The Road to Freedom

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Character: Robert Sugden, Aaron Dingle, Adam Barton, Nicola King, will tag more later - Character, Zak Dingle, Noah Tate, Charity Tate, Chas Dingle, Bob Hope, Victoria Barton, Jimmy King, Leyla Harding, Andy Sugden, Finn Barton, Sam Dingle, Carly Hope, Marlon Dingle, April Windsor, Cain Dingle, Lisa Dingle, Doug Potts
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by Stulot

Summary
He'd always felt it. But only now was he this needy. Or was that even the right label for it? Why not "affectionate" or simply "loving"?
Who could ever have predicted those words would be connected with Robert Sugden?
But it was Aaron who’d made him like this. It was all Aaron. Love of his life. Soulmate.
Partner, friend and lover.

Or

Robert has deep desires and needs to become Aaron's slave.

Notes

Well, here's the smut I promised :P

I wanted to keep this as canon as possible so everything that has happened up till June 10 in canon has in this story.
This takes place next summer. And as much as I like Liv and their little family, I needed her gone for this fic.
I'm sure you'll understand hehe.

Usually I don't start posting WIPs unless I know they're done. But I have almost 3 months off so this will be a good challenge for me to keep up with my writing. And I'm gonna try to not turn these into 10,000 word chapters like I did the last time hehe.
I'm not sure how many chapters there will be yet, but as soon as I do, I'll add it.

One more thing, I'll add tags as I go along- just ask if you have questions.
This might get heavy in some chapters but rest assure that this will be all consensual from start to finish.
Chewing on a pencil stub, Robert taps his fingers against his desk impatiently. Technically he's still on his lunch break but he wants to wrap things early before the weekend. The signals from the speaker phone rings out in the portacabin.

"Come oooon. Pick up". Old Anderson never does. His fingers are probably so fat and greasy he couldn't manage to press the button. Robert grins wickedly to himself, thinking of the constant sweat of Anderson's forehead, the persistent dabbing with his pale blue striped hanky. He pays well though. And they need the jobs he gives them. Who knew so much money could be made in hauling restored antiqued chimney pots across the country. And Europe sometimes.

That's what Robert had been good at ever since he'd bought Charity's share in the firm. Finding the unconventional jobs that brought in big money. Even Nicola was impressed, he could tell. Of course, she'd never admit it.

After 15 signals, he gives up. "Well fuck you" he mutters to the phone as he clicks it.

"Whoa" Adam laughs, catching Robert's complains as he enters the portacabin, the door slamming behind him. The small space really is too hot to use as a 9-5 office in the heatwave they're having and he's grateful for the puff of air the door causes when it shuts.

"Aaron's sold the lot" Adam holds up his phone, shaking it a little, as if to say he just called. Or texted. Or whatever. Point is, he contacted Adam and not him.

"Oh. That's good" he says, edging on sulking. Sometimes, it's still a competition between him and Adam. Not that Adam is aware of it. "He'll be home at six" he says, as if he's providing new information.

"Actually. He told me to let you know he's running a couple hours late".

Well fuck. Robert grumbles a few incoherent words, annoyed Adam knows before him.

"Couldn't really let go of Liv he said" Adam smiles.

Oh.

Robert melts. Forgives everything. It's odd how much you can miss someone who used to annoy you so much. But it happened. Liv and he became close. Friends even. Sometimes he couldn't help himself from drawing parallels between his life with Aaron and Liv to his old life with Chrissie and Lachlan. For the first time, no matter how many times they fell out with each other, he finally understood what family really meant. He's felt like a proper father to her. More than he'd ever done with Lachlan.

But in the end, she'd missed her mum too much. Now. They miss her.

Aaron had jumped at the opportunity to go to Ireland when Anderson had sold a chimney pot abroad. It meant he could meet Liv and sell a few items for the scrapyard too. Robert would have gone with him, but there was too much to do with the firm. They'd go later in the summer though.

After almost six days apart, his whole body is practically itching for his return. It's odd to think how
dependent he's become of him, how he hates the days apart. How he somehow resorts back to his angry too smug for his own good self when he's not around. Aaron doesn't just make his days better. He makes him better. He makes him feel more grounded. Safe. Calm.

"What are you doing this weekend then?" Adam asks, shuffling through a bunch of papers in one of the piles on his desk. How he ever manages to find anything in the constant mess is beyond Robert.

"Working on the house"

"Bit warm innit?"

"Well we kinda wanna move in." He scoffs, almost gives him an eye roll. Why is he even explaining this?

"Vic's already planning your first BBQ you know".

Robert smiles, chuckles a little at his sister's eagerness over him and Aaron finally living together properly, not just shacking up at the Woolpack. "Yeah I know".

... 

It's just after 3pm when he hangs up on another call, this time with a sigh. A difficult client demanding they lower their prices or they'll turn elsewhere. Nicola will kill him if he loses the contract so he's spent the last hour sweet talking them. He's not even sure it's worked. 15 minutes in to it, he wanted to say 'to hell with it' and hang up. The Haulage firm is doing good, earning what they should and more. Some days are so busy they've been talking about taking on someone new. At this rate, he and Nicola are going to have to find a new location to set up office. Scrap isn't much to look at, but still, he'll miss the view.

"Right I'm off" Nicola announces, gathering her things on her desk behind Robert. If they hadn't already been arranged that way when they moved in, he's pretty sure she placed it there so she could keep an eye on him over his shoulder.

She leaves early a lot. "A bit early innit?" he spins his chair a quarter, shooting her a questioning raised brow, and receives an annoyed look in return.

A defensive hand to the hip flies up. "You were the one who was ready to leave early a couple of hours ago".

"Yeah but not this early, plus, I worked through lunch" he explains annoyed.

"I'm going to pick up Angel if you must know. If you'd had kids you'd understand" she says, being more than a little condescending. Which he really doesn't understand, considering Jimmy is the one who takes care of their kids. "I'll see you Monday. And please have that report ready".

A year into it, she still treats him as an employee and not a business partner. It's amusing on some days, meaning he can mess with her. On others, like today, it's mostly tiring.

"You have a nice weekend then!" he calls after her as she slams the door shut to the cabin which feels more suffocating than usual.

They really do need a bigger office.

The report is already ready though.

...
All his plans on cooking a nice dinner for Aaron when he gets home are spoiled when he calls to say he'll be even later. There's a big traffic jam on the M62 that doesn't look to clear up anytime soon.

Instead he ends up on the bed in Aaron's room, well their room really - he hasn't really left since they got back together.

The room is filled with boxes, ready to be moved to their house. Feeling a bit overexcited about the purchase, he'd started packing them months ago when the deal had gone through, without realizing how much work there was to get done - which Aaron insisted on doing themselves despite Robert wanting to throw money at the problem - meaning he was constantly packing and unpacking them to find his things. Not the best idea he's ever had. He can't wait to get rid of them.

Mindlessly, he scrolls through his Facebook, taking the last bite of his chicken sandwich. Not exactly the dinner he had planned. He's saved the other half for Aaron in the fridge. Charity better not get her claws on it. Or Noah who hasn't been taught manners. The sooner they can move, the better.

There's an array of cute puppies and people fighting over their political views - nothing new really, he's bored within a few minutes. The tv is the same, nothing interesting enough to catch his attention for more than five minutes. Pushing the plate aside, he sinks further down on the bed, adjusting the pillows behind him a little. They're definitely getting new ones, these aren't fluffy or big enough.

The laptop sits on the chair beside the bed. Calling for him. His attempt to distract himself with the phone and TV are pathetic really. Has been all week. He stares at it, contemplates if he should give in today as well. Knowing that he will but feeling guilty all the same.

He gets under the covers, places the laptop on his knees but makes sure to add a book under it, the last thing he needs is for the computer to crash from the heat. He's not sure what he'll curse the loudest over if it does; his job files or his saved bookmarks getting lost. All the bookmarks with the pages he's been toying with all week. The stories, the community, the suggestions. The Q 'n' A and every other little bit he can find. They pull him in. Makes his heart ache of lust and eyes almost cry with longing.

He's been here before, too many times. The itching. Like a black hole that wants to eat him from inside. Every relationship he's ever had have failed because of him. Because he's been selfish and greedy but also because it's never been enough. No one has been able to still his needs. He hasn't always known what they were either. Katie was always way too innocent. Andrea the same. Jamie tried, she did but it was never enough or genuine. Chrissie was certainly wilder but it was aimed in the wrong direction. Then Aaron. With his rough hands, and shoving him against walls, and eager kisses claiming him. For the first time, his knees had gone weak and some of his needs had been stilled. No wonder he had followed him like a lovesick puppy.

He loves sex with Aaron. He really really do. It's everything he's never had before. Even so, when they're apart, his mind keeps slipping into other things. To thoughts he keeps well hidden when they're together. Even though they're no strangers to some mild bondage, it's not the same as this. This thing he can't voice. He's a coward, he knows he is. But it's a fantasy, that's all it really is, he tells himself, ignoring the itching and his raised pulse every time he dives into its world. And he'll be damned if he'll lose Aaron over some silly fantasy.

He opens several tabs. The forums will have to be enough. Somehow.

He's definitely lost track of time because it's nearly dark outside when he hears familiar steps on the stairs, heavy boots under creaking floorboards. Panicking, he shuts the laptop, places it back on the
chair and picks up his phone, pretending to casually look through it as Aaron opens the door, looking tired and sweaty. Robert gulps, because fuck they haven't seen each other for days and fuck Aaron looks good in his black tight tshirt.

Not leaving the bed, he shuffles closer to where Aaron drops his bags. "Hey baby" standing on his knees on the bed, he reaches out for him eagerly. When did he become this needy?

"Missed me?" Aaron smirks, already knowing the answer, and wraps his arms around Robert's waist. They kiss, briefly. Not at all long enough after six days apart. "Fuck I'm tired" Aaron says, pulling back slightly, shaking his head as if he's trying to wake himself up.

Robert's in his boxers because anything else is too warm, no matter how many windows are opened. It doesn't take long for Aaron to catch his lingering erection.

"Someone's keen. Or were you just watching porn again?" Aaron teases with a wink and pulls off his own jeans, throwing them over the nearest box.

A+ for knowing him. B- for not having a clue. Well, he guess he can't really grade him on something he's not aware of. "A little" he answers, flirtation in his tone, covering any trace of self-doubt.

Aaron chuckles, pinches Robert's dick lightly through the fabric as he bites his teeth together playfully, eyes sparkling. It turns him hard again.

"Hey - " Aaron exclaims, picking something out of the bag on the floor. "Look what I found. Sold it to me for practically nothing" he beams, holding the water faucet for Robert to take. "She's a beauty isn't she?".

"She?" Robert laughs a little, sits back on his calves and takes the copper piece from his boyfriend's hands. He turns it over, looking at it from every angle. Ever since they had bought the house, Robert had suggested to go old fashion with the faucets and ever since Aaron has been on a mission at every place he visits through work. "It's really really nice. Hardly needs any cleaning" he states after a thorough exam.

"I think it's perfect for the kitchen" Aaron says, looking proud over his find.

"Mmm" Robert nods. "Just gotta install the bloody thing first" he sighs. The prospect of spending the next few days indoors isn't all too thrilling. Adam is right, it is too hot.

Aaron says nothing, lets him have his moment of negativity. It's usually for the best.

"Well I need a shower- " he wiggles his eyebrows, leans closer and kisses Robert "Wanna join me and catch up?"

The tone in his voice makes his dick twitch again. Aaron doesn't need to ask twice.

…

They stay cool for about five minutes after the shower, which he spent with a semi, Aaron not wanting to give in. Turns out, he had other plans as they're now back in bed, Aaron on top of him. Tying his hands to the headboard.

"Ouch, that's kinda hard" he says, but finding that he doesn't really care.

"Yeah well, you're suppose to be still aren't you?" Aaron smirks at him and has that devious look upon his face. That tells him that any minute now, he'll be completely gone.
This isn't new. He's been tied down before. Plenty of times even. First time it happened, it happened on a whim, they'd gotten back from a business dinner, Aaron pulling his tie off, feeling extra playful from wine and whiskey.

After that first time, he'd been careful to ask for it again, not wanting to reveal too much of what his real likes are. Lately however, the requests for it had been more frequent. The more stress he feels from work, the more he relies on Aaron to wash it away. This was one way. The fantasies another.

"Oh my god" Robert squirms as Aaron pushes a second finger into him.

"Hush" Aaron giggles somewhere above him.

"I'm so tired of staying quiet. We need to move Aaron. I'll...mmff...I'll take a few weeks off, fix the whoo..oole thing myself” he pants. Right now, he'll say anything.

"I'm sure you will”.

"I will- fuck”. A third finger. He wants to touch himself so badly. Or touch Aaron. Either works. But he can’t and it drives him absolutely insane.

"You know” Aaron's voice whispers, seductive "All those rooms, just for us. I think -” he says as he withdraws his fingers and gently replaces them with the familiar toy, "we're going to have to work through them all” he pushes the plug all the way in. Two seconds later the vibrations shoot through Robert's body. Fuck fuck fuck.

"Nice and hard” Aaron smiles content, kisses the tip of his throbbing cock. "Hang on” he jumps from the bed.

"Aaron” Robert whimpers as the pressure from his body leaves him. The pressure he can't get enough of.

"It's here I think” Aaron says, rummaging through a couple of the boxes in the biggest pile. "Got it” he says triumphantly, spinning a cock ring around his finger. "I knew it was in there somewhere”. He gets back to bed, lowering the ring around Robert's cock and pulls the string tight, eliciting a moan from Robert.

Aaron straddles him, grabs the lube from the nightstand and scoots up closer to his face. The moment Aaron lightly slaps his cock against his cheek he's gone, all pliant and limp. His arms are well above his head and he's unable to move, his chest is pinned down from Aaron's weight. All he can do is reach out his tongue and hope for more. Aaron teases him a little, lets him taste him so quickly Robert lets out an embarrassing whimper when Aaron's cock slips from his mouth.

Aaron snorts quietly, pouring out a good portion of lube onto his fingers. "You sure are greedy for a bit of cock, aren't ya?” he teases, and raises himself up a bit so he can slip a finger inside himself.

Robert wants to sulk but as Aaron leans forward he gets his reward. Closing his eyes, he hums around it. The angle is a bit weird but he takes it as deep as he can, being far from enough. He can hear Aaron's breathing becoming laboured. The vibration on the butt plug increases a bit more, enough to make him suck harder. He holds it still in his mouth, lips pressed tight around it, refusing to let go, loves the feeling it provides. One of absolute surrender.

He tries tilting his head up, getting to taste more. Go deeper. Loves the way the air cuts off at a certain point, how thick his saliva becomes. He pushes through those extra seconds until he has to let go, find air again. He gasps, almost wants to cry over how good it feels.
He doesn't get a chance to taste it again as Aaron's opened himself enough to sit back on his own hard dick. One sensation gets replaced by another as he sinks deeper into Aaron.

"Fuck!" he yells, arms snapping against their restraints.

Aaron smirks, frowns, lets his jaw drop in pleasure, every emotion mixed in there. How the fuck can a human be so damn sexy? Robert doesn't deserve this perfection. This amazing being.

Aaron has taken all of him and he pants a little harder, sits still for a few seconds. Robert's dick twitches inside him, he can almost feel the vibrations from his own ass shooting through him. It's all too much when Aaron starts moving.

"You feel so good" Aaron leans forward, kissing his neck, still keeping up a steady rhythm.

"Mfrrth lfk swl" he can hear himself answering back, not really caring if he actually formed words or not.

"Rob. Hey, look at me" Aaron demands. "You good?"

"Mmm” he nods lazily and feels a stupid grin forming. Too good. He tilts his head slightly back, revealing his throat to Aaron. Begging.

"Oh my god" Aaron laughs. "So needy”. He doesn't need convincing though as he gently wraps a hand across his throat, pressing just a little. At the same time, Aaron ups the vibrations. Bastard.

"You like that?"

"Mmm" Throwing his head back, Robert hums. Completely lost within the sensation, there's still a voice inside, an ache, of wanting more more more.

The images from the forums pops back up in his head, and he comes fast and explosive, almost hurting his wrists as his whole body cramps from the orgasm. He clamps down on the plug and it just makes it that more intense. His eyes fly open just in time to catch Aaron coming hard, his eyes squeezing shut, his fist pumping out the last bit of cum. Lazily, he drags a finger against Robert's stomach where it has landed, reaches it up to his mouth and lets Robert lick it off.

The vibrations finally stop.

His hands are untied, and it's a little uncomfortable when he lifts down his arms again.

Aaron unwraps the bog roll around his hand, wiping the mess he's made on Robert away. He sticks another piece into Robert's hands to let him wipe away the lube between his cheeks.

Robert throws the paper to the floor, then wraps his long limbs across Aaron's body. ”Mm..monkey” he mumbles into Aaron's neck, already half asleep. ”That was so fucking good" he sighs satisfied.

"You're such a sub, do you know that?” Aarons laughs. "Who knew ey?"

"Whatever” he blocks Aaron's teasing, feeling his face crimson, his heart palpitate and he digs himself further down into the pillows, trying to hide. He doesn't even know half of it. This is enough though, it has to be.

Aaron kisses his cheek, drawing a tiny smile from him. ”Night, baby”.

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The vibrations finally stop.
They're up at the crack of dawn, before the sun will make working too unbearable. Zak has joined them too, currently fitting the carpet in their bedroom to be. Robert was a bit reluctant on letting him do the job, wanting professionals for the expensive item he's picked out, but it turns out Zak actually knows what he's doing. He's mumbling figures to himself, as Robert shifts a huge flat-pack into the upstairs hallway.

Aaron's cursing reaches them all the way from the kitchen and Zak chuckles, "His mouth is worse than our Cain's".

Robert's pretty sure that's quite bad, but under the circumstances, he's forgiven. Although, he brought it on himself. Had it been up to him, they would have just bought a ready-made kitchen, let someone else install it. Aaron however thought it was a waste of money because with a custom faucet, sink and handles, no one will tell if the cabinets are from some "fancy ass store or IKEA". Meaning, he's in the kitchen, putting 17 cabinets together.

"Robert!"

Zak and Robert look towards the stairs.

"You better go son, sounds like you're in trouble" Zak laughs, wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

He sighs a little, then descends the stairs, two steps at a time. "What?" he asks before he rounds the corner into the kitchen. Aaron has created a fortress of kitchen cabinets around himself, making it impossible to enter the kitchen more than a feet. If only he had the cowboy hat and toy gun left from Pete's stag do, the image would be complete.

"The thing. I need to find it. It's gone"

Thing? Pinching the bridge of his nose, trying to stay calm, he asks "Well what does the thing look like?" He usually has much more patience, but Aaron's an expert of losing things, and he's feeling himself getting hangrier by the minute. It's the heat's fault really.

Aaron throws the instruction across the room, but not nearly hard enough because the pages flaps and lands inside a cabinet, making it impossible to reach. "Oh for fuck sake" Aaron sighs annoyed.
He would never admit it, but Robert knows he's getting hungry too. They're as bad as each other.

After a quick look around, Robert finds about five more of the same instruction, all within an arm's reach.

"It's that thing"

"What thing?"

"That flat bolt thing with a cross on it"

"This?"

"No" More frustration. "Up. To the left. Yes, that – no left, that one" Aaron instructs as Robert points.

"Aaron, I'm pretty sure it's close to where you put it. I can't really come in there and help you can I?" Robert sighs, feeling his annoyance rise. He's usually a lot more patient when Aaron gets in one of his moods, but not today. If this heatwave doesn't leave soon, he swears he'll pack their bags and buy a one way ticket for Iceland. Apparently it's supposed to be quite chilly there even in the summer.

"Well cheers for nothing".

"Oh come on. I gotta go do the wardrobes upstairs. They're even bigger than these tiny things" Robert huffs, somehow managing to turn it into a competition.

"We can't all be giraffes and do the tall things" Aaron mutters, leaving him feeling just a tad guilty.

It's not the best start of the day, and he should probably just go back downstairs and apologize. But he's tired, they both are. Not of sleeping, but of the house. Well, not the house, but the tireless work it requires. At least there's a finishing line in sight. The builders will finish up in the two bathrooms, and the electrician will be there next week to install new, and look over old, outlets. That's a job, no matter how many times Zak had tried convincing him they didn't need professionals for it and that he was more than qualified, he let someone else take care of.

They've spent every weekend and as many evenings as possible working on it. They've stripped, ripped and sanded away years of dust and tear. Layers and layers of old paint and wallpaper vanishing under their fingers. Then more buffing and sanding. New coats of paint. Nicer skirting boards; Aaron wasn't bothered, Robert insisted. New hardwood floors in all of the rooms, except their bedroom, and the bathroom which will be completely tiled.

As soon as the kitchen gets done, and the water plugged in, they should be able to move in. The outdoor areas, they'll work on next year. As well as the basement.

The thought of the basement sends a shiver down Robert's spine, throwing him back to last night and the stories he'd read. Basements, dungeons, blindfolds, kneeling. It all tumbles through his head and he has to fight to shake them all away. Concentrate on the here and now.

He rips open the little plastic bag of screws and bolts, pours out the content on the floor and opens the instruction which has the information on how many there should be of each item. Apart from there being a few extra nails in it, it all adds up exactly.

With a bit of effort, he manages to spread the big sheets of laminated plywood that will form the sides of the wardrobe on the floor in the hallway. They're supposed to be in the guest bedroom, but it's far too crowded in there for the work space he needs. He squats down again, picks the instruction
back up. There's still a dull feeling of vibrations spreading through his ass when he sits down and his mind keeps going back to things it shouldn't. Not even Zak singing along to the radio in the next room stops him.

Come on Robert, stop being such a perv, he thinks, willing himself back to reality. Nicola's reports, Anderson's sweaty upper lip, Jimmy in the nude (that memory will never fade away), anything to keep his mind away from where it shouldn't be.

Just read the bloody instructions.

"I think I'm done in here" Zak suddenly says behind him. He's standing in the doorway, scratching his cheek, before he turns and disappears into the room.

"That was fast" Robert comments, presses his hands to his knees to get up, and follows Zak to the bedroom where he's gathering his tools.

The carpet is thick, luxurious. Light grey, kinda purple. It's fitting for a posh hotel and with the dark furniture Robert's picked out, that's exactly what it's gonna feel like. No shoes allowed. "It looks good Zak" he nods, examining the corners and where the water pipes breaks through the floor. "I'll admit it, I'm impressed. You've done a great job" he says, sounding as if he's back at Home Farm playing lord of the manor, being way too formal than the situation requires. The Dingle clan still makes him nervous and he can't help himself from retrieving to the only defence mode he knows; over the top confident, smarmy, an I'm-better-than-you persona. The one that makes him so good at his job. "Thank you" he smiles, struggling to sound more familiar. "Aaron and I will have to come up with some way to thank you". And the business side is back.

Zak laughs with his whole belly, slaps him on the back, clearly noticing his nervousness. "That's alright son. We're all about give and take in this family. I'll be sure to call in a favour sometime".

Robert gulps, smiles strained, looking a little constipated. A favour in the Dingle family could mean anything from "lending" someone a couple of grand, to robbing a warehouse.

"If there's naught else -" Zak looks around expectantly.

"Uhm" Robert frowns, bites his lip and looks around too, as if he's trying to come up with some job that needs doing. "Not for now, maybe later".

"I'll be going then".

"Cheers Zak. Appreciate it" Robert smiles, commending himself for not sounding too business stiff.

He hears Zak and Aaron talking downstairs as he goes back into the bedroom to look at the carpet once more. It really does look good. He runs his hands over it; it's smooth and soft and he can't wait for his bare feet to hit it every morning. Can't wait for his knees to make soft dents to it on Aaron's side of the bed. Fuck!

Jolting, he leaps up, backs so fast out of the bedroom he runs into Aaron.

"Whoa, what are you doing!"

Robert spins around, flustered. "Sorry, nothing. Nothing. Thought I saw a spider".

Aaron's face scrunches, and he stares at him as if he's gone mad. It's not entirely false. "You what?" he laughs. "You're not afraid of spiders".
"It was big though" he lies, measuring it between his thumb and index finger.

"Alright, if you say so" Aaron snorts, eyes filled with humour and questions.

.. They eat their lunch in the shadow of the side of the house, sitting on some boards previously removed from the house, wary of the rusty nails sticking up from them.

Robert takes a generous swig from the water bottle. It's lukewarm, but it does its job. The sun is high on the sky, making work impossible in the house at the moment. If there's gonna be more summers like these to come, he'll make sure they'll build a pool, or at least a porch with a generous hot tub they can cool down in. It will all have to wait. Currently, the garden is all brown grass, dirt and sand, looking more than a little pitiful. There are some battered rose bushes in desperate need of trimming, an old table that has seen better days, the previous owner must have left it behind, and a couple of apple trees and over grown flowerbeds that will require a lot of tlc.

Removing his tshirt, he leans back against the wall, the wood scratching against his skin. Aaron does the same, only his tshirt stays on. Robert folds his left leg over his right, takes a bite of his apple and closes his eyes, enjoying the rest. "Furniture will arrive in a couple of weeks" he states cheerfully. Aaron already knows, but it's a good reminder to them both that their hard graft will soon be over.

"Mmm" Aaron sighs.

Gathering strength for the afternoon shift they sit quietly for a while, instead listening to sounds around them; a lonely bird chirping from the edge of the forest. A fly buzzing persistently around them, the soft wind swaying the meadow at the edge of the garden. It's a far cry from the busy environment they're used to live in. The house is located just a few minutes outside the village, close enough to walk to the pub, far enough not to be disturbed by any sounds or nosy neighbours.

"You know-" Aaron breaks the silence, voice a little teasing. Robert knows that tone. "I reckon that table needs christening."

Robert's eyes open, turns to Aaron who smiles. "What?" He's pretty sure he heard him right, even so, best to check.

Aaron leans over, whispers in his ear, "I said, I wanna fuck you over that table". He points his forehead towards the table in the corner of the garden. Next to an apple tree. It looks like it's gonna break any second.

Clearing his throat gives Robert just enough time to go from absolutely panicking over Aaron's demanding voice to calming himself down to confidently reply "Twenty pounds says you can't go any longer than five minutes in this heat".

Aaron chuckles, momentarily drops his head towards the ground, smiling so wide it makes Robert's heart sing. Aaron looks up again, biting his lip. "You're on".

He gets to his feet and reaches out his hand for Robert to take, counterbalancing backwards as he helps him stand. They fall into an embrace, Aaron's hands immediately finding their way into the back of Robert's work shorts so he can press them close together. Aaron kisses his naked chest before pushing him away. "Off you go then" he says jokingly, causing Robert to laugh. "I'm gonna get the lube".

"It's in the office".
"I know!" Aaron shouts over his shoulder, laughing. They're really doing this then. It's embarrassing to admit, but he's already hard as stone. The table really does look like it will break if you add any pressure to it he establishes when he looks it over closer. Its screws seem quite lose as he grabs it with one hand to shake it. It's right beside a tree but it doesn't offer any sort of seclusion, potentially giving anyone who would drop in at the right moment a free show. That thought makes his cock bob. Feeling way too constraint, he opens the buttons on his shorts, pushing down his boxers a little bit.

"Hey, who said you could start without me?" Aaron shouts from the house, waving the bottle of lube around. Normally, he doesn't find anything this quickly.

"Wow, that was fast" Robert mocks.

"Got an important meeting haven't I?"

Robert snorts loudly from the cheesiness as Aaron approaches him. Without words, he pushes him roughly backwards against the tree, the loose bark clinging to his sweaty back, before attacking his neck with kisses, sighing into it.

"Aaron..." slips from his lips softly. How is it even possible that he can do this to him? To just with a few kisses, make him completely weak under his touch. He used to be the one in charge, always. But now, this, Aaron – he floats away.

Aaron's hands are as desperate as he feels like, when they eagerly roam all over his body, pressing and scratching. His eyes keep fluttering close under the sensation, shutting completely when Aaron drops to his knees, pulling his shorts and boxers down as he does. They've had sex outdoors before, but not like this, not him being completely naked in an open area for anyone to see. A rush of complete awareness of just how naked he really is rushes through him as a gentle breeze caresses his body.

As Aaron wraps his lips around his cock, all self-consciousness is wiped away. His long fingers press through his gelled curls, slowly dropping to the back of his head, carefully begging for more. Aaron double taps on his left calf, making him step out of his clothes as he nudges his legs a little farther apart.

Swirling his tongue around the glans a few more times, Aaron retracts, the action causing Robert to open his eyes, seeing him gaze up at him with loving blue eyes. "Fuck you're gorgeous" he says, voice sincere.

Robert's eyes droops, the corner of his mouth curling into a stupid grin. Aaron's lips find his inner thigh, peppers it with a few kisses then to Robert's surprise, he bites him. Gently at first, then harder, causing his entire body to jerk and his eyes snap open.

Looking down, he can see Aaron grinning, before he bites him again, hard enough to leave a mark. "Jeez!" he shouts from the pain and pleasure, hands flying up to Aaron's head, not sure if they wanna press it closer or pull it away.

"I know you like it" Aaron smirks, coating a couple of fingers with lube.

Aaron knows. He knows. Shit shit fuck. His heart is about to pound out of his chest when Aaron presses both fingers inside him, curling them forward, pushing. "Fuck, babe!" he exclaims, nearly banging his head against the tree.
Aaron softly chuckles at his reaction. Pumping his fingers up and down, he takes Robert’s cock in his mouth again, sweat mixing with saliva. He scissors his fingers, opening him up, adding a third quickly.

"Come on” he says, standing up, pausing to kiss Robert, before he nods to the table. "Arms across the table”.

Robert does what he's told without hesitation. Behind him he can hear Aaron fiddling with his belt and the bottle of lube. "Prepare to pay up baby” he says, swatting his ass.

Robert can't help himself, "You’ve not started yet”. His cheek gets pressed down onto the table, the sun burning into his back as Aaron align himself behind him. He's pretty sure this is a lost bet.

Aaron leans forward, whispers husky into his ear, "Like I said, prepare to pay up”. Then, he pushes his cock about halfway inside, pausing to kiss his way down the nape of his neck. When he presses in completely, he bites long and hard on the meat right between his shoulder blades, causing Robert to twitch his body forward but he's held in place by Aaron's hands on his hips.

"Fu-“ Robert breathes, getting a satisfied ”Mm” in return as Aaron slowly starts thrusting. The table rocks ominously, Robert's pretty sure that if it breaks, he'll have splinters to pick out for the next week. His own hard-on is pressed against the edge of it, the rough wood scraping into his skin, likely leaving red marks. Even so, the pain turns him on even more.

Aaron stops. Long enough for Robert to look back, wondering, "You're not giving up already are you?"

"Shut up. Cramp" he explains annoyed, slamming even harder into Robert when he picks up the pace again.

Robert's brain short circuits. Every sensible thought is replaced by a mix of hot sun, rough wood, saliva leaking from his mouth, harder harder, the smell of the garden, Aaron's grunts somewhere in the distant, sun, fucking, wood, come, smells, come, now, fuck. A hand through his hair, fingers carding gently, nails scratching his scalp. "Pull" he hears himself begging. "Please...”. And as Aaron's fingers grab his hair, tugging his head back, his eyes squeeze shut, his whole body trembling, nearly tossing himself off of the table.

A moment later, Aaron stills, too. Sighing, he leans forward, kissing Robert at the corner of his mouth. "Yeah yeah, I know” Robert smiles. "I owe you twenty”.

Then, the table collapses underneath them, both of them tumbling into a heap on the grass. Robert can't remember when he heard Aaron laugh so much.

Miraculously, they escape without either splinters, broken bones, or scraped knees. Robert promises to get the rounds in all evening as payment to Aaron. They also find enough energy to finish assembling the kitchen cabinets and wardrobes. Tomorrow, they will mount them to the wall. After a long day, they’re back in the pub. Robert's in the shower, washing away sweat, and dirt, and dried come between his ass and on his thighs. His dick is marked by an angry red line from the table. It doesn't even bother him. The water is not nearly as cold as he needs it to be. He's getting hard again, thinking of Aaron biting him. Already wanting more. They've never done that before, haven't even discussed anything like it, Robert always being scared of revealing too much. What if Aaron likes it too though, he's dominate when he wants to, what if-. He splashes his face with water; don't
even go there. Don't get your hopes up. Just focus on what you have. Today was absolutely amazing.

The water drips to the floor around him when he steps out of the shower, pulling down a towel from the rack, nearly taking Aaron's wet one with it. He better get dressed quickly so he has the time to pay Aaron in pints and crisps. His stomach rumbles from hunger too.

"I need food, we're eating in the pub right?" Robert asks when he comes back to the bedroom, toweling off his hair with one towel, another hanging low around his waist.

He immediately stops when he sees Aaron on the bed, one leg tucked under him, but more importantly, he has his laptop resting on his knees. "I was gonna check the weather, my phone's not charged" Aaron explains quietly, his voice sounding off. Not angry or serious, just not like himself.

No no no. The tabs. He never closed them. Too busy to hide what he was doing last night when Aaron came home. His mouth falls ajar, eyes practically popping out of his skull.

Aaron turns the laptop around for Robert to see. "You wanna talk about it?" he asks carefully but all Robert can register is bestslavetraining.com staring back at him with its bold blue letters.

He freezes, can't even feign innocence or retrieve his cocky self to save himself.

Aaron knows.

Chapter End Notes

omg omg omg :O :O I think Robert needs to open up to Aaron now, don't you? ; ) (pun intended? LOL)
Talking

Chapter Summary

Robert finally opens up and they share a long honest conversation.

Chapter Notes

Clearly, I'm feeling inspired as I can't stop writing on this at the moment. Your lovely comments are certainly helping too to keep me going haha. Thank you :*

No smut in this ch I'm afraid my little dirty birds, but a conversation that was long overdue!

If he could sink through the floor he would.

They stare at each other; Aaron looking for an answer, Robert not prepared to give him one.

It takes him a good minute to snap out of his trance and when he does he throws the towels aside, opens the wardrobe and grabs the first boxers he can find, hurriedly yanking them on. ”We should get going, I think my stomach will start a riot if it doesn't get food soon” he grins. Everything is normal and nothing has changed.

”Robert...”

”I think I'll have the cheeseburger. No wait, Vic's working tonight. Marlon does the burger better. Pie then”. Breathe.

”Robert”.

”Should we call Adam? He might already be there waiting for Vic to finish her shift though”.

”Robert!” Aaron finally yells loud enough to make him stop, his voice echoing through the room before it goes very quiet again, only a quiet murmur from the pub seeks its way up through the floor boards.

Robert leans his forehead against the wardrobe, closes his eyes, tries to collect himself. It's too late to talk his way out of it, his nervous state has already revealed him. He could just run out, avoid it completely, but that hardly seems like a practical option seeing as they've bought a house together. That only leaves being honest.

He takes a deep breath, turns his head slightly towards Aaron, forehead still glued to the wardrobe. ”Ok, look. I found it last night, it was just a little fun”. More lies. The look on Aaron's face tells him he doesn't believe him either. ”I look at porn sometimes, you know that. You do too!” . Now he's just trying to shift the attention. He really is a coward underneath every layer.

Aaron puffs, offended ”Yeah, we do, but this isn't about that is it”. He pinches his nose. ”Look,
you're clearly upset. So this obviously means something. Talk to me” he encourages, voice shifting from annoyed to soft in the effortless way only Aaron can.

Usually he's the one for quick comebacks, but not this time. Now he's rendered mute. His mouth is dry as sandpaper and as soon he starts forming words, it closes again, only little pathetic breaths coming out of it. Dressed in nothing more than underwear he's suddenly feeling exposed, so he pulls on one of Aaron's t-shirt that lie closest. Closing his eyes briefly, he draws a deep breath and turns towards Aaron, mouth still opening and closing like a fish on dry land. "I...". He reaches out for the towel thrown over one of the moving boxes, giving his hands a distraction. "I don't know what to say" he finally shrugs, fingers picking at the label on the towel.

"Come on Rob, it's not like you to be this shy” Aaron smiles at him and he could kiss him for being so calm about it. Still, he stays quiet. Aaron looks down to the computer, nods once as if trying to say 'ok then' before turning the screen back to him, clicking on it a couple of times. Then he turns it back, showing another site Robert had been browsing; '128 Basic Slave Rules', and once again he wants to sink through the floor. Until Aaron says, "Would it help you talk if I say number 26 on this list is really fucking hot?"

His head snaps up, staring intently at Aaron, searching for any signs of dishonesty. There's none to find. 'My Master's cum must never go to waste'. That's what number 26 says. He's memorized the list up until 52; 'I am my Master's greatest treasure'. "Really?" he asks, voice trembling slightly, still unsure what Aaron's admission really means.

"Yes" Aaron's voice is loud, clear, as if he really wants Robert to hear him.

It doesn't necessarily mean anything though. "Ok” Robert nods slowly, pressing his lips together. Then snorts, "You must think I'm a real weirdo for looking at that stuff" he tilts his head at the computer, eyebrows lifting, fighting to keep the conversation light.

"We already know you are, and there are StarWars bed sheets in them boxes to prove it” Aaron jokes, trying to lighten the mood.

"How many times, they were a silly gift from Vic!"

They both laugh, filling the room with easier air to breathe.

Robert sits down, glancing at the screen, noticing kink.com and fetlife being open as well, feeling the embarrassment of the possibility of Aaron having read his profile. Please please don't let it be so. Closing the lid, he takes the computer from him, not wanting him to get the wrong idea. It can be a bit intense for anyone. "Look - ” he places the computer behind them on the bed, rubbing his eyes with one hand, "I do like...those sites...the things there...uhm...I uhm. A lot. I like it a lot.” There, he's said it. Now the rest. He takes another deep breath, leans forward to rest his elbows on his knees, hands clasping together. Praying. "It's not something new, I've always liked that stuff. I mean, well not always, but for a long time, and before that, I liked it without really having a name for it”. He nearly wants to vomit but he's actually doing it. For the first time ever he's sharing the one secret that's been hidden away the longest. For some pathetic reason, a tear slips from the corner of his eye, unfortunately not going unnoticed by Aaron.

"Hey” Aaron wedges his hand in between his, weaving their fingers together. "There's nothing to be ashamed of here. Ok yeah, I wasn't quite prepared to find all that when I wanted to see if this fucking heat will let go or not, I'll admit that” Aaron chuckles briefly. "But I'm glad I did. I wanna know all of you” He shifts a little closer. "We need to be open with what we like. Listen to me ey, being all talkative” he laughs when he catches himself.
"Guess those therapy sessions paid off then" Robert finally jokes, receiving an elbow in his waist for it. "Ow" he laughs. Lets his stressed mind rest a little before it goes somber again. His hands let go of Aaron's. "I've never told anyone any of this" he shakes his head.

"Why not?"

"Not exactly been with anyone who I felt I could tell. Let alone act on it".

"How can you be so sure?"

"I just know".

"But-"

"Aaron, they've not exactly tied me down, fucked me and bit me till I almost bled, if you know what I mean. And if you hadn't found it, I would have never said anything to you either. So trust me, I know".

His heart plunges when he feels Aaron moving away, even if it's just a couple of inches. "I'm sorry you feel you can't talk to me" he says sadly which makes Robert feel like the worst dick head.

"No God" Robert turns to him. "I'm sorry. It's not you. I just". He clenches his jaw. "It's just been buried for so long, I'm used to hiding it".

"Isn't it exhausting?" Aaron looks at him with eyes that dig into his heart.

"What is?" he snifflles.

"Hiding".

For a nanosecond it's as if the world stops turning, before it spins with full force, slamming Robert's body in all directions. Then he crumbles, lost in shakes and tears. "Yes." he cries, digging his face into his palms. Then the words just come pouring, "It's never been enough Aaron. Every relationship. It's failed because of me. Because I couldn't... I couldn't. And I've tried so much. Every time. I swear I have. And I'm so scared of losing you because my stupid brain-" he says, knuckles hitting his forehead, two, three times, "just wants more. That I will leave you. Just like everyone else I've left, because nothing was ever enough. And it scares me so much because I love you Aaron. I've never loved anyone the way I love you. I don't want to leave, I don't-" he rattles off without catching his breath.

"Hey, hey, hey. Calm down. No one will leave anyone" Aaron comforts, rubbing at his back.

He tries breathing, but it's wobbly and uneven even when he leans down between his legs. Snot runs down his upper lip and he catches it with his sleeve before it reaches his mouth.

Aaron continues, "You say you want more, but you gotta tell me exactly what 'more' is. I can't help you unless you do".

Aaron actually wants to help him? He sinks back into his hands, clenching his eyes hard, white and red spots forming on his cornea. He tries counting them, tries staying focused but they slip away along with his racing thoughts. It's too much, he doesn't even know where to begin.

Carefully, Aaron peels back his arm, forcing him to look at him. There's no judgment in his eyes. A little puzzlement maybe. Curiosity even. He gnaws on his lip, not entirely sure what to say. He so badly wants to cover his face again, hide, because this is just too awkward, too real, but Aaron holds
it back and won't let him. He's usually so verbalized in what he likes and wants, but not this. Why
must this be so hard? Because it goes deeper than just sex. It's about so much more, and that's what
really scares him. If Aaron rejects all his weird thoughts, then how can they last as a couple, if Aaron
knows that it's, that they are, not really enough?

"Tell me" Aaron smiles, wiping his thumb down his cheek, catching Robert's tears.

Clutching Aaron's hands harder, he speaks, "I want” he starts but stops himself, "No, I need-” This is
it. His heart beats so hard he can feel it in every vein of his body. Avoiding Aaron's gaze, he draws a
long, deep breath that he holds when he says, "I need to be a slave”. The words he's been holding
back for so many years are finally out. It's in moment like these the weight on your shoulders is
suppose to lift, but it doesn't. It still pushes him down. More scared than ever.

Aaron stays quiet. For a really long time. Too long. Robert can feel his heart racing, mostly he wants
to bolt, run out of the door. The only thing that is holding him in place is the small hope that maybe,
just maybe, Aaron won't find him repulsive. That, and Aaron's hands still holding his.

"So, you wanna go to clubs, or-” Aaron lets the question hang in the air when he eventually speaks.

"No. God no. Maybe. I don't know. No. I don't think so. I just want. I need... I want you. Just you”. It's not
his most eloquent sentence but fuck, he can't even think at the moment, mini explosions going
off everywhere in his brain.

"You want us to do a scene then? Take things a bit further than we already are?”

Robert shakes his head violently, his frustration growing. Mostly with himself. "No you don't
understand”.

"I'm not a mind-reader” Aaron sighs.

"I don't want it to just be a scene” he explains calmer. "I want this for real”.

"What do you mean?”

He wipes a few more tears away. "This isn't just about sex for me. I want 24/7 Aaron. Do you
understand what I mean?” he asks in barely a whisper.

Aaron nods, blinking a few times, "I think so”, looking as if he's racking his brain. "You really want
to do this? I mean is this really something you want? You've done it before?” Too many questions at
the same time.

"No, like I said, you're the first one I've told.”

"Then how do you know you'll like it?” he asks carefully, and Robert can see how delicately he
treads.

Even so, the question almost makes him want to roll his eyes. "Come on. You just like what you
like. Doesn't always need to be an explanation for it does it – you should know that”.

"Suppose”. 

Robert looses himself from Aaron's grip, both of them nearly forgetting they were holding on, and
moves up to the headboard. Aaron follows, placing the computer on the floor, out of the way.

"It's like when you tie me down” Robert explains. "It just relaxes me and it feels good. I'm sure
you've noticed that” he adds, smiling through his tears. They've never really talked about why they do what they do, they've just done it. Like an unspoken agreement. That's what he wishes this would be too; easy. Second nature.

"Little bit yeah” Aaron laughs.

"When I read those pages you found, I feel the same. Well not exactly the same the same, but the longing and want is there. The need to be, well... controlled I guess”. Putting feelings in to words is hard on a normal day, now it seems impossible.

Aaron draws his legs a bit closer to his chest. "So, what, mentally tied down?"

"Well it sounds awful when you put it like that” Robert chuckles. "Maybe controlled is the wrong word”. He gestures with his hands, searching for the right one to use. "More like restricted. A sorta pleasure through pain kind of thing. I guess the thought of you taking care of and being in charge of all my needs is really comforting. Soothing even. Makes me feel loved.”

"You need that? You need that from me? To take care of you? Of everything?” Aaron asks, sounding so unsure of himself it almost breaks Robert.

Sighing, he places his cheek against Aaron's knee, wrapping his arms around his calf, looking into Aaron's eyes. "I can't think of a single more fulfilling thought than me putting my entire life in your hands” he says sincerely. A warm hand comes up to his cheek, fingers gently massaging his scalp, calming him. "I don't want to scare you Aaron. I'm sorry if this is too much for you. At least now you know” he says sadly, bracing himself for what is to come.

"You could never scare me away. Thank you for telling me”. Those words are what finally lifts the weight from his shoulders. Amazed, shocked, he leans farther into Aaron's leg, pressing his face to his thigh, crying again; the pain and fear finally leaving his body as Aaron's arms wrap around his torso, holding him, rocking him softly. "It's ok. I love you”.

They stay like that for several minutes, Aaron holding Robert while he gathers his strength, all the emotions having drained his energy. It's warm and soft. He's faintly aware that his stomach has stopped growling and he's not hungry anymore. He's highly aware and anxious of what all of this could lead to.

Aaron is the one to speak first, "I went to a BDSM-club once. In Paris. Don't ask” he chuckles, his stomach bobbing, causing Robert's head to rock. "It was after me and Ed split. I went for a laugh really, but-” he pauses and Robert leans back to stare at him, too shocked to say anything. "I liked it. I really did. Didn't think much of it at the time, I've never gone again. Then when you and I started, well you know, when you showed signs of wanting me to dominate or whatever, it all came back. Guess that's why I've been pushing a little further every time, wanting to test you. I've been kinda afraid to go too far. If you just had told me” he laughs, cheeks soft. There's a quiet beat of expectancy before he continues, "You telling me what you have...You haven't scared me Robert. If anything, I feel relieved. I might not have thought about it quite as much as you have, or even in the same terms. But when I say I like number 26 on that list, I mean it. I really like it”.

Robert just gapes at him. Heart pounding so fast. Voice trembling when he asks, "So, what are you saying?"

Aaron takes his hand to kiss. "I'm saying, if this is something you need, then I'm willing to try, because maybe it's something I need too”.

Robert's pulse raises so quickly, he can't even think. There's a rush of heat waves tumbling through
him. Adrenaline pumping. Warmth spreading throughout his body.

Later, after more tears and soft kisses, they're lying next to each other, Robert curled into Aaron's side. Aaron's hand playing with the hair at Robert's neck.

"I thought I just had a humiliation kink for many years. Guess I was denying the real truth.” Robert says thoughtfully. "I used to imagine myself being trapped in this house, where there were a lot of business people or something of the like, and I went to serve them food and drinks.” he speaks softly. "I wasn't a waiter. It was more than that. I lived there. Couldn't leave. And I liked it. Never understood what it all meant until I got older. Or why I liked that scene when they tied their boss up in Nine to Five so much”. Robert tilts his head up when he doesn't get a response, noticing Aaron's questioning expression. "You don't even know what film I'm talking about do you?"

"We're not all ancient baby”.

"You should see it, it's good. You've seen Coming to America though right?” Aaron nods confirming. "Well I liked that scene when he made her bark like a dog too. Or when he had those servants wash him in the bath. Wait, what was it? Oh yeah; 'The royal penis is clean your Highness'".

"Oh yeah” Aaron laughs, teeth and all.

"Anyway” he settles back into Aaron's soft body. "I used to play those scenes over and over, practically ruined the VCR tapes."

They grow quiet again, trying to process everything that's been said.

"I've always taken care of myself most my life. Never felt like anyone was bothered enough. Maybe the need to be taken care of stems from that” he shrugs. "I don't know. Or I'm just wired the wrong way”.

"There's nothing wrong with you” Aaron squeezes his shoulder. "But isn't it a slave's job to take care of the Master?” he asks confused.

"They take care of each other by fulfilling their needs” Robert says as if it's the most natural thing in the world. The words slip unexpectedly easy from his lips. "My needs are to serve, and be told what to do and how to act, and be looked out for in every way.” He pushes himself up on his elbow, looking down at Aaron. "That's a lot of responsibility. Are you really sure you could handle that?"

Aaron sits up a little. "I've spent most my life feeling like I haven't had control over anything, least of all myself. I've been so angry. Well you know why. Even now I lose myself sometimes and let my emotions run away with me. The only thing I'm scared of is accidentally hurting you in anyway, I'd never forgive myself. But I think all of this could be good for me too. Taking care of someone else keeps me focused and present. Gives me more patience. That's what it was like with Liv - sorry for mixing her into this, that's weird” he chuckles. "You know what I mean. Being responsible over someone else is a big thing, but it does me good, and if we're doing something we both enjoy I can only see that strengthening our relationship, and I'm all for that. So yes, I can handle it Robert”.

Robert steals a quick kiss. "I don't deserve you”.

"You're joking right?” Aaron huffs. "What about me not deserving you?! I'm not the one wanting to hand my life over. You have no idea how loved that makes me feel.” he stares at Robert with wide eyes. Kisses him again. "So...how do you wanna do this then? I'm not sure how to start” he smiles,
laughing a little.

"Well, I figure it will be easier when we've moved into the house. We can't really do much here" Robert looks around the small room, appearing even smaller because of all the boxes. "Then again, I guess we could still work some things out here, ground rules, stuff like that. I'm just as new at this as you are” he smiles at Aaron, feeling all his love pour over to him.

"I need to read up on everything you have” Aaron states. "Educate myself a bit more. And you need to be open with me and tell me what it is that you really want”.

Robert squints, frowns. "That's the hard part though. I don't want to want things. I want to want what you want”.

"What?” Aaron laughs at all the 'wants'. "Ok, what if we'll just start slow, and anything you object to, you let me know?

Robert exhales relaxed, eyes shining. "Sounds good”. He runs his hand up and down Aaron's arm, occasionally stopping to play with the light-brown hairs, "I should have told you ages ago. I'm sorry. We really need to get better at talking don't we?” Robert states quietly.

"Yeah. We could have finished that cheeseburger by now” Aaron jokes. "And you still owe me twenty by the way".
Rules

Chapter Summary

Aaron sets out some rules for Robert - Let's get this show on the road :)

Chapter Notes

I got some sad news; I'm going away for a week on Thursday so I won't be able to update until I get back. Booo.
Not sure how much I'll be able to write either, but my goal is to have the next ch ready when I get back.

As you can see, I'm trying to tag this story as much as possible to avoid triggering people. But I won't tag the same stuff over and over again,
like, if caning happens in ch 5 and 7, it will only be tagged under ch 5. Otherwise my tags will take up a lot of space haha.
If you would like to know the exact tags for each chapter please just ask me here or on tumblr (I'm Stulot there aswell).
Like I said before, the entire story will be consensual even if limits will be pushed and safewords used.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Robert wakes early with the thin sheet tangled around his legs, Aaron couldn't figure out why he was bothered with any sort of cover at all in this heat, but he can never go to sleep with bare skin against the dark night. The sun has already made its appearance and between the heat in the room that doesn't let go even during the night, despite open windows, Aaron's body radiating warmth heating the bed unbearably, and all of the excitement caused from the previous night, he can't sleep. It's an odd feeling, Aaron knowing everything. From every scenario he had envisioned of what could happen, it's an even stranger feeling still being in the same bed with Aaron. He hadn't rejected him, he'd just been the same amazing man as he always is. He should have known better.

Studying Aaron's snoozing body, his hand pressed between his cheek and pillow, the other hand still clutching his phone on which he had spent half the night reading, the feelings for him overwhelm him. When he realizes he doesn't need to hide anymore, that he's allowed to show his desires, it's enough to make him cry. It's ridiculous what a mess he is really. But it's all tears of relief and happiness and next to the feeling of gaining Aaron back into his life, he can't remember ever feeling so completely relaxed. Elated.

Carefully, not to disturb Aaron, he untangles himself from the sheet and does the one thing he's been longing for the most; he slips down to his knees by the side of the bed. Immediately, standing there, looking at Aaron sleeping, he finds a deep peace in the position. Overpowered by the sensation he's desired for so long, his breath becomes hitched when he tries to hold back another batch of tears. He really needs to stop this nonsense.
Despite being a heavy sleeper, the sound makes Aaron stir and he wakes, staring at Robert, "What are you doing?" he squints with one eye, blinking himself awake before checking his phone, "It's 5:30 Rob" he states as if his question had more to do with the time than the fact he's for the first time seeing him kneel.

"I couldn't sleep”.

Aaron groans, yawns with a swift shake of his head as he exhales, face a little red. Robert's stomach then growls loudly for not having been fed the previous night and Aaron chuckles, ”Guess we really should eat” he says, pulling himself up. He doesn't complain about the early wake up call, he's used to them. Robert usually does. Aaron swings his legs over the edge of the bed, one on each side of Robert. A tired, ungainly hand, pushes through Robert's fringe, "You like it there?" Robert nods, calm under his touch. "Yes”. More than anything. Especially now that Aaron's awake.

"Ok” Aaron smiles knowingly, brushing a strand of hair behind his ear "You need a haircut again” he smiles. He really does, it practically grows as weed. Aaron removes his hand, "I read a lot last night, we can talk about it before we head up to the house. But right now, I think we both need breakfast.” His gaze drops from Robert, down to his morning wood bulging against his boxers, then back up to Robert again, smiling mischievously, "Unless you want to eat something else first?" Aaron spreads his legs apart, pulls his underwear off, not bothering with an answer. He doesn't need one either as Robert wastes no time before sticking out his tongue to taste him. It's sweaty from a warm night, and the taste is stronger but he doesn't care. He opens his mouth wide, greedily taking as much of Aaron's thick cock as he can.

"Come on, I know you can do better than that” Aaron places his rough hand against Robert's throat, pushing him back. Robert's attempt to suck harder, not wanting to let go, is to no avail, as Aaron's cock leaves his mouth with a wet pop. Aaron slaps him across his cheek, hard enough for it to sting. "If I want you to let go, you don't act like a greedy slut, got it?” Aaron's voice is stern. Cold.

It's not how he wanted this to start, but he nods, too stunned and caught up in the experience to say anything else.

Aaron stands up, crossing the small distant to the wardrobes. "Over here, now” he says, pointing to the floor in front of him. "Quick”.

Robert shuffles over to Aaron on his knees but doesn't dare to touch him again until Aaron gives him a confirming nod. This angle is always better and he can take him a lot easier. He lets his tongue lick all the way from the root, up along the thick vein before he laps at the slit quickly a few times with the tip of his tongue. Precome leaking. He can feel himself responding in the same way. Then he hollows his cheeks, sinks his mouth slowly over Aaron's hard-on. Then up again. And repeat. A little faster eventually.

Not sure what to do with his hands, he places them on Aaron's hip bones but they are quickly brushed away. "Hold them behind your back” Aaron pants, rocking his cock forward. Robert instinctively wraps his left hand around his right wrist.

With a hand at the back of his head, Aaron pushes him to take him deeper, all the way down so his nose dips into his pubic, both airways cut off. Robert's always liked this game. "Good” he encourages, eases his grip a little so Robert can retract, breathe, then he repeats the action, this time holding him there a little longer. The third time he does it, he holds his head tight with both hands, covering his ears and doesn't let go.
Robert tries relaxing the best he can so he can use what little air that slips through the most effecient. This is the longest Aaron's ever refused him air. Eventually, when he feels the pressure in his head growing too tight, he starts shaking vehemently. Aaron lets go of his head and he draws deep breaths of air.

"Did you like that?"

"Yes" he whimpers, still a little out of breath. God yes.

"Good" Aaron says and pushes Robert's head gently forward again. "Thank me then". His voice is so demanding it makes Robert shudder, almost coming from it.


"Schenk ju" he says, mouth filled of cock, saliva dripping out of the corners of his mouth.

"Louder, not sure I heard you".

"Schank juo!"

Aaron snorts at what is a pathetic attempt of gratitude. "Open wide" he demands and proceeds to face fuck him, every now and then going too deep and hitting the back of his throat, on which Robert's gag reflex makes him sputter. He tries pulling back, Aaron never letting him by the tight grip he keeps of his head.

Yet, he wants more. So much more. He's always loved giving blowjobs but giving them like this is always a treat. Now, it's even better. As Aaron continues to abuse his mouth he grips his hands harder behind his back, refusing the pull to reach around and touch himself.

"Remember 26 on the list?" Aaron groans, rocking back and forth. "Don't waste your Master's cum".

Robert gargles his affirmation, that yes, he does.

"Well, when I come, which is...very soon" he pants, yanking a little at Robert's hair. "I want you to swallow it all, but not until I say so. And I want you to keep your mouth open. And don't you dare spill anything".

Oh god. He's so turned on he nearly comes from Aaron's words. Almost. Even when Aaron's thrusts get more irregular and the warm liquid finally hits his mouth and throat, he keeps his own desire for release under control. Keeping focused on the task helps and he does as instructed, he keeps his mouth open, pushes his tongue back, preventing him from not accidentally swallow anything.

Aaron pumps out a few remaining drops into Robert's mouth, "Nothing must go to waste. Better tilt your head back a little. Good. Now keep your eyes focused on me".

With that, Aaron opens their bedroom door and peeks out to the hallway, making sure no one is there, before leaving Robert alone in the room. A tiny feeling of panic sets in over being left. What if someone else comes in? The door is unlocked! What about then? What if Aaron forgets he's there? Don't be stupid. What if Chas begs him to carry the latest order in? He could be gone for an hour! Robert works himself up into a small state during the three minutes it takes for Aaron to come back, carefully opening and closing the door when he does. It instantly calms him again.

"Had to wash up" he explains, voice back to its normal self. "I was all sticky. Can't believe this fucking heat" he picks out a new pair of black boxers from the wardrobe, Robert still staring at him.

"Did you see the news yesterday? Said it was some sort of record. Hasn't been this hot for so long
for over hundred years or something like that”. He pulls on his work shorts, ignoring Robert completely. “I say we get some butties from the caf’ and take them over to the house. We can eat and talk there instead. What do you reckon babe?” Buttoning his shorts, he turns his head towards him, smirking wickedly, “Aww, I'm sorry. Can't answer?”

His mouth is filled with thick saliva and sperm and each time he breathes, little bubbles pops inside his mouth. His knees are starting to hurt too. Finally, when Aaron's fully dressed, socks and a t-shirt too, he bends down so they're face to face, his eyes warm. ”I love seeing you like this. You're gorgeous. Thank you for submitting so beautifully” he speaks softly, stroking his cheek. This this this is what Robert has been longing for and he soaks up every word, every warm blink. Then, Aaron's face shifts, something much more devious covering it, and he pinches Robert's nose, once again cutting off air. Teasingly, he blows out tiny little bubbles of saliva between his lips, nearly letting it drop onto Robert's face.

The prospect of Aaron's saliva on his face makes his whole body cramp and writhe. Aaron grins, stands, towering over him. ”Tilt your head back some more. Open wide as you can”. Then he sticks two fingers into Robert's mouth, pressing them apart against his teeth, pushing his mouth impossible open. As he does, he slowly pushes his tongue out, letting his saliva drop into Robert's mouth, causing him to cramp harder, the fire in his dick growing stronger. ”Close your eyes” he demands. Then he spits, he actually spits, not once, but twice on his face, leaving him feeling completely owned and humiliated and then he can't hold back anymore so he explodes and somewhere Aaron tells him it's ok to swallow and oh God he does and he can't even keep upright anymore so he falls forward, prepared for the floor to hit him, but Aaron is there to catch him, with neck kisses and proud declarations.

”You did good baby. So good” Aaron holds him tight.

”I've never... Shit” he breathes heavily when he can construct sentences again. It's the first time he's ever come untouched.

…

Despite hoping for some mysterious little helper having magically fixed their kitchen during the night, the cabinets are exactly where Aaron left them and the kitchen is still a mess. They bring their food and take-away coffees outside to enjoy them on the small concrete stairs leading up to the front door. That too is on the 'to do' list. Robert is not having such a sad looking thing welcoming their guests. It's filled with weird holes, one corner of the last step broken, and it's covered in black moss. It really needs gone. The only thing it's good for, is keeping their behinds cool.

Aaron sits down first, Robert hesitating for a second before he takes a seat on a step lower. ”Can I have that please?” Robert turns, nodding at the paper bag.

”Sure” Aaron hesitates, looking a little perplexed as he hands it over. ”You gonna stay down there then?” he asks.

”If you don't mind” Robert smiles, excited about sharing a meal like this, sitting lower than...Aaron. ”I want to know what it feels like” he explains, fishing out their breakfast out of the bag. He unwraps the bread, smooths out the paper bag and places both it and the two butties on Aaron's lap.

”This one's yours” Aaron says, trying to hand one of them back but Robert stops him, closing his hand over Aaron's.

”Please. Can you. Will you feed me?” he begs, noticing himself how very small he sounds, vulnerable. That too, is a new experience.
Briefly, Aaron bites his lip, then nods. "Ok. Move closer then".

Robert scoots closer to Aaron's legs, finding a new cold spot on the stairs. "Thank you" he says, curling his left arm around Aaron's calf.

Aaron wraps a loose hand around his neck. "I know you've been wanting this for so long, but please don't rush things. Let's take the time to figure this whole thing out properly".

"But you read last night right?" he asks, feeling his excitement drop at Aaron's reluctance, a fear settling in.

Aaron laughs, putting him at ease. "I did. But we also agreed we'd start out slow".

"Don't you like it?"

"God yes". Aaron leans forward, pressing the side of Robert's forehead to his lips to kiss. "Yes I do, so much. You have no idea. And we've barely started. I'm just worried it will be too much for you too quickly and it will put you in a bad place. I'd hate for that to happen. But I also know how much you really want this so it's up to me to monitor you so you're still ok. And it's your job to tell me if anything feels wrong. Ok?"

"Ok" he nods. "This mo..." he starts but stops himself, ashamed of how easy he'd wanted to accuse Aaron. How easy his big mouth had opened.

"What?"

"Nothing" he shakes his head.

"Robert" Aaron says more demanding, squeezing his neck, not enough to hurt, but enough to make his will clear.

"This morning. When you slapped me. That felt wrong. You punished even though I didn't have time to react. Well ok you showed that I should let go, but it's hard when I'm gone. I don't know. It felt awkward" he speaks honestly, feeling a little weak at such a minor thing.

"I'm sorry I made you feel that way. You should have reacted to what I was doing, but you're right, I shouldn't be so hard on you right away before you've even had proper training".

Robert swallows. 'Proper training'. Jesus. "It's alright. I just don't want you to think all I want is punishment and pain because it's not. That's not even half of it. I want to be good for you".

"I know" Aaron smiles, kisses the side of Robert's head once more. "I always want you to be this honest with me. And I promise to always listen".

Robert closes his eyes, basks in the warmth from the sun and Aaron's presence.

"Here" Aaron holds out a piece of bread and oily egg on his flat palm. "No hands. Please eat".

Robert takes the food between his teeth, chews slowly to savour the moment. It could have so easily felt strange, but it doesn't. The only strange part is how natural it feels, like he's been sitting in the wrong place for so many years and he's now finally found his way home. What amazes him further is for every bite Aaron gives him, the more loved he feels. With the last piece gone, he's practically floating.

"Come on" Aaron suddenly says, bringing him back to full consciousness. "We better start if we
"want to get this done today".

...

It takes them all day to get the cabinets fixed.

There's no more enforcement of either dominance or submission as they spend the day working together like they always have. The only thing that feels different, is the underlying current that something really has shifted, that they're not what they used to be. It causes them to throw little knowing, smiling glances at each other throughout the day. Anyone who would have seen them would have thought they had recently met and were crazy in love. Which wasn't entirely wrong; that was a little bit what it felt like for Robert. Being in love, seeing a new side to Aaron. Not new maybe, but enhanced. He'd always been strong and caring, but now he can see it so much clearer.

"It looks really good" Robert says as they shut the last cabinet door.

"Good? It looks bloody brilliant that!" Aaron retorts when they back away to examine their work.

The shelves are still leaning against the wall, the sink, water, oven and the other white goods aren't installed, but they actually have something looking like a kitchen. And Aaron's right, it is brilliant. It looks really really good. They have a small kitchen island with enough space for two or three barstools that will make a perfect breakfast area. There's space for a double door fridge and freezer and a smaller wine fridge upon Robert's request. The work space around both stove and sink is generous. It's all white, thick sturdy oak countertops finishing the look. He really can't wait to start cooking.

"We did good" he says, draping his arm across Aaron's shoulders, pulling him closer. He can feel Aaron relax against him. It's been a long day for him, he's worked hard not only on the kitchen but for both of them to feel good, and for that Robert is grateful, and in awe. "I love you".

Aaron looks up at him, a little surprised maybe. "I love you too" he smiles and lets himself lean more into Robert. "I think home, shower, food, then we'll work on some positions for you before bed I think. In that order".

Robert hides his face against Aaron's hair, grinning wide. "Thank you".

...

By the time they're having their tea, Robert is practically bouncing around on his chair from eagerness of what's to come. Aaron sits quietly, watching him with some sort of glee upon his face. Unfortunately, they don't live alone just yet, and Noah is there to question what is wrong with him.

"Must be hemorrhoids!" Charity laughs loudly at her son as she walks in just in time to catch the conversation.

"Oh got a lot of experience with them do you?" he snaps back, practically scarfing down the rest of his food so he can go up to their room. He's not sure if the look Aaron gives him is amused or reprimanding.

"I'm sorry" he says when they're alone in their room. He's not sure he should apologize for his behaviour but it feels like the right thing to do.

Arching a brow, Aaron stares at him. "You really mean that?"

"No" he sighs. "Let's face it Aaron, I'm a fucking smug ass most of the time. For work it works
great. I just don't know how to let that go”.

"Do you want to though?"

Robert pauses, hesitating, unsure if he should answer what he wants or what he thinks Aaron wants. But he asked him to be honest. "No. I kinda like my smug ass self.”

"Good, I kinda do too” Aaron chuckles. "Part of why I fell for you” he says. "Don't want that part of you gone. Never. Don't want any parts of you gone”.

"Really?” Robert frowns, finding it hard to believe.

"Ok yeah, I could do without the I'm better than you attitude you get sometimes. And the way you pick on little details that aren't important -”

"Right, thank you, I get it, I'm flawed”.

Settling his hands to Robert's sides, he sways them gently. "We all are” Aaron smiles, kisses him. "Now, please strip, fold your clothes and place them here” he says, tapping one of the moving boxes. The command causes Robert's dick to instantly grow and as he does what he's told, he's embarrassed to show how easily Aaron's order has affected him.

Aaron doesn't comment on it, instead speaks his next order, "Stand in the middle of the room, hands behind your back, your left hand around your right wrist. Straight posture please. Legs a little closer. Keep your head straight, eyes downwards. Good. Thank you”. He comes to stand right in front of Robert, trying to catch his gaze, but Robert looks straight through him. Still, he can tell Aaron smiles proudly from the response. "I read about positions last night. Not sure I wanna use them all; there are a lot, so right now, I think we'll just start with a few basic ones. If I ask you to 'wait here', this is the one I want you to use”.

Robert nods, feeling it would be wrong to use his words in such a submissive position.

"Good. Now kneel please, sit back on your calves. Arms stretched out on your knees, palms up. Head bent down. This is what I want you to do if I ask you to display”. Yes please, ask me.

Again, Robert nods. He's so turned on he might actually come untouched for a second time that day.

"If I say 'kneel' I simply want you to stand on your knees.” Robert tries the position out. "Exactly like that. If I say 'sit here', not 'sit' or 'sit down' but 'sit here' -” Aaron explains, "then I want you to sit where I've pointed in the position you find the most comfortable. In neither of these positions are you allowed to look at me. Neither are you allowed to speak until being spoken to. Understood?” Robert nods. "If you feel like I'm abusing my power at any time and silencing you for the wrong reasons, please let me know by safewording, but use them carefully.” Aaron takes a seat on the bed. "Sit here” he says, pointing to the space between his legs. Robert crawls over, and sits down on his bum, legs spread to the side so he can stay as close as possible to Aaron. "You're allowed to look at me and talk” Aaron smiles. "I want to discuss safe words. I think the classic traffic light system seems perfect: green for 'I'm ok, continue', yellow for 'slow down' and red for 'stop'. What do you think?”

Robert takes a moment before he answers, "I like that the most too, gives the user some options which I think is good”.

"Good. That's what we'll use then”. Grateful, Robert leans his head against Aaron's knee. Immediately, he receives kisses to his temple. "Still can't believe this” Aaron says, voice filled with admiration.
"I can't help myself" Robert mumbles, closing his eyes. "The one thing I thought I'd never get to experience is now real. I...I just -".

"Schyy" Aaron soothes him, cutting him off. "I know. It's ok. I didn't mean anything else. I'm overwhelmed too you know."

"Really?"

"Yeah, course" Aaron sinks down to the floor next to Robert, hooking his arm around Robert's. "There are two more things I've thought about before we go to bed. One. I don't want you to call me Master" he pauses as if expecting Robert to protest but he doesn't. "It's a title I need to earn. When you're ready for it, you let me know. Meanwhile, you'll call me Sir or Aaron".

"Yes...Sir" Robert tries the word out, the meaning behind it feeling heavy on his tongue just in the right way. Sir. His heart clenches. Sir. It's...everything.

"And number two" Aaron proceeds with his list. "When I woke up this morning, I wasn't really surprised seeing you kneel. I saw how happy you looked, more than that really. Blissed out more like. Same thing at breakfast. So from now on, I want you to kneel by my side of the bed when you wake up. Even if I'm already up" he instructs, rubbing his thumb against Robert's arm. "At breakfast, when we're moved in, I want you to kneel beside me while we eat. It will be a good way to start the day I feel. Solidify the right mindset and that. While we're still here, I want you to wait for me to start eating first before eating yourself". He kisses Robert's shoulder. "That's ok isn't it? Not too much?"

There's hesitation in Aaron's voice that doesn't need to be there. But Robert understands, it will take time for him to fully grasp the Dominate role. He's thankful he's being so considerate. "No" Robert shakes his head, leaving Aaron without doubt. "No. It's perfect. You're perfect... Sir".

Chapter End Notes

I'm seriously having so much fun with this story and I've only just scratched the surface of kinky stuff :P
The next morning when Robert wakes, he's wearing a huge grin, wide enough to make his cheeks hurt. His brain is still racing about a mile a minute, having to pinch himself to make sure he isn't still dreaming. Yesterday really did happen. The kneeling, eating from Aaron's hand, the spitting. God, the spitting. Aaron's saliva dripping down his face. It's enough to drive his morning semi into a hard one, craving Aaron's touch, only realizing when he hears a faint sound of the toilet flushing, that he's alone in bed. Aaron's up. Panicking, he rolls down from the bed, taking his new required position. Wait, should he display? No Aaron said 'kneel by the bed', just a straight back and calm aura should be enough. There's no time to shift around much as the door opens.

"Hi" he exclaims, pleased that he made it in time; searching for approval in Aaron's expression.

Aaron halts by the door, drawing it shut with a hand reaching behind his back, staring at Robert. "Excuse me?"

"Hi!"

"No I heard what you said". Hands placed on his hips, the corners of Aaron's mouth pulls downwards as he slowly shakes his head. "I'm just wondering why you seem to think it's ok to
speak. Or look at me".

Shit.

Robert's gaze instantly drops to the floor and his mouth clams shut. Ashamed, he feels his cheeks grow immediately red.

Within a second, a hand tightens in the hair at the back of his head as it presses his face into Aaron's naked stomach, making breathing difficult. "I know this is early days, but surely you should be able to remember the very few rules you have" he says, stressing the 'very' part. "Nod if you agree".

Robert does, wanting to scream his apologies into Aaron's bare skin.

"Good. This isn't how I wanted to start the first day of training Robert".

His name sounds cold the way he says it, distant almost. Demanding. No. Dominating.

Aaron sinks to his knees in front of him, his face is just inches apart from his own but he doesn't dare focus on it. "I should put you over my knee and give you what you deserve, but that will likely cause too much noise and I don't want this lot to wake up by your squealing" he says, his breath minty, nodding back at the door. "We have others to think of you know?"

Robert nods again, doesn't dare to speak, even if Aaron's last sentence had been sort of a question.

"I'll figure something out later. Right now, I think we both could do with a shower. Come", he stands, urging with his hand for Robert to follow.

Standing, his legs are wobbly. Not from kneeling, but from the prospect of a reprimand. The knowledge of not being able to apologize, just making it worse. He's not sure what he feels about it yet.

"Kneel" Aaron says when they're in the shower, leaving no room in his voice for hesitation on Robert's part. He's already developing a Dom voice.

The tiles are both cold and hard against his shins. The temperature Aaron sets for the water isn't nearly as warm as he'd like it to be, at least not the drops he manages to catch, leaving him shivering.

Aaron completely ignores him when lathering his body, letting his hands run all over his body. He can't help thinking about what it would be like to be able to clean him himself, lick away his sweat and dirt in every crease and crack. He'd take his time, that's certain, not rush it the way Aaron does. He's hard again.

"You're not allowed to come you know" Aaron states matter-of-factly, showing he's not been as ignored as he thought. "Actually..." he says, turning towards him. "I think I will. You know, had I known how hard I'd be seeing you kneel, I would have suggested it a long time ago". He tugs at his cock, slowly, seemingly easing himself into it.

Leaning his head forward, Robert opens his mouth a little, sticks his tongue out, hoping to please Aaron and make up for his earlier mistake.

Two fingers to the space between his brows pushes him back. "Noo. Did I say you could touch? But if you're that eager, you can keep your tongue out for me".

Robert whimpers from the rejection. Like a whiny mess. He can't help himself. He just needs to be close, needs Aaron's warmth again. His one leg twitches, bouncing off the floor from desperation
and he can tell just how pathetic he's really being.

"You can't always get what you want. You and I both know that's something you need to learn."

Aaron breathes, now pumping himself faster.

He knows, he knows, he knows. But he doesn't want to hear that now, not now, not like this, please please just let him stay in the presence, where Aaron is pulling at his cock, so close he can practically touch him with the tip of his tongue. Accidentally, Aaron's dick does just that, 'causing Robert to once again whine like a lost puppy. He's actually ashamed of himself now and how easily Aaron can reduce him to this kind of mess.

Aaron's fingers wrap over his face, pressing into each cheek. "Stop whining and accept what I give you".

He's surprised how loud he must have been for when he stops, he can hear the water splashing against skin and tiles, and the way it bounces around Aaron's cock and hand.

"Stick your tongue out" Aaron barks and he can feel it having slipped back in slightly. What is wrong with him today? He can't even concentrate to save his life.

"Do. Not. Come" Aaron stutters out his words, just before his cock pumps come onto his face. Most of it lands on his tongue, some on his cheek, some on his nose that drips down to his tongue.

It burns like mad, but he holds back his own desires. Instead, concentrating on Aaron and what he's giving him, the sperm on his face reminding him of his place.

Wordlessly, Aaron pushes his cock into his mouth, telling him to lick him clean. Thank you, thank you, thank you, he cries inwardly around Aaron's dick, grateful to finally get his lips around him. There's affection in every salty drop he swallows.

When done, which is in no way long enough, Aaron turns the water off, grabs a towel from the rack and steps out of the shower. "Shower, get dressed and I'll see you downstairs for breakfast" he kisses his forehead sweetly. "I don't take pleasure in punishing you, well ok maybe a bit" he adds teasingly, showing the amount between his thumb and finger. "Please remember your breakfast rules; you don't start eating before me. I also think it's best you stay quiet until we head off for work. None of the rules apply there. Not yet anyway" Aaron winks at him. Bastard.

Robert takes a very cold shower.

... Dressed in one of his white, pattern shirts, he steps through to the backroom, rolling his sleeves up, getting ready to face a new day.

There's a lot of banging coming from the kitchen area, two plates are set on the table, forks too, appearing like he's in for a proper breakfast, not just some coffee and toast on the go. The thought of lazy Sunday mornings, a full English, just him and Aaron in their new house pops into his head once more. It's a nice picture. Approaching the table, he's grinning.

Until Chas pops her head around the corner from the kitchen. "Morning!"

Robert stops instantly. A wave of utter humiliation hits him. The wrong kind.

Lost on what to do, he nods, rubs his hand at his eyes, yawns, feigning fatigue. It seems to work as Chas goes back to the stove, completely unaware of what is going on. This is wrong, so wrong.
Looking around, listening for him, he tries figuring out where the heck Aaron is. He can't be doing this on purpose can he?

"Aaron's changing the barrel for me, said I'd do the scrambled eggs for ya instead", Chas goes on, answering his question.

Loitering, he weighs his options, maybe he could go back upstairs, or go look for Aaron in the cellar, but Chas catches him before he has the chance to move. "What's up with ya? You're just gonna stand there are ya?", she grabs the plates from the table.

Reluctantly, he sits down, clears his throat a little so she won't think he's gone completely mute, praying that Aaron will show up any minute. To make things even worse, Chas places a serving of eggs and toast in front of him. Out of all the days she picks to make him freaking eggs for breakfast, (when has that ever happened?) this has to be the one. Someone must really have it in for him. Not that he blames them, he probably has a lifetime in sins to make up for.

Completely stunned, he stares at the food, unable to kick his brain into gear to move his hands to the plate, or give her a smile to say thanks. Anything will do. But still, nothing.

"You're welcome" Chas says sarcastically, tutting. Likely, it's the last time she ever makes him breakfast again. "Cat got your tongue or something?"

He can feel her stare burning into his neck when he doesn't answer. "You gonna eat then or what?" Her voice is indifferent now, as if she's finally found proof to what an idiot she thinks he is.

He gulps, feels his heart beat harder, his palms become sweaty. This can't be happening. Should he just eat? Break the rules for a second time? No, he can't. He just can't.

Before Chas gets the chance to yell at him further, or before he implodes from anxiety, Aaron comes through the door, brushing his hands together. "All done" his smile fades the moment he sees Robert, throwing him a worried glance.

"Thanks love" she says, her previous annoyed tone gone, as she walks towards her son. "What's up with him?" she gestures, thumb over her shoulder.

"Sore throat" he hears Aaron respond right before Chas disappears, leaving them alone. Aaron makes sure to close the door behind her.

Still, he doesn't dare to move or hardly breathe. Not until Aaron comes over and wraps his arms around him from behind, his head resting over his shoulder. "She roped me into it, I'm so sorry. I didn't plan that". He continues to kiss him against his cheek, and neck, and temple, and shoulder. "That's not what I wanted".

Not until the sixth or so peck, can Robert feel himself relax under the affection, nodding his understanding. She might not have caught on to the reason behind his odd behaviour, but it still feels very very strange displaying his submission to such a close family member. Strange, and humiliating, and fear, and a bunch of other feelings. The only feeling he can't understand is the humbling sense it's given him.

Aaron's arms rock him gently before letting go with a warm, lingering kiss to his neck. "I'll text Adam we'll be a little late" he says, plating up.

Robert keeps his eyes fixed to Aaron's plate, waiting for him to take his first bite. He feels much calmer now that they're alone, and even more so when Aaron shifts his chair closer, his free hand reaching out to touch him. It finally settles across his thigh.
From his periphery, he watches as Aaron takes his first bite. At last, he's allowed to taste the scramble himself. It's absolutely delicious; the experience only heightening the taste.

They take their time with breakfast, eating slowly. Sitting impossible closer by each bite, Aaron's hand keeps caressing his grateful body which absolutely melts under its touch.

When the eggs are gone and there's only a small piece of toast left on Aaron's plate; he breaks it in half, and reaches it out on his open palm for Robert to take.

With his lips, he does, leans his head against Aaron's shoulder, smiling as he reaches for his hand under the table. With his ear pressed to Aaron's body, the echoes from his chewing rumbles down his body.

Then, Aaron leans his head against Robert's. "You may talk now" he whispers.

Hesitating briefly, because it feels peculiar to be able to speak freely again, he eventually says, "I'm so sorry I broke the rules. I'm so sorry". His voice is surprisingly small, childlike even and he nuzzles himself into Aaron's neck for comfort. "I'll be better now".

Aaron circles his arm around his head, wrapping him in a little protective cocoon. "I know you will baby. Everything is forgiven" he whispers.

... 

They show up nearly an hour late for work. Nicola looks like an angry cloud ready to go a round or two in a street fight, face so red it might just explode any second.

"What do you call this? Where've you been? The Radcliffs called, said they're missing half the order. You did check that order last week didn't you? Or do I really need to keep track of everything?" she rattles off in a small tirade.

"Morning Nicola" Robert fires off the most charming smile he can muster, despite knowing it's to no use when it comes to his business partner. Aaron's gone straight to work outside with Adam after he'd warned them about her mood. Robert doesn't have the luxury. "Had a good weekend?" he asks, biting the insides of his cheeks.

She stares at him with the unimpressed face she so often use. "Just sort it".

"You know, there's nothing wrong with a smile every now and then" he teases, hoping for shots to fire. It is half the fun.

"Well no points for guessing why you're so ridiculously happy, and late. Or lover boy out there" she adds, pointing out the window. "Perhaps next time you could keep it in your pants during work hours". If only she knew the real truth.

"Mm must be tough with three kids at home...well four if you count Jimmy. You should work on your own sex life instead of keeping track of others". This turns Nicola's face possibly even more red.

"I should have had the chance to turn your balls black and blue when I had the chance" she huffs, bringing back memories he'd rather forget. Standing, she grabs her coffee thermos and briefcase. "I'm off to meet Hickling, so you can just concentrate your pretty little face on the wrong order and let the grownups take care of the important meetings" she mocks.

Chuckling, he leans back in his chair, throwing his hands up, "Alright, you win." he declares.
amused.

"And never forget it" she winks, voice softer, almost like she doesn't hate him too much.

"Good luck yeah".

As she opens the door, Adam and Aaron come tumbling inside, as if they've been waiting outside for their argument to settle so they can grab the first brew of the day.

Aaron speaks first, "Oy have you told her we need the afternoon off tomorrow?"

Confused, Robert looks between Aaron and Nicola, who is now growing annoyed again it seems, and back to Aaron again, who now is intentionally blinking his eyes at him, nodding undetectable to anyone who's not paying close attention. Robert does, and he catches on. "Haven't had the chance yet..."

"Builders are coming, gotta be there" Aaron explains when Robert can't find anything more to say.

"What, both of you?" Nicola questions irritated.

"Yeah, afraid so" Aaron nods, talking directly at Nicola. Neither of them are looking at him anymore. As if he's not important enough; or call the shots when it comes to either topic.

"As long as he makes it up" Nicola nods towards Robert but still looks at Aaron.

"I'll make sure of it" Aaron grins.

"Hmm" Nicola looks suspiciously at him before leaving.

"How can you even work with her?" Adam laughs, throwing down his gloves onto his desk, as if he finally dares to move again "she'd do my head in mate".

"Yeah well, what can I say? I have the patience of angel me" Robert smirks, picking up his phone, "I better take care of this" he says, indicating for Adam to be quiet.

Before dialing, he catches Aaron's gaze, smiling, receives a quick knowing wink, going unnoticed by Adam. They have a secret now, and he loves it.

...

The mess with the order is bigger than he'd thought and the only reason he can find is one of the drivers messing up, which doesn't really add up looking at the routes and logs. After half a dozen phone calls things aren't much clearer and he ends up having to take an annoying drive down to the warehouse in Dudley to sort it himself. It always amazes him how incompetent people really are that they can't get a simple delivery right.

As opposed to the portacabin, at least his car provides some A/C, meaning the trip isn't completely uncomfortable. He spends most of it drumming along on the steering wheel to whatever is on the radio, and trying not to let his mind drift off to the morning's activities and whatever might come later. Or what Aaron really is planning for tomorrow.

The warehouse manager is nice enough, even offers him lunch for his troubles. Together they spend the afternoon untangling a spider web of orders and deliveries that have been messed up. In the end, it doesn't matter how helpful the man is; Robert spends the last hours of the afternoon looking for a new central warehouse.
It's half six by the time he gets back to the pub - at least Nicola will be pleased to know he's made up his hours. And that he's potentially found them a new business partner.

He gets a sympathetic smile from Aaron when he catches him coming in. He's sat with Adam in a booth next to the bar. The entire other side of the bar is occupied by Harriet, Ashley, Laurel, Pearl, Sandy, a few others, and a huge birthday cake.

"We just ordered, got you Marlon's Quiche" Aaron informs him, having apparently decided on his own what Robert wants for dinner. He doesn't really mind.

"Thank you" he kisses Aaron's head as he sits down, sighing deeply.

"You alright?" Aaron asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, it's just been a weird day. But fun" he nearly smirks.

"Oh yeah? Who'd you fire this time?" Adam chuckles at him, Aaron amusingly shaking his head at them.

On the other side of the pub, Sandy is causing a racket, insisting everyone stands up to sing Happy Birthday. Robert laughs at him before Adam gets his attention again, "Wouldn't you like to know?" he teases, grabbing the top button of his shirt, shaking air down his chest. "Fucking heat, I need an ice bath".

"Tell me about it, spent the weekend cramped up in Vic's food truck, worse than the cabin, thought I was gonna pass out a couple of times" Adam complains, bouncing the cardboard coaster against the edge of the table.

"She wasn't serving those weird little gherkin sandwiches was she?"

"What's wrong with 'em?" Aaron wonders, challenging, crossing his arms.

"Urgh. They're just not very nice". Robert frowns, practically feeling the taste on his tongue. "I hate pickled stuff".

"You could be more supportive of your sister though" Aaron complains quietly.

"When she stops serving the weird thingies I will" he presses an affectionate hand to Aaron's thigh, getting up. "I'm parched, I need a drink".

"They're one of her bestsellers you know" Adam says when he's at the bar.

Turning, Robert throws his arms out, "What can I say, people have weird taste".

Aaron comes up to him, whispering, "You tired?"

"Not really" he shrugs casually before catching on, looking intrigued at Aaron. "No".

Aaron nods. "Good" he places his hand over Robert's, squeezing a little. "Looks like that lot's having fun" he nods to the cheerful crowd opposite them, lightning the candles on the cake, getting more drinks in. "Just order a half will ya" he speaks quietly before turning back to Adam.

Robert nods, his face flushing. It seems Aaron is intent on making him blush in public today.

He eats his pie ridiculously slow, his anxiety of what Aaron might have planned making it hard to eat at all, no matter how much his stomach is growling for food. Adam throws him a couple of
questioning glances but doesn't comment on it.

"You're paying by the way, still owe me twenty you know" Aaron says when they've almost finished eating.

"What did you lose this time then Suggers?" Adam teases and Robert almost chokes.

"Nothing, just a friendly little bet" Aaron smirks around the rim of his glass, slapping a couple of times against Robert's back.

To make matters worse, Aaron then leans in to whisper in his ear; "Finish that, take a shower, strip, kneel and wait for me upstairs".

Shocked, he looks at Adam to see if he's heard, but he seems to be shoveling food into his mouth, not really paying attention at all. His cock is throbbing and right now he can't figure out how he's supposed to leave without it being noticeable. Hastily, he downs the last of his beer. "I really need that shower" he says, shaking his shirt again to make a point. "See you tomorrow Adam".

He hasn't even made it upstairs when a text message rings out its arrival. //Since you like talking and looking so much, put a sock in your mouth and tie one of your awful ties around your eyes//. Jeez.

Maybe he should be focusing on other stuff, but right now he tries figuring out what tie of his Aaron views as most awful. It takes showering to realize it's his red one with grey stripes. He finds it in the back of the closet. He also takes out a ball of black cotton socks. The excitement shoots through him, but still, he works very methodically, keeping focused on the task. The clothes he removed before the shower are already folded into a nice pile on top of the moving boxes.

Looking at the floor to find his spot, he decides on the middle of the floor, closer to the bed. He sits back on his calves, picks up the socks and pushes them into his mouth, immediately feeling Aaron's presence even though he's not in the room. He proceeds to make a knot of his tie behind his head. Dread over someone walking in washes over him again but it's not as bad as yesterday. He stays as still as possible, every little sound is enhanced, every time a floor board creaks he jumps a little. He can hear cars and voices outside the window, flushing water running through pipes somewhere in the building, laughter from downstairs.

It takes about fifteen minutes before there's a noise at the door. Robert rises a bit, straightens his back. It takes a while for it to close after it opens, Aaron struggling with the handle it seems. There's a click from the lock.

Silently, Aaron moves around him, putting down what sounds like a glass on the nightstand. Then something on the floor next to him. For each breath, his anticipation increases. When Aaron's hands touches his cheek, he trembles.

"I'm so lucky to have you" he whispers softly, stroking his cheek again, caressing. "I want to try dropping wax onto your back" he continues without preamble. "I brought some ice too that I might use".

Yes. Yes please. Robert finds himself nodding without having been asked a question. His cock grows impossible hard. Chuckling, Aaron sits down on his knees right infront of him. Kisses him carefully. "I want you to feel as much as possible so I'm going to keep the tie around your head and sock in your mouth. I'm going to add two more things though" Aaron states. "Earplugs and then I'll wrap the tshirt I wore today around your head. It's quite sweaty".
Aaron kisses him again, palms his cock, making him shiver all over. "Use your safewords if you need. Tap the floor or your body twice for yellow, bang the floor repeatedly with your fist for red. Nod if you understand".

Robert does, still trembling.

Aaron's hand wraps around his throat, squeezing. The restriction of air calms him, stops him shaking. When he lets go, Aaron's fingers remove the socks, leaving a dry taste in his mouth, the fabric sucking up most of his saliva. "Colour?"

"Green Sir" he pants. So so green.

The small bundle is pushed back in again. "Good". Aaron kisses him once more before standing again. He pushes Robert's face against his stomach, tilting it a little to its side as he inserts the first earplug. He repeats the action on the other side. Muffled sounds slip through but more than anything, the one thing he hears clearly is the beating of his heart.

Next, Aaron wraps the soft fabric of his old tshirt around his head as promised. The smell of sweat, and Aaron, and old cotton blends in his nostrils. Breathing comes just as natural as before, only more controlled.

"Bend forward, cheek against the floor" Aaron instructs.

He tries his best, but the position is anything but comfortable. Aaron moves his arms back on the floor, raises his hips a little so he's resting his weight against his head. The pressure is ok. For now.

A callused hand moves down his spine, follows the curve of his ass before finally pushing in between his cheeks, spreading them apart.

Next thing he feels, are one, soon two slick fingers finding their way inside him. The other hand rubs up and down his back, from fingertips to a flat palm. The fingers penetrating him, moves slowly in and out, widens a little every now and then.

Every movement is gentle and precise, helping him relax. Soon, it feels like his face is sinking through the floor.

"I need you to hold something for me" Aaron says and he opens his hand to accept whatever it is. "No, not in your hand" Aaron answers and he can feel himself frowning.

Aaron removes both hands from his body, leaving him untouched for several minutes. "I meant like this" he explains when his hands are at his ass again, pushing inside him again with...something. It's not very wide, not more than two fingers at least. He doesn't push it in very far. It's...it's...He tries hard to feel what it is, they don't own a dildo thin enough, wait - it's a fucking candle! It must be.

"You're my own birthday cake now" Aaron says, leaving him without doubt. He's sure he can hear the distinct sound of a lighter. It clicks a couple of times, then some silence before it clicks again. "Wonder what part I should taste first...maybe here" he says, biting lightly at his shoulder, "or here" he bites a bit harder at his waist. "This bit I like" he says, tasting his thigh, leaving it with a kiss.

Robert's breath hitched, a tiny pool of spit forming at the corner of his mouth.

"Put your legs together" Aaron encourages him, nudging his knees.
As he does, something hot hits his calves that makes him twitch, causing more wax dripping.

Aaron leads a piece of ice around his back, his warm skin making the cube melt, small streams leading down to his neck. Then another hot drop hits him, this time on his back. It's like tiny needles pricking his skin as the drops and splashes keep coming, some he hardly feels, some makes him grunt in displeasure. Aaron removes the candle from his ass, a larger pool of wax falls to his legs, then staining his ass before a rain of hot drops hits his back. His spine heaves up and down, his whole body yanks side to side as the speed of the rain increases. His cheek presses painfully against the floor.

He doesn't want to, but he just need a chance to collect himself, a chance to breathe properly, so he taps the floor a few times for 'yellow'.

The splashes stops instantly, Aaron comes down to the floor next to him, his mouth to his ear, an arm around his shoulders, his thumb rubbing gently. "I'm here" he reassures him and he breathes a little easier again, his pulse decreasing. "Tap once if you want me to remove the tshirt and tie".

Tap.

As the tie disappears he carefully blinks his eyes open and is met by a warm smile of Aaron's.

"Earplugs too?" he asks and Robert nods a little while once more tapping the floor.

"Socks?"

He shakes his head no. It feels too good having something to bite into.

"Alright" Aaron says and continues to remove the plugs in his ears, carefully turning his head to reach both, giving his neck a relieving stretch. When he's done, he lets some ice melt against his sweaty forehead. It feels good.

"Do you want me to continue?".

Again, Robert nods, because there's no way this can stop already.

Aaron gets up to his knees again, one of them close enough for Robert's lips to touch, which he does, receiving a warm touch to his cheek.

Aaron rubs some ice onto his back, then lets hot wax fall in the same place, chasing it with more ice. Then he repeats the action in several places. Robert breathes deeply through it all, pushing himself. Eventually it stops. Another sensation takes over as an ice cube gets pushed into his hole, and another one, making it burn from the cold. One slips out again when Aaron drops more wax to his body. He pushes it back, holds half his finger inside so it doesn't get a chance to leave again.

"You're making me so hard. I wanna fuck you so bad right now". He can practically hear the drool in Aaron's voice.

More quick drops to his back. Then a longer one that has his legs shaking. And the sound of Aaron blowing out the candles.

"You did good. So good" Aaron praises before shifting his body away from him for a second. He hates the empty space. Then he hears the sound of a camera phone.

"Look. Look at you. This is what you let me do"
Holy fuck. He stares at the phone Aaron is holding in front of him, finger back to playing in his ass. His entire back is speckled with white dots, from his shoulder blades down to his tailbone. It turns him on. A lot. Not because he let Aaron do that to him, but because Aaron did that to him. There’s a difference.

"I better fuck you before all the ice's gone. You already melted the others" he chuckles, moving behind Robert. He hears the click of the familiar bottle, then the equally familiar stretch as Aaron's dick opens him wide. He takes his time sinking into him. "Your back..." Aaron pulls away a little. "So good" he says, moving forward again.

There's a sloshing sound coming from his ass as Aaron moves in and out, water slipping down his thighs. Looking back he sees Aaron reaching for the bowl that held the ice, placing it in between his legs, some of the water dripping down into it.

He clenches his hands into fists as Aaron hits his prostate in the right way, mumbles around his gag when the speed increases. His face scrapes against the floor, he'll probably have a burn in the morning. He can always blame it on Aaron's beard. Aaron slows down again, frustrating him so badly he want to throw himself flat on the floor like a child having a tantrum. Only when Aaron pounds hard into him again does the frustration in him let go. This time he doesn't stop until he comes. Tight tight fists, nails digging into skin, prevent Robert from coming too.

"Look back between your legs" Aaron demands when he's collected himself somewhat, slipping out of Robert.

What he sees is Aaron emptying his last come in the small bowl. "Stand up on all four". As he does, more of Aaron's come and water flows down his thigh, finally reaching the bowl.

"Here" Aaron reaches out his hands for Robert to take, "Stand up on your knees slowly". His body is aching from the change in position but he's too turned on to really care.

Aaron lets go, fetches the bowl from the floor. "I need you to hold this. Aim your dick into it". He's afraid to even think what Aaron's plans are.

He stands in front of him, his dick glistening. He removes the socks from his mouth once more, gives a little nod down at his cock. "Clean me" he demands in the same way he had earlier in the day.

He's too far gone to feel the taste of Aaron, cum, water, himself, and lube. It's all about cleaning Aaron, doing what he asks him. He licks up and down, swallows everything without hesitation.

Aaron pushes him off, sinks to his knees and takes his cock in his hands, starting to jerk him off. He takes the bowl out of his hands, puts it to Robert's mouth. "Open up".

Robert mind is about to explode when he pours about half of its content down his throat as he continues to stroke his cock. Then he aims Robert's cock against the bowl again, whispers hoarsely into his ear, "You're not allowed to come. If you do, I'll have you drink that too".

Oh fuuu... his body clenches and does exactly what he's not supposed to. There's no chance in hell he could have held back. Aaron makes sure to catch as much as he can. Before the cramps has even left his body, Aaron is making him drink what's left in the bowl. "That's it. Good". He swallows everything that's offered. The taste is far from pleasant but he loves it all the same.

Aaron takes him in his arms, guides him to sit back down. "Careful. We gotta peel away the wax". He goes to get an old sheet from the wardrobe, places it behind him, rubs his shoulders and back, breaking his extra skin apart. It crumbles down to the sheet. Some that's stuck in his fine hairs above
his ass, Aaron picks away with his fingers. His hands work quickly but carefully, giving him little
kisses to his neck. When most of it is gone, he helps him stands, tucks them both into bed. "I got you
some juice" he says, sounding unsure of himself and it's the sweetest thing Robert has heard in ages.

"Thank you" he says happily, accepting the glass with apple juice. It's heaven to the dryness that still
lingers in his mouth after the socks. The sperm mixture didn't help much.

He takes a few sips before putting it back on the small table. "I didn't think I would like that so
much".

"What, the juice?"

"No" he chuckles at Aaron's lame attempt to humour. "The candles" he breathes. "I liked it" he
smiles, moves closer into Aaron's side even though he's radiating too much heat. He just needs to be
close and feel his touch.

Aaron squeezes in his leg between his, holding them tight together, an arm pulling them closer "I
really am sorry about this morning".

"I told you. It's fine".

"Alright" Aaron nods.

"One question though, the builders aren't coming tomorrow so what are we really doing?"

"You'll see".
Jumping right in

Chapter Notes

Well, my neck is killing me for some reason but I refuse to break a promise so here's the next chapter.

Honestly, this chapter kinda ran away with me...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aaron is quiet when they leave the scrapyard. It's not really unusual for him of course, but he seems more thoughtful than usually, brooding something over. Robert wants to comment on it, ask how he's doing because Aaron and thinking too much isn't usually a good sign. At least not when it comes with wrinkles so deep you could hide a coin in them. For a moment he worries it must have been something new he read last night, something he dislikes, something he's finding too weird. Then the logical part of his brain kicks in, tells him that not everything has to be about their new life. In the end, he settles for a hand above Aaron's, receiving a tight smile in return, but a smile all the same. That's a good sign.

They sit in silence, and it actually doesn't feel too bad Robert notices when they're ten minutes out of Emmerdale. Not after a morning of Nicola (showing her their potentially new business partner kept her happy for about a good ten minutes, then it was back to normal). Aaron doesn't tell him where they're going, but Robert notices him steering towards Leeds. In fact, Aaron's keeping schtum about all things involving their mysterious afternoon.

Until he unexpectedly pulls into a lay-by, killing the engine.

Surprised, Robert looks around, nothing but barley fields, an old stone wall, and a battered garbage bin to see. "I'll admit I thought we were going somewhere else" he finally says, trying to ease the noticeable tension quickly filling the car.

Aaron does a double take, looking at him. "What? No. We're going to Leeds" he frowns. Gripping the steering wheel tight, clearing his throat a bit, he nods quickly, head slightly tilted. "I just need to talk to you first".

"Ok...Is something wrong?". Maybe it is about them after-all.

Aaron lets his teeth slide against his lower lip, shrugging, an elbow leaning against the door. Uncharacteristically, he takes Robert's hand, gives it an affectionate kiss, then letting it go in favour for rolling down the window; the car is already heating up.

He's stalling, Robert knows it, but still he waits patiently for him to speak.

"I know I said we'd take things slow-", Aaron finally says, staring out the window, ",...and yesterday wasn't exactly that..." he nods.

Sure, maybe they were jumping into things a bit quick and maybe they should have talked things through a bit more to avoid the incident with Chas in the kitchen, but they're learning. They both are. He's not blaming Aaron in any way. And also, fuck slow because he's loved every single moment so
Aaron turns, looks at him with piercing eyes, picking up his sentence again, ”and neither will today”. Robert can tell he's searching his face for a reaction, but he doesn't give him one, just listens intently to his next words. ”I'm not sure this is the right way to do it, but I've been thinking, and reading, and I think before this goes too far we should get a taste on what this could really be like. 24/7 I mean” he adds. ”I need to know” he marks.

Robert stares at him, finds himself agreeing with a nod, a little too worked up and excited to form words.

”That means that for the rest of the day, for every minute of it, you're my slave, and you will do what I ask”. Aaron's Dom voice is back again, strong, determined. ”Understood?”

”Yes Sir” he bows his head a little, looks down at his hands. Aaron hasn't told him to, but it comes natural.

”When we're in public, and from now on this will apply for other days too, just not today, if we meet someone new you will wait to speak until spoken to or for me to speak first, you will let me walk through doors first, and at all times will you stay on my left side”. It's funny, Robert thinks, how such orders only translates as beautiful music to his ears. ”A couple of things I want to try today; if you need to leave a room you will let me know the reason why first. Also, I will decide when and what you eat”.

Anything he wants he will give. Robert repeats the rules in his head over and over, making sure to memorize them. ”Am I allowed to talk?” he asks hesitantly.

Aaron chuckles softly, ”Yes. Please. I don't want a silent doll with me all day. Never” he leans a bit closer, grips Robert's jaw. ”Unless I order otherwise” he says sternly, making Robert's heart skip a beat.

…

First stop; lunch.

The restaurant Aaron's chosen comes with proper white tablecloths and all, wine glasses and polished forks already set on the table. They sit in the shaded part of the patio, Robert on a cushioned bench that runs along the whole side of the space, Aaron on a chair opposite from him. At the end there's an all white bar, golden chandeliers hanging down in random places, and in the middle a tree breaks through the floor boards with winding branches, it all creating a unique atmosphere.

”This is nice” Robert says, smoothing out his shirt that he's now happy that he wore today. Aaron's in his characterizing t-shirt, looking a tad under-dressed for the place, but doesn't seem too bothered about it.

”Thought you might like it” Aaron smiles fondly. One of those warm ones that he reserves just for him. Tiny crow's feet and everything.

The waiter, a lanky man in his early 20s, sporting somewhat of a hipster moustache, greets them and hands them a couple of menus. Swiftly tells them the specials of the day, tops up their water before leaving again. Robert leaves his menu untouched, he hasn't forgotten the rules already.

”You're allowed to look” Aaron clarifies, opening the thin folder. Despite approval, Robert leaves it unopened, finding it easier not to know what he might potentially be missing. He's almost certain Aaron's chosen this particular place so he'll be able to tease him about all their delicious dishes. But
he doesn't bite, he finds himself not really bothered by it. He enjoys good food, yes, but Aaron choosing for him feels much more significant.

When the waiter comes back, asking if they're ready to order, he looks at Robert, as if he's the one calling the shots. Aaron stares up at the waiter, crossing his arms, until he gets his attention. "I'll have the beef, but with chips instead of tabbouleh" he frowns, pronouncing the word, and Robert has to bite his cheeks to prevent himself from laughing, "And a lager please". He points to Robert, briefly causing him to tense up, "he'll have the salmon, and just water". Salmon, that's always a nice choice, Robert has time to think before Aaron adds, "And if we could also order a small side dish of gherkins or whatever pickled stuff you keep in the kitchen, that'd be great" he smiles, ignoring Robert's horrified face.

"You'll eat it, and you'll like it. Don't badmouth your sister's business Robert, it's not nice" Aaron reprimands when the waiter is gone. His voice is so demanding Robert's head actually hangs down in shame. Something they both know would never happen under different circumstances.

"I'm sorry" he whispers.

"You're forgiven. Still not getting out of eating whatever he comes back with" Aaron chuckles lightly, bringing some humour into it which eases Robert's tension.

When the food arrives, the kitchen of course have pickled anything so unluckily, it comes with a small plate of gherkins. It's an odd request he can tell as Aaron points for the waiter to put it down next to Robert's plate.

"Enjoy your meal" the man smiles, leaving them once again.

Unsure if the breakfast rules extend to other meals, Robert waits for Aaron to start before he eats.

"Hmm" Aaron snorts, sounding a little surprised. "From now on, I think you should wait for me all the time. I like it".

Robert grins wide, bordering on a laughter. He leans over the table, makes sure he's out of earshot before whispering, "I'm glad I can please you Sir", coyly brushing his fingers against Aaron's.

…

Next stop; Zara

A place with air condition, which is everything he really needs right now after sitting outside in the heat for the past hour. Robert stands on Aaron's left side in the escalator up to the third floor. Again, he's surprised to be in a store that doesn't exactly scream of Aaron. If anything, he'd suspected them to head to the nearest Sports Direct after he'd told them over paying their bill they'd be going clothes shopping next.

They're in the men's department which is nearly empty having just passed the lunch hour rush. It doesn't take him many seconds before spotting a few nice shirts he wouldn't mind trying on, but Aaron has other plans as he pulls at his sleeve. "Come on" he says, guiding them towards the fitting rooms.

Only a few of the stalls are occupied and they slip into the one furthest down the row.

"What size are you?" Aaron asks, examining him, trying to figure it out for himself.
"Shirts large, trousers, 34 waist, 33 leg...usually" he adds.

"Usually?" Aaron frowns.

"Depends on how it fits". Aaron rolls his eyes at him. "What? Not all of us lets our clothes hang loose you know" he laughs, shakes the excess fabric around the waist of Aaron's t-shirt, hoping he hasn't overstepped his mark with his joke.

"Hilarious. Wait here" Aaron nods but makes no attempt to leave. It takes Robert a second or two to realize what he's actually said, when he does he puts his hands behind his back, straightens his back, shifts his gaze to the floor. 'Wait here'.

"Reaction could be a bit quicker, but it will do. You're allowed to speak by the way" Aaron explains before closing the door behind him.

He entertains himself with counting thin stripes painted on the door until Aaron gets back. Four times. His back is starting to ache for standing still in the same spot for so long and he dares shifting a little, but not enough that his feet will move. For all he knows, Aaron could be outside watching his legs' movement. The thought alone has him standing perfectly still again.

There's another ten minutes before he recognizes Aaron's shoes stopping outside the stall.

"Here, try this on first" he says from the other side of the door and Robert looks up to see something small and black scrunched up in Aaron's hand. As for show, he lets it drop so it's dangling in a string. It's a blindfold.

Without a word or hesitation, Robert slips it around his head. "Done" he says quietly.

Aaron comes in, with a hand to his chest he backs him up against the wall. There's a lot of soft noise of metal against metal and fabric being shifted around and tiny huffs from Aaron before he speaks. "Try these".

Robert drapes the items loosely over his arm, starting to unbutton his own shirt. Aaron takes the clothes back from him. "Sorry, should have told you that first" he mumbles, a little nervous sounding.

"That's ok" Robert smiles encouragingly. He's never had anyone pick out clothes for him before and he's pretty certain Aaron has never picked out clothes for anyone but himself either. Judging from his sense of style, maybe it's safer he's wearing a blindfold. Oddly, the thought of Aaron making changes to his appearance hasn't really crossed his mind more than fleetingly. It's not even something he thought Aaron would be interested in or too bothered about. He finds himself not entirely comfortable with the thought and slipping into a t-shirt Aaron's picked out for him, he finds himself getting a little anxious about what the future will look like. He loves his suits, he loves choosing what to wear in the morning, what colour of his shoes that work best with what trousers, the thought of losing that makes him a little nervous. Of course, it's Aaron's right to decide what he wishes to see him in. That's what all of this truly means. Aaron has the right to do anything he pleases with Robert. And Robert lets him. Somehow, that thought centers him again, lets him focus on pleasing Aaron, rather than his own wants. Clothes is just something he likes and wants. Serving is something he needs, and that is so much bigger.

Safe in his thoughts, he tries on the clothes Aaron gives him, one after one. Some fits perfectly, others he can't even close. Some are soft, some are jeans, some buttons, some zips, some are t-shirts, some have long sleeves, some have short. Aaron never comments on what he tries out, just have him turn around before handing him new items to try. Never once, does he get to peek on what exactly
he's putting on.

”Give me your credit card. Wait here until I'm gone, then meet me outside the store”.

He slips him the sleek metal card holder without questions.

Ten minutes later, Aaron comes out carrying two big bags, holding out his cards, ”You'd better take this back for our next stop”.

”)And that is where?” he asks curiously.

”I told you the other day. You need a haircut”.

...

Aaron tells the hairdresser his vocal cords need resting and he's there to talk for him. The whole thing is bizarre and Robert isn't sure the poor girl believes a single word of what Aaron seems to be making up as he goes along, she looks that confused. Robert can hardly look himself in the mirror, his face is so red, as she sweeps the cape around him.

”)So how do you want it?” she smiles at Robert through the mirror, then at Aaron who's in the chair next to them, then back to Robert again, unsure of who she should address.

”)He usually wears it short in the summer” Aaron lies. ”I mean in this heat you can mind as well shave it all off”.

Robert swallows, a tiny shiver running down his spine. Not because of the thought of losing his hair, but for the complete ownership Aaron is showing. It makes his dick hard and he's lucky he's got a cape covering him.

The girl looks at him again, hedging, ”I could cut it really really short on the sides and a tiny bit longer on the top if you'd like, it'll look better when it grows out again than a buzz cut would” she explains ever so gently, waiting for either of them to give her their approval.

When Aaron doesn't answer, intentionally flipping through a magazine, Robert lifts his brows, draws a deep calming breath and nods with wide eyes. This is really happening then. He hasn't had hair this short since...never?

In a way, it's cleansing, liberating even, as the curls fall around him. As if it's a start on something new. Like he's new. A new page still unwritten.

However, turning up for work tomorrow is going to be a very interesting experience.

...

Aaron keeps throwing glances his way as they walk over to their next destination, and Robert keeps touching the short bristle. It feels weird. In every window they pass he can't help looking at his unfamiliar appearance. It's definitely going to take a while getting used to.

”)I like it” Aaron says conclusively after having studied him for several minutes.

”)Thank you Sir” Robert bows his head momentarily, feeling enveloped in his warmth and a little better about himself.
Pet Zoo Palace.

That's the ridiculously name of the store they enter, first thing they see is equally ridiculously pink shirts the staff is wearing, braces and big buttons attached. A middle age woman with a bow in her hair and with bright pink cheeks approach them the second they walk in.

"Hiya! How can I help you today?"

Aaron almost jumps backwards from her direct approach, frowning deeply. "Uhm..." he collects himself, shaking his head. "We've just adopted a...this huge...uhm a big Saint Bernard" he says, gesturing with his hands just how big it is.

"Aww, they're lovely aren't they?" the woman smiles dreamily.

"Bernie" Robert breathes out almost accidentally, surprising both himself as well as Aaron and the woman who both look at him.

"That's nice" she nods out of courtesy more than anything.

Aaron clears his throat. "So...we need to get a dog bed for him. Largest you got really. Like I said, he's quite big..." he trails off, shooting a tantalizing glance Robert's way that has him growing all red again. He busies himself with some cat toys to his left not to let it show.

"Well I got just the thing" the woman ushers them over to another section of the store, where a variety of beds are on display, from tiny cat mats to miniature four poster bed frames. "These are the two biggest we got" she points to a round brown thick bed in the shape of a paw, and an oblong grey one, with a white fluffy center, and slightly raised edges, both measuring nearly 1.5 meter wide.

Aaron steps closer to examine them, squeezes the fabric a little. "Which one do you think Bernie will like best?" he asks without looking at Robert.

"The grey one" he answers trembling, trying to keep his emotions in check. The awareness that he's helping in picking out a dog bed for himself has his emotions bounce around like a ping-pong ball. "It looks good" he adds, swallowing, feeling his cock twitch.

Aaron turns to him, "Mm, I agree. I'm sure Bernie will enjoy it" he says seriously.

"Ok good" the woman says cheerfully, unaware of any sexual charge between them. "Anything else I can help you with?"

"Well we need a proper collar for him" Aaron says and Robert lets a small whimper out, uncontrolled.

"Absolutely, have you thought about a harness? Sometimes they're a little easier when it comes to walking big dogs, keeps them from pulling so much" she explains.

"Huh. Haven't thought about that, but that sounds useful" he agrees and follows her over to a new shelf.

It takes everything Robert got to be able to walk straight as he follows, jittery. This time, Aaron doesn't ask for his opinion when he picks out a black harness with metal D-rings. When Aaron asks for where their dog bowls are, telling her they'll be ok from here, and when they're standing next to each other looking at the options, all Robert wants to do is drop to his knees and wrap himself close to Aaron's legs in pure surrender. Not to be able to do just that, makes his whole body clench, legs twitch and there's this uncomfortable chill coursing through him. The same sort of feeling when a
body part falls asleep. The same frustration and discomfort.

"Stop moving about Robert" Aaron calmly tells him, picking up a shiny metal bowl.

"I'm sorry Sir" he says, not really caring who might hear him, but it's the only name that feels right at that moment.

"Thank you". Aaron strokes the small of his back, his eyes catching a double bowl stand, nodding towards it. "For both water and food, what do you think? Maybe it's too easy though" he murmurs, leans closer to Robert's ear "I think I'd prefer seeing you eat down on the floor properly, not on some fancy stand".

Out of reflex, Robert's hand shoots out to grip Aaron's wrist tight, to keep him from falling over. He can hardly breathe. Thankfully, Aaron lets him calm down before opting for two simple metallic bowls.

... It takes a bit of an effort to get the huge dog bed as well as the clothes up to their room in the Woolpack unnoticed. Robert hadn't dared suggest they'd leave it at the house for now, as Aaron had been adamant on bringing everything but the bowl and harness in.

Once inside and when Aaron's locked the door behind them, Robert falls to his knees, whimpering in relief. The whole day has been one huge build up it feels, making his emotions run all courses, but now that he's down on his knees, where he belongs, he instantly finds his serenity.

Aaron is there to stroke his head. "God Robert, what are you even doing to me?" he mumbles, places soft kisses just above his ear. "Come" he says and holds out his hands for him. "I'm gonna get some water. Meanwhile, I want you to go to the bathroom and get yourself ready for bed".

He doesn't reflect much on the fact that it's way too early for bedtime because...did Aaron just introduce bathroom control? His cock grows hard for about the millionth time that day, he's ready to start rubbing himself against pretty much anything for release.

"Understood?" Aaron's voice pulls him back.

He nods. Yes. Yes he understands. He's under Aaron's complete control. "Yes Sir" he pants, mouth watering slightly.

... Both back in their room, Aaron thankfully puts him on knees again, right before feeding him a banana.

"The builders texted me earlier" Aaron says, removing the peel a bit more. "Said they'll be at the house first thing in the morning. They'll probably get it done by Friday too" he smiles.

"Really?" Robert stops chewing to grin, eyes flashing wildly. "So we can move in this weekend?" he cries.

"We don't have any fur-" Aaron is about to protest when Robert cuts him off.

"I'll call them, I'll pay extra. Please Aaron, please, let's move in. We can get an air bed if we have to. Let's just move in" he begs.
Aaron breaks off the last piece of the banana, lets Robert take it from his fingers, then licking them clean. "I hope you're ready for it" is his only response. Robert answers by sucking his fingers harder.

Aaron pushes him away gently. "Strip please". He folds out the big dog bed which takes up a big portion of what's left of the floor space. He fluffs it a little where the stuffing is bundled together. "Well try it out then" he says when all Robert can do is stare at it. "Aren't you gonna thank me for buying you such a big bed, I could have gone much smaller - but I want my pet to get a good night's sleep".

"Thank you Sir" he crawls onto the bed. It's actually very soft against his skin and when he curls up into a fetal position, all but his lower legs fit on it. There's something soft circling around his ankle before he discovers it's the same tie as he had around his eyes yesterday. Aaron's making a small knot around it, then he nudges for Robert to straighten his leg so he can attach the other end to the leg of the bed. He makes it loose and comfortable, no problem of circulation not getting through.

Then he sinks down to Robert's cock, laps up the precome that has smeared his stomach. It makes him hitch. This is what he is now, a hard, leaking cock who just wants more. He stretches out both is legs properly, giving Aaron all the access he wants. Most of his legs are now outside the small bed, making him feel like a giant. Sitting back, Aaron pushes down his own jeans and boxers to his knees, not bothering of removing more. He lays down on top of him, attacking his neck with little bites. The pressure of his body has him pinned completely.

As Aaron pushes his hand between them, the pressure eases somewhat on his lungs as Aaron shifts ever so slightly onto his side. He takes them both in his hand, not caring for anything called slow. It's rough and hard, and with a little pain too when Aaron's fingers dig into his cock the wrong way.

"I'm going to enjoy my pet so much when we move into our house" Aaron's words are low and rumbling and unbelievably sexy. Slave, pet, he'll be whatever he wants him to. "I'm gonna take care of you just the way you need". They share sloppy kisses, wet lips and desperate tongues, Aaron talking in between, "I love...being...the proud...owner...of such a....beautiful...pet".

He's hardly ever heard Aaron talk so much during sex and it sends him quickly to the edge, "Sir, may I come?" he finds himself asking, a little short of breath.

Aaron's hand releases its grip around them both. "Not yet". He pushes himself up a little on his one arm before claiming his previous grip back.

"Sirrr, pleeease" Robert whimpers, pulling against his restrain out of torment. "Plee-"

"Now" Aaron's voice is firm, giving Robert no choice than to obey, not that he could have held off anyway. Aaron doesn't let go of his grip around him after he's pumped him clean, instead he keeps going until he comes too, causing Robert to nearly push him away because of the over-sensitivity.

His stomach is covered with sperm, then even more of it as Aaron wipes his hand clean against his chest. "Thank you Sir" he whispers, eyes a little droopy.

"Hold your hands out" Aaron reaches back for something and before he knows it, he's being handcuffed. Then he reaches back to make sure the tie is still secured around his ankle, letting a finger slip between fabric and skin. Lastly, he kisses him, making sure not to touch his stomach. "I'm gonna go wash up".

When he comes back a minute or two later, he's got an old car magazine with him. "Can't remember reading this" he says, getting on the bed.
Robert listens to him get under the covers, propping up the pillows behind him the way he usually does on uneventful evenings or lazy mornings. He lays still, with his hands above his head, doesn't wanna turn or keep his hands lower in case he'll spread their cum around more. Last thing he wants is to get the new bed dirty.

Briefly, he contemplates the request of a shower but comes to the conclusion that if Aaron wanted him to have one, he would have said so.

"Colour?"

"Green Sir".

Aaron peeks over the edge of the bed playfully, face only a feet from his, "Good. Then I hope you won't mind if I let you sleep on your new bed tonight?"

"No Sir" Robert shakes his head a little, feeling like he could explode again.

Aaron moves around on the bed until he puts Robert's own blanket over him. "Night then" he smiles, disappearing out of sight. Definitely no shower then.

"Bernie?" Aaron laughs suddenly a few minutes later. "That's the best you could come up with?"

Robert chuckles, a satisfying feeling slowly washing over him, it's been a good day. It's still early evening but he falls asleep with a smile on his lips and sleeps the whole night through.

Chapter End Notes

Well thank goodness it won't be too long until they can move in, I'm getting a bit impatient over here!!
Limits

Chapter Summary

Robert receives a punishment and Aaron's insecurities show.

Chapter Notes

I'm dedicating this fic to my wonderful kink sister Caro(evomad), she's basically my co-writer at this point because of all the ideas we keep bouncing around :P :P :D

One thing you need to know about me is that I have the worst memory ever so if i keep repeating myself of what I'm having the boys say, you must forgive me - i try my best :)

My goal is to post twice a week, I had been hoping to post yesterday but you know...life. And my back and neck are killing me atm.

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ring tone of Aaron's phone wakes him out of a pleasant dream early the next morning. Eyelids shut, he tries remembering the end of the dream before it slips from him completely. Their house, and a big soft sofa, and Aaron's legs and...that's all that comes back to him. He sighs. Listens to the soft voice of Aaron's murmuring words that his sleepy brain can't puzzle together. Something about time maybe. Or a bathroom? He's too drowsy to really care, soon drifting back into slumber.

"Come on, get up!" Aaron slaps his legs, making him jolt awake again with a bit of a groan, having just found another dream to latch on to.

"Not yet" he whines, his body aching a little as he stretches.

"Wake up" Aaron's voice coaxes, tugging his foot and leg straight, the band around his ankle soon coming off. "Come on, we gotta meet the builders, they're here soon" he says, releasing him of his cuffs, leaving him feeling slightly empty.

"Just five more minutes" he says, turning away from Aaron, pressing his face into the soft fabric, shutting out as much light as possible.

"Robert".

Fuck. Dom voice. It's not loud or annoyed or shouting in any way, just strong as steel in its demand.

"Get up right now. We'll talk about this later tonight" he throws a shirt in Robert's direction. It's an old one. The items they bought yesterday remain in their bags. If he hadn't felt so nervous about the upcoming talk, he would have been disappointed. He's more than a little curious about their content.
The builders arrive thirty minutes later than they said they would. Aaron's sat rolling his thumbs on the stairs outside, impatiently bobbing a leg, looking like he's about to explode at any minute. It's not really the kind of morning Robert would have hoped for the day after yesterday and Aaron's bad mood is quickly infecting his own.

The girl in customer service at the furniture company gets his annoyance over the phone. He manages to get the delivery set to Monday instead of four days later. It's something at least. The white goods are already set for Friday. He's already has a list of wines on his phone he wants to fill the wine fridge with. Aaron has stopped him from shopping already.

He pockets his phone, takes a step closer to Aaron. "Monday. I can go into town during lunch and pick up a big air bed".

"Yeah alright" Aaron responds, grabbing a handful of gravel, lacking the enthusiasm Robert had hoped for.

"Right, what's wrong?" he sighs.

Aaron throws a pebble back onto the path, "Nothing", he says, dropping a few more stones.

"Is it because this morning?" he asks, a little worried about his error.

Aaron stops to look at him. "No. I said we'd talk about that later".

"Come on Aaron, what is i-" he only has time to say before they hear the builders' van turn into their driveway.

They go through both the upstairs and downstairs bathroom, Robert showing them the new fixtures and going through how it all should look, including how the tiles should wrap around the corners. The try figuring out how the bathtub, which is delayed, annoyingly, will fit through the door, agreeing they'll hold off on putting up the new door frame. Aaron listens mostly, throws in the occasional question about pipes or ventilation or plumbing and other boring stuff Robert doesn't really pay attention to.

As they're about to leave, Aaron does something unexpected. "I may have another job for you" he tells the men, "It's in the basement".

"Right, let's have a look then" the more talkative of the guys nods forward. Robert is about to follow but Aaron gives him a very resolute look that says 'stay right here'. He doesn't dare move from the spot for the entire time they're gone. The other two builders walk in and out of the house, getting supplies, and he stays still, pretending to be on his phone; avoiding to look like a complete idiot.

Surprisingly, Adam and Nicola doesn't give him too much crap about his new hair. Nicola just tells him it's interesting, Adam doesn't care more than an acknowledgement that something's different. It's actually not that bad. Not like he thought it would be. The fact it's what Aaron chose for him makes it better looking somehow.

As promised, he drives into Hotten during lunch break to pick up a big air bed, a new sheet too that will fit it.

On his way back, Aaron texts him; 'Come by the house. Builders are out'.
He drives a little faster.

"When are they back then?” he asks, looking into the downstairs bathroom that looks more or less the same as it did this morning.

Aaron shrugs, ”Not sure, but they said it needs drying for at least three hours”.

Robert nods. Wants to ask more, particularly about Aaron’s conversation down in the basement but he holds back, knows it’s a secret he isn’t suppose to know anything about. Aaron's mood seems a little better again, a morning joking around with Adam sometimes does the trick.

"Come on” Aaron walks towards the stairs. ”Let's get your punishment over with”.

Hesitantly, Robert climbs the steps behind Aaron. Unless you count the other day where he was asked to stay silent, which didn't feel like a real punishment anyway, this will be his first.

"Strip, fold your clothes and put them beside the wardrobe door, then go stand and face that corner” Aaron points to which corner he means. "If you can't behave over small stuff and act like a kid, I'm going old school” he explains.

Robert stands in the corner, hands behind his back. It doesn't really feel like much of a punishment, not at first at least. But as he listens to Aaron open the box with the bed, their bed, filling it with air and shuffling it around the room, he feels a little jealous. It's just a temporary bed, but he bought it and he wanted to be part of it too. He can hear the squeak of plastic as Aaron climbs on, how he taps on his phone. Then speaking. ”Hiya. Right. Funny. Just letting you know we'll be a bit late. Nah, mate. Because I felt like calling. Let Nicola know too will ya. Cheers Adam”. He hangs up and even though it's just a normal phone call, the kind he's made about a thousand times before in Robert's presence; this time it feels different, like he's a child listening in when he isn't supposed to.

"I don't like it when you're being difficult, it wastes time” Aaron's now talking to him, voice so pedagogic he really is getting treated like a child.

Between the degrading tone, being naked and exposed in a corner, not being able to turn around, it really is starting to feel like a punishment because it's making him quite miserable. Especially the thought of disappointing Aaron.

"Come here. Bring your shoe with you”.

When Robert turns, he finds Aaron propped against the wall, in the middle of their bed, hands folded on his lap. He picks up his shoe, a brown Oxford, one of his favourites. Standing at the side of the bed, he waits for further instructions.

"I'm going to spank you. Six times with my hand, four times with your shoe. You'll count for me, and you'll apologize for being difficult between each spank you receive”.

"Yes Sir”. He's not sure he should feel elated or nervous. He's never been spanked before. He's spanked some of his old girlfriends before, but more for fun, never like this, not ever so controlled.

As if Aaron can read his mind, he continues, "I'm not sure this will work as a punishment for you if I'm honest, you might enjoy it too much. We just have to see. Come one, on my lap” he sighs a little, sounding slightly aloof, which just makes Robert feel worse and more regretful.

He does what he's told, his long body not really fitting the bed, legs hanging over the edge. Aaron runs a tender hand over his back, down his bum and thighs, kneading his cheeks a little. He can feel the hair on his legs turn to goosebumps under his touch, shivering a bit from the anticipation.
The first smack comes when he least expects it. It stings a little, but nothing that he can't stay perfectly still for; he's felt much worse. "One. I'm sorry for being difficult".

The second impact comes immediately after on his other cheek "Two. I'm sorry for being difficult". That one too, is easy to take.

The third and fourth Aaron aim on the same spot, directly after each other. It stings a tad more, he can feel his ass heating up. They have him groan a little.

Number five is the hardest yet and it has him slightly sliding forward. It's still easy enough for him to repeat his sentence without stuttering, "Five. I'm sorry for being difficult".

Aaron's hand around his shoulder pushes him back again. "Lay still".

Number six Aaron strikes in exactly the same spot, even harder and this time, Robert screams out his discomfort, once again jumping forward.

Aaron is there right away to push him into place, the air bed swaying heavily as he does. "I told you to be still. This is not optional. Neither is it supposed to be fun or pleasurable. Are you finding it pleasurable?" he asks, voice cold and heavy.

"No Sir" he whimpers, he's really really not. The only thing that saves him is the comforting thought of giving up his will in favour for Aaron's. That's what drives him.

"Then what number are we at?" Aaron asks.

"Six. I'm sorry for being difficult Sir" Robert breathes a little heavier.

Bam! "Fuck!" he screams, nostrils flaring, unable to control himself. The shoe, the fucking shoe. Somehow, he managed to stay still, which Aaron praises him for, "Good, you did really good".

"Se-seven. I'm sorry for being difficult" he says, feeling sweat forming on his back.

Aaron strokes his hand over his cheeks again, very carefully. Then the shoe falls to his ass again, a little less painful this time, but it still hurts and it's like nothing he's ever felt before.

When the ninth stroke hit, it has him spluttering saliva, fist pounding the bed, legs shaking violently. Collecting himself, he draws some deep, heavy, breaths. "Nine...I'm...m mm..sorry for being...difficult". It hurts and he can feel his ass throbbing, but it's not something he'd safeword for. He could take more if he really had to.

Number ten elicits the same reaction from him. Only difference is that Aaron takes him into his arms when he mumbles out his apologies. "You did good. So good." he soothes, wrapping him into a small spoon.

"I didn't expect that to be so hard" he finally says, still a little groggy, holding on to Aaron's arm around him. "I won't be able to sit properly for the rest of the day".

"Mm" Aaron mumbles his agreement. "I think that was too hard for a punishment. Next time we'll do it without the shoe. Although, I'd prefer it not to be a next time" he says with the understanding of Robert to behave from now on. He lets him go, sits up a little. "How did you find that?" he asks a little softer, more caring.

Robert carefully turns onto his back, watching Aaron. "I'm not sure. It hurt more than I thought, to be honest" he can't help from laughing a little at the unusual conversation. "I enjoyed it to about five
"Well, that's for me to decide, but yeah, sounds like it" Aaron agrees, planting a kiss to his neck, beard tickling now that his hair is gone to cushion it. "Before we get home today, I want you to work on a list, write down your soft and hard limits for me".

This gets his attention. "Someone's been doing their homework" Robert jokes, elbowing Aaron playfully, maybe a little too sarcastically.

"I take this seriously Robert" Aaron says sternly, not biting to his humour.

Robert turns more towards him. "I know, I'm sorry" he apologizes, eyebrows knitted. "I was only joking-"

"Well don't" Aaron pushes himself off of the air bed with some effort. "This is not a joke you know".

Shocked, Robert sits up, watching Aaron pick up his clothes. "I know" he assures him as sincerely as he can. Of course he knows, it's not a joke to him either, but surely they're able to have a laugh? Keep it lighthearted at times? It's not about being a hundred percent serious all the time, how can anyone live like that?

Before he can explain anything of what he feels, Aaron pushes his clothes into his arms, "Here, get dressed, I'll wait in the car".


He thinks about nothing more than Aaron's mood, and the list he's ordered to write, for the rest of the afternoon. After about two hours, Nicola's had enough of his distracted answers and kicks him out. It's fine, the coffee is better at Bob's anyway. Although, the metal chairs are more than uncomfortable for his bruised ass.

"You know, you'd think people would stop drinking hot stuff in this heat, but apparently not!" Bob smiles at him, putting down his Americano on the little wobbly table outside the cafe.

"Well it's good for you we're all addicts Bob" he says smiling, tearing away a piece of his newspaper to put under one of the table legs.

"Look at you handyman, must be all that work you're doing on the house" he jokes, clapping his hands together. "How's it coming along?"

Robert smiles kindly, Bob is a nice man, but sometimes he doesn't know when to leave people alone. Could be worse though, could be Brenda serving him. "Yeah fine" he simply says, avoiding to tell him they're moving in this weekend, hoping it won't evoke more questions.

"Right then, I'll leave you to it. Enjoy!" he leaves him with a new grin and a little silly hand gesture, pointing his finger at him, like kids do sometimes when they're pretending to shoot someone.

That will definitely go under hard limits, no gun play. He has no idea why on earth Aaron would ever consider that, but he's a Dingle and he wouldn't be too surprised if Zak were to bring them a rifle as a house warming gift. Either that or a dead bird. Better not chance it, he adds it.

Another hard limit touching on the same subject; no pressure to his wound. It's healed as it should and there are no health issues from it, but the nerve fiber hasn't found its way back to each other in
some places so he has a limited sensation. It's an odd feeling really, pressing on his wound, sorta like when your whole cheek is numb after getting a local anesthesia at the dentist. Someone could pinch him, or worse, and he wouldn't feel a thing.

The third hard limit he thinks of is one he won't write down, one he doesn't even have to write down, and one he doesn't even want Aaron to see. Rape play. They haven't really talked about Gordon after his funeral more than very briefly after Robert had picked Aaron up from a therapy session. It's a closed subject until Aaron brings it up again.

Another one he won't write down is cutting or any sort of blood play. He wouldn't subject Aaron to that. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't curious about the relieving effect, but no. He won't do that to him.

Fifth limit: Feces. No. Just no. Also a strict no to nappies or anything baby play.

The soft limits are harder, especially since he's not sure on what he might like or not. He's thought about it before of course, about a hundred times or so, but trying to remember them in one afternoon proves hard. With the help of Google he manages to find a list of all kind of kinks which helps and in the end, he adds eleven things to the list that he doubts he would enjoy. Then again, if Aaron is there, his safe hands guiding him, he might be able to enjoy just about anything.

Two large cups later he's even succeeded in getting some job done, and is sending off some invoices when Aaron walks up to him, out of nowhere.

"Hiya. Didn't see you".

"Adam dropped me off. Someone took the car, didn't they?" Aaron digs his hands deep in his pockets, swaying slightly on his heels. "Wanna get an ice cream, go to the cricket pavilion or something?", he asks, face scrunched, appearing uncomfortable.

Robert knows Aaron well enough not to say no or question him, knows he has something to get off his chest if he wants them to have ice cream in a place away from the village. "Yeah sure, let me just wrap this up, two minutes, and drop the computer off, ok?"

"Sure".

"You could get the ice cream while you wait if you'd like" he suggests.

"Ok. What do you want?"

Robert smiles a little, pulls Aaron closer with his hand, giving it a light kiss and a gentle squeeze. "I want you to choose" he says, wondering if Aaron needs a reminder or the encouragement the most.

He picks two Cornetto Classico. Which have already melted a little by the time they sit down in the shadow on the little bench against the wall, Robert grimaces a little from the pain but it's not too bad. He licks ice cream off the wrapping paper and some that drops onto his hand.

Aaron's about halfway through his cone when he opens his mouth to speak, "Yesterday..."
Robert stops eating, afraid that if he won't give him his full attention, he won't say anymore.

"Did I hurt you?" he asks seriously.

It's not at all what Robert had expected to hear, it making him all sorts of concerned, confused. "No. Why would you think that?" he turns slightly towards Aaron.

From the corner of his eyes, Aaron looks at him, shrugs a shoulder. "Your hair. Look at you. This morning when I saw you there on the floor, and the new hair... I hardly recognized you. I'm changing you. Who you are".

"I didn't even want to get up this morning, remember?" Robert smiles crookedly.

"Yeah but the new clothes we bought. You'll hate them. It's just wrong Robert, this is wrong".

Before letting his emotions run away with him, wanting to scream that it's not wrong, or letting the fear of Aaron backing away take over, he draws a deep calming breath, then taking his hand. "How can it be wrong if we both enjoy it? Didn't you enjoy it?" he rubs his hand a little, comforting. "Didn't you like it?"

Aaron meets his gaze, eyes a little red. "That's what scares me. I loved it. I love the complete control you're giving me. I even want more". That makes Robert smile, relax. "But-".

"But what?" he interrupts, impatient and reassuring that there aren't any buts from his part.

A tear slips out of Aaron's eye, he's quick to wipe it away. It's the only one that falls. "What if it's him? What if this is his bad blood? What if I'm like him? What if this, this part of me that likes the control, is just some I don't know, offspring of his bad blood" he gestures with his free hand angrily, the frustration beaming out of him.

"Aaron, Aaron, listen" he grabs hold of both hands, pushing them firmly down onto his knees. "You're nothing like him. And this is NOT like what he did to you". Robert hates it. Hates that he has to say these words, how Aaron can even think that about himself.

A little calmer, settled under Robert's grip, he whispers, "How can you be so sure?"

With a sigh, he drops his head down, still holding Aaron's hands tight, making sure what he says next is just right. Meeting Aaron's gaze, he speaks, "Because, we love each other, we both want to do this, there is nothing abusive about it, we can both say stop at any time. Aaron, he was evil. There is nothing evil about this or you. You are good, and kind, and you having second doubts just now just proves that there's nothing of him in you", he smiles warmly, watching Aaron's tension fall slightly. "When I told you what I needed, you comforted me, told me there was nothing wrong to do something we both enjoy. So let me say this back; there is nothing wrong with doing something we both enjoy. But if you're uncomfortable, I won't force you to do anything you don't want" it pains him this could be the end of it, but it needed saying. "Aaron, you're allowed to safeword too, you know that right?" They haven't discussed it, he's just assumed.

"Yeah, I know" Aaron whispers.

Robert pulls him into their familiar jigsaw puzzle, where Aaron just fits so well under his arm laying across his shoulders. "I love what we've started. And I don't care about hair or clothes, well ok I like them, I'm not gonna lie" he adds, chuckling. "The point is, submitting to you gives me so much more. It's everything to me. And we've only just scratched the surface. Sitting on my knees next to you, I haven't felt so calm, well I can't remember. You give me so much. And I know you've enjoyed it too, I can see it in your eyes". He looks at Aaron, smiling as he agreeingly nods. "Well
then. Can we go home, let me take care of you tonight?”

Aaron smiles, clears his tight throat. "I think I wanna hear about your lists first though”.

"Come on then, they're on my computer” he gets to his feet, his half eaten ice cream completely melted. He throws both his and Aaron's onto the grass, then turning, asking, "Are you ok?”.

"Yeah.” Aaron closes the distance between them, hands finding his waist. "I'm sorry 'bout before, at the house. You're allowed to joke” he smiles.

Robert finishes the embrace, ”So are you” he says, receiving a snort into his neck.

…

Aaron sits between Robert's legs, comfortably leaning against his chest, laptop on his knees, looking through Robert's list. Robert makes sure to give him a few, well many, kisses in the places he can reach. Aaron would never admit it to anyone else, not even him either come to think of it, but Robert knows what he likes. He grabs one of his hands, lacing their fingers together, holding them to Aaron's chest, feeling him sink into him further.

"Ok, let's see, 'public humiliation', 'trapped in a dark, small space', 'hard whipping/spanking/caning' – you really didn't like that spanking did you?” he chuckles quietly.

"I think I could like it, I'm just not that into that much pain, I've been hit enough times to know” he tries joking but it's not really funny. "If we did try it, you'd have to go easy” he adds.

"I know" Aaron kisses his hand. "Don't worry baby”.

"'E-stim’” Aaron continues. "Hmm, never thought about that much really. Could be interesting” he grins. "'Cages', right. 'Latex', 'enema', 'foot licking', 'sex in public' - what do you mean 'Skype sex with stranger'?" Aaron chuckles and Robert can practically see his adorable hamster cheeks vibrating. "Why would that ever happen?”

"I don't know. Just popped into my head, not sure I'd like it”.

"Right, well I don't think I care for that particular much either”. Aaron turns into Robert more, ”You do know that I might train you in some of these right?”

"Yes. I assumed that was the idea” he whispers, looking into Aaron's eyes with expectation. Soft eyes meet his for a long time before finally, his fingers find the hem of his t-shirt, hesitating a little before Aaron silently blinks at him, the smallest of nods following.

He's more than happy to remove Aaron's t-shirt, revealing his chest. So much lovely skin to touch and kiss. They shift around, Robert pulling his legs away, Aaron laying down on his back, letting Robert hover over him.

They don't say anything, keeps going back to looking at each other. Slowly, Robert sinks down to his stomach, lets his tongue sweep up its middle. A cool breathe from Aaron sweeps across his head. He keeps exploring upwards with his tongue, around his chest, stopping to lick around a nipple, before dipping his nose into his armpit, drawing a deep smell. It's not shaved but trimmed after Robert had demanded it last summer, the smell is all pleasant sweat and deodorant and it drives him a little mad if he's being honest. It's a smell he can never get enough of. The hair against his tongue feels strange when he for the first time licks his armpit, Aaron hisses a little, he can feel the hair on his arm standing.
"It tickles" he mumbles, driving Robert to do it again before he's peppering kisses down Aaron's arm, all the way out to his hand, dipping each finger into his mouth, sucking them off, a mixture of dirt and ice cream hitting his taste buds. Licking his way back up, he doesn't stop until his mouth reaches Aaron's ear where he licks around the curved skin, whispering "I love you". He gives the other arm pit and arm and hands and fingers the same treatment.

Sitting back, he can't help staring at Aaron, his skin glistening where his tongue has made its marks. Can't help the complete feeling of worship and love. Aaron's blushing under his gaze. That happens. It's ok. Then a wicked grin comes over him and Robert looks back at him, wondering.

Aaron bends a leg at his knee, pressing it closer to Robert. "Remove my sock".

Robert hooks his hand under his calf, moves his foot into his lap, tugging off his sock. When Aaron places his naked foot against his stomach, he draws a quick breath. It's not that he doesn't like feet or have a phobia for them, it's just the thought of sucking or tasting them that makes his stomach turn to knots.

"Do you trust me?" Aaron asks, voice filled with concern.

"Yes".

"Then close your eyes for me".

He may not see it, but he can certainly feel Aaron's foot moving to his chest, stopping there. "Put your hand around my wrist Robert". When his fingers curl around it, it feels safer again, like he's back in control. "Lift my foot as high as you want it to go". It doesn't actually feel too bad or scary when he decides to lift Aaron's foot to his shoulder, placing it right next to his ear. "Good". He runs his hand through the soft hair on Aaron's leg, massaging his calf in deep circular motions. Aaron's slow exhale tells him he enjoys it. He just can't stop touching him, making him feel good in any way possible.

"Kiss my ankle". That too, really is fine, it's the thought of going further down that makes his heart race. "Relax Robert" the tone is soft, caring. "Would it help to kneel on the floor?"

He finds himself agreeing. "Yes. I think so".

"Then sit down then" Aaron's voice changes slightly, just going that tiny bit darker.

Once on the floor, Aaron places his foot back on his shoulder. "Kiss my ankle again please". He repeats his previous action. "Now kiss the side of my foot". He hesitates briefly but does it. "Good. You can choose to look or remain with your eyes closed now. I'm going to put my foot against your cheek".

Finding it safer, he keeps them closed. He draws a deep breath when Aaron's foot touches his cheek, it's either clammy or cold, he can't tell the difference. He feels the smell from it when he carefully tilts his head closer, another type of sweat, more raw and rough. But also behind it all is that familiar scent of Aaron, that's what really drives him mad again. His hand flies up, pressing his foot close to his cheek. He draws another deep breath, this time out of pleasure. Almost like a magnet, Robert turns so his nose can get closer. Then, very much to his own surprise, he reaches out his tongue, tasting whatever skin that meets him. The foot flinches a little, Aaron snorting quietly, until it settles again. Robert takes it in both his hands, trembling, inching it closer to cover his mouth. It's not so much the erotic sense of it that makes him grow hard, it's the fact that he's actually doing it, pushing his limits; for Aaron. The thought of his unshowered, dirty, sweaty body is what makes him leak with precome. When he closes his eyes harder, takes a deep courage building breath, his toes curling,
and heart pounding; he stretches out his tongue as far as he can, licks Aaron's sole, a first quick taste, then another breath and he licks from heel to toes. Actually doing it. That's when that distinct feeling washes over him again. The one that says he is all Aaron's.

He holds his foot still over his face, drinks in the smell that's now sweet from his saliva. Releasing his ankle, Aaron pulls back. "You did good, so good" he strokes both his cheeks. "I'm proud".

Robert peers his eyes open, blinking a few times. "Thank you Sir. May I please touch you now?" he asks quickly, not wanting to waste another second. He needs more of Aaron's body.

Aaron answers by laying back on the bed, arms out on each side, completely open for Robert. He straddles his body, grabs hold of each hipbone, dipping his face closer to the buttons on his shorts. With skilled fingers, he opens them, kisses the opening as he goes. Then, he pulls off all clothes until Aaron's completely naked.

Before he does anything else, he wraps his arms around his waist, sinking his whole body against Aaron, feeling the delicious sense of skin against skin, the warmth from each body just making it all the sweeter. This is home.

When he moves again, it's south. Down to Aaron's cock, burying his nose where cock meets sack, kissing each groin as he gets a hand in under his ass, turning him over. Again, he uses his tongue, this time to lick up his entire spine, between the meaty parts of Aaron's back. It tastes of delicious salt.

Leaning back, he let both his hands sweep down his back, stopping at his bum, kneading and caressing, drawing sweet moans out of Aaron. Kissing and gently biting each cheek, he pushes Aaron forward a little on the bed, and backs a little himself. Parting his cheeks, he can feel Aaron adjusting himself, giving him easier access. With a smile, he licks his way up from his balls, to his hole. Licking around, then slowly blowing air over the puckered skin. Short and long moves with his tongue. Shallow dips turning deeper. Easy breaths changing to heavy, Aaron becoming lax the more he serves. A cry for more, a hand reaching back, giving him what he needs. A hand running down Aaron's back, squeezing a little at his soft skin. Then licks and fingers and more air. Finally, his cock sinking in, his hands wedging in between sheets and chest, fingers curling around shoulders. Moving, neck kisses, and sweet sighs.

Aaron, Aaron, Aaron. It's all for Aaron.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure rushing over Aaron's feelings so quickly was the right thing to do, but I feel it needed addressing at some point and I can really see him having this little freak out, although I didn't want to give it too much focus so that's why I kept it rather short.

I needed this chapter, and I think Aaron did too. NOW, we're ready to move on.
The first evening and day in their new house.

Of course, he's always known it, but once again Robert learns that money will get you anywhere. Aaron had opposed it, of course he would, when does he ever approve when it comes to Robert spreading his cash about. The only time he can remember him not objecting was when they got better seats at a football game.

But now as they stand crammed together in the doorway, looking at their new shiny bathroom, not even an hour delayed thanks to Robert persuasive skills, even Aaron can't deny he's happy with the decision. The bubble bath (yes, they got it through the door after about an hour's effort) Robert has just drawn, along with the champagne on ice standing next to it, helps.

Robert drapes his arm around Aaron's shoulders, nuzzles his nose close to the crook of his neck. "Welcome home baby" he mumbles sweetly. He took the afternoon off, Nicola wanted another early Friday so she didn't object much; he's been home cleaning and getting the downstairs bathroom polished and free of any signs that builders left merely hours ago. He would have hired someone to do it if he and Aaron weren't having an ongoing fight about employing cleaning help.

Aaron frees himself from under his hold, takes a step into the room. "Champagne" he says, turning to Robert with a cocked eyebrow, slightly amused, "Really?"

"Aaron, we can finally move into our home. Our home!” he exclaims excited, making Aaron chuckle. "Surely that's worth celebrating?” he smiles in what he hopes is seductively.

Aaron takes the glasses, hands one to Robert. "You do know this is number nine?”

"I know” Robert grins. "You better keep your promise".

Also want to thank you for continuing to give me such lovely comments, I have never had such loyal readers before, and you should know how much it means to me and how it really keeps me going.

AND, thank you Benji for giving me one of the ideas in this ch :)
"Hmm" Aaron mumbles and Robert knows he's already won the bet; if he can make Aaron drink 'the world's most overrated liquid', as he'd put it, ten times, he'd do whatever Robert wants. "I think you need to strip and get in that bath now" Aaron says, avoiding the subject.

Robert wastes no time – he's naked within seconds, dipping one foot in the huge tub, but removing it as quickly. "I've made this way too warm, didn't think you'd be home just yet".

"Well in that case" Aaron grabs a towel and sits down on the edge of the tub, "Kneel" he smiles, dropping the towel between his legs.

As he does, he can't help pressing each of Aaron's thighs tight against his ears, his arms locking them in place, his whole head surrounded by Aaron's skin. "Sir" he whispers so low he's not sure if words are actually coming out of his mouth, "I can kneel wherever you like now". It's actually happening now. They have their house, their own house to do whatever they like. Their own bubble of heaven.

Aaron's nails scratch lightly over his neck, down between his shoulder blades and all the way up to his forehead, pushing his head up. He doesn't say anything, just smiles. Adoringly, Robert would call it, 'soft lad' Aaron would tell him if he could read his mind. Doesn't make it less true, Robert thinks.

"Mmm" Aaron sighs contently. "And I can fuck you wherever I like" he says, lingering on the last word like it's a promise and a delicious threat rolled up in one. Despite the warmth oozing from the tub, Robert shivers.

"Here", he gives Robert one of the glasses, breaking the moment. "Cheers" he snorts softly, both of them taking a sip. "Where did you get this from anyway, you've been into town?" Aaron asks curiously.

"No. Went to the pub, your mum gave me cost price too".

"Eh, yeah she better" Aaron sweeps half of his glass, puts it down on the edge of the tub and glides his hand through the water. "I think it's a bit cooler now". He chuckles, "Can't believe you actually filled it with this much bubbles. It's a bit girly innit?" he crinkles his nose at him, but there's a smile behind it.

"It's not girly, it's fun" Robert bites his lips playfully, eyes shining.

Snorting, Aaron stands, "We better try this fun then".

"I can make it even better" Robert smirks, reaching for the button starting the jets. As they do, the tower of bubbles becomes at least a foot higher, threatening to tip over onto the floor.

"Alright, you've proved your point" Aaron just shakes his head, turning the jets off and strips out of his clothes until he's just as naked as Robert. "Get in".

They sit opposite of each other, the bathtub is square and big enough to fit them side by side. It's just as high-tech and brilliant as Robert had imagined it when they first looked at it. Another thing Aaron didn't think it was worth spending money on, the look on his face now though, eyes closed, completely relaxed, tells him otherwise.

He blows at the pile of bubbles between them, some almost catching Aaron's face. "You want some more?" Robert holds up the bottle, even though Aaron isn't looking. He pours himself another glass, decides to leave the rest for later.

He takes another sip and Aaron's legs shift so they're on top of his. Moving the bubbles out of the way, he scoots closer, saying, "No, I want you to give me your glass".
There's hunger in his eyes now, a sparkle of sadism written in them, as he comes closer to Robert's face. The look is so hypnotizing he can feel himself instantly become weak under it, his cock twitching expectantly.

"You do know that you're not allowed to come or touch yourself without my permission right? Ever.", he adds, giving any future doubts their answer.

Unable to form a coherent sentence under Aaron's spell, Robert nods; yes he understands. Has always understood even though Aaron hasn't voiced the rule. His pleasure is all in Aaron's hands.

"Close your eyes, tilt your head back", Aaron takes the glass from his hand, his fingers limp as it slips from them. "Open your mouth".

The humidity in the room suddenly feels heavier, stuffy, as it forms tiny pearls of sweat on his upper lip. When something is poured into his mouth he jolts from the unexpected feeling, some of it slipping down his cheek. It's the champagne, only now, it tastes that much more, the tiny bubbles almost painful against his tongue. Then something else, heavier, smoother, sweeter. A sound from Aaron's mouth brings the answer of what it is; saliva. Oh god. He's rock hard now, and worse; desperate to touch himself. Some more of it drips into his mouth and he's ordered to swallow. Lastly, a generous gulp of champagne is given to him.

"Keep your mouth open, hold your breathe" Aaron instructs.

He takes a deep breath, dares a peek to find Aaron scooping up a big ball of the white foam before placing it against his face. "You better hold your breath, don't want to swallow this" he tells him. Then he wraps his hand around his grateful, aching cock. Starts jerking him off in a steady rhythm, his hand placed just where Aaron knows he likes it, his thumb creating pressure as it moves over the head. The lack of air makes the feeling that more intense, but in the end, his body starts shaking, legs hitting against the tub. Aaron wipes the bubbles away, "Breathe" he says, causing Robert to gasp in air.

"F-f-f-f-rmk". More please more. Aaron's hand moves faster, not looking to draw this out.

Then he does something unexpected, he pinches Robert's nose, at the same time pressing his hand down on his head until he slips under the surface, into a place where not just the water makes him float but all his overpowered senses does too.

Feeling those familiar waves of pleasure growing, coming closer, he pushes himself to stay under the surface, and when nearly all his air is gone, that's when he comes, his body convulsing hard, his lungs pushing what little air is left in them, forming bubbles from his mouth, and he flies up for air, Aaron tugging out the last of his orgasm.

"Shit" is all he manages to say when he catches his breathing again, mouth lopsided. As if someone had flipped a switch, he starts laughing. Just small bubbly chuckles at first, before he breaks into a hysteric laughter, drops of pure euphoria hitting him, unable to stop himself. Aaron holds him, prevents him from sinking under the water again, presses his face close and he can hear him chuckling slightly too. It's the most freeing thing.

The rest of the evening in their house is spent lazying about in their dressing gowns, examining the work in the other bathroom, drinking a little more champagne, generally feeling ecstatic about moving in, Robert sucking Aaron's cock before they fall asleep, being made to hold his come in his mouth for five minutes before he can swallow.
He's not sure if it's the surprisingly comfortable air bed that causes it or not, but he has a really good night's sleep.

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By the time Aaron wakes, Robert has already been kneeling by his side of the bed for fifteen minutes and his knees are starting to hurt. Despite the extra soft carpet.

"As much as it pains me to not let you stay like that for the rest of the day" he mumbles tiredly when he sees him, "there's no food in our fridge and we got nothing to eat with". Aaron yawns, stretches his arms wide.

"Takeaway?" Robert suggests shyly, because he too, wouldn't mind staying, knees be damned. Or, if not kneeling, then at least at home, naked and ready for Aaron.

"Don't tempt me" Aaron smiles, leans in for a quick peck, "but we need to get this over with sooner or later. Better let it be sooner. We'll pick up the box with kitchen stuff at the pub, then head to town for some major shopping".

Aaron's right, he knows that. Doesn't stop him from pouting though. "Would you mind if we stop by the wine shop too, I'd like to pick up some bottles I've ordered".

"Sure" Aaron smiles. "First though" he grins widely, walking over to their closet with such spring in his step, Robert's sure he could break out whistling. Clearly, an alien has taken over Aaron's body.

Curiously, he follows him with his gaze to what he thought was their empty closet. He's proved wrong when Aaron brings out a few items of clothing and puts them down in front of him. He doesn't question how they got there in the first place, just looks at the clothes (more like stares in shock); dark grey suit trousers, a black button-up shirt, and a black leather belt. It's surprisingly nice. Not at all what he had thought. "Is this what you'd like me to wear?" he asks carefully, sure that he must be wrong and Aaron will bring out something much more hideous.

"Well, I thought about brighter colours in this heat, but I think I'd like to see you sweat in all that dark".

Grateful, he speaks, "Sir, this is really nice".

"Bet you thought I was gonna put you in tracksuits or something didn't you?"

Embarrassed of his lack of faith in Aaron, he nods, looking at the floor.

"Well don't worry, I got a few items in there to bring out that you'll hate. And before I forget, the wardrobe is off limit for you. I'll choose what you'll wear from now on".

It doesn't feel frightening to hear the words he knew were coming, more like a gift to add to the pile on what Aaron is already providing him with. "Thank you Sir".

Aaron sits down at the end of the air bed. "Sit down here please" he points to the space between his legs and Robert crawls over. "Fuck. Do you know how hot that is?" he snickers. Robert sits down on his bum, grateful for the release from his knees, he leans his head against Aaron's knee, listening, "The rules regarding clothes are these; I will choose what you will wear every day. When you come home after work, I want you to strip down to your underwear in the hallway, then place your clothes outside this room, we'll place a dresser or table there or something. Some days you might be allowed
more clothing, some days you'll be completely naked. However, you are not allowed to enter this room unless you're naked. It doesn't matter if you're just entering to get your phone or whatever, you have to take your clothes off outside this room. Always. No matter what”.

Aaron's voice is very firm and Robert nods, the prospect of walking around naked and exposed for Aaron's viewing pleasure arousing him.

"We don't have time for that now” Aaron looks down to his crotch. "Get dressed, we'll have breakfast at the pub”.

Robert stands, brings his clothes with him to the hallway. They don't have a mirror, but he can tell how great they fit. Aaron did good, really, really good.

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Robert keeps to Aaron's left side the whole time they're in town.

Leaving the groceries in the hallway when they get home, he removes his clothes and goes to place them outside the bedroom door. He pauses to look at them, abandoned on the floor, then into the bedroom. If only he could express to Aaron what he feels; putting it all into words is impossible. 'Thank you' doesn't come close of being enough. That's why he intends on being the best slave he can possible be, perform his duties to a T; it's the best way he can show him his gratitude. Aaron's slave. Closing his eyes, he leans against the door frame. He is Aaron's. Every last bit of him. The feeling is so strong that he wants to go kneel at his feet right now, lift his arms up to Aaron, begging to be bound. It's so strong that he wants his collar and marks and whatever else he'd choose for him to show his ownership. It's so strong he wouldn't care who sees it. Then he snaps back to reality, catches a tear on his hand, figures it won't ever be more than a desire. How could it? It's not like he can have a slave collar around his neck when meeting clients. He chuckles bitterly at the thought.

At least they have their house.

Underwear has been allowed to be kept on today. The house is warm which makes walking around with nothing more on than boxers to not really feel that strange. It's the thought of complete nudity that makes him wonder what it will feel like. Especially in colder weather. Heating isn't gonna be cheap.

Robert makes their lunch while Aaron unpacks a couple of the boxes they brought with them. It's probably the most domesticated they have ever been, and he loves it. What was once an impossible thought, is now something he can't imagine his life without.

The kitchen works just as well as Robert had hoped for, it's planned in detail with an easy moving pattern between stove, sink, fridge, countertop and round again. Aaron's given him his approval to finish last night's champagne. It's gone a bit flat but the taste is still perfect.

Aaron unwraps a pale green glass bowl from its nest of newspaper. "Uh, what the heck is this?” he holds it up for Robert to see, balancing it too dangerously on the tip of his fingers for Robert's liking.

"A bowl” Robert says, reaching out to take it from him before it falls to the floor.

"Well I can see that, what's it for?”

Eye rolling, he can't help it really, Aaron is born under a rock sometimes, he says, "It's decorative. Thought it would fit here” he explains, placing it down on the big kitchen island. Aaron stares at it
suspiciously, like he holds a personal grudge to it, but doesn't comment.

"I've had it for ages, it's not from Chrissie if that's what you're thinking."

"I wasn't" he mumbles, already digging through more newspaper in the moving box.

Sighing, he continues when his explanation clearly isn't enough for Aaron, "It was Sarah's. We've had it as long as I can remember and I took it after she died. It's never really been used for anything, it just used to stand on the windowsill. I can remember how I liked the sun shining through it as a kid. It painted the floor in green. Sometimes made the light dance around the room”, he quiets, averts his gaze. It's not like him to be so sentimental and he can't bare Aaron looking at him.

"In that case -" Aaron picks up the bowl. "I think it should be right here”, he says, placing it in the kitchen window. Robert remains quiet, studies him adjusting what side should face out. Aaron takes a few steps back, looking at it, an arm soon snaking around his waist. "You never talk about your past” he says and Robert can hear his voice hoping for him to open up.

"Not much to tell really” Robert shrugs with an ease to his tone, hoping to close the conversation.

Thankfully, Aaron can probably sense his reluctance as he after a long pause of silence changes the topic, "Food ready soon?"

"Five more minutes”.

"Right, I'll watch this, you go get your bowls from the car”.

The dog bowls. Damn it, his cock is already half hard again. Is this how he'll spend life now? With a constant semi? He doesn't say anything as he hands them to Aaron. Neither does Aaron when he fills one of them with water and places it down on the floor, next to the island. After plating up for himself, he also fills Robert's bowl, not caring to ask how much he wants, before putting it down too.

He holds out a fork for Robert "Let's eat then” he smiles, sits down on a step stool covered in paint splatter.

Robert sinks to his knees as close to him as possible. Eating from the floor is actually harder than it seems. Every time he takes a bite, he has to lean back a little so he can tilt his fork without spilling any food on the floor. Chewing and swallowing doesn't come as easy either when leaning forward. Weird how something so easy, that is often taken for granted can become so difficult with only a minor change. Maybe it really is the small things one should be grateful for, Robert thinks, sinking to the water bowl. Which prove to be another kind of challenge. Both his chin and nose dip into the water as he slurps some up. If he'd had a sleeve, he would have dried himself on that, now he wipes off as much as he can with his hand. Being constantly bent forward becomes uncomfortable surprisingly fast and Aaron must have noticed his shifting about as he says, "You can pick up the bowl if you'd like”.

"Thank you” he says, a little embarrassed, but the feeling soon disappears as Aaron's hand strokes his cheek.

…

They decide to move the rest of the boxes from the pub, might as well get it over with. Aaron takes care of their clothes while Robert organizes the rest of the kitchen supplies and the things that will need to go in his office to be, not that he has any furniture to put it all on yet.

"Robert!” Aaron calls from their bedroom. He's about to walk right in but catches himself just before
stepping over the threshold. Underwear - off. A small part of him wonders what would happen if he'd forget.

Aaron's sitting with his laptop in the middle of the bed, clothes still spread out everywhere, seemingly forgotten. He looks up when Robert steps in, naked, eyes roaming his body. "Sit here" he says, pointing to the bed next to him. "I need to know what head size you are".

"What are you doing?" Robert chuckles, nervously. Or excited? He's not sure.

"Never mind you. What are you, small, medium, large?"

"Medium I guess, could be worse, could have your head!" he jokes, laughing, sitting down next to Aaron's thighs.

Aaron throws a pillow at him. "Oy! Yours is bigger than mine you know".

"I doubt that. Have you seen your head?"

Aaron shakes his head amused, looking like he's already planning revenge. "I'll write down medium then. You can get on your hands and knees, face the door please". Robert turns away from him silently, trying not to stand on any clothes as he takes the position. Aaron makes no attempt to touch him as he hears him clicking on his laptop. The thought of Aaron ordering something that will fit his head has him turned on again. He doesn't dare to think of what it could be, afraid he'd be disappointed if it just turns out to be a hat or something. Why Aaron would be ordering him a hat in the middle of the summer though is a bit, well, weird.

As he finally closes the computer, he moves from the bed, Robert's eyes following him as best they can without moving his head too much. He gets something from the wardrobe. Standing behind him again, Aaron doesn't waste much time pushing a butt plug inside him, then starting the damn vibrations. A whimper of frustration slips from him.

"Be quiet please - and try not to drool or spill any precome on the clothes please" he says, proceeding to hang in all their clothes in their closet.

Robert stands there, accepting the humiliating position that has his cheeks burning with shame. How is it even possible to love it so much? It's the fact that Aaron works around him as if he wasn't there that's the worst - and the best at the same time. That's when the humiliation is strongest; Aaron ignoring him. The plug is truly beating down his will not to come when it somehow shifts, or he causes it to, and it ends up stimulating his prostate in the most brutal way.

Biting his lips, he fights to stay quiet the best he can, but the strong puffs of air out of his nose has him making more noise than he wants to. Without noticing when they really disappeared, all the clothes are gone and Aaron stands in front of him, making sure to give him a bit of a show as he unzips his trousers, pushes them down only enough to pull his cock out. He's hard too. Unable to remove his eyes from it, he watches him make his cock slick with lube. He wants to beg, that please now, just fuck me now, or turn around so he can get his ass closer, but he's been ordered quiet.

His leg twitches as he waits, watches Aaron take the remote to the plug in his hand. He turns the little knob back and forth, throwing Robert between a relaxed state where he can catch his breath, into one where his mouth falls open, gasping for air, drooling onto the sheets. He squeezes his eyes shut, sweat clinging to his forehead and he can only imagine how wrecked he must look like to Aaron who emotionlessly keeps staring at him.
"Crawl down to my feet please” Aaron orders and it takes everything Robert got to move, trembling legs slipping down the bed. "Kiss both my feet please” he says and he does what he's told immediately, he'd do anything right now if it means some sort of release.

Aaron doesn't push him further though, he stands on his knees behind him, removes the plug in favour for his own cock. Still, Robert doesn't beg. Neither does he have to as Aaron kindly grants his wants, "Come if you must”, white seed spurting out of him about three seconds later, having been on the edge for so long. Aaron continues to fuck him several minutes more, his own cock almost growing hard again. His arms shake as Aaron's weight heaves forward, eventually crashing against his back.

When Aaron slips from his body, he quickly reinserts the plug, this time holding off the vibrations. "I might fuck you later, wanna see how much come we can capture in there” Aaron explains his actions. "If you're not done downstairs, go work with that now. Skip the underwear, I wanna be able to see that plug” he says, smacking both his cheeks hard at the same time.

Spent, Robert crawls a few steps towards the door before he finds the energy to stand. Welcome home Robert, he thinks.

Chapter End Notes

*spreads some fairy dust*
May you all have a post-orgasm euphoric laugh sometime <3
Give me all you got

Chapter Summary

Robert is very emotional and Aaron helps him discover new territories.

Chapter Notes

Gosh, I told myself that I wouldn't write long chapters, that it would be easier to update if I stick to shorter ones, but here we are, longest one yet. A whole week between updates :O BUT, I've been busy :) Should probably let you know that I'll be unavailable for two days this week so I reckon next ch will be up maybe Sunday....

Anyway,

Mostly smut in this one, I doubt anyone will have a problem with that ;P
Actually, it was going to be even smuttier, but damn it, Robert caught me off guard...with emotions and stuff and it became a little heavier than I first intended. And for the first time I'm a bit nervous about posting it, and it's not over what you think! (see tags ;P)

Again, thank you Benji for giving me an idea, which I gave a...uhm... let's say a tingling twist ;)

Buckle up!

(btw, I've lost readers, where are you? Also, are there any non Robron fans reading this? I'm curious, let me know :) )

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's a no underwear type of day.

It's also a 'don't leave the bedroom unless I say so' kind of day.

Both things new and if he's honest, a little intimidating.

It's only eight in the morning, or at least he thinks so, he really has no idea. Aaron has taken his phone for the day, presumably to make sure they're undisturbed, and his watch isn't in the bedroom. Meaning, he assumes it's 8 AM. The earnest of which the birds chirp and the way the sun sits on the sky, tells him so.

Quickly, he finds out there's not much to do in a room that's only decorated with an air bed and with a closet he's not allowed access to. At one point he even falls back to sleep when he can't think of ways to occupy his brain; thinking about business feels like bad timing somehow. Staring out the window soon becomes boring, as the only view it offers is the edge of the forest and even though he can hear them, there are no birds in sight to offer some sort of entertainment.
Judging from the mags Nicola throws around the office, heck the ones that were always on Chrissie's nightstand too, they've always told him yoga and meditation are the best things for a centered mind and since neither require equipment, that's what he tries. Without much success; the positions he can remember prove too hard and meditating is quite difficult when your mind keeps drifting to other things. Namely, Aaron.

From what he can tell, he's been in and out of the house a few times, the car door has slammed at least once. The only connection they've made that morning is a quick kiss after being told today is a day to be spent naked, and to stay in the room. Hearing Aaron move about without him is absolute torture, not being able to leave the room is too. Especially when there's a whole house to get ready. When they shouldn't be wasting their time. God. He's not sure the frustration comes from being annoyed at that, or if it comes from wanting to be closer to Aaron. That, he's found, has become a physical ache almost.

"Robert!" Aaron then calls. "Come downstairs!".

Leaving a room has never felt better. More freeing. If he ever wanted to punish him he'd just have to lock him in a room for several hours. That'd be far worse than any spanking or caning or whatever Aaron's got up his sleeve.

"Yeah?" he rushes into the kitchen two seconds later, a little short of breath. It doesn't even occur to him until Aaron has given him a thorough look, head to toe, on just how naked he is and just how very dressed Aaron is. Nothing reveals the new hierarchy in their home better, or easier, than that simple symbol. Seeing Aaron standing there, wearing a dark green polo and black shorts, that actually doesn't look as casual as you'd assume Aaron to wear on Sunday spent at home, he'd love nothing more than feel the fabric of his clothes pressed up against his skin.

"I made you breakfast" he says, pointing to his bowls on the floor like it's the most natural thing in the world. One of them is filled with a stack of pancakes.

Frowning, Robert looks at them. "Really? I never felt the smell". He couldn't have done that well with the meditation, could he?

Sighing, Aaron purses his lips, dipping his chin a little, guilty eyes looking up, "Fine, I bought them from Bob".

"You've been into the village? I didn't hear the car" Oh wait, he did fall asleep.

"Well I was" Aaron nods, pointing with his forehead to what's behind Robert. "Brought back some more boxes. I'm gonna get the last from the pub now" he explains, throwing a thumb over his shoulder.

Still confused by Aaron being up so early, not that it's unusual, it's just that, well it's Sunday. Plus, Bob doesn't open this early. "Wait, what time is it?"

"Ten" Aaron halts mid-step, turning. "Why?"

"Really?"

Aaron chuckles. "Yes really. Are you ok?" he asks, brows knitted, mouth a little amused.

Robert nods. He thinks so. Just very confused.

"Alright. Eat your brekkie then. Be ready before I get back". He takes a few steps closer. Kisses him. A lot longer than when they woke up. A lot better. "When the boxes are done, I think we need some
fun” he whispers.

That he agrees with. His cock does too as it grows a little out of anticipation.

Even though Aaron leaves, Robert still eats sitting on the floor. He doesn't have to, he could just pick the bowl up, stand by the counter or sit on the step stool, but Aaron had placed his food on the floor for a reason and he'd never lie to him about not eating it from there. Those days are over. At least to Aaron. To his clients, and most other people he lies. All the time. Little white ones that are just necessary sometimes. Harmless ones. Aaron knows, but doesn't argue about it.

He figures the Lotus position he tried before, well the attempted one, must be alright to sit in. The floor is cold against his bum. Something he just have to get used to, at least the floor heats quickly under him. The whole walking around naked thing will take a little longer getting used to. He doesn't mind it, of course not, it's what Aaron wants. It's just not something he's done. Ever. Not even when he used to live alone. At the very least, he wore a pair of boxer briefs.

Minutes after he's washed up after both their breakfast, Aaron had left his in the sink as he usually does, Aaron honks the car horn. He makes a mental note to pick up some dishwasher tablets from David's because they do have a dishwasher, somehow that item had gotten lost in the long list of shopping they did yesterday.

"I honked, didn't you hear?” Aaron asks, one step over the threshold.

"I'm sorry, didn't know what you wanted me to do” he answers, feeling a little silly as if he can't move on his own. Can he though?

"I want you to stand there and look at me while I do all the work. I want you to help shifting the boxes inside of course” Aaron mocks. "Come on” he says, waving with a hand.

"Wait, what. Like this?” Robert stops him, gesturing at his naked body.

Aaron turns, asks calmly. "Did I ask you to put anything on?”

Robert swallows, already knowing where this is heading, ”No”.

"Well then. Come on” Aaron repeats, walking out.

Robert follows him to the front door, only lets his head peek out as he stares outside. There's no one else there than Aaron of course. The short road leading up to their house is empty, there are trees and bushes to shield him from the road. Still, his face is more than one shade of red, it's almost dark purple as his feet touch the gravel. Cursing himself for being so self-conscious, he doesn't respond with more than a nod when Aaron tells him which boxes to take, too focused being on the look out for any passersby.

The car is stuffed which means it takes him four turns outside before it's empty. The last one is filled with books, or some other heavy crap they probably should have gotten rid of already, because it weighs about a ton and has him panting a little louder than what's normal for it to be anything else than embarrassing.

Aaron sets down the box he's carrying next to him. ”Alright, let me lift that one” he says, pointing to Robert's box, pushing him aside. ”This is not that heavy”.

"Well you lift scrap all day, 'course you don't think so” he says, immediately defending himself.

Aaron sets it down, looks at him with a cocked brow. ”You're more out of shape than I thought”.
"What? No I'm not!" Robert protests, his voice suddenly a little higher.

Challenging, Aaron folds his arms, taking a step back to really look at him. "Yes you are. You never exercise, you just sit in a chair most of the time. You need to start working out”.

Violently hating the conversation, his defense mode turns on whether he likes it or not and snarky, he replies, "I'm alright thanks".

If the comment upsets Aaron he doesn't let on, instead he quiet for a moment, squints his eyes the way he always does when he's thinking. "I think I'm gonna make it into a rule", he finally says.

His first respond is to laugh because the thought of having exercise as a rule is absolutely ridiculous to him. Then he notices Aaron isn't joining him. "Wait, you're serious? You what? No!" Please no. Fuck no. Sure, he has his periods when he tries getting in some sort of shape, but this is not one of those periods. They only roll around about every fourth year or so. Just the way he likes it.

Unfazed, Aaron continues, "You're six years older than me, you might already die much earlier, and especially if you don't start taking care of yourself better”.

There's a promise of living together until they're old and wrinkly somewhere in there, but that's not what he can focus on right now as he shuffles all the blame over to Aaron instead, "Well what about all those pints you drink then, gonna cut back on them too are you?"

"No” Aaron snorts. "I'll make up a schedule for you tomorrow, today we have other plans” he says, attempting to close the conversation.

Pacing, now a little frantic because the thought of forced exercise really is too much for some reason. Sure, he's read about couples who use it, slaves wanting to stay in top condition for their Master, and yes he wants that, of course he wants that. He wants Aaron to be proud of him in every way, and this can only mean that he isn't. That, he realizes, is what really makes him upset, not that he finds working out boring as hell. "Is this really necessary?" he stops, voice low and pleading.

Aaron has his hands on his hips now, sharply tilting an ear a little closer, as if feigning deafness. "Robert, are you safewording right now, is that what this is?"

Instantly, he hangs his head down, mulling things over, jaws clenching into sharp edges, "No". How could he? Not to Aaron.

"Then I don't understand why you're protesting so much, is it punishment you're looking for?"

No! How can he even ask that. 'Be the best slave you can be' he repeats his mantra. "I just really hate it" he whispers the best explanation he can offer.

"All the better I'm making it into your routine then, don't you think?”, Aaron lingers on the question, looking with expectant eyes for him to agree.

Unshed tears prick his eyes. "Yes. Thank you Sir” he manages to say, words as reluctant as thick syrup that they come out through gritted teeth, way more defensive than he prefers it to. His blank stare doesn't help.

"Right, that's it. Go stand in that corner right now” Aaron says frustrated, an angry finger pointing. "I said the other day, I don't like it when you're being difficult. First you're mouthy about a potential rule, and now you're pouting like a child. And you know what we do to difficult kids don't you?"

"Yes” Robert swallows the looming tears in his throat, touching the two walls with his forehead.
"Well then, do you remember what to say?"

"I'm sorry for being difficult".

"Good. Repeat that a 100 times out loud and please count them. Then you'll go wait over the step stool for your spanking. It'll be outside by the way" he says, the tone more than aware that Robert had hated being outside without clothes on.

How is this even possible so soon after he's made the promise to himself to be the best slave he can ever be, is this really how bad he is at both his tasks and keeping promises? He's so ashamed of himself he almost starts crying. What on earth is happening to him, this just isn't him. He doesn't cry this easily.

The ten spanks Aaron gives him aren't bad, they hardly hurt in fact, it's the humiliation of them being handed out outside that hurt the most. By the time they get inside he's so deeply ashamed that he spontaneously starts kneeling in the kitchen, eyes closed, head turned low, "I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I'm so sorry" he repeats a few times before Aaron's hand is at the back of his head and his cheek touching Aaron's stomach. The low rumble emitting from it, soothing somehow.

"There's nothing to forgive anymore. Punishments take care of that. You're doing fine. Please don't feel embarrassed or be too hard on yourself. You're perfect" Aaron encourages. "Let's forget about this now, and move on with the day. I've something planned I think you might like" Aaron smiles at him, not one of those small ones either. But a proper grin he hardly ever sees. His eyes shining so bright. "Wait here".

Robert is still on his knees when Aaron comes back with a couple of ties and the damn step stool, the only furniture they own at the moment. "Right, lie down on your stomach please. Arms stretched above you". Aaron takes his hands, then changing his mind. "Wait, come here, better be in the doorway". On all four, Robert walks over to the spot Aaron is pointing to, between kitchen and hallway, laying down again. Aaron takes his hands, ties them to each leg of the stool. "You're going to have to be very still for this" he says. "Spread your legs please".

It's not at all what he expected would happen when Aaron starts running his fingers down his legs. Actually more than that, he's tickling him? Light touches with the pad of his fingers, just like he used to tease Vic that she had a spider on her back when they were kids. It feels weird though and he wonders just what his plan is. It doesn't really tickle if that's the intention. Aaron is way more sensitive than he is when it comes to this, he's won a few fights even. However, when he walks over the hollow of his knees, it's another matter and his legs twitch. Still not enough to move. Aaron tickles a little harder that his him shaking them up and down before he continues down to his feet. This is worse, much worse. Aaron knows it's his Achilles heel when he digs his fingers into his soles, going at them mercilessly. He doesn't know whether to laugh or scream. When his legs start squirming too much, Aaron pushes them together and sits down on them so he can continue without distractions.

"Just take it" is all Aaron tells him in a very neutral voice, telling him this isn't their usual type of tickle fight.

No matter how he tries, he can't. He just can't. Despite Aaron sitting on them, his legs still manage to squirm out of his grip and he's screaming nearly in panic, "Stop stop, please stop! I can't! No no no!"

Of course, Aaron doesn't. Those are words he doesn't listen to anymore. At least not when he's in control. He's kind enough to move on to his waist instead. Not that that is much better now that his body is already too far gone. His hands are shaking so bad they're about to knock over the stool, its
legs rattling against the floor. Then Aaron attacks his arms instead, down again to his neck and by now he doesn't even know how to think, let alone breathe anymore. Just block it out, distance yourself, he wills himself, but it doesn't work; he has too hard of a time just breathing right now. It seems Aaron is set on making him suffer because he's not letting up. Why would he think he would like this? In what world-fuck jeez, his feet again.

He's all over him now, intensifying his actions and movements, not letting him rest for even a second. Then, he discovers, when he stops thinking, and struggling, is when it gets easier. When he gradually sort of numbs from it all, sinking deeper and deeper into his own mind and letting go of what's happening outside it. Aaron keeps going, he can feel him, his fingers and his weight, but it's not as hard anymore. His face pressed to the floor, he can tell he's still moving from how the room keeps shifting before him, but slowly, it stops too. Aaron does not. Somehow, he just lays there, able to take it. It's not that he doesn't feel it anymore, he does, but the unpleasant tickling is now down to a soft tingle. And his mind works better too, it doesn't fight it so hard, it just accepts.

"Mmm" he can hear himself breathe out. "Mvaemm", like he enjoys it.

His whole body has gone limp, every muscle relaxed. His mouth falls ajar and his eyes keep rolling into the back of his head. Somewhere are his legs, when Aaron touches them again it feels like they're detached from his body. Aaron's hands now just feels amazing when they move around, slow and fast. Like tiny little love bites. Like they're supposed to be just where they are. As soon as he closes his eyes, he sinks through the floor, down down down. It's green and warm and beautiful and Aaron's fingers love him and he them. Bright stars behind his eyelids, weightlessness and a sweet taste against his lips.

Then something heavy drapes over him, something soft, making him curl up, free arms circling his knees.

"Are you ok?" he hears a whisper asking, faintly aware that he's not being touched anymore.

Yes. He's more than ok. He's perfect.

"Robert, are you with me?"

He hears him perfectly, he knows the answer, but all that comes out when his lips move is a "Fveirmp".

"Just nod if you're ok Rob".

That he can do. He can nod he thinks, as he moves his head in all sorts of directions. "Buh buh buh buh" little noises escape from his mouth.

"You're smiling, so I'm gonna take that as a yes".

He's not sure, but he thinks he hears a chuckle. Then an arm around his body. Aaron. He loves him so much. Has never loved anyone else as much. More than himself. Definitely more than himself.

"Have a little water please" he whispers, putting a glass to his lips.

"Mmm" he smiles, drinking, noticing how very dry his mouth is.

"Got a biscuit too".

Robert's mouth opens and closes around it, but he does no attempt of biting it off, leaving Aaron to break it off against his lips. Instead of chewing, he lets it melt into a gooey paste of salt and sweet
which he eventually manages to swallow.

Some more bubbles of "buh buh buh" slips out of his mouth before he snaps himself a little more alert "I'm ok" he finally says in a deep inhale.

"Good" Aaron hugs him tighter from behind. "You're so good. I'm proud".

He takes Aaron's hand, holds him tighter with the little strength he can muster. Never leave. Let's just be like this forever.

He must have fallen asleep because he's gently woken by Aaron's hand on his shoulder, and feather light kisses on his cheek. "Time to wake up baby" he whispers into his ear, his eyes fluttering open.

Aaron isn't lying next to him anymore, but he's still on the floor, and the duvet is still covering him.

There's some dried up drool on his cheek he wipes away, "How long have I been sleeping?" he asks, feeling slightly disorientated.

"A little over an hour" Aaron smiles at him. "I would have moved you to the couch if we had one, the bed is a bit too far away and you're heavy".

"Maybe I'm not the only one who needs exercising" he jokes sleepily, receiving a soft chuckle.

"Are you sure you're ok?" Aaron looks at him, concern etched into his forehead. "You weren't making much sense".

Then he remembers. The muffled sounds and numbed sensations, the colours and the weightlessness. "I'm fine. More than fine. I'm not sure what happened, but that was amazing" he beams, pretty sure the grin he's wearing is ridiculously goofy.

With a bit of effort, he sits up next to Aaron, back against the wall. Aaron insists he eats the rest of the biscuit and drink some more water. "I think you might have hit subspace or something" Aaron says, holding up the glass for him.

"I don't care what it's called, I felt high as a kite and I want it again please" he jokes, voice a little childish and demanding, a voice reserved for Aaron and Aaron only. It's rather surprising how completely silly he can sometimes act in front of him.

Aaron doesn't respond, just hums a little, seemingly thinking something over.

He nudges his shoulder. "What?"

Shrugging, Aaron says, "Nothing, just thinking if I should continue with the rest I had planned or not. You may be too tired".

"No! I just woke up. I'm not tired. I promise" he insists eagerly. Granted, he's still a bit groggy but it's a nice kind of groggy, like a light buzz after a couple of glasses or two.

Aaron frowns, looking at him with hesitating eyes. "I don't know...

Quickly, Robert takes his hand, kisses it. "I'm fine. Honestly. Please, don't let this stop your plans".

There is no way he's missing out on his plans whatever they are.

"Eat that" Aaron nods to the biscuit, "And rest some more" he kisses his forehead and stands.

Twenty minutes later after he's eaten not one but two biscuits, had a tall glass of water and stretched his aching limbs, he feels right as rain again. Padding into the kitchen he finds Aaron pottering about,
fish out a couple of knives and a cutting board from the drawers.

"Get up on all fours on the island please" he says without looking in Robert's direction, occupied with whatever is in the fridge.

Gulping a little, giving himself a deep inhale and slow exhale, he stands as told. There, he takes in just how well anyone can see him if they were to walk outside; no blinders or curtains to shield him. This whole naked thing will definitely take some time getting comfortable with. Or maybe that's the idea. Maybe he shouldn't be comfortable.

Aaron closes the fridge, having brought out a couple of tomatoes, some ham, cheese, lettuce, cucumber, and a huge ginger root. It's an odd choice of topping, he frowns for a second, then thinks nothing of it.

"I thought we'd have a light lunch" he says, throwing a bag of bread down next to his knee. "Hold this please" he places a tomato between his teeth. "Don't eat, just hold. Don't break the skin".

What? He's supposed to stand naked on all fours on the kitchen island with a tomato in his mouth? Like he's wearing a red ball gag? This is...new. And it gets worse when Aaron continues. "Actually, hold these too" he says, placing the rest of the food on his back. "Don't let anything drop, don't want it to fall to the floor, waste of food that".

Robert doesn't dare move a single muscle, which quickly, he realizes, is worse since it makes his body tense and shake. Instead, he wills himself to relax as Aaron stands next to the counter, now with a couple of small plates.

"Ham and cheese ok for you?" he asks and Robert nods. As he tilts his head down, the saliva that's been collecting in his mouth spills onto the countertop and floor. Swallowing around the tomato proves impossible without breaking it. "We'll dry it up later, or maybe you can lick it up" Aaron tells him, knowing exactly what he's doing as Robert's dick grows hard from the humiliating thought. "You just drool all you want, I really don't mind" he continues, buttering the bread, then putting the butter back on the middle of his back. He does the same with the rest of the items until he has two big sandwiches on each plate. "I'm gonna have mine now, and I'm just gonna put yours under you while you wait".

Wait for what? For Aaron to finish eating? For him to stop having a hard-on? What?

Aaron takes a big bite of his sandwich, remaining in his spot next to him. Then he takes something from his back and Robert dares turning his head to his left, more spit leaking from his mouth, wondering what he must have missed. The ginger root. With a small fruit knife, Aaron starts carving out at a big oblong piece, that has the shape of a...of a... no wait. What the hell is he doing? This can't be what he thinks it is. Aaron doesn't look at him, although he's pretty sure he's noticed that his breathing has gone from relaxed to nervous, as he takes another big bite of the food, starting to peel the root. If it wasn't before, it's definitely the shape of a thin butt plug once Aaron is done with it. "Relax Robert" he says, acknowledging his laboured breaths. "This isn't something I've made up, it's ancient, you'll be fine". When he still hasn't been able to calm down, he's pretty sure he can taste the tomato juices, Aaron lifts his chin with a finger, kissing his forehead. "Relax. If you need to safeword, just spit out the tomato". He holds up the peeled ginger root in front of him, which isn't very long or very wide, a small mercy it seems right about now. "This is going inside you. You'll either hate it or love it, we just have to find out".

Do they really have to though? He can tell him right now he's not going to like it one bit. Ginger in his ass, there is no way that can be a good thing.
Aaron doesn't use any lube, he can tell, but the root is thin and slippery enough that it isn't a problem. Actually, it's not much of a problem at all he finds once it's inserted because he doesn't feel it all that much. "I'll be nice and take this away from you" Aaron says, removing the food from his back, putting it all back in the fridge. That makes him relax further.

As Aaron sits down on the step stool in front of him, half eaten sandwich in his hand, his ass feels a little warmer. His face does too, the way Aaron is looking at him, as if he's part of a show. From there it builds, it gets warmer and warmer, not uncomfortable but the feeling is weird. Then suddenly it's more than that, it's heat, and tiny little needles turning around inside him. Aaron smiles behind his sandwich, apparently knowing exactly what's going on when Robert's eyes grow wide from the initial shock of the ginger party in his ass. What was first an interesting feeling is now turning slightly unpleasant and not really enjoyable at all. In fact, the heat inside keeps getting more and more intense, his fingers gripping the counter so tight they're turning white. Aaron's smug, knowing smile doesn't help ease his mind either. He drools, so much, but he couldn't care less right now, he lets it all drip down between his hands. In spite of the pain, or maybe thanks to (?), his cock is hard and leaking just like his mouth. It doesn't seems like it will wear off either or ease up on him as the feeling just keeps on getting more intense, the heat and needles making him sweat. It builds and builds and builds until he's ready to explode, his whole body shaking.

"If you tense, it will only get worse you know" Aaron says, standing up, walking around the kitchen island. "If you clench around it, you'll feel it more" he teases, both his hands gliding down his back, stopping at his ass. No no no he swings his head back and forth. Don't do -- smack! Aaron slams down his hands hard against his cheeks, inevitably causing him to tighten around the root, making the fucking thing feel even worse than it already is. Behind the tomato he squeals and screams like a stung animal. Aaron repeats his action and he has the same reaction, then again and again and again, until he manages to take each impact without even flinching. Now his cheeks burn with warmth too. The taste of tomato is evident.

When Aaron doesn't get the result he's looking for, he starts tickling his feet instead, this time it's impossible to relax, it burns so much he's not far off from losing his mind. Through it all, his cock is throbbing, begging him. Everything is fighting for attention, his whole body screaming for less or more or something, just something. Sweet mother of, fucking hell, just give him something, he needs release, he can't think anymore, just anything, make him come, please oh god, fuck fuck fuck. It's impossible to hold back, he knows he shouldn't, but he needs it to endure the pain, more than anything, more than air, just please please please! His hand wraps around his aching cock, tugging, not caring about anything else. His eyes are blown wide. Aaron is somewhere, not behind him though, or maybe... is the root gone? Is the burning wearing off? It's still so intense it's hard to tell. A few quick, strong tugs is all he needs for him to come. He drops what's left of the mangled tomato onto the floor, his arms folding as well as his knees. Christ... Finally he can relax, he can finally breathe properly again and his chest heaves up and down in long heavy sighs as he leans his head down on the countertop, completely spent.

Something nudges his thighs a little, then Aaron's voice talks somewhere above "Well, it looks like you came on your food. Hmm. Eat quickly, I'll be upstairs, find me when you're done, you have a punishment waiting".

There's no post-orgasm cuddles, no tender touches or soft whispers. Which makes him feel so so ashamed that he's messed up. For a second time that day. The pending punishment is all he focuses on, he can't even reflect on what just happened, as he eats his come-stained sandwich, he doesn't even taste it. If Aaron hadn't told him to eat it, he'd probably skipped it, his stomach is so in knots. He needs to kneel in front of Aaron, tell him how sorry he is. Tell him it will never happen again. He's furious with himself that he slipped up so easily. How is it even possible? Why is he so weak?
With heavy steps, he makes his way upstairs, finding Aaron waiting on the bed in the bedroom.

"Kneel here" Aaron says before he has the chance to utter his apologies.

Robert tightens his lips, tears burning behind his eyes that he keeps away from Aaron.

"What rules did you break?" Aaron calmly asks.

"I touched myself and I came without your permission Sir" he sniffs miserably, struggling with a heavy weight on his shoulders.

"That's correct. So I've been thinking of a fitting punishment for you. We need to cool you down".

Hearing that, it all breaks for him, "I'm sorry" he cries, lips wobbling and jaws clenching, trying to hold back the tears the best he can but to no avail. "I'm sorry for being so weak" he shields his face with his hands.

"Hey, hey, no" Aaron begs, shifts on the bed so he can pull his hands away, voice back to being kind and caring. "You're not weak. You're the strongest person I know. Doing wrong is not a sign of weakness, it's a sign of learning. Understood?" he questions but Robert doesn't know how to reply. "Robert look at me, understood?"

Slowly, he nods, the tension in his body dissipating under Aaron's touch. He exhales heavily, wiping his hands down his face, shaking his head, his mind a little clearer. "I'm sorry, it just...it gets..."

"I know" Aaron takes one of his hands in both of his, holding it for a silence moment until he's calmer again, things not feeling so overwhelming.

"Come on" Aaron stands, leading the way to the upstairs bathroom. There's no tub here but instead a generous shower with transparent double glass doors. They've chosen a big shower head that hangs from the ceiling, big enough to rain down on them both.

This time, however, Aaron intends for him to use it alone as he opens the door for him. "You're not weak Robert" he once again reassures him as if he can tell the trepidation in his eyes, "But like I said, you broke a rule, and you need cooling down. This is the best way to learn not to repeat mistakes" he speaks and that pedagogic voice is back, once again flaring his shame.

"I'm sorry" he whispers one more time before the waterfall falls on him. The first remaining drops from yesterday's shower are like ice on his body before the temperature goes warmer. It doesn't last long as Aaron sets the temperature to colder, a lot colder.

"Ten minutes, don't move" he says, closing the door.

It's cold, it's fucking cold. Within minutes his body is shaking, his arms wrapping around himself like it would actually help. Of course it doesn't, the cold penetrates every part of his body, the drops turning from pleasant into needles as he stands still in one spot. The water finds its way into his nostrils, and mouth, and eyes, and any crevice it can fill. It plugs his ears, gently blocking the clattering of his teeth.

Faintly aware that Aaron is watching him, his eyes turn into begging orbs, his lips into a trembling plea. Please just make it stop. Of course it doesn't. It's not his call to make or his to ask for. This is not for his enjoyment. This is to break and bend his will, to make him into the slave Aaron wants. And deserves. It's the solace he focus on for the remaining minutes in the shower. This is not for him. This is for Aaron. Slow tears run down his face, mixing with the water, making it hard to tell just how much he's crying. Without realizing how he got there, he's down on his knees, face and hands
lifted towards the water, eyes closed, every sensation peaked. Opening his mouth, he lets it fill him until it flows over, streaming down the sides of his mouth. As he stands there, completely open to what Aaron is giving him, the feeling that washes over him is almost religious. Holy. Neither can he deny the feeling of this probably being the most open and accepting of anything inflicted on him in his entire life.

'Master' almost slips from his tongue, a need to scream it out and accept the power Aaron holds, but as the water is turned off, the moment is broken. Replaced by Aaron's naked body and warmer water, his skin itching from the change of temperature, burning even.

"You make me so fucking hard" Aaron murmurs above, slaps his cock against his cheek and by instinct he gapes. Led by his mouth, he follows it around like a desperate baby bird looking to be fed when Aaron teases him with it in front of his head.

When he lastly gets his price, he sucks on it for a few moments as if it was a pacifier. Desperation and comfort blending together until it dies down into a serene state of mind, Aaron's gentle hands against his neck stilling him. Then they push a little, his cock sinking deeper and deeper until his mouth has swallowed everything.

Needing air, he pushes back, only to be nudged forward again. Soon, they find a rhythm that works with both of them pushing and pulling in opposite directions. Two hands against his head, soon become one as Aaron steadies himself against the wall.

Unlike so many other times, the task doesn't make him very hard, more than anything, it feels like another challenge or job to get through, oddly enough. It's not unpleasant, he doesn't mind it, it just is.

When Aaron comes, he swallows it all just like he knows he wants him to. Slipping from his mouth, Aaron motions for him to get up, but he stays, wraps his arms around his thighs and ass, pressing his cheek tight tight to him. This is all he needs right now. Aaron doesn't protest, lets him stay, clinging to him.

Fingers digging into his skin, wanting to come closer. Hands and arms moving around, like he can't get enough. All he wants is more. Never has he loved anyone so deeply. Never has anyone made him feel like he does in this moment, like he's baring his soul, all the ugliness and deep regrets, all the mistakes and shame. Still, Aaron wants him. There is no one else that can handle him better than Aaron, no one that can push through his crap and reach his most vulnerable state. No one that can understand the way he needs to be loved.

Aaron breaks the moment, turning off the warm water, "I need a leak" he says, his hands gently pushing Robert's head away. "Sorry" he adds, eyes apologetic and knowing.

Arms slipping away, he releases Aaron, knowing he's been holding on too long for his comfort, all the more grateful that he let him. As he opens the door, Robert's hand fly up to stop him, controlled by something higher than purely his own will.

"Don't" he whispers, looking into Aaron's eyes, filled with question marks, but as he sits back on his calves, stretches his arms out and opens his palms on his knees with a 'please', they turn softer.

"Please" he repeats, hoping Aaron knows what he means because he's not sure he has it in him to actually ask out loud for what he's really asking for. Neither can he believe what he is doing. All he knows is that it feels wrong and absolutely right at once. And that it's something he really really needs.
Hesitantly, Aaron closes the door again. Biting his lip, he looks down at his own hand, still gripping the handle, contemplating, struggling maybe. It's not for long though because he takes his place in front of him. Doesn't ask him if he's sure or if he's ok, just tilts his chin further up so their faces are aligned.

As the stream hits the floor tiles, and the knowing that it's not the shower this time, he almost stops breathing, Aaron's gaze locked onto his. It's like a suction in his whole body, drawing together every molecule to focus on one thing and one thing only. When it hits his hand, working its way up his arm, painting its way across his stomach he has to look. Seeing the light yellow stream and feeling the strong smell makes him shiver. Completely overwhelmed with emotions, he follows it with his eyes as it moves up towards his chest a little, some splatter hitting his chin, then down to his cock, which is so very very hard again. There it stops, a last squirt emptying on his knee.

As he looks up he can feel tears against his cheeks once again, not knowing when they started or how many that has fallen. Aaron is still staring at him, equally amazed and stunned over what has just happened, face so mesmerized it hurts. Lost for words, he doesn't know what to say, or how to act. Finally, he whispers the only thing that comes naturally,

"Thank you Master".

Chapter End Notes

Damn it, I kinda wanted to have Robert flat on his stomach so I could tie his hands to the radiator, but it felt so wrong considering...

Honestly, I wasn't prepared for Rob to reach subspace by being tickled, but it happened! That lead me to a Google session that yes, you can reach subspace by being tickled really intensely. Like why shouldn't you. Thanks Rob for teaching me! :D

I've not been acquainted to figging that long and I feel that it might be a bit of an unknown practice, so if you wanna find out more, here ya go http://tacit.livejournal.com/225189.html

I know that comparing Aaron's dick to a pacifier may not be the sexiest thing lmao, but it's sorta what it is. A primal need for comfort, and I think that brings us back to the child within. It's very interesting from a psychological standpoint I feel.

Oh and regarding the whole peeing bit we all talked about, don't you worry, there will be more on this subject later on :P Just wanted to introduce it to Robert first ;)

Also, I did NOT plan for Robert to use Master already, I didn't think he was ready yet at all. Or Aaron, for that matter. But like I said, this chapter sorta decided its own course, so I just had to go with it.

I also had a need to listen to Cosmic Love after that last scene, so here you go :) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2El4U1vHAIY

Jeez, I talk a lot today, I'll shut up now and let you all tell me what you thought of it :)

haha
Chapter Summary

Unlike the other chapters, this follows directly where ch 9 ended.

Chapter Notes

It's hard following up on ch 9, so this is what it is.
Let's move on haha
Ch 11 should be up on Friday :)

"Wow"

It's Aaron who breaks the silence first in a sharp exhale, voice overwhelmed, eyes filled of awe. "I..." he sinks slowly to his knees, carefully, as if he's afraid to ruin the moment. "I didn't expect that. Neither of it" he blinks, appearing a little shocked, his eyes throwing a quick gaze into Robert's before they're averted to his shoulder.

Robert stares at him, studying all the emotions manifesting themselves via his teeth against his lip, the contracting and release of his eyebrows, the widen eyes, his chest heaving a little heavier. He's emitting everything Robert's feeling too, but what he knows is, is that he's certain. "N-Neither did I" he gulps, his head dipping to meet Aaron's eyes. The grin he breaks into when they meet is inevitable and impossible to hold down to just a subtle smile. He can even tell his eyes are shining. "Master" he repeats, half-teasingly, half-serious, trying out the new title.

It's enough to coax a chuckle out of Aaron, his shoulders releasing their tension. Cradling his head in his hands, Aaron leans their foreheads together. "I love you" he says, kissing him, a rumble starting in his chest, growing to a full laugh, lips still so close to his own he can feel the tears on Aaron's cheek. Quieting, he emphasizes, "I love you so much".

"I love you too, Master" he responds, using the word for a third time, feeling the weight of it on his tongue. Master... master... master. Yes! Oh my God yes. Tears of happiness streams down his face. Tears of relief. Of excitement. Of respect. "What the hell is happening to us, eh" he breathes a laugh, wiping both sides his face with his shoulders, not wanting to use his hands.

"Are you sure?" Aaron asks quietly, his eyes looking a little lost again.

He knows what this is about. Aaron's lack of self-confidence, his fears that he hasn't earned what he's given him. "Master-" he says, proving his point, "I'm sure" he smiles at him, Aaron visibly relaxing in front of him, a slow sigh turning into a shy smile. And just like that, Aaron has a new name.

"And this..." Aaron asks a few seconds later, looking down, nodding at Robert's body, still holding a lot of uncertainty in his voice.
Aware that his hands are covered in pee, no matter how much he wants to, he doesn't dare reach out and touch Aaron to reassure him of just how much it had meant to him. "This-" he starts but is lost in a chuckle. "I hadn't planned on asking for it, it just came over me" he pauses, speaking more serious, "I want everything you're willing to give me” he says.

Aaron's head shoots slightly forward, eyebrows a little raised. "So this is something you'd like to happen again?"

There's a beat of silence before he slowly nods, "Yes". Another moment of silence and a leap in courage and faith, he adds. "I'd be happy receiving more..." lingering, hoping Aaron knows exactly what he means.

"Ok" Aaron says in such a way he can't be sure if it's a positive or negative response.

The subject is fast dropped before they get a chance to talk more about it, as a sound against the window pane distracts them.

"Look!"

Following Aaron's gaze, he turns his head towards the window, the persistent sun has been exchanged for a grey sky and there's a drop of rain on the glass, and another, then before they know it, it's coming down heavy.

"Oh my god. It's actually raining”.

Quickly, Aaron jumps up, and is about to rush out when he thinks better of it, turns the water back on and sprays Robert with it, hastily cleaning him. "Come on” Aaron grabs his hand, rushes them out onto the porch, the drops clattering against the roof. Their backyard is out of view from roads and nosy people and there's no hesitation on Aaron's part as he pulls Robert out onto the brown grass.

"Yeeees!!!” Aaron shouts, turning his head towards the sky, letting the rain wash over his face. If Robert had blinked, he'd have missed it, but he could have sworn he just made a little happy dance.

Robert laughs, can't help himself really, staring with amusement at seeing Aaron like this. Not much can beat the feeling.

...

The rain does not, but their elated mood lasts well into the following morning.

"Here, taste this" Aaron pushes a piece of scone rich with clotted cream into Robert's mouth, way too affectionately for most people at eight in the morning. If they weren't in the cafe, he would have licked off his fingers a lot slower and a lot deeper than he dares to do now, only dipping the tip into his mouth, flirtingly smiling around the digit. It's enough to elicit a flush from Aaron however, and a wolf-whistle from Adam as he and Vic walks in.

"Careful lads, you'll give Brenda a heart attack” he teases, plonks down on the sofa opposite of them while Vic gives them a sympathetic smile, going to order.

Leaning back on the sofa, they both blush, because yeah, maybe they have been a bit too curled up against each other for a public place. After a little coaxing on Robert's part, neither of them are exactly shy about PDA anymore, but this is different. As if Adam might see right through them, as if he can read the change in their dynamic, with x-ray vision notice that Aaron has made Robert go commando, or detect the new name he hasn't been able to stop using since yesterday.
"Do you want anything?" Vic calls back for them.

"We're good thanks" Aaron shouts back and Robert gets to share an awkward glance with Adam, because what if he can tell Aaron is deciding for both of them? Would it matter? Would he really care? Without thinking his hand sneakers into Aaron's, seeking his touch, and their hands lay pressed together between their thighs. Aaron's grip tells him he needs it too.

"I'm surprised to see you actually, thought you'd lock yourself in your house now that you've moved, oh and by the way, you still have stuff left at our place since last year. Ever gonna get that are you?" Adam tells him, two fingers pinching away a piece of their scone.

"Oy, get your own" Aaron gapes without much heat behind the complaint.

"I can pick it up tomorrow, we're getting the furniture today" Robert smiles, looking at Aaron for any kind of sign of approval.

"Or, we can just bring it on Friday" Victoria beams, having caught the last of the conversation.

Aaron frowns, "Eh, what's Friday?".

"Your BBQ party! I got it all sorted" she grins, handing Adam his coffee as she sits down, nursing another mug in her hands.

"Well thanks for letting us know" Robert snorts, not feeling too keen on the idea of a house full of people. Or the idea of their house full of Dingles. One at a time, he's actually learned to like most of them, all together; not so much.

Aaron takes a sip of his coffee. "What time?" he asks calmly and Robert can't help pulling a face that says 'are you really agreeing to this?", "Might as well get it over with" he adds, squeezing Robert's hand a little, letting him know it's not up for further discussion.

Victoria practically squeals of joy, her knees jumping up and down, "I was thinking seven, and don't worry, you don't need to do anything, I got it all covered, well Finn and I" Vic reassures them under convincing hand gestures.

"Finn?" Aaron frowns, breaking off another piece of the scone that he holds up for Robert to eat.

Staring at Aaron's fingers, his heart actually skips a beat. They've never done this in front of anyone before. Well they probably have, at a movie night or sharing chips in the pub, but not like this. Despite a wobble of his nerves, he doesn't hesitate long, just smiles and eats what he's offered, albeit not as hungrily as before. From what he can tell, Adam doesn't react but from the corner of his eyes he's sure Vic has just given him a curious look. Relaxed from the gift, he finds himself not really concerned about it as he sinks closer into Aaron's side, just wanting to be near, all pliant.

"Yeah he's doing the decorations, I'm cooking, it's gonna be great!" she explains happily, clapping her hands together.

"And who's taking down said decoration?" Aaron points at her, as if he's trying to find something she's missed. Clearly, he doesn't know his sister as well as he thinks.

"Adam is!" Vic exclaims as if it's the most obvious thing in the world.

"How did I get involved?" he throws his arms out.

"Don't be so lazy Adam" she reprimands.
"I am not lazy, I've helped on their house several times" he points out.

"And we're grateful" Aaron mocks. "Right, just how many are you inviting?"

"Well there's your lot, and-

Robert listens to them going back and forth; Aaron first trying to negotiate how many that can come, then what food that should be served, his arm snaking around him somewhere between beet burgers and soy infused mushrooms, causing Robert to lean his head on his shoulder. When Brenda comes over with Adam and Vic's plates she throws him a little curious look in between trying to convince them about the taste of garlic bread and ham wraps, and he wants to retort with an annoyed 'What?!'. Is the idea of him being quiet and listening so strange? He must admit he'd never thought he'd enjoy it so much.

Adam is the one to break up their fun, "We better head up, we got a pick up in half an hour" he gestures at Aaron with his head, picking up his sandwich to clutch.

Without letting go of his hand, Aaron stands, "You coming then?"

"Actually, I want to talk to him" Victoria interjects, regarding Robert from behind her mug as if she's trying to figure something out.

Aaron looks at her. "Alright. Guess I'll go with Adam and you can take the car then" he picks up the keys from his jeans pocket and hands him them, then leans down for a brief kiss, a hand grasping his shirt.

"I'll be right there Ma-a-Aaron" he saves himself in the last second, almost choking on his word that is still such a novelty he's for sure overusing it. Slipping up is easier than he'd imagined. Aaron just smirks in return, winking.

Following Aaron outside with her gaze, Victoria eventually looks back at him, a curious frown on her face. "You got engaged or something, what's going on?"

Scoffing, he sits a little straighter, "What do you mean?"

"You! Acting all, I don't know. Not very Robert-ish" she says, her face a half frown.

"And what is Robert-ish?" he laughs slightly.

"Smug and quick with his quips, and there's no way he'd be quiet for so long while planning his own barbecue, if anything Aaron would be. So spill, what's going on?" she insists, tapping a nail against her mug.

"Nothing!" he cries, stomach clenching from anxiety of possible being caught, his fingertips slightly tingling. It's embarrassing how easy she can see right through him. "I'm just happy to have our own place finally, that's all" he says, hoping it will be a sufficient explanation.

"Hmm" she studies him intently, as if she's pondering whether to drop it or not. "Well it's nice seeing you so happy" she finally says with a little afterthought, seemingly relenting.

"Thanks" he smiles, able to relax again. "It's nice to be happy". The sentiment strikes him. It really really is. He owes Aaron so much.

Victoria takes a big bite on her sandwich, eyes still suspicious. "Is that a new shirt?" she asks mid-chewing.
"I'm impressed" he smirks deliberately, trying to reinforce his 'Robert-ish' nature.

"Well it's not patterned, so it wasn't a hard guess" she shrugs and he gives her an annoyed, playful glance. Do they all hate his shirts?

"Like it then?" he finds himself asking, vainly wanting to know if he looks as good as he thinks, or if he's just biased by what Aaron's dressed him in; dark green suit trousers combined with a very pale pink shirt. He'd never have picked either of it himself, but he likes it, a lot.

"You look good" she smiles warmly, looking at him as if she knows what he's thinking. "I like what I see" she says, and they both know she doesn't just mean the clothes.

"Uhm, excuse me, why are you still here?" Nicola interrupts them suddenly when she barges through the door, obviously looking for him. "They're calling from Birmingham about the new contract. It's yours to sort!" she hands him their office cell phone that no one ever uses but for some reason the people over at their new warehouse must have found online. "And don't think you're leaving early today either, there's enough of that now" she barks.

Apologetically, he smiles down at Vic as he stands. "I'll see you Friday, I'm sure it'll be great".

Thankfully, Aaron manages to sort out the furniture delivery without him. Coincidentally the TV and speakers they'd ordered had also managed to arrive, so when he gets home a couple of hours later than usual, he walks straight into the living room finding Aaron sprawled out on their new couch, watching TV. The room is completely changed, they got a big sofa, an armchair, a low coffee table, a rug, a side table, and a couple of book shelves. Looking back into the kitchen he spots a bar stool still wrapped up and what must be their kitchen table under a thick layer of bubble wrap.

"This looks great" he exclaims happily, taking a few steps closer to Aaron.

"Uh, hang on" Aaron stops him. "Haven't you forgotten something?" he eyes him up and down. Shit. His clothes. Not again. "I'm sorry Master, I just got so excited about the furniture" he casts his eyes to the floor, a motion that's become natural to him whenever he's made a mistake.

"I understand that" Aaron's voice is warm, "I won't punish you for it, just don't do it again. Take it all off and go place it outside the bedroom".

The dresser that was supposed to go in the bedroom, Aaron has placed just outside the door. It's not what he'd pictured, but he must admit that it actually fits. Carefully, he folds and places all of his clothes on top of it. In the bedroom, he finds, the air bed has been replaced with the bed they had picked out months ago. It takes up a good portion of the room, but it fits, a dark wood bed frame. He's stood admiring it for a while, but never walks into the room to try it, wanting to do it together with Aaron.

Back in the living room he finds a big pillow waiting for him on the floor next to where Aaron's sitting, he doesn't need to ask if it's for him, and Aaron doesn't need to tell him. He sits, placing his chin on the sofa cushion, looking up at Aaron. "What are you watching?"

"Dragons' Den" he answers, a hand coming up to aimlessly massage Robert's head.

He turns towards the TV, "I didn't know that still aired. I used to love it". When he was young and even more eager than now. When his dreams were endless.
They watch the rest of the show together, Robert melting into Aaron's touch so much he almost falls asleep, not bothered about his rumbling stomach that hasn't been fed since lunch.

”Master?” he mumbles, approaching dreamland.

Aaron presses small circles into the skin behind his ear, ”Mmm?”

”Is the sofa comfortable?”

”Very”.

”Good” he smiles, nodding off.

In the distant he can hear the end credits, and Aaron shifting on the sofa, letting go of his head. ”Come on, turn to me” he speaks softly.

Shaking himself fully awake, he shifts on the pillow so he can look at Aaron, finding he's sat between his legs.

”Did you see the bed?” Aaron smiles at him.

”Yes”.

”Did you try it?” he asks kindly, letting Robert know it's ok if he did.

”No. I wanted you to be there with me”.

”Good” Aaron nods with a smile, looking at him as if it was the right decision to make. He opens and closes his mouth a few times, cracking a couple of knuckles. ”I've been thinking about furniture control” he finally says and Robert swallows, a little nervous.

”Ok” he says carefully, not knowing what Aaron's thinking but still he can feel his pulse raising of excitement.

”From now on, you ask for permission to use them, stand or kneel, either is fine, but by the bed you will kneel on my side of it and wait for me to get in first before asking. You may use this pillow without asking at any time, even if I'm not home. Do you understand?” he asks softly.

”Yes Master” he leans his forehead on his knee. Of course he understands. Another privilege has just been taken from him but he finds he doesn't really care, it just brings him closer to Aaron, feeling even more grateful towards him.

”I can hear your stomach, but there's one more thing before we eat. Your exercise routine” he says, making Robert look up. ”Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays you'll be working out. I'll join you the first weeks. We'll start tomorrow”.

He knows it's not an arguing matter anymore, but the idea still makes him feel miserable. The thought of Aaron being with him makes things a lot better though. Still, there's something he can't shake and Aaron can read him like an open book because he asks, ”What?”

Knowing better than to lie, he takes a deep breath, working up to the silly truth, ”I know I'm a bit pudgy around the waist, is that why you want me working out? You're not really finding this...” he gestures down his body, refusing to say the last of the sentence because when did he turn into a teenage girl with low self-esteem?

Aaron chuckles. ”That's not what this is about. Like I said yesterday, I just want you healthy” he
smiles. "Besides, I like you a little soft”, he winks, biting his lip and poking gently at his stomach. "Yeah?"

"Yeah” he kisses him, washing away his insecurities. "Now, food, then we should really try out the bed”.

…

"Go on up, I'll be right there, just need a few things” Aaron tells him after they've finished washing up.

The bed is a lot higher than the air bed and he figures as he's kneeling next to it, Aaron's head will be in eye level once he's there. He likes that he doesn't have to look down at him anymore.

"Here, help me get a sheet on” Aaron throws out the fabric on the bed and they pull at each end. After, he throws on their pillows, the duvet he leaves on the floor next to the deflated bed. Climbing onto the bed he reaches his hands out for Robert "Come here” he invites him, standing on his knees.

The bed is just as soft as he remembered it with the right amount of bounce to it.

Aaron wastes no time, pulls him closer to him, lips smiling against his own, "By the way, might not wanna call me Master in public” he chuckles a little.

"That was close” Robert breathes out, as Aaron attacks his neck, not able to laugh about it yet. "Do you prefer me to call you something else in public?"

Aaron stops kissing his shoulder and looks up, contemplating. "Not sure, think I prefer Aaron for now” he smiles.

"Ok”.

Aaron's hands find his bum, pushing them closer together, Aaron's clad body taunting his naked one as the clothes brush against him. "I gotta say, this whole naked thing is kinda brilliant. Easy access” he smirks, tongue pushing out between his teeth. Robert kisses him, eager hands pulling at the hem of his t-shirt until he can pull it over Aaron's head.

"I'd better work for my own access then” Robert quips, working the buttons on Aaron's jeans, sucking at his neck. With a little help, Aaron's out of his clothes in no time, back to pressing their chests together. "I love your skin against mine” Robert whispers into his neck.

Aaron lies back on the bed, drags Robert down on top of him, "I want your fingers in me”.

Spitting a couple of times on them, Robert wastes no time working two inside him, warmth and soft walls clenching around them.

"Mmm” he sighs, under him. "Yeah there, a little up I think, mm there” he cries when he's found the magic spot. He peppers his chest with kisses, lips brushing through the short hair, keeps working his fingers against his prostate until Aaron tosses and turns. "Ok ok stop” Aaron grabs his wrist, preventing him to move further.

"What's wrong?” he asks worried.

"Nothing” Aaron shakes his head, eyelids a little heavy. "Gonna ride you, just wanna play a bit first. Lie down” he orders, getting up from the bed to get the bag he'd brought with him.
One after one, Aaron straps his hands and feet against each corner of the bed frame so he's tied into a cross. To further immobilize him, Aaron ties him down with a couple of ratchet straps; one just over his stomach and one over his thighs. "Borrowed them from the scrapyard" he chuckles, tightening the straps with a persistent click.

He wanna make a joke about them finally finding the perks of his job, but he keeps quiet, intently looking at Aaron's eyes as he works one of the ratchets. When he's done, Robert's well and truly fastened, he can barely move an inch.

Getting on the bed, Aaron straddles him, tries out if the straps are in the way or not as he wiggles his legs under the lower one. Leaning forward, he kisses him again, Robert eager to reciprocate. "I got one more thing" he grins, dipping his mouth down to one of his nipples, biting lightly. Sucking and blowing, he turns them to hard little nubs. Reaching over to a small bag on the nightstand, he fishes out a clothes peg he holds up "Time to do some decorating" he says, pinching one of his nipples.

It doesn't hurt, at all in fact. When Aaron pulls it off to demonstrate it feels slightly more, but not enough to actually hurt. Briefly, the thought of nipple clamps jolts his imagination, wondering what they might feel like.

"I know, pulling one off isn't really gonna hurt, I tried, so-" Aaron says, pulling out a string of pegs attached to a line, "I prepared".

Robert nods, doesn't react much to it. He's not sure why he's staying so quiet, why he doesn't comments on it or has anything to say about it. Then again, it doesn't feel like it's his place to comment on it, he might do it afterwards, but right now, he's already pinned down for Aaron to take, so what could he possible have to say? So he nods, accepts and watches Aaron play with his body. The spark he sees in his eyes is what he likes most about it, like he's lost in the now, not a hint of his usual scowl.

One after one, he attaches a long row of pegs along his torso, then pulling them off by the string without warning. It makes him hiss slightly, but it's nothing he can't handle. As Aaron starts decorating his inner thigh with them, he turns around so he straddles him with his head towards his feet. Pushing back his ass against his face, Robert is already holding out his tongue, ready to lick and please.

Between circling and dipping, blowing proves harder since Aaron presses down hard - heck breathing is difficult - he can tell Aaron pinches both of his thighs several times, going upwards until he starts pulling at the scrotum, attaching a few pegs there. Surprisingly, it doesn't actually hurt too bad but the thought of Aaron pulling them off is more than a little daunting. Not being able to move or breathe properly he starts trashing his head about, on which Aaron leans forward, giving him a chance to inhale deeply before Aaron sits back on his face again, burying him in heat and lust. With his lips, he massages the skin around the hole, trying to pinch lightly, scraping his teeth gently, before licking, altering between fast and slow. He can tell he's driving Aaron crazy from the way his body moves erratically. Heck, he's driving himself a little crazy, a tingle surging its way down his legs.

"Fuck you're gonna make me come" Aaron breathes heavily, turning around again and Robert can't help grinning at his own skills. Even bound, he can pleasure Aaron to the point of orgasm.

Aaron's hair is a little messy, the gel breaking its hold, cheeks puffed and eyes drowsy. It's one of his best looks, Robert thinks as he attaches a peg in each of his nipples, proceeding to do the same at his waist. Then down his arms where the skin his thick enough to pinch.

Aaron climbs off him, sits down next to his head, a leg tucked underneath him, leaning over his head. "Got three left" he says, garlic breath blowing on him, "Hold your tongue out".
Trustingly, and slowly, he sticks out his tongue, anticipating the pain that surely this must bring.

"Little more" Aaron asks.

The peg actually doesn't hurt as much as he thought, sure it's a lot harder than the ones on his body, but not too bad. That's before he places the second and the third on his tongue, which makes it throb.

"Say 'Red'"

"dlead....led...." he tries, drawing laughs out of both of them, because the sound is honestly ridiculous.

"It will do" Aaron snorts, flicking the middle one, making it bob and Robert's tongue aches uncomfortably, his eyebrows drawing together, eyes squeezing shut. "Aww, hurt did it?" Aaron asks, voice filled of taunt and faux concern, the mood between them changed.

As Robert nods, he does it again, but this time on all three of them, causing Robert to pull against his restraints.

"Actually, I lied" Aaron says, opening the bottle of lube, coating Robert's hard cock, which right now feels like it's betraying him. "I got some more in here" he holds up the bag, stroking his cock with the other, drawing tiny whimpers from him. He wants to push against his fist, but the straps makes it impossible, and even if he could he's pretty sure it wouldn't be appreciated.

First, he hangs a peg from each of his earlobes, then continues to attach a row along both sides of his jaw. Neither is very difficult to take. What burns like hell is the ones he fastens along his eyebrows and the one in the middle of his upper lip. For each peg, he sinks a little further into another level of consciousness. Into a place where he lets all of his inhibitions and fears go. A world existing for sensations and sensations only. His breathing changes, a little deeper and heavier, more controlled.

"I have to take a picture of this" Aaron says, the bed rising when he gets up. When he's done, he stands there watching him, a hand wrapped around his cock, slowly stroking himself, the muscles in his forearm tensed.

Blocked by pegs hanging down over his eyes, he can't plead him to come closer with them, the "pwes" he manages to say, does him no favours either, because Aaron circles around the bed like an animal around its prey. He doesn't even have to make an attempt of touching him, the mere feelings it causes shuts his brain down, now focusing on a single part of his body. "Gwha" another incoherent words slips out, he's not even sure himself what he's trying to say, just express that he needs more.

Eventually, Aaron gets on the bed again, places Robert's cock against his hole and sinks down little by little, each inch just making him grow harder until he's absolutely ready to explode. There is no way he's going to last long. Another pathetic whimper or word leaves his mouth.

"Shh" Aaron hushes.

He tries, he really does try but how is he supposed to be quiet when Aaron starts moving up and down? And how can no sound escape him when Aaron pulls off the row of pegs along his torso. Being as restrained as he is, sound is the only thing he can react with. "Mwu" he breathes heavily. If it wasn't for him being so far gone, his cheeks would have burned in shame over what he sounds like, and what he must look like.

Quickly, Aaron pulls away the other row on his stomach; this time he manages to stay a little quieter. "Chtom, pweas" he pants, knowing if Aaron won't let him, there is no way he'll be able to hold back the fireball shooting through his lower stomach, working its way out through his cock.
Luckily, Aaron understands his constricted words perfectly, "You can come when I pull on this" he says, tugging a little at the strings connecting the pegs at his thighs and scrotum.

He wishes he could have the sense to shake his head no but he doesn't, instead he nods. When Aaron pulls, the pain that shoots through him nearly makes him black out, his body cramping for air and when he finally catches it again, he screams loudly, two pegs flying off of his tongue. Tears spilling over, he's faintly aware that he's coming, and that Aaron is too.

"I...I..." he cries, half screaming, so overwhelmed with everything his mind can't process what's happening. His head tosses and his body's still convulsing under the straps.

It's not until he settles down after what feels like several minutes, his face contorted and covered with snot and tears, pegs all seemingly gone, that Aaron loosens his hands. Immediately they're reaching for him, wanting him close. Aaron complies, allowing his limp arms to circle around him for a moment, nose dipping into the hollow of his collarbone.

"Gonna let you loose" Aaron whispers and Robert reluctantly lets him go. There's a clinging noise when the ratchets fall to the floor. Soon after, his legs are free. Aaron disappears from the room and comes back with some tissues he wipes his stomach with.

He brings the duvet with him when he climbs back into bed, pulling it over their legs, it being too warm to cover them completely. "Clean me please" is all he says and Robert's first reaction is to refuse, to groan and complain, because how can he ask him to move right now. But as he places his head on his stomach, taking Aaron's cock in his mouth, tasting him, he finds how content it really makes him feel and the serenity wrapping around him. "When I wake up, I want to find my cock in your mouth" he strokes a hand along his neck. "Goodnight baby".

Sucking, it doesn't take long before he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, you should all see me over here, sticking out my tongue trying to talk to see what it sounds like.

I keep thinking, ok I'll go easy on Rob today, but the Aaron within me is a sadistic fella lol
Robert exhaust me. I hate it when he's all over the place and I can't control it. ARGH.
The struggle is real.

When he wakes, it's by the alarm on Aaron's phone, and with his nose wedged into Aaron's waist, an arm under his thigh and legs sprawled across the mattress, toes dipping outside the bed. The thin duvet is pooling at the bottom of their feet, presumably having been kicked down by Aaron during the night, who always run hot. The heatwave has lost some of its edge after the rain, but sleeping is still a bit unbearable, even though their house is a lot cooler than their cramped room at the pub. Somewhere above him the alarm is quieted. Glancing outside, and judging from the way his body resists wakening, it's way too early for his liking.

It takes a minute or two to register that his mouth isn't where it's supposed to be and when he does, he's eager to obey. Aaron's happy trail is damp against his ear, tickling his lips, and his cock warm and sticky. He doesn't mind, sucks at the limp member until it's wet with his saliva. Aaron stirs, wakening along with his dick which grows harder in his mouth.

A languid hand falls against his neck, tapping a couple of times. "Good job" Aaron lazily murmurs, lets Robert suck him deep and earnestly for a couple of minutes more before, to his disappointment, pushing him away. He knows better than to complain about it. "Come on, we gotta go work out".

This early? Tiredly, he slips to his knees by the side of the bed as Aaron pulls out some training clothes for him, it's a mix between his own and Aaron's he notices. What he also pays attention to is the slight frown settled on his face, the invisible weight pushing down his shoulders and the way he avoids him. Instead of asking about it, he shakes it off, blames it on the early morning and lack of caffeine.

…

The ground of the forest lies covered in a soft mist, droplets hanging from the leaves, the sun not yet having warmed it. They're up at the crack of dawn and the only thing breaking the serene silence is Robert's panting and the heavy thuds of their feet hitting the path where they're jogging; Robert following Aaron who seems to know his way. They've only been going for about thirty minutes but his legs have already turned to jelly and he has a hard time finding his breathing; any former good shape he possessed is long gone.

Aaron stops suddenly and Robert has time to think 'not again' before he tells him to do ten jump squats, sounding like a proper drill sergeant. "Oh come on, you can do better than that" he calls when he's not jumping high enough on the third jump. Allowing himself for a second longer pause between jumps, he manages them a little higher, although his legs are already aching from the jogging and the ten jumps he made him do only a few minutes ago.

Aaron's mood is unchanged, still carries a bit of a sulk to his features. It bothers Robert slightly that it's still there, unable to find a reason for it. He's pretty sure caffeine isn't the issue.
Also, it seems like he's taking out his foul mood on him, voice so uncaring. "Good, now ten push-ups" Aaron says as soon as he's done his ten jumps and as Robert's nose dips closer to the ground, his arms nearly buckles under the weight. All he wants is to lie down on the ground and scream. He hates this so much. He manages through his ten though, sweat dripping from his forehead. At least he can be glad they went up early to avoid the worst heat.

"Alright, walking lunges, follow me" Aaron doesn't stop with his orders, seemingly keen to wreck him completely, as he walks off in a quick pace, Robert struggling to follow, despite his long legs. This was supposed to be the easy exercise. "Don't cheat, I'm watching you, go deeper than that".

Every now and then as they walk along the small trail, he points to a stone, telling him to pick it up and throw it as far away as possible. And every time he does he has to hurry to catch up with Aaron. Some of the stones are easy, the ones weighing surely up to 25 kg, not so much. "Please" he begs after hurling one away, it landing with a little thud amongst a small patch of ferns, the leaves shaking violently, his arms falling limp against his sides. He doesn't know how much more he can take, not at all used to the routine.

Aaron stops, backs up a few steps to where Robert has paused. "Did I hear something? Don't think I did, did I?" he questions, tone a little irritated and mocking.

Exhausted, Robert looks at him, searching for any kind of pity, but there is none. "No" he shakes his head miserably, eyes falling to the ground. A salty drop of sweat touches his lips.

"Right then, come on. Let me see some box jumps on the rock over there" he points to a flat stone a few meters from where they're standing. Thankfully it's not too high.

On wobbly, spent legs, stomach and back tired too after throwing all the stones, he takes it very slow. The only way he can go if he's supposed to stay upright. They're not high, or very elegant, but at least he makes it up, each pause between jumps getting a little longer. After about 12 of them, however, even slow is too much. With the little vigour that's left in him, he pushes forward during the next three, his body becoming less and less controlled.

"Five more!" Aaron yells when he steps, slips more like, down, his voice echoing through the forest like there's no escape from it. He's standing in front of him, following every twitch in his muscles, every inaudible swearword mumbled through tight lips, every begging look he dares throwing his way. For some reason, Aaron's face is red too, the little vein at his right temple raised and angry. Why is he even doing this if he seems to hate it as well?

At the next jump, his body falls forward, his arms catching his weight against the rock, head hanging down, lips parted, his lungs trying to suck in air. "I can't" he pleads, desperate, wiping away snot with the back of his hand.

Aaron squats next to him, elbows resting against his knees. "Are you puking?" he asks, looking at him with determination, like this is a battle made to be lost.

What? "No" he drools a little, wanting to scream at the coldness in Aaron's voice.

"Are you gonna faint?"

"No" he cries, legs stomping slightly in frustration, and partly because they're starting to cramp.

Aaron stands again, "Then you have five more".

"You said five before, there's only four left" he says, annoyance infesting his whole brain, not caring about any punishment that might come, he's living through the worst one now.
Musterings remaining will, he jumps again, legs almost folding beneath him. Be the best slave you can be repeats in his head, along with his beating heart. Of course, it's not much of a help because there's still still an ugly part of him that wants nothing more than to push Aaron out of the way and run away. He hates himself for even thinking it. Hates that he can't succumb completely to Aaron's will when he wants nothing more. It's like his mind is playing tricks with him, not allowing him to be what he wants. Letting his own mind take over too much; making him feel like a failure. It's the same reason he can't bring himself to safeword. Shouting red and let it be over, would be letting his dark side win. Aaron deserves the best. Aaron deserves someone who will do anything they can to look and be the best they can. Who makes an effort in every way possible.

No matter how much he wants to make it, the next jump he attempts doesn't even reach halfway as high as he needs to go, instead he collapses to the ground, unharmed, but completely beat. He tries getting up, tries fighting, only to fall back, I can't do it he breathes heavily.

"Since when did Robert Sugden say that he can't do something? Huh?!" Aaron walks around him, shouting, egging him on, trying to get his reaction.

"I can't do it" he repeats, shaking his head, eyes falling closed.

While Robert struggles getting his breath back to a normal level, Aaron stops next to him, but doesn't say anything for several minutes. Until finally, "Alright, fine. I tell you what. You don't have to do anything else, we'll take a walk home".

Breathing a sigh of relief, Robert begins to stand but with a hand to his shoulder, Aaron pushes him down again. "Na-uh, you can stay where you are. If you don't want to do what you're told, that's fine, but then you take the consequences". He pulls out what he's been hiding in the side pocket of his top. It's the harness they bought last week. "Here, put these on", he throws a couple of gloves down next to him.

Shocked, he looks up, "W-what?"

Aaron starts to unbuckle the harness, twisting it around and turning it over to find the right loop. He doesn't say anything else until he grabs one of Robert's wrists, threading his arm through the thin straps. "As I said, we're going for a walk". He yanks his other hand through the next loop.

This can't be happening. Is he seriously going to treat him like a dog, out here, where anyone could catch them?

By the harness, he pulls Robert up so he's standing on his knees, then proceeds to tighten the straps that run across his torso. Robert can't even look at him, has to close his eyes to avoid the humiliation and hate burning in them. Feeling like a traitor for feeling it. Clenching his jaw, he holds back the threatening tears because he refuses to break down again. Be the best slave you can be'.

"Put the gloves on Robert" Aaron prompts. "I won't tell you again".

As Aaron buckles the harness behind his back, clicking the leash in place, his whole body is filled with shame, making him nauseous. Pursed lips, face scrunch up, he can feel the damn tears coating his eyelashes. He physically can't move to comply. Can't make himself pick up the gloves because it would mean giving in, to actually agree to this. Be the best slave you can be' the other side tells him.

"Pick them up or safeword, it's your choice Robert" a voice says and he's not sure it's his own or Aaron's.
Frozen to the spot, he does neither. Can't. Can't make the choice. Two is too much.

"Fine" Aaron sighs annoyingly, reaching for them himself. "Hard way it is then" he says, gently but firmly pushing Robert forward until he's forced to catch himself with his hands again. Aaron doesn't wait for him to start walking, he walks ahead, pulling at the leash so hard Robert has no other choice but to follow. Under other circumstances, his weight would have been more of a challenge to Aaron, but now when his body is made up on shame and spent muscles, he has no problem pulling him along.

"You know I gave you gloves to protect your hands. These needles are eventually gonna sting" Aaron both rebukes and warns, anger in his voice.

He's right, Robert discovers, the ground is covered with pine needles, and one after one, they drill into his soft office hands as he crawls on all four, his tired body barely carrying him. Aaron's pace isn't fast, but it's enough to push him into begging, "Master, master, master, please. Please stop". Aaron doesn't listen to his pleas. Refuses to even address him in any way, making him feel like he has a vendetta against him. It makes him cry, and scream, and wail, heavy tears mixing with sweat against his cheeks. Still, Aaron's shoulders are rigid, his postured unfazed, unaffected when he stares at his back, his fist clenching the leash.

Soon, his bare legs are pricked too by the vicious needles, some catching in his shorts, and in the cotton of his socks. His knees are scraping against the rough ground and he tries walking on his feet and hands the best he can. Stumbling, falling, at times being dragged along. Like a defenseless animal.

"RED!" the scream makes the leaves around them tremble.

"Red!" Aaron repeats, a little lower but still screaming in what sounds like pain.

Aaron has stopped so hastily, he comes crashing into him, falling to his stomach with a yelp, too exhausted to even get up. His breaths come short and laboured, covering his crying. "I'm sorry" he sniffs over his own failure, hands covering his head, wanting to disappear.

"Stop it!" Aaron's voice is upset more than angry as he throws the leash to the ground. "Just stop!" He backs away a few steps, as if he's collecting himself. "When will you learn that it's ok to fail? That it's ok to be second best, that it's ok not to be able to do everything, huh?" he steps forward, sinking to his knees, grabbing one of his scraped hands, revealing all of his face again. "Do you really think this is what I want? To make you bleed? Is that how little you think of me? Is that how little you think of yourself?!"

"No!" he screams, Aaron's word ringing painfully through his ears. How could he even think that?

"Then learn how to safeword!" Aaron screams back, pushing away his hand.

"I can't!" he shouts, "I don't want it!" The words shock them both, Aaron looking stunned at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want it. I can't make the choice” he cries, "I never know when to stop” he whispers.

Aaron's face looks heart broken, staring at him as if he's said something unfathomable. "All the more reason you need to learn” he insists a lot calmer, not giving Robert's admission more fuel. "You need to stop pushing yourself too hard, and learn when enough is enough. Stop hurting yourself" he says and Robert can practically hear 'and others' attached to the sentence. "I wanted to test you, you know. Hated myself all morning for it” he admits after another moment of silence, his tone sad,
making Robert feel like he's let him down, "Guess we have some work left to do".

Even though Aaron doesn't acknowledge what he's just said, the words bounce around in his head and he has to hide his disappointment of them not talking about it. At least it's given him some clarity on why he's struggling. Instead of pushing, he whispers, "I'm sorry. I just want to make you proud".

"Robert" Aaron sinks a little lower, a hand brushing against the cheek that isn't pressed to the ground. "I already am. You got nothing to prove to me, but you have to be able to give up and listen to your body too. It's important right". He sits down right next to him with a little sigh. "Come here" he says, wrapping an arm across his back. "Let me see your hands" he examines his palm, "You also need to stop being so stubborn. If someone offers you help, you take it. You're not a one man show you know". He picks out a few needles still clinging to his hands, brushing away dirt. "I worry you know. That you don't know when enough is enough and I worry that one day, I will miss a sign".

"I'm sorry Master" he says, crawling closer, Aaron gently placing his head in his lap, like he's making up for something, his thumb stroking his head, causing the knots in his body and mind to loosen somewhat, the stress dissipating slowly.

"So no more of this nonsense now. No more pushing yourself too hard". He makes him turn onto his side, reaching for the other hand to clean as well. "You're enough" he stresses, looking profoundly into his eyes before sealing the statement with a kiss to his hand before letting go.

Robert nods, feels the gravity of what Aaron is saying. When has he ever been enough? Aaron's the one who's enough, he, he's still just trying. "I promise" he says, smiling a little. "I still hate exercise though" he adds, making Aaron chuckle, the tension between them easing.

"Well, what if I won't let you come unless you exercise, that'd be a great motivator, wouldn't it?" Aaron looks deadpanned at him and he has no idea if he's serious or not. Then he leans down, pushes his head up a little with his thighs so they can meet in a kiss. Just a soft one. A little careful almost. His hand reaching his again, kissing his knuckles before pressing their lips together again, a little tongue this time.

Pushing a hand under his head, Aaron moves to lie down next to him, shifting their bodies closer. "Ouch shit" he yells, reaching under him and throwing away a small stone.

Laughing, Robert shifts more onto his side so he can lie pressed closer to Aaron, the pain and exhaustion now replaced by lust. He kisses him by his ear, drinking in his smell. His beard is longer, softer, not as ticklish anymore he notices as it brushes against his neck.

As arms wrap around each other, not sure who's holding who, and legs tangels together he has this rush of feeling protected and wanting to protect. And if he had to lie still in Aaron's arms for the rest of his life, he'd be perfectly happy. The thought, that has visited his mind many times before has never been spoken. It makes him kiss him deeper, more feverishly. Aaron reciprocates just as eagerly.

It doesn't take long before they're both hard. Both slightly rubbing against each other in an awkward rhythm, chasing the right friction and pleasure, neither controlling their motions very well. It's good like this too, always has been. Another kind of intimacy.

Robert's hand find its way up Aaron's back, under his t-shirt, pressing at muscles and fat, his fingertips following the damp trail down his spine, his hand easily sliding down his shorts, grabbing more skin.

Aaron's arm stays steady under him, his hand wrapping around his waist and against his back,
constantly pushing forward, closer, like it can't get enough. His other hand has a hold of his bicep, sliding up and down before it continues down, working to lower Robert's shorts slightly, then his own.

Robert squeezes Aaron's ass harder as he grabs both their dicks in his hand, moaning into his mouth as Aaron moves his hand around them, finding the perfect grip. Robert thrusts into his hand, drawing an equal sound of delight from Aaron's mouth before he starts moving too.

Soon, the rhythm is much better, both of them alternating between moving and being still. "Hang on my arm" Aaron shifts his arm from underneath Robert up to around his neck and shoulder instead. Robert nuzzles his head a little further into the embrace, craving to be held. He never used to before Aaron, not like this. He too, draws away his arm stuck under Aaron, placing it against his taut chest.

"Mm like that" he encourages when Aaron's found a particular satisfying pace, the tingles and heat building fiercely. He holds still, lets Aaron do the job from now and instead concentrates on keeping them close.

Briefly, he remembers where they are, but soon lets it fall to oblivion when Aaron's breath comes hot and ardent in his ear, small whimpers telling him how much he's wanted. Pulling back, he meets lustful eyes, dipping to his lips, soon kissing them again. Pressing tight, mouths opening wide, as if sucking air out of each other or stopping the other's breath. Aaron tantalizes him, refuses to give him tongue when he looks for it.

It's Aaron who shudders first, teeth painfully crushing together as he cramps and Robert hastily hurries to push up both their t-shirts. Drops of warm come hits his stomach, his hand catching some. Aaron dips his finger into his mouth, salt and bitter, slipping his cock out of his own grip, tightening solely on Robert.

"Master, can I..." the words linger, small and needy around the knuckle he's sucking on.

"Come" Aaron whispers, encouraging, his hand working more eagerly.

His mouth falls from Aaron's hand, shallow breaths coming quickly before lips connect with his collarbone, sucking. He stills, sucking up his own saliva he's left on Aaron's skin. There's a faint hint of salt left after their jog.

Slowly, Aaron removes his hand, wipes it off on some grass behind his back. Neither are too bothered about pulling up their pants or shorts again, besides, it's better this way, crotch against crotch, stomach against stomach. Warm and safe and loving, the previous temper temporarily forgotten.

"I literally got ants in my pants" Robert states, breaking the soft heaves of their chests, but the laugh that follows from Aaron is well worth it. It echoes throughout the forest.

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After another round in the shower, which is just as tender, Aaron puts Robert on his knees in the kitchen while he busies himself with breakfast. He hasn't picked out clothes for him yet so he finds himself completely naked again. This time, it's easier, he notices. More natural. He's grateful to be back home where it's a lot easier finding his right headspace, nothing to distract or prevent him from doing what he wants.

The only challenge at the moment are his battered knees against the floor. His hands are red and throbbing too, and around his wrists there are bruises from pulling against yesterday's restraints. If
anyone had seem him now, they would probably have been worried. His mind drifts to Victoria and the curiosity she had shown in the café. Unless they don't want her finding out, they better be more careful. He's also hoping Aaron will be sensible enough to pick out a long sleeved shirt for him, anything other will be hard to explain. If they had just been at home, he'd gladly showed his bruises off, as they feel more like badges of honour than something that needs hiding.

He shifts a bit uncomfortably against the floor, thinking back to Aaron's word in the forest; 'stop hurting yourself. Listen to your body'. It's not really safewording is it? Does it count? Struggling against will and want and need, it takes him a few minutes before speaking, ”Master?” he says softly, even though he's not supposed to. Technically, he's breaking a rule, but all things considered, he hopes Aaron will understand. At least he's clever enough not to look at him, when Aaron turns towards him. There's no need in breaking the second rule.

"Yeah?"

"My knees hurt a lot against the floor, may I go get my pillow?"

"Shit". There's a sound of something dropping against a plate, Aaron's quickly at his side, hooking his arms under his armpits, lifting him up even though he's perfectly capable of standing himself "I'm so sorry baby, I didn't think. You should have said earlier” he reprimands, but it's soft and filled of worry. "Tell you what, unwrap the bar stools, and you'll eat next to me”.

"Thank you Master” he smiles, eyes soft, a little love sick even. ”So you won't punish me for breaking a rule?”

Aaron has to think before he answers, almost like he contemplates which rule that was broken. "Course not, you did exactly what I asked of you this morning. I'd never punish that, don't even think it. Just don't take advantage” he adds, a little more stern.

"I wouldn't” he says sincerely, scared that Aaron might have doubts. He really wouldn't.

"Good” Aaron kisses him quickly, turning back to the kettle and bacon. ”You know, I should probably have you do this from now on. Cook I mean, we both know you're better at it than me”.

"You're not that bad” Robert assures, lifting one of the bar stools, trying to get the plastic off of the bottom.

"I'm not sure I've been very clear with the food rules” Aaron continues, throwing a glance back at Robert. ”I'm sorry about that”.

"It's fine” he shrugs. Besides, it's not something he's given a lot of thought.

"You'll be in charge of the cooking from now. We can shop and come up with ideas and that crap together. I'm in charge of take out menus” he smirks, tongue coming out teasingly. ”I will also decide when and how much you eat, and most of the time, what”.

"What if I'm away with a client?” he asks quickly, sounding a little accusing, but Aaron lets it go with a harsh look.

"If it's a client lunch or something, then you can choose whatever. If you're just away on work or anything else, send me a text on the menu and I'll choose”.

"Ok” his breath hitches. That's going to be different. But right now, everything is a little, well a lot, different to how it used to be. Just another rule to get used to. ”Might be going to Birmingham a lot soon, working on the new contract” he explains, worrying a little how all the new rules will apply
around clients. Just not eating, but clothes, can he still be his confident self in what Aaron chooses for him? Will he be too occupied with pleasing Aaron, he won't stay as sharp-minded?


Apart from finding a new driver that can head off to Prague first thing tomorrow, the day stays pretty uneventful. Nicola and he are looking over the contract they’re both drawing up, sorting out what details that needs changing from the old one, which ones that stay and which ones that go.

Jimmy and Rodney are both coming and going, and he tries working out how much of the day they’re actually skiving. Nicola beats him to it though, giving them a good telling off.

Adam is gone most of the morning, only returning after lunch when he and Aaron are still enjoying their lunch, sitting on the hood of an old Skoda. Everyone is out and the place has been quiet for nearly an hour. A small part of him wishes he could kneel and be hand-fed right here and now, but that would be a bit too risky with anyone able to walk in. He settles for the occasional bite from Aaron's fork instead. They shift slightly apart when they get company.

His body is slightly aching, from soreness and bruises, but he can handle it. Making sure no one takes notice, any winces he does is internal and quiet. The only real mishap, albeit small, comes when he's reaching for a new folder; his sleeve rises, the marks exposed for anyone to see. Luckily, neither Adam or Nicola notices.

At one point, Aaron walks into the portacabin, phone to his ear, in a huff. "No Vic! We're not having coriander woolvents...vol-au-vent then, whatever... Well just say puff pastry then! ... Because it's weird, that's why!"

Robert chuckles at his frustrated face, knowing quite well how his sister can be, he and Adam share an amused knowing glance. Despite not being alone, he finds himself unabashedly linger his stare on Aaron's body. Eyes roaming over it. Looking at the way his t-shirt reveals a tiny sliver of skin as he puts his hand to his hip, the way the fabric curves against his chest and biceps. He can still feel his touch and taste from a few hours earlier. What he doesn't recognize is a pair of black work boots, looking very new and shiny, wondering why he has never noticed them before. What further puzzles him is the stirring in his groin as his gaze stops at them a little too long. Aaron's brows furrows when he catches him staring.

Late in the afternoon, DHL arrives with a huge package. Looking out through the window, he watches Aaron sign off for it. Instead of opening it on the spot, like he usually does when they receive a delivery, he stuffs the box in their car, it barely fitting through the car door. He gulps a little, knowing that if this isn't some secret Aaron's sitting on, it's likely what he ordered the other day when he'd asked for his head size, which is a secret on its own he supposes. He just had no idea it would be so much. What the hell can he have ordered to take up that much space? The possibilities twirls around in his head, different scenarios exciting and taunting him.

"Earth to Robert. Hello. Are you listening?"

His head turns back to Nicola, face annoyed. "Sorry, terms of delivery, go on” he says, lingering a little at Aaron closing the door. As if he'd known he's being watched, he looks up, staring in through the window, catching Robert's stare. Smirking.


"Sir.... Aaron! Master!” Shit. Aaron chuckles, taking his eyes from the road to look at him, soft eyes not having the calming effect it should. Unable to focus, he throws another glance in the backseat,
"What were you going to say?" Aaron asks, eyes back on the road.

"What?" his attention snaps back to the front seat again. "Oh sorry. Nothing" he answers, having lost all courage to ask about the contents of the package.

He stays quiet after that. Distracts himself by going over logistics for a new route in his head so his curiosity won't surface again. It doesn't really work, he's so worked up. When he follows Aaron into the house, staring at his boots again, it all becomes a bit too much to handle and he falls to his knees, silently asking to be removed of his burden.

"Are you sure your knees can handle it?" Aaron asks, setting down the box, then turning to him, close enough for him to reach.

"They're good" he says, grazing the hair at Aaron's calves, his fingertips catching some dirt.

"Uhu" He can tell Aaron doesn't quite believe him. "So this has nothing to do with you wanting to know what's in the package then?" His hand tilts his head up, playful eyes meeting his.

"A little" he admits, looking up. A lot.

"Then take your clothes off, keep the underwear". Instead of going to place them outside the bedroom, Aaron takes them from him, throwing them onto a chair in the kitchen.

"Barely over the threshold and you're already hard, what are we gonna do with you eh" Aaron mocks. "Straighter posture please" he corrects.

Robert doesn't really listen, is already in a world of his own. The feeling of ownership takes over when Aaron makes no attempt of removing his black work boots or his dirty clothes. Inexplicable, it's like as if a strong pull makes him reach out. As if someone else was controlling his arm before he regains control, retracting. Aaron registers the movement, stepping back.

"What's this then?" he asks.

Robert's unable to detect the meaning in his tone. Doesn't even know the meaning of his own feelings right now. "I-I don't kno-" he stutters, involuntarily licking his lips.

"Lick my boots". The Dom voice rises immediately, interrupting. Robert whimpers. "Your tongue on my boots. Now please".

Placing his hand on each side of Aaron's feet, he leans forward, sticking out his tongue, leather and dust mixing into a dry taste. A small lick is all he dares and it seems enough for Aaron too. "Lie down on your stomach".

Aaron stands not even a foot away from him, directly in front of his eyes. His cock presses uncomfortably against the floor. When he slides his boot right up against the tip of his nose, there's a sharp intake of breath before he stops breathing. "I'm not sure I should tell you everything I ordered. You might enjoy the surprise, or surprises, better, wouldn't you say?"

He lies still, eyes fixed on the black shoe, not sure what the answer is. Yes? No? Maybe?

Aaron presses his other foot down on the middle of his back. Surprised with how much he likes it, he finds himself reaching out his tongue again, connecting it with rubber and leather. "I could tell you about the plugs..." he shifts closer, changing the placement of his foot as well as the pressure, the
weight much heavier between his shoulder blades. "Or the gags...I do enjoy when you're quiet”.

Plural on both, Robert registers, desperately rubbing himself against the floor, his tongue still out, carefully tasting.

"Got some nice whips you're probably gonna hate” Aaron continues, stepping up on his back with both feet, shifting his feet up and down his body very carefully. Robert can feel the imprints his soles are making, marking him, driving him completely mad.

"But my personal favourite, probably yours too I think-” Aaron continues, voice so low and hoarse it hurts. When he places one boot against his face, Robert's sure he's just died, his mind exploding. It presses his cheek down, and his head fully to the floor but without putting too much pressure on it; his upper back takes the most. "A hood...blocking out all sounds. You won't be able to see a thing either. Eating will be done through a straw” he says, a satisfying sigh following. "I think I'm gonna cuff your hands behind your back. Or maybe tie you up somewhere. You'll be completely mine to play with” he continues, each statement driving Robert's eyes a little wider, mouth drooling. "You'll never know what's coming. For hours and hours”.

"Ma-” he fails to say anything else before he comes quietly, his body held still under the pressure.

Aaron steps down, his predator eyes shining. "Looks like you need a cold shower again”.

Chapter End Notes

Next ch should be up Tue or Wed, depending on how long it becomes (and if it will be a struggling bi-atch like this one) and how good the weather is and how much Pokemon Go I'll play :P
Happy weekend darlings!!

And as always, thanks for reading, means the world to me, mwah!
"Didn't you say you were gonna fix the AC?" Nicola snarls, fanning herself with a sheet of paper, shaking her blouse. She's close enough for Robert to smell the mix of perfume and sweat. It's sweeter he notices, not at all like Aaron's.

"Adam is" he answers calmly, opening another Excel sheet.

"And what are you? Useless?"

He pushes back, holding up his hands, "See these hands? They're made for greater things" he smirks, receiving a raised brow and head shake.

"Looks a little bruised if you ask me, what the heck have you been doing?"

Blushing, he quickly drops them to the keyboard again, "Nothing, we're renovating aren't we?!" His growling stomach is what saves him from further inquiries.

"Aaron better hurry up" Nicola marks, biting into her own food, rolling her chair closer to the screen they've both been staring at for the last hours, bickering about next month's logistics and a seasonal worker that's been proving pretty useless. "Oy speak of the devil" Nicola's looking outside, Aaron just having turned the corner of Lisa's.

"Here" Aaron throws the plastic container of salad down next to Robert when he enters and he has to bite his cheeks to prevent a chuckle.

It amuses him how different Aaron is sometimes in public to the way he is at home. Grumpier, his tone shorter, a little distrustful. Sarcastic. Short-tempered. He likes that he has a whole other side of him no one else gets to see. Well two sides, if you count Master Aaron. Master Aaron. He gulps. It's the first time he's put the two names together and it dawns on him how much he likes it. And just how much he wants to say it out loud. But it's not to Aaron he wants to say it, that'd be too long of a
title he reckons. It's others he wants to tell. All those stories he's read, where slaves address their masters with their title followed by their real name. That's what he wants. Maybe it's bragging, maybe it's attention seeking, but it's also something else. It's about being proud, of himself and of Aaron. Showing the world, well a part of it, just who he is, that he's proud to be a slave, Aaron's slave. That he's proud to have a Master, and not just anyone, his Master; Master Aaron. If he can't scream out his happiness from their actual roof top, then maybe he can scream it out loud online.

He smiles to himself, so lost in thoughts he sticks his fork into the salad and starts eating.

Mid-chew, there's a cough coming from Aaron, sounding very deliberate - but not enough for Nicola to pick up on it the way he does. Despite the humid portacabin, the hair at his neck stands as he glances over at Aaron, who's sitting with his feet up on the desk, showing off those damn boots. What's worse though, is that he's also making sure Robert sees him unwrap the sub in his hand, very, very slowly.

He freezes up, wants to spit out the food and give it back to Aaron. Thinking so much about Master Aaron he'd completely forgotten about his rule; don't start eating until Aaron does.

"Oh right, almost forgot, I need you to go to a conference next week" Nicola interrupts his palpitating heart and flushed face.

"W-what? Conference? What conference?" he asks confused, still staring at Aaron, who is now looking at Nicola, holding all of his attention.

"I talked to a guy yesterday about the upcoming law changes, said they're going to go over it in Peterborough next week. In the midst of the usual boring stuff of course" she adds, chewing, waving with her hand as if it's nothing she's bothered about. "You know, new upgrades on the computer systems, potential clients".

"And why do I need to go?" he glances nervously from Nicola over to Aaron, looking for a reaction. All he's met with is indifference.

"Trust me, I'd love nothing better than to get away from Jimmy and the kids for a few days, but you know it works best if you work the clients and I work the drivers" she winks at him with a bit of a self-satisfying smile.

She's right though. "When?"

"Wednesday morning to Friday morning, you should leave Tuesday though, take the route via Birmingham so you can get the contract delivered and signed right away, and if they won't, just shmoove them a little, you're still good at that I hope" she says, throwing Aaron a quick glance, as if she's making sure she hasn't said too much.

Looks like she has thought of everything, he doesn't believe her one bit when she says she'd forgotten to tell him. Three nights away. Three nights away from Aaron. This is the worst kind of timing. New house, just getting used to their new relationship, he doesn't want to leave Aaron on his own.

"Rather you than me mate" Aaron interjects his thoughts, chuckling, making it impossible to know if he approves of him going or if he's just acting.

"Well I do like a good mini-bar” he says cheerfully, trying to disguise his worry in front of Nicola.

The door is pulled open, a grinning Jimmy tumbling in, interrupting them. He's never really liked him, Robert reflects when his presence takes up half of the already crowded space. He's too much of
a pushover, too gullible, too cheery for his liking, too big. It's not natural. "Good news!" he announces proudly, voice boisterous, rubbing his hands together.

"What? You've decided to work a full eight hour shift have you?" Nicola retorts quickly.

"Nico" Jimmy pouts momentarily, but thankfully refrains from engaging in their usual back and forth banter when he continues, "Better! You've always said you need a bigger office. Well guess what, that office building across from where the lorries are at has a for rent sign outside. I'd look into that right now if I were you" Jimmy hands over his phone, a picture of the sign with a number underneath.

Nicola picks up her own phone, wasting no time dialing the number. "This is perfect" she beams.

"Yeah, sounds like it" Robert adds, trying to sound optimistic. As much as they need it and he's longed for it, he's now feeling apprehensive about it. From the corner of his eye, he can tell Aaron's not chuckling anymore, mirroring his own sense of slight disappointment.

She books them in for a viewing in the morning.

... 

Back home again, Aaron orders him to remove all his clothes. There's every intention of play in his eyes and none to talk about what the potential office change would mean for them.

Coming downstairs again, he picks up his pillow from the living room before he enters the kitchen. "I thought I would do that" he nods at the stove where Aaron is standing, pouring oil into a frying pan.

"Well-" He adjusts the heat on one of the knobs. "I didn't want to be too cruel and let you cook food you can't have. Or maybe I should have" he adds with afterthought, like it might happen if he messes up again. "Consider me nice this time".

He drops his pillow, instantly standing on his knees, eyes averted to the floor. "I'm sorry Master. I forgot to wait for you" he acknowledges his faux pas, relieved to finally being able to properly apologize.

"Yes you did. Therefore, no dinner for you right now". He shakes some frozen meatballs out of their bag into the hot pan, breaks some spaghetti for the boiling water.

It's not exactly a fancy meal he's preparing but Robert's stomach rumbles all the same from the thought of food. Not so much that he feels hungry – yet- but the thought of food and knowing he can't have it. That's what makes him want it more.

"Actually, hang on" Aaron licks his thumb, closing the freezer where he's just put the meatballs back. Then he rushes into the hallway and he can hear him bouncing down the stairs to the basement, returning a couple of minutes later. "I thought I'd try out a few things on you" he explains, placing some items on top of the kitchen counter. Black leather and a metal chain is what his eyes catch before Aaron blocks his view, telling him, "Come here".

Shifting the pillow and himself closer to the kitchen island, he's in the spot where he'd normally be eating, and that makes his stomach ache a little. What's funny is that he's already considering it his place. The floor is void of his bowls, however, still in the new dishwasher from after breakfast. He kinda misses seeing them there.

Settling again, he looks up; Aaron holds out a ball gag, making sure he really sees it. Thick, black
leather straps with a black rubber ball, and a metal buckle, looking tough enough to last for years. It's odd, but the first thing that crosses his mind is that he's grateful that it's not one of those with a red ball. They've always seemed so fake, something to give your friends as a joke. This carries another statement; obedience, ownership. Instinctively, he gapes, wants to feel it in his mouth.

"Someone's keen" Aaron chuckles, but wastes no time placing it in his mouth and wrapping the straps around his head.

The sound of Aaron fastening the metal buckle, deciding on strapping it tighter after a first attempt where it was a lot looser, makes his dick spring to action. The ball is quite big and he can already tell he's going to drool a lot, buckled so tight it will be impossible to swallow.

Aaron turns around, grabbing a couple of wide leather cuffs matching the ball gag, a metal D-ring attached to each of them. "On the days I order you to be naked, I think you should always wear these. I'd like that” he murmurs a little to himself, staring down at the cuffs in his hands. "I'm making it into a new rule. Ok?" he states, not really sounding like he wants an answer as he lifts one of his hands at a time, wrapping the leather around his wrists.

Robert has no trouble nodding, eagerly. Because, yes, God yes!

Aaron briefly shifts his attention to stir in the pan, a huge grin playing on his face that says it all really. Robert likes that look on him. Then it shifts from satisfied to naughty, "I guess that means you probably have to sleep with them then”.

Oh. OH. That hadn't even crossed his mind. He drools. From both cock and mouth. Thinks about how he'll probably have permanent marks around his wrists from now on, even when he's not wearing them. How he can look at the traces in his skin, remind himself of his status. Owned.

Aaron continues, "It seems redundant you have to put them on if you're just entering the bedroom for a second though, so yeah, you can skip them then". He's back next to him, wiping his finger through his drool. "But every night, I have the power to easily cuff you if I'd like, perhaps tie you up” he says, attaching the two cuffs together behind his back with a clasp. "Might even gag you sometime when we sleep”.

Judging from the bulge in Aaron's trousers, which is now pressing against his head, he's just as turned on by his own words as Robert is. If only he could remove his clothes, sink his mouth over his hard cock.

"One more thing” Aaron tells him and Robert has already seen what it is, a collar with a chain leash, it too matching the other items. What he hasn't seen is the padlock Aaron picks up. "You do know that one day, I want you to have a special one, a collar I mean. One you'll wear all the time. This one is just for play” he whispers sweetly, attaching it around his neck. "But I want us both to be ready. To be completely sure about this, no doubts or hesitations”.

Robert looks up, seeing the warmth in his eyes, and he's suddenly filled of awe. If it had been up to him, he would have screamed that he's ready or if he'd been in Aaron's position he'd have him in a collar from the get go, but Aaron's not like that. He's responsible and wants everything to be safe for them. The safety he provides for them and his attentiveness to details are astonishing. Feeling the gratefulness wash over him, he sinks back a little, sighing contently as he closes his eyes, taking a few serene breaths before opening them again.

Aaron takes a step back to look at him, eyes appearing overwhelmed, "Wow” he says, a little taken aback it seems. If he looks half as hot as he feels, he understands him. "You make me want to come on you right now, let it drip down your body” he says, tracing a finger from Robert's cheek down to
his mouth, stopping at his chest. Robert's cock bobs.

"Such a slut aren't you, just waiting for me to use you". Aaron's words flow slowly from his tongue, clear and seductive. His thumb strokes his cheekbones, fingers hooking under his jaw and Robert leans his head into the touch, soaking it all up. "I love this, love seeing you like this. So much". Aaron then unzipps his shorts so he can pull his cock out, hard and red. With the tip leaking, he smears it against Robert's lips and cheeks, making him whimper. He badly wants to touch himself, lay down on the floor and rub against it. His thoughts flutter back to yesterday, Aaron standing on him, the pressure, the complete control. The ten minute shower that had followed had been less pleasant.

"Later though" Aaron says, tucking himself back in, zipping up and by the time he's done, the alarm on his phone beeps, pasta likely ready. He picks up the leash, Robert having no choice but follow over to the stove. Crawling.

After Aaron has filled his plate, he's back on his pillow, watching him eat. Aaron's still holding on to his leash. His stomach rumbles again. To make matters worse, Aaron holds one of the meatballs under his nose, letting him smell it. "Naughty slaves who break rules don't get treats. Food is a treat, remember that" he says, popping the meatball into his mouth.

He mentally signed away all privileges to Aaron when he voiced his need to become a slave. Even so, the thought makes him break out in a small sweat. If he's being logical and sensible about it, he knows Aaron wouldn't deny him for long, knows that he knows how useless he is without food, how hangry he can get. Perhaps it's just another thing he needs to learn how to control.

"I need to work downstairs for a bit. Only so much I could let the workers do down there without giving them a really weird reason" Aaron laughs softly to himself and Robert smiles behind his gag. "Then afterwards I'll try some flogging on you" he says, not giving the statement much emotions, voice has gone slightly dark.

Robert's tried holding back, tried swallowing, but the saliva in his mouth has been collecting and he has no other choice than to release it, drool all over himself. The thought of Aaron flogging him is what pushes him to open his mouth.

"That's a lot of drool" Robert pushes his chin out, feeling how it runs down his chest. "I won't dry it off ya if that's what you think" Aaron says, side glancing at him. "Gonna take a picture of my pretty little slave instead" he smirks, snapping a few photos with his phone. Briefly, Robert wonders what he'll do with the collection he's accumulating.

After Aaron's finished, he makes Robert crawl after him to the basement door, taking the pillow with him. "Obviously, I can't let you see what I'm doing, that would kinda ruin it. But I want you to listen" he explains, then proceeds to fish out a second padlock from his pocket. "One locked to your collar, and this I'll just attach here, no escaping for you". He takes the handle of the leash, wraps it around one of the water pipes running through to the radiator, securing it with the padlock.

The thought of being tied to a radiator holds its own haunting memories and its enough to push tears out of Robert's eyes.

"Hey" Aaron says, demandingly. "We exist now, and in the future, not in the past". It's the same words he's practised with his therapist Robert recognizes. He nods, tries to believe it, not wanting to cling to his regrets and mistakes. They've moved on enough times already.

"Good" Aaron kisses the top of is head. Then disappears downstairs.
Soon banging and drilling ensues and all Robert can do is sit still and listen. The leash isn't long enough to stand up, there's also no way of taking it off, padlocks securing it. His only entertainment is the sound from Aaron and his own mind drifting between thoughts, all jumbled; work, his hard cock, Aaron, Victoria and the bbq, how it's time for another exercise session tomorrow, the conference, Liv over in Ireland, moving offices, Jimmy's stupid grin, the bruises on his body and how he desires more... How he desires more. How much he thrives with the thought that never really thrilled him before. His cock twitches, begging for attention, to be touched and used and abused. His shoulders fall slightly forward, head too, the jerk causing him to drool between his legs. Another mouthful dripping down his pulsating veins. Aaron sucking off him. Thick spit connecting mouth and cock as he pulls away. Fuck. He needs to stop before he slams himself against the wall so he can rub one out. Chas. Mother-in-law. Focus on that. That's a turn off. The thought of her making them breakfast the other day, how Aaron had put a talking ban on him, makes him chuckle. Aaron controlling him. No no no don't go there again.

He closes his eyes, focuses on... apples! Yes! Apples are safe to think about. You just eat them. Round things that you eat... bite into... just like he's biting into the rubber ball right now – seriously! Invoices! There is nothing sexy about invoices. That's better. Paperwork. Stacks of it on his desk, having sex on his desk that one evening in April. Argh! He bangs his head against the wall.

Then notices it has suddenly gone quiet. Putting an ear to the door, he tries listening, figuring out what's going on, but all he can tell is that Aaron's moving around, maybe ripping something apart, carton? Then complete silence. He's on tenterhooks now, waiting for the next sound.

Something hitting one of the wooden support beams? A dull thud. And again, and again. It goes on for surely ten minutes. Then it changes slightly, into more of a flick? A lash? A swoosh through air. Wait. Oh. Aaron's practising? As soon as he realizes, his posture straightens, as if Aaron could see him and not approve of him eavesdropping with such curiosity. He sits like that until his legs shake and his lower back is stiff and aching; as is his cock.

When he hears Aaron's footstep on the stairs, he freezes, falling into full attention, eyes shot a little wide, breaths heavy with excitement. To his disappointment, Aaron ignores him to head straight into the bathroom, carrying a bag in his hand.

When he comes back out again, it's with one hand down his pants, trousers pushed a little lower. Determinedly, he walks straight up to Robert, leaning over him, jerking himself off right in front of his face. More drool spills from his mouth. It seems to only fuel Aaron's motions, working more quickly until he shoots his load across his face, smearing out what's left on his dick against his upper lip, the smell sharp, wakening all his senses.

Thank you Master, is what he would have said if he could speak. Thank you.

Aaron takes a moment to cool down, the quick orgasm looking like it's caught him off guard, sweat running along his temple. Wordlessly, he pulls a key out of his pocket. It's on a ring now, along with a few others. What possibilities they might open is for another time he guesses.

After he's unlocked the leash from the pipes, he pulls him into standing, which is harder than it normally is, having been sitting so long. He also opens the clip connecting the cuffs. "Roll your shoulders, slowly". It helps against the stiffness from them being behind his back. "Your jaw too" Aaron says and he's hardly noticed he's removed the gag. Strangely, he misses it already. The leash around his neck stays on though, which he finds real comfort in.

By the leash, he leads him to the bigger downstairs bathroom, having made no attempt to dry away the come on his face. High up on the wall, there are two big, sturdy suction cups attached to the wall, surely 1,5 meter apart. Aaron pushes him, stomach first, against the wall, the cold tiles cooling him,
feeling like ice against his throbbing dick. Promptly, his hands are attached to the cups, and he realizes just what sort of opportunities might arise with him wearing his cuffs all the time.

Apparently, Aaron wants him in a proper spread-eagle because now he's attaching matching cuffs around his ankles, and between them a long metal spreader bar. His back and ass are now on display and there's not a thing he can do about it. Aaron turns the collar around so the leash hangs down his front.

Even for Aaron, he's unusually untalkative, just moves around him, immobilizes him with skilled, quick hands, like he's done nothing else in his whole life.

He knows he's being flogged soon, knows Aaron will break him down further. Mentally, he's already preparing, inhaling and exhaling slowly and calmly, centering himself, finding his head space. He doesn't dare close his eyes, afraid to drift too far away.

Aaron's kneading his back, around his shoulder blades and the meaty parts of each side of his spine, never once going below the waist. His hands dig hard into his body and they're heating his skin quickly. Then they move to his ass, does the same thing, making him feel good. He licks his lips, tasting the drying come around them.

He leaves him alone again. Robert turns his head to watch him return with one item each in his hand. A tawse and a flogger. Aaron briefly looks at him, but it's sort of hollow, like he's focused on what he's about to do and nothing else.

As the tawse, well it must be because it falls with a heavy thud against his skin, similar to spanking, but worse, stingier and restricted to a smaller area, he jerks forward slightly. Shit. He can already tell this is going to be challenging.

"This was on your soft limits list. That list is mine, not yours. You don't need it anymore" Aaron finally starts talking more, his voice pronouncing every syllable, taking his time to make his points understood. It's the strongest he has ever heard it and Robert realizes that voice can make him do anything. "Liking something or not is irrelevant. You'll like what I like”. He hits him several times, all of them soft enough for Robert to be quiet while Aaron speaks. "You'll do what I tell you. My will is your rule. Your body is not yours anymore. Your mind is not yours anymore”. Aaron changes to the flogger, and to his back, going over the same procedure of warming his skin and for each hit and each word, he slips further into his role, acknowledging this is a teaching moment. ”You were born to be my slave. You were born to obey me. To please me. To be owned by me”.

Aaron increases the strength on which the flogger falls against his back, every hit direct and precise, like he's already known the pattern he'd work in. At times, the strokes make him dance and grunt. The worst is the position he's in, one he can't wriggle out of or shield himself in. His only option is to stand open and receive.

It's when the arms of the flogger accidentally wrap around his rib cage it really fucking hurts and he screams out in pain, losing his posture, his upper body only being held up by his shackles. The only relief he feels is that the hit wasn't harder. Aaron hasn't worked up to that yet.

Aaron doesn't apologize for it, but there's a pause in his actions and Robert can tell he's breathing heavily, trying to collect himself. The next blow strikes perfectly across one side of his back, Robert nearly jumping from the impact, his body bending forward, head thrashing back in a groan.

Even without the gag, drool drips from his mouth. It had started in his legs but his whole body is shaking now in anticipation and dread of the next hit. Aaron gives him three fast lashes in the same spot that makes his back burn and sting like nothing he's ever felt before.
"I think I might ink you in the future. A small p. o. a. at the back of your neck; Property of Aaron”.

"Ok” he sobs, the word so small he hardly hears it himself.

"I didn't ask you for your permission, your will is the same as mine” Aaron corrects him.

He flogs him hard on the right side of his back, drawing tears and screams out of him. Tears that don't stop. Tears of submission and surrender. He leans closer to the wall, trying to obtain the support his legs barely give him anymore.

The more he cries, the worse the strikes feel and the worse they become, the more he cries. Not once, however, does he speak or plead, Aaron's word echoing; 'My will is your rule. Your body is not yours anymore'.

As he hears the flogger drop to the floor, he thinks it's over but Aaron just continues with the tawse and it's the same all over again, warmth and heat burning into his skin. The impact is different of course, less of a sting, but it hurts all the same.

When that too is dropped to the floor, and he can see Aaron backing away, he screams higher, as if all the pain he's held in suddenly bursts out in an array of different sounding wails, almost cleansing him. It stops just as abruptly as it started, even the last tears leave him, only small shakes left.

Pressing his head to the wall, he sees Aaron sitting on the edge of the bathtub, hands on his knees, head hanging low between his arms. His eyes are closed and he's looking completely wiped out.

Seeing him like that makes him forget about his aching body, putting all his focus on Aaron, wanting to reach out and touch him, hug him, give him biscuits and a warm blanket just like he had done for him. Since he can't, the only thing he can use is his words, "Thank you Master. For teaching me. For giving me what I need. For helping me push my limits”. It coaxes a tiny smile from Aaron and he looks up, eyes still sharp, meeting his, then lowering to his back.

"Look at you” he gets up, stands behind his handiwork. "How bruised and gorgeous you are” he squeezes his butt cheeks, causing Robert to yelp. "How you hurt for me”. He puts two fingers against Robert’s eyelids, directing them to close. Then he lets them slide into his mouth. "Make them wet".

Sucking, he tries taking them deep, knowing the thick spit that comes from the throat will help better for where they're going. He shivers a little.

His ass aches when Aaron comes to claim it, when he slaps against his bruises, pounding into him hard and steady. His cheek and cock slides against the tiles, but he's not hard anymore, can't even think about that right now. Concentrates on giving Aaron the pleasure he needs.

When it's over and come is leaking out of his ass and down his thighs, Aaron takes off the collar, releases his hands from the wall, helps him sink to his knees with the spreader bar still attached to his ankles, and lets him suck him clean.

"Thank you Master”. It surprises him how his words sound a little empty, like they're on routine already. He doesn’t like that feeling. As if it was some sort of game. Of course it's not. "Thank you” he repeats, filling them with pride, noticing how it makes him smile.

Aaron presses them close, letting his hand stroke through his hair. "Good. You're so good”.

Curiously, and bravely, Robert asks, "Can you show me a picture of my back?” He really wants to see. Judging from the throbbing, he must be red all over.
"I was gonna take a picture anyway" Aaron smiles. "So I can compare it to later sessions" he explains, helping him twist around slightly to get a better angle. "Over time, there will be more marks on you, but we both need practise" he says, holding out the phone for Robert to see.

There are big marks on him now, he thinks. The thought of Aaron wanting even more, makes his cock awake again, not sure that's the response he wants from his body as the thought slightly scares him. "Thank you for showing me".

Aaron leans down to kiss his forehead. "No problem. I'm gonna take a shower now, you can get yourself upstairs and ready for bed".

Getting a hunch that a shower might be a special privilege too, just not one Aaron has made clear yet, he asks, "Can I take a shower Master?", feeling the dry come on his face, chest and thighs again.

"It's very good that you asked, we haven't really discussed that have we? But no, you may not. I will tell you when and if you can shower from now on". He chuckles softly, pulling his t-shirt over his head. "This is racking up to a lot of rules innit, we might need to write a list".

A list. One of his very own list of slave rules? Like one of those lists he's admired for years? He nods, tears brimming his eyes. "Yes, please. Thank you Master". Now there really is meaning behind his words.

"Right, upstairs, now. Drink two glasses of water".

Walking upstairs takes its time with his feet spread apart, but he eventually makes it into the bathroom where he can tell the water from the downstairs shower is still running. He hurries to get ready, deliberately avoiding to examine his back further in the bathroom mirror, so he can go kneel in the bedroom.

Sauntering into the bedroom briefly after he's lowered himself to the floor, Aaron's hair is wet and dripping down his chest, a towel wrapped loosely around his hips. He sits down in front of him, skin glistening like some sort of Adonis. "Did you drink your water?"

"Yes Master".

"Good. Here" Aaron tears a piece of bread off from a plain slice. No butter, no topping. Just bread. He'd hoped for more to still his aching stomach, but he's grateful Aaron hasn't punished him with no dinner at all. "You'll remember to wait for me now, won't you?"

'Yes' he nods, chewing on another piece Aaron gives him.

"May I use the bed tonight Master?" he asks when he's finished and Aaron has crawled under the cover.

"Yes, but that" he says, pointing to the spreader bar "stays on".

With a bit of effort, he climbs into bed, laying down on his stomach, his other side much too sore and aching to put pressure on. Aaron even lets him cuddle close, his head resting on his chest. He listens to his steady heart beats, knowing that those are the beats he follows.

His thoughts drift back to his feelings in the forest, thinking it's now or never to express his feelings, "Master" he says carefully, a little unsure. "Do I really need safewords?" It's an odd request he realizes when he sees the frown on Aaron, his teeth drawing in his lower lip, looking down at him. He continues, explaining, "Why can't you decide everything for me? Isn't that the point of this? If you own me, then why should I have that option?"
"For your own safety of course, I can't tell how you feel inside. I can see if you're hurting on the outside but not on the inside" Aaron interjects, voice very serious.

"I understand that. It's just... well, it's confusing sometimes. I'm not sure how to explain, I guess sometimes I feel that I'm not letting go completely if I know there's a way out. Yesterday, I couldn't bring myself to say red no matter how much I needed it because it would mean I'm not fully taking what you're giving me. In some way, I'm still in control, and I don't want to be, that's too much pressure for me. Too much responsibility”. He sinks back on Aaron's chest, a hand stroking his shoulder.

Aaron stays quiet for a long time before he speaks. "I do understand what you mean, but Robert, we're still learning. It would be really irresponsible of me to take away your safewords at this stage, if ever. That would be too much pressure on me. If that would happen, it would be years from now when I've learned to read your every signal. But by then I'm hoping we know each other so well the use of them might not even be necessary. They're not there to make you feel in control, they're there to protect you”.

They're quiet again, Robert musing a little over the fact Aaron is thinking long-term for them. Smiling.

"'Course, safewording during punishments shouldn't be allowed, that kinda spoils the purpose” Aaron says and Robert doesn't respond other than with a small 'mmm'. "We can remove the option of yellow-” he continues, "If it would help you find your place better. Although you've used it once”.

"Before yes, it feels different now” he eagerly explains, not wanting Aaron to change his mind. "I'm getting closer each day to where I desire to be”.

"It hasn't even been that long” Aaron chuckles. "I keep making up rules, and you keep taking them. I don't want it to be too much too soon. It's important you find your place, and I mine. Tonight was a good start”.

"Yes” Robert quietly agrees, fingers walking across Aaron's stomach, finding his hand to lace them with. "I don't want to leave you next week” he sighs, hating the thought of being away from Aaron. Hating the thought of being away from his Master and his role. "I don't want a long pause in my submission towards you, it would feel weird”.

"It'll be ok” Aaron strokes his arm.

"And moving office, I know we need it, I just hate the thought of being away from you every day. I've gotten used to us working together”.

Aaron wraps him a little closer. "Like I said, it will be ok. Because from now on, if we're apart, you'll check in with me at noon every day. You'll call, or send a text or email if you're in a meeting, no excuses. I don't always have to be near you to control you”.

Chapter End Notes

Well somehow, I managed to introduce 3 new rules in this (*sees JJ jump of joy*)

Writing domspace when not writing from that person's POV is kinda hard haha, so yeah you just have to play along here.
I think there's a reason hard impact play is on Rob's soft limits list; I find it boring to write! :P

Btw, any willing artists out there? I'd love to see Robert from the back, on his knees, with the spreader bar, bruised ass and back, hands cuffed behind his back, ball gag in his mouth. Am I the only one?! :P
Well I like gags, and I like come so ooops I wrote about it again :P

So, some sad news on the update front; I'm going away Tue-Sat next week :O I'll be able to get a chapter up before I go but don't know how long it might take after that. And I'm starting to get nervous by the fact that school will start soon again (29 aug) and I won't be able to update every week then. GAH! I really had hoped that I had time to finish this during the summer, but it kinda became a bigger thing than I had planned haha.

Once again, thank you Caro for providing me with a few ideas in this one :)

He's woken by... kisses? Something tickling at the base of his neck, moving down his spine, those are definitely kisses. Aaron's lips and Aaron's beard treating him. Blinking his eyes open, he turns his head back, neck stiff from sleeping on his stomach all night, finding Aaron sitting on his knees next to him, planting soft pecks on his back. "Master?" he whispers, voice a little hoarse and drowsy.

"Shh" Aaron hushes softly, smiling warmly at him, hair all curly and perfectly ungelled. Cheeks extra pink and round, looking so cuddle friendly all Robert wants is to pull him close and nuzzle his nose into his neck. Aaron always looks his most peaceful in the mornings, he reflects, face soft and void of the weight of the world. Lately though, he thinks he's seen a lot more glimpses of a more carefree face even during other hours of the day. The constant scowl not as harsh anymore, his eyes brighter, even around other people. A more relaxed version of Aaron is slowly emerging in front of his eyes. If Aaron's aware of it, he's never said, but it's clear to Robert that what they're doing makes Aaron feel comfortable, maybe even better about himself, and knowing that means the world.

Too tired to protest to say he's not the one who should be woken like this, he smiles back, turning his head round again, planting it against the soft pillows. Soft and feather like, Aaron's lips keep dotting his back, occasionally his beard rasps against delicate skin, which is very much sore from last night, he can tell.

The bed sinks and raises when Aaron shifts his weight, his body slightly swaying too from the motions. Soon, careful fingers are making tiny circles across his body as if they were massaging an infant. Despite the ache from the bruises, it feels good. Amazing even to be taken care of like this, his body soothed under Aaron's touch.

His fingers lightly paint trails up his calves, his thighs, one hand finding its way in between his legs, fingers tickling his balls, making him wiggle from the sensitivity, lips forming into a smile. With his other hand, Aaron starts massaging his neck, pressing in his thumb as it runs up and down, causing all kinds of tensions to tense and release.

As much as he relaxes, he can't help muse about what this really is. Equally, he tries chasing the thoughts away, just let it be what it is. But this is not the same Master he met last night, and right now it's a little bit confusing. He's about to ask, when Aaron's fingers wrap around his cock, trying to stroke him even though he lies pressed against the bed, giving him no space to work. His body still
answers easily to the touch, doesn't even know how he'll be able to hold back after not having any release yesterday.

Suddenly, Aaron lets him go and as if a rope had pulled at him, he starts getting up on all fours, crawling across the bed, because surely now he can slip down to kneel by his side of the bed, start the day as it should be started.

"No" Aaron says gently, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Lie down again".

His body aches a little as he lowers himself again, feeling the acts of yesterday, reminding him of how everything is and should be. It's just not a physical feeling, he notices, but it wraps around his heart and mind too, as if another level of reverence has planted itself within him. Something has very much shifted. As if the world rises and falls within Aaron's orbit. Like he truly is his everything. He found the thought scary once. Now, it feels like his mind has finally been let free.

Aaron moves down to the foot of the bed, gripping the spreader bar that's been attached between his feet all night. "Hey, can you turn to your side?"

With some effort, as Aaron takes the spreader bar with two hands, lifting his feet off the bed, he twists his body around. Somehow, he keeps turning and Aaron keeps lifting, moving closer to the headboard until he places the bar behind his neck like it was a shoulder yoke, leaving Robert resting in some sort of shoulder stand.

Meeting each other's eyes, they crack up in a joined chuckle at the amusing position, which, admittedly, in all its awkwardness feels strangely erotic. "Wanted to try something new" Aaron says, the soft smile now changed into something more primitive as he licks his lips, eyes wandering over him. Robert's ass is right there for Aaron to finger, his cock filling to full hardness only a reach away.

Of course, Aaron has other plans. "Jerk yourself off" he demands, chin and eyes dipping towards his cock. It's a little bit straining to his neck when he reaches his hand up, but the thought of coming like this makes it mellow quickly, well, the thought of coming at all really. It doesn't take more than a second before realizing just where his cock is pointing as he tugs it; straight at his face. And if he's allowed to come, that's where his come will likely end up. In all its disgust, the thought makes him move faster.

As if Aaron can read his thoughts in his glistening eyes, he's looking at him grinning, but it's encouraging rather than devilishly. He reaches out a hand for him to take, fingers gripping around each other, connecting, hands shaking a little. Caused by his movements, Aaron's own erection rubs unintentionally where back meets ass, teasing him further. Or his mind does most of the job when it envisions having his cock in his mouth, pushed deep.

His blood rushes downwards quickly the more he keeps moving, the blood soon making his head feel thick and a little woozy. The sensation it causes to his cock is not more but different, and different he's learned, is always good. Especially when Aaron's free hand pulls his balls back, tightening the skin. Again, different.

"I'm... Can I...?" The full question remains unspoken, redundant by his increased panting.

Aaron stares at him, trying to judge just how far gone he is when he grabs his wrist, stilling his hand. "No. Not yet" he smiles. "Let it build" he says, still holding his wrist, setting the pace for both their breathing to calm down.
Robert can tell he's struggling to hold his weight up, but he seems intent on not letting him down, face focused and determined, eyes never leaving his. The intensity builds again when Aaron nods his approval to continue, both within himself and between them. Aaron's gaze is so intense, and filled with pleasure, Robert recognizes this is just as much for Aaron's sake as it is for his.

It's also an affirmation that his body truly belongs to Aaron, as if it is his instrument to play. Because as much as he likes to think that he's moving his hand on his own, it dawns on him that he's really not. Every bit is controlled by Aaron's eyes on him, how fast or slow he should go, if he can be still or move with his body. Just a blink or a small nod is required to let him know how to respond. They've never been so perfectly in tune.

This time when he closes the edge, he doesn't even ask. Aaron can see it, the tightening around his eyes, the way his hand moves differently, the way his legs slightly shake. Again, Aaron takes his wrist, stopping him from passing the top. The only sign of frustration he lets out is three short exhales of air. Never once does he let go of their eye contact.

"I'm going to count down from ten, and I want you to come when I say one. Not before and not after, control it. And keep your eyes open" Aaron's voice drips of lust, or if it's his own mind projecting it on him, either way, it sends his brain into a mushy mess as he gulps, nodding. Silently thanking him.

Aaron nods, "Go ahead. Use both hands".

He's not really a both hands kind of person, hasn't done it in years in fact and it takes a moment to fall into the perfect rhythm. Having lost his posture a little, Aaron stands up straighter, lifting him further, his chin pressing against his chest.

"Ten...nine...eight..." Aaron suddenly starts counting, holding the same pace as seconds. "seven...six...". Robert breathes, not too early, not too early, shit shit shit. "Five..." calm it, ”four...” breathe, ”three...”. Now, ”two...” now now now ”One!” FUCK! The muscles in his stomach contracts and he has to really force himself to remain their eye contact; having to stare at Aaron makes it all the more intense. His come luckily doesn't land closer to his eyes than on his chin, most hitting his chest and the sheet all around him, like a fucking sprinkler.

Aaron falls to his knees, the pressure on which his legs jerk probably too much, and he lands caught in a little triangular framed of legs and spreader bar. Never once does he averts his eyes from him. His whole face is shining and he's looking at him with a very satisfied smile. Like he's the only thing in this world that matters.

Forgotten is the ache in his back and ass under Aaron's stare and he tries calming himself down again, regain some sort of control. It's not until Aaron leans forward, standing on all four above him, eyebrows slightly shooting up, drawing a ”Thank you Master” from him, that he finds his body coming back to reality again.

Breaking their connection, Aaron jumps out of bed suddenly, searching through a pile of clothes on a chair in the corner of the room, mostly made up of his work clothes and training clothes not yet ready for the laundry bin.

Robert props himself up on his elbows, eyebrows slightly knitted, ”What about you?”

Aaron looks up, smiling. ”I'm ok. Thanks though”.

Eyeing his body, which is once more dirty, he suddenly remembers he has come still left from yesterday on him. ”Master, may I take a shower?”
"Mm-hm" Aaron nods. "After our jog" he says, throwing a few clothes at him. He can probably see the slight horror in his eyes as he continues "We'll take it easy. No stone throwing, promise" 

Relieved, he sinks back. "Thank you. I'm still sore from last time".

"Well that doesn't matter" Aaron responds, reignining in what could easily have become more whining if he'd been allowed to continue. He comes over to the bed, releasing him from his ankle cuffs. "You can take those off too" he nods to the ones around his wrists.

He hasn't even had them on for 24 hours but removing them already feels like a lost of his freedom, like being pushed into being someone he's not. How he's going to cope having to remove his collar every day for work, he doesn't know.

"I was thinking that after me and Nicola have looked at the office place, I could work from home?" he looks a little hopeful, making sure Aaron knows it's a question and not a statement. "I think my body is a bit stiff to sit still at my desk all day, you'd probably all go crazy".

Aaron snorts, "Alright. Sure".

"Oh. May I use the furniture in the house today when you're not home?"

Aaron smiles wide. "Good, you remembered. I'll allow you to use anything but the bed and the sofa" he says, pulling on a t-shirt.

Clearly, he's set on preventing him to use anything considered comfortable. It could be much worse though and for that he feels grateful, "Thank you" he says sitting up, pulling on a sock. Clenching his jaw, he stares at the cuffs he's just removed, contemplating. "Master, would it be ok if I wore the cuffs around the house even when I'm not naked?"

"If it ever comes a time when you're not naked around the house then sure" Aaron teases.

"What about today when you're not here?"

"And who said you could wear clothes just because I'm not home?" Oh. "You know what to do when you get in. But I guess I'll allow underwear to stay on today. And I guess that yes you can if you like them that much" he winks.

Robert grins like a small child on Christmas.

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It feels odd walking around in nothing but his boxer briefs without having Aaron at home. Somehow though, as he buckles the cuffs around his wrists, it's as if he is very much present.

There's a chair and a desk in his office but it's still a mess after moving and he spends a little over an hour trying to get somewhat organized. Only to sit down and discover his body protesting. Instead, he opts for standing at the kitchen island instead. Amused, he discovers a yellow post-it note stuck to the side of it, above his empty bowls, reading; 'Robert's place'. He's not sure if Aaron is joking or being serious, but he still toys with the idea of having a proper sign made. Between coming up with various designs for it and thinking about the new office it's hard getting any work done.

Nicola and his visit with the estate agent had been a good meeting. The rent was reasonable, space big enough for them and it would be a better meeting point for their drivers. And it was available within a month. They would be fools to turn it down really, as Nicola had expressed it and what he had been thinking. It was the right move to make.
"So you're definitely taking it then?" Aaron asks into the phone when he calls him at noon just like the latest rule dictates.

"Mm" he mumbles, shifting a little to make himself comfortable on the floor. "It was the logical choice”.

"Yeah, Nicola is practically already packing over here” Aaron chuckles.

"God, she doesn't waste any time” he quiets. Aaron had reassured him it would be ok, doesn't stop him from feeling a bit down about it.

"Hey, the photo you sent. Cut down the rice to half” he whispers into the phone as if someone is close enough to hear.

Robert stares down at his bowl of rice and garlic chicken that sits on the floor, waiting for approval. He's even added a bunch of veggies to make it look good. "Ok” he says, fingers touching the post-it that now is right in front of him. "I'll make you a lunch box for tomorrow”.

"Thanks baby” Aaron says and he can hear the smile through the phone. "I gotta go, customer waiting”.

...

The lunch isn't as filling as he'd liked it to be and when the time hits half two, he sends a photo of an apple to Aaron; "May I eat this Master?"

It takes over twenty minutes before he gets a reply; "If you come on it first -send vid proof! Otherwise no”.

What? As hungry as he is and how hot the thought is (When did he become someone who wasn't disgusted by the taste of his own come?) he doesn't feel like doing it so he puts it back in the bowl. Knowing he needs to work, he ends up going into his office not to be tempted.

As tea time approaches his stomach feels completely empty and he better get the food going because Aaron will likely be home soon. For the Shawarma he's planning to make he need wraps however, and that means a trip to David's. Might as well pick up a few other things as well. Perhaps some peanut butter so he can make Aaron's favourite pancakes in the morning.

As he stands outside of the bedroom, putting on the clothes that lays folded on the dresser, he can't help running the fingers over his cuffs, not at all wanting to take them off again. They're too comfortable and comforting to be taken off. Thinking he can probably hide them under his shirt if he makes sure to button the sleeves, he pulls it on, trying it out. They're evident to him, but he figures people who don't know they're there won't be able to tell. It feels good.

Leyla's behind the counter in the shop when he comes in, immediately attracting her attention as she sees him, "Hiya, haven't seen you in a while. You and Aaron hiding up at your house now then or what?” she smiles, all white teeth and lipstick and he can't help getting a flashback to that time she measured him for his wedding suit. How things have changed.

"Yeah, something like that” he smiles, twisting around a jar of peanut butter to read the ingredient list. He's sure the real truth would even shock her.

"So when can we see this place then?” she continues, leaning her elbows on the counter, raising an eyebrow a little challenging, flirtatious but without really flirting, the way only she can.
"Uhm", he looks up at her, having placed the jar in the basket. "We're having a do tomorrow night, you're welcome to come if you'd like, bring David" he says, immediately regretting himself. Last thing they need are more people snooping about. And Leyla's a proper snooper.

"I thought Vic handled all the invites” a voice says behind him. Andy. His face is stuck between a strained smile and a smirk, an attempt to wind him up he's sure. As by default, they've been avoiding each other for weeks now, like they do, not knowing anymore where their arguments start and end.

"Yours get lost did it?” he asks salty, adding milk to the basket, kinda hoping it has. He's already jumpy about letting the villagers into their house without having Andy there giving him the evils. Leyla busies herself, trying to pretend not to eavesdrop too much, he can tell. Everyone knows they're not exactly best buds and the villagers have seen more than one argument between them.

Andy snorts "No. I thought I'd show up tomorrow actually, if that's alright". He's not really asking. Figuring it's better to keep quiet, for Victoria's sake mostly, he gives him a single dip of the chin, moving to look for the flatbreads he need.

Apparently, Andy can't help himself from getting another dig in. "Aaron's not grown tired of you yet then?"

'You've not grown tired of him yet?' Robert's mind whispers out Andy's real question. "And what's that supposed to mean?" he turns, snarling, catching Leyla in his periphery turning away from them.

Andy stares at him with a little smirk, the unexpressed words of 'once a cheat, always a cheat' hanging above him like a giant neon sign. Except this time he doesn't know how very wrong he is. "Nothing” Andy shakes his head, "I'm just joking”.

"No go on, say it” he's angry now, voice heard throughout the shop.

"Oh come on Rob" Andy lowers his voice, suddenly appearing a little embarrassed, "We both know what you're like”.

A cheat, a liar, impossible to love? "Well you're wrong” he spits, "You know nothing about us”.

"Maybe, but I know you, you're bound to get bored soon. Especially if he's keeping you whipped” he adds, snickering.

For a second he freezes at the words, wonders how he knows, then realizes it's the basket of food he's referring to. He has to try with everything he got to keep it together, keep calm, not let him win, but inside he's breaking. "You're unbelievable. Something wrong cooking for the one you love is it? You know you should try it sometime, might keep you from being the village welcome wagon”.

Andy leaves him with a snort, shaking his head.

…

He was hoping Aaron wouldn't be home when he gets back, but he's in no such luck. Unable to contain his emotions, he slams the front door shut behind him, leaving the bag of groceries by the coat hanger, rushing upstairs. Behind him Aaron's calling, "Where have you been? What's wrong?”

He tears the clothes off of him, throwing them on the dresser, can't even be bothered to fold them, he's that upset. Fucking Andy and his fucking remarks and the fucking way he can still get under his skin. If only he could make the itch he's left on his skin go away, make him forget everything.
Aaron's in the living room when he gets down again, face filled with question marks, "What's going on?"

Not answering, he falls to his knees in front of him. "Whip me please" he demands, voice strained and upset.

Aaron looks at him, taken aback. "Rob what's going on?"

"Can you just whip me please?!

Aaron's face screws up his face, "No!"

"Spank me then!'

"No!"

"Then let's go for a jog, let me throw some stones around". Please just make me forget.

"Red Robert. Stop it!" Aaron's glaring angrily at him, but keeps his voice calm, speaking with authority. "First you're going to tell me where you've been, then you're going to tell me what's going on, and you're not leaving that spot until you do" he says, pointing at him.

His legs are shaking, already wanting to burst out the door and with tight lips, like a sulking child, his face scrunches, jaw clenching, not wanting to speak the words. Not knowing how.

"Well. I'm waiting" Aaron says.

"Was gonna cook, needed a few things from the shop” he pushes out through gritted teeth.

"Right, and then what?"

He sighs, not wanting Aaron to know the truth. No matter how devoted he's been to Aaron for the past year and a half, the snide comments are still there. If only they knew. If only they all knew just how much he really loves him. How much of him that belongs to Aaron.

Briefly, he closes his eyes, ashamed to even have to say it. "Ran into Andy. He, he.. he basically said we won't last" he shakes, hating how easily he can rattle him.

"What, he said that?" Now Aaron sounds angry too.

"Well it was implied". Robert stares angrily at the wall behind Aaron, needing something to focus on if he'll be able to continue. "I've always been able to take it. All the remarks, me not being good for you. I know people act all ok, but deep down, they're all thinking it, that I'm not good enough for you. That I'll fuck things up like I always do. But now- ” he shakes his head, pausing "It's never hurt like this before Master”. It calms him a bit wording Aaron's title. "They don't know me anymore. What you mean to me, what we mean to me. They still think I'm still the old Robert Sugden incapable of loving and being loved” he whispers the last words.

"Hey” Aaron lifts his chin. "I don't want to hear you say that again, because none of it is true. I love you, and Liv does. And Victoria and Diane. I reckon even Adam has developed a soft spot for ya” he winks, trying to make him feel better, only half succeeding.

"That's not even the worst part. He said I was whipped. Over nothing really. Grocery shopping? What the hell is that even? But he tried making me feel ashamed. And I know it was just a stupid remark that people do, but it got me thinking. What if he knew? What if he knew about my
submission to you and everything that includes, I wonder how whipped he'd call me then”. He sinks back a little, sighing. "I'm not ashamed of this Master. Or at least, I don't want to be. I don't want to feel ashamed. Because I'm so proud to be yours and why should I have to be ashamed of that in front of others? I even wore these—” he holds up his arms with the cuffs around them, "under my shirt to the shop. I wanted to know what it would feel like. And you know what, it felt great. Like you were with me. Like I felt your love through them. Like I felt my place in this world. It was so easy you know, peaceful even. Until he ruined it. Imagine I had rolled up my sleeves to show him, that would have shut him up. It would shut them all up”. He finally quiets, brushing away a couple of tears.

Aaron's looking at him, a little shocked, "I thought it was better. That people had stopped?"

Robert shrugs his shoulders. "Most of the time I guess, but it's still there. A small remark every now and then. I think I'd prefer them knowing you own me rather than them thinking I'll cheat on you" he laughs softly, sadly. Not sure if he's joking or not.

Aaron strokes his head, calming him some, "I'm not sure that's such a good idea. It's a bit private don't you think?"

Robert nods, maybe he's right. Maybe it wouldn't change anything. He stays quiet for a while, reflecting, and Aaron seems to do the same. When he speaks, it's with a request he's been thinking about for a couple of days, "If I can't say out loud how much our relationship means to me, then at least can I do it on a blog? I think writing about it might help”.

Aaron seems to contemplate it as he's silent for a long time. "Here's what we'll do, you'll keep a blog online where you can write about every day life or something, keep it a bit lighter. You'll also write in a traditional diary from now on. Once a day. During each day I want you to reflect if you've done something I wouldn't approve of, write that down. As well as other stuff you're thinking about. I'll be reading both of course”.

Robert's heart pounds a bit heavier, nervous about having to share his deepest thoughts. But as Aaron has pointed out; his mind is not his own anymore. He can do that. He nods, still feeling slightly upset, but a lot better than before "Ok”, he smiles. "Thank you Master”.

"Now, go put the shopping away, then stand by the bathroom door. I can't let you get away with your outburst without some sort of punishment. You are not the one in charge here and so you should not be demanding to be whipped, or whatever it might be. It's just not acceptable”.

"I'm sorry Master”.

"Thank you. Now do as you're told”.

Aaron soon joins him at the bathroom door, carrying a balance board, God knows where he's found that amongst their junk, vaguely remembering he got it after he hurt his knee after a fall a year back. He's also holding a piece of paper and some tape.

"If you feel your control slipping for some reason, if you think you're in charge in any way, you need to stop and refocus. And right now, we're gonna practise” He places the board on the floor. "You're gonna stand on this for five minutes, and I'm gonna tape this piece of paper around your thumbs and then around the door handle. If this paper breaks, I'll give you 15 lashes with the cane and I know you'll hate that, no matter how much you wanted to get whipped. If you succeed however, I'll give you a reward; you get to choose what you want to happen tonight”. Aaron takes his thumbs, starts attaching the thin paper around them, "You better be calm and focused. I know you don't enjoy getting whipped, not really”.
Robert trembles, thinking what first had seemed easy now is an impossible peak to cross now there's so much at stake. A part of him is still shaking with anger so how the hell will he be able to stay still on this thing.

"Get closer" Aaron says so he can wrap the other end of the paper around the handle, attaching it with a piece of tape.

Shit, the paper is so tight and short between door and thumbs this won't ever work. He's setting him up for failure.

"Right, step up on the board, careful, don't wanna ruin this right away. Find your balance. That's it. Your five minutes starts now" Aaron says as soon as he's found his balance.

He knows he's being watched, but all he can keep his eyes focused on is the damn paper that seems to be half a second away from breaking every time he breathes. The seconds go too slow. His legs shake violently and he doesn't know how he's still staying on. Alright, focus. Focus. He can do this. Just slow, controlled breaths, relax your body. Focus on the paper and nothing else, just concentrate. Find your peace.

The alarm goes off and he thinks that there's no way five minutes have already passed.

"You made it" Aaron announces and Robert thinks he sounds genuinely happy about it, like he really wanted him to make it.

"What?" He doesn't dare take his focus away from the paper or step down in case he's only joking. It's way too soon.

"Robert" Aaron laughs. "Your five minutes are up, you can step down".

"That was weird" he says, releasing himself from the paper. "Felt like shorter".

Aaron takes the paper from him, peeling off the piece around the handle. "I'm glad you made it" Aaron says, kissing him, making him melt and crumble a little from the affection. "Like I said, you get to choose what we're gonna do tonight. Don't think I'll ever get tired of playing with you" Aaron chuckles to himself. Robert smiles, thinks he won't get tired either. "Think of something you really like" Aaron says, walking into the kitchen to throw away the paper, Robert following him. The kitchen table which is still left unpacked in the corner, catches both their eyes.

A shudder hits him along with a thought he almost doesn't dare to speak, still a bit embarrassed sometimes of the things that turn him on, "You...you could tie me to the table, maybe come and spit on me and let me lay there while you cook. Maybe drip some wax on me too" he looks down, cheeks burning so red he doesn't dare look at Aaron.

"Jeez Rob" Aaron exclaims and Robert can see him adjusting himself. "When did you turn into such a come whore huh?" he asks, voice low as he approaches. "Love having it all over you. My spit all over your body. All that sticky goodness. It's gonna make you reek of filth. You enjoy being dirty do you? To be covered in it?"

Aaron's words have the desired effect, making him hard and he gulps, nodding, "Yes. Please cover me Master". Oh God, please just cover him, "Every inch". He shudders as he causes Aaron to nearly gasp.

Aaron licks his own finger, then lets it run across Robert's lips. "I think I have the perfect idea. Take your boxers off, wait here" he says and Robert takes his position with ease, hands behind his back like he's been taught.
The supply of new stuff Aaron has ordered seems endless as he comes back with a latex sheet, some black bondage tape, two blue candles, and a spider gag. "Come on, help me lift the table". They set it up next to the island, as close to the stove as they can get. Aaron then folds out the latex sheet on the table, telling Robert to get on top of it, on his back.

"You know" Aaron says, when he proceeds to wrap the bondage tape around his ankles, then connecting it around the leg of the table. "I'm kinda disappointed I didn't think of this idea myself". As he walks around the table he, without warning, spits on him, hitting his stomach, making him jerk away slightly. "By the way, what am I cooking?"

"Shawarmas, the recipe is open on the book over there" Robert nods to the counter next to the sink.

"Alright, good. That's all the talking I need from you now" he says, putting the spider gag on him. It feels a lot bigger than the ball gag he wore yesterday. Upside down, he leans over him, opening his mouth around his open one, sticking his tongue in to meet his. Then as he slowly stands up, he lets his saliva drip into his mouth, Robert having no option than to receive.

It's so disgusting and wonderful and he tries his best to swallow everything.

"I think we're going to remove your cuffs now".

"No" Robert whimpers behind his gag, not wanting to lose them.

"Yes, don't wanna get them dirty". He places them on the island where Robert can still see them, then ties his hands to a table leg each. "It's a good thing I didn't come this morning, I'll have more saved up for you now. More sperm to smear on your body" he teases, leaving him to get a lighter from one of the drawers, takes out a bottle of ketchup and butter from the fridge. "I think we should see if there are more sticky things that you get off on" he says, jumping up on the kitchen island so he can sit higher up and next to him. "Let's see how you feel about ketchup" he shakes the bottle a little before uncapping, painting a red string from his navel and up between his chest, stopping in a circle around his mouth.

Of course his body reacts to it, his cock becoming impossible hard again. It's humiliating, anything of the kind Robert is gonna react to he think, intrigued on just how far he can go before he gets pushed to the limit. Some ketchup drips into his mouth.

"Seems to do the trick, I'd say. What about some butter then?" With a knife, Aaron spreads it against his inner thighs, above his nipples, against both his cheeks. It makes him shake a little, already feeling very dirty. "Looks like that works too" Aaron smirks, spitting right at his face a couple of times.

Taking his cock in his hand, he says, "I think I'm just gonna jerk us off at the same time, you gotta help me with the come here, there's only as much as one person can do. Who knows, maybe sometime, I'll take you to a club, let a few guys paint you completely. Bet you'd like that" he whispers.

Even if it's just a fantasy, it still has him coming very very quickly, sperm reaching no further up than his chest this time. Aaron spits on him as he come, aiming for his face, his chest, stomach, cock, thighs, everywhere. Everywhere! He lifts his head a little, looking at his body that's already glistening. It's hot as fuck and even though he just came, he feels nowhere near done.

Jumping down from the island, Aaron stands behind his head, jerking off. "Gotta make sure to aim my first load right".
First? First! Robert closes his eyes, dreaming and smiling and already almost floating. He feels the rain of come on his forehead, and nose, and cheeks, some of it in his mouth, shoulders, chest.

It takes a while before Aaron speaks again, "I think some wax, then I can start on dinner". Aaron lights the blue candle, waiting for it to melt. It's short and rather flat, no doubt he ordered some special ones made for the occasion. "Would be kinda cool to cover your whole body with wax, almost like a suit, mind you, gonna need more candles" he laughs to himself, letting the first drops hit his belly.

It doesn't hurt as much as the first time they did this, some of the drops stings more than others of course, but he finds it much much easier this time around. Aaron concentrates on the area around his cock; stomach, groin, hips, thighs. He doesn't seem to mind that he's watching, keeping his head as high as possible. Looking what Aaron is doing just makes it all the better, the tingles rushing through his body, arousing him.

Aaron pours out a big pool of wax in a spot on the side of his stomach, twisting the candle into it so it sits slightly tilting on his body, holding it in place for a few minutes. "I think you can hold this for me. I think that's a good angle so it can drop on you without my assistance".

He thinks he's nodding, probably. Agreeing eagerly. Floating. Yes, give him everything. Aaron spits on his dick, his body jolting and the candle dripping on him. Aaron grins wickedly at him. Moves to spit once more into his mouth. "Swallow please. Was it difficult to swallow?" he asks.

Just a little, but he finds it easier than doing it around the ball gag. He shakes his head. Some more ketchup slips into his mouth.

"Good" Aaron smirks, going to wash his hands. He starts fetching all the groceries he needs for the food, placing them next to the stove, meanwhile talking about his day, how he and Adam had gone to Wetherby to pick up scrap from a really dodgy backyard who seemed to have an old toothless woman as its guard dog. He chuckles behind his gag, causing more wax to drip on him. No matter how odd it is that he's tied up, body covered in a mess, it feels sorta natural laying there listening to Aaron's story. And if Aaron feels the tiny bit awkward about it, he's not letting on. It just kinda works. He talks about the BBQ and contrary to how Robert feels about it, it seems like he's almost looking forward to it, not that he'd admit it out loud. He remembers he has to let Vic and Aaron know he invited Leyla and David.

"Here" Aaron brings him a glass of water, pouring a little into his mouth.

He discovers quickly that it isn't water, it's something else that tastes absolutely vile, leaving him spluttering, eyes tearing.

Aaron places a hand on his head, pushing him down. "Relax, find your focus. Let's try that again". No matter how much he shakes his head no, Aaron still goes on and pours it into his mouth. "Focus Robert. Focus" he urges.

He hates the taste, he doesn't know what it is, it's...it's... it's wine he realizes when he's forcing himself to calm down. It's not disgusting at all. It's good.

"See" Aaron smiles, "Focusing helps". He puts the glass down. "Perhaps it's time to change side of the candle. You've got quite the big spot here now". He pulls it loose, drips it against his Adam's apple which hurts against the sensitive skin. Then he makes it stick to the middle of his chest, so anything it spills will run down towards his throat and collarbones.

"Just gonna stick the beef in the oven, then I think we're both ready to try round two".
Even though he's ready, being his third time that day, he doesn't spill much, although it's enough to add to the increasing mess. Aaron stands on his knees next to his legs this time, so he can spit all over him as he's jerking himself off. The fourth load of come on his body is sprayed mostly on his stomach and cock. "You absolutely stink, you know that?" Aaron mocks as he wipes his cock off against the side of his knee, making him feel ashamed.

He takes the candle again, breaks it away from his skin then letting more drip down his legs. Numb from his orgasm, he hardly feels it. Up and down he lets it wander, soon more than halfway through it already. Aaron stops to stare at him. "I think you're looking a bit too clean, wouldn't you agree? I think we need more". Looking down at himself, he doesn't agree, he's a fucking mess, but of course, he doesn't say anything, still so turned on by the treatment.

Aaron picks up the ketchup bottle again, letting red strings cross his body from his shoulders all down to his toes, like he'd been a hot dog. "Oh, can't forget the face. Close your eyes" he orders, then doing the same over his face as he did with his body, taking no regard to eyes, mouth or nose. It both goes in his hair and on one of his eyelids.

"Proper food prep this" he says, backing away. "Wanna know what you do when you're done with your food, you wrap it don't ya". Robert looks at him with one eye open as he pulls out an unopened box of cling film from one of the cupboards, the prospect causing him to draw in sharp breath.

Aaron wastes no time sticking the end of the plastic under one of his calves to hold it in place. Then he starts wrapping, not just around his body, but around the whole damn table, so he'll really be held in place. From his ankles up his whole body, only making holes for his cock and mouth; his nose and eyes completely covered. He is thoroughly stuck. All the come and food and spit are pressed and smeared out around his body. It's warm and sweaty and sticky, but oddly enough he doubts he's ever felt more sexy in his whole life.

"You can hear me right?" Aaron asks and he gurgles a response, unable to even nod. Of course he can, it's cling film, not a padded wall. "Food's almost done. Just gonna cut some veggies". He spits once more into his mouth. Pours a little more wine in there too. His cock twitches alive again.

"Oh, looks like your sausage is ready, want ketchup with that?" Aaron teases his hard-on, drizzling the cool liquid on it. "How 'bout a little taste?" he says, pouring a tiny bit into his mouth. Ketchup really is only edible together with food. Robert grimaces.

"Hmm, it's kinda shame we have to take the gag off now. But I doubt you can chew with that thing on. Don't really feel like making purée out of it for you". Aaron digs in his hands behind Robert's head so he can remove the gag. His jaw aches and he's grateful for the lost.

He can hear Aaron busying himself at the stove again, soon hearing, what he assumes are two plates, being put down on the kitchen island. "I think I need to sit up here again if I'm gonna reach to feed you" Aaron mumbles. "I don't really think we're using furniture in the way the designers intended" he chuckles.

"Fuck conventional" Robert smiles crookedly, glad to be able to talk again.

"Ha! You're as conventional as they come Mr. Moneybags" Aaron teases and he can hear the sound of cutlery against porcelain.

"I'm wrapped in cling film being handfed by my Master, surely that must give me some points" he bravely teases back.

"Alright, you get five, happy now?"
"Mm" he sighs.

"Look, there are a few things I'm going to change so you need to listen now" he sticks a fork into his mouth, filled with beef, bread and veggies. It's good. Just the right amount of spices. Aaron usually never gets that right. "We're not going to be able to keep this up for long, playing every evening I mean. As much as I love it Rob, we're falling behind on everything else in life. I mean, we haven't hardly unpacked yet!" he chuckles a little. "I know though, I guess we're in some sort of honeymoon phase, but when it wears off which I'm sure it will, we'll have protocols to fall back on. Or I mean, you'll have them. High and low and in between" he's chewing too now, "Actually, there's another thing first. Bathroom control" he says, feeding him another fork of food.

Bathroom control. He's actually going there? His heart races. It seems to do that a lot lately.

"Nothing too major. Just, before using the bathroom first thing in the morning and last thing before bed, I want you to ask for permission".

"Yes Master" he whispers. That wasn't as bad as he had thought.

"But" Aaron continues. "Like I said, I'm introducing high protocol days, as well as low protocol days. From now on, Saturdays are considered high protocol, meaning you'll spend the day in complete submission, you don't speak or look at me, you don't move without permission, the only word you're allowed to say is red or answer me if I ask you something. You'll spend most of the days kneeling or on your pillow on the floor, likely with your hands and feet chained together. Bathroom times will be scheduled, use one or wait for the next".

He doesn't get a chance to say anything because Aaron feeds him a forkful again, but it doesn't stop his body from heating up and his breathing to become slightly laboured.

"Sundays will now be low protocol days which will be a lot freer; you'll be allowed to do things without asking, use the furniture, choose what to wear, and so on, basically the opposite of high protocol and less restricted than the rest of the week. You're still in submission of course. I guess I just think a day a week that will feel a bit freer for you can be a good counterbalance to the high protocol day. The rest of the week will probably be a lot like now. I thought we'd do a test run this weekend, see how it goes" Aaron explains.

Robert doesn't really know how he feels about it, of either of the days. A day in complete submission and a day without having to ask for any kind of permission feels just as daunting.

There's a thud on the floor when Aaron, assumingly, jumps down from the counter. "But for now-" his voice is closer suddenly, and unexpectedly, he places a hand tight over his mouth, cutting off all air, not giving him a chance to draw in some extra, "I think my filthy little come whore needs a good scrubbing".

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I ended it there.... :P #sorrynotsorry
I know what happens next but feel free to fill in the blanks and let's see if we have the same ideas ;)
Chapter Notes

Going away this week so I'm not sure when I can get the next ch posted. Sorry this took a while. It's been a weird week.

Thank you to Caro for giving me so many ideas. Sabrina for trying to work out with me on how the heck to write small talk, and Ceci for giving me a suggestion that became the inspiration for the last part in this ch.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Leaning back in his office chair, he finds himself drifting with his thoughts. He knows he should get some work done while he has the chance but as conscious as he is of that, he still can’t pull himself together enough to actually open his laptop. Every time he tries, his brain nudges him in another direction and he finds himself staring at the white ceiling, licking his lips, all of yesterday’s feelings dancing in front of his eyes.

Two meals and two rounds with the tooth brush later, he can still feel the taste on his lips. The distinct taste of Aaron’s urine still lingering. The smell still clings to the walls in his nostrils, holding on to become a permanent memory in his brain.

Or so he thinks. Or maybe it’s just his brain playing tricks on him. But, despite being cleaned, last night’s treatment is still so vivid that it all manifests itself on his body. The tastes and smells and Aaron’s firm hands. It’s all still so clear that his body shivers from the loss of it whenever he thinks of it. Like a junkie on withdrawal. Who needs more. Who needs his Master. Who can feel his whole body screaming inside for him.

It’s all he’s been able to think about since last night, everything intruding his brain to the point of driving him a little mad. The smell of ketchup and come and saliva. How disgusted and filthy he’d felt, how Aaron had taken it further, just the way he had hoped.

Starting with cutting him loose with a scissor close to his body, in complete control, the cool blade making him tremble. Then leading him to the bathroom where he’d attached the spider gag again. Opening him up again, exposing him. How his hands soon had been cuffed to the wall once more, only this time he’d been on his knees in their big bathtub.

It all makes Robert space out, mouth hanging a little ajar, the white ceiling now painted with Aaron's face. The look of want as he'd undressed. Aaron’s voice when he’d told him he needed to clean him and that he knew exactly how to clean a come whore. How he’d circled his soft dick around his mouth, let a finger draw lines across his face.

There hadn’t been a single moment of hesitation. Not written on Aaron's face and not one crossing his mind. Just the deepest and purest kind of lust. The kind that made you weak and strong at the same time. The kind that always craved more.

It hadn't just been on his stomach and thighs this time, but he'd peed on his shoulders, up his neck, on his head, let it drip down his face and flow into his mouth, completely tearing him apart. He'd put his tongue out though, begging for more, to push him beyond the edge of humiliation. To let him have it
And he did. Let him feel the warm stream on his tongue, tilting his head back, making it flow into his mouth. Swallowing. Drinking what Aaron provided him with. Strength. Belonging. Freedom. To let go. To exist in one moment and one moment only.

Robert swallows, takes a couple of deep breaths, trying to come back to the present again. Never in a million years had he thought being so dirty could make him feel so clean. How he’d loved every second of it. His wet hair, the bitter taste, the warmth against his cheeks. They way he’d begged for Aaron to leave him dirty, leave him unwashed in the tub. How Aaron had given him what he needed, heard the desperation in his voice.

He’d trembled, crawled into a fetal position. Holding himself. Not because it hurt or he couldn’t take it. Because he had to hold himself together before he’d explode from emotions. To be able to calm himself down. Because it felt so much and so good.

He shakes his head, letting the chair bounce into upright position again, wiping both palms down his face. It was all his brain kept playing on repeat. How he’d be able to not think about it with a house full of guests in a few hours was beyond him. He thought about calling Aaron, wonders if he could give him something else to think about, focus on another chore maybe, anything.

It’s as if he can read his mind when his phone suddenly lights up with a text from Aaron;

--Are they there yet?--

--Not yet-- he types back, the small interaction from Aaron, even though the attention isn't directed at him, makes him smile.

There’s a couple of minutes pause before the next text comes through;

--These are the rules you’ll follow today, starting now--

It takes a small eternity waiting on the three little dots to stop blinking.

--You’ll follow all your usual rules, but also these,
You’re not allowed to use any furniture.
You must be polite to everyone. Yes, even Cain ;)
If you’re asked a question tonight, you must always answer yes.
If you need to leave a room or the backyard when I’m there you’ll ask for permission.
You’re only allowed to drink water--

Robert stares at the list, jumping out of the chair when he reads it over again. Not allowed to use the furniture. A bit flabbergasted, he stares at the fourth line; ‘you must always answer yes’. How is that even going to work? What if they ask him something really weird, it's the Dingles after all. He can feel the panic rise when a new message pops up on the screen.

--One more thing, you’re only to address me as Mr. Dingle--

What!? How is he going to get away with that? Right ok, deep breaths. He can do this. This is what Aaron wants. That’s all that matters. He knows you better than yourself, he knows what you can handle. Closing his eyes, his hand finding support from a wall, he repeats his mantra in his head and it calms him fairly quickly. Or at least he momentarily manages to convince himself that it will all be fine. Slave activities in front of their entire family. No problem. Not at all. It's going to be fine.

He throws a glance at the clock on his desk; nearly two. What was the point of him working from
home if they were gonna be this late? He could have been in the portacabin and actually get some proper work done. Or, he'd have repeatedly spaced out in front of Adam and Nicola. Maybe staying home was the best idea after all. At least it had given him plenty of time to go over the house about five times, clean it, make sure there weren’t any evidence of adult activities. No ketchup stains on the table. No toys lying about. No clothes on the dresser. No bowls on the floor. Aaron had locked the door to the basement so there was no risk of anyone getting down there. Everything was hidden away. Including the cuffs. Even his body that was dressed for once. Maybe it shouldn’t, but it almost felt wrong. Like he almost wasn't there anymore. Or at least not the part of him that needs to be. He’s never felt as naked.

The somber thought breaks when he hears a car horn and a few seconds later the muffled voices of Vic and Finn and steps crunching against gravel.

"Alright, we know, we’re late, we know. It’s both our fault so no need to tell us off” Vic immediately rattles off as he opens the front door, arms folded, leaning against the door frame, eyebrows raised - deliberately to annoy her of course. "Well just don’t stand there, come on and help us carry this”, she says, already bossing him around, eliciting a laugh from him. His sister won’t take any of his crap, and he loves her all the more for it.

The food van has been abandoned for the evening in favour of a huge grill that Finn tries hauling down from the back of the jeep truck they have obviously borrowed from his parents.

"Hang on, let me help you” Robert says, springing into action.

They’ve brought tons of food. And Finn has brought half the supply of a small party store. "How do you even have this many decorations?” Robert questions, searching through one of the boxes of tiny party flags and colourful buntings.

"I used to decorate kids' parties” Finn answers coolly, pushing up his glasses, looking proud of himself.

"Yeah right, it was like two parties and one was your cousin's!” Victoria snorts, putting down another tray of pizza rolls on the counter. Probably Aaron’s choice and not hers.

"Well I still have the decorations don’t I, comes in handy now dunnit?” Finn retorts a little offended. "So, backyard is it?” he asks, picking up the box.

"No, hang on” Victoria stops him, “We haven’t even had the grand tour yet. I haven’t seen this place since you furnished it. I wanna see. And that big tub you’ve been bragging about!” she emphasizes, pointing at him as if it’s the most important thing.

He draws in a deep breath, puffing his cheeks. The same tub he'd lay covered in pee and ketchup and spit and come in last night. That one. “Sure” he smiles, eyes a little wide. "It’s right here” he says, leading them into the bathroom, smelling for any lingering odours. With the amount of Air Wick he’s drowned the place in it shouldn’t be.

"Aww this is lovely” Victoria exclaims, looking around. ”Never knew you and Aaron had such a nice taste”.

"He doesn’t” Robert chuckles, remembering the point where he'd finally given up on even asking him for ideas."

"So where does this lead?” Finn asks from across the hallway, turning the handle to the basement. "Uhm the basement. There’s nothing but junk down there, no one needs to see it” he laughs a little
nervously.

He shows them the living room, his office, then takes them upstairs, showing them the guest rooms, the second bathroom, then stopping at their bedroom.

"Oh my god, this is so nice" Vic squeals a little stepping inside, slapping Finn in the chest who puffs out a breath. "Oh this carpet is so soft. I need to tell Adam that this is how we’re re-doing our room". She excitedly stares back at him to where he’s standing in the door opening, not so much as a finger over the threshold. It’s not like he’s going to strip down in front of his sister and friend. What makes him really nervous though is the way Vic is going for the fitted bed drawers on Aaron’s side of the bed. Don’t pull it out, don’t pull it out, don’t pull it out. "These are clever, where did you get them?"

"Uhm, IKEA!” he lies panicking, desperate to stop her quickly, “Come on, aren’t you two already late” he waves for them to get out of the bedroom before she gets a chance to look at it further, and before he has a nervous meltdown.

"Alright, calm down, we’re going” Finn says, before bouncing down the stairs.

Victoria grabs Robert's arm to stop him going after. ”Is everything ok?” she asks, looking at him with a little concerned pout and those doe eyes both he, Aaron and Adam have admitted they can’t lie to.

“Yeah” he shrugs nonchalantly, ”Just a little nervous. House full of people soon, half who hates me” he says, tipping his head for effect. It’s not the whole truth, but at least it’s not a lie.

She grabs both his arms, looking somewhere between sympathetic and sarcastic, ”Come on Rob, they don’t hate ya”.

"Clearly you haven’t been subjected to Cain's death glares then” he huffs, staring at her.

"Oh ignore him. You know what he’s like. He hates everyone”.

"Suppose” he admits a little calmer.

Vic gives him a moment before she continues, ”Come on, I have some mushrooms you need to taste”.

Now he needs a lie for real. ”Uhm, maybe later, I just brushed my teeth” he says, trailing after her into the kitchen.

"Well have some water then. Come on, just taste them, they’re really good” she begs.

"I believe you, just later ok?”

"Fine” Victoria shakes her head, eyes rolling.

"I better go finish some work in the office” he points back, wanting to escape.

"Oh no you don’t, I need your help untangling this mess or this place won’t be done until tomorrow” Finn shouts from the living room.

Well maybe you should have thought about that a little earlier. Deep breath. Be nice. Say yes.

"Alright, sure” he says as he saunters into the room, a smile plastered on his face.

Without much else to do, he snags his pillow from where it’s resting on the armchair, making himself comfortable on the floor, pulling the buntings a little closer. Finn looks at him peculiarly from where he’s sitting on the sofa and he gives him a look of ’what?’ in return. If he can act as normal as
possible, his behaviour won't seem weird to anyone else.

It takes them nearly 20 minutes to get it sorted, minutes which are spent listening to Vic clattering in the kitchen, Robert threatening to cut the bundle apart with scissors and Finn nerding about Aquaman. When they're finally done, Finn hurries out to the garden just as Robert hears Aaron’s car pull up.

Walking to the door, he throws a glance at Vic who looks busy and completely concentrated on filling some cup-like thing with a paste. As the door opens, he kneels; he just can’t imagine greeting him in any other way.

"Hey baby" Aaron’s face lights up coming inside and seeing him. He gives him a quick peck. "So, they’re here now then?” he asks, nodding.

"Since about an hour” he says, looking back as he hears Vic starting the hand mixer. “You’re home early” Robert comments.

Aaron steps out of his dirty work boots. "Yeah it was quiet, Adam can finish the rest of the day himself. Thought it was better I was here”. He touches Robert’s chin, winking a little.

Biting his lip, Robert looks coyly at him. ”Mr. Dingle” he whispers and Aaron chuckles a little at the title he’s chosen. The laughter causes a twitch to one corner of Robert's mouth, but it's not enough to make him feel better. ”They’re making me nervous” he admits

"What Vic and Finn?”

He nods. ”Yeah. Well, and the rest of them”.

"They’re not here yet are they?” Aaron looks into the house, as if he’s expecting to see someone.

"No. I just... All of it”.

"Hey” Aaron moves closer, allowing Robert to hide his face against his belly, one hand holding his head, the other resting on his shoulder. "It’ll be fine. You can do this. I’m here always. Ok?”

"Ok” he nods repetitively against the soft fabric of Aaron’s well-worn shirt, the familiar smell along with the heat radiating from his skin beneath having a calming effect.

"Go upstairs, wait for me in the bedroom, hands on the bed” he strokes his hand against Robert’s head, leaning down to kiss him.

"Oh I thought I heard… voices” Vic trails off as she comes into the hallway and sees them.

Robert’s face turns immediately crimson, his body shaking from embarrassment. When he tries to spring to his feet, Aaron surprises him by pressing down his hand on his shoulder, telling him he shouldn’t. What surprises him even more is how calmly Aaron handles the situation.

"Hi Vic” Aaron smiles, letting go of Robert’s shoulder. The relief he feels when he can finally stand is palpable between them.

She looks between them with an unreadable expression on her face. With tight lips, he smiles quickly, almost afraid to look at her, before disappearing upstairs. Behind him he can hear Aaron asking her what she’s making, cool as a fucking cucumber. Neither comments on what she had just seen.
It makes him even more nervous. Questioning himself why he had to kneel, why he had to take such a risk. The only answer his brain circles back to is that he had no choice. Not from a rule Aaron’s made up, because he hasn’t yet. They’ve always been back at the same time so there hasn’t been a need for such rule. But because he had wanted, needed to. Because he’s stressed. Because he should be able to act the way he needs in his own home. It would be so much easier if they just knew. If Vic knew.

He hurries to undress outside the bedroom, scared that someone will walk upstairs. Instead of placing the clothes on top of the dresser, he puts them in one of the top drawers. He stands with his feet hip wide, hands on the bed like instructed, head hanging down between his arms.

After about ten minutes Aaron slips through the door, locking it behind him. "Sorry, Vic roped me into a tasting session"

Robert smiles. "She tried that with me before".

Aaron stops behind him. "And did you have any?"

"No, of course not. Not without your approval"

"Good boy" he says, slapping his ass firmly, likely leaving two hand prints.

Aaron starts unbuckling his belt, slipping off trousers and boxers then throwing his t-shirt on his overloaded chair, a pile that looks like it will tip over at any second. "So, have you had the chance to start that diary today?" he asks, looking through the wardrobe.

Robert tries keeping his eyes away from the open wardrobe, but is too curious not to have a quick peek before Aaron catches him. "I'm sorry, not yet, I've been too busy cleaning". And daydreaming about yesterday.

"That's fine. You can just write something short in it before we fall asleep, best we get the routine going".

"Thank you Mr. Dingle".

Aaron throws some clothes on the bed beside him; his old jeans and a frayed blue t-shirt that's seen better days, then stops close behind him, inserts a finger in him without preamble. "It's gonna be fine you know. You do your best. You're so good" he strokes his back encouraging, adding a second finger and he can tell he's gonna fuck him. The house isn't at all busy enough to be fucked in and not be heard, especially if he's as dry as he thinks he is. His heart speeds up a little.

"We can't be cooped up here forever" Aaron continues, stretching him a little. "We need to be able to be around other people too, get you used to it. It won't always feel awkward. I'll make you enjoy tonight. I promise".

He's not sure what exactly that will entail but the promise has him a little less nervous and a little more excited.

"Starting with this" Aaron says, pressing something against his hole that isn't his dick at all. Something that feels cold and smaller, and thank god wet. "You’ll wear this tonight. With this many people around I wouldn’t wanna risk you forgetting whose will you're obeying" he lets the word linger, pressing in the plug until his muscles close around it. The plug feels hard and without any flexibility, an odd feeling at first but the tiny sense of unpleasantness is soon transformed into a feeling of being completely filled, and with that comes an extreme pleasant feeling of satisfaction. Aaron leans over him, putting his weight on his back as he wraps his arms around him. "Who owns
you?” he whispers.

“You do Mr. Dingle” he answers softly, feeling his body come to life and his mind to rest. As if he could ever forget that.

They stay in the position, Robert supporting his weight, Aaron stroking his hands along his torso. He stops one hand against the plug, pressing at it a little, fingertips tickling his scrotum. With a satisfied sigh, he gets up, pointing at the pile of clothes next to him.

“Put that on, I’m gonna go take a shower. See you downstairs”.

…

Zak and Sam are the first ones to arrive shortly after, hungry and thirsty no doubt, shouting their hellos as they let themselves in. Robert hurries down the stairs, feeling the plug every step he takes, walking slightly off because of it.

“You alright son?” Zak holds out his hand to greet him, eyes looking everywhere else than at him. "It’s looking grand this”.

"Thanks Zak” Robert smiles as politely as he can, wishing Aaron was done with his shower so he could be here to entertain his relatives.

“So where’s the grub then?” Sam smiles goofy, looking around.

“It’s out the back Sam” Robert instructs, pointing through to the living room.

“You go on lad, I’m just gonna have a quiet word with Robert” Zak half chuckles in that way that tells him something dodgy is coming. With a hand around his biceps, he pulls him aside, as if the hallway had been filled with people.

“You know there’s just us here” Robert says.

“Yeah but it’s a bit delicate you see” Zak looks a bit bothered, scratching his beard.

“Oh?” Please don't let it be anything weird.

"Ah well, it’s Joanie innit”.

"Right…?” he asks carefully, eyes squinted, no idea where this is going. Still, please don't let it be anything weird.

“Things are a bit slow at the moment. You couldn’t give her a few hours at the Haulage Firm, could you? You know between family” Zak asks, looking at him expectantly and Rob knows this is the favour he’s calling in for helping them with the carpet.

Aaron’s text shines in front of his eyes; ‘you must always answer yes’. "Erhm” he clears his throat. “I suppose I can find her something”.

"Ah good lad!” Zak beams, hitting him on his arm before walking away.

Nicola is going to kill him.

He trails after them into the backyard which have somehow magically transformed itself from dull
and dry and unloved to a little Mediterranean paradise of buntings, flags, string lights, a bar corner, several lounge areas and - a palm tree?

"How..." he gapes, impressed by Finn’s talent. "Where did all this come from?"

"Well most I brought, some I pulled together from your garden, which by the way you seriously need to fix. It looked a little pathetic before I got here” he says, skipping any kind of sugarcoating.

"We haven’t exactly had the time, been busy with the inside haven't we” Aaron’s voice comes from behind him, slightly annoyed.

Robert turns in his direction, surprised when he’s met by a button-up shirt and dark grey slacks, looking like he just stepped out of some freaking photo shoot. It makes him very much aware of the jeans and plain t-shirt he's been made to wear. Aaron’s eyes are now playfully teasing him, smirking a little, and he realizes just how very planned this was. For once, he’s the one being underdressed and Aaron the one in fancy clothes. Looking pleased with himself, he's never seen Aaron so comfortable in a shirt before.

"Looking very sharp there Mr. Dingle” he says loud and clear, effortlessly using the title without anyone reacting to it, by simply making it sound like he’s teasing Aaron about wardrobe choice.

"Thanks. Guess one of us had to get dressed for our guests” he winks at him. Bastard.

Vic comes out carrying more food, this time with Adam in tow. "Hiya lads” he bumps them both on the shoulder, "Time to get this party started then” he shoves a can into both their hands.

"And when you’re done with the cheap stuff, I have something much more refined over here” Finn shouts to them from the bar he’s set up, pouring Cointreau and cranberry juice into a cocktail shaker.

Soon enough, Vic has installed herself behind the grill with Adam as her personal assistant, running back and forth into the house. Zak and Sam are two cans in already and Finn is starting to look a little disappointed over at his cocktail bar. Until Leyla and David are the next ones to arrive. Diane and Doug arrive at the same time as Paddy and Leo. Soon after Marlon, Carly and April get there, Marlon handing Vic another plate of food which she must have forgotten. Lisa and Belle have brought them some weird flower ornament which both of them smile at, pretending they have any idea on how to take care of anything green. Tracy drops in, both wondering who invited her before they see Finn perk up. Next are Cain, Moira and Kyle. Then Chas and Charity who declare they’ve already had a nose around the house which makes Robert stiffen and the plug in his ass makes itself more reminded.

Andy is a no show and he's grateful for about half another before he sees him rounding the corner, making a beeline for Diane and Doug as soon as he spots them, likely deciding it’s best to avoid Robert.

…

For some reason he's ended up alone, feeling a little out of place with only a plate of food as company that Aaron had given him earlier. Otherwise there wouldn't be pickled onions on it. He's also feeling very self-conscious about what he's wearing but apart from Charity giving him an odd look, no one has said anything.

Aaron’s deep into conversation with Lisa and Chas and with Andy hogging Diane, and Vic being busy serving people food, he feels a little lost. Marlon tries to strike up a conversation with him which soon leads to the taste of the food and the weather, both of them looking awkwardly at each
other. They really don’t have anything in common. Apart from his family, the only one he might have something interesting to talk with is Leyla, but she’s with Tracy and there’s no way he’s being caught up with her gobby mouth. ‘Be nice’ he repeats to himself. He can feel the plug again.

Doug comes up to him, one of Finn's cocktails in his hand. “You know, this garden could do with some sprucing up” he says, gesturing around the place which is despite Finn’s best efforts still sad looking if you look a little more intently. “A little flower bed right here next to the porch, some roses maybe, yellow. Or a nice purple clematis. You could grow vegetables over there” he points to the far end corner. “Potatoes, carrots, onions, nothing too difficult, mind you, you gotta be consistent with the weeding, and really get your hands dirty, pull it up from the root or it will be back in no time” he gestures with his fingers. “Now I would say apple trees for a garden like this, but I think some nice plum trees would look rather nice here. Oh and you gotta keep track of the snails, they will destroy the flowers before you can even say killer spray. I’ll show you which brand you’ll need. What do you think?” Doug takes a sip from his drink, looking like he's just done him a massive favour.

Robert, a little taken aback from all the information, puffs out, “Yeah” he nods, as if he actually knows what it all means. “Sounds good”.

Doug slaps a hand on his back, “Good, you won’t regret it. And to think Diane told me to leave it. I’ll pop round tomorrow with some plans” he smiles pleased, leaving him alone again.

No! What just happened? Not tomorrow. Tomorrow is high protocol. What! This saying yes thing is awful. He needs to find Aaron, explain what they’re really getting themselves into with this new rule.

Slowly, he moves closer to Aaron, feeling like the world’s clingiest boyfriend when he pulls a little at his sleeve.

“Hiya love” Lisa smiles friendly at him like she always does. “We were just saying how much we miss Liv”.

“Yeah me too” he nods, smiling sadly. He really does. Especially now that all of the family is gathered. They don't call nearly enough as they should, thinking he has to do that on Sunday.

Aaron smiles at him knowingly for a moment, then looks down at his feet and back up again, raising his eyebrows a little in surprise, probably only noticeable to him. It takes way too long for Robert to figure out his signals and when the penny finally drops he's aware that he’s standing on Aaron's right side, not his left. Feeling the pull of wanting to drop to his knees and apologize, he turns red, stops breathing for a second.

“We talked about visiting a little later in the summer though” Aaron says. “Right cupcake?” he adds, pulling his thoughts clear enough to catch Chas's puzzled expression.

Cupcake? “Can’t wait” he nods affirmingly, moving slowly around Aaron until he’s on his left side, his body burning with shame.

Aaron places a hand against his lower back, settling him. Like he knows he needs it.

“So, can we get a tour of the house then?” Lisa beams widely, looking at Aaron expectantly.

“Course” he gestures with his head to follow him.

“It’s a bit posh for us Lis. Not sure what has happened to our Aaron” Chas's comment drips of sarcasm and Robert watches the trio disappear into the house, knowing it's better not to follow unless he wants to listen to Chas criticizing his interior design choices.
Talking to Aaron about the yes rule will just have to wait.

…

The sun’s has moved a little lower on the sky but the weather is still pleasant, the evening offering them some lukewarm breezes. People seem to be enjoying themselves, partly thanks to Adam’s cheap beer and Finn’s cocktails. And the food which is more or less all gone. Even Cain, perched on the porch railing with Moira is smiling. Andy has exchanged conversation with Aaron but has, apart from a few joined words with Victoria, still avoided Robert the best he can. Tracy and Leyla seem to be getting louder by the minute, laughing down on the ground at one point, with David trying to control them. The only one who has left is Belle who had been quiet all evening.

At the moment Leo and April are running around chasing each other around with sticks, soon enough circling his legs where he stands half engaged in a conversation with Paddy and David. He's not even that fond of kids but honestly, the distraction is welcomed.

"Robert, play with us!” April shouts in a high-pitched giggle.

He looks down at the girl, long black hair and round innocent face, cheering her step-brother on to get engaged in her game who now seems to want to run to Paddy more than be a participant. ‘Always say yes’. ‘Alright, what are we playing then?’ he bends down slightly, trying to sound enthusiastic about it.

"You’re a monster and we’re gonna kill you!” she screams, hitting him with the stick against his calves. “Come on Leo!” Clearly, someone's been feeding her too much sugar.

“Lovely” he smiles.

"Alright April, take it easy!” Marlon shouts from across the backyard.

"’It’s alright’ Robert waves back, reassuring. As if he was gonna say anything else.

Soon enough, they have him down on the grass, and for once he's glad he's in shabby clothes, not having to worry about grass stains. He'd almost forgotten what it feels like. Two sticks hit him gently randomly across his body while he’s trying his best imitation of a monster, roaring and reaching his arms out pretending to grab them.

Amused, Aaron pulls up a chair next to them. "Have you defeated the monster yet?” he asks, taking a sip from his beer.

"Soon!” April shouts again, smacking him against the back.

"Aorgh!!” Robert gives a long last wail, pretending to die in agony, making Aaron and Carly, who has now joined them, laugh.

“Oh no you killed him!” Aaron pretends to cry, leaning in to give him a kiss on his cheek, an excuse to whisper in his ear, "Stay on the ground, I’ll be right back”.

Before he has the chance to see where Aaron disappears to, Kyle has now joined in on the game and contrary to Marlon’s parenting style Cain is shouting, ”Get him good son!”

Robert ignores him, too busy fighting off deadly sticks and pretending the monster is coming to life again. With one scary looking leap, he throws himself up sitting on his knees, arms above his head, fingers turned into claws, roaring loudly at all three on which they run away giggling. From the laughter around him, he can tell he has a crowd.
The monster defeated them and it looks like he's finally done playing, not that it had been that bad, you'd never hear him admit it though. Only problem with his plan is that now he doesn't have an excuse to be on the ground and Aaron did tell him to stay there. He scolds himself for not thinking his plan through, desperately looking around for them but the trio is already at the other end of the garden.

Plan B; pretend you’re too tired to get up. It seems to work because within a few seconds Charity’s shouting that it looks like he needs a drink, he seems that exhausted, snapping her fingers at Finn to make him one.

"You’re alright Charity, I got him one already” Aaron smiles, walking down from the porch, holding up a highball glass just like the ones Finn’s been serving drinks in. "Robert’s favourite”. The colour of the drink makes his heart stop.

"Oh yeah, what’s in it?” Finn asks curiously, staring at the glass.

Still free, Aaron sits down on the chair he left, making it look as natural as possible, Robert shuffles closer. Sitting on one side of his ass, the only position the plug allows, he drapes an arm over Aaron’s knee, fingers turning a little white as they clamp around his knee. "Oh it’s just a mix of a bit of everything really, mostly love” Aaron jokes, placing a firm hand around Robert's neck.

Charity snorts but Carly laughs, "Think I’m gonna go get Marlon make me one of those”

"What is up with all the love around here?” Charity shakes her head.

As she stomps away Aaron hands Robert the glass which is nearly half-full. And, just as he had suspected, the liquid is warm rather than cool. His pulse races, staring down at the glass of pee that is thankfully more on the brighter than the darker side.

Once again, Aaron leans down to him, speaking quietly, "I drank a lot of water today for you”.

"Thank you Mr. Dingle” he whispers, eyes still glued on his task, too embarrassed to look up to find out who of their friends will see him drink piss. The word red doesn't even cross his mind. Because beneath all his shame lays fulfillment. Shaking, he brings the glass to his lips, deciding it’s better to take a big gulp instead of several small ones.

He thought he did his best to swallow unfazed but clearly it’s not what shows as Finn says, "Didn’t look so good that”.

Robert clears his throat, "It was just a bit sour, that’s all” he says, hoping it will shut him up.

Adam comes to sit down with them, as well as Leyla and David. Tracy soon plunks down on the grass too and Robert has never been so grateful for her as he is right then, being the only one on the ground he was starting to feel very exposed. Likely just what Aaron wants. By the grill he catches Vic staring at them as she’s talking to Diane.

Aaron strokes through his hair. "It’s getting longer already”.

The touch makes him melt and instinctively he leans his head against Aaron’s knee, sod it what the rest thinks. The happiness that washes over him in that moment is almost too much to bare, like he will actually explode if it doesn't find an outlet of some kind. His whole body twitches for it and he wants to jump up and down and shout, but considering where they are, he settles for a foot discretely tapping repeatedly against the other one out of joy. When did he turn into an affectionate dog?

"Aww you two are adorable” Leyla says, smile a little tipsy.
Vic is still looking at them from afar.

He takes another gulp from the glass, now halfway through what he started with. Two more mouthfuls and he should be done. He has a hard time focusing on anything the rest of them are saying, only nodding whenever he hears his name, too caught in his own emotions.

The glass contains a lot more urine than what he had last night, and he’s a little surprised Aaron is challenging him in this way. He also knows Aaron wouldn’t make him do something he couldn’t handle, not when they’re among friends and family. He could probably get him to do a lot more. He’s also very aware that he’s testing him on his fondness for humiliation. He’s not sure if it can count as successful or not as he feels his groin twitch. Not into a full hard-on but he’s definitely feeling things he shouldn’t with a backyard full of people. Not with his sister staring at him and his in-laws now circling around them. Swallowing down a third time he shivers a little against Aaron’s leg, pressing himself closer, thinking that the taste on his palate is never going to go away. The bitter, salty, dry flavour forever imprinted in his memory.

”Good boy” Aaron whispers in his ear, so close he can feel the tip of his tongue.

”Are you drunk Mr. Dingle?” he stutters quietly.

Aaron covers his mouth with his hand, still whispering into his ear as Adam throws food at them to break it off. ”Only on you” he says cheesily, making them both laugh. He sits back up, smiling down at him, ”I’m not. I promise”.

It puts his mind to rest, knowing he’s not dealing with the will of a drunk Master. He’s not sure he could handle that. Or should have to.

Quickly, he finishes off his special cocktail, receiving another pat on his head. Aaron pulls him in, enveloping his whole upper body, rocking him playfully. ”Yes baby” he laughs a little, making him feel as proud as Aaron sounds. Settling down he once more whispers into his ear ”Now, take that glass, go upstairs, come in it and drink it too. Send me photos. You have five minutes, starting now”.

High on affection, he scrambles to his feet, wasting no time hurrying inside, throwing a couple of loving glances back at Aaron. Only to be stopped by Diane.

”Love, I haven’t had a chance to talk to you at all” She loops her arm into his.

No not now. He has a semi that needs attention and a mission that needs completion. “Oh, yeah, sorry. I’m just gonna go get something in the kitchen, I’ll be right back” he says, trying to loosen her grip around him but she just holds on tighter.

”I’ll join you then” she says firmly, taking the stairs up on the porch.

Looking desperately back at Aaron he sees him laughing and tapping at his wrist as if he was wearing a watch. Then holding up four fingers. Fuck.

”No, really Diane, oh look, I think Vic needs help, I’ll find you soon, promise” he almost pushes her away, running into the house.

But the kitchen is as far as he gets.

Because there is Andy. Holding the green glass bowl. His mother’s.

”I never knew you had this” he says, sounding a little reminiscing, lost in thoughts.
"Put that down!" Robert shouts at him, instantly agitated, his challenge completely forgotten.

Andy frowns at him, face transformed into deep wrinkles, “What’s the matter with you? It’s just a vase, take it easy”.

“It’s not just a vase!” he shouts, grabbing it out of Andy’s hands, cradling it close in his arms.

Andy sighs, shakes his head. “Right, well I’m sorry. Jeez Rob”.

His hands are shaking so violently he has to steady both himself and the bowl at the kitchen island, not to break it. Not to break himself. He only succeeds with one. “No” he whispers, voice cracked. “You don’t get to be sorry. Not about this”.

“What, for picking up a stupid old vase?!” Andy’s face is still wrinkled with unsympathy.

“It’s all that’s left from mum and you don’t get to touch it, I don’t want you to even look at it. And it’s not a vase, it’s a bowl! And it was her favourite, but I bet you never cared enough about her to know that” he shouts, chest heaving with tears ready to break out any second.

“That’s not f-“ Andy starts but is interrupted by Robert’s words that won’t stop coming.

“You killed mum, you took her away” he sobs. It’s what it always comes back to, no matter how many times they shout at each other about other things. Still there, still as unresolved as the day he found out.

This slings Andy into another temper “Well you killed Katie, so I guess we’re both as bad as each other then?!” he shouts, face all red.

“It was an accident!” he spits back, hating that he’s in his kitchen. Tainting his memories.

“Well so was mum!”

“It’s not the same. You took her away from me long before you killed her. You took everything away from me” he shakes his head, tears running down his face.

“Just like you tried to do with Katie you mean. You’re unbelievable Rob, you know that?”

“Shut up!” he cries, sinking to the floor, sobbing erratically, still holding the bowl tight to his chest, “It’s not the same thing. I didn’t get to keep a thing. You’d erased everything from her when I came back. You still have all your memories of Katie, photos on your phones, videos, clothes, her perfume I bet. All I have of mum is this. And you and dad, you poisoned the last years I had with her”.

“What the hell is going on?” he hears Aaron’s voice yell. He’s probably gone looking for him because the time is up or because their shouting has been heard to the outside.

“It’s him innit! And his selfishness - again!” Andy screams angrily. “I don’t know why you’re bothered with him Aaron”.

Robert doesn’t have it in him to say anything back, just sinks lower with his head until his forehead touches the cool glass.

He doesn’t have to. He has someone fighting in his corner now. “I think you should leave Andy” he hears Aaron say, annoyed and upset.

“Fine. I don’t even know why I came“.
He hears a door slam as Aaron’s hands place on top of his knees, “It’s ok. He’s gone now. Let’s get you upstairs” he says gently, helping him stand, hands under his shoulders.

“Well is everything ok?” he hears the worried voice of his sister. A “let’s leave them to it” from Diane. Chas is there too he thinks but it's all a bit of a blur.

Aaron helps him get undressed outside the bedroom, as he refuses to let the bowl go, still shaking. “You’re alright” he whispers. Sometimes he wonders if he’ll ever be alright from his demons.

In the bedroom, Aaron coax the bowl out of his hands with a promise he’ll put it in the corner where they don’t walk.

As another wave of sobs hits him, he sinks to his knees, not because he wants to apologize or be dominated, but because it’s the most comforting place right now, hugging Aaron’s legs.

“I don’t want to go back there” he sniffs against his thighs, dampen the fabric.

“You don’t have to” Aaron assures him.

“I ruined it”.

“No you didn’t baby. Nothing is ruined” Aaron soothes, holding his hands against his head, fingertips slowly stroking, letting him be just where he wants to.

Despite Aaron’s best efforts of holding him and whisper comforting words he can’t stop shaking or crying, no matter how much he tries forcing himself to. The pain comes in waves, the big ones setting him off, the low ones never small enough to calm him down completely, the memories steadily flooding his brain.

There’s only one thought that manages to penetrate the wall. “Master, can I please have my cuffs?” he finally asks when it's circled back a few times, shifted his concentration away from his past.

Aaron, likely relieved to hear something else than tears is quick to say yes. “Come, let’s get you into bed”.

“No!” he protests quickly as Aaron starts moving. “I mean, not without you. Can I stay in my bed instead? Could you -” he hesitates, drawing a sharp breathe, ”could you tie me up in my bed?” he whispers. It's an odd request maybe but it's the only thought that feels right. He waits for the answer with bated breath, uncertain if he can handle a rejection.

Aaron looks at him reluctantly. “Are you sure?”

“Please” he pleads with his whole face, his mind aching a little over how much he needs it.

Aaron doesn’t say anything, simply goes over to the bed and pulls out one of the big drawers under it, pulling out the dog bed. “Come”.

He crawls over to the bed, nestles himself into the soft fabric. Wordlessly, Aaron opens his drawer in the nightstand, getting the cuffs for both his hands and feet. As the leather wraps around his wrists his pulse starts to slow down immensely. It doesn’t take long before his feet are tied together, securing him in more way than one. As if Aaron had known just what he needs, he pushes his knees up closer to his chest, pulling his arms down to his feet so he can clasp hand and foot cuffs together, making him almost instantly calm, all worked up stress and anxiety steadily leaving his body.

“I’m gonna remove the plug” he whispers and Robert can feel himself tensing around it, not wanting
to let go. It’s not uncomfortable anymore, in fact he hardly even feels it unless he concentrates on it.

What Aaron replaces the lost with is equally good. From the wardrobe he pulls out a tie that he knots tightly around his head, scratching the corners of his mouth. Then he does something possible even better, he pulls down the duvet and tucks him in, pushing it in all around him until he's wrapped in a tight cocoon.

He strokes and kisses his cheek, curls his body around him, spooning him. “You comfortable?”

“Mmm” he sighs contently, eyes already closed, his head drifting to better places, feeling safe and loved and harmonious. Like a small child protected from everything evil. To a place where he can be every ounce of himself.

Aaron moves slowly away from him, whispering, “I’m gonna go down, see if people are still here. You go to sleep” He kisses him again. “I love you”.

Robert is already too far gone to answer, tied and gagged, he falls into a peaceful sleep, demons forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

Rob I’m sorry I’m making you sad. But I’m glad you’ve found a way to calm your anxiety. And by finding yours, I think you’ve found Aaron’s too. I guess I kinda see Robert getting more and more vulnerable thanks to him (or Aaron) allowing him to be 100% himself. And with that, the part of himself that's been stored away for so long unlocks.

Do you remember when I first started writing this and was all: hmm, i don’t know, should I include pee in this story (such an innocent little girl) and you were all YES! (see the 65 comments on ch 4 :P )
Well now look at what you made me do!!! Hahahaha. I blame everyone :P (mostly Caro...yeah yeah stop protesting).
Seriously, the things I could once never consider is now like, yeah let’s do that! So perhaps this hasn’t exactly turned into the story I intended (or it has) but heck, the boys and I are exploring here so really anything can, and obviously is, happening lol.
Ain't gonna lie, I struggled af with this one for various reasons.

Ceci, I do apologize, but I think your second hand embarrassment is gonna peak in this one ;) #sorrynotsorry LOL

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Stretch out slowly".

He wakes by Aaron's commanding voice, a little disorientated, his right shoulder aching painfully under his weight, dry lips stuck against his gum.

"Mmrp" he mumbles behind the tie, sleepily, not ready to open his eyes. His body feels like it weighs about a million pounds and he’s pretty sure he has a headache brewing. His tongue flicks out, trying to moisten his lips.

"Shh. It's Saturday today remember?" Aaron's voice is kind but not without a little edge to it as he removes the tie.

Even though he’s been anticipative about it, yesterday had nearly caused him to forget. High Protocol day. Don't speak or move unless ordered to. Don’t look at Aaron unless ordered to. He sinks back a little into his dog bed, relaxing. Maybe it's just what he needs right now. To be left alone with his own thoughts. God knows there are a lot of them right now. Too many in fact.

"Come on, try and stretch" Aaron urges with a light tap to his thigh. “Then go use the bathroom. I'll see you downstairs for breakfast”.

Carefully he stretches, legs sliding out against the floor, little by little opening up his body until his limps are somewhat flexible again. It's somewhere between an aching muscle and a joint in his elbow cracking that all memories from yesterday forcefully becomes completely clear. Andy. And what a complete mess he'd been. Still is a bit. Explains the headache really. Because despite an undisrupted sleep, the thoughts still creep back as soon as his eyes open and his mind comes unfogged from sleep.

The ache. Of loneliness. Of never being enough. Being in second place or never being picked at all. That’s what Andy reminds him of. Of always having to be the best now, no matter what obstacles stands in the way. For Aaron, he’s tried being better, be the bigger man, take another route, a less ruthless one. It works, mostly. But it also makes him vulnerable not being able to suit up in his protective armour. Weak in front of the past that has festered itself so deep that it's burned several holes in his soul. With no protection to fill them he’s an open target. Too open. He hates it.

Going through the motions, his mind occupied, he splashes his face with water, watching it drain down the sink. Dries off and goes straight to brushing his teeth that needs it badly, forgoing the usual moisturizing routine. Lastly, he uses the toilet.

Aaron hasn't mentioned anything about clothes so when he enters the kitchen, he's completely naked,
save the cuffs. It’s not cold, but still he shivers slightly, head hanging low and shoulders feeling heavy. He makes sure to keep his eyes low to avoid accidentally looking at Aaron’s. Punishment isn’t the most tempting thought right now, no matter how much it could possibly help him wipe away the memories that he wants to forget. Even if it is just for a few minutes.

"Morning" Aaron says as if he's been waiting for him. "You'll get your breakfast in a sec, I'm just gonna attach this to your cuffs" he says, not beating around the bush as a thin silver chain dangles from his hand.

It didn’t look it, but it turns out to be longer than he thought as Aaron connects both his feet together, still giving him enough length to walk, then attaches each foot with a hand. Then he connects the hands together. It's long enough to move around with but impossible to lift an arm without having to lift his leg.

Aaron takes a step back and he can feel his intent eyes on him. "Your breakfast's in your bowl. Eat now" he says eventually, pointing to the floor. He can't really determine what mood Aaron's in by his voice that is somewhat dark and potent, yet laced with kindness.

The bowl is filled with cereal and milk. No sign of a spoon. No. Spoon. Meaning, he’s going to have to lap up the milk like a cat. He gulps.

Aaron scrapes the chair against the floor as he pulls it out to take a seat at the kitchen table while Robert sinks to the floor on all fours at his usual spot. The chains restrain him somewhat but doesn’t offer much of a challenge. He hesitates briefly trying to figure out the best way to do this, before deciding on just dipping his face in the cereal. He ends up slurping most of the milk first, leaving the cereal to stick to the bottom and he has to dip deeper, fish it all up with his tongue. At least his hair is short and not in the way.

Throughout the whole thing, Aaron doesn’t say a word. He’s not sure he’s even looking at him. The only noise he makes is flipping through the newspaper (in some areas he’s still very old school, no matter how many times Robert’s tried to make him read it on the iPad), and the sound of his own spoon against his bowl and teeth and table. The sound made tenfold, teasing him.

When he's done, he sits back on his knees and tries wiping the worst of the food off of his chin and nose, drops of milk still clinging. He must look like a right mess.

"Crawl over here. Kneel between my knees" Aaron orders.

Robert moves over the distance quickly, the chains swaying underneath him, bouncing against the floor. His eyes rest on Aaron's stomach, hidden under a black t-shirt.

"Good boy". Aaron coos, wiping his face with a paper towel like you would with a child.

There's some paper stuck on his tongue so he sticks it out, hoping Aaron will notice what he means. When he scratches it away, he blinks and withdraws by reflex, the feeling’s so weird. "Sit still please" Aaron chides.

"Guess it’s best you practice. Here, this will help you” he folds the newspaper together, placing it on top of Robert's head, one corner of a page hanging down in front of his eye. "Don't let it drop, I'm gonna clear the table”.

A 'yes Master' almost slips from his tongue before he stops himself, his body taking back the words so hard that he nearly lets the newspaper fall down. He doesn't want to think about what could happen if it would, so he sits at still as he can, back impossible straight, shoulders pushed down, neck
rigid. The perfect posture almost makes him shake.

"Here, hold this" Aaron reaches out his cup that is still half full with tea. Robert wraps both hands around it to be on the safe side.

It's almost unnoticeable but little by little, Robert can feel the newspaper slipping. He tilts his head, trying to compensate but it's so close. Every time Aaron walks past him, it moves a bit more. It's enough to make him break out in a small sweat.

"Perfect, thank you" Aaron says, taking both items from him, his shoulders immediately relaxing. Any longer, and both tea and paper would have been on the floor. He pours out the rest of the tea in the sink, making it clear he was only testing him. "Come, crawl after me please" he points to the floor, walking into the living room. Robert gets there a couple of seconds later.

Next to the table is his pillow and on the table a blue notebook and a pen. "You didn't write in your diary yesterday so I thought you'd do that now" Aaron explains, sitting down on the sofa, turning the TV on. "Yesterday was understandable, but from now on it's your duty to find time for it".

The words don't exactly flow easy onto the page and it takes him a good half hour to fill a page. To his surprise as he turns over to the second page, it's mostly about his mother and not at all about Andy or yesterday's submission in public. He only touches on it briefly. When he's written all he can think of, he quietly folds the book together and places the pen next to it.

"Good" Aaron says, muting the TV. Even though he can't see his face directly, he can still tell his body language is a bit nervous, hands folded together, thumbs tapping against each other, a small sigh hidden behind a cough. "There are a couple of things I want to talk about with you" Aaron sits a little straighter on the sofa, moving closer to Robert. He keeps his eyes straight ahead, to avoid looking in Aaron's direction, afraid that if he doesn't concentrate on forward, he'll look at him.

"Yesterday..." Aaron starts and he can hear him scratching skin, hesitating a little as if he's trying to pick out the right words. "Clearly, there are still a lot of unresolved stuff between you and Andy. I guess pretty much everyone in the village knows about that since a long time". He clears his throat. "But that's not the point. Point is, I hate seeing you hurting like you did yesterday and being your Master, well, and your boyfriend, I feel responsible to fix it. Or at least try make it better somehow".

Robert's not sure he likes where this is going, it's not something anyone can just fix, not after all this time, it be better off just accepting status quo.

"All that anxiety you showed yesterday" Aaron continues, voice a lot steadier and certain. "That sort of thing doesn't just go away. And I should know right" he adds, sounding a little sadder. "That's why I've decided you will see someone. I will call around on Monday and see who’s available for you, be it a therapist or a psychologist".

The words ring in his ear like a sharp noise penetrating his brain. It’s an ugly awful sound, feeling like a personal failure. Like he’s not as together and perfect as he wishes people would see him. That he’s not at all strong enough.

"This is for your own good. You might not like it now, but this has gone on long enough. Which is why" Aaron stops again. Drawing a deep breath, exhaling slowly. "I wish I could tell you to go work things out with Andy but if it hasn’t happened in 15 years I’m pretty sure that isn’t the best solution. So instead, I’m ordering you to stay away from him".

Robert’s pulse quickens, his eyes widening, feeling a little shocked what Aaron is actually saying.
“He only upsets you. If you feel that there comes a day when you two are ready to move on, let me know. Until then, we’re breaking your contact with him. Meaning, if you see him, you walk in another direction. You don’t talk to him or about him. I will have a word with Vic and Diane, make them see there is no point trying to force you two together at a family meal like they like to do. That's over now”.

Every bit of what Aaron says makes sense, but still he can't help the tears rolling down his face and the sense of both relief and grief capturing him. He's suddenly lost a family member, someone he will miss, no matter how toxic their relationship might be. He just can't see himself being without him, as strange as it sounds. Underneath all the arguments, he’s still his brother.

But, what Aaron says is true; the two of them… it causes him nothing but upset and it’s a disaster on the best of days. Staying completely away though is an alien thought.

Aaron cradles his head, both hands on each side of it, wiping away the tears that roll down his face with his thumbs. Tilting his head up, Aaron allows him to meet his eyes. “I’m not doing this to be cruel, and it wasn’t an easy decision” he whispers, voice rumbling and deep. “But I think it’s the best one for you right now”.

All he can think about is Victoria and how it will affect his sister. What Aaron will tell her. Robert nods, clenching his jaw. He knows. It is for the best. Before they’ll harm each other more. For her, maybe they can find a way of getting along. Someday. She deserves that.

Caught up in his own thoughts, he barely pays attention when Aaron leaves the room. Thinking back on growing up, being friends once, then hating each other, destroying each other’s lives. All the years they’ve spent arguing, never really moving on from the past.

”Stand please” Aaron tells him when he comes back, interrupting his train of thought.

Robert pushes himself up, legs already a little stiff. Tears drying on his face. His fingers wrap around the chain, searching for something to hold on to. His breathing is slow and controlled, trying to find the same focus he had on the balance board the other day.

Aaron stands in front of him. “It will be fine, I promise you. For now, I just want you to relax” he squeezes his arms a little just above his elbows, giving him a moment to let the words sink in. “First, you need to listen carefully, you need to learn this”. Placing two hands on his knees, he explains, ”This means kneel”. Then he moves his hands around his legs to the back of his thighs. ”This means sit”. Two hands on the middle of his back, ”This means lie down”.

He continues showing him a few commands more and Robert can't figure out what they're really for.

”Repeat them please. I need to be sure that you know them” Aaron says, once again placing his hands on his body. Robert remembers all of them without problem. ”Good. Knocking repeatedly means red. Now kneel”.

Aaron moves around him, proudness in his voice as he says, ”You're doing really great so far. Better than I thought if I'm honest. I'm impressed”. Robert can't help smiling from the praise as a hand brushes through his hair, soaking in the affectionate attention.

"But to truly feel high protocol, you'll be wearing this now” Aaron holds up a rather scary looking hood. Black leather with two straps; one around the neck with D-rings attached, and one across the head. It looks thick, padded even. The only hole on the hood is a larger grommet hole in front of the mouth, not large enough for a cock though. Whatever Aaron has planned; it already feels intense. ”You won't be able to take it off yourself, so don't try. I'll be securing it with a padlock” he explains.
matter-of-factly. "Food will be served through a straw today".

Today? He's planning on keeping him in it all day? How will he be able to let him know if he's not comfortable or if he needs the bathroom or anything else, all he's been given is 'red' as a signal. He starts panicking, just before he understands what the challenge is really about. Concentrating, finding inner peace.

"You won't be able to see anything. Hearing is very limited. You'll have your thoughts as your main company and occasionally my hands" he continues.

Being trapped with his thoughts is not what he needs right now, he doesn’t want to feel.

Aaron gives no more explanation than that, no asking if he wonders about anything, he just pushes the tight hood down over his head. His left ear folds as it goes, but thankfully unfolds as Aaron adjusts it on his head. It's dark. And very, very quiet and he can immediately hear his own heartbeats. Beating nervously. Breathing is easier than he thought, his lips pressed against the cool metal ring that lets air into the hood with ease. He can feel Aaron working the buckle around his neck, tugging a little, something cool resting against his collarbone. Aaron’s hands leave him and it’s impossible to tell just how far away they are. In fact, it’s impossible to tell anything about the outer world from inside the hood, he’s completely cut off.

It doesn’t take long before the hood completely relaxes him, almost feeling like he’s floating. Like his mind has been released from its usual thoughts and routines.

Soon, two hands press closely to his armpits, which he remembers means 'stand'. Now all of Aaron's instructions make sense and he's grateful he seems to have thought of everything. He wobbles as he stands up, legs unsteady, head a little dizzy.

His heart sounds louder, nervous with anticipation of what's to come. As a result, his stomach starts churning, making him slightly nauseous, and he wants to gulp for more air than he can have. He needs to control it, not let himself freak out already. He's got plenty of air, there's no problem for it reaching his lungs, he just needs to calm down. As he exhales, some of the air slips back in to the hood, making it warm and damp.

Aaron places a hand to his back, 'walk' it means. Robert takes a few tentative steps, careful not to crash into something. He hasn't moved far before Aaron places another hand against his chest; stopping him. Then two on his back telling him to lie down.

He's not entirely sure where he is, logically he must still be in the living room, he didn't take that many steps, but he's not sure where in the living room. He can feel Aaron walking around him, the tiny wind caused by his movements send his body into a shiver.

Rolling him onto his side and moving his hands around his back, Aaron must have uncuffed him he figures. It doesn't take long before his feet are pulled back too, into a somewhat uncomfortable position. Aaron pushes feet and hands closer, locking them together he feels as he can’t stretch out either one of his limbs.

The hogtie Aaron has him in isn't the most comfortable one but even so, he can feel his body responding and getting hard. When Aaron rests his legs on him, he must be close to the sofa still he figures. Being tied up and used in such manner makes him grow so hard that he can feel his pulse pumping through his cock.

The TV must be on because he's sure he can feel the vibrations from it on the floor. Lying there, he tries to think of what the time must be, what's on TV at the moment, or if Aaron's put a film on, or if
he's just doing this for the sake of teasing him. Or maybe one of the channels are showing a film, that's another possibility. He concentrates, tries listening to whatever he could be watching but he's none the wiser. What if he's playing music, and he's not watching anything at all? Maybe he's still reading that newspaper. There are about a thousand options spinning through his head. Whatever might be the correct one, he hopes he enjoys himself. He tries lying as still as possible, wanting to make it comfortable for Aaron.

It's all for Aaron.

Before he has the chance to drift off, Aaron shifts his feet, easing the pressure on his ribs. Every little movement sends him alert, his brain questioning what will happen next. For now, it seems like Aaron is still watching TV, or whatever it is he's doing. For now, it seems like all he wants from Robert is for him to be his footstool.

That is, until he's moved down to the floor and has his lips wrapped around his cock, Robert soon buried deep in Aaron's mouth and eagerly sucked on. Bound, all he can do is feel. And gratefully accept. It doesn't dawn on him until it's almost too late that he has no chance of asking for permission if he can come. It's then that he realizes just how much power Aaron really has over him right now. He can make him do anything he likes, and he can do anything to him that he'd like. For all he knows, he could be taking pictures and posting them online right this moment. He's fairly certain that wouldn't happen but it's the thought that it could that also makes Robert realize just how very much he trusts Aaron, more than he has ever trusted anyone. More than he has ever trusted himself. Aaron's judgment is far better than his has ever been and he's happy to be under its control.

He tenses his whole body when Aaron's tongue quickly licks at his slit, twirling round his head a few times before continuing. Anything to prevent himself from coming. The fact that he suddenly feels an urge to pee makes it all feel the more ticklish and he can't really hold off no matter how much he wants to. He comes into Aaron's mouth, hips bucking as far as they can in his restraints.

He can tell that he's sweating in his hood, it feels so humid, his panting only making it worse. Unexpectedly, Aaron turns his head, holding it between his two hands, cuts off his air and he can feel every fibre of his body tensing again, his mouth gaping desperately for more oxygen. Then something wet drips into his mouth and he recognizes the familiar taste of come. Quickly, he swallows, finding the air hole open again when all come is gone.

Finding himself panicking over air has momentarily made him forget his need to pee. Now, after he's come, he nearly feels desperate for it. It's almost as if Aaron has planned and knows everything about his body, because soon, his legs and arms are released from the hogtie in favour for what he assumes is the regular bondage, and he's lead to the bathroom, the cool tiles giving themselves away.

Aaron places his hands on the back of his thighs, asking him to sit. Which isn't all that surprising since he can't see anything. What shocks him is the fact that Aaron doesn't untie him. Not even when he's sitting, peeing, unable to hold back. The thought making him so nervous that he can feel his stomach moving. No, no, no, this is not what he wants right now. This isn't something he wants happening. It's too much, too embarrassing. He has gone a few times before with Aaron present, but then he's been in the shower, not like this. Not when he can tell he's staring at him.

But he also remembers that bathroom breaks are scheduled and he has no way of asking for one unless he safewords, and that is not something he wants to do. In some weird twisted way, there's a small part of him that enjoys being pushed like this. Knows it's good for him. When the next bathroom break will take place, he has no idea of knowing, and if your body needs to go, it will no matter what. In the end logic wins over feelings.

Ultimately, this is Aaron's choice and he should just follow, no matter how hard it is. He tries
blocking everything out, stay focused and not worry about what Aaron is seeing or not seeing. The real embarrassment, however, comes when Aaron pushes him forward on the seat, wiping him clean. Tears are damping the hood, his tall body has never felt so little and absolutely useless and he wants to fold in on himself. Then, when the worst heat has passed and he's shown to stand again, it also dawns on him just how amazing Aaron really is. If he ever got sick or hurt, there's no doubt in his mind on how much Aaron would care for him. It also makes him reflect on himself and how small his own bravery is in comparison. The tears roll again, but for awe and respect and not self-pity.

From what he can tell, Aaron seems to be cleaning his cock thoroughly for some reason, way more than what feels necessary. Then, he's gripping his balls a little too rushed, making him hiss. Cold metal is the next thing he feels, or he assumes it's metal. Aaron pulls a little at his skin, gently pushing at one of his balls, then trying to push at the other one only to reverse the action and removing whatever thing he’s got pressed against him. A few seconds later, it’s back again and he's pushed both his balls against the metal, proceeding to bend his cock into a narrow space. It's not very comfortable, but it's a far cry from hurting in any way.

There's definitely something circling around his balls, holding them tight. The more Aaron keeps touching him, he can feel himself becoming hard again. The only reward he gets from it is a painful pinch to his inner thigh, letting him know it's not ok.

Ugly grandma pants. Rotten fruit. Corpses. That all seem to do the trick so Aaron can continue. His cock gets encased in more metal, then a little more tugging, something tightening again. It's a cock cage of course, he's figured out that much, but what kind remains a mystery. The feeling of something pulling down his cock and balls will take some getting used to but at the same time, he kinda likes it.

The thought of Aaron hopefully closing it with a padlock is thrilling, that he'll wear the key around his neck. That maybe he'll let him stay in it for days, weeks, months even, deny him access of his own body, never let him come or get as hard as he wants to. It shouldn't arouse him but the thoughts make him hard again, which isn't the best of ideas right now as it tightens uncomfortable around his balls.

Aaron lifts his cock, first to both sides, then up. Looking at the fit maybe, Robert thinks. Then he takes his hand, gripping it tightly and giving it a kiss. His other hand caresses his bicep, sliding up and down his arm before snaking around to his shoulder blade, and Robert melts into the touch. He plants tiny kisses along his collarbone before leading him out of the bathroom.

They're still on the first floor when he puts him down on his knees. Aaron pushes his body gently until he has him in the desired position; shoulders down, chest out, legs straight. That's how he stands for he doesn't know how long. He can only imagine what he must look like; hands and feet chained together, cock caged, wearing a hood. Hopefully, Aaron likes the image just as much as he likes the thought of it. Of being looked at in such outfit.

Without anywhere to fix his gaze, his body sways from being unable to find balance and it only seems to get worse the longer he has to stand. At one point he holds out his hands in front of him, ready to catch himself if he falls.

Clearly, Aaron sees his struggles because he grabs both his hands and places them against a… cupboard? (the surface is too smooth to be a wall), that is much closer than he thought it would be. Not long after that, he sticks a straw into his mouth.

It’s just a straw, but still, the intrusion has him trembling a little, not knowing what he might find if he sucks on it. Aaron’s impatient and sticks it a little further into his mouth, clearly wanting him to taste.
Whatever it is, it’s hard to get up into his mouth and he has to suck quite hard to get a taste. It’s a little sweet, tasting of dark berries and vegetables. A smoothie he assumes. Whatever it’s called, Aaron’s not done a bad job of mixing ingredients together. It’s cold enough too, his teeth aching a little as he drinks. Not bad enough to give him a brain freeze though.

The more he drinks, the more he can feel his stomach aching of hunger. The drink is filling enough for now but he has a feeling he’ll be hungry soon again. It’s enough to make him sleepy though, the way he usually gets after eating.

A few minutes after he’s done, Aaron leads him through the house again. To a place his feet don’t recognize. He places his hands on his shoulders, carefully guiding him down a staircase. Down to the basement. Aaron is finally allowing him access to the place and he can’t see a thing, it’s almost cruel. He ties him to a beam, his arms circling the pole around his back. Aaron’s definitely moving around him, he can hear the occasional hammering and drilling, the hood isn’t good enough to cover that.

Even if Aaron is close, he’s still left alone and it doesn’t take long before his mind starts drifting away, relaxing to the point of almost falling asleep. Every time he does, his body jerks him awake, preventing him from falling. Just like all the times he’s ever dozed off in a car. Like when he was little and they’d be driving home late at night from visiting friends of the family, and his mum would shake him awake, carry him from the car into the house. He’d be freezing, being all cranky from the lack of sleep and her waking him up. But in the end, he’d be happy when she’d tuck him in in his warm bed. He can practically feel his mother’s hands around him, her kissing him goodnight.

“Goodnight Robert” he can hear her gentle voice.

He jerks awake again. The constant state of being caught in the middle of awake and dreaming makes his head pound. It’s taking a chance, but he sinks to his knees, waiting for the pending punishment. And waits. It never comes. Is Aaron even in the room anymore?

That’s when he notices the thuds against the beam, movement causing them to slightly vibrate against his body. He drifts off again, this time falling asleep for real.

When he wakes, he’s not really sure what’s up or down or back or forth or how long he’s been sleeping. Could be ten minutes, could be more than an hour. Aaron is touching him, that much he can tell. At one point he thinks the hood is coming off, but it doesn’t. Aaron lets him spend the rest of the day in it. For another bathroom break, which isn’t as tough as the first, even though he’s experiencing what it feels like peeing through the cock cage. And another food break, a new kind of smoothie, one which doesn’t taste half as good as the first one and which he has to force himself to drink.

Then more of him just floating around in space, lying on the ground, kneeling, sitting. Supporting Aaron’s weight. He’s sure he falls asleep several times. His stomach is aching from hunger, none of his meals having been sufficient.

Another bathroom break and it’s taken upstairs this time he’s pretty certain of. Then his body is allowed to lie down on something soft and inviting. Oh, their bed. Where his arms are stretched above his head and legs are attached to the bedpost.

The pressure against his neck increases suddenly and he can feel hands working on his hood, slowly pulling it off. Even though he can tell the room is dark, his eyes still shy away from opening.
“Goodnight baby” Aaron says, kissing him on the cheek before rolling over to his side of the bed.

It shocks him just how many hours he must have spent in the hood. It feels like three, four maybe. But if it’s bedtime already, it must be nearly ten, twelve even. How is that even possible?

It occurs to him that during all those hours he has hardly thought about Andy once. The negative thoughts have unconsciously been kept at bay and he’s been feeling all the better for it. He can do this, do what Aaron has asked, refocus on healing instead of destroying. Eventually, maybe even mend some of what has been broken. He’s stronger than he thinks, and Aaron is showing him just how much.

Chapter End Notes

It’s weird how this chapter coincided with the show and Robert saying goodbye to Andy in both. Not exactly the same, but yeah almost.
warning: a lot of emotions ahead.
You know how I said at the first ch that I wouldn't let myself write long ass chapters again?
Well here, have 10k words.

I'm dedicating this chapter to JJ ;)
And I'm sending 10 bottles of wine to Caro for all her help - especially on the last part, you'll see!

Just so there will be no confusion, this is a porch to me and I'm sticking to it! haha
http://www.veranda-living.co.uk/images/LCLL%20(37).jpg

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'High protocol was a new experience for me...' he writes, then holds down backspace, erasing the sentence. Drumming lightly on the keyboard with both hands, he stares at the blank page, musing about what he can possible write to make it seem interesting enough. The subject itself probably is, but what if he comes off as a weirdo? What if people will send nasty comments? Should he just turn the comment section off? But where's the fun in that? Why did he want to start this in the first place? To be able to say what he can't in real life.

'Thanks to Master Aaron...' he starts again, chasing away a tiny bug that's made it up on his screen. Wait, should he include his name, perhaps it's better to be completely private? But he loves his full title, it's part of the reason for starting this whole thing. Master Aaron, he smiles looking at the name, highlighted by the blinking cursor. 'Thanks to Master A...' he starts over, figuring he'll have to ask Aaron about it later. Writing in the diary is much easier, he can just let his mind and hand wander free over the paper. Blogging though, he discovers after a good fifteen minutes of writing and re-writing and editing is a bit more of a challenge, although, he can be as sarcastic and witty as he likes he thinks, as he tries getting in some clever sentences.

"Aren't you gonna shower soon?" Aaron comes out onto the porch, asking, hair wet and clad in a fresh blue t-shirt.

Robert looks down at himself, still dressed for jogging after doing the mandatory Sunday exercise. “Oh yeah, I forgot. Sorry” he says apologetically, feeling a little absentminded for becoming so side-tracked.


Robert sighs internally. Even though Aaron has insisted, he's not so sure a low protocol day is a good idea. If he hadn't been so adamant about it, he would have gladly skipped this day. So far, all it has done is leave him unfocused and anxious about having no rules. After having silently complained about not having his breakfast served in his bowl and about choosing himself what to wear, Aaron's probably more than aware of his feelings. It's surprising he hasn't punished him yet, he's been so moody.
“What are you doing?” Aaron inquires, sitting down next to him on the porch steps.

“Making my first blog entry” he bites his lip, looking at a word he's just written, not sure it's good enough.

“Oh right. How's it going then?” Aaron genuinely sounds interested. He doesn't know why that surprises him. Probably because Aaron is so disinterested when it comes to anything social media, except the occasional visit on Facebook. He's pretty sure Adam forced him to sign up.

“Well I named it, and I'm nearly done with the first entry. Wanna read?”

“Nah, I'll look at it later when you've posted. So, what did you name it then?” he nudges his knee against Robert's.

“The road to freedom. I know, it's a bit cheesy innit?” he smiles, wrinkling his nose.

“Not if that's how you feel. I kinda like it” he adds after a few seconds. “You've written in your diary then?”

“Yes, it's right here” Robert hands it to him and Aaron responds with a quick kiss.

“Thank you. I'm gonna go have a look” he says, standing. “You, go shower and be ready in the kitchen in an hour, lunch will be too late otherwise”.

“Yes Master” Robert grins at him playfully and Aaron shakes his head. Maybe low protocol isn't all bad.

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As he enters the kitchen, Aaron gives him a quiet wolf-whistle, eyebrows raised, and even he can see why; grey cotton trackies hanging low on his hips, his upper body in nothing more than his cuffs.

“Those are mine, aren't they?” Aaron asks, hooking a finger between waistband and skin.

Of course they are, it's not like Robert owns a pair of track pants. “Do you mind?” he asks, cheeks a little flushed.

“No” Aaron shakes his head, biting his lip. “A bit surprised you still prefer to be half naked though” he winks.

“Not about the cuffs then?”

“I'm surprised you didn't put them on sooner” Aaron jokes, eye shining as he smiles.

“They feel good” he whispers, shrugging, twisting one of them around.

“I know, come on, let's get started, I'm starving”.

On the kitchen island, a few papers are strewn about with what looks like organized doodles and they immediately catch his attention, “Uhm, what's this?” he asks, picking them up.

“Oh yeah, Doug was over yesterday with them, wanting to show you his ideas for the garden apparently” Aaron looks at him a little questioningly, Robert yet not having told him this is what happens when he's not allowed to say no.
His level of anxiety rises with about 200 percent. “Hang on, Doug was here? Yesterday?”

Aaron nods like it's no big deal. “Yeah. Finn too”.

“Finn? Why?” Robert's face is growing redder by the second.

“Wanted to get the ice crusher he forgot” Aaron explains, pulling out a pan from the cupboard.

“Where was I? Did they see anything?”

“No” Aaron laughs. “Relax; you were in the basement when Doug was here. Don't worry, I didn't leave you alone for long”.

That must have been the vibrations he had felt in the beam he was locked around, people walking around upstairs. “And Finn?”

Aaron is picking things out from the fridge, completely unfazed by it all where as Robert can't seem to breathe until he gets answers to all of his questions. “That was a close call, had to hurry you into the office” he points at him, waving a leek.

“Where did you say I was?”

“Just busy. What's up with the twenty questions?” Aaron cocks an eyebrow in his direction.

“Did something else happen that I don't know about?” Literally anything could have gone on without his knowledge. Not that he has the right to know, but what is low protocol for if not for asking?

Aaron pushes out his lower lip, shaking his head slightly, “Nothing much. That second smoothie you had thought was flavoured with sperm – you looked so hot I couldn't resist” Aaron teases, laughing as Robert is stunned into a jaw drop, groin stirring.

…

It's not necessarily about him feeling like it's wrong when he sits down next to Aaron at the kitchen table, his food on a proper plate and not in his bowl. Yet, he hesitates, feeling slightly awkward for some reason. Maybe it's the novelty, maybe it's the lack of restrictions placed on the action. Aaron's looking at him knowingly but doesn't say anything, as if he's waiting for him to find the right way.

The gaze makes him nervous and he drops his fork into the sauce, some hitting his chest. Damn it. Just get it together Robert, he thinks, wiping it away with his finger and licking it clean.

Aaron chuckles softly, takes a sip from his beer before folding his arms in front of him on the table, making no attempt to eat.

Robert fiddles a little nervously with his thumbs. “Thought I could call Liv after lunch, feels like I haven't spoken with her in ages”.

Aaron snorts with laughter, “Just don't tell her why you haven't had the time!”

“Aaron, eww!” he exclaims loudly before catching himself, pressing his lips together. Of course he still uses his name, but here, in their home, the name slips from his tongue with mixed emotions. Aaron doesn't comment so he tries not to let the feeling linger too long. Instead, he continues, “Maybe I can see if she has time for us late August?” he asks, tentatively, not wanting to make
assumptions but they did talk before about seeing her at the end of the summer. Briefly, the thought of how they will conceal their new arrangement when they're away or around others for an extended period of time slips through his mind but in the end it's really up to Aaron.

“Yeah, do it. And don't let her say no!” Aaron smiles, picking up his glass again.

“Have you met me?” Robert winks playfully, feeling a bit more confident again. His stomach growls slightly then, still not having tucked in to his food, waiting for Aaron.

“Robert, it's Sunday, you can start eating before me you know” Aaron encourages him, like he's been waiting to say something.

His first reaction is anger, annoyance maybe, but before any of it comes out, any more than an irritated look at least, he sighs. Biting the inside of his cheeks, he tries collecting himself. Why can't Aaron see how much the rules mean to him? “I've already chosen what to wear and how much to eat, and I didn't ask for permission to sit here or use the shower and...” he trails off, feeling himself getting a little too worked up, taking a deep breath to calm down. “Please don't take away the honour of waiting for you to eat first from me” his voice wobbles a little, the importance of this particular rule hitting him. It's a simple one, but that's what he likes about it; the subtle reminder that Aaron holds a higher status than him.

Aaron takes his hand. “I'm sorry, I won't. I just wanted you to know that you can choose on Sundays”.

Robert nods, feeling a little stupid about his outburst. “I know. Thank you Master. I'm just not sure I like it that much” he whispers, hoping he doesn't sound too disrespectful.

“You'll learn” Aaron sounds convinced and that's enough to ease his mind somewhat. “I do think this day is important, but I get that it might be hard switching mindset. Come here” he shuffles his chair a bit closer to Robert's. Then he takes the smallest bite possible from his food for himself before feeding Robert a much bigger one from his own plate. “That better?” he asks, voice mixed with sweet affection and teasing.

“Maybe some other Sunday I might surprise you and finish before you've even started” Robert smiles sideways.

Aaron talks to Liv first, teasing her about everything and nothing because that's what big brothers do apparently. It's nice seeing him like that, a little younger and playful. Not the way he gets with Adam at the scrapyard, no this is more genuine, more responsible in a way, more concerned and encouraging.

When Robert chats with her, she doesn't need any persuading about them coming over. They decide on the week before school starts and spend a good half hour discussing what to do, googling various things, getting excited about very different things. It's evident she's missing them just as much as they are missing her.

After hanging up, his mood has changed drastically and he practically bounces downstairs, “Master we've done a whole schedule now and we've decided you should have no say in it!” he shouts, laughing as he enters the kitchen but nearly recoiling as he does.

Vic's standing there. Expression a little, very, shocked; eyes not knowing where to look.
“Hi-i” he stutters, realizing he's not really dressed and his cuffs are on full display. “I'm just gonna” he gestures behind him, pointing back towards the stairs, panicking.

His heart is beating so hard as he rushes upstairs again. Shit shit shit. Bedroom. Wait, always be naked. It's Sunday, does it matter? Damn it. Where the hell had she come from? He rushes into the bedroom, not caring about his trousers, grabbing the first sweater he can find. Cuffs. Take them off. This is not good. What did she hear? How could they have been so reckless, why didn't Aaron warn him?

With wide eyes, behind Victoria's back, he stares at Aaron when he gets back to the kitchen. To say the least, he's looking embarrassed from where he's hiding behind his cup of tea. He's not sure, but he thinks he's just caught the tail end of talk about weather.

“What are you doing here?” he asks, pushing up the sleeves of, Aaron's sweater apparently, feeling very warm. He leans against the counter next to Aaron who pushes a cup into his hands; in case he needs to hide too he reckons.

“I wanted to check in on you, see if you're alright” she says carefully, looking suspiciously between them, the air of awkwardness palpable. “After Friday I mean” she explains trying to fill the weirdness by talking.

“I'm... I'll be fine” he blows on his tea. “But I don't think I'm gonna be able to see Andy any more. Not any time soon anyway” he says quickly without really thinking, likely desperate for some kind of diversion. He can tell Aaron's looking at him surprised.

Victoria tuts, looking on the verge of offended, like it's personal. He guesses it is. “Come on Rob, that's not the answer”.

Exhaling, calmly, he puts down his mug on the counter. “It is for me. I don't want you or Diane inviting us to the same dos any more”. Subconsciously, his hand must have reached for Aaron's or he's taken his, either way, fingers are weaving together, holding him tight.

“So that's it then? You're just gonna give up? Split this family apart even more? Why can't you just pretend to get along?”

“So much for avoiding the gigantic elephant in the room. He needs to tell her, just get it out, she's already seen more than she should have. They have to be so much more careful from now on, even in their own home. The thought pains him.

Before he gets the chance to say anything, Aaron lets go of him, taking a slight step forward, marking that he's the one in charge, “I guess we're just getting a bit cuckoo living on our own” he jokes, attempting to disarm the situation.
“Weren't you always?” Vic snorts, brow furrowed, still the face of a warrior.

“Nah, just him” Aaron retorts, pointing with his thumb at Robert. It still doesn't ease Victoria's mood, prompting Aaron to go back to his first approach, “I know you might not understand it, but you have to trust me when I say that we're all gonna be happier if Rob and Andy stay away from each other permanently”.

“Well that's easy for you to say innit?” Annoyed, she slams down her mug on the kitchen island. “Thanks for the tea, I guess you're doing fine then” she remarks, her eyes boring into him. Pushing herself away from the counter with both hands she turns on her heel, storming out.

“Vic! Wait!” Robert shouts, catching her arm when she's already opened the front door. There are tears in her eyes when he turns her around and he hates seeing her like that. Hates even more that he's caused it.

“I don't understand” she whispers, sounding so small that it tugs at his heart. He's not sure if she's referring to the things she's seen between them or the situation with Andy.

Enveloping her in a hug, her small frame disappearing in his arms, he contemplates what to say but nothing his brain comes up with seems adequate. “I'm sorry. I don't mean to hurt you. I don't wanna do that to you, but the way he makes me feel still; it hurts me too much Vic”. Hands on her shoulders, he gently pushes her back, meeting her eyes, “I'm gonna talk to someone, make it all better. You deserve that” he smiles.

She nods, hopefully accepting his explanation, however still appearing a little bemused. She looks to the floor, foot twisting against the threshold as she asks, lips folding, “What about the other thing? What's going on?”

There's no need for her to develop the question, he already knows what she's asking. “We're...” he stops, wondering what he really wants to say “We're happy” he settles for. “That's all”.

Vic leaves after another hug when she realizes she won't get anywhere and probably because she can tell he's gnawing at the inside of his cheeks so hard they might actually start bleeding at any second. It's hard. Everything is. Tell her, not tell her. Make friends with Andy, avoid him. Therapy. Moving offices, being away from Aaron. Right about now, before, the older version of himself, he'd be yelling at someone or something. Push feelings down and people away

The cuffs are outside the bedroom and he takes the stairs two steps at a time. He needs them.

Aaron's looking up at him from where he's sitting at the bottom of the stairs, patting the space next to him as he walks down. Slumping down next to him, he sighs heavily, air pushing through his nostrils. Then he shifts, slides down a step, finding it more comfortable. “I should have told her”.

“No. She wouldn't understand” Aaron responds knowingly, obviously having listened to their conversation.

“This is Vic we're talking about, not Adam. She's smart” Robert jokes, not really wanting to think about the seriousness of it all. Should it really have to be so serious? It should, and it is he reckons, because it's his life.

“Oi” Aaron slaps him lightly on the shoulder; playful more than anything. A silence sinks between them.

Twisting and fidgeting with one of his cuffs, he asks, “Can I have my rules back today?”
He can tell Aaron sighs, even though it's quiet. “That kinda defeats the whole purpose of this day wouldn't you say?”

Robert looks up at him, still a little hopeful, “So no then?”

“Exactly” Aaron wraps a leg on each side of his body. “Stop worrying about your rules and start thinking about something you want to do today, watch a film, head down the pub, do the dishes?” Aaron suggests, making Robert chuckle.

Can't they just be? Life is already throwing him too many choices at the moment. Going down to the pub right now doesn't seem like the best of options, Andy or Vic might be there and he doesn't know how to handle either situation right now. He twists his cuffs around again, feeling Aaron's legs bounce lightly against him. “Actually, can we write a list of all my rules, maybe even print it and frame it, choose a hidden spot for it somewhere that only we will know of?” he asks, careful and eager at the same time. The idea of having them in print feels powerful, and if he's honest, hot.

“Well I wasn't planning on telling someone. But really, that's what you wanna do on your day off from rules? Work on rules?”

Turning towards Aaron, he eagerly nods, “Yes please”. The grin is so wide his cheeks almost hurt, like a kid in a candy shop.

Aaron almost laughs at him but stops it in a soft smile, cheeks all round and friendly. When it falters, he bites at the side of his lip, eyes blinking a few times, dark lashes fluttering before thoughtful blue eyes. Then something changes again, expression more certain, “Tell you what” he leans closer, whispering, hot breath against his ear, “How about we write a contract instead, get this agreement properly signed”.

Robert practically flies up, stumbling down the last few steps, nearly falling.

“All right, take it easy” Aaron says, looking like Robert's gone a little mad.

“Sorry yeah, but I have to, I have, there's something, just wait, computer, hang on” he holds up his finger, hearing Aaron's chuckle as he hurries to his office. His pulse is raising again but for very different reasons this time.

Aaron has moved to the sofa in the living room. He sits down on the floor next to him, computer resting on his crossed legs, the Dell logo popping up on the screen. “I've already sorta written one” he admits, managing to form a proper sentence again.

“Really? When?” Aaron asks surprised.

Robert types in his password, getting it wrong two times because his hands are trembling from the rush of adrenaline. He can't believe this is really happening. “Honestly? I started it years ago, before me and you, before Chrissie even. They were always kinda fascinating you know?” he explains, hearing the tremble in his voice.

“And you do love your contracts” Aaron teases.

He chuckles, calming down a bit, “There's that yeah. I've changed and added to it over the years of course, for the fun of it. Then well, since we started, I've been adding some more parts to it.”

“Why haven't you said anything?”

He shrugs, “Dunno, didn't wanna rush you I guess”.
Aaron folds his hands, leaning slightly forward, “I think we're beyond that point, don't you?”

Unsure, Robert looks at him, “Have you read one before?”

“A couple, wouldn't have suggested we write one of our own otherwise. So let me see what you've written” he nods at the document Robert has just opened.

“Well, it's not done and a bit rough around the edges and of course just an idea, you change it however you like, or just start over, that's ok…”

“Right, give it here” Aaron interrupts his rambling, holding out his hand.

“It's six pages” Robert hands over the computer.

“What?”

“Well more if we'll add the rules”.

“Jeez”.

“That's why I didn't want to rush you”.

Robert watches Aaron's every expression and listens to every questioning intake of breath and perplexed stuttered exhale as he reads, his eyebrows alternating between moving both up and down and together. His eyes move over the screen, sometimes going back to stop at some word, his tongue every so often wetting his lips.

The air around them is quiet, Robert barely daring to breathe he's so nervous about Aaron's reaction to everything he's written. Some parts he's pretty sure he'll like, others he's not sure, maybe they'll be too much. Although, from what Aaron has showed him so far, not many things seem to be too much for him. He admires the way he's thrown himself into their new dynamic head first, strong and courageous, like always.

Aaron's scrolling down, he can tell, folding his arms, one hand coming up to chew on the side of his thumb, still too focused on the screen to even throw a glance his way. Then comes the moment when any chance of breathing completely stops, the room tense as Robert sees Aaron's eyes grow wider, slowly filling with tears, brimming the edges until a drop trickles down from each eye. It's beautiful and scary, his heart doing somersaults.

“What's wrong? You don't like it?” he whispers, his hands caressing Aaron's knees, desperate to touch him.

Aaron doesn't answer, just puffs his cheek before exhaling heavily, wiping the tears away with one hand. Robert feels absolutely sick. He hates it, he tells himself, absolutely hates it. But then, Aaron pushes the computer away, his arms reaching out to capture him in a tight hug, his body folding over him and his face burying into his neck.

“Thank you” Aaron's body heaves, a fresh batch of tears escaping. “I thought I understood. About you, about my feelings. But I didn't, not really. This has made it so clear. Thank you”.

Shocked, Robert slowly wraps his own arms around Aaron, not expecting the reaction at all. “I was so scared you weren't gonna like it” he croaks, his mouth suddenly gone dry. “Thank you” he emphasizes, pressing himself even closer. As the initial surprise dies down, an immense relief takes over, making his own eyes wet. “I love you so much” he whispers, “You have no idea, you really don't”. There's just no possible way to express what he feels.
Aaron nods against his shoulder, “Yeah I do” he says resolutely.

It’s Robert who lets go first, shaking his head, “Look at us, when did we become so soft eh?”

“I blame you really” Aaron smiles, snivelling, sitting up straighter again. He looks at him as if he wants to say something, express more somehow, but it ends up in a slow shake of the head, eyes shining in glee, as if he can’t find the words. “Let’s go through it then” he nods at the computer and the moment is gone.

Robert gathers himself somewhat, “Sure” he nods, inhaling, needing a few seconds more. “Was there anything you didn’t like?”

Aaron bites his lip, “No. One thing surprised me though, the finances, you really want that?” he frowns, looking a little concerned.

Robert smiles. “If you’d let me, yes. Every single thing in that document is something I’ve thought through long and hard, and it’s something I want, that you can trust me on” he reassures him.

Aaron reads it again, “Section IX”.

“Appellation” Robert hurries to say, knowing the contract by heart, “Something wrong with it?”

“Well we need to add what I’ll call you” Aaron states. “Come here, sit next to me, you write so the jargon stays the same. I kinda like how you’ve written it” he smiles bashfully.

“Me too” Robert smirks slightly. “So what should I add then?”

“Uhm, just, that I’ll call you whatever, whether it be cupcake…” something dark comes over Aaron’s voice, a finger pushing at Robert’s chin to face him, “…or whore…or cumdump…or goldilocks” he grins wickedly, pressing their lips together, making Robert a little weak.

He gulps, “How about ‘The Master will call the slave whatever name he desires’ ?”

“Yeah, sounds good”.

…

They add all of the rules after that, some Robert have already jotted down, but most needs to be adjusted to how Aaron views them so there are no misunderstandings within the document. Aaron insists they already know how the rules work, but Robert is adamant they should be as detailed and formal as possible so there’s no space for new interpretations. Today, he can get away with insisting.

It takes them nearly two hours to write down the rules, mostly because Robert wants to get it just right. They get extra stuck on the rule about eating and how to word it and Aaron decides it’s probably best to add a clause about not jeopardizing the slave’s health.

“There” Aaron points to the part about being naked in the bedroom at all times. “It shouldn’t say ‘the bedroom’, it should say ‘the Master’s bedroom’. Also under communication, you need to add something about me handling your post from now”.

There’s the familiar warm rush of want back, shaking his whole body and going straight down to his cock. The invisible delicious shackles that squeezes his body tight to Aaron’s. He’s glad Aaron
caught the mistake. If Section II l about handing himself over as property is to be honoured, then small details like that can't be forgotten. Property. It sounds insane when you think of the meaning of the word; 'that which a person owns; the possession or possessions of a particular owner' (he's looked it up). Aaron owns him. All of him, body and mind. They say you can't own someone else-or if you love someone, you should set them free. He reckons those people have never met anyone with the desire to be owned. It's more than just wanting to do what Aaron says or please him. It runs so much deeper. It's wanting to be an extension of his will, to be an extension of his mind almost, wanting to free himself to give himself away completely. What it really means is impossible to put into words. Sometimes, he can't even make sense of his feelings about it.

That's why this contract feels so important. It binds them together. Sure, it's useless in front of the law and can technically be ripped to shreds without consequences, but it's proof of what he can't express with his feelings. It's formal and way too technical to be any kind of romantic, but that's what it needs to be. It's the root of a complex relationship, it's a security to fall back on when his mind can't always understand and it's a testament to the deep love between them.

And more than anything, it makes him feel strong.

He finishes the last sentence, turning the screen towards Aaron. “I think we're done”.

“I never knew how much I needed this” Aaron says quietly, staring at the screen. “It sorta makes me calm you know?” he shifts his gaze to him, smiling and Robert knows exactly what he means.

“Thank you” he breathes - without tears this time.

Soft lips meet his before Robert has the chance to ask if he should print it. Aaron's hands against his cheeks, looking for more, drawing him closer. Mood shifting so fast it takes him a second or two to catch on when Aaron lies down, pulling Robert on top. Before he knows it, Aaron's jeans are off and Robert got one hand up the leg of his boxers, spread fingers squeezing his ass. “Need you to fuck me” Aaron gasps, eyebrows wrinkled.

Aaron's hand moves to his neck, fingers pinching his skin. With his other hand he's wriggling out of his pants, too impatient to wait for Robert to remove them. Taking Aaron's lead, he yanks off his own slacks and underwear, quickly standing up so he can step out of them. Aaron's already pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it onto the floor. The computer is still shining and Robert pauses to make sure all their work is saved before he closes the screen, putting it away.

Aaron's completely naked, lying relaxed on the sofa with his legs bent at the knee. Reaching out a hand, he pulls Robert in. "My gorgeous little slave" he smiles, a hint of affectionate teasing behind the sentiment.

Robert can't help but chuckle as he sinks back on the sofa, his legs placed between Aaron's. "Can I?" his eyes dip to Aaron's cock that is hard and glistening.

Aaron nods, his only answer a "mmh".

It feels like ages since he's sucked Aaron, even though it's just been a few days. He's missed the salty taste and the raw smell, the way the rim of his head feels against his tongue, the tiny string of skin connecting glans with foreskin. The way his tongue slides over it.

"Tomorrow I'm gonna cage your cock again" he murmurs. "Lock it away so only I can come get it when I need it" he pants between words. "You're mine. Every part".

It's not like Aaron to be so talkative during sex and Robert relishes every little word, taking him
deeper, thick saliva forming. He spits on two of his fingers and wastes no time to push in to Aaron's warmth. Somehow between sucking and working him open, he's managed to get his arm under Aaron's leg, pushing it up onto his shoulder.

When he finally sinks in slowly, he's manoeuvred Aaron's other leg up onto his shoulder. With his hands under his ass, fingers circling his waist, he pulls him closer, away from the armrest, farther up on his thighs. Aaron clenches around him and he spits on the part of his cock that hasn't yet sunk into him.

Aaron shifts forward, pushing himself down on Robert, setting a pace almost immediately, making Robert squirm in pleasure, his hand finds the hair at the base of Aaron's neck, grabbing, pulling, wanting. Leaning closer, searching for his lips, he pushes Aaron's legs until his knees are close to his face. Dipping his head between them, Robert finds his mouth, capturing a sloppy kiss as he tries keeping up with the pace of the thrusts.

“Ouch wait, my back” Aaron complains, a hand against Robert's chest, pushing him back slightly. Robert misses his tongue already. Clumsily, he grabs Aaron's cock in his hand, catching pre-come with his thumb, circling it around the shaft before he strokes him. He slows down slightly, wanting to savour the feeling. Moving his hips in a circle, he tries finding the rhythm and hitting the spot he knows Aaron likes.

Dropping his head, he stares at Aaron's cock, then back to Aaron who's wearing a grin, droopy eyes accompanying it. He catches Robert staring, admiring more like, and he wets his lips, something heated crossing his eyes. Then he squeezes his lower legs tight against Robert's neck, holding him in a grip that doesn't cut off air, but is enough to bring out everything he likes about it. It's inevitable that he won't pick up the pace again, grunting as he does, a desperate need to chase his high quicker. Aaron is seemingly lost in his own world behind closed eyes and a mouth that's hanging ajar. He pumps him faster, watching his brows knit and teeth pulling in his lower lip.

Aaron doesn't try to stop his hand or slow it down. As he comes, Robert stares at the ropes of sperm staining his stomach. Licking his hand clean, he feels his own want building. “Master” he splutters out in heavy breaths. “May I come?”

“Mm” Aaron breathes, nodding, opening his eyes to meet his gaze. With his thumbs he pushes up the skin under his eyebrows, forcing his eyes open, willing him to look at Aaron as he comes, intensifying the feeling.

The shivers have barely left him when he pulls out, eager to fulfill Section VII 'guidelines'; don't waste Master's come. First, he licks his stomach clean, puckering his lips to suck up every little pool of come splashed onto his skin. After, he hums as he gets to take Aaron's cock in his mouth again. With a final kiss to the head, he sits back, smiling down at Aaron.

“I think there's still some left for you” Aaron says, eyebrow raised. It takes a moment before Robert's on board with what he means, his mouth forming into an O. “Lie back” he pushes a little onto Robert and they shift positions on the sofa until Aaron has straddled him and he's sitting on his face.

Rather than licking and teasing, he sucks up his own come dripping out of Aaron's hole, his big hands gripping and separating his ass so he can get in as deep as possible. More than anything it's dirty as hell and that's what makes him hard again. When Aaron tries moving, he holds him down, not wanting to miss a single drop.

Afterwards, they're naked on the sofa, curled up against each other, Aaron's body half folded across his, fingers playing a little with one of his nipples. Robert's hand is aimlessly drawing patterns on his
back, mouth pressed to his head in a permanent kiss. “Should I print it? So we can sign it?” he mumbles against his hair.

Aaron lifts his head slightly. “Print it so we can read it through again, but let's eat before we sign anything. I need us to be a hundred percent sure about what we're signing”.

Robert nods. He already is sure, more than a hundred, more than a thousand. He's been sure for a long long time. Any change they've made today hasn't affected how he feels about it, the opposite in fact. Aaron needs more time he figures so he prints it and places it on the kitchen table, ready and waiting. The final version is exactly eight pages. Eight pages of wonderful words.

They cook together and this time Robert asks him to make a plate for him before they eat. His fingers are itching to pick up the pen lying next to the copy. It's one of his fanciest - Aaron's mocked his collection more than once.

“We could have some champagne, celebrate a little” Robert tries, twirling some pasta around his fork.

Aaron chortles, “You just want me to lose the bet and get me to drink it a tenth time!”

Robert takes his hand, “Well that too” he winks.

Aaron puts his fork down, leaning back on the chair and Robert can feel his smaller hand tremble slightly. “Maybe we...” he starts but lets the sentence hang. “You're ready aren't you?” he asks and Robert nods, smiling. “Me too. It's a bit daunting in a way, but I'm ready. I want this as much as I want you” he smiles, albeit looking a little nervous.

Robert reaches out across the table for the contract and pen, wordlessly sliding it over to Aaron, his hand suddenly a little clammy. Aaron's about to take the pen when he stops, looking up at Robert, his lips pressed tight as if he's contemplating something.

“Wait here” he says, disappearing from the kitchen.

When he comes back, he places a beautiful, black square box on the table in front of him. It's made of sturdy textured cardboard, two thin lines of silver foil running down the sides. It splits in half, the lid as thick as the bottom half, oozing expensive. Aaron's hands lay placed on it, almost protectively.

“I planned on waiting, but I think this might be the perfect moment” he speaks slowly.

Robert can hardly tear his eyes away from the box; his heart is beating faster, anticipating what might be hiding inside. Deep down he already knows. And already loves Aaron all the more for it. Dinner is long forgotten.

Aaron pushes it a little closer to him, removing the lid, revealing a thick silver collar, surrounded by black velvet. Aaron takes it out of the box and holds it up for Robert to see. “I had it custom made, I saw this picture and thought that's just what I want”. The collar is big, maybe three centimetres high and several millimetres thick. It's plain silver, without any details or rings, just simple and clean looking. It's one of the classiest collars he's seen, and he's seen a lot of them. He instantly loves it. In the box is a set of four square rings and Robert assumes they can be attached to the collar somehow. The only thing looking very different from any other collar he's seen is the slightly wider edge of the bottom of it.

Aaron explains it by pulling a thin, much smaller collar away from the big one. “There are two actually, they attach by magnet. This” he says, holding up the chunky one, “is the one I want you to wear at home, you can open and close it yourself using this” he explains, holding up a tiny
screwdriver, it too made of silver. “I had it engraved with P.O.A”. ‘Property of Aaron’. Robert's too gobsmacked to even say anything. “Then there's this” Aaron shifts to the smaller collar. “It's designed to be worn twenty-four-seven, that's why it's so thin” he goes quiet for a moment “It's open because once you close it you can't open it again, it will be locked for good, you will have to cut it open. I'd love for you to wear it but this one is your decision”.

He's barely looked at it before elbows are on the table, his big hands covering his face, tears falling, leaving him shaking. It's not the reaction he'd wanted but it's the one he gets, shocking even himself. It's like all the pent up anxiety and involuntarily stress caused from every feeling he's ever had during the years about being a slave, comes welling out. To the point he's feeling a little nauseated. It's like this huge weight has been lifted from him, a weight he didn't even know he possessed any more, at least not since Aaron had accepted his wishes.

“Hey, it's ok, what's wrong?” Aaron asks worriedly, pulling him closer, Robert falling with his head into his lap.

“I've never belonged before. You make me belong” he sobs.

Aaron leans over him, “Always” he whispers, kissing his temple, strong arms holding him tight.

Exhaling loudly, he sits up, clearing his throat a little, smiling through tears. “This day is weird”.

Aaron chuckles softly, “Yeah”.

With trembling fingers, he picks up the thin silver collar that also has the P.O.A. stamp inside of it. It too is very simple. He's never worn a necklace before, of any kind, and he'd been lying if the thought of wearing this one for anyone to see isn't a little nerve-racking. It's far from being in anyone's face but even so he's pretty sure there will be questions if anyone sees it, and how will he then handle them? He can easily hide it under one of his work shirts so meeting clients shouldn't be a problem. Donning a t-shirt might be another matter, he supposes it depends on the design of it. His mind races away with him. What does it really matter? Why should anyone care? It's his life and the only thing that should matter is what he wants.

He reaches it over to Aaron. “Put it on”.

Aaron blinks once, twice, his blue orbs shining. “Are you sure? You haven't had time to think about this” he stutters.

“I don't need time. I belong to you, not others' opinions” he says, voice strong and determined. Caring about what other people think is something he has never done, so why start now?

Aaron puts down the collar again and looks at the two next to each other, taking Robert's hand as he stands, urging him to do the same. He takes both his hands, stroking his thumbs across them before kissing both of them. “You make me really, really happy, you know that right?”

Aaron's eyes are starting to get glossy again and he can feel his own emotions coming back, damn it. “Yeah” he whispers, the significance of the moment hitting him, “I do. I feel the same”. Swinging their joined hands between them, he tightens his grip around Aaron's a bit. “Never really understood love before you” he adds, not caring how soppy he sounds.

“Same” Aaron visible gulps, likely choking back some tears. He takes Robert's head between his hands, leaning their foreheads together and he can practically hear his heart beating. “Are you really sure?” he asks again.

“Never been so sure about anything in my life”.
“Ok” Aaron nods against his forehead, snivelling a bit, waiting a littler longer before releasing him. He picks up the smaller collar, holding it between them like he's weighing it in his hands. Meeting Robert's gaze again he smiles, “I Aaron Dingle” he starts, voice laced with humour but soon stops, turning serious, “take thee Robert Sugden as my slave. To love and cherish and for better and worse and all that. I can't remember it all” he says a little unsure, eliciting a gentle chuckle from both of them.

“That's ok” Robert says, wiping tears away with his knuckles, the importance of the moment getting to him. It might not be a proper marriage but the moment feels just as grand, if not bigger. Especially when Aaron places the collar around his neck, then closing it.

Despite the powerful action, he manages to keep a clear mind so he can pick up the thick collar; it's heavier than it looks and the weight of it feels amazing as he places it around his neck, the smaller one immediately attaching to the bottom of it. Aaron hands him the small screwdriver. “I Robert Sugden, accept thee Aaron Dingle as my Master. To love and cherish and for better and worse. This is my solemn vow” he locks the collar in place. “And all that” he adds cheekily making Aaron laugh through his tears.

“I think this is the part where we kiss” Aaron says, craning his neck to meet Robert's lips, slow and careful and affectionate.

Then, they sign their names on the dotted lines.

Aaron gives him another kiss, “I guess it'd be ok to open that champagne now”.

Master and slave Contract

This document serves as a voluntary agreement between two individuals, hereafter named Master and slave, defining the terms and conditions whereby the slave hands over total power and control to the Master, who will have proprietary rights over each and every part of the slave’s life.

This agreement is intended to guide the two individuals on their journey together, and while the
primary intention is to please the Master, it is also intended to help the couple grow together spiritually, lovingly, mentally, and physically. This agreement shall serve as the basis for an extension of the relationship, committed to in the spirit of loving and consent, promoting health and happiness, and improving both lives.

This contract has a life of one year. At its expiration a new contract may be drawn up and signed.

Section I: The Master’s role

a) The Master agrees to care for the slave, including tending to the physical, emotional and mental well-being of the slave for the duration of his ownership.

b) The Master also accepts the commitment to treat the slave correctly, to train and discipline the slave, punish the slave, love the slave, and use the slave as he sees fit.

c) The Master accepts the responsibility to use his power to mould and shape the slave, assist the slave to grow in strength, character, confidence and being, and to help him become a better man in all areas of his life.

d) The Master will not ever purposefully ignore the slave in a harmful manner.

e) It shall be the Master’s duty, with assistance from the slave, to watch for and prevent any mental or emotional trauma which may stem from the condition of servitude, activities within the condition of service, or any other variable that is based within the confines of this contract.

f) The Master will be faithful to the slave, and will be honest and loyal to him at all times.

g) The Master will always be open to the slave’s concerns and thoughts, worries and stresses, and will encourage him to always talk openly to express his feelings and concerns to him without fear of punishment.

h) The Master agrees to not submit the slave to a session when he might not be in the proper frame of mind to administer it; for example, being under the influence of drugs, alcohol, or anger.

i) The Master will always support the slave through encouragement in his relationships with family and friends as well as throughout his career.

j) The Master will not keep the slave or their relationship isolated from other aspects of his daily life.

Section II: The slave’s role

a) The primary purpose of the slave is to serve, obey, and please the Master, in a manner as seems fitting by the Master.

Within the limits of the contract, the slave unconditionally accepts, as the Master's right, anything the Master may choose to do with the slave, whether as punishment, for the Master's amusement, or for whatever purpose the Master desires, no matter how painful, unpleasant, or uncomfortable to the slave.

b) The slave will place his entire trust in the Master with the knowledge that he will never betray that
c) The slave shall follow rules, rituals and guidelines as established by the Master, with the understanding that breaking a rule, ritual or guideline will lead to some form of punishment as dictated by the Master. For a complete list of rules, rituals and guidelines, see Section VII.

d) The slave agrees to follow the direction and commands from the Master both in and out of the privacy of the home.

e) The slave will always respond to the sexual needs of the Master at any time and in any manner that he sees fit, unless responding to his needs violates any other aspect of this contract.

f) The slave will be faithful to the Master and will be honest and loyal to him at all times.

g) The slave will at all times act in a manner that is respectful of the Master, to include manners of speech, promptness, proper answers, obedience, loyalty, and honesty, with the understanding between both of them that the slave shall not have to necessarily alter his personality.

h) The slave will take proper care of his body in a manner that is pleasing to the Master and with guidance from him if necessary.

i) The slave will do everything in his capacity to respond promptly to all communications from the Master, and must never make the Master feel ignored by him.

j) The slave will not keep the Master or their relationship isolated from other aspects of his daily life.

k) The safeword “red” will be used to immediately end a scene or session. The Master relies on the slave to use his safeword with great care to ensure his own health, safety and wellbeing secure in the knowledge that it will not result in any form of punishment.

l) The slave agrees to be the property of his Master and shall be treated accordingly. The slave renounces his own will and needs in favour of his Master's wants and needs. Furthermore, the slave understands that in doing so his Master takes ownership of all his belongings and property without exception.

m) Additionally, the slave agrees to the following:

i. To strive to overcome feelings of guilt or shame, and all inhibitions that interfere with his capability to serve the Master and limit his growth as his slave.

ii. To reveal his thoughts and feelings without hesitation or embarrassment.

iii. To work with the Master to become a happy and self-fulfilled individual.

ii. To work against negative aspects of his ego and insecurities that would interfere with advancement of these aims.

Section III: Master's terms

a) The Master expects all rights to privacy or concealment of the slave to be revoked to the Master. The Master has the right to ask any question of the slave and has the right to expect the slave to answer truthfully and completely, to the best of the slave's knowledge.

b) The slave renounces all rights to privacy or concealment from the Master. The slave will answer
truthfully and completely, to the best of the slave's knowledge, any and all questions the Master may ask of the slave.

c) The slave will always endeavour to learn how to please the Master better, and will gracefully accept any criticism in whatever form the Master chooses.

d) The Master understands and agrees that any failure by the slave to comply fully with the Master's desires shall be regarded as sufficient cause for any punishment the Master deems appropriate, within the boundaries of this contract.

Section IV: Other Partners

Both Master and slave are entering the contract under monogamous conditions.

Section V: Limits

The Master and slave have discussed limits and are in mutual understanding that soft limits are not to be considered a limitation but a challenge for the slave to overcome his inhibitions in which the Master will guide him to do so.

The slave has provided his list of hard limits which are not to be violated. It is agreed that these limits include:

- no permanent bodily harm
- no illegal activities
- no play involving animals
- no cutting or blood play
- no faeces play
- no play with guns or fire
- no rape play
- no baby play

Furthermore, pressure to the slave's chest wound should be avoided at all cost.

Section VI: Punishments

The Master and slave agree that appropriate punishments are necessary for the growth of the slave. Punishments will be dependent on the severity of the infraction, designed to change the behaviour and remind the slave of this agreement.

Master will inform the slave that he is being punished before punishment occurs and he will explain the reason for punishment. The Master agrees to discipline only out of a desire to better the slave, and further agrees to never punish out of, or during, feelings of anger. Similarly, punishments will not be
administered when the Master's judgement is impaired, for example when under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

Section VII: Rules, rituals and guidelines

As of ____________ (date) the rules, rituals and guidelines are as follows, but not restricted to, if the Master wishes to modify or extend the list at any time. The slave understands that the Master can, on separate occasion, adjust the list for whatever time period or in whatever way he chooses. Such alterations will be made without discussion or the need for consent.

-Rules-

a) Eating, Food and Beverages

Under no circumstances shall the slave commence eating before his Master. If the Master is not present, permission must first be requested and/or granted before the slave may eat.

When at home, the slave will eat from his designated bowls on the floor or kneel and ask for permission to eat at the table with his Master.

The Master will decide when, what and how much the slave is allowed to eat. If the Master has not pre-approved a meal and is not present, a picture of the food or menu must be sent, by whatever means available, to the Master from which he will choose. The Master reserves the right to control the slave’s food in any way he deems appropriate. Only for business related activity, such as client and supplier visits, is this rule exempt where the slave shall have the right to choose, albeit respectfully with his Master's will in mind.

With water and tea being the exception, snacks and beverages are not to be consumed without prior consent from the Master.

Both Master and slave are equally in charge of food shopping whilst it is the responsibility of the slave to prepare and cook all meals. If for any reason the slave is unable to do so, the Master will perform these duties in his stead.

Note to a), exception is permitted when risking the health and safety of the slave.

b) Furniture

The slave must request permission to use all furniture in the home; this should be done from his standing or kneeling position.

Each night the slave must kneel at his Master's side of the bed and wait for him to get in before asking permission to join him.

The slave has the right to use his designated floor pillow at any time without asking.

c) The slave is not allowed to touch himself or come without his Master's permission.

d) Clothes

The Master will choose what clothes the slave will wear and maintain his wardrobe without
consultation.

All clothes, with the exception of underwear, are to be removed when entering the home and placed on the dresser outside the Master’s bedroom. If instructed to do so, underwear should also be removed.

The slave is not allowed to enter the Master’s bedroom wearing any type of garment.

When naked, the slave is required to wear his wrist and ankle cuffs at all times; this includes nighttime, but not when entering the bedroom only for a brief moment. The slave has ongoing authorisation to wear his cuffs at any time he wishes.

e) Communication and Media

All communication and media not uniquely for professional use are controlled by the Master as follows:

- Use of TV/computer/phone/tablet and any other media equipment require permission.
- The Master will open all post, including when personally addressed to the slave, unless instruction is given otherwise.
- The Master shall always have active login and password details for all communication and media which he will access as and when he so chooses.

In the presence of the Master, the slave is not allowed to answer the phone or make calls without first obtaining permission to do so; should other persons be in the vicinity this will be done in a manner so not to alert anyone to the nature of the relationship.

When not with the Master in person, the slave is required to call his Master at noon every day without fail. Where this is not possible, the slave should do this by sending a text or if not, email to check-in with his Master.

f) Bathroom/Lavatory

Immediately after leaving the Master’s bedroom in the morning and before going to bed in the evening the slave is required to ask permission to go to the bathroom where he must use the lavatory and clean his teeth.

When using the bathroom, the door must be kept wide open at all times unless other persons are in the home.

g) Finances

The slave will take care of joint bills and agreed investments, informing the Master of all associated transactions and must discuss any revisions or deviation to obtain the Master’s permission prior to any change taking place. The slave is not allowed money for private expenditure. The Master will allocate the slave spending money at his discretion and all purchases must be authorised by the Master. Should the slave not be able to reach the Master, he may decide whether to make a purchase, respectful of the Master’s will, and understands the risk of punishment if the Master so determines. Work related finances and expenditure are exempted.

h) Positions

The slave has been given four positions which are to be executed without hesitation upon hearing the
following command:

‘Wait here’ the slave should stand maintaining a straight posture with his head straight forward, eyes down and arms behind his back with the left hand around his right wrist.

‘Display’ the slave will sit back on his calves, head down, and arms resting on the front of his thighs, palms up.

‘Kneel’ the slave will stand on his knees with back straight, head up, eyes down and arms behind his back with the left hand around his right wrist.

‘Sit here’ the slave will sit with eyes lowered, in the place indicated by the Master, in the position he finds the most comfortable.

Upon assuming any of these positions the slave is not allowed to speak until given permission.

i) The Master must know the whereabouts of his slave at all times, including during working hours. When not in the presence of the Master, the slave shall send a text or email to confirm his arrival at and departure from all geographical locations. Should the Master not have prior knowledge, the slave shall advise the reason for this movement. When together with his Master, both at home and in public, the slave is not allowed to leave the room without the Master’s permission, which must be requested giving a valid justification.

j) The slave must be positioned to the left of his Master when outside the home. The slave shall not walk through a door before his Master.

k) When together outside the home, with the exception of family members and partners, the slave is not allowed to initiate conversation with any persons. The work environment is exempted.

-Rituals-

a) The slave must be ready and waiting to greet his Master upon returning home from work. The slave should assume a kneeling position with his back to the door, face down touching the floor, arms extended beyond the head, and posterior slightly raised offering himself to the Master.

b) Each morning upon waking, the slave will kneel at the Master's side of the bed, regardless of whether the Master is awake or has already risen.

c) The slave is required to find time during the day to write in the diary provided to him by his Master. The Master shall read said diary at any time should he choose to do so. The slave is allowed to keep an online blog to which he can post during his allotted free time; the slave must inform his Master accordingly.

d) High Protocol

Saturdays are considered high protocol days. The slave will spend the entire day in total submission where he is not allowed to move unless commanded to do so. The slave shall not look at his Master nor speak to him unless it is to safeword or answer a direct question.

Bathroom times will be strictly scheduled.
e) Low Protocol

Sundays are considered low protocol days. The slave is still required to honour his submission to his Master but is no longer bound by all the rules and conditions in this contract. He is allowed to use furniture freely; choose what to wear etc. No punishment will be administered resulting from the slave experimenting with what is and is not allowed.

-Guidelines-

a) Master's come should not go to waste; slave should, when possible, always strive to swallow Master's come and lick his Master's cock clean.

b) The Master will set a list of house chores the slave will perform during his set time schedule.

c) The Master will provide the slave with an exercise schedule.

d) The slave will keep up his personal grooming in a manner that will please his Master.

Section VIII: Collaring, cock cage and permanent marks

The slave agrees to wear his Master's collar on the terms which the Master has set.

The Master has the right to cage the slave's cock whenever and in any way he sees appropriate.

Permanent marks, such as tattoos, piercings and branding, are only allowed upon mutual agreement.

Section IX: Appellation

When in private, the slave must refer to his owner as 'Master'; this applies both inside and outside the home. In the presence of others, the Master should be called by his first name. On low protocol days, the slave is allowed to call the Master by his first name if he so wishes.

The Master will call the slave whatever name he desires.

Section X: Unforeseen circumstances

If the Master or slave cannot perform their responsibilities according to this contract, for example in the case of illness, bereavement, accidents or other scenarios out of their control, their duties are to be discussed and adapted to what is possible for each unique situation.

Section XI: Alteration of contract

This contract may not be altered unless both Master and slave both agree. If the contract is altered, the new contract shall be printed and signed, and the old contract must be destroyed.
Section XII: Termination of contract

Should either Master or slave find that their aspirations are not being well served by this agreement, find this commitment too burdensome, or for any other reason wish to cancel, either may do so by verbal notification to the other, in keeping with the consensual nature of the agreement.

This contract may not be transferred to another owner or Master.

Both the Master and slave understand and agree that if at any time the Master disregards the terms in the contract, the slave at that time can dissolve the contract.

Both parties understand that cancellation means a discontinuation of the control stated and implied within this agreement, not a termination of our relationship as partners.

Upon cancellation, reasoning must be given so that both parties can assess their new needs and situation openly and lovingly.

Section XIII: slave’s signature

I have read and fully understand this contract in its entirety. With a free mind, I the slave, request of the Master that he accept the submission of my will unto him and take me into his care and guidance, that we may grow together in love, trust, and mutual respect. The satisfaction of his wants, desires, and whims are consistent with my desire as a slave to be found pleasing to him. To that end, I offer him the use of my body, time and talents.

My surrender as a slave is done with the knowledge that nothing asked of me will demean me as a person, and in no way diminish my own responsibilities toward making use of my potential.

Signature____________________________________________ Date_______

Robert Sugden

Section XIV: Master’s signature

I have read and fully understand this contract in its entirety. I agree to accept this slave as my property, and to care for him to the best of my ability. I shall command him, train him, love him, and punish him as a slave. I shall always treat him with respect. I understand the responsibility implicit in this arrangement, and agree that no harm shall come to the slave for as long as he is mine.

Signature____________________________________________ Date_______

Aaron Dingle
I didn't have time to finish it, but this is sorta how I imagine what Robert's collar looks like.

Chapter End Notes

The contract I've used is one you can find here https://artsrluv.wordpress.com/2014/09/08/our-contract/comment-page-1/
Then I and Caro added parts to our liking.

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As some of you know, I've been feeling a little low these last couple of weeks so writing this chapter has been a real struggle.
I'm going to need a little break basically. On Tuesday, school starts again so updates will be even further apart from now on I'm afraid... or I might have to go back to those shorter chapters again. Thank you all for your comments and encouragement, it really means the world.
I was so set on puppy play, but Rob isn't "man's best friend". He's a stubborn fucking cat and we all know it.

As always, my eternal love to Caro <3
no time right now, but in the wee hours Aaron had whispered his promise of going away soon to really revel in their non-marriage marriage as they had jokingly called it.

Neither of them had been able to sleep, riding the high from the contract and collars; which, Robert hadn't been able to stop touching. Neither had Aaron for that matter, both giggling like little girls sharing a secret with each other. The sun had already risen when they had stopped kissing and were finally able to drift into a couple hours of sleep.

Today, they're both paying for it as they simultaneously take two big yawns, Aaron being quite loud about it, arms stretching sideways.

“Oh, one of them nights was it?” Chas teases, pouring an orange juice for a punter.

Aaron pulls a face, “Mum!” he chides and Robert has to bite hard on the inside of his cheeks not to laugh. When it comes to public embarrassment, Chas pretty much owns the field.

“What?” she shrugs innocently. “I'm sure it's nice to have a whole house to yourselves finally”.

Aaron just shakes his head in mock annoyance, nose dipping towards the newspaper again as his hand blindly searches for the last chip on his plate. Deciding to help him out, Robert pushes it closer to him, only to end up with Aaron finding his finger instead of the greasy food. It reminds him of Aaron giving him the glass of champagne yesterday and they way their fingers had touched, something almost coy and nervous in their glances as they had prepared to toast themselves.

“What are you smirking about?” Aaron asks as he looks back, arching a very suspicious eyebrow.

He never was very subtle when it came to winning. “I just remembered. You had champagne a tenth time yesterday” he smiles, tongue sticking out slightly and raising both eyebrows sharply. He's actually managed to forget about the bet since yesterday but now he's remembered his brain races through various options of what he wants to cash in on. “I get to pick something you have to do” he teases Aaron in a singsong kind of way, stretching out the last part of the sentence.

Unimpressed by the attention he's attracted, Aaron stares at him, grumbling out a 'mm-hmm' before turning back to the paper, wetting his index finger and flipping over a page. “Guess you have to come up with something good on Sunday then” he speaks low, making sure only Robert can hear him. As hard as Aaron tries disguising it, Robert has no trouble detecting the smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Filled with glee, and a little complacency, Robert wipes his fingers clean on the cheap paper napkin, draining his pint, all that salt making him thirsty. “Bog” he leans in whispering in Aaron's ear, lips so close they're almost touching, hoping there's enough of a question in his voice that he doesn't have to elaborate.

Snorting softly, something apparently amusing, Aaron nods slightly, giving his permission, eyes never once leaving the Sports pages.

…

Distracted by miscellaneous ideas popping into his head about what they can do on Sunday and, no matter how fun it is, the slight stress of realizing it's another task he needs to solve in an already busy week, he's seconds away of actually pulling down his fly and using the urinal. Then he thinks better of it. It's actually rather surprising how he could forget he's wearing the cage, which he hasn't been able to forget about, if he's perfectly honest, all morning, he's been adjusting himself so much.

Together, they had tried on a few ring sizes to make the fit as good as possible, Aaron asking him
about 500 times about the comfort, nearly to the point of fretting. As much as Robert had tried reassuring him he was comfortable, Aaron insisted on trying all sizes in the set, noting it had to be just right since he'd be wearing it a lot. If not all of the time. Even though there will be no problem peeing, the control and restriction is exciting. At one point Aaron had teased him about inserting a solid sound that would make it impossible for him to go without Aaron's help and permission. It's not in the contract and he knows Aaron's not really into that sort of play. Still, they had to wait a good couple of minutes before they could try the next ring as Robert had been sporting a semi.

The cage itself is a solid piece of metal, all shiny steel that you can nearly catch your own reflection in. Despite the tough material, it's actually rather lightweight. The tiny padlock is probably heavier and when Aaron had locked it that's when he could truly feel its weight. Only part of his head peeks out from it, his cock truly encased and trapped. It's a very powerful sight.

After washing, he can't help himself; he unbuttons the second button of his shirt, thumb and index finger pushing the fabric to the side, the collar revealing itself in the reflection of the mirror. There's another powerful sight.

It's the first time since this morning he's been able to look at it and just like this morning he's struck by a pounding in his chest and feeling flustered by just how much it means. And what it means. It's a wedding band. Nothing less than that. As Aaron had locked it around his neck, they'd gotten married and the signature on their contract proves it. The feeling of importance is so strong even a legal wedding ceremony seems pretty much redundant and unnecessary at this point.

A whistled tune interrupts him and hurriedly he starts buttoning up before Paddy turns the corner. “Oh hi ya” he stutters, obviously caught off guard, before mustering some sort of smile, “Yes, that was me whistling. It's what I do now” he utters in some sort of false self-confidence, swaying back and forth on his soles.

Robert looks at him, an eyebrow raised, wondering how this peculiar man that appears to be at the edge of intimidated can be his father-in-law. Even until this day he seems to slightly scare Paddy if they're left alone. Aaron says he's just exaggerating, that Paddy is awkward with everyone, but he's not too sure. “Uhm, ok” he nods, trying to be as polite as possible not to make the situation more awkward.

Too late as Paddy steps up to an urinal. “It was a good barbecue by the way. Thank you. You can tell Aaron I said that” he half-laughs in that nervous tone he always seems to use.

“Sure” Robert still fiddles with his button that doesn't seem to want to slip through the hole. “Glad you liked it”. He clears his throat as he hears the distinct sound of a zipper. “Lunch break is over, so...” he says, backing away. “See ya”.

Come to think of it, Paddy makes him a little nervous too.

By the time he gets back to Aaron, who obviously sits waiting for him, plates cleared away and newspaper folded, he's still struggling with the damn button under hands that have turned all clammy.

Aaron looks at him, “Took a peek did you?” he breathes relaxed, smiling around his question.

“Yeah and Paddy almost caught me” he speaks in a hush voice. “And now the damn thing won't close”.

Aaron waves with a hand. “Come here”. 
He's not sure what's wrong with him because Aaron has the shirt buttoned within a second. Then his hand grabs the fabric, creasing it, pulling him in for a kiss.

To his chagrin, Aaron leaves work before him. It's not really unexpected, but he still can't help his disappointment as he will be away for the rest of the week and today was his only chance at trying out his new greeting position. There is just no way he can leave now, not when they're swamped.

When he finally makes it back at around half eight he's exhausted and his brain a little wrecked after so many phone calls; he's pretty sure he'll have nightmares about the voices. The house is in darkness; the only sign that anyone is even home is the muted TV, illuminating the living room. However, Aaron is no place to be found.

After the incident with Victoria yesterday he hesitates before calling out Master but he's secure in the thought that Aaron will be sure to warn him the next time they have company. Not getting an answer, he proceeds taking his clothes off.

Upstairs he finds Aaron in the bedroom folding what looks like a bunch of his clothes into his brown weekend bag. On the bedside table his phone is propped up against the lamp, playing what sounds like Louis CK.

“There you are” he says, the end of a chuckle still in his voice, as he looks at him with a smile. “I was beginning to worry”.

Robert remains outside the bedroom, tucking his clothes into the dresser drawer that is sometimes empty, sometimes still filled with yesterday's clothes. Today it's empty. “I'm sorry I'm so late, I really tried getting home earlier, but the afternoon's been a new fresh of hell and Nicola, I don't even understand sometimes how I could be so stupid that I actually agreed to go into business with her in the first place because she's been going on and on about me not doing my part, while she swans off to god knows where for three hours in the afternoon!” he rattles off in one breath, the annoyance increasing with every word. “I could strangle her sometimes, I really could you know”. The more he thinks about it the more riled up he gets, and he finds himself shaking his arms in front of him, hands clasped as if he's actually choking someone.

Aaron tells him to calm down, at least once, maybe twice, three times even (?) and he knows better than to ignore him but as hungry and cranky as he feels right now he just can't. “And I'm still not finished with the stuff that should be done, and I have no idea how I'll have time for it later-”

“Robert!” Aaron's voice finally rings through all his irritated thoughts loud enough to make him stop. “Come here right now” he yells loudly as if he was a rowdy dog on the loose, pointing to the floor next to him. “Kneel”.

Frustrated, he stamps his foot on the floor, knowing he's as dignified as a five-year old. In a huff, he pulls off his boxers, shoving them into the drawer with the rest of his clothes before he slams it shut. Then he pulls out the smaller drawer above where his cuffs and collar are kept. To move quicker, he only puts on the cuffs around his wrists before crossing the threshold.

Even though he's not allowed to look at him from this position he can still tell Aaron has a stern expression on his face, arms folded. As he speaks calmly to him, it only confirms his thoughts. “I'm not sure what's going on, but that is not the way you're taught to behave. If you think it is, I'm clearly doing something wrong”. It's weird how calm Aaron is these days. It's a far cry from the days when he could fly off the handle for anything. Raising Liv helped. But it's more than that. These last couple of weeks have changed him enough for Robert to notice just how much. He's centred. “Is that
the way I've taught you to behave?” he asks, prompting Robert to speak.

“No Master” he bites his lip, the vexation of the day still clinging at his fingertips, draining his body with frustration.

“And should behaviour like that be punished?” His voice is still emotionless, which only makes it worse.

“Yes, Master”. The acknowledgement burns in his chest.

“Then you know what to do” Aaron simply says. It’s not a question so Robert is not supposed to answer. He simply goes to the corner Aaron points at and repeats his mantra of ‘sorry for being difficult’ a hundred times. When he’s done he lies down across Aaron’s lap who sits waiting for him on the bed and he’s handed ten hard spanks before he’s let down on the floor again.

His annoyance over the day has now been reduced to a deep shame which frankly isn’t that much better. Always in tune with his emotions, Aaron picks up on his mood. “Hey, come here” he opens up a gap between his legs, urging him closer. “You’re forgiven, it’s ok” he strokes a hand through his hair, tilting his head up and taking his head with both hands, fingers splaying on each side. “You’re my good boy, remember that” he says with so much love and meaning, gently kissing his forehead.

The confession has Robert shaking somewhat, out of gratefulness more than anything, and his shoulders drop about ten centimetres when a good portion of the tension he’s been hosting seems to dissipate under Aaron’s kisses.

Aaron’s hands slide down to his shoulders, pushing him back. “What's going on?”

“I'm sorry, I'm hungry and cranky. And stressed” he adds, as if Aaron hasn't figured that one out already.

Aaron draws back to look at him more thoroughly, face serious, “Are you sure that's all?”

“Yes” Robert nods. “That's really all there is”. At this point he almost wishes it was something else, at least then his little outburst would have been somewhat justifiable.

“Ok. I get that. But Robert you have to listen when I talk to you, you ignored me twice and that little display is not something I want to ever see again”. He has his eyebrow raised and eyes staring at him like he's expecting Robert to know much better. He does. Normally.

“I'm sorry Master”.

Aaron suddenly grins at him, like some sort of wicked thought has just rushed through his mind, “You know what I think you need? A little unwinding, taking it easy and just be”.

He's pretty sure that's Aaron's version of beer in front of the telly. No he's certain it is. And that sounds pretty damn good right now.

“Stand please” Aaron tells him and as he does, Aaron sinks to his knees, fishing out a long thin chain from underneath his t-shirt that a small key dangles from. They each have one, but Robert isn't allowed to use his for other purposes than emergencies so he keeps it in his computer bag.

The feeling of having the cock cage removed is about the same feeling as removing your boots after a long day of skiing. It’s not too bad when they're on, but it's a relief when they're off. Yet, he already misses the weight and tight feeling.
One by one, Aaron disassembles the cage's pieces, placing them on the bed before lifting Robert's cock to look underneath. There's nothing sexual in the way Aaron examines him but of course, he immediately grows hard under his touch.

“You're a little red” he notes, ignoring the hard-on completely. “Gonna rub some oil on it and let it rest for now. We'll use it tomorrow again”.

Very deliberately, Aaron rubs in the oil around his balls slowly, his hand gliding underneath to cup him, fingers circling his shaft. The hand runs so smoothly over him he can't help but let out a whimper as his whole body goes lax under Aaron's grip.

“Master” the air of the word slips quietly from his lips. He wants to thrust into his hand so badly but does everything he can not to let the urge take over. To make matters worse, Aaron stands, hand still connected to his cock, and he kisses him; tongue soft and tantalizing, toe curling even. Shit.

Aaron tears himself away slowly, a small string of saliva bridging between their lips. “Put your collar on, attach one of the rings and meet me downstairs. No clothes”.

…

Aaron's waiting for him in the hallway, the light from the TV bathing one side of his face in light. In his hands he's holding a pair of knee pads they've used when working on the house. Over his shoulder a leash made of leather and chains hangs but Robert pays little attention to it.

Amused and somewhat perplexed at the random item, he can't help himself from joking, “You wanna see me do construction work in the buff?”

“As fun as that would be, no. I want you to relax. Relax and let go. That's all I want” he smiles, tilting his head, eyes roaming over Robert's naked body, taking a moment of silence. “You can start by putting these on” He hands him the pads.

Robert sits down on the stairs. He looks at Aaron who is studying him intently as he pulls on the first knee pad, a pang of guilt hitting him, his foot dropping with a thud on the lowest step. “You deserve to relax too Master” he says earnestly, quietly, as if it's something that needs whispering to be understood. Aaron gives so much of himself. It's fearless and never-ending.

Aaron blinks a couple of times, his chest heaving out a heavy breath, his gaze so intense Robert stops breathing. Slowly, he pulls down the leash from his shoulder. “As much as I enjoy it, I don't need you to suck me or fuck me, or even pet me to make me relax. This works better” he murmurs as he comes closer, skilled fingers attaching the leash to the front of his collar. With a firm grip, he tugs his head closer, making lips meet but not kiss, “Being in complete control over you is relaxing to me” he whispers against them. Mesmerized, Robert nods his understanding.

With the second knee pad in place, Aaron pulls at the leash again, moving him away from the stairs. “Lie down. Spread your arms out, and together again. And out”. Aaron's testing him, controlling him just because he can, making his arms move over the floor, in and out, out and in, the hallway not wide enough to spread them completely. As he tells him to stop, he's sure they've collected a fair amount of dust.

It's a little unexpected but not really surprising when Aaron climbs on top of him, aligning every limb so he can put his full weight on him. The air from his chuckle puffs against his neck, making it prickle. “See, you'll do anything I say. I could even fall asleep right now like this, and you wouldn't object. It makes me feel secure to always know where I have you and I don't need to worry. Like I said, it's relaxing”.
He can feel him pressing his cheek against his shoulder blade, breathing slowly, making himself comfortable, seemingly with no intention to leave. Having Aaron on top of him like this, every part of him pinned down, feels nothing but amazing. He will never mind carrying his weight.

Not even when Aaron shifts and his chin pokes uncomfortable into his spine does he mind it or when he pulls a little at his leash to shift his head. “You're gonna be my pet tonight. A cat. I thought dog first, but nah, you're more of a cat aren't you” he musingly mumbles.

It's not really a question and even if it was Robert wouldn't be able to form words to answer it. As intently as he listens, trying to understand, he can't help wondering if Aaron is actually high. Because, he wants him to be what?

It gets even more bizarre when Aaron continues and Robert is pretty sure his eyes will jump out of their sockets in shock. “I like my cat to be kept on a leash, they can so easily misbehave otherwise. Obviously, they walk on all fours. Most importantly, cats don't talk, they meow”.

What?

No seriously. What?

Robert stirs, his head turning, trying to look at Aaron to see if he's really serious. It's not like he's never heard of pet play before but actually hearing it fall from Aaron's mouth. Well, that's weird as fuck.

Aaron can obviously read him like an open book because he chuckles, “Just try it out. I'm not even sure I like it yet. But the thought of you meowing is kinda amusing” he snorts, pushing himself up and off of him. “Come on, I believe my cat is hungry” he says completely deadpan like it's the most natural thing in the world, any previous hilarity suddenly gone.

Robert follows him on all fours into the kitchen but not without a little resistance; the leash doesn't go slack once. “You sit nicely and wait by your bowls, I'm gonna find you something to eat. Cat likes cold food I bet” he speculates opening the first cupboard to examine a package of cereal. Robert draws a sigh of relief when he puts it back; the churning in his stomach's gonna need something more substantial. He seems out of luck in the fridge, closing it after a very quick scan. It's when he opens the cupboard where they keep tins of various food Robert's definitely worried.

“Ha! Perfect” Aaron exclaims with far more glee than Robert would have liked to hear, this won't be good. “Couldn't have planned this better even if I tried” he says, grabbing a spoon from the top drawer next to the stove before turning back to Robert. As he opens the can of tuna, he makes sure to make a show of it. “Cats love fish”.

Yes, but 'Robert' hates canned tuna, he thinks, frowning. The only reason they even have it at home is because Aaron is a lazy bastard when it comes to cooking. The only version of tuna Robert eats is the kind that is served as a whole piece at a restaurant, perfectly pink. Not brown and gooey. Aaron knows this far too well.

The spoon scrapes mockingly against the metal as Aaron empties the last bits into his bowl. Most of it has already landed with a disgusting sploff. “Aww, you're so cute when you pout” Aaron teases. “At least I didn't give you a raw fish, my cat deserves better than that” he says, puckering his lips and pinching Robert's cheek, shaking his head quickly as he hums loudly. Laughing, he stands up again, “I've already eaten, so I can watch you finish the whole thing. Well go on, what are you waiting for?”

If his stomach hadn't been clenching in hunger, he probably would have tried skipping it. Sinking
closer he can feel the familiar smell, his nose so sensitive to it, it nearly makes him a little queasy. Memories of a poorer life rouses, the ones that sometimes enjoys knocking at the back of his mind, reminding him of how he once consisted of nothing. The cold nights and the loneliness. Never wanting to dwell on it for long, he pushes it away as so many times before, blocks out the smell the best he can and eats.

What further helps chasing the memories away is Aaron behind him, suddenly dipping slick fingers into his ass, opening him a little. “You didn't think you could be a cat without a tail did you?” Aaron says, holding up a tail attached to a butt plug as Robert turns back looking at him bewildered. It's soft, brown and furry and soon it dangles against his thighs, tickling his legs.

He doesn't like it. But his dick is being an actual dick about it, betraying him in a measly salute.

…

…

It might not be entirely fair play, but the silver lining of being picked to play a cat is that cats do as they please and answer to no one. So when Aaron waves a small rubber ball in front of his eyes and throws it across the room expecting him to run after it, he simply looks up at Aaron, raising a bored eyebrow. For a little extra dramatic effect, he defiantly licks the top of his hand like some prestigious feline, before sauntering out of the room, not even asking for permission, leash worming itself behind him on the floor.

After being told to behave earlier, he's probably pushing it but he intends on taking full advantage that Aaron picked cat as the animal of choice. He's not exactly thrilled about having to meow his answers and crawl on all fours, so he might as well have a little fun with it. Let's call it tuna revenge.

Luckily, Aaron snorts out a laugh behind him, “Oh that's how it is, is it?” He follows after him, stepping in front of him as he's on his way up the stairs. “You know I can't spank a cat, but I can lock you in a cage and let you stay there all night if you misbehave again”. Robert looks up at him, watching how his hands stick to his hips, his teeth clearly chewing on the inside of his lip, the corners of his mouth stuck indecisively between a smile and a frown. For a few seconds he contemplates what to do, knowing he holds the power in which direction the corners will turn.

The cage actually does sound thrilling. A lot thrilling. But he's also sure Aaron would be somewhat disappointed if he were to cut things short. Besides, he did say having control over him relaxes him, so maybe he should just cut his crap and play along. He actually feels ashamed over his behaviour now, wondering what even made him think he could be in this much control. To repair some of the damage, he picks up the end of the leash with his teeth and holds it up for Aaron to take, pressing himself close to his legs.

“That's better. Thank you”.

For good measure, he tries out a meow, which if he's honest feels absolutely weird but the corners of Aaron's mouth turn up making it worth it.

“Alright, no need to overdo it. Come on, let's finish packing your bag”.
Aaron leads him upstairs where the open bag still waits for him on the bed. Strewn around it lays a couple of socks, some underwear, a t-shirt and two belts, one which he hasn’t seen before. On the closet door hangs a couple of his suits; one dark blue, a fairly new one he’s caught Aaron staring at a couple of times when he’s worn it, and his maroon one that it’s a miracle he still fits into. They are of course suits he’s picked out himself and it makes him wonder when Aaron will choose one for him. There’s a lot more to it than just trying one out in a dressing room. Usually he has them altered one way or the other at the store.

“You’re alright with two packed suits aren’t ya?” Aaron interrupts his thoughts, for the first time since he started dressing him sounding a little unsure about his decision.

Robert quickly nods a yes, crawling up on the bed to be able to look down in the bag. He definitely spots a black shirt before Aaron tells him, “Who told you, you were allowed on the bed? Down now”. He points to the floor, his voice lacking any sort of real threat.

A bit clumsily, Robert makes it down to the floor, deciding to play his part to a T by once again stroking up against Aaron’s legs, crawling around him, pushing part of his body between his legs and sweetly looking up at him.

“Oh I see how this works. You do something naughty and then think you'll get away with it by looking cute? Or whatever it is you're trying to do” Aaron quickly adds, as if to hide the fact he's just called him 'cute'. Robert can tell Aaron is trying his best to look serious but the perpetual tugging at the corner of his mouth tells another story. He shakes his head a little and resumes to packing. Watching him work, Robert becomes aware of the way Aaron keeps folding his clothes, even his underwear, instead of just throwing things in and stuffing a bag full like he usually does had it been his own stuff. It's a small gesture but it means the world to him.

“I called a psychologist for you today” Aaron then says out of nowhere, putting a shirt back on a hanger that he's apparently changed his mind about.

That definitely gets his attention and Robert sits back on his calves, breaking any sort of cat posture he might have had.

“A woman called Barbara, yeah I know, doesn't sound like a psychologist. Anyway, she's got great reviews online” Aaron stops mid-packing looking caught in a train of thought, “It's a little weird reviewing a psychologist online though innit? It's not exactly a restaurant. Anyway” he rolls up a belt “She had an opening in two weeks so I booked you in”.

Robert's stares in front of him, feeling the tangy taste of bile in his throat, body shaking from a rush of adrenaline that has his insides floating. A hand against the nape of his neck brings his focus back, “Relax, she sounded really nice and understanding. It'll be fine”.

…

Crawling down the staircase on all fours is actually quite tricky, even when Aaron is patient and lets him take his time. The taste of bad tuna still lingers in his mouth and he hasn't even had half the water necessary to rinse it away. As Aaron walks into the living room, he stops in the hallway, the pull around his collar a little uncomfortable when Aaron hasn't realized he has stopped.

“What?”

Turning his head towards the kitchen, he backs up a little.
“What do you want in there then? More tuna maybe?” Aaron teases and Robert can only hope it’s nothing more than an empty threat.

Walking up to his water bowl, he pushes it closer to Aaron who looks down at him, smiling. “And how do good little cats ask for more water?”

God this is embarrassing. He nearly rolls his eyes as he ‘meows’ out a response.

“Once more with feeling I think” Aaron objects.

“Meeeeoww” he sings, his whole body turning red.

“Not too bad” Aaron praises, filling the bowl with water. Robert softens, the redness quickly fading; it's ridiculous how good a simple encouragement can make him feel.

As Robert slurps up the water the best he can, he notices Aaron picking up the little ball he had previously thrown. “Should we try this again maybe?” he says, giving it a bounce in his open palm before throwing the ball into the living room. “Come on, go get it, you're doing so good, don't stop now”.

Very reluctantly, and mostly because Aaron looks so damn happy, he walks after it, finding it having rolled under the coffee table.

“Loving the enthusiasm” Aaron plonks down on the sofa with a little sigh, stretching forward for the remote, looking nearly ready to give up.

Aaron's defeated look makes him ashamed that he continues being so obstinate. He doesn't mean to, it just happens. Hoping to make things better he hands the ball over again, nodding at it as it slides into Aaron's hand then turning his head quickly to the side, showing that he wants him to throw it.

“Oh yeah?” Aaron smiles again but doesn't hesitates throwing it towards the kitchen, only for it to bounce against the wall in the hallway.

Robert hurries after it the best he can, eyes dotting everywhere, searching where it went. When he gets it out from behind his computer bag he hears his phone vibrating from inside of it. 'Vic' the screen shines as he pulls it out. Knowing better than to answer, he hurries back to Aaron with both ball and phone.

Quickly, Aaron answers, muting the TV, “Hiya... Fine yeah... Well tell Adam he's the moron... Right, I'm sure... Robert is...” he looks down at him and Robert quickly meets his eyes before looking down at the ball in his hand. “He's busy” Aaron says, chucking the ball away again and this time as Robert hurries after it he got his eyes glued on where it goes.

It's next to the oven and he's a second away from picking it up with his mouth when he stops himself, wondering what the hell he's doing. Chasing after a ball? Just at what point did that gear shift in his brain? This is weird. But actually, it's rather fun too and that's the whole point of it. Realizing he actually needs some carefree fun and that he should just stop fighting against it so hard, he picks up the ball between his teeth and happily walks to Aaron, head held high and tail dangling. If he's gonna be a cat, he's gonna be a damn proud one.

The face on Aaron is a little more serious when he returns, albeit briefly brightening as he spots Robert. Dropping the ball into his waiting hand, Robert gets a pat on the head which almost makes him purr. “Vic, it's fine... I'll talk to Diane... sure”. He twists the ball in his hand, making no attempt to throw it again until Robert pokes it with his nose, not remotely interested in the conversation. Half enthusiastically, Aaron throws it across the room. Robert quickly throws himself after it, biting into it
only seconds after it has hit the floor. This time, he doesn't hurry back, stops halfway to look at Aaron rubbing the bridge of his nose as he ends the call. He looks over at Robert, a smile cutting through his face when he sees him. “Come here” he says gently, clapping his thigh.

He's too big to be in anyone's lap, but curling up the best he can, he manages to press almost all of his upper body against Aaron.

The TV is blaring again, Top Gear he notices but doesn't pay much attention to it, too lost in playing with the rubber ball between his fingers that is still wet from his saliva, and the way Aaron's hand keeps stroking through his hair. It's finally approaching a length he soon will be able to style again.

“You cold?” Aaron asks, kissing his shoulder, a hand stroking down his back to feel for himself.

He's fine really but Aaron drapes a blanket over him anyway, wrapping him up the best he can. He doesn't say anything else, only emits the occasional low chuckle at James May. It's comforting listening to the way he breathes, air flowing through his nostrils, stomach heaving ever so slightly against Robert's cheek. It's cosy. It's warm and safe.

Aaron's idly playing with the tail, his hand brushing against his thigh every now and then, the action tugging a little on the plug. Until it changes and Aaron all of a sudden very deliberately starts twisting the plug inside him causing Robert to grunt.

“What was that, didn't sound like a cat?” Aaron mocks, pulling the plug out farther before pushing it right back in, the ribbed silicone teasing him.

“Meow!” Robert yelps, head spinning from the one-eighty Aaron has pulled.

“See that's better” Aaron says, pumping the toy a little faster, Robert's body rocking against his thighs, his cock growing harder with each stroke, already burning a little against Aaron's jeans. Aaron's fingers grab his hair, lifting his head, making his scalp burn. “Put the ball in your mouth. You're not gonna be a naughty cat and come are you?”

Robert tries shaking his head but finds it impossible to do so as Aaron holds it still with an iron fist. Doing as he's told he pushes the ball into his mouth, clamping down hard as Aaron angles the plug downward, gliding it past his prostate over and over again. He goes a lot slower now, making sure to tease him and Robert's body falls somewhat limp across his lap, head mashed against the pillows, fingers digging into the gap between seat and armrest.

Aaron's digits are still tangled in his hair, only now they're pushing his head down instead of pulling it up. Soon, he's in a pool of his own drool as his only source of air is trying to keep his mouth as open as possible. In the background the evening news is starting, the sound drowned by the steady slaps against his ass every time Aaron pushes the plug back in. He keeps the same rhythm for ages, doesn't change it one bit, his arm moving like a steady clock hand ticking forward. At one point his arousal even dies a little from the monotone sensation as the feeling has become rather dull and uneventful but he soon realizes what Aaron is trying to build as the first wave of an intense rush of pins pricks his insides.

Dropping the ball, he gasps, “Pee, I need to pee” as relieving himself is suddenly all he can think of.

“No you don't” Aaron admonishes, gripping his hair tighter, likely pulling out a few of them. “You need to put that ball back in your mouth and be quiet”.

Doing as told, he squints his eyes shut, trying to think of anything else than the need to pee as Aaron keeps his steady pace, not once faltering during his reprimand. An orgasm still feels about a mile
away as he fights to ignore his urges.

Before he knows it, the weather is on in the background, the weather girl's chirpy voice warning about the dry land and something about water consumption. Aaron's hand has slowed down somewhat, likely tired from going for so long, just like his ass; he's gonna have problem sitting in the morning. But he's close now, can practically feel the delicious edge approaching. The thought hasn't more than entered his mind when it's there, and all that build up, it's like a giant rubber band that has been stretched out to its limit, dotted with heat and tingles at every penetration. When it snaps, all of that gets cramped into the space of a few seconds, causing his whole body to shoot up in a panting, wrecked mess, toes stretching, head tossing back, dropping the ball and spluttering out saliva in a long wail. The ball of fire shoots nearly painfully through him as he jerks forward, nearly blacking out from the explosion going off in his head. He's about to fall when Aaron pushes the base of his hand against his chin, pressing his head up while forcing three fingers deep into his mouth, holding his tongue down, catching him in some weird spitroast.

Despite having come all over Aaron, he still keeps pumping and Robert still keeps spilling more into his lap. Exhausted, he collapses against the sticky mess he's painted across Aaron's thighs when he's finally released into a whimpering mess.

“Fuck. Oh fu.... Master...Master” he pants, nearly crying, a hand desperately waving behind him to try and grip any part of Aaron he can find. “I can't, I don't” he doesn't know what he wants to say, just knows that his brain and body have been well and truly fried and that he needs Aaron close.

He can feel hands moving him but he doesn't really register what is happening as he's turned to his side and his legs are pushed up closer to his stomach, Aaron hooking an arm under his knees. It's only when Aaron stands, a knee briefly jamming into his back as to push him higher that he realizes he's being lifted and carried away. Not far however as Aaron puts him down on the floor closer to the TV, the flickering light too intrusive to his eyes that have been closed for too long.

Without the blanket to shield him, he shivers against the cool floor, feeling dizzy still. As Aaron lets him go he whimpers pitifully, arms coming up, trying to make him stay.

“Sh” Aaron hushes gently, “I'm gonna get something little cats like”.

It's probably not more than a couple of minutes before Aaron returns but lying alone on the floor feels like the worst punishment imaginable right now. He just wants him close, arms around him, warm and safe. A hand coming up to touch his collars, he tries focusing how the metal feels in his hand as he slides his fingers over it, stopping to play with the square ring where the leash is still attached. He wants to pick it up and give it to Aaron, but his hands are occupied by folding open a huge box. One that soon covers his whole body.

“Cats love boxes” he can hear him saying from the other side, the smile in his voice evident.

It's dark, only a tiny sliver of the flickering light comes through at the bottom of the box, painting the floor with every colour in the palette. He closes his eyes, can't bear to look at it, or actually see the dark space he's in. It's too reminiscing of other times, when, when... His lip shivers, his chest and stomach contracting as if they're brewing another breakdown, boiling emotions bubbling to the surface but only popping out in a whispered “Red”.

The TV is still too loud and Aaron doesn't hear his muted plea; the box still remains around him like a heavy weight and he can feel his breathing become laboured. “R-red!” he manages to say louder, voice shaking.

Aaron must have been right beside him because the box is immediately pulled off with a swoosh
through the air, landing somewhere behind him. “What's wrong?” Aaron asks, voice panicked.

“Cold” is the only word he manages to say, not really knowing what's wrong. Something triggering him, something making his subconscious dip into feelings he doesn't want to remember.

“Come here, I got you” Aaron helps him up, guiding him back to the sofa, ushering him to lie down. Aaron slides down next to him, sweeping a blanket round them both, feet sticking out at the end. His arms circles around him, pulling him impossibly close.

His chattering teeth only calm down when Aaron uncharacteristically croons into his ear, repeatedly planting tiny kisses along his jawline, occasionally pressing one to his temple. “It's ok. I'll warm you. I'm sorry, that was a shitty idea” he whispers, voice broken up by quiet sobs.

“It's not your fault Master”. Body still shivering, he shakes his head against his neck, soaking in the fabric softener and Aaron's own smell from his soft t-shirt. “I don't know what happened”.

Aaron only holds him tighter and harder, wrapping a leg on top of his calves, pulling his legs closer. “I won't ever let anything bad happen to you” he cradles his head, pressing it close to his neck.

Robert's only done it once before, after one of Aaron's run when it had tasted deliciously salty. This time he latches on to the skin at his neck, right at the edge of his beard like it's some primal need, suckling until he falls asleep.

…

“Hey” Aaron's voice sounds a little muffled and it takes a second to register the hand against his shoulder, gently shaking him. He draws in a deep breath, fluttering his eyelids open, breaking out in a yawn. Slightly disoriented, he stretches his body, noticing they're on the sofa and it's not actually morning. “You ok?” Despite his sleepy eyes, Aaron's worried frown doesn't go unnoticed.

Too tired to really feel anything, he tries to reassure them both with a simple smile, “I'm better”. It's not a lie. “I really don't know what happened”. That's almost a lie he recognizes as the short sleep has unveiled moments that were previously unclear.

It seems to ease Aaron's mind but he still looks at him a little cautiously. “Time for bed. You go up and start getting washed” he says nodding to Robert's stomach that is covered in dried come. It's only then he notices Aaron's not wearing his jeans any more. His leash is also gone. “I'm just gonna put a few things away” he explains.

Robert doesn't argue about helping out, too tired to even think. Instead he drags his sleeping body upstairs, heading for the bathroom to get ready for the night.

He's just crossing the hallway, the sound of the toilet flushing behind him as Aaron comes up the stairs. Sinking to his knees besides the bed his head nearly falls forward from fatigue.

Robert glances at Aaron stopping in the doorway, tilting his head, eyebrows slightly knitting together as if he's wondering about something. “Did you just use the toilet?” he asks, pointing a thumb over his shoulder.

Robert's face drops at the realization of what he's done and he sits up more erect, feeling wide awake. “Yes” he gulps.
“Without permission?”

“Yes Master”.

Aaron's frown becomes deeper and he hesitates slightly before he says, “I know you're tired but we still have rules in this house and you just broke one”. He doesn't sound angry, or even disappointed for that matter.

“I'm sorry Master” his head hangs so low in shame it's straining to his neck.

Aaron sits down on the bed in front of him, lips pressed into an uncomfortable purse. ‘I'm sorry we had to end the night like this’ he simply says, leaving him alone in the bedroom again.

The sound of the electrical toothbrush comes closer and Aaron once more stands in the hallway looking at him. Assessing him. Likely trying to figure out his next punishment.

Robert shivers.

Chapter End Notes

So clearly something triggered Rob, I better find out wtf it was. But he did have "trapped in a dark space" on his soft limits.

Honestly, I feel a bit shitty for throwing that ending at you after the sofa cuddles and Robert's fragile state of mind, but it had to be done.

If you're curious, Robert's 24/7 collar looks something like this
https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/564x/b5/26/e2/b526e2209cd74bef024438341a6fda59.jpg
only it's more flat like this, but not as wide
http://www.polyvore.com/cgi/img-thing?.out=jpg&size=l&tid=62538343
Hey look at that, 100k, it's been a while since I wrote a story so long.

The sun is bouncing off the hood of the car and he's probably swallowed a litre of water and sweated just as much so far. It's nearly noon and it's already burning. The weather presenters keep promising cooler temperatures but he's pretty convinced they're just saying it to keep people's spirits up. Contrary to popular belief, warm weather isn't the greatest thing in life; it dries up water resources, increases the electric bill from using the AC non-stop, and it makes the garbage stink even worse than normal.

It makes you stink more than normal. He's had a shower. Aaron's even scrubbed him clean. But he can still smell it on him.

It fills the car.

He's a couple of miles from Derby when the fuel light lights up with a little ping and an angry red sign on the panel. He's convinced there must be something wrong with the car until he remembers it has been warning him on and off ever since Aaron sent him off with a kiss and an 'I'll miss you'. He doesn't really understand but somehow he's managed to forget to stop for petrol. Too many thoughts bouncing in his head, fighting for attention; the contract on the seat next to him, the convention, but mostly this morning. And the smell he can still feel, whether it's imaginative or not.

His punishment. By far, it had been the worst one to endure. But he had. Endured it. He was proud of himself for making it through as well as he had. He'd thanked Aaron for teaching him, secure in the thought that he would unlikely go through it again because he would never make the same mistake again. And that knowledge made him stronger. It meant he'd improved as a slave.

Robert hasn't moved his foot from the pedal but alarmingly the car slows down all of a sudden, giving no response at all when he adds a little extra weight to the accelerator pedal. The car behind him wastes no time honking. As if it's been scared into action, the car almost jumps forward and runs normally again, speeding away before Robert lifts his foot from the gas. It's only a matter of minutes before the tank will run dry.

The punishment had started the moment Aaron had denied him access to the bathroom this morning. As Aaron had helped him pull on his tightest pair of jeans, even batted his hands away so he could do the buttons himself, hands pressing into his bladder, as he made him repeat his error and tell him why he needed punishment for it. 'To learn Master'. At breakfast, he made him drink two extra glasses of water. It didn't really surprise him. The only thing that had caught him off guard was the way he had clipped a leash to his collar and led him outside to the tree closest to the porch.

Robert's eyes flick from the road to his hands gripping the wheel. It's only been a few hours since the bark scraped him and the marks are still red and angry. Eyes back on the road he spots a BP sign, finally. His hands turn the wheel.

Aaron had tied them together behind the tree with a cable tie, the thin plastic digging into his skin.
He hadn't dared move or say anything, his sole focus was keeping his bladder from nearly bursting. He thought he had figured out his punishment; Aaron would make him wait as long as possible before releasing him, until, however, he reached the point where his kidneys would be aching. When he'd tied him around the tree he was sure he wanted to just scare him. Then, when he had disappeared inside and returned with yet another glass of water for him to drink and a cup of coffee for himself, the nagging fear at the back of his mind had become reality. He'd been kidding himself in thinking it wouldn't happen, but still, he didn't want to believe it.

Casually, like it was nothing, Aaron had sat on top of the steps, his back to one of the porch posts, nursing his coffee, drinking slowly as if to tease him. “I can be here all day; the longer you wait, the more it will hurt yourself”. Internally, Robert had screamed.

There's a bit of a queue to the petrol pumps, only becoming even slower when the owner of the car currently blocking a lane heads into the shop. “Oh come on” Robert shakes the steering wheel, quickly losing patience as he watches the damn man through the window, taking his sweet time picking out a chocolate bar. “Just take your fucking time why don't ya”. He already has a headache brewing, he doesn't need this wanker delaying him.

What he had been right about was that his kidneys would ache. They'd hurt to the point that he could feel his pulse through them, the pressure almost unbearable. His whole body had tensed, clamped up, broken out in a sweat, fought against every instinct that told him how wrong it was. He couldn't do it.

The fucking Ford in front of him finally moves out of the way and Robert hurries out of the car to feed the card into the machine.

Aaron had slurped his coffee loudly, the sound echoing through Robert's head. He'd shaken his head, squeezed his eyes shut, “I can't... I can't do it!” he'd breathed heavily.

He enters his pin number and takes a step back to see what number of the pump he's at before entering it too.

He'd shivered, grunted even. Twisted and struggled against his restraints so much that he had scraped his wrists and hands, causing bits of bark to fall to the ground. Aaron had kept staring at him; he could tell even though he'd had his eyes closed, looking anywhere was too humiliating. Too degrading.

His cheeks heat up as he thinks about it; being only a few hours later he still hasn't reconciled himself with the thought of it actually happening. All the heavy fumes are making his headache worse he reflects as he hurriedly pushes the fuel-pump into the car's tank, wanting to get away as fast as possible.

“Robert look at me” Aaron had demanded. He'd managed to peer, one eye open, Aaron's expression soft and reassuring, “You're safe here. This is me teaching you a lesson. It's up to you how long you want it to go on for”.

He pushes down the handle, the pressure in the fuel pipe making it bob slightly as petrol fills the car.

He'd had his eyes squeezed shut the entire time, and his kidneys had finally found release.

…

Back in the car again, he reaches into the glove compartment, searching for some aspirin. Along with the instruction manual, it's mostly filled with crap; some candy wrappers Liv must have stuffed in
there, an old Snickers bar that's been in there forever, one glove, Aaron's; an empty Pepsi bottle, again Aaron's, and a couple of CDs he can't play any more since he had the sound system replaced in the car. No aspirin. Instead of being an ass to the cars behind him he parks the car at the side of the shop before heading inside to buy whatever he can find for his throbbing head. With a generous gulp of water, he swallows two before he's even put the wallet back in his pocket.

The day is approaching twelve and there's really no point in heading out on the road again; he figures he can call Aaron a little early. It dawns on him how much he actually needs to hear his voice. An hour has barely past since he left but he's already feeling alone.

Aaron picks up on the third ring.

“T...
could they, he rips out the folded up note from the aspirin box and starts skimming through the instructions to find any side-effect that might match his...well, whatever the fuck is happening. There are a few close enough to offer some sort of a logical explanation to how he's feeling.

However, it says nothing about crying like a damn baby.

It comes and goes in waves and he spends a good twenty minutes switching between snivelling and full-on crying before he finally calms down enough to actually feel his stomach pleading for food.

Unless there's a bloody can of tuna in there, he thinks it's rather cute that Aaron has sent him off with a packed lunch, his heart rate rising a little. Reaching down the front seat, he grabs the small cooling bag that's just big enough to fit a plastic container and a water bottle. Luckily, there's no tuna in there, but along with a big salad there's a note attached to a smaller Tupperware.

##I made you some homemade dressing## it says in Aaron's familiar chicken scrawl.

Robert's brain is actually mushy enough it takes him a few seconds to understand what the milky liquid actually is.

Oh.

Pouring Aaron's sperm mix over his salad sets him off again. Not because he finds the action cruel, the opposite in fact, he's grateful for it. Maybe that's what it is this time, tears of joy? He's not really sure, only that his emotions are bouncing through his system like some god-damn squash ball and he thanks the higher powers that he wasn't born a woman.

Finishing his food and pushing down every last uncontrolled feeling, he gets it together in time for the meeting, puts on his suit of armour of fake smiles and charming small talk and has the contract signed in no time.

He fires off a text message with the thumbs up emoji and lets Aaron know he's heading over to Peterborough earlier than expected. He also sends a picture of an apple he's grabbed at the warehouse reception and the old Snickers from the glove compartment, how bad could it be? Those things contain enough chemicals to last at least ten years.

By the time the reply comes through, his stomach is growling loudly, and he's reached the point where he nearly feels nauseous.

--Apple yes. If that's the Snickers from the car, throw it away!!--

…

Arriving at the hotel, he sends Aaron another text before checking in and registering for the conference that is held at the same place. There's a welcome dinner he's signed up for but now he just feels like skipping it in favour of a cold curry and a bad film. He knows better though, dinner and drinks is still the undefeatable way to meet new contacts.

He throws the bag on the bed before he even looks around the room, the Radisson is pretty standard so there's not much out of the ordinary to look for. It's a decent sized room but it's far from being flashy or bragging. The hideous blue armchair is hard to avoid though and Robert plays with the thought of telling the designer off for poor taste.

Wanting to hang up his clothes, he opens the bag only to find another note from Aaron. He's sure he's mentioned it before but if he has, he's already forgotten about it.
Hi babe!
Hope you'll have a nice time away from me :P Just so you won't completely forget me I packed a few things for you, haha.

The rules from the contract about stuff when you're away still applies. Remember them!

Here are a few new ones for you that apply during your trip:
When you're in your room, wear your big collar and cuffs and nothing else. Feel free to send a photo...
Sleep with your hands cuffed together.
Wear the butt plug during breakfast.

As for the cage, remove it during the night only, unless it starts hurting in any way.

Love you!
See you Friday!

Ps. You better not forget to exercise tonight and on Thursday. I have a paddle waiting for you otherwise#

Snorting a quiet laugh at the letter he reads it twice more, smiling. There's plenty of time to get the exercise out of the way before dinner. He rings down to the front desk asking if there's a gym on the premises. There isn't but apparently hotel guests are welcome to use the local gym across the street with a great discount.

He warms up on the treadmill, it doesn't take much to work up a sweat, then weights. He hasn't done free weights in years but it doesn't take long before the muscle memory kicks in. Wanting to forget about any bad feeling that lingers, he pushes himself hard.

…

“Hey, guess what arrived today?” Aaron's voice teases him, echoing through the bathroom.

Smoothing out an impossible strand of hair, he answers, “What?”

“Just some things for the basement, it's a good thing you're away, I might actually get it done before the weekend”. His voice grows husky, deep enough for Robert to feel excitement churn through his stomach, “Can't wait to play with you” he says, steering the conversation in another direction with just a few syllables. “Are you dressed?”

“Yes” he nearly whispers, instantly turned on to whatever this might be. The cage prevents his trousers from showing no more than a small bump. Useful in public, he reflects.

“How long before the dinner?” The question is rushed, eager.

Robert presses down the home button on the phone checking the time, “Twenty-five minutes” he hurriedly says, not wanting to waste precious time.

“Drop your pants, go lie on the bed, on your stomach”.

Robert fiddles with his belt as he picks up the phone, doing what he's told. “Done”.

There's a slight chuckle on Aaron's end. “That was quick. Slide off the bed with your upper body, let your head almost touch the floor”.
“Yes Master” he replies, thriving in the words. It doesn't take long before he feels the pressure in his head from lying upside down.

“Now imagine being just like this, bound tight” Aaron whispers slowly, with the right amount of demand and sharpness, owning him with just the tone of his voice. “I got the perfect thing waiting for you”.

The fucking cage digs into his flesh and he wants nothing more than to rip it apart and grind down into the damn bed.

“Gonna let a machine pound your ass while I get my cock down your throat. How does that sound?” he asks but it's not really a question as much as a promise.

“Master” he whimpers pathetically, his cock leaking from the picture Aaron has just painted, “Can I...”

Aaron doesn't let him finish his question as he interjects, “Get up, pull your pants back up, don't want you late for dinner, it's important”. Aaron's voice has gone back to normal again and he can't believe what a tease he's being.

All his head is filled with is if there's actually a fucking machine in their home.

“Look, Adam bullied me into going for a few drinks with him. We might as well say good night now yeah”.

How can he even change topic this fast? He doesn't want Adam on his mind when he's still sporting a semi.

“Course” he quiets. “Miss you”.

They hang up and there's another surge of emptiness coursing through his body. His lip trembles slightly, his jaw clenching. Taking a deep breath he tries gathering himself, finding that person who can bullshit his way through a crowd. Inhaling, he can feel the fake smile forming, his spine stretching a little taller, his chest puff out a little more but it falls flat. Nothing comes of it, the smile stops halfway and his chest deflates again. There's nothing in him. He just feels empty.

...

Ben is a sales rep. He's also the only reason Robert makes it through dinner, bringing a little youth to the table he's stuck at with men who are all 60+. He tries engaging in the conversations but if he's honest he's bored out of his mind and indifferent to most topics. Talk of grand-kids and bragging about summer houses or slagging their misses cooking off isn't really his area of expertise.

“You sticking around until Friday then?” Ben asks, moving a little closer after he's picked up the drink the bartender has just poured him. They've finally managed to escape after dessert. There's something suggestive in the way he's looking at him and Robert would be lying if he said he didn't get a small kick from it.

“Erhm, yeah, I was planning to” he clears his throat, standing a little taller as if he is trying to escape the brunette's approach discretely.

Ben smiles at that, wide and with pearly white teeth, “Good, me too”. It's not until Ben has taken a first sip of his drink that he realizes who he reminds him of. And as soon as he does, it's like looking
at a mirror.

Right about now a ring on his finger would have been good. It would just be so easy not having to explain or having to regret anything later if it turns out Ben isn't coming on to him. He turns to his whiskey on the bar, swirling it around, trying to avoid Ben's expectant stare. Maybe he is just making assumptions because he seems to back away a little, leaning against the bar and looking through to the lobby where a family of four have just dragged in a suitcase each, all of them looking exhausted and drenched. He hasn't even noticed that it's raining; heavily too it seems. Finally.

“Do you have kids?” Ben asks suddenly, gaze still focused on the family.

“Erhm no”.

“Do you want them?” is the blunt follow-up question.

He finds himself snorting, whiskey shooting up the wrong pipe, making his nose burn like hell. “I don't know” he says truthfully, coughing, caught a little off guard by how personal the conversation has turned.

“I have a daughter, Maddie, she's nearly ten” Ben says and Robert turns back to him, relaxing a little because the guy suddenly doesn't seem to be who he thought he was.

“Oh yeah? You still with her mother?”

This seems to amuse Ben and he takes a long gulp of his G&T, “No. That's, that's a long story” he laughs softly, air escaping his nose.

“I guess you could say I have a step-daughter” Robert says, deciding to open up a little as he's found the perfect opportunity to work in that he's not single.

“Oh yeah, how's that working out?”

“Well, we don't hate each other any more if that's what you're asking” Robert smiles, turning to the bar, leaning an elbow on it and pulling his tie loose. “She lives with her mother now though” he adds, not really reflecting on what he's said, thinking instead about the upcoming trip. He's almost aware he's smiling.

It doesn't go unnoticed by Ben however, and he blinks a few times, making it obvious he's trying to work it out. “Her mother?” he looks at Robert a little questioning, “So you're gay then?”

“Bi” Robert corrects. He really doesn't like assumptions.

“I wasn't all wrong then” Ben mumbles, smiling to himself cheekily as he takes another sip.

Robert doesn't respond, not really sure what to say and it's not really a topic he usually discusses with strangers.

Ben's an intuitive guy he figures because he changes the subject. “I got this friend who has a kid” he starts and continues to tell a story about the parent mixing up the kid's request for a Brazilian flag with a fish to take with them to school. Robert finds himself laughing, for the first time that day.

He orders another whisky, popping loose a couple buttons on his shirt. “Thanks, I needed that” he says, still chuckling as he pulls his tie off, rolling it up around two fingers before he pockets it.

“Cracks me up every time” Ben smiles gently, both hands clasping the glass. “That's an interesting
necklace you've got there” he says, casting Robert a glance.

It hadn't really occurred to him that it would show. His cheeks flush a little but there's really nothing to be ashamed of, it's a pretty innocent piece of jewellery. “Thanks” he simply says, not giving it more attention than necessary.

This time Robert definitely isn't making assumptions as there's something predatory in the way Ben steps closer, voice quiet but loud enough to sound confident, “Is that an exclusive thing you got going on, or do you play with others too?”

Chapter End Notes

I really didn't set out to write something that might reflect on the current spoilers circling around, but it kinda happened on its own.

Thank you for still sticking with this story even though my updates are now far apart, I really really hate I didn't manage to finish this over the summer. I'm gonna be really busy over the next 10 weeks but I'll do my best to keep writing. It's really you guys who keep me going.
Nightmares

Chapter Notes

*Sighs a little* I've missed you guys. *mumbles* stupid school, stupid life.

Anyway,
I would recommend for you to freshen up your memory by reading the last part of the pet play in ch 17.

I think i might have squeezed in every emotion under the sun into this one.

Uhm, just a little warning... It got a tad dark, and there are some stuff that might be triggering.

Ch 19 – Nightmares.

The rain doesn't stop. Soon, thunder breaks through the night sky, shaking the windows furiously. Behind his eyelids he can see the sharp lightning painting zigzag lines across the dark sky.

Robert keeps slipping in and out of awareness, not really awake but not really sleeping either.

"This's alright innit?" the man grunts close to his ear, his warm breath coating his skin with self-loathing and disgust as Robert does nothing when he tastes him. He just lies there in a world of shame.

The car is cold and damp, the rain's not helping, with the only warmth coming from the man as he rocks his body against him, his dark chest hair clammy against Robert's torso. His arm keeps jabbing into Robert's ribs as he moves, and the weight pressing him into the seat is almost too much for his lungs as he fights to draw in air deep enough to feel satisfying.

One hand is in his hair tugging hard, probably pulling a few strands out. The other is around their cocks and it takes everything he got to distance himself enough to not give the man a limp dick to play with. That's not what he's paying for. With the amount of cheap vodka he's necked, he's surprised he can even get it up at all. The images of the man he really wants on top of him projects before his eyes. It helps.

"Yeah" Robert mumbles, teeth gritted. The man must have mistaken his sound for a moan the way his mouth plunges into his neck, kissing and sucking long enough to leave marks.

It will be over soon, Robert thinks. If he just concentrates on something else, the way he did last time, he'll get through it this time too. He already knows how to distance himself from feeling. From pain and disappointment, from fear and anger. He's become the master of indifference and not letting anyone in.

He lets himself float away, until he's no longer in the present. Until the sounds and touches are merely an itch at the back of his mind, disturbing him to close down completely.
Then it changes, with a hoarse whisper that's a little out of breathe, "I'll give you an extra hundred if you let me fuck you".

Robert stiffens underneath him, a ringing tone suddenly whistling through his ears, making him acutely aware of reality again, the words 'you're gonna like it' penetrating through the fog and the tip of a tongue licking along the curve of his ear.

His stomach growls and aches from hunger, dictating the answer before the logical parts of his brain kicks in. He nods a quiet “Ok”, instantly sobering up as the man wastes no time yanking down his torn jeans and boxers.

He's done it before, a few times, never like this though. It was only meant to be a quick thing, something to tide him over for the next days. It was never meant to be like this.

The man grunts again, not seeming too bothered about the fact that Robert has hardly touched him or done anything to really egg him on.

The moment of rolling a condom on should already have been here and even now it mocks with its absence. Instead there's saliva and a couple of quick clumsy fingers, uncomfortable, barely dipping in and out. He should grab them and stop them and at least demand some sort of safety but the hunger is too prominent, and too real, too desperate for him to act.

Instead a sharp pain shoots through him; nasty, forceful and ugly, not once letting him drift away again, always strong enough to keep him in the present, aware of everything. Even the smallest sensation, the dryness from his open mouth as he struggles for air, the fibres of the car seats getting under his nails as his fingers clutch desperately to hold on to something, even the way the muscles in his calves tense every time his body is pushed forward.

A loud moan. A content chuckle. The sound of a zipper. The car door slamming shut. And it's over.

Afterwards, he pulls the blanket wedged between both front seats over his body, jeans and underwear still pooling at his feet as he curls in on himself, shivering, feet wet from when the man had opened the door to leave. His entire body aches. Thrown on the floor is the hundred and fifty pounds as promised.

That's when he starts drifting again, his brain shutting down slowly, the process of blocking already beginning. The flickering lights from the cars passing by temporarily light up the darkness, painting the roof with every colour in the palette.

His eyes settle on the back of the front seat eventually. He's barely aware of the snot and tears slowly running down his face, the corner of his eyes soon stings from the salty drops that won't stop.

He's reduced to a shell now, he thinks. Some empty creature that's worth too little for anyone to care about and be proud of. It's a new low even for him.

He blinks, feeling something wet seeping out from his ass. After dipping his fingers down, he holds them up towards the roof, the light from a passing car revealing blood.

It should scare him maybe, but he just feels numb. Perhaps if he let it be, he can drift away to somewhere better, but knowing him, he's probably doomed in the afterlife as well as this one.

Shutting down completely, he drifts in and out of sleep.
When Robert blinks his eyes open again, he finds the rain is still persistently pattering against the window, heavy drops falling from the grey dull mass that is the sky.

The first minute after waking up is always the most serene, as if the brain has erased all memories during the night and there's a promise of a fresh start that always lulls him into a false sense of security. Then consciousness creeps back in as it always does and the flood of images catch up with him, nearly knocking him out as his heart clenches and cramps from having ached too long. His head throbs again and possibly, he's even hungrier than yesterday.

At least this time it's warm he reflects, pulling the blanket tighter around himself with both hands, one of them bruised and aching.

He doesn't want to think about it, yet it's all he can think about, forever circling in his head, prodding and poking over and over again until it has him pinned to the bed, numb and unable to move. So he lies there, perfectly still, listening to the ticking of his wristwatch and his own heartbeat, the glare of the car lights flashing before his eyes, the old sounds too clear again, as if they've never been hidden away at all.

He stays like that until time starts fading away. No matter how much he wants to go back to sleep and forget, there's still a small part of him that clings tight, trying to pull him up to the surface, telling him to get up, get dressed, be the responsible adult. Get himself together, take notes and smile to strangers. Even if he wills himself to move his legs won't budge a single centimetre and his arms won't lift the cover an inch; it might as well weigh a tonne.

There's also the thought of Ben, not wanting to run into him, avoid any awkward situation.

What would Aaron say? Would he look at him with the same disgust Robert once did? Would he even understand? Would he believe his sorry? 'No more secrets' a voice echoes clear, disturbing the silence.

He should have said something yesterday.

His phone is right next to him, the alarm silenced before it even got a chance to ring.

With a lot of effort and a huge amount of willpower he manages to stretch out an arm from under the blanket, the other one following from where it's connected between the cuffs.

Aaron will be at work now. He shouldn't really disturb him and anyway, maybe he won't even hear it ringing; perhaps it's better to wait until noon when he's expecting the call. He just needs him. More than ever.

But it's the thought of not wanting to disturb him with his pathetic issues that stops him from making the call and he opts for pulling the cover back over his head instead, blocking out the world a little bit longer.

Swiping through some photos on his phone he stops at one of Aaron and him taken in the beginning of summer. They'd driven to the coast. The water had been too cold to go swimming so early in the season but they had still enjoyed a day on the beach. To his surprise, Aaron had been the one most eager to stay. In the photo, they're lying on a blanket, his arms are stretched towards the sky and he's squinting as he's trying to take a good photo of them. Aaron's wearing sunglasses. Dark ones so you can't really see his eyes and tell what they're thinking, but the smile he's wearing says all you need to
know. It had been a great day.

Pressing the phone against his chest, his other hand reaches up, fingers curling around his collars, the metal comforting and warm from his body. Closing his eyes he exhales slowly, the warm air heating the air under the duvet. They are what he should focus on, the well of security that is his to draw strength from.

That's what gets him out of bed finally.

Unhooking his cuffs from each other, he slips down to his knees, performing his morning ritual as if Aaron had been there, waiting by the side of the bed, head bent down, hands clasped together. Imagining his voice telling him to get dressed or come here, he stands, fires off a text about using the toilet. The answer comes immediately, a simple 'yes', nothing more.

When he's done, he cages himself as per his Master's instructions. His fingers are still getting used to the motions so it takes him a couple of trial and errors before he gets it right and comfortable so he can lock it. Key put away, he then lies down on the bed, on his stomach, plug and lube in his hand. The lack of Aaron's bodyweight is palpable as he inserts the first fingers, and he wills himself to believe it's Aaron's fingers opening him, his hand running along his spine, kneading his ass the way he likes. Kissing his neck, biting between his shoulder blades, but mostly holding him down, a strong hand wrapped around both his wrists, holding them tight against the small of his back.

Driving his head further into the fluffy duvet he finds himself silently mumbling “Please, please, please, I need you”. The words are like small puffs of air, faltering and unsteady. He doesn't want to be like this, needy and unstable, fragile even, one minute feeling ok and the next minute sinking into the deepest of holes, feeling absolutely worthless.

Pushing the plug in a little quicker than he normally would, he grunts loudly, his head shooting up, as he gasps for air. There's a pang of guilt when he thinks about what he lived through in the night, how he can still feel turned on after that, having the need to be fucked when what he really should be feeling is shame.

But he can't, greed and desperation holding the base of the plug tight as he drives it in and out of his body, slowly a few times before pumping it with full force. It's rough and angry and he's not even sure he's allowed to do this but he needs it, needs to feel something, anything. Whatever he can to snap out of the limbo he's in. He's better than this.

Panting into the covers he draws his knees closer to his chest, almost as if he's trying to get away from his own hand, squirming and sweating, his hard cock begging within the cage. Then he stills, slowly pushing in the metal plug until it settles between his cheeks. Both arms drop to each side of his body and his legs stretch out across the bed again. The room is quiet once more, a small humming from the ventilation the only thing breaking the silence.

He's probably disobeyed a rule and he'll let Aaron know about it when he calls. His hand finds the collars again, not letting them go as he very slowly pushes himself up with one arm, his body almost aching having to move.

Back in the bathroom he splashes some water on his face and lets it drip off his chin down onto the sink. He stares at himself in the mirror, wondering why he looks so damn broken when he shouldn't. When he's finally where he always wanted to be, the steel around his neck glistening as a subtle reminder.

He stands up straight, grabbing one of the small white towels to wipe his face, rubbing hard, trying to wake himself and force some life back into his empty eyes. Taking a step back to look at himself
again he's hit by an image he's never seen before. In the mirror he appraises his naked body; collared, caged and cuffed.

He can certainly understand the turn on for Aaron because... wow.

The image staring back is so strong he has a hard time believing it's really him looking like that. A cold rush, of adrenaline perhaps, rushes through him, leaving him shaking and he has to take a deep breath to steady himself. His eyes wander over his body, moving from the thick gorgeous collar, to the masculine cuffs, down to the cage, and back up again. Turning, he pulls his cheeks apart and bends forward just enough so he can see the base of the plug in his ass. Aaron isn't even here and yet he is so much in control. As strange as it is, the thought makes him feel more in control, able to gather and order his feelings more easily, shelving them for later so Aaron can look at them and assess if they're necessary.

He should get dressed if he wants a chance to catch breakfast before they take it away but he can't help lingering a bit longer, eying the man staring back at him. At the image he's always dreamt of. The remnants of any negative feelings are pushed aside by thoughts of what he'd look like with chains connecting cuffs to collar, maybe even piercings. Or chained to a wall, unable to move. The thought of shackles and being immobile and quiet flashing through his mind, of strong pain and even stronger humiliation, of being pushed into places he hardly dare think about.

As exciting as the thought is, his throbbing cock proof of it, it also scares him a little that he can find pleasure in these thoughts, the line between what is just a fantasy and what he would actually enjoy all blurred.

It's rooted in running away from responsibilities, he guesses, of not having to make decisions, he assumes. He's certain there are some underlying issues there that Barbara is surely going to get out of him, but the thought of quitting his job and submitting to a high protocol life every hour of every day is almost calling for him. Luring him in. He never would of course, he loves working too much, loves the game of it, but it's a scenario he wants to tell Aaron about. It would definitely be worth exploring the next time they can take a week off work together.

... 

He toys with the idea as he makes it down to breakfast, grateful that the cage can somewhat hide his hard-on. In the lift he sends the second text of the day, 'Breakfast?'.

'Treat yourself ;)' 

He's actually a bit surprised by the answer because so far Aaron seems to have wanted him to pace himself when it comes to eating, but he won't argue. He even goes for a second serving; both pancakes with plenty of syrup and a chocolate croissant making their way onto the plate.

Scrolling aimlessly through Facebook, he lingers on a couple of mildly interesting posts, one about global warming where people are arguing in the comments, as per usual. Seems like it's the only thing Facebook is good for. Switching to Instagram he finds it mostly blocked up with photos from an old classmate who recently had a baby and now they all have to see his snotty face. Joy. Further down, Vic has added a photo of a chocolate cake topped with pecans, on which she's used a sepia filter and the headline 'something yummy for ma tummy' followed by three hearts. He smiles, picturing her taking the perfect photo before Adam had likely devoured it.

He should call her. Try and give her a better explanation than the one she got after she'd rushed out on them. A more honest one than Master can give her. He wouldn't even know where to start.
He stares at an old selfie of hers, hashtagged with 'TBT’. She looks so young, her hair tinted red, face free from make-up. There's so much he's missed in her life, years of different hair shades and heartaches and chocolate cakes. That smile of hers. That warm heart.

And she's missed a lot from his. Not that all of them were years worthy of missing. But still.

They've nearly caught up, the gaps of absence now mostly filled. At times they've even overcompensated in their eagerness to be there for one another and being the one the other can rely on. They are family and he can't lose her again; he'll be damned if secrets are gonna cause him to distance himself again.

There's a bit of a bustle among the tables when people start getting up at the same time, leaving their over-stacked plates half eaten in a greasy mess. Having lost track of time, he realizes that the morning seminar is almost ready to start so he hurries to down the rest of his coffee before wrapping the untouched croissant in a paper napkin so he can bring it with him to the conference hall. There's no way he's missing out on that chocolate goodness when Aaron told him to treat himself.

After grabbing a programme which a couple of young girls are handing out he finds himself a free seat at the end of a row further at the back of the room. ‘Nice looking lass that’ he overhears his new neighbours laughing and he inwardly sighs, hoping they won't talk to him.

It's not until he sits down that he realizes he's actually still wearing the plug and he almost jumps out of his seat again. Somehow he had managed to forget it between pancakes and Instagram. Shit. He was supposed to take it out after breakfast. There is just no way he's going to make it through the whole morning like this.

The man next to him turns to him and says something about route planning, pointing to the schedule and he tries nodding politely and smiling, likely looking like a proper idiot because all he can really focus on is hard metal and his clenching muscles.

To make matters worse he spots Ben walking through the doors and before he gets a chance to see him, he turns to the man next to him, starting up an eager conversation about different GPS-systems and updates. The man appears a little baffled about the sudden interest but is quick to indulge him, turning out to be a bit of a nerd on the subject. From his periphery, he's pretty sure Ben is staring at him but he doesn't dare move his eyes even a millimetre away from the man with the thick moustache that bobs when he talks.

After last night, if he can avoid him, it will be best for everyone.

It had shaken him, the comment Ben had made about his collar, wondering if he was available for playing. How easily he'd sussed him out and how casually he had asked, completely disrespecting Aaron and their bond.

His old self would have smirked about it and slain him with some clever retort. But this had hurt too much. Offended him, made him feel cheap, suggesting he was a collar and nothing else; willing to take it from all directions. And the pain had rushed back, that feeling which had woken the other day.

And just for a moment, a brief second, he had felt ashamed about showing off his Master's gift. That was the worst feeling of them all. It had infuriated him. So much so that his knuckles had landed right between Ben's eyes.

Fighting wasn't even what he did, using words was how he disarmed his enemies, but the action had sprung out of pure reflex and before he knew what was happening, his fist had flown through the air,
causing a nasty crack.

Stunned, he had stood there, staring at Ben grabbing his face and shouting slurs and all he could do was mumble an 'I'm sorry' and scurry away before someone would throw him out.

Now he feels ashamed for a whole different set of reasons.

Especially after spotting the white band-aid across Ben's nose and the beginning of a nasty bruise below his eyes as he turns his head from where he sits a few rows in front of him. Nervous he'll catch him staring, Robert looks down at his bruised hand; no wonder it still pounds like mad.

Aaron's not gonna like this - or he'll laugh at him because really, what he's done is much more his Master's way of settling an argument. Even so, it makes him anxious thinking about how he's going to tell him, wringing his hands over and over again. He doesn't want to fuck up. He doesn't want to be that person. Once a screw-up always a screw-up.

The jackhammer inside his head starts up again, strong enough to block out the person speaking at the front and he actually feels like he needs to vomit. Rushing to his feet, leaving some turning heads behind he runs towards the nearest exit, out onto the road, a car swerving so as not to hit him, honking angrily as its intense lights cut through the grey morning, nearly blinding him. He waves his hand to say sorry and stumbles back, rounding the corner of the building to find some privacy.

The rain sticks to the wool of his jacket, droplets running down his face and diving off the tip of his nose. Pressing his back against the wall, he tries finding some sort of shelter as he breathes through another wave of nausea, his lower lip trembling.

Just make it stop. Please make it stop.

The flickering from the car lights, the rain hitting the ground. His ass twitching around the plug. His body shivering from the cold. He doesn't need these memories. Not any more. Not again.

Cold fingers dig down into the inner pocket of his jacket after his phone, unlocking it, he presses at the last called number.

“Master...” he chokes, throat clenching, as Aaron answers, a lilt to his voice that soon dies down when he hears him.

“What's wrong?”

Turning, pressing his forehead to the brick wall, he shakes his head, unintentionally scraping it against the rough material, “I don't know. I feel so...” Weird? Sad? Depressed? Afraid?

“It's ok” Aaron's voice soothes, strong and clear. “You'll be alright. I'm here hon”. It's an endearment that he can count on one hand how many times he's heard it. The affection behind it gets to him every time, makes him close his eyes and savour it. On the few occasions when it has happened he'd been feeling small, just like now. When Aaron has sensed his need to be taken care of. Even before they both knew just how great that need was.

“I... I need to tell you something” his voice trembles. The truth. Finally. Words that he hasn't allowed himself to think about. Words that have been buried for so long, never to be used.

“Ok” Aaron says softly even though he can hear him hesitating, personal fears getting the better of him.

“I had a really bad dream” he starts snivelling.
Some days that's all it is, a distant dream.

Doesn't make it any less true.
“It’s ok, just take your time. You don't have to tell me everything right now”

“If I don't get it all out now I never will”

…

When Robert comes back from his workout, Aaron is exactly where he promised he would be; in the hotel lobby, a small overnight bag resting at his feet. Immediately, he can feel himself breathing a little easier, the tightness around his heart loosening. Thanks to his outpour of emotions over the phone yesterday, even though there's still more to say, he feels a little stronger today; even took the morning run in a record time despite the rain and cold of the early hours. Having Master here will hopefully help take the last edge of anxiety off.

The second Aaron spots him, a sympathetic smile breaks across his face, eyes a little weary as he stands. “You're all wet” he says gently when they hug, nowhere near long enough for his liking.

“My trainers are soaked too” he smiles, his hand searching for Aaron's. He lets him hold him at the tip of his fingers briefly before shaking him away.

At first, he thinks it's him, that he's upset, despite his reassurance yesterday. Then he spots the group of older business men sitting not far away, briefcases at the ready, presumably waiting for a taxi. Robert's always - well, almost - been the braver one. “It's ok” he smiles, holding Aaron's arm right above his elbow. “We ca-” he cuts himself off, staring behind Aaron which makes his Master frown before he spins around.

“That's him then?” he asks, waving a finger in front of his own nose.

“Yeah” Robert gives a small confirming nod, feeling the embarrassment creep in again at seeing the plaster across Ben's nose.

“Looks like you got him good” Aaron notes, a suppressed grin written all over his face. “Come on” he says, picking up his bag.

Robert follows him a step behind. To his left. His mind is racing between 'Please don't do anything stupid' and 'Give him what he deserves'.

“Oi, mate. We need a chat” Aaron calls for him just when he's about to walk into the dining room and Robert turns see if anyone's looking, his cheeks heated. Puzzled, Ben looks back at him and it isn't until he sees Robert that his face drains of colour.

“Over here yeah” Aaron nods his head to the side and they both trail behind him to a quiet corridor behind the staircase.

Ben's pale, his stance a little apprehensive when he stands opposite of them even though his face is trying its best to disguise it under a layer of false bravado in his expression.

Dropping his bag, Aaron fold his arms and looks Ben up and down as if he's sussing him out. Then he turns to Robert who is standing behind him. “Apologize” he says, his eyes shifting to Ben and
back to Robert again as if he's waiting. Ben looks as surprised by the command as Robert feels.

Stunned, he has to swallow a harsh 'what!?' before it slips form his lips. He can't believe Aaron is serious and he wants to tell him no but the way he looks at him, he knows it's not an option. It doesn't help that Ben is looking way too pleased about it.

Rolling his shoulders back, he clears his throat, looks in the direction where Ben is standing but refuses to look directly at him, “I'm sorry for hitting you” he says between teeth pressed tight.

Aaron wastes no time directing his next request at Ben “Your turn then, I reckon you owe me one too” he says, shooting him an angry look.

“You?” Ben looks questioningly at him.

“-for trying to steal another man's property and that” Aaron explains, looking at him as if he was an idiot.

Ben scoffs. “Property? What kind of weirdos are you?” he briefly looks at Robert but Aaron immediately gets in his line of view.

“Yeah I'm not hearing that apology mate” Aaron shakes his head at him, the corners of his mouth turned down.

Ben puts his hands up. “Alright, alright, I'm sorry. I didn't realize”.

Aaron steps a little closer, eyes narrowed threateningly, “We're done here. Do one” he says when Ben makes no attempt to move.

Robert can't help beaming at Aaron as Ben walks away, tail between his legs.

Aaron picks up his bag again, his focus back on Robert again, “Come on, you need to get out of those wet clothes”.

“That was pretty amazing”, he says, still caught in awe of his Master's takedown.

“Whatever” Aaron frowns, looking uncomfortable by the compliment but Robert sees the hidden smile even so; he's pleased with himself, Robert can tell.

Aaron takes his hand and holds it the whole way up to their room.

…

After his shower, Robert finds that Aaron has planted himself in the hideous blue armchair. On the floor next to his feet, one of the pillows from the bed waits for him. He's chewing on a nail, bobbing his knee up and down and it's not hard to guess he's a little out of his comfort zone, despite his earlier self-confidence with Ben. He'd noticed it yesterday on the phone, the way some of his answers came short, one syllable, a tension to his voice that seemed to struggle to come up with the right words.

Now Aaron’s expression, which together with the awkwardness that he had felt over the phone, immediately has Robert feeling a little on edge.

On the desk next to him lies his diary and he assumes Aaron has read his latest entries by now. Some things are just too hard to say.

Aaron looks up as he walks out of the bathroom, the steam evaporating around him when it hits the colder air in the room. They only make eye contact for a second but it's enough for him to spy
Aaron's wet eyelashes.

“I'm not gonna punish you, if that's what you think. For Ben” he says, nodding at the diary and then back up at him, eyes shining way more than Robert can stand.

“Thank you Master” Robert says, picking up one of his leather cuffs resting on the other side of the desk, proceeding to put them on. Aaron had locked him into his heavier collar the minute they locked the door behind them. Gentle hands wrapping around his throat, holding him still. Once the collar had closed, the feeling of calm washed over him like no other.

“No need. He had it coming. Maybe just walk away next time, yeah” he adds. There's a hint of humour there and Robert wants to laugh but he can't. Aaron's head droops forward into his hands; he rubs his palms against his face, breathing heavily, grunting tiny moans, before sitting back in the chair, another finger against his lips; a new nail to shorten.

“This is my fault, innit?” Aaron says after a long pause, staring at the painting above the bed, shoulders sagging tiredly.

“No!” he shouts, jarringly. God only knows what things have been going through his head since yesterday.

“I don't mean about Ben” Aaron looks at him. “You've been in a bad place these few days, haven't you?” he asks, once again glancing at the diary.

Robert's face drops to the floor. “I should have said something sooner” he admits, knowing he shouldn't keep his feelings inside like this.

“Come 'ere” Aaron says, reaching out a hand for Robert to take as he steps closer. Within reach, he Aaron loosens the towel that's wrapped around his waist, nonchalantly throwing it onto the floor behind him.

Feeling more naked than ever, his right hand quickly encircles his left wrist, holding his cuff, twisting it nervously.

Aaron breathes a little heavier again, his thumbs kneeding into each hipbone whilst he stares at the entrapment around his cock. Sighing, he talks, never once lifting his eyes from the cage, “I said from the start I was worried we'd move too fast and it would bring you to a bad place. Maybe that's what's happening. Maybe the contract and the collars, and this,” he nods towards the glistening steel and Robert can swear he's staring at his own reflection, “maybe I've done too much too soon, maybe we need to take a step back”.

He can hear the words even before they're out of Aaron's mouth, and the ache is almost as violent as being shot all over again. “No!” he shouts for a second time, drops down to his knees and grips Aaron's face with both hands, needing to get this right, knowing just how much self-doubt there is in his Master at times; no matter how steady his hands have been lately. “No” he repeats calmer, lightly shaking his head. “Don't even think that. Master, you've been nothing than perfect. Are you kidding me? If it hadn't been for you, I would never have felt so many wonderful things during these last few weeks. It's been incredible. You're incredible. You're so strong... I...” the words fail him, he doesn't know which ones to use to make his point strong enough.

Instead he surges forward, pressing lips against lips, taking more control than he really should. Aaron doesn't object, instead pulls him in, equally as hungry his tongue and hands exploring Robert's mouth and back, holding him tight, one arm moving around his thigh, lifting and pushing until he got him on his lap, hand shaking as it clinches Robert's.
Sighing, Aaron pulls away, then leans forward until his ear presses close against Robert's chest, and his arms circle tightly around his waist. A little stunned by the desperate hug, he places an arm around his Master's shoulders, wanting desperately to help strengthen them again.

“I'm sorry” Aaron whispers, surprising him even more. “I'm sorry you had to go through that” he continues. “I'm sorry you felt you had no other option. I'm so sorry” he cries into his skin, voice breaking as his tears run down Robert's stomach, “You deserved better. No one should have to go through that. I'm so, so sorry” he repeats over and over again until Robert is crying too, face burying into Aaron's neck. Both their hands dig into the other's skin, bodies pressing tight, tight, trying to hold on, hold each other above the surface as they cry together; for fathers who weren't what they should have been, for living through things neither of them deserved. For still being haunted by the memories.

For each other.

His cheeks puffing, Aaron exhales heavily as he leans back, wiping his nose against the sleeve pulled over his hand. He does that. A comfort thing, Robert guesses. He holds it up with a little smile, offering Robert to do the same which makes him chuckle but he accepts it even so.

Staring up at the ceiling, Aaron breathes exhausted a few times more. “How... how many times did it happen?” he asks, lips pressed together, fighting to hold his voice steady.

Robert holds Aaron's hand a little tighter, pinching at the creased skin around his knuckles. “A few” he shrugs slightly, forcing down the ball of bile rising up his throat. “Five, maybe nine, I don't remember. Only when things got really desperate. And a couple of times because I didn't want to be alone” he adds, his head turning towards the door. The exit.

He can tell Aaron stops breathing for a second, the thumb that had been stroking his skin with a circling motion now suddenly stopped. “You're not alone.” he says, and there's almost a hurt ringing out in his voice. “Never again”.

Robert acknowledges what he says with a nod but still keeps his gaze on the door, once more swallowing down the mass of anxiety. After so many years of it being status quo the fears are deep-rooted. Not being alone is still a fairly new concept to him, one that's overwhelming in a whole different way.

“Hey” Aaron nudges him, arms hugging a little tighter around his waist. “Like I said yesterday, this changes nothing yeah”.

He hadn't said much, but he'd reassured him of that over and over again. Robert nods once more, finding it too hard to speak. He's too big, but he lets himself lean into Aaron, drawing both feet away from the floor, pulling his knees higher as Aaron's arm falls around them, holding him closer. His head rests against the chairback behind Aaron's shoulder, his face wedged in between the blue fabric and the warmth of his Master's skin. The blowback of the warm air from his own breathing bouncing back is comforting somehow. The heaving motion of Aaron's chest, slow and steady, helps too.

They sit in silence for a while, Aaron eventually forces his attention back to him, his strong eyes conveying all he needs to know; that he's safe and wanted. They share a lingering kiss, hands in hair, fingers against soft skin, until Aaron shifts under him, dropping the hand that's holding up his legs, wordlessly telling him to kneel on the pillow next to him; proving that nothing has really changed.

Closing his eyes, he slips down to the place beside Aaron. Reluctant to let go, Aaron's hand strokes its way up his spine, fingers dipping down the inside of his collar as they stray onto his neck, tightening, his body straightening, stretching. It's a steady hold, not threatening or uncomfortable in
any way. Just solid... and reliable.

“Maybe I should call Barbara, try and get an earlier appointment” Aaron ponders quietly, his tone expecting an answer.

Robert's eyes quickly dart towards Aaron, even though no permission for looking at him has been voiced. “Master, I've carried it for years, a few days more won't make a difference”.

Aaron's hand lets go of the collar, dropping to his shoulder, stroking gently. “It's just not that though, is it?” He picks up the diary, flips a few pages until he finds what he's looking for and speaks with a concerned voice; “You wrote that you broke down in the car after we talked, that you felt lost”.

Robert's head once more buckles under the weight and he stares at the floor briefly, strong fingers immediately lifting his chin so that he is looking at Aaron again. “It's been a weird few days” he admits to Aaron's soft eyes.

Aaron is now cupping his face with both hands, determined to hold his head up high. “You said being under that box triggered stuff”.

“It did. All those times, in the car, when-“ he shrugs slightly, nodding, eyes shifting to a spot behind Aaron, not wanting to finish the sentence. “It was always dark, the light of the telly...it just reminded me, that's all”. He ends without more of an explanation, knowing Aaron already knows about how even the most normal things can be triggering. “The crying part was different though, just me being pathetic really” he adds, snorting an empty laughter.

“You're never that” he says softly, Aaron's eyes saccading over his face, examining. “I think it might have been subdrop. You might still be in it” he states matter-of-factly.

Robert's eyebrows knit together momentarily, “How do you know about subdrop?”

“I've read more than you think” Aaron says, the corner of his lip pulling his mouth into a crooked smile. It never quite reaches his eyes which still remains a little sad.

Robert smiles however, lost in the expression.

Aaron leans forward, lips meeting, then pulling back only just, their noses still touching before he then leans his forehead against his. Robert can hear him swallow hard, sighing. “You gotta talk to me. I feel a bit out of my depth here. Are you sure this is really what you want? I mean, it just seems to make you miserable” he whispers, his eyes squeezed shut.

He shakes his head against Aaron's, can't stand to hear the doubts, “Always Master, I want it always” he says, covering Aaron's smaller hands with his own still placed against his cheeks. “Going back is not an option for me. And I know it isn't for you either. Not really. The thing in the car... I felt lonely leaving you”.

“Not any more” Aaron interjects quickly, repeating his earlier statement.

Robert rub the hands under his, “I know, I know. I've been overwhelmed and confused I guess on why those memories had to come back now, and feeling really weird about it and yeah I guess, I guess it could be subdrop too”

Aaron shuffles his body closer, legs enveloping him from each side. “You gotta talk to me” he urges.

Robert lets his hands shift over to Aaron's head, mirroring his hold. “So do you. I can't read your diary and you're not supposed to be alone in this either. Dom-drop exists too you know.
“I know” Aaron says sincerely before going in for another kiss, chuckling softly against his lips as the sentiment of the words catches up on him.

Aaron knows about the darkest time in his life and he's still here, still letting him sit by his feet. The world hasn't come crashing down, Robert thinks as a soft tongue slips past his lips. There's still the same amount of want and need there. “I love you” he says the moment Aaron slightly moves back, letting them breathe.

“I love you too” is the immediate response. “I'm sorry I couldn't be here earlier” he says, hands letting go of his face.

“It's fine”.

Aaron looks at him contemplating, like he's trying to judge him, find out the truth. If he does, he doesn't say anything. Then the moment is gone, and he kisses the crown of his head before standing up. “Need a leak”.

Aaron turns on the lights in the bathroom when Robert calls after him, “Master?”, voice unsure.

“Mm?” Aaron looks back at him, a hand on the door frame, intuitive eyes appearing as if they already know what he's about to ask.

Robert licks his lips. “May I drink from you?” he whispers, eyes dipping down to the floor before looking back up. “Please”.

Aaron holds his gaze, opens his mouth, inhaling as if he wants to say something but it amounts to nothing more than his tongue slightly licking his upper lip. Instead he closes the space between them and drops down to the floor in front of him. Still, he doesn't speak. Not even when he strokes a hand through Robert's hair, a thumb brushing away a single tear he hasn't even realised he had shed. “You need that, huh” he finally says, more as a statement than a question. Taking his head in both hands, Aaron bends his head down, kissing the place where forehead meets hair.

Robert doesn't respond. Instead he studies Aaron getting up and loosening the buttons of his jeans. He steps out of them and throws them on the edge of the bed, one leg dangling against the floor. His boxers follow swiftly. “Go kneel in the shower” he says gently, smiling down at Robert as he pulls at the zipper of his hoodie.

Aaron enters the bathroom a few seconds after he's lowered himself to his kneeling position. He stops at the sink, rising up on his toes as he cleans his cock. Usually he never bothers, he knows Robert prefers it as natural as it gets. But this is different.

Aaron looks at him as he closes the glass door behind him. “Display please” he commands and Robert drops back onto his calves as he places his hands against his thighs, palms up. He's at a better level now. “You can look at me if you like” Aaron adds.

Grateful, Robert looks up at him. They seem to freeze like that, gazing at each other, speaking without words. Finally, Aaron nods and Robert's posture straightens further, his body shivering in anticipation.

He has drunk it before. But that was from a cup or whatever dripped into his mouth. This time he wants to down it directly from his cock. This time he wants it all. This time he's not on some high after being bound and dirty on a table or buzzing from public humiliation. It's just them. In complete unison.

Aaron lets the first dribble of liquid splash onto his right hand, then some on the side of his collar
before he pauses, Robert's mouth already having fallen open in want. Robert hears Aaron's nervous breathing as he steps forward whilst guiding his cock into Robert's mouth.

Lips tightening around the length he feels it twitch slightly. His heart rate rushes, every nerve tingle, nostrils flaring ever so slightly as he waits.

Once again, Aaron strokes a hand against his head, his eyes closing from the touch, fingers splaying around his ear, the tips wrapping around the back of his skull. “Drink all you need baby”.

At first the volume surprises him as it spurts into his mouth, as if Aaron is trying to hold back, controlling it so it doesn't flow too fast for him. Some runs down the corner of his mouth but as soon as Aaron relaxes, simply letting go he finds the right rhythm to swallow, swallow, swallow.

So much of Aaron inside of him. Claiming him from the inside out. The warm, comforting fluid moving through him. He can take more, take it all. Needs it all.

Looking up as the stream lessens, he catches Aaron concentrating, his closed eyelids the tell-tale sign as his eyebrows contract and relax. Rolling slowly down Aaron's cheeks are tears.

When the last drop is gone, he leans his head forward against Aaron's stomach, sighing deeply as he closes his eyes again with his cock still held safe in his mouth. Here like this he's always safe.

Aaron's arms wrap around his head, cradling it. It's almost inaudible, but it's there; “Thank you”.

Chapter End Notes

Some may think it's weird for Aaron to say thank you, but this was a really fucking big and important moment for him too. Even if Robert has tasted him before, it's never been like this. I think it's important to show him more vulnerable too. He's not the perfect Master machine I've might have displayed so far. I was reading the earlier chapters and it made me realize how much he's been needing this too. Maybe I've been neglecting to show that.
Something New

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the very long wait... Life is just hard sometimes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The kind of rustle that only comes from crisp hotel bed sheets wakes him along with a warm hand sliding around his waist, Aaron's body pressing closer to his back, his arm intent on keeping him close.

Before he has time to even register where he is, Aaron has rolled him over so he's now resting on top of his Master, his back pressed to his taut chest, he can practically feel his muscles straining as they flex underneath him, determined to shift him into the desired position. Two arms circle around him, his own hands immediately falling over them, playing with the fine hair where they bend.

When he stares up at the ceiling, Aaron quiet beneath him, he notices the atmosphere in the room has changed from yesterday. A little lighter, a little better... less brittle.

"Master" he sighs contently, rubbing a hand along Aaron's arm lying warm and soft against him. "Are you ever gonna let me go so I can kneel? I still have seminars to go to before we can leave".

"Nope" Aaron chuckles into his neck, a playfulness in his tone, settling only after he inhales deeply. "Never" he says softly, shaking his head and the soft smile is evident against Robert's skin whilst being hugged a little tighter. It's a rare side of Aaron, he thinks and he knows better than not to revel in it.

He sinks back against his Master again, feeling himself relax with ease, Aaron's steady breathing guiding him into a lull. His fingers find Aaron's, touching playfully before settling, weaved together. They sink into the quietness, relishing the comforting pause, simply being. He's never been very good at that. There's always been too much going on in his head for him to ever stop. Always planning his next move. He's slowly learning to let go of that part.

Still, he can't help himself, "Will you deal with Nicola's wrath then?"

Aaron snorts loudly, his beard tickling against Robert's neck, making him squirm slightly. "We'll say you came down with something. No one will ever know" he states, shuffling a leg over his as if to make sure he won't escape.

"You're such a skiver. Is that what you and Adam use to get out of work?" Robert laughs and he's caught by the feeling of how good this feels. Being so relaxed in Aaron's arms. Something had definitely shifted since yesterday, although, he's fairly certain he's eventually going to crush Master with his weight if they don't move soon.

"Oi!" Aaron digs a finger into Robert's sides, taking revenge for all the times he's done it to him, causing him to slide off his body.

A leg winds its way across, hooking around his, before rolling him onto his side until he's facing Aaron.
"What are you doing?" he laughs gently at the manhandling whilst Aaron tries to untangle the duvets which are no longer covering their feet.

Aaron doesn't answer, instead faffs around until eventually they are snug under the duvets fully covered from their shoulders down to their feet. Finally sorted, he lies still, his face so close to Robert's that their noses are practically touching. It's still quiet when Aaron's hand finds his collarbone, a couple of fingers absentmindedly tracing along it. "I've missed you" he says and there's a sense that he's just not talking about the last few days.

Robert draws back a little to get a clearer look at the way Aaron's lips press together in anticipation, before leaning forward to claim a kiss. "Been nice and quiet though yeah?" he teases.

"It's been awful" Aaron retorts solemnly without biting, something flashing across his eyes, revealing enough to let Robert know that maybe he's not the only one who's been miserable on his own. It quickly changes when he feels his hand trace a pattern up his arm. "But-" he grabs Robert's shoulder and flips him onto his back, following along until he's hovering above him, resting on all fours. "I had time to finish the basement. Gonna play with you all day tomorrow" he states, his eyes shot dark and predatory with lust.

Robert swallows hard. Nods. 'Yes please', he mouths, not a single sound passing his lips. High protocol is exactly what he needs right now; to sink into that place of warm perfection.

Aaron throws off the duvet draped over half his body, revealing naked skin and swollen erections. His Master looks down, licking his lips right before a subdued grin spreads across his face. "Hmm. Maybe we should get up, get you back in the cage". He lets his hand run along the inside of Robert's thigh, his fingers curling to capture his balls in their grasp before dragging up the length of his dick. He hisses with a pleasure that he's been waiting far too long for and can physically feel his whole body become pliant from that one simple touch. Sadly, Aaron doesn't indulge him any more, retrieving his hand, his eyes quickly darting to the side of the bed as he gives the smallest of nods.

Wriggling out of Aaron's loosening grip, Robert obeys the subtle command and gets down onto his knees. This is just as relaxing. However his knees quickly miss the soft carpet at home.

With a quiet grunt, Aaron hauls himself out of bed and heads for the bathroom.

Robert is left on the floor, listening as Aaron uses the toilet, his mind involuntarily drifting to how much he'd swallowed yesterday. How easy it had been. There hadn't really been anything sexual about it, just a reassurance as strong as the collar around his neck. Aaron's eyes had told him they would definitely do it again.

When Aaron re-emerges, it's with a wet torso from a quick shower and a towel tied so low around his hips Robert can't help licking his lips in want. Especially from the way his muscles glistens invitingly.

“Go use the bathroom. Wash yourself" Aaron tells him, determined hands on his hips which only makes his pecks that more prominent. His cock twitches from need and Aaron smirks when he notices the movement.

The moment he turns the water off, Aaron pounces on him, barely letting him make it out of the bathroom, catching him off guard as he's pressed up against the wall, his knees buckling. They nearly knock down one of the room's cheap photo frames. Aaron kisses him hard on the mouth, lips working their way along his jaw, up to his ear before making their way down his throat, biting across his Adam's apple.
Then he stops, his hands on Robert's shoulders holding tight as he pushes himself back to look at him; it feels like he's examining every little twitch Robert makes and Robert almost stops breathing under his intense eyes. He gives him a quick peck. "You ok?"

He'd asked him countless times yesterday, in-between every hug and kiss as he'd held him close, all to make sure he really was. The continuing concern in his eyes is endearing, but unnecessary. "Much better when you're here" he answers sincerely. Taking his Master's hands, he moves them to the small of his back, stealing another embrace, smiling. "You make everything ok".

"You're full of it" Aaron laughs, breaking the moment.

Robert doesn't mind, a soft chuckle escaping him. "Not this time".

Aaron smiles at him knowingly but doesn't comment on it further. "I think we should go out, do a little exploring before we drive home" he says.

"Sounds good". The prospect of lying to Nicola suddenly doesn't sound so bad.

Aaron looks at him as if he's proud, with eyes completely open and caring and Robert can't help but fall in love just that little bit more. “After breakfast then” Aaron hums against his lips, each vibration bringing an unspoken promise of more more more. Then he's suddenly down on his knees, his mouth only an inch from Robert's cock. If they hadn't been together for years, the nervous gasp of a virgin that escapes would have been embarrassing. It's just, it's been days. He can practically feel Aaron's lips on him when his Master stops, wondering, "Your shaving stuff in there?" he gestures for the bathroom with his head. "Come on then" he urges after Robert answers with a nod, feeling all his excitement suddenly vanish.

The tiles feel cool against his skin as Aaron backs him up against the bathroom wall, taking a seat for himself on the toilet.

"It's getting a little long innit?” he points out, picking up the shaving cream from the little glass shelf above the basin. "Thought this was in the contract" he continues, voice laced with surprise and... disappointment?

Robert's face falls slightly from that prospect. To disappoint is the last thing he wants. It's ironic really because Robert has always been the more thorough one when it comes to grooming; trimming what can be trimmed and Aaron has been the one who needed reminding when Robert's nose has sunk a little too deep into dark pubes.

It's not even very long but apparently Aaron wants it all gone as he starts softening the skin with water. A clean shave is something he's only tried once or twice; there's something about putting a razor to his balls that isn't all that thrilling.

As Aaron spreads the shaving cream around, he gulps, feeling the deep regret of not having been more attentive to this particular paragraph of the contract. He just hadn't realized how important it must have been. "I'm sorry Master, it won't happen again" he whispers, his voice filled with remorse.

Aaron looks up at him with an amused self-satisfied smirk, winking. Perhaps, it's not such a big deal after all. Bastard.

He still carries out his plan, and as the first stroke with the razor comes, Robert's hands press hard against the wall and he holds his breath, afraid to move even a millimetre.

Aaron shoots him a glance from under his eyelashes, an unimpressed eyebrow cocked. "Stop being so squeamish and relax. I know what I'm doing".
There's a flash of a painful memory involving Aaron and sharp blades hitting him but it doesn't stay long enough that he dwells on it. That time is over. As prompted, he somehow manages to let out a deep breath and even his tense shoulders relax enough to move his hands away from the wall.

"Good boy" Aaron smiles, running some water into the sink to rinse the razor.

Aaron works methodically and carefully above and around his cock, thoroughly making sure to catch every single hair. It's actually a lot more comfortable than he'd imagined and Robert finds the act rather intimate, his fingers even reaching out to touch Aaron's face when, once in a while, he looks up at him, a cheeky grin on his face.

"Hmm. This is gonna be a little trickier" Aaron frowns, pulling at the skin around his balls until it's completely taut.

"Mm-ph" Robert whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut. There is no way he can possibly relax now, no matter how much he trusts his Master; soon enough his hands are back gripping the wall, his mouth pressed into a thin line and his face scrunched in a bad grimace. If there's one thing Robert Sugden doesn't handle well, it's someone holding a razor against his crown jewels.

"Looks interesting this" Aaron chuckles to himself and he can't really tell if it's a good or bad laugh, too afraid to open his eyes and see for himself.

He's so focused on staying still he doesn't even notice when Aaron stops. Doesn't notice when he rinses the last bits of foam away, or pats him dry with a towel.

What he definitely notices however, is the way Aaron's mouth suddenly wraps around his cock, quickly sinking deep against his freshly shaven skin. It immediately has his eyes flying open and hips jutting forward in an eager thrust that he's too desperate to control.

"M-master" he stutters from the unexpected action, pressing his back a little closer to the wall, fighting not to get too lost in the emotion. "I haven't earned it" he breathes, trying to push Aaron away with a gentle hand to his shoulder.

Aaron looks up at him, a deep frown instantly set between his eyebrows as he tips back on his heels, batting his hand away. "First, that's not for you to decide. Secondly, yes you have" he announces resolutely and doesn't wait for a reaction before going back for more.

That's him told then.

Still, it takes a few seconds of Aaron running his fingers up his sides before he can relax again, only fully letting go when they reach around his back, pinching hard at his skin, drawing him down the rabbit hole.

"Tell me ab-" Aaron licks the slit of his cock, barely pulling off him as he murmurs close to the head "about the chains. The diary" he explains quickly. "Tell me about it" he insists, before swallowing the head, his tongue circling back and forth before he takes him deep again.

And fuck if Robert doesn't stop breathing for a little while, long enough for his forehead to break out in a sweat and his toes curl, body shivering. "I-I... uhm" he grunts as Aaron moves back and forth with his head, sucking him off in just the way he likes. No one has ever been better at taking him apart with his mouth. "I would love for Master to put me in chains" he rushes out the words, a little flustered about saying them out loud and too distracted by Aaron's mouth to think of what more to add. He's not even sure why he wrote about them now. And yet he feels like he could have written so much more.
When he doesn't continue, Aaron stops what he's doing and looks at him with raised, expectant brows. Seeing his cock buried in his Master's mouth is too much and he reaches out his hand, needing his fingers to sink into his curly morning hair. It instantly gets fought off, pinned to the wall with a tight grip around his wrist. To Robert's frustration, Aaron still won't move again. It's the tiniest of motions but his hips thrusts forward of their own volition, craving for more.

It's something he shouldn't have done because Aaron quickly drops his cock and pulls hard at his balls instead, making him yelp. "If you want more, you talk".

"Ok, ok, ok" Robert breathes through the pain. "I want to feel trapped by them" he continues, the pain immediately easing, pleasure replacing it. "I want to have a hard time walking. May-maybe they're connected between my feet and hands and collar, and... and nipples" he admits, crying out as Aaron hits a particular sweet spot.

"I want you to pierce me - fuck!" he yells when Aaron, having broken off for a moment, after hearing his admission, moves faster, his jaw all relaxed and his mouth, ready and eager to receive. "I need your permanent marks on me. I need, need it" he pants heavier. The words nearly come as a surprise to him, but how right they feel is not surprising at all. "You can pull at them and I'll follow. I'll follow you anywhere". Oh god. His legs shake slightly, his body jerking involuntarily.

Aaron is fondling his balls again, but in a much less painful way now, in the way that drives him mad. He even sucks them, taking both in his mouth, pulling gently. Shit oh shit. Then he's back on his cock again and the heat and warmth shooting through Robert has him stuttering with his words, "Then... I w-want you t-to chain m-me to a w-w-wall. D-d-don't let me go". He knows he's dipping into some dark, fucked up fantasy that might just freak his Master out but it's like he can't stop himself now that he's started. "Keep m-me prison...as your prisoner... don't le-let me go. Heavy chains around me- shit, shit, god, Ma-master - I'd slee-sleep on the floor. You'd i-ignore me..."

His chin darts towards the ceiling, eyes rolling back into his head and a limp hand lands on Aaron's head to steady himself. As the fire in his lower abdomen lets loose, he's not sure he can hold off much longer "Can-can I come Master?"

Aaron pulls back long enough to answer, "If you keep talking".

"Mm" he whimpers with a nod, lips pressed tight together. "You'd ma-ake me eat f-f-f-f-roooom the floor. And, and and you'd piss on mmmmmmmmm" he cries as he empties himself into Aaron's mouth in a fit of spasms.

With dazed eyes, he can see Aaron smiling at him as he stands and tries mirroring his expression but he's all but certain that he looks like a bit of an idiot at the way he's spaced out, mouth hanging open.

Wrapping his hands around his jaw, Aaron lightly shakes his limp head, before holding it steady.

Then, he spits Robert's own sperm back on to his face and it's nearly enough to make him blow another load.

...  

A shower later, his cage is back on and Aaron is doing up his shirt, slowly working each button through its designated hole. He's concentrated, eyebrows contracted and tongue slightly sticking out as if that somehow would make it easier. It's the most adorable thing, Robert thinks. Tiny ivory buttons and Aaron's rough scrapyard hands aren't the best combination it seems as it takes him about three times as long to get it done than if Robert had done it himself – not that he's complaining. No wonder Aaron's a hoodie man.
Aaron hasn't made a single comment about the desires that had poured from his lips earlier and even though Robert desperately wants to know what he thinks about it, he refrains from asking. As his stomach starts growling, it altogether slips from his mind. The time has gone by so fast, it's already time for lunch rather than breakfast.

Aaron snorts softly at the sound, smiling as he finishes the last button, leaving the top two untouched. "We might as well go out for food, maybe find one of those fancy brunch places you like or maybe-" He takes a couple of steps back, pulls open the drawn curtains, finally letting some light in. "The weather's much better...maybe go for a picnic?"

"Since when did you like picnics?" Robert teases, folding his arms. Bless him, but romantic Aaron is not and this he needs to see to believe.

Aaron lets go of the curtain. There's a mischievous glint in his eyes as he walks over to his side of the bed and starts digging through his bag. Soon a leash dangles from his hand. He clips it to Robert's collar. "Since I had a dog to walk".

... 

It's like the blue numbers in the elevator mock him as they slowly descend. Funny enough they move at the same pace as Robert's increasing nervousness, leaving him visibly shaking. Every time they pass a floor without stopping he breathes a little easier. There's just no way he could handle sharing the small space with strangers right now.

This is crazy. Completely crazy.

And it's not about the new, shiny plug he's got up his ass, a vibrating one – of course a vibrating one! – Aaron had made sure to show the remote as he'd packed a couple of towels to use as picnic blankets, a huge grin plastered on his face, looking way too pleased with himself.

No, that's not the worst.

The end of the leash rests between their palms, hidden away out of sight from others. That's what really has his stomach in knots. Sure it was kind of the same at the barbecue, and the pet store but this? This has him on the edge of an anxiety attack.

Aaron holds his hand tighter and he can tell it's just as clammy as his own. Knowing that, makes it a little easier, like he can focus on taking care of his Master instead of himself. Of course he'd be nervous too. It's not like neither of them have ever done this before.

It's not so much the leash between their hands that worries him the most, but the not so well hidden outline of the big collar underneath his shirt and the prominence of the leash running down inside his arm sleeve. Maybe it's just him, he thinks, examining himself in the elevator mirror. Maybe, others won't even notice. He gulps. Oh god, please don't let them notice.

Despite all that, there's still a tiny thrill of it all running down his spine, some adrenaline pumping to tell him how very forbidden this is.

"I'm nervous Master" he rushes out in a whisper right before the elevator door opens.

He can hear the steadying breath that Aaron takes. "It'll be fine" he says it so simply that Robert has no problem believing him. He tugs at the leash discretely. "Come on".

Thankfully, they make it through the hotel lobby quickly and if anyone is looking, it's more likely they are staring at their joined hands than the fact that he's being pulled along.
As soon as they're outside, Aaron releases his hand but still holds it close enough to hide the strap. Robert does a double take at the first person they pass, checking to see if they saw anything, feeling too aware of himself. If only he could learn to just let go easier. This is a new lesson he guesses.

The streets are quiet, with not too many people about and after going a stretch down the road he eases into his role a bit better. Even if it's just momentarily, he lets himself focus on other things than the visible leash that seems to show more with each step. Mostly it's Aaron that his mind wanders to.

He has a bit of a dream-esque expression about him when Aaron breaks the silence, "We should get a proper dog. Could even build a kennel for it, we got the space".

"What? I'm not good enough for you?" Robert asks, winking when Aaron looks back at him dazed as if Robert has just woken him from his reverie.

"Not hairy enough are ya?"

"You were the one shaving it off!" Robert protests with a chuckle and Aaron falls into it, laughing along. It feels good and it certainly takes the edge off his jittery nerves.

... 

It turns out Tesco Metro is the closest shop. When Robert expects to be led inside, he's surprised to find Aaron stopping outside, looking around as if he's contemplating something, wearing a small frown.

"What?"

"Just wondering whether to tie you to the lamp post there or the bike rack there" Aaron points, explaining it as if he was talking about what bread to buy.

Robert eyes widen in shock, some incoherent words spluttering out as he frantically spins around to see where Aaron pointed.

"What?" Aaron shrugs, "They don't let dogs into the shop do they?" He shakes his head like Robert should have known this already.

Dumbfounded, Robert nods, eyes darting back and forth between the lamp post and bike rack. This is really happening then. He's being treated as an actual...dog. Why the fuck is that suddenly turning him on?

There's already a Dobermann tied close to the lamp post and as much as Robert finds this whole thing arousing, he doesn't have any desires to be eaten alive.

"Yeah you're probably right, it'd be annoyed" Aaron looks at the black dog snarling at a few people passing by.

"Annoyed at what?"

"This".

The plug in his arse suddenly comes alive and Robert takes a sharp breath. He'd almost forgotten about it.

Aaron's eyes shine gleefully, one side of his nose drawing up into a priggish frown "The sound would probably drive him crazy".
For a dog's hearing it probably is irritating, but for a human it's not actually loud enough to pick up on. Unless you knew what you were listening for. Robert does. He's got no problem hearing the quiet humming coming from his backside. It's as disturbing as a mosquito during a warm night. Somehow, he's just going to have to disconnect from it. He also needs to figure out how to disconnect from the tickling sensation inside him.

"Come on, sit over here". Aaron wraps the leash handle around the metal bar and fishes out a small, plastic padlock from his pocket. "You'd better hold this" he presses the lock into his hand along with the folded leash to make it as discrete as possible.

There are a few people passing by but no one's really looking and Robert notices how fascinating it is what you can get away with, going completely unnoticed. Like those people stealing TVs out of people's homes in broad daylight that you read about. No one really pays attention. Not that he wants to try, but it would be interesting to know just how much they could get away with. He's always wondered how much in those public humiliation videos is staged or not, if everyone around them really is just an innocent onlooker wondering what's going on.

Standing, Aaron soon breaks him out of his musing, turning up the vibrations at the same time.

Way, way up.

So high that if it went any higher Robert's sure he would explode right there and then. It takes everything he has to act normal whilst it vibrates against his prostate. At least normal enough not to attract unwanted attention. The uncontrolled jerks and eye twitches he really can't do anything about. Aaron just sniggers at him when Robert throws him a look that he thinks is an equal mix of pleading and desperation.

Aaron licks his lips, regards him for a while longer until the plug's intensity lowers somewhat, but far from what he would have liked. He ruffles his hair, "Be a good boy and wait for me now".

The vibrations stay as they are and Aaron disappears into the shop with an expression that says he's way too pleased with himself.

Once more feeling all too aware of himself, Robert draws his hand close against his body, making his damnedest to ensure the leash doesn't show.

The miniscule metal bar he is sitting on cuts into his bum. It isn't exactly comfortable and he soon finds himself in a dance, trying to find a tolerable position while avoiding that the plug moves against his sensitive spots any more than it has to.

It's a lost battle really. Soon, he's breaking out in a sweat, bending over; head bowed down between his knees. He only lifts it a little when an old lady retrieves her bike next to him, rattling the metal. She regards him suspiciously, a disapproving curve of her mouth and he sort of wants to shout at her, 'look lady, I'm just following orders!' like he's some bad copper in an American TV show.

Apart from a bike that appears to have been abandoned, broken handle and a flat front tire, the rack is thankfully empty.

Closing his eyes again, he takes deep breaths, trying to work through the strange waves that keep hitting him with all their might. They're nothing of what he's felt before. This is a whole new kind of pleasure. He's not even sure it qualifies as pleasure because it's so intense that it's almost too much to bear. His backside is burning and all he wants is to drop his pants and pull the damn vibrator out. But he's stuck where he is and he can't exactly dig his hand down his trousers for anyone to see. Can he?
It keeps getting worse and if Aaron doesn't come back soon he might just have to because right about now he can't even breathe, let alone think. More than that, it also feels like he's about to both crap and piss himself.

The taste of salt trickles into his open mouth, making him aware of how much he's sweating. His whole body is twisting, his feet stamping at the ground and he almost falls off the rack, not knowing what to do with himself.

Then it suddenly stops and he's thrown forward, gasping for air, like he's been rescued from drowning.

A familiar pair of black sneakers stops before him but he's too beaten to even look up, whimpering in exhaustion. What on earth just happened?

"That looked intense" Aaron speaks quietly as he hunches next to him. "Did you come?"

Robert shakes his head, almost wanting to cry from the relief he's feeling. Yet, there's a small feeling of disappointment that he wasn't able to explore it through. "No Master". He looks at his crotch, thankful there isn't a wet patch there. "Almost wet myself though".

There's a small humming from Aaron as he unlocks him, the sound of fascination and devilish plans embedded in the sound.

...

They find a quiet park not too far away from the city centre, laughing together as they try to find a spot that's free of pigeon poop. Aaron finally spreads the towels down near a young oak tree and Robert lies down resting on an elbow, watching him unpack the striped bag; some bread rolls, a pack of ham, cheese slices, blueberry muffins and a couple of beers. It's a very Aaron-esque picnic Robert smiles, amused.

“What?”

“Nothing” he shakes his head, still smiling at the way Aaron's trying to suss out what he's thinking as he messily prepares a roll, thumbs digging into the bread to split it open.

He sinks down onto the lumpy patch of grass, staring up at the foliage above them. It's nice here, away from everything, just the two of them. They can be themselves even outside their own garden. The leash is snaking out from Robert's sleeve, lying completely exposed for anyone to see. Not that anyone will come that close to them.

Aaron nudges his chest with the back of his hand, holding up a piece of bread he's broken off for him. Robert opens his mouth, smiling contently as he chews, loving the feeling of the attention he's given. Especially as he hears the fizzling sound from one of the cans being opened, and soon Aaron has stuck one in his hand. It's still cold against his fingers.

Mostly they eat in silence, Aaron feeding him until the very last bite of muffin is gone. It's nice this, simply enjoying each other's company. It feels like it's been a while since they've done it. Just relaxed. There's always somewhere to be or something to do.

Robert's fingers edge closer to Aaron's hand, finding their way around the smaller hand. Aaron looks down at him, gives him a warm smile as his thumb brushes away some bread crumbs from the corner of Robert's mouth before turning back to gaze over the park.

Robert rolls over onto his side, worming forward until he's pressed closer to his Master, stifling a
yawn against his thigh.

"You tired?" Aaron asks somewhat gruffly, sounding surprised.

He wasn't a minute ago, but now an afternoon kip doesn't sound so bad. The last few days have probably worn him out. Or his body processing lunch is making him sleepy. Maybe both. "A bit" he shrugs, revelling in the touch of Aaron's hand suddenly caressing his shoulder.

He can feel his Master's fingers playing with the back of his shirt collar, grazing the edge of the collar underneath. "So..." Aaron says, prolonging the 'o' and Robert immediately smirks, knowing that he's about to start fishing for something. "You thought about something for us, well me, to do on Sunday?" Aaron pulls up one grass after the other, feigning disinterest.

Robert chuckles, fully aware of how curious he really is underneath all that cool pretense. He pokes him in the side, "Not that you wanna know eh?"

Aaron shrugs, the corners of his mouth pulling down, "Just thinking of you, in case you haven't though of something, we can always postpone".

Robert laughs out loud. "Oh don't you worry, I've thought of something". As if he would give up this opportunity.

"You gonna tell me then or what?"

"Nope"

"I'm your Master, I could demand you tell me".

"Well where's the fun in that?" Robert winks and Aaron smiles at him, his cheeks looking all soft and puffy and eyes playful. "Just admit it, you're dying to know" Robert can't help himself.

Aaron scrunches his nose up. "Nah, I'm alright" he says, back to playing disinterested, making Robert snort with laughter before a comfortable silence descends between them once more.

It's not like Aaron to put his feelings on show for the rest of the world to see, but suddenly he scoots down until he's lying next to him, holding out an arm for him to come closer. Robert immediately nuzzles into the worn cotton of Aaron's sweater, drawing in the sweet smell and feels himself grow tired again.

Aaron bends his other arm under his head, propping it up as his ribcage moves in a heave of breath, Robert's head resting against it. He hears a quiet sigh but it's still loud enough for Robert to know he has something to get off his chest. Without words, he urges him on by wrapping an arm around his waist.

"You're ok right?" Aaron finally asks, his voice laced with concern and Robert can practically hear the wheels turning in his head. Overthinking things. "With everything I mean. You'll tell me if you're not yeah?"

Robert cranes his neck to look up then kisses Aaron's shoulder. He really does feel so much better already. "Mm. I am. Same goes for you".

"Mm". The sound vibrates between them. Aaron strokes Robert's arm lying on top of his stomach and they lapse into another stretch of silence.

The warmth from Aaron's body and the comforting sound of rustling leaves has Robert almost
dozing off, both mind and body drifting away as if in a weightless state. But somewhere between wakefulness and sleep he's jolted wide awake when Aaron says, "There's a tattoo shop not too far from here".

"They do piercings too" Aaron adds, making sure to wipe the last bit of sleep from his eyes. "It's got great reviews". He's holding up his phone for Robert to see, making him wonder for how long he must have been asleep.

Pushing himself up onto an elbow, his eyes are wild, staring down at Aaron, tongue licking his lips before it's caught between his teeth; he's rendered mute. He really doesn't know what to say. Since Aaron hadn't said anything earlier about his fantasy he'd been sure it was most likely off the table.

Aaron raises an eyebrow, looking at him. "That's what you want innit?"

"Yes" he answers quickly before he has time to second guess himself; maybe it's not meant to stay a fantasy after all.

He doesn't think about the looming pain or possible infections or anything that would have him back out. All he can think about is the way he'll look and the way Master can use it to control him.

Aaron bites his lip, hesitating. "Are you really sure though? This is your decision. I'd love it, but it's up to you".

There's a brief rush of 'shit this is really happening' coursing through his body but it's not enough to make his nod falter.

...

An hour later Robert is lying under the hands of a girl with purple hair and thick rimmed black glasses. Both his nipples are marked with two little dots and he'd be lying if he said he wasn't freaking out just a little bit. Mina has tried to assure him that nipples rank quite low on the pain scale of things you can get pierced. Should be a breeze then. Just a giant needle pushing through his skin, no big deal, he's gone through worse. If he's shaking, it's from the adrenaline pumping and nothing else.

They had talked everything over with Mina who'd tried to convince him to take a look today and come back later if he decided to proceed. Something which only earned her his trust further; the reviews were right, she was great. She's got a septum and a small pearl right under her lower lip. He wonders where they are placed on the pain scale.

Aaron is sitting a few arm-lengths away from him, looking on with fascination as she swabs his right nipple with something cold and wet.

He's got his shirt unbuttoned, bravely revealing both collars. The leash is gone however. Mina is wearing one too, but he can't figure out if it's a fashion thing which seem to be popular at the moment or if it symbolises the same as for him.

"Alright Robert, I'm gonna pinch your nipple now" she grins, her white teeth visible between purple lips. "Then comes the needle, just remember to breathe yeah".

Closing his eyes, (he can't even look at Master for comfort right now) he hides his face under his hand, trying to find some space to help him focus. He takes a breath so big he almost forgets to let it out again. That is, until he succumbs to a low growl when the thick needle penetrates his skin.

It hurts like hell for about two seconds before his nipple goes hot and tingly. Quickly darting his eyes
in Aaron's direction, he sees the worried frown settled on his face. Then he goes back to hiding behind his hand, once more trying to calm his breathing.

"How's that?" Mina asks.

"I've done more pleasant things with my nipples I can tell you that" he barks and he can hear a quiet snort from Aaron.

Mina chuckles at him, "You ready for the next one then?"

He puffs a breath of air, adjusting his position in the reclined chair a little "Go for it".

The second one is almost worse. Daring to look down, seeing the two needles driving straight through his skin it really dawns on him just what he's done and he can't help but chortle at the bizarre sight. "This is fucking weird" he states, shaking his head.

"So, still going with the rings are we?" Mina rolls back on her chair, holding up a couple of small packages.

"Yes!" Aaron calls across the room, beating him to it. It makes Robert blush and mumble out a 'yes' on his own.

The short exchange makes Mina laugh "Best listen to the boss eh?" she teases with a wink.

"Probably for the best" Robert smiles at her, a little more relaxed now that he's seen her reaction.

"Alright, this might sting a little, but we've done the worst already" she explains as she rips one of the packages open. He watches her work the small ring open, her mouth pressed into a thin line of concentration, deepening her dimples. It's kinda cute and it reminds him of an expression his first girlfriend down in London used to make. It's been years since she's even crossed his mind.

Following a train of thought, all of a sudden his father's disapproving face is there, sneering and judging.

"Aaand we're done!" Mina exclaims before he has a chance to dwell on old arguments that won't ever be resolved. His dad is dead and there's nothing he can do about it.

"That was fast" Aaron pushes himself up from his chair and walks over to look at him. Robert has no problem detecting the pleased glint in his eyes that says so much more than the "cool" he lets out.

Robert lifts himself no more than an inch before Mina warns, "Careful, you might feel a little dizzy. Just hang on, I'm gonna stick some tape on that, you'll thank me". She rolls across the room and comes back with some surgical tape. "Get some of this at the pharmacy, it's more comfortable when you sleep. No tugging or playing with them until they're completely healed" she says and Robert notices the look she throws in Aaron's direction. Are they really that obvious? "You also wanna stock up on salt solution for cleaning, it's all in here though-" she hands him a leaflet "read it and follow it" she says, and for the first time sounds stern.

When he's all bandaged and his throbbing nipples are hidden under his shirt again, they properly thank her.

... 

"So that happened" Robert snorts amused on the way back to the hotel, feeling rather pleased with himself, because he actually fucking did it. "Come on, what do you think then?" he playfully nudges Aaron's shoulder from behind.
"They're good".

"Really? That's all I'm getting huh?" Robert laughs, shaking his head; his Master really is hopeless with words at times.

However, before he knows it, Aaron turns, grabs his hand and drags him out of view from the street. Pushing him against a wall, he soon has him pinned. "They're hot as fuck and I almost got a hard-on in there and I can't fucking wait to play with them. Something like that you want to hear?" he grunts low and husky.

Robert's mouth hangs open and all he can bring himself to do is nod before Aaron comes crashing into him, diving against his neck, biting.

"Ow ow fuck, Aaron!" Robert yelps, pushing him off, protecting hands flying up to cover his chest.

"Shit sorry, sorry, I'm sorry" Aaron immediately softens, looking scared. "Are you ok?"

"It just throbs like mad". He needs a couple of big deep breaths to ease the sharp pain away.

Aaron strokes his hand up and down Robert's arm in some form of comfort. Then suddenly he chuckles lightly, "Calling me Aaron and pushing me away, now what kind of behaviour is that?"

Before he can say anything Aaron just laughs louder. "Relax, I'm joking! As if I'd hold that against you". The pain is quickly forgotten when Aaron leans in to give him a chaste kiss, making sure to be careful this time. "Thank you for doing this by the way" he whispers. "You look very, very hot".

Robert can't help himself from milking it that bit more. "Oh yeah?" he smirks seductively, pushing his hips from the wall.

Apparently, Aaron can't help himself and the vibrations from the plug is turned up high again, just the same as when they had been outside the shop. Robert falls forward in a gasp, captured by strong arms and eager lips, Aaron's tongue teasing his mouth, yet not giving enough to satisfy.

"Yeah" Aaron says, his lips close to his trembling arches before he tilts his head back, eyes roaming hungrily.

Aaron lets him fall back into that desperate, aching hole of excruciating pleasure that really makes it almost too much to stand up. The few times he manages to look up at Master, he's wearing a face of fascination.

"Please, please, please" he begs, tiny bubbles of saliva forming around his words. At least he's forgotten about the dull pain of his nipples. "Maaaaaster".

Aaron lets out a low laugh as he turns the vibrations off. "This is probably my new favourite thing" he waves the little remote.

...  

Unfortunately, they had come in separate cars so they have no other choice than to drive home in separate cars, Robert following after Aaron. It's boring having to stare at the car he'd rather be in but at least they're on their way home where things can go back to normal. Whatever that is. He doesn't even pretend to know these days.

When they've made it about half-way Aaron signals into a layby and surprised, Robert has no option other than to follow. Aaron doesn't move from his car so Robert stays where he is, looking for any
signs. Seeing the taillights of Aaron's black Ford turn off, he kills the engine of his own car.

A few seconds later, his phone beeps as a text message comes through. It's from Aaron, the notification visible as usual, clearly with a very interesting line that's been cut off. He hurries to swipe his phone open, needing to read the full message;

"Need you right now. Take off your clothes and get over here".

He doesn't need to ask if he should take everything off.

With not so much as a thread on his body he's grateful he's parked as close to Aaron's car as he has; with open fields on both sides, it doesn't offer much protection from the passing cars or the houses across the fields. Letting a car pass, he scurries over, almost skipping up to Aaron's car door.

Aaron opens it but only slightly ajar, looking at him through the mirror. "Get in the back, keep the door open".

There's no denying what Aaron's doing, recreating the scenario he had hoped to put behind him. Only this time it's not cold nor dark. Neither is it a stranger that steps up to the door, opening his belt. Even so, his heart beats harder, his breath becomes shallow and he curls in on himself, shaking.

Next thing he knows, he's held tight in Aaron's arms, his voice whispering into the crook of his neck "It's ok. This won't ever happen again. I'll take care of you always. I'll give you everything you need". He plants a couple of soft kisses right behind his ear, relaxing him, his body pushing back against Aaron's. "That's right. You're safe here. It's you and me against the world. Ok?"

"Yeah" he sniffs, his hand tightening around Aaron's arm, the dark hairs soft under his fingertips. "I love you" he whispers, closing his eyes, forcing himself to take in everything Aaron's just said.

"I love you too" Aaron speaks slowly. "Tomorrow I'm gonna show you just how much".

Chapter End Notes

Pretty sure I got everything at that piercing parlor wrong and I'm also pretty sure it's not too good pulling at them so yeah sorry about not really knowing what the heck I wrote about in this ch hehe.

oh yeah...next chapter...we've all been waiting... ;)
Chapter Summary

Robert finally gets to see the basement.

Chapter Notes

I never really do this, but I decided to split this chapter into 2 parts so we wouldn't hit the 3 months mark since I updated...

And about that... just know that I won't abandon the story, not when I'm this close to the end.
I've just been struggling (am struggling) with various things in my life. So if you're still here and reading: thank you, that really means a lot :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ch 22 – The Basement PART 1

The morning starts like yesterday, under a soft duvet and Aaron's strong arms around him. Only this time, it's in Master's bed - and that feels about a million times better, he thinks as the smile spreads across his face.

"Slept ok?" Aaron mumbles into his neck, his lips brushing against his skin as he holds him a little tighter. Master's hand is warm as it moves slowly up and down his stomach, circling a few times in the hair below his navel.

Robert nods, his eyes fluttering open and he draws a deep breath. The more awake he is, the more he's aware of the slight throbbing from his nipples, reminding him of what they did yesterday. Behind him, he can feel Aaron release him and the mattress dip as he props himself up on his elbow. "You sure?"

Robert turns to meet his Master's concerned eyes. He nods again, more persistently this time to make sure he's as clear as possible. It feels like he hasn't slept so well for ages when in reality he's only been away a few nights. Everything has just happened so fast. He's not even had his collar on for a full week yet.

Aaron sits up, resting back against the headboard, the lost of naked skin against his all too noticeable. Robert hates it. "I haven't allowed for that yet," Master speaks kindly but with authority.

How could he even forget? High protocol means don't look at your Master unless ordered to. Instinctively, he closes his eyes and draws his chin closer to his chest. His cheeks don't flush in shame like they used to, he knows better now. Knows that it's okay to make mistakes, because he has someone to correct them.
"But I'll allow it, I think you need it."

Robert's eyes shoot up to look at Aaron again and he feels himself relax because yes, he does need that. How could Master know?

"Now, kneel please."

Effortlessly, Robert slips down to his knees, his breathing instantly becoming deep and calm. Aaron places his feet down next to him and with a hand to the back of his head, he guides him into his lap until his right ear lays pressed against his thigh that's still a little sticky from the warm night. Robert can't help himself from kissing Master's other leg. His Master snorts a quiet laugh and he takes it as approval to give the thigh another kiss. This time he takes it slower and he catches the hair between his lips, pulling at them a little before he closes his eyes and settles. Master strokes a hand between his shoulder blades, petting him and it feels so nice. "Last Saturday I didn't give you enough aftercare... come to think of it, I think I might have been a bit sloppy when it comes to that in general. That's not good and I'm really sorry. I'm gonna do better from now on," he says all while rubbing a thumb across the side of his head. It's not something that has been bothering him, but the thought of getting more cuddles makes his stomach flutter. "I'm actually feeling a bit excited. There are way too many things I wanna try with you."

His Master speaks softly, slowly, like he too is easing himself into the day ahead. Then there's a different tone to his voice, making him disappear deeper into his role. "I want to practise acceptance, presence and awareness with you today. I know, sounds like I've been watching one of mum's yoga videos," he chuckles after Robert snorts softly.

"You gonna be my good boy today then?"

Once again, Robert nods, smiling. Of course he will.

"Right then, should probably get this one on then." Aaron reaches into the drawer of his nightstand and pulls out the spider-gag he's worn once before. He's already donning his basic getup of cuffs and collars and he's happy about the new edition as Aaron buckles it behind his head. It seems like the more decked out he is, the closer to Master he feels.

"We'll clean your piercings in a bit," Aaron explains, taking his hand and leading him to the bathroom. "First I need to pee. I think you should help me out with that." Robert needs to pee too, he thinks before the thought of serving to Master's needs first becomes more important.

"Kneel here," Aaron says, pointing to the spot next to the toilet and Robert is suddenly very much aware of what's about to happen. Especially since Aaron doesn't bother to open the toilet lid. "Hm," Master hums, pushing Robert's head back with two fingers to his forehead.

They're looking at each other, Master's eyes filled with a dark need and Robert's sure his own are filled with soft obedience. He's already shivering with anticipation. If his mouth wasn't already forced open, it would definitely be wide open with eagerness to obey.

"Don't need a toilet when I have you, do I?"

"No."

"You're not allowed to swallow, you'll spit it out into the toilet when I open the lid ok?"

A drop of saliva spills from Robert's mouth as he nods. Ok, ok, ok.

Ok.
It happens fast after that. Master shifts him into place, pushing his head back further. The soft skin of his cock is soon against his lips and when he relieves himself Robert tightens the muscles at the back of his mouth to keep it from spilling into his throat. The smell is strong but Robert doesn't care, not when Aaron takes a step back, still aiming into his mouth so some pee splashes against the spider-gag. Then he stops, opens the toilet lid quickly and pushes Robert's head firmly but gently against the toilet, letting the pee pour out.

"Close your eyes," he breathes heavily.

He continues with what's left, letting it shower over the side of Robert's head; some spilling into his ear and nose. He's hard. The way Master is in control of him, the way he takes him, pushes him, challenges him.

Humiliates him.

Aaron wipes off and throws the toilet paper into the toilet, Robert still leaning against it. "Use the toilet, then shower."

Robert gets up, sits on the toilet and waits for his erection to soften so he can go, all whilst Aaron's pee runs down off his forehead. He breathes a little faster, he notices. The intensity of it all finally catching up with him perhaps.

"You ok?" Master looks at him, frowning slightly.

He nods. Surprised maybe. A little shocked even. But yeah, he's ok.

When he comes back from the shower (he washed his hair twice), Aaron is sitting on the bed waiting. Next to him lies items in a row, as if they're also waiting for him. Robert comes to standstill before him, putting his hands behind his back to wait. Aaron stands, loosens the spider gag. "Can't wear this at breakfast." He kisses him and Robert responds with a little bit of tongue.

One by one, Master picks the items up off the bed and dresses him, not in fabric but in steel and leather. First, he puts his cuffs back on that he took off before his shower. Aaron hums a little as he sinks to his knees to lock him in the cage, but first he kisses the tip of his cock which tickles Robert in the best kind of way. Master seems pleased and Robert smiles at that. He makes him bend over so he can fill his arse with the vibrating plug from yesterday. Then he pulls out something new; black mittens that looks sort of like boxing gloves, except there's no room for a thumb. Master laces them tight around his wrists.

When he's done, he sits back on the bed, regarding Robert with a look of fascination. His eyes roam up and down his body before he finally says, "You're so gorgeous like this. Come here." Aaron reaches his hand out and Robert comes to him slowly and gracefully, sinking to his knees in one smooth movement. Master's hand wraps around the back of his head, gently guiding his face between his knees where he's given space to rest just like before. "I'm gonna take care of you today, you trust me, right? Nod if you do."

He nods. As if there is any doubt. He trusts him with his life.

"Good boy. I will be pushing your boundaries today, make you feel things you've never felt before. Some things you might like, some a little less. You have to promise me to never hesitate to use your safeword if you need it. If you're gagged, you tap repeatedly anywhere. Ok?"

Robert nods eagerly. Aaron continues to still stroke his head gently. "I have to pinch myself you
know. Each morning before I open my eyes, I pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming when you're on your knees next to me. It means so much I'm not even sure what to do with it sometimes. I love you, slave.”

It's the first time Master has ever called him slave, at least like that, and the sound of it dances around his heart, filling him with warmth and pride. Master allows them both a moment of silent contemplation before speaking again, something almost ritualistic to his voice, and Robert suspects this prelude is as grounding to Master as it is to him. "We'll eat breakfast soon, then I will show you the basement. I'm really proud of it, I hope you'll be too.”

At this Robert can't stop himself from looking up, filled with excitement and trying to radiate all the confirmation he can onto his Master that yes, of course he's proud. It doesn't matter what he's done with it, he'll be proud regardless.

Master smiles back. Then he turns on the vibrator very low and Robert knows the day is about to begin.

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He's told to wait in the living room on his pillow. It takes a bit of an extra effort to grab it with his mittens and it slips from his hands next to the sofa. He figures it's as good of a place as any so he sits down and makes himself as comfortable as he can. The plug is still vibrating in his arse which has him relaxing and tensing at the same time.

Aaron comes in carrying a tray with two mugs of tea, a plate of toast and his dog bowl filled with cereal. He sets it down at the side of the sofa, away from the rug in case he'll spill something. "Go ahead.” He turns the TV on with the remote and the sound of a morning show fills the room. Master's attention is on the TV now so Robert crawls over to the bowl, pushing it to the side a bit for better access. He sucks up most of the milk first, just like last time.

As he eats, Master's arm hangs over the edge of the sofa and his hand finds his head, his fingers aimlessly stroking through his hair, trailing over his neck and playing with his earlobe. He's not sure if it's the touch or the vibrator that has him shivering. Master asks if he wants tea and he nods, sitting up a little so Master can hold up the mug for him while he sips slowly. It's still hot and he burns his tongue a little.

When he's finished, he crawls back to his pillow that now sits in-between Aaron's legs. They watch the rest of the morning show and the news in silence. Every once in a while, it's broken by Aaron leaning forward for a kiss. It's nice, he thinks. Comfortable. But most of all, he's not stressing, he notices. His mind isn't on some contract, or his hands aren't checking emails and if Nicola rings, he knows Master won't answer. This is their time and only theirs and it feels like his whole being is responding in the most positive way.

"Come on, get up,” Aaron tells him, pressing a little at his arms.

He stretches, his legs a little stiff from sitting and he moves slowly up onto the couch, his whole body loose from how long the plug has been vibrating inside him. Master shifts his weight on the couch, stretching out so Robert can lie down between his legs and they both move around until they're comfortable. Robert rests his head against Aaron's chest, listens to his Master's heartbeat and feels his soft breaths ghost the top of his head.
Then, without warning, the vibrator is turned up and he quietly gasps in surprise. Master doesn't say anything, just lets him stay where he is, squirming and writhing gently against him. Robert can feel him growing hard, his Master's cock pressing against his side and all he wants to do is take it in his mouth and suck until he's rewarded with hot, thick cum. His own erection is held down by the cage and the more he thinks of his Master's perfect cock the worse it feels and the more he moves around in frustration. A leg wraps around Robert's thighs, holding them in place as the vibrations increase.

It's intense, the same feeling of exhausting pleasure as he'd felt outside the store, but this time, lying in his Master's arms, it's easier and much more pleasurable. Now he can let himself feel rather than restrain himself. Let himself move and whimper and let incoherent words like 'Maa...fuuu...' and 'Go...' fall from his lips without anyone looking at him. Now he can dig his hands, mitten clad as they are, into his Master's body, hold on tight as the waves of bliss flow through him. He can look up at his Master and wordlessly beg for his lips. Kiss him and moan into his mouth as the intensity builds.

He drools against his chest, his eyelids grow heavy, drooping till they're nearly closed. He can hear the sound of his own breathing inside his head, the weird sensation of falling limp and one by one each line that tethers him to the ground unhooks and he floats. Up, up and away.

He can take it better now, even when Master turns it up another notch. He's read about dissociation. But that's not what this is. Not in a negative sense anyway. He just wants more and he's found the way of taking it.

Master holds him down tightly when he starts moving about too much, as if he's protecting him from falling off the couch. He thinks he's speaking to him, but the voice is far away, as if he is in a huge hall and someone is whispering to him from the other end of it. His cock is painfully hard in its cage, pressed against Master's body but no one is touching it. There's no need to. The vibrator does a good job all on its own, tickling his insides, building heat.

There's a hot breath against his ear. Tiny puffs of air. Whispering something. Ordering something?
"Come."

His body tenses, every muscle knotting tight until he howls and shoots out in release, shaking and trying to grab something to hold on to before he realizes that Master is still holding him firmly.

He pants heavily, trying to make sense of what just happened as he blinks his eyes open, coming back to reality. He's not sure for how long, but Master lets him rest on top of him, lets him sip from the tea that has gone cold but still tastes nice against his parched lips. He pulls down a blanket on top of him and lets him fall asleep.

When Aaron rouses him from his catnap he does so with kisses and attaching a leash to his collar. "Come on, I think we've waited long enough."

The last time he saw the basement was when they first moved in. His heart beats wildly in his chest as he's led downstairs by his leash. Still unsteady and drowsy from the intense orgasm and having just woken up, he wobbles a little at every step. Aaron walks close in front of him, biting his lip as he
looks back with anticipation. There's a second door at the bottom of the stairs that Aaron must have put in, because it wasn't there before. Now he unlocks it with a different key to the one he had used for the door at the top of the stairs.

Then...they're in.

It's as if the air itself changes as Robert's eyes wander around the room, his jaw falling slightly open as he takes it all in. He's not sure what he'd expected really. Something simpler maybe, more what he thought would be Aaron. But there are things in the room he never expected Aaron to install. And that makes his mouth drop completely.

"Go on, have a look around," Aaron encourages and he doesn't need to be told twice.

First, the room is brighter than he expected it to be. There are five smaller windows high up on the walls, near the ceiling; they're all covered in some sort of tinted film, yet still let in a lot of light which is nice. Secondly, it looks far from any sort of creepy dungeon that Robert has seen one too many times.

The room is in an L-shape and without all the debris that occupied the space earlier, it looks a lot bigger than he remembers. The walls have been painted white, except in a couple of places where the brick has been left exposed. Opposite the entrance is one of those places and fixed in the wall are four hooks, each and one of them holding a metal cuff. They seem to be at the right distance from each other to have him in a spread eagle.

"This is where I can attach your collar." Aaron points to a fifth hook in the middle, causing Robert to take in a sharp breath of air. He can already feel the bricks scratch against his skin.

At the other end of the room there's some sort of metal structure taking up a generous square shaped space. There are four sturdy beams in each corner reaching all the way to the ceiling; connecting between the top of them are another four beams and running across the middle of the frame is another beam which reaches outside of the square, hovering above the rest of the gear in the room. Robert thinks he's only really seen something like it at car garages and before he has time to think he notices the chains dangling from the long middle beam and he realizes that that's just what this is. Some sort of rig that's usually used for lifting heavy motors or other car parts.

Aaron stands next to him, snorting with amusement at seeing what must be a bewildered look on his face. "Scrapped it from a garage in Leeds, got it dead cheap," he explains, tugging at the chains to demonstrate how they run back and forth along the beam. "We're gonna have some real fun with this one."

Robert just nods, a little too shocked to say anything. Especially when he discovers the chains that hang from each corner of the construction. His Master holds out a black piece that looks to be either made out of rubber or leather or perhaps a mix. "It's a sleepsack," he exclaims. He lets it drop and steps nearer, close up to Robert. "There are just so many ways that I can render you helpless. I love seeing you like that, so wanting and open. God."

Robert shivers. His cock bobs a little in his cage. Master slips a hand around his throat, pressing a little as he kisses him. "Kneel."

Still leashed, he sinks to his knees to the left of his Master. "I really hope you'll like it. We're gonna spend some serious time down here. I'm gonna make you scream so much baby," he announces a little amused. "See that cabinet there?" Aaron points to the other side of the room, furthest away from the door where an old cabinet stands tall. Robert suspects it was down here when they bought the house. "I have everything you can imagine in there, plugs, dildos, vibrators, gags, hoods, whips,
Robert takes a deep breath to steady himself and Aaron lets him look around the room. Straight ahead, in front of the big cabinet that appears to be somewhat of a sex toy sweet shop, he sees a cage. It's long and low rather than tall and square and on top of it there's a padded bench. There are other benches in the room too; a tilted one that looks broader and quite comfortable and it looks as though it reclines. There's also a sawhorse that doesn't look very comfortable at all. From what he knows about them though, they're really not supposed to be.

Lined along the walls are a few wooden items; a box he's not sure what it might be for, stocks with four holes and one with three and he's seen enough porn to know what they are for. Leant against the wall closest to the cage there's a sturdy looking beam with rings attached, presumable to fasten him in place; it looks like it could be used in a few different ways, maybe even hanging from the ceiling. He also discovers some metal rings screwed to the floor in several places as well as another kind of metal rig with an arm and chunky box and just thinking about it makes him a little nervous.

Behind him, he notices a toilet and shower area. It was there before, but Aaron has modernized everything.

All of it has surely cost them a small fortune but right now it feels worth every last penny.

"Come on." Aaron tugs on the leash and walks over to the cage, leaving Robert no choice but to crawl behind him. The mittens, he realizes, makes it more comfortable.

Every cage he's seen opens from the side, but not this one he discovers as Master opens the top, tilting the bench on its side. "Stand up." Aaron removes one of his mittens, letting it drop to the floor before ordering him into the cage. Master shifts him around until he's on his knees and elbows, both spread wide, and his face is pressed against the padded base. His feet are sticking out of the cage and Aaron fastens them with small plastic straps, the kind he'd normally use for messy cables. They're not really tight, but tight enough so he can't move. Aaron does the same to his hands. Then he pushes a small device with a button into his hand without the mitten.

"Now this, this is for your safety if you can't speak or move and need to use your safeword. Go ahead. Push the button."

Robert does as he's told and immediately a loud bell rings. Aaron laughs a little. "I know, it sounds a bit odd, but it works, and it's loud enough for me to hear from upstairs."

Upstairs? Is he planning on leaving him? Nervously, Robert grips the device a little tighter. He stretches his neck a little, trying to get into a better position with his head as he watches Master walk around him. He can't tell what's happening but he can hear Aaron searching the cabinet. His stomach flutters. He's so hard again. It's odd really, how certain things can turn you on. The more Master plays with him, the worse it seems to get; simply receiving a look or being in close proximity to Master seem to be enough at the moment. Of course, nothing gets him going more than being used. It makes him impatient too and he can't stop himself from wiggling his ass back and forth.

Aaron drops to his knees outside of the cage and grabs a fistful of Robert's hair, pulling his head back. "You being a greedy little whore? Want me to fill that hole of yours yeah?" He doesn't give Robert a chance to respond with as much as nod before he continues, "Gonna fill this hole first." Forcefully, Master sticks three fingers deep into his mouth and shakes them around until gurgling...
sounds emits from him and Robert has to fight not to throw up. "Got just the thing. Gag shaped as a
dick, I bet whores like you love that. Always ready to suck."

Master pulls his fingers out and gives him just enough time to catch his breath before he pushes the
gag into his mouth. It's a lot more intrusive than the other gags he's worn. It has an odd taste to it and
smells more like plastic. Attached to it is a small tube, and at the end of it a rubber ball. "You know
what happens when whores suck on a dick right? It gets hard and big. Just like this one." Aaron
squeezes the ball right before his eyes. The gag instantly inflates in his mouth, efficiently cutting off
air from his mouth. His initial reaction is to spit it out but Aaron is already buckling the strap at the
back of his head. Closing his eyes, he relaxes his mouth around it. It's not the biggest of challenges
maybe, but it still takes him a moment to find peace with the toy. As Master pulls the rubber ball
through the bars of the cage, his shoulders drop closer to the ground, relaxing.

There's a familiar click of a bottle lid, then equally familiar fingers pushing their way into his hole,
one, two, and eventually three. "I reckon your mouth isn't the only thing that needs to be wide open."

Master slowly pushes a dildo into him, it feels longer than what he's been given before and as soon
as it's all in, it inflates too. He tries focusing on the sound it makes when Aaron makes it larger,
challenging his rim to stretch wider but he quickly loses his centre and he ends up whimpering far
too loud instead. He pants a little every time it inflates. Each time Master gives him a little time to
breathe through it before he pumps it bigger again. He's not sure he's ever felt so full before. So
stretched.

"You're gonna be nothing but a gaping hole when I'm done with you," Aaron says and closes the top
of the cage so Robert's left trapped. It creaks a little as Aaron gets on top of it. It's low enough for his
feet to stay on the floor and for his hand to reach down to the rubber balls. He picks up the one for
his mouth. Contrary to what Robert thinks Master will do, he lets all the air out of it, giving him the
chance to move his aching jaw around. Then, he inflates it again, little by little, stretching his mouth
until he comes dangerously close to pushing the button in his hand because any more and his jaw
would have locked. It finally settles at a bearable size and he can once again relax when Master lets it
drop to the floor.

Instead he picks up the other one, but he doesn't actually do anything, he just holds it in his hand,
letting it dangle teasingly. The cage rattles somewhat, a slight rocking to its structure in a rhythm that
Robert easily recognizes.

"I think I'm gonna leave you down here, tie you up, gag you. Maybe use the hood. You won't know
if it's day or night."

The fantasy that slips from his Master's lips goes straight to his already aching cock that's begging to
be released from the cage. He hears the pump before he feels it. Feels the dildo stretch and demand.
Sweat runs down his spine, towards the nape of his neck. Oh god. He wants Aaron too, his mind
begs. Wants his Master's cock shoved deep next to the dildo, wants to be fucked so bad he won't be
able to stand up. His whole body screams more, more, more.

"You'll be my fuck doll that I can use whenever I like. I'll say you're away on business. I'll have
Adam and Vic over, we'll be laughing upstairs and you'll be down here waiting to be used again.
You'll beg for it. You can't go for too long without some cock, can you whore?" As he listens,
Master pumps the ball a couple of more times.

"Aaah, fuck!" he suddenly screams out and shoots up from the bench. "I can't come now. Have to
save that for later." He walks around the bench and presses at the dildo so it drives further into
Robert's body, making him scream out from all the sensations exploding in his body and mind.
"Need to fix some lunch for us." Aaron lays down outside the cage, propping his head up on his hand and elbow. He reaches out his other hand and strokes it along Robert's body. "You ok?" he asks gently and Robert nods, glancing sideways from the angle his head is at. "Ok good. I'll be right back. Press the button if you need me."

Master is about to get up when he stops himself and goes back to the two pumps. He lets out some more air from his mouth and it's a bit easier to breathe now. With the one in his arse, he's not so lucky. That one he pumps twice and Robert shoots forward again as much as his situation allows him, screaming and drooling behind his gag.

"Fuck you're perfect," Aaron says, standing. "I need a picture of this. Need to remember what my little whore looked like trapped in his cage." He walks around him, snapping several pictures, stopping an extra long time behind him. "We should print and frame these. Proper pieces of art this," Aaron teases, already halfway through the door.

Maybe he's imagining things but it sounds like he locks both doors behind him. His Master's fantasy still echoes in his mind, titillates him so much thinking about it that his cock twitches and ass clenches around the dildo. Thinks about how the fantasy isn't too far from the reality he's in at the moment. Questions himself if it's unhealthy wanting to be used this way. But how can it be when it feels so damn good?

When the straps around his wrists and ankles are like warm securities. When the mitten on his hand is a sign of trust. When the gag in his mouth makes him feel safe. When the dildo in his arse feels like want, the cage around his cock like commitment and a sense of belonging. And the collar around his neck feels so much like love.

When everything makes him high and horny. How can that ever be a bad thing? He needs it like water. Especially after the days he's been through. This is the one place that sets it all right again. The one place he doesn't question himself or gets questioned, where there are no demands or stress. No pretence or facades. The only place he can be completely and utterly one-hundred percent himself. And what a wonderful feeling that is.

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 is written so it needs to be edited and betad, but it shouldn't take 3 months until next time :)
Just don't ask me to hurry up... :)

Would love to hear your thoughts about this ch, or if I can answer any of your questions.
The Basement (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

I'm on my summer break, halle-fuckin-lujah!
Only 2 chapters to go after this and as much fun I've had writing this story, I will be kinda glad when it's over hehe.

Thank you all for your patience <3

Now, let's not keep poor Robert waiting any longer.

When Aaron makes it back down to the basement again, Robert has lost track of time. He's tired and his muscles are aching from being still so long, his entire body trembling. Even though he tries to stretch his long limbs the best he can from the position he's in, it's not nearly enough. With exhausted eyes, he looks up at his Master closing the door behind him. Clenched under his arm is a bottle of water and in his hands, he's balancing a plate, Robert's dog bowl as well as cutlery and a bottle of ketchup.

"I can't remember if you like this with ketchup or not," he says, struggling to set down all the things onto the floor. The water bottle slips from his grip, bounces once and rolls up to the cage.

Robert lifts his head to get a better view of his bowl. It looks like Master has boiled some gnocchi and used leftovers from last night's dinner; beef stroganoff. The mixture almost makes it look like proper dog food. It smells nice though.

Master lifts the top of the cage and unbuckles the gag. It's a huge relief getting rid of it even though he has to stretch his aching jaw in little circles until it feels somewhat normal again. Master places his dog bowl in front of him. The lid of the cage closes again and Aaron sits down crossed leg on the floor facing him so they can look at each other. Robert appreciates that. "You're such a cute puppy, you should be on display" Aaron laughs before digging into his own food, still smiling to himself as he takes the first bite.

Robert isn't sure if he really means it or if he is just teasing, even so, he smiles and starts eating.

"Oh, I have to show you, I found a really cool thing," Master suddenly exclaims a couple of bites in and jumps up from the floor, pushing his plate to the side. As he moves around him, he steps on the ball that pumps the dildo. If it's by accident or not, Robert's not sure, but it makes him yell out and he almost comes crashing face down into the bowl of food.

After a search in the cabinet Aaron comes back and holds up what looks like a big butt plug, the only difference is there's a hole straight through. "It's a tunnel plug!" His Master grins and it makes him smile too. He listens to him explain that he would love to come home to him wearing it, so he can fuck him straight away. "Your arse will be open and just waiting for me to fill it... maybe your mouth isn't the only thing that could be a toilet." Master chuckles a little at himself and dammit, Robert's cock bobs painfully in its cage again.

Then, Aaron of course, can't help himself from giving the dildo another pump and this time Robert isn't sure what to do with himself, every fibre in his body clenches so hard the whole cage starts
shaking. The plastic straps dig into his skin viciously but he can't really feel anything. "Maaa...gacah..." he lets out, not really knowing what he wants to say. Forgetting he's not been given permission to speak.

"Come on, eat up now." Master grips the back of his head and pushes his head down into the bowl so his face is pressed into the food. By instinct, Robert tries pulling back but he's firmly held in place until he opens his mouth and sucks up some food. His finger tremble over his safety button. He sucks and spits and sucks until his mouth is full and he realizes he's suddenly crying. He's shaking. Some food and spit spill from his mouth into the bowl again. That's when he notices he's not being pushed down any more, that his face isn't filled with food. Looking up, he finds Master sitting in front of him again. He gives Robert a single nod of the head when he meets his eyes. And just like that, he stops crying, refocuses and starts eating like the good little puppy his Master deserves.

As he licks up the last content in his bowl, Aaron starts cutting the straps open. He still remains in the same position however, not having been told to move yet. Master once more opens the cage. He removes the bowl before he lets out the air in the dildo. It feels like his hole is sucking in air when Master pulls out the dildo.

"Wow. I need a picture. You're so open. Wow," he repeats with admiration in his voice. Master takes a couple of pictures then leans down and blows at what must be a gaping hole. At least that's what it feels like. Aaron shows him the picture he's just taken and it's actually not as open as he thinks.

"Come on, lay down, try and stretch." Aaron collects a couple of blankets for him from the cabinet which is proving to be somewhat of a Mary Poppins bag. Well, that might be an inappropriate connection.

"You did so good, so good," Aaron praises and drapes one blanket over his legs, the other over his torso, intentionally leaving his dick exposed. "Gonna remove this now, but you rest ok. Close your eyes for a bit if you like."

He closes his eyes but he never drifts off. Is too focused on the way Aaron's hands work with the cage and against his body and the little humming that escapes him.

"I'm just gonna go prepare something," Aaron tells him. "But I'm still here." He covers him fully with the blankets, tucking them in around him a little.

They're heavy, he notices. The blankets. Heavy and warm and he's having the best of times he thinks, smiling a little. It's comfortable and cozy under them. It's so good to just lay here and relax. He really doesn't mind being somewhat of a rag doll. Moved from one place to the other without will. Receiving. Master is in the bathroom because he's clearly turning the water on and off a few times. Robert frowns a little and tries to listen for any other clues.

Eventually, he's helped up from the floor and out of the cage. He's a little unsteady and Master lets him cling tight to him as he finds his balance. He kisses him too, a long slow one on the lips, followed by one on his shoulder. His Master's beard scratches along his collarbone until he softly presses his lips against his neck. Robert's hands against Aaron's back pushes them a little bit closer and he sighs contently into his hair. He loves him more than he could ever describe. They've always had something neither one of them have felt before, but now, this. This, is truly special.

Aaron breaks them apart. "I want you to use the toilet now. Take as much time as you need, ok?" Robert nods, both for yes and that he understands what Aaron means. "I'll be out here cleaning up and setting up. Tell me when you're ready. You're allowed to talk until I tell you otherwise."
"Thank you Master," he immediately breathes out. Not only because it's hard being quiet for so long, but also because it's hard not being able to express what he feels.

..

"Put your head on your hands. That's it. Just relax. I'll take care of you."

He's on the floor in the small bathroom, on his knees, head bowed down against the cool tiles, trying to take long calming breaths just to prevent himself from running out of there. This isn't something he's read about, in fact, he's hardly heard about it and Master has never mentioned it to him either. Between this and being forced to wet himself against that damn tree, he's not sure what's more humiliating. Master has no problem making him feel embarrassed. It's a love-hate kind of thing.

It's not that the nozzle is uncomfortable when Master pushes it slowly inside him. What's uncomfortable is when he removes the clamp around the tube and the water is free to flow inside him.

He breathes a little deeper.

"Talk to me, what are you feeling?"

Robert thinks for a few seconds before he opens his mouth. "Weird mostly."

"It doesn't hurt then?"

"No...I don't think so," he says, trying to feel every sensation. "It...it cramps a bit. No, no, it cramps a lot!" he yells out and Master is suddenly right next to him.

"It's normal, but I'll stop the flow for a bit," he explains and strokes Robert's lower back. "Just relax. Deep breaths."

His insides twist and turn and his whole stomach moves around before it settles again. "Ok." He nods his head quickly.

"Deep breaths baby. You'll be rewarded soon. First times are always strange I bet." He tries to sound reassuring, Robert can tell but it ain't really working.

He lies there for close to fifteen minutes. Feeling his insides fill up, watching his stomach push out. It's strange and awkward and he tries closing his eyes trying to ride it out.

"That's it, you just have to hold it now, think you can do that?"

Robert nods. Even though he wants to cry in embarrassment, he wants to do what he's told. He badly needs to expel the liquid from inside him, but the nozzle is still inside him and he knows what that means. "Master, please, it's..."

Aaron keeps quiet. The empty bag dangles from his hand. "Walk or crawl to the toilet." Too afraid to stand, Robert chooses to crawl and Aaron follows him, holding the bag. "Sit on the toilet, then we can remove this."

This is embarrassing enough without Aaron standing right in front of him but he makes no attempt at moving. Not even after he tells him to hold it and remove the nozzle. He feels a little sick, he really needs the release. But Aaron is right there and logically he knows he's already seen him like this. Last week's high protocol, and bound by the tree. Still doesn't stop the awful feelings. And it doesn't stop him from hiding behind his hands when the water flows out of him.
Challenging as always, Master pulls his hands away. But it's gentle. "Trust me," he says and looks so kind it makes Robert cry.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," he cries into Aaron's stomach and the moment is so raw and real it's almost cathartic.

Afterwards, he feels...funny. Sort of. But it's a good sort of funny. He thinks.

Master has ordered him to be quiet again but made sure he can go to the bathroom whenever he needs it. He only does once. They're snuggled close on the sofa, under a blanket and Robert is resting in his Master's arms, only half paying attention to Narcos on Netflix. Aaron loves it. Robert doesn't understand why.

"Come on, I'm not done." Master taps his leg as soon as the last scene ends.

Back in the basement, Aaron has already set everything up for whatever next thing he wants to do. He places him over a padded sawhorse, makes him lean forward with his hands hanging down the sides of it and it's enough for Robert to shiver in anticipation as Master moves around him, stroking a hand along his naked body. With his foot, he prompts him to spread his legs. He can hear the calm breathing behind him, the steady rhythm somehow preparing him.

Aaron's hands continue down to his arse, squeezing his cheeks, kneading and massaging until they feel warm under his hands. Teasingly, he dry humps him and the layer of clothes between them are antagonizing. He keeps the rhythm going until it draws a deep whimper out of Robert that's on the verge of begging.

Master gets on his knees behind him, running his hands up and down the inside of his thighs, pinching slightly. His legs shake. Then he feels rough rope around his right ankle, tying him to one leg of the sawhorse. Without being asked, he places his other leg against the other leg, an action that draws a pleased sigh out of Master.

"That's a good little slave."

Standing, Aaron grabs both of Robert's arms and hooks his cuffs together behind his back. Then he secures his waist against the sawhorse as well. The hemp rope slides against his skin, burning ever so slightly before it's pulled tight around him. It smells like a barn and another lifetime.

He wraps it three times around his body and when he's done, Master once more concentrates on his hands, pulling more rope between them. Finally, he hoists them up, chains rattling above him from one of the metal beams. The way his arms are stretched, he's on the point of almost tipping back.

Aaron gives his arse a hard slap. "I can do what I want with you now." Another slap and it nearly makes Robert scream out a loud 'YES!'

He circles slowly around him as if he's inspecting his handiwork. Stopping in front of him, he presses at Robert's face, making him tilt his head back. Robert feels himself drooling. "I think there's something missing here," Aaron says and sticks two fingers in both his nostrils, pushing his head back a little further. Intensely, Master stares at him, drawing in his lower lip between his teeth. "Colour?"

"G-green" Robert stumbles a little over the word as he holds his Master's gaze.

A minute later, a nose hook is forcing his head back as Aaron secures the rope it's attached to
somewhere above and behind him. The position he's in, with arms pulled up and head pulled back, his body is stretched uncomfortably and his muscles are working hard already. At least he's tied to the sawhorse. That helps somewhat.

Aaron gives him another slap with his hand, hard enough to sting a little but not hard enough for him to move. The next hit, however is definitely not a hand but a paddle. Robert jerks forward, causing him to pull at his restraints which hurts even more than the paddle. It becomes clear, he had better stay still.

“How many do you want?” Aaron asks him, voice calm.

Robert blinks, gasping slightly as he stares at the ceiling. Is it a trick question? He gulps a little, his lips suddenly feeling chapped and his mouth parched. “As many as Master thinks I deserve.”

“Good answer.” Robert can't see him but he can definitely hear the smile.

As the paddle comes down on his arse, he shakes, but he doesn't move. The pain moves him in other ways though, until it takes over all of his thoughts, his presence even. It guides him into a new world. It's like the lights go out around him and all that exists is him and maybe in the foggy outline of his existence; Master with the paddle. As the blows increase in their intensity, he starts rocking back and forth. It's only slight, but the ropes pull him in all directions, and at one point it feels like he's absolutely flying.

His arse itches and burns, warmth shooting down his legs and up his back the more times his Master etches the paddle into his flesh. Saliva flows from his mouth as he whispers (screams?) 'thank you'. “Thank you, thank you, thank you.” If Master has told him to say it or not, he's not sure.

When his backside is numb and his throat sore, he's released from the nose hook.

He hangs his head down, resting his neck and tries to gain some sort of focus back. Master is fingering him but he doesn't really feel much, or care. He can do what he wants with him.

He's being fucked. Finally. The movement is slow and steady, in and out, in and out. It's too steady though and it takes him a minute or two for his clouded mind to realize it isn't actually his Master's cock penetrating him. Not until he hears the sound of a zipper and Aaron shuffling out of his clothes does he understand what's happening. Turning his head back as much as he can, he catches the machine in his periphery. He only gets a brief glance because what shifts his focus is his naked Master stepping in front of him.

By instinct, he opens his mouth, craning his neck forward like some damn baby bird waiting to be fed. Thankfully, Master doesn't tease him but indulges him with the salty taste of pre-come as he smears it around his lips. He's sure he moans, either from the dildo fucking him or the feeling of cock pushing into his mouth. Both are equally pleasurable.

Opening his mouth wide, his eyes roll back as he takes him deep. Deeper than he ever has before. His whole damn, hard length. Pressing down his throat. There's a hand at the back of his head, gripping his hair. Guiding, pushing, stroking.

Fucked from both ends. Legs and arms made immobile. It's dirty as hell and racing through Robert's mind is a sea of cocks and cum. The dildo beats into his arse, over and over again, hard and demanding, a contrast to the soft skin of Aaron's cock in his mouth, warm and delicious and perfect.

And he absolutely loves it....
The warm cum hits his face. On his lips. Across his face. He closes his eyes. Feels the warmth. The
dildo doesn't stop. Keeps going. And Master lets him lick him clean. “You're not allowed to come
this time, still need you awake a bit longer. I've saved the best for last,” he says, moaning a little as
Robert's tongue works its way around him. Robert hardly listens, he knows he should but it's all too
good, too much, all of it. It's just. This, here. Perfect. Strength. He's cared for. Master is doing all of
this for him. Just for him. Giving him what he wants and so much more. Like no one has ever given
him before. No one has never ever come close to give him what he really, really needs. No one has
taken the time to understand him before. Only Master.

Only Aaron. Always.

He's guided to another bench, one that's slightly reclined, broader than the other and more
comfortable. He's not sure where it comes from but Aaron gives him water, and a cracker, lets him
rest while he wipes his face clean. “You're so good baby. So, so good. I'm gonna give you a long
bath after this ok?” He smiles at him and Robert smiles back, nodding. Chews his cracker. It's sweet.
His mouth is a little dry, maybe he screamed before. He's not sure.

Master sits down next to him, sort of nervously shifting his weight about before he stills. He strokes
his cheek and Robert leans into it, smiling, exhales slowly through his nose that ghosts Aaron's skin.
He shivers a little, but he's not cold. On the contrary, he's comfortable. Naked and exposed under his
Master's eye. Looking down he notices Aaron has his boxers back on. He didn't even notice when
he let him go long enough to do that.

He has always had a good stamina but during these last weeks, he's become even better at controlling
himself. However, that doesn't mean that his cock isn't still pulsating and being a little hard after
being denied to come during the spit roast. If he could rub one out, he would.

Spit roast, he thinks. A fucking spit roast, if that's what you'd call this version. It's something he
never thought he'd experience. Never really expected Master to buy a fucking machine. And he
certainly never thought about Aaron bringing another guy into the picture to play with them. He's
fantasied about it, sure, once or twice maybe. But that's all there is. He has no need or desire to play
with others. Master is all he needs.

Master leans closer to him, his eyes flicker a little before his nose dips against his cheek. There's a
word whispered into his ear and he's not sure if he heard it correctly, but his eyes grow wide and his
hand grasps Aaron's bicep tightly. He holds him close to his body, afraid to let go, to let it begin. But
he wants it, deep down he knows he does. The ultimate closeness. The ultimate trust.

“I'll go really slow, and you can stop me whenever, by saying whatever, ok?” Aaron says softly,
punctuating nearly every word.

Master looks down at him, his blue eyes filled with warmth. And Robert knows. There is nothing he
wouldn't do for him. “Ok” he whispers quietly, nodding. “Ok.”

His head is slightly spinning as he watches him fetch a towel and a bottle of lube - the really good
kind.

Fisting.

Aaron's hand. Inside of him. He can hear his heart beat inside his head. He'd be so filled.

feet up.”
Robert regards Master with anticipation. Follows his movements all the way from his concentrated face, down to his hand that is getting covered in a generous amount of lube. He leaves the bottle close by and uncapped.

He takes a steadying breath as a moment of fear grips him. He does, he does wants to try this. But it's a whole damn hand. Holding it up, he looks at his own hand, turning it over, curling his finger into a fist, trying to imagine all the angles.

Aaron huffs a little laugh. “Be glad I don't have giant paws like you,” he jokes. Robert chuckles and shifts a little on the bench, feeling a little more at ease. “You can talk all you want from now on,” Aaron says, nudging a little closer to him. Then he leans over him, kisses him slowly, lets their lips barely touch before he sucks a little on his lower lip.

Every order, orgasm and spanking, nothing can beat this. Kissing. Simple, perfect kisses. Nothing makes him more safe or pliant under his Master's hands.

As they continue to play and tease, Robert becoming a bit more courageous with every second, Aaron's fingers find his hole. Having already been opened, two sink into him quickly and Aaron makes sure to whisper the number against his lips. They laugh at all the lube Aaron has coated his hand with when it makes a few funny wet noises. The fingers go in and out of him all while spreading and stretching him.

“Three,” Aaron whispers again.

He's had three many times before. Three is ok. Three feels good.

Aaron is sitting in a bit of an odd angle so he moves onto the bench a little bit more, shifting his leg up next to Robert's and his arm under his shoulders to hold on to something. It's almost as if he's lying in his arms but not really. Either way, Master is close and it feels good. So, so good. They continue kissing and Robert sinks deeper into the way to bliss.

“Four.”

It stretches a lot more now but he's still relaxed and accepting every finger isn't too difficult considering the inflatable dildo he had up his arse before. Master pushes his hand deeper, drawing stuttered breaths out of him. He has his forehead against his, the tip of their noses touching. It's quiet he notices, no cage rattling, no water spraying, no machine working. It's just them. No tool or rig or device. Just them.

Master shifts his weight to his one foot on the floor, cups his face and kisses his forehead first. Then his cheek, his nose, and finally his lips again. “Ok?”

He doesn't need to tell him more, explain what he's asking or what he feels. Just ok. Yeah, he nods. I'm ok. This is ok. We are ok. Every feeling is ok. This, what we are doing, it's ok. He has someone that can give him all of this. And that is so, so, so ok.

Aaron kisses him again. And it's a kiss that conveys so much, all the love. All the trust and devotion. All the happiness. Robert smiles at the thought.

Aaron leaves his side and moves around to the foot of the bench without removing his hand. He smiles at him and Robert smiles back. Gives him a confirming nod to go on. To keep stretching him, to keep giving him so much, all that he has ever wanted. It's not easy any more, but when were the best things in life ever easy? He breathes through it, and Aaron goes even slower whenever his breaths become too strained and intense.
Master bends down, licks the top of his cock before sucking it in. He gasps loudly, bucks his hips up and Aaron's hand sinks deeper into him. He's sweating, shaking. Master stops again, stretches his fingers while sucking him and it feels so good, like he's in goddamn heaven. Or at least in some sort of starry paradise.

He's almost aware that Aaron pours more lube onto his hand. He feels his thumb now too, he thinks. Or Master tells him about it, he's not sure. It hurts a little, the pressure. But it's good too. In fact, it's so good he's getting quite vocal about it, especially when Aaron sucks him.

“Fuck, Master. Maaa-mm mm god, fffff.”

It continues like that for a long time. Then there's heat and pressure and pain and pressure and pressure and pressure and he doesn't even know what to do with himself or what to hold onto or how to handle everything and there's more pressure and more and - “Oh my god! Fuck baby. You did it!” Master shouts ecstatically.

Robert keeps tossing his head back and forth, rolling his eyes, his body spasming from the sensation. Holy fuck. Master's hand is inside, pressing - “I'm I'm-” It's all he has time to say before he comes, shooting sperm over his stomach and chest. But the orgasm almost goes unnoticed, it doesn't even feel important. He wants to laugh and cry and watching Master, he's equally full of emotions. His arms reach for him, he needs him closer, needs to touch him and feel him and hold him. The hand inside him moves a little as Aaron obligingly bends forward and Robert shudders in pleasure. They're kissing again, more intense now, hungry, like he can't get enough. “I love you. I love you I love you I love you,” he repeats, squeezing his eyes shut tight.

As Aaron eases his hand out, he comes again.

…

They're in the bathtub and he's resting against Aaron's chest, feels the rise and fall of it against his back. Master's arms are around him, holding him. He doesn't really know how he got here. All he knows is that everything feels amazing. He tries to open his mouth to say something but nothing really comes out, nothing coherent enough at least.

“Hey,” Aaron says gently, kissing his shoulder. “You floating baby?”

Oh yes. He definitely, definitely is.
Yes

Chapter Notes

Well this story is slowly killing me but hey, only one more chapter to go! :D
As always, major thanks to my lovely beta - who I finally got to meet a few weeks ago
:D :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He’s not even awake when he tries to roll towards his Master’s side of the bed, wanting to drink in
his morning smell and cuddle up next to him before he opens his eyes. Yet he finds himself unable to
move very far at all, his hands and feet tied to the bedpost, and upon opening his eyes, the side where
his Master would usually lie snoring, is empty.

After the first seconds of confusion, he sinks back down again, noticing the sounds coming from the
kitchen. Yawning wide, his arms fight against the chains and when he can’t stretch them, he’s
suddenly aware just how stiff he feels, how his body is almost trying to prevent his chest from
expanding to inhale that bit deeper. His back feels tight and full of knots. And his arse… well, it sort
of burns and aches.

He’s acutely aware of just how bone-tired he really feels. Like he’s done a couple of marathons and
then some. He decides it’s best to close his eyes and continue his kip, nearly managing to doze off
when -

"Morning.” Aaron’s voice is upbeat and he’s fully awake again, his head heavy with unfinished
dreams as Aaron sets down a tray with breakfast onto the bed.

Toast, even scrambled eggs and bacon Robert notes before he tiredly responds. "Hi.” His smile is
weak and his eyes half-lidded as he tries reaching forward for a kiss, his chains forgotten once more.

Aaron chuckles as he pouts and groans. “It’s Sunday, you can get out if you want to… or you could
let me feed you?” he asks, voice filled with coy hope.

Of course, Robert can’t really deny either of them that treat. He nods, moving a little further up
against the pillow.

The tray sits at a dangerous angle when Aaron’s knee presses into the bed as he shuffles around for
the remote and he has to be careful not to spill any tea.

“What are we watching?” Robert asks, looking up admiringly at his Master’s chest as he reaches
over to his side of the bed. He wants to kiss it, rest his head against it, trace along the muscles with
his fingertips.

“Dunno. Film?”

“Sure. I’m not going anywhere am I?” he teases, raising his hands for effect.

Aaron smiles and shakes his head a little, rolling his eyes in amusement. His face changes, his eyes
falling heavy with lust on Robert. He winks. "Just the way I like it.” Then his face shifts again,
becomes serious when his brow furrows and lips press together. “But just let me know if you want
to. It’s Sunday,” he adds and the way he says it makes Robert’s heart swell and ache at the same
time. Still so unsure.

“Even if I wanted to, I don’t think I could move far, I’m too tired and sore.”

The frown deepens and he sits up a little straighter, worried eyes examining his body. “But you’re ok
right, yesterday…”

“Was perfect” Robert hurriedly interjects. “I like feeling what you did with me” he says, smiling
again because how could he not. It had all been amazing.

“Even…?”

The question lingers in the air, his Master’s shoulders drawing up to his ears, the duvet between his
fingers suddenly very interesting. It’s amazing, he thinks, how Aaron can be so bold most of the
times and sometimes, like now, so very timid and hesitant.

“Especially that” he reassures softly, trying to bend his head forward enough to make Aaron look at
him but he’s still fiddling with the duvet, his finger drawing patterns into the cotton. “Aaron… my
beautiful Master.” He smiles, the word such a privilege to say. “You’re so good to me. Everything
you do. Hey…” Aaron looks up, his eyes a little blank. “I didn’t safeword did I? Don’t you
understand how much I love being owned by you? To be controlled by you?” He wants to reach out,
pull him into his arms and take away all the insecurities from his Master’s, his owner’s, mind. But
he’s stuck and all he has are his words. “I would have stayed in the cage forever if you had told me
to, I would have let you tie me up tighter if you had needed to, fucked me harder, hit me more… and
I would take your hand a million times more if you’d let me…. God.” He pauses, head spinning.
“Your hand in me… I can’t even describe it. I’ve never felt happier.”

Aaron ducks his head, his cheeks flushed as he leans forward, letting their foreheads touch. “Me
neither.” He kisses him. Then starts chuckling against his lips.

Robert dips his chin, barely enough to part from each other. “What?” He mirrors Aaron’s smile,
captured in the moment.

Aaron shakes his head. “Nothing” he breathes, a small laugh in his tone. “Let’s eat yeah,” he says,
reaching for a piece of toast.

Frowning slightly, curious of what he’s not telling him, Robert doesn’t take his eyes off his Master as
he takes a bite. Next, he’s fed a piece of bacon, lets the secrecy go as he licks the salt from Aaron’s
fingers. Slowly. His pulse races a little. His sore body coming to life.

It doesn’t go far as Aaron is there to stop him, to know what’s best. As always. “Maybe later” he
whispers, not missing a beat of what’s going on between them.

Robert doesn’t reply, simply accepts another piece of bread from his fingers and forces himself not to
take them into his mouth. Mid-chew he remembers what day it really is and it makes him smirk
miscievously. It’s not just Sunday, it’s -

“What?” It’s Aaron’s turn to wonder now.

“I, just realized what day it is,” he says, feeling all kind of smug and pleased with himself, eyebrows
flirtatiously lifting as he relishes in his Master’s slightly annoyed expression.

Aaron doesn’t let on if he knows what he’s talking about. Probably doesn’t want to remember,
Robert figures.
“You know,” he presses, words drawn out, teasingly.

Aaron does that thing where he turns the corners of his mouth down that’s equally annoying and cute. “No idea,” he says, head coolly shaking.

To his frustration, he can’t even reach out and tickle him, but that doesn’t stop him trying, head and arms straining forward. Aaron indulges him, leans forward and lets Robert’s teeth meet skin. He lets him bite several times across his throat before he starts laughing too much and pushes him away.

"Alright, alright. What prize do you want for making me drink champagne?"

Robert goes for a last bite, leaving bright red teeth-marks in Aaron’s skin, before leaning back again, his stretched arms and neck happy for the release. “I…” he proclaims loudly. “…want to play a game.”

Aaron narrows his eyes, looking like he’s not really trusting his next words at all. “Right…Go on,” he says reluctantly.

“Alright, alright. What prize do you want for making me drink champagne?”

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Breathing in, Aaron stares at him perplexed, looking anything but pleased and for a moment Robert’s afraid he’s gonna use his power as Master and refuse. Finally exhaling, sighing heavily, he’s a mix of frustrated and amused. “Fine, go on then.”

“The whole day!”

“Yeah alright.” Another sigh.

Robert laughs, deep and heartfelt, his belly bouncing and all. “First question then.”

“You thought of that one fast.”

Robert winks at him. “First question, can I skip training today? My body is aching.”

Aaron rolls his eyes. “Yes.” He leans over him, hands pressed into the bed next to him. “You are a very bad slave,” he says, feigning annoyance that does nothing but turn Robert on. He leans a little closer, trying to mimic some version of seduction. Whispers into his ear, “I would have let you off anyway though, you need to rest today.”

“Sure you were,” Robert mocks, not falling for his Master’s words.

“Mm” Aaron hums contentedly, parting his lips with his tongue to kiss him deeply, almost making him forget what he wants to say.

Briefly, his self-control falters but Robert isn’t ready to give up so easily. He turns his head away from temptation but Aaron simply continues to kiss down his neck, drawing sweet moans out of him that really can’t be helped. “Next question,” he breathes.

"There’s more?” Aaron asks. As if he didn’t know.

“Yes. Can Vic come over this afternoon?” It sounds like he's asking for a play-date.

“Yes. Also a question I would have said yes to. I’m not sure you’re very good at this game,” he mocks between kisses.
“I would text her but-” He shakes his cuffed hands.

“Fine, where’s your phone?” Aaron sits back on his calves, looking around.

“Wherever you put it after I gave it to you last time.” His Master has never been good at keeping track of things and now he has twice as many items not to misplace.

It’s in the drawer of his bedside table. Aaron types out a quick message and holds it up to Robert. “Our gaff at four. Just you. - well that’s not rude then. What about Adam?”

“You never said anything about him. He’s not your mate, is he?”

Robert’s not sure what to respond to that. Isn’t he?

Aaron chuckles. “Relax. He’s helping out at Butler’s all day.”

“Well remove the last bit then. I sound rude.”

“You are rude.”

He can’t really argue with that.

Aaron sends the message and puts the phone away. “Any more questions?”

“Yes. One. Can you make me come?”

It takes about thirty seconds before the tray is pushed to the side of the bed, Aaron has pulled down his boxers, congratulated him on finally playing the game right, and thrust his cock into his mouth, deep deep.

“I’ll make you come, but on my terms.” He pinches his nose and presses deeper into his mouth, ensuring Robert won’t get any air down his lungs. He counts to five out loud before he lets go and withdraws.

He barely gets the chance to breathe before he does it again, only this time he doesn’t stop at five. “eight…nine…ten.” Another breath. Aaron’s eyes glow. Full of power. Desire. Not the same eyes he had a minute ago.

As Aaron starts counting again he reaches behind him, grabs Robert’s dick and lightly starts stroking, fingertips playing along his thick vein. “…eleven…twelve…thirteen…fourteen…fifteen.”

Robert gasps for air. Fifteen seconds he can do with ease, it’s the knowing that Aaron obviously is adding five seconds each time that makes him tremble, writhe underneath him, wondering for just how long he will push him. His brain is already overloading. Two short inhales is all he manages before Aaron’s cock is forcing its way in again, pressing to take him as deep as possible.

“All the way to here,” Aaron indicates with his thumb and index finger wrapped close to the base of his cock. “Come on.” His words drip with lust and Robert does everything he can to obey, fighting for his lips to touch his fingers.

Aaron grips his nose again - “one…two…three…” - and it’s just so good, the way he’s completely under his Master’s spell as he keeps stroking his cock, a little faster now. He’s in awe how quickly he can take him there, make him putty in his hands. “…nineteen…twenty.”

He’s barely given time to breathe as Aaron only releases his nose for what feels like half a second, drawing back his cock just enough to let some air in.
It’s harder now, almost too hard, and Robert’s head spins as he gets close to twenty. Forcing himself he manages to reach twenty-five, small dots prickling before his eyes, making him go all limp and loose.

This time, he gets some extra time to breathe. Aaron shuffles forward and he’s back at it again. “…five…six…” For every second, the throbbing in his cock worsens and he wants to come, badly, but there’s no way he can ask for permission. He just needs to hold out a little longer. “…fifteen…sixteen…seventeen.”

The self-satisfied smirk on Aaron’s face is prominent, evidence of how much he’s enjoying the control. “…twenty-three…twenty-four…” He can’t take any more, needs to breathe, needs to come, pushes himself further, one more second, one more second.

When he feels himself slipping away he claps his hands together twice. “…twenty-five” Aaron calls, immediately pulling away at Robert’s safeword, diving down to furiously suck his cock. It has Robert gasping for two reasons.

“Can I come? Master can I come?” he screams, desperately, arching off the bed, hips pushing up for more.

“Now” Aaron commands and takes him back into his mouth just in time for him to explode.

They stay in bed way past lunchtime, taking turns cuddling up to each other, play fighting over the remote, trying to finish the crumbs on the plates when their stomach’s rumble too loudly.

Aaron is the first to give in to the pangs of hunger. He always does. ”Right I need food, we can’t stay here longer, my back is aching and Vic will be here in an hour.”

Robert laughs as he watches him make his way out of bed, face scrunching up as he stretches his body, a few bones cracking. ”And you call me old.”

Aaron throws a pillow at him. ”Shurrup. Shower. Then get dressed. Want me to pick something or do you wanna do it yourself?”

He’d almost forgotten that he has that privilege on Sundays. ”Uhm, no, I can do it.” He grins, a wicked thought crossing his mind. ”Actually, will Master let me pick out his clothes for the day as well?”

”Yeah right,” Aaron snorts before he catches himself, giving Robert a deadly stare, verging on a proper eye roll. ”Yes,” he says, sounding annoyed through gritted teeth.

They’re in front of the mirror and Robert is working to close the top button of one of his shirts around Aaron’s neck. Of course, he’s picked one of his most gaudy ones; flowery and brightly coloured. It’s been pushed to the back of the closet for a long time, he doesn’t even use it any more, having realized the moment he left the store that even he had gone too far with this one. Now he’s glad he didn’t get rid of it as Aaron looks anything but impressed and he can’t stop bursting into laughter at his surly expression.

”I do not like this.”
"I know." Robert snorts louder, smoothing out the crinkles across the breast of the shirt. "But it’s fun for me." He grins wider.

Aaron shakes his head whilst surveying himself in the mirror. "Anything for you eh?" As if he’s just had the most horrible idea, he turns around, jabs a finger into Robert’s chest. "We better stay inside though, I am not going out wearing this, it’s game over then. I mean it."

Robert holds his hands up, laughing at his Master’s panicked expression. "Alright, alright."

"And just so you know, I’m burning this shirt after today. It’s awful." Aaron brushes past him, to go charge his phone, picks it up and starts tapping away. Message from Adam most likely.

He’s left staring at his own reflection. He’s chosen jeans and his burgundy jumper with elbow patches which Aaron claims look even more stupid. Both his collars are still on and he likes how the neckline of the jumper sort of follows the same curve. Like they were always meant to go together.

For a moment, he’s lost in thought. Until Aaron is next to him, touching his bigger collar. "We’d better take this off," he says quietly, his tone a little doleful as he starts working it open, his fingers struggling with the tiny pin.

Taking it off doesn’t get any easier the more he does it, he misses the weight of it every time. At least he has the smaller one that will always be there, like a wedding band that’s permanently stuck. The thought of having to cut it open to destroy their bond is soothing, he thinks. It’s not legal, but in every sense of the word, they’re married. They’re committed, more than most people he knows.

The thin collar looks somewhat lonely where it sits at the base of his collarbone. It’s discreet but with the jumper he’s chosen, it’s still on full display and it hits Robert that Vic hasn’t even seen it yet. Perhaps he should dress in something else, something a little less obvious, but he likes what he’s picked out for himself. Besides, it’s not coming off, he needs to show it sometime.

"The cuffs too," Aaron reminds him. Just as he’s about to take them from him, Robert catches his wrist, pulling him in close.

"Dance with me?" Maybe it’s the sentimentality of the moment, thinking about wedding bands and receptions that might never happen, maybe it’s the insecurities of showing Vic the collar that makes him feel extra vulnerable, but something triggers the question from out of the blue.

Aaron snorts, his default setting for anything remotely romantic. "Now?"

Robert nods. "Yes."

It’s not really dancing, more like swaying close together, cheek to cheek, Master pressed close to him, his arms around his waist. There’s no music, no dinner jackets or expensive champagne or embarrassing attention from people staring at them from around a lit dance floor. It’s just them, and it’s pretty damn perfect.

…

Usually, he would be naked, or at least in his boxers and the rug would sort of chafe against his calves that never really quite fit onto his pillow. Now that he's dressed it feels sort of peculiar, like he's overstepped his rules. Then again, he doesn’t have to sit on the floor, Aaron reassured him for a millionth time, but he wants to. He's become so accustomed to it that it's more comfortable than the sofa, despite, or perhaps in spite of the chafing.

Lunch is light, as it usually is when Aaron prepares it: ham sandwiches. This time he's forgiven as
Vic will probably knock on the door at any minute. They'd gotten a little carried away dancing, well he had, Aaron had mostly followed, pretended to grumble despite him feeling his smile against his neck.

He sits between his legs, looking up at his Master as he hungrily chews his sandwich. Aaron is looking down at him, his eyes somewhere between loving and naughty. He runs a finger along his jawline and it's enough to make him shudder.

Quickly, he finishes eating, showing even worse table manners than Aaron, if that’s possible. In one elegant move, as if he's practised nothing else, he jumps up onto the sofa, legs framing Master before unzipping his jeans to pull out his soft cock.

"Eh, what are you doing? Vic will be here soon!” Aaron protests.

"I just need a little dessert, I can have that can’t I?" The line is cheesy of course, but he doesn't care, there are better things to focus on here.

Aaron throws his head back, pressing into the cushions, crow's feet deep as he looks down at him, "Oh for... Yes."

Had it been another time, he'd put a little more finesse into it, show off all those tongue skills if he may say so himself, he's damn good at. This time it's more about speed than tricks however and he sucks eagerly, likely giving one of the fastest blowjobs of his life. It doesn't take Aaron long to come and he swallows quickly but makes no move to release the softening dick from his mouth. Oversensitive, Aaron twitches and nearly giggles when Robert won't let go. He continues to suck aimlessly, simply enjoying the soft skin and the closeness in-between Aaron’s legs.

"You like it there?” Aaron asks and Robert hums, nodding. Very much. What a stupid question.

…

Mere minutes go by before the door bell rings and they're both up off the couch like a shot.

Somehow, Robert has enough presence to grab the glass from the coffee table, water spilling over the edges as he hurriedly drinks. Wiping his mouth as he rushes to the door, he throws a glance back at Aaron who is now buckling his belt, his jeans finally done up.

He tears the door open. "Hi sis!” He grins, immediately pulling her in for a hug.

"Someone’s happy,” she laughs awkwardly, caught up by his enthusiasm.

"It’s a nice Sunday, innit?” A couple of fingers wipe at the corners of his mouth again, a little concerned at the flaky dryness he feels.

"Hiya” Aaron pops up behind him, face red and hair a little dishevelled. It takes Victoria about half a second to suss them out.

"Oh come on, you knew I was coming!”

"I don’t know what you’re talking about” Robert says innocently, draping an arm over her shoulders and leading her into the living room. "It’s good to see you, it’s been ages.”

Dodging away, she loosens herself from his grip and turns around, shaking her head. "It’s been a week Rob, how was the work thingy?”
He clears his throat. "It was fine."

It wasn’t fine.

Anything but, he’d been a mess all week. "Anything interesting happened with you?" he queries, avoiding the subject.

"Well Marlon…"

"Don’t tell me, he found a girl, got married and divorced all within five days?" Robert scoffs, he can't really help himself when it comes to the lanky chef.

"Very funny. No, he’s off on holiday, and he’s fretting, worrying about leaving me in charge, and he’s driving me absolutely nuts," she explains vividly, hands gesturing.

"Sounds awful. You deserve a holiday yourself.” He exaggerates, trying to accommodate her.

One of the pillows fall to the floor as she throws herself onto the sofa. It lands next to his own and he regards it a second too long before he awkwardly joins her, eyes flicking up to Aaron. It's Sunday so he doesn't really need permission but sitting down without even seeking some sort of contact with his Master just feels wrong.

The only response he receives is a cheeky wink that makes his whole body stiffen uncomfortably. Looking at Vic, he's suddenly aware of just how nervous he is.

"Aaron, can you get us some wine. I- we need wine." He wipes his palms against his thighs, serving to both dry his sweat away and calm his nerves.

With both eyebrows raised, Aaron rolls his eyes. Too occupied getting comfortable on the all too soft sofa cushions, Robert ignores Aaron's small huff as he drags his feet into the kitchen. Shifting around, trying different positions, nothing seems as inviting as his pillow on the floor. No matter how hard he tries, he can't keep his eyes off it. Vic doesn't seem to notice as she makes herself comfortable at the one end, swinging her feet up and propping up pillows around herself. She continues to complain about Marlon and he pretends to listen.

When Aaron comes back and makes a place for himself on the sofa next to him, their thighs press against each other; Robert takes it as an excuse to slip down onto his pillow. Cross legged, with wine in his hand, he tries looking as casual as possible; it doesn't matter if he's never been a hippie floor person before, he just needs to convince Vic that this is his thing now. Somehow.

Puzzled, as if she's trying to put two and two together, Vic looks at him through the wine glass as she takes another sip. "That a new necklace?" she comments. "Didn’t know you wore jewellery."

"Eh," he stutters, panic setting in like a damn punch to his chest. Usually, he would have been able to concoct a lie, come up with some convincing reason of why he's wearing a necklace but his ability to lie appears to have vanished similarly as his own will. "J-just trying it out," is the best he manages. The way he has to downplay the meaning of it is almost painful. As if he was just ‘trying out’ a wedding band for the fun of it. Nervously, he shoots a glance at Aaron who doesn’t appear any more confident than he feels.

"Can I try it?"

"Ehrm" he stutters again, and he can feel his cheeks heat and turn embarrassingly red.

"Never mind" Victoria tuts, rolls her eyes and he breathes a sigh of relief. Never has he been happier
to be possessive over things. At least that's what he hopes Vic chalks it up to.

He takes a generous gulp of the wine. Quickly tries to think of something to say to steer the conversation in another direction. "We should make ice cream. That banana kind." Clearly, he's panicking because that doesn't even make sense.

Aaron's brow furrows, he doesn't look amused at all and Victoria snorts tiredly, "Can't I just drink this? I've already been in the kitchen today."

His chin dips "Yeah course," he mumbles and shifts a little closer to Aaron, curling in on himself ever so slightly. Immediately, there's a hand on his shoulder, firm and warm, and it makes him take somewhat of a calming deep breath.

Even though he's not looking at her, too busy studying the content of his glass, he can tell Victoria is watching them, he knows she is. "Nice shirt Aaron, all hoodies in the wash are they?"

"Don't even ask."

Suspiciously, she looks between them, like she wants to suss them out. Her eyes fall back to his necklace and he's starting to really regret showing it so openly. How would she ever understand, there's just no way. Sure, he's probably not known for great ideas but telling her? No, that one is definitely on the side of 'worst ideas'.

No matter how many weird questions he keeps distracting her with, they're still overshadowed by the scrutinizing look she keeps giving them. This was not how it was supposed to go. He's not sure why he so badly wanted her here but he did. It felt important. Now, he mostly regrets it.

By the second glass of wine he relaxes some, keeps sending Aaron out to the kitchen for silly missions because he can't say no. Which honestly would be a lot more fun if they had been alone.

Starting on his third glass, he requests some water from Aaron before he's even had the chance to sit down after getting another bottle.

"Yes dear" Aaron grits his teeth and yes, maybe he should stop this now because he'll probably be in trouble later but he doesn't know how, it's the only thing stopping him from doing something really stupid.

Vic regards them amused, lips pressed tight and a sparkle in her eyes as Aaron hands him the water. "Are you playing some sort of game or something?"

"No"

"Yes"

They look at each other, Robert silently begging for him not to tell her but Aaron continues. "Robert won a bet and I'm only allowed to answer yes to any question today."

"Really?" She seems even more entertained now and the look she gives them does not bode well.

"Yes" he sighs, sulking.

"So if I were to ask you something, you would have to say yes?" She muses, her shoulders practically digging deeper into the cushions.

"Yes" he sighs deeper, seemingly unaware of the sparkle in Vic's eyes that Robert has no problem
detecting. Signalling a warning, he shakes his head at her but it only seems to ignite the spark more.

"Aaron…" she starts, voice sweet like honey. Aaron stares at her annoyed. "Can Adam take the day off tomorrow to spend the day with me instead?"

Reluctantly, he presses forward a yes then shoots Robert an annoyed glance.

"Aww brilliant" Victoria beams.

Robert hides behind the rim of his glass. The skin beneath his collar itches. She looks at him as he scratches the spot until he’s red. He swallows another mouthful; forget about sipping, he needs the alcohol and lots of it at this rate.

There's a long silent pause; Aaron is fiddling with the remote and Robert drains his glass in one fell swoop.

“So, if I wasn’t here, what would you be doing?” she suddenly asks of out the blue.

The hair on Robert’s arm prickles. “Wh-what do you mean?” He gulps, not wanting to have this conversation. From the looks of it, neither does Aaron.

She looks between them. Sitting up a little straighter, she draws her foot underneath her leg and shifts her wine glass from one hand to the other. Gone is her previous amusement. “I mean…If I weren’t here, you both would be playing another game, wouldn’t you?”

“What are you on about?” The furrow between Aaron’s eyes is deepening and he looks as apprehensive as Robert feels.

She clinks her nails against her glass, bites her lower lip, frowning slightly. It's coming, he knows it is; he can feel it in the way his chest tightens, the way all the memories of hiding from himself resurfaces. He can't look at her when she speaks.

“I saw you. After your fight with Andy. I saw you two outside the bedroom, you helped him undress. Then at the cafe...there was something. And last week I, you... you called him master. I did hear that you know.”

An awful silence sinks over the room. He still can't look at her, too panicked to even move, his heart beats ringing in his ears.

“And now… now you’re wearing a collar. You might fool the rest of them with that thing, but that’s not a regular piece of men’s jewellery. I just wish you could be honest with me Rob because I'm not stupid and if you don't want people to know then maybe you need to be a bit more careful yeah?”

“Eh...I...” Staring at the floor, he swallows, the words getting stuck in his throat, unable to push them out even if his life depended on it.

Victoria doesn’t wait for him, instead turns to Aaron. “Aaron, are you his Dom?”

His head jerks up then, looks at the way they're staring at each other as if in some quiet competition and waits for the immediate denial but nothing comes. Master doesn’t even flinch under his sister's gaze, not even breaking their eye contact for one second to look back at him like he really needs him to.

“No,” he finally says and Robert breathes a sigh of relief, head falling into his hand, wiping the sweat away from his forehead. If Aaron had gone through with the silly Yes rule he's not sure what
he would have done. He's not ready. If his reactions have shown him anything today, it's that he's not ready.

Then Aaron clears his voice, shifts forward on the sofa, a little closer to him. He puts a hand on his shoulder, fingers curving around his collarbone. The skin underneath tightens and the instantaneous coldness spreads throughout his body, and he knows. He just knows.

“No,” Aaron repeats. “I’m his Master.”

Chapter End Notes

Your thoughts is very much appreciated :)
Epilogue: Freedom

Chapter Notes

All good things must come to an end?

The very last chapter is FINALLY here!
Some of you are aware how much of a struggle this story has been for me over the last year so posting this last chapter feels like somewhat of a relief for me. You see, it was never meant to become as long and big as it did, it was never meant to cause debate, to open people's eyes, to make me learn more about myself, and the community. It was only meant as a fun piece to write over last summer. I had read a few master/slave fics on my own and heck, I needed to try it for myself. I NEVER imagined I would be writing about some of the things I did lol, but I think after the big pee discussion (see ch 4 :) ) the story kinda took a life on its own, greatly influenced by my readers who dare I say, seemed a bit starving for kinky Robron haha. So, I listened and took inspiration and met my very kinky beta who even though she claims I'm worse, kinda spurred me on to get dirtier by each chapter. I kept adding more and more things I wanted to do so here we are, 150.000 words of kink later, at the end of the road.

Thank you to all of my readers, an extra thank you to you who have been there and commented and encouraged me through every chapter, and the biggest thank you to Caro who has bounced countless of ideas with me, held my hand, and put up with all my errors as my beta.

Now, if you would take some time out of your lives, I give you 17k of fluffy cheesy kink. Enjoy. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

He ends the call with a yawn that does nothing but make him feel even more tired. Old Anderson calling the wrong number. Again. Aaron isn't sure how many of his calls he's had to redirect over the last months; at one point even demanding him to change the pre-programmed number in his phone. It hasn't seemed to help. Robert's right, he is an old feller.

Stretching in another long, hard yawn, his one arm hits the wall, reminding him of their cramped space. It's Friday and he's bone tired after two long pickups and to top it off, some paper work.

The door to the portacabin is flung open and Adam throws his gloves onto his desk, papers flying. They're back to having a desk each now after the Haulage firm moved location and he's gotta admit, it feels pretty good being just the two of them again. Not that he'd ever tell Robert that.

"That is me done!" Adam exclaims, throwing himself down on his armchair, spinning it half around. "I reckon we've earned a pint or two after today."

They've had this conversation enough times before that Adam should know, but that doesn't stop Aaron from feeling guilty as he looks up at him.

"Oh, come on! You can skip date night one time, one time, Aaron! We never get to go out on a Friday anymore."
"We go out Thursdays and weekends instead."

"It's not the same," Adam whines which makes Aaron frown again. He really doesn't want to let his mate down, but it's not like he can explain that his obligations go beyond simply having dinner with his boyfriend.

"Fine," he sighs after seeing the look Aaron gives him and leans his chin on his closed fists on top of each other on the desk. "Guess I can't compete with a fancy three course meal or whatever Robert does all day that's so important you can't go out with poor abandoned me on Fridays." He's properly pouting now.

Aaron both huffs and snorts at him. Adam isn't too far from the truth.

Uncharacteristic as it sounds, Robert had told him a few months ago he wanted to reduce his schedule to working part-time so he could focus more on taking care of their home. If he'd been able to choose for himself, he'd be down to three days a week. Aaron had decided half a day was enough to reduce, mostly because he didn't need Robert going stir crazy at home when he'd realize he would have nothing to do. Nicola had complained, trying to wind him up, a couple of times about Robert losing his touch when it came to smooching clients and Aaron was sure she wouldn't have appreciated a bigger reduction in work hours. She had of course moaned about the half day, not that she had much say in it when push came to shove.

That's how date night had begun. They usually consisted of something nice Robert had cooked for them, lots of relaxing and lots of fucking, especially if it had been a stressful week.

Aaron could still find himself laughing sometimes at those mad first weeks of their new relationship. How they had been at it all the damn time. All the rules he'd set up right away, so many mistakes, so much focus on sex. They still had plenty of sex of course but one year later it wasn't as crazy. Thank god, because he's not sure he could have kept up. Fridays however, now they had become holy.

"Jealous, are you?" he teases, trying to lighten Adam's sulk. "Thought Vic would give you plenty of food."

His phone vibrates. It's a picture of a banana from Robert. He doesn't need a caption to understand what he means. He's about to send a 'yes' when another picture comes through that makes him laugh a little too loudly. Loud enough to get Adam's attention, too much of it as he lifts his head up off the desk.

The picture is of Robert pulling a silly face as he holds up a couple of sex toys in his hand. 'Right or left?' He's picked out the tunnel plug and the ballgag for him to choose between. Both are favourites.

"What's so funny?"

Aaron shrugs his shoulders, throws Adam a non-committal look. "Nothing," he mumbles, trying to keep himself from blushing.

Adam throws a pen at him "Yeah right!" He sighs and stands up. "Tomorrow then?"

Aaron sends a quick yes to the banana. "Eh no, can't. We're off for the weekend."

"You never said."

"Pretty sure I did mate." He did. Adam is often just too distracted to listen half of the time.

"Where you going then?"
“Manchester,” Aaron answers quickly, having rehearsed the answer a few times, just in case.

Adam stares at him, one hand on the door. “Mm” he hums. “Well, have fun then, see ya Monday!”

He has opened the door and is halfway out when he turns back. “Don't do anything I wouldn't do!” he laughs then frowns at his own words. “Actually, erhm, maybe do.”

Aaron chuckles as he leaves and picks up the phone again, sending a new message. 'Tired. We need to pack '

'Already did, but you need to check if I missed anything'

Aaron yawns again and shakes his head clear. 'Tunnel then - but then we need an early night!!'

':D :D'

...

Aaron takes two steps at a time up to their front door, whilst pointing his hand back towards the car to lock it before putting his key in the door. He's already smiling, knowing what's behind the door, can't really help himself. Hopefully, he'll never grow tired of it.

Robert is on his knees, naked, facing away from him with his arms extended out in front of him and forehead resting against the floor. It's the view that greets him everyday when Robert is home before him and they've both talked about how much they enjoy this.

Sometimes it leads to sex, sometimes not. Both is equally fine. Today there's no question where it will lead. Not when Robert has opened himself up with the tunnel plug and his hole is ready and waiting to be slipped into.

"Hiya." His words are casual. Of course they are, why wouldn't they be?

He's greeted by the usual "Welcome home Master."

They don't say more. Aaron kicks off his boots with a smile as he looks at his slave, throws the keys on the shoe shelf, which Robert has berated him for doing about a million of times. He doesn't purposely try to be difficult about it, but, is it really that important?

He walks past Robert, goes into the kitchen to fetch a glass of water and check the post waiting for him on the counter. Just one thin magazine today, some corporate management thing that Robert has subscribed to for ages. He tears the plastic off and places it on Robert's chair at the table.

The oven is on he notices and he looks through the glass to see what's cooking; a covered pot seemingly heating. He can't figure out the smell but even so, his stomach growls a little from it. Robert is a good chef and he knows he's getting spoiled.

Robert is still on the floor in the same position when he makes his way to the bathroom. He knows it makes him harder being ignored and he almost feels sorry for his dick in the cage. Consequently, that makes Aaron hard too.

He tries to hold the thoughts at bay a little longer so he can still pee. If it wasn't for his hunger and had he felt up for a bit more adventure, he probably would have released himself inside his slave like he has plenty of times before. It can just get a bit extra messy fucking him straight after. Aaron goes to the bathroom, uses the toilet and after looking in the mirror seeing his oil stained face, he washes it clean.
Only after does he let himself get hard. Shedding his trousers and boxers, he tugs at himself a few times. Finding the bottle of lube in the cabinet he pours a very small amount onto his cock. He just needs enough to let it slide more comfortably against the rubber.

He pictures Robert crawling after him to the living room and onto soft cushions, but when fantasy is switched for reality again, he decides he's good where he is, he doesn't want to waste time.

Not a single word is spoken as he walks back to the hallway and sinks to his knees where he slides into his slave's open and waiting body. His earlier fatigue is gone as he grabs hold of his hips and fucks him. The tunnel plug always gives a special kind of feeling, not as good as that of Robert's skin around him, but the thought of the thick walls of the rubber plug preventing Robert from taking any direct pleasure from him well makes up for it and this turns him on even more. Robert is his to take, there to be used for his pleasure and give Aaron what he wants when he wants.

The thought of this still makes his head spin.

Robert's cheek rubs against the rug and Aaron tells him to get up on all fours before he bruises himself.

He grabs a fistful of Robert's hair and pulls his head back. Shifting a little, he puts a foot to the floor to fuck him from a better angle giving him more friction that makes everything feel tighter.

Soon, he spills into him, comes with a grunt and he doubles over, leaning on Robert's back. He kisses down his sweaty spine, and then licks a trail up with his tongue before pulling out.

Standing up, he moves around him, making sure Robert sees him closing his fist and pointing a finger downwards. Robert immediately sits back on his calves, palms facing up on his thighs. Aaron folds his hand into another sign and Robert opens his mouth wide so he can push his cock down his throat.

He wishes he could take credit for the idea of using signs to communicate but it's something he found online when reading about slave keeping. It has worked out perfectly, he can now control Robert even if they're apart, in a crowd where discretion is a necessity, especially if he can't hear him or just when Aaron just doesn't feel like talking.

Robert eagerly licks him clean like he always does. He says he loves it more than coming himself. Says getting Aaron off gives him a much deeper pleasure. It took him a really long time to get his head around that but once he did he learned to control and limit Robert's own orgasms to once or twice a month.

He still gets hard in his cage of course, but that's just a natural reaction.

When he pulls out he shows Robert his open palm, the signal for 'release/free'

“Thank you for letting me please you Master.” Robert says at once, smiling brightly.

Aaron bends down to kiss him. “You're welcome. Such a good slave.” He strokes his cheek and praises him just like he knows Robert likes it. “If I wasn't so tired and we weren't going away tomorrow, I'd probably plug you and do that again later,” he winks and he can see Robert's face practically falling into a kind of hypnotic state from just thinking about it. “But you just have to go remove it and clean up. I'll set the table.”

He ignores Robert's sulk.

By the time he's plating dinner, Robert comes back wearing boxers and a t-shirt. He can pick out for
himself what to wear at home and he usually always leave some skin exposed. Days when he's naked are a sure sign he needs to be used and put under by Aaron.

“Vic texted me, says Adam is sulking because you refused to hang out with him.”

Aaron tilts his head back in a tired sigh. Honestly. “Oh my god, it's like mums making play dates. What did you say?” he asks, tasting the food.

Robert lifts the phone and reads. "He can't play with Adam when he's busy playing with me.”

Aaron almost chokes on the carbonara he's tasting, from snorting so violently. He breaks into a laugh. "I wonder if she'll read it to him" he says between chuckles. Having Victoria know about them for nearly a year has caused her brother to make the crudest comments at times, all to make her blush. He actually doesn't mind as much as he thought he would. It's good for Robert to have someone to talk to besides the few readers of his blog. Aaron has Mina.

"You're awful, do you know that?" he says and Robert winks cheekily at him. Aaron takes the plates over to the table, and briefly reflects that they've both eaten dinner at the table this week. He'll usually just let Robert eat from his dog bowl during breakfast and high protocol but sometimes it's nice to surprise him. Maybe not tonight though. He reaches up to give Robert a kiss on the cheek before he sits down.

Robert brings over a couple of glasses of water before handing over his phone. Aaron puts it in his own pocket; phone time is done for today. "I made dessert too. It's in the freezer."

Fat or sugar or whatever it is, his mouth waters. "You're so good at this maybe I do need to turn you into a proper household slave" he teases, pondering what that would be like. Weird probably. "Mind you, I'd be fat in no time."

Robert just simply shakes his head at him, smiling softly. Aaron takes a first bite of the food.

"May I join you at the table, Master?" he asks just like he's been trained to, albeit the phrase is a lot more casual these days, particularly during weekdays.

Aaron pushes out the chair with his foot. In the beginning, questions like that would cause him a semi every damn time. Now they just give him a warm feeling of being needed.

"I've been waiting for this one," Robert exclaims as he picks up the magazine from his chair, looking way more excited over the boring cover than what should be considered natural, Aaron thinks. "Can I bring it with me?"

"Not sure you'll have time to read, but sure." Truth is, he's not really sure what there will be time for, they've never been to anything like this before. It makes him nervous and on edge thinking about it; it's probably one of the reasons why he's so damn tired. Mina has reassured him there's nothing to be nervous about, claiming her friends are all very welcoming and open.

"How do you feel about the weekend?" he asks, slowly rolling some spaghetti onto his fork. Robert instantly puts his hand over his.

"A little anxious, but not as nervous as you. Mostly excited. No matter what you choose to do, you'll do great," he encourages him and Aaron appreciates the reassurance, taking comfort from it. "It'll be nice seeing Mina and Ale again."

They had been so comfortable with Mina when she had pierced Robert, they had gone back to her again when they had decided to go for a tattoo on the back of Robert's neck, three simple letters:
’P.O.A.’ Aaron has never been the greatest talker and finds it hard meeting new friends, but she had talked enough for the two of them while she had inked Robert and somehow, she and her partner had both been invited to their house a couple of weeks later. After that, a friendship between them had just sorta grown.

"I wonder who's gonna run the show this time," Aaron chuckles. He still haven't managed to wrap his head around it. Mina and Ale both wear a collar, something Aaron had never heard of before. They like taking turns they said, not making it a bigger deal than that. Aaron could never imagine doing the same.

"I bet Ale will"

"You wanna bet? Okay, guess I gotta bet on Mina then. What are we betting for?"

"Uhm"

"You know it's pointless to make a bet, when I can get you to do anything anyway."

"Yes, but I can't. That's why it's fun," Robert grins.

"You sure you're happy as a slave?" he winks. He's teasing of course, but there's always that nagging feeling wondering. Mina says it's a good thing to feel that way, says it won't make him sloppy and comfortable enough to forget about his slave's needs.

"Oh ha, ha. Signed the new contract, didn't I?"

Aaron takes his hand, lifts it to kiss his knuckles to show his gratitude. "Yes, you did" he says, trying to add a little teasing menace to his voice.

The contract had been reviewed and revised after year. Some new things were added and some old things were removed. Then they had signed it for another year without any discussion. It was all working out better for them than either would have hoped.

"Tell me what you want then."

Robert perks up at that, and grins with that annoying smirk of his. "I want you to get fucked by the machine while you suck me off."

"Eh no. I don't think so."

"Oh, come on!"

"No!"

"Why not? You don't know what you're missing. It's for your own sake Aaron. You're so fucking stubborn sometimes!" Robert's shocked expression shows that he knows he's overstepped his mark and he immediately lowers his gaze and slips down to his knees. "I'm sorry Master."

Aaron leans back on his chair and sits very still. Calmly, he asks, "It's not Sunday today, is it?"

"No Master."

"Yet you used my name and swore. That's not what I've taught you, is it?" If he's honest, he doesn't really mind the swearing, it's more about that principle of it.

"No Master." Robert's head hangs possibly even lower in shame and the gesture makes Aaron's heart
swell. It's amazing.

He takes Robert's plate and stands. "Crawl after me."

He takes him out to the back of their house, onto the porch where they've set up a small camping tent. "Get in." He hooks both of Robert's feet and wrists together and puts on the blindfold that's already in the tent. "Half an hour. Eat if you want."

Robert gives him a small nod, looking much smaller than his six feet. He zips the tent closed, sets an alarm on his phone and goes back inside to finish his dinner. It isn't the evening he had expected, he had wanted a nice dinner but if he has learned anything it is that he needs to be consistent no matter what the circumstance. Of course, he can't deny that the power trip he's on isn't equally pleasurable. It rushes through him, building his confidence.

Robert hasn't used inappropriate words for a couple of weeks now. That's partly why he set up the tent, for minor rule breaches. Half an hour in the tent away from him usually makes Robert verypliant and doubly affectionate afterward. Robert hates being away from him and he feels the same. During work hours, it usually works fine because they are both distracted but once they're home and able to properly slip into their roles again, it aches more. Especially for Robert who thinks he's not good enough if Aaron leaves him. Deep-rooted feelings his counsellor is still working with him on. Andy isn't living in the village anymore which has made it easier for Robert not having to worry about his presence. Aaron allowed him to say goodbye but that's the last contact they have had since he moved away. Victoria had stopped arguing about it as soon as Aaron told her about the counselling.

Upon fetching Robert, only a bit of the food is gone when he unzips the tent. Robert is still on his knees but now he has his head to the floor.

"Come on, up" Aaron nudges his shoulders, rips the blindfold away and tosses it to one corner of the tent.

"I'm sorry Master."

He looks so small and pitiful when he's being all apologetic like this, Aaron can't help but smile at him. "You're forgiven." He bends down and kisses his forehead. "I love you."

"I love you so much Master," Robert says, talking into his chest while Aaron's hands cups the back of his neck.

"You gonna be my good boy this weekend then? Gonna let me show you off?" His confidence comes from the power. From the control and responsibility. He's been fantasizing about letting others see his slave but it took a long time before he understood he wanted it for real. He's proud of his work. Proud of what he's accomplished. They both are.

Robert nods. "Always."

Robert drives and Aaron is content sitting in the passenger seat listening to him hum along to the radio. Usually, his song of choice would drive him crazy but right now he's too busy admiring the view. The summer hasn't been as hot as last year but his skin is still nicely sun-kissed and it looks amazing against his new white shirt. Both colours stand out in contrast to the big silver collar around his neck that glistens every so often.

Robert smiles before he asks. "Why are you looking at me like that?" He throws him a quick glance
but it's enough for Aaron to see the sparkle of pure happiness in his eyes.

Aaron shrugs even though he's not looking at him anymore. "Just like to look."

"Well look at the map instead. I'm starting to think I missed a turn."

"Yes boss," Aaron mocks but opens up his phone, comparing Mina's description to google maps. They should have just taken the GPS from the scrapyard van.

"Master..."

"Mmm?"

"You look really good too."

...

Eventually, they make their way off the main roads and end up on a long graveled road. It's bumpy, filled with pot holes and Robert has to drive really slow so not to damage his car, something he mutters about repeatedly.

The forest stands tall around them, shadowing over the road which becomes narrower the further they go. There is grass growing down the middle of it, a sure sign that very few people use it.

"I thought she said they lived here, it's all over grown." Robert leans closer to the window pane, stretching his neck to get a better view of the road which isn't so easy with the car being so low down.

Maybe he shouldn't have agreed to take Robert's car, would have saved him from hearing the annoyance in Robert's voice. "Summer house maybe?"

"Are you sure it's along here?" he asks, sounding more stressed, steering to avoid another hole.

Sighing, Aaron pulls the note from his pocket. "It says so. She's even written 'you'll end up on a long road you'll probably think it's the wrong one, but just keep going'. So just keep going."

Robert throws him an annoyed glance, pressing his lips together as if he's preventing himself from saying something that he knows that will get him in trouble. "Fine. But if my car gets wrecked someone's paying."

"Maybe we should get something less delicate then. Scrap this junk."

Robert slows the car until they've almost stopped and stares at him as if he's just killed his puppy and taken his money. It's not until he starts laughing that he relaxes.

“Not funny.”

“Oh, come on, you have to admit that this car is more work than joy. Maybe you'd be happier with something else.”

"Oh what, like your boy-racer car, no thanks," he huffs offended.
Aaron laughs to himself, looking down at his phone again, conveniently ignoring Robert's sulk. Adam has sent him a text with a frowning emoji. He sends him the one with the shades followed by a middle finger.

Looking up again, he notices that the forest is suddenly beginning to open up as they advance into what appears to be a clearing and the sunlight once more shines down onto them. Peeking out above a row of lilac bushes, he sees a rooftop and behind it a lonely oak tree reaching towards the sky.

Aaron sits up straight, and tries to take a couple of deep breaths very aware that his pulse is definitely racing a lot faster than he would like. He spots the rear end of another couple of cars as they approach. “Guess we're here.” His jaw tightens as he grips Robert's bicep as if to signal that he should stop the car. It's probably more for comfort though seeing as they're almost stationary.

They can see the house properly now, it's a generous size with two floors, albeit a little old looking. To the right is another small house. They park on a patch of grass behind them.

Aaron has hardly had a chance to open the car door before Mina rounds the corner of the house coming towards them.

"You're here! I thought I heard a car!" She shouts, looking the picture of joy as she leaps forward into Aaron's arms. "Was it hard finding the place?"

"Nah, wasn't a problem." However inaudible, he can tell Robert is snorting from where he's standing a little way behind him.

She yanks his left arm towards her. "Hey, this looks great," she says and lifts it up closer, examining the skin. "No scarring, I know my shit."

Aaron laughs and retrieves his arm. "Yes, you're very talented, that's why we keep coming back," he says, stroking her ego.

Apart from Robert's piercings and tattoo there had been a third visit to her studio; an appointment for himself. The letter R had been branded into his skin next to his old scar on his arm. Place it there felt symbolic somehow. The hot iron against his skin had hurt like a motherfucker, but he had wanted something to show his devotion just as much as Robert always showed his. Making a traditional brand had been Mina's suggestion. It was almost two months ago today since he had had it done. It was then she had invited them to come here. He had declined at first but curiosity had gotten the better of him. So here they are.

"And very charming, don't forget that." Aaron shakes his head at her, you couldn't accuse her of ever being shy.

Mina glances at Robert, then back to Aaron. "May I?" she asks in a gentler voice.

"Course." Aaron smiles and watches her hug Robert hello with a kiss on each cheek. He's sure he blushes a little as she whispers into his ear: "You're already amazing. You'll make your Master proud. You're safe here." she says the last part a little louder. "You both are," she adds turning back to Aaron.

"So, since you're here, I'm guessing you're running the show this weekend then?" He winks at her, then looks at Robert, feeling pleased that he won the bet, even though they hadn't really made anything of it in the end.

"Don't I always?" she winks and laughs cheerfully. "So, ready to see the others? I think all of them are out the back, we're so lucky with the weather. We can do so much more, might even move some
of the rigs outside," she happily says as Aaron grabs the bags that Robert is unloading from the car.

"You're sharing the smaller house with John and Ally, it's their second year here; I like for the new ones to stay there, bit more privacy, maybe less intimidating" she laughs a little to herself and reaches out to take one of the bags from Aaron.

The house from the front is a lot different to how it looks from the back; it's modern, luxurious even in an interesting combination of old and new. Robert probably loves it he thinks as he looks around. Next to the huge veranda is a pool, on it a jacuzzi. The garden itself is massive, with a trampoline, swings and wrapped around the tall oak tree is a small set of steps leading up to a tree house. Maybe it was there when they bought the place he muses.

From what he can tell there are four couples, plus Ale who appears to be tied to a lounge chair on the veranda.

It's then that Aaron's brain starts working overtime. "How the heck have you managed to build a pool with that small an access road, a digger can't make its way through that?"

Mina laughs as she opens the door into the smaller house. "I love that that's your first question. Don't worry, there's also a bigger road leading here."

"Then why..." he starts before she interrupts him.

"Because we like our guests to have the time to change their mind. If that road doesn't do it, well, then they truly want to be here."

Aaron nods. Ponders about the meaning of that. They've gone through a lot of stages already, there really is no point of turning around now.

Mina takes them into one of the two bedrooms. It's an average size with a queen size bed in the middle, and a small wardrobe and a chest of drawers. The furniture seems to have been found in thrift shops which, he has to admit, makes it look rather cute. Charming even. That said, unless he wants Robert laughing at him, he'll keep quiet on that. Watching Grand Designs every week at Robert's request has clearly had a bigger impact than he would ever admit.

It doesn't pass him by that the bed frame is made from wrought iron.

"Right, let me point everyone out for you." Mina points out the window overlooking the sloping garden in the direction of each person. "My dear boyfriend as you already know is sulking right now because he's not allowed to talk for the rest of the day. John and Ally who are staying with you are a daddy and little girl, I'm sure you can spot them for yourselves," Mina laughs gently, pointing to a pair by the swings.

Aaron's eyes widen slightly, he's never really seen anything like it before. The woman, girl, is wearing a big fluffy pink dress that billows and flutters in the air as she swings back and forth, her whole face glowing as she laughs. Next to her is the man, dressed normally, just the same as anyone would, and he's smiling down at her, every so often giving her an extra push which seems to make her laugh louder. They both look really happy.

"Henry and Tina are our other Master slave couple and they are there by the trampoline."

Aaron reaches out to put an arm around Robert's waist as they look at the couple. He's not entirely sure what they're doing but Tina is on her knees next to Henry who is standing on the bouncy surface. She's taking commands of some sort as she seems to move through positions. Save from knickers, collar and cuffs, she's naked.
"I've paired you with them to make dinner tonight. I thought it could be nice for you and Henry to talk."

Aaron nods, admitting that it's something he's actually been missing. Sure, he talks to Mina, but she's not 24/7 and she's a switch, and it's just not the same, even though she does try.

"Shina and Caro are over there," she continues. "They're not 24/7, but still pretty hardcore. Caro's a self-proclaimed pain slut...as you can see. They keep mostly to themselves, but they're happy to teach things if you ask them."

Caro's completely naked, lying in the grass as Shina is sitting next to her, painting her body in an interesting pattern with wax. It's been a while since he did that with Robert.

"And finally, our local exhibitionists, Eric, Dennis and Jane" Mina points to two naked men sitting at the edge of the pool, an equally naked woman in-between them, all with their legs splashing around in the water. "They're into a little light bondage and might take part in some experiments with us but mostly they just like to let us all watch them have sex." She laughs again and there's this ease to her words that everything she says is so completely normal, as if they were all out there playing cards or something.

She turns back to them. "Like I told you before, you do what you're comfortable with. You treat this as your home. Some of them like to talk, some keep to themselves." She smiles kindly. "Right I'll leave you to it, join us whenever you like."

Aaron nods in acknowledgment and gives her a quick smile. As the door closes, he continues to look out the window. At the couples playing with each other, talking, having fun, enjoying themselves. It all looks so easy. Natural. As if there's nothing abnormal about it. They are all just being themselves.

His knuckles whiten from gripping the windowsill so hard and as if Robert has noticed, he moves closer, nuzzling with his nose into his neck. "This is good Master" he whispers. "We made it."

He turns then, lets himself be embraced by the man who has given him his life back. Who has built his confidence up. Who has taught him to believe and trust in himself once more. To know his choices are right and valid. Who has taught him it's okay to put yourself first as long as you don't hurt others. To not be afraid of being abandoned. To not be ever insecure.

All of that he's given him during the past year. He's changed. He carries his head higher these days. He wears a brighter smile and is more relaxed. Everyone noticed and comments about it occasionally. For the first time, he feels free of his past.

And yes, after a lot of talking, deliberating, they have made it to here. To a place where he can shed the last bit of self-consciousness, dare to be uncomfortable around strangers and know it's okay. It's not about showing others their sex life. It's about being completely okay with just being themselves and not be afraid to show it.

He untangles himself from Robert's arms. He's looking at him with those soft eyes and that crooked smile of his which somehow manages to pierce straight into his heart every damn time. Reaching up, he kisses him.

It's Saturday but he's not in High Protocol.

Yet.

High Protocol varies a little, some of the times it's very strict, other times it's more about being silent. For today, he hadn't been sure what he wanted to do. Maybe it was bad planning, but he had figured
the place first before making up his mind. He looks out of the window again. Mina is by Ale now. She's getting her feet rubbed, his head ever so often dipping down to suck on her toes. John and Ally have moved onto the grass where she is curled up in his lap while he's feeding her something.

The choice seems pretty simple. "Strip."

Robert immediately does as he's told. He folds his clothes and neatly places them on the bed. Aaron hoists their bags onto the bed, one of them weighing about half a tonne. They have probably packed way more than they actually need but it was hard knowing what he might want to use. He's fickle like that, changes his mind too often and he's sure it must be confusing for Robert at times. He's working on it.

"You...are not going...out there..." he says, rummaging around his duffle bag "without this!" He holds up a bottle of sunscreen and Robert snorts a laugh at him that makes him smile.

"I hate that stuff, I'll get all sticky" Robert complains but Aaron can't really be bothered.

"Tough luck. Gotta protect that freckled skin of yours, don't we?" He winks. Even though he has some colour on him, he'll still burn if he doesn't use it. They learned that the hard way last year. "Besides, I kinda like massaging it into your skin." He hands Robert the bottle and gets down on his knee. He takes the key from his pocket. "Best take this off so this one won't get barbecued." Robert laughs at him again. He takes the bottle from his hands and pours out a small amount onto his fingers.

As soon as he touches his cock, Robert immediately starts getting hard. No wonder really when he's not been allowed to come for three weeks. "Down," he says firmly. Robert whimpers slightly and it takes less than fifteen seconds before his cock is soft again. They've been training a lot on verbal commands when it comes to his erection. He has managed to make him respond to 'down' and 'hard' quite well, but 'come' they're still working on. Especially without stimulation.

Robert's cock remains limp as he moves over his body, legs, feet and up his torso, his arms and long fingers. He takes his time over his bum and up his back. Then his neck, throat and finally his face.

"You should get some too," Robert reminds him kindly. "Especially here." He takes his arm, rubs his thumb over the capital letter. "Have I told you how much I love this and that you did it for me?"

Aaron tilts his head to the side, looking at him through narrowed eyes. "Meh, once or twice maybe," he teases. They both know it has been almost everyday.

Aaron complies, doing as Robert said and rubs the sunscreen all over until he too is sticky and slippery. He decides to unpack and let the cream dry a bit more before dressing Robert. They brought a bag each but the content of each is vastly different - in his there are clothes, in Robert's there are toys. No toys isn't the right word for it. That indicates this is a game. It's not - something they had to tell Vic over and over again before she finally understood.

Touching the thick leather that will sit around Robert's waist he figures that maybe it is clothes after all. Not in the traditional sense but it's what his slave wears, what protects him. So, in that sense it's the same.

Robert is looking out the window and he can see him twitching but he knows him well enough to know it's not from discomfort. "You looking forward to get out there?"

"Yes Master." He sounds eager and the light in his eyes fill Aaron with warmth.
He holds up a pair of leather knee pads. "Even wearing these?" he asks teasing, already knowing the answer. Aaron knows he loves crawling next to him as much as he likes to watch him. The knee pads he had bought when their walks kept getting longer and longer. The gloves stay packed, he won't need them on the grass.

The respondse from Robert is affectionate as he starts shaking, his knees bouncing. "Yes Master," he cries, a break in his voice.

Knowing the signs, Aaron can tell he's about to fall down to his knees; something he does when he's feeling particularly controlled. It's an involuntary reaction, he has explained, something he can't stop on his own. However, Aaron can. "No! Stay up!" he commands and Robert cries out as if he had been in pain. His legs are shaking viciously. He needs calming so Aaron puts a hand around his throat and squeezes just enough. It quickly has the desired effect as his whole body stops shaking. "Good boy." He kisses him on the cheek and relaxes his grip. Robert remains still, arms behind his back, eyes fixed on the floor.

Leading up to this weekend, they had done a lot of talking about what they might do whilst they are here. Should they go all out or just observe? Would they need to take their time to ease into it? Aaron had the final say of course but he would never have done anything without hearing Robert's opinion. Robert's feelings had been clear from the start; all out. If they're here, why waste time? Up until just a few minutes ago, Aaron had still been pondering about it. Seeing Robert's reaction, he knows he's made the right choice. He draws in a deep breath, studying his slave's obedient posture. Every line of his body is at a perfect angle.

He has packed a new set of metal cuffs that would have been so good to use but the weather is too warm and the metal would burn against his skin. For that same reason, he removes Robert's bigger collar which has him whimpering at feeling its loss. "It's okay, we'll use the set today." Robert quiets again.

'The set' consists of a collar, wrist, ankle, arm and thigh cuffs, waist belt, and a leash. And to tie it all together; an eye mask. All of it is made in very dark navy leather. What makes it even more special versus the one Robert uses everyday is that each buckle requires a small padlock to close properly.

Aaron takes his time, enjoying the process of taking Robert further and further down in his submission with each cuff he locks. In the process, he takes himself higher and higher. The last thing he does is securing Robert's cock back in its cage. Today is not for him.

He sits down on the bed, surveying his work, in awe as he twists the metal chain that is part of the leash a couple of times around his hands. They are really doing this. "You look amazing," he says, unable to take his eyes from his slave. Robert smiles wide at this praise which turns the corners of his own mouth upwards. It's easy making Robert happy these days. Not that it was very hard before but Aaron always felt as if he took more than he gave Robert. This is just easier. He's grinning now, taking in every part of his body, soaking up their new surroundings and the air of the new room, the voices from outside. Growing up, he was never comfortable in his own skin and it has taken him a long time to accept everything he was, is. Now... now he's about to take his slave outside and proudly show him off.

He smiles at that thought. Of what he was like before and who he has become and there's an ache to his chest that maybe he's actually okay. People don't always run a mile from him. They stay.

Pointing four fingers downwards, he makes his feelings clear; he's ready.

Robert sinks onto all fours and makes his way over to him, slowly. He strokes his cheeks affectionately against his calves and Aaron's hand drops into his hair, gripping, tugging slightly.
"You're so good."

He clips the leash onto the back of the collar. The eye mask is the last piece and once it's on, Robert whimpers a little, his head dropping closer to the ground.

"You're okay, you look so amazing," he reassures him, trying to stem off Robert's self-consciousness that he has not yet managed to train away. "Come here." He lifts his chin and kisses him. He strokes his cheek, brushing away a few strands of hair that have fallen across his face.

Robert waits for him in the same spot as he goes to fill a water bottle that he stuffs into a tote bag along with Robert's book. They're halfway through and it's getting harder and harder to put it away, especially since he thinks he has figured out who the murderer is. He never used to be a book person, the thickest thing he has ever stretched to reading is a car magazine and even then, he could hardly keep up interest to finish it. Robert on the other hand has always read a lot and even more so since Aaron limited his time on the computer. One night, Robert had asked him to read to him and from there some sort of literature interest had awoken, one that hasn't been present since nursery.

He grips the leash, draws in a few deep breaths as his fingers aimlessly stroke Robert's head. The adrenaline rushes through him and he gives himself a moment to calm down. Robert presses his head against his knee. He does want this. Still, it's pretty damn nerve-racking.

He's shaking as he opens the door and for a moment he considers strangling himself to see if it has the same effect that it does on Robert. Surprisingly, walking a few steps into the garden leads to a sort of anti-climax he hadn't anticipated and it distracts him enough to help him refocus. He had been so sure everyone would stare but the truth is no one really does. What they're doing isn't special or shocking here - they're all part of it.

The only one who gives them some attention is Mina, grinning happily in their direction as Aaron leads Robert across the lawn, all of the small padlocks jingling like bells. Ally waves excitedly at him and Aaron gives a half wave back, as he battles with the feeling of how strange and right this all feels. Robert is following him closely, showing no signs of hesitation. If it's easier to be lead and be behind a mask, he's not sure. Is it really hiding or is he the most exposed of them all?

John gives him a wave too and he figures he might as well walk over and introduce himself seeing as they're sharing the same house.

"Hiya" he nods, not sure what to say to the stranger with a grownup girl in his lap.

"I'm John" he says, extending his hand. "And this is Ally". He tickles her a little under her ear and the girl who a second ago seemed so forward now sinks back against John's chest, appearing a little shy. Now that he's closer he can see she is wearing a collar to match the dress. It's made of pink lace with a little bell attached at the front.

"I'm Aaron. This is Robert." He nods towards him.

"Is he your dog?" Ally asks curiously, scrambling out of John's lap and reaching her hand towards Robert. She's immediately stopped by John.

"Hey hey hey, you ask for permission first," he scolds her.

Ally looks up at Aaron with big doey eyes. "Can I pet him?"

"Ehm...I guess," Aaron stutters, not sure what's happening but still finds himself saying "he likes to be scratched behind his ears, like this." He squats, demonstrating what he means which causes Robert to snort.
Ally giggles and follows Aaron's instruction. Robert drops his head closer towards her, almost resting it against her lap. "I think he likes it!" she exclaims happily. The stark contrast of Ally's small frame against Robert's really does make it look like a child next to a Great Dane. In fact, Ally is so small that if it hadn't been for the tell-tale wrinkles around her eyes he'd been convinced she was a kid. John looks maybe a couple of years older than Robert, grey hair creeping in at the sides.

"Why don't you sit down and join us." He gestures at the grassy area in front of him and Aaron accepts the invitation. John leans a little closer to him and Aaron isn't sure what to expect. "I was nervous too last year, that was our first time."

"That obvious huh?" He clears his throat, biting at his lower lip. He really thought he had hidden it better.

"Just a bit. It's okay. It's not everyday you do something like this is it?" John smiles in a friendly way and it relaxes Aaron, his grip around the leash loosening as his eyes are drawn back to Robert.

Robert is lying flat on his stomach now, squirming slightly as Ally's fingers seem to have found a ticklish spot.


"S'okay." He strokes his hand up and down Robert's back a couple of times, making sure he's alright.

"He needs a bowl of water, I'll get it!" the girl suddenly proclaims.

"Ally!" John reprimands her forwardness.

"But Daddy, it's true, all dogs have one," she pouts.

Aaron can't stop himself from laughing. "I tell ya what, if you think he needs one, that's fine by me if you wanna get one. His own is at home and I'm sure he misses it." He looks at John, thinking maybe he made a blunder "If that's okay, I mean."

John holds his hands up. "It's fine. Ask Mina if you can't find one, okay sweetie?" he says to Ally who is already up on her feet.

"Okay Daddy."

Aaron looks at the girl as she runs towards the house, her ponytail bouncing and the bell tinkling. He catches himself holding his gaze a little too long and he shakes his head. "Sorry," he says and can feel himself blushing. "I've just never met a...a..."

"A little one," John fills in. "That's okay. I've never met a dog like yours before either." John smiles again and Aaron notices how easily he inflates tension.

He nods thoughtfully, trying to think of some appropriate answer but falls short. "So, what do you do when you're not here?" he asks instead.

"Paramedic. Both of us actually. That's how we met. The hours can get really long and crazy sometimes, this is how we relax."

The times he has been in an ambulance flash before his eyes. Another lifetime ago.

"You like it?" he asks to avert the memories.
"Wouldn't change it for anything. What about you?"

"Ehrm, work with my hands, I'm a scrapper. Own half a scrapyard with my best mate. And this one here," he explains, once again touching Robert. ":owns a haulage firm."

John whistles. "Two businesses between you, gotta be tough."

"It's actually not th-: 'That hard', he's about to say but catches himself, realizing if it wasn't for Robert's business brain and love for work, he's not sure they would survive. "It's thanks to Robert it works so well," he says proudly. "He's a bit of an overachieving workaholic."

"Ah, and this is his way of relaxing."

"Mm" Aaron smiles, thoughts drifting into various times when he's taken Robert completely under.

"Is it relaxing for you though?"

Aaron frowns slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Don't get me wrong," John says, holding up a placating hand. "I just mean that we carry a lot of responsibilities looking after someone else. Their relaxing might not be the same as ours."

Aaron nods. "Mm... it's not, no. It's different. But just as good."

"I'll drink to that," John says, holding up an imaginary glass and Aaron figures that he's alright.

"Daddy!" Ally calls from the veranda. She's holding what looks like a big platter - one that seems a bit too big and heavy for her to carry.

"Oh dear." John rushes over to her.

Aaron chuckles at them, briefly reflecting on how easy it is to accept their dynamic which before today he had been more or less unaware of. Perhaps it's this place that makes it easy, he muses. His hand trails along Robert's side and he leans down to pepper kisses around his shoulder.

"I do hope Robert is thirsty because this one might have found the biggest bowl in the house" John jokes, sounding slightly apologetic.

"Dogs are always thirsty Daddy!"

"Wow yeah, that's a big one." Aaron says with a voice he usually reserves for Leo.

John sets it down close to Robert, Ally pretending to help. "Here you go doggy," she says sitting down on her knees, her eyes eager and expecting.

Robert moves a little but doesn't seem to know where to go.

"If you take his hand and show him where the bowl is he'll find it easier," Aaron explains gently.

Ally follows his advice, carefully guiding his hand to touch the ceramic bowl. Robert rises up onto his knees and finds his way to the bowl. He takes a big slurp of the water. If he's thirsty or if he does it to indulge the girl, he's not sure, but he's on his very best behaviour and Aaron's heart swells a little again, he feels so proud.

"See Daddy, he was thirsty!"
"Guess so," John smiles.

Robert shakes the excess water from his chin which causes Ally to giggle again. Aaron finds himself completely fascinated by the way she's acting. So small and carefree, not even an ounce of adult about her. She moves onto John's lap once more, popping the dummy dangling down from a strap on her dress into her mouth.

"What do you do all day around here then?" Aaron asks.

John looks affectionately at his girl and Aaron recognizes the look in his eyes, it's the same one he gives Robert. "What do we do Ally? We play, and cuddle, and talk-"

"And go on the swing!" she cuts in.

"-and go on the swing. And Daddy has to push you higher every time."

"Mm," she hums and nods in agreement.

"We just hang out."

Aaron isn't sure what answer he was expecting but it's so simple and obvious he almost feels silly for asking. "Well I was going to read a little to Robert, we're halfway through.... if you wanna listen in." He takes the book out of the bag.

"That one might be a bit too scary for this one" John says, holding Ally a little closer.

"Oh, right." Aaron feels a little stupid. Maybe he hasn't entirely gotten the hang of this little thing.

"Don't worry, we're on lunch duty anyway, and I think it's time we got started. When I say we, I mean me, because this one needs her midday nap." John rocks Ally's body a little back and forth and she actually coos.

After they leave, he leads Robert under the big oak tree where the shade is cooling.

A woman who he can't remember the name of but who he knows is the other slave surprises him by carrying the big bowl over to them as he gets Robert settled under the tree.

"Oh, thank you." She doesn't say anything, simply nods gracefully with her eyes closed before she pushes herself up from the ground again. Her Master is standing a few meters away, watching her. Aaron acknowledges him with a nod and another thank you.

He smiles kindly but doesn't say anything. He holds his hand out for the woman to take and leads her away. She moves without a sound, her body as graceful as a ballerina, long lean neck, her legs taking each step as if she was floating. It's impressive.

Robert has curled up on his side, he knows how Aaron wants him without being told. He appreciates those kind of initiatives - after a year they read each other pretty well. He leans back, uses Robert's body as a pillow and opens the book where they left off. Every so often he'll pause from reading, still feeling very much aware of himself as he looks around the garden and it takes a few chapters before he fully relaxes against Robert.

This time his gaze lingers as curiosity takes over, and he studies what the others are doing. A few grunts further away holds his attention. The threesome playing with each other. Fucking in the grass.
Laughing and yelping. Truth be told, he had expected a stronger reaction from his body, a bigger show of interest from his brain. Seeing others fuck in real life and not in a porno should be more intriguing or so he had thought. And it's not that it looks boring, it's just... he's in his own little haven that's too good and stimulating to care too much about the others. Maybe that is why these gatherings work so well, everyone lets each other be.

He has kicked off his shoes, and his toes curl and grips the grass between them, pulling up a few blades from their roots. A cool breeze sweeps through every so often which makes the temperature under the tree perfect.

Birds chirp around them, small insects are searching for food at a nearby apple tree and it's almost too nice. Mostly though, he has Robert's soft skin against him, the subtle rise and fall from his body lulling him into a peaceful daydream. He figures this is the closest to a real-life Eden he'll ever come. He's not a religious person, doesn't understand what all the fuss is about, but this, this is heaven.

They stay like that for an hour, maybe more, Aaron's throat becoming sore and eventually the book falls heavy against his chest and he finds himself drifting into dreamland. Robert's breathing is also different, deeper, slower and a soft snore escapes his lips. He shifts, and lying down on his side, picks up Robert's arm and lets it encircle his waist as he pushes his body back until he's being properly spooned. The dreams keep coming and going, but doesn't last long enough for him to register them as he drifts between being awake and sleeping.

What eventually pulls him out of it is a soft female voice, "Hey, sleeping beauties, time to wake up."

For a moment, he has lost his bearings, wondering where he is as he peels his eyes open but then he sees her, the girl from the threesome, Jane, sitting down in front of him, looking like some damn hippie angel with flowers in her hair. He stretches, yawns. "Okay," is all he says, not quite having shaken off the sleepiness.

"You looked so cute and peaceful I almost didn't want to wake you." She smiles and strokes his cheek and the gesture is so sweet and motherly he can feel the dam of emotions bursting inside him. He tries stopping it, doesn't want a stranger seeing this side of him, but he finds himself powerless, unable to do anything as he's rooted in place, against Robert, his safeness, and so the tears fall, landing onto her hand.

"It's nice here," he more or less blurs out, in an attempt to stem the tidal wave of emotion and prevent more tears from falling. He doesn't know how to handle such kindness from someone he doesn't even know.

"I'm glad you think so." She smiles, not commenting on the fact he has just cried against her palm. She stands up. "Lunch is ready in a minute, they're setting the table." She nods back to the veranda where Ale and John are carrying things out to the long table.

"Okay. Be right there."

He watches her go, and observes the others gather at the house, smiling, and something catches in his chest. He needs a minute.

Robert's fingers find his hand that is resting on the ground, and he pushes them through Aaron's until they're holding hands. "My Master," he sighs softly. He doesn't say anything else but it's enough for Aaron to wobble again, forcing him to bury his head into his side, arms crushing around him, and release his tears against his skin. Robert's hand finds his back, holds him tight against him. "You're loved." That sets him off again.
He clears his throat, sits up again and tries to compose himself enough so he can go eat. He wipes his eyes with the back of his hand. "What happened there eh?" he chuckles, feeling a little embarrassed, wanting to pretend as if it's not something to fuss about. Robert smiles at him, stretches and moves up to all fours.

With a hand to his neck, Aaron pulls him in. Kisses his cheek hard enough Robert almost loses his balance. "Hope you're hungry, looks like they're setting up a feast over there."

He puts the book into the bag, empties the bowl so he can take it back, grips the leash and takes a deep breath. This will take some time getting used to.

As he approaches them this time he does get some attention but it's in the form of handshakes and friendly greetings. Ally rushes up to Robert to tickle him behind his ears again and for a moment Aaron's afraid she's going to ask him to feed him but thankfully John is there to pull her back.

"Aaron," a deep voice calls and he turns to find... Henry, that was his name right? Henry and Tina, that's it. "Do you need one?" He's holding out a pillow for him and it takes Aaron a second to register what he means.

"Yeah," he nods in thanks, clutching the pillow. It feels a bit odd accepting such an intimate symbol from a practical stranger but nevertheless, he manages not to come off as too awkward.

Henry reaches out his hand for him to shake and he introduces himself properly. "Guess we're running the show tonight then."

Dinner prep, he'd almost forgotten. "Maybe I should warn you, I'm not the best of chefs" he tries to laugh about it because he's honestly a little nervous about having to cook with someone else.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Tina is very skilled in the kitchen," Henry reassures. "But I'm very skilled with spuds and a peeler" he adds, not putting much humour behind it and Aaron is not quite sure how to read him. He seems nice enough he supposes.

He nods affirmingly. "That I can do. Robert's the better of us but I'm not sure... " he trails off, looking down to where he's standing.

"Robert can stay where he is of course, the three of us are more than enough, right Tina?"

"Of course, Owner." The woman to his left smiles at them. "I'm looking forward to it."

When they're finally all seated at the table, Robert and Tina are the only ones on the floor, kneeling on their pillows. They've both been placed on the end at the table so they won't be disturbed by the others and for that Aaron is grateful.

Plates of bulgur salad and fruit get passed around and Aaron fills his plate with enough to feed the both of them. Robert does him proud when he slips the melon cubes between his lips and there's no hesitation detectable on his face. It did take him a while to learn how to eat blindfolded without any problem.

His hand falls to the nape of his neck, resting there protectively as he listens to the others around the table. He joins in occasionally, his fingers carding through Robert's hair when he talks about them, all of them curious how they met and Aaron's not really sure how he should deal with that particular topic.

"Ehrm... just by accident I suppose. Took us a while before properly getting together before we understood what we meant to each other." Instinctively, he leans closer to Robert.
"You seem very affectionate now," Henry comments, his face serious but his words seem kindly.

Aaron ducks his head, blushes. "Yeah, yeah we are."

The conversation thankfully steers away from him, with Shina and Caro talking about their afternoon plans that sound intriguing and a bit unnerving all at the same time. "If anyone doesn't do blood, then don't come to the living room because that's where we'll be" Shina warns friendly.

"You make it sound like a blood bath babe. It's really not that bad." Caro leans over the table, looking around to assure everyone.

"Or if anyone doesn't like needles and knives. Then stay away," Shina adds.

"Do you mind showing me some of it," Aaron finds himself saying and under his hand, he can feel Robert tensing. Knives and any type of blood play is, well it had been on Robert's hard limits list, but after they renewed the contract he doesn't have one anymore, rather choosing to rely on his Master to know what's right for him instead. "The needles I mean." He rubs his thumb along Robert's neck, tracing his vertebrae, trying to ease his evident concern.

"Sure!" Shina sounds happy about it and Aaron relaxes, knowing he hasn't asked too much. "Ever tried it before?"

"No, I've been wanting to for a while, but I figured I shouldn't without some guidance."

"Good call." Shina tells him.

An hour later Robert and Caro are lying flat on their stomachs next to each other on the living room floor. It's just the four of them there, the rest occupied with their own adventures. The house is cool and quiet which feels like a nice rest from everything going on outside. Aaron's hands keep fiddling with the belt around Robert's waist as he listens to Shina explaining everything for him and his earlier composure falters somewhat as she shows him the needles.

Robert, thankfully, is breathing calmly again after a brief wobble in their bedroom right after lunch.

"I can't do it Master."

"I won't do anything you can't take. It's no worse than your piercings. You trust me, right?"

Shina has brought out a big tray with needles, rings, wipes and antiseptics. The ribbons next to them are for Caro only. "We'll make a corset today," she had said and Caro had happily kissed her in euphoria.

Small black dots form a line down both sides of Caro's spine, marking where she intends to pierce the skin. Robert's back is unmarked as it's not really necessary.

"You start with one and see what happens. I'd recommend using five at most for your first session."

Shina has given him a lesson in safety, the do's and dont's, and what to expect. Robert had listened, kneeling close to his leg.
They've wiped their skin with antiseptic where they plan to put the needles, upper back had seemed as good choice as any in the end, and thoroughly scrubbed their own hands.

"Can't be too careful."

It had all been so steady and clinical, with nothing arousing about it and he had thought nothing more of it than performing a job. Doing something he's been curious about, trying something new.

Now, with the needle in his hand and Robert's skin pinched between his fingers, feelings suddenly come into play. And doubts. And worries. Maybe it's stupid, the chase for adrenaline, he hasn't even figured out what he wants to do, but if he does this, then at least he'll know if it's something for them.

Then there's the questions. About why he even wants this at all. For a brief terrifying second, it's like he's holding a blade, ready to hurt himself. But that's just his brain unfairly trying to connect one situation with another similar one. It's not the same. One is about trying to numb the feelings, the other is about giving them in plenty. He wants Robert to feel the rush of endorphins and he wants to feel the power and control of intentionally causing someone else to feel pain. Maybe it's sick to think like that, and maybe he should question himself more but he stopped apologizing for himself months ago. He loves what he gets to do with Robert, loves the trust and devotion but more than anything; he loves to rule and be in charge, to hold his life in his hands. The feeling of knowing he could drive the needles deep into his body, make him scream in pain makes his head rush. He wouldn't of course. But he could. And further more, he's allowed to make the decision.

"Breathe in," he tells Robert, exercising what Shina has told him. He holds his own breath and with a steady hand he drives the needle straight through.

Exhaling heavily, he falls backwards, staring at the thin needle that sits threaded through Robert's shoulder blade.

"You alright?" Shina asks, looking up from where she's working on the corset pattern on Caro's back.

"Yeah" he breathes. "Yeah, I'm ok. Headrush," he adds, clearing his throat.

He places a hand against Robert's neck, petting it shakily. "Good boy, you did so good." He barely made a sound, or if he did he might not have heard it over the thudding sound of his own heart.

This is a new feeling. Overwhelming. Not at all the same feeling after bruising his slave's back. Nothing like what he's experienced when he's taken away his ability to breathe or caused him deep humiliation. It feels like pure power. The adrenaline has him trembling. Casually, he strokes through Robert's hair.

"Another one, okay." It's not a question. Neither does Robert take it like one. He remains still, waiting and accepting.

The second needle draws a loud hiss from Robert.

"Colour?"

"Green, Master" he whispers, nearly whimpering. Aaron knows that voice; he's already half way to floating.

"What did I do wrong?"

"Different speed, less adrenaline, lack of concentration, could be a number of things. Don't worry too
much. You'll get the hang of it. A little pain is also a part of it, remember." Shina doesn't once take her eyes from Caro's back. She has decorated it with six rings so far and has another handful of black little dots to cover. "Go on, try again. You should never stop on your worst one."

He concentrates harder, finds the right depth for the needle and looks for a confirming nod from Shina before he pushes it through for a third time and Robert breathes with the needle instead of against it.

It's not perfect by any means, but he feels rather pleased with himself looking at the small letter 'A' he's formed with the three needles. The metal looks somehow perfect against Robert's skin.

"I think I'm good now," he says, trying to collect himself.

"Not bad for your first time." Shina smiles warmly. "Wipe the blood away with some alcohol yeah. Careful not to press on them, unless you wanna hurt him that is." She winks cheekily at him.

"Another time maybe," he finds himself saying, already looking forward to a next time.

He pulls a blanket from the sofa behind him and drapes it over Robert's legs. He takes a photo of his back, another one for their collection.

They spend the rest of the afternoon taking it easy, finishing a few more chapters of the book.

Dinner prep goes by without a hitch, Henry had been right, Tina was talented in the kitchen and together they have made sweet potato fries with lemon chicken. They eat inside as it's starting to get a little too dark for them to enjoy it outside. Of course, for Robert it won't matter as he's still blindfolded. It makes him tired being cut off from light for so long and Aaron can tell he's starting to almost nod off. He strokes his shoulder gently and finishes the last of his pop. There's no alcohol during their gatherings Mina explained. Even if it was, he'd never drink while having Robert in deep submission.

He feels a bit awkward about wanting to get out of doing the washing up but looking at Robert and judging from the way his head keeps drooping and snapping back up again he really should take him back.

"Don't worry, we'll take care of the dishes," Henry says as if he's read his mind. "You go."

"Sorry," Aaron immediately apologizes, feeling like a kid that's done something he shouldn't have. "Bad planning on my part."

"It's fine, you'll make it up some other time. Focus on what's important."

It is a bit stupid he supposes to even hesitate about putting Robert first, he's just too keen on making a good impression that he's not really thinking clearly. Henry is right of course.

Instead of letting Robert crawl back to their house, he helps him to his feet, slings his arm across his shoulders and wraps his arm around Robert's waist for support. His head still falls forward as they quietly slip away. They're not the first to leave, John had made his and Ally's excuses over and hour ago.
The sky is clear when they cross the lawn, the moon shining strongly down on them, the night air still mild. Around them, crickets chirp eagerly and it feels like the perfect summer's evening.

"You've been so good today. I am so proud," he whispers and Robert rests his head on top of his as they walk, either too tired or too respectful to respond.

John is just coming out of their shared bathroom when they enter the small cottage.

"Hiya," he whispers. "Ally's asleep," he explains, nodding his head in the direction of their bedroom.

Aaron catches a glimpse of the girl curled up in bed with a dummy in her mouth and teddy clutched under her arm. "Don't worry, we'll be quiet."

John smiles at him gratefully. "Night then," he says and closes the door.

Gently, Aaron eases Robert down onto the bed. Yes, maybe he should make sure they brush their teeth and all that, but he wants to focus on what's important, right? And right now he needs to take care of Robert.

He turns off the main ceiling light and dims down his bedside lamp as much as he can. "I'm gonna remove the mask okay?"

Robert is too tired to respond but that's fine. His faces scrunches up uncomfortably when he removes the mask, even the smallest of light disturbing him.

"Keep them closed if you need to."

Swiftly, he strips him of his set of cuffs, the first locks falling heavily onto the floor before he catches himself and drops them onto the bed instead. He doesn't need John annoyed with him.

Robert whines slightly as he pulls the leather from around his waist. Soon, he's his version of naked, cage and collar still on and with his eyes still closed, Robert turns onto his side.

On his back, the needles have left a small bruising and if your imagination is good enough you can kind of make out the small 'A' Aaron had made.

He strips out of his own clothes, throwing them into a pile on the floor. His head hits the pillow. It's been a long day. A pretty amazing one really.

He drapes the duvet over them both and presses his body tight against Robert's back, his hand finding fingers with which to entwine his own, resting their joined hands against his stomach.

He reaches up to kiss Robert's neck and can see him smiling. "What did I ever do to deserve you eh?"

Robert smiles a little broader and he can see his crow's feet deepen. "Love you," he mumbles tiredly, so quiet that Aaron almost doesn't catch it; he pulls his hand up to his mouth to kiss his knuckles.

They both fall into a deep sleep.
Outside, John and Ally are already playing and Ale and Eric are carrying out a folding table onto the veranda which they set up. Behind them, Dennis and Jane follow with boxes and tools.

In bed, Robert is still sleeping. It's Sunday so he won't be strict with him today, even though they are here. Besides, it's not like Robert to go too crazy. He should wake him though so they can join the others, his interest is peaked when they bring out hammers and a couple of power tools.

"Oi sleepyhead." He bounces down on the edge of the bed. "Time to wake up."

"Five more minutes," Robert complaints and pulls the duvet up over his head.

"As if, come on." He claps his hand on his back twice. "I wanna head out."

"Master."

The word sounds so pitiful and childish that Aaron can't help but laugh at him, falling into the embrace when Robert opens out his arm.

Robert kisses him in every place he can reach from where he's holding him, his mouth playfully finding naked skin, hands soon tickling his sides.

"Alright, come on stop!" he laughs. "Robert, stop it!"

He settles back, breathes out a contented sigh against Aaron's temple. "Alright come on, don't know why you're lying there. Wait till I tell the others how lazy my Master is." He winks cheekily at him as he stands, Aaron still in bed. Bastard.

…

It turns out, Ale is having a small workshop with Dennis and Jane on how to make your own bondage toys and they have pieces of leather, PVC and nails scattered over half the veranda.

"You should join us, you're good with tools aren't ya?"

"Using them to destroy things with yeah, not sure if that qualifies as good."

"That works." Ale had smiled invitingly and that's why Aaron is now fully concentrated on trying to cut a red piece of leather into a perfect shape.

"Robert come here." He's sitting behind him, re-reading the parts of his book they've already read. His thick collar is back on again, which Aaron has attached a leash to just in case, and along with the brown shorts he's wearing, he looks a lot more dressed than he did yesterday.

Robert comes over and stand in front of him and for a third time, he holds the red piece against his face, trying to figure out on how to best pull together his vision.

"You already have like six gags, you're obsessed."

"Nah, I just like to shut you up." He kisses him. That's another method that usually works. "Besides, this is technically not a gag, it's a muzzle."

Robert almost rolls his eyes at him. Almost.
Even though Ale has picked out a thinner piece of leather for him, its thickness still makes it quite hard to work with. Despite cutting away parts on both sides of the nose and sowing it back together to make it tighter, it still doesn't sit snug enough over Robert's face. But he has to admit, it still looks quite hot.

"Not bad for your first piece." Robert is on his knees in front of them and Ale, with Aaron's permission, touches Robert's head.. "See here, if you cut away a piece here it will follow his jaw line better, you could also put an extra nail here, and -" he tilts Robert's head to the side "You could add a line of stitching here, might take a while mind."

"Mm." Maybe he should, but looking at the muzzle wrapped around his slave's face and those trusting eyes staring at him, he has other ideas. "Might save that for next time," he surprises himself with saying, as if there's no doubt they'll be here again.

He's not really sure what he'd expected but every thought and expectation he's had, reality has surpassed. New places aren't usually where he feels safe but being here among people who understand, well that's a feeling he'll remember for a long time.

Ale is perceptive enough to catch whatever signal he sends out because he silently leaves them alone with only a hand of acknowledgment on Aaron's shoulder.

The leash feels warm between his fingers. With his right palm facing up, he does a subtle flick of his fingers. Robert stands.

The way Robert has taken all his orders, shown his devotion without hesitation it's... it just kinda blows Aaron's mind. He wonders what it would have felt like had it been him walking around naked among a group of strangers. He probably wouldn't have dared to leave the house, let alone let other people touch him. That's the thing though he supposes, he could never lose control the way Robert does, he's lost it too many time in his life already.

When he leads him down the side of the house towards the woods they spot Henry and Tina by the outside wall. She's on her knees, completely naked, her back straight, and mouth gaping. A standard slave position if it wasn't for her hands being attached to the wall. What's more unusual, Aaron has never seen it at least, is Henry nailing her braid of hair above her head forcibly putting a strain on her neck. The position is both impressive and gorgeous Aaron thinks.

Looking up at Robert he's met by slightly wild eyes staring at the scene. He's not really sure what to make of it so he makes him look at him, his eyes immediately softening.

"Colour?"

He blinks slowly, once.

Green.

He pulls at the leash, Robert falling into line behind him to the left. The voices behind them soon fade, replaced by bird song and the smell of pine. Some of the others might be comfortable doing, well...everything, with an audience, but Aaron is not. Never thinks he will. He's done more than he ever thought he would but that part of intimacy, that's only for him and Robert.

"Come here." He holds out his hand and pulls Robert in, guiding his hands behind his own back. "It's been twenty-five days. You've been so good," he says, kissing the red leather. Robert whimpers and closes his eyes.

Slowly, he starts backing him up against a tree. He badly wants to remove the muzzle and kiss him,
feel those big lips on his. For now, he'll just have to settle for his fingers running through his hair, curling at the back of his neck, pulling his head back so he can kiss and bite his neck. Robert groans. It's not gonna take much. Maybe this time he can even....

His thoughts are distracted as Robert's back bumps against the tree and his fingers scratch at his back. He loves that, even keeps his slave's nails the right length for it.

"Hands behind the tree."

He could link his hands together with the cuffs he supposes, but he knows Robert will keep them there until he tells him otherwise. He sinks onto his knees, unzips Robert's shorts, and lets them pool around his ankles. Next, he pulls out the small key that hangs close to his chest. The pieces of the cage come off one by one. It's always a fascinating sight watching Robert's cock harden after being tucked away in the cage for a long time.

It's not as hard as it can be, yet. Only his words can control that particular bit. Deciding it's probably best to remove them completely, he makes him step out of the shorts and hangs them up on a branch.

There's just something about being outdoors, feeling the wind against naked skin, watching Robert being exposed that bit more.

He stands closer, enough to see the fine beads of sweat form along his hairline. It's a sign, he thinks. If he pushes him enough he's sure he can finally make him come with words only.

He places his hands against the tree, high up next to Robert's head and he leans in. "I know you're gagging for it. Seeing Tina turned you on, bet you wish you were the one being tied up, am I right?"

Robert nods, closing his eyes as he does.

"I don't even need to tie you up though do I, I could whip you black and blue and you still wouldn't move. Because you know who owns you, don't you?"

Robert nods, closing his eyes as he does.

"I don't even need to tie you up though do I, I could whip you black and blue and you still wouldn't move. Because you know who owns you, don't you?"

Another nod.

Aaron looks down at his cock, still not fully hard. It makes him pleased. Pushing a hand against Robert's throat, he commands - "Hard." His cock immediately becomes fully erect, the vein underneath thick and the skin pulling back to reveal the glistening top. "Good." He pushes himself back, lets their cheeks brush against each other. If he had less self-control he would have pulled out his own hard cock and fucked him against the tree, forced him to hold himself up.

Then again, watching him suffer with humiliation is almost equally as good. It's still a struggle sometimes, those thoughts of feeling all wrong, of being bad, of wondering why he's so fucked up that he enjoys seeing someone else in pain. Then logic takes over again, says it's Robert, and lust... and oddly, love. Thankfully, these moments occur less often these days.

He plucks a few long blades of grass, gets down on his knees in front of Robert. "I think... when we get home... I might have you crawl for me all week. It's been a while since we did something for a full week, isn't it?" Robert's legs shake as he wraps the grass around his dick and ties it off into a bow, one end snapping when he pulls too tight. He picks up the next. "Makes me hard thinking about you crawling next to me with every step I take. Only pillows for you that week. I'd have to bring out the dog bed again."

He thinks he can hear Robert mumble something but it's too quiet and muted through the muzzle to tell. He continues to tie blades of grass around his cock until there is a line of five messy bows.
"I'd let you clean the floor with your tongue, especially if you spill any of this," he says and swipes a finger against the tip of Robert's dick, then wipes if off against his chest. "Maybe you should eat your food directly from the floor, I think dog food would be enough for my little whore that week." He stands quickly, gripping Robert's jaw harshly. "Huh? You'd eat that for me, wouldn't you? Yeeees." He prolongs the word and makes Robert's head nod, one hand tight across his face, the other tugging his hair. Of course, there are some fantasies he wouldn't make reality, but they're still pretty fun to play with. Especially since Robert always goes completely crazy over the things that push his limits. "If you don't eat though, I'll just have to force it in ya with the funnel hood, wouldn't I? I'll grind that shit down with some water and pour it straight into your mouth. If you're real lucky maybe I'll rinse it down with your own piss. Can't waste my own on a dirty whore who eats dog food."

There are tears in Robert's eyes, threatening to spill over. That's another good sign. Too many times he's stopped by this point, afraid to push on, only to have Robert tell him he had wanted him to continue. He has learned his lesson.

"Could even use a catheter, feed you with the tube, recycle your own pee. Push it so deep down your throat you'd probably vomit. I'd force you to swallow that too. Can't spit it out with the hood on can you?"

Robert shakes his head and falls forward, tears of humiliation and craving now streaming down his cheeks.

"No, look at me." Aaron roughly pulls his head back up and Robert whimpers, his body shaking. "Aww booo hoo, is my filthy little whore crying?" he mocks, scrunching up his own face. He spits in his face, the glob slowly moves down his forehead, forcing Robert to close his eye.

He picks a couple of wild flowers out of the ground, pretty sure that his mum had tried to teach him their names at one time in his life, but who really cares. They're yellow and fit perfectly as he wraps the stem around Robert's nipple piercing. "You're getting so pretty," he mocks again with the same silly tone.

Searching around a bit, he finds a pinecone perfect in size. "You know, I can't stay at home for a full week, I'll have to go out at some point. You'll just have to crawl after me. I'd leash you of course. We could take a trip to the pub. Let you lick all the boots of the people that you owe apologies to, and let's face it, that's like half the village."

Robert stomps at the ground in frustration making Aaron almost let out a chuckle. Some drool drips out from underneath his muzzle and down his throat. His arms don't move.

"Maybe we shouldn't stop there. Maybe I should put you out on the street in Leeds, course, noone could fuck you. They'd all wank off around you, shoot their load. All those dirty old men looking for young meat. I'd fuck you in front of all of them, let them know who you belong to."

He places the pinecone in-between his knees. "Don't...drop it." His knees are already trembling and Aaron fully acknowledges that this is a cruel task.

Standing, he glides his fingers up along Robert's body, feeling his ribs and muscles tensing under them. "You'd be exhausted eventually," he whispers slowly. "I'd take you home, tie you to the wall in the basement, leave you there until I need you the next time."

Robert's head is drooping, swaying from side to side. His tears have stopped and Aaron knows he's in another world now. He moves to his side, slipping a hand around his neck, his finger splaying across his chin to push his head up. "Look up," he orders and they both stare into the forest surrounding them. "You're not tied to this tree. Run. If you don't want to be used...abused. Then run.
I won't chase you."

Robert doesn't move, simply whines quietly.

"Guess you really are a big whore then, letting me do all that." He licks at his neck, tasting salt. "Come," he says next to Robert's ear, shifting slightly forward. He has come untouched a few times before, but never under his full control and command. "Come," he repeats licking another stripe across his face. There's something bubbling in Robert's throat. Desperation most likely. "Come, let me see my filthy whore come for me," he whispers, lips now up against his ear.

One by one, the blades of grass break and in a long wail, Robert's body shakes as he comes, his stomach visibly contracting.

The pinecone hasn't moved Aaron notices as he drops to his knees to lick him clean. He throws it away, rubbing the skin where it has left angry red marks.

He pries the hands away from around the tree, Robert slightly groaning. "You did so good. So so good," he beams. He takes him in his arms, a wide smile plastered on his face as he kisses his neck repeatedly. "My beautiful boy." Underneath, he can feel Robert slowly coming to life again, eventually breaking out in a small chuckle. Aaron removes the muzzle so he can finally kiss him. He doesn't feel like stopping and soon they're snogging like teenagers.

When they finally break, Robert's eyes are glistening but all his tears are gone. "I love you Master."

"Love you too," he answers instantly. It's weird thinking there was a time when those words didn't roll off his tongue as easily.

"So, you gonna keep me as a flower pot for long then?" Robert asks, looking down at his piercings.

Aaron bursts out laughing. It does look ridiculous.

... "There you are!" Mina calls for them as they emerge from the woods, clasped hands dangling between them. They had stayed a little longer, kissing and cuddling on a moss-covered boulder big enough to fit them both. Letting Robert properly come down from his high - and Aaron had removed the flowers... eventually.

She's holding up a bunch of black rope. "Thought you might want to try some Shibari." She grins at them both, her hair gleaming in the sunshine.

Aaron stops in front of her, not letting go of Robert's hand. "Uhm," he hesitates, not sure Robert is ready.

As if sensing his hesitation, Robert squeezes his hand. "I'd love to try if you want to."

He holds up the muzzle and leash. "Ok, let me just get rid of these and we'll join you."

The rope is a lot smoother compared to the hemp rope he usually prefers to use, there's just something about the smell and rough surface that works for him. This runs a lot smoother against Robert's body.

"And now we'll place another safety knot here," Mina instructs, pointing to where Ale's back curves.
"I like to make it a habit to ask what state the sub is in for each safety knot I make, just a good little reminder."

"Green Master," Robert beats him to it before he's even opened his mouth.

Aaron smiles, wrapping the rope around his waist one more time, twisting it around another strand like Mina has taught him. "Good." It's exciting seeing him covered in ropes and he finds working them around his body is calming, like doing a jigsaw puzzle or painting he imagines.

He follows Mina's lead and guides Robert onto his stomach on the soft grass, making sure he's as comfortable as possible.

Robert almost immediately closes his eyes and he looks like he's about to fall asleep.

"You sure you're ok?"

"Mm."

Aaron chuckles. "So as per I'm doing all the graft, and you're just lazing around," he teases, pulling Robert's legs up so his feet kick his bum.

Robert is resting on his arm, his lips pressed against the back of his hand as he speaks. "That's why I love you." His eyes are half-lidded, his voice cheeky.

Aaron simply snorts softly, stroking a hand through his hair. Mina hands him a thick metal ring, preventing him from sinking too deep into sentimental thoughts.

"So we can hoist them up," she explains with a playful bob of her eyebrows.

He works with full concentration, every fold, every knot, listening to the slightest noise Robert might make, paying attention to every detail of Mina's instructions.

At last, Robert is covered in rope, an intricate pattern criss-crossing his torso that isn't perfect but far better than anything he could imagine he would be doing. There are three sections of rope around his legs, all connected. His arms are pulled back, forearms tight together as they're bound to his back.

Mina lifts one of Ale's legs, pressing his foot to the side of his knee so it forms a triangle and Aaron hurries to do the same with Robert. Turns out, they're supposed to secure the foot there. More rope. They must have used hundreds and hundreds of feet by now.

Dennis briefly stops by, admiring their handiwork.

"We could have them hanging in a hogtie, but this is a bit more comfortable," Mina explains, fully concentrated on her hands. She rolls Ale onto his side.

Next, they start working on wrapping ropes around their bodies that they loop through the metal ring. Mina is constantly dotting back and forth, checking his work. "Yeah that's good" or "No, this can't be like that" and she guides him how to re-do it.

As tied up as he's going to get, Aaron makes sure to check in with Robert one more time and he lies down on the grass alongside him.

"Colour?" he whispers.

Robert sniffs and he can see a tear rolling across the bridge of his nose. "Green."
"Hey, what's wrong? You sure about this?"

Robert's eyes are still tired as he nods, then he shakes his head and for a moment Aaron's confused, ready to cut the security knots. "It's nothing. I'm just happy. This feels so good. Thank you." His voice is hushed, saliva almost bubbling between his teeth when he speaks.

Relieved, Aaron cups his face, kissing the spot where the tears keep rolling.

"Can I cry some more?" he asks in the most childlike of voices. Aaron isn't sure how he manages it but the sound of his vulnerability and raw feelings strikes him as beautiful. As in a way that you can't get any closer to another human being. That's it. They are as close as it is physically and mentally possible to come to another person.

As time has passed, he's not really sure what ownership of someone else really meant. He thought he did, but not really. The responsibility, the importance of balance, the routines, they have all changed. Even though the change has been minuscule, the impact has been huge. Sex. It's more of a dessert and not at all always the main course as he thought at first when he was eager to prove himself. But things eventually settled. Or maybe they've just eased into a routine. What he knows is, that in every sense of the word, he owns his slave which is calming most days and scary on his low days. It means he can access and control all of Robert's emotions, even his tears.

"Yes," he says, brushing away the strands of hair that have fallen out of place. "You cry."

Robert begins to cry openly as if he had been holding back. It makes his body shake slightly and Aaron strokes his side as the waves of tears erupt from his body.

He quietens after a few minutes. "Master, I really need my nose blown."

Aaron chuckles. "Uhm, hold on." He sits up onto his knees, stretching his body to see better. Luckily, he spots some paper kitchen roll on the veranda table. He rushes over, grabs the whole thing and rushes back. He hates letting his attention on his slave go for even a second when he's fragile like this.

"Here, blow." He holds the paper around his nose and Robert blows. He then folds it and repeats.

"Better?"

"Mm." Robert sighs and closes his eyes, seemingly tired.

"You ready?" Mina asks as if she's been waiting for them.

He nods, barely peeling his eyes from Robert's languid form.

She has prepared ropes that now dangle from the tree above. Together, they hoist them up, one at a time until they're hanging from the tree, floating as the wind gently rocks them. Robert has a serene smile on his face and Aaron thinks it's the most content he's ever seen him.

He sits down next to Mina, both of them pausing to survey their work just a few meters away. Others are playing around them but he's not really aware, all he has eyes for is this moment right here and now, Robert, the grass between his fingers, the feeling of being at ease with himself. Next to him Mina remains quiet, as if she can sense what he needs. Or maybe she needs it too.

He leans back, propping himself up on his elbows, snagging a long piece of grass to chew on. It's nothing but peaceful here.
Mina mirrors him, not taking her eyes away from the tree. "How long have you had him now?"

The question rings somewhat peculiar in his ears, not having heard it put so bluntly before, but that doesn't make it any less true. "Well, I've owned him a little over a year now, but I've had him for longer," he says cheekily, spitting out the grass. He can't believe it's been that long already since he put the collar around Robert's neck. Maybe he had been a bit quick in doing it, but he hasn't regretted a second of their journey along the road that has led them here. It has felt absolutely freeing.

Mina nods thoughtfully. "You take good care of him, I can tell. Good physique, clear skin, nice hair and nails. Not everyone manages that with their sub."

"You can tell from that?"

She shrugs. "Of course I can, those are good signs, any doc will tell you that."

Aaron ponders about this. He thinks about how Robert had looked last year, how he could hardly run a mile without stopping, and now he does at least 50 a week. The dark circles under his eyes are gone and there's a bright smile more often than not on his face, on both their faces if he's honest. He does look healthy, Aaron acknowledges, strong and fit, muscles showing that weren't there before. He even looks younger than he used to. Sometimes he's been wondering if he's been too strict with his diet, if he gets enough of what he needs. But maybe he has made the right choices after all.

Mina nudges his shoulders, watches him staring. "You should be proud. You did that."

He is proud. For everything he is and has become and for everything Robert has done and continues to do for him. Aaron tears his gaze away to look at Mina. "Gotta treat your most valuable possessions right, don't you?" he says with a wink over the cheesy line before hauling himself up off the floor.

There's still a content smile across Robert's face – Aaron isn't sure he's even aware of it. He lifts his head to look at Aaron when he comes to stand in front of him. Aaron smiles at him before succumbing to the urge to cup his face in his hands and give him a quick kiss. He ruffles his hair and presses their foreheads together.

They both like that.

As he stands there, playing with Robert's hair as he gently swings from the tree like it's the most natural thing in the world, Aaron experiences the most overwhelming feeling washing over him.

Life is good.

THE END.

Chapter End Notes

Again, thank you all for reading :)
I'd love to hear your thoughts about this journey!

Also... special surprise for you all... Caro is planning a fic that takes place in this verse so this won't be the last we see of the dirty boys :D ;)
I'll be adding this fic to a collection so you'll be able to find her piece there eventually.

<3

Works inspired by this one: Sweet Surrender by Caro_Evomad1

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!