

# **Frostbite and Leathers**

t'Sade



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# Frostbite and Leathers

# 1

Hard winds slammed into the tiny village of River Rock. Streaks of bitter snow and ice crashed into the shuttered windows, rattling them on their hinges until it sounded like the screams of the dead.

The night didn't help with the visibility, lying over everything with its suffocating gloom; for the helpless outsider, the wind and ice streaked out of the darkness to cut at unprotected flesh. The only sane people were the ones inside.

Down the main street, there were only five buildings: the mayor's house and town hall; a small general store that joined with the village smith; a small shrine dedicated to the town spirit; and the village tavern with no rooms for paying guests. All five buildings were sealed tightly against the horrible weather, but noises drifted from around the cracks of the village tavern, also called River Rock.

Standing in front of the tavern, hiding behind a thick wooden wall, was a black horse covered in snow. Its breath fogged in the air as it danced from hoof to hoof. Around it, a shimmering field of red glowed dully, a heating and protection spell that slowly melted the snow from its elegant mane. As it shook its head free of some ice, the silver buckles sparkled in the howling wind.

The door to the tavern cracked open and a handsome, but frail, man stepped out. From beneath his fur-trimmed cloak, he spoke to the man right inside the door.

"Don't worry about me, Djon, I'll ride to the next village before I halt for the night. Blacktorn's spell will see me safely there."

His smooth, cheerful voice carried well over the howling wind and the man smiled back. He hefted a thick leather bag in his left

hand as he smiled. The innkeeper, a nervous man, bobbed his head and swallowed hard.

“Please be careful, Lord Greensilver, you carry our taxes for the season in your hand. If you lose it...”

The man in the cloak laughed, “Don’t worry. I’ll pay it out of my own pocket if I lose it.”

“But, Lord-”

“No buts, let me ride before it gets too dark for even my magics.”

“Aye, Lord Greensilver... and godspeed.”

“Safe night, master innkeeper.”

Spinning around on the icy step, Lord Greensilver stepped into the bitter wind and moved toward the black horse. Behind him, the innkeeper took one last, worrying look and closed the door tightly shut.

Lord Greensilver reached the dark horse without accident and brushed his gloved hand along the warm fur; the spells on his favorite horse were still strong and would last well into the next week. He lifted up one of the saddlebags and set the brown leather bag with the taxed into it, along with the other four bags he already collected.

He brushed some snow from his face and smiled into the darkness. His voice was cheerful as he talked to himself, “Well, Charid Greensilver, one more village and you can deliver the taxes. A month of travel and then two more of being stuck at home, without anyone but the guards and servants.”

His voice dropped lower as he spoke in a slightly different voice, “Aye, but won’t you miss them?”

Allowing his voice to return to normal, he laughed, “No, not really. There may be five small villages in my domain, but too many of them are afraid to risk the lovely weather,” he looked into the darkness with a grin, “much less risk my fascination I have with their men.”

Pull on the different voice, “Is there... someone you look for?”

Grinning to himself, the man nodded and responded in his own voice, “Aye. But he left me almost three months ago. He was... beautiful and my hands ache for his...”

Charid would have said more, but a faint cough stopped him. He looked around, his brilliant green eyes scanning the gloom for the source of the cough.

He was about to dismiss it when he heard another cough, this one fainter. Resting the bridle, which he untied from the wood, along the shoulders of his horse, he muttered a few words over the saddlebags. A faint glow surrounded them as the trap-spell took effect, protecting the village's taxes from thieves.

Then, still cautious, he stepped around the wooden wall and looked around. Harsh winds slammed into his face as they caught the heavy cloak; the individual strands of fur waved frantically, but the bottom of the cloak barely snapped in the wind as he stepped on the hem.

His gaze peered around and he let his hand drop to his mace.

“Who goes there?”

No answer came, but he spotted a tiny bit of movement in the darkness between the tavern and the smithy. With a sure step, he moved toward the darkness while pulling out his mace. The heavy weapon glittered briefly before snow scoured it from sight.

Charid moved forward, his eyes locking on the movement he saw huddling between the ice-cold fire-pit and a heavy stone table. As he stepped around the corner, his prying eyes caught site of a nest of sorts; broken tables and chairs were piled around in a circle, in an attempt to protect the occupant from the harsh winds. Glistening ice coated every surface as the occupant, a lone human shivered violently.

The cloaked man peered closer, then gasped as he recognized the occupant of the poorly-made protection.

“Molin!?”

The shivering man didn't respond, but tried to huddle deeper into the ratty blanket wrapped around him. Unsure, Charid looked at the half-frozen man in disbelief.

Slowly, the shivering man became aware of Charid and his eyes rotated up to his face. A look of utter blankness filled his face until a small flicker of recognition crossed his eyes.

When Molin spoke, it was a harsh whisper barely audible over the howling wind, “L-Lord Green...”

“Molin? What happened? Why aren't you inside.”

Molin's teeth chattered as Charid noticed black patches of skin on his face and nose. His hair, a tangled mass caught a spiral of wind and began to flap against the ice-covered blankets. The hair's movement grew more frantic as a violent shiver wracked Molin's body.

After the spasm ended, he managed to choke out a whisper barely heard over the wind, "No... money. Kick... ed me out," his words were barely recognizable through the chattering. Another spasm ran through his frozen body.

"No money? Why didn't you come to me?"

The frozen man didn't answer, but he looked down into his bundle. A brief lull in the howling wind enforced the silence that filled the empty smithy.

Charid reached out and lifted Molin's chin, the soft leather glove protected him from the freezing skin. He spoke softly, with only sadness in his eyes, "Why didn't you come back?"

"I-I could-dn't... not-t after I-I-I left."

The sadness grew deeper, "Why did you leave?"

"Y-You gave m-me so much, I-I couldn't stay."

Sorrow pooled in Charid's shoulders and he slumped. He gradually pulled his hand away from Molin's chin and let the frozen man's head fall down to his chest. Kneeling on the ground, he rested his fingers on the bulk underneath the blankets.

A soft whisper pushed through the wind, "You didn't have to leave, Molin. I wanted you to stay."

Molin looked up with sadness and fear, "I-I was afraid. Y-you are so... so.... attr... attractive and I-I wanted you."

The statement stunned Charid for a second and he sat back. His jaw closed tightly as he found a tightness squeezing his chest. His hand slipped off the blanket and he let it fall into the snow.

"You wanted me?"

Molin nodded, then his body spasmed with shivers and shaking. Charid watched for a second before pressing his lips into grim line of determination. He said something that was lost in the wind before he stood up and disappeared into the darkness.

Molin stared for a moment, wondering where he went, then despair crashed into him with the weight of lead. His chest tried to



sob, but his tears were already frozen. He let his head slump down and he prepared himself to die.

His plans for death were rudely interrupted when a warm light filled the smithy. Molin tried to move his head, but a tiredness swept over him. What parts of his body that he still felt shivered with the effort, but he managed to just curl tighter against the cold stone. Crunching snow surrounding around him, then rough hands picked him up. His numb body protested, but Molin allowed himself to be carried into the warmth of the inn.

The heat cut into him immediately and he whimpered in pain. It seemed as if his entire body was on fire. He writhed with the pain, but the strong hands were carrying him easily resisted his feeble movements. Even though his mind was foggy with pain and numbness, he caught portions of sentences.

“...get him warm.”

“Look at his fingers, they’re black!”

“Oh my-”

“Call for the healer.”

“It’ll take me about an hour...”

“Frostbite, he probably lost them.”

“Get Heldia. She can fix him.”

Hands rested him on a soft, smooth bed. His numb skin could barely feel the cotton as waves of heat and agony raced along them. Someone draped a heavy blanket over him. Something was tugging at his feet and he tried to tell them they wouldn’t come off; the half-ripped boot cracked in half as they managed to pull it off.

“His toes are black too.”

“Is that bad?”

The reply was short and simple, “Yes.”

Silence filled the room as he felt someone trying to remove his other boot. His mind tried to think about it, but a darkness was dragging him down. Then, Charid’s voice broke through the gloom for a brief instance, close to his ear.

“I must deliver the taxes, Molin, but I want you to wait for me. No dying.”

The warm breath on his ear felt like pure pleasure for a moment, then it was gone. Molin tried to crack a smile, but fell unconscious before he could make his muscles work.

Almost a month later, Charid found himself riding hard back toward his manor. Blacktorn was panting heavily as he rode through the thick piles of snow, his flank slick with sweat and glowing from the magical protections. Following a line of marker stone to indicate the road, Charid rode with almost a reckless fury, straining to get home before the sun sunk below the horizon.

As he reached the top of the hill, he reined Blacktorn to look briefly over his house. It was a walled mansion situated on a small hill overlooking a frozen river. Sleeping trees lined up on each side of the road as it lead into the stone and metal gate of the wall.

A large courtyard was occupied by two dozen guards, moving in formation. Their leader, a young officer in his mid-twenties was barking out orders as he lead them in their motions.

Behind the guards, was his house. A wood and stone structure almost two stories in height. It sprawled out inside the walls, leaving small paths and gardens hidden from sight, unless one knew where they were. Most of the windows were shuttered, but a few held unlit candles; at night, they would be lit in case someone needed the place in a hurry.

Charid chuckled as his horse shifted underneath his body. Blacktorn knew he was almost home and was anxious to rid itself of the protection spell, which tingled underneath the skin.

The rider found his eyes shifting toward one end of the house, where the guest suite was. The windows were shuttered, but he still hoped to see someone's face looking out.

Shaking his head, Charid spurred Blacktorn along and the midnight horse bounded into the snow, racing toward the front gate. As he sped past the stone markers, he heard the guards shout out for him. By the time he reached the door, it was already open and waiting for him.

Stopping Blacktorn in front of the main door, he smiled gratefully to the young officer who held out his hands for the reins. Practically sliding off, he handed them to him.

"Thank you, Lieutenant Gorvan."

"My pleasure, my lord."

The lieutenant took the reins and started into the house. Charid watched him for a second, then walked quickly into the house. His fingers were fumbling with the clasp as the door opened. His butler,

Soron, was waiting for him. Charid removed the clasp and allowed his cloak to fall off his shoulders; Soron caught it neatly and hung it up before closing the door.

When the butler spoke, it was a soft, deep voice, “Welcome back, my lord.”

Charid’s eyes focused on his head servant, “Is he here?”

“Master Molin is currently in the guest quarters and, except for a few occasions, has remained there since he arrived here.”

“Is he... okay?”

The servant shook his head, “No, my lord.”

A frown marred Charid’s face for a second, then he nodded.

“I need to enter something into the register. Come with me and tell me what happened.”

Soron nodded, the serious face never changing, and followed his master, Charid Greensilver.

An hour later, Charid opened the door to the guest suite and stepped inside. The room, filled with soft pillows on couches and tapestries, was empty except for empty bottles strewn about the floor.

He called out, “Molin?”

A drunken growl rose up from a pile of pillows. One of the soft red ones jumped into the air as Molin punched at it. A half-empty bottle of wine rolled out from beneath the purple one, spilling bright magenta across the white carpeted floor. Charid winched as he noticed the other stains, hundreds of them, that ruined his expensive decorations.

A slurred voice called out from the pile, “What d’ ya’ want?”

Concern filled his Charid’s voice, “I wanted to see how you were doing.”

A hand snapped up, starkly visible from the deep colors of the pillows. Four of his fingers ended in ragged stumps on his dusky skin; each stub ended in a bright line of healing tissue. His thumb still worked, but it shivered.

From the pillows, the voice was harsh and bitter and slurred more than a little, “Ho’ do ya’ think I am!? I lost me fingers ‘n toes!”

The other hand pushed up from the pillow. This one was missing all but his index finger and his thumb and Charid winced from the

shock of seeing it. He didn't saw anything as a tear rolled down his cheek.

Taking his silence for disgust, the hands pulled back into the pillows, "Didn' dink so. Go away and let me die!"

Tears still running down his cheeks, Charid nodded and slipped out of the room. Outside in the hall, he closed the door and leaned back against it; the tears continued to roll down his cheek as he held his face in his hands.

When he looked up, Soron was waiting for him. Charid sniffed and wiped his eyes.

"What do I do, Soron?"

A briefest of pauses, "It is not my place, my lord."

Charid looked at the head servant with red eyes, "How long as he been drinking?"

"Almost as long as he's been here. We tried to include him, but he..."

"...wanted to be alone. I assume you kept him on the cheap stuff at least."

A faint smile quirked the butler's lip, "Of course, my lord."

Charid's eyes focused on the tapestry in front of him as he thought for a second, "He said he wanted me. After all this time and I never knew."

Soron kept his face impassive and Charid continued.

"I've wanted him since the day he showed up at my door. All that time I was hoping he would want me... and I only find out as he was dying of the cold."

Another pause before he continued with a sob in his voice, "Why did it have to end up like this?"

"It is not my place to say."

Charid looked back at the impassive servant, "How do I break him of this despair?"

An almost cruel look flickered past the servant's face, "Take him for a horseback ride."

The lord's eyes narrowed, "That isn't very nice, Soron. You know he can't hold onto the reins in his condition."

"Yes, my lord."

"You don't like him, do you?"

“Not since he showed up at your door begging like a puppy,” came the curt response.

“So, ignoring your dislike of him, what should I do.”

Soron brought his emotions under control before speaking, “First, you need to get him to stop drinking. Good luck, he attacked me and Hila when he tried to stop him.”

“Good idea. What else?”

“Distract him.”

“Distract him?”

Soron nodded, “He is so lost in his pain, he can’t see anything else. We had to start locking the doors because he kept trying to kill himself. Bring up his hands or feet and he lashes out. As long as he dwells on his injuries, you’ll lose him.”

A flicker of an idea sparkled in Charid’s mind. He let it form and grinned at the thought.

“Hmm, a distraction. You know what, Soron, I have an idea.”

“Am I going to hate this, my lord?”

“You get to threaten him with a whip.”

Another crack of a smile, “Anything you wish, my lord.”

“Good. I need you to get a few things...”

The servant listened carefully to Charid then chuckled as he headed into other parts of the house. Charid smiled warmly and brushed his fingers along the door, “Tomorrow, we start.”

He took one last look at the door and headed to his bedroom.

Morning came too soon for everyone. For Charid, his anticipation kept him tossing and turning all night. For Soron, he happily whistled to himself as he worked on his his duties. For Molin, the hangover was the worst part of the day.

Molin decided to fix the hangover by drinking. One bloodshot eye cracked open and looked around the room. The pile of pillows had shifted in the night and he yanked his foot from a blanket that caught on him.

His other eye opened and both of them swiveled for a moment before locking on the table, where he left the last bottle of wine.

It was gone.

“What the..?”

Molin’s cracked, harsh voice whispered into the room as he tried to struggle to his feet. The lack of toes caught him as he fell back

onto the pillows. He was wearing a pair of shorts and shirt, both of them ragged from where he tore at them. The white shirt was stained beyond repair, a dingy gray spiked with red streaks. His shorts were just as bad and almost as smelly.

A sob caught in his throat as he rolled onto his hands and knees. Flipping the ragged knot of his hair over his shoulder, he started to crawl over to the table. His only form of movement now, he managed to reach up and pull himself up to the surface of the table. His eyes searched the surface, but no bottle of wine was visible.

Molin fell back to the ground and glared at his toes; the ragged stumps still pained him at night even though they were gone. His glare deepened and he took a deep breath.

“SORON! I NEED MORE!”

The rasp echoed harshly against the walls. With a grunt, he started to crawl back to his pillows.

A soft voice interrupted him, Charid speaking quietly, “Sorón won’t be coming in here today, Molin.”

The crippled man looked up and glared at the Lord Greensilver.

“I sup’pos you had somet’ to do with dat?”

A wry smile, “Yes, I did.”

Molin flopped onto his pillows, “Gimm’ some. I need it to liv... survive.”

Charid shook his head, his hands resting lightly on his lap as he watched the scarred man from the corner.

“No, not this time.”

“GIMMIE!”

“No,” came the calm response.

With a snarl, Molin shoved his head into the pillows. His hips lowered to the ground as he started to burrow deeper into the soft velvet cushions. After a few moments, Molin managed to crawl half-way into the pile and spoke, his voice bleary and muffled.

“Should... let me... die.”

Charid fought the urge to comfort him, “No, Molin, I have something in mind for you.”

One of the pillow jumped slightly, “What?”

The smile returned to the baron, “A game, of sorts.”

Nothing moved for a long breath, then Molin’s head popped up with a scowl on his face.

“A game?”

“Yes. A game. If you wish, I’ll even be glad to throw in a bottle of wine, if you play it through.”

Molin’s eyes narrowed, “Gud stuf?”

A faint chuckle, “Yes, I’ll even give you a bottle of my Weatsfallow Red. That is what I’m serving this summer solstice.”

“What game?”

“Just a simple game. You follow the rules, you get to drink.”

“How long?”

“Shouldn’t take more than four hours.”

“Then I get wine?”

“Yes.”

Molin thought hard for a few moments until his stomach rumbled.

“I’m hungry.”

Charid stood up; Molin noticed something in his hand but couldn’t see it from his position. With a smooth movement on perfect feet, the Lord Greensilver walked to the couch and sat down, less than a meter away from him.

“And this is the price. If you don’t play, you don’t get wine. If you don’t play, you don’t get food.”

“WHAT!?! You can’t do that!”

Charid’s face hardened, “Until you show you can control your life, I am the lord of this manor.”

Molin snarled and shoved his head back into the pillow. His muffled voice called out from underneath, “I’m not going to play your stupid game.”

The baron shrugged and stood up, “Suit yourself. Knock if you change your mind.”

Without another word, he left the suite and shut the door behind him. There was a faint clicking as he locked the door. Molin growled and crawled deeper into his pillow pile. He shoved his hands away from him and fell back asleep.

Hours later, he woke up hungry and with a full bladder. He looked around, but didn’t see the food that normally appeared on the table. No bottles of wine and no heaping stacks of meat. With some effort, he crawled out of his pile and headed toward the bathroom.

Afterwords, he crawled around on his hands and knees around the room, looking for liquor or food. His stunted hand tried to find the bottle that fled under the couch, but Charid managed to remove even that.

Another pang of hunger stopped him and he sighed unhappily. With great effort, he crawled over to the door and sat back on his knees. His legs spread to balance him as he tried the handle.

Locked.

He tried again, but the smooth brass handle slipped under his fingerless hands. Swearing, he knocked hard on the door.

Less than a few seconds later, a key unlocked the door and Charid peeked inside. Molin glared up at him.

"I'll play your game," his voice was less blurred from the additional sleep and he felt more awake. Charid smiled warmly and opened the door. His foot moved from away the door, to prevent Molin from slamming it open.

As Charid pushed the door open, he spoke up, "Before you agree, you might want to know one of the rules. You'll be forced to wear this."

He held his hand in front of him and Molin finally got a good look at what was in his hands—a leather collar and leash.

Color drained from the injured man and he looked up in shock, "You're kidding."

Charid shook his head, "I'm afraid not. Until you clean up, I'm going to treat you like the animal you are."

"I won't do it."

The lord shrugged and started to shut the door, "Okay, knock when you want to try again."

As the heavy wooden door closed, Molin felt an urge of panic, "Stop!"

Charid stopped and waited. Molin looked at the floor for a moment before speaking in a quiet voice, "I have to wear it?"

The baron nodded, "Until you clean up."

"As soon as I 'clean up', I don't have to wear it?"

"Correct."

"Only for four hours, right?"

A chuckle and a grin, "Correct."

"Will it hurt?"



“A little.”

“And I get good wine afterwards?”

Charid nodded and held out the leather collar. A tear formed in Molin’s eye as he looked up from his knees.

“I can’t put it on,” a sob escaped his throat and he buried his head into his palms. Feeling the rough skin on his forehead, he threw his hands away and felt an onslaught of despair slam into him.

The storm of pain and sorrow stopped as he felt rough fingers tenderly buckling the leather collar around his neck. Charid flatted down the mess of hair underneath the collar before latching it; he tugged it slightly to give Molin enough room to move without pulling his own hair. The injured man watched Charid’s eyes as the baron slowly moved through his actions. Finally, Charid stepped back and smiled warmly back down.

“I’ll be your hands from now on.”

Molin could hear more than one meaning in those words, but he couldn’t identify it. His thumb brushed against the soft leather of the collar and slid down the short, three meter leash.

“Am I a pet?”

Charid nodded, “Until you clean up.”

“Then what?”

“You’ll be yourself once again. And we can start over.”

“Start over...?”

Light fingers brushed against his lips, “Shh, my friend. We have a game to play.”

Molin nodded and waited for some instructions. Charid ran his fingers down the leash until he caught the loop at the far end. With a soft smile, he tugged lightly on it.

“Come, we need to go to the great room.”

Tears threatened to pour down Molin’s cheek once again, “I can’t walk.”

“I know. We set down things so you can crawl.”

Molin frowned and peeked out the door. Moving to the right, he saw a line of carpets disappear around the corner. A few pillows were dropped in the joints between the rugs, protecting his knees from the hard wooden floor.

Charid smiled and tugged lightly as he stepped into the hallway.

“Come.”

Molin crawled out on the first carpet. He looked back into the dark room he possessed for almost a month. Down the hall, he could see brightly lit torches flickering along the walls and brightly colored pillows dipping around the corner and heading down the stairs.

He hesitated for a second, then crawled onto the next carpet. Then the next. Slowly, he started to move at his own, glacial pace as he moved from carpet to rug, trying to keep the pillows on his knees as he moved.

Charid walked slowly with him, never putting more than a light tug on the collar as he slowed down. His smile never left his face, as warm and friendly as Molin ever remembered him.

To Molin, it felt like hours passed as he crawled down the stairs but soon he stopped in front of the heavy oak doors of the great room. The last pillow rested against the rough surface as he sat bad in fear, his knees parting to give him balance.

Charid stopped, “Move your ankles further apart.”

Molin did after a second until he felt his ass press against the ground. His legs shivered slightly, unused to being stretched apart. Charid had him hold the position for a count of thirty before nodding. Relieved, Molin pulled his legs together and sat on his ankles.

The baron smiled, “That was called sit. Until we are done, the game has commands.”

“Are there many commands?”

“No. The pain will stop after a while, it will help you recover.”

Feeling sullen, Molin just nodded. Charid pushed the door open and Molin found his attention caught on the room.

Lines of blankets and pillows were scattered across the room, lumpy trails that paced around couches and chairs. In the center, they ran in a circle around the room. With a growing feeling of knowledge, he realized that the circle was about two meters in radius, just enough for the leash.

Next to the door was Soron, holding a few leather paddles, and two horse whips. The grin on his face was almost gleeful as he looked straight at the crawling man.

Molin began to get a bad feeling about the the room and Soron's excitement as he looked around again. Remembering his manners, he closed his mouth with a snap.

"What is this?"

"This... is the game."

"Huh?"

Charid stretched and smiled, "The game. Every day you want to drink or eat, you have to play the game. At first, it will consist of you listening to directions and obeying them. In most cases, they will be to crawl along the paths or up and over some of the furniture."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not. Until you clean yourself up, these are the rules of this house. You will play or you will starve."

The hunger growled in his stomach, a hard knot pressing against his spine, "So, where's the food."

Charid chuckled, "You'll eat in an hour, if you play."

"An hour!?"

A nod and a light tug, "Yes, and we should probably get started because if I get hungry, this will be more painful on you."

Molin grumbled and crawled onto the path leading from the door. Charid led him along one path, then another, always moving slow enough. Soon, Molin felt his legs and arms ache from the effort of crawling; sweat poured down his back and neck as he strained to move forward.

After countless loops, he fell down against a thick pillow, "Has it been an hour?"

Charid looked up, "Just over, would you like to eat?"

"Yes!"

The baron laughed and led Molin toward a high table. As he crawled closer, Molin felt despair grow as he noticed no chairs nearby.

"I-I can't get up there."

"I know, I will be your hands."

The phrase again. Molin frowned for a moment. His thoughts were interrupted as Charid held a cracker filled with cheese to his mouth. Hungry, Molin bit into it, swallowing hard. Charid began to feed him, small pieces of cheese, crackers, and fruits with sips of water when he needed it.

On occasion, Charid would give the command to `sit' before he would allow Molin to continue; after a few false starts, the injured man found himself sitting on command.

Soon, Molin felt full and content. He shook his head when Charid offered him the next morsel of fruit. The baron nodded and placed it back.

“Ready to continue?”

“Three more hours?”

“Three more hours.”

Molin nodded and allowed himself to be led back onto the pillow and blanket track. Hours passed on his hands and knees. He learned to sit on command, to follow the tugging. After a few loops, Charid began to lead him to crawl over the furniture. Molin smiled for the first time when he managed to get over the thick recliner that dominated one corner of the room.

Finally, four long hours passed and Charid stopped. Molin sat there, his ass on the ground and his knees splayed out. Sweat dripped from his entire body and he felt every muscle ache with the effort. His mouth parted slightly and he gasped for breath until Charid nodded happily.

“That’s enough for today. Sore?”

Molin nodded, not trusting his voice.

“How about a bath and then dinner?”

“And wine.”

Charid laughed and unclipped the leash, but left the collar on. With a slow movement, he walked along one of the pillowed paths toward the door. Automatically, Molin followed on his hands and knees, allowing Charid to lead him upstairs to his suite.

Inside, a hot bath was already drawn and steam poured out of the bathroom. Molin also noticed a large pile of vegetables and fruits on the table, along with an expensive, dusty bottle of wine.

At the door, Charid stopped, “Have a good bath. You earned it. I had some snacks left for you and dinner will arrive on time. If you want, I would love to join you.”

Molin looked up at the man and nodded, “Please?”

Charid smiled again and set the leash down on a small table next to the door, “I need to do some work, but I’ll be back in a few hours with dinner.”

“Thank you.”

With a bob of his head, the Lord Greensilver walked down the hall and out of his sight. Molin shut the door with his foot and found himself looking at the leash. The exercise and efforts did a lot for clearing his mind and he thought back to Charid’s expressions and gentle words as he guided him through his paces. A warmth began to seep into his heart as he continued to stare at the leash.

Something pushed in his mind, a strange thought, and he grabbed the leather strap with his teeth and crawled into the bathroom. Halfway there, the absurdity of him crawling around with a leash in his mouth stopped him and he found himself laughing until his sides ached.

Once the laughter subsided, he picked up the leash in his mouth and finished crawling into the bathroom. The steaming water called him and his aching muscles. Dropping the leather on the edge, he quickly stripped out of his sweat-soaked clothes and sunk into the water.

A sigh of rapture escaped his lips as he felt the hot water splash against his shoulders. He looked briefly at the scarred hands before plunging them underneath the film of bubbles that drifted across the tub.

The tub itself was immense, room enough for two large men. The deep water cradled Molin and he relaxed. The day’s exhaustion and his own body’s need to sleep caught up with him and he felt himself drifting off to sleep.

A tugging on his head woke him up with a start. He tried to pull his head away, but a sharp pain stopped him suddenly.

“Shh, little one. Just brushing your hair.”

Charid’s voice broke through the sleep-filled panic and Molin stopped suddenly. The stunted remains of his hand reached up to feel where the tugging came from; his palm brushed against the slack leather collar before reaching up to his tangled hair.

He let his palm drop as he identified the tugging as Charid’s movements. The baron, dressed in dry clothes, slowly worked at removing the tangles and knots that formed from months of drinking and despair. Firm hands brushed lightly against his shoulders as he moved in quiet, tender strokes.

Time past and Molin relaxed in Charid's hands. He felt his body warming underneath the firm strokes, feeling his head bobbing back and forth with each stroke of the brush. Soon, the process was growing faster and Charid switched to a bristle brush.

After a relaxed time of pleasure, Molin pulled his palm up to his collar, stroking the soft leather with idle strokes.

"Lord Greensilver?"

"Call me Charid, Molin."

"Sorry, Charid?"

"Yes?"

"When you have me crawling around on the floor, do you see a dog?"

"No, I don't."

"What do you see?"

Charid didn't answer as he continued to brush in short strokes. Molin let himself relax into the motions. His mind swirled as he tried to figure out Charid and his actions.

Finally, he found the courage to ask another question.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I love you."

The statement was simple and to the point. Somehow, Molin found himself perfectly comfortable with the answer and sighed happily.

"I dreamed once I told you that."

"You did, right before I saved you."

Molin looked up and back, to look at Charid, "I did?"

The warm smile returned, "You did, and I wanted to return the favor."

Charid watched Molin rest his head again and continued to brush his hair until it almost shone with a brilliant luster. Then, with a firm grip, he started to braid in a thick, three-part line.

The injured man spoke up as Charid was finishing, "You never answered."

"Of what I see when you are playing the game?"

Molin nodded.

"A pony and a friend."

There was no response for a second, then Molin felt a smile quirk his lips, "Where is my bridle?"

Charid stopped, shock halting his brush, “Do you want one?”

Molin found his breath catching in his throat. His hands tightened under the water as he paused, trying to find an answer to a question he didn’t understand.

He found an answer after a moment, “Until I clean up?”

Charid smiled as a tear started to form in his eye, “As you wish.”

Molin shifted his body slightly in the water, feeling his manhood begin to twitch from the attention.

“How long will it take for me to clean up?”

“As long as it takes. I have...”

“All winter?”

A chuckle, “Yeah, that sounds good.”

“How am I going to survive? Are you going to be my hands all winter?”

“If need be.”

Molin’s body began to respond to the intimate direction the questions were going. His manhood began to stir, growing into the thick, short shaft of his sex. He watched with growing fear and humiliation, staring at his shaft like it was some evil creature; a blush of bright red began to form on his cheeks.

Clearing his throat, he moved his hands to cover his hardness. Before he could move far, Charid cleared his throat.

“No, let me.”

“Chari-”

The baron made a shushing noise as he got up slightly to move further along the edge of the bath. His hands reached out and gently stroked along the smooth skin of Molin’s shaft.

Molin let loose a shuddering sigh at the first touch of Charid’s palm against his shaft. His hips lifted slightly to slide his short length between the palms of his baron.

Charid ran his fingers down the thickness of his lover, curling his fingers underneath his testicles to gently cup them. His other hand curled around his shaft and started a slow stroke up and down; the soap-slicked shaft surged with heat as Molin moaned in pleasure.

“Do you like this, Molin?”

Molin whimpered in pleasure, enjoying the fingers stroking his shaft.

“No.”

Charid stopped and started to pull his fingers away. Molin shook his head, "No, please continue. Just call me your pony."

The baron stared for a second in complete surprise. He felt the cock in his fingers growing harder and hotter as Molin allowed a smile to cross his lips.

"Please? I need to hear it."

"All right, little pony," Charid felt his own lust growing as Molin nodded, "Do you like this?"

Molin moaned in pleasure, "Yes..."

"If you want this, call me lord or master."

"Yes, my lord."

Charid wrapped his fingers and started to stroke up and down, enjoying the feel of Molin's ridge in his palm as he moved. Beneath his hand, he felt the thick ridges of the cock grow harder. His fingers continued to stroke in long and short movements, feeling something growing inside him.

Molin gasped as he felt the pleasure beginning to grow in fits and spurts, "Please, my lord."

"Do you want this, my little pony?"

Molin whimpered in pleasure and thrust up, his cock easily sliding in Charid's fingers, his precum lubricating the fingers easily. Charid continued to stroke faster, his fingers squeezing tightly as his fist splashed against the surface of the bath.

He repeated his question.

"Do you want this, pony boy?"

He felt the cock surge underneath him as Molin whimpered.

"Yes, oh yes!"

Thick spurts of white cum shot up into the air as Charid felt his lover cum in his hand. The white jets splattered back into the water and along the side of the bathtub as Charid continued to stroke in hard, tight strokes.

Charid continued to tenderly stroke until he felt the last spasm leave Molin, then gently swirled his fingers into the water before pulling them up.

"Did you need that, little one?"

Molin nodded, a flush on his cheeks, "Yes, my lord."

Charid smiled warmly and pulled his hands back.

"I'll be your hands."



A smile flickered on Molin's lips, "What if I want to please you?"  
"Guess I'll need to use my hands."

Molin shook his head, "No, let this... pony boy please you instead my lord. You... and I need this."

He shifted his body down, splashing in the water, until he was sitting in front of Charid. He looked up with a look of lust and longing.

"Please join me, my lord?"

"In the water?"

Molin nodded, holding his breath. Charid paused for a second, then started to strip off his clothes. Underneath, Molin saw a firm body with just a hint of fat. Very little scarred the skin of Lord Greensilver, but there was a sense of hardness to him. As his manhood, already erect, sprung into view, Molin found his breath caught in his chest again.

It was long and narrow with a thick wedge on the tip. Ridges ran down its entire length along with thick veins. Charid continued to strip until his clothes pooled next to the bathtub.

Molin smiled warmly; part of him wasn't sure what was going on, but it felt right. He held out one scarred hand, his missing fingers painfully obvious, to Charid. His lover took his hand gently and allowed him to guide him into the steaming water.

Molin hesitated for a second, then swirled closer to slide his palms against Charid's skin. Near his thigh, he could feel his hardness press against his lover's and found it enjoyable. He continued to rub his palms against the hard flesh, gradually lowering them until he caught the throbbing hardness between them.

He tried to get a tight grip on the shaft, but his missing fingers lost most of their feeling. He continued to stroke the hardness between his palms.

He felt the hardness grow, but even after a few minutes, he found that he couldn't bring his lord to an orgasm. A sad pleading flickering in Molin's eyes as he briefly thought of his disability. Then, an idea came to him.

"My lord?"

"Yes, Mol-little one?"

"Will you...?"

Charid waited for the rest but it took Molin a few moment to gather the courage.

“Will you... ride me?”

The cock between Molin’s hand almost came right then, but Charid manage to fight it with his might. Molin looked scared for a moment, somehow wanting to feeling Charid riding him more than coming in his palms.

“Please, my lord, please ride me.”

“Do you... do you know what that means?”

Molin answered by lying down in the bathtub and rolling over to the two swells of his ass peeked out of the water. A shy smile crossed his face as he looked over his shoulder at Charid.

The baron laughed as ran his hand along the soft backside of Molin. His fingers squeezed briefly along the muscles before he started to stroke his pony boy along his shoulders and back.

Molin moaned in pleasure and arched his back, pressing up against the stroking hands. Charid continued his movement, rubbing along tight shoulders and soft backside until he felt Molin’s body relax once again.

Then, slowly,he allowed his soapy finger slide between the two swells of Molin’s ass. The pony boy whimpered for a second, then relaxed enough to part his legs. Charid felt his own body straining for release as his finger slipped against the wrinkled opening of Molin’s ass.

“Are you sure, little one?”

Molin respond by pushing up his against the finger. Charid chuckled and then moaned himself as he felt Molin’s palm stroke against his hardness under the water. Taking the hint, he continued to explore the tight opening of Molin’s ass, using the soapy finger to gently tease the sphincter open.

The pony boy whimpered with need, pressing his hips back against the finger as he felt it begin to slip inside the tight ring of his sphincter.

“My lord... please, my lord.”

Charid responded by gently rotating his finger in the incredibly tight opening, gently pushing and pulling until he felt the last digit of his finger begin to slip deeper into the heat of Molin’s ass.

Molin began to wiggle, but the finger lodged in the tight opening easily caught up with it as it continued to twist and push, sinking deeper until Molin felt the second joint slip into his sphincter. Then, he whimpered and locked his body into position, holding it still.

With a deliberate movement, Charid pushed his finger into Molin's ass until his knuckles pressed tightly up against the muscles of his buttocks. A whimper of need filled the room as Molin held his position for a few moments. Then, he started to push and pull his ass along the finger, fucking himself on the Charid's digit.

As he felt his ass begin to lose around the finger, Molin began to whimper.

"My lord, please ride me. Ride me. Ride your pony, please!"

As if in a dream, Charid found himself stand up to step between Molin's outstretched legs. As he began to kneel back into the water, he watched as Molin pulled himself onto his knees, pressing back toward Charid's hard shaft.

Charid's hands gently grabbed Molin's hips as he leaned forward, pressing the tip of his shaft against the wrinkled opening of his lover's ass.

Molin nodded, his words lost, and pushed back on the cock. Charid leaned forward, enjoying the intense pressure as his cockhead began to push into the tight sphincter of his pony's body. It tightened again as Molin clenched his muscles, but he continued to push forward, feeling the need to stuff his length into the tight tunnel before him.

Charid continued to lean forward, pushing more of his cock past the tight sphincter until he felt it squeeze around his length. He continued to push, a slow gentle movement that caught his breath with the heated intensity.

Slowly, his length disappeared into the white ring of Molin's anus. Finally, his balls pressed up tightly against Molin's and both men let a gasp of pleasure escape their lips.

"Lord!"

Charid held his cock tightly in the clenching tunnel of Molin's body for a moment before slowly drawing out. The tight ring of his pony's ass clung to the thin shaft until it bulged out from the width of Charid's cockhead.

Molin whimpered until Charid pushed forward again, this time a little faster and hard. His cock, slick with the soapy water, easily slid into the stretched ass, sending a warm glow of pleasure through both of their bodies.

As he reached the base, he pressed tightly against Molin and held it there. He felt the heartbeats of his lover around his shaft for a long count before he slowly withdrew from the tightness.

Reaching the limit, he gently slide it back into in a slow motion. Each ridge seemed to tease the tight opening for a mere second, before pushing into Molin's body; he felt his cock stuffing inside the tunnel with a delicious pleasure.

Charid held his shaft inside Molin's body until the young man begged for more. Then, he drew it out and pushed it in, in slow, pleasurable movements. Charid never went faster but he continued the same, slow, pleasurable stroke. It slide in and out in time with the wet slurping noise from between their bodies.

Molin gasped as he felt the pleasure suddenly start to peak inside him. It curled around his legs then snapped through his veins until it crashed into his spine. His body grew hotter from an intense pleasure that seemed to gather him up and compress him into a single ball of heat and pleasure.

Inside him, Charid was feeling another burning pleasure growing in his balls. He strained to keep the same, measured pace as he felt his body reaching it's peak.

Finally, it burst. Charid moaned in pleasure and held his cock deep inside Molin's quivering ass. He felt the lover beneath him shiver from his own pleasure as his cock exploded in heat and wetness, filling the tightness of Molin's ass with his own cum. Each jet seemed to drain Charid as he continued to press tightly into his pony.

Slowly, his orgasm faded and he slipped out of Molin. The younger man rolled over in the water, gasping for breath. They both looked at each other with the afterglow still flowing through their veins.

Finally, Molin caught his breath enough to speak.

"Could I get that bridle tomorrow?"

Their laughter echoed against the walls for a long time.

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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