













far more interesting in mind, and something far more challenging for Bodie. Something for Bodie to test himself against, to push his limits and give him the exhilaration of being able to take it all. The bathing was finally done to Doyle's satisfaction, and he emptied the bowl out, bringing it back with him, just in case it was needed. He didn't expect many sordid details, but he hated interrupting a scene to take care of banal details. The towel was laid aside, and then he bent over Bodie, one hand tugging on the clamps, while he kissed Bodie breathless.

"Thank you, sir," Bodie managed when his mouth was his own again.

"Don't mention it." And that wasn't a polite cliché. He kissed Bodie again, thrusting his tongue into Bodie's mouth, and when he was finished, Bodie contented himself with a smile.

"That's better," Doyle said, moving back down Bodie's torso, keeping one hand on him all the time, reinforcing the bond between them. "Are you ready to serve my pleasure?"

"Yes, Master."

"Any pleasure at all?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you yield to me completely?"

"Yes, Master."

"Then remember that. No matter what I do to you, no matter what happens, remember that you have no control over anything I choose to do to you. You have no choice but to trust me."

He picked up the K-Y and, still being careful to practice the 'clean system', he began to lube up the new toy. He had used its partner on himself a few weeks ago, so he knew precisely what Bodie was going to feel, down to every quiver of pleasure and shiver of fear. Wiping his hands to make sure they weren't likely to slip, he took Bodie's cock in his left hand and picked the Foley up in his right. His hands were shaking with excitement, so he stopped for a minute or two, calming himself with deep breathing. Bodie was swelling in his hand, but that wasn't going to be a problem.

His hands were steady again, although his heart was pounding as fast as Bodie's. Carefully, knowing how frightening it was the first time, he slowly inserted the catheter into

Bodie's cock, taking his time, drawing the sensation out, his own cock getting hard at the sight of the tubing disappearing into Bodie, possessing that ultimate, final bastion of the male.

Bodie screamed.

"Shh," Doyle said, "it's all right. You'll be fine in a minute."

Bodie squirmed, trying to pull away, fighting Doyle, fighting his Master.

Although it was in his rights as Master to punish Bodie very severely indeed, all Doyle said was, "Can't take it, then?"

"I can't—"

"Do you want me to stop? Do you want to admit defeat?"

A long silence, and all the while, Doyle was easing the catheter into Bodie, the tubing disappearing inch by slow inch. And now, Doyle knew, the minor irritation of insertion would be over, and the feeling of fullness would be overwhelming him. He knew how it felt, physically, but could only imagine how it felt, emotionally. It was the most tightly guarded part of a man's body—his arse and mouth were easy to yield in comparison. But to let someone else possess his prick, when he himself was blind and bound, that was quite incredible.

A tiny trickle of liquid into the bowl showed that the Foley was in all the way, and he used the hand-grip to inflate the air bulb that would hold the catheter inside. Bodie groaned, and Doyle stopped, asking, "Everything all right?"

"Oh, yes, Master, yes!"

"What does it feel like?"

"It's as if you're inside me, inside my cock somehow. I feel...I feel as if you're part of me, as a man..."

"I'm going to leave it in, Bodie," and he bent down, sucking at the join of cock and catheter, Bodie arching in exquisite pleasure every time he flicked his tongue over the blend of latex and flesh. "And while you're lying there, I'm going to go and have a few drinks. When I've had enough beer, I'm going to come back to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

Doyle's footsteps were silent, but the door locking was loud in the silence of his leaving.











