

Silent Night by Xanthe

Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/silent-night/>
Story Notes:

Fandom/s: Multi-fandom crossover fic, featuring many of my favourite fandoms.

Pairings: Harvey/Mike from Suits – but the rest are a secret! However, I can say that lots of lovely couples, old and new, make an appearance during the course of the story.

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Spelling: I'm from the UK, so I use UK spelling in my fanfiction stories.

Author's Notes: This is my Christmas fanfic offering for this year, a slightly bonkers bit of fun, featuring several different fandom pairings. It's a crossover between my Possession and 24/7 universes, but you don't need to read either of them to understand this. You just need to know that Harvey and Mike are in a Dom/sub relationship in this universe. None of the events of season two of Suits have happened, and it exists in its own alternate timeline, following on from season one. Not that it matters very much in the context of this story!

A big Christmassy thank you to Bluespirit and Tingreca for beta, and to Jacci and Nell for audiencing. Any mistakes are mine.

Dedication: For McShepletgirl, who wanted this so much for so long (or at least a version of it!). Also, to everyone who supported me in the writing and publishing of Ricochet – that meant such a lot to me, and I wanted to write this to say a giant thank you to you all!

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“Who is that in Harvey’s office?” Mike asked, glancing through the glass walls to see a man sitting on Harvey’s sofa. Harvey was sitting in the armchair facing the stranger, one leg crossed over the other, and they were both laughing. Mike frowned. “And why am I not in that meeting?” he said to Donna. “It looks like fun.”

She gave him a stern look. “I presume you’re not in there because it’s private.”

“It wasn’t in his diary.”

“You looked in Harvey’s diary?” Donna glared at him. “I am the High Queen of Harvey’s diary! Nobody looks in it, except for me.”

“Well, and Harvey,” Mike pointed out. Donna pursed her lips and glared at him some more. “No, you’re right – just you,” Mike said in a conciliatory tone. “So who is that guy, Donna? And why wasn’t the meeting in Harvey’s diary?”

Donna sighed. “I have no idea, on either count, and yes, it does pain me to admit that. Harvey just told me he was expecting someone ten minutes before this guy arrived.”

“Do you know his name? We could google him!”

“I tried that, but Harvey wouldn’t play ball.” Donna made a face. “Apparently, this meeting is not only private – it’s also secret.”

“Hmmm.” They looked at each other, and Mike could see the glint of mischief in her eyes. Then, they both inched over to the door at the same time, looking as casually nonchalant as they could, and tried to surreptitiously eavesdrop.

Mike craned his head over the top of Donna’s, and got a good look at Harvey’s visitor. He was a tall, broad man, with a completely bald head, dressed in a beautiful navy blue suit, which he filled out well. There was a purple and silver pocket square tucked into his top pocket, and he was wearing a matching silver and purple tie over his crisp white shirt.

“Maybe he’s a relative of Harvey’s,” Mike whispered to Donna.

“What makes you say that?” she whispered back.

“They both have a suit fetish.” Mike gestured with his head.

“Good thinking.” Donna nodded. “But no. I know all Harvey’s relatives, and frankly none of them are this hot. That guy is built!”

“He does have a sexy daddy thing going on,” Mike agreed. “But if he isn’t family, why is he here, in a secret, private meeting with Harvey, on Christmas Eve?”

"I have no... Oh shit!" Donna ran back to her desk just in time as Harvey suddenly strode over and yanked open the door, causing Mike to fall into the room in an undignified sprawl.

"Can I help you, Mike?" Harvey glared at him, while the bald man got up from the sofa, chuckling softly to himself.

"Uh...no. I was just passing by and thought I'd see if you need me for anything," Mike said weakly.

"I'm guessing this is the pup," baldy said, giving Mike an assessing look from a pair of warm, brown eyes.

Mike felt himself flushing under the scrutiny. This man had an air of easy authority, combined with a strong sexual charisma, and he looked at Mike as if he knew every dark erotic secret he possessed. Somehow, this man knew Mike spent a good part of his life over Harvey's lap, being spanked; or on his knees, sucking Harvey's cock; or on his back, being fucked.

He probably also knew that Mike secretly longed to call Harvey 'master' during particularly intense sex scenes, but was too embarrassed to do it – plus it would inflate Harvey's already over-inflated ego, and Mike didn't want to give him the satisfaction – but that didn't stop him wanting to do it all the same.

"Oh yes... he's definitely the pup," the bald man said, with a knowing smile. "I think I'm going to like him. You've chosen well here, Harvey."

"Right now, he's a naughty pup who's in the doghouse for eavesdropping," Harvey growled, giving Mike the kind of stern look that went straight to his cock.

"Don't be too hard on him, Harvey. I have a curious pup of my own, and I know what they're like," baldy said.

"Mike knows precisely how hard I'll be on him later, Walter," Harvey said sternly.

Walter guffawed. "Well, I'm sure it's nothing he doesn't deserve."

Mike flushed even more. "Is... uh... your guest a business associate?" he hissed at Harvey. "Because if so, then I really don't think this conversation is appropriate."

"Walter is a friend," Harvey said. "A good friend. Walter Skinner – meet Mike Ross, my..." he glanced at Mike with a grin. "Associate," he finished, but he might as well have said 'submissive' because that was what his tone of voice and the expression in his eyes said all too clearly.

"Well, it's good to meet you, Mike," Walter said, giving Mike's hand a firm shake. "I've known Harvey here for a few years, and it's nice to see he's doing so well for himself."

“Harvey’s the best closer in New York. He deserves his success,” Mike said, waving a hand at Harvey’s plush office.

Walter chuckled. “Oh, I know Harvey’s damn good at his job, but I wasn’t referring to that, Mike.”

“Wait... what...?” Mike sensed that he was missing some vital part of this conversation, and he didn’t like how off-centre that made him feel.

“Well, I should be going, Harvey. Thanks for your help,” Walter said.

“You’re welcome, Walter. Always a pleasure.” The two men shook hands, and Walter gave Mike another amused glance before walking out of the office.

“Who was that?” Mike asked when he was gone. “And if you expect me to do any legal work for him, it’ll be kind of embarrassing after all that ‘pup’ talk.”

“Oh, you know I don’t mind embarrassing you occasionally, Mike,” Harvey said, goosing Mike’s ass on his way back to his desk. Mike smothered a yelp, and went to stand in front of Harvey’s desk.

“So, who was he, then?” he asked. “And why were you having a secret, private meeting with him in your office on Christmas Eve?”

“Jealous?” Harvey raised an eyebrow.

“No, obviously not... although, he was very good-looking in a DILF kind of way,” Mike mused.

“DILF...? Oh.” Harvey rolled his eyes. “Get your mind out of the gutter, Mike. Walter is an old friend, and I helped him out with some private work recently. He’s in town on business, and dropped by to say thanks – that’s all.”

“Okay.” Mike hated it when Harvey shut him out of a case, but it was clear Harvey wasn’t going to tell him any more than he already had, so he guessed he just had to leave it at that. “Look, I’m sorry about the listening at the door thing, but I was wondering if you’d decided about tonight.”

“Tonight?” Harvey glanced at the file of papers on his desk with a distracted frown.

“Yes. Tonight. Christmas Eve. I suggested going to Rachel’s party, and you said we have other plans but refused to tell me what they are. I just wondered if you were ready to tell me yet?”

“Ah. Yes. Tonight.” Harvey gave him an entirely infuriating smile, clearly having no intention of telling him anything more.

“Stop it!” Mike said, with a roll of his eyes. “Stop with the whole channelling your inner Bond villain thing, and just tell me what the hell we’re doing tonight.”

“Channelling my inner Bond villain?” Harvey raised an eyebrow.

“You know exactly what I mean! All you need is a fluffy white cat on your knee to complete the image, and Barbara Broccoli would be on the phone in seconds.”

Harvey considered that for a moment. “Hmm, I like that idea, but no. I don't have time for world domination – I'm far too busy dominating you.” He gave an evil smile.

“Ha ha ha ha ha.” Mike made a face. “Now, will you please tell me what we’re doing tonight? You know, we don’t have to go out anywhere. It’s fine by me if we spend the evening under the tree, like we did last year?” He waggled his eyebrows suggestively, remembering how Harvey had tied tinsel around his wrists and fucked him on the floor three nights running, while the Christmas tree lights had twinkled all around them.

“Not tonight. I have other plans for us tonight,” Harvey said firmly.

“Which are?” Mike asked, exasperated.

“You’ll find out, Pup.” Harvey glanced at his watch. “Talking of which – I have an appointment. I’ll be out of the office for the rest of the day, but I’ll pick you up from outside the apartment at eight this evening.” Harvey got up, shouldered himself into his expensive cashmere coat, and picked up his briefcase. “Don’t be late,” he said sternly to Mike. “And don’t think I’ve forgotten about the listening at the door thing, either. There will be punishment for that later.”

Mike felt a thrill of anticipation – Harvey’s punishments were always so painfully delicious.

“But where are we going?” Mike called after Harvey. “And what should I wear?”

Harvey shrugged. “It doesn’t matter what you wear, Mike.”

“At least give me a clue! I mean, are we going to a fancy restaurant – do I need to wear a suit? Or is it a jeans and sweater kind of thing?”

Harvey paused by the door, a frankly malicious smile curving on his lips. “Trust me, Mike – it really doesn’t matter what you wear.”

“But, Harvey! You can’t expect me to show up at a party with your swanky friends dressed in sweatpants!”

“Oh, I don’t expect you to do that.” Harvey grinned. “I expect you to die, Mr. Bond.” He stroked an invisible cat, his eyes glittering with malicious mischief, and Mike rolled his eyes.

“Just remember the villain always loses,” he said. “And the hero always gets laid.” He

winked at Harvey.

“Aw, you want me to fuck you later? Well, we’ll see. I might make you beg first.”

Mike sighed. Much as he hated it when Harvey made him beg, he couldn’t deny it also turned him on like crazy.

“Just be there, Mike. Outside the apartment at 8pm. Do not be late,” Harvey ordered, and then he was gone.

Mike glared after him. “Yes, Master,” he muttered under his breath, rolling his eyes. Then he realised what he’d said, and he sighed again.

Master: one simple word, but with so much meaning. He and Harvey had been in a nice, light version of a dominant/submissive relationship for eighteen months now, and it suited them both fine. Did he really want to give Harvey a word with so much power over him? And was either of them ready for such a big step?

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Mike walked out into a cold New York winter night as he left the apartment a few hours later. As Harvey had been so typically unhelpful on the topic of what he should wear, Mike had decided to be just as difficult, and was dressed in the old pair of sweatpants and a sweater that he’d once worn to decorate his former apartment. Both were covered in paint stains, and there was a hole in the sweater sleeve. He’d thrown a crumpled old jacket over the top to complete the ensemble.

Mike took a certain satisfaction in provoking the always exquisitely dressed and coiffed Harvey in this way. He’d discovered early in their relationship that the one thing that riled Harvey more than anything else, and inevitably led to a spanking, was when Mike turned up looking dishevelled.

Harvey seemed to count poor personal grooming as a crime on a par with mugging old ladies in the street, or kicking puppies, so his spankings for the offence always far outweighed the crime, in Mike's opinion. It was, therefore, a weapon that Mike only unleashed when he was in the mood for being swung over Harvey’s knee and having his ass thoroughly blistered.

Tonight, as he stood outside the condo building, shivering in the cold air, he thought he’d welcome a chance to be hauled over his dom’s knee to have his ass roasted.

“At least it’d be warm,” he muttered, blowing on his fingers and wishing he’d thought to bring his gloves.

An enormous limousine pulled up in front of the building a few seconds later, and it was only when Harvey’s driver, Ray, got out that Mike realised it was Harvey’s car.

“Wow... this is amazing!” Mike said, as Ray opened the door for him.

The lights in the back of the limo were on, gently dimmed, and Harvey was sitting inside, wearing his long black cashmere coat, buttoned up high to the neck, and a pair of plain black cashmere-lined leather gloves. As always, Harvey was appropriately dressed for the weather.

“What’s the occasion?” Mike asked, glancing around the plush interior of the limo. There were two rows of black leather seats, facing each other, and an enormous space between them.

“It’s Christmas Eve, Mike – that’s occasion enough,” Harvey said.

“Well, I love it!” Mike beamed.

As he climbed inside, he noticed an intriguing brown paper parcel on the seat beside Harvey, tied up with string. Mike moved to sit on the seat next to the parcel, only to find his way blocked by a gloved hand.

“Not on the seat, Mike. On the floor, like the naughty pup you are,” Harvey ordered, clicking his fingers at the floor in front of his seat.

“The floor?” Mike gave him an agonized look. “But Ray...” He glanced over his shoulder, where Ray had taken his seat and had started the engine.

“Oh, Ray’s seen you go ass up over my knees in the back of the car before. He won’t mind you kneeling in front of me.” Harvey gave a smug grin, and Mike had to acknowledge that kneeling in front of Harvey in the limo probably wasn’t as bad as the time Harvey had spanked him in the car, quite hard, and Ray had simply looked in the mirror, smiled, and turned up the music to drown out the sound of his cries. Somehow, knowing that Ray was witnessing his humiliation had turned Mike on like crazy, and when they’d got home that night he’d waylaid Harvey the minute they stepped through the front door, and they’d ended up fucking on the kitchen counter, unable to even make it as far as the bedroom.

“Harvey! It’s embarrassing!” Mike hissed, turned on and mortified in equal measure.

“I know.” Harvey grinned. “But I’m ordering you, Pup, and as you’re already due a spanking after that eavesdropping stunt you pulled earlier, I think you should obey me, don’t you? Things will only be worse for you, if you don’t.”

Mike swallowed hard. This was a game they both loved playing, bantering back and forth before Mike’s inevitable capitulation. He loved being rebellious and answering back, pushing Harvey into being even more the stern dom than usual.

“Worse how?” Mike asked, half crouching by the seat, unwilling to concede just yet.

"I still have that cane in my closet," Harvey said, which was true, because Mike had seen it, several times. Harvey usually only brought it out as a threat, or to trail over Mike's bound, naked body during an intense scene, but Mike wasn't entirely sure that his lover wouldn't use it, one day. He also wasn't entirely sure he didn't want him to, one day. It was a fantasy of his – although he wondered if the reality might be more painful than he'd be able to handle.

Mike thought about it for a moment, and then sighed and gave in. "Okay," he muttered gracelessly, sinking to his knees in front of Harvey on the limo floor. "You know, I think you get off on this," he said, feeling his cheeks flush at the humiliating position.

"Well, duh." Harvey rolled his eyes. "Dom remember?" He grinned and sat back in his seat, surveying his sub with a smug grin. "You do look good there. I must remember to have you kneel at my feet more often."

"Not in the office, though," Mike said anxiously.

Harvey's grin broadened. "That's a fine idea! Thank you, Mike."

Mike sighed. "I hate you sometimes."

Harvey laughed. "Aw, I can see my boy wants to live dangerously tonight. Now... let's get down to business." He slowly removed his gloves, taking his time, giving the act an entirely unnecessary air of menace. Then he flicked Mike's jacket open with a lazy finger, and rolled his eyes when he saw the paint stained clothes that Mike was wearing underneath.

"Well, you said, and I quote, 'it really doesn't matter what you wear'." Mike gave his dom a beatific smile.

"Don't try and lawyer me, Mike. I know what I said – and, luckily for you, I meant it. It doesn't matter what you're wearing right now, because you won't be wearing it for much longer. Now strip."

"What?" Mike stopped smiling instantly. "Uh... what?" he said again.

"Strip," Harvey said pleasantly.

"Uh... you mean...?"

"Naked? Yes, Mike, that's exactly what I mean. And don't look at Ray – he won't be looking at you... although," he glanced at Ray. "He might get a good view of your naked ass in his mirror, if he's interested."

Mike glanced over his shoulder to see Ray smiling at Harvey in the mirror.

"You can always be assured of my discretion, Harvey," Ray said, and Harvey turned back to Mike with a stern look.

“You heard him – now strip, before I get annoyed by how much backtalk I’m getting from my pup tonight.”

Mike knelt there, his mouth pressed into an obstinate line of rebellion. Harvey arched an eyebrow, and mimed picking up something long and slender, and bending it menacingly. Mike caved.

“Okay, okay, but it’s too cold for this,” he growled.

“Ray – turn up the heating back here,” Harvey called, and a second later Mike felt a waft of warm air on his back.

Mike shrugged off his jacket and threw it behind him, and then he pulled his sweater over his head. He was naked underneath, and felt incredibly stupid to be taking off all his clothes in the back of a limo.

“Aren’t you at least gonna...?” Mike nodded at Harvey, still neatly buttoned up in his long wool coat. “I mean, I assume we’re going to be having sex, because if not, this is just weird.”

“We’re not going to be having sex, Mike,” Harvey said. “Now strip, before I get annoyed.”

Mike hesitated, his hands on the waistband of his sweatpants. “Harvey,” he said miserably. “This isn’t what I had in mind for tonight. I thought that as it was Christmas Eve, we’d be doing something... you know... romantic.”

Harvey’s dark eyes softened. He leaned forward, tipped Mike’s chin up, and kissed him sweetly on the lips. Then he drew back. “Trust me, Pup?” he said gently, keeping his index finger under Mike’s chin. Mike gazed at him uncertainly for awhile, and then, finally, he nodded.

“Yes, Captain,” he said softly.

“Good.” Harvey cleared his throat and sat back. “Now, finish undressing. I want to see my boy’s body.”

Mike took a deep breath and pushed his sweatpants and boxers down his legs, scrambled out of them, and put them on the pile of clothes. He quickly removed his socks and sneakers, and then knelt in front of Harvey again, completely naked. He knew Harvey wouldn’t allow him to cover his cock, so he squared his shoulders, knelt back on his heels, and offered himself up to his dom. His cock was half hard, and he could feel the warm air of the heater on his bare ass.

“Good boy.” Harvey’s gaze lingered on his cock, and he gave Mike a knowing little smile. No matter how much these little humiliation scenarios made Mike blush, they always turned him on – Harvey knew him too well. “Now, as it’s Christmas Eve, and as for most of the year you’ve been fairly nice, even when you’re also being a naughty pup, too, Santa has got a

little present for you.” Harvey smirked.

Mike rolled his eyes. “If you’re referring to what’s in your pants, then that is a really crappy joke, Harvey.”

“I’m not.” Harvey picked up the brown paper parcel, and tugged open the string. “Close your eyes, Mike.”

Mike did as he was told with some trepidation, wondering what Harvey could possibly have in store for him. He heard a rustling sound, and then the pleasant smell of new leather filled the air, and he felt something being wrapped around his throat. He smiled. “Is that a new collar, Harvey?”

“It is, Mike. The old one was looking worn. Okay, you can open your eyes.”

Mike opened them, and lifted his fingers to touch the smooth leather of the new collar. Harvey took a little mirror out of his coat pocket, and Mike gazed at his reflection. The collar was made of the softest red leather, with what felt like a plush, velvet interior. It looked expensive – and knowing Harvey, it almost certainly was. There was a little silver D ring sparkling on the front of the collar.

“Do you like it, Pup?” Harvey asked, and Mike nodded, his eyes shining as he studied himself in the mirror. “Good, because we’re not done yet.” Harvey turned back to the parcel, and took out a silver tag. He held it up, and Mike saw that it was engraved in elegant, copperplate writing.

“*Property of Harvey Specter,*” Mike read out loud. “But we already know that.” He grinned.

“Yes, we do – but the people we’re going to meet tonight don’t, and I want them to know that if any of them messes with my boy, then they mess with me,” Harvey said, in a dark kind of voice that sent shivers up Mike’s spine.

He reached out and attached the tag to Mike’s collar, where it settled against Mike’s skin, dangling down, cool and seductive against his flesh, a constant reminder of who he belonged to and what he was.

“Who the hell are we going to meet tonight?” Mike asked. “Uh, you’re not going to take me some place naked, are you?”

“No, Mike. Well, not completely.” Harvey turned back to his parcel, and took out... a pair of PVC pants.

“Oh shit. You want me to wear those?” Mike said, aghast.

“I do, Mike, yes.”

“Harvey! They’re so... shiny.” Mike made a face.

“What does that tag around your neck say, Mike?” Harvey asked.

“Property of Harvey Specter,” Mike said reluctantly.

“So, what are you?”

“Yours.” Mike sighed.

“And what can I therefore do?” Harvey had that pedantic look on his face that he always got when taking apart an inferior lawyer in the courtroom.

“Make me wear the pants,” Mike said, with a little pout.

“That’s right – and don’t give me the puppy dog eyes. They don’t work with me.”

“Well, they kind of do a bit,” Mike said, with a wink.

“Not tonight,” Harvey said sternly. He held out the pants, and Mike took them, sat back on his ass, pulled them up his legs, and fastened them. It was only when they were on that he realised he could still feel the warm air Ray had sent wafting through the vents, caressing his buttocks.

“Harvey!” Mike whipped his head around and saw that the ass area of the pants had been cut away, leaving his buttocks completely exposed.

“It’s a good look on you, Mike,” Harvey said, glancing over Mike’s shoulder, too.

“No, it isn’t! It’s a ridiculous look! Where the hell are you taking me tonight, Harvey?”

“Somewhere you can be yourself,” Harvey said sharply. “Now kneel in front of me again; I’m not done yet.”

Mike did as he was ordered, feeling his cheeks flush at the thought of wearing these cut-out pants in public.

Harvey reached into his parcel and drew out a pair of silver nipple clamps. Mike eyed them warily.

“Don’t worry, Pup. They aren’t the most painful ones you’ve experienced – you’ll be wearing these all evening, so I don’t want the circulation cut off.” Harvey flicked his wrist, and Mike saw a flash of silver, and a second later there was a sharp sensation in his left nipple. He gave a little squeal, which Harvey ignored, and a second later his right nipple was assaulted in exactly the same way. Harvey sat back and surveyed the clamped nipples critically.

“Oh yeah – they look good. I like to see my boy with some decoration on him. Very nice.”

Mike looked down proudly, to see the clamps fastened tightly around his nipples. They were pretty clamps, not the usual more utilitarian ones that Harvey used on him, and a silver chain ran between them, connecting his nipples.

“Very pretty.” Harvey jangled the chain, tugging on the clamps, making Mike squeal again. “I like them.” Harvey gave an appreciative smile. “You’re starting to really look the part now, Mike.”

“What part?” Mike asked.

“Let’s just say that when we reach where we’re going to tonight, you’ll fit right in.” Harvey grinned. “Now, stay still.” He took a bottle out of the parcel, squeezed a clear-coloured gel onto his fingers, and then rubbed them together.

“What’s that? Some kind of evil product to make my ass hurt even more than usual when you’re spanking it?” Mike asked suspiciously.

Harvey rolled his eyes. “No, Mike – it’s hair gel.” Harvey reached out and ran his hands through Mike’s hair, tousling it artfully with his fingers. “Oh, that’s good. I like it. You look like you’ve just been fucked, and that’s always a good look on you. Now... some more decoration, I think.”

He took a curling white gold bangle out of the parcel and pulled it open, then slotted it around Mike’s upper arm. Mike glanced down and saw that it was fashioned in the shape of a snake, with glowing ruby eyes, and it curled around and around his arm, from the top of his bicep to his elbow. Harvey attached a matching bangle to his other arm.

“One more thing...” Harvey took a small black tube out of the parcel that looked suspiciously like...

“Is that mascara?” Mike asked, jerking his head backwards.

“Yes, it is. I want my boy to look exotic tonight, in case you hadn’t noticed. Back into position, Pup.” Harvey opened his knees and pointed between his legs.

“There is no way you are putting mascara on me,” Mike said obstinately.

“So, you’re okay with the ass-less PVC pants, the collar, the bangles, and the nipple clamps, but you draw the line at some make-up?” Harvey raised an eyebrow.

“I’m not a girl, Harvey!” Mike protested.

“I certainly hope not, as there are things I want to do to your dick later.” Harvey grinned. “But you are my sub, Mike, and I want my sub to look a certain way tonight. So kneel back in position. Now.”

With a wounded sigh, Mike did as he was told, wondering just how many more torments

the evening would bring. He also wondered if Ray was looking at him in the mirror, with his ass hanging out of his pants, his nipples chained up, and his boss-cum-dom applying mascara to his eyelashes. Harvey spent a long time on his eyelashes, and then he took out a kohl pencil, and spent several seconds rubbing that under and around Mike's eyes, with far more gusto than Mike was happy with.

Finally, he sat back and surveyed Mike with a critical eye. "That's perfect. Here, see for yourself."

He held up the mirror, and Mike gazed at himself, spellbound. He barely recognised himself. He looked like some kind of exotic slave boy, everything about him screaming sex. His hair was sticking up in little points, ready to be grabbed by his dom to hold him in position for a good fucking. His skin looked pale against his heavily made-up eyes, giving him a delicate, dreamy look, and his eyes were smoky and mysterious, suggesting all kinds of sexual promise.

The collar was snug around his neck, the little silver tag proudly proclaiming who owned him, and his nipples were straining darkly against the confines of the clamps, the decorative chain between them adding a touch of slave boy chic. The bangles looked oddly beautiful, clinging to and accentuating his muscles, and the tight PVC pants with the missing ass area made it abundantly clear what he was tonight, if that had been in any doubt.

"Beautiful," Harvey breathed, putting the mirror back in his pocket. "There, Pup. I told you it didn't matter what you wore tonight."

"So, where the hell are we going? And why am I dressed up like a bum boy from some sheikh's harem, while you...?" Mike gestured to Harvey's long, black woollen coat, and Harvey grinned at him.

"Well, you are the sub, Pup, and I'm the dom – and just so you don't forget that..." Harvey took a long silver leash out of his pocket, and clipped it to the D ring on the front of Mike's collar.

"As if I could forget it, dressed like this," Mike muttered, but he got a thrill from being leashed by his dom all the same.

At that moment, the car drew up outside a building with a bright neon sign outside proclaiming itself to be "Murray's – NYC". Ray got out and opened the door, and Harvey stepped out onto the sidewalk. He grabbed hold of Mike's leash and pulled him out after him, and Mike shivered in the cold night air.

"Ray... take this." Harvey unbuttoned his long coat, and then took it off and handed it to his driver, and Mike stood there, open-mouthed, gazing at his dom.

Harvey was wearing a pair of tight black leather pants that clung to his legs and ass almost obscenely, together with a fitted black shirt, with a red leather vest over the top of it that matched Mike's collar. There was a black leather belt around his waist, with a fancy silver

buckle.

He looked insanely beautiful and every inch the master. Mike's jaw was almost on the floor, and it was all he could do not to drop to his knees in front of his dom and kiss his shiny leather shoes.

"You were saying, Mike?" Harvey raised an eyebrow. "Some kind of whine about the clothes you're wearing, and me not being dressed up for the occasion, I think?"

"Harvey..." Mike breathed, unable to string a coherent sentence together. "You look..."

"I know." Harvey grinned at him. "Close your mouth, Pup. You're drooling." He put a finger under Mike's jaw and pushed it up. "

Mike was still speechless, but he didn't have time to say anything anyway, because Harvey tugged on his leash and led him into Murray's – whatever the hell "Murray's" might turn out to be.

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There was a man inside, who smiled and checked Harvey's name off on a list – Mike was relieved that at least this place seemed to be a members' only club, because he dreaded the thought of walking into an everyday, vanilla bar dressed like this. He assumed Harvey wouldn't do that, though – not least because Harvey definitely wasn't dressed for walking into an everyday kind of bar, either. Not without getting beaten up, anyway.

They were ushered behind a curtain... and then down some steps.

"Walter likes to create a sense of drama – so you don't know what you'll be walking into," Harvey murmured. "His Washington DC club is the same."

"Walter? This is Walter's place?" Mike asked, but then he stopped in his tracks as they rounded a corner... and stood at the top of another, shorter flight of steps, looking down on a warm, welcoming bar area.

It wasn't just any bar. The walls were painted a seductive red, and there were heavy burgundy drapes hanging around the place, giving it a warm, sexy feel. On closer inspection, Mike noted the hooks embedded in the walls at strategic places, as well as several pairs of manacles.

There was a St. Andrews Cross in the centre of the room, and a rack of disciplinary implements beside it – a copious array of floggers, whips, paddles and canes. There were tables and chairs positioned around it, made of old oak, seasoned and weathered, big and sturdy.

Mike swallowed hard and moved a step closer to Harvey.

"Shit. This place is -"

"Better than that seedy Dungeon club you visited on your first foray into the world of BDSM, back before I met you," Harvey replied. "This is an exclusive club, Mike, by invitation only, and tonight is their opening night."

Mike saw a sign above the bar – "Welcome to Murray's Bar – NYC!"

"This is the legal work you helped Walter with," Mike said slowly. "Buying this place?"

"Yup! I even helped him and his business partner, Hammer, to look around a few premises first, before they settled on this one. It's very like their bar in DC."

"Wait – is that how you met Walter?" Mike asked, as Harvey tugged on his leash, pulling him down the last few steps, into the bar. "In his DC BDSM bar?"

"Yes."

"Why DC? Scared of playing too close to home?" Mike asked cheekily.

Harvey rolled his eyes. "I was working there for a couple of months, staying in a hotel, and I heard about Murray's. I'd always wanted to investigate the BDSM scene, so I engineered myself an invitation and paid the place a visit. I was lucky – I found Walter there, and he took me under his wing, which I really needed at that point."

"He sure did!" Walter Skinner walked towards them, his hand outstretched. "Harvey, you look magnificent – as always."

"You too, Walter – as always." The two men laughed and shook hands, and Mike had to agree with Harvey.

Walter was dressed like a very toppy cowboy, complete with Stetson, chaps, and a leather bolo tie – all in pure black. There was a pair of silver spurs on his heels, and a whip curled on his hip. He was wearing a silver sheriff's badge on his broad chest.

"And now we see the naughty pup as he was meant to be seen – in all his glory." Walter winked at Mike and extended his hand to him, too. Mike felt suddenly shy in the presence of this tall, genial man, in a way he hadn't been back at the office. Now they were on different territory, and he was very aware that he was a sub, and Walter was a very imposing dom. Walter's big paw engulfed his hand, and he squeezed hard, once, then drew Mike in. "So, how do you like my new place, Mike?" he asked, waving his hand around the bar.

"Uh, it's nice... really nice," Mike replied.

"I'm sensing a 'but'." Walter raised an eyebrow.

"Just... somehow, I didn't take you for a bar owner, sir. When you were in Harvey's office... I don't know... I just felt..." Mike trailed off, flushing. "Sorry, I don't mean to imply there's anything wrong with owning a bar, but it just seemed to me... I didn't exactly get that vibe off you."

"What vibe did you get off me?" Walter was gazing at him keenly from those dark brown eyes that seemed to know everything.

"Something more dangerous than bar owner," Mike murmured.

"Hmm, the pup has a good nose," Walter commented, with a glance at Harvey.

Harvey put a hand on Mike's shoulder. "Walter is an investor in Murray's bar. He likes to be as hands on as possible, but it's not his day job."

"Really? What is?" Mike asked, intrigued.

"He's an assistant director at the FBI," Harvey said, and Mike's jaw dropped again. He had the feeling it'd be doing that a lot this evening.

Both Walter and Harvey laughed at his reaction, and Harvey took pity on him and squeezed his shoulder.

"It surprised the hell out of me, too, when I found out."

"Yeah – you should have seen young Harvey here, walking into my DC bar a few years back, all Specter cockiness, combined with a huge dose of nerves. I had to take pity on this new young dom, and take him in and show him the ropes," Walter said. "I didn't want him falling into the wrong hands, and learning some bad habits. Harvey had good instincts though – he just needed a little finessing. I was happy to help him with that."

"You see, Walter here, is what they call the Guardian of the House," Harvey said. "He basically runs the DC BDSM scene, and if he hears of anyone being abusive, or not playing safely, he can pretty much run them out of town."

"Well, it's not that simple, but I guess that's why I'm wearing the badge." Walter pointed at the shiny sheriff's badge on his chest.

"So, who's Murray?" Mike asked, glancing around. "Is he here?"

Walter shook his head. "Murray died a few years ago. Hammer was his sub, and he manages the bars – he named them in memory of his dom. Murray was a great character – we all loved him. That's Hammer, over there."

Walter pointed at a man behind the bar, who waved back. Hammer didn't look like a sub – he was thickset, with bulging muscles shown off to perfection by his tight tee shirt. He had thick dark hair, going silver at the temples, and a battered face with a broken nose that

made him look menacing.

"I know, I know," Walter said, noticing Mike's reaction. "But Hammer's one of the good guys. He was a nurse for many years, working with terminally ill patients, but he gave that up to care for Murray after he had his heart attack. Since Murray died, Hammer's gone into this business. He's good at taking care of people – that's Hammer. You won't meet a nicer guy."

"And you said Murray was his dom? Hammer's a sub?" Mike asked.

"Sure – you can't tell someone's sexual inclinations by how they look, Mike – or how they act in their everyday lives. Sometimes it's pretty clear, but sometimes it isn't. I know a couple of federal agents who identify as subs, but they're both hardasses that you really wouldn't want to cross out in the field." He glanced at a man who was making his way towards them, dressed like a cowboy, too, in exactly the same outfit as Walter's, only his was all white. "One of them is retired from law enforcement now, but he's still a pain in the ass." Walter said that loud enough for the man to hear, and gave Harvey a wink at the same time.

"Are you talking about me, Walter?" the man said as he reached them. He had a low, monotone voice, and was lean and lanky, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and a full lower lip. Walter grinned and wrapped an arm around the man's shoulders, pulling him close.

"Yup! Mike – this is my very own pain in the ass, Fox Mulder. Fox – this is Harvey's young pup, Mike Ross."

Mike took the man's hand, and then stopped in mid-shake, frowning. "Wait... not the Fox Mulder? The guy who writes about aliens and things that go bump in the night?"

Mulder gave a long-suffering sigh. "Yeah. That's me."

"And you're Walter's submissive? You?" Mike tried to get his head around the idea that this man, standing in front of him dressed in the white cowboy suit, was the investigative author who broke into top secret government facilities to uncover what they were hiding, and who seemed to publish a new book full of conspiracy theories every year.

"No, I'm not Walter's submissive." Mulder shook his head vehemently.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I just thought..."

Mulder grinned. "I'm his slave."

"You know, Pup," Harvey said, "If your jaw is going to keep dropping open like that, then we really will have to find a way to keep it shut. I have something in mind – Walter, did you bring it?"

Walter nodded. "I did – come with me."

The two men walked off together, and Mike grimaced. "That doesn't sound good."

"It definitely sounded ominous," Mulder said. "You and Harvey are just starting out, yes?"

"We've been together for eighteen months, but..." Mike hesitated. "We've never been to a place like this, before. I mean, Harvey's never dressed me up like this, with the... you know, make-up, and the..." He waved his hand in the direction of his exposed ass.

"That's a shame – it's a good look on you." Mulder winked.

"That's what Harvey said. But... we've played a little, mainly spanking and some light dom/sub games, but we've never..." Mike nodded at the St. Andrew's cross and all the implements next to it. "We've never played like that."

"And would you like to?" Mulder asked, his hazel eyes gazing at Mike searchingly.

"Yes." Mike said the word before he'd even realized it. "Oh shit," he muttered, putting his hand over his mouth. Mulder laughed. "I do want to," Mike said slowly, "But... it's kind of a big deal. I mean, I work with Harvey – I'm his associate – and we have a great relationship in and out of the office, so I really wouldn't want to screw that up."

"You won't, and as for the other stuff – don't worry about it." Mulder waved his hand in the air. "I became Walter's slave when I was still working for him, and it's the best thing I ever did. Sure, there have been some complications, and some rough spots along the way, but we got through it – together."

"So, you're his slave? How does that work?" Mike asked curiously. Harvey had hung the tag on his collar that proclaimed him to be the Property of Harvey Specter, but they had never taken it to that level, or really played as master a

nd slave. Was Harvey signalling that he wanted to, by putting that tag on his collar?

"Well, it's like being his sub, only he has total control over me, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week," Mulder replied. "That might sound hot, but often it just means he gets to order me to bed when I'm tired but being too stupid to realize it. Or he makes me do the laundry when I'd rather be chasing after aliens – boring shit like that. Walter... grounds me." Mulder made a face. "That's something I'm not very good at, Mike. I don't think you have the same problem, though. A 24/7 arrangement might not be your thing, but it works for us."

"Harvey has such a big ego that the idea of me being his slave, and him my master..." Mike faltered on the word, and Mulder put his head on one side, looking thoughtful. "Well, I'm not sure. Apart from anything else, he pretty much treats me like his slave in the office anyway – I'm not sure I want to give him the same power over me at home."

"Oh, I bet you don't let him get away with too much," Mulder said slowly. "I have a suspicion that in your relationship, you're the one who grounds him. I know Harvey, and I think he

needs the responsibility of caring for a sub, because sometimes he forgets he's mortal, and thinks he can fly."

Mike thought of Harvey's apartment, the one they now both shared, situated high in the sky, looking down on the city far below, and he nodded.

"Yeah. You could be right, Mulder. Or, uh... should I call you Fox?"

"Not if you want to live. Only my master calls me that – he thought it was a great joke to use my real name as my slave name. He's cruel like that. It was him who made me dress like this." Mulder waved his hand at his white cowboy outfit. "He knows I hate being dressed up, so he insists on making me wear the most humiliating matching outfits he can find." Mulder pulled a mournful face, and Mike got the feeling that he loved his master very much, and his complaints weren't intended to be taken seriously.

"Ha! Your humiliation has nothing on mine! My damn ass is hanging out!" Mike complained.

"I know. Terrible isn't it?" They both exchanged a look, and then burst out laughing.

At that moment, two newcomers arrived, pausing on the landing of the lower set of stairs, the way Mike and Harvey had done. One of them had silver grey hair and was wearing a purple shirt, while the other was about twelve years his junior, with soft brown hair and the brightest grin Mike had ever seen.

"I know what Walter said about not judging people based on appearances – but it is so clear who the dom is there," Mike whispered.

Mulder laughed. "Oh yeah. Every time Gibbs walks into a place, everyone rolls over and shows him their bellies. He takes being 'Alpha dog' to a whole new level. The only person I've ever seen out-top him is Walter, and that's only because of their history and doesn't happen often. They were in the Marines together, many years ago."

"You know them?"

"Sure – that's my good buddy, Tony DiNozzo. He's about the only sub in the world who could handle a dom as scary as Leroy Jethro Gibbs."

"That's his name? Leroy Jethro? Yikes!" Mike made a face.

"Yeah – don't mock him about it to his face, though. He can silence you with just a look; he's one scary-assed dom. And Tony is about the toughest sub you'll ever meet. He might look all smiley, but he's almost as dangerous as Gibbs underneath all the shiny, happy Tony stuff he does. That's just his cover. He and Gibbs are both federal agents, and they're both pretty tough guys." Mulder waved at the newcomers. "Hey – Tony, Gibbs! Over here! We've got a newbie here, who needs to be shown the ropes."

Tony came over, still grinning broadly, and wrapped Mulder in a hug. Then he released him

and glanced at Mike. "And this is?"

"This is Mike Ross. Mike, this asshole is Tony DiNozzo," Mulder said, and the two men shook hands.

"Hey, nice outfit, Buddy," Tony said with a smirk, looking Mulder's cowboy costume up and down.

"Fuck off," Mulder replied, and Tony burst out laughing.

"Aw, but you're lucky, Mulder. Gibbs is embarrassed to be seen out even wearing nice pants, let alone a full blown costume, so we always have to come to Murray's dressed like this." He gestured at his classy chinos and deep green shirt, and gave a tragic sigh. "I'd love to be dressed up like you two." Tony glanced at Mike and gave a whistle. "And you're bare-assed? Gibbs goes nuts if another dom sees so much as a hint of my pretty little ankles, so I never get to wear cool stuff like that."

"It's totally not cool to have your ass hanging out and to be displayed in public wearing mascara and eyeliner," Mike grumbled.

"Sure it is." Tony grinned. "I bet your dom loves playing little humiliation games with you, and I bet you love it, too, secretly. Oh, you don't tell him, but he knows by the way you flush right up to your ears, and your eyes go all glowy." He waved his hand at Mike's eyes, and Mike found himself flushing right up to his ears as described, making Tony laugh out loud.

"Sometimes Harvey spanks me in the car with the chauffeur in the front," Mike admitted.

"Knew it!" Tony exclaimed.

"Pah! That's nothing." Mulder waved a derisory hand in the air. "Walter once displayed me completely naked at a party, wearing only..." He made a tragic face, "bells attached to my nipple rings."

"Oh shit." Mike breathed. "Really?"

"Yup." Mulder nodded mournfully. "I wouldn't have minded, but it was supposed to be MY party!"

Mike and Tony both laughed at that, and Mike felt himself starting to relax. These people were intelligent and fun. Nobody here was weird, so far at least, and now his exposed ass, bare chest, clamped nipples and eye make-up were starting to feel a lot less demeaning, and more like he belonged.

"Where did Gibbs go?" Mulder glanced around.

"Over to be with the doms." Tony pointed at the bar, where Gibbs was being enveloped in a Walter Skinner bear hug. "He hates stuff like this. He's only here to support Walter, and

because I wanted to spend Christmas with Dad on Long Island. We're... trying to build some bridges, me and dad." Tony made a face. "So, here we are." He glanced around. "This is the new Murray's, is it? Looks a lot like the one in DC!"

"Walter and Hammer are trying to create a 'look'." Mulder shrugged. "It's not my thing, but you know how Walter is about shit like this, so he's spent months planning the décor down to the last hook in the wall."

The bar was filling up with people, wearing a variety of different outfits, some obviously living the full BDSM lifestyle, and some wearing ordinary street clothes.

"Where's this dom of yours then, Mike?" Tony asked. "This evil genius who likes humiliating you in public? No, wait – I think I know who he is." He pointed at Harvey, who was talking to Hammer while turning something over in his hands, although Mike couldn't see what he was holding. "It has to be that guy there."

"That's Harvey – how did you guess?"

"I could tell from the way you and he are dressed." Tony looked Mike up and down. "Harvey strikes me as being like Walter – very fastidious about his personal grooming."

"Shit yes! That's Harvey!" Mike groaned.

"So he wouldn't be seen out with a sub who didn't complement his own styling – which you do. Love the eye make-up by the way."

"Thanks," Mike muttered gracelessly.

Tony patted his arm. "Really, Mike, you should count yourself lucky – you and Fox both. Gibbs really doesn't like dressing up, and he'd laugh his head off if I wore make-up and probably order me into the bathroom to scrub it off immediately. Not that I'm complaining – I couldn't ask for a better dom. He's just not exactly what you'd call... playful."

At that moment Harvey returned, holding a contraption in his hands that made Mike's heart miss a beat. "Oh shit. Is that –?"

"A gag? Yes, it is." Harvey gave him a pleasant smile. "I asked Walter to bring it along just for you, Pup. I have plans for tonight. You see, you, my sweet little submissive, are going to spend it on your knees, by my side, with this gag in your mouth, in deep submission. It'll be your very own version of Silent Night."

Mike rolled his eyes at the corny joke. "Harvey!" he protested. "You can't be serious!"

Harvey's eyes darkened, and Tony grimaced. "Uh, I think he is, Mike. Might be best to do what he says – I know I wouldn't cross Gibbs when he's making a face like that."

Tony and Mulder edged away, leaving Mike to face his pissed off dom.

"What are you here tonight, Mike?" Harvey asked dangerously.

"I'm your sub, Harvey," Mike said, wetting his lips with his tongue. "But -"

"No buts. This here, tonight, is where we really get to play," Harvey said firmly. "There's no point bringing you to a place like this if you're not up for it. Say if you're not, and we can go home and do that sex thing under the tree that you mentioned. But I went to some trouble to plan tonight, because I think I know by now what turns you on, and what you like me to do to you. Tell me if I'm wrong, but I believe I can take you to a place in your head that you'll love, if you'll just turn off that big brain of yours, stop being Mike Ross, my smartass associate, and start being my obedient submissive instead. Now, what's it to be?"

Mike thought about it for a moment. Harvey was right – this was precisely the kind of thing he secretly loved, and Harvey was giving them the chance to play in public, which always turned him on, but in a safe place, where neither of them would be compromised. It was thrilling, exciting, and terrifying all at the same time, but he knew he could trust Harvey. He'd learned that much over the past eighteen months, if nothing else. He still wasn't sure about this whole gag thing, but he was prepared to give it a try, if Harvey thought it would be good, so he nodded.

"Sorry, Captain," he murmured, and Harvey leaned in and kissed him firmly on the mouth, then drew back.

"Good pup. Now open up."

Mike opened his mouth, and Harvey held up the gag. Mike could see it was shaped like a penis, with a black leather fastening to go around the back of his head, and there were two chains hanging from O-rings at the front.

"What are they for? Umpf -" Mike found his mouth filled with the unpleasant taste of fresh rubber as Harvey pushed the penis end of the gag into his mouth.

"You'll find out soon," Harvey promised with a grin, as he buckled the gag into place. "How's that? Does it hurt?"

It felt snug, and there was clearly no way it was going to come loose, but it didn't hurt, so Mike shook his head.

"I won't cuff you, so theoretically, if you can't stand it, you can take it off. If you do, I'll punish you, unless you have a very good reason for it – like not being able to breathe," Harvey said sternly. "I want you to signal to me if you're in any difficulty. I won't be leaving you alone tonight – you'll come with me everywhere, including to the bathroom. So if you're struggling at any point, just put your hand on my knee and tap."

Mike nodded again. It felt strange being unable to talk, and he was aware of the cock-

shaped object in his mouth the entire time. It brought him out in a sweat; he found the intrusion overwhelming, and he shook his head wildly, like a newly-bridled horse.

"Relax," Harvey said, stroking his arms. He leaned in and spoke straight into Mike's ear. "Think of that as my cock in your mouth, using it as a sub's mouth should be used. That's what your mouth is for tonight, Mike – to be claimed by the cock I put into it. I want you to spend your time in deep submission thinking about how your mouth is being filled with cock, and your ass is exposed and available for me to spank it, or fuck it, if I want." Mike gave him a shocked look, and Harvey drew back with a grin. "Oh yeah – there are some private rooms out back – if I feel like it, I'll drag you in there and fuck that sweet ass of yours. Or... some of the rooms have viewing areas. Would you like me to fuck you in front of an audience, Mike? With you gagged and maybe tied up, too, helpless to resist me and all the wicked things I'll do to your body?"

Mike felt his face flushing a bright red, and Harvey laughed.

"You're not sure if you love the idea or hate it. Well, think about it, Mike, because I might choose to do that to you later. For now... I'm going to have a drink with my friends, and you're going to kneel beside me."

Harvey sat down at one of the oak tables and clicked his fingers, and Mike obediently sank to his knees beside him. He felt a sense of pride at being so obviously his dom's submissive, kneeling at his feet for all to see. In this place, there was nothing weird or shameful about that – it was entirely acceptable and even encouraged.

"And here's where we make it more interesting." Harvey grinned down on him, a malicious glint in his dark eyes. He undid the leash from Mike's collar and put it in his pocket. Then he picked up one of the chains hanging from the gag, and fastened it to the clamp on Mike's left nipple. Mike gave him an agonized look as it pulled on the abused nipple, sending little shock-waves of pain through his chest.

"Aw, yeah – it hurts, doesn't it?" Harvey whispered in his ear, as he leaned over him. "Not if you keep your head down though, Mike." He fastened the other chain from the gag to Mike's right nipple. "So it's up to you. You can either keep your head down, and there's no pain, or you can look around you and see what's going on, and it'll hurt. Your choice."

Harvey gave a thoroughly evil grin, and Mike felt his cock lurch inside his pants. This was fiendish, and yet he was so turned on he wanted to come, there and then. He knew that wasn't an option – Harvey had never been a very indulgent master, and Mike doubted he'd respond favourably to any request for release until Mike had earned it with his abject and obedient submission this evening.

The pain in his nipples from keeping his head raised was too much for him, and, with a groan, Mike dropped his head, relieving the ache in the abused nubs of flesh.

"Good boy," Harvey said, and Mike felt him rest his hand lightly on his shoulder, stroking him.

Mulder, Walter, Tony and Gibbs sat down at the table with Harvey, and Hammer brought them a tray of drinks. They all began talking, and Mike wondered how he felt about being the only one kneeling like this. Then he remembered Mulder's story about being displayed naked at a party, wearing only bells attached to his nipple rings, and thought that maybe he'd got off lightly.

He tried to relax into his submission, to enjoy it, as Harvey had intended, but it wasn't easy. He never found it easy to switch off and zone out. His eidetic memory had been both a blessing and a curse his entire life, and he found himself committing random and unimportant details about the room and the people in it to memory.

He studied Gibbs under his eyelashes, peeping up as much as the tension on his nipple clamps would allow without hurting too much. He wondered what it would be like to live with such a relentlessly scary dom all the time. How did Tony handle Gibbs's total toppiness? Harvey could out-top anyone in the courtroom, but he didn't inhabit his top space all the time. Sometimes he just relaxed on the couch, watching old Star Trek episodes, with Mike cuddled up against him, and Mike liked that part of their life as much as all the dominant/submissive sex games. Maybe Gibbs had that side to his personality, too, and Tony was the only one ever allowed to see it.

Then there was Walter – was he really Mulder's master, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week? What would it be like to be a slave all the time, subject to a master's whims and sexual demands? Mike's cock hardened in the confines of his PVC pants, and he knew he liked that idea. Maybe not 24/7, but being Harvey's sexual plaything, his slave, and having Harvey as his stern, implacable master... he found that such a turn on.

"Hey!" a loud voice called from the stairs, breaking into his thoughts. "Is that a scumbag lawyer I see over there?"

Mike looked up sharply, and then wished he hadn't as the gag pulled on his nipple clamps. He gave an anguished howl around the sides of the gag, which drew him sympathetic glances from Mulder and Tony, and a knowing little smile from Walter.

Harvey's head swivelled around, and they all gazed up at the man standing on the stairs. Mike had thought Walter was tall, but this guy had a couple of inches even on him, and his shoulders were just as broad. He was probably in his early thirties, his hair was a wavy, jaw-length jet black, and he had a sexily stubbled chin. He was wearing a pair of black jeans and a tight white shirt, and he was one of the most ludicrously good-looking men that Mike had ever seen, although his good looks were undermined by his goofy demeanour.

"Oh yeah – it's a lawyer! The great Harvey Specter, no less. Damn it, this place was looking so classy, too," the man said, glancing around the club with a whistle as he descended the last few stairs. "Shame they let lawyers in here – lowers the tone completely."

Harvey rolled his eyes, but Mike could see he was grinning, and that he clearly knew this newcomer. Mike wondered if it was another person from the DC scene, but judging by the

mystified looks on the faces of the other men around the table, they didn't know who he was, either.

Harvey strode over to the man, and, in an entirely un-Harvey-like way, pulled him into a big hug.

"Idiot," Harvey growled, squeezing him tightly all the same, and Mike glared at them both, feeling angry and jealous, and even angrier because he couldn't say something cutting. Who the hell was this handsome guy, and why was he hugging Harvey like he was his best friend?

The newcomer lifted Harvey bodily off the ground and twirled him around, drawing the attention of the entire bar towards them.

Showoff, Mike thought, fuming silently in the gag.

Harvey slapped the man upside the head, making Tony laugh and Gibbs grunt for no reason that Mike could fathom.

"Put me down, you great big idiot," Harvey commanded, and the lumbering newcomer dumped Harvey on the ground.

"So, where is he? Where's the cutie who's stolen you away from your old friends these past couple of years?" the tall man demanded, looking around.

"I'm not the one who hasn't been around," Harvey said, in an exasperated tone. "You're the one who fucked off to LA for a couple of years, Rick!"

"Hey – I gotta go where the work is." Rick shrugged. Then he saw Mike, kneeling on the floor, gag in mouth, gazing at him as if he could kill him, and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Oh, hello, Sweetheart. You are just my type!" he announced.

Mike wanted to growl back, with all his heart, that this guy definitely wasn't his type, when Harvey slapped Rick's head again.

"You can look, but don't touch. He's mine," he said proudly.

"Yours? Wow... so this is the pretty pup I've heard so much about, then?"

"Yup. This is Mike." Harvey went over to Mike, pulled him to his feet, and introduced him. "Mike, this is an old friend of mine, Rick – Rick O'Shea."

Mike held out his hand and gingerly nodded his head at Rick, while wincing at the same time as the movement tugged on his nipple clamps.

Rick laughed at his discomfort, while shaking his hand enthusiastically. "That's diabolical, Harvey; just what I'd expect from you."

Harvey looked pleased with himself. "It is good, isn't it?"

Mike glared at them both, but was totally ignored.

"So, how do you two know each other?" Mulder asked.

"We grew up on the same street," Rick said. "It was tough as shit, but we both got out. I was friends with Harvey's little brother, Patrick. We used to get into scrapes together, and Harvey used to bail us out of them." Rick grinned. "He's the big brother I never had!" He put an arm around Harvey and bestowed a smacking kiss on Harvey's cheek.

"In case you can't tell, Rick is an actor," Harvey said, with a heavy sigh.

"Really – been in any movies?" Tony asked, leaning forward eagerly.

Rick shrugged. "I played the cyborg in Maim and Kill IV."

"Really? Wow, that was a terrible movie," Tony said.

Rick laughed out loud, and Matt could tell that very little in the world ever offended him. "Yeah, it was. Atrocious! I had a great death scene though – chunks of my face falling off as I wielded a machete. Now, what are you all drinking? I'm buying!"

He beckoned a waiter over, gave him their order, and then sat down at the table opposite Harvey. Harvey clicked his fingers, and Mike knelt by his side again, still feeling a sense of annoyance about Rick. If this guy was a sub, and he and Harvey went way back, and Harvey was clearly fond of him...

"So, this is the club, is it? Cool." Rick glanced around. "I like it. It's my kind of place."

"Are you on the BDSM scene in LA?" Walter asked, leaning forward across the table.

"Nah. Not really. I've never played properly. I'm here because Harvey knows all about my little spanking fetish." He nudged Harvey, grinning at him broadly.

"That's because you are the least discreet person in the world, and never shut up about your sex life," Harvey said. "I doubt that anyone who has met you doesn't know about your spanking fetish, frankly."

"I've never really done more than just warm the asses of my sweet little bed-mates, if it's something they're into, but I'd like to do more," Rick said. "I think I could get into the whole bondage thing."

"So, you're a dom?" Tony asked, looking faintly surprised.

"Yeah, he is, although I must admit I have wondered about that at times," Harvey said

darkly. "But apparently, yes. Rick is a dom."

"Cool." Tony leaned forward, a flirtatious look in his green eyes.

Rick gave him an assessing gaze. "You're cute, Sweetheart. You a sub?"

Tony gave an amused grin, and Mike remembered what Mulder had told him about Tony's shiny smile disguising how dangerous he was.

"I am, yeah." Tony licked his lips, and shot Gibbs a little look under his eyelashes.

"Really?" Rick's eyes lit up. "What's your job, Sweetheart?"

"I'm a federal agent," Tony replied.

"Wow – so they let you carry a gun?"

"Yup!" Tony nodded.

"Is it a big one?" Rick asked slyly. "I bet it is!"

"Oh yeah!" Tony laughed. "It's really big! You should see it. It's this big." He held his hands out wide.

Mike could see Gibbs looking increasingly annoyed, but he had a suspicion that Tony wouldn't stop his blatant flirting until his dom reeled him in.

"Oh, I like you. Do you have a dom, Sweetheart?" Rick asked Tony.

"Yes, he does," Gibbs growled, finally goaded into action. He placed a proprietorial hand on Tony's arm, and Rick sat back as if stung, holding up his hands in mock-surrender.

"Uh, okay. Look, you're clearly the toppest guy in the room, sir, and I'm not looking for any trouble. I just flirt with everyone. It's kind of a compulsion."

"Yeah, I know all about compulsive flirts." Gibbs glared in Tony's direction, and Tony grinned at him and batted his eyelids dramatically.

Mike suddenly understood their dynamic. Gibbs wasn't the kind of dom who wore his heart on his sleeve, and Mike suspected that Tony flirted harmlessly with other doms just to goad Gibbs into laying claim to him – which turned them both on. He was sure they'd have some hot, raw sex later, but there was an underlying sense of a very deep love there, too. Mike realised that he could see all this because he was gagged and not permitted to join in the conversation. The enforced silence meant that he could get a better read on people.

Gibbs turned and suddenly slapped Tony on the back of the head, and Tony grinned and rubbed the sore spot.

"Ow! What was that for?" he asked, gazing at his dom from glowing eyes.

"You know damn well what it's for," Gibbs replied, giving him a hard look. Tony laughed, and Gibbs gently tangled his hand in Tony's hair where he'd just slapped him, and gave his scalp a soothing rub. "There will be a proper punishment later," Gibbs promised, and Tony laughed even more at that, looking very satisfied that he'd achieved his aim.

At that moment, the waiter arrived at their table with a tray of drinks. Like all the waiters at Murray's, he was dressed in black pants and a plain black shirt, with a white apron tied around his waist.

He saw Mike kneeling on the floor beside the table, and his eyes opened wide in surprise. Mike could see him visibly taking in the gag, the make-up, his bare chest, the bangles on his arms, and the nipple clamps. The waiter was so startled that he stumbled, and one of the drinks spilled onto the table, splashing the sleeve of Walter's cowboy shirt.

"Oh shit! I'm so sorry! Oh God..." The waiter tried to mop it up with his apron, apologizing the whole time. Mike studied him: he was probably a few years younger than himself, and even looked enough like him that he could have been his baby brother. He had unruly blond hair, big blue eyes, and a sweet face, and there was a sense of vulnerability about him – but also a quiet kind of strength too.

"Oh no! Did the boss see? I've never waited tables before, and I don't want to lose my job," the kid wailed, glancing over at where Hammer was standing at the bar.

"Relax, kid," Walter said smoothly. "You won't be fired for this. Trust me – I'm one of the owners, and we don't fire people for being human and making a mistake."

"Oh shit. You're one of the owners? That's even worse!" The kid redoubled his effort to anxiously mop up Walter's sleeve. "I'm so sorry, sir. Hammer told me this place was a kind of kinky club, but I had no idea that people would..." He glanced furtively at Mike. "I've never been to a place like this, with so many..." He trailed off again, glancing from Walter to Gibbs, and then to Harvey, with an expression of fear combined with wonder on his face. Mike swallowed a smile – this kid was clearly a sub at heart, and Mike wasn't surprised he was freaked out by being up close with so many powerful doms.

"Hey, it's fine. Nobody died." Rick reached out and gently touched the young man's arm, and the kid relaxed a fraction. "What's your name, Sweetheart?" he asked kindly, and Mike decided that he liked Rick more than he had initially.

"Matt," the kid replied. "And I'm really sorry about the drinks, sir. I'm not... this isn't my real job, you see. I mean, it is... but it's only temporary, and I don't think I'm going to be any good at it."

"What's your real job, Matt?" Rick asked, getting up and helping the kid to remove the empty glasses on the table and put them on his tray.

"I'm an actor. Well, I mean, I'm trying to be, but it isn't easy getting work, and..." Matt shrugged.

"Well, that's cool, because I'm an actor too. C'mon – let me escort you back to the bar, and we can talk," Rick said, putting an arm around the kid's shoulders and drawing him away from the table and his anxiety over Walter's stained shirt sleeve.

The men around the table resumed their conversation, and Harvey put his hand on his sub's hair and stroked the tousled points gently. Mike put his head down again, relieving the pressure on his aching nipples, and slowly began to zone out.

The club was filling up, and being gagged and silent allowed Mike to study some of the other occupants out of the corners of his eyes. He listened in on a few conversations, catching snippets of people's lives.

A tall man, with a chiselled jaw and flat, slanting cheekbones walked into the bar, and Mike raised his head slightly, suffering the ache that created in his nipples because he was intrigued. The tall man walked confidently but silently, as if he was used to blending in with his surroundings and not being noticed, which was strange for such a striking person. He was wearing a suit with a white shirt and no tie, and he exuded that same air of danger that Mike had noticed in Walter and Gibbs. Maybe the man in the suit was a federal agent, too – or had been once.

His companion was a shorter man with glasses, who walked with a pronounced limp. He was also wearing a suit, but his was more formal – brown tweed, with a matching vest. He didn't seem anywhere near as dangerous as his companion, but Mike could detect a powerful intellect, even from across the room, and a certain sense of steely determination.

They walked over, close to where Mike was kneeling, and paused next to him.

"I don't understand what we're doing here, Mr. Reese," the bespectacled man said, glancing around. "Are we doing research on one of our numbers?"

"Not exactly, Harold," Mr. Reese said, gesturing Harold to a nearby table.

"Then why are we here? Not that it isn't very... interesting. I've never been in an establishment like this before." Harold sat down, looked intrigued.

"I thought you might enjoy it." Mr. Reese beckoned one of the waiters over to their table, and ordered some drinks.

"Really? What unusual tastes you must think I have, Mr. Reese," Harold murmured.

"I do hope I haven't miscalculated your degree of interest," Mr. Reese said, in a completely deadpan voice.

"Well, when you said 'let's go for a beer', I had no idea you had a place like this in mind." Harold's cheeks were ever so slightly flushed, and his eyes flickered, startled, as he caught sight of Mike, kneeling beside Harvey in all his gagged, clamped, submissive glory. "Goodness. What fascinating sights," Harold murmured.

"You see, Harold, there's something I've been considering for a little while now," Mr. Reese said quietly. "You know my history, but there are some things I've never explained to you, and you've been kind enough not to ask."

"Well, I want you to feel comfortable working for me, Mr. Reese. I know your previous life was not a happy one, but I had hoped that had changed since you entered my employ."

"Oh, it has, Harold, it has. That's why I finally felt comfortable bringing you to a place like this."

Their drinks arrived, and Mr. Reese placed Harold's in front of him, and took a sip from his own drink. He didn't look nervous – Mike doubted this man ever showed much emotion – but Mike also got the sense that he was faintly anxious all the same. Being in deep submission was giving him the ability to really focus in on people, and sense their true selves, because he could tell that Mr. Reese had something important to say, and that he wasn't sure how it would be received by his companion.

"Do you know about the Samurai concept of the 'ronin', Harold?" Mr. Reese asked.

Harold blinked at the unexpected question, but it didn't seem to faze him. "I do, yes. The term originated in the Nara and Heian periods of Japanese history, when it referred to a serf who had fled or deserted his master's land. It then came to be used for a Samurai who had lost his master." Harold glanced up, a concerned look on his face. "Is that how you view yourself, Mr. Reese? Drifting and alone, without a master?"

Mr. Reese shrugged. "It was, Harold, but not anymore. You see, I have a need to give service – that's what led me into my former employment. I thought that in serving my former masters I was also serving my people, and my country. I was wrong."

Harold nodded, gazing at Mr. Reese quietly, but made no move to interrupt.

Mr. Reese gave a wry jerk of his head. "My previous masters betrayed me, Harold." He said it without any emotion, but Mike could sense a hurt that went to Mr. Reese's core. Kneeling by Harvey's side, offering up his own submission, he could understand something of Mr. Reese's pain.

"Yes, Mr. Reese. They did." The expression in Harold's eyes was profoundly empathetic. "At first, I wondered if they had damaged you beyond repair, but then I realized that you were still in there, despite all they did to you. That's why I recruited you."

"I never expected to find another master, Harold," Mr. Reese said softly. "I didn't think I could trust another master, so for a long time I was that rootless ronin, drifting and alone."

You restored that part of myself to me. I was lost, Harold, and you found me.”

"And now you would like to deepen that association," Harold said, gazing at Mr. Reese thoughtfully.

"I would." Mr. Reese inclined his head. "Harold, you already have my loyalty, my service, and my life in your hands, freely given. I would like to offer you my submission, too, but I'll understand if this is a gift you do not wish to take. It might not be to your tastes."

Harold glanced around the room, a musing look on his face, taking in the sights of kneeling subs and commanding doms, clearly understanding the gift he was being offered.

Mr. Reese watched him intently, his face completely devoid of any emotion, but Mike could sense that Harold's answer meant a great deal to him.

Finally, Harold turned back to him. "This arrangement would please me, Mr. Reese," he said quietly. "Yes, I really do think it would please me very much."

Mr. Reese's mouth turned up in a tiny little quirk. "I'm glad to hear it, Harold."

"You will find me a subtle master. I'm not inclined to hand out pain, and besides, I think you've suffered enough of that in your life," Harold said, glancing at the St Andrew's Cross.

"I have an extremely high pain threshold, and can endure a great deal of discomfort, if it pleases you," Mr. Reese said with a shrug, looking supremely unconcerned.

"It does not," Harold said firmly. "There are services you may do for me, though."

"I had hoped there would be," Mr. Reese said, in a tone of quiet satisfaction. "My body is at your service, Harold."

Harold nodded and took a sip of his drink, humming happily, a flushed, slightly giddy look in his eyes. Then he put his drink down, placed a hand on Mr. Reese's arm, and said, in a quiet voice.

"I am not like your previous masters, Mr. Reese, make no mistake about that. Your service is a thing of beauty, to be respected and nurtured, not trampled on and cast aside. I am nothing like them, and your service to me will be very different."

"Oh, I know that, Harold." Mr. Reese's face suddenly lit up in a brief smile that was just as briefly gone. "I already know that, Master," he added softly.

Mike's heart did a little flip. The words were so quietly spoken, and yet came so clearly from the heart. He wondered if he would ever pluck up the courage to call Harvey by that title, without fear of giving up some important part of his soul and losing himself.

He shifted, his knees sore from kneeling for so long in one position. Harvey immediately put

his hand on Mike's shoulder and stroked softly, and Mike relaxed and leaned into his dom, enjoying the caress.

He zoned out again, enjoying the relaxing freedom of being Harvey's sub, with nothing else required or expected of him. He didn't have Louis yelling at him that he wanted some briefs proofed yesterday, or the everyday whirl of everything his eidetic memory refused to forget. His silent night was proving more restful than he'd expected.

He noticed a man in a grey woollen sweater enter the bar, with a lanky companion who made Mike sit up and take notice, causing a sweetly painful tug on his nipple clamps in the process. The tall man had dark curly hair, and an aristocratic air. He looked like a thoroughbred horse – brilliant, beautiful and high strung, with a tendency to over-reach and crash. The first man, by comparison, had the upright bearing of a soldier, and kind, if somewhat world-weary, eyes.

"I really have no idea why you brought me here, John," the tall man said, in a cut glass British accent, glancing around dismissively, as if it was the most boring place on earth.

"It's a BDSM club. That doesn't faze you, Sherlock?" his companion replied, taking a seat at a nearby table. He gestured Matt over, and gave him a drinks order.

"I can see what it is," Sherlock said impatiently. "I just have no idea why we're here. Unless..." He wrapped his coat around his slender body and sniffed derisively into the air. "Is it possible that you believe our victim was interested in such sexual practices? If so, I can tell you that you are completely wrong. Our victim was a virgin, entirely uninterested in any kind of sexual act."

"This has nothing to do with the case, Sherlock. Now sit down," John ordered, and, much to Mike's surprise, Sherlock did just that.

"If it has nothing to do with the case, then why are we here?" Sherlock glanced around haughtily.

"Because, Sherlock, because we are in New York on holiday. We are not here to track down bodies, find killers, or seek out mysteries for you to solve. You promised me, before we left Baker Street, that this would be some down time. You said we'd been working very hard, and after that unfortunate incident where I got beaten up, and my arm was almost broken, you said, Sherlock... you said..." John looked increasingly heated as he spoke, although that seemed to have no effect on his companion. John made a visible effort to calm himself down, and continued in a quieter tone. "You said, and I believed you, muggins that I am, that we would be going on a holiday. I had no idea you'd accepted a private commission to investigate some centuries-old murder!"

"One hundred and eighty three years is just a little shy of being 'centuries', plural," Sherlock said. Mike winced. Sherlock clearly took the phrase 'socially awkward' to a whole new level.

"I don't care!" John exclaimed. "Anyway, seeing as this is my holiday, and seeing as so far all

we've done is traipse around in the freezing cold, looking for clues in old churches like some third rate take on The Da Vinci Code, I thought that tonight we'd do something that I want to bloody well do for a change!"

Sherlock pursed his lips. "I think you'll find that The Da Vinci code is already considered third rate," he murmured.

"I don't bloody care!" John snapped. "I'm just sick and tired of freezing my arse off climbing into crypts with you."

"So you brought me here." Sherlock thought about it for a moment, a frown creasing his forehead. "Hmm. Usually, I find you entirely predictable, John, but on this occasion, I must admit your logic flummoxes me. Of course, I do appreciate that you aren't always a very logical person, yet I can usually divine some kind of flawed rationale to your irrational impulses, but not on this occasion."

"You can't?" John took a sip of the beer Matt had placed on the table in front of him.

"No." Sherlock looked perplexed, as if this bothered him greatly. "Clearly, this is a private members club, so you must have gone to the trouble of finding it and obtaining an invitation to its opening night." He waved his hand at the banner over the bar. "It's not as if we just came in here to get out of the cold, without realising the kind of place it is. So, I can only assume you are trying to tell me something."

"No shit, Sherlock." John rolled his eyes. "Go on." He waved his hand in the air. "Keep going with the deducing thing."

"It's possible that you're making some kind of philosophical comment on the inherent masochism of, as you put it, 'freezing our arses off' in cold churches over the past few days, but this seems a somewhat opaque method to employ of driving that point home." Sherlock glanced at the St. Andrews cross, and the rack of implements beside it, his forehead creased into a puzzled frown.

"Keep going. I'm sure you'll get there," John said, taking another sip of his drink. "See, I got beaten up, and you paced up and down the hospital corridors all night long in what I can only describe as a right old state. Then, as soon as I left hospital, you invited me to go on holiday with you, and so it might be entirely possible that I jumped to the conclusion that..."

"That I wanted to ensure your full recovery by taking you away from London, and insisting you took a holiday, yes," Sherlock said. "That still doesn't explain this place, though."

"Really?" John wrinkled up his nose. "I mean, really, Sherlock? It never ceases to amaze me how one man can be so intelligent and yet so dense."

"Would you like to give me a clue?" There was a pained expression on Sherlock's face.

"Okay. I will." John leaned forward. "Irene Adler," he said quietly.

Sherlock looked even more perplexed. "She's not here, is she? Although, this is the kind of place where she might be located." He glanced around musingly.

"No, she's not bloody well here! We're here. Me and you. Because you're not the only one who can deduce things, Sherlock. I saw the way your pupils dilated around her – at first I thought you just fancied her, but then I realised it wasn't her – it was the riding crop, and the sexy whips, and all the shit that went with her. So, I figured then that the key to the mystery that is the great Sherlockian sexuality was a place like this."

"Really?" Sherlock looked bored. "Well, I'm afraid you're wrong, John. So, can we go now?" He got up, glancing at his watch. "We just have time to investigate the -"

"Sit down, Sherlock," John ordered, and Sherlock sighed but did exactly as he was ordered. Mike gave a little smile around the sides of the gag, and moved his head slightly. John clearly saw the motion, because he looked over and gazed at Mike for a second, their eyes meeting. Mike could see John's gaze traveling over his bare chest, taking in the clamps, the gag, and his position kneeling at his dom's side, with Harvey's hand resting lightly on his shoulder. "No, you know what, Sherlock," John said, turning back to his companion. "Don't sit – kneel. Right here. Beside me."

"I beg your pardon!" Sherlock retorted.

"Kneel. Here. Now." John pointed imperiously at the floor beside his chair.

"No," Sherlock replied, his nostrils flaring.

John sighed. "Okay, let me spell it out for you, Sherlock. See, I figured out what all this is about. You dragging me around old church yards, and crypts, and generally being a pain in the arse. I finally figured out that what you want, what you're screaming out for, is someone to tell you when to stop. You need a good dom, Sherlock, and that's a role I intend to inhabit in your life from now on."

"You," Sherlock repeated blankly. "Want to be my... dom?"

"No, Sherlock." John leaned forward and put his hands on either side of Sherlock's face, holding him gently. "I already am your dom, Love, don't you see that? You cast me in that role from our very first meeting, and it was one I was perfectly happy to occupy, without even realising it. Only now I think we should stop pretending, because that's what we're doing. You were scared when I got beaten up, Love. I know that. You were upset and scared, and you did the only thing you knew how to do – you brought me here, hoping to goad me into some kind of reaction. Maybe into leaving you – at least that way you wouldn't have to be scared of me getting hurt again – but maybe, you also thought that if you annoyed me enough, I'd step up and fully take the role in your life that you want me to occupy: your dom."

All the blood seemed to have drained from Sherlock's pale, aristocratic face. "An interesting

theory, John," he murmured, although the lawyer in Mike noticed that he didn't deny it.

John rolled his eyes. "You drive me nuts, Sherlock, but I love you to bits, and I think we both know that you'd be a lot happier kneeling by my side in here for a few hours than dragging our frozen arses around a few more spooky old crypts. Yes?"

Sherlock gazed at John for a moment, and Mike held his breath, wondering what would happen next.

Then, finally, Sherlock sighed. "I'm afraid I'm not a very good sub, John," he admitted, casting his eyes down to the floor. "When I was younger, Mycroft used to direct my more... erratic impulses. But since our estrangement, I've found myself drifting. I did make some brief forays into this kind of club a few years ago, but I never found any dom I could bow my head to. They were all far too stupid. Not that you're overly intelligent –"

"Thank you," John interjected, with a long-suffering roll of his eyes.

"But you are... well, much to my surprise, I find you understand me, and, just as surprising, I find I trust you. I also find..." Sherlock paused, looking uncomfortable. "Well, I really am most inordinately fond of you, John. When I almost lost you recently..." He lowered his head for a beat and then looked up again. "You're right – I do yearn for someone I trust to impose a certain discipline and control on me at times – but I'm afraid I'm far too proud to be bridled, and much too stubborn to be tamed."

"But you're not too wild to be trained, my love," John said softly. "Do you really think I can't have you trotting at my heels and eating out of my hand, with just the right application of love and control, in perfect measure?"

Sherlock considered that for a moment. "I'm afraid you'll find me a very wilful sub, John," he said with a sigh. "It won't be easy."

"I know precisely the kind of sub you are, Sherlock – I've been topping you for months already: arranging your business affairs; telling you what to say so as not to completely piss off the media, or the police, or even your own bloody brother; organising your diary, and, most of all, making sure there's always something in the fridge for tea, because it's not like you ever remember, and I swear you'd starve to death without me."

"I thought..." Sherlock paused. "I thought you weren't gay, John. You've certainly said so often enough."

John sat back in his chair with a sigh. "Yeah, well, I thought that too. Turns out I was wrong, because all I could think of when I was crawling through that crypt behind you earlier, was how much I wanted to get hold of that ripe arse of yours and fuck you senseless."

"One of the things I like most about you, John, is your language," Sherlock said, with a pained look. "Very earthy and to the point."

“Yeah, well, I’m a soldier, and God knows you need someone to manage you – in the bedroom and out of it. Look, Sherlock – here’s the deal. You can go off sniffing after whatever cases you want, and I’ll come with you, and hold your coat, and admire your genius. But when I step in and say enough’s enough, or reprimand you for being out of line, then you will listen to me, and you will obey me, and I will take it out on your arse if you don’t. I’ll let your genius shine, my love, but I won’t let it destroy you. I care about you too much for that.”

“That’s your deal?” Sherlock said slowly.

“That’s my deal.” John planted his hands on his knees and gave a firm nod. “It’s up to you now, Mate.”

Sherlock thought about it for a moment, and Mike watched him, wondering what the outcome of this little duet would be. Then, Sherlock got to his feet, walked over to John’s side, sank gracefully to his knees beside him, and lowered his head.

John didn’t say anything. He just gave a satisfied little grunt, picked up his drink, and took a sip.

“Nice beer,” he murmured, to nobody in particular. Then he reached out, placed his hand on Sherlock’s head, and stroked the dark curls. His eyes met Mike’s again, over Sherlock’s head, and John gave him a wide, relieved smile. Mike managed what he hoped looked like a smile in return, around the sides of the gag.

"Are you okay, Pup? Do you need a drink?" Harvey asked, and Mike glanced up at him with a grimace as the movement made his already sore nipples ache. He shook his head gingerly, enjoying the silence too much to want to relinquish it just yet. Harvey’s hand brushed against his neck, and Mike zoned out again, listening in to tiny snatches of conversation.

A beautiful, raven-haired woman, wearing a pair of tight black pants and a white shirt, was arguing with her pretty, blonde companion, who was dressed in an electric blue corset that showed off her hourglass figure and round breasts to perfection.

“You brought me to this place because you thought I’d like it, Maura?” the raven-haired woman demanded incredulously.

“I did, Jane, yes. Well, that and the fact my Uncle Hammer owns it.”

“A bunch of perverts, dressed up in insane outfits, and you thought I’d like it?” Jane looked shocked as she glanced around the place.

Maura frowned. “They aren’t perverts, Jane. In fact, *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* officially declassified an interest in BDSM as a mental health issue back in 1994. It’s ridiculous that it was ever classified that way in the first place. You see, repeated studies have shown that BDSM role-play can greatly enhance the sexual experience, and some speak very highly of the almost spiritual sense of catharsis that they

get from experiencing a sound flogging.”

Jane planted her hands on her hips and glared at her companion. “A flogging? Are you serious?”

“Yes.” Maura looked surprised. “Would you like to try it, Jane? I'm very happy to take the role of ‘dominant’, or ‘top’, although I must confess, I did imagine that role might be more to your liking.”

“I’d just like to get out of here.” Jane looked around, clearly desperate to find the exit in the crowded bar.

“Okay. Just wait while I get changed. I left my regular clothes in Uncle Hammer’s storeroom.” Maura pointed to a door behind the bar.

“Hold on a minute, Maura.” Jane put her hand on Maura’s arm. The corset was cinched in tight at the waist with black silk lacing, and Maura wasn’t wearing anything else other than a pair of black tights, some frilly black panties, and a pair of knee-high shiny black boots. “Let’s not be hasty about the whole getting changed thing,” Jane said, glancing at Maura’s enticingly heaving breasts.

“You’d like me to keep wearing it?” Maura asked, with a smile.

“Well, it’s a nice costume, and you look good in it, Maura. Really good. Like a slutty saloon girl from the wild west who needs to be roped in and...” Jane paused. “What was it you were saying about role-play?” she demanded.

Maura laughed. “Why don’t you take me back to the hotel, and we can find out if those studies are correct?”

They brushed past Mike on their way out, and another couple came into his line of vision. One of them was tall and lanky, with unruly dark hair and lazy hazel eyes. The other was broad, with light brown hair and bright blue eyes, and he trotted along at his companion's side like he was born to be there, talking non-stop while his friend listened tolerantly, occasionally breaking into the monologue to say something, in lazy, laconic tones.

“Lorne sent us here, Colonel? Why? I mean, does he think we... uh... I mean – what?” The blue-eyed man cast an agonized glance at the St. Andrew’s Cross in the centre of the room.

“Lorne said it was his Christmas present to us,” the colonel replied. “He gave us membership for the entire year you’re stationed in NYC, working on that top secret doo-dah thing, Rodney.”

“It’s not a doo-dah thing, Colonel, as you know perfectly well. It’s a study into the thermo-nuclear properties of... oh... agh!” Rodney edged away as a nearly naked woman in a leather harness pressed against him on her way to the bar.

"I know naked women scare you, Rodney, but could you make it a bit less obvious?" the colonel said, with a sly grin.

"Are you saying you're not freaked out by this place, too, Colonel?" Rodney said hotly.

"Yup." The colonel sat down at a nearby table. "I mean, c'mon, Rodney! You've fought the Wraith and done battle with the Genii! Why would you be scared of a little naked flesh and some nipple clamps?"

"I'm not scared." Rodney wrapped his arms around his body, the gesture screaming his discomfort. "I'm just confused. I mean, why would Lorne send us here, of all places?"

"He says here that he's sick and tired of us ignoring the soldier/scientist rule, and he hopes this will point us in the right direction," the colonel said, glancing at the card he was holding in his hand.

"What on earth is the soldier/scientist rule?" Rodney asked, still hovering nervously at the colonel's side.

"I have a fair idea, judging by the graffiti in the Marine quarters' restroom." The colonel grinned at him. "Just sit down, Rodney. Nobody is going to hurt you." His expression changed, and Mike suddenly saw a hint of steel in the man. "You know they'd have to get through me first," he said firmly.

Rodney nodded uncertainly. "Well, you have done a great job of protecting me so far, Colonel, which is why, of course, I requested that you be my personal bodyguard while I'm in New York, working on the study into the thermo-nuclear properties of..." The colonel raised an eyebrow. "Oh, okay, the top secret doo-dah thing!" Rodney threw up his hands. "Of course, it's only right that I demand the very best bodyguard in the world to protect this highly valuable commodity – namely, my brain." He pointed at his own head. "It would be an immeasurable tragedy, a disaster on an unprecedented scale, and an absolutely catastrophic loss to the world if my incredible brain wasn't in it, so it makes total sense for you to accompany me as my bodyguard, everywhere I go."

The colonel grinned. "That's another thing Lorne mentioned in his card," he said, glancing at it again. "He says that we might as well admit it to ourselves, because we're not fooling anyone with that cover story about me being your bodyguard."

"What?" Rodney bristled furiously. "What does he mean by that?"

"Probably something to do with the fact that ever since we got back from Atlantis, we've requested joint postings," the colonel replied, with a wry shrug.

"Hang on! Is Lorne suggesting that we're gay for each other?" Rodney spluttered. "And if so, why didn't he buy us a year's membership to a gay bar for Christmas, instead of this place?" He waved his hand around furiously, hit a passing dom, clad from head to foot in leather,

and shrank back in alarm. The dom just laughed and moved on.

"I guess it's probably something to do with me mentioning to him one night, when I was very drunk, that I fantasise about spanking your ass," the colonel said. "Amongst other things. I mean, there are other things I'd like to do to your ass apart from spanking it, but I'd definitely like to spank it."

"WHAT?" Rodney looked at him, aghast.

"Well, it's a nice ass, Rodney. All juicy and plump." The colonel grinned.

"Are you sure you aren't drunk now, Colonel?" Rodney demanded. "Right this minute?"

The colonel considered that for a moment, and then shook his head. "Nope. I'm not drunk, Rodney. I'm just tired of pretending."

Rodney frowned. "Pretending what?"

"Of pretending there's ever going to be anyone else for either of us but each other," the colonel replied, with a shrug. "I stopped dating women years ago, and let's face it, you were never great at that."

"I was!" Rodney puffed out his chest. The colonel raised an incredulous eyebrow, and Rodney sighed and visibly deflated. "Oh, okay, I wasn't. But that isn't, I mean, it doesn't... uh... you and me?" He looked flabbergasted.

The colonel shrugged. "Why not? We're crazy about each other, Rodney. We're so crazy about each other that we ask for quarters next to each other in all our postings. In fact, it'd make it a whole lot easier if we just got married. Then we could just share quarters."

"Married? Come now, you really are drunk, Colonel. Married! Wait..." Rodney's eyes were a wide blue picture of astonishment. "Are you proposing to me, John?"

The colonel grinned and held out his hand. "Why not? C'mon, Rodney. Stop pretending, and give in to what Lorne says is..." He glanced at the card again, "The 'cosmic inevitability of the soldier/scientist rule'."

Rodney glanced at the colonel's outstretched hand and shook his head, frowning. "I still have no idea what that is."

"Apparently, it's a kind of universal law, whereby the smart guy and the tough guy always have to end up together. That's you and me. Well, except for the fact that I'm smart as well as tough." He grinned.

"And modest to a fault!" Rodney glared at him.

The colonel waved his hand impatiently. "C'mon, Rodney. You know you want to."

Rodney appeared to ponder that. “Well, if it really is a universal law – maybe actually a scientific fact – possibly even proven by the Ancients, then I suppose I must bow to the laws of physics, and... umph!” He let out a startled cry as the colonel grabbed hold of his hand, pulled him onto his lap, and kissed him hard on the mouth. Rodney sighed and melted against the colonel, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him back whole-heartedly.

Mike sighed too; so many happy couples getting together. He glanced at his dom, and Harvey reached over, put his finger under Mike’s chin and raised his head up. The movement tugged on his nipples clamps, sending a wave of thrilling pain through his body, and Mike moaned and arched up against his dom. Harvey smiled and bent his head to kiss him, and Mike melted against him, the warm kiss of his dom making the pain in his nipples worthwhile.

Harvey released him. “I think you’re having a good time, aren’t you, Pup?”

Mike just smiled, and rested his chin on Harvey’s thigh, taking care not to jostle his nipple clamps, enjoying the sense of closeness and the thrill of his own submission. He zoned out again, drifting away on a happy haze.

He watched as a blond man with an impressively toned body walked into the club, his muscles bulging against the confines of the tux he was wearing. He seemed to know exactly where he was going, and he strode over to a table in the corner and sat down opposite a handsome, brooding man with an authoritative air and dark hair.

“You’re late, Bond,” the dark-haired man said, in a clipped, British accent.

Mike thought that maybe he was starting to hallucinate, high on his own submission and the happy tingle of pain from his clamped nipples, because that couldn’t really be James Bond sitting over there, could it?

“Sorry, M. I had some business to take care of.” Bond gave a smug smile, and beckoned to Matt. “A vodka martini,” he ordered. “Shaken – not stirred.”

“Yes, sir,” Matt said, running off back to the bar.

“I heard your ‘business’. You were wearing a wire, remember,” M said sharply. “It seems to me that your ‘business’ involved you seducing some intel out of the Russian ambassador.”

“Well, you ordered me to get the information by any means at my disposal.” Bond sat back in his chair, a knowing smile on his face. “And seduction was one of the techniques I was taught when I joined Her Majesty’s Secret Service.”

Mike thought he probably really was hallucinating this. There was no way that James Bond was sitting over there, talking to his new boss, Mallory, from the Skyfall movie. Maybe it was just two look-alikes, enacting a role-play scenario.

"So, was he good-looking?" M asked.

"The Russian ambassador? He was, rather. Very... muscular."

"Did he fuck you hard?" M leaned forward, his tongue darting out to moisten his lips.

"He did. Very spirited, the Russians. Lots of passion. Plus, he had an extremely big dick." There was a glimmer of amusement in Bond's eyes.

M's eyes darkened in response. "I can see you've been off the leash too long. You need a reminder of who you belong to, Bond."

"You're right. I do." Bond glanced around the club with a smirk. "I presume that's why we're here."

"Yes, it is, 007. Now strip."

M got to his feet, and Bond followed, an insouciant grin on his face. M walked over to the St. Andrew's Cross, and Bond stripped off his jacket and bow tie as he followed him. He threw them onto a nearby chair, and then slowly unbuttoned his shirt. He threw that onto the chair, too, and then stepped forward, his muscles rippling. He had a very impressive physique, and the level of conversation dropped to a low hum as people sat up and watched.

A space was cleared around the cross, and the bare-chested Bond stepped up to it. M took hold of his arms, one by one, and fastened them to the cross.

"Brace yourself. I won't be going easy on you, Bond," M told the captive man sternly.

"I was rather hoping you'd say that, sir," Bond replied, with a little smirk.

Silence fell as M picked up a flogger from the rack of implements, raised it high, and brought it down with a resounding thwack on Bond's bare shoulders. It left a red stain that quickly faded from his pale skin, and was just as quickly replaced by a new mark. Bond merely put his head down with a little grunt, his muscles twitching tautly under the surface of the skin. M raised his arm again, and delivered several more strokes, all of them hard and perfectly aimed.

Soon, Bond's shoulders and back were glowing a warm pink from the flogging. Mike watched, transfixed, wondering what felt like to be tied up and flogged like that, with everyone watching. Bond looked entirely happy to be in this position, and M was playing the stern dom to perfection.

After a good, long flogging, M returned to Bond's side, grabbed his hair, and pulled his head back. "Not so cocky now, are we, 007?" he demanded.

Bond grinned at him hazily. "No, sir."

M leaned in and gave Bond a deep, commanding kiss on the mouth, forcing his lips apart and plundering Bond's mouth with his tongue. Bond hung in his bonds, looking utterly blissed out, moaning softly into the kiss. M drew back, and gazed at Bond with a satisfied smile. "That's better. I think you've remembered who you belong to now, Bond."

"Yes, sir," Bond said, his blue eyes sparkling happily. M undid his wrists, and pulled him away from the St. Andrew's cross. Bond swayed, and M wrapped an arm around his body to support him. "Do you want me to suck your dick now, sir?" Mike heard Bond ask, as they walked towards the back rooms together.

"You shouldn't need to be told, 007," M said sternly. "It's definitely time we put that talented tongue of yours to better use than answering back and pleasuring the Russians."

Bond gave a snort of amusement, and then the two men disappeared from sight.

A tap on Mike's shoulder made him sit up, startled. He glanced at his dom.

"Did you like that, Mike?" Harvey asked. "Do you want to have a go?" He nodded at the St. Andrew's Cross.

Mike tried to snap back into the moment, but he felt lost, floating high and hazy, as if in a dream.

Mulder's face loomed into sight in front of him. "Oh, he's well gone, Harvey. Lost in subspace. I should know – been there plenty of times myself."

"Lucky bastard," Tony's voice said, from some way over to Mike's left.

Harvey leaned forward and unchained the gag from the nipple clamps. Then he gently unbuckled the gag from around Mike's neck. "I'm taking this off you now, but you don't have to speak unless you want to," he said.

Mike's mouth felt weird without the intrusion of the rubber penis stuffed into it. He moved his jaw, and noticed that it was aching.

"Okay?" Harvey asked, and Mike nodded. He felt like he was underwater, and everything was muffled, moving slowly around him.

"I think I just saw James Bond," he muttered, his voice sounding strange to his own ears, after the hours of enforced silence.

"Like I said – completely out of it," Mulder commented.

"I think you were imagining it, Mike," Harvey said. "Must be that conversation we had at the office earlier. Although, that guy who just took a flogging did definitely have a look of Daniel Craig about him."

Mike smiled. It didn't matter.

"Here." Harvey pressed a glass to his lips, and now Mike realised how parched his mouth was, and he drank the water eagerly, downing the entire glass in a few gulps.

When he was finished, he looked around and saw that the club was nearly empty, so it must be late. Only a few people were left, and Hammer was clearing away at the bar.

He saw Rick standing by the bar, talking to Matt while he worked. "Look, I've got a role in a new show that's starting next year – something about some federal agents in a crack undercover unit," Rick said. "There's a part in the script that would be perfect for you, Matt. Why don't I call Petra – she's the showrunner – and ask her to audition you?"

"You'd do that?" Matt asked, his eyes shining.

"Sure. It's just an audition, so no promises, but you've got the right look for the character – he's a kid by the name of Ben Harris, new to law enforcement and really green, with lots to learn. You'd be perfect for the role."

"And what do you want in return?" Matt asked suspiciously.

Rick glared at him. "Hang on, kid – I wouldn't do that to you. I just remember how hard it was getting my first break, and I'd like to help you out. No strings attached. Look, here's my number. Think about it."

"No strings." Matt gave a little smile as he took the card Rick was offering him. "Thanks, Rick. That's really nice of you."

"You're welcome. Although – for the record – you want me to spank you, and you know it." He gave Matt a wink, and then walked away.

"Come here, Pup." Harvey took hold of Mike's hand, and then, without warning, he pulled him over his knee. "I don't think the St. Andrew's Cross is what you need tonight, but I haven't forgotten about you eavesdropping earlier, so it's punishment time."

Mike had been over Harvey's knee many times before, but never with an audience of onlookers. He squirmed with embarrassment as he saw Mulder, Walter, Gibbs, Tony, and Rick, all standing around, watching.

He felt Harvey's hand on his exposed bottom, caressing it, and then a firm slap warmed his ass. He gave a little yelp, but he knew this was just the beginning. Harvey's spankings always really hurt, and he knew this one wouldn't be any different, but he also knew that he'd be disappointed if they didn't. He relished the stinging slaps, raining down on his naked bottom, sending fiery shockwaves of pain through his body. He loved the sense of helplessness, and the knowledge that he was Harvey's sub, over Harvey's knee, taking a firm punishment spanking. It gave him a thrill of humiliation to see the people watching, and he

squirmed inwardly at being so exposed, even while he loved it at the same time. He loved knowing these people were watching him in this abject position, taking a spanking from his lover, his dom, his... master.

“Lucky pup,” he heard Tony murmur, and Gibbs gave a little grunt.

“That’ll be you later tonight, when we’re alone,” Gibbs said. “Don’t think I’ve forgotten about that shameless flirting earlier.”

“I was hoping you hadn’t.” Tony glanced at his dom with a grin. “No point doing it otherwise!”

Harvey increased the force of the spanks, and Mike began to whimper and yelp and scream in earnest, as his bottom was assaulted by fiery waves of pain.

He saw Mulder get up and go and kneel beside Walter, and Walter put a hand on Mulder's shoulder and squeezed. Mulder glanced up with a look of total devotion in his eyes as he gazed at his master.

Out of the corner of his eye, Mike saw Matt, standing by a table with a cloth, watching the spanking, his work completely forgotten as he gazed at Mike with a look of longing in his eyes. Mike managed to holler and scream while smiling through his tears at Matt at the same time, and Matt seemed transfixed by the sight.

Harvey took his time thoroughly punishing his sub’s backside, but then the pace of the spanks began to slow, and finally they stopped, and Mike could feel Harvey gently caressing his well-spanked bottom.

Then it was over, and Harvey helped him off his lap and back into a kneeling position on the floor.

Walter cleared his throat and got up. “Thank you, Harvey. That was beautiful.”

Harvey smiled. “Well, I learned from a master,” he said softly.

“And you learned well. You always were a quick study. As for you, young man.” Walter came to stand in front of Mike, and looked down on him. “You know, I worried about Harvey for a long time. When he came to us in DC, he was a raw talent, but I always knew he had it in him to be a superb dom. The only problem was that we couldn’t find him a compatible sub. There wasn’t anyone there who brought out the true dom in him, and made him really feel it. I understood when he decided to walk away from the scene. I knew he was disappointed that he hadn’t found a sub he could really connect with, and that he was prepared to wait forever, if need be, rather than settle for less. Then he gave me a call one day, and told me about you, so I was anxious to meet you for myself, and see if you really are what Harvey needs.”

Mike looked up, suddenly worried in case Walter had found him lacking tonight. He had

been very petulant at the beginning. Maybe Walter would think he wasn't worthy of Harvey.

Walter smiled down on him, and then he put his hands on either side of Mike's face, lifted his head, and bestowed a little kiss on his forehead. "And you are, little one. You're perfect for him. I didn't think Harvey would be able to find a sub who could keep up with him intellectually, and yet also really submit to him, the way he needs, but somehow, he did. Thank you, Mike, for showing us your true self tonight. I know that isn't always an easy thing to put out there, but you were a joy to watch, as you slowly went down into yourself, and responded so beautifully to your dom's touch throughout the evening."

Mike felt himself glow at the praise – Walter was the kind of man who he instinctively wanted to impress, even though he'd only met him for the first time today.

"Harvey's a good man," Walter added quietly. "But sometimes he forgets that – and it's your job to remind him. Harvey's a good man, but you make him a better man, Mike. "

Mike smiled, remembering Mulder's words about Harvey needing someone to take care of, to remind him he was human, so he didn't melt his wings by trying to fly too close to the sun.

Walter leaned in close, and spoke in his ear, so only he could hear. "That thing you want so much – just ask him, Mike. You might find it's much easier than you're making it in your head."

He drew back, and gave Mike a little wink.

"Come on, Pup. Time to take you home and put this well-spanked ass to good use," Harvey said, clipping the leash back onto Mike's collar.

Mike got to his feet and followed Harvey, aware of his hot bottom flaming in the cutaway pants for all to see.

They passed Matt, still standing by the table, gazing at Rick uncertainly across the room. Mike paused, and then, impulsively, he grabbed Matt's arms.

"Do it!" he said fiercely. "You won't regret it." He grabbed the cloth out of Matt's hands, threw it on the table, and then pushed Matt in Rick's direction.

Matt walked over there uncertainly, and Rick grinned at him and held out his hand. Matt took it, and Rick wrapped a big arm around his shoulder, pulled him in close, tipped up his chin, and bent his head to bestow a sweet kiss on his lips.

Harvey raised an eyebrow. "Playing matchmaker, Mike?"

"Why not?" Mike grinned. "It's Christmas, Harvey. Everyone should be happy at Christmas."

They said goodbye to the people Mike hadn't even met a few short hours ago as if they

were old friends, hugging them and promising to keep in touch: Mulder, with his monotone voice and watchful hazel eyes; Walter, with his strong, wise, commanding presence; Tony, with his sense of mischief and fun; Gibbs – quiet, stern and forceful; Rick, dramatic and noisy, with his great zest for life; and Matt, hesitant and unsure, taking his first steps on a beautiful journey.

Then they walked up the stairs together, and Mike was aware of the little tag on his collar clinking against the leash.

Property of Harvey Specter. It was who he was, and he was proud of who he was. Why the hell had he been so nervous about taking that final step when it was the most natural thing in the world?

“Harvey,” he said as they got into the waiting limousine. Ray closed the door behind them, and Harvey grabbed Mike’s hand and pulled him down, so that he was sitting on his lap.

“Yes, Mike.” Harvey played with Mike’s nipple clamps, sending little spikes of pain through Mike’s sore flesh.

“I was wondering... you see, Mulder was telling me that he and Walter are in a 24/7 relationship, where Mulder is Walter’s slave.”

“I know that, Pup.” Harvey was gazing at him keenly.

“And I don’t want that,” Mike said hurriedly. “At least, not 24/7. But I would like to play at it, sometimes. Perhaps for a weekend, or for longer when we’re on vacation? Or even, sometimes, just for an evening, when we’re both in the mood?”

Harvey’s dark eyes were shining. “I’d like that, Mike, but if we do it, then we have to do it properly,” he said quietly. “See, I love it when you talk back to me, when you’re sassy, and smart, and a pain in the ass.” He grinned. “But when we’re doing the master/slave thing, when we’re really playing at that level, then I need the kind of submission you showed me tonight. So, if we do this thing, then we do it properly, and we mean it, at least for the time we’re doing it. Yes?”

Mike nodded, understanding that the dom in Harvey needed to be expressed just as much as the sub in him. “Yes,” he replied firmly.

“You know, we don’t have anything planned for Christmas. How about we continue what we started tonight, and play at this level for the next couple of days?” Harvey suggested.

Mike grinned. “Yes please!”

“Good... now, having this warm little ass on my lap is making me horny. So...” Harvey unzipped his pants and released his hard cock. Then he rearranged Mike, so that he was straddling him.

“You’re going to fuck me here? In the car?” Mike asked, wondering what Ray would make of that.

“Yes, Michael, I am. You’re my sub, and I’m going to fuck you any place I like,” Harvey said firmly.

“Michael?” Mike pulled back and looked at his dom.

“That’s your name for when we’re in 24/7 mode,” Harvey told him.

“Kind of like my slave name?” Mike asked, remembering what Mulder had said about the slave name Skinner had given to him also being his real name.

“That’s right, Michael.” Harvey suddenly grabbed Mike’s warm butt cheeks and pulled them wide apart, then he took a tube of lubricant out of his pocket and slicked Mike’s hole. He didn’t spend long on preparation – they were both too eager to get on with it. Harvey anointed his cock with lubricant, and then pushed it up into Mike’s hole.

Mike moaned as Harvey’s cock breached the ring of muscle and slid effortlessly into place, where it belonged, and Harvey pulled him close and kissed him hungrily, thrusting his tongue into Mike’s mouth as he thrust his cock deep into Mike’s body. Mike rode him, with Harvey’s hands on his hips, keeping him steady, as Mike rocked up and down on that big, hard cock.

Mike’s own cock strained at the front of his PVC pants, and Harvey grinned and opened them, freeing Mike’s cock and taking it in his hand. Mike sighed and pushed his cock against Harvey’s hand, wanting release, but Harvey shook his head.

“Not yet, Michael. Not until I come. Hold it.”

“Please, Harvey... please,” Mike whimpered, desperately wanting to come.

“I said, not yet,” Harvey replied severely. He moved his hand, and Mike felt an atrocious blaze of pain in his nipples as Harvey removed the clamps.

“That should slow you down a little,” Harvey murmured, throwing the nipple clamps onto the limo floor. He was right – Mike’s erection wilted from the pain, but Harvey nuzzled against his nipples, taking each one into his mouth in turn and sucking on them soothingly until the pain receded, and soon Mike’s cock was hard again.

“Good boy. Keep riding me,” Harvey ordered, and Mike did as he was told, rising and falling energetically, gazing down on his smiling dom as he fucked himself on his cock.

“That’s good.” Harvey’s hands wandered over his body, claiming and owning him, as was his right, and Mike found that he didn’t care about Ray in the front of the car, watching them in the mirror – he only cared about giving his dom pleasure.

Harvey grabbed Mike's tousled hair, pulled his neck to one side, and bit down hard just above his collar. Mike whimpered, but he had never felt more owned, and he loved it. He was wearing a tag proclaiming himself Harvey's property, he had Harvey's big cock inside him, fucking him hard, and now Harvey was putting his mark on him.

Harvey released him and gazed at the mark on his neck with glowing eyes. "Oh, that looks good, Michael," he murmured throatily, touching the mark with his fingers. "You look good marked."

"Thank you for marking me," Mike said, basking in the pleasure of being so completely owned.

"You can come after me," Harvey told him, and he grabbed Mike's hips in a tight hold and thrust up into him urgently, over and over again. It didn't take long before he cried out his orgasm, holding onto Mike tightly as he pumped into his body.

Now that his master was done, Mike threw back his head and screamed as his own orgasm claimed him, sending dizzying fireworks of pure pleasure through every nerve-ending in his body, and then he came to rest, with Harvey's cock still embedded deep inside him. He rested his forehead against Harvey's, both of them breathing heavily as they recovered.

Mike slowly kissed his dom on the lips, thinking of all the little glimpses he'd seen into other people's lives this evening: All those stories, and all those people, finding each other and themselves in so many different ways, and taking their first steps on this journey together.

"It's been an amazing Christmas Eve," he whispered into Harvey's neck. "Thank you... Master."

There, he'd said it, and it didn't feel embarrassing or stupid, and he didn't fear that Harvey would mock him for it. Instead, it felt like the most natural thing in the world. He drew back a little way, and saw that Harvey's dark eyes were glistening, and he remembered what Walter had said about how long Harvey had been waiting for a sub he could really connect with.

"You're welcome, Michael," Harvey said softly, pulling Mike's head forward, and kissing him again.

Mike snuggled against Harvey's chest, and they gazed out of the window at the streets outside as they whizzed by in the limousine. It was late, and snow had started to fall, gently blanketing the world, muffling all sound.

"It really is our very own silent night," Harvey said softly.

Mike smiled and leaned in for another kiss. "Yes, Master."

The End

Friendly, Christmassy Feedback Adored! Just scroll down and leave a review in the box below - I'd love to hear from you :-)

Merry Christmas, Everyone!

If you want to read more about these characters, then this version of Harvey and Mike also appears in my stories **Possession**, **Envy** and **The Christmas Tree**. This version of Skinner and Mulder appears in my stories **24/7** and **Two Masters**. This version of Gibbs and Tony appears in my stories **Two Masters** and **The Word**. And a slightly different version of Rick and Matt can be found in a BDSM Universe AU in my original novel **Ricochet**

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