



BE MY  
BOY

CASEY K. COX

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# Be My Boy

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A short story by

**Casey K Cox**

The club was quiet. Owen preferred it that way. He took up his usual place near one of the exits and browsed the room. He didn't even know what he was looking for anymore. Partner, master, trick – anyone who could coax a bit of life into his cock and maybe even a beat out of his tired old heart. Everything was so fucked up. Twenty-two years of life with Cole and he was right back where the man had found him. Turning tricks in a sex club.

One of his regulars approached with a new guy he'd not seen before. This would be a rough night. His arse clenched at the thought of it.

“Owen, you working, baby?”

“Sure, what are you looking for?”

A sneer passed between the two men that didn't bode well for Owen's evening. “Me and Jimmy here want a little *bad* fun. Are you up for it?”

“Define ‘bad fun’.”

“The usual. You know I won't hurt you too much.”

Not too much, right. Miles would still make him fucking hurt though, and not in the good sexy way Cole used to, that made the room fade away and only Owen's heartbeat remain. Miles got off on real pain.

“I'm not really up for that tonight Miles, I'm sorry. Perhaps one of the other lads will help you out.”

“We don’t want a lad, we want an older guy. We want *you*.”

“Where?” Sucker for an order, as always.

“In the alley. Ten minutes. Usual price?”

“Not for two. Half again on top.”

“Deal.”

The two men walked off and Owen had a sinking feeling he was going to regret this. But fuck it, what else was there to do? And he had bills to pay.

It was cool for August. He wrapped his arms around his shoulders wishing he’d brought a jacket. Sign of his age probably. He never remembered feeling cold leaving a club when he used to go out with Cole. But that was years ago. Cole always wore a jacket. He’d have to remember that for next time.

The men were waiting by the fire escape. Jimmy patted the old metal crate that provided a good height for bending over or laying on to be fucked. A popular spot at weekends; sometimes you’d have to wait ‘til it was free or use the wall instead. When Owen was younger it always used to be dustbins. The big plastic wheelie bins businesses had nowadays were too high.

Miles grabbed him around the back of the neck and pulled him in to bite his lip. He pushed him into Jimmy, who crushed a hand around

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Owen's cock and laughed. "I hear this doesn't work anymore. Is that true?"

"Works just fine. Why, you wanting me to top for you?"

Jimmy backhanded him. *Fuck, that stupid bastard. Touchy about being topped. One to remember for next time.* Owen couldn't take the beatings, not as a kid either. Shame some things never changed.

"Fucking speak to me like that. I'll break your legs," Jimmy spat.

That would be new. It was only a couple of fingers the last time a trick went bad. Could have been a lot worse.

Miles threw the money on the ground. *Arsehole, why did he always do that?* Owen knew what came next, but it seemed it was part of the game Miles liked to play. He reached to pick up the cash and Miles kicked him to his knees. Jimmy grabbed Owen's belt and hauled him to his feet. He backhanded him again with a laugh. "Drop your trousers, whore. Your arse has a date with my dick."

Owen sighed. *So original.* He took out a strip of condoms and a sachet of lube and handed them over before pushing down his trousers and leaning over the crate.

"Spread your cheeks. I want to see what I'm fucking."

He reached back to pull his arse apart. These days, he had the sense to prep himself before he left home. The first couple of times he'd fucked after Cole, the guys had nearly ripped him apart. At least he was still capable of learning a lesson or two.

Jimmy shoved a couple of lubed fingers in while Miles did his usual thing of attaching straps and weights around Owen's balls and cock. Owen had never got off on this kind of stuff and when it happened without any prep it wasn't nice. He made sure to cry out a little. Miles liked that.

Jimmy rammed himself into Owen's arse and started fucking. The rocking motion shook the weights and soon Owen was whimpering in pain for real. *Bastards*. They slapped his arse until it pained almost as much as the weights tugging at his balls. After a few more minutes, they shuffled around so that Miles could have his cock sucked. He always forced it as far as it would go and held Owen's head in place. When he let up, he'd let Owen get a decent job going and then force his head down again. Always a power play with this guy, and Jimmy seemed to be no different. Owen zoned out and let it all wash over him. It would be over soon, and he had a roll of notes in his pocket.

At some point, the guys changed position and Miles did his usual of adding a few fingers around his cock to the fuck. Owen was tired and feeling lonelier than ever as Miles finished up and Jimmy shot a load down his throat. Miles retrieved his weights and pushed Owen to the floor. He was about to stand but Jimmy kicked him back down. "I haven't had my money's worth yet. What about a nice fisting?"

Owen was sure Jimmy was about to start laying the boot in, when a voice shouted from the end of the alley. “You’ve had your fun, now piss off!”

“Who the fuck do you think you are?”

Jimmy walked toward the sound of the voice but Miles froze. “Jimmy, leave it, mate. Come on. We’re done here.” He looked down at Owen. “See you next week, old timer. I’ll get us a room so we won’t be disturbed.”

Owen let his head fall onto the cold concrete floor and closed his eyes. What was the point of getting up? This wasn’t a life.

“Why do you let them treat you like that?”

Owen opened his eyes to see a young man standing over him, reaching out a hand. He blinked a few times, trying to make out his features. The guy blocked the security light, and it threw a stark halo around his head and shoulders. Owen just closed his eyes again. He’d really fucking lost it this time. There were no angels or knights on white chargers. Fairy tales happened to other people.

“Come on,” the man said. “Get off the floor and for god’s sake, pull your trousers up.”

Owen opened his eyes again. The hand was still there reaching out for him and he had the strangest sense of déjà vu. A chill ran over his body. Cole. He held out his hand and was hauled to his feet, the same

way he'd met Cole, all those years ago. The younger man reached down and pulled up his trousers for him.

"Thanks. I'm fine."

"You don't look fine. You look dead on your feet. You after the award for Cardiff's oldest rent boy?"

The guy was joking. A cute smile ghosted across his face and sent a ripple of something through Owen's body, but it just wasn't funny. "What else is there for someone like me?" Owen slumped back to the floor and leaned against the metal chest that still had the used condoms stuck to the top. The remains of his shame, staring him in the face.

"Someone like you?"

*Why didn't this kid just piss off himself?* "Look at me. I'm a washed up slave boy who can't even come without permission. I don't belong anymore, not anywhere."

"Right, that's it. Get up."

Owen obeyed before thinking about it. *God, that felt good. Simple instructions given without scorn or malice and that didn't carry mindless pain behind them.*

"Get the rest of your clothes on, you're coming home with me."

Owen grabbed his shirt from the floor. "Home?"

The man started to walk away and Owen scuttled after him. "That's what you want isn't it, what you need? Someone to take care of you."

“But you’re—”

“What? Not good enough for you?”

“Hardly. I was going to say you’re young and hot. You could have anyone. Why pick an old whore that’s still warm from his last punter?”

“Maybe I could, and admittedly it wasn’t the best introduction. But when it comes down to it, you’re a lost slave and I have a vacancy. We can work out the details as we go along. Where are you living at the moment?”

“Just off the bay. I have to be out of my apartment by the end of the week. I was trying to get some money together for a hostel.”

“We’ll swing by and pick up your stuff. I have a spare room you can use while we figure this out.”

Owen was almost too scared to breathe. He couldn’t be this lucky, not after losing Cole. The old man had been so perfect, they’d been so happy; Owen hadn’t expected to find anything remotely close ever again. *Hark at him calling Cole an old man. Owen was the old man in this outfit. Damn, and he didn’t like it one bit. He was used to being the cute one. Now people would wonder what on earth this guy was doing with him.* “Um, excuse me, sir?”

“Yes.”

Owen did a quickstep shuffle to catch up and walk beside his saviour. “What’s your name?”

The young guy smiled, a full blinding smile this time, and Owen's breath caught in his chest. "You can call me Master."

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Owen felt uncomfortable as the guy hailed a cab. Would he be expected to go halves on the fare? He gave the address to the driver and climbed in the back next to the youngster. Now what? The streets blurred past and the silence deepened. Owen's apartment wasn't too bad; at least he wouldn't feel embarrassed having the guy come up. He'd packed most of his stuff already even though he had nowhere to go.

When the cab pulled up, the guy spoke again. "Can you grab a few things quickly? I'll get Drive to wait for us."

"Yeah, you want to wait here?"

"I'll help you." He explained the situation to the cab driver, who switched off the engine and got out to help them. Owen saw the youngster hand the cabbie a roll of notes as he unlocked the front door. It looked like a lot of money. He didn't comment, just led the way, up the couple of flights of stairs, to the flat he'd called home for the last year.

He'd moved back to Cardiff thinking it would be cheaper and easier to start again. He should have been set. Would have been, if Cole's bitch of a sister hadn't contested the will and taken everything.

His home of twenty years in London was about to be put on the market for just over a million but he wouldn't see a penny. She'd handed Owen a cheque for twenty grand and told him to get lost. He didn't have the strength to fight her, and what was money anyway? He'd give up everything just to have Cole back.

"You live light," the cabbie said, looking around the apartment.

"I never really settled here. Cardiff's changed too much. I haven't got my bearings yet."

They chatted about the old city before Ikea, marinas, stadiums and Torchwood and loaded his suitcase and the few boxes he'd already packed into the cab. "So who's this guy then?" asked the cabbie.

The youngster answered without hesitation. "I'm his boyfriend."

The cabbie looked from one to the other. Owen's mouth dropped open. "Got yourself a nice toy boy is it? Good for you. Don't let him bleed you dry mind, you kick his arse out to work."

"Thanks, I'll keep that in mind."

"Where to now then?"

They climbed back into the car and the youngster gave the new address. Owen snorted to himself. He hadn't been to Penarth in years. He wondered what the kid was doing in snobsville. Still, it wasn't as if he had options. A few weeks were all he needed and then he'd be off. He let the conversation rumble on around him and closed his eyes.

Owen had started going to the club to look for a partner. He'd been hopeful for the first few weeks. But all he'd found were cruel men that fucked him, abused him, and threw him away. He was so lost. Passion was a thing of the past and he didn't even get hard for those guys, just opened his ass and his mouth and let them get on with it. It was all they wanted anyway. Owen felt broken.

When the money ran out, he'd started taking more extreme partners for cash to pay the bills. A few trips to casualty – one after a beating by four blokes that he didn't even understand because it wasn't sexual – and his hope faded. Maybe it wasn't only Cole whose life had ended.

It was during Owen's last hospital visit that he decided to go for one more month. If things didn't change, he'd leave. Now it was time for a new plan. He gave himself three months with this new guy to make a go of it and live or...well, he wasn't going back to the gutter, so it was a case of live or die.

Owen had looked for a job. No one was interested in hiring a guy pushing fifty who hadn't worked for fifteen years. All he knew was how to care for a Master. His body ached with loneliness and lack of affection. He couldn't even jerk himself off: there was no one to give him permission to come. He'd tried to imagine Cole's voice in his head, but it wasn't enough. He needed the hand on his shoulder, the kiss to his temple and the hot, ragged breath of his Master over his face.

So, here he was – last ditch attempt at getting his shit together. There was a slight worry at the back of his mind. He came across some really fucked up people over the last few months. What on earth did this hot, young beefcake want with an old man? Not old, older. But worn out and used up right now. And more worrying than that, did Owen honestly have anything left to give?

“This is the place, Drive. Help us unload?”

“You got it.”

“This is your house?” Owen stepped out of the car. Well, fucking hell. Penarth had changed too by the looks of it. They were pulled up outside what looked like an old converted warehouse standing on the edge of a marina. Owen loved the soft sound, like bamboo wind chimes and the jangle of metal on metal, which came from the rigging of the small boats and yachts rocking on the water. He’d never been into sailing but he and Cole had tried to get out of London as much as possible, and Owen loved the water. Just being near it gave him a sense of freedom, of bigger things than him going on in the world. It was why he moved to the bay.

“You like it?”

“Looks great so far.”

The place was huge. Massive windows spanning two floors filled the space that would have been the old doors. A flight of stone steps led

to the entranceway. He grabbed a box under one arm and his suitcase in the other and followed his new Master.

The door opened directly into a large open plan kitchen-diner in light honey-coloured wood with bare brick walls. *Damn, this would give his place in London a run for its money. Oh, except it wasn't his place anymore.* A mezzanine floor that seemed to be a living room overlooked the space.

"I think you might have fallen on your feet with this one," the cabbie said, putting the box he was carrying on the dining table.

"I think you might be right, Drive. Were there anymore boxes?"

"I'll get 'em. I can lug a few boxes for the money he paid me."

Owen's new Master had flicked on lots of lights and was putting the kettle on. "I should do that," Owen said, walking over to take it out of his hand.

"I'm perfectly capable of making coffee. We'll discuss duties and boundaries once you've found your way around."

"Right. It's a nice place. You live here alone?"

"I do, yes."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Topic for another time. I'll show you the bathroom and your bedroom. The boxes can go in the office for now."

The cabbie brought in the rest of the boxes and wished them good luck and good night. Owen was sad to see him leave after the lightness

of the conversation. Now he wasn't sure what to do or say, how to act around this odd bloke who wouldn't say what he wanted from Owen. But he followed on the tour of the house in silent appreciation. The main bathroom was finished in a natural stone and the same honey-coloured wood of the kitchen. It housed the biggest bath Owen had ever seen and a small alcove to the side contained a wet room with a rain shower overhead. The bloke, Owen decided, must be loaded. The living room had patio doors leading out onto a large deck that overlooked the marina. A home cinema setup with a huge flat-screen hung on a wheeled frame in one corner. Everything seemed to be on a huge scale and very minimalist, not at all what Owen was used to. Cole had been a hoarder. But at least the massive sofas looked comfortable. Leather, expensive by the looks of it and a few shades darker than the wooden floors, with contrasting throws and seats deep enough to accommodate Owen's long legs. A shaggy rug sat between them with a square, stone coffee table.

“Sit down. I'll bring the coffee. Are you hungry? I have left overs in the fridge.”

“Just coffee is fine, thanks.”

Owen slipped off his boots and made himself comfortable. When his new friend came back, he placed the cups on the table and chose the seat next to Owen. At least that message was clear. If Owen got the first fuck out of the way, the rest would be easier. But the guy didn't touch him, he just sat there.

“My name’s Mitchell, by the way. I’m twenty-eight and I’ve been looking for something for a while. I’m thinking you might just be it. Why are you still wearing this?” Mitchell tugged at the collar Cole had put on Owen a lifetime ago.

“I don’t know. I mean, I’ve had it on so long I don’t even realize it’s there.”

“Perhaps that’s why you haven’t found a new Master before now. Nobody’s going to claim you if you’re wearing another man’s collar.”

*Time to be honest then, and wasn’t that always the best place to start.* “It’s a comfort thing. It makes me feel safe. I did take it off for a day. Didn’t stop shaking the whole time.”

“I’ve been watching you for the last couple of months at the club. How long have you been on your own?”

He’d noticed Owen. Was that a good thing or not? “My Master...” he took a moment to breathe through the pain that raked his chest. He missed the old fucker so much. “Cole passed away a year ago. I realized I’d have to get out and find a life when the money started running out. But I couldn’t get a job. I haven’t worked for fifteen-odd years. They wouldn’t even give me a cleaning job.”

“Is that why you went to the club, to turn tricks?”

“Not to begin with. I thought I might meet someone. I didn’t even think about the collar.”

“People talk. To begin with they thought you were some rich old guy satisfying an itch. They didn’t like it when you weren’t paying for everything.”

“That’s why they kicked the shit out of me last month?”

“I guess so. I thought it would be a lesson for you, but you had to keep coming back.”

“I didn’t know where else to go. I’ve been out of the scene for ten years. Mast... Cole didn’t like the clubs much.”

Mitchell slipped an arm around Owen’s shoulder and started to stroke him gently. Owen hadn’t felt much kindness in the last year and he was so nervous, worried he’d fuck everything up. Owen looked at his hands twisting in his lap and caught sight of Mitchell’s cock hardening, a nice outline pressed against his jeans. It was a big one by the looks of it, bigger than Cole’s, though not as big as some of the cocks he’d had rammed in him over the last few months.

He reached a tentative hand and brushed over Mitchell’s thigh, heading up to the bulge that beckoned him. “Steady, tiger,” Mitchell said, removing Owen’s hand. “We have things to discuss before we walk that road.”

“I understand I might not be your type but I can still—”

“Now hold up right there. I’m a patient kind of guy but I’m not going to spend the next ten years as scaffolding for your delicate ego.”

*Ten years? That sounded promising.*

“If I didn’t find you attractive you wouldn’t be here. I think the evidence supports the statement. So let’s not get into the whole ‘but you’re so young and I’m so old’ thing. You’re sexy. I want to make you whimper and beg and scream my name. End of story.”

There was something so honest, so heartfelt in Mitchell’s words it caused a flush of tingles through Owen’s body. Mitchell actually wanted him in a way that meant more than a quick fuck or a power trip. Owen could feel it coming off the guy in waves, the heat from Mitchell’s body and the touch of his fingers stirred an ache deep inside. Owen took a deep breath and did something he hadn’t done in a long time. He followed his instincts and pulled Mitchell into a kiss.

The surprise in Mitchell’s body spurred him on, and with a chuckle, he moved to sit astride Mitchell’s lap and reached in to taste and explore the gorgeous mouth that spilled the words he’d craved for the last year. Owen was sexy. *Still fucking sexy at forty-seven, and to a young hot rod to boot.* It gave him courage, it gave him confidence, and it made him horny as hell – something he hadn’t felt since Cole. And damn, were those kisses good.

He rocked gently over the straining erection beneath his crotch. There was something tender yet powerful in this guy and it set off a fire deep in Owen’s belly. He smoothed a hand over Mitchell’s cropped hair. The stubble on his face tickled and teased, catching Owen’s own. Oh, he

could get used to this. And the slow caress of surprisingly soft hands over Owen's back as Mitchell explored under his shirt.

“Tell me what you need, boy,” Mitchell said, letting the words roll over Owen's neck with heat and lust, steeped in desire that was unmistakable. And Owen knew in that moment that this man was different, this man was special and more than that, Owen wanted him.

“Just make me yours.” Owen's head fell back and a groan escaped as teeth nipped at his neck and a hand squeezed his arse cheek. Owen didn't register it at first, the slow pooling of warmth in his gut, the tightness in his jeans and fuck – there it was, throbbing in all its ruddy glory – an actual fucking erection. Magic words, magic hands, magic lips and maybe, just maybe, this guy had a magic dick that would make Owen squirm with pleasure.

Mitchell unbuckled Owen's collar and placed it on the arm of the chair. He pulled off his shirt, then Owen's, and traced a tongue around Owen's nipple, licking and sucking until the nub was hard and tingly. Feeling brave, Owen traced a hand over the muscled chest, tugging gently on the downy hair and ending at the button of Mitchell's jeans. He popped it open and pulled down the zip, revelling in the gasps and hot breath that played over his chest. His fingers searched out the cock that nestled in the dark bed of curls, closing around it and setting up a slow, teasing stroke.

Mitchell stood, lifting Owen and carrying him through to the master bedroom. The guy was strong. Fuck, Owen loved that. Knowing he could be overpowered, ravaged against his will. Yet there was nothing but respect and tenderness wrapping him up so tight he felt like he would burst with the joy and relief of it. Mitchell eased away so much sadness and pain with every touch as he laid Owen back on the bed, slipped off his trousers, and explored his chest and stomach with tender tastes and kisses.

*Oh, fuck.* Tight heat engulfed Owen's cock. *Unexpected. Amazing. Bloody Fantastic.* Forgotten experience reawakened with the clever swirl of a tongue and the suction of those pretty lips. Owen let himself float away. This time it wasn't to get away from the moment, but on a bed of bliss that threatened to overwhelm him. Who was he to deserve this kindness from someone so beautiful, so bloody gorgeous and damn it, so skilled?

Owen looked up as Mitchell pulled away from his cock, stood, and began to strip off the rest of their clothes. There were things to say but he couldn't say them, could only watch in wonder as his angel found lube and condoms.

Owen pulled up his knees as Mitchell rolled on a condom only to have them slapped back down. "There are a few things you need to know about me," Mitchell said with a grin. "The first is that I call the shots. The second," he said, rolling a condom over Owen's cock, "I

don't play by the rules." With that, he sat astride, butting Owen's cockhead against his rim and started the slow, sensual slide over Owen's cock.

Owen shuddered as he slipped into the tight sheath of Mitchell's body. He hadn't topped for more than twenty years and his mind threatened to check out altogether. *Rules, definitely not playing by the rules.* Slave fucking his Master before the Master fucks the slave. Owen liked the lack of rules in this particular instance. He'd need them later, but damn, it felt good right now and the best way to use the first decent erection in way too long.

Mitchell leaned over to kiss and caress as he rode Owen hard and fast, fucking himself with determination and whatever else but Owen couldn't care less right now because he was dancing the edge, so close but not quite – a rush of hot breath over his ear, whispering. "You are so. Fucking. Sexy. Come for me, boy." And Owen fell over the edge. The orgasm ripped through his body, tearing down all thought. Owen held on tight, arms wrapped around that young body and as his breathing settled, the tears flowed, another first in way too long. The pent up emotion from loss, fear, anger and pain all fought for expression as his eyes burned with the ferocity of it. The last shudders of his climax accompanied the sweet chuckle of the young man who'd stolen him from the depths of despair and given him a seat in heaven. The few star-spangled tears tipped over into racking sobs of relief.

“Hey,” Mitchell said. “You’re safe now. I’ve got you, baby.”  
Gentle stroking over Owen’s tired body. “I’ve got you.”

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A soft hand stroked Owen’s arm, pulling him from sleep. He blinked a few times from sunlight streaming through the arched windows.

“Hey, sleepy. I brought you coffee. I don’t know what you like for breakfast.”

*Breakfast? Coffee?* Owen sat up quickly and looked around. Mitchell’s smile was glorious.

“You look completely spaced out and spikey. That growth needs a trim.” The same soft hand that had dried his tears last night caressed his cheek.

“Are you real, or did I die in my sleep?”

“I’m very real and on my way to work. Do you want to come with me?”

“Should I? I mean, I don’t want to get in the way or be a nuisance but if you don’t want me to stay here while you’re out, I can just bum around ‘til you’re done.”

“None of that nonsense. If I didn’t trust you, Owen, you wouldn’t be here and I certainly wouldn’t have had sex with you.”

Had Owen given his name? But then everyone knew Owen’s name at the club – the old guy still tricking. But not anymore, it seemed. “Okay, sorry. If you don’t think I’ll be in the way, I’d love to come with you.”

“You head for the shower, then. What do you want to eat?”

“Just toast is fine.”

“Poached egg? Bacon?”

“If it’s going.”

“Get your arse into gear then.”

*Wow.* The smell of bacon was enough to have Owen drooling. But walking down the stairs to the sight of a fully laid breakfast table with juice, coffee, toast, and a paper – the Times, no less – left him with his mouth agape.

“Close that, before I find something to go in it.” *Oh, that smile, again.* Owen wanted to see a lot more of that smile.

“Is this how you would like me to prepare breakfast for you in future?”

“I do like to eat properly. And the paper is important. Do you cook?”

“Pretty much anything, including different kinds of bread, and I bake too. Just tell me what you like.”

“Hmm, looks like you turned out to be a good find.” Mitchell leaned over to kiss his cheek and Owen felt himself blush. “You don’t like to be affectionate?”

“I do, I’m just...it doesn’t matter.” Owen grabbed a piece of toast.

“It does matter. I need to know what you’re thinking.”

“I don’t want you to be angry. You have to understand it’s going to take a while for me to get used to you...” Owen put his toast back on the plate. His words were getting scrambled in his head.

“To me?”

“Wanting me. I’m out of practice. But I can work and I can serve. I want to serve you.”

“Good, because the thought of having you as my boy turns me on more than I can tell you.”

“Oddly enough, it’s having the same effect on me.”

“Even better. Now finish your breakfast. I’ve got a few stops to make this morning. Later we’ll call by for the rest of your things from the flat and you can hand the keys back. Did you put down a security deposit?”

“Yeah, a couple of grand. You can have it towards rent.”

“I don’t want your money. I want your trust and your loyalty. Put the money in the bank. Hopefully you’ll want to stay, but if you don’t, at least you’ll have something to start over.”

“I don’t want to start over. It’s you or nothing.” *Shit.* Owen hadn’t meant to say it out loud. Mitchell just stared. The look on his face said he knew exactly what Owen was talking about.

“You need to tell me that was a joke and mean it. Those stakes are too high for me to work with. I’m new to this, Owen. I can’t be thinking in the back of my mind that there’s no room for me to mess up.”

“I’m sorry, it just slipped out. It’s what I considered, before. I won’t, I wouldn’t now. Fuck.”

Mitchell took his hand. “Just tell me that you’ll talk to me. You’ve been through a lot, I get that, but I need you to trust me to look after you. I can only do that if you communicate.”

“I can do that. But the same goes for you. I have to know what you need from me.”

“That’s something I’m not sure of myself yet, but there are a few basics I do know. I’ve been in dom relationships before but they’ve always been lacking, or I’ve picked the wrong person. For me it’s more than a particular kind of sex scene. I want to live it more fully. Not just sex, but service, around the house, when we’re out. I’m not into humiliation so you don’t have to worry about that. What I want is someone to care for, who will care for me in return.”

“Why didn’t it work before? What went wrong?”

“Probably me expecting too much or wanting more than they were willing to give. But they were younger than me, perhaps playing rather than serious about it. They were looking for sexual kicks.”

“I served Cole with my whole being for more than twenty years. It’s all I’ve ever really known or wanted to do. I’m good at it. Just let me know if there are any big no-no’s and what your punishments are likely to be. The rest we can work out as we go along if you’re happy for me to help find the balance.”

“That sounds like a good idea. We’ll find the way together. The only big rule is that you are mine and mine alone. Nobody else will touch you. I will never offer you to anyone else and I expect you to be faithful. I will be too and as soon as a few months have passed, if we’re both still happy, we’ll get the tests and do away with condoms.”

“That works for me. And I call you Master?”

“During sex, yes. Let’s see how the first few weeks turn out before we extend that to all the time. Later, I’ll give you the alarm code for the house and garage and we’ll discuss duties. Are you ready to leave?”

“Should I clear the table first?”

Mitchell sat back and smiled. “Yes, that’s a great idea. Thank you.”

It transpired that Mitchell owned a small gym franchise across south and west Wales. They spent the morning calling into various branches, meeting with the managers. Each time, Mitchell introduced Owen as his new PA. It boosted Owen's confidence, and the respect he received was a good tonic. They stopped for lunch at a country pub. Owen was itching to get his hands on Mitchell. There was something so sexy about him and seeing him work, in charge of so much for a guy so young, was a powerful aphrodisiac.

Owen slipped his hand along Mitchell's thigh under the table. "Thank you for this."

Mitchell raised an eyebrow. "Are you being forward, Owen?"

"I'm sorry, Master. I just wanted you to know I'm here." *Please let him take the hint with the title.*

"Oh, I know you're there all right." Mitchell took hold of Owen's hand and brushed it over the hardening cock in his trousers. "Maybe it's time for us to head back to the car."

"Would Master like me to request the bill?"

"Thank you, Owen."

Owen called over the waitress and in a few moments, they were heading back to Mitchell's very comfortable BMW coupe. Mitchell started the car, but rather than head onto the road, he pulled into the far corner of the car park and turned off the engine. He slid the seat back as

far as it would go and unzipped his trousers, wriggled them low on his hips, and took out his cock.

“Your dessert,” he grinned, stroking over it a few times.

“Thank you, Master.” Owen pushed back his seat and turned on his side to get better access. He took over the stroking, peeled back the foreskin, and leaned over to lick the head. Mitchell lay back and closed his eyes. Owen set to work. He tongued the slit and the ridge, savouring the little moans coming from his Master. *His Master – yes, it felt right.* When Mitchell was good and squirmy he sucked in the length, taking it right into his throat, and swallowed to let the contractions provide heat and stimulation. Mitchell’s hand grasped his head, smoothing over his hair.

“Fuck, oh god, that’s good.”

Owen let up on the pressure. Keeping up the suction and with wet sloppy noises, he worshipped that cock. Good and hard, a nice girth and length. He had to be careful with his back teeth because it was so wide, but every now and then they caught and Mitchell groaned louder, seeming to like it. He’d keep that in mind to experiment with another time. He sucked it in again to the very back of his throat.

“I’m close, baby. Yes, *yes...*”

The creamy warmth shot straight down Owen’s throat and he pulled off a little to softly suck the end and milk the last drops.

“Kiss me.” Mitchell pulled at Owen’s shirt. “Kiss me now.”

Owen shared the last of his Master's come in that kiss that stretched into forever in a single moment. Hope flourished in Owen's heart. He wanted to climb over the seat and bury himself in Mitchell's body, crawl under his skin and stay there where it was warm and safe. Could it be, could he truly have found his home once more?

"You're beautiful," Mitchell whispered in his ear. "That was beautiful. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Master."

Mitchell held him tight for a few more minutes while his breathing settled. "Okay. Back to work."

XXXX

A couple of weeks passed and they were finding their feet together. Sex was still tentative but good. Mitchell was definitely holding back but that was okay. The trust was building and soon they'd both be able to relax into anything with each other.

Owen had his own bedroom to sleep in, though he'd only made it there once so far. Mitchell seemed to like watching Owen do the housework. It turned him on – a lot. But there was something... Owen couldn't quite grasp it, but there was definitely something Mitchell

wasn't telling him. It prickled at the back of his mind and popped up at inopportune moments. For now, he was riding with it, ignoring the fact Mitchell didn't allow him to touch the post or file household paperwork and that phone calls were usually taken to another room.

He rinsed the vegetables for dinner and checked on the lamb. It was his first day at the apartment on his own with Mitchell at work and he'd gone all out, cooking up a storm. Mitchell had given him the passwords for online shopping so Owen could fill the cupboards with whatever food he wanted. The smell of freshly baked bread drifted around the flat and mixed with the aroma of roasting meat; a chocolate and lime cheesecake sat in the fridge.

It was a surprise when Owen's phone rang. Nobody used his mobile anymore. Owen didn't even know why he kept it charged; it was more of a clock than a phone. "Hello?"

"Owen?"

*Fucking bitch.* "Haven't you taken enough, Tina? Do you want blood as well?"

"Don't be so dramatic. I've only taken what's rightfully mine. I'm Cole's only living heir. My family, my children deserve what he worked all his life to achieve."

"So you've told me a thousand times. What do you want?"

"The house has sold. I need you to collect the last of your things and sign some paperwork."

“That was quick.”

“First people to see it. Can you come to London tomorrow?”

“That’s short notice. I don’t know.”

“Don’t tell me you’re actually working, or have you found another poor fool to scrounge off already?”

“I’ll call you back later.” Owen hung up. He checked on the oven, put the vegetables on simmer and curled into a ball on the floor in the corner. When was the pain going to end? What could Tina possibly gain by dragging him to London to revisit the memories that had finally started receding in Mitchell’s company?

He was still there when Mitchell arrived home. “Fuck, Owen, what is it? Are you hurt?”

Owen couldn’t say anything. Mitchell swept him into his arms and carried him to the seating area off the dining room. He sat with him on his lap and rocked him like a child, kissing over his head and cheek.

“Talk to me, baby, come on.”

“I had a call.” Owen’s breath rattled through his chest. “I have to go to London. The house has been sold. They want me to sign stuff.”

“Who wants you to sign what?”

Owen told him the whole story and Mitchell listened. At the end he looked puzzled. “If you don’t own the house what is there for you to sign?”

“She didn’t say. To be fair, I didn’t ask.”

“I’m coming with you. You don’t sign anything until I’ve read it. Do you understand?”

“Okay. I’m not good with legal stuff.”

“I am. Now serve dinner. It smells incredible in here and I’m fucking starving.”

XXXX

The only thing missing from the house in London were the fresh flowers Owen always brought in from the garden. A fine film of dust covered everything. Oh, and Cole wasn’t in his favourite chair looking out over the rockery. Owen resisted the urge to start cleaning and instead sat at the kitchen table. He tried not to look out the window. His pride and joy was overgrown and unloved: the perfect lawn he’d cultivated, the herb garden, the plum tree. Best to keep his mind indoors and as distant as possible. The house wasn’t his anymore and neither was Cole. Both gone now.

Mitchell looked incredibly young all of a sudden. His brown hair was a little longer on top than the shorn sides, his stubble neatly trimmed, and the sweet hazel eyes sparkled with something Owen hadn’t seen before but it added an edge to him – a dangerous edge. The casual

jeans and polo shirt didn't match his attitude. One good thing to come out of the trip was that Owen could see without any doubt that he was totally smitten with Mitchell. He'd follow the man to the end of the world, no question.

Tina plopped her briefcase on the table and took out a file. She opened it and placed two sets of papers in front of Owen then handed him a pen. "Just sign and date each page and you can leave."

"We've only just walked through the door."

"I had your stuff packed. The boxes are in the hall. Why would you need to stay any longer?"

Mitchell took the papers and started to read.

"What are you doing?" Tina said, snatching them back. "Those are nothing to do with you. Who are you exactly anyway?"

"I'm Owen's advocate. He isn't sure what you need him to sign so I'm here to have a look. I suggest you let me start reading or we'll be here a while."

"He just needs to sign them."

"He's not signing anything without reading it."

"Then let *him* read it."

"Look lady, you may be able to push people around on your own turf but I'm not from around here. Owen won't sign anything until I explain exactly what it is and why it's in his best interest to do so. Hand me the papers or we'll leave."

“You didn’t tell me you were bringing anyone, Owen. I’m calling my solicitor.”

“Off you go then, treacle,” Mitchell said, grabbing the papers back out of her hands.

Owen was definitely smitten. Even Cole didn’t stand up to Tina and she was ten years younger than him. Owen had always been terrified of her but Mitchell just blazed right through her armour. *Brilliant*. “I should have brought something to make a cup of tea,” Owen said, feeling the need to pace the room. He was nervous. Tina made him nervous. She shouted a lot and didn’t like him hanging around.

“Well, fucking hell. No wonder she didn’t want you to read them. Owen, baby, what exactly did she tell you last year when she kicked you out?”

“She said she’d taken the will to a solicitor and he’d advised her to contest it. Said I had no legal rights to anything, I was just a lodger.”

“And you believed her?”

“I was in shock. It was the day after the funeral. She gave me some money to start over and a month’s notice to move out.”

“And you didn’t go and see anyone?”

“What’s the point? She always gets what she wants. I wouldn’t stand a chance. What does it say?”

“The first document transfers the title deed of the house to her name and confirms you give up all rights to any monies from the sale of

the property. This second one agrees to transfer the remainder of the estate, currently in probate, to her children.”

“I don’t understand.”

“It’s all yours, Owen. Everything.”

“But she said the will was invalid.”

“The will was invalid by the looks of it, some technicality. What she didn’t realize is that you and Cole were married. That makes you the rightful heir. A civil partnership gives you the same rights as a spouse. She can’t touch a penny unless you sign it over to her.”

“Cole didn’t want to tell her. He said she wouldn’t understand.”

“He was protecting you against exactly what’s happened. He must have known she’d go for his money.”

“It’s *my* money,” she snapped, walking back into the kitchen. “And *my* house. Owen, sign the papers.”

“No. It isn’t what Cole wanted. He always did say you were a conniving bitch. You never gave him the money he was left by your parents either.”

“You took a lump sum from me last year as full and final settlement for your rights to this house.”

“How much?”

She looked at Mitchell.

“How much did you give him?”

“Twenty thousand pounds.”

Mitchell took out his chequebook and started writing. He tore out the cheque and slapped it on the table in front of her. “Here’s your money, plus a little extra. Now get out of this house and never contact Owen again. His solicitor will be in touch to arrange for the transfer of the remaining funds from the estate.” He shook one of the contracts at her. “It says here it amounts to four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He’ll be expecting every single penny.”

“The sale of this house is already agreed.”

“You can’t sell what doesn’t belong to you, sunshine. You’d better hope nobody tries to sue you for trying. Now take your money and get out before I throw you out.”

“Owen? Are you going to sit there and let him speak to me like that?”

“I think he’s being too polite, actually. I’ve been through hell and back this last year because of you. You need to leave for your own safety.”

“You haven’t heard the last of this.” She grabbed her bag and stormed out of the door.

Owen jumped as the front door slammed. He sat for a moment trying to gather his thoughts. Mitchell sat heavily in the chair opposite. Something about the way he ran his fingers through his hair made Owen think he wasn’t very happy.

“Mitchell, what just happened? I still don’t understand.”

“You were about to sign away everything Cole had set up to look after you when he was gone. He was older, wasn’t he?”

“Twenty years older than me. I feel so stupid. I should have known he’d have everything covered. When we went for the civil partnership, he said it was because he wanted to prove he loved me. He didn’t explain what it meant.”

Owen couldn’t stop shaking. Did he live here again now? But he didn’t want to. He wanted to go home with Mitchell. Mitchell was his life now.

Mitchell patted him on the shoulder. “I guess I’ll leave you to it then. Do you want me to ship your stuff?”

“What? Where are you going?”

“You don’t need me now, Owen. You’ve got your house back, and enough money to live the high life. You can get your own boy.”

Owen grabbed Mitchell’s sleeve as he went to walk away. “I don’t want my own boy. Don’t you want me anymore, because I’ve got money? If that’s the case, I’ll give it away. I don’t want it; don’t want any of it, Mitchell. I just want you – to be your boy. I’m your boy.”

“You can build a life for yourself. Live wherever you want.”

“I want to live with you. Please...don’t send me away. I’ve been so happy the last few weeks. I...” But Owen couldn’t say it. It was stupid. You couldn’t say it after a month.

“What, Owen? Tell me.”

“You’re my Master. I’m nothing if I’m not with you. I...love you. The stupid kid kind of love, where you can’t think of anything or anyone else. Look at me. I’m here, in Cole’s house and yet all I can think about is you taking me home. Take me home, Master, please.”

“With all this, you still want to be my boy?”

“It’s not a case of wanting. I *am* your boy. Don’t leave me behind, Master. We’re only just getting started.”

Mitchell wiped a tear from Owen’s cheek and pulled him into a hug. “I didn’t think you’d want me now you have money.”

“You can’t buy what we have, Master. Trust and loyalty you said you wanted from me and you have it.”

“But what do I have to give you? I’m just a stupid kid that wanted somebody of his own to take care of.”

Owen held Mitchell close. He wouldn’t let go, not now, he couldn’t. “I promise, you’re all I’ll ever need,” he whispered, and sealed it with a kiss.

XXXX

Owen waited for Mitchell at his usual place in the club. He didn’t know the guys Mitchell was chatting to, but they looked scary.

“You working, Owen?”

He looked up to see Jimmy’s cruel sneer. “No, sorry. I’m not tricking anymore.”

Jimmy slammed Owen against the wall, holding a hand around his throat. “I say you are. But as it isn’t a job, I guess I get to fuck you for free.”

Owen looked across to Mitchell but he was gone. In a sudden blur of movement, Jimmy’s head smashed into the wall. “He said no.”

Jimmy’s face contorted in pain. His fingers scrabbled at Mitchell’s hand where he pinned him. “Get the fuck off me! What do you care? He’s just an old whore.”

Mitchell smacked his head against the wall again. “See that chain around his neck? It’s new. What does it have hanging from it?”

“A letter M,” Jimmy sputtered, struggling for breath.

“Very good. M is for Mitchell.” *Slam.* Jimmy mewled. “That’s me. M is for Master.” *Slam.* Jimmy’s knees gave out and he slipped down the wall. Mitchell’s fist remained clenched in his hair. “That’s me too, and M is for *mine.*” *Slam.* “So you’ll keep your fucking filthy hands off from now on. Do you understand?”

“Y-yeh. I got it. *Please.*”

“Right. Now you’ll apologize to Owen.”

Jimmy went to stand, but Mitchell kept him on his knees with a firm hand on the shoulder. “I’m sorry, Owen, for the misunderstanding.”

“Now fuck off and don’t even look at him again.” Jimmy stumbled away without another word. “Are you okay, baby?”

“I am now, Master.” Owen sighed, just a little sigh of contentment, as Mitchell wrapped his arms around him. “You don’t mind that so many of the guys here have fucked me?”

“Nope. I know they’ll never have you again and that’s what matters.”

“I like that.” Owen caught sight of Jimmy receiving another stern talking to from the men Mitchell had just left and the penny dropped. The thing that had been niggling at the back of his mind since that very first morning. “You’re one of the Morgan brothers aren’t you? It’s why you never let me get the post.”

Mitchell pressed his forehead to Owen’s. His fingers played over the M at Owen’s throat. “Does it bother you?”

“A couple of punters warned me, tricking on your turf. Said I’d be in for a beating if you caught me working for myself.”

“Those guys that beat you were nothing to do with me, but they paid heavily for it.”

“Is that why you were watching me?”

“No, baby. I was watching you because from the very first time I saw you, I wanted you to be my boy.” Owen opened his lips to receive the kiss of his Master. The feel of Mitchell’s tongue sent shivers over his body and his cock perked up. He felt Mitchell smile against his lips.

“You like that,” he said, grinding his hips against Owen’s. “I think I ought to take you home and show you just how badly I want you.”

Owen could barely breathe; all sense and reason fell away as the blood rushed south and he melted into Mitchell’s arms. Whatever it looked like from the outside, Owen didn’t care. He may be older; Mitchell may be the boy in literal terms in their relationship but there was no doubt in either of their minds which way the power flowed. Owen had every intention of allowing Mitchell to flex his Master muscles and find out exactly how much of a boy Owen was willing to be.

The End

### Author Bio

Casey K Cox is an avid reader and author of m/m erotic fiction. Hailing from the West of England she tends to set her stories in the UK. Casey has written fanfic (Special Forces and The Administration) and has a free serial read –The Rise of Alec Caldwell – available online. You can follow her work at <http://caseykcox.blogspot.com>.