside near the groin. He brushed his hand carefully over the mark, noting the difference in temperature on the skin. Then he applied a little pressure with his thumb and Mike hissed because of the sudden pain. But his cock, until now flaccid, gave an interested little twitch. Masochist indeed. Well, he could work with that.

“Does it hurt badly?”

“No, Sir. Not badly. On the contrary. I like that I can still feel it.” Mike’s voice sounded a little embarrassed.

Harvey nodded and in his mind he planned a dozen future scenes in which he would mark Mike in all kinds of places and manners. Oh, the things he would do with his boy. But now he needed to deal with more pressing matters. He pointed towards the pillow.

“You can sit down. Kneeling must be painful by now, well, a different kind of painful, and I want your complete attention.”

Mike settled in and Harvey reached out and petted his by now dried hair lightly.

“First, I want you to know that you did well just now. You’re forgiven this morning’s transgression but don’t repeat it. Next time I won’t be so lenient.”

Mike nodded as a sign that he’d understood but stayed silent, which earned him a little scratch at the nape of his neck.
“Now, a few ground rules for when we are together as well when we are apart. I expect you to remember them from now on, so pay attention.”

Harvey took out his mobile phone and opened an app. “I will record this and type it up later, to add it to our contract. Therefore I need your verbal confirmation at certain points of our conversation. If you have a question you may raise your hand and wait until I give you permission to speak. Is that understood, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I want you to maintain eye-contact for this discussion Mike.” Immediately Mike’s blue eyes found his and Harvey gave him a little reassuring smile.

“Like I told you yesterday, when you’re with me, you can always ask, nicely and respectfully of course, for basic necessities like something to drink or eat as well as using the bathroom and being kept warm. As your Dom it is my responsibility to see that your essential needs are met. But asking for something doesn’t mean that you can take it yourself or that you would get it immediately. This would depend on the urgency of your request. For example, if I plan to take you to dinner to a restaurant I would ask you to wait and not feed you immediately as soon as you feel a little bit hungry. On the other hand, if you would need to use the bathroom urgently, I would always grant you the permission to do so at the earliest possible time. Do you understand, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“Good. Another thing. Most of the time you call me Sir, and I like that very much and I think you do too. But sometimes you forget and you need to do better. From now on, when we are alone, either here or in public, you will call me Sir at all times and not just when you feel like it. You can call me by name when someone could overhear us though. I don’t want you to feel embarrassed in front of strangers.” He thought for a moment. “And you can call me Harvey when we’re having sex. I like how you say my name, how it sounds, when you’re aroused.”

Mike smiled slightly, remembering how he had called his Dom’s name when he had first beenfingered open by him.

“Please give me your confirmation, Mike.”

“Yes Sir. I will do better from now on and call you Sir all the time.”

“Next rule. For now, I want you to kneel for me, unless told otherwise, when we are alone, either here or in your apartment as well as in my office when there is no chance that someone will come in. When you kneel upright your hands will be positioned behind your back like before and when I allow you to sit back on your heels your hands will be resting palms down on your thighs. If I want you in another position I will tell you at the time. And I will tell you where I want you to look, which will be either on the floor in front of you or up to me.”

Mike raised a hand and Harvey gave him his permission with a nod.

“What if I’m not sure if you want me to kneel for you? I mean, when we meet in your office at night. I wouldn’t know for sure if we’re really alone and I wouldn’t want to embarrass you.”

“Good point. When we’re at my office I will tell you when I expect you to kneel.” Harvey’s gaze shifted towards the huge windows, eyes staring in the distance for a moment as if he was thinking. Then he seemed to come to a decision.

“From now on, you’re not allowed to touch yourself without my explicit permission nor are you
allowed to come or to find any other way to pleasure yourself. This rule applies when you are with me as well as when you are alone. And before you ask, yes, of course you can touch yourself when you dress or shower or go to the toilet, but no touching for your own pleasure. Do you understand, Mike?”

Harvey could see that this rule and all it would entail gave Mike serious pause. After all, touching yourself in the morning or giving yourself a lazy little stroke while you adjusted yourself in your underwear every now and then was the most natural thing for most men. But this rule would give him a huge advantage in Mike’s training. At first he had intended it only to apply when they were together, but after this morning it became clear to Harvey that his boy needed a very strong hand.

“I… yes Sir, I understand.”

“You are allowed to ask me for my permission though, but that doesn’t mean that you would get it.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey nodded and got to the next rule.

“From now on, I want you to check in with me at least 3 times a day. A quick call or text in the morning and at noon will suffice but in the evenings you will call me and tell me about your day. And I think that I don’t need to remind you of our very first rule, or do I, Mike?”

“No Sir. Our first rule was, that I’m not allowed to lie, not direct nor through omission.”

Harvey nodded satisfied and carried on.

“During the next couple of weeks I will make several appointments for you, to some of which you will need to go alone, for others we will meet. The first appointment is tomorrow with my GP. I will text you the address. The next appointments will be for the waxing, a haircut and I think a mani-pedi wouldn’t be amiss either. You’ve done okay on your own so far but a proper grooming by the hands of professionals is something entirely different. And I will take you shopping sometime next week. I want to take you out for dinner one of these days and if you show up in your usual grubby jeans and ratty t-shirt the Maître ’D might have a heart-attack. I will text you all the dates and places I want you to go to. I will try and schedule them according to your work-hours. If you’re not able to make it in time due to work, text me and I will re-schedule for you.”

Mike nodded but when Harvey pointed to his cell phone he gave his verbal confirmation.

“All right. Last rule. I want you to take a picture from everything you eat and drink, except water, when you’re alone and to send it to me before you eat or drink it. I want to keep tabs on what you put in your mouth and how much of it.” He saw his boy’s stubborn expression. “Mike, stop glaring daggers at me, I want you to think about what you do to your body and this will force you to eat some fruit and vegetables once in a while. I won’t forbid you pizza or burgers or even the Red Bull when there’s no chance I might smell it but I want you to be more conscious about nutrition. You’re not a child anymore and it is time that you eat accordingly.”

Mike sighed resigned. “Yes, Sir.”

“I think that’s it for now. I will type it up later and send you a copy. It will be an addendum to our contract.”

Mike nodded.
“So, what are your plans for today? Still going to see your Grandmother?”

“Yes, Sir. I haven’t seen her for almost two weeks and besides, there is something I need to clarify with the nursing home.”

Harvey was curious. “Anything serious?”

For a second Mike was tempted to lie because he felt embarrassed that he needed to ask the nursing home for a delay in payment but he hadn’t enough money in his account to pay their latest bill.

“I really don’t want to talk about it because it’s hard, Sir. I feel like such a failure.”

Harvey patted his knee. “Put your head here.” Mike obliged and Harvey carded his fingers through his hair and rubbed his scalp with strong fingertips. When he could feel Mike relax against his leg he picked up their conversation.

“So, what is it that troubles you, Puppy?”

Mike sighed. “I need to ask the administrator for an extension of payment. Their latest bill was more than I have in my account. It seems that Grammy has been on new meds for a couple of months now and they’re really expensive.”

“Mike, can I help you with the bill? I could give you a loan. It would be no trouble.” Harvey’s tone was carefully neutral. He would’ve gladly paid the bills but he wasn’t sure how Mike would react. Their relationship was already based on an imbalance of power. Adding a monetary element to it would most likely complicate matters way beyond Mike’s comfort zone. And he was right.

“Thank you, Sir, but no. I don’t want you as my sugar-daddy and taking money from you would feel that way. It would make things really weird between us. And you’re already paying for all the other stuff. Grammy is my responsibility and I will figure something out.” He paused for a moment as if he needed to make up his mind. “Maybe I can get another job, but that would mean that we have even less time together, at least for now.”

“What kind of job were you thinking of?”

“My friend Jenny mentioned something about a gig as a waiter for a catering service. You know, handing tidbits and drinks around at fancy events. She says that it pays really well and it could be a few nights a week if they like me enough. Maybe I could give up the cleaning gig after a while. Then I would have more time for us, Sir.”

Harvey hated that Mike had to struggle so much but he knew that his boy had to figure it out for himself. He already had a vague notion of a plan in his mind but he needed some more time before he could set the necessary wheels in motion. Maybe Mike’s plan wasn’t so bad and would tide him over in the meantime.

“We’ll figure something out, Mike. Just do what you have to do in order to provide for your Grammy. And maybe I could keep my ears open for you. My firm hosts several parties and other occasions each year for which we hire a catering service. I could make inquiries, see if they have a job opening and maybe get your foot into the door for an interview. But only if you want my help. You would still have to do all the rest, though. This wouldn’t be charity.”

Mike raised his head and looked at Harvey.

“You would really do that for me, Sir? Get my foot into the door?”
Harvey shrugged. “Sure. Why not? I have every confidence that you wouldn’t let me down. After all, it’s for your Grammy.”

Mike grinned. “Yes, it’s for Grammy. And you, Sir.”

“Very well. Then it is decided. So, when do you need to leave?”

“Visitor time is from 3 p.m. till 7 p.m., Sir.”

Harvey looked at his watch. “That gives us a few more hours if you want. It’s your decision. I know that yesterday had happened a lot. If you need some time alone, I understand.”

Mike thought about it for a moment but his empty apartment held no appeal for him.

“Can I stay a little longer, Sir?”

Harvey smiled. “Of course. Is there something you want to do specifically?”

“Just being with you is fine. Or do you have something in mind, Sir? I would do anything for you.”

For a moment, Harvey shifted through his mental folder of possibilities before he found one he liked.

“Yesterday you gave me the strong impression that you liked to have something in your mouth you can suck on. So, how about I give you your first lesson in how to suck me off? Would you like that, Mike?”

Mike’s face lit up like a Christmas tree and a faint blush crept over his face right down to his throat. Harvey could see that Mike’s dick also seemed to like the idea since he went from a semi into a full hard-on within seconds.

“Yes, Sir. I would like that very much.”

His sweet little sub was so eager and Harvey couldn’t help himself. He reached out and ruffled Mike’s hair. Then he stood up and went to the middle of the room.

“Come here and bring your pillow.”

As soon as Mike was kneeling in front of him, wrists placed at the small of his back like he had been instructed previously, Harvey shifted into his Dom-pose, back straight, chin up and shoulders back, suddenly radiating an aura of power.

“Eyes up here, Mike.”

When the blue eyes with the huge pupils met his, he continued to set the rules.

“This is for me, Mike, for my pleasure only. You are not allowed to touch yourself or pleasure yourself in any other way while you suck me. And I haven’t decided yet if I will allow you to come today. I, on the other hand, have every intention of coming since you are a little ahead of me in that department after last night.”

Mike nodded but Harvey thought that he could detect a flicker of disappointment in Mike’s gaze. One would have thought that after last night’s punishment he wouldn’t want to come for the whole next week, but obviously that wasn’t the case. Well, his puppy had to learn some self-restraint sooner or later.
“I will tell you exactly what to do until I’m satisfied that you won’t accidentally bite my dick off. Since you like being given instructions, that should suit you just fine. When I’m content that you’ve obtained the needed skills, you will get my permission to get creative. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir. Can I ask a question, Sir?”

Harvey nodded his permission.

“Will I be able to safe word? I mean, since I would have my mouth full and all?”

Harvey was actually a little proud that Mike had come up with that question. Most new subs would’ve missed this problem.

“I will not hold your head and fuck your mouth forcefully. Maybe at a later time, when you’ve mastered the necessary skills, but definitely not today. You will be able to pull your mouth off at all times if you need or want to. But for future reference, another way of safewording while having your mouth otherwise occupied is to pinch my thigh or any other appropriate body part of me you can reach at that time. Now, I know that you are concerned about breathing issues. That is why I’m going to instruct you every step of the way. You might be struggling a little at first or even need to gag, but that happens to the best of us. As with everything, this needs practice and I don’t expect you to be perfect. So, are you ready?”

During the speech Mike had started to look less concerned and more like he couldn’t wait to finally get his lips around Harvey’s cock.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

“Good boy!”

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The prospect of getting Harvey’s cock into his mouth was enough for Mike to get him hard in an instant, something he hadn’t thought possible after last night. But his dick seemed to have a short memory. Lucky him. Especially since Harvey had basically told him that he most likely wouldn’t be allowed to do something about it. Well, at least he would be able to taste Harvey and feel him in his mouth. Mike had always liked to use his mouth and his girlfriends had praised his skills in that area. He liked to taste his partners and give them pleasure in every imaginable way and oral sex was a great way to do that.

Now Harvey stood in front of him, back in his Dom-mode and Mike started to shiver in anticipation.

His eyes were firmly fixed on his Dom’s gaze but when Harvey started to unzip his fly, his eyes dropped down to Harvey’s crotch right in front of him. Harvey’s fingers opened the button of his slacks and in one movement he pushed his pants and boxer-briefs down to mid-thigh.

The already half-hard dick of his Dom bounced a little and twitched lightly when it was freed and
Mike gazed at it mesmerized. He could see that the smooth cockhead of the circumcised cock was a few nuances lighter in shade than the shaft. The cock was only a little longer than his own but much thicker and had a slight curve to the right. A thick vein was visible, running along its underside.

Harvey had trimmed his dark pubic hair neatly and shortened it until it was only a few millimeters long. Mike wondered whether the hair would feel scratchy or soft but he wasn’t allowed to touch. Harvey’s balls were as pretty as his cock, if one could call balls pretty. The sack was hairless and the skin firm, not hanging too low and the balls inside were seated symmetrically.

Mike could smell the musky aroma of Harvey’s growing arousal and his mouth began to water like he was a dog and someone had just rang a bell.

Harvey’s fingers briefly petted his head before his face was cupped and his gaze forced upwards to meet his Dom’s eyes.

“I want you to place your hands on my hips to steady yourself. For now you can look at my cock so you can see what you’re doing. Now, open your mouth and stick your tongue out.”

Mike obliged immediately and Harvey shuffled a little closer to him. The Dom’s right hand gripped the cock at its base and the smooth head was rubbed over his tongue.

“I want you to lick it. Just the head and make your tongue soft and broad. Ah… yes, that’s it. Just like that.”

Harvey tasted mostly of clean skin and a little salty as well, since his morning shower hadn’t been that long ago. Mike wondered how Harvey would taste after a day’s work when his natural flavor could have developed itself.

“Now, stiffen the tip of your tongue and tease the slit. You liked that very much when I did it to you last night so you know how good that feels. Yes, exactly like this. You are my good boy. Ahhhh! Very good.”

Mike could taste the first drop of pre-come on the tip of his tongue as he pushed it playfully against the slit in the smooth and now spit-slick cockhead. The taste, salty and bitter but with a hint of sweetness as well, was as arousing as he remembered it from yesterday and his own cock began to twitch with want between his slightly spread thighs. For a brief second he wondered when he would start to drip. He knew from past experience that after this exercise was over there would be most likely a wet puddle on Harvey’s floor from his own leaking dick. But then, Harvey had said that he liked how wet Mike got, so there was no need to be embarrassed about that.

The soft touch of fingers in his hair brought Mike back to his task. “Now I want you to trail your tongue around the seam of the head but make it soft and broad for now. Yes, very good Mike. You really are a natural. Hmmmm.”

The pleased sigh and Harvey’s hand on his head, not holding him, just providing another connection, felt great and Mike licked his way around the cockhead, first clockwise, then counterclockwise. Every now and then he had to pull off a little to swallow but Harvey let him pick his own pace and never tried to hold him in place or force him in any other way.

“Now open your mouth but guard your teeth. I want you to take the head into your mouth and softly suck on it, like you sucked my thumb yesterday. Your tongue is to stay in place on the underside of the head for now. You know that there is a sensitive spot.”
Mike closed his lips firmly around the smooth flesh and started to suck while he breathed through his nose.

The fingers in his hair started to give him a light scratch as reward and at the same time Harvey’s own breathing picked up noticeably.

“Yes, that’s it. That’s… very good. Now try to swirl your tongue around the head while you keep up the suction. Yessss… just like that. Hmmm. Do that for a few minutes. Try to swallow around my cock but remember your teeth.”

Mike glanced up to Harvey’s face and could see, that his Dom’s head had fallen back slightly, eyes closed. Before he would get caught, he looked back down but the sight of how much Harvey enjoyed his ministrations made Mike smile a little which was no mean feat since his lips were already very stretched. Harvey was really a mouthful even if it was just the cockhead right now. Mike had no idea how the rest of Harvey should fit into his mouth, but he trusted his Dom enough that he wasn’t concerned.

Mike needed to concentrate on what he was doing and coordinating his tongue and his lips, especially when he needed to swallow the quickly accumulating saliva down, was no easy task but somehow he managed although a little saliva found its way beyond his lips and dribbled down his chin. He wasn’t sure if he had permission to take his hand off Harvey’s thigh to wipe it away so he let it be.

“That was very good, Mike. That felt incredible.” Mike could feel his face blush at this praise. He loved it when Harvey told him how good he was and that he was beautiful and his good boy. He wondered briefly where that need for praise and encouragement came from, but then he shrugged this thought off. It was what it was and since Harvey seemed to enjoy praising him and telling him nice things, there was no problem at all.

“I want you to place your tongue once again on the underside of the head and stop sucking. Now, try to relax your jaw.” Harvey’s fingers touched him softly at the right cheek, thumb caressing the taut skin around his stretched lips and then he wiped the saliva away that had dribbled down his chin.

“Take a deep breath trough your nose and relax a little further. Yes, that’s it. I will start to fuck your mouth a little, Mike. Don’t worry, I will push in only a few inches and not the whole way down. You’re far away from being able to deep-throat yet, but that’s okay.” Harvey caressed his cheek with slow circles of his fingertips for a moment to give him time to relax further before he continued with the instructions. “You don't need to do anything right now. Just stay relaxed and breathe through your nose. When you need to swallow, tap my leg once. You can trust me, Mike. I will be very careful.”

Mike looked up at Harvey and blinked once to show him that he understood. Harvey chuckled.

“Okay. Blinking once for yes and twice for no. Very good Mike. So, you ready?”

Mike blinked again.

“For now, continue to look up at me. I want to see how you feel.”

Mike took a deep breath and Harvey shifted his hip forward only an inch. Mike could feel the smooth shaft being pushed into his mouth, sliding in between his moist lips but before it could get uncomfortable, Harvey pulled out again until only the head was in his mouth. Then he repeated the motion slowly. Every push inside was carefully and slowly executed and Mike could see that
Harvey’s whole focus was on his face, ready to pull out at the first sign that Mike might have a problem. When his saliva threatened to choke him, he tapped on Harvey’s leg. Harvey pushed his cock in and then stilled his movements.

“Try to swallow around my cock. I’m not yet in your throat but nevertheless I know this feels weird. Relax your jaw and breathe through your nose. Very good, Mike. Now, press your tongue firmly against the underside of my cock and swallow.”

Mike tried a couple of times put couldn’t make his muscles work around the hot flesh in his mouth. After a few seconds and several futile attempts he began to panic. With one swift movement Harvey pulled out and Mike swallowed down the accumulated moisture in his mouth, throat working hard, and breathing noisily through his nose.

“Are you okay, Mike?” Harvey asked concerned. Mike’s issues regarding his fear of choking seemed to be quite serious if the freaked look in his eyes could be taken as an indicator.

Mike looked up to Harvey, a little panicked. “Yes, Sir. Sorry. I tried but I couldn’t do it. I don’t know why. It was like I had forgotten how to swallow. I’m so sorry, Sir.”

“Mike, there is no need to be sorry. This is new for you and given your issues it is no wonder that this is a little scary. But we’ll figure it out together.”

Mike nodded and Harvey had an idea. He let go of his cock and offered Mike his thumb.

“When you sucked at my thumb yesterday you had no problem swallowing around it although it was quite deep in your mouth.”

Mike opened his mouth invitingly, immediately picking up on what Harvey was suggesting.

When the thumb was deep inside his mouth he sucked a little until his mouth was full of saliva. Then he looked up at Harvey.

“Ready?”

Blink.

“I want you to take your hand and put it on your throat, very lightly. Then swallow. Try to remember how it feels and which muscles you need to work.”

Blink.

Mike’s right hand found its way to his throat and when he swallowed around Harvey’s thumb he could feel the muscles constrict and relax again. He had no problem so he sucked a little longer to repeat the exercise for good measure. This time he focused on the placement of his tongue. When he once again encountered no problem, he pulled his mouth off.

“Do you want to try again, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir. I think I can do it now.”

“All right. But don’t try to force it. I don't want you to panic again.”

“Yes Sir.” Mike opened his mouth again and Harvey took himself in hand and pushed slowly in. When he was inside Mike’s hot wet mouth about one third of his length he stopped.

“You could try to hum a little. It relaxes your throat,” he advised Mike.
Mike tried it and the vibration the vocal chords created had the added bonus that they felt really good around Harvey’s dick. The Dom closed his eyes briefly to enjoy the sensation before he came back to the matter at hand.

“Don’t wait until your mouth is completely full. Try it now. I can feel how much spit is already in your mouth.”

Mike, his hand still at his throat, closed his eyes in concentration, summoning up the memory from before. Then he pressed his tongue firmly against the underside of Harvey’s shaft and willed his throat-muscles to obey, which after only a moment, they did.

“Very good, Puppy.” Harvey pulled out but Mike made a protesting noise and Harvey stopped, cockhead hovering between Mike’s stretched lips.

“Again?”

Blink.

“Okay.” Harvey gave in. His sub seemed to have an ambitious streak but since facing his fears and working through them was a good thing in his opinion he let Mike have his way for now. But of course he had noticed the pushiness. He would simply address the issue later.

The Dom pushed forward once again before he retreated, fucking into Mike’s mouth slowly and in even thrusts, enjoying the sensation of the smooth tongue and the spit-slick lips gliding around his length. When Mike tapped his leg, he stilled and with great effort, Mike swallowed around him once more.

“Very good, Mike. I knew you would get the hang of it soon. Do you want to continue?”

Blink.

Harvey slowly continued to fuck into Mike’s hot wet mouth, increasing the depth of the thrusts slowly, stilling his movements every time Mike tapped his leg, and when he was halfway in he could feel the roof of Mike’s mouth brush against his head. Mike’s hands tightened suddenly on his thighs and the kid started to push him off, once again panic showing in his eyes. Harvey obliged, pulled out all the way and looked down at Mike, fisting his slick cock with lazy strokes to keep up the stimulation.

The sub was panting heavily and Harvey could see that he was fighting against his gag-reflex. His left hand continued to pet Mike’s head to calm him down a little.

“I think that is enough for now. We don’t want to overdo it.”

After a few moments, Mike could breathe normally again. “It felt weird, Sir and I almost gagged,” Mike tried to explain what had happened.

“That’s okay Mike, I know that I’m a mouthful. We can try it again next time. For today you did very well. I’m quite impressed with your progress.”

Harvey caressed his cheek with his left hand while his right hand continued to jerk himself with slow movements.

“Do you think that you can make me come with what you’ve learned today?”

Mike broke out into an eager grin. “Yes, Sir. I think a can do that.”
“All right. Here are your rules. You can touch my cock and my balls with your hands as well as with your mouth. You’re not allowed to touch my hole or my crack, in fact anything behind my balls is out of bounds. And you will not try to take me deeper than halfway down. I don’t want you to gag or accidentally throw up. I know that you’re ambitious but that would kill the mood. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.” Mike couldn’t hide his enthusiasm.

“If you can get me off in the next 15 minutes I will allow you to make yourself come afterwards.”

Now Mike’s happy face reminded Harvey of a kid in a candy store. “Thank you, Sir.”

“What?”

“Green, Sir.”

That were the last words Mike would say in the foreseeable future. Of course he would try everything to make Harvey come in time, no incentive needed, although being allowed to come was a nice reward as well. Harvey might be the king of self-control but when Mike really set his sights on something he usually was able to succeed. And he really wanted to make Harvey lose his sh*t.

Harvey’s cock felt warm and heavy in his hand and Mike tried to remember which moves worked best on himself.

He bent down a little and licked Harvey’s balls before he started to suckle softly at them, copying Harvey’s actions from the last night. When he heard the first soft moans from above, he licked his way across the underside of the shaft, trailing the prominent vein with the tip of his tongue and then licked across the smooth head before he took it into his mouth and started to suckle softly while he pressed the tip of his tongue against the slit. He could taste the drops of pre-come spilling out of it in a slow stream now.

When he glanced up, Harvey had tipped his head back, eyes firmly closed to better appreciate Mike’s efforts while his mouth was slightly open. The Dom’s right hand lay lightly on Mike’s head while his left was hanging loosely at his side, fingers slightly curled but relaxed.

Mike shifted his attentions back to the cock in front of him and teased it relentlessly with his tongue while his hand started to fondle Harvey’s balls. This seemed to push one of his Dom’s buttons since the breathing suddenly got much louder and another lengthy moan sounded above him.

During the next minutes Mike tried everything Harvey had shown him while Harvey held absolutely still, even when Mike tried to swallow him down. Mike could reach again about halfway down until the cockhead brushed against the back of his mouth and he had to pull off before he would start to gag.

How did all the porn-stars do it? There must be a trick to it. Maybe he should watch a little porn to figure it out. But watching porn without being allowed to rub one out would be sort of pointless. His cock might appreciate some pain, but he was sure that blue balls weren’t at the top of his kink-list.

When he noticed that his mind lost focus on the task at hand (mouth) he tried to get himself back on track.

While he was doing his best to make Harvey come, Harvey’s moans got a little louder, his
breathing more labored and at one point his left hand balled into a fist, all the while a steady trickle of pre-come was leaking out of the slit much to Mike’s delight.

But other than that, he showed no inclination that he would be coming within the set timeframe. With a little frustrated huff Mike increased his efforts, slurping noisily as he worked his tongue around Harvey’s big cock, alternating between suction and stimulation with his tongue while his hands worked the shaft and balls, but no dice.

“Your time is up, Puppy!” Harvey sounded smug if a little strained and out of breath.

Mike let the cock pop out of his mouth, looking up shamefacedly at his Dom barely able to hold back the signs of his disappointment. He had tried so hard to make Harvey lose his precious self-control but he just hadn’t been good enough.

“I’m so sorry Sir that I failed you,” he whispered, his face red with embarrassment.

Harvey gave him a self-satisfied grin. “You didn’t fail, Mike. I could’ve come anytime during the last 5 minutes if I had wanted to. You did really well.” When he saw Mike’s indignant look at that statement, he smiled even more, the laughter lines around his eyes increasing. “Told you Puppy. It’s all about self-control.”

Mike huffed a little but didn’t dare speak his mind. All of a sudden the embarrassment was gone and he felt angry. Angry at himself for failing but even angrier at Harvey for making him fail. The words that lay on the tip of his tongue would assuredly plunge him once more into deep shit with his Dom, so he swallowed them down with difficulty. But obviously Harvey could see his thoughts on his face as clearly as if he had spoken them.

“Someone is a sore loser.” Harvey’s voice had lost the amused undertone and sounded strangely devoid of emotion.

His face was cupped by strong hands, forcing him to look up at Harvey whose expression had now become very stern.

“Whether you like to admit it or not Mike, but you want me to be in control. You want and you need me to put you in your place. So suck it up and now suck me off. And I want you to swallow every last drop of my come. Is that understood, Michael?” Maybe his Dom-voice would snap the kid out of it. And Mike liked his come so being ordered to waste not a drop and swallow it all should be a consolation prize.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Color?”

“Green…Sir.”

The crease between Harvey’s brows became more pronounced when the Dom noticed the slight hesitation before Mike added the Sir and Mike knew that he shouldn’t push Harvey any more although right now, he really wanted to.

“Then open your mouth and get to it,” his Dom instructed him harshly and Mike didn’t dare to disobey. He leaned forward a little and guided Harvey’s cock back between his lips, swallowing down his anger along with Harvey’s cock.

Harvey hadn’t bragged. After only a minute of sucking and licking, Harvey’s breath became louder and his hips began to shift a little, unable to remain still.
“Ahhh, now Mike,” he moaned and then Mike’s mouth was filled with Harvey’s come, the first spurt splattering deep into his throat, making him nearly gag, before the force of the streaming sperm ceased a little. Mike sucked and swallowed as much as he could, but he could feel that some of it dribbled out of the corner of his mouth. Harvey had noticed to and used his thumb to collect it from Mike’s chin. When Harvey’s orgasm had ebbed he pulled out and popped his thumb into Mike’s mouth so he could suck up the remaining come so that not a drop would be wasted.

Although Harvey was the one who had climaxed just now he seemed to recuperate sooner than Mike, who was still a little dazed after having performed his first blowjob ever. Harvey pulled up his pants, zipped up and went back to the couch where he sat himself down, leaving Mike behind on his knees in the middle of the room.

“Mike, come here!” He pointed at the spot at his feet.

Mike stood up shakily and went obediently to Harvey, dropping his pillow at the indicated place and dropping to his knees once more.

“You can sit back down on your heels, Mike.”

Harvey’s hand guided his head towards his thigh and at first Mike relaxed against it. Harvey’s fingers began to rub through his hair and massaged his scalp and Mike closed his eyes for a moment and reveled in this feeling of being petted and in the memory of Harvey shooting his come into his mouth. Exhaustion began to claim him and his eyelids started to drop but his other emotions soon canceled all this nice feeling out and the restlessness and frustration was back. He couldn’t get rid of the slowly growing tension in his shoulders and neck, like his mind fought against the relaxation Harvey’s petting would bring him. And Harvey picked up on that.

“How do you feel, Mike?” Harvey sounded a little concerned, like he could feel that something was up.

Mike hesitated. He was still angry and disappointed and although he had made Harvey come he’d gained no real satisfaction from that since it had been on Harvey’s terms and not on his own. So he only shrugged, not wanting to put his feelings into words.

“Don’t you shrug at me, boy. I asked you a question and I expect an honest answer.” Harvey wouldn’t let it slide, wouldn’t give him a way out.

“What do you think how I should feel? Frustrated of course.” Harvey had demanded total honesty so that’s what he would get.

“And why is that Mike.” Harvey’s voice was neutral and calm, the opposite of how Mike’s voice had sounded, but some warning bells started to ring loudly in Mike’s subconscious. Sadly, he choose to ignore his instincts.

“I did my best, really I did. But you set me an impossible task, knowing that I couldn’t make you come if you didn’t want to, and that seems a little unfair to me. Like you had cheated. Like you wanted to see me fail so you could gloat and revel in your superiority.”

Harvey sighed indignantly. “Mike, I can understand that you’re a little frustrated right now, but that orgasm you seem to think I have cheated you out of was never yours to begin with. It is my decision if you get to come or not. You have agreed to that and now you need to learn to accept it as well, or the next few weeks will be hell for you. As long as you think I owe you your orgasms or that they are rightfully yours, you haven’t submitted properly. And I can’t have that. So, for today and tomorrow you are not allowed to touch yourself in a pleasurable way or to make yourself come
in any other way. And you’re not allowed to beg me for permission either or to try to initiate anything like that. Do you understand that, Mike?”

“Yes. I understand.” He couldn’t keep the sulky undertone out of his voice as he forced the words out through clenched teeth. And as sure as hell, Harvey wouldn’t let it slide. Not this time.

“Michael, snap out of it or I will put you over my knee and spank it out of you. And don’t think that it will feel as good as it felt yesterday.”

The formerly stroking fingers in his hair took a tight grip at his short strands and forced his head back, making him look up at Harvey’s face. When he couldn’t hide the resentment and anger he felt, Harvey seemed to have enough.

“All right, that’s it.” Harvey stood up and grabbed Mike’s wrist, dragging him towards a corner of the large living room. Unfortunately it was a corner without glass-walls.

The pillow was thrown down with barely concealed anger and then a strong hand on his shoulder pushed him down.

“Down! On your knees. Back in upright position. Hands behind your head, elbows out. Stay! If you want to behave like a sulky child, I will treat you like a child. And don’t you dare move. Not a muscle and don’t say a word. That spanking isn’t off the table and you don’t want to accumulate any more strikes than you’re already getting.”

Mike faced the wall and assumed the position. He could feel Harvey still standing behind him, clearly angry but Mike was so angry himself and his cock still painfully hard. It had yet to catch up with what was happening.

Then Harvey’s footsteps retreated and Mike was left alone with only a blank wall to stare at.

Shit! How had he gone from performing his first blowjob to his first corner-time in just under 5 minutes?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

As always, all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own. This story isn’t beta-read and I don’t own the characters of Suits. All references and quotes should be seen as an homage to the show and no copyright infringement is intended.

I would very much like to read your comments and Kudos is always appreciated.
Chapter Summary

Mike has maneuvered himself into a corner and Harvey is more than willing to show him a way out of it. But there is a prize Mike has to pay.

Chapter Notes

This chapter doesn’t contain porn (the poor guys needed some rest) but Mike has another punishment coming.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike was fuming inside. In fact, he was spitting mad at Harvey.

This was so unfair. He couldn’t help that he felt betrayed and played. Why had Harvey dangled the orgasms, his own and the Dom’s, in front of his nose when he never had planned to let him succeed? Why set him up to do an impossible task, knowing from the get go, that Mike had a snowballs chance in hell of actually achieving his goal?

Mike had been fine with the blowjob being just for Harvey and not being allowed to touch himself, not allowed to come. Really. It had been okay, well… sort of. But when his Dom had offered him the 15-minute deal only to see Mike fail, and that smug smile on his handsome, composed face when he told him that it was all about self-control… arghh!

He was so furious at Harvey right now. How could he do that to him? He must know that it would hurt him. And telling him that he behaved like a child and making him kneel in the corner. He was a grown man, damn it! If he wouldn’t be kneeling he would’ve stomped his foot in frustration or thrown something across the room or screamed his rage at Harvey.

Mike blinked when his mind waved a red flag at him and a thought started to niggle at the edge of all that rage.

Stomping and screaming and throwing stuff would be… kinda childish.

Yeah, shit!

Mike slowly exhaled, trying to break the cycle of thoughts and emotions that threatened to get out of control. Instead, he applied a technique his therapist had shown him, when he had been made to go into therapy after his parents had died and his anger-issues had seriously gotten out of hand. He tried to focus on his breathing, letting the air in and out in a steady stream, picturing how it filled his lungs.

When he finally got a little calmer, he focused on how his knees felt (sore), the fabric of the pillow against his skin (soft), the skin of his knuckles under his fingertips (a little rough, he should moisturize more like Jenny had told him so often). After a while the spinning in his head slowed
down. Well, not the thoughts but the accompanying emotions that had threatened to overwhelm him got a little less overwhelming.

This technique was something his therapist had taught him and later, when he’d studied psych at Columbia he’d learned the science behind all that.

The negative emotions were generated in one part of the brain, the limbic system with the amygdala. Sometimes, when everything seemed to be spinning out of control, it helped to stimulate another part of your brain, the pre-frontal cortex, to calm the amygdala down and the emotions, especially fear and rage, would become more manageable.

Mike had learned during therapy that focusing on sensations on his skin helped. Ice-cubes were pretty helpful but not always available when needed. Other stimuli to his senses, like strong smells or tastes could help to calm him down a little as well. For a while back then his Grammy had bought him extra sour bubblegum which he was supposed to put in his mouth every time he felt like he might be overwhelmed by his rage. It had actually managed to break the cycle of his spinning emotions enough to use another technique. Dissecting emotions, really thinking about why he felt them and what had caused them, was another way to override the amygdala and calm it down. So that was what he did next.

Okay, think Mike. What had just happened? Focus just on the facts for now.

He had asked Harvey if he could stay a little longer. Harvey had agreed and offered him to teach him how to suck him off. Mike had liked that very much and Harvey had set as a rule that Mike wasn’t allowed to touch himself. And he had stated that it wasn’t decided yet if Mike was allowed to come today. Mike had agreed and at that time it really had been fine. After all, he had consented to the whole orgasm delay / denial thing and he could see the point that Harvey wanted to use this in his training. And, to tell the truth, it was hot as hell that Harvey had that kind of control over him. So, why had he flipped suddenly?

Mike went on replaying the scene in his mind. Harvey had instructed him how to blow him and that had been really hot. The instructions as much as the feeling and taste of Harvey’s cock in his mouth.

And the fact that he had been kneeling and naked while Harvey had been almost completely clothed and towering over him in the middle of the open room. The power Harvey had displayed and his own vulnerability.

But he had never felt vulnerable or alone even so he probably should have, but instead he had felt always cared for and safe. He needn’t to be strong or powerful because Harvey was that for both of them. He could be weak as a kitten and Harvey would always make sure that he was safe.

And the fact that, if only in the first part of the lesson, his sole task had been to do as he was told, no decision making necessary, that had been also very nice and peaceful, like if he only followed Harvey’s instructions, he couldn’t go wrong, couldn’t fail.

And then, when he hadn’t been able to swallow around Harvey’s thick cock in his mouth. The way Harvey had dealt with that situation. How he had immediately picked up on Mike’s trouble and how he had come up with a solution all the while soothing him and telling him that everything was alright and he wasn’t a failure. That had felt so great. He could really rely on Harvey to take care of him, trust him to pick up on when he was in trouble and what he was feeling.

A warm sensation blossomed in his chest when he thought back to his own emotions when Harvey had taught him how to swallow around him, his patience seemingly endless.
And suddenly it dawned on Mike that he had been pushing his Dom when he had insisted that they try it over and over again. Which he wasn’t allowed. The rule was that he would take what Harvey would give him when he gave it to him. No begging or pushing allowed. And yet, Harvey had indulged him, had let himself be pushed by Mike. And he hadn’t even scolded him for that. Surely Harvey must have noticed at the time, even when Mike himself hadn’t. He had been so intent on getting it right, so focused on the task in front of him, that he had lost sight of the bigger picture.

Maybe setting Mike up had been the punishment for his earlier transgression. Mouthy and pushy Harvey had called him. And he was right, of course he was. Mike was mouthy and pushy and needy.

Mike went on in his reminiscence of the blowjob. Harvey had given him card Blanche, well except for his ass, and dangled the carrot (orgasm) in front of his nose as an incentive so Mike would give it his best shot. But he would’ve done that anyway, orgasm or no orgasm. And suddenly, everything had changed.

When Mike thought back at that moment, he suddenly picked up on how his own contentment with the situation had shifted. His ambitious streak, buried under a lot of bad decisions, tons of low self-esteem and several years of weed-consummation had suddenly flared up and lit a hungry fire deep inside of him and suddenly everything had been about winning.

He had wanted to show Harvey that he could do it. That he had learned and could remember everything his Dom had taught him. He so desperately had wanted to be a good sub for Harvey, to show him that he was worthy of his attention and his kindness and maybe even his… no, better not go there.

And when he couldn’t get Harvey off within the set timeframe, he hadn’t been disappointed that he wouldn’t be allowed to come. He had been mad at himself for not being able to make Harvey feel good. For being a failure once again. For not being good enough for his beautiful, awe-inspiring Dom. He had felt so bad about that and Harvey, instead of comforting him, had mocked him.

But had he really? Mocked him? Or had it just felt that way in that moment because he had felt so bad about himself? Mike tried to remember Harvey’s words as well as the tone of voice.

“You didn’t fail, Mike. I could’ve come anytime during the last 5 minutes if I had wanted to. You did really well.”

Harvey hadn’t mocked him. And he had told him that he had done well and didn’t fail. But Mike had only focused on the negative, on not having been able to push Harvey over the edge.

“Whether you like to admit it or not Mike, but you want me to be in control. You want and you need me to put you in your place.”

And Harvey had stayed in control when he hadn’t allowed Mike to make him come within the 15 minutes. It had been a display of his control and power. It had been meant to show Mike that his Dom was the one who called the shots. And Mike needed that. Needed to know that Harvey was able to control Mike and himself at all times.

So basically, what had gotten him so mad was, that Harvey had stayed in control and Mike hadn’t been able to take it away from him. But wasn’t that what submitting was all about? Giving up control and handing it over to your Dom?

Mike groaned inwardly. It had been a lesson and he had been too stupid to understand it. Instead of accepting that Harvey truly held all the power and he himself could truly let go and just trust that
his Dom would take care of everything, he had taken it as a challenge, had gotten ambitious and had gotten so riled up that he had accused his Dom of cheating and cruelty.

And he had refused to call him Sir. He had wanted to punish Harvey when he’d deliberately left out the honorific title. He wanted Harvey to hurt the same way he himself had hurt. Quid pro quo. An eye for an eye. Or that’s what he’d thought at the moment.

*Stupid, stupid, stupid! Pushy, needy stupid Mike. No wonder everyone leaves you. You’re a worthless piece of shit and Harvey is better off without you.*

Mike swallowed hard when the negative inner voices pushed all rational thoughts away, the amygdala once more firmly in charge of his brain, and this time with a vengeance.

And now Harvey was mad at him. Really and truly mad. He had told him that he was like a child and put him in this corner. He wasn’t even allowed to tell Harvey that he was sorry. That he understood now.

Shit! How could he make amends? What could he do to make Harvey like him again? What if Harvey had enough of him after this display of all his bad habits? The thought made Mike cringe inwardly.

But he couldn’t do anything right now. If he spoke, even to tell Harvey that he was so sorry, he would break another rule. No, he had to stay here, stay silent and wait for Harvey. He was powerless, helpless to remedy the situation. He had to accept that he had no control whatsoever about this situation and it felt awful. Now he really felt like a child. Naked and vulnerable and not in control and the world all of a sudden a scary, cold and lonely place. And his Dom was not nearby to catch him from falling down into that bottomless pit of self-loathing and loneliness.

Mike started to tremble, not from the exhaustion of his knees and thighs, but from the onslaught of all the negative emotions he couldn’t keep at bay anymore. He tried to breathe only through his nose to calm himself down like he had done before but his eyes started tearing up and his nose began to produce snot and he couldn’t get enough oxygen in. So he opened his mouth and took large gulps of air in, while his tears silently started to flow over his cheeks and dripped from his chin down onto his heaving chest. He felt so lonely and cold right now.

Suddenly a strong arm wound itself around his chest and he was pulled back against a firm warm body.

“Shhhhh! I’ve got you. Everything is all right. Just let go.”

He leaned back, no longer able to support himself and let his head drop against his Dom’s shoulder. Harvey, who had knelt behind him, shifted back and sat down, pulling Mike between his spread legs so that he could sit down between the V-shape they made, bare ass on the cold floor.

He couldn’t hold back the tears, couldn’t make them stop and Harvey seemed to understand that he needed to get them out of his system. He pulled Mike around, so that he could bury his face in the crook of Harvey’s neck and just held him tight, comforting him with his warmth and touch and smell.

The crying went on for a long time but Harvey never tried to stop him, never told him to pull himself together, and never scolded him for wetting his nice shirt with tears and snot. He just held him in his arms and rocked him a little like one would rock a child, and waited patiently until Mike had cried himself out.
A lot of pent-up emotion needed to be processed and it hurt like a bitch. Under normal circumstances Mike would’ve smoked some weed to numb himself so having to deal with an avalanche of feelings like this was something he wasn’t used to anymore.

“Let go Mike, let it all go. I’m here and everything will be fine. Just let it all out.” Harvey’s voice was like a lifeline Mike could cling to and suddenly it burst out of him.

“I’m so sorry, Harvey. Please forgive me. Please, Sir. Please!” His voice was raw from all the crying and his throat hurt. And underneath it all he was aware how he must look. All red and blotchy and with snot coming out of his nose.

“It’s all right, Mike. Just calm down. Everything is gonna be all right.” A handkerchief appeared miraculously almost like Harvey had read his thoughts and Mike blew his nose noisily.

“Please say you forgive me, Sir. Please!” Mike couldn’t stop begging now that he was finally allowed to speak.

“Yes, Mike. I forgive you. But you need to calm down now. You’re trembling.”

“I’m cold.” He had meant it metaphorically but as soon as he’d muttered the words Mike became aware that he really felt like he was freezing.

Harvey patted his back lightly, noticing the goosebumps on Mike’s skin. “Okay Puppy, time to get up. The floor is getting a tad uncomfortable.” But Mike held onto him, not willing to lose the connection between them.

Harvey waited a moment and brushed his lips soothingly over Mike’s temple. “Mike, let go. We need to get you off the floor. Your skin is very cold and I need to get you warmed up.”

Mike looked up at Harvey and was rewarded with an encouraging little smile. He willed his fingers to let go of Harvey’s shirt and together they slowly stood up. Harvey guided him toward the couch and when Mike wanted to drop to his knees in front of it Harvey stopped him.

“Sit down on the couch, Mike.” After Mike had taken a seat he turned around and got the bathrobe that was still lying on the chair at the breakfast bar.

“Put the robe on, Mike. You’ve got goosebumps all over.”

Mike obeyed and then pushed his hands between his closed thighs, shoulders slightly hunched over, looking down at the floor, still so ashamed about his behavior and his tears and everything really that he couldn’t bear to look up at Harvey. He could sense a little bit of snot dribbling out of his nose and sniffled noisily not daring to wipe his nose on the sleeve of Harvey’s robe. The handkerchief he had balled up in his fist was already sodden and of no use.

Another handkerchief appeared in his line of sight and he cleaned himself up as best as he could, balling the drenched thing up into another ball when he was finished and shoving both into the pocket of the robe.

Harvey sat down beside him and then guided Mike down, so that he was laying on his back, his head resting in Harvey’s lap, looking up at his Dom’s face while his hair was petted by Harvey’s strong fingers in sure and even strokes.

Harvey made sure that the fluffy robe covered Mike up completely and then swiped his thumb over his cheekbone, wiping the last remnants of his tears away.
“Can you tell me what got you so riled up? Why you behaved so willfully?” Harvey’s voice sounded very soft and concerned and not reproachful at all.

Nevertheless, new tears of shame threatened to spill out of Mike’s eyes and he had to swallow them down with difficulty.

“Mike, I want to understand what just happened and for that I need your help. I can read you good enough to get that you’d been angry with me, but frankly, I’ve no idea what triggered that.”

The look in Harvey’s eyes wasn’t one of impatience, or pity or even anger. No, Harvey looked at him with open curiosity and a little concern but under it all Mike could see a deep fondness, and that gave him hope. Maybe Harvey wouldn’t give up on him yet.

“I’m sorry, Sir.” His voice was almost a whisper, rough after the crying.

“Yes, Mike. I can see that. But I need to understand what pissed you off in the first place. So please explain. I want to know what makes you tick so we can avoid a meltdown like this in the future.”

“I was stupid and didn’t understand why you were doing it. But now I do.”

“Okay Mike. But I need a little more details. What was going on in that head of yours? And you’re not stupid Mike. You just have a very unique way of seeing things.”

Mike snorted a little. If ever there was a backhanded compliment, this had to be it.

“It wasn’t about not being allowed to come. Not really anyway. It’s about having failed you, Sir.”

Harvey’s brown eyes looked confused down at him. “Mike, you haven’t failed me. And I never said that you did. In fact, you did incredibly well for your first time. I told you that you’re a natural at this. And nobody is perfect the first time around anyway. But you really made me feel so good and I’m very proud of you.”

“But I couldn’t make you come in time, Sir. I couldn’t make you lose control.”

Harvey’s face took on a pensive expression.

“Mike, do you know why I haven’t allowed myself to come within the time limit, although I have to admit that you gave me quite a challenge?”

“Yes, Sir. I think I get that now. But I didn’t back then. Then, it felt like you had set me up to fail and that hurt so much. Made me feel so small and worthless, when all I wanted was to show you that I could do it, that I could be your good sub and make it so good for you that you couldn’t control yourself anymore. And you took that away from me and it felt like you rubbed my nose in it to humiliate me.”

The look in Harvey’s eyes became a little stern, like something suddenly had become clear to him and he didn’t particularly like it.

“Mike, have your ever read or heard the expression *topping from the bottom*?”

The sub shifted through his mental library until he found it. “It means that the submissive party in a Dom / sub relationship tries to control a situation or a scene or even the whole relationship through means of manipulation, persuasion, seduction or provocation.” Mike’s eyes grew wide when realization hit him. “Oh…!”
“Yes, Mike, oh!”

“Please, Sir. I didn’t mean to. I didn’t even knew until now that I had been trying.”

“But you wanted me to lose control, didn’t you Mike? That’s why you acted out when you couldn’t achieve it.”

“Yes, but… it’s not like this. I just wanted you to enjoy yourself.”

“No Mike, you wanted to be in control. Whether you actually were aware of that at the time doesn’t matter. Fact is that this is not submitting. And this can’t happen again, ever. I won’t allow it.”

Mike’s eyes had become very wide and Harvey could see all the different emotions in his face as he tried to come to grips with this revelation. After a few moments Harvey could feel Mike’s whole body becoming lax, like he was utterly defeated and he could see new tears well up under Mike’s now closed eyelids. Mike had turned his face away from Harvey but the Dom wouldn’t allow any avoidance. This matter needed to be dealt with now.

“Look at me, Michael.” His palm lay on Mike’s cheek and with a little pressure he forced Mike’s head around, so he would face him.

“What are you thinking right now, Michael?”

“That I’ve failed you even more than I thought. That I have tried to control you and that you have every right to be angry.” Mike swallowed down hard. “And that I would understand it if you’d sent me away now.” Mike looked like he’d given up, like every remnant of fight he might have left was now gone along with every hope of happiness and Harvey’s heart melted a little. This was submission in its purest, most raw form but it was not born out of trust and love and thus painful to watch.

Harvey bent down and placed a chaste kiss on his forehead. “Michael, I need you to get something in this genius brain of yours so you better listen up. I’m not going to send you away or leave you!”

“But…”

“No, Mike. No but. We started this roughly a week ago and I’m your first Dom. You’ve never done this before and although I’m sure that you know all the facts about BDSM, that doesn’t actually mean that you know what you’re doing. You’re a rookie and allowed to make mistakes. You’re even allowed to repeat your mistakes as long as I’m convinced that you didn’t do it on purpose. That’s why we have punishment, Michael. So you can learn from your mistakes. If you were perfect there would be no need for that. So stop thinking that I would cut you lose after every mistake. Trust me, Mike! I’m not going anywhere.”

During this little speech Mike’s eyes had lost a little of their forlorn and hopeless expression.

“I’m trying, Sir. I want to trust you so much, and most times I do. It's just, every time something good happens to me it doesn’t last. I guess I’m just waiting for the other shoe to drop.”

“I won’t allow it to drop, Mike. Not this time.”

Mike smiled a little. “I believe you, Sir.”

“So, Mike, do you understand now why I didn’t allow myself to come when you blew me?”
“To show me that I couldn’t take over control? That you were in charge?”

“That is one reason but not the main one. I wanted to show you that you can depend on my self-control. No matter if I’m inflicting pain on you for play, or if I’m punishing you or if we’re having rough hot sex, I will only lose control if I allow myself to lose control. I wanted to show you that, so you could feel safe with me. So you’d know that you could let yourself go because I will always be there and catch you, no matter what.”

“Yes Sir. I understand that now. I’m sorry I doubted your motives and thought you were cheating and wanted me to feel bad. And I’m sorry that I didn’t call you Sir.”

“You did that on purpose?” Harvey sighed when Mike nodded his head. “Well, I guess we’re bound to encounter a few bumps in the road along the way. But next time, before you get upset, try talk to me. You could use yellow to signal to me that something’s going on. Then we could talk without you earning a punishment.”

“Yes, Sir. I’ll try to remember that. And I’m sorry that I doubted you and tried to manipulate you.”

“I’m sorry too. I never wanted to make you feel bad. On the contrary.”

Suddenly, a huge yawn escaped Mike before he could cover his mouth and Harvey could see how exhausted Mike was from dealing with all his pent up emotions and all the drama.

“Now, close your eyes and try to take a nap. I can see that you’re exhausted from all this. I wake you in a little while.” His voice let no room for argument and for once, Mike seemed more than happy to obey his Dom without question.

Harvey reached out the get the blanket from the other side of the couch and spread it over Mike, making sure that his feet were tucked in. Then Harvey picked up the remote and turned on the TV, setting the speakers on low. His fingers then resumed the petting of Mike’s hair and within minutes, Mike fell asleep, his world once more safe and warm.

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“Mike, wake up.”

He could feel Harvey’s legs shift under his head and a hand touched his cheek. Slowly, he opened his eyes, blinking up at Harvey’s face.

“If you want to be with your Grammy at 3 pm you need to get up now.”

Mike yawned but remembered this time to cover his mouth with his hand. Then he smacked his lips, becoming aware that his mouth was very dry. He shifted into an upright position, shrugged the blanket off and then stood up to get himself something to drink. Remembering just in time, he looked down at the still sitting Harvey.

“Please, Sir. Can I have something to drink? I’m very thirsty.”

Harvey met his eyes, clearly liking what he saw in his sub’s demure expression.

“Yes. Of course Mike. Bottled water is in the fridge. You can help yourself. And be so good and
fetch one bottle for me as well.”

Mike complied and they both drank thirstily. Then Harvey pointed to the pillow beside his feet and Mike dropped down to his knees.

“You can sit back, Mike. But we need to take care of one more thing before you go home.”

Mike was curious, not knowing what Harvey meant.

“Although I know now that it was a misunderstanding which led you to behaving badly, I promised you a spanking for your sullen behavior. And you need to know that I make good on my promises. All my promises.”

Mike opened his mouth in protest but Harvey’s stern gaze made him think better of it and he pressed his lips firmly shut again.

Harvey nodded satisfied. “You probably think that the corner time was enough punishment but I beg to differ. The corner time was meant to give you time to cool off so you could think about your behavior. And it did the trick. But before that, I told you that I would spank the attitude out of you and I can’t go back on that. You need to know that you can rely on everything I say, the nice things as well as the not so nice so I have to follow through, for my sake as well as for yours.”

Harvey tapped on his left knee. “Drop the robe and position yourself over my knee.”

Mike wanted to argue, wanted to beg and plead but in the end he decided that Harvey was right. He needed to know that he could rely on Harvey, no matter what the circumstances were. He needed this punishment to earn Harvey’s forgiveness as well as being able to let go of his mistake himself.

Harvey was studying his face while Mike slowly shrugged the warm fabric off. As he bent himself over Harvey’s knee he felt vulnerable and safe at the same time. In this position, his face was pressed against the cool leather of the couch and he could feel how Harvey trapped his legs between his own, so he would stay in position.

“I want you to put your arms behind your back, left wrist grabbed by your right hand.”

Mike obeyed and when his hands rested on the small of his back, he had no more leverage to shift away, solely dependent on Harvey to keep him in position.

Like the night before, Harvey placed one warm palm high up on his back between his shoulder blades, but this time it felt like the purpose of the hand was to hold him down and if needs be by force. The other hand slowly rubbed over his ass.

“Does it still hurt from yesterday?” Harvey wanted to know.

For a brief second Mike wanted to lie so that maybe Harvey would go easy on him. It would have been so easy to fall back into old habits, to take the easy way out. But he caught himself just in time. After all, he wanted to become a better person and get rid of his bad habits.

“No, Sir. The pain is barely noticeable anymore.”

“We will change that,” his Dom promised. “Tell me why I need to put you over my knee, Mike.”

“Because you told me to stop my sullen behavior and I didn’t obey. I was angry at you and instead of talking to you about it, I was rude and didn’t call you Sir on purpose.”
“How many times did you fail to address me properly, Mike? I know that you know the answer.”

Mike thought back for a moment. “It was three times, Sir.”

“And why did you fail to address me as Sir?”

“Because I was mad at you and wanted you to know that and I wanted to hurt you. I’m sorry, Sir. I should’ve trusted you more.”

“Alright Mike. Let’s put this behind us. You get three strikes for every time you failed to address me properly and one strike for your shitty attitude in general, which makes it a nice round number. No warm-up. Tell me your color.”

“It’s green Sir.”

The analytic part of Mike’s mind was interested how this spanking would be different from yesterday’s play. Surely, slaps from a hand couldn’t feel so different. And only 10 slaps would be a piece of cake compared to the more than thirty he had taken for Harvey yesterday. Surely, Harvey only wanted to make a point without actually hurting him much. This punishment was only for show, of that Mike was quite certain.

“You will count each strike but otherwise I want you silent. No moans, no shouts and no talking,” Harvey instructed and then, before he could prepare himself mentally, the first strike hit home.

Mike could feel immediately that Harvey had put the full force of his arm behind that strike and for a moment, the sharp blossoming pain in his right cheek took his breath away.

“One,” he was barely able to pant out.

Fuck! How could a hand hurt so much? All of a sudden he became aware how easy Harvey had gone on him yesterday, how much he’d held himself back to ease Mike into the pain-play.

Then the next strike hit him at the exact same spot. This was a world away from the playful spanking Harvey had introduced him to yesterday. This felt so much worse. But beneath all the pain a low flicker of arousal surged through Mike and his dick, formerly relaxed from his nap, stiffened slightly and his hips pressed a little more firmly against Harvey’s thigh before he could stop himself.

“Mike, count or I add one more strike. And stop humping my leg.” He thought that he could detect a slightly amused undertone in Harvey’s voice but he didn’t dare push his luck.

“Two, Sir,” Mike corrected himself immediately while he tried to get his traitorous cock under control, willing it to go back to sleep.

The next strike hit his left cheek, for which he was very grateful since the skin of his right cheek was by now burning from being hit two times at the exact same spot.

“Three,” he forced out breathlessly while he tried to relax his clenched-up muscles. But Harvey didn’t give him enough time to force his muscles into submission let alone to process the pain like he’d been able to do yesterday.

“Four…ow,” he yelped as the hit reverberated through his lower body and now his whole ass burned as if Harvey had set him on fire. How on earth should he survive the remaining six slaps?

Slap number five hit his right cheek again, this time a little lower than before but still a little part of
the hand overlapping with the burning skin from round one.

“Five!” he groaned loudly and tried desperately to relax his muscles. The blunt fingernails of his right hand dug into the flesh of his left wrist, creating a counter-ache which grew stronger as the sixth slap hit once more the same spot as before.

“Six,” he hiccupped as tears started to well up behind his eyelids and he suddenly couldn’t breathe properly any more since his throat was tensing up as well.

All of a sudden he could feel Harvey’s fingers on his hand as he pried the clenched up fingers lose from his mutilated left wrist. “Let go, Mike. You’re hurting yourself.”

When he let go of his wrist he became aware how tightly he had gripped at it and how much it had hurt. He could feel Harvey shift a little under him and then a pillow was pushed in front of his face. “Here, hug that to your torso. You can dig your nails into that if you must.”

Harvey waited till Mike had found his position, the little throw-pillow firmly clutched to his upper body, fingertips dug into the soft fabric. When Mike had shifted his weight a little to push the pillow under his body, his now rock-hard dick rubbed against Harvey’s thigh and the sensation nearly made him moan with arousal. What was wrong with him that his cock seemed to like the pain so much more than the rest of him? But before he could dwell on that any longer, Harvey’s voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Come on Mike, only four more to go. You can take them for me. Now, relax.”

Harvey sensed that Mike was really struggling with the pain by now, as had been his intention. His boy needed to learn the difference between play and punishment. Funnily enough, Harvey could also feel the hard erection pressing into the inner side of his left thigh. There really was a little masochist buried inside his boy, which suited his own slightly sadistic streak very well. When he felt Mike relax in his new, more comfortable position, he continued with the spanking, his hand already smarting from the harsh slaps he was doling out.

“Seven,” Mike shouted out when the pain bloomed on his left cheek and then his shoulders began to shake when he couldn’t hold back the tears any longer. The palm between his shoulder blades started to rub circles on his upper back to soothe him a little, letting him know that there was no shame in crying.

“Breathe for me, Mike. Come on. Take a deep breath. Don’t hold your breath or hyperventilate or I need to stop.”

With a huge amount of effort Mike managed to pull some air into his lungs and Harvey gave him enough time, so he could calm down a little.

“Ready for the next one?”

Although the words that came to mind were: *Hell no! or Red!* he forced a “Yes, Sir,” out. He knew he would hate himself later if he didn’t see this through. He knew that he’d earned every single one of these slaps. And he could take three more, he was almost sure of that. But Harvey wasn’t convinced.

“Mike, please remember that you can safeword out if you need to.”

“Green, Sir.” His pride was still a little stronger than the pain in his butt, if only barely.

Mike wasn’t sure if Harvey really sighed at that but he couldn’t think any longer about whether his
Dom hated the punishment itself or the stubbornness of his sub when the next slap hit.

“Eight,” he sobbed, his breath hitching on impact.

“You’re doing very well, Mike. Only two more to go.”

The next hit was aimed again on his right cheek, this time almost where it met his thigh and this really, really hurt like a bitch. He sucked in a sharp breath, pressing his eyelids so firmly together that it almost gave him an instant headache. Then he exhaled in sharp little puffs.

“Mike, you need to count,” he was reminded by an almost gentle voice.

“Nine, Sir,” Mike was able to force out.

“Last one, Puppy,” Harvey murmured and then the palm hit his left cheek at exactly the same spot as he was before hit on the right.

“Ten!” He couldn’t help but shout it out, relived that it was over and he hadn’t embarrassed himself by safewording out.

Now he knew the difference between play and punishment and frankly, punishment sucked. How on earth did Harvey manage to make this 10 slaps hurt more than the 10 slaps with the paddle from the evening before?

Harvey’s hand rubbed firm circles over his abused hot skin, calming the sore nerve-endings and thus soothing a little of the pain away.

“Stay like this a little longer till you’ve got your breath back and calmed down a little.”

Mike was thankful that he was given some time to stop crying and get at least some of his composure back.

When his breathing finally evened out and he managed to relax Harvey indicated that he could get up.

“Go get the lotion from the bathroom. It’s the white bottle beside the basin. And you can wash your face before you come back.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He could feel the burn in his skin and muscles every step it took him to obey Harvey’s orders and knew immediately that this pain would accompany him at least for the next day.

After a few minutes Mike was back, face a little less red and puffy, and handed Harvey the bottle.

“Lay down back over my lap. You can prop yourself up on your knees and forearms. And no more humping. I don’t want any more of your come on my clothes.” The Dom had of course noticed Mike’s still half-hard cock and his tone made it clear to Mike, that he would indeed not be allowed to pleasure himself in any way, neither by touch nor by rubbing himself against Harvey.

When he lay relaxed over his Dom’s lap, he could feel the lotion being dribbled on his ass and for a moment he enjoyed its coolness on his hot skin. Then Harvey spread it all over his butt and made sure that the red handprints were entirely covered but his touch wasn’t particularly light. All of a sudden, Mike could feel one fingertip finding its way between his cheeks, trailing playfully over his hole, and his dick appreciated this action with a playful little twitch of its own, all the pain
forgotten in an instant.

“With all due respect, Sir, but you make it quite hard for me, to obey your order.” Mike hoped that this manner of complaining might be met by Harvey’s approval.

Harvey barked out a little laugh. “All right, Puppy. Message received. And you’re right. I shouldn’t tease you although that sweet little pucker of yours is too tempting.” He gave Mike an encouraging little push to make him stand up.

Harvey briefly inspected Mike’s left wrist and although the marks from his fingernails were still visible on the tender skin, there was no broken skin that would need treatment.

“Take the bottle and the robe back to the bathroom and get dressed. I’ll feed you lunch before I send you home and it would be a nice change if we could both sit down at the table. And if you behave yourself, I even give you a pillow for the chair.”

Mike smiled at that but before he could turn away to obey Harvey’s orders his Dom had gently taken hold of his wrist and stood up.

“You did good just now, Mike. I’m proud of you.” Kind brown eyes studied his face for a second and then Harvey leaned forward and kissed Mike firmly on his mouth. Just as he started to open his mouth to show Harvey that a little tongue-action would be more than welcome his still throbbing butt was lightly patted by his Dom’s hand and Mike winced.

Harvey looked at him slightly amused. His Dom had been well aware of Mike’s sly attempt of manipulation and firmly put an end to it. Always in control. Always having the upper hand.

“Now go and do as you were told. Lunch will be ready in 10 minutes.”

Chapter End Notes

I tried to describe a few things in this chapter and I hope I got the topping-from-the-bottom part right. If not, please let me know and I will fix it.

Like I explained before, I have no personal experience in BDSM so most of this chapter is a product of my weird imagination.

The technique Mike uses to stop his escalating emotions is actually something I haven’t made up. I tried to explain the science behind it very briefly but I’m not a psychologist and you should probably do some more research if you want to learn more about it. All I can say is that I learned this technique in therapy and it works for me. I had some issues with fear and anxiety in the past and the breathing and stimulating other senses helped me to break the cycle long enough that I could analyze what had triggered my emotions. It’s a process and it needs some practice but I still apply this technique if it becomes necessary even though I haven’t been in therapy for a few years now. And if you can’t do breathing exercises, like when you’re in class or in a subway, the very sour bubble gums worked for me.

This story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding spelling and grammar are my own.

Thank you for reading. I would love to read your comments and Kudos is also highly
appreciated.
Chapter Summary

Mike visits his Grammy and learns that she is way cooler than he ever could have hoped for.

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, no porn, just plot. But seriously, the poor guys needed a break.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After they’d eaten the grilled-cheese sandwiches and the salad Harvey had prepared for them, Mike had left the Manhattan condo in a cab his Dom had called for him and, of course, paid for as well.

After he’d swung by his apartment to drop off his bag, he walked to the nursing home. It was only a 20 minutes’ walk from his flat and biking there hadn’t held any appeal since he had been barely able to sit on a normal chair, even with the pillow Harvey had provided with a little smirk, during their lunch. By now the soothing effect of the lotion had started to ease his pain but he would need to be sitting on his hard bike-saddle the whole day tomorrow and decided to spare his sore ass for the remaining Sunday. He still wasn’t quite sure that Harvey had only used his hand to spank him and not somehow used the paddle on him.

Before he visited his Grammy in her room he went looking for the head-nurse.

He found her in the nurses-office, preparing the medicine for the residents, counting out pills under her breath. He waited until she was finished so he wouldn’t confuse her. Then he coughed softly to make her aware of his presence. When she turned around he gave her a big smile.

“Hello, Nurse Roberts. You look very nice today. Have you done something new with your hair? It looks great.”

Her face lit up when she saw Mike. He always took great care to be nice to the staff and in that regard he was an exception. Most relatives of the residents seemed to think that the nurses were only good for handing out food and emptying bed-pans.

But Grammy had taught him better since her mother had been a nurse and Mike made a point to always be nice to the staff. It was easy for him to remember all the nurses’ names and even their birthdays but since they didn’t know about his special abilities, this endeared him to everyone, and also made his Grammy’s life a little easier.

“Hello Mike. Haven’t seen you in a while. How have you been, Sweetie?”

The middle-aged black woman with the kind smile had taken to him since his Grammy had first come to live in the nursing home, now three years ago. She took always special care to inform him
of his Grammy’s developing health problems and the available options to deal with them. In a way, she was much more important to his Grammy and him than the doctors. Plus, she would know all the insider information and that’s what he needed right now.

“Very good, Ma’am. But I had to take on another job to pay the bills. That’s why I haven’t been able to visit for the past two weeks. Ehm, I was wondering if you could help me with something.”

“Sure thing, Sweetheart. What is it?”

He pulled out the invoice and showed it to her.

“It looks like the doctors changed Grammy’s meds and I wondered if you could tell me what that’s all about. According to this bill they are really expensive and I’m a little behind with my payments. I was wondering if there might be an alternative.”

Nurse Roberts took the slip of paper out of Mike’s hands and studied the bill intently.

“Hm. That’s a little odd.”

“What is?”

“Well, according to this your Grammy has been put on Donezepil which is common enough for the treatment of her condition and it is expensive so it would fit the bill, but, wait a moment. I thought…”

She turned around and opened one of the large drawers in one of the cabinets where the patient’s files were kept.

“Yes, here it is. See, your Grammy has been participating in a trial-study for Beyer’s new Alzheimer’s drug, Asaxept, and from how her health is developing I would say that it works very well for her. But surely you must know that, Mike. You’re her legal guardian after all and you must have signed off on that since it is a blind-study and some of the patients are getting placebos instead of the drug and the drug isn’t FDA approved yet.” She leafed through the file and handed him a page.

“Here is the contract. See, you’ve signed it.”

He took the piece of paper and studied it for a few moments, committing it to his memory. When he came to the last line he got angry. Michael J. Ross had been scribbled barely legible on the dotted line.

“This isn’t my signature. I never saw this contract in my life. I would never have gambled with my Grammy’s health in such a careless way.”

“Maybe someone made a mistake and this is a mix-up.”

She went to the computer to look at the medicine-orders for his Grammy.

“No. It’s not a mistake. See, this order clearly states that your Grammy is to be given the Asaxept that has been prepared for her by Beyer.”

Mike glanced at the screen while Nurse Roberts looked into the medicine-cabinet, taking out his Grammy’s meds. One half-filled bottle with a Beyer-label clearly read Asaxept-study and his Grammy’s name.
“But why does the nursing home bill me for the Donezepil when this contract clearly states that all participants of the Asaxep-study not only get the drug for free but also get an additional 15,000 $ for the 6 months the study runs. And, should the drug get the FDA-approval, free treatment for the rest of their lives should they stay on the drug.”

“I don’t know, Sweetie. Maybe you should take that up with the administration. You know, Mr. MacDougal. He has taken over from Miss Laing about 3 months ago. After all, I’m just the one counting out the pills.”

Three months ago. That’s when the bills had increased due to the new medication and shortly after that the fake contract had been signed by god knows who.

He laid a hand on her shoulder to let her know that he wasn’t angry with her.

“It’s all right. I know that this has nothing to do with you. But can I get a copy of that?”

She looked away, suddenly scared as the full implication of what all of it could mean, hit her. “I don’t know, Honey. I could lose my job.” She looked ashamed, barely able to meet his eyes.

He knew that he could press the point since he was his Grammy’s legal guardian and as thus clearly entitled to look at her patient-file but he could see why Nurse Roberts was scared. He’d met Mr. MacDougal only once but this guy gave him the creeps and he wasn’t the one whose paycheck depended on his good graces. He was the one whom he’d needed to beg to extend the payment but it seemed that this worry at least now could be a thing of the past.

“Tell you what. I think I hear some senior crying for help out there. Maybe you should go and check. And if I go around snooping and taking pictures of my Grammy’s file with my phone, nobody could blame you. Plausible deniability and all that.”

The nurse smiled relieved. “You know what, I think you’re right. Somebody is shouting for help.”

But before she left the room she patted his cheek lightly in a motherly fashion.

“Mike, whatever this is and however this came to pass, your Grammy is doing better now than she has been in the last 6 months so this could be a blessing in disguise. Think about that before you do something rash. And one other thing, Talk to her about taking her meds, and I don’t mean only the new drug. I mean all of her pills. She’s a little difficult lately. It’s seems that the more lucid she is the more she thinks that she doesn’t need her meds. Maybe you can persuade her.” She patted his arm lightly and left the room, leaving him to his own devices.

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“Hey Grammy, how are you today? I hear someone’s not taking their pills? What’s that all about?”

Mike closed the door to his Grammy’s small room behind him, looking around for a chair he could sit on, preferably one with a thick cushion.

“Michael,” his Grammy smiled at him and some of his tension left his body. Today she knew who he was just like Nurse Roberts had told him. One should be thankful for small mercies. “I don’t take the pills because they’re trying to poison me.”
Mike wasn’t sure whether his Grammy was teasing him or not, so he decided to make light of the statement.

“Grammy, that’s crazy. Dr. Schrager gave me her word, she wouldn’t poison you until January. She does it before then, she can’t count it towards next year’s quota.”

He went to get her the pills and gave them to her, then fetched her a glass of water and waited patiently until she had swallowed them down.

When he sat down opposite her, wincing slightly since the only visitors chair had no padding, he patted her hand to reassure her that nothing bad would happen to her. “So, how have you been? Still the terror of the nurses?”

They chatted a bit and he indulged her when she told him to set the checker’s-board up for a game. She seemed a little absentminded and studied his face every now and then when she thought he wouldn’t notice, like she was seeing him for the first time after a long absence. Well, he knew that it had been two weeks but surely, she couldn’t have forgotten how he looked so quickly.

“Now Grammy, if you don’t up your game soon, I’m gonna take you for all the cookies you’ve got.”

At that, she snorted out a little laugh while she watched him as he helped himself to one of it.

“You’re very welcome to them, Michael since they’re so old that I would break my dentures if I tried to eat them.

He’d already bitten into it when Grammy made this statement and he had to agree with her. These cookies were awful. He coughed a little, imagining a dry cloud of dust coming out of his mouth and put the rest of the stale cookie down.

“I will bring better ones the next time I visit,” he promised her.

“If I would wait for that, I would starve. You’re already so busy with your two jobs that you never have time for me.”

He looked down ashamed. “Yes, and I’m sorry for that. But…,” he sighed, not wanting to worry her with his problems.

She patted his hand.

“I didn’t want to criticize you, Michael. I know that you’re trying to take care of me and I’m very proud of you. You’re a good grandson. And now that you have a new girlfriend, your time is even more precious, I understand that. So, don’t you worry about me. I’m doing fine.”

Mike was confused. Was she losing it again?

“Grammy, why would you think that I have a new girlfriend? I’ve not.”

She cupped his chin in her frail hand with the slightly swollen knuckles and studied his face pensively.

“But you met someone,” she stated matter-of-factly after a few seconds of scrutinizing his features. “You look different. Happy.” Suddenly she made a face. “Oh, I hope it’s not that Evans boy, Michael? Please tell me that it’s not him.”
“No Grammy. Why would you think that? You know that I like girls.”

“Oh Michael. Don’t take me for a fool just because I’m old. I know that you also like boys.”

That caught him by surprise and for a moment he wanted to lie to her and deny it. But then he decided to come clean.

“But… how?” he asked, not denying her statement outright.

“I have eyes, Michael. I could see how you looked at Mr. Gonzales when he moved in next door when you were 15 years old. He was a very good looking fellow. I liked to look at him myself and you were always blushing when I talked about him or when you met him in the hallway. You really are not very good at hiding your feelings. And then there was this actor you liked so much. What was his name again? You know, the one from the movies with the big bat?”

“Christian Bale?”

“Yes, that’s it. You had that big poster in your room.”

“But,” Mike actually sputtered a bit. “It was a superhero poster. Boys can have posters of superheroes in their rooms. That doesn’t mean anything.”

“Yes, be that as it may. But you didn’t have that poster because you liked the superhero. You liked to look at the handsome actor.”

How obvious had he been? He had been so sure that he was hiding his inclination so well, and now to learn that Grammy had known all along, he felt just stupid. And somehow relieved as well.

“But…, you never said.” Mike was at a loss.

She raised her eyebrows. “Neither did you. I figured you would say something when you were ready. But now I’m getting older and the chance that you will raise the issue yourself is getting slimmer so, no time like the present.”

Mike was stunned. “You don’t mind?” He had always been afraid of what his Grammy would think about him being bi. She’d grown up in a different time and he knew that this must be difficult for her so he never had been brave enough to bring it up. If she’d loathed him for his inclination, he wasn’t sure if he could’ve taken that.

But as so often, Grammy took him by surprise.

“Why would I mind? You fall in love with a person and not their gender. I think it is beautiful that you can love like that, Michael. It’s a blessing and don’t let anybody tell you otherwise.” Her kind eyes erased all his worries and his heart grew light. How could he ever have doubted her love for him?

“I’m not sure that I’ve fallen in love with him. Not yet anyway. But the way things are going… well, maybe.”

“So it is a boy you’ve met.” She beamed at him when he finally revealed his secret to her. At least as far as she knew. Mike was sure that her open-mindedness would probably end at the whole BDSM-thing so he decided to leave that part out. “But not that Trevor I hope,” she continued with growing concern.

Mike smiled and shook his head. “No, not Trevor. I think Trevor and I are really done this time.
We had a huge fight.”

“And about time too. This boy was always trouble. He’s an anchor Mike and you need to cut him loose.” Mike could hear how angry Grammy still was at his former best friend and deep in his heart he knew, that he should be too. Trevor had cost him so much. Columbia, Harvard, his whole future as a lawyer.

“So, do you want to talk about him? Give an old woman something to gossip about?” Grammy’s eager voice broke his train of thought and he laughed out loud.

“You would really gossip about your grandson seeing other guys? How very progressive of you.”

“Yes, I would be the queen of the breakfast room and Loretta Davis with her single daughter with three kids from three different fathers could eat her heart out.”

“So you would use me to gain credit with the other seniors.” He slapped a palm over his heart theatrically. “That hurts, Grammy.”

She chuckled a little. “No, but really Michael. If you want to tell me about him, I would like to hear about the boy who makes my grandson glow with happiness.”

Glow, huh? That was a word he would’ve never attributed to himself.

“Well, actually he is a not a boy. Far from it. He is quite a bit older than I am. I would say mid to end thirties but we’ve never really talked about that, his age I mean. His name is Harvey and he is really great. In fact, he’s a lawyer.”

“A lawyer?” Her face scrunched up with worry. “Oh Michael, please tell me that you haven’t gotten yourself into trouble again.”

“What? No Grammy. It’s not what you think. I told you about the cleaning job I do at night. Do you remember?”

“Yes. Of course I remember. I’m not an imbecile.” He could hear in her voice that she was still suspicious.

“I clean the floor where his office is in this big law firm in Manhattan. One night he worked late and I walked into his office to clean it and we got to talk and well, we’ve been seeing each other only for a couple of days now, but we talk each day and he is really nice and anyway, that’s how we met.” At least that was the official PG 13-version and as far as his Grammy was concerned the only version of his first meeting with Harvey she would ever know of.

“Only a few days? Hm, I would’ve thought that you were seeing him for longer since you seem so happy. Tell me, does he treat you well, Michael?”

Mike thought back at the past 24 hours and his face lit up with a smile.

“Yes, he does. He really takes care of me.”

“Well, that’s nice. But Michael, I want you to be careful. Just because neither of you can get pregnant doesn’t mean that you can be careless.”

Oh, no! Mike could hardly suppress a groan. Not that old record again. Thankfully the medical handbook with the pictures hadn’t survived Grammys moving to the nursing home or she would’ve gotten it out right now and made him look at pictures of genital herpes again.
“Actually, we have decided to be exclusive and he had himself gotten tested last week. He showed me the lab results yesterday. My appointment with the doctor is tomorrow. See, no reason to worry.”

“He sounds like a very responsible young-ish man. But isn’t that awfully quick, since you’ve been seeing each other only for a few days?”

“It’s just, I think we’ve hit it off from the moment we saw each other. We haven’t slept with each other yet, if that’s what you’re afraid of. But we both would like to sometime. And he is very responsible in this way so that’s why he asked me to get tested. So we are prepared when it feels right for us to do it.” Talking with his Grammy about having sex with Harvey felt really weird and he decided to change the subject.

“I think he will make me a better person. You know, force me to make the right decisions for once, keeping me out of trouble.”

“He sounds quite the opposite of that Trevor. I think I like your Harvey already. So, when will I meet him?”

Mike could actually feel his jaw drop. Grammy had never wanted to meet any of the girls he dated before.

“I…you…why now? Because he is a man?”

“Oh Michael. Do you really think that this is the reason? I couldn’t care less about him being a man. But he is the first person to give you that dreamy and hopeful look when you talk about him. That has never happened before and I want to meet the person who makes you feel that way. He must be someone very special.”

“Yes, that he is for sure. But I’m not sure if he is into that whole meeting the family thing. That could be a little too soon, even at the pace we’re progressing. I don’t want to scare him off by seeming needy and clingy.”

But Grammy had other views. “You tell him that I’m an old woman and could drop dead every minute now. I don’t have time for him playing coy.” She crossed her arms in front of her bosom and Mike knew that this was the end of this discussion. Well, even Harvey was no match for his Grammy once she had set her mind on something.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

Any comments are welcome and of course Kudos is highly appreciated.
My brain just does it

Chapter Summary

Mike seeks Harvey's advise.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all your support and the nice comments so far. I really get a thrill out of your responses. You guys rock.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harvey had been called away to an emergency meeting in the office since the merger he had been working his ass off constructing with Louis suddenly was in jeopardy. One of the involved parties, their own client, seemed to have a sudden change of heart and all his work, along with his billable hours, was now depending on whether he could bring the errand CEO back on track or not.

So Harvey had dressed himself up in one of his power-suits and driven back to the office. Jessica had been waiting for him and when the wayward client arrived it had fallen to him to bully the CEO of RSC Network, Clive Waterhouse, back into line since Louis couldn’t be reached. Harvey wasn’t quite sure if that was a bad thing, though. Louis had the annoying habit of raining on his parade at the worst possible time so maybe Jessica hadn’t tried all that hard to reach him.

After nearly 3 hours of negotiations they found a way to make the merger work, even if he needed to go over the contract once more, adding a few clauses regarding some additional assets on which Waterhouse had insisted.

Now, he was sitting in his office, once more going over all the finances, debating whether he should leave that part for Louis, when his phone rang. He smiled as he saw the caller ID.

“Mike. Miss me already? How was your Grammy?”

“Hi, Sir. Sorry to bother you but I really need to talk to you. Can you tell the doorman to let me up?” The kid’s voice sounded odd somehow, like something was seriously off.

“Where are you, Mike?”

“I’m at your place, Sir.”

“I’m sorry Mike but I’m at the office. Something work-related happened and I needed to meet with a client.”

“Can I come by? It’s kinda urgent, Sir.”

“Has something happened to your Grammy, Mike? Or do you feel odd in some way? If that’s the case you might be experiencing sub-drop.”
Harvey was very concerned that Mike would need to see him again so soon after they had parted ways that afternoon. Maybe he should have taken more time to observe Mike closely after the punishment. After all, everything today had been very emotional for the kid. But Mike scattered his fears.

“No, Sir. My Grammy is well. More than well, actually. And I’m feeling fine too. It has something to do with the invoice the nursing home sent me. I could really use your advice.”

Harvey thought about that for a minute but then decided to go back home. After everything, it would be easier for Mike to stay there and he could work from home as well as from the office. He just needed to pack all the additional paper work since the client hadn’t bothered to hand the added figures over in a digitalized version.

“Mike, I want you to go into the building to the doorman. I’m going to call him so he’ll let you into the condo. I will see you in about 30 minutes. You’re allowed to help yourself to water and food. And you can sit on the couch. But don’t snoop around. And hands off my records.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

As soon as the kid had hung up Harvey called the concierge and made arrangements for Mike. He was curious about what had happened. Maybe the financial matter had been more pressing than Mike had let on and he would need a loan after all. Well, he would see as soon as he got home.

He gathered all the necessary papers and his laptop and made his way to the garage where he’d parked his car since Ray had the Sundays off.

**********

Mike sat on the couch, a half-empty bottle of water on the coffee-table in front of him, munching noisily on an apple, when Harvey entered his condo. Harvey noticed that Mike had taken his shoes off and that today’s threadbare pair of socks had one hole less than the pair from the night before.

Harvey approached the couch after he had dropped his work-things on his desk in the corner and shrugged his jacket off, hanging it carefully over the back of a chair so it wouldn’t get rumpled.

“I’m really sorry to bother you so soon again, Sir,” Mike apologized around the last bite of apple he still had in his mouth. He’d stood up to greet his Dom properly and Harvey was very satisfied to see his training bearing the first fruits.

Harvey took the armchair opposite the couch and indicated to Mike that he should sit back down.

“It is okay, Mike. I told you that I wanted to give you advice in financial matters. So, how can I help?”

“I think the new administrator of the nursing home is running a scam,” Mike stated matter-of-factly.

That announcement was not at all what Harvey had expected but the kid seemed quite sure about it.

“All right. Tell me how you came to that conclusion.”
He leaned back and listened while Mike presented his case. When he handed his phone to Harvey to show him the pictures he’d made of his Grammy’s patient file and in particular of the forged contract with Beyer, Harvey took it but gave up after a moment. Damn shitty little screen. Mike’s phone was about half the size of his own and at times like this Harvey realized that he, or rather his eyes were getting older, especially after having already spent hours in front of a computer screen.

“Please get me the tablet from my desk, Mike. I need to see it on a bigger screen. Your tiny phone makes my eyes hurt.”

Mike went away in the indicated direction, getting rid of the remnants of the apple since he needed to walk by the kitchen anyway. Suddenly Harvey heard a pile of paper shift and cascade onto the floor, followed by a mumbled profanity.

“What have you done now, Mike?” he asked exasperated. The kid was an accident waiting to happen.

“Sorry, Sir. Just a little mishap.” With a few hurried footsteps Mike came back to the sitting area and his tablet was handed to him. Harvey sent the pictures from Mike’s phone via Bluetooth to it.

“I’m just gonna clean up that mountain of paper, Sir.”

Mike retreated back to Harvey’s desk to clean up the mess he’d made. To be fair, it hadn’t been his fault entirely. Harvey had placed the stacks of files haphazardly onto his desk right on top of his tablet and when Mike had tried to ease it out from under them, the mountainous files had shifted in different directions and he hadn’t been able to catch everything in time without dropping the expensive tablet.

Harvey only listened with half an ear to Mike’s announcement since he was now studying the pictures Mike had taken from his Grammy’s file and comparing them with the latest invoice.

Damn. The kid was right. They had signed his Grammy up as a participant for the drug-study all the while billing him for a different medication. And on top, the 15,000 $ that were rightfully Mike’s since he was the legal guardian of Edith Ross and as such responsible for all of her financial matters had also vanished.

He became aware that Mike was standing in front of him, stacks of papers in both of his hands. When he looked closely he could see the logo of RSC Network on top of the papers.

“Oh Puppy, please tell me that you didn’t made a mess of the files. I need to go over them later and for that I need them to be in order.”

Mike looked embarrassed. “Yeah, sorry. It happened when I got the tablet. But I will fix it for you, Sir.” He began to shuffle the pages as he sat down after Harvey had nodded his consent. He couldn’t see any harm in Mike seeing them, since there were only a lot of numbers on the pages, surely meaningless to Mike.

Well, he didn’t know what Mikes freak brain could do – yet.

After a few minutes Harvey was interrupted by Mike’s hesitant voice.

“Ehm, Sir? Sorry to bother you and really, I didn’t mean to snoop, I barely looked but it’s that my mind just does it and I can’t help it but anyway, are you aware that the numbers here don’t add up?”

“Hm,” Harvey was still thinking about Mike’s case and what action they could take to make the
new administrator pay. Then Mike’s ramblings suddenly registered. “Wait. What?”

Mike held up a few pages. “There’s a discrepancy between listed assets and potential assets. It’s kinda hard to spot between all this numbers so I wasn’t sure if you’ve seen that.” His voice sounded apologetic like he wasn’t sure if he had overstepped some line.

“Give me that.” Harvey held out his hand and when Mike leaned forward and placed the paper in his hand, he studied the two pages closely, without seeing what Mike was getting at. Only when Mike stood up and pointed the numbers out to him, Harvey suddenly noticed.

“Sorry Sir. It’s just, I’m good with numbers like that.” Mike seemed embarrassed by his actions.

“That son of a bitch,” Harvey muttered since it became now crystal clear to him why Waterhouse had pulled that little stunt of his today. He’d always planned to add this last minute to the contract, sure that they wouldn’t spot the doctored numbers on such short notice.

Harvey realized how much this could’ve damaged Pearson Hardman and since he knew now, that Waterhouse had doctored one asset, he was sure, that there would be more to find. A greedy bastard like Waterhouse wouldn’t limit himself to just one deception.

Harvey made a decision.

“Mike, I have no idea how you did that, and frankly, right now I don’t care although I have to say that I’m impressed. This is obviously something that brain of yours can do and since I’m a little under the gun with this merger I would appreciate it if you could go over this numbers and see if anything else jumps out on you.”

Mike nodded, a relieved grin spreading over his face as he realized that he’d actually done a good thing. For once he could use his ability to really help someone out and not for cheating and committing fraud like he’d done in the last couple of years.

“How course I can. Just give me 30 minutes, Sir.”

Harvey gave him that shit-eating grin of his. “Show-off!” But his voice sounded affectionate and even a little in awe – if the possibility that Harvey Specter could be in awe of another human being even existed in this universe.

He stood up, got a legal pad and some other supplies from his desk and returned to the couch where he dropped a highlighter in Mike’s lap.

“Here. I want you to highlight everything that doesn’t add up. In the meantime I will draw up a battle plan for the nursing home case.”

He settled back down in his chair when he heard Mike’s stomach rumble.

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving, Sir. The apple wasn’t all that filling and I haven’t eaten since lunch.”

Mike twirled the highlighter around his fingers absentmindedly, buzzing with nervous energy. The papers were spread out all around him as he sat cross-legged on Harvey’s couch and Harvey suddenly had an inkling on how Mike must have looked like when he’d studied at Columbia. So much potential simply wasting away, what a shame. Only with an effort he was able to shake that thought.
“What do you want to eat? I can order in.”

“Have you ever had the pizza with the cheese in the crust, Sir? It will blow your mind.”

For a moment Harvey wanted to roll his eyes and reprimand Mike for his eating habits but the kid sounded so eager that he decided to indulge him. After all, the little genius had just saved his ass.

“Peperoni and mushrooms okay?”

The huge grin on Mike’s face gave Harvey a warm fuzzy feeling.

“Perfect, Sir.”

 Они работали в тишине только прерывалось появление пиццы.

Mike был прав. Это было по-настоящему вкусно, хотя Harvey не хотел бы есть это каждую неделю. 

По-видимому, Mike видел в молодом человеке другое.

After their dinner Harvey had changed into something marginally more casual, if you could call designer jeans and a perfectly pressed designer t-shirt casual, but Mike seemed to be surprised at Harvey’s different attire.

“I hope you’re not too disappointed that I changed,” Harvey called him out on his slightly disappointed gaze he’d give Harvey when he came back to the living room.

“No, Sir. It’s just, I never pictured you in jeans. But you look good in them.” There was a flicker in Mike’s eyes though and Harvey had an idea what it was.

“Next time we play, I will wear a suit again. And if you’re really good, you can help undress me. Piece by piece. Would you like that, Mike?”

“Hm,” he mumbled, not able to look at Harvey. The kid’s ears actually glowed red with embarrassment that Harvey could so clearly read his deepest desires and thoughts but before this talk got out of hand, Harvey reminded him that they had some more work to do.

All in all, it had taken Mike only a little more than the predicted 30 minutes to compare all the numbers on the additional lists and Harvey could now see that this could have cost them Pearson Hardman’s reputation along with making them liable to possible lawsuits from the opposing side. 

The assets Waterhouse had included into his numbers were only potential assets and as such not admissible into the merger. If they had included them, like Waterhouse had wanted them to do, his share of the pie would have been much bigger than was his actual due and once the other side would’ve noticed it, Harvey’s and the firm’s standing would’ve been in severe jeopardy.

He planned a serious ass-kicking for Waterhouse and after he’d told Jessica how their client had tried to blindside them, he was pretty sure that she would be on board with his plan if not wanting to do some kicking on her own. He hated negotiations done in bad faith and once the word would have gotten out that Pearson Hardman operated that way, deliberately or through negligence, they would’ve lost a lot of clients.
When Mike handed him the list with all the false assets and doctored numbers clearly pointed out, he went once more over the contract for the merger to right a few wrongs. In the meantime he had Mike summarize his nursing-home case. Jessica always wanted him to do more pro-bono work and this once he would be more than happy to oblige her.

Harvey noticed that Mike’s pen had rested on the legal pad for a while now and the kid was fighting to keep his eyes open. His head dropped forward a little and this time it stayed down, chin almost touching the kid’s chest.

“Mike? Are you done?”

“What?” Mike jerked his head back up and blinked a couple of times rapidly. “Sorry, didn’t mean to doze off. Yes, I’m done, Sir.”

Harvey put his own work aside and stood up. He could do the rest tomorrow after he’d explained everything to Jessica and Louis.

“Time to get you home, then. Or do you want to spend the night?”

Mike grinned a little when he heard the offer but then thought better of it.

“Nah, Sir. My bike is at home and I need it tomorrow so I better go home.”

Mike stood up and stretched his arms but didn’t make to leave, like he was unsure whether he had Harvey’s permission.

“Okay. Come on then. I drive you home.”

Harvey went to the door, picking up his keys from the bowl on the bureau next to his front door, when he noticed that Mike followed him only hesitantly, obviously wanting to say something.

“Problems, Mike?”

The sub shook his head. “No, but you don’t have to do that. I mean, it’s very kind of you but I already imposed on you when I came by uninvited and it’s so late now and … .”

Harvey’s index finger placed firmly but gently on his lips hushed him up.

“Less talking and more walking, Puppy.” To persuade Mike, Harvey grabbed him by his wrist and led him to the elevator.

When they arrived at the garage Mike dawdled a little, clearly distracted by all the luxury cars parked there. In comparison to some of these cars, Harvey’s own ride, a new black Lexus LS, was almost understated.

“Come on, Mike,” Harvey reminded him. The kid was standing rooted to the spot in front of a highly polished black car with his mouth hanging slightly open. “That’s Eleonore,” he whispered in awe.

“Who’s Eleonore?” Harvey was a little confused at first but then he got the movie-reference. “No, sorry to disappoint but you’re one year off. This is a 1968 Ford Mustang Shelby GT 500. Eleonore was a 1967.”

“It’s still beautiful, though.”

Harvey nodded. “That she is.” He placed a hand on Mike’s shoulder and with a little soft pressure
he guided Mike to his own parking spot without further delay.

They drove a while in silence and Harvey thought that Mike had dozed off again but then Mike turned his head away from the window and looked at him.

“Can I ask you something, Sir?”

“Of course.”

The traffic was light now at a little past midnight and Harvey wound his way toward the Williamsburg Bridge without needing to pay much attention to it. Soft music was playing on the radio and the street lights illuminated Mike’s face beautifully.

“Why do you want to take my case? Don’t you think that I could handle it alone? You gave me a lot of good pointers. And I know how valuable your time is. I think that I could be able to scare Mr. McAsshole enough that my Grammy could live for free the rest of her time.”

Harvey considered Mike’s question for a while. It seemed that Mike had taken his offer to represent him the wrong way.

Mike was a bright kid, more than bright. But he was inexperienced and wore his heart on his sleeve. That’s what had endeared him to Harvey since their first meeting. The openness and naïveté in this large blue eyes and his inability to hide his feelings.

Harvey dealt the whole day long with players and manipulative assholes and he was the king of them all. Mike was so refreshingly different, like a cool drink of fresh water after a day spent in the desert. But that also meant that Mike was easy to hurt since he seemed to take everything quite personal. The events of this morning were testimony to that.

In Harvey’s line of work one must grow a thick skin pretty quickly or the sharks would eat you for breakfast.

So he thought carefully how to best explain his motives for taking Mike’s case. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Mike again.

“I’m quite sure that you have enough knowledge of the law or could obtain it through reading quickly enough, that you could handle yourself. But people like McDougal are professional liars and your emotions are all over your face.” Mike made a face at that and Harvey patted his knee reassuringly.

“That’s not a criticism, just a fact and I prefer you this way anyway. But as soon as he has you riled up you will show your hand, whether you like it or not, that’s just who you are, and he will use that against you. I’m sure that you will be able to get some sort of settlement out of him, but I’m convinced that I can do better. After all, that’s what I do for a living. And anyway, we should think bigger. If he has done this to you…”

“… then he has done that to other people as well.” Mike suddenly sounded very excited and then his face fell. “Sorry, Sir. Didn’t mean to interrupt you.”

Harvey gave Mike’s knee another pat to let him know that everything was all right. Puppies sometimes got excited and couldn’t help themselves.

“Yes, and if Beyer learns with which kind of methods he’s operating, they would want to drop him quicker than a hot potato. After all, he’d made them liable to all sorts of law-suits.”
“So you’re thinking that you can get some more clients and if you go with it to Beyer, they will pay a shitload of money to make the problem go away. Some of which will find its way into your firms accounts. Plus, it’ll make you look good like a David versus Goliath thing with you on David’s side.”

Harvey beamed at him with pride. “I knew you would get it. And as an added bonus, I can tell Jessica, who is my managing partner which makes her my boss, that I will take your case pro-bono. She always pressures me to do more pro-bono work so the firm looks good and this is the one case where I don’t mind.”

“So, it’s a win-win, except for McAsshole.”

“Yep.”

Harvey pulled into a parking-space in front of Mike’s building and got out of the car. Mike followed him a little bit slower.

“By the way. How’s your ass?” Harvey tapped it lightly, noticing the slight wince Mike couldn’t suppress while he unlocked the door.

“I think I’ll live. But really, you can tell me the truth. You used the paddle, didn’t you, Sir? There’s no way that a hand can hurt so much.”

Harvey chuckled. He knew that he could hit a lot harder with his hand than most people. Practice makes perfect and he always enjoyed giving a good hand-spanking so over the years his palms had gotten used to the pain. Most subs forgot that the same impact they felt on their butt he felt on his palm.

“Nope. Come on. I’ll walk you up.”

Mike knew by now that there was no use in arguing with Harvey so he simply climbed the stairs to the 4th floor and unlocked the door to his flat.

“Do you want to come in, Sir?”

Harvey nodded and followed his sub. Then he pushed the door shut and at the same time pushed Mike’s back against it, pressing himself firmly against the slender body, thus trapping him between door and his own body. A rock and a hard place, indeed.

His right hand cupped Mike’s cheek while he studied the sub’s face intently. The left hand was firmly pressed against the door right beside Mike’s face, holding him effectively in place.

“Do you have any idea what you did tonight?” he finally asked.

Mike nibbled at his lower lip, not knowing what Harvey wanted to hear from him.

“You saved us millions from a possible lawsuit and the reputation of our firm on top.”

Harvey couldn’t help himself any more. That kid was brilliant and needed to be rewarded for what he had done. And seeing Mike’s brain in action had been a serious turn-on for Harvey. So he pressed his mouth firmly on Mike’s lips and kissed him passionately until he could feel Mike’s body become pliant under his, molding himself to his Dom.

They stayed like this for a couple of minutes and their moans filled the air. This time, Harvey dominated the kiss and he let it built up to something more, something primal and wild. When he
felt Mike’s growing erection pressing against his thigh, he leaned into it and rubbed himself a little against it, letting Mike feel his own arousal.

“Please, Sir. Stop!” Mike panted suddenly and it took all of Harvey’s willpower to back off a little.

“What is it, Puppy?” he whispered with his face only inches away from Mike’s. The kid’s pupils were large as saucers, only a thin ring of the icy-blue visible.

“Please Sir. I’m not allowed. You forbade it,” Mike pleaded desperately, still slightly panting. It took Harvey a moment to realize what Mike meant. Then he grinned and pressed himself more firmly against Mike’s erection, shifting their groins against each other. The kid started to shudder and could barely suppress a moan.

“I said that you are not allowed to touch yourself or pleasure yourself in any way. But you’re not doing the touching and pleasuring, I am.” His hands grabbed Mike by the hips and he ground their bodies together even more firmly before he finally let go and stepped back, a little out of breath himself.

Mike leaned against his door for support. He looked like an advertisement for a porn-website, incredibly sexy with his face flushed a deep red which spread down his throat and up to his ears.

Harvey made a decision. Hell, he could change his mind if he wanted to. After all, he called the shots and Mike surely wouldn’t complain.

“I’m always willing to change my instructions if recent events should warrant it,” he justified his sudden change of heart.

Mike just looked at him with his huge eyes, like a deer caught in the headlight of an oncoming truck.

“You have 30 seconds to strip and assume a kneeling position on your bed.” Harvey stepped back to give his sub some room to obey.

Mike gulped visibly but his hands were already opening his jeans while he toed off his shoes.

“Don’t forget the socks.”

Harvey loved how eager Mike was, how well he responded to Harvey’s commands. The kid nearly jumped onto the bed as soon as the last piece of fabric had left his body.

Harvey had leaned against the back of the couch, watching Mike stumbling through his apartment while his clothes were flying in all directions and now he took a moment to drink in the sight of the kneeling Mike with the still faintly visible handprints on his fair ass.

_Mine! _He could barely suppress a possessive growl.

He waited a few seconds to let the tension build up before he took the few steps to the bed.

When he trailed his hands lightly over Mike’s firm round ass, he could feel the sub shiver under his touch.

He leaned forward and placed a kiss on each cheek, right in the middle of the faint pink blotches. Then he stepped back a little.

“I want you on your back, legs outstretched and spread and arms stretched out over your head.
Grab the headboard.”

Mike immediately changed his position and Harvey could see how hard Mike was, his flushed pink cock bouncing a little against the taut skin of his stomach. While he watched, a drop of clear pre-come oozed out of the slit and dripped on Mike’s stomach and Harvey licked his lips involuntarily.

“You’re pretty as a picture, Mike.”

Harvey sat down on the edge of the bed, facing his sub.

“You’ve earned yourself a reward for saving my ass and trying so hard to be my good boy.”

Mike nibbled at his lower lip in anticipation but otherwise held his position, his eyes staring intently into Harvey’s like an invisible connection was holding their gaze.

“You’re not allowed to move and you’re only allowed to speak if I ask a question. Noises are welcome, though. You will maintain eye contact at all times and you only have 5 minutes to come. The only thing you’ll get is my hand. And after that the previous rules apply until Wednesday evening. Got it?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

“Stick your tongue out. I remember that you offered to lick my hand to make it slick when I made myself come after your punishment. Now you can do the same service for yourself.”

Harvey offered his right palm to Mike and the sub eagerly bathed it in his saliva, making it moist and slick, his tongue slipping wetly between his fingers and sucking at the fingertips playfully. When Harvey pulled his hand away he saw a slight regret in Mike’s eyes. Talk about oral fixation. With a little training, his boy will surely become a master cock-sucker.

“Your 5 minutes start now.”

Mike’s cock was grasped by Harvey’s strong wet hand and it took all of Mike’s willpower to keep his hips still. His eye’s locked onto Harvey’s, happy to obey the rule, since he was sure that, if he looked down at Harvey’s stroking hand on his dick, he would’ve lost it immediately. And if he wouldn’t be allowed to come for the next 3 days then he wanted to enjoy the next 5 minutes as best as he could and to their full extent.

As it was, it was hard enough for him to still his body and fight against the urge to close his eyes and throw his head back against the pillow. He wanted to lose himself in the sensation of Harvey’s strong fingers curled around his dick with perfect pressure, to shut every other of his senses off and just feel.

While Harvey jerked Mike’s hot twitching cock with practiced movements, giving it a little twist on every other upstroke, the sub’s mouth had fallen open and he started to moan between taking in large gulps of breath.

Harvey remembered how much Mike liked it when he talked to him which was no hardship for him, since he enjoyed talking to his subs during a scene very much. And Mike’s responses only stoked his own desire.
“Look at my pretty boy. So desperate and horny. Do you think that you will make it within the 5 minutes?”

“Yes, Sir,” Mike panted out. “That won’t be a problem.”

The Dom arched an eyebrow. “One of these days I will put a cock-ring on you and then I will play with you for hours. Desperate and needy is such a good look on you.”

Mike groaned as he imagined his cock trapped in leather or metal, unable to come, while Harvey would play with him relentlessly and this sweet little fantasy was nearly enough to push him over the edge.

Harvey’s left hand found its way up to Mike’s chest and began to play with his nipples. His fingers plucked and circled and pinched and swiped over the sensitive patches of skin until both buds were hard and a dark pink, a stark contrast to Mike’s fair skin. He could see how much his sub liked the abuse of his nipples and how much it cost him to keep his torso still, not pushing into Harvey’s touch.

“I guess you’re ready to come on my command, Mike. What do you think?”

“Oh, yes, Sir. Ready whenever you want me.”

Screw the 5 minutes. He wanted to come now.

The tendons on Mike’s neck became visible under his flushed skin and Harvey could see the carotid artery pulsing as the sub’s blood pressure increased with his ever growing arousal.

“I want you to wait a few more moments, Mike. You’re so beautiful like this. I want to enjoy you a little while longer just like this.”

Mike whined at that announcement and panted harder but Harvey could see how much he tried to obey him. Oh, he would definitely use a cock-ring on his boy but before he would put it on him, he would make Mike beg for it.

His strokes became quicker, the teasing hand on the nipples rougher, and when he pulled his hand firmly down the shaft and then swiped his thumb over the angry red cockhead, Mike wailed and Harvey took pity on him.

“Now Mike. Come!” At the same time he pinched the right nipple hard and pulled at it a little.

Mike held his breath for a moment and all his muscles clenched up. Then, after a couple of heartbeats the tension got unbearable and he exhaled. His cock erupted in Harvey’s stroking fist, the first splatter of come nearly reaching up to Mike’s chest and Harvey’s still plucking fingers.

“Yes, that’s it Mike. Come for me. Give it all up for me.” Harvey finally let go of the sore red patch of skin and placed his left hand lightly on Mike’s balls. He could feel them pulsing under his fingertips as they produced more and more semen and pumping it upwards through Mike’s shaft until the sticky liquid spilled over Harvey’s still teasing fingers.

“Argh…!”

His fingers eased up a little, now only lightly trailing over Mike’s spent and slowly softening shaft, draining the last drops of come from the slit. He could see that Mike was slowly coming down from the high of his climax.
“Do you have any idea, how beautiful you are like this? If I could, I would keep you at my condo like this, all flush and fucked out with come all over you. I would like to take a picture of you like that. I could frame it and hang it on my living-room wall. What do you think?”

Mike laughed a little at that, giddy with all the released hormones.

“I’m sure that your visitors would be a little taken aback by your taste in art, Sir.”

Harvey chuckled too. “Yes, you’re right. That would probably be a little too much advertisement regarding my tastes.” He finally let go of Mike’s cock and went to the bathroom.

Mike could hear the water running and after a minute Harvey was back. He had wetted one of Mike’s old and threadbare towels and now used it to wipe all the come off his skin. Then he leaned a little forward, placed a playful little kiss on Mike’s nose and got up again.

“Don’t forget your appointment with my GP tomorrow. And remember, no touching yourself or coming till Wednesday evening. Now sleep. You look like you need it.”

Before Mike could react to that, Harvey had made his way towards the door and left his apartment. Slowly Mike let go of the headboard and lowered his arms.

What the hell had just happened?

He shook his head slightly, all of a sudden bone-tired. But he forced himself to get up since he needed to take a piss and lock his door. When he got back into bed he remembered just in time to set his alarm before his head hit his pillow and the post-climax bliss sent him straight into dreamland.

Chapter End Notes

As always, this chapter is not beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own. I’d love to read your comments and Kudos is highly appreciated.
Thank you for all the kind comments and Kudos. You guys are awesome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Your balls are in my fist,” Jessica chuckled. “Really Harvey. I thought Waterhouse might have a stroke then and there.”

The Managing Partner had invited Louis and Harvey to her office and now they were replaying the more memorable scenes from their meeting with the CEO of RSC Network.

“I think it was your remark that I was speaking for the firm that gave him the rest. After all, he had expected you to put me in my place.”

Harvey was very satisfied that Jessica had backed him up although he knew that the manner of his dressing down of Waterhouse could be seen as controversial. But the CEO was a natural bully and needed to be dealt with in the harshest possible way. Men like him would see politeness as pussyfooting and weakness. So he’d put Waterhouse down in a firm and quick manner and the man hadn’t known what’d hit him.

“Well, I might have phrased it somewhat different but your little speech was quite effective in relaying to him our thoughts regarding his attempted con.”

Jessica gave Harvey a fond little smile. She knew that Harvey had been the best candidate between the three of them to put Waterhouse in his place and she had no qualms about leaning back and letting Harvey lead.

As a passionate chess-player she knew that every piece had its own use and Harvey was her rook, bulldozing obstacles in a straightforward fashion. She on the other hand liked to think of herself as a knight. Nearly impossible to calculate what she might do next. And Louis, well Louis was, she hated to admit it, most of the time a pawn. Very predictable and when push came to shove she was prepared to sacrifice him first.

Jessica and Harvey became aware that Louis hadn’t participated in their play-by-play of the meeting. Instead, the plump man with the permanent sweat-shiny forehead displayed a sour expression like he’d just bitten into a lemon.

“What do you think, Louis? Aren’t you satisfied of how this potential catastrophic situation was dealt with?” Jessica wanted to know.

“Well, I’m not sure if it was the best course of action to terminate the retainer-agreement with RSC Network after the merger had been signed. After all, their billables are not to be sneezed at. And just because Harvey got into a cat-fight with their CEO is no reason to discontinue the contract. You could’ve let me run point instead of Harvey in the future. I could handle Waterhouse. In fact, I think we would’ve gotten along splendidly.”

_Mutual enemies_, was implied in the sour look he gave Harvey but Louis wouldn’t dare to attack
Harvey openly in front of Jessica. He’d tried that once too often and now had finally gotten the message that Harvey was, for the time being at least, Jessica’s golden boy and as such almost untouchable.

Jessica sighed inwardly. Trust Louis to make it only about the money.

“Louis, we need to send a signal that our firm doesn’t operate in bad faith. I want to get the word out that we’d rather lose a client, and a huge one at that, than to lower our standards when it comes to contract-negotiation. And if Harvey hadn’t caught the doctored numbers just in time, we would’ve been liable to all sorts of lawsuits, not to speak of the damage to our reputation. We even could’ve been accused of accessory to fraud and both of you could’ve been disbarred. I’d rather lose a dodgy client any day than sacrifice our good standing. I have worked too hard on that after Daniel left the firm and Waterhouse was one of his clients. So, all I say is good riddance.”

She picked her glass of water up from the coffee table and took a dainty sip before she continued.

“And the last bill for the merger is a sweet goodbye gift and will not only find its way into the firms account but also get you and Harvey a nice little bonus.” If Jessica had thought that she could placate Louis with the prospect of some extra money, she was disappointed because true to his leery and jealous persona, Louis wouldn’t let it go.

“I’m sure you’re right, Jessica,” Louis conceded only because he could see that Jessica was adamant in letting Waterhouse go. “But what I don’t understand is, how our Mr. I-don’t-care-about-mergers-cause-they’re-boring was able to spot the doctored numbers? After all, finances are my area of expertise and I only spotted the problem because it was already highlighted.”

Harvey gave Louis his trademark grin. “Louis, just because I don’t like mergers doesn’t mean I couldn’t do them in my sleep.”

He knew that he should at least feel a little bad about selling Mike’s achievement as his own, but he couldn’t tell Jessica, that a bike messenger whom he had taken on as sub and whose ass he had spanked several times now, had seen the confidential papers and with one quick glance had spotted the discrepancy. Jessica would most likely set his desk on fire. Louis on the other hand, oh it would be fun to see Louis’ reaction if he’d ever be confronted by his own little genius.

“That’s not an answer, Harvey.” It seemed like Louis once more was in the mood to do a little sparing with Harvey. Well, that was fine by him. Louis rarely made it to round two.

“Well, if you really want to know, a little puppy I was taking care of during the weekend made a mess of the files when the folder dropped accidentally from my desk to the floor and when the puppy was done sniffing around the pages, he pointed his little puppy-nose straight at the doctored numbers. All I had to do was rewrite the merger. Happy now?”

During the little monologue Harvey’s grin had spread over his whole face, laughter lines now prominent around his eyes, which seemed to infuriate Louis even more.

Harvey actually thought about what kind of face Mike would make if he could hear him now. Would he be aroused or offended that Harvey likened him to a puppy to his colleagues? When he called him that in private Mike seemed to like the pet-name very much.

An angry inhale disrupted Harvey’s train of thought.

“You know what, Harvey? You can mock me all you like but we both know that you’re full of shit. No way did you find the numbers on your own. I know that it was this PI of yours who must’ve
tipped you off. But that’s just like you. Claiming someone else’s achievements as your own.”

With that, he stood up, pulled his jacket straight, nodded towards Jessica and left the office in a huff.

“What bee has gotten into his bonnet?” Harvey asked innocently, like Louis was totally overreacting.

“Mocking Louis is not nice, Harvey,” Jessica chided. She was used to playing referee between these two but sometimes it annoyed her that Harvey didn’t seem to be able to play nice.

“But he makes it so easy.” The wide grin stayed in place.

“Well, he’s right on one account. So, how did you spot the numbers? And don’t you dare repeat that puppy-story. You know that you can’t bullshit me.”

“You don’t have enough faith in my abilities to believe I have spotted them on my own? Jessica, you wound me.”

She gave him that sphinxlike little smile that told him she believed not a word he said.

“Fine. Keep the secret to yourself, then. Maybe it’s better if I can claim ignorance. The important thing is that they got spotted. But if you did something untoward….“ She left the rest of the sentence open so that Harvey could fill in the blanks with his own imagination, which was somehow so much worse than if she’d made an open threat.

Hurriedly he seized the opportunity to change the topic. He wiped his grin from his face and gave the Managing Partner one of his most sincere looks, the one he usually reserved for nervous clients or tax auditors.

“Actually, there is one other thing that I wanted to talk to you about.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. This sincere look on Harvey’s face could only mean two things. Either he wanted something from her or he’d done something he shouldn’t have and needed her forgiveness. She decided to pursue the most likely scenario.

“Whom did you make cry this time, Harvey? Do I have to send you to HR again? Remind me, how often have you done the course on acceptable workplace behavior already?”

This time he didn’t need to pretend to be hurt. His workplace behavior was at least better than Louis’ whom the associates hated with a fiery passion. Of him, they were merely afraid and in awe. And the last time someone had cried because of him must have been a couple of weeks ago at least. And he was quite sure that the female associate had boyfriend troubles and that’s why she’d cried when he’d barked at her for missing some things in the briefs he’d given her for proof reading.

“It’s nothing like that. Why do you always think the worst of me, Jessica?” The Managing Partner dismissed his wounded look. He’d get over it. He always did.

“Maybe because I’ve known you for more than 15 years?”

“Alright. I admit, I’ve done some things in the past that weren’t exactly, well, you know, but this is about something else entirely. So, I believe you will be very happy to learn that I have taken all your speeches regarding pro-bono work and how important it is for the firm to heart. I have decided to take on a case.”
Jessica eyed him suspiciously, remembering all the times Harvey had shied away from pro-bono work like the devil shied away from holy water. So she gave him the inquisitive eyebrow.

“Where’s the catch?”

“No catch. In fact, an honest to God David against Goliath tale, just the way you like it. Oh, and with the potential of gaining some new paying clients as well. And Beyer is also in the mix.”

“Beyer, as in the multi-billion dollar pharma-giant? And how did you manage to find this case, Harvey? You know that all pro-bono cases need to be approved and assigned by me.”

Harvey handed her the file Mike had compiled while Harvey had worked on the merger the previous night.

“That’s why I’m telling you now. Honestly Jessica, this is a good thing. The plaintiff is supporting his old and sick grandmother and the nursing home administrator is swindling him and using her as a lab-rat for Beyer. They’re doing a legitimate study on a new Alzheimer’s drug but the plaintiff, who is her legal guardian, didn’t sign her up for it. Someone forged the contract and pocketed all the money and on top he is billed huge amounts for a different medication which the patient doesn’t even take.”

Jessica took the file reluctantly but didn’t open it. “And how do you know about it? And don’t tell me any bullshit. You know I will be able to tell.”

Harvey had prepared a backstory because he couldn’t tell Jessica the truth. She knew a lot about his many skeletons but he doubted she knew about this particular inclination of his. And if she knew, which he wouldn’t put entirely past her, she would never talk about it with him. Some things were better left unspoken.

“During the time I had to clear up the mess with Velocity Data Solutions I was pulling an all-nighter. This kid came into my office to clean it. He’s part of the cleaning crew and somehow we got to talk. I don’t know why but I guess I was tired and my walls were down, but he made a comment on my music and before I knew it we were making conversation. It was nice and he seemed like a bright kid. Too bright to tell you the truth, so I had Vanessa investigate him, just to be sure that he wasn’t a spy for another firm. You know, like the thing a couple of years ago with Scott Bailey.”

Jessica nodded when she remembered the attempt at corporate espionage Harvey had discovered as a senior associate. One of the temporal legal secretaries had tried to steal confidential documents for a rival law firm and when Harvey had discovered the culprit and put an end to it, Jessica had fast-tracked him for Junior Partner as a reward.

“Long story short, he’s not a spy, just very bright with the stupid habit of making really bad life-decisions. Turns out the kid actually had a full ride at Columbia with the prospect of a full ride at Harvard as well before he got himself expelled. Well, anyway, I gave him my phone number that night because there’s just something in him… I guess that maybe I see in him the same potential you saw in me all these years ago. I didn’t hear from Mike again for a couple of days but yesterday evening he called and told me his story. He asked for my advice since he wanted to handle the situation himself but didn’t really know how. I had him come by my place and he told me about his grandmother and the bills for the medicine and what the nurse had told him. He also was able to take pictures of his grandmother’s patient file. I think there is a legitimate case here. And if the administrator did that to Mike’s Grammy, then I’m sure there are other patients as well.”

Jessica had leafed through the file while Harvey gave his explanation, fully capable of multi-
tasking. Now, a slight smile began to play over Jessica’s full lips and Harvey knew that he had been made as soon as he saw it.

“Mike’s Grammy, is it? I think you must like the kid a great deal more than you let on when you call his grandmother by his pet-name for her. And he came by your place yesterday, you say? Hm, I wonder if the name of the puppy you were taking care of yesterday isn’t Mike, too.”

Her playful tone became suddenly steely and her dark eyes bore into his but the slight smile stayed on her lips which made her facial expression much more frightening.

“And don’t you dare lie to me, Harvey!”

Shit!

For a brief, very brief, moment he calculated the odds of lying himself out of this but Jessica knew him too well. So he tried something unexpected.

Harvey held his hands up slightly in a gesture of surrender. “Yes, you caught me. I confess. It was Mike who spotted that something was wrong with the RSC numbers.”

Now the smile was gone and the crease between the Managing Partner’s perfect brows displayed her discontent.

“And what for heaven’s sake made you show this kid the confidential files in the first place? Were you out of your mind? How could you break client confidentiality, Harvey? Haven’t I taught you better?”

He got why she was furious and so he told her everything that had happened the other night, minus the kinky stuff of course. So, as far as Jessica was concerned, he had taken Mike a little under his wing because he saw himself in the kid and wanted to help him.

“It was just pages full of columns of figures. Meaningless to anybody but Louis and me. I saw no harm in letting him put them back in order while I studied the pictures he’d taken. I didn’t knew that he’s a genius with numbers as well. Vanessa’s report only stated that he has an eidetic memory and he confessed that his auditory memory is nearly as good. How should I have known that he could spot the discrepancy with just a quick glance at a page packed full of numbers? But he saved us. And for that alone we owe him to take his case.”

During his whole explanation the Managing Partner had studied him intently. Harvey was almost sure that she didn’t spot that there was so much more going on between Mike and him. Almost.

“Do you still have Vanessa’s file on him?”

Harvey nodded, selected it on his phone and gave it to Jessica. Her manicured finger scrolled swiftly through the contents before handing it back to him.

After a long stretch of silence Jessica nodded once.

“Okay. I believe that you didn’t break confidentiality on purpose. But you broke it nonetheless. I’m sorely tempted to give the pro-bono to Louis just to teach you a lesson but I can see that this Mike Ross matters to you somehow and it’s good to see you care for somebody else for once. So, you have my permission to pursue the case and if you can sign some more clients, maybe make it a class-action lawsuit, then you have my blessing. Under one condition. The kid signs a non-disclosure agreement regarding RSC and we never speak a word about how the doctored numbers got discovered. Agreed?”
Harvey exhaled slowly, willing his poker-face to stay fixed. Since Jessica gave him another of her enigmatic smiles, he wasn’t quite sure if he’d pulled it off.

“Agreed.” He stood up after she’d handed the file back to him and made to leave the office. At the door he briefly turned around.

“Thank you, Jessica.”

He left a flummoxed Jessica Pearson behind, who tried to remember when Harvey Specter had last thanked her on behalf of someone else.

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Harvey’s phone beeped and when he opened his text-messenger-app he saw that Mike had sent him the picture of a greasy burger from a ShakeShack menu. Another beep sounded when a text message arrived.

(Mike 2:13 pm) *Please, Sir? Can I have some more?*

Harvey rolled his eyes. Although an orphan, Mike was neither starving nor living in a workhouse. But he would’ve been on his bike since around 8 am. The kid was thin as a rail and must by now be ravenous but Harvey decided to alter Mike’s lunch choice at least a little bit.

(Harvey 2:14 pm) *Okay Oliver, but instead of the fries take a salad. Drink water and get some fruit as dessert.*

Harvey could almost picture the eye-roll Mike would most likely be performing by now but his answer was impeccable.

(Mike 2:15 pm) *Thank you Sir.*

Harvey smiled. At breakfast-time Mike had sent him a picture of the Lucky Charms cereal box and Harvey had gracefully allowed him the sweet treat as well as the large mug of coffee. So far Mike had obeyed all his rules today. It seemed that a firm hand really was all the kid had needed.

(Harvey 2:16 pm) *Don’t forget your appointment at 6 pm. And I need you to swing by my office after that. I’ve got news regarding your case.*

(Mike 2:17 pm) *Alright, Sir. But what about your assistant? Won’t she be suspicious after last Friday? Or should I pretend to make another delivery?*

Harvey swallowed. Shit! He had completely forgotten about the little play they’d put on for Donna’s benefit. Well, he could only do one thing. Confess, put himself at her mercy and give her his AmEx for a spin around the shops.

(Harvey 2:18 pm) *Good point. I will need to put her in the loop.*

Rapid beeping of his phone followed his latest text.

(Mike 2:19 pm) *What?*

(Mike 2:19 pm) *You mean, tell her everything?*
Harvey could understand why Mike felt uncomfortable with this but there was no way he could keep Donna in the dark, especially since Mike might become a constant in his life. And, unlike Jessica, Harvey knew that she knew at least a little bit about his more adventurous sex-life. He’d never told her but Donna had her ways to find things out.

(Harvey 2:20 pm) Trust me, everything will be fine when Donna is on our side. But we need to get our story straight before you meet the other partners. We’ll figure something out. Just come by after you’d been at my GP’s. Now eat. See you later.

(Mike 2:21 pm) :-)

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Harvey didn’t bother to hit the button on the intercom.

“Donna! Please come in for a moment when you have a little time.”

The redhead immediately left her cubicle and sat down in front of Harvey’s desk, crossing her long legs to better display her killer-heels.

“Are you feeling alright, Harvey?” Her face was showing a faux expression of concern.

“Yes, of course. Why are you asking?”

“Because you said please.”

“Oh, c’mon. I say please all the time.”

“No you don’t. So, what’s up? Jessica tore you a new one for getting crass with Waterhouse?”

“If you know about that then you know that Jessica backed me up and terminated RSC as a client.”

“Yeah, I never liked that weasel anyway. He was one of Hardman’s. So, what’s on your mind Harvey? You look a little like the dog ate your homework which would make me the teacher and I’m far too awesome to be a teacher.”

Harvey swiveled his chair a little to the left to look out of the window while he sorted out his thoughts.

“Have I ever told you how valuable you are as my assistant and… friend?”

She gave him a suspicious look. “You’re not dying, Harvey, are you? Your doc found a spot of cancer last Thursday?”

“What? No, of course not. Can’t I just tell you, every once in a while, how much you mean to me?”

“Okay. That’s it Harvey. You better fess up right now.”

Harvey stood up to pour himself a scotch. After he fixed a glass for himself he looked
questioningly at Donna, showing her the crystal carafe with the amber liquid. She nodded.

“Better make it a large one, because frankly, you’re starting to scare me, Harvey.”

He placed her glass on the desk and sat back down.

After they both had taken a sip he finally had enough courage to throw himself at her mercy.

“You remember the bike-messenger from last Friday?”

“You mean the poor puppy with the beautiful eyes and hot ass you’ve torn to shreds?”

“Yes, him. Well, I’ve met him before. And I wasn’t tearing him to shreds. We were just… you know, putting on a show. Sorry.”

When Donna stayed silent and only stared at him with a stony expression he sighed. She wasn’t going to make that easy for him.

“I know him.” His eyes bore into hers, one eyebrow raised, like he was trying to deliver the subtext via telepathy.

“Oh! You mean you know him, know him?” She waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Harvey nodded. “I met him at a club. About 4 weeks ago.”

“You go to clubs? Aren’t you a little old for that? Don’t tell me that you were dancing.” Her voice was only half mocking him.

“Not that kind of club. The other kind.”

Donna’s eyes suddenly grew wide when understanding dawned on her.

“You haven’t done that in a while. At least not to my knowledge.” She thought for a moment. “Well, at least that explains why you’ve been in such a good mood for the last couple of days.”

“Yes, we’ve come to an… arrangement.”

She gave him a mischievous smile.

“You know, I never asked which… role you’re assuming when you do your… thing. They say that very powerful men often like to be put down and… you know.” She let the sentence hang unfinished in the air between them while her eyes trailed over him in a calculating manner and her hand made a little slapping gesture.

Now he knew how women must feel when men undressed them with their eyes. He actually felt a little dirty.

Harvey put on his sternest voice to stop that notion of hers immediately. “Don’t even go there. I’m not Louis. You know full well which role I assume in this kind of… thing. And anyway, you’ve seen Mike and there can be no doubt about his role in all that.”

Well, she couldn’t argue that point. The kid had submissive oozing out of every pore of him.

“Mike. Cute name for that puppy.” She leaned forward a little and whispered conspiratorially. “And such a nice ass.”
Harvey grinned a little as memory flashed a picture of a fair firm ass with pinkish handprints before his inner eye. “You have no idea.”

“So, do you… you know.” She did that little spanking motion again and for a moment Harvey was sure that she could see right into his head. But he wasn’t prepared to share bed-stories with his assistant.

“I’m not discussing our private life with you. Suffice it to say that he spent the weekend and later today he will come by the office.”

Donna leaned back in the visitor’s chair. “So, that’s why you’re telling me all this now. Why did he come by last Friday? And why the show you two put on for me? By the way Mister, I hope you know that you need to pay for that.”

He knew that had been coming and with a resigned little sigh Harvey retrieved his wallet and handed her the black AmEx. “Knock yourself out. But try to stay within 5 figures. And he came by because I’d given him some… homework, and he wanted to deliver it to me in person. I wasn’t expecting him or I would’ve warned you somehow.”

Donna snatched the card and stored it somewhere in her cleavage-region.

“Homework? What kind of homework?” Before he could explain she figured it out herself. “Oh… that kind of written homework you need to do before you can do…” she winked at him. “Got it.”

“So, now you know why he wouldn’t hand the envelope to you.”

She looked a little disappointed. “I guess there is no chance that you would show it to me now? It’s just, now that you’ve taken me into your confidence, what could it hurt? And I’ve never actually seen one of these so it would be for educational purposes.”

Now he could see that she was truly mocking him.

“Donna, my life is not a soap-opera for your personal amusement.”

“Oh, but it could be.”

“Anyway, Mike is my new client and that’s why he’s coming by later.”

Now he’d really managed to confuse her.

“New client? But he’s a bike-messenger. Or was that a ruse as well?”

“No, he really is. But the nursing home his Grandmother is staying at is running a scam and he came to me for help, so I took his case pro-bono. Already cleared it with Jessica.”

She opened her eyes wide. “You told Jessica?”

Harvey rolled his eyes. “Of course not. Well, not the whole story.” He gave Donna the version he’d given Jessica, the official version that from now on would be their story of how they first met.

“Well, I suppose it is good that Jessica can deny any knowledge regarding your… kinkier activities,” Donna conceded. “Credible deniability and all that.”

She leaned a little forward and placed one hand lightly on his arm.

“So I take it that your… thing is on hold while you’re his lawyer. You know, anything else would
be… questionable. But it’s a shame, really. You know that these kind of lawsuits can drag themselves out over years.”

Harvey lifted his eyebrow. “I think that Mike and I have crossed the bridge commonly known as questionable a couple of times that weekend already. And he’s not a paying client so the ethic-rules of the bar-association can’t be applied so strictly.”

“You tell yourself that, Harvey. Whatever lets you sleep at night.”

“Thank you very much, but I slept like a baby.”

“Yeah, I hear that male stamina dwindles at around 40 so whenever you need to take a nap, just let me know and I’ll clear your schedule.” She gave him another of her suggestive winks.

Harvey handed her the folder of Mike’s case, ignoring her jab at him and his manly abilities.

“Here, create a proper case file for this and acquaint yourself with the details. And Donna, I would appreciate it if you could be nice to Mike. He’s a little worried already and I don’t want him to balk. After all, it’s not his fault that I made him lie to you.”

Donna swallowed down her snide remark. I was good seeing Harvey care for someone and not being afraid to show it.

“You got it, boss. And kicking puppies is not my style anyway.”

Taking the file with her to create the necessary paperwork, she turned on her heels and flicked her long hair back before she left his office.

Harvey exhaled slowly only when he could be sure that Donna’s back was turned. Well, that hadn’t gone too bad. But he needed to see next month credit-card bill until he could be entirely sure about that.

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When Mike arrived at Donna’s cubicle with his bike-helmet in his hand and his hair sticking up in every direction, he was a little nervous. Harvey’s assistant was a beautiful woman but somehow she put the fear of god into him. It had taken all his resorts to resist her last time and in his mind he’d given her the nickname Cerberus since she’d guarded Harvey’s office with such a fierce passion. Taking a page out of Psyche’s book, he’d brought her a gift.

Last Friday he’d noticed that the pink orchid on her desk had only one blossom left and when he’d by chance driven by a florist shop on his way to the Pearson Hardman building, which had exactly the same orchids in their display-window, he’d bought her a miniature one as a peace-offering. The little flower had been securely wrapped up in paper and he’d pushed his bike for the remaining two blocks so that it wouldn’t get damaged. Now, the little flower was sitting safely in his helmet while his right hand raked nervously through his sweaty hair.

With hesitant steps he closed the remaining space until he stood right in front of her work-station and gave a nervous little cough, since she was intently staring at the screen of her computer. He wasn’t sure if she was ignoring him on purpose or if she really was absorbed in her work. When she finally looked up at him, he’d expected a scowl. Instead, her face slowly lit up and she gave
him a friendly smile.

“You must be Mike. Nice to meet you officially. I’m Donna.” The redhead stood up and walked around her three walls to greet him with a handshake. He hadn’t expected such a warm welcome and hastily rubbed his sweaty palm against his thigh before he shook her hand.

“Hm, hi. I’m Mike. But you already know that. So…ehm, nice to meet you too, again I mean, since we’ve already met. But now it’s nicer and…”

He could feel his face getting red under her still friendly but somewhat inquiring gaze. She seemed to study him with such intent and he felt very uncomfortable, not knowing how much Harvey had told her. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Harvey sitting at his desk, watching their encounter with a bemused expression and he decided to seek refuge with his Dom.

“Can I…?” He nodded a little in Harvey’s direction.

Her gaze became a little softer. “Sure thing, Mike. Just go in. He has been waiting for you for a long time.” She gave him a little wink and Mike was at a loss.

“But he knew that I had an appointment at 6,” he tried to defend himself. “I came as quickly as I could.”

Donna touched his arm lightly. “I meant he had been waiting for someone like you for a long time.”

Then she turned around and sat back at her computer once more but not without eyeing Mike’s butt with a connoisseur’s appreciation. Bike messenger! Not bad. Maybe she should change her hunting grounds.

Mike had taken a few steps into Harvey’s office when he suddenly remembered and hastily turned around. He retrieved the wrapped-up flower from his helmet and shyly offered it to Donna.

Now she was truly baffled. Nobody could say that her mouth actually gaped open, well nobody who wanted to stay in her good graces, but it had been a long time since she’d been so surprised. When she’d pried the wrapping-paper off and saw the miniature twin to her wilting big orchid she couldn’t suppress a small laughter of delight.

“How did you know?”

Mike rubbed his hand once more through his hair and his tongue darted out quickly to wet his lower lip. He gave her a little embarrassed shrug.

“Well, last Friday, when I came by, I saw that your orchid had only one blossom left and when I went by this florists earlier I saw these orchids and I thought, well, since I had lied to you and…you know, as an apology and anyway I just thought that you might like it.”

Donna, the tough, battle-seasoned assistant of Harvey-I-don’t-give-a-shit-Specter had to swallow hard. At that very moment this little flower, bought by this kid with so much thoughtfulness, meant so much more to her than any apology-shopping-spree she could indulge in with Harvey’s AmEx.

She carefully put the little flower next to its big brother then stood up and before Mike could process what was happening, she’d wrapped him up in an embrace. He felt a little uncomfortable since he had been on his bike since the morning and surely didn’t smell so good and Harvey was certainly watching them. But Donna’s embrace felt so honest and sweet that all his previous apprehensions simply vanished.
“Thank you Mike,” Donna said softly. “Now I know for sure what he sees in you. You’re very sweet.” She stepped back a little, breaking their embrace but a hand reached out to his cheek and petted him briefly before she got herself back under control.

“Now, don’t let him wait any longer. I can see him fidgeting behind his desk like a lovesick teenager.”

Mike nodded and went back into Harvey’s office. The lawyer gave him a stunned little smile.

“It seems like you’re forgiven.”

“Yes, Sir. Seems like it.”

“You know that you’ve just made a friend for life?”

Mike was confused. “But, it was just a small little orchid.”

Before Harvey could reply he heard Donna’s voice behind him. “But it was a very sweet and thoughtful gesture that you didn’t need to make since you’re my boss’ boyfriend. It’s not about the money you spent, it’s about the thought.”

“If that’s the case, how about you giving me my AmEx back and I buy you flowers instead?”

Donna laughed. “Nice try, Harvey. By the way, if you scare this puppy away, it’ll take more than your AmEx to get back into my good graces, if you manage it at all. And now I go home and leave you two alone. And you will be all alone since nobody on this floor is working anymore as I accidentally noticed when I went to the ladies the long way round a little earlier.”

Having had the last word, she turned around and left them alone.

For a moment they stayed silent, just looking at each other.

Then they both spoke at the same time.

“Have you been to the doctor?”

“Should I kneel, Sir?”

Both of them chuckled a little but it was Harvey who spoke again.

“Stay in the chair for now. So, how was the appointment?”

Mike showed him the inside of his arm where a little Band-Aid was sticking to his skin to cover the needle-mark.

“So far everything’s well. The test results will be in on Wednesday late afternoon or Thursday morning. I told them that they should e-mail them to you, Sir.”

Harvey nodded approvingly. That meant the next weekend he could have his boy bareback when everything was in order.

Then he opened a folder and slid several sheets of paper across his desk.

“I need you to sign these.”

Mike read the first page and signed the addendum to their contract. The next pages were a letter of
engagement, basically hiring Harvey as his lawyer with it while promising that he wouldn’t sue Pearson Hardman for misconduct if they should lose his case and again he signed without hesitation. When he came to the third document he got confused. “A non-disclosure regarding RSC? I don’t understand, Sir.”

Harvey explained to him how he’d accidentally screwed up and that the Managing Partner had insisted on this. Mike could understand why Harvey’s boss had been furious and signed the non-disclosure agreement too.

“Was that the reason why you wanted me to come by today?” He gestured at the paperwork.

“Yes and no. I told Jessica about your case and she allowed me to take it on pro-bono as you can see from the engagement-letter. I want to go over it with you to explain what we’re going to do next. Oh, and you need this.”

He slid a much smaller slip of paper across his desk and when Mike picked it up he saw that it was a cashier’s check for 25,000 $ from Pearson Hardman’s accounts. Mike’s eyes bulged a little when he saw the figure and the kid opened his mouth like he wanted to say something but no sound came out.

Harvey could see in Mike’s face the onslaught of all the different emotions that the 25 grand triggered so he hastened to clarify his motives before Mike would come to the wrong conclusions.

“Don’t freak out. You’re going to pay us back after I’ve won your case. But your Grammy needs to stay at the nursing home and this will buy us some time to set all the necessary wheels in motion. This is not charity Mike, it’s strategy.”

That seemed a sensible course of action so Mike nodded without arguing and stored the check carefully in his wallet. It felt weird that all of a sudden he needn’t worry if his Grammy had a roof over her head tomorrow.

Harvey stood up and went to the couch, settling down comfortably. “So, let’s talk about what’s going to happen next.”

Mike stood up from the visitor’s chair and went to Harvey but remained standing. “You can sit down, Mike.” The kids gaze shifted from Harvey’s face to the spot right beside his feet where it lingered longingly for a second before he looked at the chair next to the couch.

“Or you can kneel, if you prefer. But I need your full attention, Mike. No drifting away.”

The kid licked his lower lip and nibbled at it a little, seemingly unsure of what to do. What he wanted to do though was written all over his face.

“Alright puppy.” Harvey placed a pillow at the floor. “But I want you to look at me. I need to be sure that you understand everything I tell you.”

Mike started to roll his eyes but caught himself just in time that Harvey could let it go without reprimanding him. Then the kid sank to his knees, facing Harvey. His hands found their position at the small of his back and Harvey saw that Mike’s posture had improved noticeably.

His hand swiftly petted Mike’s messy hair to show his approval and then he explained to Mike what would happen in the next couple of days.

One of the things was that Mike needed to pay the bill so that MacDougal wouldn’t be able to throw Mike’s Grammy to the curb. Another thing was that Mike needed to come in during office
hours for a deposition. They needed his official statement that he never signed the contract with Beyer. After that Harvey would make an appointment with Mason & Unger, the law firm that represented Beyer and let them know that one of their partners in the Alzheimer’s study for Asaxep was dodgy and watch them panicking. Harvey already looked forward to that.

Mike listened attentively while Harvey laid out the whole battle plan. It dawned on him that he would’ve never managed to take on MacDougal on his own. The administrator would’ve most likely gone to Beyer and discredited Mike, making it out as if Mike would try to blackmail them or something like that. And with his shady past as a liar and cheater he would’ve most likely succeeded.

Harvey on the other hand had the right connections and was able to see the bigger picture. He would go to Beyer first, showing them the evidence of MacDougal’s fraudulent activities. And he would sent his PI, Vanessa, to snoop around the nursing home and see whether Mike’s Grammy was the only resident that had been signed up for the study under false pretenses.

While he listened to Harvey, Mike also tried to pay attention to his pose and he became aware how much it excited him to kneel for Harvey. And even more so in this office with the glass walls where everybody could see him.

He’d never thought that he liked the feeling of being exposed. When Steven had insisted that they play in the public room he’d almost balked but now, with Harvey, he had no problem with people seeing him kneeling at Harvey’s feet.

He wished that he could be naked for Harvey now, so that his Dom could see how much he enjoyed this. And it was not solely his dick, although he was already half hard and working his way up to a fully grown boner.

He enjoyed it also on an intellectual level. Kneeling here like this made him Harvey’s good boy, made him belong to this handsome, strong, powerful man. It was a way for Mike to show Harvey his devotion and knowing that Harvey liked that too, that this wasn’t a one-sided thing only for Mike’s benefit, made it so much hotter.

He was Harvey’s sub and Harvey was his Dom. They were like two sides of a coin. Ying and Yang. It was like the owned each other, each of them reveling in the role they could play for the other. It was exhilarating, really.

Mike became aware that Harvey had been silent for a while now and he shifted his full attention back to him.

“You were a million miles away, Mike.” Harvey’s voice sounded very gentle, almost like he had seen what Mike had been thinking of.

“Sorry, Sir. It’s just, I was thinking that this feels so right. Me kneeling for you I mean. I only wish I could be naked for you.”

Harvey’s lips twitched a little. “Do you now?” He kept his tone neutral but as past experience had taught him, that wouldn’t be enough to discourage Mike from getting himself into trouble again.

The sub licked his lips and a blush crept over his face. “Yes, Sir. Then you could see how hard I’m for you. How much it turns me on to be like this for you.”

The Dom’s eyes shifted down to Mike’s crotch, where his now fully erect cock strained against the thin fabric of the bike-shorts.
“Have you touched yourself today, Mike?” Maybe Mike would get the hint if Harvey reminded him of the rules.

Mike shook his head. “No, Sir. Well, only when I showered and dressed but not in a pleasurable way. And sometimes I had to adjust myself during biking but I did it only when necessary.”

“So, what you’re telling me is that you’ve been my good boy today?” Harvey’s face stayed friendly, the slight smile still playing over his lips. If Mike had been more experienced he’d smelled the trap.

“Yes, Sir. For you.”

“And what do you want from me now, Mike? Do you want a reward for being good for me?”

“I… you said yesterday that you could change the rules if recent events would warrant it. Maybe me being good for you would warrant a touch?”

“Mike, are you begging me to touch you?” Harvey shifted forward in his seat gazing intently in Mike’s eyes, willing him to use his brain.

Mike shivered all over. “Oh, yes Sir. Please touch me. Wherever you want. My cock, my ass, my nipples. I’m all yours.”

Harvey stood up and walked towards the windows. For a moment he watched the city deep below him. Mike was young and eager but so quick to forget the rules. Harvey turned around, watching Mike who still knelt in front of the sofa although he was looking in his direction.

“You told me that your auditory memory is almost as good as your eidetic memory. Is that true, Mike?”

The sub seemed surprised. “Yes Sir. I wouldn’t lie to you.”

“Then I want you to recall what I told you before I put you in the corner. And what I told you before I’d jerked you off yesterday evening. Verbatim if you can.”

“You said: For today and tomorrow you are not allowed to touch yourself in a pleasurable way or to make yourself come in any other way. And you’re not allowed to… to beg me for it either or… to try to initiate anything like that.”

Mike looked suddenly dumbstruck, realizing where this would lead. His adam’s-apple bopped as he swallowed down the rising dread but he carried on nonetheless because Harvey had asked him to.

“And before you’d jerked me off you said: You’re not allowed to move and you’re only allowed to speak if I ask a question. Noises are welcome, though. You will maintain eye contact at all times and you only have 5 minutes to come. The only thing you’ll get is my hand. And after that the previous rules apply until Wednesday evening.”

“So, do you see your problem, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir. I’ve violated your rules when I told you I was hard and wanted you to touch me. Begged you to touch me. I’m so sorry, Sir. I forgot.”

“Yes, Mike. That’s your problem. When you’re horny you forget the rules. And I can’t allow that.”
Mike hung his head, suddenly not able to keep eye-contact with Harvey. There hadn’t been one day since their first scene in this office when he hadn’t screwed up in some way.

“I want you to stand up, go to my desk, drop your shorts and bend over it.” Harvey’s voice was very low and sounded almost pensive.

The sub came to his feet and obeyed his Dom instantly. He braced his palms against the cool glass-surface of the desk and pushed his bare ass out. Then he waited, and waited. He could hear Harvey moving behind him but he didn’t dare turn around. The surface of the desk showed Mike the image of a young man with a haunted expression and huge sad eyes and he couldn’t stand to look at his own mirror-image. All he could see was the failure he was, so he closed his eyes firmly.

The light touch in the small of his back surprised him. The palm slid up his spine under his t-shirt till it was situated between his shoulder blades, eliciting only a little pressure. Then the other hand rubbed over his ass in a circular movement.

“I would much more like to spank you for play. I think we would both enjoy that so much more.”

“I’m so sorry Sir.” His voice sounded small and child-like.

“I know Mike. But you need to learn to remember such things. So, you get 3 slaps. And you know the rules for punishment. I want you to recite them for me before you tell me your color.”

“I am to count the strikes but otherwise I have to stay silent. My color is green Sir.”

“Hand me the ruler, Mike. Since it will be only 3 strikes, I will take it up a notch.”

Mike’s eyes searched the desk until he found the long wooden ruler which was lying beside Harvey’s laptop. He retrieved it and stuck his hand behind his back to hand it to Harvey. Suddenly he started to shiver. What would the ruler feel like? Harvey’s hand had been bad yesterday and surely a ruler wielded with full force would be so much worse. He’d been relieved when Harvey had announced that he would get only 3 slaps but now… oh god. Now he was really afraid. Before his fear could drag him down any further gentle hands pulled him upwards and turned him around.

“Mike. Look at me.” He shifted his eyes upwards to meet Harvey’s.

“Do you trust me, Mike?”

He nodded. “Yes, Sir. I do.”

Harvey held up the ruler. “I know that you can take 3 strikes with the ruler, Mike. I know that. I wouldn’t do anything to you that you couldn’t handle. And I know that you need to ride your bike later. I promise that you will be able to do so.” Harvey’s voice sounded so sure about that and Mike’s fear lessened. If Harvey was sure that he could handle it, than he could do it.

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

Harvey’s hand briefly touched his cheek, thumb caressing his cheekbone with one slow swipe.

“Turn around and assume position.”

As soon as Mike had bent himself over the desk again, the steadying hand between his shoulder-blades was back. He pressed his sweaty palms firmly against the cool glass briefly thinking that he
would be the one who would wipe them away in a few hours.

He could feel the wooden ruler tapping against his ass lightly once and then the first strike hit home, striking both cheeks at once.

“One,” he panted out as the sharp initial pain dulled and flared out until it faded away. Before it was entirely gone, the second strike hit a little lower.

“Two!” He hissed the word because this time the sting was more intense like Harvey had used a little more force and the pain didn’t fade away as quickly as before.

The last strike hit him where butt met thigh, his sit-spot and this one hurt like a mother-flacker.

“Three.” He was a little breathless as his brain tried to process the pain but the three strikes weren’t enough to overwhelm him with endorphins and his eyes stayed dry this time.

The ruler clattered against the glass of the desk when Harvey tossed it away and a warm firm palm soothed the pain away.

“Such a nice shade of red. You have no idea, how beautiful your freshly spanked ass looks, Mike.”

He stayed in position while Harvey appreciated his work a little while longer, all the while stroking Mike’s abused skin.

“I need to stash a bottle of the lotion in my desk,” the Dom said, more to himself than to Mike.

After a while he took his hands off Mike and stepped back.

“Turn around and put your shorts back on.” After Mike was fully clothed again, his dick still hard, Harvey stepped closer and pulled Mike into an embrace, trailing his lips over Mike’s right temple.

“Forgiven and forgotten,” he murmured against Mike’s soft messy hair. “But you need to remember the rule until Wednesday evening. I don’t want to have to punish you again, Mike.”

“Yes, Sir. I don’t want that either” Suddenly his stomach rumbled and Harvey laughed out loud.

“Do you have a lion hidden in there?” He ended the embrace and looked at his rumpled sub with fond eyes.

“Sorry, Sir. I haven’t had dinner, yet.”

Harvey grinned at him. “Well, the least I can do is feed you. Do you know the little diner two blocks down, corner with Lexington Avenue? They have great sandwiches. And their salads are delicious. My treat.”

Mike grinned back, the pain in his ass almost forgotten. “How could I say no to that, Sir?”

Chapter End Notes

This story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.
I would love to read your comments and Kudos is highly appreciated.

Thank you for reading and sticking with this already very long story. There are another 30k words or 5 chapters already written and although I have a vague notion how my story will end, I’m nowhere near getting there. So thank you so much for your patience.
No pain - no gain

Chapter Summary

There's one appointment Mike really doesn't want to take.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading and for all the nice comments and the Kudos. I love to read your thoughts on my story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Mike did on Tuesday morning after leaving his apartment was to visit his bank and cash Pearson Hardman’s check into his account. He’d had a nightmare, dreaming that he’d lost his wallet with the check in it so getting rid of it was a huge relief.

The second thing he did was mail the check from his own account for Grammy’s bill to the nursing home.

The third thing was sending an e-mail to Schmidt Facility Management with his resignation. He offered to fulfil his two weeks’ notice but their reply only was that he shouldn’t bother.

So, for the rest of the week he actually had some free time and could sleep a whole night without getting up in between his two jobs. Harvey had known about his plan, had actually encouraged him to give up the cleaning job last night when they talked about it over dinner.

Mike still wanted to apply for a job at a catering service since money was always scarce but now, without the threat of Grammy’s eviction haunting him, he could take his time and look for a job that really suited him. And most likely he needn’t work every evening and still would make enough to get by. His life had changed in only a few days and now Mike waited for the other shoe to drop. He wasn’t used to having some luck and Fortuna had always been a fickle lady for him.

His work as a bike messenger sent him all over Manhattan and by not quite chance he was in the vicinity of Pearson Hardman around midday so he decided to send Harvey the mandatory second text of the day.

(Mike 1:26 pm) Hi Sir. I’m nearby. Had to make a delivery to the Seagram Building.

(Harvey 1:28 pm) Excellent. Meet me at the hot dog cart 54th corner with Lexington. I’ll buy you lunch.

(Mike 1:29 pm) Need 3 minutes.

Mike leaned his bike against a bike stand while he waited for Harvey. The sun was out and since it was almost summer he was happy that he could wear shorts and a t-shirt.
When he finally spotted his Dom weaving his way through the crowd of pedestrians it hit Mike how well Harvey looked in his suit, even so he must be very hot in it.

Compared to all the other suit-wearing manager-types on the street Harvey oozed cool and composed out of every pore like he could prevent his body from producing sweat through pure will-power. The only concession to the weather he’d made were his sunglasses.

Without thinking about it, Mike stood a little straighter as Harvey approached. Since they were in public he couldn’t greet Harvey like he wanted to so he decided to follow the lawyers lead.

“Hello Mike. What a great coincidence that you were in the area.”

Mike smiled a little sheepishly at that since it hadn’t been a coincidence. “Well, Si… Harvey. Actually, when the assignment came in I happened to be at the office and since I knew it was near your office I volunteered to take it. I hope you’re okay with that.”

Harvey only nodded, not sure if he should praise Mike for his quick thinking or reprimand him for pushiness.

“You like hotdogs?”

Mike grinned. “Is the pope catholic?”

“These are the best in New York.” Harvey turned to the cart and ordered two with all the trimmings, handing one of it to Mike.

They ate in companionable silence but Mike was aware that they made an odd picture. The high-power lawyer having a street-lunch with a scruffy bike messenger. When Harvey finished, he wiped his mouth and hands carefully with the napkin. Mike had somehow managed to get a blob of mustard on his sweaty t-shirt and was ineffectually dabbing at it, spreading the mess even more around.

“How on earth did you manage that?”

Mike couldn’t see the eye-roll behind the dark glasses his Dom was wearing, but the exasperated tone of voice made it clear what Harvey was thinking of Mike’s table manners. “I hope you can behave better when I take you to a fancy restaurant.”

Mike thought that this was a little unfair and since they were in the public he decided to chance his luck a little when he protested.

“This is the first time I spilled something in your presence and it happens to everyone once in a while. My parents and Grammy taught me how to behave in a restaurant so there’s nothing for you to worry.”

Harvey studied him for a moment. “Fair enough. I guess it can happen to everyone, well, except me of course.”

Now it was Mike’s turn to roll his eyes and this time he didn’t bother to hide it. “Of course.”

Harvey’s hand landed a quick slap on his ass before he resumed his composed posture. If Mike wouldn’t be feeling the lingering little pain of the slap he wouldn’t be sure that that slap actually had happened.

“How’s your butt?” Harvey asked innocently, reminding the sub that just because his misbehavior
couldn’t be punished right now didn’t mean that he would be scot free.

“Fine, Harvey, but thank you for asking.”

“Let’s keep it that way, shall we?”

Mike nodded his agreement and changed the subject.

“I mailed the check to the nursing home and handed in my notice with Schmidt. They don’t want me to carry out my two weeks’ notice so as of tonight, I can actually sleep more than a couple of hours at a time. But I’m still looking for another job.”

Harvey nodded his approval. “I asked Donna to contact our caterer. As soon as I hear something I’ll let you know. So, when does your shift normally end now that you only have your day-job?”

Mike shrugged. “It depends. But most days at around 6 since the majority of our clients close around that time.”

“That’s very good to know. Don’t make any plans this week. There will be some appointments that you need to keep. I’ll text you the details.”

Mike knew what kind of appointments Harvey was talking about and although he had no problems with being send to a hairdresser and he could endure a shopping tour as well, there was one thing he wasn’t looking forward to at all.

“What about tonight, Harvey? I was hoping that I could visit Grammy tonight.”

“Wouldn’t that make the administrator suspicious? Mike, you need to stick to your routine. We can’t show our hand prematurely. And you can’t tell her. The risk that she accidentally let it slip is too big.”

“Yes, I know. I won’t tell her. But Sunday she complained that she didn’t have any edible cookies and I thought I could just swing by and bring her some. And MacAsshole won’t be in after 6. Please, just a quick visit.”

Harvey could see how much Mike wanted to go and he gave in.

“All right. But be careful. And better make it quick.”

“Thank you. Oh, and by the way, she wants to meet you.”

Harvey raised his eyebrow and Mike told him about the conversation with his Grandmother.

“I’m sorry if this is awkward for you but she insisted and I can totally understand that you don’t want to meet her but I had to tell you.”

Harvey was a little at a loss. He hadn’t done the whole meet-the-parents-thing since he’d been a teenager and he wasn’t comfortable with meeting Mike’s Grammy at all. For one thing, they needed to fly under the radar and if word got out that Harvey Specter had visited Edith Ross, MacDougal would know that something was up. On the other hand, Grammy Ross was the only person in Mike’s life that truly mattered to him and he could see in his eyes how relieved he was that his Grammy had given them her blessing. Maybe he could swing by on a weekend, wear casual clothes and a base-cap so nobody would recognize him.

“It’s not that I don’t want to meet her, Mike. I just think that the time isn’t right. And we can’t tell
her what’s going on. It’s too risky. We might have to wait after we’ve closed the deal. But I’m happy for you that you have your Grammy’s approval.”

Harvey’s cell phone beeped and he took the call. “Yes, Donna. What is it? Tell them that I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

He hung up and briefly touched Mike’s cheek with his hand. “I’ll have to go. And you can go visit your Grammy as long as you’re careful. Call me afterward.”

Mike quickly looked around but nobody was in hearing-distance.

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

**********

The dreaded text came Wednesday at noon.

(Harvey 12:43 pm) Sugaring NYC. 215 5th Avenue. 6:30 pm. Shower before you go and take a cab. You don’t want to ride your bike afterward. Your appointment is with Natalie. She knows what to do.

Shit, shit, shit, shit! He really didn’t look forward to that.

(Mike 12:45 pm) I’ll try to get off work early Sir. Hope I can make it.

Maybe he could find an excuse not to go. If there would be a late delivery, maybe…

(Harvey 12:46 pm) Shall I call your boss and make sure about that?

Fuck. How did Harvey do that?

(Mike 12:47 pm) No Sir. I tell them the nursing home called. That will get me off on time.

(Harvey 12:48 pm) Good boy!

**********

Natalie was a petite blonde woman who eyed him with curiosity when she greeted him at the reception area. She seemed to sense his nerves as she was leading him into her little room and gave him a reassuring smile.

“First time?”

“Yeah. I’m a little nervous.”

“No reason for that. It’s just a little pain. And your Dom will love it when I’m done with you.”

Mike stopped in his tracks not sure that he’d heard right.
“Excuse me?” Was SUB written on his forehead in big red letters or how did she know?

Natalie sensed his confusion and explained with a smile.

“Don’t worry, I’m also in the scene. I do a lot of work for Natasha’s clients and I can see that your appointment was made by Harvey Specter. I’ve scened a couple of times with him. He’s nice.” She was so nonchalant about that as if talking about a BDSM-club was the most normal thing in the world. Well, for Mike it wasn’t.

“I… yes. He is. I’m sorry, but I’m confused. I didn’t know that he scenes with women.” He couldn’t quite keep the jealousy out of his voice.

She shrugged, sensing his irritation.

“I work part-time at Natasha’s as a paid sub. Harvey and I’ve scened a couple of times. I like pain, he likes giving it to me. But it’s just that and I haven’t seen him in a while. So, no reason to get your panties in a knot.”

Her explanation made him feel a little better but he was still suspicious.

“When did you last… you know? It’s just, between us it’s new and…”

“And you feel a little insecure. I get it. Don’t you worry.” She thought for a moment. “Last time I’ve seen him at Natasha’s must have been about 4 weeks ago. It was a Thursday I think. And before you ask, we never had sex, so stop scowling at me. With us it was always about meeting needs but not about deep feelings.”

Suddenly everything fell into place. His meeting with Steven had been on a Thursday roughly 4 weeks ago. So Harvey had been scening with Natalie before he met Mike. And why wouldn’t Harvey scene with women, even have sex with them? Harvey had told Mike that he was bi so he shouldn’t be surprised.

Natalie had gotten her equipment ready while Mike simply stood in the little room, at a loss what would happen next. The beautician glanced at her notes before she turned back to him.

“Strip. You’re getting the full treatment.”

“I… okay. And what does that mean, exactly? I thought, just down there…” He indicated to his groin, a deep blush spreading rapidly over his face.

At that she grinned. If the kid was as bashful in a scene, Harvey would have a lot of fun with this one. “Nope. Chest, armpits, thighs, ass, crack, sack and groin. The only body-hair that stays is at your arms and calves.”

“Do I have any say in that?” he tried to negotiate.

Natalie only smiled at him. “You could call Harvey, if you like.”

For a second Mike was tempted to do just that but he already knew how that call would end. Better give in right now without giving Harvey any reason to dress him down on the phone or punish him on top.

Reluctantly Mike started to take off his clothes. For once he took his time folding them up neatly before placing them on a chair in the corner. He tried to stall for as long as he could but eventually he ran out of clothes.
He turned around, folding his hands in front of his dick to keep at least some of his modesty. Natalie slowly circled him, assessing the areas that needed work.

“Stretch your arms over your head, please.”

He rolled his eyes and inhaled deeply before he did as she’d asked him. This was a whole new form of vulnerability and it sucked. It helped though, that Natalie eyed him with a profoundly professional expression. After a few moments she was done with her assessment of him.

“You don’t have much body-hair. Your back is fine and your chest has only a little bit. We should be done in under an hour.” She gave him a reassuring smile and held up a thin towel. “Lay down on your back. I’ll cover the parts I’m not working on, so you feel more comfortable.” She could sense his embarrassment. “And you’re my 8th customer today, so believe you me when I tell you that I don’t really see all the genitalia anymore. You don’t have anything I haven’t seen a thousand times already.”

When Mike lay on the beauty couch, Natalie covered his lap with the towel. He thanked her with a shy smile, starting to feel a little better about the whole thing.

“I’m starting on your upper body. We use a sugar-paste instead of the standard wax. It doesn’t hurt as much as wax and is easier to work with. So, raise your arms over your head. I’ll start with your armpits to ease you into it.”

I wasn’t as bad as Mike had thought. The warm sugar-paste felt nice on his skin and when Natalie yanked it off he felt a little burn but she immediately pressed her palm against the sore area and the pain subsided. She slowly worked her way down his body, making small-talk all the while to distract him from his awkward position.

He was glad that Natalie was a sub and after he thought a little about her explanation of how she knew Harvey, he actually was glad that she was in the loop. He could just talk to her without constantly being on his guard in case he might let something slip.

Natalie finally got to his groin and instructed him to spread his legs wide and hold them up with his hands placed in the hollows of his knees.

While she applied the sugar-paste she needed to shift his dick out of the way. At least he didn’t have a semi and after this experience he was absolutely sure that humiliation was not a kink for him. He averted his face, staring fixedly at a picture of a sunset on the wall. He could feel how hot his face was though.

For Harvey, for Harvey, for Harvey,
he repeated like a mantra in his head.

“This might smart a little,” he was warned but before he could brace himself, Natalie had stripped the sticky sugar-paste off.

“Oww!” He couldn’t suppress a little yelp.

“Yeah, I know, this part really sucks. But afterward you will look really pretty. And I’m sure that Harvey will reward you, so better focus on that.”

After endless 5 minutes his pubic hair was gone for good. There were only a few errand hairs on his balls and Natalie took care of them with a tweezer in under 2 minutes. Thinking that it couldn’t get any worse, Mike finally relaxed a little too soon.

“Kneel up for me and spread your cheeks. It’s crack time.”

Mike groaned. Would this humiliation never end?
“Come on, Mike. This is the last bit. You’ve done well so far for a first-timer.”

He turned around, got on his knees, pressed his face against the fabric of the beauty-couch and reached behind himself to spread his ass-cheeks.

Natalie told him about the Broadway-show she’d seen the weekend before and he focused on her voice while he was stripped of the last bit of hair.

“There, all done. Stay like this. I apply some lotion.”

This last bit actually felt very nice and she gave him a little tube of the stuff and instructed him to treat his skin with it for the next few days.

After he’d dressed she accompanied him to the reception area.

“Harvey asked me to make a follow-up appointment for you in 6 weeks.” Mike groaned. He knew that Harvey had told him that he could list it as hard limit after he’d tried it once, but who was he kidding? Of course he’d do it again if Harvey wanted him to. Maybe the second time wouldn’t be so bad. Well, he could hope.

“Yeah, any time after 6 pm is good.” She told him the date and handed him a leaflet with the care instructions for the next few days.

“Feel free to call if anything is the matter. Some people might get a mild rash but normally the lotion we use is enough to soothe the irritated skin.”

“Thank you, Natalie. I could say that it was a pleasure but… .”

She laughed. “Yeah, I get it. You don’t want to lie. Story of my life. But it was nice meeting you, Mike. And good luck with Harvey. I guess I won’t be scening with him anymore.”

“Not if I have a say in that matter.”

He winked at her and she gave him a little wave before she turned around to get her little room ready for the next customer.

Chapter End Notes

This story is not beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

Comments are always welcome (I really get a kick out of reading them, so please feel free to share your thoughts with me) and Kudos is also highly appreciated.

Since I'm going on a holiday tomorrow I won't be able to post next weekend so today you get two chapters at once.
When Mike got home he stripped immediately and stood in front of the full-length mirror to see how he looked. His skin was slightly pink with irritation, in some areas more than in others, but otherwise it looked fine. He let his fingertips trail over all the treated parts and marveled at how smooth his skin felt without the coarse hair. He could see the appeal now. Maybe he would get used to it.

For a moment he pondered the thought if he could persuade Harvey to get the same treatment but decided that wouldn’t feel right. Harvey was perfect like he was, hair or no hair and it was not Mike’s place to try change his Dom.

Natalie had instructed him to wait with a shower until the next morning and since he still wasn’t allowed to touch himself although by now he really really wanted to touch himself, he put his boxers and tee back on to minimize temptation. Mike settled down on his couch after getting himself a beer from the fridge. Before he opened it, he dialed Harvey’s number.

“Hello Mike. How was your day?”

Mike grimaced. Fine until all my body-hair had been yanked out at the root, would sound a little petulant so he opted for a neutral answer. He was sure that Harvey would arrive at that particular topic sooner rather than later anyway.

“Oh, and is it okay if a have a beer?”

“Yes, Mike. One beer is fine by me. I could use one myself to be honest. I’m still stuck at work. Something came up. Nothing new on your case though. I’ve scheduled your deposition for next week.”

“All right. I’ll be there. If I need to I can take a day off as long as I ask for it this week so they can plan in advance.”

“I’ll let you know as soon as I have the date.” Harvey paused for a moment. “So, have you been to see Natalie?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I wish I could see you right now. I’m sure you look very pretty, all bare and smooth.”
“I’m wearing boxers and a t-shirt right now, so nothing much to see, Sir.”

“But you could take your clothes off. Then I had plenty to see.”

Harvey obviously wanted to do some dirty talk. Well, if that’s what would make his Dom happy Mike would gladly oblige.

“Yes, for you I would get naked in a flash, Sir. I like it when you look at me.” He wasn’t initiating, just responding to his Dom. At least, that’s what Mike told himself and he hoped Harvey would see it the same way.

“Well, I would ask you to come over to the office, but there are still some people working on my floor so…lots of glass walls, probably a bad idea.”

“If you have Skype we could video-chat.” The suggestion was out before Mike could really think about it.

He could hear Harvey’s breath through the phone. “You know, that might actually work, Mike. I’m sure this thing…” He could hear Harvey frantically tapping on the keys of his laptop. “Yes, this thing has everything. Do you have Skype installed on your laptop?”

“Yes, my bandwidth isn’t all that good but we could try it.”

“Fire up your laptop then.”

While Mike waited until his old computer finally had booted he told Harvey everything about his appointment with Natalie. When he came to the part of Natalie telling him that she’d scened with Harvey he hesitated a little but since this was niggling at his brain, he decided to ask Harvey about it.

“Yes, Natalie and I frequently scened. We were both unattached and our needs complimented each other. It was a good solution for both of us.” Harvey’s voice sounded matter-of-factly but not dismissive or unkind, so Mike went on.

“It’s just, I didn’t know that you scened with women. Somewhere I thought that you… only did it with men.”

“Mike, I told you that I’m bi so why would it surprise you that I played with women?”

“I don’t know. I guess, now that you point it out it was kinda obvious but it somehow surprised me.”

“Well, since both of us signed a contract, for the foreseeable future I’m scening only with one man, or rather boy, so that should ease your mind,” Harvey tried to reassure him.

When Mike finally could open the program he sent a message to Harvey and only seconds later the unique sound of a Skype-chat filled his room and when he hit the button his Dom’s face filled the screen.

Harvey was wearing a white shirt with light blue stripes. His dark-blue tie had been loosened a little and shocker, Mike could see that Harvey had opened the top button of the shirt. He wasn’t wearing his jacket but the sleeves of his shirt were still down, the cuffs neatly wrapped around his wrists.

He looked a little weary, like that day had been trying in some way. It was after 8 pm by now and
from the way his Dom had talked about work Mike could guess that Harvey didn’t plan on going home anytime soon.

But his face lit up a little as soon as he saw Mike and the crinkles around his eyes made him look younger somehow and a little more relaxed.

“So, I remember you making me an offer only five minutes ago and yet you’re still wearing your clothes. I might have to sue you for tricking me into this under false pretenses,” Harvey teased him.

“If you could wait a second, Sir.” Mike looked around his small flat, thinking about where to position his laptop so Harvey could watch him strip. In the end, he placed it on his dining table, angled the screen so the camera could capture his full body and then pulled his shirt over his head in one swift movement. For a moment he thought about swinging it over his head lasso-style, like the strippers did in some cheap shows for women but then decided against it. Harvey surely had more class than a room full of drunken housewives.

After he’d gotten rid of his boxers as well he slowly turned in front of the screen, fingers interlaced behind his head. When he’d completed the circle he could see that Harvey had shifted closer to his screen, his face now filling all of the 14 inches of Mikes little laptop. His eyes looked very dark and Mike was sure that he could detect more than just a hint of arousal in them.

“Sit back down at your couch and place your laptop on your coffee table. I want a close-up.”

Mike hurried to obey, Harvey’s arousal stoking his own even so he wasn’t allowed to do something about it. He would sure as hell not make the same mistake twice and ask Harvey if he could touch himself.

Before he settled in though, he went to his bathroom and got a towel which he placed on the sofa. Naked butt on fake-leather was not really comfortable and downright unhygienic.

“Lean back, angle the camera a little more towards your groin and spread your legs.”

Mike obeyed immediately and his dick hardened even more as soon as he saw Harvey’s hungry expression on the screen. This was hot as fuck and felt a little bit like they were having a scene.

“I love it that it takes only me looking at you to get you hard.” Harvey’s voice sounded raspy and suddenly his Dom got up and for a moment all Mike could see were the large windows with the setting sun over the skyline of Manhattan in the background.

“One moment, Mike. I need a drink if we’re really going to do that,” he could hear his Dom’s voice off screen. Mike used the opportunity and took a swig of his beer.

When Harvey reappeared in front of his camera Mike could see that he’d poured himself a generous amount of whisky. He took a long sip and licked his lips afterward. Mike wondered how it would taste to kiss Harvey now, to lick into his mouth and sample the whisky mixed with the flavor of pure Harvey. He nearly groaned at this thought, his cock now fully erect and gently nudging against his stomach like it wanted to remind Mike that it felt neglected.

“Look at you. You’re as pretty as a picture like that. My sweet hairless Puppy.” Harvey had leaned back a little, one elbow propped up on the armrest of his chair, crystal glass with the golden liquid held nonchalantly in his hand.

Mike didn’t know what to say so he remained silent, his eyes fixed firmly on Harvey’s face.

“Have you been a good boy, Mike?”
“I haven’t touched myself all week if that’s what you’re asking, Sir.”

“Was that hard for you, Mike? No pun intended.” A slight smile was ghosting over Harvey’s unique lips.

Mike glanced down at his crotch. “Yes, it was… hard. But every time I wanted to touch myself I thought about you, that I was your boy and that my cock belongs to you and that I didn’t have your permission. Somehow that made it easier for me. Knowing that my cock is your property. It felt like it would be a privilege when you finally would let me touch it and not like you’re denying me something that is by right mine in the first place. Does this sound weird? I’m not explaining this well.”

Harvey’s face had taken on a very thoughtful expression and Mike didn’t know what to make of that. Had he said something wrong again?

“No Mike, that doesn’t sound weird at all. I think you’re finally getting it. This is what submission means. You giving yourself over to me. Thank you. I’m very proud of you.”

Mike couldn’t help himself. He could feel the grin spreading over his face but this felt so good. The knowledge that for once he hadn’t screwed up, had made Harvey proud.

“Thank you Sir, for being so patient with me.”

Harvey took another sip and Mike reached out to get his beer bottle, tilting it a little towards the screen. “May I, Sir.” When Harvey nodded his consent he took a long swig.

“Mike, do you have lube?”

The question and everything it implied hit Mike out of the blue. “I… yes, Sir. In my nightstand.”

“Go, get it.”

He needed maybe 5 seconds till he was back at the couch.

“Since I can’t be with you right now I want you to do exactly as I tell you. This is a scene and all the rules apply. Do you understand, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

“First, turn around and kneel on your sofa. Spread your cheeks for me. I want to see your crack.”

Mike got himself in position and since he couldn’t see his Dom now, he closed his eyes, focusing on his own fingertips and the little pressure they used to spread himself open. He could hear Harvey breathing deeply like the Dom tried to calm himself a little. But when he spoke, his voice sounded normal.

“All right, turn around and prop your feet up on your coffee table on either side of the laptop.”

Mike obeyed silently since he knew that he was only allowed to talk if Harvey asked a direct question.

“Scoot down a little more, bend your knees and spread your legs a little wider.”
This was so damn hot. Mike could feel a drop of pre-come working its way out of his slit and in this position, with his cockhead bumping softly against his belly, it was soon smeared all over his skin.

“You’re such an eager and needy boy. Are you dripping already, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Show me! Swipe your thumb over your crown and show me how wet you are.”

When Mike held his thumb with the glistening moisture up to the camera he could see Harvey inhale deeply and suddenly it hit him how trying this whole situation must be for his Dom, who was sitting fully clothed in his office, not able to touch himself since someone could come in at any moment. He was in awe at how much self-control Harvey really had. For Mike, this would’ve been torture, albeit a bitter-sweet one.

“Suck it off your thumb, Mike.”

He was more than willing to do just that and put on a little show for the lawyer, slurping noisily as he slowly pushed his thumb into his mouth and when he withdrew it he swirled his tongue around the tip of it.

“All right. That’s enough. I want you to close your eyes now. Lean your head back against the couch. Focus on my voice and do as I tell you. You can make noise but you only talk when I ask you to.”

Mike assumed his position after he’d readjusted the angle of the camera and for a few moments all he could hear was his own breath. His hands were lying relaxed on either side of his body, resting on the towel.

“I want you to touch yourself now, Mike. Stroke your chest with your flat right hand. Imagine that it is my hand, that it’s me petting you.”

Mike gave a little sigh and raised his right hand to his chest. His skin there was warm and so smooth. He started at his left clavicle, dragging his palm and fingers slowly across his sternum to his right clavicle and when the angle got awkward he reversed back to the left side of his torso, this time swiping his hand across his nipples without really teasing them. He touched his whole torso with his flat palm, dragging it slowly across the skin from left to right and back, getting lower in the process, like Harvey told him.

“How does your skin feel against your palm?”

“It’s a little warm and very smooth and soft. It feels really good. Smells good too, from the lotion.” Mike kept his eyes shut when he answered Harvey.

“Does the touch hurt you?”

“No Sir. I’m still a little sensitive but it feels like my senses are heightened somehow now without the hair.”

“I want you to drag your hand down towards your groin now. Touch your pubic bone and the crease between groin and thigh. You can touch your balls and perineum too, but not your cock. You might brush it accidentally but don’t touch it on purpose, Mike. I will know if you do.”

Mike obeyed and his palm swept over more smooth warm skin. When his dick bumped against the
back of his hand he tried to ignore it and focus instead on how his pubic area felt now. He hadn’t been that hairless since he’d been 13 years old.

“You are so fucking beautiful, Mike.” Harvey sounded a little breathless and suddenly Mike wanted to see his face, wanted to see how his Dom was affected by all this. But he kept his eyes firmly shut since this was what Harvey wanted him to do.

After a few more minutes of just touching himself, letting his fingers glide over his smooth skin, reveling in this new feeling, Harvey was satisfied.

“Thank you Mike, you did very well. For that you have deserved a reward.”

Mike tried very hard to suppress a full body shiver in anticipation of things to come.

“I want you to play with your nipples a little. Use both hands and don’t forget to make these pretty noises for me, Mike.”

The sub now used both of his hands to stimulate the rosy buds simultaneously. He used his index fingers and thumbs to pluck at the little nubs until they were hard and a dark pink and then he circled them with his fingertips. Without thinking about it, he sucked both of his index fingers in his mouth, making them slick with saliva and then trailed them around and around his areolas. By now he was wholly focused on the sensation his fingertips were causing, glad that Harvey hadn’t demanded eye contact.

“Pinch yourself. Hard. I want to hear you moan.”

“Ah!” His back arched up and he could feel his cock leak a constant stream of pre-come by now.

“Again. Harder!”

“Ah!” If this would be going on any longer Mike was sure that he could come like this, without even touching his cock.

The same thought must have hit Harvey. “Okay. Stop touching your nipples and take a moment to come down a little. You can open your eyes and take a sip of your beer.”

Mike needed a second before he could stop touching himself, caught up in the heat of the moment. When he could finally let go of his abused nipples he moaned a little when the blood flowed back into them.

He thought that he could hear Harvey mumble something that sounded like nipple-clamps but wasn’t quite sure about that. He took a deep breath and got hold of his beer-bottle to give his hand something to do. The slightly bitter taste of the cheap brew on his tongue as he took a swig of his beer brought him back to reality a little. After a moment he put the bottle back on the coffee table and finally looked at Harvey. His Dom looked still composed but his eyes were gazing so hungrily at Mike, like he was a steak dinner and Harvey a starving man.

Harvey took a sip of his own drink and exhaled deeply like he needed a moment to regain his cool.

“I want you to use the lube and slick your right index finger up. And use plenty.”

Mike liked where this was going and hurried to obey.

“Scoot a little more downwards and close your eyes again. I want you to focus only on the sensation. Now, I want you to trail your fingertip up and down your crack from behind your balls
down to your tailbone. When everything’s slick I want you to play with your hole. Don’t breach it, just tease it a little. And make all the noise you want.”

With his head once more resting against the back of the sofa, Mike trailed his fingertip slowly up and down his crack, spreading the lube around. When everything was slick, he began to circle his hole. He could feel the different texture of the muscle-ring under the pad of his finger and without much pressure he just trailed it around and around the slightly wrinkled skin in an almost hypnotic pace. He wanted so badly to push his finger in but Harvey had told him to just tease and that’s what he did.

“Put your fingertip right over your hole and push it slowly in, up to your first knuckle.”

He could feel his muscles give way under the slowly building pressure and his finger slid into his body easily. He moaned loudly when he felt his muscles clench around his finger like they wanted to fight off the intruder.

“Oh fuck!” he could hear Harvey sigh although he was really busy processing all the sensations his finger was producing in his hole.

“I want you to fuck yourself with your finger, Mike. Push it in slowly, slowly I said. Yeah, like that. Now pull it out until only your fingertip is inside. Now push it in again, deeper this time. Yes, just like that.”

Mike felt like Harvey was speaking directly to his right hand, controlling it remotely only with his words. His brain produced the memory of Harvey sitting between his spread legs, pushing two fingers slowly into his body while he watched him do it. By now he was constantly moaning, sighing and breathing deeply in between. This felt so good but he wanted more, craved more.

“Are you close, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir. So close, so good.”

“Wrap your left hand around your cock while you continue to fuck yourself.”

“Ohhh…!” Mike only held his dick, not moving his hand since Harvey hadn’t told him that he should but it was almost too much. He hadn’t come, hadn’t even touched himself for 3 days now and he was so turned on and horny that it almost hurt.

“I want you to imagine that it is my hand wrapped around your dick and my finger fucking your ass, Mike. Can you do that?”

“Yes Sir. Your hands on me.”

“What do you see in your mind’s eye, Mike? Describe it to me.”

“You’re sitting in front of the couch Sir, between my spread legs and your hand is wrapped around my cock… and you’re not moving it, just holding it with a little pressure. And your finger is fucking my hole, Sir. It feels so good, so hot.”

“Yes, that’s exactly what’s happening Mike. And now I’m starting to jerk your beautiful dick a little with slow strokes.”

Mike started to move his hand up and down his cock, slowly like Harvey had described it.

“Now, I’m pressing my finger into your body as deep as I can.”
“Oh… yesssss.”

“Can you feel how I crook my finger, searching for your prostate?”

“Ahhh, Sir.”

“Have I found it yet?”

“Arghh… yes, Sir.”

“Yes, there it is. I can feel the little nub under my fingertip. Now I’m teasing it with tiny little circles while I jerk your cock slowly.”

Mike breathed rapidly through his mouth, making inarticulate noises in between the large gulps of air he was drawing in.

“Mike, I want you to open your eyes and look at me now.”

He was so caught up in this fantasy Harvey was weaving for him only with his voice that he needed a few moments to understand what was expected of him. When he finally managed to drag his eyelids open, he realized how dark it had gotten outside. His sitting room was dark and only Harvey’s face on the screen was illuminated. At this moment his Dom was the most beautiful person Mike had ever seen.

“Look at me, Mike. Look into my eyes.”

“Yes… Sir,” he panted, eyes now fixed on Harvey’s dark brown ones.

“I want you to come for me Mike. Now. Come for me now.” Harvey was using his Dom-voice and Mike could do nothing else but obey.

He could feel his balls tighten and his stomach-muscles tense. His sphincter started to clench rhythmically around his finger and then it happened. The climax ripped through his whole body but somehow he managed to keep his eyes focused on Harvey’s face, like it was an anchor he could hold onto while his whole body convulsed with pure lust. He opened his mouth but no sound came out, a voiceless cry and then, suddenly his muscles relaxed.

“Ohhh… Harvey!” he shouted when the first spurt of his hot semen erupted from his cock. He continued to stroke himself through his orgasm but slipped his finger out of his ass, the pressure on his prostate too much to process.

Harvey’s eyes were now pitch-black, the pupils blown wide and his gaze so intently fixed on Mike like there was no outside world. The whole universe consisted only of the both of them and nothing else mattered. Harvey’s lips were slightly opened and Mike thought he could see a vein on his neck pulsing rapidly. His face seemed a little flush but other than that he didn’t show any signs of having his sub talked through one of the most intense orgasms Mike ever had.

He let his head fall back, too tired to hold it up straight without support.

“How do you feel, Mike?”

The sub smiled exhausted, left hand still lightly curled around his spent cock, semen dripping from his fingers onto his stomach and groin.

“Well fucked and exhausted. High and tired.”
“You have done very well, Mike. Thank you for submitting so beautifully for me.”

“Thank you Sir for giving me this intense orgasm. This was… fuck, this was hot.”

Mike let finally go of his dick and wiped his sticky hands on the towel. Then he sat up straighter, grabbed his bottle and emptied it with one long gulp. He was still a little out of breath and he craved a shower even so Natalie had told him to wait. Well, he would use the washcloth then.

For a few moments they just watched one another until Mike had recovered.

“What are your plans for Friday night?”

Harvey had leaned back a little and Mike could see that the glass of whisky was empty. The bright blazing fire of arousal had vanished from his gaze but there was still some of it simmering just under the surface, like it would take only a little oxygen and the flames would rekindle up into a roaring bonfire.

“Nothing so far, Sir.”

“Do you need to work at Saturday?”

“No, Sir. I only work every other Saturday so the next one is my day off.”

“All right. I want you to come by at 6 pm. And I don’t mean 6-ish. Bring an overnight bag.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And Mike, don’t touch yourself till then.”

Figures.

“Of course, Sir.”

“Good boy.”

**********

Somehow Harvey had managed to will his rock hard dick down with only the power of his mind. For a moment though it had been a close call and he feared that he might come in his pants. He was on the verge of getting up and jerking himself frantically off in the partner’s bathroom when his phone had rang. It was Louis and hearing the sneering, whining voice of the junior partner had been enough to make his boner go away and hide. He only wished that he could do the same.

It was just before midnight when he finally arrived home and unlocked his front door. One of their clients had a heart attack and now the sharks were circling, trying to take a bite out of the wounded prey.

The thing that truly disgusted Harvey was that their client’s family members had been the most vicious of all the predators. This people should’ve been at the hospital, sick with worry for their loved one. Instead, they were congregating in conference room C and bickering over who would get what when their uncle / brother/ godfather finally kicked the bucket. He had wanted to throw them out on their asses, the lot of them, or at least yell at them a little. Instead, he and Louis had
prepared everything in case their client truly didn’t make it.

At times like these Harvey was happy that he didn’t have any extended family. He’d chosen his own family instead. Donna was his sister, Jessica was sometimes like a mother or aunt, Ray was like a cousin, and Louis, even Louis was part of his tribe. Louis was the annoying and embarrassing uncle whom nobody liked but everyone would miss if he wouldn’t attend a family function. And Mike, now Mike was part of his family too. Mike was, well, Mike was his …puppy. To admit to more was a little too early at this juncture. But someday, maybe Mike would be his… Mike. His Mike.

When Harvey thought about how quickly Mike had managed to weasel his way into Harvey’s life, into his …, well… anyway, it was a little scary how fast that had happened. When Harvey dissected his feelings on the matter, he expected to find fear or blind panic on his part.

Instead, he found happiness. He felt truly happy that Mike had come into his life. And it didn’t scare him one bit. The thought that Mike might leave again, might decide that Harvey was not the right guy for him… that thought on the other hand scared the shit out of him. Well, he was the best damn closer in the city. He would just need to close Mike for good.

After Harvey had undressed he went into his bathroom. He craved a long hot shower to wash the filth away. These people had made him feel dirty with their barely concealed greed. He knew that this came with the job but on days like this he questioned his choice a little. Thankfully, his own little genius had come up with a most welcome distraction right when he’d needed it.

Harvey turned on the water in the huge walk-in shower and stepped under the rainforest shower-head.

Lifting his head up he let the spray hit his face. As soon as he’d closed his eyes his brain conjured up the image of Mike. His boy had looked so beautiful, all bare and smooth. Harvey couldn’t wait to get his hands on Mike, to feel his smooth skin under his fingertips and lips. He’d looked even younger than before and for a moment Harvey questioned his taste. But then, he’d never before had a thing for the schoolboy type so this attraction he felt must be attributed solely to Mike.

This beautiful slender figure, legs spread wide for him so Harvey could look his fill. The head resting relaxed against the back of the couch, eyes firmly closed. How he had touched himself, had done everything Harvey had told him to do. Fuck, he’d been so turned on. He’d wanted to touch himself through his suit-pants but had refrained from it since he knew that he couldn’t jerk himself off in his office and even the tiniest squeeze would only increase his torment.

Harvey’s hands had wandered down his body and his right hand curled around his hardening dick without conscious thought. Harvey brought his left arm up and braced his forearm against the tiled wall. His hand was level with his forehead which he now leaned against it and he used the little leverage to move his hips while he fucked into his own fist.

The way Mike had looked when he’d played with his nipples. How his face had contorted when he’d pinched himself at Harvey’s command. The pain had been clearly displayed in Mike’s features but there had been something else. Bliss and ecstasy.

At one point Harvey had been sure that Mike could come only from the nipple-play. Oh, he would definitely try this in one of their upcoming scenes. The problem was, there were so many things he wanted to do with Mike, to Mike. The choices were manifold and the risk to overwhelm Mike by trying to do everything at once was real. So he needed to pace himself, take it one scene at a time, be patient.
Harvey conjured up the image of how Mike had played with his hole. How he’d circled the pinkish-brown pucker with his glistening fingertip. How his face had become slack when he was finally instructed to push it inside his body. The display of wonder, of overwhelming sensation when he was finally all the way inside.

Mike’s face was a billboard, displaying all his emotions in big fat letters for all the world to see.

He loved that about his boy. His openness. Mike was probably the least artful person he’d ever met and for a brief moment Harvey wondered if that would’ve still been the case if Mike had finished his studies and become a lawyer.

This job made you cynical and hard. Mike wasn’t like that. But then again, maybe his profession needed people like Mike so that heartless bastards like himself would be reminded what it would mean to behave like a decent human being every once in a while.

Harvey jerked himself a little faster now, swiping the thumb over his sensitive cockhead. He threw his head back and moaned when he remembered how Mike’s voice had sounded when he made him massage his prostate. Suddenly the urge to feel what Mike had felt became overwhelming. Harvey let go of his dick and for one moment he just stood there, panting hard under the spray of the shower. He didn’t have lube in his bathroom but his body wash would do the trick. He poured some of it into his palm and coated his fingertips in it. Then, once again bracing himself against the wall with his left arm, he reached back and let his fingertips trail across his crack. The water was turned down into a slow trickle so it wouldn’t wash his lubrication away but some of the drops hit his left shoulder.

He hadn’t fingered himself in a while but right now he wanted to feel his fingers on his prostate, wanted to feel the same sensations that had made Mike moan with pleasure some hours ago. Harvey exhaled deliberately while he pushed in, making a conscious effort to relax his muscles. With slow shallow thrusts he fucked himself until his finger was as far inside his ass as he could reach. His ass burned a little but the shower-gel was enough to make the pain more pleasurable than actually painful.

For a moment he thought about pushing a second finger in but this wasn’t about stretch, this was about prostate stimulation. He crooked his finger and trailed the fingertip over his tight channel until he found the right spot. He did exactly the same as he had Mike instructed to do and his hips began to jerk a little. When he couldn’t stand it anymore, he shuffled a little closer to the wall, leaned his right shoulder, chest and right cheek against the wet tiles and used his left hand to jerk off. He didn’t trust his legs to keep him up without additional support.

After only a couple of strokes he felt the first waves of orgasm building themselves up and he cried out when, after an endless moment of clenching all his muscles, he could let go, let his climax claim his whole body, leaving only a deep relaxation behind.

He stayed like this for a few moments after his cock had stopped twitching, trying to catch his breath. Then he slowly let go of himself while at the same moment let his finger slip out of his ass. He turned the water back on to a full stream and washed himself quickly. All of a sudden he felt so tired. He just wanted to get clean and then sleep for a week.

He toweled himself off but didn’t bother to comb his hair. He would pay for it come tomorrow when it had dried in an odd shape, but right now Harvey didn’t care. Not bothering to put on his pajama pants, he climbed naked and still a little damp between the sheets and fell asleep within minutes.
Chapter End Notes

This was the second promised chapter this weekend since I won't be able to post next weekend. I'm going on vacation and leaving my laptop behind.

I really love to read your comments so please feel free to comment, even if it is only on a typo (I keep finding them in earlier chapters which really annoys me). And Kudos is also highly appreciated.

This story isn't beta-read and all mistakes are my own.
A boys' night out

Chapter Summary

Mike has a boys' night out with his fellow bike messengers but the evening takes an unexpected turn.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a little angsty and also might contain triggers for some people although nothing sexual is happening. So, just to be on the safe side, I will describe what’s going on in the end-notes.

Thank you for reading and all your kind comments and all the Kudos. I really am a sucker for all the feedback I’m getting (huge praise kink here).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike sat at his shaky dinner-table in his apartment and stared down at the little tin box that contained the rest of his stash. He could barely see it since he hadn’t bothered to turn the lights on, but the street light right outside his window provided enough illumination that he could make out every item he’d placed on his table as soon as he’d come home. His small black pipe was lying beside the box along with the lighter and the ash-tray. The pungent aroma of the weed filled the air and the tip of his tongue darted out and swiped over his lower lip before his teeth started to nibble at it. Should he? Could he? Oh god, he wanted it so bad.

He longed to light up, suck the smoke into his lungs, hold it there for a few seconds and let the drug wash away all his raging thoughts and emotions. He wanted to switch his brain off, just go to sleep.

“To die, to sleep - no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep - to sleep, perchance to dream... aye, there’s the rub. For in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we’ve shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause – there’s the respect that makes calamity of so long life.”

Involuntarily his brain conjured up this scene from Hamlet, back from Mrs. Turners English Lit class in 9th grade.

True, Hamlet had a lot more problems than Mike and was talking about suicide and regicide while he only wanted a few hours of peace and quiet but it was the part about the dreams which he could absolutely relate to. He never had any dreams after having smoked so that was another reason why he wanted to get high so desperately right now. He didn’t want to dream.

He knew, if he would call Harvey now, the lawyer would ask him what had triggered his need to get high and he absolutely didn’t want to talk about it with Harvey. He just wanted to forget, to wipe the last few hours from his memory and go back to the person he’d been before. The person
who only wanted to think about his Dom and what would happen tomorrow night when he’d see Harvey again and stay the night at his condo.

But this person wasn’t here right now, or if he was, he had hidden himself under a shitload of self-loathing, doubt and fear.

His fingertips dipped into the tin box and picked up some of the dried marihuana buds, crumbling them a little. When the last dried flecks had fallen back into the tin, he brought his fingers up to his nose and sniffed them longingly.

Oh god, what should he do?

**********

8 hours earlier.

“Hey, Ross. Me and the guys are going out for a drink later. Wanna come?”

Mike looked up and spotted Jerry, who waved at him from across the narrow side street. Mike finished to unchain his bike and quickly made his way over to the fellow messenger.

“Hey Jerry, how has life been treating you? New bike?”

They fist-bumped as greeting and then chatted for a few minutes about bikes, rude clients and the hot new girl who rode her bike for a rival company and who had rebuffed every flirting attempt so far. She claimed that she didn’t want to get involved with another bike messenger but this statement didn’t keep the boys from trying.

“So, what about tonight. You coming?”

Mike shrugged. “Depends. Where are you guys going?”

“We figured Jeremy’s Ale house on Front Street might be convenient. Most of us are from Brooklyn so the way home after we’ve gotten sloshed isn’t so far.”

Mike really wanted to go. He saw his colleagues every day but they were always in a hurry and there was no time to just hang out.

The last time he’d gone out to a bar had been with Jenny a couple of weeks ago but now that his nights were his own again, he suddenly craved to get shit-faced with the guys. And he really liked Jerry. He was funny and talking to him was easy. He wasn’t attracted to him but somehow he reminded him a little of Trevor, minus the bad habit of getting Mike into trouble.

When he was with Harvey, he always needed to pay attention to his behavior, which was fine. He wanted that from Harvey and Mike knew that this would help him in the long run to get his life back under control. But sometimes he just wanted to let loose, be the mouthy little know-it-all who would talk first and think later.

“Jeremy’s sounds great. I need to make a call to see if I’m free tonight, though.”

“Girlfriend got you on a tight leash, Ross?” Jerry made a whipping motion with his hand and Mike laughed a little embarrassed. That was actually a little too close to the truth than he was
comfortable with.

“My Grandmother hasn’t been so good this past few weeks. I wanted to see how she was doing but I can call the nursing home and when she’s fine I can visit her tomorrow.”

Now it was Jerry’s turn to look a little embarrassed. “Sorry Buddy, didn’t mean to imply anything. I think it’s great that you’re helping your Granny out.”

“Yeah, I’m a saint. So, when are you guys heading over to Front Street?”

“We thought if we go right after the last deliveries we could still get a few drinks in before Happy Hour ends.”

“Sounds sensible. So, I see what I can do but I think it will be all right.”

“Yeah, would be nice to hang out a little. We haven’t really talked in ages.”

Jerry’s phone beeped with a text-message for his next pick-up and they waved good-bye as he hurried away.

Mike stayed and picked up his own phone, dialing Harvey’s number. Better to do this in person and not via text. He needed to check in with his Dom anyway and if he asked nicely he was pretty sure that Harvey would allow him his night out.

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When Mike arrived at the bar shortly after 7 pm, it was already packed. He had caught a late delivery but since it had lead him in the right direction he hadn’t minded it much and the tip he’d gotten came in quite handy too.

He chained his bike to one of the lamp-posts in front of the bar and the number of bikes already there told him that he was the last one to arrive. When he looked around the dim-lit room, he spotted the guys, 5 of them, sitting around a table in the corner. Weaving through the crowded room, he made his way over to them, only stopping at the bar to get himself a beer.

Harvey had given him permission for 3 beers, 1 shot and card blanche for whatever he wanted to eat and his only condition had been that Mike would call him after he’d gotten home. If he stayed out past midnight he would need to text Harvey to tell him it would be late but the call was mandatory no matter how late it got.

“Hey you mother-flackers,” Mike shouted excited when he finally had made his way over to them. The guys greeted him in kind before they made room for him and for the next hours they just had fun while they chatted, drank and ate bar food.

Soon after they’d finished their food the first round of shots was served and the atmosphere got a little wilder. Two of the guys were trying to land two girls at the bar who were clearly out of their league but the alcohol had made them bold and they didn’t get that the girls weren’t interested in the least. If they wouldn’t let up anytime soon the bouncer would throw them out and Mike kept an eye on them so he could intervene, since he’d drunk less than his friends for once.

This had raised a few eyebrows since he’d always been the one who needed to be watched but he
claimed that he’d taken some Advil earlier for his headache and therefore didn’t want to get too drunk. This seemed to appease the others and when he ordered himself a water after he’d finished his 3rd beer they only mocked him a little.

While he watched Tommy and Chris hitting on the two girls and failing miserably, he only listened with half an ear to the conversation between Jerry, Billy and Matt. They were talking about a gruesome murder but the details escaped him.

“I’m sure Mikey will back me up here, don’t you, Mikey?”

“Sorry, what?” He looked at Matt, not knowing what they had talked about.

“The fagott who had gotten himself killed. You know, the one from the news today. They’re saying that his Daddy had done it. And I don’t mean his father.” Matt tried to waggle his eyebrows to convey some non-verbal message but it only made him look stupid.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Mattie.” Mike replied a little heated. He hated being called Mikey, which Matt knew, but more than that he hated the f-word.

“Oh, come on Mikey, you know, the murder in the Bronx everyone is talking about. Don’t say you haven’t heard about it.”

“No, I haven’t. And I’m not sure that I want to.”

If he’d been alone with Matt he’d called him out on the f-word immediately and given him a piece of his mind, but since the other guys were there, he didn’t want to ruin the evening by preaching some sense to an imbecile. So he tried to discourage Matt to continue the conversation.

Matt laughed but didn’t get the hint. Maybe he was too drunk but Mike would wager that it had more to do with his stupidity and general asshole-ness than his alcohol-intake.

“They found that fag in a dumpster. Choked to death with a dog collar. Turns out he’d been in a relationship with this other guy. And not only had he taken it up the arse, no he’d been the little bitch for the other guy, letting himself getting whipped and beaten up and everything. Wasn’t even allowed to leave the house without his Daddy, the neighbors said. Daddy…. ” Matt snorted, not realizing that Mike had gotten very quiet but also very red in the face. “That’s what he’d called his boyfriend. Master would’ve been more appropriate. Well, one less of those sick fuckers makes the world a better place, if you ask me.”

“Shut your stupid mouth, you sick asshole!” Mike yelled at him furiously. “Nobody’s asking you.”

Matt looked at him with astonishment, only now noticing the rage in Mike’s face. Jerry and Billy were looking a little embarrassed, clearly not on board with what Matt had been saying but also not willing to voice their own opinions on the matter.

“You part of the whole LBG-whatever bullshit, Mikey?”

“It’s LGBTQ you stupid fucker. And I don’t need to be part of it to find offence with everything that comes out of your filthy mouth. I only need to be a decent human being to get sick of all the hate you’re spewing around.”

“Oh, come on Mikey. Where is this coming from? You like it up your arse as well? That’s why you so riled up?”

Mike knew that Matt was goading him now, but he couldn’t help himself. He leaned across the
table and punched the other guy square in the face. With a little satisfaction he noticed the small cut in Matt’s lip before the pain in his hand made him gasp.

“Whoa, guys!” Jerry tried to get between the two young men but he was sitting at the other end of the table and Matt had no problem grabbing Mike at the collar of his shirt and yanking him off the bench he’d been sitting on behind the table.

Mike shielded his face but Matt, who was not only 2 inches taller than Mike but also did kickboxing as a hobby, paid him back more than in kind. The first hit landed on his solar-plexus and Mike doubled over and nearly puked on the table. Before Matt could land a second hit, this time to Mike’s face, the bouncer, who had watched them since Mike had started yelling at Matt, grabbed the bigger guy’s upper arm, twisted it around into an arm-lock and marched him under loud protestations in the direction of the door. Billy, who was Matt’s pal and had only come along because of him, hurried after him, carrying Matt’s bag.

Jerry stayed behind with the wheezing Mike. Somehow he’d managed to hold onto his Fish & Chips but it was a close call. Jerry pushed the glass of water into Mike’s hand before he persuaded the bouncer that Mike had been provoked and would behave himself now. Since Mike didn’t look like he would cause any more problems, the bouncer graciously gave him permission to finish his water and get his breath back before he needed to leave the bar as well.

“Can you believe this guy? This fucker makes me sick.” Mike still needed to vent his rage and thought that in Jerry at least he had some kindred spirit.

“Yeah, this guy’s a tool. But… .”

Mike couldn’t believe it. “What, but? Do you agree with him?”

Jerry held up his hands to calm Mike down. “Hey, of course I don’t agree with him. Every murder is tragic. But… and I’m just saying, from what was in the news, this guy had been in a seriously fucked up relationship.”

“And what do you mean by that? Because he was gay?”

“For heaven’s sake, Mike. Of course not. I have a gay cousin, remember. I was the best man at his wedding, so don’t take every word I say the wrong way. It’s just, well, you know, why don’t you read it for yourself?” He fished his phone out of his pocket, opened a news-app and showed Mike the article.

Mike quickly scanned over the alleged facts which consisted mostly of neighbors’ statements and some psycho-guy trying to explain what a Dom/sub relationship was and how the weaker part in this relationship had fallen prey to the perversions of the dominant party. There were a lot of speculations and the police had made a statement regarding the equipment they’d found when they searched the apartment of both victim and killer. It seemed like the victim really had been in a BDSM relationship with the murderer and had been killed by him in a scene gone wrong.

Now Mike felt really sick and not only because of the punch to his stomach.

“You see, this was way more than the usual relationship. It seems like the victim had been a kind of a slave to the other guy.”

Mike nodded, not able to say something.

“I mean, it’s more than tragic what happened but how twisted must one be to be a willing slave to another person, to let some other guy do this to you? This guy must’ve had some serious
psychological issues.”

“So, you’re saying he had it coming,” Mike whispered blankly, thoughts spinning in his mind.

“No Mike, of course not. Nobody deserves that. But, well, he must have been mentally ill or something. Maybe he was depressed and this other guy manipulated him. Nobody in their right mind would do that stuff. Or how do you explain the dog-leashes and all the stuff they found in their apartment. Seriously Mike, choke-collars and chains. There are pictures of the stuff they found.”

When Mike only stared blankly at him Jerry continued. “Hey, I like a little adventure as well as the next guy. Handcuffs can be great fun and girls like toys, especially when they’re buzzing, even if they pretend that they don’t, but these things…,” he trailed off and took a sip of his beer, then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “Some of the stuff had still blood on it, according to the police.” He shook his head like he couldn’t believe it.

“Yeah,” Mike managed to croak out. “That sounds sick.”

“Hey, where’s Matt and Billy?” Tommy and Chris had finally found their way back to their table after having been rebuffed by every female in the bar.

Jerry glanced at Mike and then decided that they should probably take this opportunity to change the subject.

“They left. Mike and Matt had a little argument involving their fists and the bouncer threw Matt out.”

“Aw! We missed it. Shit!” Chris looked at Mike questioningly. “So, what happened? Matt behaved like an asshole as always? Come on, spill!”

Mike looked at his friends, their carefree drunken faces, and suddenly all he wanted was to be alone. He scooted to the end of the bench and swung his messenger-back over his shoulder.

“Guys, I don’t feel so good. Maybe Matt had hit me harder than I thought. I’m gonna call it a night.” Since he was still a little green around the nose his friends didn’t try to hold him back. He hurried out, the smell of stale beer and the frying fat from the kitchen making him nauseous. While he fumbled with his padlock Jerry caught up to him.

“You okay, Mike?” His friend sounded concerned.

“Yeah, sure. Only tired. And the mood has gone to the crapper anyway.” Why couldn’t Jerry leave him alone?

“Sorry, I know Matt can be a jerk. And Billy isn’t any better.”

Mike turned around and faced Jerry, the rage suddenly back. “So why did you invite him if everyone knows that he’s a jerk and an asshole? And by the way, why haven’t you told him to shut his mouth? You were just sitting there, nodding your head like you’d agree with everything that came out of his pie-hole. Even when he said the f-word, you were just sitting there like an imbecile. He needed to be put down for the hate and the bullshit he was spewing and you did nothing. You know, you make me as sick as he does.”

“Whoa, Buddy. Slow down. I would’ve told him off eventually, you know.” Jerry was truly shocked by Mike’s attitude towards him. He’d seen Mike’s rage directed at Matt and even that had
frightened him a little, but the way the icy-blue eyes now looked at him, the disdain that now was
directed at him, hit him on a deeper level.

Mike shook his head. “Not good enough, Buddy. Not good enough.”

He pushed off, swung his leg over his rear-wheel and drove off to Williamsburg.

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Now.

Mike’s eyes were staring blankly into his tin, still not sure what he should do. He just wanted to
forget the whole evening. But he couldn’t. His freakish memory would make sure of that. His
thoughts were spinning around and around like the cheap plastic spinner he used to play with when
he was very little.

He was still mad at Jerry, in a way even more furious with him than he was with Matt. He knew
that Matt was a stupid fucker but that Jerry would just sit by and listen to all that bullshit really
made Mike sick to his stomach. He had liked Jerry.

Edmund Burke had once said that the only thing evil needed to succeed was good men doing
nothing. Mike couldn’t fathom how Jerry had put up with it when he himself only needed to listen
to Matt for two sentences before he wanted to bash his brains in.

But the rage was not the worst. Mike barely allowed himself to dig deeper but he knew that his
fury was only one part of his emotions. The other was… doubt. Doubt and fear.

What he and Harvey were doing, was it sick in some twisted way? Was he sick that he wanted
Harvey to control him? That he wanted to be tied up and helpless so his Dom could do to him
whatever he liked? That he wanted to feel the pain Harvey could give him? And what would
happen if he gave himself completely to Harvey like the murder-victim had given himself to his
Dom? Would he lose himself, lose every sense of self-preservation? And would Harvey, could
Harvey…? No, he couldn’t even go there. These thoughts were too ludicrous and painful.

But what if…? This thought was scratching at his brain like fingernails on a chalkboard.

He’d thought that pursuing BDSM, finding a Dom, would fix him somehow. Would make him a
better person. More balanced and happy. What if he, without even noticing, slowly slid into an
abusive, manipulative relationship that ended with him being chained to a wall in a cellar and
choked to death by a dog-collar? Thrown away afterwards into a dumpster like the trash now
everyone believed the victim had been.

He was sure that Harvey could never do that to him, but this guy must’ve been sure that he could
trust his Dom, at least in the beginning, as well. What if he couldn’t stop it before it was too late?

He hated that his trust in Harvey could be rattled so easily. Was he weak for doubting so quickly or
a fool for doubting not enough?

He needed to stop this and fast or he would go crazy. He could feel himself coming apart at the
seams. Slowly his fingertips picked up some of the dried plant and stuffed them into the pipe. His
fingers were moving like he was in a sort of trance, muscle-memory instead of conscious thought.
Suddenly his phone beeped and this seemed to break the spell. Mike knew without even looking
that the text message was from Harvey. With shaking fingers he picked up his phone.

(Harvey 12:05 am) Are you still at the bar?

Mike stared at his phone for a long time, or so it seemed, without knowing what he should do.
Should he lie and text back that he was still out? That would give him some more time but it would
only delay their talk.

Should he reply that he was home? Then Harvey would insist on a phone call right now. Could he
talk to Harvey in the state he was in right now? Did he even want to?

He could tell Harvey that everything was off, that they were done and he never wanted to see him
again. Should he do it? Wasn’t that the sane thing to do? But Harvey would insist to know why.
And anyway, did he want to stop everything only because he’d gotten scared?

Mike thought about how every of this options would make him feel and in the end he picked the
least awful one. Harvey had yet to disappointment him and his gut told him that he should have a little
faith. So he picked up his phone and dialed.

“Hey Mike. How was your night out? Did you have fun?” Harvey’s voice sounded curious and
friendly and in the background Mike could hear one of his jazz-records playing.

He decided to dive right in without even trying to build up to it. Harvey would hear it in his voice
anyway, so why bother and try to act like everything was okay.

“Harvey, please listen. And please, don’t ask me anything right now. I promise to tell you what
happened later but right now the only thing I need is to get high. Please, please let me smoke.”

For a few heartbeats Mike could hear only the music playing.

“Are you hurt?” He could hear in Harvey’s voice how much his Dom tried to not freak out.

“No.” Then he remembered the hit he’d taken to his solar-plexus. He would most likely have some
bruising there but this didn’t compare in the least to all the emotional hurt he was experiencing. But
he corrected himself anyway, still obeying rule number one. “Someone hit me in the stomach, but
it is fine. That’s not why I need to smoke.”

“And you can’t tell me why?”

“Please, Harvey, not now. I can’t, I just can’t. I’m barely keeping it together as it is.”

“And that’s exactly why you should talk to me, Michael. I get that something painful happened
today, something that is overwhelming you right now and that you want to avoid. Am I right
Mike?”

“Can’t you just give it a rest? Just tonight? Please Harvey, I can’t deal with it right now.” His voice
was getting more and more frantic but he couldn’t help it.

He could hear some deep breaths on the other end of the line.

“I make you a deal. I’m coming over and you can smoke when I’m there. You don’t have to talk to
me. I even sleep on the sofa. But I need to know that you’re safe.”

“Please, Harvey, don’t.”
“I’ll be there in 30 minutes.”
After that the line went dead.

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Somehow Mike managed to hold out until his doorbell rang about 25 minutes later. He buzzed Harvey in and opened his front door a crack but he didn’t turn on the light and he didn’t wait for Harvey at the door to greet him properly. This visit hadn’t been his idea and if his Dom, if Harvey even was his Dom after tonight, wanted to punish him for his misbehavior then he would just safeword out.

He sat back at his table, fingers playing with the stuffed pipe when Harvey entered his flat. Instead of turning on the big light Harvey carefully made his way in the darkness to Mike’s nightstand and switched the little lamp on. Then he shrugged off his jacket, threw it on the bed and sat down opposite Mike whose face now was illuminated by the soft light.

He saw the pipe in Mike’s hand and picked up the lighter without saying a word, without even trying to touch Mike. It was like he could sense that Mike was on the brink of the abyss and even a stirring of the air could send him over the edge right at this moment.

A barely visible nod told Mike that he was allowed now. With trembling fingers Mike raised the pipe to his lips but before Harvey could light the weed he put it down again. For a moment he stared at the shining black thing with blank eyes and then he hurled it across the room. It shattered against a wall and Mike buried his face in his hands. He drew in a shuddering breath and tried to suppress a sob. Why did this hurt so much? Scared him so much?

He could hear the soft click when Harvey put the lighter down but other than that Harvey remained absolutely still although Mike could feel his eyes on him. They sat like this for a couple of minutes until Harvey couldn’t take it any longer and broke first.

“Mike, you’re starting to scare me.” The sentence was spoken very softly but there was a hint of pleading in the otherwise neutral tone of voice. It was almost like Harvey himself held on only by a thread.

Mike looked up. Had he heard right? Harvey Specter was scared?

“Please tell me what happened so I can make it right.”

“You can’t.”

“I could try.”

“Not this time.”

“Mike, please. I need to understand. You can smoke if you must, I don’t care. Whatever makes you feel better but I need to understand. I’m going crazy right now.”

“You don’t look like you’re going crazy.”

A sad little smile flickered over his face, gone in an instant. “I’m very good at faking it. Comes
with the job.”

Mike stood up and went to his fridge to break the tension. “Do you want a beer?”

Harvey nodded and Mike got two bottles out. Mike never even thought about asking for permission and Harvey knew instinctively that now was not the time to play their roles.

When he’d settled back down they opened their bottles and both took a long draw. Mike was aware that he was stalling but he needed to find a way to explain what had happened, what had rattled him so deeply. Finally he found his starting point.

“Have you heard about the murder in the Bronx? The guy they found in the dumpster?”

Harvey nodded and watched him attentively while his fingers played with the label on the bottle, meticulously peeling it away.

“The news say he was in a BDSM relationship and his Dom killed him during a scene.”

Harvey closed his eyes and exhaled slowly now knowing where this was going. When he opened his eyes again, there was so much pain in them that Mike could barely take it. But he needed to get this off his chest. He couldn’t swallow down his feelings, his fears, only so he wouldn’t hurt Harvey.

“Mike, are you scared of me?” Harvey sounded horrified at the thought that Mike might be afraid of him. He shifted a little like he was ready to bolt any second and the image of Harvey getting up and leaving him alone for ever if he would say yes was scarier then anything that Harvey could do to him during a scene.

“No, not of you. Never of you.” The moment he’d whispered the words he knew they were the truth. He hadn’t been sure before but now he was. Harvey must’ve seen it in his eyes because all the pent up tension seemed to leave his body and his shoulders sagged visibly.

Mike raked his hands through his hair before he picked up his bottle and took another sip.

“I was out with the guys and they brought it up. This tool, Matt, he called the victim fagott and he said all this hateful things like that he’d been sick and weak and the world would be a better place without him. He talked like this sub had deserved to be killed.” Mike could see Harvey’s hand clench around his beer bottle, the knuckles getting white.

“I punched him in the face and then he punched me in the stomach and before he could get a second punch in he got kicked out. But Harvey, Jerry, I thought he was my friend, and he was just sitting there saying nothing. And afterwards he said that the sub must’ve had some serious issues like mental problems. He said that one needed to be sick to allow someone else to do this stuff to oneself.”

Harvey closed his eyes like he needed a moment to get his feelings back under control.

“And now you’re wondering whether you’re sick or weak. Whether what we do is sick and twisted and wrong.”

Mike nodded, feeling a little ashamed.

Harvey stood up and wandered around the little apartment, searching for words, clearly agitated by Mike’s doubts and fears.
“Does this feel wrong to you?” He gestured with his hand between the two of them but kept his distance so as not to intimidate Mike in any way.

“No, but I guess it didn’t feel wrong to the sub until it got him killed.”

Harvey raked his hands through his hair, messing it up without giving a shit about his appearance for once. “Okay, valid point.” He wandered around some more until he suddenly dropped down on the sofa like he hadn’t enough strength to stand anymore.

“Mike, who do you think has the power in our relationship?”

Mike snorted. Wasn’t that obvious? “You, of course.” After a moment he added: “Sir.” It felt odd to say this word right now and Harvey seemed to think so too.

“No, Mike, don’t. Please, it’s just us, Mike and Harvey. We can’t be Dom and sub right now.”

Mike nodded. Harvey was right. They needed to work this out as equals.

“Why do you think that I have all the power?”

Mike laughed a little. “Isn’t it obvious? Because you order me around and tell me what to do. I call you Sir and you set the rules and punish me if I don’t obey. And I like it.”

“But that’s not the real reason Mike. These are just the consequences of one simple thing. Come on, Mike. You must know this.” Harvey’s eyes bore into his like he was willing him to see the answer.

“I…I don’t know what you mean.” His mind had gone blank.

Harvey sighed like he couldn’t believe that Mike didn’t know the answer.

“Mike, I only hold all the power because you let me. You let me! I don’t take anything away from you Mike. You give it to me. You entrust me with this power out of your own free will. And you can take it back at any time. All you have to do is say one word. In fact, you don’t even have to say it. You could just walk away whenever you like. Our contract isn’t worth shit. It’s just a symbol for what we have agreed on but no judge in the world would enforce it.”

Harvey watched Mike for the next few minutes and he registered every flicker in his eyes, every minute expression in his face as the truth finally sank in.

“I never saw it this way.” Mike was actually stunned that this essential fact had escaped him.

“Why do you think that I ask you for your color all the time?”

“To make me think about what I feel? So I would realize if I was not okay with something you’re doing?”

“Yes, and to make you realize that you can end everything with just one word whenever you need to. So that you don’t lose yourself in a scene.”

“Oh.”

Harvey looked at him disbelievingly. “And you really hadn’t realized this?”

“No. But, if that’s the case in all Dom / sub relationships then what has gone wrong in theirs?”
Harvey shrugged. “Hell if I know. Maybe…, shit Mike. Can you please come here? I need to hold you right now but I’m scared that you run for the hills if I come near you so you need to come to me.”

“The great Harvey Specter scared. Maybe I should take a picture,” Mike mocked him lightly but stood up and settled himself down in Harvey’s lap. The instant he made contact with Harvey’s body and felt his warmth he felt safe and settled and the craving to get high vanished.

“Better?” he asked the older man when he felt Harvey relax under him. It seemed as if Harvey had needed Mike as much as Mike needed Harvey at this moment.

Harvey hummed his approval, closed his arms around Mike and buried his nose in Mike’s hair. After one deep whiff he turned his face away with a slight look of disgust.

“Ugh. You smell like stale beer and frying fat.”

Mike on the other hand couldn’t find any fault with Harvey’s scent when he buried his nose in the crook of Harvey’s neck.

After a while Harvey continued with his former train of thought.

“I think that every relationship has the potential for great joy as well as for great tragedy. There are marriages that are abusive and sometimes a husband would kill his wife or vice versa. Would this be enough to scare you off relationships in general?”

If phrased like this, the answer was obvious. “No, probably not.”

“Only because theirs was a Dom / sub relationship doesn’t mean that all such relationships are dangerous or doomed. In fact, we know that some things we do are a little dangerous and we take precautions. We have safe words and aftercare and negotiations before a scene to prevent something like this murder from happening. I know some Dom / sub couples who have been together for years and they are happy and perfectly safe. Happier than they have been in a conventional relationship in fact. Leading a normal vanilla relationship isn’t a guarantee for happiness. My parents are the best example for that.”

“Yeah, I think I get your point. But there’s something else, something I can’t let go off. It’s probably silly but….”

“Out with it, Mike. If it disturbs you then it’s not silly.”

Mike nibbled at his lip absent-mindedly while he thought how to phrase what troubled him.

“Do you think that I’m weak? I mean, I know that I am. If I weren’t I wouldn’t need you to take over for me. And I like it when you have all the power. I need it. It makes me feel good to know that you can make me do stuff. But, do you pity me for it? For not being strong enough to hold my own? I never thought about it before but some things the guys said made me feel like I’m less of a man.”

Harvey snorted a little like he was trying not to laugh. “I’m beginning to doubt your research skills. You really need to read some more stuff on the matter. I’ll give you some books of mine.”

“Hey, I think I read almost everything Wikipedia and the internet had to offer.”

Harvey rolled his eyes in mock-desperation. “And did you watch 50 shades of Grey as well? I hear this is really good for research.”
“No. But you haven’t answered my question. So, do you see me as weak?”

Harvey leaned back a little so he could look Mike into the eyes without squinting. He cupped his face for emphasis to make sure that there was zero chance that Mike could misunderstand him.

“Subs aren’t weak. Not one of them. At least not because they are subs. Knowing yourself, being aware of your needs and having the courage to have them taken care of isn’t weak. Being able to trust someone else like you trust me isn’t weak. Submitting to me isn’t weak. In fact, I couldn’t submit. I would be too scared. But you, you are brave and courageous when you hand over the reins and trust me to make it good for both of us.”

Harvey took a deep breath, studying Mike’s face intently for a second. His eyes had taken on a soft expression and for a brief moment Mike thought that he could detect a hint of love in them but maybe that was only wishful thinking. Harvey leaned forward a little and gave Mike a slow and almost chaste kiss on the lips before he leaned back again.

“You’re a lot of things, Michael Ross. You’re smart, beautiful, stubborn, mouthy, and prone to making stupid decisions, you’re easy to rile up and you have some anger-management issues as well as some problems with discipline. You’re also funny, lovely and absolutely irresistible. You have the sweetest smile, the bluest eyes and the most delectable ass I’ve ever seen. If you give me some more time I could come up with another hundred things you are but weak is not one of them. And being submissive makes you not a lesser man either. You’re mine and you’re perfect just like you are. Got it?”

Mike had started to grin like an idiot somewhere in the middle of Harvey’s monologue and a glint of mischief twinkled in his eyes.

“You know, you’re not so bad yourself.”

Harvey raised an eyebrow, clearly waiting if Mike would elaborate some more. But Mike wouldn’t do him the favor. Instead, in true Mike-form, he tried to push his luck.

“So when you say I’m perfect just the way I am, does this mean you wouldn’t need to punish me anymore?”

Harvey grinned back at him. “I forgot lippy.”

“Yeah, but right now we are equals. You said so yourself.”

“Yes, I guess tonight you get a free pass. Tomorrow though, that’s an entirely different story. If you want it to be.”

“I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

“You sure?”

“Abso-fucking- lutely! And my color is green.”

Chapter End Notes
Mike’s friends talk about the murder of a man who was in a BDSM relationship and had been killed by his Dom during a scene. A lot of homophobic remarks and hateful opinions are voiced and Mike picks a fight with one of his friends. At home, he starts to question his relationship with Harvey.

This story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own. English is not my first language. I love to read your comments, even if it’s just on a typo or if I’ve chosen a weird word. I keep finding these little mistakes in earlier chapters and it really annoys me.

And please, if I’ve made any other big blunders, please be so kind and point them out to me. I’ve never practiced BDSM and although I have some gay acquaintances and colleagues, I’m not active in the scene. If something in this chapter is offensive to you, be assured that this was unintentional and if you let me know where I was wrong, I will correct things.
The flavors of love

Chapter Summary

Harvey and Mike make love for the first time.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The previous night Harvey had stayed a while longer and they’d made out on the sofa a little. For the most part it had been kissing and some groping over their clothes and before it could get too far, Harvey had put the brakes on. He’d offered to stay with Mike until he’d gone to sleep but the sub had assured him that he felt better now. So he’d left, trusting Mike to know himself well enough to ask him to stay if that had been necessary.

But the whole episode had made Harvey think about how he’d want Mike’s first time to happen. He’d thought about it before, entertained this particular idea only to abandon it again in favor of an elaborate scene, but now he was absolutely sure that this would be the right approach.

So, he’d deliberately dressed down a little, which meant he was wearing another pair of his dark-blue designer jeans and a formfitting black V-neck t-shirt that clung to his torso. His feet were bare and his hair left natural and un-styled after he’d taken a shower, so that it looked several shades lighter.

He’d bought a casserole of Lasagna from a famous Italian restaurant (he’d once defended the chef on a drugs-charge and had thus gained the privilege to buy pre-prepared food for take-out) and the instructions how to heat it were lying on the kitchen counter next to the oven where the Lasagna was slowly cooking to perfection.

He was chopping the ingredients for the salad right now and when Mike would arrive he could set the table outside on the deck. It was warm enough and they could enjoy watching the setting sun together.

Harvey was sure that Mike would probably try to argue after he’d told him the rules for tonight, but he could manage that. After all, Mike was a virgin and had no idea what was good for him. That was for his Dom to decide.

It was 5 minutes to six when the doorman called and announced the arrival of Mike and Harvey waited for him at the open door when the elevator arrived at the top floor.

“Hello, Sir.”

Mike seemed a little surprised when Harvey took him in his arms and gave him a long passionate kiss before he’d even closed the door behind them.
“Uhm, I guess you’re happy that I’m not late this time?”

“I’m very happy that you’re not late this time. But it wouldn’t have mattered.”

Harvey turned around and went back to the kitchen to resume his preparations. Mike followed a little confused, not sure what the shift in Harvey’s attitude meant.

“Do you want a glass of wine? Or a beer?” Harvey looked up from the chopping board and gave him a questioning smile.

What the hell? Harvey had told him to never drink before a scene. Was this a test?

“No, thank you Sir. Eh, should I undress before I kneel? And where should I put this?” He indicated at his overnight bag.

“Why don’t you put it over there for now?” Harvey pointed to the wall near the bedroom door with the knife he was still holding and Mike dropped his bag off. Then he came back hesitantly and stood in front of the breakfast bar, where Harvey was still slicing red peppers, tomatoes and cucumbers.

“So, about the kneeling…?”

The Dom put the knife down again on the chopping board and dried off his hands on a kitchen towel.

“Let’s sit down on the couch for a minute.”

Now Mike was really at a loss. What the hell was happening? And where was his Dom because this easy-going casual Harvey right in front of him was not at all radiating the Dom-vibe?

For a moment he was tempted to drop to his knees in front of the couch but this would be disobeying Harvey so he sat down instead. Harvey took the chair next to the couch, near enough that he could touch Mike but far enough away that he wouldn’t crowd him.

He exhaled once and dived right in. “We’re not having a scene tonight.”

“What? Why? Is it because of yesterday? I promise I feel better about us now. And I have been a good boy, Sir. I haven’t touched myself and I’m ready for this. Please, Sir, you’ve got to believe…” His voice trailed off when he saw Harvey smiling at him, the dark brown eyes framed with a lot of crinkles and mischief glinting in them.

“You’re joking, right?”

Harvey’s grin only got wider. “No. Not joking. But no scene doesn’t necessarily mean no sex either.”

“Okay, now I’m officially confused. I have no idea what you’re getting at, Sir.”

“So, I was thinking that your first time should be normal. And it’s Harvey for tonight, not Sir.”

“Normal?”

“Yes, normal.” When he saw Mike’s skeptical expression he tried to explain with a metaphor.

“Okay, think of it like this. Imagine that you had never tasted ice-cream, didn’t even know that there was such a thing as ice-cream. You wouldn’t start out with mint-chocolate-chip or rocky-
road. You’d build up to it, starting out with something simple like vanilla to get the basics right and then you gradually up the ante.”

“Vanilla?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t like vanilla.”

Harvey rolled his eyes. Trust Mike to ruin a perfectly good metaphor.

“Mike, you never had vanilla. You have no idea what vanilla tastes like. You have no idea what any of the flavors taste like.”

“But vanilla is boring.”

“How would you know? You never had vanilla. Maybe my sort of vanilla isn’t boring at all. Maybe you love my vanilla because it tastes rich and creamy and is made with real cream and bourbon vanilla instead of some artificial flavor. It even has the tiny dark dots in it which proves that it’s the real deal.”

“I like rocky-road better. It has nuts in it. I like nuts.”

You drive me nuts, Puppy, Harvey wanted to say but he caught himself just in time.

By now he wasn’t sure if Mike was kidding but this whole ice-cream flavor metaphor got old quickly.

“You don’t know that. And you couldn’t handle my rocky-road anyway. All the chocolate pieces and the nuts, almonds not peanuts, would be too much for you now. And before you bitch about it some more, just listen, okay?”

Mike just nodded but a sly smile played around the corners of his mouth.

So he had yanked his chain, the little mouthy shit.

“Tonight, I want us to be us. No roles, no Dom and sub. Just two equals who want to enjoy each other’s company. Of course I will take the lead since you know Jack Shit but there are no rules. I want to do this the normal way so that you don’t think sometime in the future that you missed out on something. We can scene tomorrow and every day after that, but you only have your first time once and I want it to be perfect for you. So, what do you think?”

“What if I want rules?”

“Well, tough. The rule for tonight is that there are no rules. But there are a lot of perks.”

“Perks? What perks?”

“You can kiss and touch as much as you want. No asking for permission necessary. You’re even allowed to talk although I’m already beginning to regret this.”

Mike’s face gradually lit up as all the possibilities of this scenario hit him.

“Does this mean I can…?”

Harvey sighed with relief. Finally Mike had got it.
“Yes!”

“But you don’t know what I wanted to say.”

“Doesn’t matter. You can.”

“What if I wanted to say that I want to fuck you with your biggest dildo after I have gagged you and tied you to your bed?”

Harvey rolled his eyes in exasperation. “Would you want to do that?”

“Probably not,” Mike admitted with a shrug.

“Good. Because there’s the line right there. No kinky stuff. No pain, no bondage, no gags. Toys are okay for round two if you want to try but round one is only us. Nothing else needed.”

Mike looked at him with a calculating expression but for the first time Harvey couldn’t get a proper read on him. Suddenly his boy started grinning and Harvey could feel his own lips quirk up in response.

“Okay.”

“Okay? Just okay?” That was way too easy and Harvey was a suspicious bastard.

“Okay!”

“Sure?”

“Yes, okay.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Harvey, what else can I say to assure you that I agree to your terms?”

“That was way too easy. Are you sure that you don’t want to bitch about it some more?”

Mike shrugged and grinned. “What can I say? You’re a fantastic negotiator and your arguments won me over. So, for the last time: Okay!”

“Good.” Harvey reached out and patted Mike’s knee before he stood up. “Now, I would appreciate it if you would set the table outside while I finish preparing the salad. We’re having Lasagna for dinner.”

“I love Lasagna.”

“Everybody loves Lasagna. That’s why I got it. It was a safe bet.”

Mike followed him back to the kitchen and took the plates, cloth-serviettes and silverware from Harvey.

When the table outside was set he took a moment to enjoy the spectacular view before he wandered around the deck. This thing was huge since it encircled the whole penthouse and when he turned a corner he could see two sun-beds and a low table placed beside a Jacuzzi right outside what seemed to be Harvey’s bedroom.

Before he could venture nearer he heard Harvey calling out for him a little desperately.
“Mike? A hand, please.”

He quickly went back to the table and took the wine glasses from Harvey, who was also carrying the bottle and a bread-basket and thus was on the verge of dropping everything.

“I hope you like red wine. It’s a nice fruity Chianti with only a hint of oak. Goes very well with the Lasagna or so I’ve been told. Or do you prefer beer?”

“Thanks, but the wine is fine. I’m not a connoisseur though. My kind of wine usually doesn’t come in a bottle.”

Harvey had a hard time to suppress a shudder and he even managed to withhold a sarcastic remark regarding the vinegar-like grape-juice Mike was most likely used to.

“I’ll just get the salad. You can pour the wine if you want. It needs to breathe a little. The Lasagna will be ready in another 15 minutes.”

After Mike had poured some wine into the ridiculously large glasses he settled down in one of the comfy chairs and just enjoyed the fresh air and the sun on his face. He guessed that this was one of the benefits of living in a penthouse. The sun wasn’t blocked off by other buildings, although the wind was a little stronger than it would be on the lower levels.

Harvey came back with the salad, already divided into two smaller salad bowls. But instead of settling down he hurried back into the living room but reemerged after a few seconds with a stumpy candle set on a silver candleholder. Only when Harvey had lit the candle, the implication of the whole setting hit Mike. The perfect dinner, the wine and now the candle. It looked like… no, surely not.

“Harvey, this looks a little like you are wooing me,” he stated hesitantly.

The lawyer only grinned at him. “Yep. Wondered when you would get it. You’re a little slow tonight.”

“I’ve never been wooed.” Mike looked a little stunned, like he couldn’t believe what was happening.

“Well, you’ve never been fucked either, so I thought that the one would warrant the other. I’m a little old-fashioned that way.”

“Do you have flowers for me?”

“No.”

“But there need to be flowers for it to be a proper wooing. Maybe even a corsage.”

Harvey rolled his eyes.

“I’m not taking you to the prom, princess. And you’re a guy. Guys don’t get flowers. Guys get chocolate and booze.”

“There’s chocolate?”

“I bought Belgian Truffles for dessert. And if you ask nicely I’ll even finger-feed them to you.”

“Will you marry me?” The sentence slipped out before Mike could think about how Harvey would take it. It had been meant as a joke but now he wasn’t sure if he’d overstepped.
Harvey gave him a quizzical look but then he played along. “Depends on how tonight goes. The times when a guy would marry someone only because this someone was a virgin are over. So you better give it your best effort tonight.”

“Well, since there are Belgian Truffles as incentive I’m highly motivated.”

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During their excellent meal they talked about music and movies and everything that came into their minds. Mike learned a little about Harvey’s life before he became the best closer in New York and his family but when they touched the subject of his mother he sensed that this was painful for Harvey so he quickly changed the subject. Tonight, Mike wanted only joy and happiness.

When Harvey had told him that they were not doing this as Dom and sub, his first impulse had been to protest. But now he could see why Harvey wanted to do it this way and only then he became aware that he had been a little bit worried about having his first time as a sub.

He wanted to have sex with Harvey, wanted Harvey to shove his cock inside his ass and fuck him senseless. But now that he knew that he wouldn’t be tied up or gagged or instructed to be the passive recipient, he could truly relax and look forward to it without the slightest hint of anxiety. Harvey would take care of him, make it good for him without pushing his boundaries.

It was amazing how Harvey seemed to sense what he needed in any given situation even if he himself wasn’t aware of it at that time.

When they were finished and only a little of the Lasagna and none of the truffles (Harvey had indeed finger-fed the first one to him) was left and the first bottle of wine had been followed by a second, Mike helped Harvey to deal with the dirty dishes. Afterwards they took their freshly filled glasses to the couch and settled down.

Harvey had situated himself in the corner and he pulled Mike on top of him, giving the younger man the control, or at least some semblance of it.

They started out with slow lazy kisses and Mike used this opportunity to do some exploring of his own. He broke their kiss after a few breathless minutes and with a nudge of his nose against Harvey’s chiseled jawline prompted him to tilt his head back. As soon as he had unlimited access to Harvey’s throat and neck he nibbled, licked and kissed his way from the pulse point just below the right ear all the way down to the clavicle and the hollow of Harvey’s throat as far as the V-neck shirt would allow.

Harvey stayed relaxed and his hands slowly trailed up and down Mike’s back while the younger man enjoyed himself. At one point Mike latched onto a patch of skin on Harvey’s throat and began to suck and only then Harvey protested.

“Don’t you dare give me a hickey on the neck. Unlike you I have a reputation to uphold. And I’m not a horny teenager. I would be the laughingstock at work.”

Mike stopped for a moment, his chin propped up at Harvey’s sternum. The blue eyes, overshadowed by long dark-blond lashes, looked up at Harvey slyly and the lawyer thought that he could detect more than just a hint of mischief in them.
“Are you worried about being marked or that anybody could see it?”

Harvey glanced down at him and pondered the question for a minute. Then he slowly shoved Mike off a little and wiggled out of his t-shirt.

“If you want to mark me, then do it where nobody else can see it. But be aware that I’m a huge supporter of quid pro quo.”

Mike, who had sat back between Harvey’s legs while Harvey had taken his shirt off, now took his sweet time to drink in the sight before him. This was the first time he saw Harvey’s naked upper body. Sure, he’d seen his cock and a little of his toned stomach but never his chest.

Harvey was solidly built and Mike could see the different muscle-groups under the lightly tanned skin. His chest muscles were well defined and he could detect a hint of a six-pack on Harvey’s stomach. Harvey wasn’t a body-builder type and his muscles were covered in a minuscule layer of fat but Mike had never been turned on by these Hulk-like figures anyway. Harvey looked like a boxer, strong and solid.

His chest was smooth, without any hair and Mike wasn’t sure if this was natural or if Harvey made his own appointments with Natalie.

Mike reached out and trailed his fingertips from Harvey’s throat down across the sternum, circled the light-brown nipples playfully until they stiffened and then dragged them further down his stomach until he reached the belly button. A little line of fine hair started there and vanished under the waistline of Harvey’s jeans, leading the way to his cock.

“You’re fucking beautiful, Harvey Specter.”

Mike had known before that Harvey must look good but the spectacular sight of him lying on his back without his shirt, looking up at Mike with the signature cocky grin on his lips, knocked the wind out of Mike.

He leaned forward and, starting at Harvey’s throat, kissed his way across all of Harvey’s upper body and gave both nipples an appreciative little lick but didn’t stop there. He went down further until he finally arrived at the belly button where he pushed his tongue in until he felt Harvey’s muscles flex a little when he hit a ticklish spot. Then he started to nibble carefully at the smooth warm skin.

During all of this, Harvey’s breathing had sped up and every now and then, when Mike had found a particularly sensitive spot, he’d moaned a little as well, but only now, when Mike’s teeth scraped over his skin, he started to writhe like he really wanted to escape Mike’s torturous mouth.

Mike used his hands and body weight to hold Harvey down and then started sucking at the skin right beside the belly button. The writhing increased but Mike wouldn’t let up and Harvey didn’t try in earnest to unseat him. He used his teeth and now Harvey moaned loud enough to drown out the record that was playing on the expensive turntable.

Mike came up for air after a few seconds and the sight of the purple mark on Harvey’s stomach made him grin stupidly. But before he could enjoy his victory, Harvey had grabbed him and swung him around so that Mike now lay on his back with the solid weight of the older man pressing down on him. He could feel the hard length of Harvey’s erection grinding against his own hard cock and he pushed his hips up against him teasingly. Today, he was allowed to do what he wanted and he would make the most of it.
"Hey, you little vampire. Enjoying yourself?"

The dark brown eyes gazed affectionately down into his blue ones and before he could answer Harvey started to place little kisses all over his face. Then he pressed his mouth on Mike’s own and they started kissing like they had all the time in the world. Their tongues found each other and it was like a slow dance, the way they wound themselves around one another. Every now and then they broke apart for a brief moment before they plunged right back again, tasting, teasing and licking.

After what seemed like an eternity, Harvey pushed himself up a little on his hands.

"There’s a Jacuzzi on the deck right outside the bedroom. The water should’ve heated up by now. I propose we get naked and continue there. What do you say?"

Mike grinned at him dopily, still a little low on oxygen after the marathon kissing-session, his lips swollen and bruised and glistening with spit.

"You, naked in a Jacuzzi? Sounds perfect."

Harvey stood up and extended a hand to help Mike up. He’d intended to pull Mike into his arms again before they made their way to the bedroom but suddenly Mike broke free and started to run, leaving Harvey behind.

"Last one in the water is a loser."

Harvey shook his head disbelievingly. Now it was official. He was dating a teenager.

**********

Harvey took his time since he knew that the cover of the Jacuzzi was still on and Mike couldn’t just jump in. He topped up their glasses and then slowly followed Mike. The trail of discarded clothes led him to the deck right outside the sliding glass doors of his bedroom.

Mike, stark naked and pale ass clearly visible in the growing darkness, had bent over and fumbled with the clasps that held the cover in place. For a moment Harvey just savored the sight of Mike’s delectable backside before he caught himself and came to his aide.

"Here, take this and let me do it."

He pushed the wine glasses in Mike’s hands and unfastened the clasps before he pushed the tarpaulin off the Jacuzzi. Then he placed their drinks on one of the flat corners before he turned around, patted Mike’s naked butt (honestly, how could anybody expect him to resist?) and went back into his bedroom. At the glass door he turned around for a second, watching Mike climb into the whirlpool.

"You win. So, think about what you want for your prize."

Mike wasn’t quite sure whether Harvey really meant it or if the older man was just teasing him but just to be prepared, he gave it some thought.

When Harvey came back out a few minutes later, wearing his bathrobe and carrying two large
towels, Mike had wedged himself into one corner of the hot-tub, head tipped back against the rim and was gazing at the sky, searching for the first stars.

Harvey got into the warm water and took hold of Mike’s wrist, pulling him over into his arms. When they were settled in, Mike sitting in Harvey’s lap, his back pressed to Harvey’s chest, head resting on the older man’s shoulder while strong arms held him firmly, Harvey let his lips trail over the rim of Mike’s ear before he placed as soft kiss on his temple. The boy shivered in his arms and Harvey was sure that it was not from being cold.

Mike sighed and relaxed against the solid body behind him.

“This feels good.”

Harvey hummed his approval.

His hand reached out and searched for something on the outside of the Jacuzzi. Suddenly, the water was filled with air-bubbles and the underwater lights had gone on. Mike wiggled his ass a little against Harvey’s hard cock when the bubbles did funny things to his balls. He could feel Harvey’s hard member bumping against his thighs and ass but the random contact wasn’t enough for him anymore.

He turned around and straddled Harvey’s lap, then wiggled a little until both of their cocks lined up and slid against each other in the warm water. Harvey’s hands cupped his ass to hold him in place so he wouldn’t drift away.

“So,” Harvey looked at him and raised his eyebrow quizzically. “What does the winner want as a prize?”

Mike moved his hips a little to create some more friction between their hard dicks.

“I want you,” he moaned when Harvey pulled him closer, their cocks now trapped between their bodies. He could feel Harvey’s strong hands pulling his checks apart a little and a water bubble found its way to his crack and slowly drifted towards the surface. Feeling the air bubble brushing over his hole was the most peculiar sensation and all of a sudden all he wanted was to be touched right there.

“That’s a given, Sweetheart. But do you want something in particular? I could suck you.”

“Want you inside me,” Mike groaned while he shifted his hips in Harvey’s strong grip. Harvey’s fingertips pressed into his checks a little harder to hold him in place, close to his crack, but not close enough and he flexed the muscles of his ass to give Harvey a hint. But Harvey wasn’t in an obliging mood.

“Not now, Babe. That comes later. First, I want you to be relaxed.”

Mike whined a little. That wouldn’t happen anytime in the future, not the way things were progressing.

“Please, I want your cock in my ass. I haven’t come since Wednesday and I’m fucking horny. But I want to come with you inside me.”

He was well aware how needy he sounded but he didn’t care. Tonight he was allowed to be pushy and needy.

Mike could feel Harvey grin although he didn’t see his face since he had buried his face in the
crook of Harvey’s neck and nibbled at his shoulder to give his mouth something to do.

“I promise, I will make you come when I’m inside you. Don’t you worry about that. But before I fuck you, I want you to be relaxed and pliant.”

“I don’t think that I can hold out so long.”

“There’s no need. I can make you come now and by the time I fuck you, you will be ready again. You’re basically like a teenager, Puppy. You’ll manage.”

Mike gave up. He knew that Harvey would not give in and some part of his brain could even see his point. Right at this very moment his need for a climax made him very tense.

“All right then, make me come.”

“And how should I do it?” His cock was gripped by Harvey’s hand and jerked once. “Shall I jerk you off?”

Mike moaned. “I don’t care. Do whatever you want. I know that you will make it good for me.”

The hand let go of his dick but before he could protest, Harvey had turned them around and Mike’s back was now pressed against the wall of the Jacuzzi. Then Harvey placed his hands under his butt and slowly lifted his hips up until his dick emerged out of the water like a creature from the sea.

“Rest your legs on my shoulders,” he was instructed.

After he’d obeyed he lay stretched out in the water, supported by the railing of the Jacuzzi under his neck and head, Harvey’s hands on his butt, kneeling in front of him and the hollows of his knees resting on Harvey’s shoulders. His own arms were lying outstretched on the rim of the Jacuzzi, fingers tightly gripping the edge.

“Close your eyes and enjoy, Sweetheart.”

Although his first impulse was to obey, this time Mike kept his eyes open. He wanted to watch what Harvey would do to him.

The older man bowed his head and licked along Mike’s cock in one long swipe from his balls up to the tip. With quick fluttering movements of the tongue he stimulated the head until the first drops of pre-come emerged from the slit.

Harvey glanced up at him and became aware that Mike was watching him. He pulled his mouth off the sensitive tip, gave him a wicked grin and then took the head back into his mouth and swallowed him down in one go until his nose bumped against Mike’s bare pubic bone. He could feel Harvey’s throat-muscles work around his shaft and then the humming started.

“Oh god! Harvey!” The sensation was almost too much and his hips started to jerk involuntarily, driving his cock only deeper in Harvey’s vibrating throat.

Harvey pulled up a little and then started to bob his head in a slow rhythm, pulling off until only the tip remained between his lips before he was swallowed down again and his whole shaft was enveloped in the wet warm heat of Harvey’s mouth and throat. It only took a minute until it became too much for Mike.

“I’m gonna come, gonna come, gonna come,” was all Mike could moan as a warning before he came down Harvey’s throat.
“Ahh…. Harveyyy!”

His hips still made the tiny jerking motions of an intense climax when Harvey finally pulled off, giving his cock-head a last lick with his tongue. Then the hands under his butt lowered Mike back into the warm water while his legs slipped off Harvey’s shoulders and Harvey pressed himself firmly against Mike, both hands now placed on either side of Mike’s head. When Harvey’s mouth found his he could taste his own come on Harvey’s tongue and somehow that was incredible hot.

They kissed a little more but with the initial pressing arousal now sated, Mike was able to pursue a slower pace. He could still feel Harvey’s hard cock grinding against his hip-bone though and he plastered himself a little more firmly against the solid body to provide some friction.

“Are you relaxed now?” Harvey’s slightly raspy voice was barely audible over the noise the whirlpool jets were making.

“If I stay any longer in here I will be limp as an overcooked noodle.”

Harvey laughed. “Well, then I better get you out of here.”

He stood up and extended his hands to pull Mike to his feet. For a moment they were just standing in the thigh-high warm water, bodies pressed together, and kissed.

“Thank you. You give great head.”

“You’re welcome, Sweetheart.”

Chapter End Notes

The story is not beta-read. All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

The second half of their night together will be published this weekend and yes, I’m totally aware that this is mildly sadistic.

I love to read your thoughts on my little story so I appreciate every comment and Kudos also makes me smile happily.
After they’d dried themselves off with the plush towels, Harvey ushered Mike into the softly lit bedroom.

He’d turned the bed down when he’d undressed before joining Mike in the Jacuzzi and the young man was now lying outstretched on his back with Harvey on top of him, caressing his face with his fingertips like he wanted to learn his features by heart. Dark brown eyes were looking tenderly down into bright blue ones while the lawyer trailed with his index finger over Mike’s eyebrow, his cheekbone and down to his jawline, where a patch of skin with some stubble on it made a soft rasping noise. Obviously, Mike wasn’t the most meticulous during shaving but for today, Harvey refrained from commenting on it. Instead, he stuck to his game plan.

“Remember when I told you that there are no rules tonight?”

A mischievous sparkle glinted in the blue eyes. “Do the words perfect auditory memory mean anything to you?”

Harvey chuckled. Mike was really making the most of all the leeway he had tonight. Well, as long as he wouldn’t get too used to it.

“You’re really enjoying being lippy tonight, aren’t you?” he chided softly.

The kid only grinned up at him, not sorry in the least. “Hey, you made the rules, I’m only following them.”

Harvey suppressed another chuckle. Cheeky sod. “So, I want to make a suggestion.”

“All right. Let’s hear it.”

“I want you to lie back and just relax and enjoy for now.”

“You want to run the show?” Mike’s eyes narrowed slightly, like he wasn’t sure what to think about that.

“Since I’m the one who knows the script I thought that might be best.”
Harvey had thought that he might need to argue his point a little bit more but Mike raised his arms above his head and touched the headboard with his fingers in a submissive pose.

“Knock yourself out, then.”

It surprised the lawyer how easy Mike had given in. Maybe the kid thought that he’d been given an order.

“You don’t have to do that, Mike.” He nodded towards Mike’s outstretched arms. “And you can talk and touch me. No rules, remember? It was just a suggestion.”

Mike brought one hand up to Harvey’s face and touched his cheek softly. “I know, Harvey. But I like it this way. It makes me feel good to obey you.”

Harvey looked down at him with such a tender expression that Mike’s heart skipped a beat. Then, the older man lowered himself slowly until their chests touched and he could kiss Mike on the invitingly pink lips. When he came up for air after a few minutes his brown eyes were almost black with arousal and his cock twitched where it was trapped between their bodies.

“Have I recently told you that you’re perfect?”

“Not in the last 5 minutes.”

“Well, then I guess I need to find another way to show you how much I adore you.”

Harvey started with kissing the beautiful mouth of his boy thoroughly again, leaving the young man a little breathless when he finally made his way towards Mike’s throat.

Mike threw his head back to give Harvey better access and the lawyer immediately found the sensitive spot where the neck met the shoulder. As soon as his teeth scraped over the skin above the little brown mole Mike’s whole body began to shiver and goosebumps erupted all over his skin. This strong reaction surprised Harvey a little and he pushed himself up on his hands to take the sight in.

“Look at you, Mike. All goosebumps and pert pink nipples. Guess I found a happy spot.”

With a wicked little grin he lowered himself back onto Mike’s body and his mouth zeroed in on the exact same spot. His lips latched onto the patch of skin that had elicited such delicious reactions from Mike and when he started to suck at the spot he could feel the kid tense up under him.

After a moment of having held his breath and bitten his lip, Mike moaned loudly and his hips bucked up to meet Harvey’s. He could feel that Mike’s cock had recovered more quickly than either of them had thought possible and the erection was now grinding against Harvey’s own straining cock.

When he finally let up, a red love-bite was adorning Mike’s skin beautifully. Harvey grinned, delighted with his work. “X marks the spot, or, in this case the spot marks the spot.”

Before Mike could come up with an appropriate comeback Harvey had resumed his ministrations and made his way slowly down Mike’s body. He paid special attention to Mike’s now smooth chest, nipping and licking all across the soft skin, but neglected Mike’s nipples deliberately. When Mike complained about it, Harvey only grinned a little, not sorry at all.
“You need to pace yourself a little, Sweetheart. I know how much you like your nipple-play but I don’t want you too excited. There’s something else I want to do before I fuck you.”

Harvey knew that patience was really not Mike’s strong suit and it was all the more breathtaking when he gave in nevertheless, obviously trusting that Harvey knew best.

Harvey worked his way down to Mike’s groin but avoided to touch the straining and already leaking cock. Instead, he caressed the smooth skin of the pubic area and the creases where it met the thighs with his lips and tongue before he sat back between Mike’s spread legs and looked at his boy.

“You’re so beautiful like this Mike. I love how smooth and soft your skin is. You feel so fucking good.”

Mike raised his head a little from his pillow and glanced down at Harvey. When he spoke, his voice sounded husky. “Yes, I like the feeling too. Getting it done was a bitch but now it feels really good.”

“So, are you gonna do it again?” Harvey couldn’t keep the hopeful tone out of his voice. He’d told Mike that he could list it as a hard limit, but he hoped that Mike would see the benefits of being smooth.

Mike laughed a little and for a second he wanted to tease Harvey, but then he opted for truthfulness. “Since my Dom loves it so much, how could I refuse? My next appointment is in 6 weeks.”

Harvey bent down and licked a long stripe from Mike’s balls up to his wet and leaking cock-head, savoring the taste on his tongue, but before Mike could even get a moan in, he’d sat back again.

“Roll onto your stomach for me, Mike.” He tapped lightly against the slightly protruding left hip-bone to indicate in which direction his boy should roll.

When Mike lay on his stomach, head resting comfortably on his crossed forearms, Harvey straddled his hips with his dick resting alongside Mike’s crack and let his weight press down on him. He bent forward a little and licked over the rim of his boy’s right ear and once again, goosebumps erupted all over Mike’s skin. Harvey grinned, happy that he’d remembered correctly.

“I’m going to open you up now, Sweetheart,” he whispered seductively.

He let his breath tickle over the wet skin off Mike’s ear and then Harvey started sliding down the younger man’s body. With light touches, almost like little butterflies were landing on Mike’s back, his lips were kissing the nubs of Mike’s spine all the way south, again leaving goosebumps in his wake, until he arrived at the perfect curve of his ass. For a moment, Harvey just let his head rest there at the soft plush pillow that Mike’s butt was, enjoying the feeling of smooth skin against his face, before he got on with things.

“Spread your legs for me, Babe.”

Before Mike could comply, Harvey had gripped the toned thighs with his strong hands and maneuvered him in the right position. He knew that Mike’s straining cock was now pressed against the soft cotton of the sheets and he wasn’t surprised when his boy shifted his hips a little to get some friction. Normally, that would’ve earned him a firm slap to his ass but today Mike was allowed to give into his needs, at least a little, without any repercussions.

Harvey grabbed his hips to steady him and his thumbs dug into the muscles of the lower back right
above his ass.

“Try to stay still for me,” Harvey whispered, not an order but a plea. Then he bent forward again and let his tongue slip between the round cheeks.

When the wet muscle was slowly dragged up and down the sensitive crack, Mike’s head jerked up in surprise.

“Oh god, Harvey!”

Mike’s glutes tensed up and Harvey could now fully appreciate how wiry and muscular his pretty boy was. Maybe he should buy a bike himself if that would give him this kind of beautifully muscled ass. But right now, all these tense, flexing muscles were a little in the way of what he’d planned to do. To calm his boy down a little, he placed soft kisses all over his butt while his thumbs drew slow circles on the skin.

“Shhh, try to relax and enjoy. No need to tense up. Just relax. I’ve got you, Sweetheart.”

**********

Mike thought that he must be dreaming. Never in his life had he thought that he could feel this way when Harvey’s tongue first slipped in between his butt-cheeks. Sure, he’d heard about rimming, but that Harvey would do this… well, this couldn’t be happening. The sudden shock of Harvey’s unexpected action and the intense and slightly weird sensation it followed made him cry out.

“Oh god, Harvey.”

His Dom soothed him with whispered words and somehow Mike managed to get his breath back and relax his clenched up muscles of his lower body.

When he’d felt the tongue being swiped along his crack, he’d nearly jumped off the mattress with shock. As soon as he’d managed to relax, Harvey’s tongue was back. It circled his hole with a pointed tip while his lover’s thumbs dug into the flesh of his cheeks, pulling them apart, so that Harvey had room enough to give Mike his first ever rim-job.

And it was a good thing that Harvey held him down so firmly, using his own weight to hold Mike’s hips down, because this incredible sensation was enough to make him want to hump a hole into the mattress.

Harvey alternated between circling the sensitive skin around Mike’s hole with the tip and licking in broad strokes up and down the whole crack.

Every now and then Harvey would pause and blow a cold stream of air over the wet and sensitive skin and Mike’s ass-muscles rippled under the strong hands as he tried to shift away from the sensation.

When Harvey looked down he could see that the pink pucker fluttered minutely, opening up ever so slightly before the muscles tensed up again. He bent down again and pressed the stiff tip of his tongue slowly beyond the tight muscle ring. He had to lean down on Mike with all his weight because as soon as the wet tip slipped into his boy’s body, Mike almost lost it.
“Ohhhh….. ahhh…Harvey….I can’t… too much…ohhh.”

Harvey interrupted his teasing and gave Mike, who had become a writhing, begging mess under his ministrations, a little break.

“Yes, you can Sweetheart,” he whispered encouragingly. ”You’re doing so well. And your ass is so fucking beautiful like this. So smooth and with this delicious pink pucker of yours now fully on display. I could eat you out for hours.”

Mike moaned and suddenly Harvey’s weight eased up as the older man sat back between Mike’s widely spread legs.

“I want to mark that beautiful butt of yours. Mark it as my property, so everybody can see that you belong to me. What do you say? Do you want to bear my mark?”

A finger drew slow circles right in the center of Mike’s right butt-cheek and the young man knew that this was the spot Harvey had chosen.

“Yes please, Sir,” Mike groaned loudly, without needing to think about it. Harvey’s suggestion hit more than one huge button of his and went directly to his already painfully hard cock.

For a moment Harvey wanted to say something but then he just shrugged it off. If Mike wanted to call him Sir even so this wasn’t a scene, who was he to deny his boy this? He wouldn’t enforce the honorific today but he sure as hell wasn’t going to complain about it either. But this slip of the tongue gave him another idea and he went with his gut.

Without warning, a firm slap landed on Mike’s right cheek, not as painful as a punishment would be, but surely no child’s play either.

When Mike bucked his hips up and his ass was lifted off the mattress like he wanted to present it to his Dom, Harvey knew that he’d read his boy right.

Another firm slap landed on the round butt and Mike started to moan softly.

“My sweet perfect little masochist.” This statement was accompanied by a third and this time very hard slap.

Mike inhaled sharply because this hit had really hurt but before he could vocalize it, he could feel Harvey’s mouth right on top of the blooming pain. Sharp teeth gripped a good amount of his flesh and then the lips closed around this patch of skin and Harvey started to suck while his teeth continued to torment the muscle and flesh. When Mike thought that he couldn’t take the pain anymore, he cried out and Harvey immediately stopped. A warm soft tongue was dragged over the hurting patch of skin and flesh again and again as if Harvey wanted to lick it better, soothe the pain away with broad gentle strokes of his tongue.

“So beautiful,” the older man murmured and swiped a thumb carefully over the slick red bite-mark. By tomorrow, this would be a pretty shade of purple, of that Harvey was sure. He carefully studied the mark for a second to make sure that he hadn’t accidentally broken the skin, but everything seemed in order.

To get back on track he once again resumed the ministrations of his tongue to Mike’s hole and after only a few strokes Mike became a squirming and babbling something again.

“Please Harvey, need… ah…need your fingers. Please, need you… please, fill me up. Need more pressure. Please, Sir!” His voice had gained volume while speaking the few words and the Sir was
almost shouted out.

Harvey was only too happy to oblige and he retrieved the lube from the nightstand and carefully coated his fingers. Mike’s crack and hole were already slick from his saliva but he knew that spit was a poor substitute for real lube.

“Can you kneel up for me, Sweetheart?”

Mike immediately pushed up on his knees to present his ass to Harvey while he let his forearms rest on the mattress, assuming the same position he’d held during their first scene, but this time already a little bit shaky with need.

Harvey pressed his index finger firmly against Mike’s pink fluttering pucker and the muscle-ring gave way almost immediately, already a little loose from his tongue. Mike rocked back to drive Harvey’s finger deep into his ass when Harvey went too slow for his taste and the lawyer soon added a second digit.

Mike was moaning continually by now and his hips were always shifting, not able to stay still for more than a second and Harvey knew that Mike was very close again. If this were a scene, he would take Mike right to the edge only to deny him his relief and pull him back again and again until his boy would be begging to come.

But this wasn’t a scene, this was, as sappy as it sounded, making love. He already had strayed a little toward the kinky side when he’d spanked Mike’s delicious ass and marked him but he needed to remember that he wanted this to be a normal, vanilla experience for Mike. Well, maybe strawberry but nothing more elaborate.

So he went on stretching Mike’s hole with his fingers and after a few minutes he added a third one. For a moment Mike clenched tight when he felt the three fingertips pressing in and Harvey used his left palm to rub reassuring circles on Mike’s lower back.

“Exhale and relax for me Babe. I need to stretch you a little more to make you ready for my cock. Yes, just like this. Just like this. It’s amazing how you take it. You’re so pretty like this. Such a pretty boy.”

He carefully avoided any pressure to Mike’s prostate and instead fucked him open with slow long scissoring strokes. When he felt Mike relax around his three fingers he briefly thought about adding a forth but decided against it. By now he was a little impatient and desperate himself and since his boy liked pain, despite what his mind thought about it, he was sure that a little burning stretch would be appreciated.

The squelching noise when he finally let his fingers slip out of Mike’s thoroughly lubed hole bordered on the pornographic and Harvey’s cock reminded him with a nudge against his stomach that it felt more than a little neglected.

Harvey bent forward and pressed his chest firmly to the young man’s back while his cock brushed over the inner sides of Mike’s right thigh, close to his testicles. He brought his mouth near to Mike’s ear to whisper to him seductively.

“I want to fuck you now, Sweetheart. Are you ready for my cock? Ready to be stretched open und filled up by me? Ready to receive my come?”

The young man shivered violently at this words.

“Yes, please Sir. I want it so much.” Mike’s voice sounded so needy and desperate that Harvey
could barely hold himself back.

“How do you want me, Mike? Like this from behind or do you want to be on your back with me on top?”

“Wanna look at your face while you fuck me.” The kid’s voice sounded so strained like he was only holding on by a thread.

“All right, turn around then.”

As soon as Mike was on his back Harvey took a pillow and shoved it under his butt to prop his hips up for better access. Mike looked up at him with wide trusting eyes, pupils blown with arousal, only a thin ring of blue visible, and the skin on his stomach was slick and glistening wet from all the pre-come he had produced while Harvey had been rimming him.

Harvey positioned himself between Mike’s spread legs and leaned forward to cover his boy’s body with his own. His lips found Mike’s pink mouth and after he’d swiped his tongue over the plump lower lip playfully and made him moan with want, he pushed his tongue into his boy’s wet hot mouth.

For a moment he thought that Mike would draw back since he of all people would remember where Harvey’s tongue had been only minutes before, but Mike greeted him enthusiastically with his own tongue and the kiss soon became desperate and messy, all tongue and spit and teeth. When they finally let up to gulp some air into their lungs, Harvey pushed himself up a little on his forearms and knees and looked down on Mike’s face with a very tender expression in his eyes.

“Last chance to back out, Sweetheart,” he whispered softly.

Mike only smiled at him happily. “Not a chance.” Then his expression became more earnest and he reached up to cup Harvey’s face in his palm. “I want this Harvey. I want you. I wanted you since the first time I saw you.”

For a moment Harvey just looked at him, searching for any hint of doubt or insecurity and when he found none of that he nodded his head almost imperceptibly.

“Ditto.”

At that, Mike couldn’t help himself. He laughed out. “Really, you’re quoting Ghost? Now?”

Harvey grinned back at him. “Hey, it worked for Patrick Swayze.”

“Does this make me Demi Moore?”

“No, you’re much prettier than her. And I like that you have a cock. Gives me something to play with.” He ran a fingertip softly over the underside of said body part and Mike groaned with want.

Harvey shifted his body back between Mike’s legs and the younger man raised his hands above his head, once more touching the headboard with his fingertips. His boy was really a subbie through and through.

After he’d lubed himself up with a few tormenting strokes of his fist, Harvey took hold of Mike’s hips and brought his cock up to the glistening loose hole. As he looked down between their bodies’, he could see how his bright-red cockhead slowly pressed against the pink pucker and then was swallowed by it in slow-motion. The tip went in almost easily but when the cock-head flared out before the shaft began, he could feel Mike clench up a little. His cock-head was wider than his
three fingers had been and for a moment he berated himself for not having Mike opened up wider.

“Relax for me, Mike. Come on, take a deep breath and then exhale. Yes, just like this. You can do it. I know you can.”

His encouraging words calmed Mike down and he pushed into his boy’s body very slowly and stilled as soon as the wide head was fully enveloped in the tight heat.

“Let’s stay like this for a moment. Just breathe and try to relax.” His thumbs drew soothing circles on Mike’s hips while his strong hands held him in place.

Mike’s mouth had formed an almost perfect o-shape as the pressure had increased more than ever before and the muscles started to burn from the unfamiliar stretch. He became aware that he’d held his breath and exhaled slowly. As soon as he did, the pressure subsided a little and his muscles relaxed.

When Harvey felt Mike’s muscles give way around him he slowly pushed in another few inches before he stilled again.

Mike had closed his eyes like he wanted to fully concentrate on what was going on in his butt and although Harvey would have loved to see his beautiful blue puppy eyes, he let the young man be.

Instead he focused on his own breathing to refrain from just pushing into the kid’s body with one firm stroke like he so desperately wanted to do. Instead, he pulled out a little until only his cockhead was still in Mike’s hole and then slowly pushed in again, a little deeper this time.

Mike had thrown his head back, exposing his throat with the red love-bite on it, and his fingers had left the headboard. Instead, he had a white knuckle grip around the pillow his head was resting on, bunching up the fabric and holding it in a death-grip. The temptation to grip his cock and jerk off furiously was almost unbearable by now but somehow he managed to resist it.

He’d told Harvey that he wanted to come with Harvey’s cock buried deep inside of him and that desire was what he focused on now. He wanted Harvey to fuck him, wanted to feel the force behind the thrusts before he would let himself go.

It was really hard though and for a moment the thought crossed his mind that it would be easier if Harvey forbade him to come. Battling against himself was so much harder than simply following his Dom’s orders.

“Let me hear you, Sweetheart. Tell me how it feels.” Harvey had seen that Mike was biting his lower lip like he was so prone to do whenever his emotions got the better of him and he wanted to avoid any serious damage to it without giving Mike an order.

“So full. So much pressure, but so good.”

As soon as he heard Mike’s raw voice Harvey knew he’d made a mistake because the unmasked arousal and want of his sweet boy went straight to his own cock and made his balls tighten like he was only seconds away from coming.

He let go of Mike’s hip so that his hand could press down firmly on the base of his cock to stop himself from coming. For a few endless seconds he stayed like this, panting from the strain of holding on, until he could feel the immediate pressure of the imminent climax slowly subside. But in the meantime Mike seemed to have gotten used to Harvey’s cock buried halfway inside his butt and he started to wiggle his hips a little, like he wanted to encourage Harvey to move.
Harvey’s left hand took a stronger grip on Mike to still his movements but the kid would have none of that.

“Please, Sir. Please fuck me. I can take it. I need it.”

His perfect boy sounded so eager and desperate and Harvey huffed out a little laugh.

“That’s great Mike, but I might need another minute or this will be over before we’ve even begun.” Harvey’s voice sounded tense and very low, like he was speaking them through gritted teeth.

At this statement Mike’s eyes flew open and when he saw Harvey kneeling between his thighs, holding his half-buried cock in a tight grip, his eyes firmly closed and taking slow even breaths to calm himself down, he couldn’t believe his own eyes.

He had done that to Harvey. This beautiful, powerful man who oozed self-control out of every pore, was on the brink of losing it and he was the reason for it. But as much as he thought that he wanted to see this, now that the moment was there, it actually felt a little odd.

Sure, he was proud that Harvey wanted him so much, but a tiny part of his mind shouted out that this was wrong. So he refrained from any movement or comment and after a few more measured breaths Harvey had regained his composure and opened his eyes again. His fingers let go of his cock and he hitched Mike’s legs up a little.

“Wrap your legs around my hips,” he instructed the young man underneath him and as soon as Mike had used his strong thigh-muscles to hold on tight, Harvey started to push in again. A few more slow strokes and Harvey finally bottomed out.

“Oh, wow,” Mike sighed when Harvey’s big cock was buried deep inside of him.

This felt better than he’d imagined in his wildest dreams. Not only the pressure of the cock spreading him open so forcefully but also the feeling of being so close to Harvey, almost like they were sharing one body.

Harvey was not only on top of him, holding him down, controlling Mike’s body. He was also deep inside of him, claiming Mike as his own. Now Mike really knew what it meant to be Harvey’s boy and he loved this feeling. To be claimed, to be held, to be owned.

This wasn’t just about what his body was experiencing but also what this act meant on an emotional level. A single tear suddenly slid down his left cheek and for a moment he felt silly that a simple fuck could make him feel that way, could touch his emotions on such a deep level.

A soft fingertip brushed the moisture away and then Harvey pressed his forehead to Mike’s.

“How do you feel, Sweetheart? Are you in pain?”

“No, Sir. It doesn’t hurt but I feel incredibly full and stretched.” To tell Harvey about all his other feelings would be too much right now, so he kept them for himself. He would tell his Dom later though.

“Let’s stay like this for a moment, then. Tell me when you’re ready.”

Mike nodded and brought his arms forward so he could touch Harvey’s strong shoulders and upper arms.

“You have the body of a boxer,” he whispered in awe while his fingertips trailed softly over the
firm muscles.

That earned him a playful little kiss on his nose. “Your power of observation is actually not so bad,” Harvey quipped lightly.

“Really? You’re kidding, right?”

Harvey only shook his head.

“Is there anything that you can’t do?”

“Well, right now staying still like this for much longer might become a challenge,” he groaned. “Especially when you’re clenching around me so seductively.”

Harvey thrusted shallowly with his hips once and Mike’s eyelids fluttered shut for a moment.

“Then don’t,” he sighed and his fingers took a firmer hold around Harvey’s biceps.

Harvey started with slow shallow thrusts, like the one before. Mike was so tight and hot and Harvey was very careful with his movements. The worst thing right now would be to hurt Mike in any way. So he controlled his urges a little longer while he slowly increased the length of his thrusts.

“More, please,” Mike moaned after a few minutes and Harvey was only too happy to accommodate his pretty boy. He pulled out until only the tip of his dick was inside and then pushed in all the way until his balls slapped against Mike’s ass-cheeks with a fleshy sound.

“Ahhh, again. Please, Sir, please.”

He started to fuck his boy in earnest now, lifting the slender hips up with his hands and when he changed the angle slightly and brushed over Mike’s prostate the kid nearly lost it.

“Arghh, Harvey… harder… more… please.” Mike’s fingertips with the blunt nails dug into the skin of his upper arms like he needed something to cling to.

“Come, Mike. Come whenever you like. Just let go.”

“No! Not yet. Need more… want more…,”

Harvey let Mike’s hips go and leaned forward to kiss the pink mouth while he continued to nail him with quick forceful thrusts. Mike moaned into his mouth and Harvey sucked at his lower lip. When he bit down carefully Mike’s hips jerked up as if the pain had given him an electric jolt.

Since his boy’s cock was now trapped between their bodies Harvey could feel how slick and wet Mike’s belly already was and how the hard hot cock twitched in time with each of his thrusts. He shifted his weight onto his left side and reached between their bodies while his tongue claimed Mike’s mouth.

As soon as his fingers closed around Mike’s hard member the boy almost shouted out and he tried to jerk his hips in time with Harvey’s thrusts so he could fuck in Harvey’s fist.

Harvey continued to nail Mike’s prostate with forceful strokes while he kept up the same rhythm with his hand.

“Can’t… gonna come… come…,” Mike groaned into Harvey’s mouth and then his whole body tensed for a moment, his back arching up from the mattress. Harvey could feel the sphincter clench
tight around his cock and he pushed in deep and stilled his movements while he jerked Mike’s slick cock to push him over the edge.

“Ohhh…!”

“Just let go, Sweetheart. Just let it happen. I’ve got you,” he crooned reassuringly.

The cock began to pulse in his firm grip and then Mike’s come shot out of the slit and painted white sticky spurts on both of their chests before the initial pressure ebbed and the rest of the come flowed over Harvey’s fingers in a lazy stream. When the tension in Mike’s body subsided a little, Harvey moved his hips again and fucked him through the last waves of his climax with slow thrusts, the body under him now loose and relaxed.

When Mike could breathe normally again he opened his eyes and reached up to pull Harvey’s face down to him, so he could kiss his lover again.

“Now you. I want to feel you come inside of me,” he whispered.

“You sure? Don’t you need a minute?”

“All I need is you fucking me until you fill me up with your come. I want to feel you.”

“As you wish.”

Mike only grinned dopily, not sure if Harvey had made the reference to the Princess bride deliberately, and Harvey shifted a little, hitching Mike’s ass up and bending him slightly at the waist.

After his climax, his boy was pliant enough and Harvey moved his hips in a forceful rhythm. With long hard strokes he fucked his perfect boy until he could feel his own orgasm built slowly in his stomach. When he was nearly there, he pushed in as far as he could and then started to roll his hips.

“Oh, this feels good,” Mike sighed.

He had studied Harvey’s face during these last minutes but this new move seemed to surprise him. After a few moments he began to roll his hips as well, in counterpoint to Harvey’s and the chase for his orgasm became a slow dance between the both of them.

“Are you close?”

“Yeah… almost. You feel so good, Babe. So good.”

Instinctively Mike knew what would give Harvey the final push. “Yes Sir. I’m yours. Your good boy.”

“Yes… mine!”

The grip around Mike’s hips got almost painful when Harvey stilled their movements and for a moment Mike thought that Harvey’s cock got even bigger. Then it started to pulsate inside of him in time with Harvey’s rapid heartbeat and Harvey groaned out his release. His hips started to jerk minutely while he unloaded his semen into Mike’s warm pliant body and Mike got so aroused by the thought that Harvey’s come was filling him up, that his spent cock began to twitch and slowly got hard again.

“My boy… fill you up with my come… make you mine… ahhh!”
Mike’s hand sneaked down to his cock and he began jerking himself with lazy strokes while Harvey’s big cock unloaded spurt after spurt of come into his body.

When Harvey was finally finished and could feel his cock soften, he pulled out and laid himself down on his right side beside his boy’s body. For a moment, he just stayed like this, eyes closed and in the clutches of the subsequent relaxation that followed an intense orgasm. But instead of letting his tiredness getting the better of him, he forced his eyes open and looked at his boy.

Mike was still lying on his back with his legs now outstretched while he lazily stroked his half-hard cock.

“You’re insatiable.” Harvey shifted closer and watched Mike’s fingers trailing up and down the glistening flushed red cock.

“It’s just… I can feel your come dribble out of my ass and that’s so fucking hot.”

Harvey grinned and kissed his shoulder. Then he reached out and pulled Mike’s body snug against his own, so that Mike’s back was now pressed to his chest. His hand sneaked down to Mike’s butt and with a little nudge he encouraged his boy to bend his left hip and thigh a little forward. When his fingers trailed between the slippery cheeks, his boy shuddered and the fingers on the cock picked up speed.

Harvey slipped two fingers into the loose and very wet hole and Mike moaned loudly.

“Wanna come again, Sweetheart?”

“Yes… please… so hot.”

Harvey pressed his fingertips against Mike’s prostate and moved them in tiny circles. His right arm wormed its way under Mike’s neck and to his chest and he held his boy firmly while he massaged the sensitive nub.

His fingers squelched a little when he shifted them slightly inside his boy’s body and the low sound was so incredibly hot and filthy that Harvey barely could suppress a moan of his own. Instead, he mouthed at Mike’s neck and shoulder, licked and nipped at the sweaty skin and then buried his nose in Mike’s messy hair. Despite the Jacuzzi and all the sweat-inducing activities they had done in the last couple of hours he could still detect a faint whiff of coconut, a scent he by now associated with his sub.

“Please, Sir… may I come?”

Mike sounded so needy and desperate and the fact that he, despite the no-rules rule, still asked for permission, was an incredible turn-on for Harvey. His boy was a textbook-submissive who truly gained joy and satisfaction from being controlled, as much as he fought against it when Harvey was actually controlling him.

But fighting against a Dom, testing boundaries, was a natural process in every new Dom / sub relationship so it was only natural that his boy was also struggling and testing Harvey every now and then. With time, it would become easier for Mike to give into Harvey’s orders and let go of his own decisions.

When the fleshy sound of a wet hand flying up and down a rigid cock grew louder and quicker, Harvey abandoned Mike’s prostate for a while, added a third finger and fucked the loose hole with hard and quick flicks of his wrist.
“Yes, Sweetheart. Whenever you’re ready. But make noise for me. I love it when you’re loud.”

Harvey thought that a little order would help Mike to let go and judging by the loud groan that almost immediately followed it, he’d been right.

Mike’s body went rigid in his arms and Harvey shoved his fingers as deep inside of Mike’s hot wet ass as he could.

“Ohhh… yesss.”

“That’s it Baby. Come for me. Let me hear you.”

“Harvey! So good… so… fuck.”

First Mike’s whole body shivered violently in Harvey’s arms while the young man climaxed again but suddenly his body went lax like all of his muscles had decided to quit working at once. Harvey withdrew his fingers from Mike’s now thoroughly fucked and loose hole, wiped them at the sheet and then he turned Mike around, so that he faced him.

Mike’s face was red with arousal and the exertion from his third orgasm this night and Harvey shifted onto his back and pulled Mike on top of him, his head now resting on Harvey’s right shoulder. His fingers found their way to Mike’s hair and he petted the exhausted young man.

“Close your eyes and rest a little Sweetheart. I’ve got you. Just relax and go to sleep. You’ve earned it. You were so good for me.”

“Hmpf,” was all the noise Mike could make before the world suddenly disappeared and all he could feel was Harvey’s warm body under him before even this sensation didn’t register anymore.

**********

He felt itchy. Itchy and sticky. But also warm and relaxed and drowsy, like he was drunk. Drunk in a good way, when you’re enveloped in this warm fuzzy feeling, not in the way when the world was spinning around you and your stomach wanted to climb up your esophagus.

“Itchy,” he mumbled against the warm wet skin of Harvey’s shoulder under his chin. Why was Harvey’s skin so wet? With an almost herculean effort he lifted his head up and immediately felt a little drool dribbling out of the corner of his mouth.

“Ugh… sorry about that.” This was really embarrassing and he could feel the heat rising in his face as he blushed.

“Really, Puppy?” Harvey had glanced down on him and now grinned when he saw Mike hastily wipe his chin. “After all the body-fluids we exchanged, this is what you feel embarrassed about?”

Mike shrugged. “Well, when you put it like that…”

“Come on, I think it’s time for a shower.”

Harvey went into the bathroom and Mike slowly followed him. His butt felt a little odd, not painful just… weird and as soon as he was upright he could feel the last remnants of Harvey’s semen trickle down his inner thighs. He was happy when he arrived in the shower. As good as it had felt
to feel Harvey come inside him, as awkward was walking while come dribbled out of his ass afterwards.

Contrary to his own shower, Harvey’s luxurious shower had heated up in no time and was big enough that the both of them could easily fit under the warm spray of the rain-forest shower-head.

Harvey had poured a generous portion of his shower-gel into his hands and started to wash Mike from head to toe with gentle strokes of his hands. Although he touched every inch of Mike’s skin, he could feel that Harvey wanted this to stay efficient and purely for the sake of getting clean. Since he was really tired and fucked out and had come three times already, he didn’t complain. Only when Harvey got to Mike’s butt his fingers lingered a little longer and probed his still loose hole a little.

“How does this feel? Does it hurt?”

Mike had tensed up a little when he felt the finger-tip touching his entrance.

“No, it’s a little sensitive but it doesn’t hurt. Really Harvey, stop worrying.”

“Hey, it’s my job to worry about you.”

Mike turned around and pulled Harvey in his arm.

“Not tonight it isn’t.”

Harvey gave in and let Mike have his way for a while and they ended up kissing a couple of minutes under the seemingly endless stream of hot water. When they finally broke the kiss Harvey looked Mike firmly in the eyes.

“You’re wrong, you know? I will always worry about you. As your Dom and your lover and your friend it is my right to worry about you, to want to make sure that you’re all right.”

Mike tilted his head a little and eyed Harvey with a thoughtful expression.

“Okay. But the same goes for me. As your sub and your lover and your friend I also have the right to worry about you. And I have the right to want to make sure that you’re okay.” He waited for a heartbeat and then added with a wicked grin. “Quid pro quo, Clarice.”

Harvey cracked up when Mike tried to make the snake-like noise with his tongue. The kid was definitely no Anthony Hopkins.

**********

After Mike had washed Harvey with the same thoroughness they both had taken care of the mess they’d made of the bed. Together they changed the filthy sheets and now Mike lay in Harvey’s arms again, naked skin pressed against naked skin, close to drifting off.

“Do you know what’s funny?” he mumbled sleepily.

“What is?” Harvey sounded almost as tired as Mike.

“I came three times but I felt great. Even after you had just fucked me I wanted to come again, only
a few minutes later. How is it that it didn’t feel painful like when you’d made me come three times
during my punishment?”

Harvey shifted a little under him and pulled him closer. “A magician never reveals his tricks.”

“That’s not an answer.”

“No, it isn’t but… are you sure you want to know? Destroy the magic?”

He could feel the kid nod against his shoulder.

“All right. First, you had more time tonight. I think it was almost two hours not one. And, I didn’t
tell you that it was punishment.”

“Huh?”

Harvey sighed. “It’s called mind-fuck and now you probably ruined it for the future.”

Mike propped himself up a little so he could look down on Harvey. The curtain-less windows let in
enough of the city-lights so that he could make out Harvey’s face in the darkness.

“So, it only felt like punishment because you told me it was punishment?”

“That’s how a mind-fuck works. That and the limited time and that I teased you where I knew that
you were most sensitive and would probably hurt a little.”

“So, if I had just ignored the punishment-part, I would have enjoyed it more?”

“Probably not. But only because you wanted to be punished. I gave you what you wanted, what you
needed although you didn’t knew it at the time and your mind did the rest. If you’d really wanted to
stop it, you would’ve safe-worded out.”

“How can you be sure?”

“Because although you’re a textbook-subbie you also know how to survive. You’re smart that way.
I will always keep you safe, Michael. From me and from yourself and from the whole world if need
be. But I really believe that even if I would let my guard down that you would stop anything
dangerous before it would be too late. You’re a fighter and a survivor, Mike Ross. You will never
end up dead in a dumpster. You still have that thin red line that keeps you from tumbling into the
endless night.”

“Wow. You really think that?”

Harvey reached up and pulled Mike’s face down to his so that their foreheads touched.

“I know it, Sweetheart. I know it.”

Chapter End Notes

This story is not beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my
own.

I love to read your thoughts on my story and Kudos is also highly appreciated.
Chapter Summary

Harvey pushes Mike’s boundaries to almost breaking point.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for reading and sticking with me. This story is getting longer and longer but I have so much fun writing it and I hope that you have fun reading it. So, thanks for accompanying me, and the boys, on this journey.

Although it hadn’t been a restful night for Harvey, he still woke at his usual time at 6 am.

At first Mike had slept in Harvey’s arms like he was dead. At around 4 am though he had started tossing and turning in his sleep and even cried out once, but Harvey hadn’t been able to understand what Mike had been shouting.

For a few seconds he’d just lain helplessly beside the thrashing Mike, not knowing what to do or how to help him, but then he’d dived right in, dodged a flailing arm and pulled the young man close to his body. He’d wrapped Mike into a tight embrace and whispered silly endearments into his ear while he stroked and petted his hair until he could feel the sweaty body relax into his arms and Mike’s breathing had evened out again until he finally began to snore softly.

It broke his heart a little to be a witness of his boy’s nightmare and he wondered how often they occurred and whether Mike was even aware that he had them.

When his internal clock had told him to get up and start his day Harvey had resisted it for a while and just enjoyed lying in bed with his sleeping sub in his arms. But then he’d reminded himself what he’d planned for today and he silently slipped out of the bed, made sure that Mike was warm and comfortable, and started the day’s ablutions.

When he came out of the bathroom, shaved and immaculately styled but naked, Mike was still snoring softly. His boy obviously was a nightingale and not a lark.

After he’d dressed himself in one of his less-formal light grey summer-suits with a white shirt and burgundy tie, he got the coffee going while he wrote some e-mails to organize the day.

Ray would pick them up at 9 am and they had an appointment for Mike at the hairdresser for 12:30 which would give them a couple of hours to do something about Mike’s appalling wardrobe. Later in the afternoon they had another appointment and Harvey was really curious how his boy would behave himself.

It was a little before 7 am now and Harvey decided to give Mike another 30 minutes before he would wake him up. This would give him enough time to enjoy his first cup of coffee and the
newspaper in silence before he needed to be Mike’s Dom again and thus would surely need to fight a couple of battles with his boy.

Harvey had enjoyed the previous night immensely. Like he’d noticed right from the start, being with Mike brought out his soft side. Kissing Mike’s soft pink mouth endlessly, petting him, touching him everywhere and making him moan and sigh with arousal could easily become his favorite pastime. In contrast, being the stern and sometimes detached Dom for Mike wasn’t always easy and that was a first for him since normally it was a role he fell into quite naturally.

He really loved being Mike’s Dom, counted himself lucky to have found this gorgeous sub, but Mike needed a very strong and, even more important, consistent hand, especially now since he was still exploring what submitting meant. Sometimes Harvey had to be stern when he would rather be lenient and forgiving but that wouldn’t work in Mike’s favor and so Harvey had to remind himself constantly that Mike needed to be put in his place, sometimes even with a little bit of force.

He would like to include a regular sexual encounter like last night’s every now and then should Mike like that too, but not in the near future. It would be too confusing for Mike to change the rules too often. Maybe when he had progressed in his training a little, but not now.

So, at 7:30 sharp Harvey went into his bedroom, sat down on the edge of the mattress and shook Mike lightly by the shoulder.

“Hmpf!” A limp hand tried to swat his hand away and only the fact that Mike was still sleeping prevented him from getting his ass slapped for this transgression. Instead, Harvey caught Mike’s wrist with his other hand while he resumed shaking Mike awake, now with a little more force and less patience.

“Mike! You need to wake up now.”

“Wha…?” Sleepy blue eyes blinked up at him and Harvey let go of Mike.

“Good morning, Mike. Time for you to get up.”

“What? Why?” Mike argued, yawned and then grabbed Harvey’s wrist and turned it around a little so he could look at the wristwatch before Harvey broke his grip and retreated his hand. “It’s only 7:30 and it is Saturday.”

Harvey stood up and now loomed over Mike.

“Michael, look at me.”

As soon as Mike heard the special voice he knew that he’d overstepped. He clamped his mouth shut and looked up at Harvey.

“As of this morning, the agreed rules regarding your behavior as my sub apply again. So, stop arguing with me or you will be punished. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I want you to take a shower, wash your hair and shave. Put on your boxers but you don’t need to dress any further. When you’re ready there’s coffee and breakfast waiting in the kitchen. You have 20 minutes. Every minute that you’re late will earn you one swat with the paddle so if I were you I wouldn’t risk falling asleep again.”

Without awaiting Mike’s reaction, Harvey turned around and left. Before he reached the door
though he could hear the rustling of the sheets when Mike climbed hastily out of the bed.

*Good boy!*

**********

Mike needed 18 minutes before he appeared in the kitchen where Harvey was flipping the last of the pancakes. His hair was still damp but he had at least tried to comb it into something resembling a hairstyle.

As soon as Mike walked up to him Harvey pointed to a chair at the breakfast bar where a place was already set.

“Sit down. Breakfast’s almost ready. I hope that you like pancakes.”

“Yes Sir. Thank you.”

Mike sat down and played with the empty coffee mug while he watched Harvey putting the last delicious smelling fluffy pancakes onto the platter.

“Do you take sugar and milk with your coffee?”

Mike answered in the affirmative and both of it were placed invitingly on the table along with the coffeepot.

“Help yourself.”

Before Mike could reach for it though, Harvey had narrowed his eyes critically and took hold of Mike’s chin. The sub froze when his Dom’s fingertips trailed over his jawline. Mike could feel Harvey’s fingertips catch on some patches of stubble he’d missed and cursed internally that he hadn’t taken more care during shaving.

“That won’t do at all.” Harvey let go of his face and patted his backside firmly.

“Go back to the bathroom and prepare your face with my shaving-cream. It’s in the mirror cabinet. I’ll join you shortly.”

When Harvey came into the bathroom after he’d made sure that the kitchen wouldn’t burn down accidentally, Mike waited patiently, the shaving cream already applied to his face. Somehow Harvey was reminded of a kid who was playing at being a grown-up.

“Show me your razor.”

He took one close look at it, shook his head and threw it into the trash without further ado. Mike opened his mouth but after one look from Harvey, he closed it again. Harvey found a new spare razor in his cabinet and showed it to Mike.

“This is how a razor should look like. Please notice the lack of rust on the blade.”

The Dom positioned himself in front of Mike and used his fingertips to tilt his chin up.

“Now, hold still. I don’t want to give you a nick.”

It felt odd being shaved by someone else and during the first slow strokes across his skin, Mike
almost held his breath. He could feel that Harvey’s razor was much sharper than his own had been. After half of his face had been taken care of without incident he began to relax a little. Every now and then Harvey’s thumb swiped gently over a patch of skin to make sure that he’d gotten all the stubble and this intimate gesture along with their close proximity was enough to give Mike a semi. He’d never imagined that being shaved by another dude would be hot.

Suddenly Harvey stopped and tilted his head a little to the side while he studied Mike’s face, or more accurately, his eyes, curiously. Then his gaze dropped to Mike’s crotch and at the sight of the slowly growing bulge he smiled.

“Is there anything that doesn’t arouse you?”

Mike could feel himself blushing under the older man’s scrutiny and his first impulse was to apologize for his lack of self-control but then he remembered how Harvey had praised him for his responsiveness and he decided to chance it.

“Since everything my Dom does to me is hot, the answer would be no, Sir.”

“That’s what I thought, Rookie.” Harvey shook his head lightly but took once again hold of Mike’s face and resumed shaving.

Mike got the whole treatment, including a splash of Harvey’s own aftershave and smelling like his Dom was a little confusing. Harvey seemed to think so too.

“We will buy you your own after-shave later. I’m sure that we will find a scent that works for you and we both like.” He let his fingertips one last time trail over Mike’s jaw, satisfied with the now smooth and soft skin.

“All right. Next time you do it yourself. And if I find you scruffy again after today I will get creative with your punishment. Remember that I told you that you’re a reflection of me? I meant it. And you don’t want to displease me, Mike.”

“No Sir. I wouldn’t.”

“Good. Back to breakfast then. Our car will be here in 50 minutes.”

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It was no surprise to Mike that Harvey’s pancakes, although cold by now, tasted delicious. He drowned his portion in a sea of maple-syrup and dug heartily.

“This is really good,” he stated enthusiastically around a mouthful and Harvey set his fork down on his plate with a clatter.

“Don’t ever do that when we’re in a restaurant. Or better, don’t ever do that, period. There’s still food in your mouth. I could see half masticated pancake when you talked. That’s disgusting.”

Mike swallowed hastily. “Sorry. It’s just, this is really good.”

Harvey nodded his thank you and they resumed their breakfast in silence for a while. After the food was gone Harvey couldn’t wait any longer. He’d thought that Mike would start the day-after
talk but obviously the kid had changed tactics and tried to stay out of trouble by talking as little as possible.

Harvey refilled their mugs first and glanced at his watch. They had a few minutes to spare.

“So, how do you feel? Did you enjoy last night?”

Mike gulped his mouthful of coffee down before he met Harvey’s gaze.

“Yes. It was great. You were so nice and careful and it was really hot. I couldn’t have wished for more.”

“So, my vanilla wasn’t that bad, huh? Or boring?”

“No. Your sort of vanilla is pretty good Sir. But… .” He blushed a little and nibbled at his lower lip.

Harvey waited for a few seconds before he brushed his thumb over Mike’s mouth to make him stop.

“Out with it,” he commanded. “I want to hear what’s going on in that brain.”

“It’s just, I really liked it how well you took care of me. You were so patient and it was exactly what I needed for the first time. To tell you the truth, I had been a little nervous about it. I mean, I really wanted it but deep inside of me was this lingering thought that maybe it might hurt or that I wouldn’t like it. I know that if we had scened that I could’ve safeworded out but doing it this way was definitely better. More relaxed. I’m still amazed how you knew that, though, when I myself didn’t knew that I wanted my first time to be normal.”

Harvey shrugged. “Instinct, I guess. I had pondered the idea before and after Thursday it just felt right to do it this way. I’m really glad that I made the right decision.”

“Yeah, me too. But now that I know how it feels and that I really like it I would like to do it like this. Like Dom and sub I mean, Sir.”

“You already indicated that a little when you slipped into your role during last night.”

Mike narrowed his eyes questioningly and Harvey elaborated.

“You assumed a submissive pose, handed me the reins without arguing and even called me Sir a couple of times. Oh, and when I slapped your ass and marked you, you really got off on that.”

“Really? I… now that you mention it I remember, but I didn’t do it consciously. I think it just felt right at that moment.”

“I’m glad it did.”

“So, yesterday when you gave me the ice-cream speech you mentioned mint-chocolate-chip and rocky road and I think that now that I’ve mastered vanilla I would very much try something like this. Something more kinky. And before you scold me, I’m not trying to initiate, I’m just telling you that I’m ready for it whenever you want to go there.”

Harvey looked at Mike thoughtfully. He’d planned on pushing Mike’s boundaries with their last afternoon appointment but since he was almost begging for it… well.

“You really think that you can handle my sort of rocky-road, chocolate pieces and nuts and all?”
Mike smiled at him, eyes bright with anticipation.

“I know that you wouldn’t demand anything from me that I couldn’t handle. I trust you. And I like it when you control me. I... yesterday there was a moment when you were deep inside of me and you waited a little before you fucked me... I don’t know if you’ve noticed but I got a little emotional. It was just, the feeling of being claimed by you, that you owned my body, I can’t describe it. It just felt so right. To know that my body belongs to you and you can do with me whatever you want. I love that thought. Maybe it should scare the shit out of me but instead I just feel safe and happy. And when I succeed at a task you’d set for me, it’s the best feeling in the world. I... I don’t know why but I like it when I have to struggle a little to be your good boy.”

“Was that when you cried a little?”

Mike nodded and tried to avoid Harvey’s intent gaze. Talking about his emotions made him always feel raw even when it was Harvey he was talking to.

A warm palm cupped his cheek. “You should’ve told me.”

“I know. But I couldn’t back then. I was a little overwhelmed, only for a second. As soon as you began to fuck me the moment was over. That’s why I’m telling you now.”

“All right. But next time when you’re emotions get too much, please tell me.”

“I will try, Sir.”

They sipped their coffee for a few moments and Harvey’s gaze shifted to the windows, staring in the distance while he thought about what Mike had just told him. The kid had good instincts. Maybe it was time to challenge him a little.

“All right Mike. I want you to go into the bedroom, drop your boxers and bend over the bed. Feet on the floor, upper body on the bed, hands on the small of your back. I will follow you in a few minutes. And after I’m done with you, we will need to get a move on. Our car will be here in 15 minutes.

**********

Mike waited patiently for his Dom, curious what would happen now. The position he was in made it clear that his butt would feature somehow but whether he had a spanking coming or a finger rubbing his prostate, Mike couldn’t guess. His dick however was very excited at either prospect and strained against the mattress.

After a few moments he heard Harvey’s footfalls on the hardwood floor but although he really wanted to turn around and look at Harvey, he stayed in position.

A drawer was opened somewhere behind him and he could hear things clattering against one another. Then the drawer was closed again and Harvey went to the nightstand and retrieved the bottle of lube.

Without having said a word, Harvey now stood behind him and let the tension build. Mike had a hard time to remain still but somehow he managed it. When cool fingertips trailed over his right butt-cheek where Harvey’s mark still smarted a little, he flinched in surprise.
“You’re my good boy, Mike. I can see how hard you try to obey me and I’m very pleased. So, I’ve decided to give you what you asked me for.”

Something cool and hard trailed lightly over his crack, only superficially for now, not pushing in between the cheeks.

“What you feel is my smallest butt-plug. I’ve shown it to you before. I will lube it up and push it slowly into your sweet little hole. There it will remain until we come home tonight. If you’ve been a good boy till then you will have earned my permission to come. However, if you misbehave today, I will not only spank you with the paddle as punishment but I will still play with you tonight for my own pleasure and you will need to learn how to go to sleep with a hard dick. Do you understand the rules, Mike?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

Mike could hear a squirting noise when Harvey drizzled the lube on the plug.

“Hold yourself open for me, Mike.”

He almost groaned at that. Somehow, this was even hotter than if Harvey would have done it himself.

He reached around and spread his ass-cheeks and as soon as his hole was exposed he could feel the cool slick tip of the plug press against it and slip slowly into his body. Harvey’s other hand lay on the small of his back pressing him down against the mattress.

“Come on, Mike. Relax for me. You know how to do it.”

Mike exhaled noisily and as if on cue, Harvey pushed the plug in a little deeper. When it was about halfway in, only a little thicker than a finger yet, he pulled it out a little and started to fuck Mike’s pink hole with shallow thrusts, each one a little deeper until the plug was all the way in, his sphincter clenched around the narrowest part and only the flared base peeking out of his hole, covering Mike’s pink pucker. The Dom tapped Mike’s ass lightly, once again on the smarting mark, and then pulled the sub’s boxers up again.

“Well done, Mike. Now get up and dress. I will loan you a decent t-shirt but I fear that you will need to wear your own grubby jeans and shoes for now. Mine are a little too big for you.”

For a moment Mike was just lying on the bed, panting slightly, his ass full of silicon butt-plug and his dick rock hard, not sure if he could move at all with this thing pressing against the walls of his insides. He slowly pushed himself up on his hands and tentatively shifted his weight back onto his feet.

“Oh…,” he groaned a little when the plug shifted against his prostate as he took the first hesitant step.

“Problems, Rookie? Rocky road too much for your taste? Maybe too many nuts?”

For a moment Mike wanted to punch Harvey in that smug face of his but then he remembered that it was his own fault. He had asked for it, for this and Harvey had been nice enough to give into his wish. So he couldn’t blame Harvey for how he felt now. But his Dom obviously could sense that
he struggled for the smugness in his voice made way for concern.

“Mike, give me your color.”

He took another careful step and tried to relax his clenching muscles.

“Not really sure, Sir.” Even he himself could hear the strain in his voice.

Harvey eyed him carefully. Then he took a step forward and pulled the rigid boy into his arms. While he trailed his palms up and down Mike’s back to calm him down he whispered softly to him.

“I know it feels weird. Give it a few minutes to get used to it. Walk a little up and down. If you still can’t handle it in 5 minutes I will take it out.”

Mike nodded once, his face buried against Harvey’s shoulder. He took a few deep breaths, willing his ass-muscles to relax around the rubbery intruder. Then he started to walk around the bedroom with tentative steps. Every now and then the plug brushed over his prostate and he squirmed slightly but slowly he got used to the feeling of being filled.

Harvey had watched him for a while and now passed him his jeans. “Put it on.”

Mike slowly bent down a little and lifted his foot.

“Oh…fuck!” He nearly lost his balance when the plug was pressed firmly against his happy spot and his dick nearly jumped out of his boxers.

“Better sit down,” Harvey commented dryly.

Mike eyed the bed skeptically. He had no idea if he could sit with this thing inside him but if Harvey told him to sit, he’d better try it. Carefully he sat down on the edge of the mattress, his weight only on one ass-cheek. This pushed the plug a little bit deeper inside but it was bearable. After some squirming and hard breathing his jeans were finally on and he pulled one of Harvey’s V-neck t-shirts over his head. On Harvey, the shirt would be formfitting but on his wiry frame it hung more loosely and was even long enough that it covered his crotch with the visible bulge.

Harvey eyed him critically, trying to discern what was going on in his boy’s mind.

“How do you feel?”

“I think it might be okay.”

“All right.” The Dom nodded his approval. “I can take it out now or you can color-out during the day if you need to and I will take it out whenever I can, which might not be immediately. However, if you decide that the plug stays in, I don’t want to hear any complaints about it. You can react to the feeling of it inside you but no bitching or sulking or glaring at me or any other willful behavior. Each time you break this rule will get you 5 slaps with the paddle later in the evening. So, last chance for now. Shall I take it out?”

Mike was really tempted to say yes but then his stubbornness got the better of him. Harvey wanted him to do this and he would show his Dom that he was his good boy and could take it for him. Mind over matter. He could do it.

“No, Sir. I think I’m good. I can do it.”

“Color?”
“Green, Sir.”

“Good boy. Now waddle to the couch. I will get your shoes since bending down is a little time-consuming for you right now and Ray is already waiting.”

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When they finally made it down to the street in front of Harvey’s building, 10 minutes late, Harvey introduced Mike to his driver, Ray. Mike greeted the olive-skinned man with the salt and pepper hair and surprisingly young-looking face with a shy smile but was too preoccupied with the sensation the plug was eliciting in his butt, to listen to the conversation between his Dom and the driver regarding all the stops they needed to make today. Instead, he tried to figure out a way to get into the car without jumping out of his skin or coming in his jeans as soon as the plug would shift against his happy-spot again.

Ray had opened the door behind the passenger seat and Harvey climbed into the car with one graceful movement. When Mike wanted to follow him however, Harvey was already in the process of shutting the door.

“Other side, Mike,” Ray prompted with a slight nod of his head. “Harvey doesn’t scoot over, ever.”

“Thanks.” He gave the driver a half-smile before he slowly made his way around the back of the car to get in on the other side. He held his breath until he sat on the backseat without incident, very much aware that his own movements hadn’t been graceful at all.

Sitting felt still weird and he tried to flex his thigh-muscles a little so he would be elevated from the bench to ease the pressure on the base of the plug. Harvey noticed the tactic and laid a hand on Mike’s knee.

“Are you all right?”

Mike exhaled slowly and tried to relax his clenching sphincter. “Yes, I think I’m slowly getting the hang of it.”

“Good. I knew you could do it.” Mike thought that he could detect a proud undertone in Harvey’s voice but maybe this was just wishful thinking.

Since the partition was down, they couldn’t talk any more about Mike’s pressing butt-problems. Instead Harvey launched himself into a conversation with Ray about music.

It seemed that both of them had a preference for obscure jazz-musicians and they started quizzing each other on release-dates and record-labels. For every question Harvey asked, Ray had the right answer and it occurred to Mike that their relationship entailed much more than Harvey just being the boss of Ray. He could detect real respect and friendship there and decided to make an effort to become Ray’s friend too, like he’d done with Donna. It was important to him that the people in Harvey’s life liked and accepted him, even if they didn’t know about the role Mike was playing.

Their first stop was at Barney’s, one of the costlier department stores at Madison Avenue. Before they got out of the car, Ray already outside and waiting to hold his employers door for him, Harvey turned around to Mike and laid a hand on his knee.

“We’re going to buy you some decent clothes that you can wear without embarrassing me. I want your opinion on whether the clothes you try on fit and are comfortable. What I don’t want to hear
from you are any comments regarding the style and the prize. Your taste in clothes is appalling so I will decide what looks good on you. Every transgression will earn you 5 slaps with the paddle so better think hard before you open your mouth. Understood?"

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey led Mike to the men’s wear department and recruited the first sales assistant he saw. In relatively short time Mike was left with the first batch of clothes in the changing room, while Harvey and the sales clerk hunted for more.

Trying on the shirts, sweatshirts, pullovers and t-shirts was no problem but the assorted jeans and pants gave him some trouble. He still thought how to go about it when Harvey came in with another armful of clothes.

“So, where do we stand?”

“This shirts and tees were all fine but I haven’t gotten around to the pants and jeans yet. Still thinking about how to bend down without coming in my pants.” He saw a slight frown ghost over Harvey’s features and hurriedly added: “But I’m not complaining Sir, just explaining the problem.”

Harvey stepped into Mike’s space, cupped his erection through his jeans and squeezed gently. Mike’s eyes fluttered closed for a second and he could barely suppress a moan. He wanted to buck his hips into Harvey’s hand, to rub himself so badly against it, but he knew that he couldn’t. Not if he wanted to come today. So he took a deep breath to calm down and with an almost superhuman effort he managed to keep his hips still.

After a moment, the hand on his groin vanished and he was pulled against Harvey’s solid torso.

“You’re doing so well, Mike,” Harvey said softly. “I know that this is a struggle but I’m really proud of you. And you almost managed to walk normally the last couple of steps.”

Harvey’s lips found his and Mike leaned a little into the kiss since it was the first one after last night. Only a few seconds later it was over but Mike somehow managed to let it end without whining or chasing Harvey’s lips with his own.

“Okay. Open your jeans, Mike. I will help you with these.” Harvey gestured to the pile of jeans and slacks on the little bench.

With Harvey’s help Mike managed to try on everything Harvey had chosen for him without any incidents. There were a few shivers and barely suppressed moans but after they found a method that didn’t cause the plug to shift too much even Mike’s dick calmed down a little so that when they were done he was only half hard. It helped that Harvey kept his hands to himself though.

After they were done in the men’s department, Harvey steered him to the shoes and bought him some pairs of leather shoes in brown and black and two pairs of sneakers as well. To Mike’s amazement, Harvey left all of their purchases at the store with the instruction to send them to his address.

The exception was one tight black jeans and one pair of the sneakers, Adidas Superstars in white with black stripes, which Mike now wore. His own clothes were handed to the sales clerk with the instruction to burn them.

The look the sales clerk gave Mike was a little odd and he could feel himself blush when he thought about how they might look to an outsider. But then he shrugged the thought off although it
somehow tainted this whole experience a little. He would never see the guy again so it didn’t matter what he might think, he tried to convince himself.

After they left Barney’s Ray drove them to a men’s salon where Mike got a haircut. It felt a little weird to just sit in the chair while Harvey talked to the barber about Mike’s hair but the end-result looked fantastic. His hair was a little shorter and he could still wear it shaggy when he combed it only with his fingers but with a little hair-product and some tweaks here and there he looked stylish and sophisticated.

While the stylist was working on his hair, a nice lady gave him his first manicure. At first Mike thought this an unnecessary expense. He was sure that his hands and nails looked fine even if there was a little bit of grease under one of the nails that had gotten stuck there when he’d needed to fix the chain on his bike. But since Harvey let himself be pampered in the same way, sitting in the chair next to Mike, he kept his mouth shut and just let it happen. His body belonged to Harvey and Harvey took care of his belongings. This soon became Mike’s mantra of the day.

An hour later Mike felt like an entirely new person. New hair, new nails, new clothes. Still a weird feeling in his butt.

They got a quick street lunch at a food truck since they were already late for their next appointment and Ray joined them for a hotdog. This time Mike managed to eat without incident. Then they drove to a quiet side street where Harvey led him to an obscure shop. Inside, rows and rows of high-class suits, shoes, shirts and ties were displayed.

The tinkling bell at the inside of the door had alerted the owner to their presence and the immaculately groomed, bespectacled elegant man greeted Harvey with an affectionate smile and an outstretched hand.

“Harvey. It has been too long. How have you been, my friend?”

“Hello René. Very well, and you? May I introduce you to my friend Mike?”

Mike shook the proffered hand and noted the once over René gave him. He was happy now that he wasn’t wearing his own clothes anymore and had been groomed to almost perfection. Somehow he knew that the shop-owner would’ve had a fit if he’d walked in wearing his faded jeans and worn sneakers.

René’s attention shifted back to Harvey after a few seconds, dismissing Mike as not customer material.

“So, are you looking for a fall-wardrobe? I have some fantastic fabrics fresh in from London. With the right cut you could conquer the world in them, Harvey.”

“Not today. But I will make an appointment for it soon. Today however, my young friend here is in dire need of a few decent suits. I thought about one for casual occasions in a lighter color and a darker, more formal one, at least for now. Oh, and he needs a tux. And of course shirts, ties and all the other bits and pieces.”

René looked at Mike again, his lips slightly pouting like he was in deep thought. He swiveled his index finger in a circular motion and when Mike didn’t immediately respond, Harvey cued him in.

“Mike, turn around slowly. René needs to see what he has to work with.”

Clamping his mouth firmly shut to prevent any snarky remarks from slipping out, he slowly turned on the spot two times like a very ungraceful ballerina until René clapped his hands together. The
sub just barely refrained from making a mocking curtsy.

“All right. He’s young, he’s slender, he’s a little raw around the edges, not sophisticated at all, so we need to accommodate for that. He couldn’t pull off your style, Harvey.”

“God, I hope not,” the lawyer muttered with an eye roll and a barely concealed little shiver.

René nodded, like it was a totally reasonable reaction to shudder with disgust when being compared to Mike.

“But then, very few can. For your suits to look as good as they look on you one needs the right attitude as well as the right body-type and posture.” He once again gave Mike an appraising look.

“No, for him I’m thinking a more formfitting cut with smaller lapels. Tighter pants and no vests or he would look like a little boy wearing his father’s suit. No pinstripes either. Wouldn’t work for him. Lighter material too. Maybe something with a slight shimmer to it. Something that picks up the color of his eyes. They are one of his better features and we should make the best of it since there are so few. Are we talking summer wardrobe here or do you want all-season suits?”

“For now I’m thinking summer and fall. I bring him in for a few winter suits at a later time.”

René turned to Mike who had felt a little resentful that the two men had so clearly left him out of their conversation. And, of course, René’s underhanded slight hadn’t gone unnoticed, either.

“Do you know your inseam?”

Mike’s eyebrows rose in question. Inseam? “Probably a medium?” he hazarded a guess.

Harvey just gave him another eye roll accompanied with a small headshake. His boy had so much to learn.

René snorted a little, not able to retain his dignified composure by this display of ignorance, but somehow even this ordinary noise radiated elegance and style.

“It doesn’t work like that,” he pressed out thin-lipped, the word philistine clearly embedded into the subtext.

Without further ado the tailor dropped down on one knee in front of Mike and was measuring him with a tape measure, from his groin down to his ankle. Mike was so surprised he almost jumped back to put some distance between himself and the stranger. Thankfully his half-hard dick had evaporated during his stint as a male model for René because the man’s fingers holding the tape-measure trailed awfully close to his nether-regions.

René muttered the measurements under his breath but didn’t write them down immediately. After he’d taken Mike’s inseam he took some more, to Mike seemingly random, measurements.

The young man waited for the time when the tailor would finally measure the distance between his nostrils only to hand him a wand to swish around afterwards, proclaiming that phoenix-feathers and willow were the right combination for him. The picture of René doubling for Mr. Olivander from Harry Potter, which would make Harvey into Hagrid, made Mike grin like an imbecile and both of the older men gave him an irritated look, guessing that the joke somehow was on them. Luckily for him, they decided to ignore him.

René went to his counter and noted down Mike’s measurements and soon Harvey joined him and they talked about fabrics and color and lapel-style and a million more things that Mike didn’t knew
anything about and was not in the least interested in. Since Harvey had made it more than clear to him that he would have no say in it anyway he started to wander around in the shop, feeling like a little kid left to his own devices while the adults talked about important things.

He browsed through the shelves and hangers where dozens of suits and shirts were on display. He picked one suit randomly and glanced at the price-tag. 12,800 $. Holy Shit! How one could spent so much money on an article of clothing was outside Mike’s ability to understand. He picked another suit, thinking that the first one must have been a fluke, but no, the figure on that price-tag was even a little higher.

Suddenly it hit him. Harvey wanted to buy 3 suits for him and all the other stuff too. The thought that Harvey was willing to spend so much money on him made him feel a little sick and he had a hard time breathing. This wasn’t right. He couldn’t let Harvey spend such a fortune on him.

The check from Pearson Hardman for the 25 grand had been fine. This was strategy and Mike would pay everything back. But this was Harvey’s own money. And he’d already spent a shitload of it at Barney’s. Clothes that were now Mike’s. All of a sudden it felt like Harvey was trying to buy him with pretty things and this felt wrong. He needed to stop this. He couldn’t be Harvey’s kept boy, his… whore.

Hesitantly he made his way over to the counter where his Dom and the tailor still discussed suits.

“Ehm.” He softly cleared his throat to gain Harvey’s attention. However, when this didn’t work he decided to interrupt their talk before they wasted any more of René’s time.

“Excuse me, Harvey. Can I talk to you for a second?”

“What is it Mike?”

“Maybe over here?” He tried to get Harvey away from René and after a few seconds Harvey gave in, having noted the determined expression in Mike’s eyes.

“I’m very sorry. Please excuse us for a moment, René.”

Harvey took Mike by the elbow and steered him into a corner.

“What is so important that you interrupted us, Mike? Do you need me to take the plug out? I thought you were getting used to it.”

“I… please, Sir. I can’t let you spend so much money on me. That’s just not right. And you’ve already spent a lot on the t-shirts and pants and shoes and all. I’m sure a suit for a few hundred dollars would suffice if I even need a suit at all. The stuff you bought at Barney’s is surely enough.”

Harvey crossed his arms in front of his chest and eyed him with a very stern expression.

“Stop right there, Mike. You’re on the brink of earning your first 5 slaps.”

“But, Sir…”

“I told you to stop it, Michael. Let it go. Last warning.”

Before Mike could make a conscious decision it slipped out. “Yellow!”

Harvey cocked his head to the side and studied him carefully. Mike was sweating a little and the
Dom could see how much effort it cost him but he held Harvey’s gaze with firm determination.

“You really want to color-out because of this, Mike? After everything I’ve done to you already, this is your red line?”

“Yellow,” the sub repeated stubbornly.

Harvey watched him for another second and then slowly nodded his head before he turned around to René.

“Please excuse us for a moment. Mike and I need to discuss something in private.”

He gestured for Mike to leave the shop and followed him. When they stood at the sidewalk, a few steps away from the entrance to the shop, Mike turned around and held up his hands.

“Please, hear me out, Harvey. I need you to let me talk without the threat of a punishment hanging over my head.”

“Go ahead then. I promise that I won’t punish you for what you tell me. You safeworded, after all.”

“Really?” Mike still was suspicious.

“Really. This is how safewording works, Mike. No punishment, I promise. Now tell me what’s going on.”

“I can’t let you spend so much money on me, Harvey. This is insane. These suits cost more than 10 grand. That’s more than I make in four months. And you want to buy three of them. You’re my Dom and my lover but I already told you that I don’t want a sugar daddy. You can’t give me the feeling that you’re paying me for being your sub. You already bought me a shitload of new clothes, stuff that I can wear when you want to take me out. But Harvey, these suits… that’s too much. I can’t … I just can’t. This is wrong. I’m not a whore but somehow you’re making me feel like one.”

Harvey had remained perfectly still while Mike had his say. His arms were crossed in front of his chest, face impassive like he was in court. But after Mike’s last declaration, the brown eyes started to soften and a small sigh escaped the lawyer’s lips.

“Are you finished, Mike?”

“I… yes.”

Harvey stared a moment in the distance like he needed to sort out his thoughts. Then he looked at Mike but instead of the steely Dom-glare his gaze was soft and even a little apologetic.

“First of all, I’m not trying to buy you. And surely not with clothes since I know that they don’t mean anything to you. You must believe me, Mike. It was never my intention to make you feel like this. Like my whore. You’re not. I would never see you like this.”

He reached out with one hand to touch Mike’s face but he caught himself halfway and instead the hand found its way to Harvey’s tie and straightened it. A gesture that was totally unnecessary since the tie had looked perfect, but this small sign told Mike that Harvey was not at all composed right now, contrary to his outside appearance.

After a few more silent moments, Harvey tried to explain his motives to Mike.
“You don’t really know me, Mike. Not all of me, anyway. Not the person I am to the rest of the world. I’m a selfish bastard. Ask Donna, ask Ray, ask anyone who knows me professionally. My image is very important to me. I told you before that I don’t come from money although I’ve gotten used to it since I started earning huge amounts of it. Money isn’t important though, not really anyway. It’s for spending, for making my life comfortable. However, how people perceive me is important to me.”

He shook his head slightly. “If you were only a part-time sub for me, someone to fuck and spank every now and then, than I wouldn’t give a shit what you’re wearing since I would keep you naked in my condo all the time.” Harvey once again reached out with a tentative hand and this time his fingertips trailed softly over Mike’s face.

“But you’re more to me, Mike, in case you haven’t noticed. So much more. Between us there’s this connection and I don’t want to hide you away in my condo. I want to parade you around and show everybody what a beautiful and perfect boy I have. How lucky I am to have you. And I want people to see that I can take care of you, provide for you. Yes, I’m that vain and I want them to be jealous that you’re mine. Clothing is a part of that. So, I’m buying you clothes because I’m a vain and selfish bastard, Mike. Not because I want to buy you. This is more for me than it is for you, since I’m well aware that you don’t give a shit about all that. But I do. So, please let me provide for you and dress you up so that everybody in my world can see your beauty.”

Harvey looked almost pleadingly at him and Mike could see how much of his soul Harvey had laid bare for him. The thought of all the money Harvey was spending on him still nauseated him, but the sick feeling in the pit of his stomach eased up a little.

“As long as it is clear that I don’t need or want this. Like you said, I don’t give a shit about your money. I’m not with you because of that. I’m not a whore or a freeloader. All I need and want is you. Your attention and affection and dominance. I need nothing else from you, Harvey.”

Harvey reached out and pulled Mike into his arms.

“You’ll have it, always. I promise.”

Mike had buried his nose in the crook of Harvey’s neck and when he nodded the older man could feel the soft hair brush slightly against his skin. Sadly, after the visit to the salon, it didn’t smell of coconut anymore but had an artificial flowery scent.

“All right then. Do what you must in order to feel superior to the rest of the world. But please Harvey, never let me know how much you’ve spent. I might be sick if you tell me.”

He could feel Harvey grinning against his temple.

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.
I’m happy to read your comments, even if it’s just about a typo and Kudos is of course always appreciated as well.
Chapter Summary

Harvey takes an already struggling Mike to their last appointment of the day. Will Mike continue to be Harvey's good boy or will he forfeit any chance of an orgasm?

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading and all the Kudos and the nice comments. You rock!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Harvey had ushered him back into René’s shop, the tailor had selected some suits for Mike to try on. Harvey once again had doubled as Mike’s valet and helped him with the pants so that there wouldn’t be an incident. By now, the sub was almost able to forget about the inches of silicon that stuck in his ass as long as he only needed to walk, but sitting or bending down still proofed a little difficult.

After he’d tried on several of René’s creations, Harvey sent Mike away to wait in the car while he finalized the order with the tailor, staying true to his word that Mike would never know how much his Dom had spent on him.

When Harvey finally joined him in the car, Mike was done for. Never having been the guy who enjoyed to go shopping, the day had proven more than a little challenging already, and not just because of the plug. He longed to get home, get naked, get fucked and get to come, preferably in that order. Maybe a little something to eat, like the leftover Lasagna from last night, would be welcome too, but other than that, he didn’t want to do anything more.

So Mike almost ruined his up until now spotless record when Harvey gave Ray an address in Hell’s Kitchen.

“Why aren’t we going home?”

Harvey, who had typed something on his phone, just shook his head instead of answering his question and resumed typing.

“Where are we going then? I think I already have everything that I need, Sir.” He noticed himself that his voice sounded a tiny bit rebellious but his nerves were a little frayed right now.

“You’ll see when we get there. Now shut up. Practice for later. You’ll need it.”

That decisive tone in Harvey’s voice sounded ominous and was enough warning for Mike to let it go although he had a hard time to suppress the little petulant huff that wanted to slip out between his lips. He compensated for it with an eye roll which Harvey couldn’t see since Mike made sure to look out of the window when he did it. Sure, he felt a little rebellious but not enough to sacrifice the chance of an orgasm.
Shortly before they arrived at their destination, Harvey hit a button at the car’s door and the partition between Ray and the backseat slid up.

Harvey’s hand found its way back to his knee which was by now a sign for Mike that he needed to pay attention. Obediently he shifted his eyes to meet Harvey’s gaze, which earned him a small, approving smile.

“I’m proud of how you handled the situation with René earlier. Safewording was the right option and I’m glad you did it. It gave us time to talk about our feelings without any of us, which means you, getting into trouble or getting angry and it spared me from having to spank you. So, thank you for that. It was a good call and it shows me that you’re learning to handle your impulses.”

Harvey leaned over and rewarded Mike with a quick but no less intense kiss before he leaned back again.

“However, compared to what had been happening at René’s, the place I’m going to take you to next, and the man I will introduce you to, might prove even more of a trial for you. Or maybe not. It remains to be seen. So, I want you to bear in mind that you can color-out whenever you absolutely need to. But before you do, I want you to trust me, even if you struggle a bit. Focus on me, Mike. And remember, you’re mine and I always take care of what’s mine.”

During this speech, Mike had started to nibble on his lower lip like he was so prone to do when he was nervous and his left leg began to bounce rapidly like he needed an outlet for the pent-up emotional strain Harvey’s little announcement had caused. The sight of the jumpy sub was enough to convince Harvey that he needed a little more help to prepare for the upcoming situation, so he explained further.

“We’re going to visit a friend of mine. His name is Kieran O’Connor and he is the Dom who took me under his wing when I started out in the scene. He’s got this little shop and he is opening it exclusively for us. I’m aware that you’ve never encountered another Dom whilst in my presence so during our meeting with Kieran I want you to obey the following rules.”

Harvey held up his hand and counted the rules one after another with his fingers.

“Firstly, I want you to keep silent unless you’re asked a question. Secondly, I will indicate to you with a gesture, when I expect you to kneel.” Harvey made a down-gesture with his flat palm pushing to the floor. “Your eyes are on the floor in front of you unless I tell you otherwise and that goes for when you’re kneeling as well as when you’re standing by my side. Thirdly, when I introduce you to Kieran, you will bow your head, you will call him, and me of course, Sir and you will be infallibly polite to the both of us. Fourthly, you will obey every order I give you, even if you don’t know the reason for that order. Do you understand, Michael? This is really important to me.”

“Yes, Sir, I understand. But may I ask a question?”

Harvey nodded his consent.

“Will your friend touch me?”

Mike sounded like this thought really agitated him and Harvey could understand why Mike would be concerned about it. After all, being given to another Dom was a hard limit for Mike. But since the short time he’d been with his sub it had become a hard limit for him as well although Mike didn’t know that yet. He didn’t want to share Mike with anybody. Mike was his sub and his alone.
“I think that this won’t be necessary. But if the need for that should arise, I guarantee you that we will explain to you why and ask your permission. Would that be all right, Michael?”

Mike exhaled audibly and even managed a little nervous smile. “Yes, I think that will be okay, Sir.”

“Then give me your color. And I will not ask you again for it as soon as we’re through the door but you can be assured that I will watch you very closely, nonetheless. I will know if you encounter any problems and I will help you if I deem it necessary.”

“My color’s green, Sir. I trust you.”

Harvey leaned over again and quickly brushed his lips against Mike’s temple.

“Thank you, Sweetheart.”

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The red brick building in a quiet side-street looked normal enough and Harvey made his way to a non-descript black metal door. A discreet brass sign with only the name “O’Connor” etched in black italics into it was the only indicator that a business might be housed behind that door. What kind of business, the sign didn’t say.

Harvey rang the bell and looked into a small camera and after only a few seconds the door was buzzed open. It led into a dimly lit but immaculately clean stairwell and they climbed up to the second floor. There, they were greeted by a tall, red haired and bearded man who opened another non-descript door with the same sign on it for them.

“Harvey. Come on in. So nice you could finally make it.” There was a hint of criticism in the greeting.

“Hello Kieran. Sorry, we’re a little behind schedule. René wouldn’t quit fussing over Mike.”

The two men took a few steps into the little unadorned ante-room while shaking hands and Mike followed tentatively. So far, he had been pointedly ignored by Harvey’s friend.

“Kieran, this is my sub Mike.”

For the first time, the red haired man shifted his attention to Mike and looked openly at him.

The sub took a step forward so that he was standing right beside his Dom but remembered just in time and bowed his head a little instead of offering his hand.

“Sir.”

“Hello Mike. Look at you. You’re a pretty little subbie.” The dark voice of the very tall stranger had a pleasant Irish accent but the somewhat patronizing tone of voice was rubbing Mike the wrong way right from the start.

Mike didn’t know what to say and since Kieran’s statement wasn’t a question, he kept his mouth firmly shut and looked demurely down at the floor, glad that he could hide his irritation from the strange Dom.
A pleasant baritone laugh followed his display of submissiveness.

“And well behaved. Congratulations Harvey. Looks like you trained him well.”

Harvey’s hand had found its way to the small of Mike’s back where his thumb was rubbing slow circles while the rest of the hand was radiating warmth through the thin fabric of the t-shirt, like he could feel Mike’s irritation and wanted to reassure him that everything was fine. Harvey’s voice though was very matter-of-factly and even a little apologetic. Apologetic for Kieran’s benefit and not for Mike’s.

“We’ve just started with the training and although Mike is very eager to learn, sometimes his emotions get the better of him. So I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t test or tease him. I’d rather fuck his ass tonight than spank it. And Kieran, I know I don’t have to tell you but just in case, no touching without asking me first. It’s a hard limit.”

At that, Kieran shot Harvey a surprised look. “Yours or his?”

“For both of us. I don’t share him.”

Harvey made the down-gesture with his hand and Mike obediently sank to his knees, hissing a little under his breath when the plug shifted inside of him.

“Bad knees at his age?” Kieran asked with sympathy, but more in Harvey’s direction than towards Mike.

“Butt plug,” Harvey explained dryly.

“Ah, that would do it. He walks okay though. Maybe a little funny but barely noticeable. Could have been just some sore muscles from working out.”

“He had the whole day to practice. You should’ve seen him this morning. Almost came in his pants a couple of times.”

“Poor little subbie. He’s a newbie then? Or did you use a big one to stretch him wide?”

“Smallest. But up until yesterday he’d been a virgin.”

“Wow. You’re one lucky bastard.”

A hand landed softly on his head and began petting his hair and massaging his scalp with the fingertips. Mike instinctively leaned a little into the touch. During the conversation he’d become more and more irritated and although he knew that Harvey had no intention of making him feel bad, the way the two men talked as though he wasn’t there or worse, a pet, irked him.

“I know, Kieran. Believe me, I know.”

The red haired man clapped his hands together as if to emphasize the beginning of a new topic.

“So, you want to buy your subbie’s very own equipment, then? Do you have something special in mind?”

Water bowl, leash, dog bed, chew-toy, Mike thought sarcastically. The two men could’ve talked about a real puppy if one didn’t know the context.

“The usual, I would say. He’s very responsive to nipple-play so a few different clamps are definitely on my shopping-list. Cock rings too. He looks beautiful when he’s desperate. Maybe
some restraints and gags as well, but I’d like to start with the clamps.

“What about a collar? You know that I could make one to your specifications. I could take the measurements today and when I’m done in a couple of days, depending on the design, it would fit him perfectly.”

Harvey looked down at Mike who still had his gaze fixed firmly on the floor. But he could feel the tension radiating from Mike’s body. Collaring a sub was a huge step and Mike’s thoughts on the questionnaire regarding collaring had been undecided. Harvey knew that they would need to talk about it sooner or later, but at this stage of their relationship it would be too early.

“Not yet, Kieran. We haven’t talked about it properly and since Mike has been my sub for only a little over a week now, this might be a little premature.”

The other Dom just shrugged. “All right, follow me to the show-room.”

He led them through the doorway into a bright open room, maybe twice as big as the living space in Harvey’s condo. Shelves and display-cases were lining the brick walls and in the spaces between the large industrial sized windows some mannequins in complicated restraints made from leather and metal-chains were on display. A Saint-Andrews-Cross and some other BDSM-furniture were also visible, some of it even fastened to the walls for safety. Situated near the doorway there was a counter with a computer and some paperwork on it, the only indication, that this was indeed a shop of some sorts. Otherwise it could’ve have been a gallery.

The centerpiece of the room was an elaborate spanking bench. It was situated right beneath a spotlight and it looked beautiful to Mike with its brushed aluminum frame and the rich dark-red leather upholstery. He could see that the knee and hand rests were adjustable as well as the angle of the bench itself, so that a sub could be brought in several positons. Long leather straps were hanging down the sides of the bench, nearly reaching the floor, so that whoever was being spanked could be securely tied down. Despite the bank being essentially a torture device, it looked oddly comfortable.

He wondered briefly what it would feel like to be tied down on that bench and spanked by Harvey. To feel helpless and totally at his Dom’s mercy, while his body was played with. He shook his head to clear it of this thought and looked around some more since there was a lot to see.

He started wandering towards a display case to look inside and thus started falling behind the two men, who were now standing beside the spanking bench in the middle of the room. When Harvey noticed that Mike wasn’t walking behind him at his heel anymore he called out, sounding a little annoyed.

“Mike! Come here.”

Having noticed Harvey’s irritation the sub hurried over to him, anticipating the down-gesture but instead Harvey turned to Kieran.

“I haven’t told Mike what to expect here and since his curiosity almost got the better of him just now and wandering off like that and not walking at heel would under normal circumstances get him into trouble, I’d like to explain a few things to him.”

“Sure. Tell you what. I will select some nipple-clamps for you and in the meantime you can brief your subbie.”

The Irishman went to one of the display-cases at an outside wall.
“Mike, come here and eyes at me.”

Harvey pointed in front of him, indicating the exact spot where Mike should stand and the sub positioned himself properly and shifted his eyes off the floor up to meet his Dom’s eyes.

“I know that this is a lot to take in. So, let me explain a few things to you.” He gestured around the room with a broad swipe of his arm indicating that Mike was allowed to look around too.

“As you can see, this is basically a sex-shop, but not a regular one. Kieran is the owner and also the designer and creator of a lot of things you can see here. He used to be a goldsmith and jeweler but now he uses his skills to create beautiful pieces of special-equipment from small items like nipple-clamps and cock-rings up to big furniture like this.” He tapped with his hand on the spanking bench and suddenly Mike was a little in awe that Kieran had built it.

“This shop here caters almost exclusively to the BDSM-community and Kieran is well renowned world-wide in certain circles. A few of the things you see here are made of silicon or latex and thus not by his design, but most of the pieces are made from metal and leather. I brought you here to purchase your very own selection of nipple-clamps and cock-rings and a few other bits and pieces as well. Sure, I could have bought you some generic stuff of the internet but, like the suits, I prefer custom-made and always buy from the best. And Kieran is the best in his chosen field.”

“That’s very nice of you to say, Harvey.”

The owner had joined them again, a jewelers-tray with an assortment of different nipple-clamps in his large hands. The silvery items sparkled on their dark blue velvet underground. This was indeed no ordinary sex-shop. This was the Tiffany’s of sex-shops.

“It’s the truth, Kieran. You know that I’m not a flatterer.”

“So, do you like to put these on your subbie, try them on for size, so to speak? Everything you can see here is available in silver, gold in different colors and platinum. If you want some pretty stones that can also be arranged although I do the sparkly stuff mostly for female subs. Same goes for cock-rings if they’re metal. But I could put some jewels on leather-ones as well, if you like.”

Harvey nodded after having perused the selection and turned once again back to Mike to eye him pensively.

“I think on his fair skin white gold or platinum will look best. No stones though. That would be a little too girly, I think.”

Kieran nodded. “Aye, I think you’re right. These clamps here are all made of silver but like I said, the material is optional. These are only display-pieces. But don’t you worry, I clean them after every showing.”

Harvey nodded and looked Mike over thoughtfully.

“Mike, take off your clothes. We will need to see how these and a few other things fit you, so get naked.”

Mike’s mouth actually fell open at that and for a few heartbeats he thought he’d heard wrong and stayed motionless. Surely Harvey wouldn’t demand that he would be naked in front of a stranger.

“5…4…3…”

Well, obviously he’d thought wrong. Hurriedly he slipped his feet out of his shoes and then started
to take off his clothes. His face was burning bright red with humiliation though.

He loved to get naked for Harvey and in general he was not a shy person, but showing himself bare and vulnerable to Kieran was something that Mike would rather not do, especially since the other Dom watched him like he was a prized spaniel and not a human being.

But Harvey had asked for his trust so he would at least try to obey him as far as he could. And he’d agreed to public play in a safe environment and although this was not what he’d pictured when he’d answered this part of the questionnaire, this shop that had only opened for them could be seen as safe environment. So Harvey’s demand was within their agreed parameters and Mike couldn’t complain. And he didn’t want to color-out again. Once a day was enough.

He winced a couple of times when he needed to bend down to get his socks and tight jeans off but although the plug was pressed snuggly against his prostate in this hunched over position, his dick obviously disliked Kieran as much as Mike did for it stayed stubbornly flaccid.

Harvey put Mike’s clothes over what seemed to be an arm-rest of the spanking bench while Kieran had placed the tray with the assorted nipple-clamps on the middle-section of the bench. Now he was watching Mike with his arms crossed in front of his broad chest and a pondering expression on his face as though he were studying the sub for some unknown reason.

As soon as he was naked, Mike crossed his wrists on the small of his back and looked down on the floor, focusing firmly on a spot in front of his bare feet so that he wouldn’t see what Kieran was doing.

He’d decided to try to ignore the other Dom’s presence for now and pretend that it was only Harvey and him here in this room. But he could still feel the heat in his cheeks and he knew that the blush had most likely crept even down his throat and onto his chest a little.

“He’s a shy one,” Kieran remarked right on cue. “Very pretty, though, with your marks on him. His fair skin shows them very well. Did you have him waxed or did he do it on his own?”

Mike started to bite his lip vigorously again. *Shut up, shut up, shut up!*

“I’ve sent him to Natalie. She did a great job although he’s always been beautiful, even with the little hair he had before.”

Harvey sighed a little when he saw what Mike was doing to his lower lip. He brushed his thumb softly over Mike’s mouth to stop him and then laid a hand on Mike’s shoulder and flexed his fingers to anchor him but all the while he resumed his conversation with the other Dom.

“Kieran, I’m sorry, but it seems that Mike is already only holding on by a thread. It has been a long and demanding day and so far he has done amazingly well but now it’s obvious to me that he will do something stupid within the next few minutes, like open his mouth and say something he shouldn’t. In order to prevent that, I need another few minutes. Maybe you could select a few different cock-rings and cages in the meantime. He is long and on the slender side when he’s erect.”

Mike could feel Kieran’s gaze burn on his skin for a second, but then the Irishman left them alone.

“Kneel, Mike. Eyes up to me.”

As soon as he looked up and found Harvey’s brown eyes, Mike felt a little steadier and his nerves calmed considerably.
“Can you tell me why you are so agitated? Preferably in one sentence?”

Mike needed a few moments to formulate a coherent sentence that would bring his point across.

“You two talk about me like I’m a pet and not a person and this makes me feel like I’m worthless, Sir.”

Harvey looked down at him and for a moment a calculating expression flickered over his strong features. Then his fingers slid into Mike’s hair and began to pet him.

“You are a person, Mike. Kieran and I know that. But as a sub you’re also like my human pet.”

Mike narrowed his eyes at that and Harvey actually laughed a little.

“You don’t believe that? Just feel my fingers in your hair right now. I’m petting you Mike and you love it. I tell you to kneel for me, to assume a certain position for me, even to come for me, and you not only do it, you love it. And I love that you love it.”

The caressing fingers slid down towards his face and Harvey trailed them softly along the cheekbones down to Mike’s jawline before the fingers slipped to the back of his neck where they flexed with a little pressure just below his hairline while the thumb continued to caress the sub’s face. If Mike had been a real puppy the mother-dog would’ve held him right at that spot, at the scruff of his neck, and feeling the pressure of Harvey’s fingers holding him there did something to Mike. He wanted to close his eyes and give himself over and before he could think about it, he leaned into the touch and his whole body relaxed.

“The resentment and anger you feel right now is your mind getting the better of you, telling you to fight your instincts and apply common rules to this uncommon situation. But there is nothing wrong with your instincts. You leaning into my touch right now for example, that’s just stunning, Mike. For the both of us. So, stop fighting so hard, Michael. I’m here. I’m taking care of you and all you need to do is trust me and follow my lead.”

Harvey broke the grip on Mike’s neck and instead cupped the sub’s face with both hands.

“You’re my pretty little sub. My beautiful good boy. And right at this moment you have not one but two very experienced Doms here who want to take care of your needs.”

Harvey could see in Mike’s eyes that the sub still wasn’t convinced so Harvey decided to share some private details.

“You know, Kieran has been in a relationship with a beautiful little sub named Laura for the past couple of years and if you ever have the luck to observe them together you will immediately see the love and devotion they have for each other. I’ve watched them play a couple of times but I never had a real conversation with Laura. I complimented her once after Kieran had put on a show with her at Natasha’s but I never really talked to her. She’s not mine and a Dom doesn’t speak to another Dom’s sub for no good reason and without permission. Most Doms I know have a possessive streak and random, not pre-negotiated contact with another Dom’s sub, is something most of us frown upon. But just because we don’t treat you as an equal doesn’t mean that we don’t treasure you for who you are. So stop being offended. There’s no need for that.”

“It’s just, I feel so humiliated,” Mike mumbled. “Sorry, but I can’t help it, Sir.”

“And why is that, Michael? Two Doms are telling you that you’re pretty and beautiful. That you’re well trained and good behaved. That I’m lucky to have found you. Why on earth should you feel humiliated?”
“I… it’s just… if you put it like that, I don’t know. It’s just a feeling.”

“Okay, think of it like that. Tonight, you’re the center of attention of two well-renowned Doms who want to find the right equipment for you so that you can look even prettier and feel good when I play with you. And although you will have no say in what I want to put on or even in your body and what I will purchase, you’re still the main person here, and from now on hopefully a silent and obedient one.”

Mike thought about that for a second, sure that there was a flaw in Harvey’s reasoning, but for the life of him, he couldn’t find it.

“I’m sorry Sir. I didn’t see it like that but now that you’ve explained, I know that you’re right.”

“So, can I signal Kieran to come back again? He’s hovering across the room with a tray full of cock-rings and cages and I can’t wait to slip one of those around your pretty little cock.”

“Yes, Sir. Sorry that I misbehaved.”

“It’s all right, Michael. Like I told you before, I’ll watch you closely and take care of you if you need me.”

Mike could hear the footfalls of the approaching Dom.

“All sorted out now?” The dark voice sounded actually a little concerned.

“Yes, thank you for giving us some time.”

“Do I need to know about it?”

“No, I think we’re good. But it is safe to say that Mike has not a humiliation kink. Hence the less than enthusiastic cock. And you can believe me when I say that’s a first.”

“Humiliation?” Kieran seemed honestly baffled.

“Like I told you, it’s a very early stage in his training and although he takes my orders usually quite willingly, he has never interacted with two Doms at once and thus doesn’t know the protocol yet. He felt that we haven’t treated him like a proper person and he felt a little hurt.”

“I… I’m really sorry to hear that.” The Irish’s tone of voice rang true and Mike was a little appeased, but only for a second.

“Harvey, may I speak to your sub?”

Harvey nodded his consent and made room so Kieran could take his place in front of the kneeling Mike. Immediately the sub’s eyes drifted to the floor, avoiding the steely gaze of the gray eyes.

“Mike, please look at me.”

Although this was phrased as a request Mike knew that Kieran had meant it as an order. For a brief moment he wanted to disobey since Kieran had no right to him, but then he raised his eyes, but only because he knew that Harvey would be displeased if he were impolite to his friend.

When he looked into Kieran’s face he was surprised about what he detected. Instead of annoyance or arrogance he could read concern and regret in the Dom’s face.

“Thank you Mike. And I’m sorry if you found my remarks regarding your person humiliating. That
was not my intention. I thought you might be more used to your chosen role in the company of unfamiliar Doms but obviously this is new to you. I usually don’t address other Dom’s subs since they are under normal circumstances of no consequence to me and more experienced subs don’t expect to be included in a conversation between Doms. I realize that this might seem strange to you, but this comes with your role that you have chosen for yourself.” He paused as if he tried to read what was going on in Mike’s mind and when the sub’s face remained skeptical he added, “And I truly meant it when I said that you’re pretty and that Harvey is very lucky to have found you. It has been a long time since he’s been with somebody and I can see that you two are a good match. So, do you think that we can start over and be friends as well?”

At the beginning of Kieran’s speech, Mike had expected a stern dressing down or an outright dismissal of his feelings. Instead, Kieran had explained to him proper sub-behavior in company without giving him the feeling of being stupid. He could see now that he needed to grow a thicker skin, and soon, or the thicker skin would need to grow on his butt, because in the future Harvey surely wouldn’t be so patient with him anymore.

“Yes, Sir. Thank you for the explanation. I realize that you haven’t intended to hurt me. I’m sorry for taking it the wrong way.”

Kieran reached out with his hand but before he touched Mike, he looked at Harvey. “May I?”

“Ask Mike. It’s his decision.”

“Mike, may a touch you to show you my affection?”

“I…” His gaze shifted to Harvey who just shrugged. It’s your decision, Kid.

“All right, but just the head, Sir, if you don’t mind.”

Kieran’s fingers petted his head briefly, full well knowing that Mike wasn’t able to enjoy the gesture. But they both knew that it was a peace offering, the gesture as well as the acceptance of it. After a brief pet to Mike’s head, Kieran stepped back to make room for Harvey again.

“Mike, stand up.”

As soon as he was back on his feet, hands still clasped behind his back, Harvey pulled him snug against his solid warm body.

“Will you be my good boy now, Michael? Remember, we’re here just for you. So you can have some new shiny toys.”

“Yes, Sir. I will be your good boy.”

A warm hand patted his butt briefly but affectionately. During the last few days Mike had started to notice how much Harvey seemed to like touching his butt and now these light touches had become oddly reassuring to him.

“I want you to stand still, eyes forward. You can react to the feeling of the things I’m going to put on your body, but otherwise I want you silent. No words and minimum noise unless you’re asked a question. Just imagine that you’re one of these mannequins. Can you do that, Michael?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy.”
Mike stood straight and his eyes searched a brick on the opposite wall he could focus on while the two Doms resumed their conversation, talking about him over his head just like before.

“He really is very pretty but if you want to put some cock-rings on him, he needs to overcome his shyness.”

Harvey just grinned. “Don’t worry, after we’re finished with his nipples, his cock will be no problem. But maybe we should start with the cage, since he is conveniently flaccid right now which is a rare occurrence. I had feared that we might need ice-cubes to get him soft, so better make the most of it now.”

Kieran showed him the other jeweler’s tray with the cock-rings and cock-cages and Harvey selected one simple cage and held it up so that Mike could see it in his peripheral vision.

“Mike, look at me.”

His eyes shifted to the side to meet Harvey’s gaze, but he deliberately tried to not look at the item in Harvey’s hand.

“I know that you were a little undecided regarding cock-cages and you have marked them as possible soft limit. I propose that we just try one on and if you really don’t like it then we know for sure that it’s a hard limit for you and can adjust our contract accordingly. Personally I would like to have the option to put you in a cage but the ultimate decision, today at least, lies with you. So, do I have your permission to put your dick in this cage?”

Mike now looked at the cage with open curiosity. The cage consisted of one larger metal ring that could swing open due to a little hinge on the underside and 4 smaller solid rings, which were connected with metal rods on either side, so that they formed the shape of a flaccid penis and the crown of the penis would be covered with a metal hood which had a little opening in it. A small lock on the upper side of the cock-cage held the contraption together and Mike could see that there was no chance that he could get hard when wearing this thing, although taking a piss would be possible, thanks to the opening in the hood. It didn’t look too uncomfortable and since it was his decision and they were only trying it out to see how it felt, he gave his consent without hesitation.

Harvey carefully inserted his still limp dick into the cage itself and then slipped the larger ring behind his scrotum and closed the two halves. With a click, he closed the lock, fastening the rings around his dick to the ring behind his balls and Mike was trapped.

The metal rings of the cage felt cool against his skin but it didn’t pinch or bend him in an unnatural angle although the ring behind his balls was tight enough that he couldn’t slip it off without opening the lock. In fact, it felt oddly comfortable. Now his dick really only belonged to Harvey and the thought was somewhat arousing which right now was not at all how he wanted to feel.

“Mike, you have my permission to speak. Tell me what you think.”

“I… it’s okay, I think. It’s not uncomfortable. And I think…” He could feel his dick swell some more, now already pressing up against the metal rings. Shit, he really was a subbie when the thought of Harvey owning his cock was enough to make said cock sit up and pay attention.

“Go on Mike.” In Harvey’s slightly amused undertone Mike could hear that his Dom knew very well what was going on.

“I think I like it that my dick belongs to you. That only you have access to it, Sir. The cage makes me feel even more like you own me and I like that very much.” His voice was almost a whisper,
since he was a little embarrassed at how much he enjoyed the cage, the sensation as well as what it stood for. Harvey’s control over his body.

Thankfully, Kieran’s contribution on that matter felt like someone doused him in ice-water and his cock immediately went limp again.

“You can insert a flexible urethral-sound through the opening in the hood. And if you want I could also fasten a plug to the ring behind his balls, so that you have all of his openings stuffed. It would be a true chastity device and if you use a hollow sound he would even be able to urinate. You could keep him like that for several days without ill effects, if you give him an enema first, of course.”

Before Mike could voice his protest Harvey jumped in and declined Kieran’s offer. Well, one of it.

“Sounding is a hard limit for Mike. As you can see from his reaction to your suggestion. But the plug might be an option.”

Kieran scrutinized the agitated sub for a few seconds before he shrugged.

“What a shame. Laura and I still talk about the time when you gave that lecture about urethral-sounding at the club. The sub you demonstrated it on came so hard when you were done with him, it was a pleasure to watch you. Your subbie doesn’t know what he’s missing.”

Mike’s eyes, which had been focused on the cage around his dick, shifted to Harvey so fast, it nearly made him nauseous.

Harvey liked that? Had put on a show at Natasha’s about that? With another male sub? Who was this sub? Was Harvey still in contact with this sub?

Hello, his subconscious mind chimed in, jealousy, so not the point right now. Focus on the fact that Harvey likes to insert stuff into other peoples’ dicks.

Oh, yeah, right.

But when he marked it as hard limit, Harvey had never even mentioned it during their negotiations, never brought it up. He’d thought that Harvey didn’t like it either and just listed it on the questionnaire to give him a broad range of options.

“Let it go, Kieran. A hard limit is a hard limit. And should Mike ever think differently about it, thanks to you he now knows that he can ask me about it.”

“You haven’t talked with him about it?”

Harvey sighed. “What would be the point? Mike was very emphatic on the matter in his questionnaire and I didn’t want him feel pressured in any way. It’s his decision and I respect that.”

Harvey petted Mike’s head briefly to reassure him that it really was okay that Mike didn’t want anything inserted into his dick.

“So, since we have established that a cock-cage is not a soft limit anymore, I propose we get this thing off and play a little with his pretty pink nipples.”

“All right.” Kieran gave Harvey the little key for the lock and soon the pressure of the cage around his cock vanished.

“Mike, eyes back at the wall. The previous rules apply. You’re only a passive bystander for what
follows next. No talking and the minimum of noise but remember that you can always color out.”

As soon as Mike had obeyed and assumed his former posture as a mannequin, Harvey began stroking his chest with his right hand before he pinched both nipples between thumb and index-fingers into rosy little nubs. Then he bent his head down and swiped his tongue slowly over the pert nipples before he sucked them into his mouth, first one and then the other, to make them slick with his saliva.

Mike bit his lip to prevent a moan from slipping out. Standing still became at this point really hard and he could feel blood rushing down into his cock, which swelled freely between his legs until the tip was pointing upward.

When Harvey finally let up, Mike felt a little lightheaded, since he had held his breath to remain obediently silent.

Harvey stepped back and scrutinized the slightly panting sub. When his gaze fell onto the fully erect and flushed cock, he grinned his roguish grin and trailed a fingertip along the underside of Mike’s member from root to tip.

“Told you that this would get him hard in an instant.”

Kieran whistled softly. “You’re right. Desperate and horny is a good look on him. And he has a nice cock. Very pretty.”

He offered Harvey the other tray. “Which one do you want to try first?”

“Let’s start with something conservative.” Only Harvey could call a nipple-clamp conservative with a straight face.

He selected some clamps that looked like little silvery tweezers, connected with a fine silver chain. The tips of the tweezers were covered with a rubber sheath and could be tightened around the nipple by slipping a small ring up or down the tweezer-section.

Mike felt the tips of the tweezers gripping his left nipple and then tighten until he couldn’t suppress a gasp when the pain got almost too intense. Harvey’s eyes were on his face while he slipped the little ring up, so he was able to see in Mike’s eyes when the pressure was just right. The Dom did the same with Mike’s other nipple and soon the pain in his sensitive rosy buds went straight to his balls and dick and made them throb with lust.

“If you want to see something amazing, watch his slit.”

Harvey’s voice sounded a little raspy and Mike kept his eyes firmly on the opposite wall, although he could see that both Doms had stepped back a little and eyed him expectantly like he was supposed to perform a neat little trick.

Sure enough, Mike could feel a drop of pre-come ooze from his slit and moisten his crown.

Harvey reached out and hooked a fingertip under the dangling silver chain between his nipples, yanking at it once and thus eliciting a sharp little pain.

“Hmmm!” He bit his lip but nevertheless, a breathy little gasp slipped out and he could feel more pre-come rise up his shaft and spilling out his slit. When enough of the clear sticky liquid had gathered on the head of his cock he could feel a thick drop sliding down the crown and all along his shaft down to his balls.
“I few more tucks on the chain and you’ll need to mop the floor.” Harvey sounded proud at how responsive Mike was.

“Maybe now would be the right time for a cock-ring then. Unless you really wanna see if you can make him come from nipple-play. But if he soils my floor, he will have to clean it up.”

Kieran’s voice sounded a little bit more grounded and Mike realized just then that he had no idea if Kieran even was into guys. Sure, the Dom had complimented him on his looks but maybe this was meant on a strictly non-sexual level. Somehow, this thought made this whole experience a little easier for him.

“Yes. Maybe you’re right.”

“Metal or leather?”

“I would like something that’s easy to put on and take off again. But made of metal, if possible.”

“Then this would be the right thing for your subbie.”

Kieran showed Harvey a thick, solid-looking metal cock-ring. Harvey lifted one eyebrow questioningly since he couldn’t see how this thing would be easy to slip on and off and the shop-owner grinned.

“See, the ring, this one’s silver but I have every metal you want, is hollowed out here and here and magnets are inserted, so it still looks like it’s one piece but you can slide one section off. Don’t pull at it, the magnet is too strong, but you can slide it sideways and it comes off easily. No need to push the cock and balls through it, just place the bigger part of the ring behind the balls, put the top-part on and you have a sturdy solid metal cock-ring. Just be careful when you put the top-part on. You don’t want to catch some skin between the two sections. Hurts like a bitch, and not in a good way, or so I’ve been told.”

Harvey nodded approvingly and took it from Kieran, played with it a little, trying to pull it apart with two hands and when he couldn’t he slid the top-section of the ring off sideways, which was easy enough.

“Mike, eyes on me.”

Harvey held the cock-ring up for Mike to see.

“Since you’re already dripping just from trying on the first clamps, holding out until tonight might become quite difficult for you. And my order still stands. No coming until tonight. So, this might help you to keep your composure.”

He gave the chain another sharp tug and the almost electric jolt in his nipples made Mike rise onto his toes and he pressed his eyelids together. A tear was sliding down his cheek and at that moment, Harvey was very proud of his good boy who held on so bravely.

“You have my permission to beg me for the cock-ring, Mike.”

“Please Sir, can I have the cock-ring please? I beg you, Sir. I can’t hold on very much longer. Please Sir.”

Harvey stepped forward and brushed his lips lightly against Mike’s red and swollen lips.

“Since you beg me so prettily for it, how could I deny my good boy?”
Harvey dropped gracefully on one knee and when his fingertips touched Mike’s scrotum lightly, Mike made a mewling sound.

The cool metal slipped behind his balls to the root of his cock and encircled the underside. Then the top-section clicked into place and suddenly a firm pressure was all around the root of his dick, now much tighter than with the cock-cage before. Almost instantly the worst of his need to come subsided. He still was very aroused but the pressure of the ring at the base of his cock compressed the vein which reduced the blood flow in his dick. This made it easier for him to hold on although his erection got even harder than before.

“Try to slide the ring sideways around the cock a little. If you can manage it easily, it’s too wide,” Kieran, creator and salesman, was advising.

Harvey tried it and found that he was able to move the ring but only with a little force and some protesting noises from Mike. Kieran had crouched down too and both Doms were now eyeing Mike’s very hard but no more leaking cock critically.

“Looks good to me. Nice and snug but not too tight,” the Irishman gave his opinion but kept his hands to himself. “Good thing you had him waxed, though. Pubic hair is always in the way, even if you use stretchy silicon cock-rings.”

Harvey couldn’t resist the pretty sight right in front of his nose. He grasped Mike’s cock and jerked him once. The sub yelped and once again rose onto his toes. Harvey reached out with his other hand, patted Mike’s backside once and then, giving Kieran a wink, slipped a finger between Mike’s butt-cheeks and pressed it firmly against the base of the plug.

“Ohhh… fuck!” Mike shouted out with feeling and Harvey gave him a firm slap on his ass to remind him of his gag-order.

“Who is the tease now, Harvey?” Kieran was quite amused how much Harvey liked to play with his little subbie.

“Yes, but his cock is just so pretty. Can you blame me?”

“Since I regard cocks purely from an aesthetic point of view, my self-restraint might be superior to yours, at least in this regard.”

“True.” Harvey just shrugged and stood up again.

Mike was still staring right at the wall but a light sheen of sweat was covering his face and chest and he looked very flushed.

“Mike, eyes on me.”

As soon as the blue eyes, swimming in unshed tears from the sheer effort of holding on, found his eyes, something in Harvey melted and he regretted that he’d teased Mike so cruelly. But he liked it so much to display his possessions in front of other people and Mike was no exception from this rule. He couldn’t wait to take his boy to Natasha’s for everyone to see.

“Breathe deeply for me to calm down. I’m very proud of you and I promise that I will not tease you more than is necessary to put the next clamps on you.”

The sub took a few calming breaths and slowly but surely his intense arousal decreased into a low simmering fire of want.
Harvey had regarded Mike with a passionate gaze of his by now nearly black eyes and after a few moments he could see that Mike’s breathing was becoming calmer and his arousal seemed to subside a little. “Feeling better now?”

“Yes, Sir.” He only whispered the words, still exhausted from the effort of not coming though he wasn’t sure if he even could come with the cock-ring clamped tight around his dick.

“Well, now we know for sure that the ring works and has the right size for you,” Harvey stated dryly. "Eyes front again, Mike. I will try a few more of the clamps now.”

Instead of just yanking the clamps off with a sharp tug at the chain, Harvey took the time to slide the little rings down the tweezer-section to loosen them gradually and take the clamps off carefully. But the blood rushing back into his rosy buds still made Mike whimper a little until Harvey stroked with his warm palm over them to soothe the pain away.

To distract himself from the now following fitting of different types of clamps, Mike began to count the bricks on the wall. When this diversion proofed helpful he started to calculate the number of bricks visible on all 4 walls, which took him about 2 minutes. After that he started to recite Hamlet in his mind which he’d read as homework on a rainy Sunday afternoon when he was 14 and Trevor had been grounded again and Mike didn’t know what to do with himself since the TV had been broken.

He was dimly aware of all the sharp little and not so little pains in his nipples when clamps were fastened to them, tugged at and taken off again. At one point, Mike could feel another cock-ring being attached around his cock, this time one made from a softer material and placed in front of is balls, before the magnetic cock-ring behind his scrotum was taken off of him. He heard Harvey and Kieran talking about him and the different implements they were using on him but their voices were like white noise; he could hear the words, but the meaning escaped him since his mind was still occupied with the Prince of Denmark.

He was aware that sometimes his breath hitched a little and every now and then a little moan slipped out between his lips, but other than that, his chosen distraction proofed quite effective. It was a little like he had detached his mind from his body, still able to feel what was happening to him but not really affected by any of it.

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise…

Even when a leather-harness of some sort was fastened around his upper-body and soft broad leather-cuffs were put around his wrists and then secured to the harness in several positions in front of his body and behind his back, he managed to stay still like a lifeless mannequin.

All of a sudden, Harvey pulled him, still bound tight in his restraints, into a firm embrace and it felt like he was awakening from a deep trance. He needed to blink his eyes a couple of times to come fully back into the here and now.

“You’re incredible, Mike. You’re such a good boy for me and I’m very proud of you.” The Dom’s lips brushed against the shell of Mike’s ear as he whispered so only Mike could hear “I think even Kieran is a little in awe at how well you took everything we threw at you.”

A warm firm hand patted his butt and then squeezed it playfully. “Time to get you out of that and get you home. You’ve earned a reward and I can’t wait to give it to you.”

With one hand, Harvey un-hooked the carabiner that had held Mike’s wrists in place and then loosened the harness with only a few movements, handing the soft leather-straps to Kieran.
“You can assemble everything we talked about and which is ready for me to take home today. The rest you can sent over to my address whenever you’ve finished it. And regarding the other stuff I mentioned, just give me a minute to help Mike into his pants. I’ll only be a moment.”

“Take your time. Your boy has earned a little reward. To tell you the truth, from how he responded in the beginning, I was sure he wouldn’t make it. I’m quite impressed.”

“Coming from you, that’s a real compliment.”

Kieran nodded. “I’ll be at the counter when you’re ready.”

Harvey helped Mike into his pants and shoes and even tied the shoelaces for him so Mike wouldn’t have to bend down. Then he handed Mike his tee and when the sub was finally fully dressed, patted the spanking bench.

“Sit down here, Mike. I need to talk to Kieran in private and you can rest here for a while. I’ll call you when we’re finished.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Mike sat down at the bench, by now well versed how to distribute his body weight without pushing the plug in deeply and Harvey patted his knee.

“Well, done Mike. It’s already dinner-time but I think I want to take you straight home when I’m finished here. So, because you were really good you are allowed to decide what’s for dinner tonight.”

A treat for the good little Puppy, Mike thought, but somehow this time the idea only amused him. Harvey had been right. He was a little like his pet. An intelligent, talking pet who reveled in the affection and attention of his Dom and only wanted to be good for him. Once he’d accepted the fact it didn’t bother him anymore. Screw society and convention. He loved being like this for Harvey and his Dom loved it too.

“Can we have pizza with stuffed crust, Sir?”

“Again? We had that last Sunday.”

“I know, Sir. But, can we? Please?”

Harvey laughed but in his mind he made plans for an early morning work-out. His boy’s eating habits might be fine for someone who was riding a bike every day, but he needed to compensate the excess calories with extra gym-sessions.

“Sure thing, Puppy. I’ll make the call as soon as we leave and we can pick it up on our way home.”

Chapter End Notes

All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

I don't practice BDSM and have no idea what the proper protocol between a strange
Dom and sub is. I just made that up so Mike could feel resentful.

I love to read your comments and Kudos is also very much appreciated.
The difficulty of making decisions

Chapter Summary

Mike gets his reward for being Harvey's good boy (yes, I'm talking about sex) and Harvey discovers something new about his sub.

Chapter Notes

I recently hit a spot of writers block and although I had this chapter ready for almost 2 months I went back over it with a fine tooth comb and edited and tweaked and obsessed until I was on the brink of giving up completely, delete the whole thing and just start over afresh. So, before I hit delete, I gave myself some time off and I think that I’m ready now to share it with you since I think it’s time to let it go now. There are 2 more chapters I’m currently working on and the chapters after that are already in my head but I’ve realized that it would really help me if I had a beta-reader who would keep me on track with the characterization. I will go on writing since I really want to finish this story but if anybody wants to help me out, please leave me a note in the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With a last lingering gaze back at his waiting sub, Harvey strolled over to the counter where Kieran was already assembling the things they had talked about when Harvey had tried them on Mike.

“How’s your boy? Feeling better now? He did amazing, though, for a newbie.”

“Yes, he truly is amazing.” Harvey couldn’t suppress a proud little smile. “And yes, I think he’s feeling much better now. At least he’s not agitated anymore.” He exhaled noisily, almost a small sigh. “When I saw how much he was struggling after I told him to strip, I was tempted to call everything off.”

Kieran nodded. A good Dom needed to know when to push as well as when to back off. At the particular situation Harvey was mentioning, the chances of getting it right had been 50 / 50.

“Why haven’t you? Surely not on my account. Even you are not that vain.”

“No, Kieran. Of course not. I would never… anyway, if I’d really deemed it necessary, I would have stopped it but I knew that he would come around. Call it gut feeling or instinct. And I know that Mike likes a challenge. He likes me to push him and he likes to push himself. If I had called it off, he might’ve been relieved for the moment but he would’ve seen it as a failure later and would’ve beaten himself up over it even if I had never lost another word about it.”

Harvey turned his head and took a few moments to look back at his boy who was still sitting obediently on the spanking bench, dangling his feet although he refrained from rocking them back and forth. That probably would’ve shifted the plug too much and Harvey knew that after several hours of being more or less constantly horny Mike would be sensitive to every tiny stimulation.
He turned back to Kieran.

“You see, now it is a positive experience since he was able to manage the challenge. It’s better this way. He needs positive reinforcement and you wouldn’t believe how happy he is when he succeeds in something I asked of him.”

Harvey stopped and thought for a moment, like he wasn’t sure if he should share it with Kieran. After a moment he continued, his urge to talk about his boy greater than his natural sense for discretion. “But I was surprised how much he disliked that we talked over his head about him. He likes to be petted and ordered around so much. And you’ve seen how he reacted to the cage… to the thought of me owning him. If I’d know how hard he would take it, I would’ve prepared him better. Maybe wouldn’t brought him here so early on in his training at all.”

Kieran nodded slowly. It had dawned on him how much Mike meant to Harvey and how much Harvey was afraid that he would get it wrong although the lawyer would never admit to any insecurity on his part. He’d known the other Dom for over a decade now, but he’d never seen Harvey caring so much for somebody before. And suddenly he had an inkling why Harvey had really brought his sub here today, for him to see. But instead of calling him out on it outright he decided to gain a little more information.

“Where did you meet him, anyway? He can’t be in the scene for long, when he’s still so insecure and untrained.”

Harvey told his mentor the story, the true story, how they met.

“And they say the Irish have all the luck. You sure that you don’t have some drops of Irish blood yourself?” Kieran wasn’t quite sure if Harvey had made up the story to bullshit him, since it sounded like a bad rom-com.

Harvey chuckled. “Call it luck or fate or whatever, I’m thankful to every higher being or deity that might have orchestrated it.”

“Yes, I can see that. It shows in your eyes. And you look happy when you look at him or talk about him. I’ve never seen that expression on you before.”

“If you say so.” Harvey seemed a little embarrassed about that and tried to deflect. “But he’s truly special.”

“So that’s why you brought him to me? To get my approval? Or to show off to me? I know that you’re a vain bastard.”

Harvey’s mouth almost gaped open at that. But then he thought for a moment about Kieran’s remark before he made a reply. He hadn’t thought about it this way, but maybe Kieran had a point.

“Why would you think that?” he tried to buy a little more time, not sure how he felt about this revelation.

Now it was Kieran’s turn to chuckle. Sometimes the almighty Harvey Specter was blind to what was right in front of his nose.

“Because you’ve never even introduced a sub you were playing with to me, not even at the club. You always called them by a silly nickname like you couldn’t be bothered to learn their real names.” He gestured towards the waiting sub like he wanted to demonstrate something. “But you introduced Mike by name and you were beaming with pride when you presented him to me, make him strip in front of me and showed me how responsive he is to you. And you couldn’t leave your
hands off him, which is something new for Mr. Self-restraint. It’s really quite obvious that you’re not only very proud of him but also want my approval, since you know that you won’t get my envy. Not for a male sub, anyway. You behave like a boy who is bringing his boyfriend home for dinner for the first time.”

Harvey rolled his eyes. Surely, he couldn’t have been that obvious. “Now you’re exaggerating. And it has been a long time since I needed your approval. Not since you taught me everything I needed to know to be a good Dom.”

“And yet you did seek it. And you wanna know how I know?”

“Go ahead. I couldn’t keep you quiet anyway.”

“Because in all the years I’ve know you, you’ve never felt the urge to make an appointment with me and purchase some equipment for your sub. You bought stuff for general use but never anything that would only belong to one sub. You’re going steady with that boy, believe it or not. And before you revert back to denial, I approve, whether you want me to or not. Oh, and by the way, I still could teach you a new trick or three.”

“If you say so. I wouldn’t want to argue with the man who’s making all the shiny new things for me.” Harvey thought for a moment but then he decided to share a little bit more with Kieran. Maybe he really needed somebody he could talk to about his amazing sub. “He colored out today.”

Kieran was curious what had happened to make Mike color out after having observed him for the last hour. He knew what Harvey and Mike had been doing before visiting him and he couldn’t imagine a situation more challenging for Mike than the ones he’d encountered here.

“The plug?” he hazarded a guess although Mike seemed to be coping just fine.

“No, not the plug. He’d asked me for it, well, not specifically, but he wanted rocky road.”

“Is that code for a new kink? I still don’t get all your American expressions.”

Harvey could barely refrain from chuckling before he explained the ice-cream metaphor to Kieran.

“Ah, I see. Rocky road meant a challenge. Something that wouldn’t be easy for him. But if it wasn’t the plug then what was it?”

“René. He saw how much the suits cost and called Yellow. Said that he felt like a whore if I spent so much money on him. For all his natural submissiveness he can be very stubborn sometimes. And he’s fiercely independent despite loving it when I take care of him. He’s amazing like this. Surprising and fresh. Keeps me on my toes.”

Harvey turned his head yet again and as soon as his eyes fell on Mike, his lips quirked up in a smile. Kieran smiled too when he saw his friends reaction. It really seemed like Harvey had finally found not only his sub but his mate, like he himself had so many years ago with Laura. Seeing this softer side on Harvey was something totally new and Kieran wondered if Harvey was even aware of the effect Mike was having on him. Well, maybe he and Laura could meet someday with the both of them, have a play-date or something like that at the club. And maybe Mike would benefit if he could talk to another sub like his Laura. She could explain things to him in a way that no Dom ever could.

Before he could make the suggestion, Harvey had turned around again. “Have I told you how smart he is? Because he is. Had a full scholarship for Columbia before he got himself into trouble.
He’s got so much potential and I want him to be successful. He doesn’t know it yet, but I will get him into an Ivy League college, maybe even Harvard, someday.”

Kieran glanced surprised at Mike. Seeing him sitting like this at the spanking bench, an Ivy League college was not the first thing that he was thinking of in association with this boy.

“Stop your bragging, Harvey. Now you are exaggerating. He might be smart, has to be or you would be bored already but Harvard? When he couldn’t cut it at Columbia? I think not.”

Harvey began grinning at him. Of all the replies Kieran could’ve made, this was the wrong one. “Care to make a bet?”

“If you have money to burn.”

“But you forget to whom you’re talking. I don’t lose, Kieran.”

“First time for everything.”

“10 grand says that I have him attend Harvard or another Ivy League Law School within the next 5 years.”

“5 years, Harvey? You are going steady with him, if you already have a 5 year plan for him.”

“I hadn’t till now but now I have. So, are you in or out?”

“And if you break up with him?”

“He doesn’t need to be my sub to attend Harvard Law. The one is not a condition for the other.”

“All right then. Your funeral.”

“Conditions?”

“You win if he at least finishes two years. If you can’t get him in or if he flunks out you lose.”

“Accepted. And you are not allowed to tell him about the bet. I will tell him myself, when the time is right.”

“All right.”

The Irish held out his hand and they shook on it.

“It’s almost unfair of me to take your money, Kieran. You know, his brain is constantly running at a 150 miles per hour what with him having a perfect memory, eidetic, photographic and auditory. Oh, and he is a math genius as well. Sorry if I forgot to mention that.”

“Isn’t it illegal to withhold information with malice intent?”

Harvey grinned like the shark he was. “So sue me. Maybe I could give you the name of a good lawyer.”

“So, how does a genius like him end up with a jackass like you?”

“Because he is a genius with an over-active brain. That’s why I asked you for the strap and the gags and restraints. He used to smoke pot to make his brain go quiet but maybe I can put him down in another way.”
“If anyone can do it, present company excepted of course, than it’s you. But if he’s so bothered about the money you spent on him at René’s, better don’t tell him how much you spent here either.”

And with a little mock flourish he swiveled the card reader around, so Harvey could pop his black visa into it, since Donna still had his AmEx. The sum Kieran had typed into it was the equivalent of at least 2 of René’s suits, since Harvey had gone for the platinum rather than the white-gold. It almost looked the same, but he knew the difference even if he would keep Mike in the dark, unless his boy would ask him outright. He wouldn’t lie to Mike, but maybe he could discourage him from asking.

Harvey took the medium-sized shiny black paper bag from Kieran and peered into it. All items were separately packed, most of them in little or not so little jewelry boxes. Only the harness with the leather wrist and ankle-cuffs was stored in a fabric-bag. And the strap of course. Harvey had wanted something with a little more oompf than the paddle but that was easier to handle for Mike than the flogger. The leather of the strap was already on the soft side and needn’t be broken in much. Since he mostly scened at clubs, he didn’t have much own equipment for pain-play at home. Now that Mike was in his life, he needed to remedy that.

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After Harvey had finalized his business with Kieran they left the shop with Harvey carrying the bag. Mike was curious what Harvey had purchased but he was smart enough not to ask. He would know soon enough, of that he was quite sure.

On their way to Harvey’s condo they’d picked up the pizza and the delicious smell wafted through the car and made Mike’s stomach rumble. They hadn’t eaten all that much today and Mike was sure that he could’ve heard a little rumble from Harvey’s stomach as well although he would never mention it.

When they had maybe five more minutes to go, Harvey slid the partition back up and turned his attention to Mike.

“I realize that today has been a lot for you. First the plug and then all the shopping and finally Kieran and his toys. I’m really amazed that you made it through the day without any bigger hiccups.”

Looking back at the day, Mike could barely believe it himself. Had Harvey told him in the morning what he’d planned Mike would’ve most likely colored-out there and then. He’d been on edge almost constantly since Harvey had put the plug in his ass, only able to relax for a few minutes every now and then. But somehow the knowledge that Harvey hadn’t gone easy on him, had trusted him enough to push him, made it all worthwhile. So he smiled a little, relieved and happy that he’d been Harvey’s good boy even though he knew that without Harvey’s help and encouragement he wouldn’t have been able to do it.

“Thank you, Sir. But you helped me a lot, especially at Mr. O’Connor’s shop. I really had a hard time there.” He looked openly at Harvey and the Dom could see the trust and devotion in the blue eyes.

“I know. But you trusted me and you were able to control your impulses long enough to take my
help. You’ve made great progress in such a short time, Mike. I’m really very proud of you.”

Harvey reached out and cupped Mike’s face in his palm, his thumb caressing the smooth skin on the cheekbone. Only the slightest hint of new stubble rasped against the pad of his thumb. Mike closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, savoring the affection of his Dom. Damn, he loved that and there was nothing wrong with it.

Harvey’s soft lips on his own surprised him only for a moment and then he opened his mouth just a little to let his Dom in. It was a sweet, intense kiss which ended way too soon for his taste but he suppressed the whine that wanted to slip out when Harvey broke it. Harvey wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, which was a little awkward since they both were still wearing their seat-belts, but somehow Mike nearly ended up in Harvey’s lap anyway. The Dom’s lips were now caressing his temple while the tip of Harvey’s nose was brushing the fine hairs above his right ear.

“I want you to enjoy tonight and I don’t want to overwhelm you. Not after you’ve already been so good for me. So, I will give you a choice. You can think about it until after we’ve eaten. And it’s not a test, Mike. You can decide whatever you want.” His voice sounded oh so soft and tender and it took Mike a moment to process the words. But when the meaning hit him, he wanted to protest.

“I… I trust you, Sir. I don’t need a choice. I know that you won’t overwhelm me.”

Harvey leaned back a little so he could look into Mike’s face.

“Thank you Mike. But today must’ve been exhausting for you and only you know how much more you can take. So, before we eat, I’m going to take the plug out so that you can relax a little. And after we’ve eaten, you have a choice how the evening will go. You can either wank off for me, naked on your knees in the middle of the living room while I watch you and afterwards we’ll take a shower and maybe watch a movie before we go to bed to sleep. Or, if you’re feeling up to it, I will play with you until I allow you to come and then fuck your pretty little ass. But playing with you will once again push your boundaries. You will struggle a bit and it won’t be relaxing at all, not until I allow you to let go. So, think about it. Once you’ve made your choice it’s final.”

“I…,”

“I said think about it, Mike. I know that you want to play but maybe tonight it would be better to just jerk off and relax. There’s always tomorrow for play.”

“Okay. I think about it. Thank you for giving me this choice, Sir.” But despite his words, his boy didn’t look like he was happy that he was allowed to make a decision for once.

The car stopped right on cue and while Mike climbed out with the pizza carton in his hands, Harvey said his good-byes to Ray and followed his boy with the black bag.

**********

Getting the plug out after having it worn the whole day wasn’t as easy as Mike had thought. He lay on his stomach on Harvey’s bed, legs dangling over the side, his toes barely touching the floor and with his new jeans pooled around his ankles. Harvey was standing behind him and dribbled cool lube around the base of the plug.
“I need to slick you up a bit. The lube from the morning has dried and I don’t want to hurt you. Just try to relax.”

A fingertip rubbed the lube around his hole under the base of the plug and massaged the taut muscle-ring until it gave way under Harvey’s careful ministrations. When the Dom tugged a little at the plug Mike could feel his sphincter stretch from the inside out and he moaned. This felt really weird.

Harvey’s other hand drew soothing circles on the small of his back.

“Shhh. I know. Just relax and let me do it. Don’t push.”

Another tug, another moan and the plug finally slid out.

“Stay like this. I’ll just put this in the bathroom and then I’ll clean you up in a minute.”

Mike buried his face in his crossed forearms and focused on his breathing. He could actually feel his sphincter flutter a little with every breath he took, like little spasms were running through his muscles after an intense work-out.

He could hear water running in the bathroom and then Harvey was back and ran a warm washcloth over his ass and between his cheeks to clear the excess lube away.

“There you go. All cleaned up.” A warm fingertip prodded his slightly gaping entrance and slid in easily, even without the lube.

“You’re a sight for sore eyes, Mike. So open and ready for me.” The fingertip was pressed in deeper and Mike moaned again, this time with lust. He wanted to shift his hips and search for some much needed friction but the fingertip vanished and his right cheek was patted lightly. Harvey seemed to have a thing for touching his mark every chance he got and Mike was a sucker for the little pain each touch gave him. He arched his ass up to push against Harvey’s fingers to intensify the little bit of pain but Harvey took his hand away.

“Later, Sweetheart. Let’s eat first. You need the energy.”

Harvey went back into the bathroom and washed his hands and the plug with soap before he applied a special toy-cleaner to the toy. When he came out again, Mike was just closing the button on his jeans.

“Feeling better now?”

The sub shrugged. “Right at this moment I’m just feeling empty, Sir. Guess I’ve gotten used to being stuffed. Now it feels weird again. But at least I can bend down and sit without getting a kick to my prostate each time.”

Harvey put the cleaned plug back in the second drawer of the dresser. When he turned around, he eyed Mike fondly.

“Let’s go and eat.”

**********
They ate the pizza at the breakfast bar and Harvey had granted Mike permission to have a beer as well. When only one piece of the large pie was left, Mike felt suddenly bone-tired. He tried in vain to suppress a yawn and Harvey couldn’t help but yawn in sympathy with Mike which made the sub snort a little.

“You look dead on your feet. Do you want to go to bed, Mike? You look like you need the rest,” the Dom observed but the sub shook his head.

“Nah, it’s only 9:30 pm. It’s too early for bed. I’m not a little kid.”

“But today happened a lot. Lots of new experiences for you that need to be processed, especially with a brain like yours. No wonder that you’re exhausted. There’s no shame in having an early night. I could use one too, to tell you the truth.”

“But I don’t want to go to bed, Sir. It was just one yawn.”

Harvey eyed him critically but then gave in. 9:30 pm was indeed a little early and after all, he had plans for tonight. He’d just mentioned bed to make Mike aware that he could ask for it if he really needed it. Sleep, like food and drink and warmth, was after all a basic need and it was his responsibility to provide it for Mike.

“All right then. If you’re sure. So, have you thought about what you want to do then?”

“I…I don’t know, Sir.”

Harvey cocked his head to one side while he studied Mike’s face. There was something going on in his boy’s brain. “Why is that?” he asked curiously.

“I want you to play with me, Sir. I’ve been horny almost the whole day and the thought of what you were gonna do to me tonight was a huge turn-on for me. But on the other hand, you said that it would be a struggle for me and I’m not sure if I’m up for it right now. You were right. Today has been a lot already and just jerking off and then relax and watch a movie with you sounds pretty good at this very moment. But if I take the easy choice I will think about what I’ve missed out on the whole evening. I’m really not good at making choices, Sir. I always feel like I’d made the wrong one.”

A thoughtful expression flickered over Harvey’s features, like he was having some sort of revelation.

“So, me giving you a choice is actually a bad thing for you? Is that what you’re trying to tell me?”

Mike shrugged. He knew that this must be complicated for Harvey to understand. After all, they were coming from opposite sides. “Not a bad thing per se. But it makes my life complicated when it could be simple. And you of all people know that I’m shitty at making decisions, Sir.”

Harvey nodded slowly. His boy had a point. Not a good point, but a point no less.

“All right. I think I understand. So, no decision for you. At least not tonight. I wanted to give you a treat not a chore.”

Mike smiled relieved. “Thank you, Sir.”

Harvey laid one hand over Mike’s own.

“But we need to work on that in the future, Mike. Making decisions, at least outside our
relationship, is something you must learn. I’m fine with you not making any when we’re scening or even when it’s just the two of us, but there are still a few decisions you need to make on your own. I will not always be there or willing to make them for you. You can’t be too dependent on me in that regard.”

The smile on Mike’s face faltered. What did Harvey mean? Was he planning on cutting him loose? Did he have enough of him already?

The warm fingers on his hand tightened their grip.

“Shhhh, Mike. Stop panicking. I can see your thoughts on your face as clear as if you were shouting them at me. I didn’t mean it the way you think. I’m not thinking of ending this… us. But there will be some things that you will have to decide on your own. Things regarding your Grammy. Or job-related decisions, stuff like that. I can give you my advice but ultimately it must be your choice. You get that, right?”

“Oh, okay.” The sub still sounded unconvinced.

“Mike, you make a hundred small decisions every day, without ill effect. Which route to take to get from a to b for example. You can make a few big ones as well. You just need to learn to trust your instincts again.” He laid one palm against Mike’s cheek, enticing him to look him in the eyes.

“Hey, I guess even when you were making really shitty decisions in the past, you always knew that they were shitty. You just didn’t care enough about yourself to not make them. But now you do because you know that I do.”

“But what if I mess up again?”

“When the occasion arises, just think What would Harvey want me to do? I trust you. And if you should mess up, I’ll help you clean it up.”

“But I can discuss things when I’m not sure? Ask for your opinion?”

“Sure. That’s what we agreed upon, remember?”

“But I don’t need to make a decision about tonight?”

“No, not anymore. I’ve got that covered. And now, let’s take care of the dishes.”

They quickly cleared the remnants of their meal away and Harvey sent Mike into the bedroom to undress down to only his boxers and t-shirt. When he came back out, Harvey had spread a blanket on the couch to cover the expensive but cool leather and he instructed Mike to lay down on it and pick a movie. There was no mentioning of being allowed to get off and Mike became a little worried. What if Harvey had decided that the orgasm for him was off the table? That they would have only movie night instead? But he didn’t dare ask since it was his own fault. He had been given a choice and had declined it. Wrong choice again. See, he really sucked at it.

After he’d made himself comfortable he started browsing through Harvey’s Netflix account. From what he could see on Harvey’s watch list, it seemed that his Dom was a Trekkie.

He had Star Trek, Star Trek Next Generation, Enterprise, Voyager and even the new series, Star Trek Discovery, along with all the movies, on his watch-list. There were some political and historical documentaries as well along with some other movies, mostly thrillers. One of them stood out because, much to Mike’s surprise, it was the teen rom-com Clueless. That must be a fluke. Maybe Harvey had just clicked on the wrong button and selected it by accident.
When Harvey joined him after a few minutes, his Dom only wore loose-fitting sweat-pants and a t-shirt, holding two glasses of water in his hands which he placed on the coffee table in case they got thirsty.

“Scoot over, Puppy.”

Harvey slid in the space between the back of the couch and Mike and pulled his sub tight to his body, spooning him.

“Comfortable?”

Harvey bunched up some pillows for their heads and Mike could feel Harvey’s chin softly touching the back of his head. His Dom’s right arm was somewhere under all the pillows his head was lying on and his left hand was resting on Mike’s left hip-bone.

“Hm, very comfortable.”

“So, which movie did you choose?”

“No Star Trek, Sir.”

Harvey thought that he could detect a hint of smugness in Mike’s tone of voice but decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

“Why would you say that?”

“Because I’ve just discovered that you’re a Trekkie.”

Yep. Definitely smugness. Harvey decided to play it cool for the moment. If Mike would get too mouthy he could always swat his ass.

“And? Captain Kirk is the man. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

“I thought you would be more of a Picard guy. Less brawn, more brains.”

“Jean-Luc is the man too.”

“You can’t have two captains being the man, Sir. That’s illogical.”

“Logic has nothing to do with it. And who are you to judge? Spock?”

“Hey, Spock is the only one who was cool. In a nerdy kind of way. I liked Spock. Well, the new Spock, you know. Zachary Quinto from the new movies. The ones with Chris Pine.”

Harvey shuddered involuntarily. “You’re a barbarian. Remind me to never watch Star Trek with you. You would only ruin it for me with your ignorance. And anyway, what kind of movies do you like?”

“I love Back to the future, Sir. Would it be okay if we watch it now? I haven’t watched it in quite some time.”

“Figures that you like Marty McFly. You even resemble him a little. He’s mouthy and wily, just like you. And then there’s the baby-face factor.”

“But I’m definitely taller than Michael J. Fox.”
“That you are. Lucky me. So I don’t have to bend down to you. Would only ruin my back if I had to stoop low every time I wanted to kiss you.”

Mike only barely caught the insolent remark regarding Harvey’s age that was on the tip of his tongue and he was oddly proud of himself for doing so.

Instead he only made a non-comital reply. “I wouldn’t want that, Sir.”

The Dom hit play and the movie began.

About half an hour into the movie, Marty had just witnessed Doc Brown being shot and fled the terrorists in the time-machine, when Harvey was still only holding him in his arms but not making any move on him, Mike couldn’t wait any longer. He could feel Harvey’s half hard dick press against his ass through three layers of clothing (assuming Harvey was wearing underwear) but his Dom didn’t even rub against him. He was just lying there and Mike’s own dick was starting to get hard slowly, now that he was surrounded by Harvey’s arms and his warmth and scent.

“Sir, may I ask a question?”

“Hmm.”

“You said that you would let me get off tonight if I was your good boy.”

“That’s what I said.”

“So?”

“So, what?”

“So, are you gonna let me get off, Sir?”

“We’re watching a movie. So shut up and pay attention.”

“Oh… okay, Sir.”

Mike obeyed with a small frustrated huff and tried to settle down and pay attention to the movie. But instead, he became acutely aware of every tiny movement that Harvey was making, every tiny shift of his hips and every little twitch of the slowly hardening cock pressed snug against his ass.

Another half hour passed and Marty was trying to show his Dad how to make his Mom fall in love with him.

Mike was fully hard now and he decided to give Harvey a little hint about this situation. He began by flexing his ass-muscles every now and then and, when that didn’t work as planned, he started grinding his butt against Harvey’s hard dick more firmly.

First he was ignored but when his movements got bolder, a strong grip on his hip put an end to his actions.

“I’m trying to watch a movie here. A movie you picked because you didn’t want to watch one of my favorites. So stop it.”

“Hmpf.”

“Are you that needy already?”
“You would be too if you’d been horny the whole day, with the plug and all the other stuff, Sir.”

“Maybe you should’ve decided to get off then, like I’ve suggested. I would’ve liked to watch you on your knees, jerking off for me and coming all over my floor.”

For a moment the picture of himself on his knees in the middle of the living room, jerking off frantically while Harvey was sitting on the couch, watching him with eyes nearly black with arousal, made him almost moan with need and his dick twitched in his shorts. Oh god, he needed to be touched so badly right now. Suddenly, a tiny but of resentment flared up and before he could catch himself, he gave voice to it.

“I’m beginning to think that too, Sir. Looks like I’ve made the wrong decision again.” His voice sounded bitter.

A swat landed on his butt, not overly harsh but hard enough to be a warning that he was scooting awfully close along the thin red line again.

“Watch yourself, Lippy. You decided to hand me the reins, so live with it. Now, shut up and stop bitching.”

All of a sudden the bitterness and resentment was gone and he felt ashamed at his behavior.

“Yes, Sir. Sorry.” Mike actually sounded meek when he muttered the words.

He knew that Harvey was right. He had given him the reins along with every decision regarding his orgasm out of his own free will and now he had to accept that it was Harvey’s choice if he would get to come. He couldn’t be a wish-list sub. That would be trying to top from the bottom and it would only get Harvey mad if he’d try that again.

Mike breathed deeply a couple of times and then decided to let it go. He would only annoy Harvey if he kept pushing the matter and that would be of no use. On the contrary. Harvey could decide that his pushy and needy sub didn’t deserve to come after all. That he needed another lesson in self-control.

After that, he focused his attention fully on his favorite movie and even mouthed a few of his favorite lines in sync with the actors. Finally his body relaxed and although he was still hard, it somehow didn’t matter anymore. Harvey would take care of him, one way or the other and there was nothing that Mike could do about it, so he finally let go and his whole body went soft and limp, with the exception of his dick.

After a few minutes his Dom praised him. “Good boy.”

Mike was by then so engrossed by the movie that Harvey’s praise, whispered into his left ear, startled him a little.

But his Dom didn’t stop there. Harvey’s mouth began caressing his neck and then shifted its attention to the shell of his ear, licking and nipping at the lobe.

“I was waiting for that, Sweetheart. Waiting for you to give in. So, stay relaxed like this and let me take care of you. Don’t move and don’t talk.”

Harvey’s left hand was pushing his boxers down and suddenly Mike could hear a cap pop open and a bottle of lube was pressed into his hand since Harvey’s right arm was still buried under all the pillows they were lying on.
“Please pour some on my fingers, Sweetheart.”

Mike obeyed and put the bottle on the coffee table when he was done.

Harvey nuzzled at the back of his neck and sighed.

“I miss the coconut,” he murmured and Mike thought that he must’ve misheard. This didn’t make any sense.

“Don’t ever change your shampoo, Mike. I love how your hair normally smells.”

Ah! Now he knew what Harvey had meant. It seemed that his Dom had a thing for smells, just like he had.

The slick fingers found their way to Mike’s crack and trailed over his hole again and again, sometimes circling it, sometimes caressing the whole length of his crack. Then the movement of the fingers stilled and only one fingertip was now situated right at his entrance. It wasn’t pressing in though, just sort of resting there.

Mike suppressed a moan but managed to stay still. He knew that Harvey was testing his self-control and although he wanted to rock back and fuck himself on that finger, he knew he couldn’t. His Dom had told him not to move.

It was as if Harvey could read his thoughts. “Watch the movie, Mike. Focus on the TV. I know you can do it.”

After what seemed like an eternity, the fingertip finally breached his body and the finger slowly slipped into him in one long movement. His hole was still a little loose from the plug and the finger didn’t meet any significant resistance. Harvey seemed to think so too since he pulled out again and, after Mike had remained obediently motionless, seemingly still watching the movie, inserted two fingers into Mike’s tight canal.

“Ah.” A small sigh escaped the sub’s lips and Harvey could feel the muscles clench around his fingers. He pulled out a little, crooked his fingertips and searched for Mike’s happy spot.

“Oh…!”

“Stay still for me, Sweetheart. Just focus on the movie and let me take care of you.”

Harvey nuzzled Mike’s neck and hairline and every now and then he swiped his tongue over the rim of Mike’s left ear while his fingertips drew tight circles on his prostate.

“Nghh.” Oh god, the feeling was getting too intense and Mike could feel a steady stream of pre-come oozing from his dick and dripping onto the blanket.

“You can do it Mike. I know you can. You’re going to come just from this, just from my fingers in your ass, as soon as the movie is over.”

Oh, shit!

“I know what you’re thinking right now, Sweetheart. But you don’t need a hand around your dick. This will be enough. Just relax and it will happen eventually. You just need to hold on until the movie ends.

The tongue was back on his ear and suddenly his earlobe was gripped by Harvey’s teeth, but softly
and without eliciting any pain.

Mike closed his eyes so that he could focus on Harvey’s fingers and his breathing picked up and got louder. His fingers twitched and his left hand began to sneak down to his groin before he caught himself and yanked it back up to his chest. He balled it into a fist and pressed it to his sternum to resist further temptation.

“You can make noise for me, Mike. You know that I love to hear you. Come on. Moan and sigh for me.”

The fingers ceased to stroke his prostate and began fucking him again with slow even thrusts. It became almost unbearable to not move his hips, to not set his own rhythm and let Harvey do all the work.

For a moment Harvey pulled his fingers out completely and Mike whined when he lost the feeling of being filled. But Harvey had mercy on him and pressed three fingers into his sub’s body. It burned a little when the muscles stretched around the intruding digits but Mike knew what to do and exhaled audibly. The fingers slid in until he could feel Harvey’s knuckles press firmly against his ass. Then they began fucking him on long slow thrusts, providing stretch and friction but never enough. He needed more, needed it harder and faster but Harvey’s movements were almost trance-like.

“You’re so good for me, Mike. I guess it is really hard for you right now to keep your hands away from your dick. You want to touch it so bad, don’t you?”

Mike nodded vigorously. “Yes, Sir. Want to touch it,” the sub whined.

Harvey’s right arm on which his head had rested until now wormed its way down and sneaked to his chest. “Cross your wrists in front of your chest, Mike.”

As soon as he did Harvey’s hand gripped both of his wrists with his strong fingers. Mike could’ve broken the grip easily with a little force but even though this restraint was only symbolic, it helped.

“Better now?”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

The fingerfucking resumed for a couple of minutes and Mike moaned and sighed but never was close to coming. He needed more. Something, anything. Pain, friction, whatever. This was not enough and it slowly drove him mad with want.

Harvey seemed to sense that he struggled.

“You’ve been so good for me Mike. So, what do you say? Do you want more than just my fingers? Do you want my cock? Shall I fuck you with my cock?”

Mike groaned. Finally! “Oh, yes Sir. Please.”

“All right, Sweetheart.” The grip on his wrists vanished. “Hand me the lube.”

The few moments Harvey needed to free his own dick from his sweatpants and make himself slick and ready was pure torture for Mike. He’d closed his eyes firmly and finally he could feel Harvey’s cock nudge against his entrance while his fingers of the right hand had found their way back to his wrists.
“Exhale and relax for me, Sweetheart. Let’s see if you can let me in in one go.”

The thought of that alone made him shiver uncontrollably and Mike took a few calming breaths before he inhaled deeply, signaling to Harvey that he was ready.

As soon as the stream of air left his mouth he could feel Harvey press in.

His muscles stretched and burned but he was able to fight off the urge to tense up.

“That’s it, Babe. That’s it. You’re doing so well for me,” Harvey murmured encouragingly in his ear.

Finally the Dom bottomed out and his groin was firmly pressed against Mike’s ass. Mike had pulled his knees towards his chest to give Harvey better access and the extra half-inch of Harvey’s cock this maneuver gave him made him moan out loud.

Harvey laughed breathily, delighted at Mike’s reactions. “Let’s stay like this for a moment. Just breathe for me and relax.”

After a few minutes Harvey began to shift his hips in a lazy rhythm, pressing in and pulling out in slow and even thrusts just like he had done before with his fingers.

“You feel so good, Sweetheart. So tight and hot around me.”

His left hand had taken hold of Mike’s hip and his mouth was once again licking and nipping at the sub’s neck.

Then he changed the angle slightly and the cockhead brushed over Mike’s prostate.

“Oh,” the sub sighed almost breathless.

“You liked that, Sweetheart?”

“Yes. More, please. Good.”

Harvey repeated the movement and Mike began to shiver, finally feeling his orgasm building up from deep inside the pit of his stomach.

Harvey laughed again, but this time there was a hint of mischief in it. “But you need to hold on for another half hour I guess, until the movie ends.”

“What? No, please.” The sub almost howled with disappointment.

Harvey’s hand stroked his hip and thigh to calm him down a little. “It would be bad form not to watch the movie to its end. So you need to hold on a little longer.”

A whimper escaped Mike’s lips. Now, that he finally was getting where he wanted to be he was told that he wasn’t allowed to come. That was just pure evil.

“But I will make it a little easier for you, Sweetheart, since you’ve been such a good boy.”

Another brush against his prostate, another loud moan from Mike, accompanied by a full-body shiver.

“Such pretty reactions,” Harvey almost crooned into his ear. “But no more of this for now.” The Dom changed the angle again and resumed the slow fucking and every now and then he pressed
his dick deep inside of Mike’s body and rolled his hips before he resumed the languid fucking.

“So, watch the movie Mike. Focus on the TV and if you can do this for me, if you can be my good boy now and don’t come, you’ll get a reward as soon as the end-credits begin. I promise, Babe. Just trust me. I know what you need.”

Mike was barely able to hold on, even after Harvey avoided his prostate. It seemed that it had kick-started the building of his climax and even the slow, smooth thrusts couldn’t stop it anymore. But somehow Mike managed to focus on the movie although he could feel that he himself was the sole recipient of Harvey’s attention.

Finally, finally, Doc Brown had taken Marty and Jennifer with him in the flying DeLorean to the future and the end-credits started to roll.

“You’ve been such a good boy for me. So patient and obedient,” Harvey murmured into Mike’s ear and caressed his cheek and neck with his lips.

Mike thought that he would finally get the fucking he craved, but instead, Harvey pulled out and left him empty.

“No, please…” The words were out before he could catch himself.

“Patience, Mike. I’ve got you.”

He could feel Harvey shift behind him into an upright position.

“Stand up and get rid of the clothes. I want you naked for what comes next.”

So, there was a next. Thank god for small mercies. Mike got to his feet and Harvey did the same. Both men hurried to strip out of their clothes and as soon as he was naked the Dom settled down again on the couch, but this time he remained sitting, his balls resting heavy between his slightly spread legs and the large cock pointing upwards, dark and glistening with lube.

Mike remained standing, not knowing what Harvey wanted him to do. His own cock was flushed red and very hard, the crown glistening with pre-come and he could feel some lube dribble down from between his ass-cheeks to his thighs.

Harvey grinned up at him and patted his own thighs. “Come here and straddle me, Sweetheart. I want you to ride me.”

Mike couldn’t help himself. He started grinning like this was Christmas and his birthday at once. Damn. This had always been a secret fantasy for him and it was almost creepy that Harvey seemed to know exactly what he wanted. Almost like the Dom could read his thoughts and wishes.

In the past Mike had envied his girlfriends when they’d rode him in this position because he’d wanted to know how that felt. The girls all had seemed to like it very much and now he could finally find out for himself.

His knees braced Harvey’s hips as he brought himself into position above Harvey’s erection. But before he could reach down to guide the cock to his entrance, Harvey pulled him close and claimed his mouth in a passionate kiss, Harvey’s right hand at the back of his head to hold him there. Even in this position with him on top, his Dom was able to dominate him and that was so fucking hot.

Suddenly he could feel the tip of Harvey’s cock brush between his cheeks and trailing up and down his crack. He moaned loudly into Harvey’s mouth but the searching and teasing tongue of
his Dom hushed him up and prevented him from begging for more. The right hand wandered down to his hip while Harvey brought his cock into position right underneath Mike’s fluttering pucker. Then his hip was guided downwards and Harvey’s dick slid into him in one slow motion.

“Oh god, Harvey!” Mike had thrown his head back and closed his eyes when Harvey bottomed out and suddenly there was this exquisite pressure inside of him.

Harvey snapped his own hips upwards to fuck into Mike’s tight slippery heat a couple of times before he stilled again. When Mike opened his eyes again, he gazed into the almost black eyes of his Dom. Harvey enjoyed this position very much if his facial expression was an indicator.

“Good?” The Dom cocked an eyebrow.

“Yes, good Sir. So good.”

“Place your hands on the back of the couch, Babe, and hold on tight. Don’t let go. But you can move your body and talk now. I want you to take what you need to come. Ride me, Mike. Ride my cock, rub yourself against me and let me hear you.”

Mike looked into Harvey’s eyes with the wide-blown pupils and got an encouraging smile.

“You can do it Sweetheart. You can come like this. Just take what you need. I will hold on until you’ve come.”

The sub nodded. Yes, he could do this. Mike started to roll his hips until he found just the right angle. When he got that tiny electric jolt to his prostate he began to bounce up and down on his Dom’s cock, his strong thighs coming in handy as he increased the speed and force the more he felt himself getting closer. Harvey’s hands were lightly resting on his hips and buttocks, not guiding or holding him, only offering a connection.

“This feels so good, Sir. So good. You’re so big. So good. So hot. Fuck!” Mike knew that he was babbling but Harvey had told him that he could talk, so it was okay.

“Yes Sweetheart. You feel good, too. Tight and hot. Come on, ride me. Ride my cock like you would ride a dildo. Use me like you would use a toy and make yourself come for me.”

“Oh god, yes Sir. I wanna come for you.”

His movements became more frantic the closer he got and he could feel the tip of his cock brush against Harvey’s warm skin on his stomach again and again, every time he bounced on Harvey’s cock. When he looked down he could see that the area below Harvey’s sternum was slick with his pre-come and the thought of painting this smooth and lightly tanned skin white with his semen made him groan. He was close, so close, he could almost taste his orgasm. But he wasn’t quite there although he tried with all his might. He leaned forward and pressed his chest against Harvey’s to trap his cock between their bodies, so that he could rub himself against Harvey more firmly but it still wasn’t enough. He buried his face in the crook of Harvey’s neck, grinding into his Dom as hard as he could.

“Are you close, Mike?” Harvey’s voice sounded breathless too, like holding his erection for Mike’s pleasure without moving was a chore in itself.

“Yes, Sir close. But I can’t … can’t…” he whined with disappointment when the last little bit to fulfillment escaped him over and over again. It felt like something was holding him back, preventing him from getting what he so urgently needed.
“Need a little help, Puppy?” It was like Harvey knew exactly what was going on in Mike’s head.

His fingers clenched around the back of the sofa. Just one jerk of his cock would be enough. Just a fingertip trailing over his crown and he would be able to finally let go.

“Please, Sir. Please help me. Please touch my cock, Sir. Please.” Mike leaned back again to give Harvey access to his straining cock.

Harvey’s face got soft and he smiled warmly. “You beg so prettily, Sweetheart. You have no idea what that does to me.”

Then the warm smile vanished and gave way to a roguish grin as both of his hands left Mike’s ass. But instead to his cock they traveled upward to his chest, trailing softly over his nipples, circling the areolas slowly. Mike looked down to see what Harvey was doing while he still rode the big cock like this was a rodeo and he were riding a wild stallion, chasing for his climax in a frantic rhythm.

“I’m going to pinch these pretty nipples, Mike. Pinch them hard and make them hurt good. Just the way you like it. Shall I? Do you want me to pinch your nipples, Mike?”

The sub groaned. Hearing the words alone was almost enough. “Oh yes, please. Do it, Sir. Please. Make them hurt.”

When the sharp pain shot through him like a lightning bolt he threw his head back and rocked down firmly until Harvey’s dick was as far in his ass as it could reach. He rolled his hips desperately while Harvey still tugged at his nipples and suddenly his back arched and his whole body tensed up right before his climax ripped through him.

“Oh yes!” His hips stuttered and jerked and Harvey began to rock his own hips upwards and he fucked Mike through his orgasm.

Harvey’s hands had left his nipples and were back at his ass, but this time the fingers were kneading his buttocks with a firm grip and the fingertips of his index-fingers slipped into his crack and caressed his clenching sphincter around the still fucking cock.

For a moment he thought that Harvey would slip the fingertips inside his ass alongside the cock to stretch him even more and although Harvey only massaged his sphincter, that image alone increased his climax even more, almost like he was coming again, when he wasn’t even finished with the first orgasm.

His dick twitched and he could feel it unloading spurt after spurt of come on Harvey’s chest and stomach. When he was almost done, his climax slowly subsiding, he looked down and saw how beautiful his Dom looked now with all his glistening come on his lightly tanned smooth skin and he smiled proudly. He had been good for Harvey and had done what his Dom had told him to do.

Harvey pulled his sub close into a breathless kiss, rubbing his slippery skin against Mike’s and then guided the sub’s head to the crook of his neck so he could rest for a few moments to get his breath back.

“That was beautiful, Sweetheart. Just beautiful. You’re so good for me.”

The stayed like this for a few moments until they got their breath back, Harvey murmuring praise into Mike’s ear all the while. When his breathing had evened out and post-coital exertion kicked in Harvey suddenly lifted him up. He shifted them around so that Mike was lying on his back with Harvey kneeling between his spread legs, one leg kneeling on the sofa while the foot of the other
one was firmly braced on the floor for some extra leverage.

“My turn, Puppy.” Harvey was smiling down on him and Mike grinned exhaustedly right back up.

“Yes, please.”

Harvey fucked him with hard, quick strokes and Mike stretched his arms out over his head and braced himself against the armrest of the sofa so he wouldn’t be pushed upwards with every forceful stroke.

“You’ve been such a good boy for me, Mike. My boy. Mine. Fuck your little tight ass good. Fill you up.” It seemed like Harvey tended to babble too the closer he got to his orgasm and seeing the great Harvey Specter falling apart on top of him was almost enough to make Mike hard again.

The fucking got even quicker the closer Harvey got and Mike looked up into his Dom’s face in awe. He could see only want and lust and adoration in Harvey’s eyes and it filled him with a warm feeling.

This beautiful man that was searching for completion between his legs was his Dom.

“Yes, Harvey. I’m yours. Only yours. I want nobody else fucking me like that. Only you. Only your come in my ass.”

“Yes, only me… nobody else.”

The last few thrusts were so hard that Harvey’s balls slapped against Mike’s ass-cheeks with a loud fleshy sound.

“I’m gonna come now, Sweetheart. Gonna fill you up.”

“Yes. Please, Sir! Please! Harvey!”

A last thrust and then Harvey pressed his sticky chest firmly down against Mike, holding the sub down with his body weight while his hips stuttered minutely. His mouth found Mike’s neck and he kissed, licked and sucked at the sweaty skin while his throbbing dick ejected his semen into Mike’s pliant hot hole.

When Harvey’s climax finally subsided he stayed like this a while longer until he could feel Mike getting restless under him.

“Sorry, am I to heavy, Sweetheart?”

Mike giggled, still feeling a little high. “A little but I don’t care. I wanna stay like this forever. Glued to you by my jizz.”

The sub gave him a tired but satisfied smile and Harvey laughed a little too and then kissed Mike’s nose playfully before he propped himself up on his arms and found Mike’s mouth for a long kiss. When he shifted his weight a little, his softening dick slipped out of Mike’s very wet and stretched hole and Mike made a disappointed noise. Harvey knew exactly how his sub felt.

“Sorry, Sweetheart. But we can’t stay like this indefinitely. Let’s get up and take a shower. We’re both covered in come.”

Mike was still grinning dopily and his mouth went off before he could stop himself. “And whose fault is this, Sir?”
Harvey raised an eyebrow. “So, you would’ve rather I hadn’t let you come? And I wouldn’t call it exactly a fault.”

Luckily, the Dom didn’t sound angry at Mike’s quip. “No, on both accounts. I’m glad that you’ve let me come, Sir. And I like it on my body, I like how it looks and feels on my skin. But it itches when it dries.”

Harvey slowly came to his feet and pulled Mike up on his wrist.

“Come on, Sweetheart. Shower and then bed. And no more discussion. Puppies need a lot of sleep.”

Mike, still a little high-spirited after his climax gave him a mock salute. “Aye, aye, Captain.”

Harvey’s mouth gaped open. Surely that little mouthy shit hadn’t just…

A firm swat landed on Mike’s ass and the sub could feel how on impact a small rivulet of Harvey’s semen slid down the inner side of his right thigh and he shivered slightly. Damn. His dick twitched excitedly at this feeling like it wasn’t aware that only a couple of minutes ago Mike had climaxed.

“Don’t you dare mock Star Trek, Lippy or I buy Uhura’s uniform and make you wear it the next time we go out. Thigh-high boots included.”

Mike stopped dead in his tracks but instead of looking horrified he only smiled.

“I could totally pull that off. I have soft features… and the right legs.”

Harvey couldn’t help himself. He broke out into laughter as the image of Mike in the communications officers uniform popped up in front of his inner eye.

“Don’t tempt me, Puppy. Don’t tempt me.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. This chapter is not beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

I love to read your thoughts on my story so getting comments always makes me happy and Kudos is also highly appreciated.
Chapter Summary

Mike is on an emotional rollercoaster when things go from very bad to very good in the course of one morning.

Chapter Notes

A little, well, quite a bit of angst and emotional distress but in the end everything will work out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Mike woke up he kept his eyes closed and felt around for the warm body of his Dom to snuggle against. Instead, he found large stretches of soft Egyptian cotton without any sign of Harvey. With a huff he opened his eyes and raised his head. Yep. Once again, Harvey had gotten up before him. Well, maybe he could somehow persuade his Dom to come back into bed with him. He made his way into Harvey’s living room just like he was, which meant naked and with hard morning wood bouncing up and down with every step, leading the way. Maybe that would be enough to convince Harvey that a little playtime was a good idea. Other than showing his Dom that he was up for anything Mike wouldn’t go any further. He’d learned his lesson in Harvey’s office although in hindsight, the spanking with the ruler over Harvey’s desk had been hot. Maybe they could do that for play sometime.

The living room, as the rest of the condo, was disappointingly lacking his Dom but Mike found a note next to the coffee maker.

*Good Morning, Mike.*

*I’m out for a run and a little workout. Will be back at around 9 am. If you’re up before I’m back please take a shower and shave. You can get yourself a cup of coffee or anything else you want to drink when you’re done but don’t eat yet. I want to take you out for Brunch.*

*Harvey*

The oven-timer showed 8:28 am and Mike pondered for a moment whether he should wait with his shower until Harvey came back. Maybe they could take the shower together which might lead to… things. He could always claim that he’d just woken up, could even go back to bed and let Harvey wake him up. In fact, this seemed like an excellent plan.

He hurried back to the bedroom and slipped between the sheets, trying to remember in which position he’d woken up. He curled himself into a ball, lying on his left side and closed his eyes, trying to breathe deeply like he was still in Morpheus’ arms. And if he really went back to sleep until Harvey came back, it wouldn’t even be a lie.
A lie!

This thought startled him. He was planning to lie to his Dom. This subterfuge was nothing else than lying through omission. Pretending that he hadn’t woken up yet, that he’d been asleep all the time, letting Harvey make his own assumptions.

Mike groaned and sat up. Shit! He got out of bed with a sigh and stomped into the bathroom to do as Harvey had told him, grumbling under his breath. Sometimes it seriously sucked to try to become a better person.

But before he stepped under the shower he made a detour to retrieve his shampoo from his overnight bag. He hadn’t forgotten how Harvey had complained the other night that his hair didn’t smell right.

After the shower he paid special attention to his shave, Harvey’s comment from yesterday still fresh in his mind. Better not tempt fate. And since his Dom wanted to take him out for brunch, his appearance would need to be perfect or Harvey would be displeased. This weekend had been almost without any bigger hiccups so far, so he couldn’t slack off now.

He was just finishing up brushing his teeth when he heard his phone ringing in the bedroom. Thinking that maybe Harvey or the nursing home was calling him, he hurried over and hit the answer button without even glancing at the number.

“Hi Mike. Long time no see. And it’s not nice that I needed to ask Jenny for your new number. You should’ve called me and given it to me yourself. That was really shitty of you.”

He sat down on the edge of the bed and closed his eyes for a minute to get his feelings back under control. Hearing Trevor’s voice after all this weeks of radio-silence felt like a punch to the gut and an avalanche of conflicting feelings threatened to overwhelm him.

Listening to Trevor’s voice for just 10 seconds, his former best friend had made him feel guilty and his first impulse was indeed to apologize for being a shitty friend, but then, after a brief moment of thought, it hit him. He had done nothing wrong. Declining to sell drugs was not wrong. But asking your friend to sell your drugs for you, was. So it was Trevor who needed to apologize to him and not the other way round.

But somehow he still felt guilty and Trevor sure as hell knew how to milk this feeling for his own ends. Mike knew this on an intellectual level even if his feelings were opposed to his mind. Fighting the urge to please Trevor, to overcome deep-ingrained patterns that had developed themselves more than a decade ago with all his might, he managed to adopt a neutral tone of voice.

“What do you want, Trevor?”

The self-proclaimed drug-lord immediately picked up on Mike’s new attitude towards him and changed tracks accordingly.

“Can’t I call my best friend to see how he’s doing? I missed you, Buddy. Honestly. I don’t want to live in a world where we’re not close.”

At that rueful tone of voice, Mike’s resolve melted into nothingness and for a moment it was like their fight had never happened and the old Trevor from before all the drug-dealing and the college-debacle was back.

Maybe he had been too hard on Trevor. And after all, he had been his best friend for the last 13 years. He’d hit Tony Rizzo with a trashcan-lid to safe him before he’d even known Mike’s name.
And he was the first guy Mike had kissed… and jerked off. The first guy he’d been in love with. That should count for something.

“I missed you too,” he admitted hesitantly, his voice getting softer while his determination melted like snow in July.

It was the truth. He had missed his best friend. Even now that he had Harvey in his life, he’d missed the funny, goofy, easy going Trevor, his best friend in the world from his childhood days. Trevor wasn’t all bad. And it was his own fault that he always let Trevor persuade him to do dumb stuff. He was more intelligent than Trevor after all, so it should be on him to keep his friend and himself out of trouble. It was his own fault, his own bad choices and Trevor really couldn’t be blamed, at least not entirely.

“Hey, I wanted to tell you for some time now, I’m sorry that I asked you to sell the weed for me. You were right and I shouldn’t have held it against you. It’s just… I was desperate, man and you, the only person I knew I could always rely on, left me hanging. So that’s why I got mad. It really hurt, especially since it was you. We were always so tight and when people who mean the most to you let you down…, well, anyway, sorry I fought with you.”

Mike thought about it for a couple of seconds. What Trevor said actually sounded genuine but it also made him feel guilty as hell. He knew that Trevor always relied on him to help him out. And so far Mike had always come through. No wonder that Trevor had felt betrayed by him and had lashed out to hurt him. Well, if Trevor could put this thing past him so could he.

“Yeah. And I’m sorry that I yelled at you and told you to get lost. But my Grammy… I couldn’t risk it. If it had been only for me Trevor, you know I would’ve helped you out. But Grammy….”

“Yeah, I know. Water under the bridge. How is the old lady?” Trevor knew that Mike’s Grammy never had been a fan of him since she’d never bothered to hide her feelings but he knew that this question would endear him to Mike.

“Better now. The new meds are working and she’s a little more alert.”

“Jenny told me that you’re working nights to cough up the money, though. How’s that working out?”

Mike sighed as he thought back at his 3 week stint as a cleaner.

“It was hard for a while but I’ve found another way to come up with the money and I quit again. The lack of sleep was too exhausting and dangerous what with me needing to ride my bike all day.”

“Did you sell tests again?”

“Yeah, a few to tide me over at first. But now I found another solution.”

It slipped out without thinking, almost like Trevor had lulled him in, and he caught himself just in time before he revealed more than he should. He couldn’t tell Trevor what was going on in his life. In some sane part of his brain the alarm bells were going off at Trevor’s sudden interest.

“So, what did you do? Maybe I could do it too. You know, money’s always tight. Maybe I should go legit, like you. That’s what you always told me.”

“I don’t think that it’s your style, Trevor.”
He couldn’t very well tell Trevor that Pearson Hardman had given him the money and that he was about to sue the nursing home administrator. Harvey would be furious if Mike couldn’t keep his mouth shut. And Trevor… he couldn’t trust Trevor. He wanted to but he couldn’t. He knew he couldn’t.

“Why don’t you let me the judge of that. So, tell me Mike. What are you doing? You owe me that after letting me down.”

And there was this special voice again. The voice Trevor always used when he wanted Mike to do something.

Only a couple of weeks ago, this tone of voice would’ve worked on Mike instantly and yes, even now he wanted to please Trevor and tell him everything.

The thing was though, he was Harvey’s boy now and Mike knew that his Dom wouldn’t want him to talk to Trevor about their plan. Another thing was that Harvey was so much better at the voice and his Dom would never use the voice to hurt Mike, but Trevor would. He’d done so in the past, when he persuaded Mike to sell the math test. And when Mike had smoked his first joint and they got caught by the police. And all the other times Trevor had persuaded him to smoke some weed until Mike had gotten hooked on the stuff. So he fought his urges with all his might but somehow he overcompensated and instead of playing it cool he sounded pissed off and defensive.

“What’s it to you, Trevor? I came up with the money, end of story.”

“Geez Mike. Cool down. I just wanted to take an interest. That’s what friends do after all. Not that you would know. You haven’t even asked me how I was doing.”

And just like that, the urge to apologize was back. Why did he always feel like he was wrong and Trevor was right even when he was sure that he’d done nothing wrong? Trevor was playing him like a fiddle, had always been able to do this, but for the first time Mike became aware of it and this revelation hurt like hell.

“Sorry. So, how have you been? Are you back with Jenny?” He knew he sounded weary but he couldn’t hide his feelings, not even if he tried. Harvey had been right. He wore his heart on his sleeve.

“Yeah, a little groveling and she took me back. She couldn’t stay mad at me after I’ve given her the special Trevor treatment.”

Mike heard the smugness seep out of Trevor’s voice and he knew exactly what Trevor was talking about. His friend could be very charming and persuasive if he’d set his mind on something… or someone. Trevor had once said that he could charm a nun out of her panties if he wanted to and Mike had laughed at that, not quite sure if he’d been joking.

But essentially, it was the truth. Trevor could be a master manipulator if he wanted something. Maybe intelligence-wise he wasn’t the sharpest knife in the drawer but he had a way to make people do his bidding. Mike knew that, had seen that many times. And still, he somehow had hoped that Trevor wouldn’t manipulate him. They were friends after all and surely friends wouldn’t do that to one another. He wouldn’t do it to his friends, or to anybody really. But then, Trevor was friends, more than friends, with Jenny and he did it to Jenny all the time. So why should he be the exception of the rule?

But knowing what Trevor was trying to do and not being affected by it were two very different things.
Shit. Mike could feel his thoughts spin in his head so fast that he was getting a headache. His free hand raked through his damp hair and made it stand on end. This was getting confusing fast so he decided to wrap it up and regroup.

“Hey, I’m happy you guys made up. And I would really like to catch up with you but I need to run. I have another job and I’m already late.”

This was the only excuse he could come up with right now. Somehow, when dealing with Trevor, his genius brain always turned to goo.

“What job, Buddy? It’s Sunday. Nobody works on Sundays, except waiters. Don’t tell me that you’re waiting tables.”

Mike exhaled relieved and took the out Trevor was providing him with without giving it a second thought… or smelling the trap. “Yeah, and I have the lunch-shift so I need to run. Today is my day to do the prep. You know, setting tables and stuff.” He was actually a little proud that he knew the right lingo.

“You sure Mike?” Mike could hear the smug smile in Trevor’s tone of voice and he could picture the accompanying expression on his face as clearly as if Trevor were standing in front of him and he knew that he’d screwed up even before Trevor continued.

“You always said that you’d rather die than wait tables. I think you’re hiding something from me, Mikey. I know that you’re lying. I’ve always known when you were lying. Remember, I’m the only person who knows you that well, Mikey. You can’t bullshit me.”

*Shit, fuck, shit!*

“Stop calling me Mikey. You know that I don’t like it. And I’m not hiding anything, Trev. I just discovered that I hate cleaning offices more than I hate to wait tables. And the tips are better.”

“Where?”

“Where, what?”

“Where do you wait tables? Jenny and I could come by, have a bite. Unless you’re bullshitting me.”

“No way I’m telling you. You would only make fun of me, maybe even get me fired with one of your stupid pranks.”

“I know that you’re lying, Mikey. You’re not waiting tables. But you’re doing something else. Maybe something you’re ashamed off. Even more ashamed off than waiting tables. What is it Mikey? Maybe something I once suggested to you? You know I will find out.”

Mike knew what Trevor was hinting at and all of a sudden, he felt a little nauseated.

“Listen Trevor, I need to run.”

“Don’t hang up on me, Mikey. You know I will just call until you tell me the truth. So better fess up now or things will get ugly.”

“Don’t Trevor, please. Just let it go.”

“I could come by your place and we could have a little heart to heart. In fact, that sounds like a
great idea. I think I will do just that.”

“I’m not at home, Trevor.”

“Where are you then?”

“None of your business. And I’m hanging up now. Don’t come by. Just leave me alone. I mean it Trevor.”

“Oh, come on Mikey…”

Mike fumbled with his phone until he managed to hit the right button to end the conversation. For a few moments he just stared blankly at his phone. This hadn’t gone well at all. And somehow he wasn’t mad at Trevor but at himself for hoping Trevor had changed. For having been blind to Trevor’s faults for so long.

When the screen lit up again and the ringtone started, showing that Trevor wouldn’t give up so easily, he hit decline and shut his phone off for good. But then he remembered that this was the only phone number the nursing home had for him, so he turned it on again. He would need to screen his calls and put it on vibrate until Trevor would give up, which could take a while. And eventually he needed to tell Harvey. Shit! He was not at all in the mood for a round of told-you-so since the call had stirred up some bad memories.

Right on cue he could hear the front door being opened and a key dropped into the bowl on the bureau next to the front door.

And he didn’t even have coffee yet. The day already sucked.

Hurriedly he pulled on his boxers and a t-shirt and went to the living room to greet Harvey, leaving his still buzzing phone behind on the bed.

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Harvey was wearing sweat-shorts and a sweat-soaked t-shirt along with worn Asics running-shoes. He had a duffle-bag slung over his shoulder which he let slip down now as he made his way to the fridge. When he saw Mike, already showered and shaved and with still damp hair making his way over to him, his face lit up.

“Great. You’re already up. Maybe we can get to brunch early then. I’m starving.”

“Morning, Sir. Is there time for me to get a coffee? I haven’t had one yet.”

Harvey had gulped about half a bottle of water down and gestured invitingly towards the coffee maker.

“Sure. I just take a quick shower. And if you would prepare a coffee for me too, in say about 20 minutes, I would appreciate it. A splash of milk, no sugar. I never drink coffee before working out and now I could use a hit of caffeine.”

“Yes, of course, Sir,” Mike replied absentmindedly, his thoughts still replaying his conversation with Trevor.
He walked over to the coffee maker and instinctively tried to avoid Harvey’s gaze, eyes fixed firmly on the kitchen implement. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to tell Harvey about Trevor’s call but he wanted to think about it first, straighten a few things out in his head. It was all too fresh and he needed to process it first. So he kept his mouth shut and focused on getting the coffee while his mind ran at a 150 miles per hour.

He made it past the first 3 steps.

“Mike, is something the matter?”

“Everything’s fine, Sir. I just need coffee.” The lie slipped out before he could think about it and for a second he thought that he could get away with it. It wasn’t that he’d planned to lie. He just wasn’t ready yet.

“Michael, eyes!”

He stopped dead in his tracks and steeled himself for what would be coming next. Slowly he shifted his eyes upwards to meet Harvey’s who’d moved away from the fridge and now stood between his sub and the coffee-maker.

With another little step his Dom moved into his personal space and Mike could smell his sweat and musk. Harvey’s slightly disheveled state only emphasized on his dominance and Mike shivered involuntarily. Harvey took hold of his sub’s chin with one hand while the other came around to the scruff of Mike’s neck, the grip of both hands not painful but not gentle either. For a few seconds the brown eyes scanned his face searchingly and then Harvey’s brows furrowed, obviously very displeased with what he read in Mike’s face.

“I’m going to ignore the fact that you just blatantly lied to me since I think that something is deeply troubling you and you just slipped back into old habits without meaning to. But don’t you dare do it again or I will take you over my knee right here and spank your ass till it blisters before I put you on your knees in that corner for the rest of the day. So, let’s try again, Michael. Is something the matter?”

Mike held his Dom’s gaze for as long as he could but he could feel his eyes tear up and suddenly a single teardrop slid down his left cheek.

“I’m sorry Sir. I didn’t mean to. I know I should’ve told you. I would’ve told you later. I just wanted to think first.”

“Told me what, Mike?”

“He called me.”

“Who did, Mike?”

“Trevor.”

“Why does he have your new number?”

“Jenny gave it to him. They’re back together.”

“When did he call you?”

“I ended the call just seconds before you got back.”
Although Harvey was displeased that Trevor was back in Mike’s life he didn’t know why Mike seemed so troubled about it. After all, Mike had missed his friend and had defended him when Harvey wanted Mike to cut him loose. Maybe Mike was distressed because he knew that his Dom would be displeased by the news that Trevor was back.

“But you knew, or hoped, that he would call you eventually. Or did he say something that troubled you?” he probed.

“I… yes. And I think I might have screwed up.”

“Why? Did you agree to a meeting? Or did you tell him about us or the problem with the nursing home?”

“No, but… he started asking questions and I lied to him because telling him the truth felt wrong. I knew that you wouldn’t want me to tell him about us and the lawsuit, but he knew I was lying and he wouldn’t let it go and he said that he would find out what I’m hiding from him.”

Harvey let go of Mike’s face, briefly stroked his hair to flatten it at least a little, and pulled him into his arms.

“I can see that this is a longer story,” he murmured softly, his lips caressing Mike’s temple while his hands drew slow circles on the back of the younger man. “Tell you what. Go get your coffee and I’ll take a quick shower. Let’s talk when I’m clean and you’ve calmed down a little. Would that be okay, Mike? Can I leave you alone for a few minutes?”

Mike nodded his head against Harvey’s shoulder and the Dom patted his ass reassuringly.

“Okay, then. Meet you at the couch in twenty.”

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Mike was kneeling on his pillow in front of the couch, coffee-cup cradled in his hands, when Harvey returned to the living room. The Dom was wearing tan slacks and a light-blue button-down shirt, his clothing very casual for his standards. His hair was slicked in place as usual as if he was ready to conquer the world but his eyes displayed his concern for his sub. When he saw that a coffee cup was waiting for him on the coffee table, he made his way over and sat down.

Mike’s eyes were fixed on the cup he was holding although Harvey could see that it was almost empty. He reached out and took it from Mike before cupping the young man’s face in his warm hands. Mike could smell the aftershave on the hands and the scent somehow seemed to calm the sub a little.

When the blue eyes finally met his enquiring gaze, he could see sadness and confusion in them and his heart ached for Mike.

“Sit with me, Puppy.”

Harvey shifted over to the corner of the couch and opened his legs invitingly so Mike could sit between them and lean his head against Harvey’s shoulder.

“So, I take it that the talk didn’t go well?”
Mike shook his head. “I finally realized something but it hurts like a bitch. I think I’ve been really stupid all this time.” His voice was almost a whisper, like he was still unsure if he’d come to the right conclusion.

“Why not start at the beginning?”

Mike nodded his head. That would help him sort out his thoughts.

“All right. I was brushing my teeth when my phone rang and I picked up but only when I heard his voice I knew it was Trevor. I’d thought maybe you or the nursing home were calling and I didn’t check the number first. Hearing his voice after all this time… it felt like someone had punched me. I was stunned.”

“But I thought you wanted him to contact you again. You were so adamant when I told you to cut him loose, you even made it a hard limit.”

Mike sighed. “That’s what I thought and after the initial shock of hearing his voice was over, I really was happy. I’ve missed him. Still do. But then he did this thing he always does. He tried to tell me how I should feel and other stuff like that. And in the past it would’ve worked too.”

“What other stuff?”

“He tried to make me feel guilty for not giving him my new number and for not reaching out first. But it didn’t work. Well, it did… for a minute or so I felt guilty as hell but then I got angry and he immediately picked up on it and backed off. I don’t know, it’s like he knows exactly what to say. He apologized for asking me to drop the weed off at the Chilton and for getting mad when I wouldn’t do it. He said all the right things. Like that he didn’t want to live in a world where we’re not close and….” He trailed off because all of a sudden Harvey’s body had gone stiff as a board under him.

“Mike, please look at me.”

The sub sat up a little and turned his head around so he could look at his Dom. Harvey could see that puzzled and insecure look in his sub’s eyes, almost like Mike thought he had done or said something wrong. He wanted to reassure him, tell him that everything was fine, but it wasn’t and he needed to get to the bottom of it.

“Are you telling me that Trevor asked you to deliver drugs for him at the Chilton Hotel? Did I understand that right?”

Mike shrugged a little. “Yeah, he did but I wouldn’t do it. There was this article in *Freakonomics* about getting killed while delivering drugs is more likely than getting killed while on death-row. I told him that I couldn’t risk it because I need to take care of Grammy but he still wanted me to do it. He even offered me the money for my Grammy’s nursing home. It was right around the time when the first huge bill got in and when I still wouldn’t do it although I was desperate, he punched me and called me a traitor. I hadn’t heard from him until this morning.”

“When was it that he wanted you to deliver the drugs for him?” Harvey’s voice sounded like ice and the expression in his eyes was a little scary although Mike knew that Harvey’s anger was not directed at him.

“A couple of weeks ago? 2nd of May I think. Yeah, it was a Thursday. 10 am and room 2412. That’s where I was supposed to deliver the briefcase. But why is that important? I never did it.”
Harvey closed his eyes and took a few breaths like he wanted to calm himself. Mike could see that Harvey was furious about something but he was sure that it wasn’t because of anything he’d done.

Suddenly, Harvey’s arms enveloped him and he was pulled into a bear-hug. It felt like Harvey needed to hold on to him with all his might and all he could do was relax into the embrace and let his Dom feel that he was there and wouldn’t go anywhere.

When Harvey finally spoke his voice sounded somehow detached like he was only stating mere facts but under this lifeless and flat tone of voice there was pure rage and hatred simmering through. Mike shivered. Harvey had never seemed so dangerous and he was glad that he wasn’t the recipient of that rage.

“On Thursday, the 2nd of May I was conducting job-interviews in search of a personal associate at the Chilton Hotel. At shortly after 10 am there was a commotion outside the suite I was in. When I looked outside a young man was arrested by two cops from the narcotics division. One of them was disguised as a hotel employee. I had Donna snoop around a little and it seemed like the man was delivering a briefcase full of weed to a room in the hotel. Only there wasn’t a buyer waiting for him but the police.”

Harvey exhaled while his whole body shivered and his grip on Mike got almost painful.

“Damn it Mike. That would’ve been you if you’d given in to Trevor’s demands. He would’ve send you straight into the arms of the police. And I guess he forgot to mention that when he called you today, or did he?”

Mike was in shock. He could feel waves of hot and cold wash over his body and he started sweating. His sympathetic nervous system went haywire and stress hormones were released in huge quantities. His breathing sped up too and he started to shiver uncontrollably although he felt quite hot.

It could’ve been him. It almost would’ve been him. He had been so desperate to come up with the money and only the thought of how disappointed Grammy would be with him had prevented him from doing what Trevor had asked no, demanded, of him. But it had been really hard to resist his friend.

Instead, he’d taken the ACT, MCAT, LSAT and GMAT, each for 25 hundred and he’d cleaned out what little savings he had to cover the first bill for his Grammy. But it had been a close call. In fact, the day after their fight, Mike had tried to call Trevor to apologize and offer to do it but Trevor hadn’t taken his call. At that time it had felt like Trevor was punishing him but now Mike thanked his lucky stars.

He could be in prison now. His Grammy could be in a state facility or dead from the shock. And, he would’ve never met Harvey. Well, Harvey would have watched him getting arrested, but that would’ve been all the contact they would’ve ever had. He would still be alone and in prison. And Trevor hadn’t told him. Instead, he’d made Mike feel guilty although he knew now that Mike had been right to turn him down. Why hadn’t Trevor told him? Why hadn’t he apologized? Why did he still try to manipulate him? Why…? What…?

Suddenly a wave of nausea hit him. The whole room seemed to spin around him and for a moment he tried to take deep breaths but then he could feel the coffee churn in his stomach and he pushed against Harvey who only clutched him harder to his chest like he would never be able to let go of Mike.
“Let go. Gonna… sick!” he panted before he clasped his hand to his mouth and finally Harvey noticed what was happening with Mike.

He let go of the sub and Mike clambered to his feet and hurried in the direction of the bathroom. But when he felt the bile rise in his throat he changed directions and just barely made it to the kitchen sink.

He heaved and heaved until he got cramps in his stomach and his eyes teared up from the stinging sensation in his throat but although his stomach was long empty, he couldn’t stop. Vomiting coffee was bad but pure bile was even worse.

Right after the first few seconds of throwing up, he could feel Harvey standing behind him, supporting his shaking body with one arm around his chest and his other hand on Mike’s forehead, the thumb drawing soft circles in his hair. He relaxed his neck and let the weight of his head being held by Harvey while he emptied his stomach in painful, exhausting spurts.

Normally he would’ve felt embarrassed to be sick in front of someone else, a lover no less, but Harvey’s presence felt oddly comforting. Someone was there for him. Someone kept him safe and cared for him. He wasn’t alone, needn’t deal with this alone. And once more he realized that he needn’t hide from Harvey, not even something like this, revolting as it might be.

Suddenly he remembered the time when he’d been sick with food poisoning at college and Trevor had called him disgusting and mocked him and then had left him alone for 3 days to fend for himself until Mike had felt better, claiming that friendship wouldn’t include cleaning up other peoples’ sick. At that time Mike had felt guilty for being ill. How stupid he’d been.

Finally the nausea subsided but Mike stayed for a few more seconds bent over the sink, panting hard, body shaking and eyes shut tight. Harvey’s hand let go of his forehead to operate the faucet so that the water washed the remnants of the vomit in the sink away. Then he moistened a kitchen towel and wiped it carefully over Mike’s sweaty face and the back of his neck while Mike was trying to get his breath back.

“Better now?”

Mike only nodded. He caught some water in the hollow of his hand and used it to rinse his mouth a couple of times until the taste of coffee and puke was only a faint memory.

He slowly turned around, his whole body still shivering slightly from the exertion and shock.

Harvey pulled him tight to his chest but Mike tried to resist weakly, the embarrassment all of a sudden catching up with him.

“I smell like sick. I’m disgusting,” he tried to protest but Harvey would have none of that.

“I don’t care. All I know is that I need to hold and take care of you now. Come on. You’re shivering and your skin is clammy. I’m getting you back to bed. You’re in shock and you need to be kept warm.”

Harvey guided his shaky sub back to the bedroom where he tucked him in, making sure that he was warm and comfortable. Then he went into the bathroom to get some mouthwash and another wet towel.

“Here. You can use this to get rid of the taste. But only if you don’t get sick again.”

Mike rinsed his mouth and spit the remnants into the proffered toothbrush mug. Then he sank back
into the pillows, exhausted and bone-tired. A cool wet towel was placed on his forehead and he closed his eyes, just enjoying the sensation. He could hear Harvey move around, first in the bathroom and then in the bedroom. Clothes were rustling and then the mattress dipped when Harvey slipped under the comforter and pulled Mike over so that his head would rest on Harvey’s shoulder, the towel now a cool presence at the back of his neck. A warm hand cupped the back of his head and the fingers began to pet him.

“I’ve got you, Puppy. Nothing bad is ever going to happen to you. I will make sure of that. Now try to sleep a little. You’re exhausted. I’ll take care of you, Sweetheart.”

Mike’s last thought before he drifted off was, that somehow he had succeeded at getting Harvey back to bed with him even though things hadn’t gone quite like he’d imagined.

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Harvey had seen Mike’s phone lying between the sheets when he’d tucked him in and he’d taken it into the bathroom when he got the mouthwash for Mike. He’d left it there so Mike wouldn’t be tempted to answer it should Trevor call again.

He lay in bed with Mike now, holding his boy in his arms and his mind went back to the day at the Chilton.

He’d never seen the guy’s face since he’d been lying flat on his stomach with the two arresting officers on top of him, pulling his wrists onto his back to handcuff him, but Harvey was sure that it hadn’t been Trevor. He’d seen Trevor’s picture in Vanessa’s file and the guy had been a Latino, of that Harvey was sure.

The thought that it could’ve been Mike made Harvey shiver with rage. He would’ve never met his boy if this asshole had succeeded in manipulating Mike. He needed to get Trevor out of his boy’s life for good. The idea of his boy taken the fall for Trevor… no, his mind couldn’t go there. Regardless of what Mike had said on the night of their negotiations he couldn’t stand by and watch Mike destroy himself by letting Trevor back into his life. He wasn’t brave enough for this. This was his thin red line and he needed to make that clear to Mike. He could deal with a lot, could take a lot, but not this.

He wanted to slip out of bed, go to the bathroom and call Trevor from Mike’s phone. He wanted to tell him that Mike was his boy and that he would destroy him if he would ever contact Mike again. He was thinking about all the threats he could make to convince Trevor to stay away from Mike, all the people he could call to have Trevor beaten into a pulp, all the favors he could call in, all the ways he could make his life an endless misery until he would vanish for good. This asshole wouldn’t stand a chance once Harvey would get going.

Suddenly Mike made a small sound in his sleep and snuggled even closer to Harvey and the urge to get up and call Trevor on Mike’s phone subsided for now. There were more important things. And it wasn’t smart to call Trevor without knowing what his boy had told him. No, he needed to play this right. Gather information, determine where a hit would hurt Trevor most and keep Mike safe in the meantime.

Yeah, keep Mike safe should be his main concern now. And the first step was that Mike needed to move in with him, here, into this condo, where he could keep his boy safe. Trevor knew where
Mike was living and Harvey couldn’t have that. Presumably he also knew where Mike was working, but first things first. He still had a plan for Mike’s future employment up his sleeve but he couldn’t move too quickly in that regard. He needed to hold out a little longer.

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Mike slept for maybe 30 minutes safe and sound in Harvey’s arms before he gradually woke up. His mind still tried to process what had happened and his brain went from napping to running a 100 m race in an instant. His body stayed relaxed though while his brain ticked away.

Why had Trevor never mentioned that his courier had been arrested? Why had he still tried to make him feel guilty?

If their roles were reversed, Mike would’ve come clean right after the arrest had occurred and had begged Trevor’s forgiveness and tried to clean his life up. Maybe he even would’ve gone to the police and told them that he was the one that needed arresting in order to get the other guy out of prison. But now it had become crystal clear that Trevor’s moral compass pointed always due Trevor and even their friendship was worth Jack Shit. What Trevor wanted, Trevor tried to get, no matter what the costs.

Harvey on the other hand, Harvey tried to enrich his life. He tried to show Mike new and exciting things. Sure, he pushed his boundaries and sometimes that sucked too. But in the end of the day, being with Harvey made his life so much better while being with Trevor had made his life a misery.

Somehow he still had clung to the idea of Trevor being his childhood friend. The boy who had selflessly rescued a strange kid from Tony Rizzo. But this Trevor was gone, had been gone for a long time. Trevor had no qualms to sacrifice his friends for his own means. Jenny and him, and Mike was sure that there were other people as well. His parents, for example. Mike knew for a fact that Trevor had started stealing money from his parents’ wallets since he’d been 14. And Mike had never called him out on it. Instead, he’d chosen to close his eyes to it and focus on the good in Trevor. But over the years, this good had slowly dwindled into nothing.

He’d put up with Trevor because his personality had shifted slowly into this… greedy selfish asshole. He couldn’t describe it any other way. It had happened so gradually that he’d been blind to it, or rather, that he’d chosen to ignore all the little signs. But now that he could compare Trevor to Harvey… it was like someone had lifted a blindfold that had been tied over his eyes for a long time now. Like he was slowly waking up from a dream… well, a nightmare. Like he was suddenly able to realize that people who cared for you simply didn’t do such things and he needn’t put up with it simply because the other person claimed to be his friend.

And the fact that Trevor had so obviously lied to him… well, this was really alarming.

Suddenly Mike was sure that Trevor had planned something for him. If Trevor had really missed him, he could’ve called him weeks ago. But the timing seemed off. No, he was sure that Trevor had tried to manipulate him for his own benefits, willing to sacrifice their friendship.

The thought of how little he meant to Trevor as a person hit him like a ton of bricks. He couldn’t allow that. And if not for his own sake than for Harvey’s. He was absolutely sure that Harvey cared deeply for him and he couldn’t repay him by letting Trevor back into his life. He could never
jeopardize the thing… relationship, he had with Harvey. Sometimes he might be a little slow on the uptake but he wasn’t that dumb.

No, there was only one solution. He needed to do what his Grammy and Harvey had told him all along. He needed to cut Trevor loose, get rid of him for good.

Mike sighed a little and he could feel Harvey tighten his arms around him. Maybe his Dom thought that he was still sleeping and having a nightmare. So, having come to his conclusion Mike decided to wake up officially and tell Harvey how he wanted to handle the situation.

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While Mike was sleeping exhausted in his arm, Harvey was coming up with a battle plan. Oh, he would destroy Trevor. He would tear that little shit limb from limb until he would beg to be put out of his misery. After all, he deserved no less since he had tried to take his Mike from him. But he needed to do it in a way that wouldn’t hurt Mike.

His musings were disrupted when Mike stirred in his arms. Harvey petted his boy’s head affectionately. A sleepy Mike always reminded him of a little kitten, despite his nickname, all bleary eyed and with his soft hair in wild disarray, sticking up every which way. Only Mike’s hands, which were a little too big for the rest of his slender body, and his general eagerness to please were truly puppy-like. But Puppy sounded a little manlier as a pet-name than kitten. And he’d used kitten once before and it didn’t bring back fond memories.

Harvey glanced at his wrist-watch. It was almost 11 am and his stomach was reminding him that there hadn’t been anything to eat yet.

“Hey, Sweetheart. How do you feel?”

Mike stretched and yawned and then made a face.

“Ugh. The taste in my mouth is disgusting. I need to brush my teeth.”

Mike disentangled himself first from Harvey’s arms and then from the sheets, got up and went into the bathroom but came out after a few seconds, his phone in hand and a question on his face.

“It was lying between the sheets and I didn’t want it to disturb you so I took it to the bathroom. Just in case Trevor would call again.”

Mike nodded and pressed some buttons. After a few seconds, when he saw that all Harvey had done was indeed take it to the bathroom, he relaxed even though he had 12 missed calls from Trevor and some new voicemails.

“I put it on silent but I can’t shut it off entirely. It’s the only number the nursing home has to contact me.”

“I understand.”

Mike put the phone on the nightstand so Harvey would see that he trusted him and went back into the bathroom to get cleaned up. When he came back after a few minutes, Harvey was sitting on the edge of the mattress, still only in his boxer-briefs and t-shirt. He patted the space beside him.
“I want to run something by you and I would appreciate it if you let me finish without interruption. You can ask questions later. But Mike, this is not a scene and you can have your say without fear of punishment. It’s more of a …re-negotiation. Understood?”

Mike nodded and sat down beside his Dom.

“I take it from your strong reaction that Trevor didn’t tell you that his deal had been intercepted by the police. From everything I know about him, from what you’ve told me and from what my PI had come up with, I must assume that he contacted you because he wanted something from you.”

He took a deep breath and made the leap although he knew that he was taking a huge risk. And he wasn’t quite sure yet if he could take it should his plan backfire.

“And I can’t allow that. I know that he was your friend when you were kids, but you must see that this guy is dangerous to you, Mike. Especially since you’ve been friends. He’s preying on your feelings and if you let him into your life again, he will get you into trouble, maybe even destroy you. And I can’t let that happen. So, you will have to make a choice. I wish it wouldn’t have to come to that, but it’s either him or me, Mike. I don’t want to blackmail you since this is something he would do but I can’t watch you self-destruct and just idly stand by. It would kill me. So you seeing him or having contact with him in any way is now a hard limit for me. And you made me forbidding you to see him a hard limit for you, so this needs to be your decision. Think about it. I don’t need your answer right away.”

Mike got to his feet like he’d been given an electric jolt.

“But Harvey…”

The Dom was sure that Mike would be trying to argue his way out of it and decided to confront him with an inconvenient truth.

“Mike, you can’t have two Doms. I don’t share you.”

This seemed to baffle Mike big time.

“What? He’s not. He’s never… he yelled at me after we kissed. It never was like that.”

“Oh, but it is. He tells you what to do and you do it. You want to please him and he knows exactly how to use that for his personal gain.”

“I… but… you…” Mike floundered.

“No, Mike. My main concern in everything I do with you is always your well-being. Granted, sometimes I’m selfish and do something for my own satisfaction but I would never jeopardize your health and safety for my own gain. If I had to choose between my satisfaction and your safety I will always choose your safety, body and mind. He wouldn’t. In fact, I think he never has.”

At that, Mike actually rolled his eyes and started grinning which confused Harvey since this was not at all the reaction he had foreseen.

“Do you think that I could get a sentence in edgewise, Harvey? I’m trying to tell you something too, you know?”

Harvey was a little taken aback by Mike’s tone of voice but after all, this was a negotiation and not a scene and Mike deserved to have his say.
“All right then.”

“I know everything that you’ve just told me already, Harvey. I came to the same conclusion. I haven’t been sleeping that last 20 minutes and I’m sorry to have deceived you but I needed to think in peace. I slept a little but then I woke up and thought a lot about everything. That’s what I wanted to say. I don’t need to think about it because I already have. And I choose you. After today, after what you told me… no, even before you told me, I realized that this Trevor wasn’t my friend anymore. Maybe he hasn’t been for a long time. It’s like I was hanging on to that idea I had of him but the truth is, this person, my childhood friend, has been gone for a long time. It’s just, I think I was too close so I couldn’t see it but now, since I’ve met you, since you’ve shown me that I can have what I need without damaging myself in the process, now I’ve realized that my Grammy was right all along. I should’ve realized it after we were kicked out of Columbia. He’s holding me back and making my life a misery. So, there’s no competition between you and him. You’re way out of his league in every regard and I would be stupid if I would let you go. You’re my Dom and I’m you’re sub and we’re lovers and friends. And Trevor, there’s no place for him anymore.”

Harvey’s concerned expression had made way to a big smile and his shoulders sagged visibly with relief. He patted the mattress again and Mike sat down, leaning his head against his Dom’s shoulder.

For a moment the just breathed together, both relieved that they were on the same page.

“So, does this mean that you’re moving in with me?”

Mike almost got up again but Harvey had anticipated his sub’s surprise and pulled him tight.

“I… yes, if you want me to. But isn’t that a little too early? It’s only our second weekend.”

“Trevor knows where you live and I want to keep you safe. I trust you Mike, but I don’t trust him. He’d hit you once and I don’t know what I’m going to do to him if he ever lays a finger on you again.”

“So, me moving in with you might keep you out of prison?”

“Yep. And I like waking up next to you. See? Totally selfish of me.”

“I would like waking up next to you too, but somehow you’re always gone when I wake up.”

“So, you want me to wake you up the next time I wake up?”

“Or you could simply stay in bed with me until I wake up naturally.”

“Then I would never get anything done. So, that’s not gonna happen, Puppy.”

Harvey stood up and took Mike’s hand.

“Come on, I want to show you something.”

Harvey guided him out of the bedroom and past the kitchen area in the direction of the front door. In the hallway, right around the corner from the kitchen, there was a white door which he opened now. Mike had always thought that it might be a pantry or a storage room but behind the door was a small bedroom.

“This used to be the office but I like the open setting of the living room better when I’m working and I needed a guest bedroom in case my brother came for a visit, which he never does. It’s yours,
Mike was speechless. He wasn’t really sure how he should feel about it though.

“You want me to sleep in here?”

Harvey laughed. His boy was not only an open book, but a picture book for toddlers at that, all soft edges and bright colored pictures. And he even squeaked when poked at the right spot.

“No, I want you to sleep in my… our bed. But I want you to have your own space. And my closet is already full so your clothes need to go somewhere else. And there’s a second bathroom, in case we need one.”

Mike started to explore while Harvey sat down on the bed and watched him.

The room had white walls, like all walls in Harvey’s condo that weren’t made out of glass, and a comfortable looking queen-size bed in the same color scheme Harvey seemed to prefer. Soft greys on the bed and dark brown on the hardwood floor and the furniture. There was a dresser with 4 large drawers and a small door lead to a built-in closet. When he opened it he could see clothes already hanging there, all neat and tidy.

It took him a few seconds to realize that this were the clothes Harvey had bought for him at Barney’s. He went back to the dresser and pulled the drawers open. Yep, all the t-shirts, socks, underwear and other stuff was there as well. And the clothes were obviously already washed once and pressed to perfection.

“When did that happen? I thought the stuff would be delivered tomorrow or so, since I haven’t seen any shopping bags.”

“I texted Elsa, my housekeeper right after we left Barney’s that she should take care of the delivery and see to the clothes.”

“You have a housekeeper?”

“Why does this surprise you? Unlike you I’m not the type of guy to whom wielding a vacuum cleaner comes naturally.”

“Do you have Alfred stashed away somewhere too?”

It took Harvey a moment to get the reference.

“Sorry, Kid, but this is not the Bat-cave.”

“Could’ve fooled me.”

Mike investigated further and pulled the larger door open. Behind it, a nice little bathroom was situated. Unlike Harvey’s it didn’t have a window or a tub but the shower was nice and roomy and honestly, after having gotten used to his own bathroom in Williamsburg, he couldn’t find fault with Harvey’s.

At the end of the bedroom opposite the door a large window, not a glass wall, was placed. When Mike looked out he could see that the deck didn’t reach that far and below the window there was only air all the way down to the streets. The room was maybe a little more than half the size of his apartment in Brooklyn but since he would spend very little time in here, it wouldn’t be a problem at all. He turned around to face Harvey.
“Can I bring my panda?”

“Which panda?” Harvey was puzzled for a moment and then realization dawned. “You mean that odd picture in your apartment?”

Mike nodded. “My Grammy gave it to me as a Christmas gift.”

Harvey smiled fondly. “Sure. Bring your panda. I’m even willing to hang it up in the living room. It’s so odd that it could be some kind of modern masterpiece. And we could get a few more shelves in here too, for your books and other stuff.”

He took hold of Mike’s wrist and pulled him close so that he stood between Harvey’s legs and the Dom had to tilt his head to look up at his sub. “You can even paint the walls in any color you want. This is your space and I want you to feel comfortable and at home in here.”

“So, when can I move in?”

“I thought that we could swing by your apartment after lunch and get most of your stuff.”

“You’ve really thought of everything, Sir.”

Chapter End Notes

This story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

If you want to share your thoughts, I’d love to read your comments and Kudos is also highly appreciated.

I’m still in need of a willing beta-reader who will help me to stay on track and who would like to be my sounding-board. Writing has become a bit of a struggle lately but I’m determined to finish this, without any unsatisfactory shortcuts, but I could use a little help.
The b... is back in town

Chapter Summary

They finally make it to the restaurant for some lunch, but maybe they should’ve stayed home after all

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your comments and the kudos. You guys rock.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harvey drove them to a restaurant at Central Park south, almost directly opposite from the park’s entrance on W 59th street. Since it was now nearly 1 p.m., Harvey’s plan to take Mike out for brunch had been canceled and instead he’d decided to take Mike to the Southgate for lunch.

He knew the place as fashionable but not snobbish and since he had never taken a client there, the chances that they might run into anyone work related were slim.

He wasn’t ashamed of being seen with Mike and really, the kid looked adorable in his new clothes, but today he wanted Mike just for himself. He would introduce his boy slowly into his world, one person at a time.

Mike already knew Donna and Ray and come tomorrow, he would meet Jessica and probably Louis and a few other of his colleagues as well, because Mike’s first deposition was scheduled for 3 p.m. on Monday. The date had come up last minute and only because one of his clients had cancelled their meeting and he had asked Donna to pencil Mike in instead.

Mike had called his employer yesterday when they were on their way from Barney’s to the barber shop and he had been given the day off under protest by a grumbling Jorge. Only when Mike had told him that he had been subpoenaed by a law-firm, his boss had relented but demanded a written statement of this law-firm, confirming that Mike had really been needed as a witness. Harvey was sorely tempted to snatch Mike’s phone and give his boy’s employer a piece of his mind, but it would’ve looked a little suspicious and so he let Mike handle the situation which the kid had done surprisingly well. For all of his natural submissiveness, Mike was certainly no push-over.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Harvey let the valet-service take his car to the garage and with a hand on the small of his back he steered Mike into the restaurant. He didn’t have a reservation but he was confident that he would get a table since he was a regular and always tipped well.

Mike fidgeted a little. Maybe because this was their first time out together in a social setting or maybe he felt a little awkward in his new clothes. Harvey had chosen dark-blue tight jeans to emphasize Mike’s butt and a light blue button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and without tie for him, but he had been allowed to wear his new sneakers, since Harvey planned on taking a walk in the park after their lunch.
It was a beautiful sunny day and he wanted to take a walk in the fresh air like a lot of normal couples would do after lunch. He even pondered the idea that, if the mood would strike him, maybe he would be holding Mike’s hand during their walk. It might be a little sappy but he wasn’t opposed to the idea even if he had never felt that urge before.

Being with Mike made Harvey discover some new sides on himself. Like the way he perceived Mike and himself. To his mind, they had become a couple. Yep. He finally admitted to himself that they were indeed a couple, at least if he’d any say in it. They hadn’t really talked about their… relationship - there, he thought it - but it just felt this way. They were Dom and sub, Harvey and Mike and … a couple. And now that Mike was moving in, he could allow himself to admit some truths that had been, so far, ignored. But he was still Mike’s Dom and he would discipline his boy whenever necessary, since this was what Mike not only wanted but needed from him.

The arrival of the hostess interrupted his train of thought and they were led to a round table close to the front windows so that they could watch the people outside passing bye. They were handed the menus and Harvey ordered a bottle of water for them both and asked for the wine-menu.

When Harvey looked through the menu, he became aware that Mike’s was still lying on the table and his boy was looking out the window.

“Something wrong, Mike?” he asked a little worried. “Are you not hungry? Maybe still feeling a little queasy?”

The sub looked confused back at him. “No, Sir. My stomach’s fine now and I’m hungry. But I thought that you would order for me. That’s what you told me during our negotiations. That you would like to order for me when you take me out to a restaurant.”

Harvey nodded slowly. Mike was right. He told him that and the kid had remembered it perfectly. He needed to get a grip and get back into Dom-mode. He had coddled Mike a little after the Trevor-incident but now his sub needed him to be once more strong and steadfast.

“Yes, of course. Thank you for reminding me.” He perused the lunch-menu for a while.

“Since we haven’t had breakfast yet I think we can both do with an appetizer. The filet-mignon-sliders look good. And for the main course… do you like salmon?”

“Yes, S… Harvey.” The waiter had arrived with the ordered bottle of water and that was enough to make Mike change tracks. When the man saw that Harvey was still going over the menu, he left them alone again to give them some more time.

“Allright, then. And I think a nice glass of Chardonnay will go very well with it. Or do you prefer beer?”

His sub smiled at him demurely. “I’m sure I will like whatever you choose for me, Sir.”

This answer pushed one of Harvey’s buttons big time and he grinned back. “If I’d known that asking you to move in will put you on your best behavior I would’ve asked you sooner.”

Mike raised an eyebrow at that. “I don’t think that any sooner would’ve been possible, since it’s been barely two weeks that we met again.”

Harvey nodded but that statement, lightly spoken as it had been, gave him some serious pause. Mike was right. Everything had been happening awfully quickly between them after the 3 week hiatus although to him it had felt natural and not forced or hurried at all. But maybe Mike felt differently and needed a slower pace. After all, he had never done this before. Well, Harvey hadn’t
either, not like this at least, but since he was the party with all the control, maybe he needed to take a step back and put himself in his boy’s shoes, so to speak.

“Do you have second thoughts? You moving in with me needn’t be permanent, if you don’t want to. Only until the Trevor-situation is resolved.”

“You’ve seen my apartment, right? Why wouldn't I want to move in with you permanently? Your shower alone would be worth the move.”

“Thank you very much, Michael. And here I thought my winning personality was an incentive too.”

Mike dropped his voice to a conspiratorially little whisper. “Well, yes. And you with me in said shower is the best incentive in the world.”

Harvey laughed a little at that but soon became earnest again. Mike’s slightly mocking reply to his initial question could be either attributed to his mouthy personality or he was trying to hide his real feelings by deflection. Maybe Mike had only agreed because he thought that he had no choice if he wanted to keep his Dom. He needed to make sure that moving in was really what Mike wanted too.

“But honestly. You can tell me if things move too quickly for you. And you don’t have to move in at all. I could find you another apartment. Somewhere safe but still your own space. I don’t want you to think that you moving in with me is a condition for our… relationship.”

Mike, who had fiddled nervously with his napkin, met his gaze with his huge blue eyes and a hurt expression flickered in them. He reached out with his hand and touched Harvey’s fingers like he was needing the contact. At first his touch was a little shy as if he was unsure if he was allowed to initiate it but when Harvey turned his palm upwards and returned the grip of Mike’s fingers he relaxed a little although a sliver of doubt and pain remained in his eyes.

“Don’t you want me to move in, Sir? Do you want to take the offer back? I know that I’m sloppy and needy and I would understand it if you don’t want me around all the time. Your job is stressful enough and taking care of me on top of it might be too much, even for you.”

Harvey could see the insecurity in Mike’s gaze and he remembered how his sub had told him that he always expected the other shoe to drop. But he couldn’t order Mike to move in with him so he tried to explain his motives.

“No Mike. I don’t want to withdraw my offer and I do want you to move in with me. I really do. And believe me when I say that I know exactly what I get myself into.”

He winked at Mike to take the little sting out of his statement and gave him a small smile.

“I just want to make sure that you know that this is something you must decide for yourself. I realize now that after everything that happened this morning you might not have had enough time to think about it properly and I maybe I’ve blindsided you a little with my offer. I had a little longer to think about this than you.”

Mike scrunched his eyes up questioningly but instead of explaining to him, that a 24/7 arrangement would sooner or later ultimately end in the sub moving in with the Dom or in ending the arrangement, he continued to relay his thoughts to Mike.

“And I want you to know that my only condition is that you live somewhere safe, where Trevor can’t get to you. If you decide to stay with me, I’d be thrilled but maybe, after you give it a little more thought, you will want to have your own space where you’re not under 24/7 supervision, at
least not so early on in your training. Because with our current contract you would be.” Harvey sighed and his thumb drew slow circles on the back of Mike’s hand.

“Perhaps we are moving a little too quickly. I just don’t want to scare you away by demanding too much, too soon. I’d rather go slow than mess this… us up. So, I know that you don’t like choices, but there you have it nevertheless. Stay with me because you really want to but if you’re unsure about it, I will understand and we will make other arrangements. That wouldn’t change anything that is already between us. We could go on like before.”

Mike thought about what Harvey had said for a few minutes and Harvey kept holding his hand like he knew that Mike needed his reassurance. And the Dom kept holding Mike’s hand even when the waiter came to take their orders. Harvey sent him away with a slight shake of his head, indicating that they weren’t ready yet.

“If… when I move in, how would the rules change, Sir?”

“What do you mean?”

“We already have rules for when we are together as well as when we’re apart. I kneel for you and I ask you for permission to eat and drink stuff and I call you every day and text you in between. I ask you if I can go out and you give me permission to touch myself, well…,” he smiled a little when he thought about how much he liked that Harvey owned his body. “Mostly you forbid it but anyway, how would that change when I move in? We would still mostly be apart with my work and yours. And you work long hours, so most likely we would still have to talk on the phone in the evenings. The only thing that would change is that we sleep in the same bed together. And I guess that we would have more sex and would scene more often, which is totally fine by me. But the other stuff wouldn’t change so much, since you already control every aspect of my life. And I like that Harvey. It makes me feel safe and treasured and … lo…cared for. So, yes. Even if it is very quick but I really want to move in with you. Even if Trevor hadn’t called today I would’ve wanted to move in with you. I’m all in. But what about you?”

“You know, you should study law. With your negotiation skills you could become a top closer. You could give even me a run for my money.”

Mike smiled but didn’t let himself get distracted by his Dom’s praise. “Someone told me once that I would be a shitty lawyer because I wear my heart on my sleeve. But maybe in this case it works in my favor because you would see if I tried to bullshit you, which I don’t. But you haven’t answered my question yet. Sir.”

“I’m all in, too.” He patted Mike’s hand a little and took a deep breath. “And what you said about how it makes you feel, me controlling you and taking care of you. I… that’s how you should feel. It’s… I feel that too. Not the safe part obviously but the other things you said. Or didn’t say.”

Mike’s brows knitted together as he tried to decipher Harvey’s for once so cryptic babbling. When he finally got it, he broke out in a smile.

“Okay. I understand. And I feel that way too.”

Harvey cleared his throat and broke eye contact, instead focusing on the menu for a moment. When he looked back up, his face looked calm and the onslaught of emotions was hidden behind his impassive Dom-mask. But that was okay. Mike knew anyway.

“So, let’s eat. I’m hungry.”
Harvey gave the waiter a signal and ordered the sliders for them to share as entrée and the salmon for Mike while he chose the dry-aged steak for himself. Instead of the wine he ordered beer for them both because he thought that Mike would like it better.

They talked a little about this and that, watched the people outside passing by and Harvey told Mike what to expect tomorrow during his first deposition. Then he asked Mike if he wanted to visit his Grammy later and Mike agreed enthusiastically. Harvey decided that they would drive to Mike’s apartment later and pick up some of his things. After that Harvey would drive back with Mike’s belongings while Mike would bike to the nursing home and later to Manhattan. He needed his bike at Harvey’s place anyway and the trunk of the car would be full with Mike’s other stuff.

When the main course arrived, Harvey was curious of how Mike would react to the dish he’d chosen for him. He’d only asked his boy about salmon but there was something else on the plate and he could barely suppress a grin when Mike started poking around in his food.

“How do you like the salmon, Mike?”

The sub swallowed before answering, the pancake incident still fresh in his mind.

“It tastes good. Lemony and the skin is crisp but I have no idea what this stuff is.”

He scooped some of the dark red grains up with his fork and carefully tasted them. Harvey held his breath so he wouldn’t lose his poker face.

Mike’s eyes took on a pensive expression as he tried to savor the unknown food. He scooped up some more, this time from the middle of the heap and without the lemon-sauce so he would be able to discern the natural taste better. But it somehow didn’t taste of anything much, like rice. It was some sort of grain but what kind he didn’t know. But it wasn’t bad when eaten with the sauce and the fish, it was just not really good either. Not like Harvey’s mashed potatoes with the rich creamy sauce of which the sight alone was enough to make his mouth water.

“So? What’s the verdict?”

Mike tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice. He knew that Harvey wanted to educate him in the finer cuisine but it would have been easier if Harvey wouldn’t have a tasty steak in front of himself.

“It’s okay I guess. Doesn’t taste of much but with the sauce and the fish it’s edible. But what is it? Some sort of grain?”

Harvey couldn’t help the satisfied smirk spreading over his face. “Yep. Red quinoa. Welcome to the world of nouvelle cuisine.”

For a moment Mike stared at him like he thought about spitting any remains of the quinoa he still had in his mouth back onto the plate, but then he swallowed again, took a long swig of his beer and grinned back.

“Well, I guess I had that one coming. And you promised me to push my limits, so yep, definitely a limit pushed.”

Harvey took his plate with his less than half eaten steak in whisky-butter, grilled green asparagus and mashed potatoes and offered it to Mike.

“Let’s swap, Puppy. You tried it and I’m proud of you but I know that you would enjoy the steak more. And I need to watch what I’m eating anyway. Two times in a week pizza with stuffed crust
might wreak havoc with my metabolism.”

For a moment Mike wasn’t sure whether Harvey was kidding but then he hurriedly pushed his plate with the salmon over to Harvey and received the steak. After the first bite, he closed his eyes and let out a contented hum.

“Hmmm. This is so good,” he mumbled but tried to keep his mouth closed as much as possible.

Harvey grinned indulgently and started eating the fish. He himself quite liked quinoa or other healthy stuff like that every now and then and when he’d placed the order he’d always planned to swap with Mike after he’d tasted the dish. Well, unless of course Mike had really liked it. He wanted Mike to make new experiences but he also wanted him to be happy and from the way Mike tore into that steak, he was now a very happy sub indeed. His boy’s body could deal with the extra calories unlike his own.

When they had finished, Harvey ordered coffee for them both to battle the beginning after-lunch fatigue.

While Harvey placed the order, Mike let his gaze trail towards the window.

On the sidewalk outside, a beautiful, brunette woman walked by, swaying her hips slightly in a seductive rhythm. Her lean legs were accentuated by the tight black pencil skirt and the nude high heels she was wearing and she tossed her long hair back over her shoulder when a strand of it was blown into her face by the slight breeze outside. A guy in casual clothes who was passing her by turned around and stared after her but the woman didn’t seem to notice. She looked so high-class and self-confident like the adoration of the unwashed masses was her due and thus something not worth noticing anymore.

Her gaze fell onto the windowpane behind which they were sitting and Mike thought that she would study her own reflection in it. But then her steps faltered a little and she squinted slightly as though she was looking inside and her perfectly painted red lips slowly spread into a smile, like she’d seen something that made her happy. Then she walked on and Mike lost sight of her.

When the waiter had left them alone again after having cleared the table, Harvey mentioned to Mike that he wanted to take a walk in the park afterwards and Mike agreed eagerly.

“I haven’t been to the park in ages. Well, I often cross it with my bike as a shortcut, but I haven’t taken a walk in there since my Grammy moved to the nursing home. When I was still at school we went there almost every weekend. There’s this place where people can play chess and checkers and we spent hours there. Before she got sick she was a very good checkers player.”

“Maybe one day we could take her there for a walk. Or we could take a horse-carriage and drive around the park if walking is too tiring for her.”

Mike’s face lit up. “I think that she would like that very much. But, haven’t you said that now is not the right time to meet her? What with the law-suit and all.”

Harvey nodded but before he could answer his eyes trailed off Mike to something behind him and his face took on a resigned expression. His posture became stiffer and he shifted his chair back slightly like he wanted to brace himself for an attack.

“Mike, I’m …,” his voice sounded somewhat apologetic but he wasn’t able to finish his sentence because a female voice with a faint British accent interrupted him.

“Harvey Specter. I thought it was you. It’s so good to see you.”
Harvey stood up to shake the woman’s hand but she would’ve none of that. She ignored his outstretched hand and stepped into his space, laid her own small and beautiful manicured right hand on his chest above his heart, tilted her face upwards and kissed him on the cheek.

Mike recognized her as the woman he’d seen just minutes ago and now he knew whom she’d spotted through the window.

“Scottie. Didn’t know you were back in New York.”

Harvey’s voice sounded friendly but non-committal and he tried to break the contact as soon as possible without appearing rude. But the woman pressed her slender albeit curvaceous body a little against him before she stepped back herself and this little intimate gesture made it clear to Mike that these two shared a history.

Right at this moment, the waiter appeared with their coffee and without missing a beat, she ordered a cup for herself and asked for a chair to be brought to the table so that she could join the two men.

“Surely there’s enough room for little old me,” she stated with a sly smile, inviting herself in. So far, she hadn’t acknowledged Mike’s presence with more than a fleeting glance of her dark eyes but when Harvey looked into his sub’s slightly blushing face and saw that he was chewing his lower lip almost frantically, he could see that there was a rude comment waiting to happen. To prevent a scene, he took the still standing Scottie by the elbow and turned her around to face Mike.

“Scottie, I like to introduce you to my good friend Mike Ross. Mike and I were having a nice lunch when you butted in. Mike, this is Dana Scott. We attended Harvard Law School together. She works in London nowadays.”

Mike interpreted Harvey’s introduction as: *I don’t want her to know about us and she might have been a college fling but she isn’t in my life anymore although I know where she works.*

“Hello Mike. I’m so sorry to interrupt but I haven’t seen Harvey in ages and when I spotted him from outside I just couldn’t help myself. Surely you understand.”

She gave him a little wave with her fingers, ignoring his outstretched hand, like it was beneath her to touch him and she turned around to Harvey just as the waiter brought the extra chair, which he placed conveniently for her between Harvey and Mike.

While the waiter held the chair, she sat down gracefully, crossed her slender legs and focused her full attention back on Harvey like she’d already forgotten that Mike existed.

“I know I should’ve called and told you that I’m in town, but my life’s just busy at the moment. I’m handling the Forsyte merger.” She rolled her eyes a little to indicate how much of a bother it all was. “Don’t be mad at me. I would’ve contacted you eventually, for… you know, … a little tête-à-tête.” She didn’t actually wink at Harvey but the meaning was clearly implied, to him as well as to Mike.

That much was clear when Harvey glanced at Mike who was rubbing his eye with his middle finger behind Scotties back, while the other fingers were folded inwards. He could barely refrain from snorting out his amusement about Mike’s covert way of getting back at her and making his feelings known.

He shifted his chair a little away from her to get some distance between the two of them. Sadly enough, there was only little room and if he’d shifted back any more he would’ve been sitting at the next table.
“And why would I be mad, Scottie? You have your life and I have mine. Our acquaintance has always been on the casual side,” he stated nonchalantly, more as an explanation for Mike but also to warn her off. But she didn’t want to take the hint. Scottie could be stubborn like that, especially when she wanted something… or someone.

“Well, not always,” she corrected him. “And we used to mix business with pleasure many times. Lots of pleasure.” She gave him a seductive little smile. “Speaking of which, maybe we could get back together later. I’m free tonight.” Her hand found its way over to Harvey’s knee and that was when Mike finally lost it. Harvey could see in the large blue eyes the exact moment his boy finally snapped but he wasn’t able to do anything about it.

“Hey, Lady. I don’t know who you think you are but that’s my boyfriend you’re fondling and if you don’t keep your manicured claws to yourself then maybe a beer-shower will cool your overactive libido down.”

Her head whipped around to Mike to see if he would make good on his threat, but her fingers strengthened her grip on Harvey’s knee in a possessive gesture, even when Mike picked up his glass and glared at her menacingly.

You wouldn't dare, her return-glare seemed to say. Oh, she had no idea what his boy was capable of.

Harvey rolled his eyes and decided to jump in and end this before it could become a full-on catfight. It was a little funny though, these two fighting over him. That was a first for him, but now was not the time to appreciate the irony of it. Maybe he could laugh about it later.

The lawyer broke Scotties death-grip on his knee with a firm grip of his own hand around her slender fingers and when the increasing pressure got too painful for her, she finally let go with a little gasp. He hadn’t intended to cause her physical pain, but there was no other way to get her claws out of his knee. He placed her hand palm down on the table and patted it firmly once to make sure that it would stay there. Then he reached over the table, took the glass out of his boy’s hand, placed it out of his reach and took Mike’s hand into his own, to make it absolutely clear where his loyalty was lying.

“Is he allowed to speak to me that way? Who does he think he is?” Sensing that she was on the losing side, her voice sounded almost hysterical, like she couldn’t believe that she’d been rebuffed and threatened.

Harvey sighed. He hated that they were making a scene, and here, in one of his favorite restaurants. But some things couldn’t be helped.

“He is who he said he is. And taking your behavior into account, I think he’s shown remarkable self-restraint so far. So, don’t push it, Scottie.”

The brunette sputtered a little and looked Mike up and down as if she was really noticing him for the first time.

Although the young man she was scrutinizing was dressed nicely and groomed well, today Mike had even used some of Harvey’s hair-products, she could immediately see that he was lacking something. Something which in her and Harvey’s world was expected of successful people.

Mike cleaned up nice enough but he hadn’t the sophisticated, self-assured and suave bearing of truly cultured people and the artlessness with which he now displayed his feelings made that more than obvious. To her this was an almost unforgivable flaw when to Harvey that was one of the
reasons he’d fallen for Mike.

“Well, you told me that your taste is a bit more versatile. But… how could you… with him… after me…? Are you slumming it now?”

Mike’s hurt gasp only made her victorious smile wider, thinking for a moment that she had landed a winning blow.

“That’s enough Scottie.” Now Harvey’s voice was reflecting the anger he felt and she flinched a little, realizing that maybe she’d gone a little too far with her last comment. “If you can’t behave you should go. After all, we haven’t invited you to join us. And regarding your first question, the answer is, easily and without any regret. You’re right. There’s no comparison between you two. He’s way out of your league in every regard. Mind, body and soul.”

She looked at him with huge eyes and for a moment he thought that she would start to cry. “You can’t mean that,” she whispered stunned.

“I do. Because it’s the truth.” There was a finality in his words that made it clear to her that she had lost Harvey once and for all. Whatever he might have felt for her once was now gone and she could never have him back again. But instead of giving into her pain Scottie got mad, truly mad, that Harvey, who’d always fallen for her womanly wiles, could so easily refuse her. She grabbed her purse, stood up and pushed her chair back. The screeching of the chair legs on the tiled floor was loud enough to turn the few heads who hadn’t turned already when the cat-fight had started.

“Fine. You two have a great time together. But when you’re tired of fucking this… dirty mongrel’s ass, don’t come running back to me. We’re done, Harvey. Done!” The last word was almost a shriek.

She turned on her heels, threw her hair back and walked out with a very straight back, head held high, her heels clicking in staccato on the polished marble tiles. A lot of heads followed her as she was making her way to the exit and for these few moments the chatter in the restaurant was near to non-existent.

Right after she’d left, the waiter arrived with her coffee. Before he could place it on the table, Harvey chimed in, seemingly calm and unabashed in spite of all the drama.

“Please, take it away. She’s not coming back and I would like the bill please.”

As soon as the waiter had left again, Harvey caught Mike’s other hand so that he was now holding both of his boy’s hands in a sure grip. He was dimly aware that the people at the nearby tables were watching him, but for once in his life he just didn’t care. Reassuring his still flustered boy was more important than what people might think of him.

“Mike, please look at me.”

The sub had been looking down at the table but now he reluctantly obeyed his Dom.

“I’m so sorry about that, Mike,” he whispered softly when Mike finally met his eyes. “I knew she could be a little bitchy sometimes but that was inexcusable.”

Mike exhaled slowly. His heart rate was still a little elevated and the anger he felt only slowly drained away and left a hollow feeling behind. But although he still felt off, he knew that Harvey wasn’t responsible for that. So he tried to reassure his Dom.

“Not your fault. And thank you for backing me up and not putting me in my place in front of her.”
Harvey cocked his head a little. “And why would you think I would do that, Mike?”

The sub looked embarrassed by his transgressions. “Because I was rude to a friend of yours and misbehaved. But I couldn’t help it, Sir. She made me so mad and I just snapped.”

“She isn’t a friend. Not anymore. More like an acquaintance. And yes, you were rude, but so was she and she started it. You were only standing up for yourself and defending my virtue, so to speak.”

“But, I was jealous and pushy and… I called you my boyfriend. In front of everyone. And I didn’t care even though I knew that you didn’t want her to know.”

So his boy had picked up on that. Hm. But under these circumstances he could forgive him so he tried to make light of it. Knowing Mike, the kid would beat himself up enough over that.

“Well, calling me your Dom would’ve raised even more eyebrows, so… But honestly Mike. It’s okay. After all, if someone had flirted with you the way she’s flirted with me, I would’ve made an even bigger scene. So, I get it. No need to apologize.”

“Sure? Somehow I feel like I need to be punished.” Mike’s voice sounded a little off, like something was troubling him on a deeper level.

Harvey’s face took on a thoughtful expression. For a moment something was niggling at his brain but then the waiter arrived with the bill and the thought was gone again.

“Come on. Let’s go for a walk. I think we could both use some fresh air after all the drama.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

This work isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar of spelling are my own.

I get a thrill out of reading your thoughts so comments are always very welcome and Kudos is also highly appreciated.
They left the car in the garage, walked the short distance to 7th Avenue and entered the park via a footpath beside Westdrive, heading for the Dipway Arch, which would lead them deeper into the park.

Mike was still trying to process their encounter with Scottie. His thoughts were spinning around at high speed as he replayed the scene at the restaurant over and over again in his mind. And although he knew that it hadn’t been Harvey’s fault, that Harvey had indeed been more than kind and understanding towards him, he still felt some lingering resentment for his Dom even though he didn’t know why. It hadn’t been Harvey’s fault. He knew that, and still…

He just felt...weird somehow and now that he thought about it, he had felt like this for a couple of days now, mostly when he had been at work or alone at home but even a few times when he had been with Harvey. These feelings had always flared up out of nowhere and when Harvey had corrected him by giving him his attention and putting him in his place, at Mr. O’Connor’s shop or when they had been watching the movie, had always faded quiet quickly again, but lately his temper had gotten worse and it became harder to keep himself in check. It was like he was constantly on edge with no outlet for all his pent-up emotions.

Today had been particularly difficult for him though. The ups and downs of conflicting feelings had taken its toll on him and he longed for some equilibrium. It felt like he was having one bad trip after another with only short reprieves of happiness in between; like he was in an emotional rollercoaster without any chance to get off.

He tried to think about the most recent events to gain some perspective and get his emotions back under control. Maybe by naming and analyzing them he would be able to distance himself a little and make things more clear.

The whole Trevor episode including Harvey’s story of the true events at the Chilton, which had subsequently led to his puke-a-thon, well, that had been an up and down of various bad emotions like hurt and betrayal and confusion. Lots of confusion.

Harvey taking care of him even though he was a disgusting weakling and asking if he would move
in with him had had the opposite effect and for a few hours Mike had been almost giddy with joy.

And then Scottie, or that Bitch (with a major B), as he was calling her in his mind, had appeared. Well, she had been almost as bad as Trevor’s call had been. Granted, Harvey had stood by him but still… he felt jealous and hurt about how quickly she had pegged him right for the loser he was. He was no match for her, of that he was certain (and so was she), regardless of what Harvey had told her. After all, she had attended Harvard Law while he hadn’t even been able to finish his undergrads at Columbia. Having a brain like his didn’t necessarily mean that he would put it to good use.

Maybe this had been the reason why Harvey had introduced him as a good friend to her rather than making it clear from the start that they were involved, even though all of it could’ve been prevented if Harvey had been more forthcoming with her. And maybe that was why he felt so resentful.

He exhaled slowly and shook his head slightly to clear his thoughts.

Under normal circumstances, back in his old life, he would’ve gotten high after a day like this. Well, he had gotten high most days anyway since Trevor had always made sure to provide him with enough weed, but a day like this would’ve warranted a triple dose of his normal daily quantum. But smoking himself into oblivion was not an option anymore. Not only had he destroyed his pipe (and he had never gotten the hang of rolling a proper joint) and thrown away all of his stash, but he didn’t want to disappoint his Dom.

Maybe Harvey was right and a little exercise would ease the tension he was feeling. Biking at high speed until his heart was racing always made him feel more grounded, so maybe the saying healthy mind in a healthy body wasn’t all made-up bullshit by the health-industry?

He’d genuinely thought that taking a walk with his Dom would be a nice idea when Harvey had mentioned it. But when Harvey casually reached out for his hand as they were nearing the underpass, out of nowhere his temper suddenly flared up again and he swatted the hand away without thinking.

“You don’t have to hold hands with me. I’m a god-damn grown-up and can walk alone.”

The words were out before he could stop himself and he immediately regretted them, the anger he had felt almost instantly replaced by shame and remorse. His words hadn’t even been true. He didn’t mind in the slightest that Harvey wanted to hold his hand. Actually, he thought it was very sweet. So why had he yelled at him? What the hell was going on with him?

Harvey had stopped dead in his tracks, obviously stunned at Mike’s uncalled for attitude and he now narrowed his eyes with discontent. Mike had turned around at once, went the few steps back to him, clasped his hands behind his back and bowed his head as a sign of his submissiveness and embarrassment. If they hadn’t been in a public place, he would’ve sunk to his knees at his Dom’s feet.

“I’m so sorry, Sir. I didn’t mean to snap at you. Please, forgive me. I don’t know why I yelled. Really. I like it when you take my hand. Please believe me, Sir.”

Harvey exhaled audibly through his nose and when he spoke his voice sounded neutral but not unkind or angry. A finger tilted his chin up and he forced himself to meet Harvey’s inquiring gaze before his Dom could demand it.

“Still feeling a little irritated, Puppy?”
“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry. It’s not your fault.”

“I know. And I’ll let it go this once, but you need to get a grip. Don’t let her get to you like this. She’s not worth it.”

“Yes, Sir. I’ll try.”

For a brief moment Harvey thought that somewhat akin to disappointment flickered in Mike’s eyes when he was forgiven, but he quickly rejected this notion. When he took his sub’s hand with a firm grip Mike let him and even responded to it by gripping back.

They resumed their walk but although Harvey tried to make conversation, telling him that he used to play softball at Heckscher Fields as a kid and that he had been running his 10 k lap here in the morning, Mike only contributed to it with non-committal grunts, while his thoughts were seemingly miles away. After a while, Harvey fell silent again and steered them towards a bench at the side of the lonely path he had chosen.

After they sat down, Harvey’s hand patted Mike’s left knee but seeing his Dom imitate that bitch’s gesture made his rage flare up again and he almost brushed Harvey’s hand off.

Harvey noticed Mike’s balled up fists, but this time he didn’t back off and he wouldn’t let it go. Enough was enough. It was time to get to the bottom of this.

“Okay. Out with it. Let’s get it out of your system then.”

Mike knew what Harvey meant but he needed a moment to find the first question.

“Have you fucked that bitch?” The profanity slipped out before he could help himself and sure as hell, Harvey wouldn’t let him get away with it anymore.

“Mike, language. I understand that you’re angry but at least try to pull yourself together.”

Instead of giving in the sub tried to argue his point. “But you said so yourself. Back at the restaurant.” His irritation at Harvey defending her grew more and more.

“If memory serves, and you of all people would know, I called her a little bitchy. Not the same thing as calling her a bitch.”

The Dom’s voice displayed clearly that Mike would soon be reaching the thin red line, but the sub was too immersed in his own feelings to notice and only snorted disrespectfully.

“Yeah, whatever. You say po-tay-to, I say po-tah-to.”

Harvey rolled his eyes. His right palm began to itch and if his unruly sub wouldn’t get a grip soon he would spank his sorry ass so hard that he wouldn’t be able to sit in the foreseeable future. He understood why Mike was so pissed, he really did, but enough was enough and by now his sub had used up all the leeway Harvey was willing to grant him. But since they were in a public place he decided to give him a final warning.

“Do you really want to get into trouble with me about this? Just stop with the name-calling and ask your questions. But if you can’t behave yourself, then maybe we should go home. A red-hot ass and some corner time might do you a world of good. It did the trick the last time.”

Mike swallowed down the angry remark that was on the tip of his tongue. He didn’t know why he was in this awful mood and the rational side of his brain knew that he didn’t want to pick a fight
with Harvey and not only because he knew that he would lose. He knew, it hadn’t been Harvey’s fault and taking it out on him wasn’t fair. So he tried with all his might to get his anger under control, but only succeeded marginally.

“Sorry, but have you?” he asked without sounding sorry at all.

Harvey looked around but since no one was nearby he grabbed Mike’s wrist and pulled him hard to one side. The sub lost his balance enough that Harvey could land a harsh swat on his ass before he let go of him. The whole thing was over in seconds.

“Yes, I have. And I advise you to watch your tone. Just because I offered to answer your questions doesn’t mean that you have a free pass. I’m still your Dom and I will punish you if you keep up the shitty attitude. Final warning. Is that understood?”

Mike closed his eyes briefly and took a deep breath. Some of the anger inside him had subsided when Harvey’s hand hit home and when he voiced his next question he sounded almost normal.

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry. I try to do better. Did you sleep with her regularly?”

Harvey was relieved that the little pain he had inflicted on Mike’s butt had been enough to remind his sub how to behave himself.

“More or less all through Law School. And then whenever our paths crossed again as long as we were unattached. Or so I thought.”

“What does that mean? Did you cheat with her on somebody else?”

Harvey shook his head. After he had seen his parents’ marriage falling apart he had vowed to himself that he would never cheat. Sure, sometimes feelings for a person changed, he got that, but he had always been honest and since he had never made a serious commitment after Scottie, well, until now, there had never been the necessity to end one thing before starting another. But there had been some occasions when women had wanted to cheat with him on their partners and he had always refrained from that as well.

“She cheated on her fiance with me. I didn’t know that she was in a relationship until after. And when she told me, I was furious. They broke up later but since then we haven’t been together like this anymore. I don’t like cheating.”

Mike nodded. “Yeah, I hate that too. It’s always messy and in the end, everybody gets hurt.” Another thought popped into his head.

“Between you two, was it ever like… with us? Did you ever do…it, with her…like with me?”

“Are you asking if she was my sub?”

Mike chewed at his lower lip and it became clear to Harvey that Mike somehow dreaded the answer. But he deserved an honest reply.

“We dabbled a little. And yes, she was the submissive part in our relationship or so she claimed but in the end she tried to manipulate me every chance she got to get her own way. I only realized it much later, after I met Kieran and began to pursue BDSM more seriously. And yes, she was the reason why I got interested in being a Dom. And before you ask, she was a terrible sub whereas you were made for this. For being my sub. Like I said before, you’re way out of her league, in every regard.”
The sub smiled a little at that and Harvey was happy that he’d been able to make that worry go away at least.

For a moment they remained silent, but then Mike found the courage for the next question.

“Were you in love with her?” He tried to make his voice neutral like he didn’t really care about the answer, but his apprehension was almost palpable.

With this question Harvey needed some more time. He wanted to be totally honest with Mike, but it was a complicated question and he needed to do a little soul-searching first since he didn’t want to lie to his sub, not even accidentally. Only when he was absolutely sure that he had found the truth, he answered.

“At one point in Law School I thought so but then… no, not really. It was more the idea of us that I was in love with. For a short, very short time. But then I saw her for the person she really is and… well, we were a good match in bed but not in anything else. We’re too much alike. We were always in competition, trying to get one over the other person. In the end it was just exhausting. I could never relax with her. And I don’t trust her. She has stabbed me in the back one too many times.”

Mike nodded slowly. “Who ended it?”

“It was a mutual thing. After graduation, I went back to New York and she stayed in Boston. Staying together never occurred to either of us. The thing between us was… convenient, for both of us, as long as it lasted.”

“But she’s beautiful and sophisticated and successful and… everything I’m not.”

Harvey actually snorted a little exasperated.

“You are beautiful, Mike. You truly are, inside as well as outside. And the other things don’t matter to me.”

“But with her you could…”

“What? Take her out to dinner parties? Take her on a holiday? What, Mike? What could I do with her that I couldn’t do with you? It’s not 1950 anymore. And this is New York and not some backwater town in America’s hinterland.” Mike could hear that Harvey was getting a little impatient and for one brief moment he realized, that today must have been a little trying emotion-wise for Harvey as well, but he just couldn’t let it go.

“You could’ve children. And a normal life. A family.”

Harvey rolled his eyes. He had never pictured himself with children. He wasn’t even sure if he liked children. They were noisy and sticky and always broke stuff. His record-collection would be in serious jeopardy and his suits…, no, he couldn’t imagine himself with children of his own.

“Mike, I’m 41 years old. Don’t you think that if I wanted children that I’d have them by now? And a normal life, that’s just not for me. And besides, Scottie isn’t the right person for me, anyway. Never has been. Just because she was a good lay doesn’t mean that she could make me happy. Or I her.”

The lawyer held his flat hand up in front of him, only a little higher than his knees. “Life is this.” Then he raised his hand to nearly the level of his forehead. “And I like this.” He let his hand sink down, once again landing it on Mike’s knee.
“But you didn’t want her to know that you and I, that… you introduced me as your good friend. I thought that maybe you were embarrassed about me.”

Harvey shook his head vigorously. Damn his boy’s insecurities. He needed to be much more careful in the future.

“Oh Mike. I’m sorry but that wasn’t the reason. Not at all. And in hindsight I think you’re right and it would’ve been better to make things clear to her right from the start.”

“So why haven’t you?” the kid mumbled barely audible.

“Because what’s going on in my life is none of her business. And I thought it might hurt her, which it did. After the last time we met, I’d made it very clear to her that we were done and we were only acquaintances, who sometimes would meet under professional circumstances. But I knew she had a hard time accepting it and I didn’t want to rub her nose in my happiness. I didn’t want to be petty. That’s all.”

Mike still didn’t look convinced and Harvey wrecked his brain, trying to come up with something that might convince his boy that there was no reason for his self-doubt.

“You need to get it into your thick head Mike, once and for all. I don’t want normal. I don’t want perfect or appropriate or socially accepted or anything like this. I want you. I want us. What we are for each other, what I feel for you, that’s what I want. You’re the most interesting person I know. So why would I want something normal and boring when I can have you?”

“But why?”

“I don’t know. I just know that I do.”

“But what if you wake up one day and decide you don’t want that anymore?”

Harvey sighed. He hated that Mike felt that way. If you would look up abandonment issues in the Oxford Dictionary, there would be a picture of Mike next to the definition.

“I could ask you the same. Can you give me a guarantee that you will stay with me? That you won’t meet anybody else? What about children? Do you want children?”

“Where would I go? I only have you … and Grammy. But you have choices. And children? Seriously? I can’t even take care of myself. Who would be so stupid to want children with me?”

Harvey was really taken aback now and it showed in his voice. “Are you telling me that you’re only staying with me because you’ve got no other choice?”

“No!” Mike almost yelped, realizing how hurtful his careless statement must have been for Harvey. “God no. Sorry Harvey, that’s not what I meant. All I meant was, you’re a catch. The great Harvey Specter, best closer in the city. Men want to be like you and women want to sleep with you. And I’m nobody. Less than nobody. I’m nobody’s third cousin once removed.”

“Mike, we could have this conversation for the next few hours or days or even months, but fact is, although I’ve only known you for a few weeks, you already mean a lot to me, maybe more than anybody else I ever met. And admitting this to myself and to you scares the shit out of me. I’m normally not one for spewing my feelings out for all the world to see, because if they think you care people walk all over you. At least in my experience. But seeing you thinking that you might not be good enough for me scares me even more.”
“I’m scared too.”

“Why? What are you scared of? You know that I would slay dragons for you, don’t you?”

Mike’s lips quirked up involuntarily but the quip hadn’t been enough to scatter his fears.

“That you cut me loose. Or that I screw this up again, like I’ve screwed up everything good in my life before.”

“Damn it, Mike. Can you please stop living in the past? Do you have any idea what I see when I look at you?” He waited for a second but when the kid just shook his head, he continued.

“I don’t see a screw-up. I don’t see all the things you messed up in your life so far. I see your potential. I see the beautiful and smart young man you are today and the happy, self-assured and maybe even successful man you might become, if you let me guide and help you. Your present and future is all that matters to me. I don’t care about your past. And I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t hold mine against me. There are some things I’m not exactly proud of, either.”

Mike stayed silent for a long while, his head bowed and his eyes fixed firmly on the tips of his shoes. Harvey could see that his mind was racing, but he didn’t dare interrupt him.

Finally Mike exhaled with a sigh. “Okay. I don’t. If you can overlook the Trevor thing and the weed thing then I can deal with the b… with her. But, please don’t meet her again. It’s like you said earlier with Trevor. I trust you but I don’t trust her.”

“Well, I think that’s only fair.” He thought about it for a moment. “I can’t promise you that I won’t meet her in a professional capacity though. We work in the same field after all. But I will tell you if this should happen. And Mike, I promise that I will never cheat on you. Remember how we promised to be honest to each other? I stand by that promise, Mike.”

Although Mike wouldn’t look at Harvey he could hear the truth ring in his words.

“Oh dear lord. What now?”

“Out with it. And I won’t get mad. As long as you haven’t lied to me, I won’t.”

The sub took a deep breath like he needed to brace himself for the following confession.

“I want to keep my apartment.” Mike finally looked up at Harvey and when he saw a hint of pain in his Dom’s eyes, he hurried to explain.

“I want to move in with you. I do, really. No second thoughts. And I think I trust you. But I thought about what you’ve said back at the restaurant and I think I would feel better if I still had a place I could go, just in case something happened and we won’t work out after all. You know, like a security blanket. But that would mean that I couldn’t pay you rent for the room. I could pitch in a little for groceries though.”

It didn’t happen very often, but now Harvey was baffled. Well and truly flummoxed. Not because Mike wanted to keep his apartment for now, but because the kid thought that he needed to pay rent. Where the hell did that notion come from?
“I never asked for rent. Never even thought about it. Why on earth do you think I want you to pay rent?”

“Maybe you don’t want me too, but I do. I’m not a freeloader and you’re not my sugar-daddy.”

Harvey nearly rolled his eyes. That old record again.

“I’m okay with you keeping your apartment for the time being at least, if that’s what it takes to make you feel better but under no circumstances would I take rent from you… or allow you to pay for groceries. That’s not gonna happen. If you want to contribute though, we’ll figure something out. You could cook every once in a while or… I don’t know, clean in the nude. Whatever. But I’m not taking your money. That’s a hard limit. And please, don’t ever say the word sugar-daddy again. It makes me feel old and dirty. Like a pedophile.”

“You can’t just add hard limits to your list without negotiation.”

“And yet I just did.”

“What if it’s a hard limit for me to take money from you?”

Trust his boy to dig his heels in over something so trivial like money. Harvey huffed exasperatedly.

“I’m not giving you money, Mike. But you know what? If it makes you feel better, you moving in with me is just another way of fulfilling your side of our contract. After all, it is my prerogative to make significant life choices for you. Dictating how and where you spend your free time is part of that. And from now on I order you to spend every damn night at my place. There, problem solved. You’re not moving in, you’re just being a good sub and obeying your Dom by sleeping every night at my place and not going back to your apartment alone.”

“But, Harvey… that’s not… you can’t. You can’t just lawyer me like that.”

“Are you coloring out, Michael?”

“No, but you’re being ridiculous. That’s not fair.”

“Oh, and you wanting to pay rent isn’t ridiculous? I get that you’re a little uncomfortable about money-issues but let’s get real here for a moment. I’m making easily 750 grand a year, and that’s without the annual bonus and the bonuses I get every time a close a huge deal. What are you making? Well, actually I don’t give a shit because it doesn’t matter.” His voice had gained volume, not loud enough that it could be called shouting, but still. Harvey noticed that his feelings, for once, were getting a little out of hand. Why had he fallen for such a frustratingly stubborn sub? He took a few slow measured breaths and when he felt a little bit calmer, he went on.

“I don’t have anyone I need to take care of, that is, until now. You have your Grammy. You once told me that your Grammy means everything to you and that all your money goes to her so she can be comfortable. And yet you deny me the same privilege. Why is it so hard for you to understand that me providing for you is something I need to do, like you feel the need to provide for your Grammy?”

“I’m not a whore. Stop treating me like one.” The words, for once, were delivered more out of habit and not at all with conviction but they annoyed Harvey nonetheless.

“Damn it, Michael. Have you heard anything I just said? I’m not… .”

When he became aware that a passer-by gave them an irritated look Harvey waited a little till he
was gone, stood up, grabbed Mike’s wrist and dragged him off the path through the underbrush until they came to a little clearing. Here, they were shielded from prying eyes and Harvey turned around to face his unruly sub.

“On your knees, Michael. You know your position. Eyes up to me.”

“I…”

“Color out or get on your knees, Michael. I’m sick and tired of your shitty attitude.”

Slowly the sub sank down on his knees, grabbed his left wrist with his right hand and looked up at his Dom. Harvey could see the anger and resentment in his sub’s eyes and for a moment he wanted to pet him, stroke his hair and caress his face until the expression would make way to the bliss and contentment Mike always felt when being petted. But he couldn’t manipulate his boy like this. Not now. They needed to resolve this once and for all.

“I’m not treating you like a whore and don’t you dare say that I do. I never gave you money for services rendered. I never coerced or pressured you into doing something you didn’t want to do. Sure, I pushed your boundaries, which you asked me for by the way, but I always reminded you by asking your color that you have the power to put a stop to a situation if you should feel unsafe or uncomfortable with it. I’ve always shown you how I feel about you. I always put your well-being first. Granted, I’m not giving you everything you want, but I damn sure give you what you need. Look me in the eyes and tell me I’m wrong.”

For a few long moments they stared determinately into each other’s eyes but then the truth of his words sank in and Mike’s stubborn gaze broke and the blue eyes shifted down to the dry earth he was kneeling on.

“You’re not wrong, Sir.” The words were a mere whisper.

“All the money I’ve spent on you so far was for food or clothing or it was cab-fare so you would be safe when you were on painkillers after your accident. Giving you a place to live is just another form of seeing to one of your basic needs. And it is my right as your Dom to provide for you. Don’t you see that this is something I need to do for you? That I see it as a privilege and not as an imposition? And you’re paying me back in kind, Mike. You’re showing me your affection. You try so very hard to be my good boy. You respond so beautifully to me. You make me so proud and happy. Don’t you see that you give at least as much to me as you take from me? That we’re equal in this?”

At the word equal Mike’s eyes had shifted up again and for a few minutes the sub just looked at him but Harvey could see how his mind was trying to process everything.

“Are we really? Equal I mean? I feel like I would always be in your dept.” Mike’s voice sounded so vulnerable and the frustration of not being able to make his boy see how silly this whole discussion was, rose again.

“Do you really want to keep a tally? You give me this, I give you that? How much worth is a blowjob? As much as dinner? Two dinners? Or is it a fuck to break even?” Harvey sighed exasperated. “Don’t you see how unimportant and ridiculous all this scorekeeping is?”

Suddenly Harvey sank down on his knees, right in front of Mike and he cradled his boy’s face in the palms of his hands. Mike’s eyes grew large as saucers at Harvey’s unexpected move and he couldn’t suppress a surprised gasp.
“Isn’t it enough that we’re making each other happy? I don’t care about money, so why do you so much? Where is this coming from and how do I make it go away?”

Mike gazed into Harvey’s eyes and the Dom could see that the sub was thinking hard, so he gave him time. All the while he stayed on his hurting knees although he knew that the tan slacks might be stained beyond saving after this. But this was important. He needed to know why Mike was so determined to be financially independent. Why he would hand his body over to Harvey to be fucked or spanked without hesitation but why he wouldn’t take any financial support from him.

“When you owe people money, sooner or later they hold it against you.”

“But you wouldn’t owe me anything, Mike. Don’t you see that?”

The sub looked into his eyes before they trailed to the side and he stared into the distance. The pink tongue briefly moistened his lips and then the nibbling began, like it would help Mike to process his thoughts.

Suddenly it hit Harvey why this subject was coming up so forcefully today.

“Was it Trevor? Did he hold it over you?”

Mike blushed deeply like he was ashamed but nonetheless nodded his head and after a few more moments he began to explain.

“I… when I was at college I was really broke.” He needed to swallow dry a couple of times, as if he had to force the story out against his better judgement. Harvey stayed silent and waited for Mike to go on but he gave him a small encouraging smile.

“I couldn’t ask Grammy for money and I had just lost my job at a college bar for mouthing off to the owner. So I asked Trevor for some money to tide me over until I could find a new job. We were best friends and I had lent him some money in the past and I thought he would be okay with it. His parents supported him back then and I knew he had some money to spare, otherwise I wouldn’t have asked him. He gave me $200. Things… changed when I couldn’t pay him back immediately. I was looking for another job but word had gotten around that I was a mouthy little shit. After a few days he made some… remarks. At first I thought he was joking but he wasn’t. He said that I could make some easy money by letting people fuck me. That people would pay a lot to tab my ass. He said that he could be my pimp, make sure that I was safe for a fee. 25 % of what people would pay for me. He always laughed after such a comment but he had this look in his eyes… he scared me.”

The young man took a deep shuddering breath and Harvey saw how much he struggled as the memories threatened to overwhelm him.

“I told him no. Told him that I wasn’t into sex with men but he just laughed and said he knew that I was queer and that I would love it to get my ass reamed. And that I couldn’t have him but maybe he could find someone who looked a little like him. After the second week his remarks got more serious. One day he pointed a guy out to me and said that he had talked to the guy and that he would pay $200 for me if I would let him pop my cherry. That we would be even, if I would go with the guy.”

During this explanation, Mike’s eyes had teared up with the memory of the humiliation and betrayal he had felt. Harvey wanted to pull his sub into his arms and hold him tight, but other then slowly stroking his face with his thumbs he remained still although a fiery rage was coursing through his veins. Now he would really destroy Trevor for this.

“I yelled at him and told him that I would never whore myself out to anyone. I told him that I
would come up with the money and that we were done if he ever made another suggestion like this. He backed off and the next day he came up with the math-test thing which got us expelled. I… I asked him later if he had been serious about pimping me out. He just laughed and told me that he’d been joking. That I was too gullible and that I was his buddy and he would never do something like that to me even though he knew that I would enjoy taking it up my ass.”

A lone tear slid down his cheek and Harvey swiped it away with his thumb while Mike continued to bite his lip to deal with the onslaught of emotions.

“I’m not Trevor,” Harvey stated simply.

“I know.”

“And yet…,”

Mike nodded. “And yet… I’m sorry, but I can’t help it.”

“Would it help if we put it in writing? Make it part of our contract that it is my wish to provide for you and that I would never hold it against you? That you’re not in any way obliged to me and that I’m not allowed to even mention it to you under any circumstances. Would that make it easier for you?”

“I … I don’t know. It’s just… taking Trevor’s money, shit Harvey… that was when everything started to go seriously wrong. When I got knocked into a different life.”

“Yes, I understand now. Thank you for sharing this with me, Sweetheart. But please, give me some time to figure something out we’re both comfortable with, okay?”

The sub thought about it for a few minutes before he nodded slowly. “Alright.”

Finally Harvey pulled his boy into his arms and held onto the slim figure. He could feel from the trembling that Mike was crying now although he made no sound and he had a hard time to suppress his own tears. All he could do right now was hold his boy in his arms until he would calm down.

They must make an odd picture, two grown men on their knees in the middle of a clearing holding on to each other for dear life. But even if Jessica Pearson and Louis freaking Litt had appeared now to witness this scene, he wouldn’t have given a shit.

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Slowly, they had made their way back to the restaurant after that, both of them preoccupied with their thoughts and thus silent during their walk but Harvey was holding Mike’s hand in a firm grip.

During Mike’s explanation some puzzle pieces had clicked into place and suddenly Harvey was able to see what had previously been hidden from him. The picture the pieces made was not a pretty sight though, but it explained a lot.

Mike’s fear of being given to someone else for one thing. That’s what Trevor had tried to do to him. Trevor, Mike’s best friend in the world and the person he had trusted the most, besides his Grammy. No wonder he had made it a hard limit although Harvey wondered a little if Mike had been aware of the reason for that or if it had just felt utterly wrong to him.
Then another thought hit him and he nearly groaned with shame and regret. Their meeting with Kieran must have invoked so many bad memories as well. After all, Trevor had treated Mike like a commodity, a thing. And he and Kieran had done something very similar, albeit with quite different intentions.

Harvey remembered that Mike had struggled so much when Kieran and he had talked over his head as if the sub hadn’t any say in what would happen to him. When he had played with him in front of Kieran. Had made him strip. And how afraid Mike had been that Kieran might touch him. How he had barely been able to tolerate Kieran petting his head.

Harvey could feel his own throat closing up as it hit him how many bad memories this situation must have invoked for Mike, whether he’d been aware of it or not and how much it must’ve cost his brave sub to trust him and not color-out.

He hadn’t understood Mike’s struggle at the time and had attributed it to the strain of that day. It hadn’t occurred to him at all that being objectified could be a problem for his sub, because every time he had told Mike that he owned him, the kid had gotten a boner and pupils large as saucers with arousal. But he could see now that this was something that must be kept between just the two of them with no outsiders allowed.

Harvey vowed to himself that he would never ever get Mike into a situation like this again. If he needed to, he would rewrite the rules on Dom / sub interaction but he would never again make Mike feel so vulnerable again.

And he needed to find a way to make Mike more comfortable with their financial situation. Harvey began to formulate a water-tight addendum to their contract in his head, hoping that this would be enough to make this particular worry of Mike’s go away.

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In the meantime Mike’s thoughts bounced back and forth between Trevor and Scottie and Harvey. He felt exhausted and really wanted to go back to Harvey’s place and just numb his brain somehow. Maybe he could ask Harvey’s permission to get absolutely sloshed tonight. But he knew that he needed to get some stuff from home first. All his biking-gear was at home as well as his computer and his books. And he wanted to see Grammy.

Grammy!

That was a thought that made him smile. He would talk to her about Harvey’s proposal and the rent issue. She would know what to do. And he would tell her about Trevor. With her he could talk about everything without having to fear that she would kill Trevor for the things he had done to her grandson. She would be furious but unlike Harvey, she wouldn’t act on it. Harvey though, Mike wouldn’t put it past his Dom that Trevor would meet an untimely death if he told him everything that his former best friend had done to him. Harvey didn’t know the half of it yet and Mike wasn’t sure if he could tell his Dom everything. It really astounded him that only now he was able to see how horrific Trevor had behaved towards him.

The drive to Brooklyn was equally quiet, only disrupted by some soft jazz-music playing on the radio, but Harvey kept touching him every now and then. Mostly it were just little gestures, like a
pat on the knee or a swift caressing of his cheek with a finger but Mike appreciated every one of these gestures as well as the silence Harvey granted him.

It didn’t feel uncomfortable. It was more that both of them needed to process some stuff. Mike knew that Harvey was most likely constructing a new contract for them. A contract which would make it possible for Mike to feel more comfortable and not so vulnerable.

He knew that Harvey would never treat him like Trevor had done. It just wasn’t in his nature. There was this huge protective urge in Harvey, which he had glimpsed a few times by now.

The first time had been the day they had met. And then after his accidental tumble, when Harvey had inspected his body to make sure that he wasn’t grievously injured. And Harvey had told him on more than one occasion, that he was his boy and thus needed to be taken care of and kept safe. So, on an intellectual level he knew that Harvey wanting to provide for him was only natural, just the next logical step.

But taking money that he hadn’t in some way earned from someone had become nigh to impossible after Trevor had tried to make him his whore. If he wanted to stay with Harvey he needed to overcome this, he knew that, since Harvey would always earn more than he would, but the pain he had felt at Trevor’s betrayal was inseparably linked to the issue.

On the other hand, Harvey was a very good lawyer and, as he had stated on more than one occasion, the best closer in the city, so if anyone could change his mind, it would be Harvey. Maybe it was time to let a few things from his past go. And moving in with Harvey would be the perfect time for a fresh start.

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After Mike had gathered all the stuff he would need for the next few weeks, Harvey helped him to carry the boxes down to the car. Although he had only packed the clothes he would need for work, his books, DVDs and some other knick-knacks, including the panda, had filled a surprisingly large number of cardboard boxes.

Harvey settled down on the couch, typing on his mobile phone, while Mike took a last look around his apartment, just to make sure he hadn’t forgotten anything essential. His bike was still hanging at the wall with the helmet dangling from the handle-bar.

“You should call your super to let him know, that you are staying somewhere else for a couple of weeks and tell him how he can reach you. Just in case there’s an issue with the flat. And you should probably let your mail be forwarded to my address.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. He lives on the first floor so I can tell him when we leave.”

Instead of getting up though, Harvey dropped a pillow at his feet. For a moment Mike wanted to ask what that was all about, but then his submissive instinct overruled his tendency to mouth off and he just went down on his knees and cast his eyes downwards.

“Oh, oh. We need to talk.”

Uh, oh. We need to talk. Never a sentence you wanted to hear from a lover… or your Dom for that matter.
Maybe now Harvey deemed it the right time to punish his disobedient sub for all of today’s transgressions. And his Dom would be absolutely right. He knew that he had screwed up big time today and deep down he had known that it was only a matter of time before Harvey would put him in his place. And he was strangely okay with it, had expected it really. So he tried to man up and meet his Dom’s eyes without hesitation, willing to take whatever punishment Harvey would deem right for him. But instead of the firm and determined Dom-gaze he was expecting, he was met by dark brown eyes full of affection, concern and regret.

“Mike, after today it has occurred to me that I have failed you. I should’ve seen it sooner but only after you told me about what Trevor had done to you, some things finally became clear to me. And I also realized that I’ve been negligent regarding your needs, whether you are aware of them or not.”

Mike was bewildered. What was Harvey talking about? He raised his hand and when Harvey nodded, he asked his question.

“Some of your outbursts in the last days made it clear to me that you’re dealing with a couple of issues. Last Thursday you told me that you always smoked when something bad happened so that you wouldn’t have to deal with the bad emotions. And yet in the past few days and especially today, you experienced some very bad and intense emotions. I think that you don’t know how to deal with them anymore, since you numbed yourself to them in the past. That’s one reason you’re so irritable and I think it’s also the reason for your nightmares.”

Mike just looked at him questioningly.

“You weren’t aware that you have nightmares?”

“Nightmares?”

“Yes. You had them the past two nights.”

Mike just looked at him with a dumbfounded expression and shook his head.

“You don’t remember?”

“No, I don’t. But I rarely remember my dreams in the morning.” For a moment Mike’s eyes became unfocused, like he tried to will his brain to remember his dreams, but then another thought hit him.

“Oh god. Did I wake you up? I’m so sorry if I’ve disturbed you.”

Harvey only snorted bemused.

“Of course you woke me up. You were thrashing around and shouting something but I couldn’t understand you. You seemed so distressed and frightened. I pulled you close to me and petted you and told you that everything would be all right until you calmed down again.”

“I’m so sorry about that, Sir. I never meant to disturb your sleep.”

Harvey tutted. “Really? You’re concerned about my sleep? Mike, it almost broke my heart seeing you like this. And I have no idea how long that’s been going on. Are these nightmares recent or are you having them for years? I don’t give a damn about my sleep, but I care for yours. I thought that maybe you would remember.”

“No, sorry.”
Now Harvey laughed a little. “Stop saying you’re sorry. You have nothing to apologize for. I was just telling you because I thought we needed to talk about it.”

“Okay. But maybe it’s best if I sleep in my room so I won’t disturb you.”

“That’s not gonna happen, Puppy. No chance in hell. I need you close to me at night.”

Mike was actually a little relieved. He really couldn’t remember his nightmares but for the last couple of days there had been a faint memory of disturbing images when he had woken up in the morning. He didn’t know what it was about, only that it made him feel uneasy. And now that he thought about it, it had started after his first weekend with Harvey which coincided roughly with the time he had stopped to smoke weed.

“So, I think you need to relearn how to deal with bad emotions instead of suppressing them and numbing yourself. One part of that will be that you need to talk about it. And I mean a lot. I’m not a therapist and if you feel more comfortable talking with someone else, then I could help you find someone. But I’m always here for you, Mike. I’m always willing to listen to you and to help you cope. Do you understand?”

Mike nodded slowly. What Harvey told him made sense.

“Good. Another issue is that we need to explore your hard limits a little more. I made a mistake when I took you to Kieran and I can see now that the way we treated you was a violation of your hard limits, even if you yourself weren’t aware of them.”

“What? I don’t understand. You did nothing wrong, Sir. I agreed to everything. And I could’ve safeworded which I didn’t. Sure, it sucked a little during but afterwards I felt fine.”

Harvey sighed. “That might be as it may, Mike, but agreeing to something doesn’t mean that you’re actually okay with it. And you should have safeworded. We need to work on that, Mike. But you’re a rookie and it is my responsibility to keep you safe. I made a mistake and I’m truly sorry.”

When Mike kept looking at him with a puzzled expression in his large puppy eyes, he explained to his sub what had become so clear to him on their way back to the car and gradually the confused expression in Mike’s gaze gave way to understanding.

“I didn’t make the connection,” the sub whispered stunned when Harvey was finished. “And if I didn’t know, how should you?”

Harvey cradled Mike’s face into his hands and leaned his forehead against Mike’s. For a moment they just breathed together.

“But now I… we know. And we need to be more careful in the future. I can’t ever hurt you, Mike. Not even by accident.”

“Okay. But you didn’t hurt me. He… Trevor did. Not you. And neither did Mr. O’Connor.”

Harvey placed a soft kiss on the sub’s forehead.

“Can you forgive me?”

“There’s nothing to forgive. But even if there were, I would always forgive you.”

“Thank you.”
Another few minutes went by without them speaking, each man caught up in his own thoughts.

“Sir?” Mike finally broke the silence.

“Hm?”

“You said I had several issues. Are there any more?”

“Yes. Actually there is one more.” Harvey broke the contact with his boy and shifted back on the sofa. The next thing might be difficult for Mike to hear, but he couldn’t spare his boy’s feelings.

“I think another reason you have been feeling off or weird these last couple of days is because you’re displaying some symptoms of withdrawal. I’m sorry to say that it took me a while to see the signs, but now I’m quite sure that’s part of what you’re dealing with right now.”

As predicted, Mike was baffled and a little bit hurt as well.

“But, I’m not an addict. And I haven’t smoked for a while now. Not since I’ve signed the contract.”

Very gently Harvey reached out with his hand and touched Mike’s cheek to reassure him.

“Yes, I know. And I think this is part of the problem. How many days in a week did you smoke weed, Mike? I’m not mad at you, but you need to see the truth. So, how often?”

“I smoked some weed so I could sleep before I needed to go to my cleaning job. And it wasn’t much, just a few draws, so I would get tired but not enough to get really high.”

Harvey nodded, like his suspicion had been confirmed. “And before you had the cleaning job?”

“I… it wasn’t that I needed it… it was just, you know, to relax. And sometimes I went out with Trevor or we just hung out here or at his place and we had a good time. But I never felt like I needed to smoke. It’s not like this. I’m not an addict.”

It seemed that denial was not just a river in Egypt. Mike needed to see the ugly truth even if it meant that Harvey needed to rip the Band-Aid off.

“Before now, how long was the longest you went without smoking weed in the last year? Please, be honest. This is not for me. It’s for you.”

“I… I don’t know. I… shit. I don’t know. It was just something I did, like drinking Red Bull. I never really thought about it. I just did it when I felt like it.”

“And how long has it been now since your last time?”

“Thursday two weeks ago. The day you sent me the questionnaire. I was excited after I read it and needed to sleep before my cleaning job and I couldn’t jerk myself into oblivion.”

“So it’s been more than a week. And before that you used to smoke almost every day. Don’t you see that this is a problem, Mike?”

“But I don’t wanna smoke anymore. You don’t want me to and I want to be your good boy and make you proud.”

Harvey smiled at that. “You’re right. I don’t want you to smoke, Mike. But this is an explanation for all the difficulties you’ve been experiencing.”
“So, you’re saying that my feeling irritated and weird is actually withdrawal from weed.”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying. Part of it at least. Despite the other issues we talked about. But you could go to a doctor to have it confirmed. So far it’s just a suspicion and a google-search. Maybe we should seek professional help for you.”

“No, please. It’s not so bad. Just a few mood-swings and stuff like that. If I can hold out a little longer, shouldn’t it get better? Going cold-turkey, so to speak. Getting it out of my system.”

Harvey studied his face carefully, like he wanted to see what was going on behind the brave façade Mike had put on. But there was only determination with a hint of stubbornness, so he gave in, for now.

“Alright. If that’s what you want. But if it gets worse, especially the nightmares, we will go and see a professional. No discussion. You’re mine and it is my responsibility to make sure that you’re okay. Are we clear?”

The sub nodded meekly. “Yes, Sir.”

For a moment both of them remained silent, just thinking how this situation could be resolved.

“I have an idea, Sir. Maybe it’s silly, but… I think it might work.”

“Okay. I’m all ears.”

“In hindsight, every time I’ve felt irritated and you had been firm, you know, told me off or made me kneel, stuff like that, I felt better, you know, steadier. The world stopped spinning out of control for some time and everything would feel safe and secure again. Like when you put me in the corner last weekend. Or yesterday, when we were watching the movie and I got frustrated and you scolded me or earlier today in the park. It’s like you being firm with me is something I can hold onto. I always felt better after that, if only for a short while. But it helped.”

Submissive indeed. And then another thought hit the Dom and another piece of the puzzle clicked into place.

“Yes, I noticed. And I think on a subconscious level you even tried to get punished so you would feel better. Today at the park when you wouldn’t let me hold your hand, for example. Or when you couldn’t stop mouthing off until I slapped your ass. I think that Scottie had rattled you so badly that you desperately wanted to be taken down to feel better. But at that time I thought you were just testing your boundaries, as every new sub does. Maybe it is time we try our hands at pain-play again since you seem to react well to it. If I could put you in subspace it should help you deal with the withdrawal. Or it needn’t be pain-play. It could be just an intense scene.”

“I would like to try it, Sir. And not just because of the withdrawal. I like your scenes. And I like it… the pain you give me.”

Harvey’s lips quirked up in a brief smile.

“I hope so. Okay, tell you what. I will take your stuff home and you go see your Grammy. Take your time and drive safe. When you come home, I will have something prepared for you. If it helps you feel more balanced, great, if not, we will see a professional. Deal?”

“Deal. That sounds great, Sir.”

“And Mike, we still need to talk about money. But not tonight. Not while you’re feeling so off,
“okay?”

“Okay.”

The Dom stood up and pulled his sub onto his feet and into his arms. After a tender but thorough kiss he patted his ass.

Together they made their way down and parted ways in front of the super’s flat.

“See you at home, Sweetheart. You can leave your bike with the doorman. He will know where to put it. And say hi to your Grammy from me.”

“Yes, Sir. See you later.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and joining the guys and me on this long journey.

This chapter isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

I’m not a therapist nor do I have any personal experience with any kind of addiction (besides smoking regular cigarettes which I stopped 5 years ago) although I know a little of what withdrawal looks like.

A while ago I read a fantastic story by Jonius_Belonius called Step Two, in which addict Mike becomes the sub to Harvey as a sort of alternative 12 step program. I really loved this story so much and maybe this story inspired my idea that pain-play could relief some of Mike’s withdrawal problems. I honestly don’t know but since I don’t want to plagiarize I thought I let you guys know where I might have gotten my inspiration from.

Since I’ve built up to this for so long now, I’m really eager to read your thoughts so please leave me a comment. I will reply to everyone. And if I’ve really gotten something wrong, don’t hesitate to let me know and I will try to put things right. And Kudos, as always, is highly appreciated as well.
Reflections of Love

Chapter Summary

Harvey gives Mike what he so desperately needed after the shitty day he had so far.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Contains kink but also a lot of fluff and smut. In fact, this chapter might be considered so sugary that you might need an extra shot of insulin if you’re diabetic. Also, this chapter only contains the first part of a scene between Harvey and Mike, but the second part is already written and will be published soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike pushed his bike into the lobby of Harvey’s building and handed it over to the approaching doorman just like Harvey had instructed, before he took the elevator up to the condo. Biking from the nursing home back to Manhattan had eased a little of the tension he’d been feeling for the last couple of days but if Harvey was right, and Mike was by now quite sure about that, this effect would only last a short time.

It still puzzled him that the way he was feeling was, at least to some part, a symptom of withdrawal although once Harvey had put a name to it, he had been able to see it for himself. Well, his own google-search had helped a little too.

He had just never seen himself as an addict, not really anyway. He always thought that smoking weed was more of a hobby, something he did for recreational purposes and not because he needed it. Sure, there had been the one time after he had been kicked out of Columbia when he had tried to punish himself and stopped smoking. He hadn’t been able to sleep for nearly a week but he thought that his emotional stress was the reason for that, and not withdrawal. And this time he had been able to sleep but maybe he was just too exhausted with his two jobs and the symptoms were different this time round.

Anyway, having it spelled out for him so bluntly made him feel very stupid. He had taken Psych 101 at Columbia for god’s sake. He should know about that stuff.

Being drawn to smoking weed just had always felt more like a mental thing but of course the drug messed with the brain chemistry which would not only influence his mind but also his body. Somehow, naming the thing that had made him feeling so odd and irritated was a help in itself though. And knowing that Harvey would stand by him and help him through this was an even bigger relief.

He used the key the doorman had given him and for the first time Mike let himself into his new place of residence. He opened the door and entered the condo, slipping out of his shoes and leaving them right beside the bureau next to the front door like all the times before, when he’d visited Harvey. He dropped his key into the bowl on top of the bureau next to Harvey’s and ventured farther into the apartment.
“Darling, I’m home,” he shouted out softly, imitating one of the scenes from a Doris Day / Rock Hudson flick only, in this reality, he would be Doris Day.

As he came around the corner he saw that Harvey was sitting in one of his lounge chairs in the sitting room area with his back to him. The Dom didn’t turn his head and Mike could see that he had changed his clothing from casual to business and was now wearing a suit-jacket. Mike’s good mood plummeted in an instant. Was Harvey going back to the office?

As if the Dom could hear his thoughts Harvey moved his hand and dropped one of the throw-pillows on the floor beside his chair but otherwise he kept perfectly still.

A jolt of excitement hit Mike. Harvey had promised him a scene when he’d left him in Brooklyn and it seemed like they were starting right now.

Mike knew what was expected of him and dropped to his knees in front of his Dom in perfect submissive posture. By now he knew exactly how Harvey wanted him and assuming the position had become second nature to him. He cast his eyes downwards at the tips of Harvey’s polished black leather shoes since he hadn’t been told otherwise.

A hand reached out and tilted his chin up and when he met his Dom’s gaze he saw that Harvey had indeed donned one of his power-suits, jacket, vest, tie and all the other trimmings. A book was lying in his lap and now Mike knew why Harvey had appeared so still when he first entered the condo.

A thumb briefly caressed his cheekbone as Harvey’s gaze swept over him. Then he reached out and picked up a glass of water that had been sitting on the coffee table.

“Here. You need to drink after biking. You’re a little sweaty.”

Mike waited a second, not sure if Harvey wanted him to take the glass but when the Dom didn’t make a move, he let go of his left wrist and took it. After the first few gulps he became aware how thirsty he had been and he emptied the whole glass in one go. Harvey took it from him when he was done and he resumed his former posture.

“There, that’s better now. Or do you want some more?”

“No, Sir. Thank you. Maybe later.”

“I didn’t expect you back so early. Not that I’m complaining. How was your Grammy?”

“She has a little cold and the cold-medicine made her drowsy, so I left early.”

Harvey nodded slowly and for a second a concerned expression flickered over his features before the poker-face was back. “How do you feel about that? Maybe a little anxious? Should we talk about it?”

Mike couldn’t hold back a smile. He knew why Harvey was treating him so carefully and he appreciated the sentiment even though it was a little over the top.

“No, it’s fine. I spoke to Nurse Roberts and it is nothing to worry about. Grammy just needs a little rest. Maybe I can visit her sometime during the week to make up for today.”

“Of course, Mike. Anytime you want. Just tell me when you want to go so I won’t worry when you’re late.”
Harvey’s fingers had slid to the back of his neck and the fingertips were massaging him, just where his hairline started. He closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, savoring the feeling of relaxation that seemed to seep from Harvey’s fingertips straight into his body.

“Hmm.” The soft sigh, almost like a purr, reverberated in his throat and he could hear a low chuckle from his Dom in return.

“I love how you react to me, Puppy. That’s so beautiful. But I want to do something else with you tonight.”

When Mike didn’t react, Harvey ended the petting.

“Open your eyes please, Michael.” Harvey had adopted his Dom-voice although he was speaking very softly.

Mike’s eyes snapped open and his Dom gave him a small satisfied smile.

“I promised you a scene and as you can see, I’ve already prepared a little something.” His hands went to his already immaculately tied tie and straightened it, purely for show. “I once told you that I would allow you to undress me and I always keep my word.”

Mike couldn’t suppress another small sigh. He remembered that occasion perfectly. It had been when he’d first told Harvey about the scam MacDougal was running and the evening he’d discovered the dodgy assets of RSC Network. Harvey had changed into casual clothes and Mike hadn’t been able to hide his disappointment. Harvey had picked up on it and told him that one day he would be allowed to undress him, piece by piece. Mike suddenly noticed that Harvey was wearing the exact same suit and tie he’d worn last Sunday, before he had changed and made that promise to him. Well, it seemed his Dom had a thing for details.

Harvey could see that his boy remembered when Mike’s breathing hitched a little.

Yep! He’d hit a kink.

“Our scene tonight will include pain-play, restraints, gags and some other things. My goal is to make you fly so your brain can get some much needed relieve. And I will fuck you and will allow you to come… eventually.”

Now Mike couldn’t hold back a full body shiver but Harvey wasn’t done.

“Do you need me to explain the scene in more detail to you or is what I told you enough for you to determine your color?”

The sub shook his head with a slight smile.

“I don’t need more details. I think I like a little surprise and I trust you. My color is green, Sir.”

Harvey gave him a warm smile. He preferred it this way too since it gave him a little more wriggle room for spontaneity but he’d met subs who needed to know exactly what would happen to them in order to feel safe.

“Thank you, Mike.” Harvey’s hand cupped the side of his face and his thumb caressed Mike’s cheekbone once again lovingly before he leaned back and broke their physical contact again.

“I want you to go into your room, undress and hang up your clothes. I will be displeased if they end up on the floor, so take care to put them away properly. Then you will go into our bathroom, take a
shower and clean yourself thoroughly. You know what I expect from you. When you’re done, assume your position in the middle of the bedroom and wait for me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

He waited for a heartbeat but when Harvey gave him only a small nod, Mike came to his feet and hurried to his room. When he came out naked after a few minutes Harvey had resumed his reading and didn’t seem to notice him as he made his way over to Harvey’s, no, their bedroom.

When he was done with his preparations he assumed his position in the middle of the soft grey rug and tried to relax. He was a little nervous about what would happen but he actually liked that Harvey hadn’t spelled everything out for him. He would be told everything he needed to know at the right time, of that he was sure. And the little bit of uncertainty actually added to his excitement.

The room had held no further indication of what his Dom had planned. Somehow Mike had expected some implements being laid out on the little bench at the foot-end of the bed but unlike their first scene, Harvey hadn’t prepared anything except himself.

He had his back towards the door and his face towards one of the glass-walls, but since it was only a little after 7 p.m. and it was still light outside, he couldn’t see his reflection in the glass to check his posture. After a couple of minutes he could feel his anticipation building up and he started fidgeting a little but before he got too tense, he could hear Harvey’s footfalls behind him. About 3 feet behind him, they stopped and Mike nearly held his breath with expectation.

“You’re such a good boy for me, Mike. So beautiful and obedient.” The words were like a warm soft blanket that enveloped him.

Harvey circled him slowly with measured steps and now towered in front of him, looking down.

“Eyes up to me.”

When Mike met Harvey’s eyes he could see that they were dark with arousal although the well-cut suit-pants and the jacket hid the erection Harvey might be having.

“You know the rules?”

“Yes Sir.” The sub’s voice was already very soft and even a little breathy like Harvey’s presence alone could render him speechless.

“Recite them, please.”

“I’m not allowed to speak unless you ask a question but I can make noises. Safe-words are yellow to slow down and red to stop, Sir.”

Harvey nodded his approval. Mike’s training was bearing fruits and if he could trust the dreamy look in his sub’s face then Mike was already in the right frame of mind. Getting him into subspace shouldn’t be difficult today since he yearned to be taken down so badly. Mike was already doing half of the work himself.

“I can see that you want to be my good boy. And I’m so proud how far you’ve come in such a short time. You’re such a beautiful, lovely boy.”

Harvey watched Mike’s face light up at the praise until a happy smile stretched his boy’s pretty lips and the blue of his eyes was nearly swallowed by the dilated pupils. His boy’s highly developed praise kink really made things quite easy for his Dom. Time to give Mike another treat
for being so good.

“So, stand up and help me undress, please.”

Mike came to his feet and with great patience Harvey guided him through the process, told him where to hang his jacket, where to put the cufflinks and how to loosen his tie without straining the fabric.

With each item of clothing Mike was helping him get rid of, the Dom thanked his sub or made other encouraging remarks or gestures. Finally, at his Dom’s instruction, the kneeling sub slid down Harvey’s tight black boxer briefs.

For a moment, when he pulled the fabric away from Harvey’s hard cock, a wave of musky scent hit him and without thought he leaned forward and opened his mouth to lick the warm flesh in front of his nose. But before he could make contact, Harvey took hold of his face with both of his hands and prevented him from getting what he wanted. Mike looked up at him and Harvey shook his head ever so slightly. He wanted to taste his Dom so badly at this moment and almost whined with disappointment when Harvey wouldn’t allow it. After a few moments, he managed to get himself back under control and relaxed into Harvey’s strong but gentle grip.

“Maybe I allow you later to suck me if you show me that you can continue to be good for me.”

Harvey, his boxer-briefs still mid-thigh, took a step back and pulled them back up before giving Mike a good-humored wink. “I think it’s better to avoid temptation, at least for now, Puppy.”

Mike knew that Harvey had meant it kindly but for a moment he scolded himself for forcing his Dom to keep his underwear only because he hadn’t been able to control himself. He took a deep breath and hung his head, not allowed to apologize for his transgression.

“Hey, look at me, Sweetheart.”

Before he could obey on his own accord Harvey had taken hold of his head once again and studied his face.

“You will not beat yourself up over this, Puppy. Do you hear me?”

Mike nibbled at his lip, unsure what he should answer.

“I will never be mad at you for you wanting to show me your affection. I will not always allow it, but I will always appreciate the sentiment. Do you understand, Mike?”

The young man felt a little better. If Harvey wasn’t mad at him then he wouldn’t be either.

“Yes, Sir. I understand. Thank you.”

All in all the whole undressing had taken about 15 minutes, and although Mike was sure that Harvey would have been able to get naked, or almost naked like he was now, much quicker on his own, it had been a nice way to get intimate without actually getting intimate. Almost like they were getting in sync with each other before they started the main act of the evening.

And with every piece of clothing that had left his Dom’s body Mike had gotten more aroused and not just because he loved to see his Dom naked. Doing this for Harvey, being of service to his Dom, had not only felt very nice but also pushed one of his buttons big time.

Harvey reached out to him and pulled him close and as the Dom was kissing him he could feel his
cock brush against Harvey’s still clothed one and the temptation to grind his hips against Harvey’s was almost overpowering him. But only almost. Somehow he managed to hold on this time and be not his pushy and needy self. He only sighed softly while Harvey was slowly pushing his tongue into his mouth but the sub managed to remain passive and just take what his Dom was giving him. After a few moments Harvey ended the kiss and stepped back.

“Sit down on the edge of the bed, Mike. Eyes on the floor, palms on your thighs.”

Without checking that Mike was doing his bidding, Harvey had turned around and gone to the dresser where all the toys were kept. Mike could hear him rummage around but didn’t dare look up. It was not that he didn’t want to know what Harvey was doing but he didn’t want to ruin the surprise either.

And it was a surprise when Harvey dropped to his knees in front of him. In his hands he was holding some black leather-cuffs. The cuffs were 3 inches wide, very sturdy and lined with some softer material on the inside so they wouldn’t chafe. They weren’t connected to each other but Mike could see that several metal D-rings were attached to the leather all around the cuffs.

The Dom took hold of Mike’s left ankle and fastened one of the larger cuffs around it. With his fingertips he made sure that they were snug but not too tight to be uncomfortable.

“Does it feel all right?”

“Yes, Sir.”

When his other ankle was cuffed as well, Harvey took his wrists and treated them the same way before placing them palms down back on Mike’s thighs. Then he stood up and walked back to the dresser.

The next time he came back he held a wiffle-gag in his hands.

“Tonight, you don’t need to do anything, except take what I give you. I want to make it very easy for you to obey me. That’s why I’m going to restrain you. And I’m going to gag you so that you don’t accidentally talk. But I know that you’re a little afraid of that so I will gag you first and restrain you a little later. This way you can get used to it without feeling totally helpless. Do you think that’s okay, Mike?”

Mike looked a little apprehensively at the gag and when Harvey handed it to him for inspection he took it gratefully. The ball was made from hollowed out silicone so that he could breathe through the holes and it seemed to be on the smaller side. In fact, it seemed to be the perfect beginners gag. Broad leather-straps were attached to the black ball and could be fastened around his head with a buckle. On the underside of the buckle was a leather-flap so the metal buckle would be padded and couldn’t press into his skull and cause any injury or even discomfort.

Mike raised his hand and Harvey gave him permission to speak.

“Can I put it in my mouth to try it, Sir? I mean, before you fasten it.”

Harvey nodded. “Go ahead.” He felt oddly proud that Mike, for all his eagerness and urge to please his Dom was still cautious when confronted with something new. This proofed once more to him that Mike knew how to survive.

The sub popped the ball into his mouth and it was small enough that it slipped behind his front teeth but not small enough that he could close his mouth completely. His jaw wasn’t stretched uncomfortably but he could feel that he couldn’t help the drooling although he tried to swallow the
fast accumulating saliva down around the ball. Harvey smiled a little at the soft slurping sound Mike made.

“Yes, I know, but the drooling can’t be helped. Not that I mind it.” Harvey let his fingertips trail softly over Mike’s stretched lips and cheeks.

“Seems okay as far as I can see. What do you think?”

Mike took the ball out and gulped the spit down.

“I think I can handle it, Sir. But how am I supposed to use my safe word, since you want to restrain me as well? Will I still be able to touch you?”

“That’s what the squeaky ball is for.”

Once more the Dom turned to the dresser and this time when he turned around, he tossed a little blue ball at Mike who managed to catch it without dropping the gag. When his fingers closed around the soft material the ball squeaked. As soon as he released the pressure, it squeaked again.

“Is this a dog toy?”

Harvey nodded. “More of a puppy-toy but yes, I got it from a pet store. But it serves its purpose. You hold it tight in your hand and if you need to use your safe-word you squeak with it 3 times in quick succession. I will stop immediately whatever I’m doing and check in with you.”

The Dom had eyed the sub carefully during his explanation and he could see the relief in Mike’s eyes when he understood that he could still communicate in some manner.

“I need you to give me your color one last time before I gag you, Mike. After that you can use the ball for communication as well as nodding and shaking your head. But, as always, you can make noises for me.”

“My color is green, Sir.”

Harvey held out his hand and Mike handed him the gag and opened his mouth willingly. When the straps were fastened snug at the back of his head he tried to push against the ball with his tongue to see how tight it was but it wouldn’t budge. He took a deep breath through his mouth and as soon as the air filled his lungs the slowly building anxiety subsided. This was okay. It would help him be Harvey’s good boy and stay silent. In fact, this was even better than being ordered to stay silent because he needn’t control himself and he couldn’t accidentally mouth off to his Dom.

Harvey had crouched down in front of him and studied his face intently, searching for any signs of discomfort or even panic. When he saw none of that, he came to his feet again, went into his walk-in closet and came out with a plush, folded blanket in his hand. He dropped the blanket in front of the full-body mirror which was situated in one corner of the bedroom and beckoned to Mike.

“Come here. I want you to kneel in front of the mirror.”

Mike obeyed instantly, his stiff cock bouncing a little as he made his way over to Harvey. He knelt down on the blanket and spread his thighs wide when Harvey told him so.

“Sit back on your heels and leave your hands on your thighs.”

Suddenly a flash of panic flickered in Mike’s gaze and the sub turned around and looked back at the bed. When Harvey followed his gaze, he saw the squeaky ball lying abandoned on the
comforter. He petted Mike’s head to calm him down a little.

“It’s all right, Sweetheart. I will get it for you. Don’t panic.”

As soon as Mike’s fingers closed around the ball, making it squeak once, the sub relaxed. It seemed that not being able to communicate was something he needed to introduce very carefully to his boy.

“Are you okay now?”

Mike nodded his head and Harvey smiled. “All right. I want you to look at yourself in the mirror. I will join you shortly.”

At first it was hard for Mike to look at himself like that. If he’d only been naked he would’ve been fine, but with his lips stretched around the wiffle-gag, a small rivulet of saliva already dribbling down from the corner of his mouth to his chin, and the black cuffs around his wrists a stark contrast to his fair skin, he felt oddly vulnerable.

And then there was his cock. The cock which seemed to have a mind of its own again, no matter how his brain thought about things. The cock which stood hard and erect between his thighs, cockhead bright-red and already moist, throbbing with excitement. It seemed like, once again, his mind was at odds with his submissive instincts, telling him that he shouldn’t enjoy it so much to be gagged and restrained.

In the mirror he could see Harvey approaching him, a small wooden box in his hands. His Dom with the solidly built but elegant body and the big beautiful cock clearly outlined behind the tight black boxer-briefs. The cock which would fuck him later, which would feel so good when it would thrust into his hole and stretch him until his sphincter burned a little. At the thought how it would feel when Harvey took possession of his body, Mike’s eyes slid shut for a second before he opened them again to obey his Dom and look into the mirror.

Harvey knelt down on the blanket behind him and pulled Mike back so he could lean against Harvey’s solid frame. The Dom kissed his temple, then his ear and his cheek before he bowed his head a little and caressed his neck and then his shoulder with soft lips. Mike could feel that Harvey hadn’t shaved when he came home from Brooklyn and the slight stubble on his Dom’s chin and cheeks made soft rasping noises when it brushed against Mike’s skin. When Harvey was looking up again, he rested his chin on Mike’s shoulder and met his gaze in the mirror.

“Look at you, Mike. Look at how stunningly beautiful you are like this.”

A shiver ran down his spine as Harvey showered him in praise and all the things his rational brain tried to tell him were forgotten. This was how it was supposed to be. This was what made him happy.

Harvey fastened a double-hooked one-hand operational carabiner to a D-ring on the inner side of the wrist-cuff and guided the wrist down to the ankle, were he fastened the other hook to the ankle cuff. Then he repeated it on the other side. Mike still sat comfortably back on his heels, thighs widely spread, but he couldn’t move his arms anymore. It was an effective yet simple way to render him immobile.

Harvey’s hands started to rub his shoulders to ease any signs of tension away but then he leaned forward and whispered softly into his ear. “I want you to unclip one of the carabiners from your ankle-cuff, Mike.”

Mike’s eyes went wide at this request. Was this a trick? Harvey smiled broadly as soon as this
thought entered his mind and his eyes telegraphed the question to Harvey.

“It’s not a trick, Mike. I need to know that you could free yourself in an emergency. So, please give it a try.”

His fingers fumbled a little at first, trying to discern where on the carabiner he needed to apply pressure, but since the carabiner was designed for one-handed use he managed to unclip it after a few moments and raised his arm. Harvey stroked him from his shoulder down to the wrist and guided his wrist back down to his ankle where he fastened the dangling carabiner back to the ankle-cuff.

“Well done,” he praised his sub before explaining himself to Mike. “So, obviously I want you to stay restrained like this but now you know that you can free yourself if the need should arise.”

Mike narrowed his eyes questioningly and Harvey chuckled. They were getting better at non-verbal communication. “Yes, of course I will free you myself if you use the squeaky ball for safewording but I want you to know that you’re not dependent on me and can do it yourself.”

Mike nodded slowly. He could understand why Harvey wanted to make him feel as safe as possible and he was grateful for the sentiment but he hadn’t felt vulnerable or anxious when Harvey had tied him down during their first scene, not for one moment. On the contrary, knowing that he was totally helpless and at his Dom’s mercy had been a huge turn-on for him. He filed that thought away for later. He wasn’t a raw egg, despite the number Trevor had done on him, and he needed to put Harvey’s mind at rest on that matter.

“Lean back against me, Sweetheart. You can relax. I’ve got you.”

Mike let his weight drop back against Harvey and the Dom pulled him tight into an embrace and let his warm hands wander all over Mike’s body with firm strokes. At first the palms trailed all over him, from his shoulders and clavicles down to his thighs and pubic bone. They fondled his balls a little and once a finger teased the slit in the already slick cockhead until Mike groaned with want and a stream of drops of clear liquid oozed out of it, but soon the playing fingers abandoned his dick again and zeroed in on his nipples instead.

“Look at what I’m doing with you. Look how I play with your pretty little nipples. How rosy they get when I pinch them.”

Harvey’s voice was the merest whisper against his cheek and Mike followed his actions in the mirror with huge, mesmerized eyes. When the first jolt of pain hit him, he arched his back a little and Harvey kissed his neck and licked the sensitive skin under his ear.

“You react so prettily to me, Sweetheart.” Harvey’s voice had almost become a sigh as he nuzzled at his sub’s neck. A whiff of the coconut-scented shampoo hit his senses and the Dom closed his eyes briefly to revel in it.

Then his right hand left the slim torso for a moment and rummaged in the box that was sitting beside his right leg until his searching fingertips found what he was looking for. When Harvey brought his hand back up, Mike could see the silvery nipple-clamps and instantly got goosebumps all over as he remembered how good the pain had felt when Harvey had put them on him at Mr. O’Connor’s shop.

The Dom reached around and fastened the clamps to his nipples, first right and then left, watching what he was doing in the mirror, and as soon as the pincers were gripping his rosy buds firmly, the Dom began playing with the short little chain that connected them.
Mike leaned his head back against Harvey’s shoulders and closed his eyes so he could lose himself in that wonderful pain but Harvey would have none of that.

“Open your eyes, Sweetheart. I want you to watch yourself while I play with you. I want you to see how beautiful you are like this.”

Mike groaned against the gag but obeyed the command of his Dom and Harvey wiped a hand over his chin to scoop some of the saliva up. Then he curled his wet palm around Mike’s hard and throbbing cock while his other hand kept yanking at the chain, alternating between sides. Harvey’s grip around his dick was very loose as he pumped his fist a couple of times without giving any real friction and Mike couldn’t help it when his hips bucked forward into the too light touch which made Harvey chuckle.

“Such a needy boy. So eager for my touch. But you can’t come yet, Mike. I won’t allow it. You haven’t earned it yet.”

Mike’s eyes fluttered shut as he groaned in frustration. “Umph!”

“Yes, I know. It is hard for you to hold out, especially when I’m yanking at your chain.” Harvey grinned at his pun and Mike wanted to roll his eyes at that but opted for keeping them shut instead. He could picture Harvey’s smug grin without actually needing so see it.

“I know what would make it a little easier for you. Shall I show you?”

Mike opened his eyes and nodded his head eagerly although he thought he knew already what would come next. His suspicion was confirmed when Harvey let go of him, reached back into the box and brought forth a leather cock-ring. It wasn’t actually a ring, not like the magnetic metal-ring had been, but a strip of soft leather with several push-buttons to adjust the girth.

“Do you want it, Sweetheart? Shall I put it around your pretty cock to help you hold out?”

Mike nodded enthusiastically and Harvey kissed his temple.

For a short while the tugging at the chain and thus the delicious little jolts of pain in his nipples subsided because Harvey needed both hands to put the cock-ring on Mike. He opted for putting it behind Mike’s balls which, it seemed, needed to be thoroughly fondled during the process and the Dom was very careful to not pinch the skin of his scrotum as he was pulling the leather-strip tight around the root of his dick.

“There you are, Sweetheart. All nice and snug.” Fingertips prodded at his cock underneath the leather to make sure that it didn’t pinch him and he could already feel his intense arousal getting more manageable.

Then the tugging at the chain began anew and Harvey turned his attention from the left to the right side of Mike’s neck. He licked and nibbled at the skin until he found a patch he seemed to like. For a short moment he looked up at the mirror to meet Mike’s eyes and then he bit down hard while he tugged at the chain rhythmically. The Dom closed his lips tight around the bit of skin he was worrying with his teeth and he sucked hard until Mike groaned loudly into the gag.

“Ummph!”

Harvey let go with his teeth but kept sucking a little while longer until Mike’s groaning continued to gain volume.

“Humph!”
The sucking stopped and Harvey inspected the mark critically to make sure that he hadn’t broken the skin.

“Shhh! It’s all right Sweetheart. It’s over.” He kissed the purple bruise tenderly before he sat up a little more erect and pulled Mike tight against his body. His hands were all over the slim boy in front of him, touching him everywhere. Every now and again one of his hands would tug at the chain but he didn’t limit himself to Mike’s nipples any longer. At some point his fingertip even slipped behind the balls and the taint and tickled Mike’s hole a little bit before the finger was taken away again.

“Look at us, Mike. Do you see what I see?”

The sub studied their image in the mirror intently. He saw a beautiful, dominant man with strong features and striking dark eyes holding him in his arms, owning his body, taking possession of him, touching him everywhere and making him hunger for more. And he saw himself, a scrawny kid with huge blue eyes who wanted to lose himself in his Dom’s touch, wanted to worship this Adonis behind him so he would be praised for his obedience and showered in affection.

“Do you want to know what I see when I look at us?”

The sub nodded and Harvey kissed his temple while his hands still raked all over his body, sometimes employing his blunt fingernails to scratch his milky-fair skin lightly and leaving faint red scratch marks in their wake, sometimes touching him only with his fingertips, employing almost no pressure at all, and then again executing firm strokes with the palms of his hands all over his body.

“I see a beautiful young man who is brave and smart and courageous. A young man who trusts his Dom with his body and mind. Who loves it when his Dom plays with him and gives him what he needs. A young man who gives himself over to his Dom and makes his Dom so very happy.”

Harvey shifted him around a little so Mike could look at his face when he turned his head to the side. Harvey’s eyes had become huge black pools, but there was more than only arousal displayed in them.

“I see love and devotion when I look at us, Mike. Can you see it too?” Harvey’s voice was a rough whisper and Mike’s heart wanted to jump out of his chest when the undisputable truth hit him. He had suspected it before, but now he knew, because right at this moment, Harvey showed him without any doubt how much he loved him.

Mike could feel his eyes tearing up and he wanted to smile but couldn’t, not with the gag stretching his lips. So he tried to put all his emotions into his eyes to make Harvey see that he felt the same, before he laid his head against Harvey’s chest, closed his eyes and listened to his Dom’s heartbeat.

“Hmm,” he sighed contently and if they would’ve stayed like this for the remainder of the evening, it would’ve been fine by him.

“I love you, Sweetheart. And for the first time in my life I’m not scared to admit it.”

“of u oo,” the sub tried to say and Harvey chuckled at that and kissed Mike’s forehead.
This chapter isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.

I tried to describe the restraints as best as I could but I wasn’t able to come up with a suitable translation. If anyone knows the right term, please leave me a comment.

I think that I got the inspiration for the mirror scene from the story No Limits! from Sal_si_puedes. I really loved this story, actually all three stories. My scene is quite different but I wanted to mention it nonetheless.

I always love to read your thoughts and frankly, I get a huge kick out of reading your comments. And Kudos, of course, is also highly appreciated.

Thank you for reading.
A sudden taste for bananas

Chapter Summary

The second part of the scene Harvey had promised Mike

Chapter Notes

Warning! This very long chapter is a veritable cornucopia of porn, fluff and smut. We have some spanking, a little bit of impact play, subspace, a lil bit of fucking, the odd blowjob and some other bits and pieces as well. I even threw in a banana for good measure. Because everything is better with a banana.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They stayed entangled like this for a couple more minutes, just breathing together and enjoying the closeness of the other person. But then Harvey reminded his sub that they were far from done for tonight. After unclipping the restraints the Dom helped Mike to his feet and guided him back to the bed where he made him sit down for a moment, while Harvey got some more things from the drawer. When the Dom came back he held the paddle, a sturdy leather strap and a suede flogger as well as some length of rope in his hands.

“I promised you pain-play and I think your nipples could use a little rest, so I will spank you to make you fly. I will warm you up over my knee and then I will tie you down on the bed and use each implement. The flogger will be last and I will only use it with your permission. And like before, I will make sure that you can free yourself if the need should arise. But there’s one more thing I want you to take.”

Mike looked up at him and nodded his head. He could take everything Harvey wanted to throw at him, especially now that he knew without the shadow of a doubt how Harvey felt about him.

Harvey cradled Mike’s face in his hands and studied his boy’s face intently. He swiped his thumbs in soft movements over the cheek-bones and up to the corners of the trusting blue eyes.

“I want to blindfold you, so it will be easier for you to concentrate only on the pain. I want you to lose yourself in it. Would that be okay? Can you trust me enough for this? If it’s too soon it’s okay, Sweetheart. This is entirely your decision.”

The sub thought about it for a moment. This would really be an intense scene, just like Harvey had promised him. Bound, gagged and blindfolded. And his emotional defenses were already down from what Harvey had done with him in front of the mirror. So he wasn’t quite sure how he felt about it. Individually he wasn’t afraid of any of it but combined… he just didn’t know. It shouldn’t be a problem… but still.

“Are you unsure?”

Mike nodded, relieved that Harvey could read him so well.
“Okay. We could start slowly. Let’s do the warm-up with the blindfold but without restraints. I will put you over my knee like I’ve done before but I won’t tie you down. Let’s see how that goes before we take it any further. Would that be all right?”

Mike nodded and Harvey fetched the blindfold from the drawer. It looked a little like a sleeping-mask but the material was heavier and the cord around the head a little broader and more durable. The sub could see that the mask would stay put during play and it would be totally dark when he was wearing this.

Harvey looked him in the eyes for the last time and when Mike nodded his consent, he slipped the blindfold over his head and darkness enveloped the sub. His breath hitched a little and his pulse quickened but then Harvey took his hands, pulled him to his feet and into his arms. Warm hands drew circles on his back, like they so often did when his Dom wanted to calm him down and the maneuver once again worked. He could feel himself relax into the embrace and when Harvey took his hand and guided him a few steps to the side of the bed, Mike followed without hesitation.

“This might smart a little, Sweetheart,” Harvey whispered and before Mike could brace himself, Harvey gave the little silver chain a hard tug and the pincers slipped off his nipples. The groan he couldn’t suppress when the blood flowed back into them and made them throb in time with his heartbeat, was muffled by the gag.

“Hush now, just breathe. It will soon get better.” He could feel Harvey’s hair brushing over his chest and then a warm tongue lapped over his hurting buds and soothed the pain away. When both of his nipples were wet with saliva, his Dom blew a stream of cold air over his sensitive skin and the sub shivered as goosebumps erupted all over his skin. After a few too short moments the pain was just a distant memory and Mike was slightly disappointed that it hadn’t lasted a little longer.

He could hear the sheets rustle when Harvey sat down and strong hands guided him down over his Dom’s knee. A small pillow was pushed under his torso and he relaxed as Harvey stroked his back and buttocks with sure, firm movements.

“Do you have the squeaky ball?”

Mike squeaked in the affirmative and Harvey’s hand on his back stilled while the hand on his ass resumed drawing slow circles. He had come to love this particular move that Harvey made whenever he was spanking Mike, even if it was for punishment. It felt so comforting and just… right, his Dom taking possession of his butt, stroking him, touching him everywhere he wanted. And he knew what came next when the hand was drawn back and came down on his ass a second later with a firm smack.

Nevertheless, the first stroke always took him by surprise and he tensed up a little but then he relaxed and gave himself over into the caring hands of his Dom.

The warm-up felt nice, very much like the first time. There were only small little pains, warming his skin and drawing the blood to the surface of the tissue. Harvey made sure that he covered all the skin between Mike’s lower back down to his thighs and Mike could already feel how his brain got quieter and his focus narrower until it was only on the pain, the noise each smack would elicit and the feeling of Harvey’s body shifting slightly under him.

When Harvey arrived down at the thighs his hand made its way up again, alternating between sides, and Mike could feel how the force behind each smack increased the second time around, the hardest swats hitting him right in the middle of his butt-cheeks, at the meatiest part.

He tried to move a little since his dick began once again to throb with want as the pain increased
and Harvey’s warm skin of his inner thigh rubbed against the sensitive head of his cock. He was still wearing the cock-ring but he wasn’t sure if that would be enough to keep him from coming if things would continue to progress this way.

“That’s my good boy. You take that so well.”

Mike groaned when the words went straight to his dick and Harvey’s hand slipped from between his shoulder blades up to the scruff of his neck. Being held down there always did something to him and he could feel every muscle in his body relax, like Harvey had pressed his off-switch.

The last harsh swats peppered his skin and then the warm palm rubbed soothing circles on his buttocks. Although he was aware of his surroundings and Harvey’s actions, he could already feel that this time, without a doubt, his Dom would make the world fade away and the blindfold had no small part in that. Being robbed of one of his senses, he was forced to pay more attention to the others and there wasn’t much that could distract him. It was really surprising how big an effect such a small thing could have.

Strong hands shifted his weight from Harvey’s knee down to the bed but he stayed passive. If Harvey wanted him to do something, he would tell him.

He lay on his stomach on the bed, still clutching the pillow, and his toes barely touched the rug.

“Do you want the blindfold to stay on when I restrain you, Mike? Squeak once if your answer is yes.”

Without hesitation the sub pressed the ball.

“All right. Stretch your arms out over your head, Sweetheart.”

He obeyed and strong hands pulled at his wrists so that he was positioned a little more to the middle of the bed and his feet had lost contact with the ground. The pillow had shifted down to his groin too, so that his butt was a little elevated and his dick pressed into the plush warmth.

For a moment he heard some noises that he couldn’t quite identify and then the mattress dipped under Harvey’s weight as his Dom sat down near his head.

“I’m going to restrain you now, Mike. I will use the carabiners like before and I will position them on the insides of the wrist-cuffs so that you can free yourself. Squeak once if your color is green.”

Squeak.

He could hear the sound of metal as Harvey clipped the carabiners in place and when he was done, Mike couldn’t move his arms much anymore. Harvey’s fingers guided his own to the carabiner and showed him with touch how to operate it, to free himself. His exploring fingertips found a little loop of rope which Harvey must have fixed to the bedframe and both his wrists were fixed with a carabiner each to such a loop, maybe 2 feet apart, so that he could rest his head between his outstretched arms. Since Harvey had used D-rings on the inner side of the cuff, he was able to operate the carabiner with his fingers and after a little fumbling, unclipped his right cuff.

“Good boy.” Harvey clipped his cuff back into place and got up from the bed.

Warm hands on his hips told him that his Dom was now standing behind him and he was pulled back a little till his arms were fully outstretched and his hip was resting right at the edge of the mattress, dick still firmly pressed into the pillow. Right from the start Mike had noticed how high Harvey’s bed was and now he was about to learn the benefits of that.
He was listening with all his might to every little sound to determine the movements of his Dom and when the footsteps walked away from the bed and a door was opened, he was puzzled for a moment. Was Harvey leaving him alone like this? Then the footsteps came back again and Harvey was standing behind him.

“Spread your legs further apart. So wide, that your feet barely touch the floor. Yes, like that. I’m going to help you maintain this position.”

Harvey touched the cuffs around his ankles and fixed them to something. Mike could feel that he wouldn’t be able to move his feet now.

“What you feel is a spreader-bar. I told you that I would make it easy for you, Mike. All you have to do is relax and take what I give you. There’s no need for you to maintain your position. The restraints will do that for you. Before I begin with the spanking, please give me your color.”

Mike shifted a little on the bed and tried to determine how much he could move within the restraints. It wasn’t much but his position wasn’t straining or uncomfortable. Harvey had been right. He would be held in place even if he would relax his body, which he now did.

Squeak.

“Thank you, Sweetheart. I will start with the paddle. Don’t count. I will give you as many hits as you need but I will check in with you in regular intervals. Just relax and let me do the rest.”

Squeak.

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Harvey took a few seconds to drink in the sight before him. Mike was tied across the bed, beautiful pink ass right at the edge of the bed and face turned to the right. His breathing was even and his back-muscles relaxed. It seemed that the restraints alone had erased some of the earlier tension and for a moment Harvey questioned his decision to tie his sub in a way that he could free himself. But he had looked so vulnerable and forlorn when he’d told him about how Trevor had abused his trust and his gut had told him to show his sub that he would be never helpless with his Dom.

He picked up the paddle and knelt with his left knee on the mattress while his right foot was positioned behind the spreader-bar to prevent Mike from lifting his feet off the ground. He placed his left hand between Mike’s shoulder-blades since he hadn’t forgotten that Mike needed his touch so he could deal with the pain, so he wouldn’t feel alone.

He rubbed the paddle in a slow circle over Mike’s butt and when his sub stayed relaxed, he drew back and let the first swat rain down on the already faintly pinkish skin.

“ Hmm!” The blond head jerked a little, maybe with surprise and Harvey could feel how Mike’s back-muscles rippled a little under his left hand.

“That’s it, Mike. Just stay relaxed and breathe.”

Swat.

“ Hmm!” This time the head stayed relaxed on the mattress but the muscles still convulsed, so he
strok[ed his boy a little to remind him to not clench up.

“Yes, make noise for me if it helps.”

Swat.

He used maybe a little more than half the force at his disposal but Mike was still a novice at this and besides, he had two more implements he wanted to use on his boy, so he would need to pace himself, and Mike.

Swat.

Swat.

Swat.

Each hit drew a breathy moan from Mike’s stretched lips and the sound went directly to his own cock. He loved how his boy took it for him, how he seemed to thrive under the pain each hit gave him.

Harvey took great care in spreading the hits around, alternating between cheeks and giving his sub enough breathing-time in between.

After a while, maybe the 20th hit, the moans got softer and the muscles stayed relaxed under his hand, not fighting the pain anymore. His boy’s body had become so pliant that he almost melted into the mattress. Exactly like it should be.

Time for the strap.

“You took that beautifully, Sweetheart. Just beautifully. You’re so good for me.”

He bent forward and placed a tender kiss on the small of Mike’s back just above the dark pinkish hue of his ass-cheeks.

“I will use the strap next, Mike. The pain is a little different. Sharper and not so thuddy. More concentrated on one area. I will give you two test-swats, okay?”

Squeak.

As before, he rubbed the leather of the strap across the sensitive skin to introduce Mike’s backside to the new instrument. The strap was made of black leather, almost two inches wide but on the softer side. It was one of the things he’d purchased at Kieran’s the day before. He drew his arm back and let the leather hit Mike’s left buttock, once again with only half the possible force. He saw with satisfaction how the flesh rippled under the blow and a red stripe appeared for a moment in the surrounding lighter pink, before it faded away again.

“Hmmph!”

For a second, the back-muscles under his left palm tensed but then the body relaxed.

“One more on the right side, Sweetheart.”

Swat.

“Hmm!” The moan was a little softer and the muscles stayed pliant.
He stretched himself out beside his sub and threaded his fingers through Mike’s hair, using his fingertips to massage his scalp. Mike turned his head around so he could face his Dom even if he wouldn’t be able to see him and Harvey placed a little kiss on the slightly sweaty forehead.

“Do you think you can take a few more swats for me with the strap, Sweetheart? I will use the same force as before and spread them around, just like I did with the paddle. Give me your color, please.”

Squeak.

Harvey assumed his former position and started with drawing the leather once more over Mike’s heated skin, so that his sub would know when the first swat would hit him.

Swat.

A breathy moan was all he was getting but somehow Mike seemed to try to shift his hips a little on the pillow.

Another swat, another little shift of the slender hips. But it didn’t seem like Mike was trying to get away from the pain. On the contrary. As he was waiting for the next swat, the sub arched his back a little like he wanted to present his ass to his Dom. It seemed that his pretty little masochist was appreciating all the benefits the pain gave him, including a throbbing dick. Well, he would have to help his pretty boy out a little, since he’d been so good for him.

He doled out 10 more swats, making sure that he stayed at the same intensity and tempo.

When he was still new in the scene, he’d noticed that he tended to get a little carried away sometimes and increase his force and the speed with which he would dole out the swats without really noticing it, and once he’d noticed that, he made sure that it would never happen again. But that meant rigid self-control on his part, especially now, when he still needed to hold himself back so much. Later, when Mike was more accustomed to the pain, he could relax his guard a little more.

After the last swat, Mike was breathing deep and evenly through his nose, not trying to vocalize the pain anymore, but his hips now shifted constantly on the bed, grinding into the pillow, and he took pity on his poor sub.

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Mike was floating. There was no other word for it. At first, the idea of being hit with a strap had scared him a little. He’d barely gotten used to the paddle, it was only their second attempt at impact-play and frankly, the black leather strap looked sort of mean.

All the other times had been punishment and thus not meant to be enjoyable. But after the second slap with the strap, something had happened to his brain… and his dick.

The paddle had felt much like Harvey’s hand, only a little bit less relenting and a bit colder, but the strap, well, the strap had a bite to it like nothing he’d felt before. Maybe a little like the ruler but still different.

The first time it had made contact with his skin, the pain had been sharp as a bite or a sting, but then the pain had flared out while the initial point of contact started to throb a little and only for a few seconds.
The second hit had been on his other cheek and had the same effect. But the throbbing in his ass had gone straight to his dick. With the cock-ring suppressing the blood-flow, his arousal had become manageable up to a point, where he had been able to deal with it almost effortlessly. Almost like his arousal had become background noise, still there but not in his focus anymore.

That had changed when the strap had hit him. Suddenly his dick had reminded him almost painfully that it wanted to be played with, right now. So he’d started humping the pillow to seek for a little friction while at the same time, he wanted to show Harvey how much he enjoyed each swat with the strap.

Harvey had taken great care and spread the hits around as much as he could but then, and only once, he’d been hit almost at the same place twice with only one hit on the other cheek in between and that really did it for him.

Suddenly there was only this throbbing pain in his ass and the throbbing pain in his hard dick and nothing else mattered anymore. Just this sensation of pain and pleasure. He couldn’t think, didn’t try to anticipate any more when or where the next hit would land. He was just existing, riding a seemingly endless wave of pleasure and pain.

So it came as a surprise for him when a cool slick finger trailed down his cleft and zeroed in on his hole. He could feel the other hand on the small of his back and then the finger was pushed into his body and all he wanted to do was, rock back and fuck himself on Harvey’s digit, but the restraints prevented that. His Dom seemed to have mercy on him though, because soon after the first a second finger followed and after a few scissoring, stretching thrusts a third finger was inserted into his ass. There was almost no burning stretch since his muscles had become goo during the impact-play. Throughout all the finger-fucking, Harvey had carefully avoided any pressure to his prostate and as much as Mike appreciated the stretching fuck, he really wanted some stimulation of his happy spot. Before he could make some noise though, the fingers were withdrawn.

“Uhm!” No! Please don’t stop!

“Shhh, Sweetheart. I want to fuck you now. So be good for me and let me in.”

Oh, yes, please!

He could feel Harvey’s slick cockhead nudging his sphincter while the strong thumbs pulled his cheeks apart to give his Dom better access and the pressure against his abused skin and the pain it caused was enough to catapult Mike back into space.

Then he was carefully split open by his Dom, who pushed into his body in one slow movement until his groin was firmly pressed to Mike’s ass. Harvey leaned down and the whole body weight of his Dom pressed him firmly into the mattress while Harvey’s mouth found the nape of his neck, where he nipped and licked at the sweaty skin. After a few moments some of the weight eased off him, as Harvey supported himself on his forearms and started to fuck him with shallow thrusts at first, so he could get used to the pressure and girth of his Dom’s cock.

After a while the strokes became a little harder and each time Harvey bottomed out and pressed himself firmly against Mike’s ass the little pain gave the sub an extra jolt of pleasure but he couldn’t hump the pillow anymore, with Harvey pressing down so firmly on him. Then Harvey changed the angle and finally his prostate got its fair share of all the action. Every forceful stroke lit a firework in his body, and the combination of prostate-stimulation and pain was the best feeling Mike had ever experienced. He knew now for sure, that he would come in a few minutes, even with the cock-ring.
And then, all of a sudden it was over. Harvey’s cock was gone, as well as the warm body pressing against his back.

“Ungh!” *Please come back, please come back. More more more!* 

He could feel tears trickle down from under his eyelids when he was so unkindly abandoned and he jerked his head around in protest. That Harvey would leave him just like this when he was right at the brink, well, that was just cruel.

Hot kisses and soft little bites were placed all over his tender ass but the fingers kneaded his flesh more firmly to keep up the pain. Then Harvey’s body once again pressed firmly against his back and the big cock lined up against his crack, slithering over his heated skin since it was still slick with lube.

His Dom’s breath tickled his ear, when Harvey whispered softly, “There’s still the flogger, Mike. I want to see how you take it for me, Sweetheart. But don’t be afraid. It won’t hurt as much as you fear. It’s only suede and there will be pleasant little bites and stings all over your skin but you can handle it. In fact, I think you will like it very much. I will give you two test-swats, okay? Squeak if your color is green.”

*Oh, okay. Fucking would be better but pain is pretty good, too.*

There was no doubt in his mind that Harvey was right and he could take it. His Dom would never ask something of him that he would hate, he was sure of that, so he pressed the ball.

Squeak.

The mattress on his left side dipped once again and the starting-position of both of Harvey’s hands were resumed, only this time soft suede strips were introduced to his ass and dragged all across his sensitive skin.

The first hit was very soft, almost a caress and he knew why Harvey was so careful. Another bad experience with a flogger would be enough to make it on Mike’s hard-limits list, so his Dom was extra cautious. The second hit was a little harder but still the countless strips of the flogger only stung a little and the pain soon faded away.

“Was that all right, Sweetheart? Can you take a few more for me?”

Squeak.

The next few hits were executed with the same intensity as the second hit and somehow he very much liked the pain. So much that he wanted more, wanted it harder and the regret he’d felt when Harvey had stopped fucking him faded more and more away with every hit he received.

Mike didn’t know if he somehow telegraphed his thoughts to Harvey, but after a few minutes the hits stopped and Mike could feel his Dom stretching out beside his body. The hand was back in his hair and Harvey’s breath tickled his face.

“Did you like that, Mike? I think you did. Am I right?”

The squeak was accompanied by emphatic nodding of the dark-blond head.

Harvey’s rumbling laughter sounded delighted. “I knew you would. Shall I take it up a notch? Make it a little harder?”
Oh, yes please!

Squeak.

The body beside him vanished and this time Mike could feel that Harvey left the bed completely.

“I need to stand behind you to make it good for you, Mike. I won’t be able to touch your back but I will talk you through it. You’re not alone, Sweetheart. You will never be alone.”

The soft suede tails trailed over his lower back down to his buttocks and when they vanished he knew that the next hit was imminent. The sting was a little sharper but other than that, the pain was totally fine. He liked how widespread it felt on his skin, a totally different ache compared to the paddle and the strap. Like a swarm of little bees had settled down on his skin and stung him, all at the same time.

“Does it feel good, Mike?”

Oh yes. So good. More, please. Squeak.

After a few more swats Harvey found his rhythm and the soft suede leather strips landed left and right on Mike’s ass and upper thighs, biting and stinging the sensitive flesh with just the right amount of pain that the sub lost all thought and just existed in his dark world of pleasure, pain and his Dom’s voice, showering him in praise.

“You’re so pretty, Sweetheart. I love it so much how you take the pain I give you. You have no idea, what you do to me, Mike, how you make me feel. I want you so much. I love you so much. I’ve never met someone so perfect.”

Before Mike’s inner eye appeared the image of Harvey and himself in front of the mirror. How they had looked together, Dom and sub and lovers as well. How Harvey had gazed at him with his divine dark brown eyes, filled with love and tenderness and affection for his sub. And how his own eyes had looked. Large blue orbs, filled with wonder and amazement that this powerful, beautiful man kneeling behind him could have such feelings for him.

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All his life Mike had thought that he would always be the one who would love the other person more. Trevor for sure didn’t feel the same way for him as he had felt for his friend, with Jenny it was the same and even with his parents he wasn’t quite sure if they had felt the same love and unconditional devotion towards him that he had felt for them. Only his Grammy had been the one person, until now that was, of whose unrestricted love he had been absolutely sure.

His father James, who’d been a foreman for a building company, had always been a little distant towards him. Most of the time he had been either at work or out with his friends at the bowling alley since they had their own neighborhood bowling league and his father had been team captain. Till today Mike hated bowling since it had kept his father away from home and from him so much.

Money had always been scarce and the tension this brought had carried over to their home life. His mother, Nina, was very warm and maternal but when Mike had started kindergarten she had taken on a job as an accountant for some small, neighborhood based companies, and he had soon learned to leave his mother alone when she was working at their shaky, old dining-room table, notepad,
That’s when he’d discovered books as a substitute for parental attention. He had learned to read at his first few weeks in kindergarten. The kindergarten teacher had shown the children how to write their names and soon, Mike had been not only able to write his own name in shaky crayon letters but to write and read all the kid’s names.

When the young teacher, Miss Lovett, had discovered Mike’s talent one day, she had taken half an hour each day just for him, usually when the other kids had their nap-time, and taught him how to read and write and he had soaked up the attention as well as the knowledge like a sponge. She had been the first person to read to him regularly, since his parents weren’t the reading kind of people and there weren’t many books for children at his home.

Soon after he had begun to read, Miss Lovett had given him his first own book, “Curious George”. To this day he owned that book, although he knew it by heart. But holding it in his hands would bring back the memory of the woman who had been so kind and attentive to a small lost child.

When his mother had discovered that she could keep her energetic little son quiet by providing him with books, she had started to buy them in bulk at yard sales or second hand bookstores. Since Mike didn’t seem to mind what he was reading as long as it had letters in it, his reading material had been quite eclectic right from the beginning. It seemed that his mother had paid more attention to the book-covers than the description on the back of the books.

One day he had discovered that he could recall everything he’d read perfectly, and that was when his life really had begun to get complicated. Once again, it had been Miss Lovett who’d made this discovery with him. She’d read “A cat in a hat” by Dr. Seuss with him for the second time, and when she’d been slow to turn the page he’d recited the next page to her from memory without actually reading it. When he’d seen the amazed look in her eyes, he’d been afraid that he’d done something wrong.

Soon after, the tests started. He couldn’t fathom why all the grown-ups seemed so excited about his results, since the tests were really easy for him. He didn’t know yet that not everybody could do what he could do. But when he found out, he became an insufferable, bragging know-it-all.

No wonder that the other kids at kindergarten weren’t quite as smitten with the mouthy, smug, small kid as all the adults were and on more than one occasion, he had suffered dearly for his big mouth and superiority complex. And his parents seemed to become even more distant to him, which he couldn’t understand at all. All the adults at kindergarten seemed to be fascinated by his abilities and showered him in attention, but his father just looked at him with this odd expression in his eyes, like he wasn’t looking at his son but staring at a rare specimen or something. And his mother, well, she’d tried her best but he could see that she too was affected by all the tests and attention he was subjected to by his teachers. She still showed him her love but she couldn’t hide that she wasn’t able to understand her own son.

So, after some period of feeling even more alone and being constantly bruised as well, he’d learned
the hard way to keep his mouth shut and his abilities to himself. Instead, he’d tried to come up with another way to make the other kids like him. He wasn’t good at sports, he was too small to be intimidating and the role of class-clown was already taken as well. So he tried to do nice things for the other kids to gain their friendship and when this approach worked and their gratitude towards him made him feel good, the need to please other people had become a huge part of his personality.

Over the years, this pattern had become so deeply imprinted in his personality that it had become as natural to him as breathing. Be nice and useful to other people, don’t show them how smart you are so they wouldn’t feel bad around you and try to keep your big mouth in check. Well, he still had to work on the last one.

A little of that had changed when his parents died and his Grammy had taken him in. She was the brains of the family and with her at least he needn’t hide what he could do, though she’d warned him to become cocky and bigheaded about it, since it was only a coincidence that his brain worked that way and not an actual achievement of his own.

And later, when Trevor had learned how he could benefit from Mike’s mind, he had started to show a little of his abilities to other people.

In college Trevor had come up with this flirting routine they did to attract girls although he had never felt comfortable with it but his weak protestations were never enough to dissuade Trevor.

Trevor would casually mention Mike’s ability to some women at a bar. The fascinated girls would quiz him on some books or other stuff and sometimes he even did some math-tricks to impress them. In the end though it would be Trevor who would end up with the girl or even girls while Mike would most of the times end up with the not so hot friend or even go home alone.

That’s how they met Jenny, shortly after they’d been thrown out of Columbia. This time Mike had told his friend that he was interested in the blonde girl but like always, Trevor had snatched Jenny from right under his nose while he ended up with her friend who only wanted to use him to cheat on the LSAT for her.

Until this day he still was a little shy about letting people see what he could do, especially since he hadn’t earned it in any way. Like he had told Harvey before, his brain just did it and often enough, he just couldn’t help it.

With Harvey though, there was no need to hide. He could be himself, with his mind and his need to please and his emotional scars and his lover saw all of it and still looked at him with such love and devotion displayed in these beautiful dark brown eyes, that for the first time in his life, he wasn’t sure if his own love for Harvey was quite equal to Harvey’s love for him.

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Mike had become utterly still under the raining blows of the flogger, up to a point where he wasn’t even moaning or breathing hard anymore and Harvey knew then, that Mike had gone somewhere else in his mind.

He stopped wielding the flogger and stretched himself out beside his sub to check in on him. He carded his fingers through Mike’s sweaty soft hair and when he didn’t get a reaction to the petting he slowly eased the blindfold off.
The sub’s eyes were closed and Harvey caressed Mike’s face with gentle strokes of his fingers. His boy looked so peaceful like he was sleeping and now that the slapping noise of the flogger on Mike’s skin had ceased he could hear the deep regular breaths his boy was taking.

The sun was almost down outside and the room had grown dark, but it was still light enough for him to make out his boy’s relaxed features.

“Hey, Sweetheart,” he whispered softly. “Can you open your eyes for me?”

For a moment Mike showed no reaction and Harvey thought, that his sub was really asleep but then the eyelids fluttered open and he could see the huge pools of black the dilated pupils had made of Mike’s eyes.

Oh, his boy was flying so high right now.

“Thank you, Babe. You can close them again if you want. I just needed to see if you’re still in there.”

The lids closed again and Harvey unbuckled the gag and eased the ball out from between Mike’s teeth. Mike smacked his lips a couple of times and Harvey could see his sub’s Adams-apple bop up and down when he swallowed hard and he knew that Mike must be very thirsty even if he himself wouldn’t notice it in the state he was now in.

So he unclipped the carabiners on the sub’s wrists, turned Mike’s prone form carefully on his back and pulled him upwards a little, so the sub was now lying with his head cradled in Harvey’s lap, the cheek almost touching his hard dick. The Dom snatched the water bottle from the bedside table and trailed the straw softly over Mike’s bottom lip until his sub closed his lips around it and began to suckle. While he held the bottle for Mike, his other hand caressed his face and wiped the saliva from his chin.

“That’s it, my sweet boy. You need to drink.”

After he had emptied half the bottle, Mike stopped and Harvey took care of his lovely sub by shifting him back on his stomach, unclipping the spreader-bar, un-cuffing him and treating his dark-pink skin with the lotion. Through all of this, Mike stayed still and relaxed and not once made a sound.

His boy was flying in subspace so high right now and although both of them hadn’t come and were still very hard, in Harvey’s case almost painfully so, there were more important things to deal with right now.

He got the comforter he had removed from the bed before play, wrapped Mike up and got into bed as well. A little wriggling on his side and Mike was lying half on top of him, his head resting on Harvey’s left shoulder while the hard cock pressed near his own into Harvey’s hip. The sub shifted a little until he found a comfortable position and they stayed like this for some time, enjoying the feeling of the other person, wrapped up securely in the warmth and the comforting smell.

Harvey was on the verge of drifting off to sleep when he became aware that Mike had started to rub himself against his hip and the hard cock of his boy left wet traces on his skin. Small mewling sounds came out between Mike’s pink lips and when he sneaked his hand under the comforter and trailed his fingertips over Mike’s oh so hard cock, the slender hips started bucking more forcefully, desperately seeking friction.

“Do you want to come, Sweetheart?” He knew that the question was rhetorical but Mike was still
not fully back in the here and now and he needed to make sure that his sub knew what was happening to him.

“Yes. Please, Sir. Wanna come.” Mike was slurring his words a little but he was coherent enough for Harvey that he would indulge his pretty boy.

“All right, Sweetheart. Just stay relaxed and let me take care of you. You don’t need to do anything but enjoy.”

He shifted the sub on his back and wriggled his way down until he lay between Mike’s widely spread thighs. The eyes of the sub stayed firmly closed but the hips were now shifting non-stop on the sheets, although in this position he wouldn’t get any friction to his dick. But maybe the feeling of the sheets rubbing against his sensitive butt was the next best thing. He took pity on his pretty boy and kissed Mike’s balls with sloppy, open-mouthed kisses, making them wet with his saliva.

“Oh!” A breathy moan came from above and the bucking of the hips increased so that Harvey needed to hold him down a little unless he wanted his eye poked out by a hard leaking dick.

“Shhh! Just relax. I will take the cock-ring away now, Sweetheart and you can come anytime you want.”

He carefully unfastened the leather-strip and as soon as the pressure was gone, Mike started to moan more loudly and thick drops of pre-come spilled out of his slit. It was so much moisture, that Harvey wasn’t sure if Mike was climaxing already without any stimulation or if it was just pre-come despite the quantity and he watched the slightly pulsing slit with fascination for a few seconds. But when the spilling liquid was mostly clear and it was obvious that Mike still yearned for release, Harvey opened his mouth and took Mike’s pretty cock down his throat until the tip of his nose bumped against the bare pubic bone. He hummed a little to relax his throat and Mike almost jumped off the mattress when the vibrations caressed his length. Then Harvey started to bop his head up and down and the sub was so far gone that it took only 10 more seconds for him to come.

“Oh, Sir...” was all the warning he got before Mike’s back arched off the mattress, pressing his hip-bones against Harvey’s palms with all his might, and the dick in his mouth began to twitch and pulse rapidly while his sub shot his semen down Harvey’s throat with such force, that the Dom almost gagged with surprise.

All through the orgasm, Harvey slurped and sucked the cock and when the twitching subsided at last, he licked the head clean with broad gentle strokes of his tongue.

“Too much... please... hurts,” mumbled the sub weakly after a few seconds and Harvey stopped.

He pushed himself up on his hands, hovering over Mike’s prone form and taking in the sight of his beautiful and very exhausted lover.

Mike lay on his back, fingers tightly clutching the sheets and eyes firmly closed. His breathing slowed down gradually and the fingers relaxed their grip when Harvey wiggled his way upwards and covered his boy’s body with his own to keep him warm.

“Hey, Sweetheart. That was stunning. You have no idea how intoxicating you taste.”

“Hm?”

The Dom chuckled softly. “Still out of it, Sweetheart?”
Mike slowly opened his eyes and blinked sleepily up at him but his lips stretched into a small satisfied smile, like a cat who had found the cream, when his gaze met Harvey’s.

Harvey offered Mike the rest of the water and the sub drank gratefully while his Dom held him in his arms.

But, as Mike noticed with a small grumble, it seemed that Harvey’s idea of aftercare wouldn’t end there. The Dom got up and the comforter was once again spread over Mike’s prone form to keep him warm.

The sub listened to Harvey’s movements around the room with only half an ear, at the cusp of drifting off again, but then he heard water running in the bathroom. A lot of water.

“Come on sleeping beauty. Let’s get you into the tub.” Strong fingers had found their way into his messy hair and a slight tugging prevented him from falling asleep.

“But it’s so nice here in bed,” the sub protested sleepily but to no avail. Strong arms wrestled him in an upright position, his left arm was slung around Harvey’s shoulder and then his Dom half carried and half dragged him into the bathroom and made him slip into the large tub, already filled halfway with warm water. The first contact stung a little and he tried to shy away but Harvey would have none of that.

“There’s some Epsom salt and a little almond oil in there that will help with the soreness and the tender skin. I know it stings a little but it will get better soon. And it makes a world of a difference come tomorrow. Just close your eyes and relax.”

Too tired to argue Mike did as he was told and soon the little pain subsided and the warmth of the water spread through his body and he could feel muscles relax that he hadn’t been aware of he had. He was almost at the brink of falling asleep again, when the shower was turned on. He cracked an eye-lid open with an almost superhuman effort, so he could see a naked Harvey in the shower, with his cock still hard and dark with arousal and suddenly it hit him. Harvey had never come. He had fucked him a little during pain-play but his Dom had never climaxed. This thought and the sight of the big hard cock was enough to scatter his bone-tiredness and interest, with a hint of newly awakened arousal, began to stir in him.

He watched as Harvey washed himself quickly but his Dom didn’t jerk himself off like he himself would’ve done if he would’ve been in the same situation. To his chagrin, the glass shower-walls fogged up a little and he couldn’t get a proper view of what Harvey was doing with himself in the shower.

When Harvey emerged after a few minutes, only a towel slung low around his hips and his hair combed back with his fingers, Mike reached out with his hand like he wanted to prevent him from leaving him all alone in the bathroom.

Harvey crouched down beside the tub and was almost nose to nose with his sub.

“What is it, Sweetheart? Do you need something?”

“You’ve never come, Sir.”

Harvey gave him a small smile. “No. But that’s okay. Tonight was all about you.”

“But Sir. Don’t you want to come?”

Harvey’s wide smile spread up to his eyes and the laughter-lines became more prominent.
“Sure. I would want to but I don’t need to, Mike. Self-control, remember?”

“Oh, okay.”

Harvey cocked his head a little to one side and studied his sub’s face curiously. Mike sounded disappointed and the nibbling at his lower lip indicated that something was going on in the brain of his boy.

He swiped his thumb softly over Mike’s mouth and his sub seemed to take that as permission to suck at it. Harvey pulled it out before Mike could seriously start to fellate his thumb but he could see that Mike’s cock had begun to plump a little in the hot water.

“Please, Sir. May I ask you for something?”

Harvey had an inkling of what that could be. Obviously his boy was feeling a little oral tonight. “Always, Sweetheart,” he answered with a smile.

“May I suck your cock, Sir? Please, you said earlier that you would allow me to suck you if I’m your good boy.”

Even still deep in subspace his boy’s mind wouldn’t be able to forget anything.

The Dom nodded. “Yes, Mike. I said that. And you were my good boy. But like I said, tonight is all about you. This is not a quit pro quo thing. My orgasm isn’t important.”

“But to me it is, Sir. And I haven’t tasted you since last week, although I have thought about it a lot.”

Harvey could see in Mike’s open face that his sub really wanted to do this. And not only from a need to service his Dom but because he really craved to have Harvey’s dick in his mouth. So after a last thoughtful look at Mike’s face, he slowly stood up, got rid of the towel and positioned himself so that Mike could easily reach him.

Mike pushed himself upright and with Harvey’s helping hands under his armpits he shifted onto his knees, clutching the side of the tub to steady himself, and Harvey’s hand found its way into Mike’s damp hair while the sub looked up at him with huge puppy eyes full of want and adoration. Textbook subbie indeed.

“You can do whatever you want, Mike. I will not fuck your face though. I’ll just stand here and let you do whatever you want to do. And I promise that I won’t hold back or draw it out. Is that all right, Sweetheart?”

The sub beamed contented. “Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

With a last coy look up at his Dom’s face, Mike bent slightly forward and nuzzled his face against Harvey’s crotch, brushing the tip of his nose through Harvey’s short and still slightly moist pubic hair. The Dom could hear him snuffling, breathing him in, and then a wet tongue was applied to his length and he closed his eyes to better appreciate this feeling.

The first lick was a little tentative, like Mike wanted to taste the waters, so to speak, but then he used one hand to hold Harvey’s cock at its base while he licked with firm strokes of his tongue from his balls up to the moistening tip of the dick until his whole cock was wet with saliva. Then Mike opened his mouth and enveloped the cock-head in moist heat, while his hand shifted down to Harvey’s balls and began to roll them in his palm.
It was like the sub had memorized all the moves that Harvey liked best and the slurping and sucking along with the licking was so incredibly arousing that Harvey wouldn’t have wanted to draw it out, even if he hadn’t given Mike his promise. After all, he had been hard all night and stopping mid-fuck and pulling out of his perfect boy’s tight hot ass had taken its toll on him, too. But he’d wanted to take the flogger to Mike’s ass so much, that he had pushed down his own needs to give his boy what he so desperately craved. And like he’d explained to Mike, getting him into subspace had been more important than an orgasm, for Mike as well as for Harvey.

The sub artfully teased the slit and coaxed a steady stream of pre-come out of Harvey while he made such slutty slurping noises that Harvey was reminded of a porn he’d once seen and he opened his eyes again to get the visual along with the sensation and the audio-track. At the sight he couldn’t help moaning with desperate need before he pressed his lips firmly together. But it was of no use because now his desperate growls reverberated in his throat and he could feel Mike huffing with laughter against his dick.

After seemingly endless teasing of his cockhead and slit, which in reality was only for a minute or so, Mike started to bop his head up and down and before Harvey knew it he was suddenly deep in Mike’s throat.

That’s when the Dom abandoned every attempt of staying silent.

“Oh god. Hm… yessss… like this. Oh yes… fuck Mike. So good.”

For a second he just enjoyed the feeling of tight wet heat around his dick but then he realized how deep Mike had taken him in and he became so concerned that he was on the brink of pulling out. He hadn’t forgotten how strong his boy’s gag-reflex was.

But to his amazement, his boy didn’t gag and although there was still an inch to go to call it true deep-throating, Harvey was impressed with him. Then his boy started humming and Harvey almost lost it.

“Stop… please! Mike, stop!”

With a superhuman effort he grabbed Mike’s face and pulled him off his cock. The popping sound his mouth made when the cock-head slipped out between the tight pink lips was one of the filthiest, hottest sounds Harvey had ever heard.

Large blue eyes looked up at him and gave him a hurt look but when he grabbed Mike’s hand and wrapped it around his spit-slick dick to fuck into the fingers, while his other hand came to rest on the back of Mike’s head to get him into the right position, Mike seemed to get the message.

“Close your eyes, Mike,” was all the warning he could give before he shot his load into Mike’s face. The sub opened his mouth eagerly and tried to catch some of the flying come with his tongue, but most of the opaque milky liquid landed on his forehead, his cheeks and chin and some even got in the damp dark blond hair.

Harvey shifted his hips and fucked into Mike’s fist while his own hand around Mike’s showed his sub exactly how much pressure was needed. Finally, he let Mike milk the last few drops from him, eased the hand off his now sensitive dick and sank down on his knees beside the bathtub. For a moment he pressed his forehead against Mike’s and both men breathed heavily from the exertion of the orgasm, both active and passive.

“Keep your eyes closed and sit back.” Harvey guided his still slightly panting sub back into a sitting position. Before he cleaned him up though, he pressed his own lips firmly against Mike’s
smeared ones and licked into Mike’s skillful mouth, sharing the taste of his come with his sub.

“I wish you could see yourself like this, Mike. You look just stunning. Now you’re truly mine.”

“I’m always yours, Sir.” The sub’s voice sounded a little raw when he added, “I think I always have been, even before we met.”

“Yes, I think you’re right. But I wanted to see you like this for some time now. I hope you’re not too disappointed that I haven’t come in your mouth. I know that I promised you that you could suck me off but it was just too tempting.” Harvey’s voice sounded a little rueful, like he was ashamed that he had deprived Mike of his wish.

“No Sir. You could never disappoint me. And yes, I wanted to suck you off but if you liked coming in my face better then I’m happy that I could give that to you.”

What a perfect boy. Harvey leaned a little forward and placed a tender kiss on Mike’s forehead, blinking rapidly, but only because something must have gotten into his eyes.

“Keep your eyes closed. I will wash your hair and face now, Sweetheart.”

The Dom opened the tap and a warm wet washcloth was softly dragged over Mike’s sticky face, rinsed and once again carefully applied. Harvey took extra care around Mike’s eyes, took hold of his chin with thumb and forefinger to turn his head left and right to make sure he’d gotten every stray drop of his semen. Finally he was satisfied and he took the handheld shower-head and carefully wetted Mike’s hair.

Mike could smell his own coconut-scented shampoo when Harvey began to wash his hair and he nearly purred when the strong fingers massaged his scalp in a circular motion. Too soon for his taste his hair was rinsed once again and his face was carefully patted dry with a towel.

“There, all cleaned up. But you looked very hot and sexy with my come on your face.”

“It felt incredible hot and sexy to have your come on my face, Sir.”

“I’m glad that we’re on the same page then. And Sweetheart, thank you. That felt incredible.”

**********

After Harvey had helped Mike out of the tub and toweled him dry he ushered him back into bed, but to the sub’s disappointment he didn’t join him there. Instead, he went back into the bathroom and when he came out again, he’d donned the dark-blue bathrobe and held the used wet towels in his arms.

“Rest a little but try to stay awake. I’m not done with you yet,” the Dom ordered before putting the towels in the hamper and then leaving the bedroom for good.

Mike closed his eyes but he tried to listen to Harvey’s movements, but to no avail. The soundproofing in the condo really was excellent.

Finally he could hear Harvey’s soft footfalls of his bare feet entering the bedroom again and in the low light of the bedside lamp he could see him holding a dinner-tray with a plate and a steaming mug in his hands.
“Come on. Sit up. You haven’t eaten all evening. You’re way too thin.”

As soon as he was leaning comfortably against the headboard, ass still smarting a little and wrapped up warm, Harvey placed the tray in his lap and sat down beside him on the bed to watch him eat.

Mike eyed the sandwiches on the plate questioningly.

“PB and J. I saw your stash in your fridge back in Brooklyn and I thought you could need some comfort-food. And hot cocoa for the sugar and the fluids. Real cocoa and real milk too, not the artificial stuff you mix with water.”

“Wouldn’t have expected any less of you. Is the PB crunchy or creamy?”

“Crunchy of course or do you take me for an amateur?”

Mike smiled at Harvey’s slightly indignant tone. Someone took his peanut-butter seriously. Mike on the other hand didn’t really care as long as there was plenty of it on the bread.

Mike picked up one of the perfectly cut rectangles and took his first bite.

“Hmmm! Good. You even cut the crust off.”

Harvey gave him a sheepish little grin. It still surprised him how much he enjoyed taking care of Mike even if it was just doing something small, like cutting the crust of his sandwiches off.

“I guess your Grammy always cut the crust off when she made you sandwiches.”

Mike nodded. “Yes. She always did. Did your Mom cut the crust off, too?”

As soon as the question was out, Mike saw that it had been the wrong thing to ask when Harvey’s smile turned sad.

“No, not really.”

Mike reached out and patted Harvey’s knee. “I’m sorry. You deserve having the crust cut off your sandwiches.”

The tone in Mike’s voice was so earnest and compassionate and when he handed Harvey one of the sandwiches with a firm, “You haven’t eaten either,” he took it gracefully, at first just nibbling at it but when his stomach gave an appreciative little rumble, he ate it in 3 large bites.

The sub hungrily devoured the rest of the sandwiches while Harvey peeled the banana he’d added last minute to the menu.

During the past week Mike seemed to have developed a taste for bananas and so he’d stocked up on them, happy that Mike ate some fruit without having to be forced to.

“Here, eat some banana as well. I know it’s your favorite fruit.” He offered Mike the half-peeled banana but suddenly his boy started to giggle uncontrollably. Harvey was at a loss, not able to see the joke.

“Sorry,” Mike hiccupped, when he was finally able to pull himself together. “It’s just, I have recently developed an odd relationship with bananas. And my favorite fruit is pineapple, by the way.”
“But why have you eaten all the bananas last week?”

The sub grinned and started giggling again. “Because a pineapple doesn’t have the right shape.”

“Huh?”

“Well, I needed to practice and I don’t own a dildo so a banana was the next best thing I could think of to practice deep-throating. You know, getting used to having something deep in my mouth.”

A blush had crept up in Mike’s face up to his ears as he confided in his Dom but the dopey smile stayed on his face.

“Yes, I thought that you could take me deeper this time. I wanted to mention it but then I forgot again. And you practiced that with a banana?”

“Several bananas, to be precise. I kept biting the tip of by accident and then I ate them since I didn’t want to throw them out. Nearly gave myself constipation.”

And with a roguish grin the sub leaned forward and bit off the tip, making Harvey wince slightly, now that the association between the banana and his dick was forged in his brain.

“Wait. Was that why you sent me all the banana-pictures during last week? Every time you practiced?”

“You ordered me to send you a picture of everything I put in my mouth, except water. I was just fulfilling my side of the contract,” the sub mumbled while still chewing.

“And here I thought me preaching to you to eat more fruit was bearing… well, fruit. It must have been 3 bananas per evening at least. I thought your local store had a special sale on them.”

“Nope. And you know what the hardest part was?”

Harvey shook his head, not daring to ask, and Mike began to giggle again.

“Finding big enough bananas.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.
All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own, since this story isn’t beta-read.
I love to read your comments and Kudos is also highly appreciated (did I mention my praise-kink?)
Chapter Summary

Mike comes in for his deposition and encounters a few of Harvey’s colleagues while his Dom is delayed due to a traffic accident.

Chapter Notes

No porn, just plot but the guys were a little tired after the last two chapters and needed a break.

For a moment Harvey took the time to just enjoy the sight of his sleeping sub. How Mike could still be deep in dreamland at this hour of the day was something Harvey couldn’t fathom, especially since he hadn’t been exactly quiet with his morning preparations.

His boy looked so peaceful and at ease, lying on his stomach and with his head resting between his sprawled out arms, that it was almost a shame that he needed to wake him up now. But he couldn’t just leave without talking to him. For one thing, he needed to make sure that Mike was all right after their intense session. And he didn’t want to go to work without his daily dose of looking into Mike’s baby blue eyes, either.

This night, his sub had slept like a stone in his arms and no nightmares had interrupted their sleep. Sure, Harvey had woken up at 6 a.m. like he always did, but after a few minutes watching over Mike’s peaceful sleep he had drifted off again until his phone had started buzzing softly on the bedside table. It seemed like the subspace he had put his boy in had done the trick of shutting Mike’s brain off.

Harvey had planned to come into work late today, even had Donna put it in his calendar that he would work from home until noon, but as it so often did, life had happened.

The secretary’s phone call had come at 7.02 a.m., right at the beginning of the office hours and Harvey knew that he couldn’t wiggle out of it when Donna had told him that she had called him at Jessica’s instructions. Better not vex the managing partner, especially not today when she would meet Mike.

So instead of spending a lazy Monday morning in bed with his still blissed out sub, maybe indulging in a slow morning fuck followed by a make-out session in the shower and then breakfast with a naked Mike as eye-candy sitting opposite him at the breakfast bar, all part of the aftercare of course, Harvey had grudgingly slipped out of the warm bed while Mike had just turned around, buried himself into his pillow and slept on. Neither the buzzing phone, nor Harvey talking softly to Donna or Harvey’s morning preparations had been enough to wake him up.

The reason for Donna calling him had been that one of his longtime clients, Joy McAfferty, the founder and owner of The Joyful Toy Company, a multi-million-dollar enterprise which created
dolls who would look like their little doll-mamas, was on the brink of selling her company for good
to spend more time with her many grandchildren. According to Donna, there had been some talk
about Joy wanting to go on a cruise with them.

Joy selling her company and retiring would be bad enough in itself because it would mean that he
would lose her firm as a client, but on top of that, he had just spent 5 month in constructing a $200
Million licensing deal on her behalf with Oakhurst Capital, which would fall through too. So he
needed to go and have a tea-party with her to convince her that she was too young for retirement.
Jessica had been right to instruct Donna to call him because he was the only one who could
persuade Joy to stay in business. So he had slipped back into his lawyer-persona and was ready to
be once more the best closer in New York.

Ready to head out to work in a couple of minutes, he sat down at the edge of the bed and carded
his fingers slowly through Mike’s dark blond hair. Although his boy kept on sleeping, the neck
arched a little off the mattress and the back of Mike’s head was pressed against his fingertips. With
a sigh Harvey realized that this wouldn’t be enough to wake his boy up. So he shifted his sub
carefully on his back and bent forward to kiss his sleeping beauty awake.

At first Mike stayed passive but when Harvey kept trailing the tip of his tongue playfully over
Mike’s lips until they slightly parted to let him in, he got some response, although the eyes of his
sub stayed firmly closed. He slowly pushed his tongue into Mike’s mouth and soon got a reaction
from Mike’s tongue in return. So he started to push in deeper and a little rougher while his right
palm cradled Mike’s face to hold him in place.

After a few moments in which their breathing became more and more labored, Mike’s eyes
suddenly blinked open and Harvey slowly retreated, mission accomplished.

“Wow! Please, could you always wake me up like this?”

Then the sub took in Harvey’s appearance and his happy smile slowly faded.

“You need to go?”

Harvey nodded. “Yes. I’m sorry. I planned on staying at home this morning but something came
up and Donna called me.”

“Oh, okay.” For a moment Mike looked crestfallen but then a sly smile spread over his face.
“Guess you have to leave me all alone then. Poor little me, alone in this huge comfy bed.” Mike
stretched languidly and managed to slip the comforter down in the process until it barely covered
his crotch anymore. Then he heaved a small theatrical sigh, stroked the Egyptian cotton sheets
suggestively and looked at him with such huge sad eyes that he was reminded of Puss in boots from
the Shrek movies. The only thing that was lacking was the sad music.

Harvey was sure that Mike was really disappointed but this act of poor abandoned sub was too over
the top to be genuine, even for someone as needy as Mike. Obviously being lippy could come in so
many nuances and it seemed that his boy had a masters-degree in all of them.

Outwardly unaffected by Mike’s performance, he shifted back into his Dom-mode although a smile
tugged insistently at the corners of his mouth and only with a huge effort he could hold his
impassive Dom-face in place.

“Cut the act, Olivier. I’m a little disappointed myself but that’s what happens when you’re with the
best closer in town. Places to be, deals to close, clients to talk to, you know.”
Mike’s facial expression immediately shifted from *Puss in boots* to *caught in the act sub*, but his mouth ran on auto-pilot.

“Olivier, really? God, you’re old. I would have thought Branagh was more your generation.”

For a moment, both of them were stunned at what had just come out of the sub’s mouth. Harvey reacted a millisecond quicker, grabbed Mike and wrestled the squealing sub across his lap.

“Aren’t you lippy this morning? Need to spank that out of you.”

His palm came down all over Mike’s bare butt but both of them knew that it wasn’t a real spanking for punishment. It was more tomfoolery with only a hint of discipline for Mike, reminding him gently that he couldn’t get away with such behavior.

After a few more halfheartedly executed swats the sub caved and squeaked, “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry, Sir,” and Harvey let go of him.

Both of them sat amidst the tangled sheets and breathed heavily for a minute and they could see the growing arousal in each other’s eyes.

“I really have to go,” Harvey finally said and stood up to avoid further temptation. He turned towards the mirror and straightened his clothes, trying to force his growing erection down by sheer willpower and get his traitorous body back under control.

When he finally turned back, he oozed self-control and the sub shivered slightly at this sight. Seeing his Dom like this always was a huge turn-on for Mike and his cock was now fully erect and throbbing with want between his legs while his bottom did some throbbing of its own, but not in a bad way.

Harvey’s gaze fell on Mike’s dick and a small satisfied smile played over his lips before he shifted his eyes back to Mike’s flushed face.

“Don’t you dare touch that cock, Mike. That’s mine.”

Mike gulped visibly at the stern tone of Harvey’s voice and once more he was sure that Harvey could read his thoughts because he had wanted to ask his Dom for permission to jerk himself off as a consolation for being abandoned and would’ve done so, if Harvey had allowed it, as soon as his Dom had left the condo.

“The usual rules apply. No touching for pleasure. No begging or trying to initiate. You take what I give you when I give it to you. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” the sub replied meekly, casting his eyes down to his lap. *Do you hear? Go back to sleep. There’s nothing I can do,* he wanted to tell his throbbing dick.

“I want you to come to my office at 1:30 p.m. That gives us enough time to go over the procedure again before your deposition. If I’m not there, Donna will see to you. I have laid the clothes I want you to wear out for you in your room. They are on the casual side but you’re a poor bike-messenger, trying to take care of your ailing grandmother and we want to sell this picture. And you can take your bike to come in if your ass isn’t too sore.”

“My ass is fine. Still smarts a little but nothing I can’t handle.”

“Well, then. You can use the lotion after your shower. And I’m sure the exercise will do you good. Any questions?”
“No, Sir.”

“Good. You can eat whatever you like for breakfast and lunch since all my stuff is more or less healthy. Try to include some fruit, but maybe not bananas.”

Mike smiled. “Yes, Sir.”

Harvey bent down and gave Mike a quick, intense kiss before he turned around. He was almost out of the door when he turned around again.

“And Mike. No snooping in the toy-drawer.”

Damn!

**********

Harvey was 10 minutes late when he and Ray started their drive over to Joy. He had needed to pick up some papers from the office first and had been ambushed by Louis, yapping on about some thing or other he wanted Harvey to do for him. Something like playing tennis or going mudding with him. He hadn’t really paid attention to the ferret.

The meeting with Joy was scheduled for 9 a.m. and it was already 08:40 a.m. when he slipped onto the backseat, but not before he had handed Ray a new CD he had burned for him and received a coffee from his favorite coffee cart in return.

“Don’t worry, Harvey. We will be on time,” his driver assured him, noticing his boss’ surreptitious glance at his wristwatch when he pulled off the curb.

“I know. If anybody can get me there on time, it’s you.”

Ray popped the CD into the radio and some up-beat jazz music from the late 50’s filled the car.

Harvey and Ray did their usual thing, quizzing each other on release dates and record labels and they made good time in the dense traffic.

They neared the next crossing just as the light changed to green and Ray accelerated again when all of a sudden a cab smashed into the left front-side of the town-car and the force of impact made it lurch to the right. Luckily Harvey sat on the right side of the backseat or he would’ve hit his head. As it was, his neck was jostled to the side but due to his boxing training, his neck-muscles could handle the strain.

“Oh god, Harvey. Are you all right?” Ray shouted back over his shoulder as soon as the car stopped moving, his voice a little panicky.

“Yes, I’m fine. And you?” Harvey marveled at how calm his own voice sounded when he was anything but. But maybe his experience to seemingly stay on top of every situation, regardless how he actually felt, translated even to traffic accidents.

“Yeah, I’m fine too, I think,” the driver replied a little bit more calmly.

Horns sounded all around them since they were now a serious obstacle in New York’s already congested streets. Ray got out of the car to look after the other driver and assess the damage and
was immediately assaulted by a furious cabby.

“You private chauffeurs. That’s so typical. You always think that you don’t have to yield.”

“You ran a red!” retorted Ray heatedly.

“I did not. It was still yellow.”

Before a brawl between the two drivers could ensue, Harvey came to Ray’s aide.

Since Harvey had for once paid attention to the traffic, he had seen himself how the light had changed in their favor and he opened his mouth to give the man a piece of his mind. Before the argument could get out of hand though, out of nowhere a police officer appeared and after that, the behavior of the cabby became a tad more civilized. Maybe the threat of the officer, that anybody who wouldn’t behave would be introduced to Mr. Taser, had something to do with it.

Harvey approached the officer with his business-card, planning on taking a cab to Joy, but he was out of luck. The cop didn’t care that his time was precious and demanded that he stay at the scene as a witness. For a moment Harvey thought about kicking up a fuss but then he relented. It wouldn’t do to aggravate the cop since he was only doing his job.

And it would be better for Ray if he stayed and made sure that everything was done properly even though this was just a normal traffic accident and as such a matter for the insurance. But he had known Ray for a long time and although his driver seemed to have calmed down, the dominant male in him couldn’t quite push the urge down to protect the people he saw as part of his tribe.

With a sigh, he dialed Joy’s number and made his apologies for his delay and she gracefully agreed to have him over for an early lunch instead.

Harvey groaned inwardly. He had wanted to be back at the office at lunchtime to meet Mike but he couldn’t risk losing Joy as a client. Well, business before pleasure, and anyway, his boy would be in good hands with Donna.

Plastering a small smile on his face, he turned back to the traffic-cop to see if he could speed the procedures up somehow.

**********

When Mike entered the lobby of the Pearson Hardman building at 1:22 p.m., one of the security guards stepped in his way and prevented him from getting to the elevator banks. Since he wasn’t in his messenger gear he couldn’t weasel his way past the guard by waving an envelope and had to wait patiently until the man had confirmed that Mike had, indeed, an appointment with the great Harvey Specter. After that, his manners became a little bit friendlier towards Mike. He even explained to him which of the numerous elevators would take him to the 50th floor (Mike of course knew already) and wished him a good day to which Mike gracefully responded in kind.

He slowly approached Donna’s cubicle only to find it empty, which was a little odd since she must’ve known that he was on his way up. A quick glance into Harvey’s office showed him that his Dom-lawyer was also absent and Mike searched for his smartphone in his messenger bag to see if he had any messages from him. Maybe his appointment had been pushed back or canceled altogether. He had his head almost completely stuck in the bag, cursing under his breath when he...
couldn’t find his phone, when a female voice startled him.

“Hello. Can I help you?”

Surprised, he let go of the bag which dropped to his feet and blushed when the young woman in front of him gave him the once over with slightly narrowed eyes, clearly confused about the appearance of the casually clad young man, standing unsupervised in the holy halls of Pearson Hardman.

“Oh, … I’m looking for Harvey… I mean Mr. Specter. The lawyer,” he tried to justify his presence.

*The lawyer…duh. You’re in a law firm. She knows that Harvey is a lawyer. Behave like a total dumbass, will you.*

“Do you have an appointment?”

“Yes. Of course I have.”

He could feel the blush deepen and cursed his fair complexion inwardly. He could never hide his feelings with a skin tone like that. The woman in front of him didn’t have that particular problem since she had very nice light brown skin. She was really pretty too, with her curvaceous but lean body and shiny dark brown hair. And the no-nonsense tone of her voice wasn’t bad either. This woman knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it.

“Are you sure?” she asked skeptically.

Before he could make even more of an ass of himself than he had already done, he heard the rapid clacking of heels approaching them fast.

“Oh, Mike. So nice to see you. You’re a little early.”

He was so relieved when a slightly breathless Donna suddenly came round the corner, holding her smartphone in her hand. She waved it slightly as an explanation for her absence. “Sorry, crappy reception. It’s all the steel and glass. Need to go to the kitchen to take a call on this thing.”

She smiled warmly at him before she turned to the brunette, pointedly ignoring her questioning glance. “Thank you Rachel, I’ve got this. Mike is Harvey’s new pro-bono client.”

“Harvey’s doing a pro-bono case? No way! Did he lose a bet with Louis or Jessica?”

“No. He just needed a case that would capture his interest. And now he has and Mike here is his client.” She turned to the by now beet-root young man. “You can go into his office and sit down, Mike. I’ll be right with you. Do you want a coffee?”

“I… yes, thank you. Or… no… maybe water?” He had just realized that he must’ve forgotten his phone at Harvey’s condo and thus wouldn’t be able to take the mandatory photo of the coffee and ask for permission. He was sure that it would be fine to drink a coffee but still, better to play it safe and stick by the rules.

“Sure thing, Sweetie…ahm Mike.” She patted his shoulder in a motherly fashion and ushered him into Harvey’s office.

He made himself comfortable on the couch and turned around to watch Donna and the brunette. The younger woman seemed to ask Donna about his case but he couldn’t hear their conversation
since the secretary had closed the door behind him and had steered the other woman a little way away. But from her reaction to his appearance he had garnered that he was not at all the usual type of client for Pearson Hardman.

He totally got why the security guard and now one of Harvey’s colleagues were confused to see him here. As a bike messenger he sort of melted into the background, just one of those little invisible wheels which would keep the machine running.

In his normal clothes though he looked oddly out of place amidst all these busy, professional looking, suit wearing people. He suddenly wished that Harvey would’ve chosen maybe slacks and a nice button down shirt for him to wear but instead he was wearing blue jeans, not shabby ones like his own but not high end ones like he had worn at the restaurant either, and a dark-grey polo shirt which he had to button up to the top because otherwise the purple love bite Harvey had given him low on his neck last night would’ve been visible. He was wearing his Adidas Superstars and his helmet was dangling from the strap of his messenger back. The jeans were just a little too tight to hold all of his stuff and he was used to feel the pressure of the strap around his torso during biking. And anyway, Harvey had explained to him that they needed to sell a picture and the bag would surely help with that.

These clothes were nicer than anything Mike had before Harvey had dragged him to Barney’s but as far as his new wardrobe went, they were at the cheaper end of it. In fact, he looked exactly like a poor bike messenger who had made an effort to dress up for an appointment with his lawyer in his best clothes so kudos to Harvey. Obviously selling an image was another thing his Dom was really good at.

“Here you are, Mike.” The secretary had ended her conversation and now placed a large glass of water in front of Mike. He took it gratefully and drank a few sibs. Biking always made him thirsty.

“Thanks. Who was the woman? One of the lawyers?”

“Who? Rachel? No, she’s a paralegal here. She’s nice.” Her eyes grew somewhat concerned. “Did she give you a hard time?”

“No, it’s okay. I know that I’m sticking out like a sore thumb around here. It’s only natural that she’s careful.”

Donna sat down in the chair close to him and patted his knee.

“So, how are you?”

“I’m fine. And you?”

“I’m fine too. You know, always busy. But I’m fine.” An awkward silence spread between them and Mike got the feeling that behind the chipper façade Donna was worried about something.

“Donna, where’s Harvey?”

She gave him a professional smile. “He’s with a client and running a little late. Don’t worry, that happens all the time. Clients, you know. Can’t get enough of him.” She snorted a little un-ladylike to indicate what a nuisance this was.

“Anyway, he’s asked me to give you the questions you will be asked later so you can go over them and I’m sure he will be back soon and then he can explain everything that might still be unclear.”

Donna’s voice sounded normal enough but there was this niggling feeling in his gut that told him
that something wasn’t all right.

“You sure that everything is okay?”

This time he thought that her smile was a little bit more strained.

“Yes, absolutely. I just spoke to him a few minutes ago and he’s on his way back.”

“It’s just, I forgot my phone at home. Maybe you could call him and tell him that. Just in case he tries to reach me.”

“There’s no need for that Mike. Like I said, he’s on his way back. But if he should call again, I’ll make sure to tell him.”

“Uh… okay. Thanks.”

The redhead stood up and got a folder from Harvey’s desk, handing it to Mike.

“There you are. I need to get back to my desk but I’m sure Harvey will be here in a few minutes. Just call if you need anything.”

“Thank you.”

She left and Mike immersed himself in the questions Harvey had prepared for him. It was pretty simple stuff. Some questions about his family background, how his Grammy had come to live in the nursing home, how he had discovered the scam and so on.

After a couple of minutes he could hear low voices outside the office and when he turned his head he saw a tall black woman in a stunning tight dark-red dress, that clung to her curves like it was painted on, talking to Donna. The secretary was pointing towards him and Mike whipped his head around and stared back down at the folder, pretending to be reading, although by now he knew all the questions and answers by heart.

After a minute a soft knock on the glass door announced the arrival of the black woman. Mike knew that she was the Pearson in Pearson Hardman from his google search that he had done as soon as Harvey had first mentioned her name to him.

The managing partner stepped closer and Mike hurriedly stood up and shook her extended hand politely. She had a firm but gentle grip, a politician’s handshake.

“Mr. Ross, so nice to meet you. I’m Jessica Pearson.”

“Hello. I’m Mike Ross. And I know you… I mean of you. Harvey told me that you’re his boss. It’s nice to meet you, too.”

Harvey had briefed him on the official story of their meeting and how Harvey had become his lawyer so Mike knew what he could or shouldn’t say. Or so he hoped. He really would have felt better, if Harvey had been here. After just a few seconds in this woman’s presence Mike felt already a little disconcerted even so up until now she had just greeted him.

The full lips spread into a wide smile but Mike couldn’t help but feel that behind that friendly smile and the polished exterior there was an amazon, a fierce female warrior from mythology, slumbering deep inside her. She radiated almost as much power and authority right now, casually standing in front of him, as Harvey did when he was in full Dom-mode. The sub in him wanted to sink down on his knees and worship this goddess and he had a hard time to cover his confusion. He
really shouldn’t feel this way. Not for her.

“Did he now? I wonder what else he told you.”

“Ehm,” Mike cleared his throat nervously. “Nothing much. Only that you told him he should do more pro bono work and that you allowed him to take on my case.”

She stepped a little closer and he eyed every one of her movements carefully, feeling like a squirrel or maybe a prairie dog being stalked by a mountain lion or a hawk or some other predator. Only when she took a seat in the chair Donna had previously abandoned and indicated with a gesture that he should sit down too, he relaxed a little although he had a hard time to refrain from taking one of the throw-cushions and hugging it to himself for comfort. He could really use a little help dealing with this tigress.

Jessica placed the folder she had been holding on the coffee table in front of her and leaned back, crossing her long legs gracefully. Mike couldn’t help his gaze sliding over her shapely legs and the knowing smile of hers told him that she knew exactly what he was thinking.

“Yes, he told me about your special circumstances… and abilities. Is it true or has he exaggerated, like he is sometimes prone to do.”

Be careful, a small voice in his brain whispered. This woman is an experienced lawyer and used to getting to the bottom of things. Even Harvey seemed to be slightly in awe of her. Don’t volunteer information lightly.

“I don’t know what he has told you about me, so I couldn’t say whether he has exaggerated or not,” he answered cautiously.

She gave him a speculative look, clearly surprised that he offered some resistance to her, as insignificant as it might be.

“He told me that you’re very good with numbers. And that I have you to thank for the still existing good reputation of my firm,” she specified.

Right, he knew that was true since he had to sign the non-disclosure regarding RSC on her insistence.

“Yes … well, it’s just something my brain does. Harvey didn’t have anything to do with it. I mean, he didn’t ask me to do it. He didn’t even know that I can do it and even if he had, he would never have broken confidentiality. Not on purpose. It’s just, I can’t help it really. I just see this stuff. And I’m happy that I could help.”

“How does it work?” She had rested her elbows on the armrests and brought the fingertips of both hands up in front of her chin, pressing them together and thus building a triangle with them. She looked a little like a stereotypical Bond-villain like this. Minus the obligatory white Persian cat.

“I can’t really explain it. I just look at the numbers and they make sense to me, or in this case, don’t make sense to me. Until 5th grade I wasn’t really aware that not everybody could do it.” He shrugged, like always feeling a little helpless when he tried to explain the un-explainable. Like trying to explain to a blind man what the color red looked like.

“He also told me that you have an eidetic memory as well.”

Mike was astounded. “He really told you that? Why?” He was really surprised since his memory would’ve nothing to do with what he did with the RSC Network merger.
“Isn’t it true?” she pressed a little more forcefully, which proved to be the wrong move.

This line of questioning slowly started to rub him the wrong way, especially since Mike became aware how she tried to dominate him with her posture and tone of voice. Whether she did it on purpose or not didn’t matter to him. All he knew was, that he couldn’t allow himself to be flustered by her. Sure, when he had seen her for the first time in person her dominant personality had hit him like a slap in the face but now he was slowly getting used to her and his natural stubbornness kicked in. He was Harvey’s boy and only Harvey had the right to make him feel this way.

But in his attempt to resist her influence, he overshot by a mile.

“I asked first. And anyway, it’s none of your business.”

The enigmatic smile was back, like she was amused by his reply, but the steely glance in her eyes told him that he was in trouble. Up until now she had only made polite conversation but now the game was on.

“You need to understand that this isn’t kindergarten, Mr. Ross. It doesn’t matter in the slightest who asked what first. If my firm is willing to spend time and money on your behalf, I think the least you owe me is an answer to my question. Whether it is my business or not is not for you to decide.”

Fight, flight or freeze, what should it be? Despite what his hindbrain wanted him to do (roll over and play dead like a possum), he opted for fight, slightly terrified by his own gumption.

“But in his attempt to resist her influence, he overshot by a mile.

“Or I could take my case and go somewhere else. It has the potential to become a class action lawsuit and the David versus Goliath factor shouldn’t be underestimated. Just think of the Round-Up lawsuit against Monsanto. The jury awarded millions to the plaintiff and since then a couple of hundred new lawsuits against Monsanto have been filed. Law-firms all over the country are making a mint. This could be Pearson Hardman’s Round-Up. How would you feel if you let this case slip out between your fingers just because I refused to answer a totally unrelated question to the case?”

Mike’s voice had gotten more heated the longer he talked and at the back of his mind was the thought that Harvey wouldn’t be pleased with him at all if he aggravated his boss, but he just couldn’t help himself. Sure, he was submissive by nature but that didn’t mean that he had to roll over on his back and present his tummy like a good boy to every dominant person he came across. And there really was no choice. It was either worship this goddess or fight his urges and push back as firmly as he could and the consequences be damned.

During his little speech Jessica had leaned back into the chair and watched him with a sphinxlike expression, not giving away any of her feelings or thoughts.

Oh shit. Way to go Mike. Why don’t you take your foot and stuff it into your big fat mouth? She’s going to call security any moment now.

He knew that if she would eye him with this particular look just a minute longer, he would fall apart and beg for her forgiveness, most likely lick her Manolo Blahnik’s or Valentino’s or whatever kind of shoes she was wearing whilst doing it.

He already had to fight the urge to bounce his legs rapidly to let go of some of the built-up tension, his nails were digging into the pillow he had unconsciously grabbed during his little speech and he could feel a trickle of sweat roll down his spine. Only his eyes still screamed defiance at her.
Suddenly her full lips once again spread into a wide smile and she even chuckled softly, like she was somehow pleased.

“No! I know what he sees in you. You’ve got balls, Mr. Ross. Good for you.”

_Huh_?

Mike wasn’t sure if he could see this as a compliment but he decided to take it as one. He tried to exhale surreptitiously but he was too inexperienced at hiding his feelings and she saw his relief as clearly as if he had shouted it out and pounced on it.

“But since we’re on the same side and I as managing partner take an interest in the lives of the people who work under me, I would appreciate it if you would answer my question, Mr. Ross. You might not owe me an answer but it would be only polite to give me one nonetheless.”

Cue guilt and shame. Maybe she hadn’t tried to dome him and it was just part of her persona. After all, being a woman, a black woman no less, in this field of work where white older men still dominated, meant that she had to have some serious balls of her own, metaphorically speaking of course.

Easy to rile up, like Harvey had told him so often. Yep. That’s him. So he tried to make amends.

“I apologize, Ms. Pearson. I didn’t mean to be rude. It’s just, I don’t like to talk behind Harvey’s back about him.”

She gave him a surprised look.

“You’re loyal to him?”

“Yes. Of course. Ever since I’ve met him he has been nothing but kind to me and my loyalty is the least I owe him.”

She stared at him with her dark almond-shaped eyes, hiding her disbelief under her professional mask. There was only one person in the world she knew of, that held such loyalty for her favorite senior partner, and this person was sitting outside this office in her cubicle, listening to every word they were saying and reporting it back to him as soon as he got here. Sure, Harvey was charming, dashing and very self-assured as well as a damn good lawyer, but he was also arrogant, self-centered and cocky. How he had inspired such a sense of loyalty in a kid like Mike Ross was beyond her. Maybe Harvey had more hidden depth than she gave him credit for.

“All right,” she conceded. “I can respect loyalty. But rest assured Mr. Ross that I’m not trying to trap you. He really did tell me about your abilities. And I like him too, you know? So, is it true?” She wasn’t sure if the kid was aware that Harvey had him investigated so she chose to keep this bit of information to herself, being loyal to Harvey, up to a certain point at least, herself.

“Yes, it’s true. Well, eidetic is scientifically verified although I have no idea where the test report about it might be, auditory and photographic memory not so much. I can recall most of the conversations I had as far as I can think back as well as most of the things I’ve seen but I’ve never been tested, so there’s no certificate.”

_Such a waste_, she couldn’t help thinking. Maybe this kid could be indeed a 2nd Harvey… or even a 2nd Jessica. He surely had the brains for it. But did he have the heart, and, even more important, the iron strong will? Time to find out.
“And yet you’re a bike messenger. How did that happen?”

Mike sighed but he couldn’t fault her for this reaction. It was what most people thought and asked as soon as they learned about his situation. He gave her the short version, still not willing to give her more information than absolutely necessary.

“I made a few stupid choices. False friends and so on and I lost my scholarship for Columbia. I’ve got nobody to blame but me for that. And I need to take care of my grandmother so I can’t leave New York and try for a fresh start somewhere else. And there’s no money for a good college anyway, as I’m sure Harvey has told you.”

“You’ve taken the LSAT, I assume?”

“Yes, a couple of years ago (under my own name) so I would need to take it again. And I don’t have the necessary undergrads to get into Law School anyway. And before you ask, I scored 180.”

She smiled. “So did I. But unlike you, I went to law-school and passed the bar.”

“What would you say if I told you I passed the bar, too?” was on the tip of his tongue but he swallowed it down, albeit with difficulty. He hadn’t even told Harvey about it so he couldn’t tell her. It wouldn’t be right. And anyway, he had no way to prove it, since he hadn’t taken the bar exam under his own name.

When he gave no answer to her last statement she retrieved the folder from the table, opened it and handed him an envelope.

“This is for you. I wanted to give it to you and thank you personally. You’ve earned it Mr. Ross. And maybe you could put it to good use. Like start a college fund for example.”

He opened the envelope and held a cashier’s check over $10.000 in his hand, made out to his name from Pearson Hardman’s account.

“I… why? My Grammy is safe for now. I paid all the bills.”

She smiled her mysterious smile at him. “That is not for the law-suit, Mr. Ross. This is for you personally, a payment for services rendered.”

His brain still refused to understand her meaning.

“For what now?”

“Your discovery of the fraud, attempted by Mr. Waterhouse, and the impact it had on the merger, shouldn’t go unrewarded. Due to obvious reasons nobody but Harvey, you and I can know about your role in all that. But only because your name isn’t officially mentioned in the merger doesn’t mean that I don’t value your input. Harvey and Louis Litt, the other counselor in this merger, will receive a handsome bonus for their work and I thought that you too should have your fair share in that. After all, it’s the right thing to do.”

“I… no. I can’t. I didn’t do anything really. I mean, if I hadn’t dropped the file in the first place, none of that would’ve happened. It was just coincidence. You can’t pay me for coincidence. And anyway, it took me only 40 minutes to highlight all the discrepancies. You can’t pay me so much money for only 40 minutes. That’s $250 per Minute or $4.16 per second. Nobody earns that much money. I can’t take it. That would be wrong.”

He knew that he was babbling, rapidly nearing a fully developed freak-out but he couldn’t stop his
mouth from voicing everything that came into his mind. Luckily, the managing partner seemed to
know how to deal with people like him.

“Hush, now,” she said very sternly and this tone of voice managed to cut through his beginning
panic attack. “You don’t want to say anything more just now, Mr. Ross. Take a deep breath and
have a sip of water.”

This time Mike obeyed, his brain still too occupied with the dancing numbers and $-signs in front
of his inner eye.

Jessica Pearson on the other hand had to come to grips with something quite unexpected too. It
wasn’t easy to baffle her since she was quite adept at reading people. But Mike Ross was
somewhat different than she had expected, although she couldn’t really say what she had expected
after having read the PI’s report. Maybe someone with street-smarts and an attitude a mile high,
like the young Harvey when he had worked in the mail-room. But certainly not this… boy. This
little genius with the contradictory attitude.

One minute all of him screamed submissive, sweet, little helpless boy at her, with his soft features,
baby-blue eyes and his slightly messy hair, only to give her some uncalled for attitude in the next
second, pushing defiantly back at her with all his might. And now he dared to lecture her on how
she should spend the firm’s money. If it had been anybody else she would’ve suspected it a ruse to
maybe finagle even more money out of her, but something told her that this kid was genuine. He
seemed totally guileless as he rambled on why he couldn’t take the money. And knowing his
background, this was even more confusing to her.

How could this piss-poor kid with the elderly and sick grandmother reject her money so easily and
without giving her offer a second thought? Surely someone needed to protect this boy from his own
stupidity and since Harvey wasn’t here this role must fall to her.

And just like this, she got in line with Harvey and Donna as her protective urge kicked in as well.
She leaned forward and made her face as friendly and non-threatening as she could, well aware of
the intimidating effect she sometimes had on people.

“Mr. Ross. I really appreciate your honesty but please permit me to give you some advice.”

She waited a second until he gave her a slight nod.

“When a very wealthy high-class law-firm wants to pay you, take the money.” She actually patted
his knee slightly to bring her point across and Mike shifted his gaze down to her hand on his knee,
not knowing how he should react to it.

“Are you fondling my client, Jessica? I didn’t know that you had a thing for younger men. Remind
me. At what age could a woman be called a cougar?”

Startled, Mike’s eyes shifted up and he sighed with relief when Harvey sauntered into his office,
his best cocky smile plastered on his face.

Slowly, without any hurry or sign that he might have caught her doing something untoward, the
managing partner retrieved her hand from the sub’s knee and shifted her attention to Harvey but
ignored his remark pointedly.

“Harvey. How was Joy? Crisis averted?”

“Not yet. I’m playing the long game with her. But this time next week, it will be.”
He took a seat on the couch next to Mike, but maintained an appropriate distance from his sub although he could see that Mike was by now desperate for a hug or any sort of contact. He seemed somehow rattled and Harvey suspected that Jessica patting his knee had something to do with it. Well, some things needed to wait till later.

“You’re not making it complicated again for your own amusement, do you?” She nearly rolled her eyes, remembering his statement when he finally had solved the Velocity Data Solutions mess.

“No. Believe it or not I’ve recently found something else to amuse me.” He carefully avoided looking at Mike who had followed their banter with a slightly gaping mouth. Unlike Jessica, he knew exactly what Harvey meant and a faint blush crept over his face, while he hurriedly looked away, trying to give the impression that the view out of Harvey’s windows demanded his full attention.

“Apropos amusement. Why were you patting Mike’s knee?”

“To assure him that he had earned every penny on the check I’ve just given him.”

“Check? What check? I already gave him the check for the nursing home.”

“The check with the money he had earned for discovering the attempted fraud in the RSC Network merger. I think this kind of contribution is easily worth $10.000? Or do you disagree, Harvey?”

“Did you know about that?” Mike chimed in, in Harvey’s direction.

“No, I didn’t. But I think it’s a great idea. You really saved our bacon, so I strongly advise you to take it.” The words, as your Dom, were implied into the subtext.

“I’m so glad we’re on the same page, Harvey.” Somehow there was a hint of mischief in Jessica’s voice.

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe because I took Mr. Ross’ money out of your share of the bonus since you essentially claimed his work for your own.”

“You did what?”

“Oh. And here is your bonus.” She gracefully stood up, walked over to him, patted his shoulder somewhat condescendingly, pressed an envelope into his hand and left the office, leaving a for once dumbstruck Harvey behind.

One / nil for Pearson.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading.
This story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.
I always love to read your comments and kudos is also highly appreciated.
Since today is New Year’s Eve I wish everyone a very happy New Year.
Accidentally exposed

Chapter Summary

Mike learns about the accident. Sadly, not from Harvey.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for sticking with me for so long. This chapter only contains plot, no porn. I have no knowledge about the legal system in the U.S. so I made everything up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t want this, Harvey. It belongs to you.”

As soon as the managing partner had left the office, Mike tried to give the envelope with the check to Harvey. Now that he knew that this was money that should have gone to Harvey he was even more determined to give it back. But Harvey would have none of that.

“No, Mike. Jessica was right. It’s your money because you’ve earned it. It’s not charity, it’s not an underhanded attempt to buy you, it’s only fair. I would’ve given you a share of my bonus anyway. Well, tried to at least. I just wasn’t sure how to do it without you digging your heels in again. Jessica beat me to it and I’m glad she did. Now you can give her a hard time about it, if you dare.”

“But…” Mike tried to protest and Harvey rolled his eyes.

“End of discussion, Mike or I call Jessica back and make her shove it down your throat. And anyway, I couldn’t take that check from you even if I wanted. Jessica would cut off my balls when she finds out. And make no mistake. She would find out. So, take it. And don’t you dare try to give it back to me in any other sneaky way.”

For a moment Mike thought about doing just that, but then he relented. He really needed to get over this money thing. And he could even understand Ms. Pearson’s reasons for giving him the money. He still thought that it was too much, though. But that it had been Ms. Pearson giving him that money made it a little easier to accept it. Not that it didn’t prevent him from pouting a little.

“Ohay. But I’m not feeling comfortable with it.”

Harvey nodded curtly. “Duly noted. Now put that check in your bag. And if I find it anywhere in my office later, I will get creative on your ass.”

That put a smile on the sub’s face and he obediently stuffed the check in his messenger bag.

For a moment they just looked at each other and it was clear that they both longed for some physical contact. But there were just too many people frequenting the hallway and it would look more than just a little suspicious if Harvey would make out with a client in his office.
So, trying to show Harvey that he could be good, Mike shoved his neediness back and instead asked what was on his mind.

“So, that’s your boss?”

“Yep.”

“Is she always like this?”

“That was almost tame.”

“You haven’t seen her before you came in. She’s fierce.”

“Did she give you a hard time?”

“A little. I wished you had been here. I felt a little lost. She’s very… authoritarian.”

Harvey cringed inwardly as he imagined what kind of impression Jessica must have made on a naturally submissive person like Mike.

“Sorry kid. I know she can be very dominant.”

Suddenly the secretary poked her head through the door, chiming in with some observations of her own.

“He did fine, Harvey. Otherwise I would’ve come to the rescue. And I think Jessica was actually a little impressed.”

Mike shook his head vigorously. “I nearly sweated through my shirt. That’s not doing fine, Donna.”

“You wouldn’t be the first, Sweetie. She tends to have that effect on people, especially men. Must be that hot teacher vibe of hers. And all things considered, you really were doing okay. Maybe you were a little bit too lippy, pushing back a little too hard, but I really think that you made a good impression on her. She doesn’t respect push-overs. Sometimes she needs to be surprised a little, and that you certainly did. In a good way, mostly.”

The redhead noticed the slightly displeased look in Harvey’s narrowing eyes and cursed herself inwardly for her choice of words. She had only meant to reassure the kid, not to get him into trouble with Harvey. She didn’t know about the rules in their thing, but being lippy was something Harvey would most likely frown upon. So she changed tracks in the hope that it would distract her boss.

“Anyway, conference room C is ready for you. And I got Harriet Smith as court secretary since I know that you like her. She’s already here.”

The secretary turned around as her phone started ringing and went back to her cubicle.

Harvey glanced at his wristwatch. It was only 2:38 p.m. but since everyone was already here, maybe they should get it over with. The sooner he could get on with his day the quicker he could come home to his boy and tell him, casually, about the accident, hold him close and maybe even play a little with him. So he stood up and buttoned his suit-jacket.

“Do you have any questions, Mike?”

The sub had gotten to his feet as well, ready to follow his Dom’s lead.
“I noticed that you left Nurse Roberts’ involvement a little vague. I really appreciate it since she’s very nice and she only tried to help me. But couldn’t that be a problem?”

“No. Not during this hearing, at least. This is your first deposition where we just establish that something untoward was done to you and your Grammy. Like an opening move in a chess game.”

Mike nodded slowly and Harvey explained further.

“First we present the facts we have right now. With this I will file a lawsuit against Beyer and MacDougal and the nursing home as his employer, at court. At the same time I will go to Beyer, present to them what we have so far. If they are as innocent in this as we think they are, we watch them squirm and sweat and hopefully drop MacDougal like a hot potato. When they offer us a deal and I deem it good enough, we will take it, drop the suit against them and you will sign your Grammy up for the trial study officially as her legal guardian. Their new drug is helping your Grammy and hopefully it will help a lot of other people too, so we don’t want the FDA trial to fall through. You giving your consent officially will help.”

That made sense to Mike. And Nurse Roberts had been right. His Grammy was doing so much better and if the drug could help her then it could help other people too, so he wouldn’t want the drug to fail FDA approval just because MacDougal was a dodgy asshole.

“I agree. But what about MacDougal?”

Harvey grinned shark-like, displaying lots of teeth but no humor or warmth in his eyes. “Oh, him I will destroy. He is in for a round in criminal court for his fraudulent activities. If all goes well a jury will award you a handsome sum in damages and hopefully will send MacDougal away or at least bankrupt him with a heavy fine. But that brings us back to your first question. If Beyer really had no part in it, they will be happy to right some wrongs and move on. They have enough money and a lot to lose. MacDougal on the other hand has everything to lose. So, he will most certainly put up a fight. And this fight might get dirty. I kept Nurse Roberts’ involvement deliberately vague to keep her out of the crosshairs but depending on the lawyer MacDougal will hire, it could get ugly. I don’t want you to perjure yourself. If asked, you will tell the truth… well, a truth, but we will cross that bridge when we get there. Today is easy. Just stick to the script and answer my questions. All right?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey turned towards the door but before they could leave, a balding, slightly pudgy man in a dark suit stormed into Harvey’s office, followed by a furious Donna.

“Sorry. I couldn’t stop him. Obviously he waited until I had to go to the bathroom.”

“Oh stop it Donna. I did no such thing. And anyway, I just wanted to see how Harvey was after his near-death experience. Can’t I express concern for my fellow colleagues when they’ve been involved in a near-fatal traffic accident?”

“No, you can’t. Get out, Louis!” Harvey bellowed.

“Fatal traffic accident?” Mike yelped at the same time. He had known that Donna had kept something from him and when he looked at her she flinched a little at the sight of the accusatory stare of his puppy eyes.

“Everything’s fine, Mike. Just a little fender bender,” Harvey tried to soothe him.

“That’s not what I heard,” Louis interrupted. “I heard that only by luck nobody got seriously hurt
or killed.”

“Get out or I make you get out.” Harvey took one threatening step towards the shorter man and the look in his eyes was so full of menace, that Louis beat a hasty retreat.

“Fine. Don’t expect me to ever care again, Harvey,” Louis sneered over his shoulder as he almost ran out of the office.

“I won’t,” he all but yelled, itching to follow Louis to kick his butt. The junior partner had the worst timing in the history of time itself. And he didn’t believe for one second that it had been concern for his well-being that had lead Louis to his office. Most likely he had just come to gloat.

Suddenly he felt someone tentatively touching his hand and he abandoned any thought of kicking Louis’ backside and turned around to Mike.

“Are you really all right?” the sub whispered, well aware that there were only glass walls around them. But he needed to feel Harvey, needed to feel his lover’s skin under his fingertips, to make sure he was alive and unhurt.

“Yes, of course I am,” he stated firmly, giving him a little smile. “Louis was just exaggerating, like he always does.”

But one good look into Mike’s eyes was enough to know that Mike needed more than just words as reassurance. The Dom sighed deeply. That reaction was exactly why he had asked Donna to keep Mike in the dark, since he knew how attached his sweet, needy sub had become towards him. And to make matters worse, his boy’s parents had died in a traffic accident, so this was bound to invoke all kinds of bad memories for Mike, who was already a little unsteady, with all the stuff that had happened during the weekend. And their intense scene from the night before could still lead to sub-drop even so he had been meticulous with the aftercare. But brain-chemistry was a frail thing and every little emotional strain could tip the balance either way.

He had planned to tell Mike later, at home, when it would’ve only been the two of them and he could have held Mike in his arms and give him all the reassurance and comfort he needed, but Louis had ruined his plan with his uncanny sense for timing.

“Take him to the partner’s bathroom. You can lock the door and I will stand guard,” Donna suggested quietly, seeing that Mike was again on the brink of a massive freak out.

With a relieved and grateful smile in her direction, he took Mike by the shoulder, turned him towards the door and steered him to the bathroom.

As soon as the door lock clicked shut behind them, Mike buried himself in his Dom’s arms and Harvey could feel him trembling as he trailed his hands over his sub’s back.

“Hush. It’s all right Sweetheart. Nothing bad has happened. It was just a silly little accident. Nobody got hurt.”

“Really? You’re not hiding something else from me? This guy, Louis, said it was nearly fatal.”

“No, Mike. Of course not. I’m really all right. And Ray is, too. In fact, nobody got hurt, not even the taxi-driver who ran a red light and crashed into us. Louis was totally exaggerating.”

“Was that why you weren’t here when I arrived? Were you on your way to our appointment when it happened?”
Harvey got the feeling that Mike would somehow manage to blame himself if he thought that the accident had happened on his way back here; that maybe Harvey had been in a hurry to rush back to the office, and he tried to ease his mind in that regard.

“No Sweetheart. It happened in the morning and I had to push back an appointment. That’s why I was late. My morning tea turned into lunch with my client. It was important that I met with her so I couldn’t cancel it altogether. But I knew that Donna would take good care of you.”

“She didn’t tell me,” Mike mumbled reproachfully. “Even when I asked her, she lied and told me everything was all right. But I knew that something had happened. I could feel it.”

“Hm.” Harvey tried to make the little sound as non-committal as possible. Please, let it go kid.

But like a dog with a bone, Mike wouldn’t let it lie. He straightened up and looked Harvey in the eyes.

“Did you try to call me after the accident? When did you say the accident was? I think I forgot my phone at home.”

Time to fess up, then. “No, I didn’t. And I asked Donna not to tell you, either. I couldn’t tell you on the phone, Mike. You see that, right?”

“But why?” The expression in Mike’s eyes conveyed his confusion and hurt, but he stubbornly wouldn’t let the subject go.

“Because there’s nothing to tell except that Ray’s car needs to go into the repair-shop and I knew how you would react given your history, and right now I need you calm and composed instead of freaked-out and needy. There’s a time and a place for it and now’s not it.”

“How would you have felt if I had kept it from you?”

Harvey sighed. Exactly therein lay the rub. If Mike had kept something like this from him, he would have gone nuclear. Lying through omission was a serious offence and he would’ve put his sub into the corner for so long, that there would have been knee shaped indentations in the floorboards when he had finally allowed him to get out of the corner again. Not to speak of what he would’ve done to Mike’s backside. But this situation was a little bit different and he needed Mike to understand that.

“I would’ve felt very angry and I would’ve punished you for lying through omission to me. But Mike, my situation is a little bit different.”

“How? Because you’re a Dom and I’m your sub? Because I’m not allowed to worry about you? Why is it different, Harvey? You said that the rule would apply for both of us. Was that a lie, too?”

Mike disentangled himself from Harvey, took a few steps back and watched his Dom with narrowed eyes.

“No, of course not.” Harvey tried to reason. “But Sweetheart, right now I’m not your Dom, I’m your lawyer. As your Dom I would’ve told you as soon as I had seen you. And then I would’ve held you in my arms and I would’ve given you everything you needed. But as your lawyer I can’t indulge in that, neither you nor me. I need to do what’s best for my client and his case. And what was best for you, my client, in this particular situation was, to keep this bit of information from you until we’ve done what you came here for today. I would’ve told you at home. But I didn’t want to freak you out before your deposition. Can’t you understand that?”
“I knew that Donna was hiding something. I had a bad feeling when you weren’t here. And she lied to my face.” Mike was getting a little red in the face the more his anger overrode his initial worry. “Was Ms. Pearson in on it, too?” he demanded to know hotly.

“Donna did only what I asked her to do. Don’t be mad at her. And Jessica kept quiet because she understands about nervous clients.”

“I’m not a delicate flower who needs to be protected like that. And I still can’t believe that you lied to me. How could you’ve done that?”

Mike’s voice had taken on an accusatory and sullen tone and it was time to nip that in the bud. At home Harvey would’ve let Mike sulk a bit more to get it out of his system but here and now they didn’t have that luxury.

Harvey stepped into his space and took hold of Mike’s chin to force him to make eye contact. He could see anger flare up in Mike’s eyes and was once again reminded that Mike was still a little emotionally unbalanced from the strain of withdrawal. Taking that into account along with the worry for his Dom and having been lied to, it was only natural that his sub acted out a little. It wasn’t really unwarranted and partly he had himself to blame for it. And Louis of course.

So he tried to cut Mike some slack, because really, he couldn’t do anything else at this moment. Maybe his sub would benefit more from a thorough spanking right now, but unfortunately, the court secretary was waiting for them, so that wasn’t an option. He adopted a stern but understanding tone of voice, hoping that this would be enough, for the time being at least, to stabilize Mike a little.

“I understand that you feel hurt, Mike. But I need you to suck it up and get over it. There’s a court secretary waiting for us and I have a few other appointments after your deposition so we’re on a fixed timeframe here. You can sulk and be mad at me when I come home. Here is not the place for that. Do you understand or do I need to get you on your knees for it to sink in?”

Mike nibbled at his lower lip while his eyes drifted to the left for a few seconds. Then his gaze shifted back to Harvey’s and there was a new determination in them, with a tiny hint of stubbornness and defiance on top.

“No. And anyways, like you just said, right now you’re not my Dom but my lawyer. You can’t have it both ways, Harvey. And I’m sure it’s not common for lawyers to make their clients kneel on a bathroom floor for them. And since your time is so precious, let’s get it over with. I wouldn’t want to impose on you any longer than strictly necessary.”

And with that last almost scathing remark, the sub stepped back, freeing his chin with a little shake of his head and before Harvey could react, left the bathroom without permission or even glancing back.

Harvey slowly exhaled. Shit! Well, that hadn’t gone quite as planned. But there was one advantage in Mike being mad at him. At least the sub wasn’t freaking out over the accident anymore. And tonight at home, he would bring Mike around, either by talking or some other means.

For a second he studied himself in the mirror, making sure that his appearance was immaculate and his facial expression gave nothing away about how he really felt. Then he opened the faucet, washed his hands and carefully dried them. He needed a few moments to shed his Dom-persona and step back into being a lawyer. When he was ready, he followed Mike.
Donna had taken Mike to the conference room before Harvey got out of the bathroom. One look in Mike’s glowering face had told her everything she needed to know and the fact that he wouldn’t look at her or talk to her was a dead giveaway, too.

If Harvey had kept the accident from her she would’ve been mad at him, too. But she understood why he had asked her to keep it from Mike. The kid was just too nervous and vulnerable and… young and anyway, he needed protection and that was what she had given him. If he wanted to be pissed at her for that, she could take it. She was used to dealing with tougher guys than Mike Ross. And Mike was a sweet kid. He would come around, sooner rather than later.

“Sit down on this side of the table,” she instructed him with a smile and ignored his scowl at her before she got him another glass of water and placed it within his reach. The court secretary situated the little camera in front of him and used her laptop to make sure that Mike was in the frame.

“Mr. Specter will be in in a minute,” Donna announced and the court secretary took her place and began typing on her laptop. As far as Mike understood the procedures, the secretary was there to make sure that nothing of this hearing was withheld from court. The video couldn’t be edited or tampered with in any way or it would be inadmissible.

“Miss Smith, so nice to see you.”

When Harvey stepped into the room, Mike carefully avoided his gaze. He was so mad at his Dom right now and if the law-suit would’ve been only about himself, he would’ve most likely stormed out in a huff to punish Harvey and the consequences be damned. But this was for Grammy, to make sure that she had her meds and a place to live. So, he sucked it up and tried to be professional.

Harvey began with the first questions and Mike stuck to their script and answered. Soon they found their rhythm and after less than 30 minutes they were done.

While Harvey was talking to the court secretary, Mike used this distraction to slip out of the room. He quickly made his way towards the elevator banks, not even saying good-bye to Harvey or Donna. He still didn’t want to talk to them. When he was almost there, a delivery guy holding a large pizza carton passed him by in the hallway.

Before Mike could get into the elevator he suddenly remembered. He needed a letter from Donna for his boss to justify his absence today, or Jorge would fire him. For a moment he thought if that would be such a bad thing, really not wanting to go back, but losing his job over this wasn’t worth it, as tempting as the idea was right now. With a sigh he turned around and slowly made his way back to Donna’s cubicle.

Note to self: When storming out in a huff to make a point, make sure that you haven’t forgotten anything essential before leaving.

He would just go to Donna, ask her politely for that letter and if Harvey or she wanted to talk to him about the accident, explain their motives for lying some more, he would just icily look at them and leave as soon as he could. The good thing about the crowded hallways was, that Harvey couldn’t do anything about his attitude right now. And tonight at home…, well, he would cross that bridge when he got there.
Determined to stick to this plan, he approached the hallway to Harvey’s office only to witness something odd. The pizza guy was standing in front of Harvey, opened the carton and handed his Dom lawyer some papers.

“You’ve been served.”

“What? You’ve got to be kidding me!” Mike could see the shock in Harvey’s eyes followed by a fierce anger and he could also see the satisfied smirk on the guy’s face as he hastily made his retreat and went past Mike on his way out.

For a moment Mike forgot his own anger and went over to Donna and Harvey.

“What just happened?”

Harvey shook the papers in front of his face, crumpling them slightly. “The cab driver who cut Ray off, he just filed a civil law-suit against Ray. And I’m named as a witness for the plaintiff.”

“Can he do that?” Donna wanted to know.

“We’ll see about that. This is ridiculous. I’m going to see his employer, Travis Bickle.”

“I will push your appointments back and call you a car. Give me five minutes.”

“Thanks Donna.” He turned around to Mike, who was still standing a little forlornly in front of Donna’s cubicle, his great plan of punishing the pair of them overturned by recent events.

“I’m sorry Mike, but I need to take care of this. Ray has been my driver for 8 years and I need this to go away. See you tonight.” A warm palm briefly touched his cheek and then his Dom hurried away, leaving him behind with the secretary who was already on the telephone.

Way to go Mike. He hasn’t even noticed that you almost left without saying goodbye. You really punished him good. Once again, he felt the anger flare up inside.

Donna slammed the receiver down and picked it back up almost immediately. While she dialed anew she looked at him questioningly.

“Do you need anything, Mike?”

“Yeah. The letter for my boss stating that I had a deposition to attend to. I don’t know if Harvey told you.”

“Yes, one moment. I have it here somewhere… what? No! I wasn’t talking to you.”

She shifted some papers around on her desk until she found the letter and handed it to him while she was talking to someone else on the phone. The secretary was now in full problem-solver-mode and didn’t even notice that Mike slowly made his way to the elevator-banks. The next time she looked up he was just gone and the little pang of regret she was feeling gave soon way to irritation when the person on the phone was obnoxiously uncooperative.
Thank you for reading.
This chapter isn’t beta read and all mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own.
I really love to read your comments, so please, feel free to drop me a line. And Kudos is of course highly appreciated as well.

22.04.2020: I recently saw a YouTube video about memorable and improvised scenes from movies. One of them was from Taxi Driver with Robert DeNiro. At the end of the clip the name of DeNiro’s alter ego was given: Travis Bickle. I had to laugh so hard because finally I understood the reference Harvey was making. In the series he says: "I’m going to see Travis Bickle" but I thought that was the name of Santana's employer and so I inserted this explanation into my story. Obviously I was wrong, that's why I crossed these words out. But I decided to not delete them completely so I can share my epiphany with you. And maybe one or two of you didn't get the reference either, so now you know.
Mike biked over to the messenger office to deliver the letter to his boss in person. When he came in, Jorge and Lisa were on the phones, feverishly scribbling down assignments, so he had to wait for a lull in all that frantic activity. Finally his boss finished the phone call and deigned to notice him.

“Ah, our star witness is back,” Jorge greeted him sarcastically as soon as he had hung up. “Where’s the note from this law-firm? Don’t tell me you don’t have it or I fire your sorry ass on the spot.”

Mike rolled his eyes to show his contempt but for once managed to hold his tongue. He so wanted to talk back to his boss right now but he knew that Jorge would probably make good on his threat. And even so he itched to pick a fight with someone, he knew that getting fired would hurt him more than Harvey, especially since he wanted to stay financially independent. For a moment he thought about the check in his bag and that he could survive a few weeks without a job but then he took a deep breath, removed the folded piece of paper from his bag and, instead of slamming it onto the counter like he so desperately wanted, handed it to Jorge, his hand shaking a little with suppressed fury. If he left this job, it would be on his terms and not because Jorge made him leave.

“There. Happy now?” he couldn’t help mouthing off a little.

The middle-aged man glanced at the letter-head and whistled through his teeth.

“Fancy firm. But I hope that’s the end of it. If you need more free days for that crap you better start looking for another job. And don’t expect me to give you a good reference.”

Mike gritted his teeth. He really wanted to be good and keep his cool but this asshole of a boss made it just so hard for him. Luckily for him, or Jorge, Lisa saw the look on his face and jumped in as referee before either of them could say or do something they would really regret later.

“Hey Mike. We’re swamped. I know you took the day off, but since you’re here and you seem to be finished with your errand, do you think you could help us out, take a few tours? It would really help.” She patted his still trembling hand, which was resting on the counter and gave him a bright smile, like she was oblivious to all the aggression and testosterone in the air.

Mike glanced at Jorge, not knowing if his boss would allow him to help out, but when the man nodded almost imperceptibly, he agreed.
“Sure. I can do that. I don’t need to be somewhere else right now.”

She elbowed Jorge out of the way and handed him a few pieces of paper.

“They’re not in order yet but they’re all in the Financial District and the outlying areas. I’m sure you can sort them out yourself.” Normally the office would assort several assignments into kind of an order to avoid for the messenger to have to drive all over the place. This way it was much more efficient and also quicker.

Mike nodded. That wouldn’t be a problem at all unlike something else. “I left my phone at home. Can you give me a loaner for today?”

“Again?” She shook her head. “You would forget your head if it weren’t attached to your neck.” She rummaged around under the counter and handed him a spare company phone. “You can give it back tomorrow. No need to come in again when you’re finished.”

“Thanks Lisa.” He pointedly ignored his boss when he left the office and he even refrained from slamming the door behind him. Grammy would be so proud of him.

Inside the office the once again ringing phones were ignored for a few moments when Lisa turned around to face her boss, who was incidentally also her uncle by marriage.

“You two always rile each other up. Maybe you should go out for a beer and try to talk normally to one another for a change instead of barking at each other like rabid dogs all the time,” she scolded in her best imitation of her Auntie Mary’s tone of voice.

“This boy doesn’t need a beer and a friendly talk. He needs a serious attitude adjustment,” grumbled Jorge, knowing that she might have a point but not wanting to admit to it. “You’ve seen how he talks to me. If I would let him get away with it, all the other guys would lose their respect for me as well.”

“Oh, come on, old man. You know that isn’t true. And Mike isn’t bad. He’s just a loudmouth. But he’s a damn fine messenger. Always finds the quickest routes and never forgets where he needs to go. We never had any complaints about him, unlike with a lot of the other guys. And he’s helping us out now. You would be hard pressed to find an adequate replacement for him if he left and you know it.”

“That’s as it may be, but he’s also more trouble than he’s worth, with this big mouth of his.”

Lisa placed her hands on her hips and straightened up as much as her 5’3 would allow her.

“You know damn well that he’s supporting his sick grandmother. So stop giving him a hard time. And by the way, if you tried to be nice to him every once in a while, maybe he wouldn’t feel the need to mouth off to you. You know that he’s not good with authority figures and yet you goad him every chance you get. Honestly, you’re as bad as he is.” She shook her head dismissively.

“What started this feud anyway?”

Jorge scratched the back of his head and gave her a sheepish look as he admitted with a shrug, “I can’t really remember.”

“Isn’t it time then to bury the hatchet? And since you’re older and thus supposed to be wiser, why don’t you make a start?”

Jorge grew red in the face, took a deep breath and Lisa could see that he was on the verge of protesting loudly so she gave him her sternest look, raised eyebrow included. Now she really
looked like a miniature version of her aunt, just 30 years younger but no less intimidating. Jorge actually stepped back a little when this imp of a girl stared him down and deflated again.

“All right,” he grumbled after a moment, throwing his hands in the air as a sign of surrender, knowing that he had lost this battle if not the war. “Gee, if you have the hots for him, why don’t you just ask him out on a date?” he tried to regain some ground.

The young woman bristled. “You really wanna go there? Really? That’s low, uncle.” She turned her back on him and he could see from her posture that he had overstepped. He could only hope that she wouldn’t mention this to his wife whose favorite niece she was or he would be in deep shit at home as well as at work.

Jorge was happy when the phones started ringing again. Even without being there, Mike Ross had once again managed to make his life complicated. But if he would fire him now, Lisa, the mother-hen who kept everything running would make his life most likely a living hell. Damn that Mike Ross.

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Mike deliberately worked late, volunteering for every delivery he could get, and even though he now had a phone, he didn’t call or even text Harvey to tell him what he was up to. If Harvey came home and he wasn’t there it would only serve him right. See how he liked it when he was left in the dark about important stuff.

Mike’s hindbrain tried to wave a red flag at him, knowing that he would regret his shitty attitude sooner rather than later, but the anger was still so prominent in his thoughts that he just didn’t give a shit.

It was nearly 8 p.m. when he finally came home, polo-shirt sweated through and clinging to his torso, and thighs painfully chafing from biking in his jeans. For shorter distances he could bike in anything but after almost 40 k on Manhattan’s streets he seriously had started to miss his bike-shorts.

As he approached the front door of the condo his anger slowly gave way to apprehension, knowing full well that Harvey would most likely be seriously pissed off by now.

Well, that’s justice for you, he thought defiantly and steeled himself for anything his furious Dom might do to him.

But when he dropped his key into the bowl he noticed that Harvey’s was missing. Was his Dom out looking for him? Or was he still at work? Had he even noticed that Mike had been out late?

He toed off his shoes and made his way to the bedroom to find his phone. He had 3 new messages but only one was from Harvey. The two from Trevor he deleted without reading them first. He couldn’t deal with this shit right now.

With a resigned sigh, he drew up Harvey’s message.

(Harvey 7.21 p.m.) Sorry Mike, but I will be late. I need to talk to a judge about the accident. Hope to make it home by 10. If you haven’t eaten already, don’t wait for me.
Mike toyed with his phone while he pondered whether he should write back or not. Since every reply he came up with was on the snarky side, he decided altogether against it. Harvey would see that he had read the message and that should be enough.

He went into his bedroom, undressed and stepped into his shower. He deliberately avoided their bed- and bathroom to establish his independence, knowing that he was acting childishly but he didn’t care.

The hot water burned slightly when it came in contact with his red inner thighs but somehow this slight discomfort did something to ease his unrest a little, almost like the pain soothed some of his agitation away. When he was clean, he rubbed a towel through his hair until it stood on end (take that, Harvey), put on some worn and therefore soft pajama-bottoms and one of his old tees and slowly made his way into the kitchen to look listlessly for something to eat. He had no appetite but he knew that he needed to eat at least a little snack.

After his simple meal, another PB & J sandwich (and the peanut butter traces he had left in the jelly were, of course, not deliberately made to agitate his overly tidy Dom), he considered going to sleep in his room, to get his message across to Harvey, but decided against it. Sure, he was still hurt and mad but he also missed his Dom. Wasn’t it strange that you could be mad at someone and still miss this someone so badly it almost physically hurt? That he wanted to yell and cuss at Harvey and at the same time desperately longed to be held and petted by him?

And during the last few hours the thought had sneaked back into his mind that Harvey had been in a car accident. Flashbacks from the day his parents had died kept flickering up in his mind randomly, no matter how hard he tried to push them away. He just didn’t want to think about how he would feel if Harvey had been hurt. What it would’ve been like to get another of these phone calls. To see the expression in the other persons face, this time not his Grammy's but most likely Donna’s, when she told him.

Every time his mind strayed into that direction, he could feel his breathing speeding up and his pulse quickening in a I’m-totally-freaking-out kinda way and he always tried to push that thought away and focus on his anger instead. He couldn’t imagine losing Harvey, couldn’t even entertain the most fleeting thought. Sure, he was mad as hell at him but the thought that he would never see him again, never feel his touch, his lips…, no, don’t go there. Don’t even think about it.

So he went into their bedroom, got Harvey’s pillow so he could bury his face in it and breathe in his scent, and lay down on the couch. He put on Star Trek on Netflix, one of the old movies with Kirk and Spock.

Somehow, watching one of the things Harvey seemed to love made him feel a little better, like they were in some way connected even if Harvey wasn’t here.

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The late night meeting with Judge Palermo didn’t have the effect Harvey had wished for. The cabby had somehow gotten wind of the meeting and had managed to sway the judge with a sob story about broken dreams, yada, yada, yada. So instead of dismissing the phony law suit and ending this farce there and then, Judge Palermo had claimed that there were sufficient grounds for the cabby to sue Ray and Harvey.
He still suspected that the judge secretly enjoyed tormenting him and seeing him sweat a little. Well, Harvey Specter did not sweat easily. He needed to teach that cabby, Mr. Santana, and the judge, a lesson.

But despite his anger Harvey was also a little bit in … well, not awe but he was a teensy tiny bit impressed. That a taxi-driver, someone who’d never seen the inside of a law school, had the chutzpah to take on a fight with the best closer in the city, was a little bit impressive. Even more so since the guy seemed to think he had a real chance. And Harvey knew that in this case the David vs. Goliath factor was against him. Juries just loved the underdog.

While waiting for the judge to meet him, Harvey had kept checking his phone for any messages from his boy. Donna had told him about Mike forgetting his phone at home but surely at 7 p.m. Mike should have been home even if he had visited his Grammy again.

Harvey had been a little bit concerned when Mike didn’t reply to his message but then he saw that Mike had read it and probably was still feeling a little bit angry and he had thought nothing more of it.

So, when he was finally on his way up to his condo, he was already constructing a battle plan. He needed to help Ray and even more so since he, as Ray’s steady employer, was now also under the gun, which added a new urgency to it all. Well, at least he had succeeded in getting his case moved up the docket. Thursday afternoon would be the time when he would take Mr. Santana down a notch or three.

After he dropped his keys next to Mike’s into the bowl he slowly made his way towards the couch. He could hear the TV and when he came round the corner he saw that Mike was lying on the couch, watching a movie. To his surprise it was *The wrath of Khan*.

“Hey Sweetheart,” he said softly so he wouldn’t startle Mike who hadn’t moved. “Sorry I’m so late.”

He leaned over the back of the couch to kiss Mike on the cheek and only then realized that his boy was sleeping. He had buried his face in the pillow and somehow had managed to wrap his arms around it too. He looked heart achingly young and vulnerable like this, almost like a little boy. So Harvey let him be for the moment and went to his bedroom to get more comfortable. As he passed by the bed he noticed that Mike had taken the pillow from his side instead of his own and the Dom smiled a little when he understood the implication. His sweet, needy boy.

When he came back out, he knelt in front of the couch and trailed his fingers carefully through Mike’s hair. After a few moments the sub’s eyelids fluttered open. For a second Mike’s face lit up but then he seemed to remember that he was still mad at Harvey and the happy smile vanished in slow motion from his face.

“You’re home,” he stated matter of factly.

Harvey gave him a friendly smile. “Yes, sorry I’m so late.”

“I’m going to bed then. Just wanted to see if you make it home safe since I can’t depend on people telling me such stuff.” Mike sat up, rubbed his hands through his hair and wanted to get on his feet. But Harvey’s hands on his chest pushed him back down onto the couch.

“What the…” he tried to protest.

“Shut up, Michael.”
“But…” There was still a little fight left in the sub and Harvey needed to put a stop to it.

“Right now! I don’t want to hear another word.” Harvey raised his voice enough to startle his sub into submission but the scowl he was receiving from the blue eyes was more than enough to convey Mike’s feelings.

Harvey grabbed Mike with both hands around the head and guided him with a little force down in front of the couch until their positions were reversed, Harvey now sitting on the couch and Mike kneeling in front of him, face cradled in his Dom’s strong grip.

“I’m sorry that I couldn’t give you what you needed today, Mike. And I’m sorry that you’re still too caught up in your emotions that you can’t see that I, and Donna, did it to protect you. We only had your best interests in mind.”

Harvey cocked his head to one side and studied Mike’s face but when the resentful look he was receiving didn’t waver, he went on with his explanations.

“Just imagine how you would’ve felt if I had called you right after the car accident without being able to reassure and comfort you. Or how you would’ve felt if Donna had told you while I was still on my way back to the office. Would you have been able to cope with everything like you did today? Especially after the emotionally straining weekend you had? No, don’t answer that. Just think about it. I didn’t do it to hurt you. And before you ask, yes, I would do it again. There’s not much I wouldn’t do to protect you, even if it means that I have to hurt your feelings a little in the process.”

Harvey’s thumbs stroked Mike’s cheekbones in a circular pattern but the angry glare in Mike’s eyes remained. The Dom studied his face for a few more moments and then he sighed.

“Poor baby. You really just can’t help yourself right now, can you? But I’m here now and I can give you what you need. I’m gonna take good care of you, Sweetheart.” Harvey leaned forward and placed a tender kiss on Mike’s forehead, ignoring the dirty look the blue eyes shot at him.

“I need to work a little more and you will stay right here with me on this couch. You will rest your pretty, stubborn head in my lap until we go to sleep so you know you’re not alone. I just need to get some things first. Wait here for me.”

Before Harvey could get up Mike opened his mouth again.

“I need to pee,” he blurted out defiantly.

Harvey looked at him, brown eyes narrowing slightly. Mike was not so much dipping but shoving his toe over the red line right now. He had neither phrased this statement as a request for permission, raised his hand to ask if he could talk first or even called him Sir. But then, Harvey just knew that Mike longed to feel some security and the only way to get it, or so he seemed to think, was push his Dom hard until he was put firmly back in his place.

“All right. I allow you to go to the bathroom. But I want you back here in five minutes or I will drag your sorry ass out here myself. Do you understand? And I advise you to think very carefully how you phrase your reply since there’s a corner with your name on it just waiting for you.”

“Yes…Sir.”

When Harvey nodded brusquely, Mike clambered to his feet and hurried to the bathroom in his room. For a moment Harvey just sat there and buried his face in his hands. It had already been a long day and it seemed that there was no rest for the wicked. He pondered how to show Mike that
he was safe and secure and could depend on his Dom and be able to put a few hours more work in, too. Then the solution dawned on him and he slowly made his way into their bedroom to get the necessary supplies. His boy longed to be owned, whether he knew it or not, and that was exactly what he would get.

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*Why can’t Harvey leave me alone?* Mike thought while he stared at himself in the mirror. Claiming that he needed to pee hadn’t been a ruse but he knew that he should have asked Harvey more nicely. Somehow he was still so mad at him. Deep under all this anger and the hurt feelings was the lingering thought of how he would have felt if Harvey had been hurt and in order to keep that thought at bay, he let all his other feelings run wild. It was just easier to be mad than to be scared.

Just for the hell of it, he stayed the whole five minutes in the bathroom, although he had finished his business much quicker. He knew that Harvey had been right. Deep inside his mind, some rational part understood why Harvey and Donna had kept the accident from him, but this part just wasn’t strong enough to drown out all the other feelings and voices in his head.

Waiting until the last moment, he slowly made his way back to the sitting room, not quite willing to make Harvey come and get him although he had thought about it for a moment. As it was, his Dom was standing in front of the couch, tapping his foot impatiently while he waited for his sub. When Mike shuffled slowly over to him, not quite dragging his feet in the process but close, the Dom pointed down at the couch which had been covered with a blanket.

“Drop your pants and sit down.”

When Mike didn’t obey immediately, instead of getting angry the expression in Harvey’s eyes got only more concerned. He stepped closer to the sub, grabbed his chin in one hand while the other hand came around to the back of his head, and held him firmly but without hurting him.

“Michael, this can go two ways. You can color out right now, go to bed and keep feeling lonely and hurt and the situation between us will be even more awkward tomorrow. Or you can trust me and let me take care of you. I know that right now you’re so caught up in your emotions that you can’t help yourself. But I can and I will if you let me. So what’s it gonna be?”

For a moment Mike just scowled at him some more but then something in his resentful gaze broke and Harvey caught a glimpse of the pain and confusion before the eyes slid shut and Mike leaned into his grip.

“Good boy,” Harvey whispered and guided Mike down to the couch. The sub kept his eyes shut and Harvey didn’t have the heart to demand eye contact from him now. His poor boy was already fighting so hard with himself.

"Open your mouth.”

Mike obeyed slowly, opening his mouth wide, expecting a much bigger item than was pushed inside now. As soon as his lips closed around the object and the shape registered in his brain, the blue eyes flew open again. Harvey had foreseen this reaction and pressed a thumb firmly against the base of the pacifier so Mike couldn’t spit it out, like he so obviously wanted to do.
“This stays in, Mike,” he announced very sternly before he explained. “It’s not demeaning or meant to humiliate you, it’s just another tool that will help you obey me.” When this earned him a quizzical look out of blue eyes, he elaborated a little further. “I’ve bought it as an alternative to the wiffle-gag, just in case you hadn’t been able to keep it in your mouth without panicking. And tonight I want you to feel comfortable and keep your mouth shut at the same time, so this pacifier is the best gag-alternative for you right now. And at least it’s blue. I could have bought a pink one with a glittery unicorn on it. So stop glaring. Your mouth belongs to me and I decide what goes into it.”

Seconds ticked by and the growing tension between them was almost palpable but then Mike nodded slowly and before he could help himself he started sucking a little on the pacifier.

That explanation made sort of sense. And Harvey was right. Once he could get over the whole baby thing it actually felt oddly comfortable and … soothing. Shit! Something was seriously wrong with him.

“Lean back and put your hands behind your head. I want them out of the way. If you can’t obey me, I will restrain you.”

Mike slowly did what he was told and Harvey grabbed the waistband of his pajama-bottoms and pulled them down to his ankles. He took it as a good sign when Mike lifted his butt off the couch a little to help his Dom without needing to be told.

“Believe it or not but right now you need to feel owned. You’re mine and you need to feel that. And you know what I do with my property. I take care of it. Like I will take care of you now,” the Dom lectured, still in a firm tone of voice.

Harvey looked down at Mike’s cock which was mostly flaccid. Then he reached into the pocket of his sweatpants and pulled out the cock-cage.

“Your pretty cock belongs to me. I own it. It’s mine and I will put it in the cage now.”

Harvey looked at him with an arched eyebrow but when Mike stayed motionless, he carefully inserted the sub’s penis into the cage, fastened the ring behind his scrotum and shut it with a click of the lock. Mike couldn’t suppress a little shudder when he felt the pressure of the metal against his sensitive skin.

“There now, all mine. Only one more needy, little hole to plug.”

Harvey, who was crouching in front of the couch, pulled at the hollows of Mike’s knees until his ass nearly slid off the couch and his crack was exposed. Harvey reached once again into the pocket of his pants and pulled out the familiar black butt plug and a bottle of lube.

“Telling you that you’re mine isn’t enough tonight. You need to feel it. You need to feel that I can do with your body as I please. That you have no control over what I will do with you. Unless, of course, you color out.” He paused for a few heartbeats but Mike stayed silent, although he could hear faint sucking noises.

“Hands in the hollows of your knees. Hold your legs up and spread wide.”

Before he could prepare the plug something else suddenly gained Harvey’s attention. In this position the inner sides of Mike’s thighs were on display and the Dom could see that the skin was red and irritated. He put the plug and lube aside and carefully swiped his flat palms over the skin. It was almost hot to the touch and the sub winced involuntarily.
“How did that happen, Sweetheart? It looks painful.”

He shifted his gaze up at Mike’s face and pulled the pacifier out of his mouth so he could get an answer.

“I biked in my jeans. After a while they tend to chafe. But it’s not so bad.”

Harvey’s left hand pressed a little harder into the red flesh and Mike sucked in a sharp breath. Harvey pushed the pacifier back into Mike’s mouth and this time it was received almost eagerly.

“It’s bad enough. You must have biked for quite some time. Stay like this. I’ll be right back. We need to take care of this before we proceed further.”

While Mike obediently waited, he couldn’t help but feel the ridiculousness of his situation. He still held the position Harvey had put him into and if someone were to enter the condo unannounced this would be indeed more than awkward, his exposed position as well as the pacifier in his mouth.

When Harvey came back, he had the soothing lotion with him and carefully applied it all over Mike’s inner thighs. The sub sighed with relief as the coolness seeped into his hot skin and the burning subsided a little.

“There now, that’s better. Can’t have you hurting like this. And now back to what we were doing before. Pull your legs a little bit more up to your chest and let me take a good look at your pretty hole. Yes, like this. Good boy.”

While Mike adjusted his position, Harvey prepared the plug with a generous amount of lube. When he looked down, Mike’s pink pucker was invitingly beckoning at him and for a moment all Harvey wanted to do was bend down and give his boy the rim-job of a life-time. Make him fall apart, make him beg for his cock and then fuck him so hard that he would feel it for the next few days. Harvey could feel himself getting hard and he took a deep breath as he fought for self-control.

“This is not about sex,” he explained to Mike, trying to convince himself as well. “This is not for your pleasure. This is me owning your sweet little hole. Me taking possession of it. So you better relax, because this plug is going in now. Do you understand?”

Mike looked at him with huge blue eyes, still sucking softly on his pacifier.

Harvey had noticed before, that in times of distress or excitement Mike’s mouth was always busy somehow. Licking his lips and nibbling at them with his front upper teeth. And during sex Mike had often tried to lick or suck at some part of Harvey, his shoulder or arm or chest. His boy seemed to have some kind of oral fixation, and the pacifier played right into Harvey’s hands. He usually wasn’t into age-play and really had bought (had Donna buy) the pacifier in case Mike had trouble even with the small wiffle-gag, but seeing Mike like this, getting comfort from sucking at the light-blue pacifier, was somehow incredibly hot and yet spoke to him on an entirely different level.

*My baby boy!* The thought had crept in out of nowhere and for a moment Harvey was stunned. What the hell? Where did that come from?

To get over his own confusion, he tried to move things along. After all, he still had a few hours of work ahead of him.

“How! Nod if your color is green.”

The sub slowly nodded, still looking at his Dom with those huge, mesmerized eyes and Harvey had a hard time to break the eye-contact.
He rubbed the dry left thumb a couple of times over Mike’s entrance, just to give him a little friction there, and goosebumps erupted all over the back of the sub’s thighs. Then he slowly touched the glistening tip of the plug against the wrinkled pink skin and trailed it around to slick him up a little, before he zeroed in on the middle and slowly applied more pressure.

“Breathe and relax for me, Mike. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Slowly the muscle ring opened up and the black silicon tip slipped into his boy’s body. When it was halfway in, he started to fuck Mike with it a little, just so that he could adjust to the girth. Like he had said before, this wasn’t for pleasure, well, not sexual pleasure. This was for Mike to feel owned. So he felt cared for. After a few more minutes, the plug was sitting nice and snug in Mike’s anus and Harvey could see that his boy’s cock was now straining against the confines of the cage and the sucking noises were alternating with soft, breathy moans.

“There. Everything is taken care of. You can let go of your legs now. And put on your pajama bottoms.” Mike slowly lowered his legs and groaned when this movement caused the plug to shift. He reached down and pulled his pants back up, not sure what Harvey wanted him to do next.

The Dom had sat down next to him, right beside the arm of the sofa and he patted his left thigh.

“Lie down and put your head here. You can hug the pillow, if it’s more comfortable for you.”

While Mike searched for a comfy position, Harvey had taken his laptop, balanced it on the arm of the sofa and on his right thigh and booted it up.

After a few moments, Mike stopped moving, lying on his left side, face turned towards Harvey’s stomach and the pillow hugged to his torso.

“Comfortable?”

Mike nodded against his thigh.

“Are you cold? Do you need a blanket?”

The blond head shook no.

“Alright. You can go to sleep if you want to. I need to work a little bit longer. This cabby has somehow persuaded a judge with a sob story that his phony law suit has merit. We’re going to court on Thursday.”

Harvey’s left hand was petting Mike’s head, stroking the soft unruly blond hair while the lawyer recapped in a low voice what had happened so far and which course of action he would take.

Harvey didn’t expect Mike to pay attention, but he thought that hearing his voice would soothe his boy. And talking about the case had the added benefit that it helped Harvey to get his thoughts in order. He had discovered a long time ago, that by voicing his thoughts he often would come up with a solution. Most of the times he used Donna, Jessica or some other of his few trusted colleague as a sounding board, but when he was alone he talked to himself or an imaginary jury.

Harvey presented the case like he would present it to another lawyer. He stated the facts as he knew them, identifying the ones that would help him as well as the ones which could be dangerous for him.

He himself had seen the light changing when they were 2 or maybe 3 car-length away from the crossing, but then, he was Ray’s employer and had a personal interest in exonerating his driver of
any wrong-doing. Harvey would never perjure himself but the jury wouldn’t know that. And his reputation as the best closer in town wouldn’t help him this time. On the contrary. If he would be too aggressive, the jury might hold it against him, since Mr. Santana was basically Joe Everybody, and the jury could most likely relate better to him than to Harvey.

So he needed to make this about Ray, not himself. He needed to show the members of the jury, that Ray was as hard working and down to earth as the cabby. They were both from a foreign country and had immigrated to the U.S. to find a better life, so in that regard they were equals at least. But driving a cab in New York, dealing with all sorts of customers every day and night, was more straining than being a chauffeur with a private car, Harvey had to admit, so the sympathy factor could be slightly more in the cabby’s favor.

Another fact was, that he had been late today and he couldn’t say how fast Ray had been driving to make up for it. He didn’t think that his driver had been speeding, not much anyway, but he couldn’t say so for sure. If Mr. Santana was as smart as Harvey thought he was, he would try to determine a timeline for them and then they would be screwed.

And they had talked about music, quizzing each other on the CD Harvey had burned for Ray. Maybe Ray had been somehow distracted by that and subsequently had reacted slower than usual. Would Mr. Santana ask him what they had been doing right before the accident occurred? Would it maybe help them, if the jury knew that Harvey and Ray were more than just employer and employee? That they were almost like friends?

All this thoughts were now laid out even though Harvey was quite sure that Mike had fallen asleep during the first 5 minutes of his monologue since his eyes were firmly closed now. His boy was breathing evenly through his nose, forehead lightly pressed against Harvey’s stomach, mouth sucking every now and then on the pacifier, a picture of peace and contentment.

Harvey typed his notes on his laptop, sorting them in pro and con and then slowly developed a defense strategy. After his initial introduction of the case he had fallen silent, but every now and then he voiced another thought, especially when he came to his to-do list. After 2 hours he had enough and shut down his laptop.

“Hey, Sweetheart. Time for bed.”

Blue eyes were slowly blinked open and Harvey smiled down at his sweet boy.

“Come on. It’s time we both made use of the big comfy bed next door.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I never was into daddy-kink or age-play or that kind of thing. And then I read a story about that. And then I read another story, and another. I’m still not sure if I’m into it but I think it’s at least another kink Harvey and Mike could explore together. I’m not really sure if I will write more of this or if it was a one-off. I would really love to read your thoughts on it since all of this happened by accident but once written I couldn’t un-write it.

As always, the story isn’t beta-read and all mistakes regarding grammar or spelling are
my own.

Thank you for reading and all your nice comments and the kudos so far. I really get a kick out of every comment and every kudos I receive.
Chapter Summary

Mike comes clean to Harvey. Harvey is not amused.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all your encouraging comments on the last chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harvey guided the sleepy Mike into their bedroom and tucked him in. The sub seemed a little out of it, as if he was still in his own world and Harvey didn’t have the heart to disturb him by getting the plug out or even take the pacifier away, especially since Mike didn’t seem to mind either.

He went into the bathroom and grabbed a quick shower but when he came out again, he almost gasped with surprise.

Instead of lying in the bed where Harvey had left him, Mike was kneeling in front of Harvey’s side of the bed, naked and in perfect submissive posture, head bowed and slightly shuddering as if he were either cold, intensely aroused or emotionally distressed. Since it was warm in the bedroom Harvey could rule out one of these possibilities.

The Dom let his fingertips softly trail over Mike’s back and neck before he sat down on the bed in front of the sub, clad only in silky boxers, his hair still a little wet and combed back with his fingers.

For a moment he scrutinized the kneeling figure before him. It didn’t seem as if Mike wanted to play. No, his sub appeared troubled, as if he was fighting with something. Most likely with himself again.

Harvey cradled Mike’s face in his hands and coaxed his sub to look into his eyes.

“What’s the matter, Sweetheart? Do you need me to take the plug out?”

Mike bit his lip and only now Harvey noticed that the pacifier was gone. He wondered briefly why Mike had taken it out since it seemed to have soothed him before.

“No Sir,” the sub mumbled, only with difficulty holding eye contact.

“Talk to me, Puppy. What is causing you this much distress?”

“I… I’ve been bad, Sir. I’m so sorry, but I’ve been so mad at you and I wanted you to hurt and… I’m sorry…so sorry…” Mike started to sob and without asking for permission he shuffled closer and buried his face against Harvey’s thigh. His torso shook violently and Harvey was at a loss. What was that all about? Truly Mike couldn’t mean the little bit of willful behavior he had shown before Harvey had put him in his place? But right now he could see that a rational conversation
needed to wait. Mike was coming apart at the seams right in front of him and all he could do was try to comfort his sub as best as he could.

He spread his legs a little so Mike could come even closer and when the sub took the invitation and pressed his face against the side of Harvey’s stomach, he stroked Mike’s hair and back and made low soothing noises. He could see that Mike needed to ride it out, whatever this was and in the meantime he could only show his boy that he wasn’t alone.

“It’s alright. Everything’s gonna be alright. I’m here for you, Sweetheart. Let it all out. I’m here.”

After a few minutes Mike’s sobs got more quiet and the shaking subsided a little as well.

“There now. That’s better.” With gentle force he disentangled Mike’s hands from around his waist and guided him back in an upright position. Mike’s eyes were red and puffy but some of the agitation had gone.

“Can you tell me what you did? Because frankly, I understand why you acted a little willfully earlier and we already took care of it so this must be about something else. Am I right?”

Mike nodded and drew in a deep shuddering breath. But then he seemed to find his resolve. He adjusted his posture, crossed his wrists behind his back and met Harvey’s gaze with a firm determination.

“After the deposition, while you were talking with the court secretary, I just left. I didn’t want to talk to you or to Donna. I didn’t wait to say goodbye. I just went straight to the elevator banks. I knew that it would anger and hurt you but I did it anyway.”

Harvey was puzzled for a moment. Yes, Mike had left the conference room after they finished the deposition and he had been a little irritated by that but he had thought that Mike had gone to the restroom. And later he had been there in front of Donna’s cubicle when he had been served by the pizza-guy.

“But you didn’t Mike. You came back.”

“Yes, but only because I needed the letter for my boss. And it nearly killed me when I realized that I had to go back. I almost left anyway, just out of spite.”

Poor Mike. And he hadn’t even noticed.

“It’s okay Mike. You were mad. And we know that you have some issues with controlling your emotions right now. The important thing is that you came back and didn’t risk your job just to get back at me. That actually makes me a little proud of you. You were able to control your anger and you made the right choice. That’s progress, Sweetheart.”

Instead of soaking up the praise, Mike grimaced as if he had just bitten into a lemon and his huge blue eyes started to tear up again.

“Please, don’t Sir. I don’t deserve your praise. I don’t deserve you. I… I did something else. Something worse. So much worse.” He started to bite his lip frantically and Harvey could see how hard his sub fought to not break down completely.

For a moment Harvey thought about all the things this statement, and Mike’s reaction, could mean and he got seriously worried. Had he smoked some weed? Or maybe met with Trevor? Well, no sense in guessing.
“Okay. You better tell me everything.”

“I … I biked to work to deliver the letter and they asked me if I could help out. It was really busy and I didn’t have anything else to do besides waiting for you in the condo and be mad at you and Donna. I wanted to bike, to exhaust myself to feel better, so I said yes. But I didn’t tell you. They lend me a phone but I didn’t call you. And I worked late. I took every delivery and even asked for a few late ones. I wanted you to come home and me not being here. I wanted you to worry.” Mike’s voice had gotten softer and softer until it was a mere whisper but his eyes stayed fixed on Harvey’s, as if his Dom was a lifeline he could cling to.

“I imagined you coming home and discovering that I wasn’t there. I pictured it. Pictured your worry and I was glad. I wanted you to worry. I wanted you to hurt. I’m so sorry. I could’ve called you and told you that I was working, so you wouldn’t worry. But I didn’t. Because I wanted to get back at you.” His breath caught in his throat and he coughed a little.

“I’m so sorry, Sir. I’ve been bad. I have all these ugly feelings inside of me. How could I want to hurt you? Why was I so mean when I love you so much? I’m a bad person for wanting to hurt you. Please, forgive me. I know I don’t deserve it but please, give me another chance. Please, I will do anything for you. Please, Sir, please.”

Harvey saw the desperation and shame in Mike’s eyes and all he wanted to do was pull his boy into his arms, hold him tight and tell him that everything would be all right. But that wasn’t what Mike needed from him now. Mike needed his stern Dom who would punish him for his transgression more than he needed compassion and leniency. That would come later, after the punishment was over.

And, Harvey had to admit, Mike’s transgressions were quite serious. For a moment Harvey pictured how he would have felt if he had come home to an empty condo, not knowing where Mike was and without a way to reach him and he could feel first the worry and then the anger rise up in his stomach. No, he couldn’t overlook such behavior without issuing a severe punishment.

His withholding information from his sub had been borne out of an urge to protect his boy. Mike had withheld information from him out of spite and in an attempt to hurt him. He knew the difference and Mike knew it, too. And although, due to circumstances out of Mike’s influence, his plan hadn’t worked out the way he had wanted, Harvey still couldn’t let that just pass. This could never happen again and Mike would need to learn that lesson and, more importantly, remember it should he ever feel that urge again.

So he toned his compassion at seeing Mike’s distress down a few notches and steeled himself for what he needed to do.

“You have indeed behaved badly. Very badly.” He paused for a second and when he saw how Mike cringed under his blunt words, almost as if he had received a physical blow, he made his voice a little softer. “But you aren’t bad, Michael. There’s a distinct difference between the two.”

Mike let his head drop and Harvey thought that he could see tears streaming down his cheeks. So he reached out and used his index finger to tilt Mike’s face back up again but Mike wasn’t able to meet his gaze and shifted his red and puffy eyes immediately to one side while silent tears continued to flow down his cheeks.

“Look at me, Mike.” He waited until his boy finally met his eyes. “I won’t stop loving you just because you misbehaved. Do you understand, Sweetheart? My feelings for you are not that feeble. People make mistakes. God knows I’ve made a few. The important part is to learn from them.”
He could see Mike’s Adam’s-apple bop as the sub swallowed heavily. When he spoke, his voice sounded rough from all the silent crying.

“Thank you, Sir. Thank you so much.” The relief in Mike’s face was nearly enough for Harvey to abandon all thoughts of punishment, but it wouldn’t help his sub if he were too lenient now. And he knew himself well enough that he too needed this punishment in order to get some closure and let go of the whole sorry chapter.

“But you’re right when you think that you need to be punished. I can’t let you get away with such behavior. This warrants a thorough spanking. The least you deserve is a red hot ass. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Recite the rules of punishment for me.”

“I will count each strike but otherwise I will remain silent.”

“Safe words?”

“Yellow and red, Sir.”

Harvey nodded. “After I’ve explained your punishment to you I want you to stand up and bend over the bed. I need to take out the plug before I spank you or I could hurt you accidentally. But the cage stays on. You will not gain any sort of enjoyment during this punishment or after. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey thought for a moment, taking the previous night into account before he came to a decision.

“You get 30 strikes from my hand at full force. This will be more than enough because your butt is still a little tender from last night. But since you have been honest and forthcoming with me I allow you to receive them lying over my knee. In addition to your spanking you won’t get to come until at least the week-end. Every day, as soon as you get home, you will put your pretty cock into the cage and lock it away and every morning I will take it off before you go to work. You’re not allowed to touch yourself other than absolutely necessary. But that doesn’t mean that I won’t get to come as well. On the contrary. I plan to fuck that little tight ass of yours quite frequently during the week as soon as I can touch it without you howling in pain. Any objections to that plan?”

With a raised eyebrow and his index-finger still pressed under his sub’s chin, he watched Mike’s reaction. His boy’s pupils had dilated a little and right on cue the eyes had shifted to the side again. A pink tongue darted out between the lips and gave them a quick lick and he could see the Adam’s-apple now rapidly bobbing up and down. Could his boy be afraid and aroused at the same time?

“No… no objections, Sir. I deserve everything.”

“Color?”

“Green, Sir.”

Harvey stood up and towered for a second over Mike’s kneeling form.

“Get up and bend over then. Place your hands on the mattress and don’t move until I tell you
He could see from Mike’s behavior how much his sub wanted to make amends. Mike presented his butt meekly and Harvey could hear from his breathing that he tried to relax. A little tugging at the base of the plug was enough for it to slide out, since there was still a copious amount of lube in Mike’s hole.

Under normal circumstances he wouldn’t have been able to resist playing a little with the slightly gaping opening right in front of him. As he watched, the muscle-ring slowly tightened until the pink pucker was once more firmly closed like a tiny starfish, but still shiny from some leftover lube. If he would place a fingertip in the middle of the wrinkled pink skin and use just a tiny amount of pressure, it would slip right into Mike’s beautiful butt.

Harvey shook his head slightly to get rid of that picture. Not now. He knew himself well enough to know that if he would start playing just a little he would soon forego any thought of punishment and fuck his boy through the mattress instead. Which was maybe what he and his sub wanted but not what they both needed at this point.

“Stay like this until I come back.”

He took his time in the bathroom, his hands moving without thinking while he cleared his own head and tried to get in the right headspace for what he had to do. He cleaned the plug thoroughly before he came back out with a washcloth and took care of Mike with quick but not ungentle swipes of the wet cloth. Harvey knew that he needed the time to get his own feelings back under control. Although he could see that Mike was truly sorry, he had started to feel a little bit angry himself. If his boy had succeeded he would’ve been out of his mind with worry for his sub.

He could feel his breathing picking up a little at that thought and he shook his head lightly to dismiss this feeling. No. Don’t go there. After a second, the strong emotion subsided again. It hadn’t happened and Mike showed him how much he regretted his actions so it was time to put this past them and move forward.

Harvey settled down on the mattress next to Mike’s still braced hands, tapped his left thigh and Mike positioned himself over Harvey’s knee. The Dom pushed a small pillow towards him.

“Take the pillow. Otherwise you will only mutilate your wrist again. Causing you pain is my job. Yours is to take whatever I give you.”

He could feel the cock cage press against the inner side of his left thigh and for a moment he allowed himself a small smirk. This time, Mike would have no chance at all to gain any pleasure from the spanking. This would truly only be punishment.

He let his left hand wander back to Mike’s neck and elicited a firm grip while his right hand drew slow circles on Mike’s beautiful backside.

He loved his boy’s butt. The smooth fair skin with his bite-mark still faintly visible on the right cheek, the firm muscles clad in a soft little layer of fat that quivered lightly under every hit. The pink fluttering pucker, hidden in the depth of the hairless cleft. How tight and hot he felt around his fingers or tongue or cock.

Harvey once again shook his head to get rid of the lewd ideas he was developing. This was punishment, after all, although, with his mildly sadistic streak he would be able to enjoy it more than his sub.
“Tell me your color one last time.”

“Green, Sir.”

“Why do I need to punish you?”

“Because I was mad at you and I tried to hurt you by withholding information. By wanting to worry you.”

“And will this ever happen again?”

“No, Sir. Never. I will never do that again, Sir. I’m so sorry.”

“Yes, I know Puppy. Time to put this past us.” He drew his hand back and landed a harsh swat on Mike’s right buttock. Fascinated he watched as the flesh first paled under the impact and then blushed as the blood rose to the surface of the skin.

“One.” Mike’s voice sounded composed if a little breathless but Harvey was determined to change that.

Because it would be 30 hits today, he would spread them around a bit. They would soon overlap anyway and since he wouldn’t be holding back tonight he wouldn’t be at all surprised if his boy would color out before he reached the last hit. Which would be absolutely fine. He wanted to show his boy that his behavior was unacceptable but he didn’t want to break him mentally or cause too much physical damage.

Swat!

“Two.”

Swat!

“Three.”

Mike sucked in a sharp breath at the 9th hit, almost a hiss, and Harvey could feel his neck jerk up against his hand as the back muscles tensed and then stayed tense.

“Come on. Count for me.”

“Ni…nine.” Gone was the composure and the strain sounded clearly in his sub’s voice.

The next few hits landed further down to give the central area of the butt, which already shone in a nice dark pink, some rest. But further down also meant that now Mike’s more sensitive sit-spots were targeted.

“Ten,” the sub almost yelped, followed by some heavy breathing.

Swat!

“Eleven.”

Harvey decided to take it down a notch. Mike was already fighting with the pain and the skin would be so tender by now, that he wouldn’t notice it if Harvey dialed down on the force of the hits. He decided to dole out four more strokes and then take a little break at halftime.

Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat! He landed the hits in quick succession.
“Twelve….thirteen… fourteen… fifteen,” the sub sobbed out while his torso began to shake.

“Hush. We’re taking a little break now. Try to breathe, Sweetheart. You’re doing really well so far. I can see how hard you try to be my good boy.”

His hands roamed over Mike’s back and flanks, careful not to touch the red skin on his butt. After a few moments, when Mike seemed to register that the pain had stopped for now, he relaxed again and drew in some deep, shuddering breaths.

“That’s it. You’re my good, sweet boy. Try to calm your breathing. Take your time and tell me when you’re ready to go on.”

Any other sub would’ve taken this instruction as permission to draw out the inevitable but he knew that Mike would only take as much time as he really needed.

“I’m ready, Sir,” the sub mumbled after a few minutes, then took another deep breath in an attempt to steel himself for what would come next.

“Thank you, Mike.”

Without further ado he landed the next few hits on Mike’s backside, this time a little quicker and with maybe only 80% of the full force. He knew that it still would be enough to make a lasting impression on Mike.

There was no relaxation in between the hits, no calm breathing, no dreamy gliding in subspace. No enjoyment of the pain in any way. Only grunts, bitten out counting and harsh breathing in between the loud noise of hard palm striking soft flesh. Mike jerked under his grip, his muscles bunched up in knots, from his neck down to his thigh muscles as he fought so hard to take the pain.

The 27th hit was when Mike started to weep loudly, not even trying to hold back anymore while he fought to suck some air into his lungs between loud sobs of agony which soon became uncontrollable hiccups. But somehow he still managed to force an almost unintelligible twenssen out.

The Dom could hear that Mike wasn’t able to draw enough air in and he stilled his hand, afraid that Mike would start to hyperventilate soon. So instead of landing the next hit, Harvey smoothed his own smarting palm softly over Mike’s very tender skin in an attempt to soothe the sore nerve-endings at least a little.

“Hush. Calm down a little. You’re doing so well. Only three more to go. But I’ll wait until you’re ready. Try to breathe deep for me, Sweetheart. Come on. I know you can do it.”

Mike shuddered even more than before and suddenly it burst out of him. “I… I can’t, Sir. I can’t. I’m so sorry, but I can’t. Please stop. Please!”

His poor boy seemed to have reached the end of his tether and Harvey didn’t have the heart to convince him that he could take three more swats. His sub was done and pushing him further would be nothing but cruel. This was one of the moments when he as a Dom had to back off.

“Alright, Sweetheart. Say it. It’s okay. I won’t be mad. Just say your safe word. I know that you need to.”

Although Mike was still weeping loudly, the blond head shook no and Harvey sighed. He knew that Mike couldn’t take any more but he also knew that Mike would be too proud or stubborn to say the word. And he didn’t have it in him to break his boy with more pain just to teach him a
lesson. Maybe he needed to show him instead, that saying one’s safe word wasn’t the end of the world.

“Okay. I will say it for you. For both of us. Red. There now. Everything’s gonna be alright.”

Carefully Harvey shifted the still crying figure off his thigh and onto the bed and took great care to lay him on his stomach. Mike was weak as a kitten and coordinating his limps seemed an impossible task, so Harvey had to manhandle him a little until his boy lay sprawled out on his stomach in the middle of the bed. Then he stretched himself out on his stomach beside his crying sub and stroked his hair, whispering silly nonsense to soothe him, physically and mentally.

“All is well, Sweetheart. Just let it all out. It’s over and you were my sweet boy. You’re so good for me. My sweet Mike.”

“I’m sorry… Sir. So sorry.” The words were almost incomprehensible but Harvey knew nonetheless what Mike was trying to tell him.

“I know, Sweetheart, I know. And I’m sorry, too.”

He indulged himself and Mike a few more minutes, just lying there next to his boy and petting him until the crying stopped and his sub was able to breathe more regularly. Before Mike would fall asleep from sheer exhaustion, he got up and drew the comforter over his boy’s naked form to keep him warm.

His first trip was to the kitchen. Because of his boxing training, keeping a number of different sized ice-packs in his freezer had become a necessity and two of the larger ones would now come in handy for Mike’s sore bum. As an afterthought he selected a smaller one for his aching hand as well and got some bottled water and chocolate.

He uncovered Mike’s middle region and nearly groaned himself when he saw how red and swollen the abused flesh looked. Very carefully he rubbed the ice-packs, which were covered in a little layer of moisture from the warmer air, over the red hot cheeks and after the initial flinch, Mike gave a grateful sigh when the cold brought him some relief. After a minute, he left the ice-packs in the middle of Mike’s butt, right where the most hits had landed and went into the bathroom to fetch a towel. He knew that he shouldn’t leave the ice-packs for too long on Mike’s unprotected skin but for a few minutes his sub should be okay. In his medicine cabinet he found some analgesic salve and some Advil as well. Now he could pamper his sweet boy and reassure him to his heart’s content.

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Mike just lay on his stomach, his whole focus on the throbbing pain in his buttocks. His brain had shut up for now, all thoughts overridden by the pain, and when something cold was placed on his butt and brought him blessed relief he sighed deeply, not sure if he welcomed it. Somehow the pain had become his friend, although he hated and dreaded it at times. But then, sometimes you did that with friends too.

When the searing pain had been numbed to a dull aching the ice-packs were taken away and Harvey’s fingers rubbed some ointment into his skin. Mike could tell from the different smell that it wasn’t the usual lotion, but he was too exhausted, physically and emotionally, to ask. After a
minute he could feel that it had a much stronger effect than the usual treatment because his bum was getting really numb, the pain only a faint memory.

Gradually his thoughts came back but before he could launch himself into another cycle of self-loathing und guilt, Harvey slipped into the bed next to him and manhandled the sub into a position where he was lying half on top of the Dom, his chin resting on Harvey’s shoulder. Harvey’s arms were holding him tightly and Mike could feel his Dom’s lips trailing over his forehead in a caress, while the nose brushed through his bangs.

“Do you think you can drink a little water for me, Sweetheart?”

Mike nodded weekly. He was very thirsty, now that Harvey mentioned it. Harvey shifted him a little to the side, so he could catch the straw with his lips but the Dom’s left arm supported him so he wouldn’t accidentally topple over and land on his backside.

“There, now. That’s better. You must’ve been very thirsty, Mike.”

Harvey put the bottle away and when his hand came back Mike could see that he was holding something else in it, something blue made out of plastic. He needed a few moments to make the right connection but when he did, he felt guilty. It was because of him, that Harvey was hurting now.

“Does your hand hurt very much, Sir?”

“A little. But I think I live.”

Mike reached out with his own hand and tentatively touched the backside of the hand that was holding the small ice-pack, now resting on Harvey’s chest. Sensing what Mike didn’t dare to ask, Harvey opened his fingers, put the ice-pack on his chest for a moment and showed Mike his palm.

The sub could see that it was red and a little swollen and he trailed his fingertips very carefully over all the little lines and creases. When Harvey didn’t pull away, Mike lifted his head up and bent forward to kiss the palm softly. Harvey kept perfectly still, watching his sub. Mike glanced up at him and for a moment their eyes met. Then Mike bent forward again and placed soft kisses all over the inner side of Harvey’s hand, from his fingertips down to his wrist, almost like he wanted to worship it for giving him pain and his throat closed up a little. Harvey could feel the lightest touch of Mike’s lips, so light that it almost tickled and his fingers twitched involuntarily, but he didn’t want to interrupt his sub in what he was doing.

He knew that some Doms would make their subs kiss the implement they were inflicting pain with before or after they used it, but he had never been turned on by this. To him it had always seemed… sort of odd, making a sub show reverence to an instrument of pain.

Now, as he watched Mike kissing his palm with such a tender expression on his face, he could finally understand the appeal. It was as if Mike was thanking him for the pain he had given him; the punishment he had inflicted on him to correct his flaws and make him a better sub. His sweet boy understood that it had been for both their sakes and both of them had paid their price in pain.

Harvey cradled Mike’s face in his smarting palm and gently guided his face up to his own, so he could kiss his beautiful, wonderful sub. He had no idea how he deserved to be the Dom of this perfect creature.

After a few tender, sweet kisses Mike buried his nose in the crook of Harvey’s neck, his favorite resting place for his head. He just wanted to go to sleep now, but he knew that his brain wouldn’t
let him. So he decided to address the thing he was still hung up on.

“Why are you so nice to me, Sir, when I was so bad? I don’t deserve it. I couldn’t even take the full spanking.”

From the moving of Harvey’s torso Mike could tell how deep a breath his Dom took and he expected an exasperated sigh. Instead he received only a little tutting.

“I told you before that after your punishment is over, all is forgiven. That I had to say your safe word for you doesn’t change anything. You took as much as you possibly could and that is enough for me, and it should be for you as well. So, let it go, Sweetheart. You’ve suffered enough for it. And by the way: I decide what you deserve, not you. Are we clear?”

“So it doesn’t bother you anymore that I wanted to hurt you deliberately? Because, it bothers me big time. I still don’t understand how I could’ve done such a thing.” The sub exhaled deeply and added in a whisper, “I love you so much.”

Now Harvey really sighed. “Yes, I know, Puppy. And maybe that was part of the reason.”

“I… what do you mean?”

“If you wouldn’t feel for me the way you do feel, would my white lie have hurt you as much as it did? And was my lie the only reason why you behaved like you did or was there another reason?”

Mike didn’t have to think about that question for long. Deep down, he knew the answer already. Every time the thought had surfaced that his Dom could have been seriously injured during the accident, he had pushed it away, too scared to entertain that thought even for a moment. Instead, he had lashed out and let his anger override his fear. And he had known what he was doing during that time but instead of facing his fears, he had taken the easy way out and gotten angry. Harvey had been right. He really wasn’t good at dealing with his emotions. With a sigh, he confessed this insight to his Dom.

“Let me tell you a little secret,” Harvey responded after Mike had stopped talking. “I’m afraid too. Maybe I shouldn’t tell you this, or maybe I should. I don’t know.” He laughed a little. “There you have it. I’m constantly afraid of getting it wrong with you. Of hurting you somehow. I know that I seem very confident to you, and under normal circumstances I really am, but being with you has changed me a little. Because you’re not just a random sub or a one-night-stand I met in a bar. You matter to me so much, and that scares the shit out of me. But I think my fear can make me stronger. It prevents me from getting cocky, from taking for granted what I have. In some way it even makes me humble. I think it’s a good thing as long as you don’t have anything good in your life to lose.”

“But what if I do it again? Give into my fear and be mean to you?”

“Then we address this problem the same way we addressed it tonight. And we keep doing it until the message sinks in. But I don’t think it will be necessary. After all, you’re supposed to be very smart. And like I said; I’ve got some issues of my own.”

“Maybe we could figure it out together, then?”

“Hm. Seems like a sensible plan.” Harvey reached out to the nightstand and Mike could hear something rustling. Then a piece of chocolate was pressed against his lips and he took it eagerly.

“Thanks,” he mumbled. Another rustling followed but this time Harvey ate the treat himself. When Mike lifted his head up and looked at his Dom, he just shrugged.
“What? I need some aftercare too, you know. This isn’t a one-way street.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“How’s your butt? Still hurting?”

“No. It’s numb by now. The ice-packs are great. What about your hand?”

“It’s better as well. It will still hurt pretty badly tomorrow, your butt and my hand. I rubbed some analgesic salve into your skin but you will have some bruises that need a little longer to heal than anything I’ve given you before.”

“Doesn’t matter. I can bike standing up and I think it’s good if a feel it a few days as a reminder. Makes it easier for me to let go of it.”

“All right. But I want you to be careful. If the pain is too distracting for you I want you to call me. I will figure something out to get you off work early.”

He could feel Mike shaking his head weakly. “I can’t get off work tomorrow. I sort of mouthed off to my boss today and he will sack me if I miss another day of work.”

Harvey sighed. “You really have a special talent for agitating people. I don’t know how one person can be so sweet and so bratty at the same time.”

When he didn’t get a reply to that, he glanced down at Mike and saw that his sub had fallen asleep.

He stretched his arm carefully to reach the lamp on the bedside table in order to turn off the light and something hard pressed uncomfortably against his shoulder blade. After a little squirming he held the pacifier in his fingers. He gave it a thoughtful look and then trailed it softly over Mike’s plump lower lip. After a few traces the mouth opened slightly and he pushed it in. The lips closed around it almost eagerly and Harvey could hear a faint noise when Mike started to suck on it. He smiled and turned off the light.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter isn’t beta-read. All mistakes regarding grammar and spelling are my own. Thank you so much for reading. I really get a thrill out of reading your comments and kudos is also highly appreciated.
Tuesday

Mike’s muscles were burning like fire. He had been biking standing up almost the whole day and his by now aching and trembling thighs were the proof of that, but sitting down on his bike saddle was just too damn painful for him to bear. Not that he hadn’t tried to get some relief every now and then. He sneaked a glance at his wristwatch and groaned inwardly. Still at least two hours too early to even try to call it a day.

At 6:30 a.m. an already clothed Harvey had woken him up and unlocked to cock-cage before he had sent Mike to the bathroom to get ready for the day. After his shower another layer of the analgesic salve had been carefully rubbed into his still red skin. He knew that it still had been red because Harvey had told him so in an almost apologetic tone of voice. His Dom had been very nice and affectionate towards him and Mike had become convinced that Harvey had really meant it when he had told him that everything would be forgiven after the punishment.

Harvey had even prepared some French toast with real maple syrup along with some sliced banana and kiwi for breakfast and made him wash down two Advil with a glass of freshly pressed orange juice that came with the large mug of coffee. Just when Mike had thought that really everything was forgiven and, especially – hopefully, forgotten, Harvey had reminded him that the cock-cage would be waiting for him as soon as he came home after work. Mike had only nodded meekly, not sure if he should be agitated or relieved that Harvey hadn’t forgotten the second part of his punishment.

During the elevator ride down to the lobby Harvey had typed on his phone and thus ignored Mike but right before the doors had opened, Harvey had leaned over and given Mike a quick kiss on the lips before he left to meet Ray at the street while Mike rode down to the garage to retrieve his bike.

Around midday Harvey had texted him and asked if they could meet at the hotdog-cart near the lawyers office but Mike had been busy at City Hall at that time and couldn’t make it in a reasonable timeframe over to Lexington Avenue. So instead of meeting up, Harvey had called him and they spoke for a couple of minutes during which Mike mostly tried to assure his Dom that he was fine albeit a little sore. Harvey hadn’t apologized for having blistered Mike’s backside so thoroughly the other night (and why would he, when he had been absolutely right?) but the sub
could hear in his Dom’s tone of voice that Harvey felt at least a little bit sorry for him.

Well, Mike wouldn’t be Mike if he hadn’t tried to spin that fact to his advantage, in this case to gain permission for a greasy, unhealthy but very delicious cheeseburger from a fast food joint for lunch.

“You know, Sir,” he had begun slyly (or so he had thought), “I recently read somewhere that the reward center of the brain, if properly stimulated, can help deal with all sorts of pain. Unfortunately the most obvious stimulus for the reward center of my brain is temporarily out of bounds for me but I’m not complaining or trying to initiate. I know I’m not allowed. Just stating a fact.”

The eye roll was funnily enough audible in Harvey’s voice as he interrupted Mike’s musings.

“Is there a point somewhere in your rambling, Mike? If so, I’d like to hear it in the near future.”

“Well, some food can provide the needed stimuli nearly as well as sexual stimulation or even an orgasm. Sugar and fat and salt in particular. So, all of it could be found in say, a… cheeseburger, for example.”

To his own surprise, his maneuver had seemed to work.

“Okay Mike. Message received. You have my permission to get yourself a cheeseburger for lunch, with all the additional stuff like fries and so on if you like. But Mike, next time be upfront with me and don’t try to manipulate me with a made-up bullshit story. You know that I don’t like it. This once I let your attempt at manipulating me slide since I can imagine that right now you could use some consolation prize to forget your sore bottom.” The sub could hear that his Dom wasn’t joking and he had tried to make amends immediately.

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry.”

Harvey had snorted a little. “Try it again and you will be. Now, you know what to do when you get home?”

“Yes, Sir. I will take a shower to get rid of the bike-sweat but I will only touch myself as much as it is needed for hygiene and then I will put on the cage and wait for you.”

“Good boy. You can use the salve after your shower and ice-packs are in the freezer if you need them. I don’t know when I will be home but I want you to text or call me as soon as you enter the condo. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

After their call, Mike had been able to finish his business at City Hall just in time to receive an agitated text from Lisa, asking him what took him so long since they were swamped again. So he had abandoned all thoughts of lunch for now and got on with his real job instead.

Now he was sore in more than just one place, very hungry and his good mood from before was rapidly dwindling. Two more hours. Maybe three if the way this day was going was any indication.

Another beep of his phone sounded and he wasn’t even finished with his last delivery. Since he couldn’t look at his phone now, he just ignored it but increased the speed a little. His thighs weren’t happy with it and he gritted his teeth while he tried to breathe through the pain.
Harvey was sitting at his desk, absentmindedly rubbing his still sore palm with his left thumb while he stared out of the window into the distance. Today of all days had been the day that he had needed to sign his name approximately a thousand times, or so it seemed and he could really use another ice-pack by now. But it appeared as if nothing would work out the way he had wanted it today. Yeah! It was one of those days.

He had looked forward to seeing Mike at lunchtime. Partly because he wanted to make sure that he was all right and partly because he really missed him and needed a dose of these beautiful blue eyes and boyish smile. When his boy had sent him the text-message that he couldn’t make it, he had called him instead. Hearing his voice was better than nothing and even Mike’s underhanded attempt to get his way regarding lunch had more amused than annoyed him. But nonetheless had he called Mike out on it, even though he hadn’t minded it much. He just couldn’t let his sub think that he had bought into his bullshit.

6 p.m. was approaching fast and he longed to get home and cuddle with his boy, maybe watch a movie and eat take-out food sprawled out on the couch, knowing that Mike would still be too sore to tolerate anything kinkier. But Donna had just told him that Jessica was demanding his presence when she met with a new client at a restaurant nearby in an hour. He knew that these kinds of things could drudge on for hours and he had groaned inwardly at this news. But business before pleasure and anyway, he knew that Jessica wouldn’t request his presence on a mere whim.

“Do you need anything else, Harvey?” a soft voice startled him and he swiveled his chair around to face the door.

Donna stood in the doorway, ready to head home. He let go of his hand as if she had caught him doing something forbidden and this only made his behavior more suspicious to her. For a second he hoped he could get away with it, but no such luck.

“Does your hand hurt because you’ve been boxing again? Or did you spank the puppy? You’ve been rubbing your palm the whole day.” Harvey wasn’t sure if she was just joking or if she was taking an educated guess. Her interest in his love-life had lately developed into a thing and she dropped comments about him and Mike every now and then, fishing for tidbits. So far unsuccessfully, which made him a little proud. There wasn’t much that Donna didn’t know about him, or anyone really.

“My hand doesn’t hurt,” he replied indignantly. “And even if that were the case, I had to co-sign the Bainbridge briefs today, so there’s your explanation. Must’ve been a thousand signatures.”

She only rolled her eyes at him, not buying any of his crap.

“Yes, it does hurt. I know your I’m-in-pain-but-don’t-want-anyone-to-see-it-face, Harvey. And scribbling your weird little squiggle for a signature on a line never gave you much trouble. And by the way, you haven’t answered my question. So, did you?”

“Did I what?” He knew that he was only prolonging the inevitable. Donna was too nosy to let something like this just go.

The secretary came nearer and sat down in the chair opposite his desk uninvited. From her posture Harvey knew that there was no way in hell to avoid a conversation now. But he tried nonetheless.
“Didn’t you want to leave? You can. I have nothing else to do for you today.” He glanced back at the screen of his computer, trying to dismiss her. Needless to say that it didn’t work.

“So you have. Try deflecting all you want, Harvey. I know you too well for that bullshit to work on me.” She smiled. “And I knew you would have a hard time to keep your hands off that sexy ass. I know I would.”

When he just gave her his impassive lawyer stare, neither confirming nor denying, her smile faltered.

“Oh, this was serious, wasn’t it? Not kink, but… punishment? Do you have that in your… thing, relationship, whatever? Do you really punish him?”

He sighed. There was no use denying it. She just knew him too well and anyway, maybe it was useful if he could talk with someone about what had happened the other night. He had thought about calling Kieran but now that Donna was here…, well. And she could provide him with an outsider’s perspective.

“You have no idea what he did. He deserved every hit I gave him.”

“You really hit him?!” Her voice rose nearly a full octave with the surprise of hearing Harvey admit it and suddenly she sounded furious, like she really believed he had smacked his boy around in a case of domestic violence.

“Of course not,” he replied indignantly before he tried to explain how their arrangement worked. “Not like you think anyway. I spanked his bare bottom with my hand after we had talked about his transgressions and he agreed that he needed to receive a punishment in order to learn from his mistake and never do it again. Right from our very first negotiation he asked me to discipline him when he does something wrong. He asked me for it and he could’ve stopped it at any time. In fact, I stopped it when I saw that he couldn’t take any more. It might seem cruel to you, but he needs it and I provide it for him.”

“But what has he done that he deserves such a harsh punishment? It must’ve been more than just a couple of swats when your palm still hurts. I’m sure it couldn’t have been that bad. He’s such a sweet guy.”

Harvey sighed and told his secretary everything Mike had confessed to him the other night and her face got more and more concerned during his explanation.

“He really must’ve felt very hurt. I’m sure he wouldn’t have done it otherwise,” the secretary tried to defend Mike’s actions and Harvey could see that she regretted her role in all of this. Great! Now he needed to console her too.

“I know that, Donna. I know that he felt hurt. And I know that he acted out because he couldn’t think about the accident without panicking. I haven’t told you before, but his parents died in a car crash when he was eleven. As you can imagine, this brought back all kinds of bad memories for him. But I still couldn’t let him get away with this. Maybe if he’d only sulked or behaved a little willfully. But he knew exactly how he could hurt me the most. He tried to exploit my strong possessive and protective urge for him and he needed to be punished for that. You know, he might look like a kid, but he’s really not. He’s a young man who needs to learn to deal with the consequences of his actions or he will always get himself into trouble. And I can’t always bail him out.”

She just stared at him for a moment, processing what her boss had just told her.
“You really are in love with him.” She couldn’t help it that her voice sounded a little stunned. She never had seen Harvey care so much for someone else, maybe not even for herself. She knew that Harvey loved her, but not like that. Not like he loved that kid… young man.

“Have you told him?”

Harvey avoided her gaze and her mouth fell open. “Oh my god. You have. Harvey, that’s great!”

“Is it? I haven’t felt that insecure since my acne cleared up in 9th grade. I’m constantly questioning myself, always afraid that I make a mess of this. And he needs me to be firm and self-assured and confident. I can’t be the emotional mess he makes of me.” He buried his face in his smarting palm, not wanting to let her see all his emotional turmoil. But Donna knew what he was trying to do and she wouldn’t let him get away with it.

So she stood up and walked behind his chair. Her hands were a welcome weight on his shoulders when she first rubbed them a little and then firmly squeezed them. He relaxed under her care and didn’t even flinch when she softly brushed her hand through his hair, very carefully of course, so she wouldn’t ruin his style. With a sigh he let his head fall back and closed his eyes for a moment.

“You’re allowed to make mistakes, Harvey. You’re allowed to feel insecure. That’s just human.”

He swiveled his chair around so he could look at her and she immediately let go of his shoulders. Instead, she sat down on the desk with her hands wrapped around the edge, dangling her feet a little while she studied his face expectantly.

“He doesn’t need me to be human. He needs me to be a superhero. Strong and steadfast. Like Superman.”

She couldn’t suppress a smile. This was so typical Harvey. Always thinking that he needed to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. Time to present him with an alternative.

“Well, maybe you could be Batman instead? No superpowers, just a very brave man with a few gadgets. And you wouldn’t have to deal with all of this alone. Mike could be your Robin and you could teach him and be his mentor. And I…well I suppose I could be Catwoman. I would certainly look good in a tight body suit. Together we would make a great team.”

Now he needed to smile himself. Thank god for Donna. She always knew how to cheer him up.

“Only if Ray can be Alfred.”

She nodded and decided to do him one better. “And what about Louis? I think he would be a great Penguin. He has almost the right figure.”

Now Harvey burst with laughter and all his worries disappeared on his face, erased by the laughter lines. He laughed a couple of minutes straight out and she joined him after the first 30 seconds. Every time she thought he finally caught himself, he just looked at her face and both of them broke out in giggles again.

When Harvey finally was able to stop, he wiped a laughter-tear from the corner of his eye while wheezing a little breathless.

“Thank you Donna. I really needed that.”

She patted his shoulder and made for the door. Before she left, she turned around one last time.

“Whenever you need me, I’ll be there, Batman. Just send me the signal.”
When Mike finally got home it was almost 7 p.m. and he was ravenous since he had to skip lunch entirely to catch up with his work. But a take-out bag from Burger King was safely stored in his messenger bag now. After all, Harvey had allowed him the cheeseburger and a Double-Whopper was strictly speaking a burger and had cheese on it hence it was a cheeseburger. And hadn’t the great Bard written, that a rose of any other name would still smell as sweet? Well, a cheeseburger of any other name would surely still taste as good, especially if there was bacon on it as well.

As he closed the main door of the condo behind himself, he pondered for a moment whether he could get away with eating the burger right now, before the call to Harvey and the shower and the cage. His stomach grumbled at him right on cue, egging him on but he resisted its bad influence. He had bent the rules enough as it was today.

So he took out his phone and called Harvey but from his tone of voice the sub knew that the lawyer was preoccupied.

“Hi Mike. I’m sorry but right now is not a good time for me. Can we make it quick or shall I call you back later?”

“Quick is okay, Sir. I just wanted to tell you that I’m home.”

“Yes, thank you. Oh, in the meantime please check your e-mail. I’ve sent you the contract we were previously talking about. Please go over it and we’ll talk later.” In the background Mike could hear voices as well as some street noises and from the carefully chosen words his Dom was using Mike could guess that Harvey was in the middle of a meeting or something like that.

“Yeah, sure. But can I shower and maybe eat first? I was very busy and didn’t have any time for lunch and I’m starving, Sir. Well, not literally but my stomach is sort of pissed off at me right now. I brought the burger you’ve permitted me for lunch home with me. I hope it’s okay to have it for dinner instead.”

He held his breath and after a few seconds pause, Harvey gracefully gave his permission.

“Yes, Mike. That sounds totally acceptable.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Harvey ended the call and Mike finally tore into his burger like he hadn’t eaten in days, leaning against the breakfast bar since sitting down was still out of the question.

It was only lukewarm by now and looked a little funny because Mike’s messenger bag wasn’t really the right shape to hold a take-out bag, and the food had gotten a little smushed in it, but it tasted still delicious. After he was finished with the fries as well, he let out a little burp, licked his fingers clean, threw all the wrappers into the trash and made his way towards the shower.

When the warm water hit his sore bottom he hissed a little but soon the warmth soothed the pain more than causing it and he could feel how his strained thigh muscles relaxed a little. Mike took his time, enjoying the endless supply of hot water but finally he shut it off, got out and dried himself everywhere except for his butt, which he only gave some hesitant pats with the towel. In the mirror-cabinet he found the salve and applied another layer to his sensitive skin, wincing
slightly in the process. He turned his backside toward the mirror above the basin and was peering over his shoulder, trying to get a full view of his butt. It was still red, in some places more than in others and he decided to get himself another round of ice-packs for good measure.

But first - the cage. The sub slid the drawer of the bedside table open and there, right beside the bottle of lube, was the cock-cage. And next to it was the key which somehow made everything so much worse.

As Harvey had explained to him, the key had been left in the drawer by the Dom in case of an emergency. But of course Mike wasn’t allowed to even touch it unless it was absolutely necessary for him to get out of the cage in a hurry.

Mike studied the metal contraption carefully for a few minutes, finally picking it up and turning it around in his fingers while he looked at it from all angles. It was mindboggling to him that this construction, just a few rings and rods of stainless steel or whatever kind of metal Kieran had used, could spark such feelings in him when he was wearing it. Hell, even looking at it now was nearly enough to kick-start his libido. Wasn’t it amazing what the human mind was capable of? Because Mike knew that it was his mind, doing all this funny things to his body and the cage was just a tool, helping it along. And the fact that the key to it and thus his freedom was just innocently lying there where he could see it without being allowed to use it, added only to the mind-fuck. While he stood there, pondering the cage and what it meant when he put it on himself just because Harvey had told him so, he became aware that his dick got a little too interested and was starting to stir.

Oh, no. You don’t, he scolded it and hurried to slip his shaft into the cage as long as he still could. He held his breath until the ring behind his balls was closed and the lock clicked shut. Then he exhaled slowly. But his dick still tried to chub up a little so he hurried to put some clothes on to avoid any temptation to touch himself through the metal rings to see if he could get any stimulation whilst wearing it. He opted for loose-fitting and very soft pajama-bottoms and one of his old tees again.

Remembering Harvey’s cryptic message, he retrieved his notebook and went back into the bedroom where he lay down on his stomach on the bed and reached around with his hands to place the ice-packs on both of his cheeks with a relieved sigh.

After he opened Thunderbird and read the topic-line on Harvey’s e-mail he laughed out loud.

‘Provisions Agreement or Things Harvey Specter is allowed to buy or provide for Mike Ross without him being a mouthy little shit about it’

Best closer in the city. Indeed! Well, it seemed like he had some work to do.

**********

Mike woke up when he heard the footfalls of in all likelihood, very expensive leather shoes from a renowned label on the hardwood floor.

After he had finished reviewing Harvey’s first draft of what would become another addendum to their contract he had fetched one of his old Discworld novels (Nightwatch) from the boxes in his room and settled once again down on his stomach in their bed. He knew this book by heart, but he still liked to read the words instead of just conjuring them up in front of his inner eyes. At one point
he must have fallen asleep though, still exhausted from the previous night and his very stressful
day. The book was lying abandoned on the mattress near his head, the pages slightly wrinkled,
well, more wrinkled than before, like he had lain on it at some point during his nap.

“Mike?”

“Bedroom!”

When Harvey appeared in the door-frame his face lit up at the sight of his drowsy sub.

“There you are. Did I wake you up?”

“Hm.” Mike dragged a hand over his face to stifle a yawn. “What time is it?”

“A little after ten.” Harvey sat down next to Mike and carded his fingers through Mike’s hair until
the sub arched into the touch and sighed contentedly. “Hard day?”

“Yeah. It was crazy. But on the upside, I got lots of tips. Almost 60 bucks.”

The sub sounded proud and Harvey was once more reminded of their very different financial status.
He wanted to ask Mike if he had been able to look over the contract, but he pushed it away for
later. There were more pressing matters now, like his boy’s physical well-being.

“And how’s your butt? Was biking manageable or were you in a lot of pain?”

Mike knew that Harvey would feel bad for him if he told him the truth so he tried to make light of
it. “Nah, it wasn’t so bad. I took some Advil around noon and biked standing up a lot. If I keep it
up, I will get thighs like Arnold Schwarzenegger though.”

He looked up at his Dom, smiling slightly to show him he was okay, but Harvey was just too good
at reading people. And that he yelped a little when his Dom carefully touched his bottom didn’t
help either.

“How is lying to me now to spare my feelings any different from what I was doing to you
yesterday?” the Dom chided softly.

Mike blushed and sputtered a bit. “Well, I… if you put it like that… sorry.”

“Okay. Let’s not dwell on it any longer. But please tell me the truth. How much are you still
hurting?”

Mike shrugged. “On a scale from one to ten, probably a 25.”

Harvey gave him a sympathetic little smirk. “Please, no need to low-ball it.” He started to carefully
push Mike’s pajama-bottoms down and Mike lifted his hips to help him.

“Hm. Still very red and a little swollen.” A warm palm softly swept over his skin, from his lower
back all the way down to his upper thighs. “Also still a little warmer in the middle than the rest of
you. Let’s put another round of ice-packs on it to get the swelling down some more.”

“I put some on after my shower. And I used the salve.”

Harvey nodded. “That’s good. But another round will not hurt. Stay here.”

After a few minute he came back and placed the ice-packs on Mike’s now once again flannel
covered bottom. Mike had put them back into the freezer when he had gotten his book and now
they were nice and cold again.

“Better?”

The sub nodded and heaved a small sigh of relief. “Yes, but it really isn’t so bad anymore as long as nothing is touching my skin. Like air for example.”

“Poor Puppy. Today must’ve been hell for you.”

The blond head nodded. “But I’ve earned it.”

“That you did.” He leaned forward and placed an affectionate kiss on the top of Mike’s head before he stood up. “I just grab a quick shower and then we can talk some more.”

Mike watched Harvey vanishing in his walk-in closet and coming out naked a few minutes later only to vanish again, this time behind the bathroom door.

He rested his head on the mattress and was on the verge of drifting off again, when Harvey came back. He was wearing pajama-bottoms and a t-shirt himself, and that told Mike that tonight his bottom wouldn’t get anything else despite the ice-packs and maybe a soothing hand with the special salve. But then, he would be most likely really howl with pain if Harvey tried to fuck him.

The ice-packs were taken away and after a little shifting and wriggling Mike had found his place half atop Harvey with his head resting on his Dom’s shoulder.

“I’ve missed you today,” Harvey whispered.

“Yeah, me too. Sorry I couldn’t meet you but I was halfway across town when you texted me.”

“Hey, no need to apologize. Work comes first as I’ve demonstrated so aptly when you called earlier.”

Mike blushed a little but stayed silent, happy that his face was turned away from Harvey so he couldn’t see it.

Strictly speaking, letting Harvey believe that his job had led him to City Hall was another lie through omission but he couldn’t tell Harvey what he had been up to. And still was up to since he had a few other lines of enquiry to pursue. He had no idea if his plan to help Harvey and Ray with their case would pay off in the end and anyway, Harvey would most likely tell him to keep his nose out of it. So, maybe it was better to ask for forgiveness later than for permission now. And if Harvey would want to give him another spanking, well, he could take it although he hoped that Harvey would be lenient with him. So he tried to deflect by following another train of thought that had been niggling at the back of his mind the whole day.

“Can I ask you something, Sir?”

“Sure. Always. You know that, right?”

“I just… well, I thought about the last few days and I know that a lot has happened emotion-wise but still, it just hit me that I cried a lot. Like, every day a few times. And I’m not a cry-baby. I mean, I’m usually not in the habit of crying that much or… at all really. I think I haven’t cried since my parents died. At least not in front of someone. But with you I somehow always do. And I thought you should know that I will try to do better in the future and not embarrass myself, or you, so much.”
For a moment there was only silence in the dark bedroom and then Harvey trailed his lips over Mike’s forehead in a soft caress. When he finally spoke his voice was dark and very soft.

“Why on earth do you think your crying bothers me? I mean, yes, it bothers me when you’re distressed or upset but you crying doesn’t bother me in the least. It’s an outlet, Mike. Just another form of release. And it helps you deal with your emotions. It’s nothing to be ashamed of. And it’s nothing you should suppress. If you need to cry, then there’s a reason for it.”

“But, isn’t it … sort of weak or pathetic? My dad always told me that boys don’t cry. Crying is only for girls.”

Harvey sighed. Way to go James Ross. “No, to me your tears aren’t a sign of weakness. You’re not weak. Showing me how you feel, laying yourself bare for me, that’s incredibly brave. And I love the fact that you don’t try to hide from me. I loved that right from the start, at our very first meeting. You, trusting me and showing yourself to me. Please, don’t ever hide your emotions. Not from me.”

Mike nodded his head against Harvey’s shoulder. “Oh… okay. I think I can do that.”

Wednesday

The next day his butt hurt a lot less although Harvey took the same care of him in the morning like he had done the day before. It still felt a little like aftercare, for the both of them, and maybe that was the point. This time it was waffles and fruit salad for breakfast and the lotion instead of the salve though.

Around midday Mike once more sacrificed his lunch-break in order to go to the garage where Ray’s car was being repaired. He needed to find out the exact time of the accident and hoped the GPS of the satnav in the car was synced with the atomic clock in Boulder, Colorado.

Before he had driven there though, he had reluctantly called Ray and told him what he was up to. He had wrecked his brain to find a way to keep the driver out of it but in the end he had come to the conclusion that there was no way around it.

When Mike had told Ray about his plan, the chauffeur had been skeptical at first but eventually agreed to keep his mouth shut for now, as long as he needn’t lie to Harvey. But then, why should he need to since Harvey was absolutely oblivious about everything?

Despite appearances, Mike hadn’t been sleeping when Harvey had talked about his case Monday evening. Sure, his body had been relaxed and his eyes closed, but his brain had taken everything in Harvey had said, including his fear, that Mr. Santana might discover that they had been late that day. He hadn’t really planned on helping Harvey, had just concentrated on his voice but he couldn’t help it that his brain had memorized every word and started involuntarily to mull the problem over the next day, whenever he hadn’t needed to think about something else.

During his tour through the clogged up traffic in the Financial District Mike had suddenly started to think that maybe Harvey hadn’t been the only one who had been late that day. Hadn’t Harvey
told him that the cabby wanted to bid for a taxi-medallion and had missed his chance due to the accident? His own trip to City Hall where the auction had taken place on Monday morning had confirmed his suspicion but he wasn’t quite willing, at least not yet, to present his findings to Harvey since he had come up with another idea.

A couple of weeks ago he had read in the New York Times, that the traffic lights in Manhattan had been recently updated to a new system in order to equalize the traffic during rush-hour. Cameras were monitoring the traffic density and the traffic lights would switch accordingly, alternating between several different programs, choosing the most suitable to hasten the traffic along. The whole system was synced with the atomic clock and the system stored records of every traffic light for 6 months. So, if he knew the exact time of the accident to the second, he could try to get his hands on the records from New York City Department of Traffic (DOT) in order to prove that the cabby had ran a red light.

When he finally made it to the garage in the East Village, he was slightly out of breath and his tee was sweat-soaked at the back since it was a very warm day. Hopefully, the mechanic would let him get his hands on Ray’s car or he had forgone his lunch for nothing.

“Who are you again?” asked the mechanic with the nametag “Joe” on his coveralls, as he gave Mike the once over.

“I’m a friend of Ray Benghazi’s. My name is Mike Ross. He gave me permission to look at his car. You can call him, if you want to clear it with him.”

The mechanic shook his head. “Not necessary. Ray had called earlier and told me that a kid on a bike might show up and ask some questions. I just can’t see what’s there to investigate. Wasn’t it a simple traffic accident?”

“Yeah, pretty much. But the cab driver who hit Ray wants to sue and I have this idea that might help Ray.”

“So, what do you need?”

“Can I have a look at the satnav of the car?”

“Sure. Wait a moment.” He turned around and vanished into his office. When he came out again, he tossed the car keys to Mike. “You need them to turn on the ignition. The satnav needs some juice to run.”

That was something Mike hadn’t thought about and he stared down at the key a little undecided. He had taken driving lessons in High School but never passed the exam for his license. After the way his parents had died, he had just never felt comfortable driving himself and had given it up after the mandatory lessons.

“Problem?”

“I… I’m not familiar with this type of car. Can you turn on the ignition for me? I don’t want to accidentally drive it against a wall.”

The mechanic looked at him like he wasn’t sure if Mike was yanking his chain but then just shook his head.

“Sure. Better safe than sorry, eh?”

Mike followed the guy to Ray’s car and when he saw the extensive damage to the left front side, it
dawned on him that Harvey had downplayed the seriousness of the accident. He sat down on the passenger seat and as soon as the ignition was on, he quickly browsed through the satnav system, taking some pictures of the screen with his phone every now and then. Joe, who had remained in the driver’s seat, obviously a little afraid what Mike would do if he left him unsupervised, watched him curiously but didn’t ask. After a few minutes Mike was done, happy that his hunch had paid off. Now he only needed to find a way to get his hands on the traffic light records.

“You done?” Joe asked when Mike put his phone away.

“Yeah, thanks. That was a big help.”

“So, what was that all about then?”

“I hope I can prove now that the traffic light for Ray was green.”

“Well, good luck with that.”

The mechanic shook his head slightly as he watched the bike messenger leave his garage. He had no clue what the kid had done with the satnav but if it paid off, he was happy for Ray.

**********

After his visit to the repair-shop there had been no time to visit the DOT at Water Street, down in the very south of Manhattan, so he needed to find a way to squeeze that in tomorrow morning before the court appointment. But he made a quick call to Ray to keep him in the loop so far. After all, Ray had earned that for keeping quiet. At least, Mike hoped he hadn’t blabbed to his Dom. The chauffeur picked up after the 2nd ring. On their first call, they had agreed that Ray wouldn’t take his call while he was driving Harvey around since it would be more than suspicious and would cause Harvey to ask all kinds of questions which the both of them wanted to avoid.

“Hey, Ray. It’s me, Mike. I just wanted to tell you that I’ve been to the garage. Thanks for calling ahead. Joe was a big help.”

“No problem. And you’re sure this might help?”

“Yeah, pretty much, but only if I can get my hands on the records of the DOT. But I know someone who knows someone who works there so maybe it will work out. This may prove that the cab-driver had run a red light.”

“And why didn’t you tell Harvey about it?”

“Because I wasn’t sure if this would lead to anything and I didn’t want to waste his time.”

“But you will tell him now? I’m really not comfortable keeping something like this from him.”

“I will tell him before the court date when I get my fingers on the records. Please Ray, don’t rat me out. And anyway, I think Harvey has enough on his plate already and I’m sure he has his own strategy do deal with everything. My stuff is only in case he needs additional ammunition.”

“Oh, Mike. I’m not sure. I really shouldn’t do it.” In Ray’s voice Mike could hear that the driver’s resolve of keeping quite was seriously in jeopardy.
“Please Ray, I promise you, if Harvey is pissed he will be pissed at me, not you. And anyway, he won’t ask you if I’m snooping around in his case so there’s no need to lie to him. Just don’t tell him what I’ve been up to. Please, Ray,” he pleaded almost desperately. If Harvey should hear of this from anybody but him, he would be so screwed.

With a sigh, the older man gave in. “All right. But you tell him before court or I will.”

“Well, I will have to if I want him to use it in court.”

“If I get into trouble with him over this, you owe me.”

“You mean instead of you owing me for fixing your case?”

“Haven’t you just told me that Harvey is perfectly capable of doing that without your help?”

Mike did an imaginary face palm. “Yeah, sorry. All right. If Harvey gets mad at you I owe you. Happy?”

“Not really. And Mike… thanks.”

**********

A torrent of warm water hit Mike’s back and he stretched his arms over his head to get some of the kinks out. This felt heavenly. While he shampooed his hair, he thought he heard something but dismissed it immediately. It was still early, barely 7 p.m. and Harvey would most likely work a few more hours before he came home.

He had been right last Sunday at the restaurant. Even so he had moved in, during the week they barely saw each other more often than before. But it was nice to snuggle up against Harvey during the night. He was always so warm. So, up until now, moving in together… totally worth it.

He threw his head back to get rid of the shampoo suds when he heard the bathroom door open.

“Harvey?” He sputtered a little when some soap got into his mouth.

“Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes?”

Mike rubbed his hands over his face to clear his eyes but in his haste he managed to get some soap into them as well.

“Ow. Shit, shit, shit.”

“Stop rubbing, Puppy. You only make it worse.”

A hand grabbed his chin and tilted his face upwards so that the warm water hit his forehead, flowed over his eyes and washed the soap away.

Before he could open his burning eyes, he was pressed against the tiled wall by a very solid, naked body and Harvey claimed his mouth with a hungry kiss. A wave of arousal hit the sub. When he finally let up, Mike carefully opened his eyes and smiled at him.

“You’re home early, Sir.”
“Hm. I hit a wall and decided to pack it in for the day. But I need to go in early tomorrow.”

Harvey’s hands started to wander all over Mike’s body and the sub groaned with want. He had missed this so fucking much. When a finger trailed softly over the tip of his hard dick he cried out with the sudden shock of the stimulation.

“Please, I can’t… I, please…” he begged, not sure for what he was actually begging his Dom but quite certain that another touch would be enough to make him come. He hadn’t touched himself in two days and now that the pain in his butt had subsided his libido was back with a vengeance.

“Don’t you dare come, Michael,” his Dom almost growled. “You don’t have my permission. Not until the weekend.” But Harvey was kind enough to take his wandering hands away. With slow, measured breaths Mike was able to pull himself back from the brink.

“You really are a needy boy, aren’t you?” Harvey tilted his head to the side and studied him with this impassive gaze and Mike had no idea what Harvey was up to. So, just to be on the safe side, he only nodded, not trusting his words. Today, something dangerous was lurking in Harvey’s eyes. Dangerous and very hot.

“You done in here?”

Another nod.

“Then you better get out before I give into temptation and fuck you right here.”

The sub groaned and his dick began to throb with want again.

“Not helping, Sir.” That earned him an evil little smirk.

“Go get your cage. And if you can’t get it on, there’s some ice in the freezer. You have until I’m done in here. When I come out I want to see your pretty little cock clapped in irons.”

Mike swallowed hard. It seemed like Harvey was in the mood for a little tough love. And the way this was going it seemed that Harvey was sticking to his word and wouldn’t allow him to come.

“Yes, Sir.”

After he closed the bathroom door behind himself, only a towel slung around his hips, he threw himself face down on the bed.

*Calm down, calm down, calm down*, he recited in his head over and over again. When this didn’t help in the least, he opened the drawer of the bedside table, grabbed the cage and made his way hesitantly towards the kitchen.

With an ice-cube between his fingers he stared down at his still stiff cock, trying with all his might to make his boner go away.

“Last chance, buddy” he warned it, but instead of complying the cock only twitched lightly like it wanted to mock its owner. “Well, you asked for it, so here goes.” As soon as the ice made contact with his dick Mike hissed. “Shit, shit, shit, fuck!” He started to jump from one foot to the other like a naked Rumpelstiltskin, not able to keep still while the ice did its work.

Thankfully, after just a few seconds the cold had the hoped for effect and after a few swipes with the ice-cube up and down his length, and goosebumps erupting all over his body, he could finally stuff his dick into the cage. He exhaled relieved when the lock clicked shut.
“You asked for it so don’t complain now,” he scolded his penis sternly.

“Do you really talk to your dick?” The amusement was clearly audible in Harvey’s voice.

Mike’s head whipped around and he could feel a deep blush spreading over his face. Harvey was leaning casually in the doorframe of the bedroom with his arms crossed in front of his broad chest. He was naked and in his full glory, only wearing his trademark cocky Specter-smile. Unlike his own, Harvey’s cock was half hard and he was slowly working his way up to a boner.

“Well, yeah. So what?” The blush deepened even more and Mike’s cheeks, where two days’ worth of blond stubble were residing, were now almost glowing with embarrassment.

“Did it help?” The corners of Harvey’s mouth pulled up and a line of fine crinkles framed his dark eyes.

Mike grinned back. “Not really.”

Harvey crooked a finger at him and his facial expression shifted again, this time to stern Dom.

“Come here.”

As soon as he came into reach, Harvey grabbed him by his wrist and pulled him close. But instead of kissing him like the sub had expected, Harvey pulled both of his wrists behind his back, held them there with one hand and marched him backwards until the back of his thighs hit the bedframe. The Dom gave Mike a little shove against his shoulder and let go of him. The sub tumbled backwards onto the mattress while Harvey remained standing, looming over his sprawled out body with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

“I really had a shitty day today and I need a distraction. So, the plan is that you throw your pretty legs in the air for me, holding yourself up like you did on Monday and I will fuck that perky little ass to get some much needed relief. For you on the other hand, no such luck since it isn’t the weekend yet. Maybe I will be a little rough with you but I won’t really hurt you. I might leave some marks or slight bruises but nothing more serious. So, what do you say, Mike? Are you okay with it?”

Mike’s mouth had gone bone dry in an instant. This was something they hadn’t done before but somehow the thought of Harvey using him like that hit something hidden deep inside of him. Something he hadn’t known was slumbering there. His cock strained against the cage and his breathing picked up considerately. Seeing Harvey like this, seeing this almost primal force hidden behind that thin layer of control, was breathtaking.

“Yeah…,” he licked his dry lips. “I’m on board with that.” When Harvey just continued to stare down at him he hurried to clarify. “Green, Sir. My color is green.”

The Dom nodded brusquely. “Hand me the lube.”

Mike turned around and crawled on all fours towards the bedside table to do as Harvey had commanded. With a slightly shaking hand, anticipation and excitement, not terror, he handed the bottle over to his Dom.

“Get into position. And no talking. All I want to hear from you are those pretty noises you make.”

Mike nodded, feeling a little like a deer in the headlights. Shit, this side of Harvey was pushing some huge buttons of his and he wasn’t sure if wearing the cage was part of that. Knowing that he would get nothing out of it, that he was only serving his Dom without getting any relief himself,
shit… that was just so fucking hot.

He shifted with his ass right to the edge of the mattress and then swung his legs in the air. Thank god he was young and bendy since he had no idea how long he needed to hold this position. With his hands in the hollows of his knees, he pulled his legs back even more until he felt his ass lift up from the mattress. Between his spread legs, he watched his Dom just standing there, looking down at him while his half-hard dick slowly plumped up until the tip pointed proudly upwards.

“Good boy.” The praise came out in a growl and Mike’s eyes slid shut.
Chapter Summary

Harvey needs some tension relief and Mike confesses to Harvey what he’d been up to for the last couple of days.

Chapter Notes

A while back I mentioned in the notes that I was in need of a beta-reader. When I published the last chapter, the amazing Tara_Beth volunteered for the job and this is the first chapter beta-read by her. I have to confess that I felt a little apprehensive at first, because I never had a beta-reader before and didn't know if we would click, but we did and I really appreciate all her help and the work she put into this chapter to make it better and I really love her insights. So, this chapter is dedicated to my awesome new beta-reader Tara_Beth.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Mike had roamed the hot and smog-filled streets of Manhattan on his bike, doing some covert sleuthing in between deliveries, Harvey spent the day confined indoors where the air was cool and free from any exhaust fumes. But his day was, unlike Mike’s, not successful or even remotely good at all and his mood throughout it developed itself accordingly.

He knew that he needed to wait a few more days before he could work his magic on Joy, but his reassurances did nothing to appease Jessica in that regard. She had visited him first thing in the morning and threatened to take his office away if he screwed up again, knocking him down to the 46th floor, where all the other losers had to work. Normally her threats didn’t rattle him, much, but the thought of having to slum it down there with the bankruptcy failures made him shudder with disgust and a slight worry had started to chip away at his confidence.

To stop this train of thought, he buried himself in some grunt-work, boring stuff really but it usually did the trick of getting him back into the game. Not this time, though.

A couple of hours later he was looking over the briefs he had given to one of the nameless associates for proof-reading on Monday and discovered not one, not even two, but five mistakes on the first three pages alone. He didn’t bother reading the rest of the 256 pages but went straight to Louis, who was in charge of the associates to complain.

The junior partner just stared at him, his dislike for Harvey clearly displayed on his face, while Harvey gave voice to his misgivings and was maybe a bit more colorful in his choice of words than was strictly necessary. When he ran out of steam eventually, the balding man finally deigned to pick up the briefs, looked at the highlighted mistakes on the first few pages and promised to take care of it in a dismissive tone of voice.

“I need it done by tomorrow morning, Louis. And properly or I will take my complaint to Jessica.”
“I said I will take care of it Harvey, so give it a rest.”

“I would give it a rest if I could be sure that you will do your job, Louis.”

Before Harvey could leave his office on that note, Louis shoved a newspaper across his desk.

“By the way, you made page six in the Post. They even printed a picture of you, pretty boy. Way to go, Harvey.” The smug smile on the junior partner’s face made it look like he had 80 teeth.

Harvey snatched the paper up and saw that it was already folded at the right page. While he read the article about the impending lawsuit against him, Harvey almost blew a fuse since it was written solely in favor of the cabby, making him out as the villain in this whole thing.

Arrogant, rich corporate lawyer destroying a hard-working man’s dream. But this time Joe Average wouldn’t take it lying down. No, he would fight back and hopefully the members of the jury would help him to get some justice come Thursday and David would once more prevail over Goliath.

The whole article reeked of self-righteousness and cited one empty metaphor after another, regardless of if they had anything to do with the facts of this case or not.

Harvey strongly suspected that Louis had something to do with it but without proof, he couldn’t accuse his co-worker outright. So, he sucked it up, put on his poker-face, turned wordlessly on his heel and walked quickly back down to his own office, sorely in need of some soothing jazz for his frayed nerves.

As always, Donna seemed to know what was going on with him and guarded his office from any intruders to give him some peace and quiet.

Around midday, a text from Mike arrived, but to Harvey’s chagrin it was too damn short.

(Mike 12.23 p.m.) Hi Sir. Work’s really busy again today.

(Harvey 12.24 p.m.) So, no time to meet for a hotdog?

(Mike 12.46 p.m.) Sorry, I’m in the East Village and next I’m headed to Tribeca. Would love a hotdog, though. Haven’t eaten since breakfast.

(Harvey 12.48 p.m.) What are you planning on eating then? And make sure you drink enough.

When he read what he had typed his thumb briefly hovered over the delete button but instead he hit send. He knew that he was behaving like a mother hen, but hey, that was his job as a Dom. It took a while for his boy to reply.

(Mike 1.13 p.m.) Don’t know yet. I’m a little behind and have 3 more tours in the loop so I’ve no idea when I will be able to eat something.

Shit. His boy was thin as a rail as it was. That he was skipping meals for the last couple of days gave the Dom serious pause.

(Harvey 1.15 p.m.) You can have whatever strikes your fancy today, although I would prefer it if you choose something remotely healthy. One-time deal only. And be safe.

Obviously, his boy was once again on his bike since his reply came almost 30 minutes later.

(Mike 1:44 p.m.) Thank you Sir. Miss you and can’t wait to see you tonight.
Harvey’s mood briefly lit up at that.

(Harvey 1.46 p.m.) Miss you too.

From there on, the day got even worse. When one of his clients thought that he had the right to yell at him through the phone, clearly needing to vent and taking it out on his lawyer instead of the real culprit, his shopaholic wife and her daughter from her first marriage, he just gritted his teeth, took a deep breath and played nice… well, nice-ish.

Instead of telling him to shove his retainer up his ass and go to hell, he waited until his client ran out of steam, told him in a cool and reasonable voice that he should go home to his wife and try to patch things up with her, maybe consult a therapist and send his stepdaughter to a boarding school far away, and that he would take his apology for this outburst tomorrow. Then he replaced the receiver almost carefully on his phone instead of slamming it down forcefully like he so desperately wanted. He poured himself a large scotch as reward for his restraint.

He was sitting on his couch, head leaning against the back, listening to some more of his music while he nursed drink number two, when he heard the tentative clacking of heels approaching him. Slowly, he pried an eyelid open and peered up at his secretary. The look in her eyes told him all he needed to know.

“What now?” he asked in a resigned tone of voice.

“Subpoena arrived.” She waved the sheet of paper at him.

“What case?”

“Yours.”

“Yes Donna. If it were for one of Louis’ cases you wouldn’t be telling me about it,” he snapped at her, slowly losing his patience. Then the hurt expression on her face registered and he almost cringed with remorse.

“Shit. I’m sorry, Donna. Crappy day.”

She gave him a small smile to show him that he was forgiven. “And it’s going to get even crappier. I meant it when I said it’s about your case. Yours and Ray’s. Mr. Santana wants a copy of your appointment calendar.”

“Fuck!”

“Yes. My thoughts exactly. So, shall I tell him it got lost in a fire? I have a lighter in my desk. And accidents can happen.”

Tempting as this offer was, he knew that she was only joking. Donna knew that he would never perjure himself and if he ever tried, she would kick his ass so hard, he would throw up her footwear.

“Give him a copy,” he sighed, only to add more forcefully, “Damn it!”

Instead of leaving, she sat down beside him, not bothering to hide her concern for him. “Will it hurt you?”

He almost snorted in his drink. “Well, it doesn’t help us.”
“I’m sorry.” She laid a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

“Thank you.” He knocked the remaining scotch back. “I’m going home.”

The secretary nodded. “Yes, you should do that. Say hi to Mike from me.”

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When he came home and discovered a naked Mike under the shower a plan formed in his mind of how to get some of his tension out of his system without behaving like a total asshole.

Harvey knew that he needed to blow off steam to regain at least some of his equilibrium and before he had met Mike, he would’ve gone to Natasha’s for some serious impact-play with a pain-slut for a sub. He always kept himself in check enough to avoid anything dangerous during those sessions but the balance of control and letting himself go to dole out just the right amount of pain, finding that sweet spot for himself and the sub, used to do the trick for him every time. Today, Natalie would’ve been perfect for him.

Problem was, he couldn’t do that with Mike. Not yet, anyway. His sub was still too inexperienced and fresh, needed too much guidance as well as constant reassurance to get where he needed to be during pain-play. So, Harvey couldn’t get from him safely what he needed right now, even if Mike’s bottom hadn’t just recovered from a severe spanking and needed a few days more rest.

A rough fuck on the other hand… well, he was pretty sure that Mike could do that for him. And some part of Harvey was convinced that his sub would enjoy it, even if he kept true to his word and wouldn’t let him come.

He tested his theory and let some of his pent-up aggression bleed through the tiny cracks of his mask. When he saw how Mike picked up on it, how the sub’s pupils dilated and he started to nibble at his lips again, chewing them almost frantically while his caged cock twitched lightly in a futile attempt to rise up, the Dom knew that he was right. His boy would love this.

He adjusted his language according to his own mood, used more direct and brusque orders in a stern tone of voice. All the while he watched his sub’s reaction to this new thing, but Mike seemed fine with it so far, reacting eagerly to every command he gave, either verbally or by gesture.

Now he looked down on his pretty boy as he wriggled himself into the right position, raised his legs up in the air and pulled them back with his hands while he spread his thighs, making himself open and vulnerable.

Seeing Mike like this was breathtakingly beautiful and a wave of tenderness washed through Harvey and he forgot any regrets he previously might have harbored when he had thought about not being able to blister Mike’s backside with a strap or a single tail or even a bullwhip like he needed to tonight.

Even so, he planned to pound into Mike’s tight ass with all his might later and leave behind some bruises whilst doing so, the Dom took meticulous care to prep his boy thoroughly. He let two of his lube-slick fingers pump into Mike’s hot hole, scissoring them a little every time he pulled out until he was ready to add a third finger. The sub groaned and writhed on the mattress, not yet pinned down by his Dom’s weight.
“Look at that greedy little hole. You love that, don’t you? You love it when I stuff your greedy little hole. When I stretch you open to make you ready for my cock.” His voice sounded a little harsh and rough, but Mike seemed to thrive on that.

“Yes, Sir. Love it,” panted the boy, his face flushed red with arousal.

Harvey’s left hand came down on Mike’s buttock with a hard slap and the sub yelped and almost lost his hold on his right leg when it jerked a little.

“No talking, I said. Nod or shake your head but no words today. Not until I tell you otherwise. Understood?”

Mike looked up at him between his widely spread legs and slowly nodded his head, but his eyes seemed to lose a little of their focus, like his mind was slipping away and Harvey couldn’t allow that yet.

“Mike, focus!” The blue eyes snapped back to meet his gaze. “You remember your safe words?” He continued to thrust his fingers into Mike’s body, but he watched the sub’s face carefully to pick up on any doubts or misgivings Mike might be feeling.

The sub nodded but stayed obediently silent and Harvey was pleased.

“You will use them if you need to. I will be angry if you don’t. Are we clear?”

Another nod and Harvey continued with the prep until Mike’s entrance was loose and gaping a little, even after he removed his fingers. For a moment, he stared at the shiny pink ring of muscle and imagined pushing in a fourth finger and then, after a few more minutes of stretching him, his thumb as well. He was convinced that with some careful stretching and lots of lube, Mike would be able to take his whole hand eventually. The image of his hand being swallowed by Mike’s stretched hole up to his wrist stoked his arousal into heretofore unknown heights, but he pushed it away for the moment. Not today, when he was so impatient. Today, he wanted to be rough and quick and for Mike’s first fisting, he needed to be patient and encouraging and caring; not the frame of mind he was currently in.

When Harvey was satisfied that Mike was relaxed and open enough, he slathered some lube on his hard dick and spread it all over himself with a few pumping movements of his fist. Then he stepped closer to the bed until his thighs touched the mattress, lined himself up and pushed slowly into the tight heat, while he held his sub immobile with a firm grip on his hips, his fingertips digging into the flesh a little.

“Yeah, you like it like that, huh? You like it when I stuff your greedy little hole with my cock. Then you will like this even more.”

He pulled out until only the tip of his cock was remaining inside Mike and slammed back in again with a hard stroke. The loud groan Mike couldn’t suppress was like his sub was cheering him on and he set a quick, forceful pace.

For a while only the slapping of flesh against flesh, interspersed with Mike’s moans and sighs and Harvey’s low grunts could be heard. Harvey needed to save his breath in favor of setting a quick pace but when he felt the orgasm building up in the core of his body he took it a slower, wanting to draw it out at least a little while longer.
“Look at you. My perfect little fuck-toy. It’s like you were made for this.” His right hand left Mike’s hip and he covered the sub’s scrotum with his palm, kneading his balls carefully with his thumb while his left hand slipped to the hollow of Mike’s knee, covered the sub’s own hand and added a little pressure so that the young man was pushed more firmly into the mattress. The sub groaned and threw his head back, closing his eyes firmly.

“Yeah, you like that. You love that I own your pretty little dick. That I can do with it whatever I wanna do.” His fingers curled around the rings of the cage, the fingertips slipping in between the metal to touch the silky skin of Mike’s cock while his thumb slid down to Mike’s taint, massaging him right above the point where his own dick was fucking into his boy’s body.

A string of groans and breathy sighs poured from the pink lips of the sub and he nodded his head fervently but kept his eyes closed, almost as if watching Harvey do this to him was too much to stand right now. His breath came in loud, harsh puffs, like every powerfully executed stroke forced some air out of his lungs.

“You’re such a slut for this, aren’t you? My perfect dirty little slut.”

Mike’s eyes flew open like he had been slapped in the face and an outraged expression flickered in his eyes while his face blushed even more. He opened his mouth and Harvey anticipated hearing a yelled “Red”, but nothing came out, and after a moment Mike pressed his lips back together until they were almost white from the pressure.

Harvey’s hips stilled immediately, he took his hands away from the sub’s cock and hip and leaned forward to cradle Mike’s face in his sweaty and lube-slicked hands instead.

“No, you’re not a slut, Michael. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it. You’re my pretty boy. You’re my beautiful, spectacular…Mike. I’m so sorry, Babe. I really didn’t mean it like that. I won’t call you that again, Sweetheart. I promise.”

His voice had taken on an almost pleading tone while his thumbs drew slow circles on Mike’s cheeks and gradually the wounded, betrayed expression on the sub’s face and in his eyes lessened a little.

He studied Mike’s features intently, holding his breath and hoping that he had caught his blunder just in time. After a few seconds, Mike nodded, and Harvey exhaled relieved. He pressed his forehead against Mike’s and could feel the sweaty hair of his bangs tickle his skin.

“But please, talk to me,” he whispered.

“Yeah, I’m okay. But please, don’t … just don’t call me that again.”

“I won’t. I’m so sorry. I didn’t know, Sweetheart.” His lips placed little kisses all over Mike’s face to assure him of his affection and love.

The sub sighed a little exasperated, like he was annoyed with his own reaction to the word slut. “I know. Not your fault. I thought it would be okay if you were the one saying it, but it’s not. I’m sorry. I made a mistake.”

When Harvey wanted to pull out, sure that Mike needed him to stop this for good, Mike broke his position and wrapped his legs around Harvey’s hips, holding him in place with his strong thigh muscles while his arms wrapped themselves around Harvey’s torso, pulling him down against his chest.

“Please, Sir. Don’t stop. Not because of… this. Not because you think you need to for me. You
don’t. I don’t want you to. Please, Sir… Harvey. It’s okay. I’m fine.”

Harvey wasn’t sure if he should scold Mike for his initiative or thank him for his willingness to continue. So he just made sure that this was really what Mike wanted. He pushed himself up a little on his forearms so he could look into Mike’s face without having to squint.

“You sure? You don’t need to do this for me, Sweetheart. I understand that I crossed a line and I’m so sorry.”

The corners of Mike’s mouth pulled up into a boyish smile, showing him that he was really fine and the incident was forgiven. “I’m sure Harvey. Please, everything else was so hot, Sir. I really wanna go on.”

Harvey pushed himself back into an upright position, gripped the backside of Mike’s thighs close to his ass and lifted his hips up a little, to get a better angle. Then he started to move his own hips again, this time in a slow pace. His erection had started to wilt a little so he was very careful when he pushed back in, but Mike’s clenching sphincter quickly got him and his cock back into the right mood.

“Like this? You like that, Sweetheart?”

“Yeah,” the sub sighed, muscles fluttering around Harvey’s cock. “That feels perfect.”

Harvey pushed in a little harder and Mike moaned. “Oh, yeah, Sir. Like that. So good.” The sub arched his back a little to press himself more firmly against his Dom’s groin and that scattered all of Harvey’s remaining fears.

Soon the Dom found his old rhythm, pounding into his boy almost frantically, but he kept watching Mike’s reactions to his rough handling more carefully this time, afraid that he would overstep again. When everything seemed fine and Mike showed him with the noises he made and his facial expression that he enjoyed everything Harvey did to him, he slowly increased the roughness with which he handled his boy. He dug his fingertips into Mike’s thighs, sure that this would leave bruises and at one point he leaned down to lick and nip at Mike’s nipples, giving his boy the sort of pain he liked so much. The reward he got for that was a loud howl and Mike’s hands on his back, tugging him closer against his sweat-covered body.

“Come on, Puppy. Take my cock. Be a good boy for me and take what I give you.”

“Yeah. For you Sir. Only for you. Oh…fuck…so big…so…yes… fuck…ahhh!”

Harvey changed the angle slightly, now nudging against Mike’s prostate with every forcefully executed stroke. If Mike weren’t wearing the cage, his cock would have been dripping by now with pre-come. In fact, between the metal rings of the cage Harvey could see that his boy’s cock was flushed red and pressed up against the contraption as far as it could and the sight stoked Harvey’s arousal only more and he had to swallow hard.

“Yeah, take what I give you. I know your greedy little hole loves it like this. Say it, Boy!”

“Yes, Sir… Fuck! Yes. My greedy hole loves your cock… oh yessssss…oh fuck yes.” Mike let go of Harvey’s back, stretched his arms above his head and arched his back until only his shoulder blades and ass were still in contact with the mattress. The throat muscles tensed and then the sub screamed when the constant stimulation of his prostate without any possibility of release finally got too much for him.

“Harvey! I… oh god…fuck…I can’t…please. Please!”
This was it. He couldn’t hold himself back anymore and so he pounded into his boy as fast and hard as he could, making the sturdy bedframe creak in the process. With a last forceful push accompanied by a heartfelt groan, he could finally let go and spent himself buried deep inside his shuddering sub, whose moans and sighs and pleas were only egging him on. His hips jerked of their own accord, while he could feel his balls draw up and then relax again as he unloaded spurt after spurt of semen into Mike’s pliant, hot body. When the last aftershocks were over, he let himself fall forward onto Mike where he buried his nose in the crook of Mike’s neck and just stayed there for a few minutes until he got his breath back.

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After some much-needed recovery time, Harvey dragged Mike back into the shower where he made him bend over so the Dom could inspect his sphincter for any signs of damage the rough fuck might have caused. The area around his hole was a little red and slightly puffy but the careful prep and the copious amounts of lube had prevented any serious damage. When he was satisfied that everything was okay, he washed his sub tenderly, using the pretext of getting them clean to caress every inch of Mike’s body, pulling some of these nice noises out between his sub’s pink lips whilst doing so. He got the impression that Mike’s ribs were a little more prominent than before as he let his hands roam over his boy’s torso and concern once again rose up in him.

After toweling them both dry, they pulled on some sweats and Harvey ushered his sub to the sofa where they snuggled up against each other.

The rough fuck had cleared Harvey’s mind and now all he wanted to do was cuddle with his pretty boy and pet him into oblivion. His aftercare always tended to be very gentle and loving after an aggressive scene, like he needed to balance out what he had done to the sub before and tonight was no exception to this rule. Especially since it was Mike.

Harvey claimed Mike’s mouth in a hungry kiss and for a while they just made out, kissing and licking like they couldn’t get enough of each other’s taste and feel. He encouraged his sub to touch him by taking Mike’s hand and placing it on his chest before his own hand found its way back to his boy’s backside. His clever sub got the message and his hands soon wandered all over Harvey’s body. After a while though, he could feel that Mike’s pressing need for affection had ebbed a little and the kissing ended gradually.

“So, do you want to tell me about it?” Harvey started the overdue conversation when they had both found a comfortable position on the sofa, Mike, like always, lying on his side and half on top of him with his face buried in the crook of the Dom’s neck.

Mike knew to what Harvey was referring to and although he just wanted to forget the whole sorry incident, he knew that he owed his Dom an explanation.

“Trevor,” he stated simply, hoping that it would be enough and Harvey would let it go, but the older man demanded a little more information and Mike gave in with a small sigh.

“When we were drunk and jerked each other off, well, I was in love with him at that time, had been for a while in fact. So I told him. I didn’t use the word love, but I told him I had feelings for him. And then I offered to blow him. I thought that maybe he would come around after a while and fall in love with me too. And every guy enjoys head so … well, anyway. He called me a dirty slut. Well, he let me get him off first, not with my mouth though, but then he cussed at me and slapped
my face while he yelled at me that I was a dirty slut. A dirty gay slut. And later, when he tried to sell me off, he called me that again. And a whore. A filthy whore.” Mike’s voice caught a little in his throat when he repeated those words to Harvey and the older man could see how much they still hurt him, even when he said them himself.

His hand petted Mike’s damp hair reassuringly while he added this episode to the list of the things he would make Trevor pay for.

“I’m so sorry, Sweetheart. I never meant it like that. You know that, right? It was only dirty talk, meant to arouse, not to wound you. I would never want to belittle or hurt you like that.”

Mike nodded his head a little. “It just fucking hurt so much, hearing those words again. For a moment it was like a flashback and instead of you it was him saying those words and… I know that I agreed to being called a slut and cussed at during hard sex in our contract and I really thought that it would be okay, since it would be you saying those words, but… no. I thought it would be but it isn’t - so yeah, dirty slut and filthy whore are pretty much red flags for me now.”

“I understand. They trigger bad memories and I won’t use them anymore in the future. I promise.” Harvey let his lips trail over Mike’s temple and placed a tender kiss atop the slightly prominent vein underneath the smooth skin. Mike closed his eyes and sighed softly, enjoying the gentle caress.

“Are there any other words I shouldn’t say or things I shouldn’t do?” Harvey trailed his lips over Mike’s forehead now but when he didn’t get an immediate answer he pressed the point a little more firmly. “Please Mike, you need to tell me those things.”

The sub nodded his head carefully so as not to head-butt his Dom accidentally. “Okay. Let me think.” Mike stayed silent for a long time and Harvey waited patiently while his hands petted his boy’s head and back. Gradually all the tension had left the sub’s body under his skillful touches but while he let his hands wander under Mike’s t-shirt and up his spine he discovered that the nubs of the vertebrae felt a little more pronounced under the smooth skin, much like his ribs had felt in the shower, and Harvey planned on feeding Mike after their conversation. He knew that his boy had had a stressful week and most likely had neglected his nutrition a little.

“I…, well…, you know…” Mike started to flounder, clearly having something on his mind but unsure how to say it. So Harvey gave him a little push in the right direction.

“Mike, do you remember what our contract says regarding communication between us?”

“Yeah. That communication is the key to a successful relationship and that it should be honest, open and respectful on both sides.”

“That’s right,” Harvey praised him. “You can tell me anything, Sweetheart. Anything that is on your mind, now or in the future. You’re not only allowed to, but I need that from you. Do you understand?”

Mike’s right hand had been resting on Harvey’s stomach but now his sub began to draw some circles with his fingertips on Harvey’s black t-shirt. His torso pressed up against Harvey’s hand against his back as he took a deep breath, but then he dived in.

“Okay. So, remember how you tied me down last Sunday? When you showed me how to get out of the restraints.”

“Yes?” Harvey tried to keep any apprehension out of his voice but wasn’t quite sure if he
succeeded.

“You don’t need to do that. I mean I get why you did it and I really appreciate the thought, but you don’t need to. When you tied me up that first time, you know, when you forced the orgasms out of me, I never felt unsafe or even anxious. On the contrary, Sir. It was hot as fuck that I couldn’t move. I love the thought of being totally helpless, as long as you’re there with me, keeping me safe. And you giving me an out sort of, well, not destroyed the illusion, but yeah, you know. It was still hot and the thrashing you gave me was great but it sort of… well, I don’t need you to be so careful with me. I’m not made of glass. And I can color out if I need to. I mean, you’re constantly reminding me of it, so yeah…”

Harvey needed to mull this over in his head before he broached a subject he had on his mind for a few days now as well.

“But would you color out if I went too far? You only did it once, when I bought you the suits. But you haven’t done it during play or punishment even when you should’ve. More than once in fact. Just remember last Monday when I spanked you. You were so done and still refused to say it even though I told you that you should. And just now, when I called you… that word. You opened your mouth and I thought you would but then you didn’t. I feel that I can’t really depend on you in that regard and frankly, I have no idea why you refuse to use your safe words. Have I ever given you the impression that I would be mad at you if you used them? Is this somehow my fault?”

Mike knew exactly to which occasions his Dom was referring to. At times he had come really close, but he still didn’t feel comfortable with coloring out. Not because of something Harvey had said or done though. It just felt like a failure if he did it. Like he wasn’t fully committed or good enough to do what Harvey wanted him to do. Coloring out at Rene’s had been different. It hadn’t been about endurance or about what Mike could do for his Dom to show him his devotion. And coloring out with Steven during his first ever scene had been something totally different as well. With Steven it had never felt right or even remotely good, not even at the beginning of the scene, and he had never really trusted him as a Dom. But even so, he had tried to stick it out for as long as possible.

“No, you haven’t done anything wrong,” he tried to explain. “On the contrary. You encouraging me to use them and asking for my color all the time during scenes sometimes feels a little bit too over-cautious. I know that I can use my safe words, but I guess I just trust you to get it right, Sir. And so far, you have every time.”

Mike couldn’t really see where Harvey’s problem was. Why wasn’t his Dom proud of him for wanting to be his good boy and see things through? All his life he had taken the easy way out and now that he didn’t, he got scolded for it as well.

Harvey sighed exasperated. “As long as I can’t be sure that you will use your safe words like you should I will keep asking you for your color and reminding you of them. And do you have any idea of the kind of responsibility you burden me with by refusing to use your safe words? How unfair it is to me?”

“But…,” Mike wanted to protest but Harvey placed a finger on his lips to hush him up.

“Please, do me a favor and really think about it for a moment before you reply. I know that you think that you’re being a good sub by wanting to tough it out even if I push you too hard, but that’s not what submission is all about. At least not in my book. And it’s not what I want from you.”

Mike closed his mouth again and tried to put himself in his Dom’s shoes. If he had all the power, wouldn’t he want the other person to trust him blindly with everything? Wouldn’t it make him
proud to have that kind of trust put in him?

He replayed some of their sessions in his head and suddenly he started to see Harvey’s point. He had always thought that using his safe word was like crying uncle. Like in the game when you hit the other boy on his upper arm until he cried out and then mocked him for being a wussy.

Mike had always been really good at this game, his stubborn streak a mile wide. There had been times when he hadn’t been able to lift his arm more than a few inches from being so sore and bruised. But he’d never given in, never shown any weakness to the other boys. And he had tried to tough it out as a sub as well and not embarrass himself, hoping that Harvey could read him well enough should he really reach his limit. When Harvey had called Red during his spanking on Monday, he had been so relieved but also a bit proud that it hadn’t been him saying it. He hadn’t understood that the safe words were like a failsafe for his Dom; hadn’t seen it as a responsibility, as his part of sharing the burden to keep things safe, sane and consensual between them. And now it struck him how unfair he had indeed been to Harvey. His Dom had been once again so right about him and he admitted his mistake freely.

“Shit, Sir. You’re right. Fuck.” He let his head sink down on Harvey’s torso and shook it like he couldn’t believe how stupid he had been. Then he looked up again to explain himself.

“I thought you would be proud of me if I didn’t use my safe words but now I see how messed up that way of thinking is. I’m really sorry.” Mike sounded a little stunned, like he had been hit hard by this revelation.

But Harvey wouldn’t be Harvey if he took Mike’s assurance at face value. “Please explain how you came to that conclusion. I need to be sure that you’ve really got it this time.”

“Well, I tried to imagine that I were your Dom and you were my sub. And then I pictured a few of our scenes. You know, the more intense ones.”

“And?”

“I wouldn’t want that kind of power over you. Or over any other human being. And not just because I’m not a Dom. That’s just… too much. And knowing that you could use the safe word to take back some of the power, that thought is… comforting.”

Harvey only raised an eyebrow, clearly not convinced that Mike got it, so he tried to explain his thoughts with a metaphor.

“I guess it’s a little like walking a tightrope. You’re doing all the work, but if you should fall, there is still the net to keep you safe. And the net being there doesn’t make balancing on the rope any less difficult or awe-inspiring, just safer. I guess the safe words are like the net. The Dom still has to be very careful to keep the balance, but should he somehow be off his game one day, there would still be the net to keep things safe, for both parties involved.”

Harvey kissed his forehead and gave a small approving sound. “Hm. I knew you’re smart. So, will you promise me to use your safe words more freely from now on? You can always resort to Yellow to let me know that you’re uncomfortable with something I’m doing without stopping the scene entirely, if that is the reason why you’re reluctant to color out. But I need this from you, Sweetheart. I need your word that you will do your part in our relationship.”

Mike shifted around until he lay fully on top of Harvey and looked down at him and Harvey could see in the blue eyes that this time, Mike really meant it. “I promise that I will use my safe words, at least Yellow if not Red, when I feel uncomfortable or anxious or have reached my limit in any other
way. I was wrong and I will do better in the future.” And then, Mike being Mike, a little bit of lip mixed in with the otherwise perfect answer. “Scout’s honor, captain.”

A hand came down on his bottom in a rough caress but otherwise Harvey let it slip.

“So, is there anything else you need me not to do in the future? Maybe something we haven’t talked about yet?”

Mike thought about it for a few moments, really wanting to be absolutely honest this time.

“I guess slapping me in the face wouldn’t be okay either. Or, you know, just hitting me randomly, punching me or kicking me while I’m defenseless. You being a little rough with me, manhandling me or slapping my ass or maybe pulling on my hair a little while I suck you or you fuck me doggy-style, that would be totally fine, even hot, but just slapping me around because you can and without context, just using me as a punching bag, not so much.”

The expression on Harvey’s face was horrified. “I would never in a million years do that to you, Sweetheart. That’s not sexy, not even in a pre-negotiated scene. That’s just abuse.”

Mike just shrugged. “I didn’t think you would, but I had to mention it since you asked.”

Harvey nodded, glad that Mike didn’t hold anything back from him. But another little puzzle-piece slid into place regarding Mike’s relationship with Trevor. This had to come from somewhere and Harvey knew exactly in which direction to look. But he didn’t pursue the subject further, sensing that it would be too painful for Mike. So instead, he steered his sub in another direction.

“Well, is there something you want to do specifically? Despite the hair-pulling and manhandling? Some secret fantasy of yours?”

It was endearing that Mike could still blush after all they had already done, but yep, he did and right on cue his eyes shifted away to avoid his Dom’s gaze.

“I really like your control over me. Feeling helpless… but it’s not really helplessness, it’s more like…shit, I can’t explain. It’s like just existing and obeying you is enough, and you take care of everything else. I really like that. And when you give me orders. Like, holding a position for you or not being allowed to talk or when you demand eye contact. That’s really a tough one for me, in case you haven’t noticed.” The blue eyes flickered back to meet Harvey’s brown ones and Harvey snorted amused at that but let his sub continue. “Every time you do that, it’s like you tap directly into my brain and there’s this wave of… not pleasure, but maybe excitement. And arousal. And when I manage to do what you commanded and you praise me for it, that’s almost as good as an orgasm.”

“Oh, only almost?” Harvey teased smilingly.

“Yeah, almost.” Mike grinned back.

“Speaking of which. What about orgasm control? Is it like you thought it would be and are you okay with it? Today was the first time I fucked you without letting you come. And we haven’t practiced orgasm control quite so extensively before like we did in the last few days.”

Mike nodded and his pupils dilated slightly. “I’ve no idea why it’s so damn hot but yeah, I like it. I love the idea that I have no control over my dick. I really do. And before you ask, the cage is like the best mind-fuck I ever had, so no problem there either. And it’s really comfortable when my dick doesn’t try to burst out of it.” He paused for a moment before he added, “But leaving the key in the drawer is a little bit devious, even for you, Sir.” He sighed and rested his head on Harvey’s
chest. His next words were spoken very softly, almost like he was a little embarrassed.

“And I liked you being rough with me. I really did. When you shoved me down on the bed and your rough touches. And how you talked to me, well, except you know… By the way, I liked you calling me a fuck-toy. That was a new one, but it definitely hit a kink. Anyway, seeing you like this… this power and aggression, yeah, totally hot. Most of the time, especially when you’re in stern Dom mode, you seem a little detached. Not from me but from yourself, like your self-control prevents you from getting fully into the moment. Tonight, you were pure and raw. No mask, just you, taking what you needed from me.”

“It didn’t scare you?”

“No. Because I know you would never hurt me, even if you let your control slip a little. And a little pain never hurt no one.”

“So I did hurt you?” Harvey asked apprehensively.

“Maybe a little, but in a good way,” Mike tried to explain. “When you dug your fingers into my hips and pounded into me like a jack-hammer and stuff. But Harvey, seeing you like this… this primal force… it was breathtaking. I loved it.”

He wriggled his way upwards a little until his face was in close proximity to his Dom’s. When he licked his lips absentmindedly, Harvey had mercy on Mike and gave him what he obviously wanted but didn’t dare to ask. His hands came around to hold the sub while another kissing session ensued.

Afterwards, they lay just there and breathed together, relaxed and warm in each other’s embrace. Mike had become very still but suddenly the sub spoke again.

“Has something happened today that you needed it rough? I… I don’t wanna be nosy, but you said you had a crappy day and I’m wondering if you wanna tell me about it. Maybe talking about it helps.”

Harvey’s first impulse was to decline Mike’s offer but then he thought better of it. Mike was a genius after all and maybe the kid would see something that he hadn’t. And even if not, he could practice his opening statement on Mike.

“Yeah, maybe I should take you up on your offer. But first, food. I think that you’ve lost some weight during the last few days so I’m going to feed you up a bit. I know this Chinese place where they make the best egg rolls.”

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The take-out cartons from the Chinese place near the condo were almost empty and a warm, satisfied feeling had nestled in Mike’s stomach. He took a sip of his beer to wash the last mouthful of fried rice down.

During their meal, Harvey had started to talk about his day but he had just come to the main reason for his bad mood and anxiety.

“Santana knows that I was late for a meeting and that can bite me in the ass big time. He could
argue that Ray was speeding or even that Ray was the one jumping a red light.”

“But, how did he know to subpoena your schedule?”


“But what if you weren’t the only one late that day?”

Harvey tilted his head to the side. Mike’s remark had sounded just a little bit too innocent and casual and thus sparked his suspicion immediately. “What do you mean?”

“What if Santana had been late as well? Didn’t you say he was on the way to bid for a medallion?”

Mike was averting his eyes, seemingly too preoccupied with the label of his beer bottle while he posed his question and some alarm bells were going off in Harvey’s mind. But he played along for now.

“Yes. Having missed his chance for winning one is the whole basis for his phony lawsuit.”

“And the accident occurred on 3rd Avenue and East 14th Street, right?”

“How do you know that?”

Mike looked a little embarrassed, but he knew that he had to come clean now. “You told me. Monday evening.”

“But, you were asleep,” the lawyer stated a little confused.

Mike shook his head and looked up at his Dom apologetically while he now fiddled a little with the chopsticks. “No, just relaxed. But I listened to you.” He shrugged embarrassed. “I really like your voice.”

Harvey exhaled. Why did it even surprise him? “And your point is?”

“Well, the accident was at 8.53 a.m. The auction for the taxi medallions started at 9 a.m. at City Hall. That is roughly two miles from the side of the accident. In this kind of traffic Santana would’ve needed at least 14 minutes to get there and that’s without looking for a parking space.”

“How do you know how much time he would’ve needed?”

The kid just grinned at him. “There’s a reason people hire bike messengers. And even I couldn’t have gotten there on time in this kind of traffic whilst obeying all the traffic rules.” When he saw Harvey’s questioning glance he admitted, “I tried today. It took me 12 minutes, without needing to look for a place to park. And I’m quicker than any car during rush hour.”

Harvey didn’t dare to think about his boy, weaving through the heavy traffic, using all available lanes and dodging cars left and right. How unprotected he was on his bike, despite his helmet. He had to suppress a little shudder at this thought and before he could develop a panic attack, he firmly pushed that image away again.

“So, okay, he was late,” the lawyer conceded. “But are these kinds of things not always starting late?”

Suddenly the kid looked very apprehensive and Harvey thought that he had found the loophole in Mike’s argument.
Mike nibbled on his lip and heaved a small sigh. But then he seemed to make a decision and looked Harvey straight in the eyes. “When I show you something, do you promise that you won’t get mad? Not at me and not at … someone else?”

Harvey raised an eyebrow. “The way this conversation is going already concerns me, Mike.”

“Yeah,” the sub rubbed his hand over the back of his head and made his hair stand on end. “Well, in my defense, my brain came up with this thought and once it was there, I couldn’t just let it go. And I didn’t tell you before because I thought that it would most likely be a waste of your time. Except, it isn’t. I found something. Something that could help you and Ray.”

For a moment Harvey buried his face in his hands and sighed. It seemed like they needed to have another talk about rule number one. Then he looked up again and instead of an exasperated Dom Mike was looking into the face of an interested lawyer. “Okay Mike. What have you found?”

Mike got up from the breakfast bar and went the few steps towards his little bedroom. “One sec. Just let me get something. Then you can see for yourself.”

When he came back, he held a few pages of printed paper and some photographs in his hand. He placed them side by side on the breakfast bar so Harvey could look at them.

“Protocol for the medallion-bids, including the names of all participants and the timeframe for first to last bids. I got them from the protocol office at City Hall. It’s on public record. And I have established the exact time of the accident from the satnav in Ray’s car which is synced with Boulder, Colorado. The only thing I haven’t gotten around yet are the traffic light records. I wanted to go to the DOT tomorrow morning, though.”

Harvey shuffled through the pages and when he read the records from the auction, he started to grin.

“Mike, that’s great. This really helps. But what’s with the other stuff?” He looked at the pictures Mike had taken from the satnav in Ray’s car.

Mike explained how the traffic lights in NYC actually worked and how this could help them prove that the cabby had ran a red light.

“How do you know all that?” Harvey sounded a little stunned after Mike ended his explanation. Not only had Mike given his presentation of the facts fluently and comprehensively, he had also anticipated every question the lawyer might have and answered them before Harvey could even draw a breath to interrupt.

“I read it in an article in the New York Times a while ago.” When he saw Harvey’s disbelieving look he just grinned sheepishly. “Come on, this can’t surprise you anymore.”

“Okay, your freak brain again. But how did you put 2 and 2 together? Knowing stuff is all well and good but making the connections… that’s really smart.”

Mike framed his face with his hands. “Box,” he stated before he shifted his face to the right while his hands stayed in place. “Me!”

This was so endearingly cocky that Harvey just had to laugh out loud. He took his bottle of beer and clinked it against Mike’s bottle, who had hurriedly picked it up, before both men took a swig.

“Okay. But I have one more question. How did you know where Ray had his car repaired? I’m sure that I can’t have mentioned it since I don’t know it.”
Shit. In all his eagerness to present his findings to Harvey, he had overlooked that little plot hole. Well, time to confess and hope for the best.

“I called Ray and asked him.” When he saw that Harvey took a deep breath, he held his hand out to placate him. “Please Sir, I begged Ray to say nothing to you. I had no clue if my idea was worth shit and I didn’t wanna waste your time until I knew it had merit. Ray actually begged me to tell you and I promised him that I would tell you tomorrow after I’ve been to the DOT. I promised him that he wouldn’t get into trouble with you about it. So please, Sir, don’t give him a hard time. It was all my doing.”

“You shouldn’t have made that promise to him.”

“Yes, I know. But he would’ve ratted me out otherwise and you would’ve worried even more today and anyway, it all worked out in the end, so no reason to get mad.”

“And how did you know Ray’s phone number? Don’t tell me that Donna was in on it too.” He looked expectantly at Mike but suddenly understanding dawned. “No, actually, I think I figured it out. Ray told me during our shopping-tour on Saturday that he would get a new phone on Monday and hand his old phone down to his wife. He told me his new number so I could change the entry in my speed-dial. And you memorized it just randomly. I know, your brain just does it.”

Mike nodded embarrassed but also a little impressed that Harvey had figured it out so quickly.

“So, are we good?” the sub asked tentatively.

Harvey just stared at him until the sub began to squirm a little under his gaze. When the Dom finally spoke, his voice sounded resigned and a little cold, almost as if he was trying to suppress his emotions.

“You just demonstrated to me again how unbelievably smart you are, Mike. How incredibly good your memory is and that you’re able to make connections that nobody else can see. So why for heaven’s sake do you keep breaking rule number one? Since you can’t have forgotten I must assume that you did it deliberately. And frankly, this annoys the shit out of me. And I don’t want to hear that you didn’t want to waste my time or any other kind of bullshit. We both know that isn’t the real reason.”

Mike blanched under the harsh words but deep inside he felt that Harvey probably had a point. So he kept his mouth shut and just waited to see how Harvey wanted to deal with his transgression. He only hoped that it wouldn’t be another spanking. Then another thought flashed through his brain and he almost groaned. Please, don’t let it be the cage throughout the weekend.

Harvey pointed towards a corner of the living room area. “Go get your pillow and kneel in your corner. You can stay dressed. I want you to really think why you kept from me what you’ve been up to the last couple of days. When you’re ready you can call for me. I need to work a few more hours anyway to include your findings into my strategy.”

Mike nodded meekly and did as he was told. He knew that this wasn’t the punishment though. This was just a chance for him to really think about his actions. The punishment would come later but right now he didn’t dare think about it.

When he settled into his position, kneeling upright with his fingers interlocked behind his head and the elbows turned outwards, he tried to tune everything else out, like the little noises Harvey made when he cleaned up in the kitchen and then settled in with his laptop to work. Even the jazz record Harvey had put on barely registered in his consciousness.
“Sir? Can I talk to you?” It had taken Mike nearly an hour to find the truth. And another 35 minutes until he was willing to admit it to Harvey.

He didn’t get a reply but the soft noise of bare feet coming nearer followed his question. Then Harvey appeared in his peripheral vision but he didn’t dare turn his head. Instead, he kept staring ahead into the corner.

A white wall did really wonders for his mind. Without having anything to focus on, he had been forced to dissect his reasons for keeping his Dom in the dark. He had tried to justify his actions to himself and Ray with the story of not wanting Harvey to worry or wasting his precious time. And at first glance, this was a likely reason. But by now he knew, or he should know, that Harvey would never deem listening to him as a waste of time. So there must have been another reason why he only wanted to tell Harvey what he’d been up to when he could prove that his idea had merit. And the conclusion wasn’t nice. Harvey was right. Their kind of relationship was based on trust and it seemed that Mike had still some issues with that.

“Have you thought about why you haven’t been honest with me?” A hand touched his chin and he let his head be guided by it into the right angle so he could look up at his Dom.

“Yes, Sir.”

Harvey took his hand away, crossed his arms in front of his chest and nodded once.

“I’m listening.”

“I guess I kept you in the dark because I didn’t trust you enough.”

This got him another raised eyebrow, but otherwise his Dom showed no other reaction to this statement so he went on with his explanation.

“When you talked about your case on Monday evening, I just listened to you. I swear, I never planned to get involved but the next day this idea got stuck in my head. Sometimes, when I’m doing basic stuff like biking, my mind gets bored and it comes up with some random thoughts. And I had this thought that Santana had been late. And once this thought was there, I couldn’t just let it go again. It just stuck in my brain, like a raspberry seed sticks in your teeth, irritating the shit out of me, so I went to City Hall to see if I was right. I just had to. I know that I should’ve called you as soon as I’d seen the records, if not sooner, but when I saw that I’d been right, I got so excited. And then I thought that maybe you would laugh my idea off or forbid me to pursue it any further. You’re the lawyer and I’m just… me and I thought that maybe you wouldn’t listen to me because you think I’ve no idea how the law works or that I’m, for all my brain, just a lowly bike messenger.”

Harvey’s facial expression got a little softer and he sighed deeply, like his fears had been confirmed.

“Okay. I can see that you really thought this through and decided to be honest for once. Follow me.” He turned around and went to the sofa where he took a seat in the corner. Mike followed
apprehensively, not sure where this was going. When he wanted to sink to his knees in front of Harvey the Dom shook his head and pointed to the armchair next to the sofa. Mike sat down but somehow it felt weird, a little like Harvey was punishing him.

“Go on, Mike. I want to hear everything that was going on in this brain of yours.” The Dom leaned back and placed his right ankle on his left knee in a relaxed pose while he kept looking expectantly at the sub.

The sub licked his lips, not sure how to explain his thoughts without hurting his Dom. Then he opted for total honesty, since that was what Harvey wanted from him.

“Like I said, I was afraid that you wouldn’t listen to my idea. Or that you would laugh it off, tell me it’s a waste of time and forbid me to pursue it. And I knew I couldn’t let it go. I needed to know whether I had been right or not. I just needed it. And if you’d forbidden me to investigate further, then I would’ve disobeyed you. And I figured that this would’ve been even worse. So I thought to myself that I would do the investigation without telling you even though I knew you would’ve wanted to know about it. If all came to nothing, you would never know and I wouldn’t feel embarrassed about having been wrong and stupid and having wasted your time. And I hoped that you would forgive me if I’d been right, since it would help you and Ray.”

Mike once more licked his lips nervously. Harvey was still watching him intently, his dark eyes focused on the young man’s face, but his facial expression gave nothing away. So Mike didn’t know if he were digging himself in deeper with his explanation. The only thing he could do, was be as honest as possible and hope for the best.

“I thought about the quote from Grace Hopper. You know: It’s easier to ask for forgiveness than it is to get permission. Or it’s variant: If it’s a good idea, go ahead and do it. It is much easier to apologize than it is to get permission. So I just did it. I didn’t know whether it was a good idea or not, but I had to find out. And now I’m asking for your forgiveness and if you want to punish me, I will take it. I know that I violated rule number one and I’m willing to face the consequences. And before you ask, I don’t know if it will happen again. I hope not but I don’t know. I’m sorry, but that’s the truth. The only thing I can say in my defense is, I never meant to hurt you.”

During his speech Mike had shifted to the edge of the armchair like he wanted to slip down on the floor every moment now, but he didn’t. Instead, he slotted his hands between his thighs and hunched his shoulders a little, like he wanted to make himself smaller.

Harvey let him stew for a few more moments, letting the apprehension built up, but then he had mercy on his sub. For once he was sure that Mike had been absolutely honest and although this honesty hurt a little, he could also see that Mike’s transgressions were, in part, his own fault. Trust needed to be earned and if Mike was still so insecure about his Dom taking him seriously, then his boy was only partly to blame.

While he had been listening to his sub’s explanations, he had pressed his fingertips against each other to form a triangle and now he tapped his index-fingers absentmindedly against his lips while he thought about how to best respond to his sub. Finally, he came to a decision.

“I want to make something absolutely clear between us two, Mike. And although I can see that you want to get on your knees for me so badly right now, I want you to keep sitting in that chair, like an equal. Because, when everything is said and done, we are equals.”

Panic rose in Mike. Didn’t want Harvey to be his Dom anymore? Was he sick of his unruly sub? Would they only be lovers from now on? Or maybe not even that?
A warm palm squeezed his knee and the panic-attack subsided a little. “Hey, Sweetheart. Look at me. It’s not what you think.”

When he met Harvey’s eyes, he got an encouraging little smile. “That’s my boy. Just breathe a little. That’s it.”

Mike calmed down but he was grateful that Harvey’s hand stayed on his knee.

“I want you to keep sitting in that chair, because I need you to understand something. So, can you just listen for a while until I’ve had my say?”

The sub nodded and Harvey took his hand away.

“When I went to Natasha’s seven weeks ago, I never expected to meet someone I could fall in love with. And I didn’t. Not back then. I met a young man I felt deeply attracted to, who pushed all my buttons as a Dom as well as a bisexual man. I liked your appearance, your submissiveness, the fact that you had never done it before and that I would be your first and would be able to guide you and train you so you would be perfect for me. And then I discovered that my beautiful submissive puppy has a unique brain hidden under all this puppy charm. A brilliant mind, and not only because of your eidetic memory. No, you’re smart and quick-witted and you keep me on my toes. Keeping up with you, showing you new things and keeping your brain occupied is a challenge for me and I love to be challenged, at least in that regard.”

Harvey slipped off the sofa and kneeled before Mike while he cradled the sub’s face in his palms, giving his sub for once the upper hand to show him how serious he was.

“I want to fuck the puppy with the cute butt every day for the rest of my life, make him do my bidding and give him what his body and mind needs, but I’ve fallen in love with the young man with the amazing brain and I love talking and listening to him. I know that you’re not used to people listening to you and taking you seriously, but I do, and I will. Always. Maybe I won’t go with every one of your ideas in the future since some of them are, quite frankly, ludicrous, but I will always listen to you. And when I see that something is important to you, I will have your back, no matter what. I promise. And I’m sorry that I haven’t told you that sooner. I thought you knew that, but obviously you didn’t and that’s why you didn’t trust me enough.”

Mike was stunned. He had expected …, well, he didn’t exactly know what he had expected but not this. By now, he should’ve been lying over Harvey’s knee, bare bottom up and waiting for the first harsh slap to hit home after Harvey had scolded him, or maybe even worse, had told him how disappointed he was. But Harvey apologizing and declaring his love was something he hadn’t foreseen. And it wasn’t right that Harvey was willing to take all the blame. So he leaned forward a little and pressed his forehead against his lover’s.

“And I’m sorry that I didn’t trust you enough. You’ve always shown me how much you appreciate my mind and there was no reason for me to mistrust you. I promise that I will do better in the future. Talk more and share my thoughts and feelings. I’m not really used to it, but I promise I will try. I do it as your sub and you’ve never disappointed me so I should be able to do it as your friend, I guess. And I know that I have so much to learn, especially in the field of law. I mean, having passed the bar doesn’t mean that I know anything about how to be a lawyer, so I guess I need to trust you in that regard.”

Harvey kissed his forehead but then he stillled, shifted back and cocked his head questioningly.

“You’ve what?”
Mike grinned a little embarrassed. “Well, since we’re being honest with each other… yeah. I passed the bar. It was a few years back and not under my own name though. You know, this jackass, he bet me I couldn’t pass it without having gone to Law School, so I had to do it to show him what’s what. And he paid really well too.”

Harvey studied his face for a few long moments but then he just sighed. “Let me guess. You crushed the test on your first attempt.”

“You know me really well, Sir.”

Harvey chuckled. “Okay smarty-pants. So, let’s agree that this once I let your dishonesty slide since it is in part my fault that you didn’t trust me enough. But from now on, you will talk to me if you have even the slightest inkling that I would want to know what you’re up too. Agreed?”

The sub nodded, relieved. He still wasn’t entirely convinced that Harvey was to blame but he didn’t want to argue with his Dom. Especially since it looked like that neither his bum nor his dick would have to pay for his rule breaking.

“So, does this mean we’re good?” he asked hopefully.

Harvey sighed and his expression became more earnest.

“I wish we were, but no. Because besides the lying through omission, you deliberately put your own well-being in jeopardy. And to me, this is even worse than lying. That I can forgive, but not you damaging my property.”

Harvey had stood up now, and towered in front of him with his arms crossed in front of his chest, once more his stern Dom.

“What?” Things were changing so fast, Mike almost got whiplash. “No. I didn’t. Sure, I was taking a few extra tours in between deliveries but I never got in any danger.”

“And what about racing against the clock in heavy traffic to prove a theory? Or skipping meals? You told me that you hadn’t had time for lunch, yesterday as well as today. And you were scrawny to begin with. Now, you’re even skinnier. Why do you think I insisted on the rule about your eating habits? Skipping meals is not acceptable, Mike. You broke the rules and you know what that means. So, stop arguing with me and make it up to me like a good sub.”

The expression in Mike’s wide blue eyes was pure shock. Shock and disbelief. Just when he had thought that this time he wouldn’t get punished. When Harvey had made him believe he wouldn’t get punished. “But… Sir. I only did it to help you. I…you can’t… that’s not fair.”

“Your well-being comes first to me. Always. There’s no exception. So, I think there’s another round of punishment in store for you.”

No. Shit. This couldn’t be happening. Yes, he thought that he could take another spanking if Harvey had been really mad at him, but now that this distant possibility was quickly becoming reality, he wasn’t so sure anymore. Not when his butt had only recently recovered, and the memory of the pain was still so fresh.

He watched openmouthed as Harvey made his way to the kitchen area, opened the freezer and took out a pint-sized container of Ben & Jerry’s Chunky-Monkey ice-cream. The Dom got a spoon from one of the kitchen drawers, pried the lid open and rammed the spoon into the ice-cream. Then he came back to the living room and pushed the ice-cream container into Mike’s hands.
“Eat up, Puppy. You’ve got 30 minutes to empty it and I don’t want to hear any complaints about ice-cream headaches. If I don’t see the bottom of that container within the allotted timeframe, I won’t kiss you good-night, no matter how sad you look at me with those puppy eyes of yours.”

Mike could feel a deep relief surge over him, and a huge grin spread over his face.


Chapter End Notes

The scene where Mike mimics that he was thinking outside the box is (stolen) acquired from the series although the context is different. No copyright infringement was intended. I just loved this scene so much that I wanted it in my story.

I have to thank MichaelLarkin and planetika for their comments on the last chapter. This chapter was originally about 3000 words shorter but their comments persuaded me that Harvey and Mike needed to have another talk about rule number one so the length of this chapter is essentially their fault. Thank you so much guys. You were really inspiring me.

And I want to thank each and every one of my readers for their comments, the kudos, their continuing support and encouragement. You have no idea how much fun it is to write for you. You rock!
Handling the briefs of a closeted softy

Chapter Summary

Harvey resolves his case and Mike his relationship issues

Chapter Notes

This chapter was once again beta-read by the amazing Tara_Beth and she was also the one who gave me the idea for this chapter title. Thank you so much for your help and your amazing insights.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mike’s phone beeped with his next assignment from Lisa, and when he had to stop at a red light, he took that opportunity to read the message.

(Lisa 9:38 a.m.) Pickup at DOT, 55 Water Street. Package is at front desk. Delivery to 601 E54th, Pearson Hardman, ask for Donna.

Mike grinned and texted a thumbs-up emoji back to let her know he was on his way. Well, it seemed like Harvey’s subpoena for the records had done the trick. How Harvey had spun it that Mike would get this assignment on the other hand, the bike messenger had no idea.

The light changed and Mike started rapidly pedaling due south.

Forty minutes later a slightly breathless Mike rode the elevator up to the 50th floor of the building where Pearson Hardman had their offices. This time, the security guards hadn’t even looked at him as he brushed past them towards the elevator banks. It was almost like he was invisible. During the ride up, he used the few moments of rest to take off his helmet and wipe his sweaty face on the hem of his shirt. Then he sniffed at his armpit and made a face. Shit! He already smelled a little ripe despite the shower he had taken only this morning.

The weather forecast had said that today they would reach 90° F in New York and even though it was still early in the day, the heat was already radiating up from the tarmac of the streets. Plus, he really had hurried with his delivery although he had tried to stick to all the traffic rules, well, to the important ones anyway.

He quickly marched towards Donna’s cubicle but when he turned a corner a little too sharply, he almost bumped into the young woman from Monday. She shrieked with surprise and dropped her files, pages scattering all over the floor.

“I’m so sorry. Here, let me help you with this.” He crouched down and together they picked up all the pieces of paper.

“Now I have to go back and sort them again. This is a mess. And Louis is waiting for these,” she complained, irritated.
For the first time, the paralegal looked up at him and recognition flickered in her eyes. "Hey, haven’t I seen you before?" She rose up and Mike was impressed how effortlessly she did it, considering her heels and the tight pencil skirt she was wearing.

"Yeah, I was in on Monday." Mike could feel himself blush again and to hide his insecurity he swiped his hand through his moist hair and shrugged, trying to sound suave. "You spoke to me in front of Harvey’s… Mr. Specter’s office."

If he weren’t with Harvey, and madly in love with him, this woman, Rachel, well… there was just something about her that made him feel very self-conscious and clumsy every time he saw her. Almost like it had been with Jenny before they became such good friends.

The young woman didn’t seem to notice his confusion and smiled at him when she remembered. "Yes. Mike, right? Harvey’s pro bono case, also known as the unicorn."

He just nodded, not sure how to respond to that. Was it really that unheard of that Harvey did pro-bono work?

"Do you have another appointment?" Her eyes trailed over his disheveled state, taking in his bike-helmet, shorts and sweat-soaked t-shirt. She was professional enough to barely react to his disheveled state, but Mike noticed how she slightly narrowed her eyes as she took in his appearance.

"No, actually I’m working," he explained. "I’m a bike-messenger and I have a delivery for Donna."

"Oh, okay. I think she’s at her desk." She glanced down at her files and sighed. "I need to go and take care of this or Louis will throw a hissy-fit - again. Bye Mike."

"Bye. And once again, I’m really sorry."

She just smiled again before she turned around and rushed back to her office. Mike’s gaze lingered on her retreating form with the slightly swaying hips until she turned a corner.

He continued his way to Donna, this time a little more carefully. When he reached her cubicle, he could see that Harvey was not in his office and the secretary was busily typing away on her keyboard. So he just stood in front of her and waited until she looked up. But instead she just said, "That isn’t distracting at all," in an annoyed tone of voice while her eyes stayed firmly on the computer screen.

"I’m sorry. Should I go wait over there?"

Surprised by his voice she looked up and her facial expression shifted immediately from pissed-off to friendly.

"Oh Mike, it’s you. Sorry, I thought you were somebody else."

"I have the file from the DOT for Harvey. Shall I leave it with you?" What he really wanted to ask was, if he could see Harvey and maybe go through the file with the lawyer, but he didn’t want to seem clingy or pushy, so he pushed this urge down and tried to act professional.

Normally leaving a package or an envelope with the assistant would be the right protocol for a normal delivery but although Mike was here strictly in his capacity as a messenger, the redhead
knew that Harvey would be angry with her if she let Mike leave again without him being able to see the kid. And besides, what Mike wanted was clearly displayed in the kid’s face, so she tried to give him an out.

“You look really hot, Sweetie. Why don’t you go into Harvey’s office and sit down for a moment to cool down while I get you a glass of water?”

Mike looked down at himself, suddenly remembering the state he was in. “I don’t know.” Then he leaned forward and whispered a little embarrassed. “I really want to see him but today is really busy again and anyway, I’m sweating like a pig. I don’t want to get it on his couch. And I think I’m a little smelly.” He blushed a little, once more reminded of their difference in status.

She reached out and patted his cheek, not batting an eyelid when her cool hand touched his moist and stubbly skin. “If I let you go without him being able to see you, he would fire me. And you wouldn’t want that, Mike, or would you? Besides, leather can be wiped down.” She gave him a sly little wink and this time his face turned a deep beet-root shade, having now reached its maximum blushing capacity.

He fidgeted a little, not sure what Harvey would want him to do. But then he gave in since it was easier than arguing with Donna. And he really wanted to see Harvey… and the records.

“Okay.” He went into the office, slipped the strap of his bag over his head, placed the bag on the floor and sank down on the sofa with a small sigh. The couch had just the right amount of give to be comfortable but wasn’t too soft that he would sink into it too much, as he had noticed when he had fallen asleep on it during one of his first nights as a cleaner.

The offices of the building were cooled down to a mellow 68 degree and he could feel a drop of sweat running down his spine until it got soaked up by the waistband of his bike-shorts before it could reach the cleft between his butt-cheeks.

Today he was wearing one of his more lose-fitting pairs since he tended to get half-hard every now and then during the day and he could hide this condition better in these shorts. He knew that it was most likely a side effect from staying chaste for four days. By now, even the slightest thought or memory of his Dom could excite him so much that he would get a boner, which was really awkward and uncomfortable while biking, and the sub felt a little like he was back in high school.

Screwing up again and Harvey extending his orgasm ban beyond that weekend had become a real worry for Mike. He knew that he could color out if it became too much, but he had become a tiny bit ambitious and really wanted to stick it out and show Harvey that he had some self-control. And then there was the hope for phenomenal sex when Harvey would finally allow him to come. So he directed his focus firmly on the finish line and tried to ignore how uncomfortable it got in his nether regions every now and then.

The clacking of Donna’s heels interrupted this train of thought and he took the offered glass of chilled water gladly, gulping it down almost hastily.

The secretary sat down next to him and Mike could see that she had something on her mind.

“What is it? Don’t tell me that he had another accident, Donna?” he half joked and a relieved smile ghosted over the secretary’s lips.

“No, of course he hasn’t. He’s with Jessica right now but I’m sure he’ll come back in a few minutes. I’ve sent him a text that you’re here.” She waited a few seconds but then addressed the issue that was on her mind. “Are you still angry with me, Mike?”
To his surprise, Mike could see that Donna really cared about how he felt about her and her concern for his feelings filled him with a deep sense of gratitude.

“I’m not mad at you anymore, Donna,” he tried to reassure her immediately. “I was, but I’m not anymore. But I guess Harvey told you a little about how I reacted after that Louis-guy gave you away?”

She nodded. “Look, Mike. I’m really sorry that I hurt your feelings with my lie but Harvey thought it best to tell you later about the accident himself and I could see his point so I did it. It’s my job but even if it weren’t, I still think that it was the right thing to do. Especially since your parents… you know.” She trailed off, not knowing if mentioning his parents might be hurtful to him, but to her relief he gave her a genuine little smile.

“I know. And you two were right. It sucks to admit it, but you were.”

“So, we’re good?”

“Yeah, we’re good.”

For a few seconds, they just looked at each other smiling and they both recognized in the other not only the person they were for Harvey but the person they were in their own right, and in this moment a kind of bond formed between them. Harvey might have been the facilitator for their meeting but even without Harvey in that equation, they still not only liked each other very much, but really cared. Before either of them could put into words what was happening between them, they were most rudely interrupted.

“You two kissed and made up, then?” The dark and slightly cocky voice made both their heads turn with surprise since they had been so focused on each other that neither of them had heard him approaching.

The lawyer sauntered into his office, happy to see that his assistant and his boy were obviously back on friendly terms.

Donna was the first one to recover. She gave her boss a sly smile and winked lasciviously at him. “Well, we haven’t kissed yet, so you’re welcome to watch if you want to. I could show you how it’s done properly.” She leaned towards Mike and the sub hurriedly scooted back while a deep blush crept again over his face.

“Ahm, Donna… I…,” he trailed off when both Harvey and the redhead broke out in loud laughter. Then she patted his cheek again. “Aren’t you adorable?” She stood up, gave Harvey another wink and made to leave the office, her shoulders still shaking with suppressed laughter.

“Donna, can you…?” the lawyer held her back for a moment.

“Already on it, boss.” She closed the glass-door firmly behind herself, making it clear that Harvey didn’t want any interruptions.

Harvey opened the button on his suit-jacket, sat down in a chair to Mike’s left and crossed his legs while he leaned back, relaxed. He seemed totally at ease now.

“Do you have it?”

Mike knew immediately what he was referring to and retrieved the large brown envelope from his bag, handing it over to Harvey. Then he opened an app on his phone and handed it to his Dom as well.
“This time I need your signature for real,” he explained with a smile, remembering their little ruse when he had handed in his homework a few weeks ago. Harvey scrawled an undecipherable squiggle on the line with his fingertip and handed the phone back to Mike.

“So, have you looked at it?”

“No. Of course not.” When Harvey questioningly arched an eyebrow at Mike’s indignant tone of voice, the messenger elaborated. “It’s a sealed envelope. And tampering with the mail is a crime. Funny that I need to explain that to you. Aren’t you some sort of lawyer?”

Harvey shot him a look that told the sub all he needed to know and Mike cringed a little and apologized immediately, the possibility of Harvey extending his ban as very strong incentive to at least try to keep his mouth in check.

“Good.” Harvey opened the envelope and slid the pages out. After a few moments of studying them, his left eyebrow shot up.

“So, was I right?”

Mike couldn’t suppress his curiosity any longer. The suspense was killing him and he couldn’t wait to take a look at the records himself. Frankly, Harvey’s question from before hadn’t been as un-called for as Mike’s reaction to it had indicated. From the moment he had received the envelope he had been seriously tempted to open it so he could see if he had been right and only the possibility of getting into trouble with Harvey had prevented it.

“I don’t know.” The lawyer shrugged, apparently a little confused. “There’s a lot of diagrams and lists on here. I think I need to look at it more closely. It seems quite complicated.”

Mike reached almost eagerly out with his hand while he scooted forward on the sofa. “Can I have a look? You know that I’m really good with that sort of stuff.” Now his eagerness was clearly audible in his voice.

Before the lawyer could reply, Donna came back in and placed a plate with a sandwich and a green apple in front of Mike.

Slightly confused, he looked up at her. “What’s this?”

Instead of Donna though, it was Harvey who gave the explanation. “That’s me making sure that you won’t lose any more weight than you already have. Now be a good boy, say thank you to Donna and eat up.”

The sub looked disbelievingly at Donna, who nodded sternly and waited for Mike to do as he had been told. It looked like the two had ganged up on him and he couldn’t help but try to push back a little. “Thank you Donna. But I don’t have time for that. It’s really busy again and if I want to help Harvey sort this out…”

Harvey leaned forward and stopped his sub with a hand on his knee, his fingers slightly squeezing the bony joint, while he kept the pages from the DOT carefully out of Mike’s reach.

“Let me explain it this way to you, Puppy. Until you finish your sandwich like a good boy, you’re not getting your hands on these documents. And if I lose in court because I can’t make heads nor tails out of them on my own, then it’s your fault. So, start eating. Chop, chop.”

The slightly condescending tone of voice rubbed Mike the wrong way and instead of doing as he had been told he tried to push back, at least a little. “I… Harvey! That’s so not fair. It was my
idea!” He really couldn’t help it that he sounded like a whiny little kid.

The Dom couldn’t suppress an evil little smirk. Time to nip that bit of resistance in the bud, although seeing Mike floundering like this was quite fun. “You can do it kneeling on the floor if that would make you feel more comfortable and put you in the right mindset. I wouldn’t mind although it might look a little strange.” He pointed to the glass walls in case Mike had forgotten.

The stern look in Harvey’s face told him that his Dom wasn’t joking, so he finally gave in with an exasperated little huff, picked up one half of the sandwich and took his first bite. To his dismay, it tasted heavenly.

“Hm. Tuna salad.”

“Less talking, more eating. The clock’s ticking.”

Harvey stood up and moved to the chair behind his desk where he started to type away on his laptop. But every now and then, he looked at the traffic light records, furrowing his brow almost theatrically whilst doing so. When Mike was finished with the sandwich, he wanted to get up but Harvey held out a hand to stop him and pointed at the coffee table.

“Apple.”

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” Mike complained softly with an eye-roll but obediently munched down on the fruit knowing that eating the apple would be quicker than getting into another argument, and losing it, with Harvey. After three more minutes only the apple-core was left and Harvey pointed towards his waste-basket. Mike finally moved behind his Dom to look over Harvey’s shoulders but the lawyer closed his laptop, turned the pages of the traffic light records upside down and just looked at him with an almost annoyed expression.

“Go wash your hands. I will not let you touch anything before you get the tuna-residue and apple-juice off them.”

“Hrmph! Fine.” Mike knew that he sounded like a petulant 3 year old by now, but Harvey was just impossible today.

A hand lashed out and swatted Mike’s bottom.

“What was that?”

Mike jumped a little with surprise but as always, the little pain somehow helped him to get himself in check. “Fine, Sir.”

“Better.”

Harvey could hear him grumbling some more and as soon as Mike’s back was turned, a huge grin spread over his lips. Donna turned to him when Mike went past her on his way to the restroom and the lawyer gave her the thumbs-up.

“Thank you Donna.”

“You’re welcome. And you’re right. He’s way too thin. Would be a shame if he’d lost that nice round bum of his.”

When Mike was finally allowed to look at the records from the DOT, he couldn’t believe his eyes.
It was a simple diagram with a time-line at the bottom. The traffic-lights for all 4 directions of the junction were numbered and all he had to do was find the right number for the traffic light of the cabby and the time of the accident down to the right second and there it was. The light for the cabby had been red for 3 seconds when the crash had happened.

“But, Sir, that’s basic stuff. Not complicated at all.”

Now Harvey allowed his sub to see his grin. “Yep. But now you’ve eaten something, had a big glass of water and some rest.”

“But… you… why?”

“For someone with an eidetic memory you seem to forget an awful lot, Puppy. What have I told you about my property?”

Mike grinned back, filled by a warm, fuzzy feeling as he finally understood that this had been Harvey’s underhanded way of taking care of him.

“That you always take good care of your belongings.”

“And don’t you forget it again. Now go before your boss fires you for being too damn slow. If he asks, I held you up and he can call Donna to have it confirmed, if he wants to. And Mike, that wasn’t your lunch, just a little snack. So I still expect to receive a picture of something healthy to eat and a nice text message from you around midday.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy.”

**********

“You’re sure about that?” Donna glanced up at her boss, who stood in front of her cubicle, skeptically.

“Absolutely. With all the stuff he has unearthed, winning this trial is a no-brainer. And I think he deserves to witness this victory since it’s partly due to his ideas.”

“And you’re sure that you don’t just want to brag in front of him? Dazzle him with your brilliance in court? Because that’s not necessary. The kid’s already worshipping the ground you walk on.”

“When do I ever brag?”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Duh! Only all the time.”

“So, are you calling Light Speed Messengers or do I have to do it myself?”

“Fine. I’ll do it. You wouldn’t be able to make an outside call anyway. At least not on your office phone. But if this thing between the two of you continues the way it does, I expect an invitation to the wedding.”

She picked up her phone and dialed the office of Mike’s employer while Harvey went back into his office, carefully ignoring her last comment.
The call was answered by a female voice.

“Hi, this is Donna from Pearson Hardman. We had something delivered earlier from the DOT by one of your messengers. Scrawny guy, mid-twenties, dark-blond sort of messy hair. Kinda cute. I think his name was Mike.”

She listened for a few seconds, well aware that Harvey was watching her like a hawk from behind his desk and most likely was also listening in to her side of the conversation. After all, the intercom worked in both directions.

“No, I don’t want to complain. On the contrary. He seemed like a very nice and reliable guy. And I’m sorry that I made him wait until my boss got back. So, if he was late, it was entirely our fault. But anyway, the reason for my call is, that my boss has this court-date later and he needs a messenger on stand-by in case he needs something fetched or delivered on short notice and I was wondering if this Mike could do it. We will pay you for the time, of course, whether we have an actual delivery or not.”

Donna knew that this story was really farfetched and if the girl on the other end of the line had only a slight inkling on how the law-system worked, she would be screwed. But this bullshit story was better than telling her ‘my boss is in love with your messenger and wants him to watch him win in court’.

“Yeah, I know that this is an unusual request but we’re under the gun here. I can go up to double your usual fee, if that helps. …Uuhh. Yes, it should be this Mike-guy. He seemed extremely reliable and my boss is very particular with his…briefs. He doesn’t let just anybody touch them.”

She had a hard time to keep her cool since Harvey almost spewed his coffee across his desk as a reaction to this double-entendre.

“Yeah, that’s great. Lisa, was it? Yes. He should be in front of the court house at a quarter to three. My boss will tell him anything he needs to know…. Yes, you can charge it to the credit card from before. … Yes, thank you. You too.”

She put the receiver down. “You got all that?”

“Yep. Thank you. But please, don’t mention my briefs again in front of strangers.”

“Since when are you so shy?”

“Donna!”

“You’re welcome, Harvey.”

**********

Mike couldn’t believe his eyes when he got the text with his next assignment from Lisa.

(Lisa 2:11 p.m.) Seems like you impressed someone. Lawyer wants you at 60 Centre Street, New York County Supreme Court. Be in front of building at 2:45 and wait for Mr. Specter. You’re his personal messenger as long as he needs you.
He crammed the remaining bites of the pastrami sandwich from Katz’s Delicatessen (rye bread and lots of salad and tomatoes) into his mouth and dialed Harvey’s number as soon as he had swallowed it down.

“Hi Mike. How was the sandwich?”

“Very tasty, Sir. Katz is the best.”

“So, is there any particular reason for your call or did you just want to wish me good luck for later?”

“I just got a new assignment and guess what. It seems that I’m your personal messenger for today, Sir.”

“And do you have a problem with that?”

“No, of course not. But what happened with not letting our thing interfering with our work, Sir? And how did you spin this anyway? I mean, personal messenger for a court case? Who came up with this bullshit story?”

Harvey told him the story Donna had come up with to secure his services for the afternoon.

“So, you mean, you hired me for real? You’re paying me to watch you in court?”

“No. Your employer gets paid to send you to court and make you sit there for the remote possibility that I would need something fetched or delivered on short notice. I pay for the time, like a retainer, and your employer will pay you whatever is agreed between the two of you in your contract.”

“Oh, okay. And how did you spin it that I got this job, if I dare ask?”

“Donna just told them that you’re the only one I would trust to handle my briefs properly.”

The sub could feel himself blush again. He should’ve gotten used to this by now, but no. Still a blusher. “No, she didn’t. She wouldn’t…”

“If you’re brave enough, you can ask her yourself. See you in half an hour.”

Mike stared at his phone for a full three minutes after Harvey had hung up before he finally got a grip, jumped onto his bike and made his way south.

He arrived 15 minutes later, padlocked his bike to a lamppost and sat down on the steps of the big building, glad to have found a spot in the shade while he waited for Harvey and Ray. He watched all the busy people in their suits and nice clothes pass him by and his mind started to wander a little.

A young guy, maybe in his mid-twenties and wearing a dark-blue suit was almost sprinting up the steps and Mike’s eyes followed his rapid ascension until the figure was out of sight behind the massive columns in front of the entrance.

‘That could’ve been me’, he suddenly thought and for just a moment the feeling of regret almost overwhelmed him. To get himself under control, he took a few deep breaths until the feeling diminished again. ‘Where had that suddenly come from?’ Then it hit him.

If he had just stayed out of trouble and kept his nose clean, he would’ve been taking his finals right
about now. And with his degree as Juris Doctor in the pocket he could’ve become what he had always wanted to be.

Sure, graduating from Harvard Law or any other law school didn’t mean that he would be a good lawyer and maybe Harvey was right and he didn’t have the right personality type for the cut-throat world of corporate law but he would’ve really wanted to be able to find that out for himself. And there were other areas of law besides corporate law. Areas where having a heart was actually a good thing. He could’ve worked as a legal counselor for poor people, could’ve even become the next Erin Brockovich. Having it decided by someone else that he couldn’t become any sort of lawyer still hurt more than he had thought, especially now that he was with Harvey. Seeing his Dom in his natural habitat, in his office and amidst his colleagues, reminded him of what he had lost.

Maybe Ms. Pearson was right and he really should start a college fund. He could finish his undergrad at a smaller college, maybe even take night classes or online courses and take it from there. And perhaps he would be able to get another scholarship after that. Five years had passed since his dismissal from Columbia. Surely there was a time limit for keeping those records. Maybe he should look into that.

There was just one tiny flaw. Money. The 10 grand check, currently stored away in his underwear drawer at the condo, wouldn’t be enough to finish his undergrad, maybe not even at a small community college. Sure, there was still the lawsuit against Beyer and maybe he would get a huge paycheck for that, but this money was for his Grammy. Perhaps after everything was taken care of, there would be something left over for him, but he didn’t want to count on it.

There was another solution though. Harvey had a clause included in the first draft of the financial contract that he would give Mike a loan for his education, all proper and in writing and with interest and so on, but he wasn’t quite there yet. The whole thing could cost more than hundred grand before he could hold his law degree in his hands and just to think about that kind of money made his head spin. And there was no way he would accept Harvey paying for everything and not paying him back, although Harvey had included this variant into the contract as well.

Harvey’s contract regarding their finances had put some of his apprehensions to rest and he had to make only some minor adjustments to feel entirely comfortable with it. They had yet to talk about the final draft before signing it, but Mike already felt a lot better. Deep in his heart he had already known, that Harvey would never hold their finances, or lack thereof, against him, but seeing it in writing had nevertheless helped a great deal.

“You’re a hundred miles away, Puppy.”

Mike looked up and as soon as his eyes were focused on his Dom, Harvey carefully tossed a water bottle at him. “Drink up. You need to rehydrate, especially in this heat.

“Thanks, Harvey, hi Ray,” Mike greeted the driver, who was standing behind Harvey on the steps, before he took a long swig from the bottle, emptying it halfway down, before he put it in his bag.

“I’ll keep the rest for later.”

“Then better put this in your bag as well.” His Dom handed him a granola bar and Mike had a hard time to bite back the “Thanks Mom.” But the prospect of being spanked on the steps of a court building in the middle of the day in New York City was enough to put him off that notion. After he had stored it away safely, he got up and Harvey marched to the front entrance, Ray and Mike in his wake.
They got through security but when they arrived in front of the assigned courtroom, Harvey sent Ray in while he stayed behind with his sub.

“Because you came up with the solution to this case, I think it’s only right and proper that you see for yourself how everything pans out. But, since you’re not a lawyer or tied to this case in any official capacity, you can’t sit at or behind our table. I want you to choose a seat in the last row, on the right side of the aisle. Ray and I will be sitting at the front of the left side. I want to be able to see you when I turn around a bit. And I want you to pay attention and stay silent. Same goes for your phone. Judge Palermo really hates it when a phone goes off during trial. Any questions?”

“Am I really getting paid for sitting in court and watching you?”

Harvey grinned. “How would I know? That’s between your employer and yourself and has nothing to do with me.”

**********

“What color was the light?” Harvey’s hand slammed down on the barrier behind which the cabby was sitting during his testimony.

“I take the 5th,” Santana retorted stubbornly, not willing to back down from the fight. He had already taken a huge hit when he had to admit that he had been late himself. He had tried to weasel his way out of this but when Harvey had presented him with the protocol of the medallion bids he had been forced to admit that he’d had more to lose than Harvey had by being late for a client meeting which could’ve been easily rescheduled.

“You can’t take the 5th,” Harvey lectured him now. “This is a civil court. Now answer the question. What color was the light?”

Mike held his breath, watching the defiant gaze in Mr. Santana’s eyes slowly break and he knew that they had won. But still the man wouldn’t answer, his eyes scanning the courtroom for a way out, maybe even literally. But Harvey wouldn’t give him an out and Mike began to feel bad for the guy, despite what he had tried to do to Ray and Harvey.

“What color was the light?”

Santana’s eyes wandered imploringly towards the judge.

“Answer the question, Mr. Santana,” Judge Palermo instructed him, crushing every hope that he could get help from this direction.

Mike looked at the members of the jury and he could see in their eyes as well, that they already knew the answer to Harvey’s question.

It was almost painful to see the proud man crumble to pieces on the witness stand and suddenly pity filled Mike’s heart. Sure, he shouldn’t have filed the phony lawsuit but still, seeing this proud man being defeated like this was just sad.

“I just wanted it so much,” Santana whispered as he looked up at Harvey with an almost pleading gaze. His voice had been very low but the acoustics in the room were good enough for Mike to hear that his voice almost broke at the last word.
For a brief moment Harvey turned around to Mike and their eyes met across the court room. There was pride in his Dom’s eyes but as soon as their eyes met, something else crept into them and their expression changed a little, got a little softer. It was almost like some of Mike’s feelings were transferred to his Dom. Harvey held Mike’s gaze for an endless second and the sub could see that the lawyer took a deep breath and then came to a decision.

“Your Honor, may I sidebar with opposing counsel?”

This seemed to confuse everyone in the courtroom. What was there to talk about? Harvey had won fair and square and everybody knew it. The ruling of the jury was a mere formality at this point.

Mike couldn’t hear what the judge, Harvey and Santana were talking about but suddenly first a suspicious and then a dumbfounded expression flickered over the taxi-drivers face. More whispering ensued after that and at the end of the conversation Harvey pointed a finger at the judge and it looked like his Dom was warning the judge, but surely that couldn’t be. The judge only laughed good-humoredly, banged his gavel and told everyone that the parties just made a deal and the members of the jury could leave for today.

When Mike looked at Ray, the chauffeur seemed as stunned as he was, so surely Harvey had done something unexpected.

Mike remained in his seat until the courtroom was empty and only Harvey and Ray were left sitting at their table. Santana had left a couple of minutes before, shaking Harvey’s and Ray’s hand before leaving the courtroom.

When Mike approached them, Harvey had just finished packing up.

“So, what do you think? Did I use your findings as well as you imagined?”

“Yes, you crushed him. When you showed him the record for the bids I thought he would have a stroke. But then he bounced back.”

“Yes, he was more stubborn than I thought.”

“And it was a stroke of genius to let him badger you about your appointment calendar. And the thing about him arguing your objection regarding relevance. And how you turned it around so it would bite him in the ass…”

Harvey held up a hand and laughed. “Alright, Mike. We’ve all been there. It’s not necessary to repeat it word for word even though you probably can. So, I gather you’re happy with how I used your findings?”

“Absolutely. And you didn’t even need the records from the DOT.”

“I would have if he’d lied on the stand. But in the end, he proved to be too honest for that, regardless of how much he wanted to win.”

“Is that why you let him off the hook? And what’s with this gesture you made towards the judge? You know, when you pointed at him.”

“Yes, Harvey. That’s something I would like to know as well,” Ray said, finally including himself into the conversation.

The truth was that Harvey had seen the pity Mike had felt for the cabby when their eyes had met, and in this instant being a decent human being had become more important to him than winning.
But he couldn’t admit to that; not to Mike and surely not to Ray. He had a reputation to uphold, as he had told the judge and Santana during sidebar.

“Santana was done and he knew it. Sure, I could’ve crushed and beggared him with my legal-fees. But what would have been the point of that? Santana would never again be able to make his dream come true and frankly, I’m not in the habit of kicking someone who’s already on his knees. So, giving him an out, presenting him with the opportunity to do what he should’ve done from the start, was the right thing to do. The insurance will make Ray whole and I can afford to waive my legal-fees. And I respect Mr. Santana’s passion and his courage to challenge me in court.”

“And the gesture towards the judge?” Mike wanted to know.

“I told him that every agreement during sidebar was confidential and that I would know it if word got out that Harvey Specter had been kind to an opponent. That’s not a reputation I want to have. So you two better keep your mouths shut too.”

Ray grinned. “So that’s why the judge laughed.”

Harvey shrugged. “I don’t know why. I was deadly serious.”

They left the court-house and walked down the steps towards the curb. Ray had left them to get the car while Harvey and Mike waited in the still hot sunlight. It was only a little after 4 p.m. right now and Mike once again marveled at how Harvey managed to not sweat in his suits. Granted, today he wasn’t wearing a vest, but he still had to be hot. And he knew that Harvey could sweat, at least during sex.

“I think you deserve a little something for making me look good in court today. Without your findings it could’ve gone either way.”

“Does this mean I get to come tonight?” The sub couldn’t keep the hopeful tone out of his voice.

Harvey grinned at Mike’s single-mindedness but shook his head. “Nope. And don’t try to bargain with me, Mike. Rules are rules. But I had something else in mind. Dial up your employer and hand me your phone.”

Mike’s brows knitted together, not able to comprehend what his employer could have to do with him getting a reward, but he obediently hit his speed-dial and handed his phone to Harvey.

“No, this is not Mike. My name is Harvey Specter. I hired your messenger, Mike Ross, for a few hours.”

Harvey looked at Mike while he listened to the voice on the other end of the line.

“Yes, listen. Things might take a little longer than I expected. So, I want to hire Mr. Ross for the remainder of the day. … Aha. Yes, court closes at 7 p.m. so to be on the safe side, say until 8 p.m., just in case I need him afterwards for a late delivery. … Yes, the hourly fee you negotiated with my assistant still stands. Yes… you too.”

Harvey ended the call and gave the phone back to Mike.

“I can’t believe you just did that.”

The Dom smirked at him. “You can always call them back and tell them it has been a mistake.” He shrugged nonchalantly. “Or you can take this one-time deal and go visit your Grammy instead. I thought since you had to cut your visit last Sunday short, that maybe you want to see her today. But
if I’m wrong…”

“No… no, you’re not wrong. That’s really thoughtful of you. I wanted to visit her during the week but things have been so busy with work and the lawsuit…”

“Yes, I know.”

At that moment, Ray pulled up at the curb, got out of the car and opened the door for Harvey. Time to say good bye for the moment.

“Thank you, Harvey.”

“No, Mike. Thank you. I couldn’t have done it without your findings. Now go see your Grammy. And say hi from me.”

Ray closed the door but before he climbed back in the car he turned around and held his hand out towards Mike.

“I really have to thank you, Mike. Harvey told me all about what you did and how much effort you put into it and I’m sorry that I didn’t trust you at first. You really did a great job and I’m truly grateful.”

Mike shook the proffered hand. “Don’t mention it. It was sort of fun doing it. And I’m happy that I could help.”

Ray nodded. “Bye, Mike. I guess I’ll see you around.”

The young man grinned. “Count on it.”

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“Michael!” The face of the old lady beamed with delight. “What are you doing here? And so early on a Thursday? Don’t you have to work?”

He bent forward and placed a soft kiss on her cheek. She smelt faintly of lily of the valley, her favorite scent.

A couple of years ago, when he had still been at High School, he had bought her a set of soap, bubble bath, lotion and eau de cologne as a birthday gift in that scent (it had been on sale in a drugstore, along with other gift-boxes) and ever since then, she had stayed with it. By now he associated this scent with his Grammy and the feeling of love and belonging and home.

He felt almost the same when he smelt Harvey’s scent, a mixture of aftershave with a little musk and sweat, except that his Dom’s scent reminded him of feeling safe and cared for and also of being intensely aroused. It was really amazing how scents could invoke emotions and memories.

“I got off work early today and I really wanted to see you. How’s your cold? Feeling a little better?”

She snorted softly. “When you get to my age, there are always some aches and hurts, but my cold is better. For once, the medicine worked. Or it could’ve been the chicken soup Nurse Roberts smuggled in for me. I don’t know what I would do without that saint of a woman.”
Mike flung himself into the visitors chair and rummaged around in his bag. When he found the chocolates he had bought her, he placed them on the small table beside the vase with the fresh flowers.

“I’ve brought you a little something. I know how much you like them.”

“You’re such a good grandson, Michael.” She tried to open the carton with her arthritic fingers but after a few moments he couldn’t watch anymore and did it for her. Her face took on an expression of pure bliss when she popped the first chocolate into her mouth and it melted slowly.

“How.”

“I’m glad that I made the right choice. It was either chocolates or flowers, but I can see you’re set in that regard.”

“That reminds me, I haven’t thanked you for them yet.”

Mike was confused. “They’re not from me.”

“Really? I could’ve sworn they were. Nurse Roberts told me they were from a secret admirer but I thought she was joking.” For a moment she looked absentmindedly out of the window. “Well, there’s Mr. Jones a couple of doors down. He’s been very sweet to me lately, so I guess they could be from him… but… I’m sure he would’ve said something by now.”

A suspicion dawned on Mike. Something Harvey had said during their first negotiations. Something along the lines that his Grammy needed a reward for having kept him safe during all these years.

“How often do you get the flowers, Grammy?”

She shrugged. “I’m not sure. You could ask Nurse Roberts. She knows such things. But for a few weeks now I think. Why?”

“It’s just, Harvey said something a while back. I think that maybe the flowers could be from him.”

“And why would your young man send me flowers? That’s ridiculous. He doesn’t even know me.”

“I’m not really sure if they are from him, but when we talked about you and how you always made me…” he blushed when he noticed in which kind of deep water he had steered himself into.

The old lady tilted her head and watched him expectantly. “Yes?”

Shit! He knew that he couldn’t get out of this now. She would keep on badgering him until she knew the whole story. His Grammy was way too nosy to let it go. Something he had clearly inherited from her side of the family.

“When we talked about being exclusive he asked me about my previous behavior regarding… safer sex and I told him about your book and the condoms and all that. He seemed relieved and he made a joke about sending you flowers for keeping me safe. So, yeah, that’s why I think the flowers might be from him.” The sentence had come out in high speed, like he wanted this confession to be over as quick as possible.

She laughed. “You really told him that? Well, at least someone seems to be pleased with my efforts. I can still see you squirming with an almost purple face while I showed you the book. You were always a bit of a blusher.”
Before Mike could retort, a soft knock sounded and after a few seconds the door was opened. A young woman in a nurse’s uniform entered the room.

“Hello Mrs. Ross. I just wanted to see if you or your visitor need anything. Something to drink perhaps? I can make you some tea. Or coffee if you prefer it?”

“That’s very nice of you, my dear. And please, call me Edith.”

“Thank you, Edith. So, what about a nice pot of tea? And maybe I can find some cookies as well.”

“You’re a treasure, Vanessa. By the way, this is my grandson Michael.” She pointed at Mike.

“Hello, I’m Vanessa. I’m new here and only temping. I’m filling in a few hours a week for Linda… I mean, Nurse Baker.”

Mike stood up and shook the hand of the dark-haired woman. The look she gave him seemed a little like she was evaluating him, but that could’ve been his imagination. His Grammy surely seemed to like her.

“It’s nice to meet you, Vanessa. I’m Mike. Only Grammy calls me Michael.” And my Dom when he wants to make a point.

“So, Michael, do you have time for tea?” his Grammy wanted to know.

“Yes, sure. I got off work early today so I have all the time in the world for you.”

“Then we would like a pot of peppermint tea, please. And those cookies you spoke of sounded nice too.”

“Of course, Edith. I’ll be right back.”

During tea he told his Grammy everything that had happened during and since the last weekend. He hadn’t told her anything about it during his last visit since she’d been so poorly with the cold but now he really wanted to tell her all the things that had taken him on this rollercoaster ride of conflicting feelings.

Well, not the sex-stuff and the spanking and all that. But he told her about Trevor’s call and that he had moved in with Harvey when he had discovered that Trevor could be dangerous to him. He also told her about how they had accidentally run into Harvey’s ex and the discussion he had with Harvey regarding him wanting to pay rent and stay financially independent.

Every now and then her brows would knit together and she sighed deeply when he told her about Trevor’s call although he edited the story about the drug-bust a little bit. He wasn’t ready to tell her that he’d almost become a drug dealer just to pay for her nursing home. That would’ve hurt her too much.

She listened to him, sipping her tea and nibbling on her cookie, while he tried to explain why it was so hard for him to take money or the equivalent of it, namely shelter and food, from someone else, even if this someone wanted to provide for him. When he could see that she had a hard time understanding his problem, his voice faltered a little, not sure how to get her to understand. And it was crucial to him that she understood. So, in the end he told her the story about how Trevor had wanted to sell him as a whore to get his 200 bucks back and how it had led to him losing his scholarship.

When he was finished she stayed silent for a couple more moments but he could see some tears
glimping in her slightly cloudy but nonetheless sharp eyes. For a moment they just looked at each other while she held his hand and squeezed it lightly to give him some comfort.

“I’m so sorry that I couldn’t protect you better, Michael. If I had only known what a scoundrel that boy was, I would’ve forbidden your friendship with him right from the start.”

He laid his left hand on hers that was still slightly squeezing his own right hand.

“It’s not your fault, Grammy. Please, don’t beat yourself up over it. I just told you so you can understand why I’m so reluctant to let Harvey take care of me.” He raised her hand up to his face so her palm cupped his cheek. “It was my fault, not yours. You’ve always warned me about him, but I never listened.”

She reached out with her other hand and petted his hair while he sought comfort in her presence and smell. After a few moments he let go of her hand again and looked up at her and for a moment, she saw the young boy that he’d once been before her. The young, confused, vulnerable and misunderstood little boy whom she had loved with all her heart. Well, she hadn’t been able to protect him then although she had tried her best, but maybe she could steer him in the right direction now. It was time he got some stability in his life, and she was willing to bet that this Harvey could provide that for her little Michael. She just had that feeling, which was odd since she’d never met the man.

“Michael, do you think that I like it that you have to pay for all this? That I can’t pay for myself?” She gestured around the little room.

He could’ve kicked himself then since it was only natural that she would compare her situation to what he had just told her.

“But I do it gladly, Grammy,” he tried to reassure her. “You took care of me all those years, you even put off your retirement. You’ve given me so much and now it’s my turn to give something back. And I’m happy to provide for you. I just wish that I could do more.”

“And why is that?”

“Because I love you and I want to make sure that you want for nothing. That you’re safe and comfortable.”

“And what do you think is the reason your Harvey wants to provide for you? Give you a home and food and protect you from Trevor?”

Mike blushed when he noticed that he stepped right into that one. “Because he loves me,” he admitted hesitantly. “At least that’s what he’s saying.” He scratched the back of his head while he thought back to the scene in front of the mirror. “No, I know he loves me. I know that it’s still very new between us but he’s shown me that he loves me. It’s not just words.”

She nodded and patted his hand again. “And isn’t that the best reason he can have?”

He shrugged. “Yeah, I guess. I just wish that I could do something for him as well. Give something back to him.”

The old lady heaved a small sigh. Sometimes her oh so smart grandson was a little stupid and slow. But then, he never had a good role model since his parents had died way too early and their marriage hadn’t been that good to begin with. Her son had always been a little selfish.

“Do you love him back, Michael? Like he loves you, I mean.”
The sub remained silent for a few heartbeats while he thought back to the epiphany he’d had during the heavy pain play. Then he nodded slowly. “Yes, I really love him. But not because of his money or what he can buy for me. Right from the start I’ve felt so… safe with him. He’s like a rock, steadfast and dependable. And he makes me feel good about myself, about the person I really am. Yes, I love him.” He sounded absolutely certain and Edith Ross nodded satisfied.

It was high time to meet the man who could inspire such feelings in her little Michael. And she was happy that she could provide him with a little relationship advice. Heaven knew, there had been a time when she had feared that her grandson would never find the right person or would even get stuck with the wrong person, like that Trevor.

“Michael, every partnership is a mix of give and take. You give what you can, be it financially or emotionally or you just do something nice and considerate for your partner to make him happy. And you take what your partner is willing to give you and what you need from him. That’s how a partnership works.”

She took a sip of her tea and gave him some time to think before she continued. “In my time it was normal that the woman stayed at home and took care of the children and the house while the man was the breadwinner. But that didn’t mean the woman was less important in the relationship. Grandpa George certainly never thought so when I stayed home to raise your dad.”

She shrugged a little. “When everybody does their best, then everything will work out. And there will always be times when you either give more or take more. That’s only natural. But I realize now that you never had a normal adult relationship. What you had with Trevor was never an equal friendship. He always took advantage of your good heart and the more he took from you the more you tried to give him until you nearly lost yourself. But in the end, it was just never enough, or was it?”

Mike thought about it for a moment. Maybe at the beginning of their friendship they had been equally invested in it, but that had shifted around the time they had started out in High School. And at first, it had felt good when Trevor had demanded more and more of him and he could do stuff for his friend. And so he had gradually slipped into the habit of doing Trevor’s bidding without thinking how unfair it sometimes was.

“No, it was never enough,” he finally admitted hesitantly. “I tried… I really did. I just wanted our friendship to work out and maybe even to become something more. And I thought that if I did just one more thing, maybe it would be enough to make him happy but… it just never was.”

“And do you think your Harvey would ever treat you like that?”

The answer to this was a no-brainer. “No, never. He’s just not the type for that. He has this huge protective urge. And… sometimes he gets a little possessive, but in a good way and I kind of like that. I feel like I belong to him. Trevor got possessive too, but he treated me like his personal slave, ordering me around all the time, wanting me to do stuff for him. Harvey is not like that. Yes, sometimes he asks me to do something for him but he always explains to me why and it’s always for my own benefit. Like my eating habits for example. He wants me to eat better stuff. In the beginning I was a little hesitant and thought that it would annoy me. But it doesn’t. Harvey nagging me about nutrition shows me that I matter to him and that he wants to improve my life. With him I feel cherished and safe.”

Edith Ross studied her grandson for a few moments. At the word possessive she had become a little bit concerned that the story with Trevor would repeat itself but there was nothing in Mike’s face that would indicate he felt uncomfortable with what Harvey was demanding of him. On the contrary. During his explanations she could see how much Mike thrived under the attention his
boyfriend was giving him. So she put her concerns away for now.

“So, you said something about a contract? That he was willing to put the financial things he wants
to do for you in writing so you could feel more secure about it?”

Mike smiled. “Yes, he did. Well, he’s a lawyer so drafting a contract is like breathing for him, his
solution for everything. And he made a fine job of it. I only had some minor adjustments. He
wanted to give me a credit card and he wanted to forbid me to contribute anything to the running
costs like buying groceries and stuff. I can’t let him do that. I still have a job and earn my own
money and since I don’t have to pay rent I’m a lot better off already. Or I will be when I quit the
lease on my old apartment. But for now I’m keeping it. Just in case. Oh, by the way, I better give
you my new address and Harvey’s phone number, you know, just in case.”

He scribbled it on a piece of paper and then stuck it under the edge of the picture frame that was
holding a picture of him and Grammy on his High School graduation day.

She watched him thoughtfully and nodded her head. “Yes, it’s good to know where I can reach
you, just in case. Maybe the nursing home should have it on file as well. I’ll give it to Vanessa
later. But back to this contract. Have I understood it right, that you would be the sole beneficiary of
this contract, without committing yourself to something in return? He couldn’t hold it over you in
any way? Maybe pressure you into doing something you wouldn’t want to do?”

“Yes, he even put in a clause that if he ever mentions the money he spends on me, I could claim a
penalty fine from him. Which I would never do, and I think he knows it, but still.”

“So this thing is essentially like a pre-nup? A one-sided pre-nup?”

Mike laughed a little. He hadn’t seen it like this, but his Grammy was right. Well, Harvey hadn’t
put a clause in it about cheating, which was in their other contract, but all the financial stuff was in
there.

“Yes, a little. In fact, now that I think about it, it is indeed like a pre-nup. Well, I don’t get a
Million bucks after staying with him for 10 years or something like that but he would let me keep
the clothes he bought for me.”

“He bought you clothes? Why? Didn’t you have enough?” Suddenly the concern was back in her
voice.

Mike grimaced, remembering his few old t-shirt, jeans and hoodies in his closet at his old
apartment, not to mention the worn-out sneakers which were almost falling apart from old age. He
had put all his money into paying for the nursing home so at one point he had started to buy some
stuff at the Salvation Army charity store when he really needed to replace something. But of course
he couldn’t tell his Grammy how dire things had looked for a time. So he found another
explanation.

“It seems my old stuff doesn’t meet his standards. And I sort of get it. I didn’t at first but I think
now I do. He wants to take me out and introduce me to people and wearing fashionable, or at least
clean and undamaged, clothes is something the people in his world do so I guess it’s only natural
that he wants me to fit in and not feel self-conscious about what I’m wearing when I’m with him.”

It was odd that he was defending Harvey’s clothes fetish now when he himself had thought it
totally ridiculous just a few days ago. But after meeting that B… and Harvey’s colleagues he could
sort of see the point. He really felt a little better about himself when he knew that people couldn’t
look down on him because of the clothes he was wearing. It was sort of shallow, but that’s how
people were. And in their home life it didn’t really matter since Harvey preferred him naked anyway.

“Well, then I have only one question left. When will I finally meet your boyfriend?”

How should he reply to that? He had no idea how far Harvey had progressed with their plan but he could guess that it wasn’t far since this week had been all about the accident. And then there was this other issue Harvey had to resolve. This toy-company thing.

“He had a very busy week and he works most weekends as well, at least a couple of hours. I told him that you wanted to see him but I think he has never done this before. He seemed a little uncomfortable at the thought. I think he’s secretly scared that you disapprove of us.”

“Now, that’s ridiculous, Michael. You go and tell him that. I just want to know who will take care of you when I’m gone.”

Mike’s face fell instantly. “Don’t even joke about that, Grammy. That’s not funny.”

When she looked at him she didn’t see the young man in his mid-twenties. No, she once again saw the little boy who had just lost his parents and was so lonely and confused. The young boy who had cried himself to sleep and then wet the bed during the night and she understood his strong reaction to her statement. She knew that she needed to talk with him about her old age; to prepare him somehow for the inevitable, but she put it off for now. Maybe when she met this Harvey and saw for herself that he would take good care of her grandson, then they could prepare her little Michael together.

“Alright. I’m sorry, Michael. I didn’t mean it the way it sounded.”

“Better not,” he grumbled a little and then changed the subject, pushing any thought of her leaving him away. “I wanted to ask you a favor. I just had an idea what I could do for Harvey to make him happy.”

“Uh. That sounds interesting. But I have to warn you. I’m a little rusty in the lovemaking department. And I have no idea how two boys do it. Well, not exactly anyway.”

“Grammy!” He blushed a deep red and the old lady almost cackled with glee.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. I always love to read your comments so if you want to drop me a line, please do. Comments always make me very happy. And kudos as well, of course.
Rain-dancing for dummies

Chapter Summary

A scene of almost pure domestic bliss. No porn, just guys in love.

Chapter Notes

This chapter took a very long time to finish. Initially it was twice as long, but I decided to split it in two parts, since it’s long enough as it is and it was the second part that gave me some trouble.

The amazing Tara_Beth once again was my beta-reader and I learn so much about the English language, since she not only corrects my mistakes but explains what I did wrong. And her running comments made me laugh out loud at times when I gave the chapter the finishing touches. Thank you so much for helping me with this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thursday evening

(Mike 6:34 pm) How do you feel about Italian for dinner, Sir?

(Harvey 6:39 pm) Are we talking about pizza with stuffed crust again?

(Mike 6:41 pm) No. I wouldn’t do that to you again so soon. I was thinking pasta. With a side salad to satisfy your health food kink. Sir.

(Harvey 6:43 pm) Pasta sounds good. I’ll be home in about an hour. Shall I pick something up on my way home?

(Mike 6:45 pm) Not necessary, Sir. I’ve got it covered. See you soon. Grammy says hi.

When the text messages arrived, Harvey was sitting in a bar near his office building, sharing a quiet booth at the back of the dimly lit room with a red-haired Irishman.

“Seems like I’m having pasta for dinner,” he stated, not able to hide the small smile that insistently tugged at the corners of his mouth while he put his phone away.

Kieran chuckled. “Look at you. Aren’t you the picture of domestic bliss?” The soft Irish lilt held a slightly mocking undertone but Harvey only shrugged, seemingly unflustered.

“Believe it or not but I quite enjoy the company of my boy,” he replied, his index finger drawing circles around the rim of his scotch glass absentmindedly. “If you’d told me that 8 weeks ago, I would’ve laughed but now… it feels nice to come home to someone… to Mike.”
Kieran studied the lawyer’s face for a moment and then his own little smile widened, too. “I got that impression. And it suits you. You seem content and happy. Happier in fact than I’ve ever seen you before.”

Harvey took a sip of his Scotch and savored the taste for a moment while he thought about it. “I am,” he finally conceded. “Much like you with your Laura, I guess.”

Kieran raised his pint of Guinness in a salute. “To pretty little subs.”

They clinked their glasses and Harvey nodded his agreement. “I’ll drink to that.”

For a moment they remained silent, both of them savoring their drink while thinking of their other halves at home. Then Kieran came back to the topic they had talked about before the arrival of Mike’s text messages had interrupted them.

“So, you really think it’s a good idea to come over for dinner with us on Saturday? Don’t get me wrong, you’re always welcome, both of you. But don’t you think that he might feel uncomfortable in my presence again, especially after everything you just told me about his issues?”

But Harvey was quite resolved on that matter. In fact, he had thought about it for a couple of days now and had come up with this plan to make Mike feel more comfortable and confident in his chosen role.

“Yes. And anyway, it’s more because of Laura than you I want to visit. I think it’s important for Mike to interact with other subs and besides Natalie, he never has, at least not to my knowledge. It’s essential that he has someone to talk to; someone who can provide a sub’s point of view. You know, like we talk to each other. And doing it this way, privately and not in a club, will be best, I think. I’m easing him into it slowly and let him pick his own pace. If he just wants to observe how Laura interacts with you and me, he can. And if he wants to kneel for me and behave like he does when it’s only the two of us, or maybe even mimic some of Laura’s behavior, I’ll let him. And if it’s too much and he wants to leave, then we’ll leave. It’s entirely up to him.”

He took another little sip while Kieran nodded his head slightly, like he was agreeing to what his fellow Dom had just explained.

“So, do you think Laura will be okay with it? After all, it’s her home too and I don’t want to intrude.”

Kieran brushed his concern aside. “Absolutely. She’s lived half of her life as a sub, eight years of that with me. If your boy has any questions, she’s probably got the answer. And she likes giving advice and sticking her pretty nose into other people’s business. And, as you know, she’s also a bit of an exhibitionist so she will be more than fine with you and Mike observing her being my sub.”

Harvey glanced at his watch, knocked the rest of his Scotch back and slid out of the booth. “Then it’s settled. Now, I better get home and see what Mike is up to.” He dropped some cash on the table and patted the other man’s shoulder firmly.

“Thank you, Kieran. This really means a lot. See you Saturday. And give my best to Laura.”

“Anytime, Harvey. Anytime. Just call if you need anything.”

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Mike was shuffling around in Harvey’s kitchen on his bare feet, only dressed in his boxers. Putting more clothes on after the shower had seemed a bit of a bother and his boxers were roomy enough for the cage, unlike most of his new jeans. Harvey for sure liked to put him in clothes that hugged his butt tightly. And anyway, Harvey preferred him with as few clothes as possible so he was pretty sure there wouldn’t be any complaints from his Dom for the state of undress he was currently in.

His Bluetooth earbuds were stuck in his ears while his phone was safely stored out of harm’s way on the kitchen counter next to the coffee maker.

He gave the red sauce with the little meatballs a stir with a wooden spoon while he waited for the water in the bigger pot to boil for the pasta. All the while he wiggled his ass and nodded his head slightly to the beat of the music from his playlist. Sometimes he even mouthed the words of the songs, although he had to draw the line at Eminem songs. Not because he didn’t know the lyrics, though. That guy was just too damn quick for him to keep up.

Mike glanced at the kitchen clock and nodded, satisfied. Harvey would be home in about 20 minutes and he wanted everything to be ready by then.

The talk with his Grammy had given Mike the idea to cook for Harvey. But not just anything. No, something that was important to himself, so it would mean something when he shared it with Harvey.

The longer he thought about it, the more he understood that his Grammy was so right. Being in a relationship, even a Dom/sub relationship, wasn’t about money or even power. What it essentially came down to if you stripped everything unnecessary away, was making each other happy. All the other stuff like money or material things was just a means to an end.

So Mike had thought about how he could surprise his Dom and make him smile. How to show him that he appreciated him for the awesome person he was. That’s when this idea had suddenly popped into his mind as he explained to his Grammy why he wasn’t okay with not being allowed to contribute food or groceries, like Harvey had stated in the first draft of the contract.

He couldn’t buy Harvey gifts or take him on expensive trips, but he could do something nice for him. Something Harvey wouldn’t expect and that wasn’t part of his duties as a sub. Something that would make his Dom, and lover and friend, feel cherished and special. And since Harvey had cooked for him on several occasions already and obviously appreciated good food, he had decided that now was his turn.

The favor Mike had asked of his Grammy had been for her secret marinara sauce with meatballs recipe. When he thought about the term Comfort Food, the picture of a steaming heap of spaghetti with meatballs immediately popped up in front of his inner eye. He had always loved this dish and sometimes even helped her prepare it but he hadn’t been sure that he remembered all the ingredients and steps correctly since he had never completely done it all by himself. So he’d had to ask her to get it absolutely right.

He turned the burner underneath the saucepan down to low so it would only keep the sauce hot without burning it and then looked around to see if he had missed anything.

Since it was still warm outside, even at a little after 8 p.m., he had decided to serve the dinner on the balcony so they could enjoy all the benefits of living in a penthouse in Manhattan. Standing outside in the light breeze, he looked at the table and went through his mental checklist to see if everything was as it ought to be.
Table wiped down to clean it from any dust that might have accumulated during the last few days? Check.

Cloth napkins folded neatly underneath the polished silverware? Check.

Bottle of red wine (it even had a real cork and boy had he struggled with the opener) opened so it could breathe (whatever that meant)? Check.

Ridiculously large wine glasses polished so they sparkled? Check.

Salad prepared? Check.

Plates pre-warmed in the oven? Check.

That had been another tip from his Grammy and at first he’d thought this step unnecessary since he wasn’t a chef in a 5 star restaurant, but then he’d decided to go all in and had put the two large pasta plates into the oven to warm them.

Well, it seemed like he was all set and almost ready to feed his boyfriend with his favorite meal.

Since the water for the pasta was still only lukewarm he bopped over to his phone and cranked the volume up until he could feel the beat reverberating through his body. Then he swaggered the few steps to the living room area, where there was nothing he could accidentally knock over, closed his eyes, pretended to be in a club and just gave himself over to the music. “Happy” from Pharrell blasted into his ears and the song matched his mood.

He waggled his hips, flapped his arms, and nodded his head in sync with the up-beat rhythm of the music until he got a little dizzy and had to open his eyes again. The sun was already deeply set in the sky and the last warm rays shone through the windows while a cool breeze blew in through the open glass door and brushed over his exposed skin. This view was stunningly beautiful. No wonder Harvey loved his condo.

Elevated by the music, he got a little bolder and tried to do a turn on the spot like those professional dancers did in the music videos. He did a little jump, landed with his feet crossed and tried to detangle himself by doing a half turn.

In the videos the dancers made it look so easy and he wasn’t exactly a klutz so what could possibly go wrong? When he was right in the middle of the detangling process, facing away from the windows and towards the hallway, he almost fell flat on his nose. But his lack of dancing skills was only one reason.

Suddenly Harvey was right in his line of sight. He was leaning with his shoulder against the door to Mike’s little room, arms crossed in front of his chest and watching him with that special huge grin of his spread all over his face. Mike struggled to keep upright, too distracted by the unexpected sight of his lover to pay attention to his feet, but after one second of shock he somehow caught himself, continued to dance and made his way slowly over to Harvey. When he was only a foot away, he threw his hands in the air and moved his hips in a, he hoped, very seductive way, inching slowly closer until he brushed slightly against the unmoving but grinning figure of his Dom.

The lawyer looked immaculate as ever, despite the hour and heat of the day. The corners of his mouth were pulled upwards which made his little dimples appear, while his white teeth glinted behind the slightly open lips and a net of laughter lines framed the beautiful dark brown eyes.

His Dom was clearly enjoying himself but putting on a show and being watched wasn’t enough for the amateur dancing star. He wanted to feel Harvey’s body pressed against his own, swaying to the
music with him.

“Come on, Sir. Dance with me!” he shouted over the loud music in his ears.

Harvey flinched, surprised by the volume of Mike’s voice but then, to Mike’s amazement, he played along. Well, kind of. But Harvey being Harvey, he decided to make his own rules and really, Mike shouldn’t have been surprised by that.

Suddenly the young man found himself enveloped by his Dom’s arms, his right hand firmly gripped by Harvey’s left and Harvey’s right hand pressed snug against the small of his back, pulling him close to his chest. Before he could think about what was happening, Harvey took the first steps and Mike could all but hang on for dear life and try to follow his lead.

His left hand instinctively found its way to Harvey’s shoulder to steady himself a little and without knowing it he assumed the feminine role in classic ballroom dancing. Harvey was steering them around in a circle in what seemed to be a 3/4 beat, which incidentally collided rather badly with the beat of the music still blasting into his ears (now Someone Great by LCD Soundsystem - one of his favorite bands), and after the first stumbling steps Mike yanked out his earbuds, threw them in the general direction of the couch they were just passing by, and of course missed it by several feet, before he steadied himself again with a grip at Harvey’s shoulder.

This time it was easier to let himself be led by Harvey and when the lawyer began to hum Que Sera, Sera softly under his breath, his feet finally picked up on what was expected of them and for a minute or so they actually waltzed through the living room. Only when Harvey got ambitious and tried to steer them in a counterclockwise circle, Mike almost got a knot in his knees and Harvey had to prevent him from face-planting on the floor by pulling him close and stopping.

As soon as he was pressed snug against Harvey’s solid frame, Mike instinctively closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of intimacy, the smell of his unique scent of aftershave mixed with the merest hint of sweat and the expensive fabric of the suit brushing against his bare skin. Suddenly Mike felt Harvey’s fingers gliding through his hair at the back of his head, but before he could sigh with content the fingers suddenly gripped a good amount of the dark-blond strands and forced his head back so his throat was exposed. Mike’s eyes flew open again and when Harvey’s mouth began to nip at his throat, the hint of sharp teeth scratching his skin, the beginning sigh turned into a low moan.

God was he glad he had shaved earlier. Two days’ worth of stubble he could get away with when they stayed home, but three days, probably not.

Harvey’s touches got a little more demanding and Mike was totally on board with where this was heading when suddenly something hissed loudly. The sub would have gladly ignored it, too caught up in what his Dom was doing to him, but Harvey interrupted the mutilation of Mike’s throat and looked around, irritated by the noise.

“Something’s boiling,” he remarked after a second, his voice low and gravelly in Mike’s left ear.

That finally got the sub’s attention. “Shit. The water… My sauce!” Mike tried to break free and when Harvey released him after a second he sprinted towards the stove and turned the temperature down.

“Shit, shit, shit,” he muttered under his breath.

A fair amount of the water had already bubbled over or evaporated into steam, so he used a measuring cup to add a little more to the pot to make up for the loss. Then he turned his attention to
the slightly bubbling sauce and gave it a little stir. Thankfully, everything seemed in order in that department.

“You’re cooking,” Harvey remarked, actually sounding a little stunned as he ventured nearer to the kitchen also known as the disaster scene. When he had entered his condo, the sight of the dancing Mike had been too distracting for him to notice the delicious food smells but now that he paid attention, the aroma of tomatoes, garlic and herbs that wafted through the air made his mouth water.

Mike was busy cleaning up the mess and his mouth ran on autopilot while his thoughts were clearly occupied with preparing the meal.

“No shit, Sherlock.”

A firm body pressed itself against his back and strong arms wrapped themselves around his torso, trapping his arms for a moment in a subtle warning before releasing him again.

“Careful, now,” the Dom growled warningly into Mike’s ear and the sub tried to get a grip.

“Sorry, Sir.”

“I didn’t know that you could cook, Lippy. Not real food anyway. Instant ramen or frozen pizza doesn’t count.”

Mike mopped ineffectually at the puddle on the stove, distracted by Harvey now nuzzling at his neck.

“Grammy taught me a little. Um…,” he huffed exasperated. “Harvey…, Sir, you’re very distracting right now and I need to put the pasta into the water if we want to have dinner in the near future.”

“So, you want me to stop what I’m doing?” The tip of Harvey’s tongue brushed agonizingly slowly over the sub’s pulse point below the right ear and then his teeth caught the fleshy earlobe and sucked it into his warm mouth, teeth still trapping it and the little pain made Mike’s breath quicken.

“Oh shit, no,” he moaned, closing his eyes while his body went lax in Harvey’s arms. “I don’t want you to stop.”

When the suction on his earlobe got almost painful Mike writhed a little in Harvey’s firm embrace and wriggled his ass so it brushed against Harvey’s slowly growing erection. Two hands on his hipbones stilled his movement and after a last hard suck, his earlobe slipped out between Harvey’s teeth.

“Too bad. Because I’m really hungry and that sauce smells delicious.” Maybe the slightly devious undertone in Harvey’s voice was just part of Mike’s imagination.

He tried to turn around and Harvey stepped back just enough so he could. Now they were almost nose to nose.

“The pasta needs ten minutes to be ready, Sir.” Mike couldn’t help that he still sounded a little breathless.

Harvey gave him a little peck on the lips. “Time enough for me to shower then.”

The sub nodded. Maybe it was for the best if Harvey left him to his own devices or he would ruin
the pasta if his Dom kept distracting him.

He watched Harvey leave for the bedroom. At the doorframe the Dom turned around.

“By the way. What were you listening to when I caught you dancing like a little dervish?”

The sub grinned mischievously. “Audiobook. Rain-dancing for dummies.”

Mike could hear Harvey’s laughter long after he had vanished into the bedroom.

**********

Since the wind had picked up a little, Mike threw on a t-shirt – a nice light-blue one Harvey had bought for him, but otherwise remained in his underwear. This high up the chances were slim that anybody could see them without a telescope and after all, shorts were shorts. As long as his dangly bits (now not so dangly in the cage) weren’t visible it shouldn’t matter.

Harvey had opted to dress in some shorts, real ones- not underwear, and a t-shirt as well and was watching Mike with a little smile while the sub grated some parmesan cheese over the steaming pasta in front of the Dom.

While cooking in Harvey’s kitchen, Mike had learned a lot about his Dom. One thing was, that Harvey had a lot of different kitchen implements, some of which he hadn’t been able to identify. If there was a tool or device especially made for one use, Harvey probably had it in one of his kitchen cabinets. The cheese grater he was using now looked brand new and Mike had the suspicion that this was the first time somebody used it.

Before they started to eat, Harvey raised his glass and gave Mike a little salute. “Thank you so much, Puppy. This is a lovely surprise.”

The affectionate smile on his lips underlined the sincerity of this statement. They clinked glasses and when Harvey gave him an appreciative little nod after having tasted the wine, Mike slowly exhaled.

He had asked the guy in the liquor store-which wine would go well with pasta, but somehow he had harbored some doubts regarding the sommelier skills of the little Pakistani guy up until now, especially since he had promoted one of the more expensive bottles the shop had held. Mike had thought that 10 bucks for fermented grape juice was maybe a little over the top, but after having tasted it now, he conceded that it might have been actually worth it.

The sub waited until Harvey had eaten his first forkful of pasta before he dug in himself. During his self-studies on the finer arts of BDSM, he had once read somewhere that this was the right protocol for a sub and although Harvey had never brought this special topic up, Mike nonetheless decided to make a little bit more of an effort, like he had done with the warmed plates. The appreciative little smile Harvey gave him when he noticed it, along with a brief touch on his hand, made it all worthwhile and gave Mike a warm and fuzzy feeling inside.

To Mike’s amazement, the pasta dish tasted exactly like he remembered it from when his Grammy used to make it for him. He had been a little hesitant to put the anchovy-paste in (Edith Ross had always made sure to never let him see her put it in when he was a kid or he wouldn’t have eaten it) but his Grammy had assured him that this secret ingredient would make all the difference between
a good and a great sauce. As always, she had been absolutely right.

Both of them ate with gusto and for a while they just concentrated on their meal. And Mike had to admit that even the salad was okay. Maybe some vitamins every now and then weren’t so bad after all. And it helped that Harvey ate the bigger portion of all the green stuff and left the tomatoes to him, since they were his favorite vegetable (although he read somewhere that they were, botanically speaking, a fruit or even more precise, a berry, but mentioning this would just be bragging so he kept his knowledge to himself).

When the plates were, after a surprisingly short time, empty, Mike began to play nervously with his wine glass, having something on his mind but not sure how to broach the subject.

“Thank you, Sweetheart. That was excellent.” The Dom wiped his mouth on the napkin and reached out to take Mike’s unoccupied hand into his own, caressing the back of the hand with his thumb.

Mike looked up to meet his eyes briefly. “Grammy gave me the recipe. It used to be my favorite dish when I was a kid and I wanted to share it with you. I know, it’s probably not your usual style of Italian food, but… anyway… I just thought you might like it.”

The Dom smiled. “That was very considerate. And you were right. I liked it a lot.” He waited a few seconds but then decided to go with his gut. “Is there a reason why you cooked for me? Has something happened to bring this on?”

Mike shook his head but wouldn’t meet his eyes. Instead, he stared past him into the distance. “No reason. At least not a specific one. I just wanted to do something nice for you. Something that has nothing to do with me being your sub. Just, you know,” he shrugged his shoulders, searching for the right words, “something nice.”

“Ohay.” Harvey waited a little, sensing that there was more to come.

Mike’s eyes wandered back down to where his right hand was playing with the stem of the wine glass. He twisted it around between his fingers and the wine sloshed a little in the glass. That’s when Harvey knew that he had been right. There was more to all of it and Mike was working up his courage to talk about what was on his mind. So he resumed stroking Mike’s hand to maintain their physical contact but otherwise let him pick his own pace.

“I told Grammy about the last weekend,” Mike finally said.

Ah, here we go. “I hope you gave her the PG 13 version,” Harvey joked to break the tension a little and Mike had to grin despite his worries, remembering everything that had happened on those three memorable days perfectly.

He had lost his virginity, had been introduced to a butt plug, a tailor and a manufacturer of BDSM-items, not to speak of all the sex he’d had and all the other kinky stuff that had happened. And, last but not least, Trevor and the B….

“Yes, of course. Sure, Grammy is a lot more open minded than I realized but I think she would draw the line at you flogging her grandson… or, you know, the nipple clamps and the plug and stuff.”

Harvey shuddered involuntarily, imagining himself getting battered by an old woman wielding a walking stick. He didn’t feel exactly at ease at the thought of meeting Edith Ross. If she knew about the nature of their relationship… no, he would never be able to look her in the eye.
“So, what have you told her?” the Dom wanted to know.

“I told her about Trevor’s call and your story about what had happened in the hotel. And me moving in with you because of it. And… the other stuff.”

“Other stuff? I really hope you mean our minor hiccups regarding our finances.”

Mike shrugged. For all his resolve to talk to Harvey about the contract, now that the time had come, he suddenly felt very uncomfortable again.

“Yes.” Mike let go of the wine glass and rubbed his hand through his hair. “Shit. Why is it so hard to talk with you about it? When I talked about it to Grammy, everything seemed so clear. But now, I don’t know. It still feels like I’m imposing on you.”

“Have you told your Grammy that I want to draw up a contract?”

“Yes. And she thought it was actually a good idea.”

“But you feel differently?”

Mike shook his head and shrugged again. “No, not exactly. It really helped to see your intentions put into writing. To know that you have thought everything through and are not doing this on a mere whim and maybe regretting it later. But I think the contract is too one-sided. I know that you’re the one with the huge paycheck and I know that it’s probably part of your Dom personality that you want to provide for me, but it’s not as if I can’t contribute anything at all. So I made a few changes.” Finally he met Harvey’s eyes apprehensively. “Please, I need you to take me serious and listen. It’s really important to me.”

Harvey smiled, relieved, and gave him a reassuring pat on his hand.

“That’s alright, Mike. That’s why I asked you to go over it. I want you to feel comfortable with our agreement. Its sole purpose is to make you feel more at ease with our situation. You can propose changes and we will talk about everything until we find a compromise we’re both satisfied with.”

That finally got a released smile from the sub. “Uhm…okay. Thank you. I made a few notes. They’re in my room.”

“Why don’t we clear the table first and I’ll make some coffee while you get your notes. Then we talk. Okay?”

“Yeah, okay.”

**********

Mike was sitting at the dining table inside, fiddling a little with the slightly crumpled pages while he waited for Harvey, like always not able to keep still even for a minute.

Initially, he had wanted to help Harvey with the coffee but the Dom had shooed him away and told him to get a legal notepad, some highlighters and the laptop from his desk, so they could finalize the agreement tonight to get it over with.

After an eternity - eight whole minutes (but who was counting?), Harvey finally joined him with two mugs of steaming coffee and sat down. To win some time, Mike picked up one of the mugs,
took a sip and tried to keep his face in check when the bitter brew assaulted his taste buds. Harvey, who was sitting at the head of the table perpendicular to him had no such qualms and let his disgust show clearly on his face after his first taste of the coffee on his tongue and hastily swapped their mugs.

“I know you have a sweet tooth, but three spoons of sugar is just disgusting,” he complained. “At this rate, you will be diabetic before you’re 30. I should cut you off, or at least wean you a little off it. One spoon per mug should really be enough for you.”

The sub shrugged unperturbed and savored the now perfect tasting sweet beverage. Since he used to live on Red Bull and other energy drinks, he didn’t really taste the sweetness any more. “Well, there’s no arguing for taste. And I work out a lot so I need a lot of energy.”

The Dom sighed, not able to challenge that statement. “Don’t I know it?” He glanced over to the grubby pages lying in front of Mike. “So, what have you got for me?”

He tried to reach out for them but Mike slammed his palm down hastily to keep them near him. “Can I just tell you which changes I want to make?” As soon as he saw his Dom’s face he knew that he had given himself away.

“Nope.” The Dom shook his head while a little smile slowly spread over his face. “Let me guess. You wrote some comments onto the contract and now you’re regretting your lip?”

“Sort of, Sir.” Mike blushed a little. Harvey just knew him too well.

Harvey made a “gimme” motion with his hand. “Too late for that, Puppy. Time to fess up. But maybe I will surprise you.”

Mike sighed. “In my defense, I was feeling a little hyper and tired at the same time when I wrote the notes. So please, don’t take them too seriously.”

“That remains to be seen.”

**********

Funnily enough, as soon as they began negotiating, Mike forgot his previous apprehension and stood up for the changes that were important to him. And Harvey, true to his word, backed off as soon as he understood something was a sore point for his sub and let him win some important battles.

In the end the first draft was riddled with hand-written add-ins, stricken words and, of course, Mike’s initial comments.

Key for distinguishing what was written by whom and when:
Harvey’s original draft

(Mike’s comments)

Mike’s add-ins in the contract

Harvey’s new add-ins in the contract

(Harvey’s comments)

Provisions contract

As long as Michael J. Ross is in a *relationship with Harvey R. Specter, Mr. Specter wishes to provide the following for Mr. Ross: (*romantic, sexy, kinky or naughty? That’s not really specific, Mr. Hot-Shot lawyer.)

(And what exactly does the R. stand for? Richard? Robert? Randolph? Can’t really see you as a Dick, Bob or even Randy. I guess it is something embarrassing since you never told me your middle name.)

Accommodations:

- It is Mr. Specter’s express wish that Mr. Ross moves in with him into the Manhattan condo because he wants Mr. Ross available to him as much as possible and in addition, he wants to keep Mr. Ross safe from harm.
- It is Mr. Specter’s explicit wish that Mr. Ross feels as comfortable and at ease as much as possible in their shared home.
- If Mr. Ross wants to make any changes regarding the configuration of his room or the configuration of the condo in general (e.g. smaller items like pictures, decorative items, photographs, books, etc.) he is allowed to do so at his own discretion within reason. Bigger changes regarding furniture, wall colors, flooring, etc. can be discussed with Mr. Specter at any time.
- If Mr. Specter or Mr. Ross wish to entertain guests in their shared living space it is considered polite for both of them, to notify the other party of their guest or guests, in advance if possible
- Mr. Specter will neither expect nor accept payment from Mr. Ross, either for rent of his private bedroom or the running costs of the condo.
- Should Mr. Specter and Mr. Ross at one point decide to move into another condo or house, the rules stated above will apply there as well. Additionally to that, Mr. Ross will be asked to help furnishing the new apartment / house so that he can feel truly at home.
- As stated above, Mr. Ross is not allowed to contribute financially to the shared condo. It is, however, expected of him to share the regular housework (everything not performed by the housekeeper) and it is demanded of him, that he keep the shared areas reasonably clean and orderly. Mr. Specter will adhere to the same rule. (Since you’re a neat-freak and I’m a slob this rule will most likely bite me in the ass big time. But I’ll try my best. And since we’re on topic, what happens if I destroy something by accident? Or if I want something for the condo? I want to be allowed to buy stuff, at least small things. Like, when I drop a plate or a glass I want to be allowed to buy a replacement. That’s only common curtesy.)
Should Mr. Ross wish to buy smaller items for everyday use (plates, glasses etc.), he is allowed to do so. (There, happy now?)

Provisions:

- Whenever Mr. Ross and Mr. Specter partake in a meal together, it is Mr. Specter’s wish to pay for said meal. Mr. Specter will order for the both of them should they eat in a restaurant and Mr. Ross will concede to Mr. Specter’s wishes regarding his nutrition. Mr. Specter is allowed to deny Mr. Ross any food or drink he deems unhealthy or dangerous for Mr. Ross. (We’ve been through this in the other agreement already although I have to say that the quinoa-thing was really devious.)
- The groceries in their shared condo will be exclusively mostly paid for by Harvey Specter. (What if I want to buy you some chocolates or something else as a gift? I mean, nothing expensive, just something small to make you smile. Or if I want to cook a meal for you and buy the ingredients myself? I want to be allowed to do that.)
- Mr. Ross is allowed to buy groceries or other small items of day to day life if he so wishes, as long as the items meet the standards regarding health and nutrition.
- Mr. Ross is allowed to add specific food items or drinks he is partial to, to the weekly shopping list but the final decision regarding their actual purchase lies with Mr. Specter. (Why doesn’t this surprise me? Like, at all?)
- Mr. Ross is allowed to buy his own food whenever he is not with Mr. Specter (during work hours or when he is out with friends etc.). However, the rules formerly agreed to in the relationship agreement regarding his nutrition will still apply.

Clothing and grooming:

- As stated before in the relationship agreement, Mr. Specter expects Mr. Ross to be dressed and groomed in a certain kind of way. The expenses for this are exclusively covered by Mr. Specter.
- Mr. Ross is expected to take care of the provided clothes and keep them neatly in his closet and dresser. (I guess my clothes lying around in my old apartment made an impression on you. But alright. I know I’m a slob so this rule kinda makes sense for someone with a clothing kink as big as the Mt. Everest.)
- Should a certain type of grooming become necessary without Mr. Specter noticing it immediately, it is expected of Mr. Ross to make Mr. Specter aware of it and / or take the necessary steps himself as soon as possible. (What does this mean? Like, if some hair starts growing back in certain areas or stuff like that?) (Hair on your head and body, manicure / pedicure if it becomes necessary, professional teeth cleaning, etc. Basically taking care of whatever makes my perfect boy look a little less perfect. And yes, that includes making, and more importantly, keeping your appointments with Natalie.)
- Mr. Ross is allowed to buy clothes for himself in addition to the clothes Mr. Specter will provide for him. The rules regarding his appearance when in the company of Mr. Specter as stated in the relationship agreement will remain to be in effect. He is allowed to buy his own everyday self-care products (shampoo, shower gel, tooth paste etc.) if he so wishes but he can put those products on the weekly shopping list as well.
Other financial matters:

- Mr. Specter wishes to counsel Mr. Ross on financial matters, but it is neither his wish nor is he allowed to take command over Mr. Ross’ private finances. Mr. Ross is required to discuss every bigger financial decision with Mr. Specter before undertaking certain steps, but he retains the final decision.

- Mr. Specter wishes to provide Mr. Ross with a credit card for emergencies as well as for everyday use like buying groceries, take-out food, for cab fares etc. (I think we need to talk about this. I understand why you want to do this but I’m really not comfortable with it. It feels too much like you’re giving me an allowance.)

- A credit card in the name of Mr. Specter and Mr. Ross will be provided for Mr. Ross. He is allowed to use said credit card for everyday use (e.g. cab fares, take-out food, groceries etc.) and in case of an emergency. The credit-card bill will be shown to Mr. Ross every month and should Mr. Ross wish to reimburse Mr. Specter for certain positions on said bill, he is allowed to do so without having to argue the point with Mr. Specter.

- Should Mr. Ross decide that he wants to continue with his studies and finish his degree (regardless which field of study or which degree) Mr. Specter wants to help him financially, either by granting him a loan (should Mr. Ross feel more comfortable with it) (You bet I do) or with providing for the whole expenses necessary. Mr. Ross will pay the loan back within a reasonable timeframe along with some interest which will be no less than 50% 25% of the average rate at the time the loan was given. In return, Mr. Specter expects Mr. Ross to take his studies seriously and excel in them in every way, worthy of the little genius he is. (No need to put that bit in. I wouldn’t let you down.)

- Mr. Specter wishes to be allowed to make gifts to Mr. Ross on certain occasions like his birthday etc. within reason. (Quid pro quo, Harvey. Turnaround is only fair.)

- In return, Mr. Ross will be allowed to do the same if he wishes to do so, within reason.

Mr. Specter is fully aware that Mr. Ross wants to remain as financially independent as possible, even though the different state of income between the two parties makes this difficult. Therefore he explicitly states, that his wish to provide for Mr. Ross is borne out of love, respect and the heartfelt need to care for him and not meant as a means to pressure Mr. Ross in any way. In order to make that absolutely clear, Mr. Specter promises to never bring the subject of their finances up to manipulate Mr. Ross in any way or to make him uncomfortable in any way by mentioning the money he has spent or will spend on Mr. Ross. Mr. Specter is willing to pay a fine personally to a charity of Mr. Ross’ choosing, should he violate this rule. (You know that I will never take your money, right? So this is kinda bullshit.)

Mr. Ross is in no way indebted to Mr. Specter, neither financially nor morally or in any other regard. Mr. Specter only expects Mr. Ross to adhere to the rules they previously agreed on in their relationship agreement and to rules common to every relationship (e.g. mutual respect, open communication, loyalty etc.). Should Mr. Ross and / or Mr. Specter end the relationship, all items Mr. Ross attained during their relationship will remain to be his and he can do with them as he chooses.

Signed:
They had argued and negotiated for more than an hour but in the end they knew it was a good deal, for the both of them. After they finally printed and signed the contract, each of them put their copy away; Mike in his own room and Harvey somewhere at his working area. When Mike came out again, Harvey was already waiting for him, leaning with his hip against the breakfast island. He crooked a finger at Mike and the sub obeyed instantly. Strong arms enveloped him in a tight embrace and Mike closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of being held.

“Thank you for letting me take care of you, Puppy.” Harvey’s voice sounded deep and a little growly in his ear, his sexy voice as Mike called it in his head.

“And thanks for putting up with me being so difficult about it,” he mumbled back into Harvey’s neck, while he nuzzled his face against it. He could feel the tiniest hint of stubble brushing against his forehead, one of very few indications his perfect Dom was actually human.

“So, can I take you to bed now, Puppy?”

“Thought you’d never ask, Sir.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and sticking with me for so long. It’s almost a year now since I published the first chapter and I can’t believe I’m still at it.

I really love to read your thoughts on my story, especially if you let me know when something in particular jumped out on you or pushed a button. And Kudos is also highly appreciated.

The next chapter is almost finished and I hope it will be published before too long.

Take care of yourselves and each other, stay healthy and don’t lose your spirits. If we stick together, we’re stronger than this virus.
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