

Love in Handcuffs

By Sloane Kennedy

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Magnus

I knew he was there long before he even spoke because that familiar shiver ran up my spine and the hairs along the back of my neck stood up. Six months after first settling my mouth over Dante's beautiful lips, and my body was still just as in tune to him now as it had been then. But it was my mind that had somehow become so tightly linked with Dante's that sometimes I couldn't tell where he ended and I began. It was both exhilarating and frightening. All the physical things that had drawn me to him were there and as strong as ever, like his smell, the sound of his laughter or the way he said my name, and of course, his incendiary touch. It didn't matter if he was stroking his tongue up my cock or brushing his fingers over my arm in silent greeting as he reached past me every morning in the kitchen to grab his coffee while I cooked breakfast – the result was the same.

And I was loving every second of it.

But the scary part was how the non-physical connection between us had evolved. I'd been pretty good at reading Dante early on in our relationship, but now...now all it took was hearing a certain inflection in his voice or seeing a blink-and-you-miss-it moment in his eyes and I knew what he was feeling. Hell, sometimes he didn't even need to move or speak for me to know.

We were *that* in tune with each other.

It was a current of awareness that ran both ways. The knowledge that I could hide nothing from my lover was sometimes intimidating, especially considering my life-long need to be in control of myself and my surroundings. With Dante, I'd had to throw out all the rules and start over.

It was something I would happily do for the rest of my life.

"Hey," I said softly as my eyes raked over him. I held back from calling my man one of the creative and less than manly nicknames I'd teased him with over the past six months, because one look told me not to go there. It wasn't that there was anything outwardly wrong with Dante as he leaned against the doorjamb of the entrance to my office, but the silent tension was rolling off him in waves.

"Hey," he said, his eyes softening marginally as he took me in. Like now that he was seeing me, he could finally relax.

I resisted the urge to stand and pull him into my arms. I'd long ago learned that with Dante, when he was struggling with something like he was now, it was best to let him come to me.

I'd started as a detective in the Seattle PD a few months earlier and while the precinct never really closed, it was relatively quiet, considering the late hour. Only a few officers were milling about as they either were just leaving for or coming back from patrol or, like me, were trying to finish up the endless paperwork that went with the job.

"This is a surprise," I offered as I pushed the drawer holding my computer keyboard in and slid my chair back just a little bit.

"My relief showed up early," Dante murmured.

Our schedules had been fucked up for a while now as Dante had spent the past two weeks working variable hours that had often resulted in us missing each other at home.

"How's it going?" I asked.

Dante shrugged his shoulders and I watched in silence as he closed the door to my office and then began drawing the blinds to give us privacy. My cock responded in excitement at the

move. Fucking Dante at work probably wasn't the smartest move, but I sure as hell wasn't going to protest. It had been far too long since I'd been able to lose myself in his beautiful body.

"The kid's cool, but the uncle's a prick," Dante finally admitted as he closed the last blind, shutting us off from the rest of the world.

Early on in our relationship, we'd had to make some tough decisions about the amount of information we shared with one another about our work. Since Dante's line of work was often in direct conflict with mine, we'd thought the best solution was not to talk about our jobs. But that had quickly taken its toll because there were days when we needed to rage about the injustice we faced on a daily basis. So, it came down to keeping our personal lives separate from our professional ones. Detective DuCane ceased to exist the second I walked through our front door and here at the precinct, Dante was simply the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with and not a man who often had to step outside the bounds of the law to seek justice for the most innocent of victims.

I knew this most recent job had been tough on Dante because of the victim. The twelve-year-old boy had been abducted a year earlier by a family friend who'd murdered the kid's father during the kidnapping. Ronan's team had managed to find the boy, but his abductor had escaped, and while Memphis had some of the team searching for the guy, Dante and another operative had been assigned to shadow the boy to make sure the man who'd taken him didn't try again. The kid had gone to live with his uncle, but from everything Dante had told me, the guy was an asshole who saw the kid as an inconvenience more than anything else. But he'd been the only family member left to take the boy in.

Though I was starting to wonder if the kid wouldn't have been better off in the foster care system. At least he'd be getting the help he needed to deal with the trauma.

The entire situation was a daily reminder for Dante of his brother's abduction, and while Aleks was doing as well as could be expected, he still refused to share anything about his time in captivity with either Dante or myself. He also continued to refuse any attempts to get him into therapy.

I watched as Dante moved towards me, his demeanor reminding me of a sleek jungle cat. Yeah, my man had definitely come here with a purpose.

Though I knew it was less about him needing my body and more about needing something else. I just needed to figure out what that *something else* was. Though I had a pretty good idea.

As Dante slid onto my lap, I wrapped my arms around his waist and reveled in the sensation of his mouth settling over mine. He took control from the get go, but when he reached for my belt, I grabbed his hand.

“Not here,” I murmured against his mouth.

I felt his body trembling in my arms. “I need you,” he whispered, his voice shaky and uneven. The emotion in his voice tore at me and I wondered again what was really driving his visit. I had my suspicions, but maybe it was time to force his hand and confront the damn thing head on.

“I know, Baby,” I said gently. I reached up to run my fingers through his curly hair. He gasped when I suddenly tightened my grip. I held him like that as I stood, forcing him off my lap. I held him in place as I kissed him long and deep, letting him know without question who was in control. I released his hair and slid my hand down his body until I was able to search out his left hand. I took it in mine, marveling at the feel of the titanium band lovingly encircling his ring finger. He’d said yes the night I’d proposed to him, though he’d done it in true Dante fashion and drawn the whole thing out by teasing me mercilessly about everything from our age difference to our sexual compatibility...this as he’d worked my dick into his tight ass and ridden me seven ways to Sunday. Only after he’d tortured me in the best possible way with one orgasm after another, had he leaned down and whispered his answer against my lips.

Yes.

I’d been ready to go to the courthouse the next day, but Dante had told us we had plenty of time. It was the answer I usually got whenever I pressed him to agree to a date.

I took Dante’s hand and let it settle on my hip.

“Do you remember what you told me the other night?”

Dante’s eyes widened and his nostrils flared as his fingers toyed with the cool metal of the handcuffs attached to my belt.

“One rule,” I said.

Dante nodded eagerly. “Anything,” he said.

I nipped at his mouth. “The rule is you don’t get to say no to anything I say or do,” I whispered before I kissed him deeply. He stiffened in my arms briefly, probably because he knew there was more behind my words than I was letting on, but he quickly nodded. I squeezed his ass and then reached beyond him to press a button on my phone.

“Yes, Detective DuCane?”

“I’m going on break, Frank. I’ll have my cell on me though.”

“Yes sir,” the officer who manned the front desk said quickly.

I hung up and then took Dante’s hand in mine and led him out of the office. If any of the few people working around us noticed, they didn’t show it, nor did I care. What I was about to do wasn’t the smartest thing in the world, career wise, but I didn’t give a shit.

Dante came first.

He always would.

I led him down a hallway past the locker room and small gym. I pushed open a door at the end of the hall and let Dante pass through it before entering behind him and closing it and then locking it.

“What is this place?” Dante asked as he looked around the small room that included a single prison cell that had the standard bed, sink and toilet in it. There was also a small table with a couple of chairs outside the cell.

“We use it for people we have to put in protective custody or for prisoners who shouldn’t be in with the general population in the cells downstairs.”

Dante nodded and then turned to kiss me, his excitement clear. I put my hand around his throat to stop him and held him there for a moment before walking him backwards until his back hit the bars of the cell. The door was already open so I didn’t have to search out the key.

“Step inside and put your hands against the wall, back to me and feet apart.”

My lover was vibrating with excitement as he quickly stepped away from me to do my bidding. My own cock hardened painfully behind my dress slacks as I watched Dante carefully position himself exactly as I'd ordered.

I made him wait for a good two minutes before I stepped into the cell and approached. As soon as he turned to look over his shoulder at me, I snapped, "Eyes forward!" I swore I heard him let out a whisper of a whimper as he jerked his head back around. His fingers pressed into the cement wall.

"Are you armed?" I asked, my voice heavy and sharp.

"No," Dante responded breathlessly.

"No what?" I said loudly.

"No, Sir," he managed to get out. He was practically vibrating with lust. We'd played around with a little bit of domination here and there, but nothing like this. I'd be lucky if I could see this thing through because I was beyond ready to pull Dante's pants down and jam my cock deep inside of him.

"Don't move," I said as I stepped behind him. "Or I'll be forced to call more officers in here to restrain you."

Dante inhaled sharply. "No, Sir, I won't move." I wasn't sure how he'd feel about doing a little bit of role play since all Dante had mentioned the other night was that we needed to play with my cuffs at home sometime. But we were about to do more than just *play* and we certainly weren't at home.

I stood behind Dante for a moment, letting him feel the heat that I was certain was wafting off my body in waves. I leaned in to run my nose along his neck, inhaling his unique scent before I pulled back and kicked his feet wider apart. When I was satisfied he was in the exact position I wanted, I leaned in and ran the flat of my tongue up the column of his neck. I wasn't surprised when he tilted his head to the side to oblige me. I let my hands slide down his hips before pushing them forward so they were resting on the fronts of his thighs. I gripped him hard so I could hold him in place as I began grinding my cock against his ass. When Dante began to push back against me, I said, "I told you not to move."

He sucked in a harsh breath. “Yes, Sir,” he acknowledged.

I forced myself to continue “searching” Dante and let my hands slide up his abdomen, beneath his shirt. His skin was hot and tight beneath my fingers. I pinched his nipples hard and was rewarded with a sharp moan. I used my weight to press Dante against the wall to keep him from squirming too much. When he stilled, I put enough space between us so I could move my hands to his back. I knew every inch of the man’s body as intimately as I knew my own, but it always still felt fresh and new whenever I laid my hands on him.

I squeezed his ass several times before reaching around to his front and pushing one hand down his pants. I brushed his cock, but didn’t focus on it, much to Dante’s disappointment because he let out a whispered, “Please” as his head fell forward and rested against the wall. I nuzzled his neck as I continued to hump against his ass with strong, even glides.

Since my own lust was spiraling out of control, I had to finish my exploration much more quickly than I would have liked. Dante wasn’t armed, though I hadn’t expected him to be since he usually removed his weapons and left them in the car on the rare occasions he entered the precinct. It wouldn’t have mattered either way since it was all part of the game.

My fingers shook as I reached for the handcuffs. I snapped the first cuff around his right wrist as I rubbed up against him, our bodies perfectly aligned. “You know why they brought me in to interrogate you?” I asked softly just before I ran my tongue over the shell of his ear.

“No...no, Sir,” Dante murmured.

“Because I like it when the suspects don’t start talking right away.” I bit down on his sensitive lobe and he moaned loudly. “Makes things much, much more interesting.”

I reached up to grab both his hands and pulled his arms down and folded them behind his back, crossing his wrists. The second cuff sounded loud in the silent room as it snicked into place. I eased him around and nearly groaned out loud at the sight of his blown pupils. A glance down showed he was easily as hard as me, if not more so. I settled my palm on his upper thigh, but made sure not to let it touch the bulge. I kneaded his muscled leg through his pants briefly before using my other hand to force his chin up so he was looking at me.

“You trying to distract me, Boy?” I asked firmly.

Dante appeared too far gone to answer, so he just shook his head. I skimmed my thumb over his slightly parted lips. As soon as I pressed my finger inside his lush mouth, he sighed and closed his lips around the digit and sucked hard.

I stepped back, forcing Dante to release me.

“You feel like talking yet?” I asked as I scanned his body before reaching for my zipper. “Because I can think of a lot better things you could be doing with that mouth of yours.”

“Yes, Sir,” Dante groaned.

“Yes?” I asked as I paused in the middle of lowering my zipper. The move seemed to snap Dante out of his daze.

“I don’t want to talk, Sir,” he blurted.

“Then you’d better find some other way to keep me occupied,” I said as I released my dick from my pants. I’d left the button closed so I could just pull my cock through the opening of the zipper. I managed to grab Dante’s arm as he dropped to his knees so he wouldn’t inadvertently hurt himself, since he couldn’t use his hands to support himself.

I could have held my dick in place for Dante, but I chose to work on loosening my tie instead. There was just something about watching my man having to please me without the use of his hands that got all my cylinders firing.

Dante’s mouth was heaven as he licked and nibbled on my sensitive flesh before sucking me deep. His lips were stretched wide around my cock and his cheeks were hollowed out as he added as much suction as he could. I quickly tore my tie off and dropped it to the floor. I began on the buttons of my shirt next, but my patience shattered when Dante lifted his eyes to hold mine as he suckled me. Between the sight of his luminous eyes and the jangling of the cuffs as they rubbed against each other, I was done. I let out an ungodly snarl and reached down to pull Dante to his feet and shoved him back against the wall and kissed him hard as my fingers tore at his pants. His cock was wet as I gripped it...wetter than I’d ever known it to be. Even his underwear was soaked through with pre-cum.

I toyed with Dante's shaft for several long seconds, then ran my fingers along the entire length, collecting as much moisture as I could. I spread the proof of his excitement across his lips and then I was kissing him. As I leaned into him, our cocks met.

I could have kissed him forever, but my body's needs refused to be ignored. His too, if the pre-cum that was transferring from his cock to mine was anything to go by. "I know how to make you talk," I murmured against his mouth. Dante kept trying to kiss me, but I only let him steal the softest of caresses.

"I'll tell you anything you want to hear if you just fuck me. Right now!" Dante demanded, his voice harsh in the quiet room. "Sir."

Dante began to turn around, presumably so I could fuck him right up there against the wall, but I stopped him. "I've decided I like seeing you on your knees, Boy," I said crisply, hoping like hell Dante knew my words were still part of the game.

"Yes, Sir, whatever you want," Dante said with a nod, and I knew he was still with me.

I manhandled him until he was standing by the narrow cot in the cell and then turned him and forced him to bend over. With his hands behind his back, he had no choice but to press his shoulders against the narrow mattress. I made quick work of tugging his pants and underwear down and then I was dropping to my knees behind him. Dante let out a string of curses as I licked over his opening and then gently sucked on it. When his groans became too loud, I levered up enough so he could see me and said, "Quiet down, Boy, or I'll think you're more interested in talking than you let on and I'll be forced to stop any further *interrogation*."

Dante's response was a vigorous nod and then he was pressing his face into the mattress, presumably to stifle the sounds that he knew I was going to continue to wrench from him. I returned my attention to his ass, but this time I dove in without any kind of subtlety. It took some aggressive tonguing to loosen his opening enough to allow me to finally plunge fully inside of his body. Dante's muffled sobs of pleasure drove me on, but when he began trying to hump the bedding, I eased off. Not to mention I was so close to coming myself that if I didn't get my dick inside the man soon, I'd end up embarrassing myself.

I quickly dug out my wallet, snagged the packet of lube I kept there and slicked myself up. I kept my own pants exactly as they were so that Dante would realize I was fully dressed while he was completely exposed.

I didn't prep him with my fingers at all, but I took my time working myself into his tight body. Even after so many times together, I still marveled at how perfectly he fit me and I him.

"Fuck, yes," Dante howled as I bottomed out. I began rocking into him as I closed my hand over the cuffs, reminding him who was in control.

"Such a tight little hole," I growled. "Bet you're wishing you'd talked when you had the chance."

I couldn't make out Dante's muffled response, nor did I care what it was. The dirty talk was taking us both to a whole new level of excitement. But I knew neither of us would last since I could already feel the tell-tale tingling at the base of my spine and Dante was desperately pressing back against my every thrust.

Leaning over his back, but careful not to put too much weight on his bound hands, I pounded into Dante. The mattress springs squeaked in protest, but Dante was urging me on with whispered pleas like "harder" and "faster."

I wanted to stop my orgasm so I could draw this whole thing out, but it was like trying to hold back the tide. Dante screamed beneath me and I barely managed to slap my hand over his mouth to muffle the sound. My climax tore through me with the strength of a freight train and I was helpless to do anything but ride it out as I mercilessly pounded Dante's quivering body into the mattress. The cot kept hitting the wall with every thrust of my hips.

I really hoped no one had heard Dante's scream of pleasure because there was no way I was going to be able to stop fucking into him at this rate.

Minutes passed before I finally felt like I got back control of my body. Dante was breathing hard beneath me and I was dismayed to find I'd dropped all my weight on him. I quickly lifted, careful to gently pull free of his body before I stood and grabbed the keys to the cuffs from my pocket. Dante was silent and unmoving as I released him and rolled him to his back. Cum was spewed all over his shirt and likely on the bedding as well. Since I had a change

of clothes in my locker, I didn't hesitate to lower my body on top of his as I kissed him soundly. He smiled dreamily at me when I pulled back and then he began toying with my hair.

"Wow," he murmured.

I chuckled and reached my fingers up to stroke his cheek. "Yeah," was all I could say.

We made out for a couple of minutes before I reluctantly pulled back and said, "So are you ready to confess?"

"You bet," Dante said with a grin. "Just tell me what I'm confessing to, Detective Dick, and I'll be ready for round two."

I smiled briefly at the nickname, but then sobered. "Tell me why you keep putting off picking a date for the wedding."

Dante stiffened, but I was glad when he didn't try to pull away from me. He sighed and shifted his eyes away from me.

"Because it will be real then," he said softly.

"What will?"

"This," he said as he motioned between us. "There will be vows and rings and legal documents and witnesses...it'll be real."

Confused, I asked, "Why does that scare you?"

"Because it will hurt even more when you finally come to your senses...when you realize what it is you signed up for."

His words caught me off guard, though not entirely. I knew Dante was still struggling with his self-worth, especially since his ability to help Aleks was limited, considering his brother was unwilling to discuss his past or seek help for dealing with any of it.

"So, if we never commit ourselves to each other in front of our friends and family, you think I'll still have some kind of out or something?"

He didn't answer me, but I didn't really need him to.

“Okay, fine, we won’t get married. But know this, Dante. You’re stuck with me, whether you want to be or not. I don’t give a fuck whether you wear my ring or not or whether you take my name or I take yours or whether someone has blessed our commitment to one another. I don’t care if the State sees us as two legally independent people for the rest of our days. It doesn’t change a goddamn thing! You’re mine and I’m yours. If you want to be free of me, then walk the fuck away now, because otherwise I’m not letting you go. Ever.”

“No, I-”

“I’m not done,” I interjected. I quickly kissed him before saying, “I fell in love with all of you, Dante. Sweet, sexy, cocky, confident, vulnerable, goofy, loyal...every single part. Take any one part away, and you aren’t you. And all I want, all I’ll ever want, is you. Just like this,” I murmured as I softened my voice and sifted my fingers through his hair. “But if you doubt me-”

“No!” Dante cut in and then he was dragging me down for a kiss. He pressed his forehead against mine. “I love you so much, Magnus. It scares the hell out of me how much. I do want to marry you...besides getting Aleks back, I’ve never wanted anything more. But losing you...I won’t survive it.”

His vulnerability made my heart hurt for him.

“You won’t have to, Baby. We’re going to grow old and gray together.”

“You’re already gray,” Dante said, a hint of a smile gracing his lips.

“Shut up, brat,” I said before I brushed my mouth over his. “If it means I have to spend the rest of my life eating brain food and working out three hours a day to keep up with you, I will. We’re going to be like those old couples who die within hours of one another, okay?”

Dante let out a little hiccup/sob and then his arms were going around my neck. When he calmed in my arms, he pulled back enough on the bed so we could look in each other’s eyes and said, “Bring those cuffs home every night, and I promise I’ll give you so much exercise, you’ll never have to step foot inside a gym ever again.”

I chuckled and kissed him.

“Deal.”

Dante's smile faded as his eyes held mine for the longest time. When he pressed his thumb to my lower lip, I brushed a kiss against it. "Do you have a lot more paperwork to do tonight?" he asked. I could tell he was trying to make the question a casual one, but the wistfulness in his voice told me it wasn't just a general inquiry.

"No," I lied. Truth was, I had a shitload of paperwork to finish, but it would keep.

Because I knew Dante still needed me. Whether we made love again at home or just fell asleep in each other's arms, it didn't matter. As long as we did it together.

I leaned down and kissed him gently before whispering, "Let's go home."

The End