



Contract



Between
Halsin Silverbough
&
Gale Dekarios





Written & type-set by
wizardpregnant





Total Power Exchange

/'təʊ.təl paʊər ɪks'tʃeɪndʒ/

A relationship where the dominant
has complete authority and influence
over the submissive's life.





content warnings / tags

Total Power Exchange dynamics

D/s dynamics

Collaring / day-collars

Daddykink

Petplay

Armpit sniffing

Spanking / Caning

Urination / Watersports / Piss-drinking

Cum-eating

Chastity Cages

Fisting (mentioned)

Anal sex

Buttplugs

Fellatio / Dildo-sucking

Masturbation

Breeding kink

Temperature play

Sounding (mentioned)

Throat-training

Gagging





[1]

submissive must use Sir, Daddy, and Master, when in the presence of Sir. Sir will use boy, kitten, and little one to refer to submissive.

[a]

This does not apply when submissive is at work, or if submissive has requested not to (and Daddy has approved the request).

[b]

Any variation from these honourifics will result in a demerit to be earned off in a manner of Sir's choosing.





“Sir?” Gale starts, hovering in the doorway to their living room.

Halsin looks up from his whittling, his legs propped up on the coffee table. He’s reclined back on the plush purple sofa, a small glass of wine perched near his feet. The windows are open, a light evening breeze from the working docks of Waterdeep making the lanterns in the room cast long dancing shadows.

“Yes, my heart? Is something the matter?” Halsin hums, his voice deep and rich.

“I was wondering if I could... If- when Astarion arrives tonight- I could use your name, instead.” Gale wrings his hands. He knows it’s a good reason, Halsin doesn’t often argue against Gale’s comfort with their titles. He knows how intimate and special they are to Gale, and why he often asks to be less formal around their guests.

“I’m sure Astarion wouldn’t mind,” Halsin chuckles, “But that’s no problem, little one. How long until dinner?”

Gale relaxes, wiping his sweaty palms on his apron, “Another hour, sir.”

Halsin nods, setting his whittling aside, “Good. Come here, my heart.”

Gale smiles, coming to Halsin’s side. Halsin guides him into his lap, keeping big hands on his waist. Halsin cups his cheek, drawing him in for a soft kiss.

“I was thinking about you whilst you were teaching today,” Halsin hums. “You were leading a lecture on druidic styles today, weren’t you?”

Gale nods again, settling in to Halsin’s hand, “Yes, sir. Thank you for your notes, they were rather helpful in answering my students’ questions. It really is fascinating magic. You’ll have to come in and give us some examples.”

Halsin chuckles again, capturing Gale’s lips in another kiss, “I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands to myself.” He says, voice low, “I’m afraid I’d be far too distracted by you.”

Gale smiles too, kissing Halsin back, “And I, you.” He hums.





[2]

Sir acknowledges work is important
to submissive.

Professional commitments take priority,
but must be communicated to Daddy.

[a]

Overworking is strictly forbidden and
submissive is required to time manage and
ask for help to avoid this. Inability to do
so will earn a demerit.





Gale drops his bag at the door, running a hand through his hair as he unbuttons his coat.

Class had run late- again- his students starting to panic as exam season drew near. There's only so many times he can remind them to re-read their notes before he gets frustrated with them all.

He startles as Halsin greets him, kissing his cheek and helping him remove his jacket.

"Busy day, my love?" He asks.

Gale nods, "Yes, another over-run question and answer session, I'm afraid." He sighs, untying his hair, "I'm not sure what else I'm to do, at this point. They'll keep me overnight if they carry on."

Halsin chuckles, "Oh, forgive them, I'm sure you were the same." He hangs up Gale's coat, and gives his cheek another kiss. "I would prefer you home on time, of course. I hate to see you so stressed."

"I'm hoping it won't be for much longer." Gale says, "Once the exams are done, it'll be back to normal."

Halsin nods, "And you won't be hidden away in your study, marking them?" He chides.

Gale sighs, "I will be. Would that be okay, sir?"

Halsin gives Gale's hands a squeeze, "Ah, you know the rules, boy. I forbid you from overexerting yourself. You must rest, it's important for your health, my heart."

Gale nods, gazing at his feet as he thinks. He needs to utilise his time, be somehow thorough and efficient. He remembers the last time he was stressed from work, how Halsin caned his thighs until he cried and released his pent-up emotions.





As cathartic as it was, Gale would prefer to sit on his office chair, rather than hover on it's edge until his bruises faded.

“Could I ask you to cook in the evenings then, sir?” Gale asks, finally, “I could use the extra time to grade the papers.”

Halsin beams, “Of course, my dearheart.” He kisses Gale again, “Though, grade at the dining table, won't you? I want to see you, no holing up in your office.”

Gale kisses him in reply, “Yes, sir.”





[3]

Health and well-being is paramount.
submissive is valuable property and is
expected to take care of himself.

This includes:

[a]

taking medication in a timely fashion

[b]

avoiding allergens

[c]

brushing his teeth twice a day

[d]

eating three meals a day





“Gale?” Halsin calls, his deep voice echoing in the halls of Gale’s tower.

“Yes, sir?” Gale replies, stepping out of their bathroom and coming chest-to-chest with Halsin in the doorway.

Halsin gives him a once-over, his gaze fond.

Gale’s freshly bathed, his hair washed and combed, and his breath smells of green hazel. His towel is wrapped around his waist, tucked under his chubby stomach, and Halsin fights the urge to rip it off and take Gale right this second, ruin all the effort he put in to getting clean.

Instead, he cups Gale’s cheek, “You left your medicine on the nightstand again. Be a good boy and take it, won’t you?”

Gale nods, “I will.”

He fidgets in place, wet hair dripping down to the floor. He knows it’s been a few days in a row, now. Halsin’s sure to give him a demerit for forgetting their rule.

Halsin holds his hands, “This is the fourth day that you’ve forgotten. Should we perhaps move it into the bathroom, so it is there in front of you when you brush your teeth?”

Gale nods, eagerly, “Yes, please.”

“If you continue to forget it will be a demerit, little one,” Halsin says, “You know how important it is to take your medicine, do you understand?”

Gale’s gaze flicks to the floor, and back again, “Yes, sir.”

Kissing his cheek, Halsin guides them both to the bedroom, passing Gale the small cup of liquid decanted from his larger bottle. Gale takes it, wordlessly, and Halsin hugs him tight.





[4]

Additionally to [3d] submissive and Sir will eat together as often as possible.

Sir will help oversee submissive's food intake until little one forms a stable routine and can be trusted to follow rule [3d] without supervision.





Gale settles in his office chair, dipping his quill into his red ink as he begins to read his student's work.

He strikes through sentences, scrawls little comments, and ticks well-made arguments, using what empty space they leave at the bottom of their parchments to write feedback, trying to not be too wordy himself. He knows his students appreciate how thorough he is.

He lifts his head as he hears a knock on his door, "Come in."

Halsin smiles as he enters, two square metal tins in his hand. He closes the door behind him, and Gale stands, a smile on his face, "Daddy. Is it time for lunch already?"

Halsin nods, greeting him with a kiss, "Indeed, my heart. You left your meal at home this morning, so I thought it best to pay you a visit."

"Yes, forgive me. I was in such a rush it completely slipped my mind," he says, kissing Halsin back and giving him a hug. "What is it today?"

Gale sits back at his desk, Halsin pulling up a seat opposite him, "Rainbow salad," he says, simply, watching Gale open his lunch box and admire the colours of the fresh vegetables. "Mostly cabbage and carrots. And also apples, believe it or not."

"All from our garden, I presume?" Gale says, digging his fork in to get a large first bite. It's delicious, as he expected. The crisp fresh vegetables with a sweet apple make Gale moan, "Thank you, sir."

Halsin lifts his fork, clinking it with Gale's own, "Of course, little one." He waits for Gale to finish his mouthful, "How has work been today?"

Gale smiles, holding Halsin's hand across the desk.





[5]

submissive will cook his and Sir's evening meal, unless Sir has requested him not to. Sir will be in charge of providing breakfast and lunch for His boy.





Gale stands at the stove, wiping his hands on his apron.

The oven is warm against his legs, the smell of roasting vegetables filling his quaint kitchen. He gazes at his timer, the sand nearly emptied from the top chamber, and he turns to set out two plates on his marble counter.

He sets the table, making sure to lay out Halsin's favoured knife and fork set at the head, and his own matching cutlery beside. He pours Halsin a generous glass of wine, and himself a smaller glass of the same, chuckling that the size difference between the two mirrors their heights.

He recorks the wine, and makes his way to the living room.

Halsin is reading by the window, his reading glasses perched on the tip of his nose. Gale's heart skips a beat at the sight of him, pausing to admire how the evening sun kisses his skin.

"Sir?" Gale starts, smiling as Halsin gazes at him warmly, "I'm plating up, if you'd like to come through."

Halsin closes his book, smiling as he stands, "Good boy." He kisses Gale's cheek as he passes him, breathing deep as he enters the kitchen, "It smells wonderful, little one. What have you made today?"

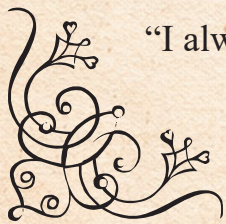
Gale beams at the praise, walking back to the hob to turn off the heat, "Pan fried salmon, and roasted tender stem broccoli with peas." He lays the larger piece of fish on Halsin's plate, and gives the other to himself. "There's more salmon in the icebox for you as well, I thought you might like to indulge the next time you're in bear form."

Halsin gives a hearty chuckle, "You know me so well, my heart."

Gale smiles again, putting the pan to one side as he clicks off the oven and dishes the vegetables up too.

He kisses Halsin's cheek as he lays his plate in front of him, "I hope you like it, master."

"I always like your cooking, my boy." Halsin hums.





[6]

Additional to [3], submissive will join Sir
to exercise for at least two hours every
tenday.





“Three more,” Halsin says, hands holding Gale’s feet flush to the floor. “You can do it, my heart.”

Gale is panting, his shirt clinging to his skin with sweat. His stomach muscles ache. He hates sit-ups.

“Deep breath,” Halsin instructs, and Gale nods, sucking in a deep breath.

He tucks his hands behind his head and pushes himself up with a grunt. His chest meets his legs and he gracelessly flops back to the floor.

“Good boy.” Halsin smiles, “Two more.”

Gale nods again, too breathless to speak.

Sweat drips into his eyes as he tries to even out his panting, his thighs shaking as Halsin wraps his hands around Gale’s ankles. He’s gazing down at Gale hungrily, admiring his sweat-soaked shirt and how it ridden up over his belly.

Gale swallows, his adam’s apple bobbing thickly against the simple metal loop daycollar Halsin had gifted him so long ago, and he tenses his core again.

He forces himself up again, and Halsin leans forward to place a quick kiss to his lips.

Gale chuckles as he thuds back to the floor, “You’re... You’re a good motivator.”

Halsin smiles, “One left, and there’s more waiting for you.” He teases.

Gale nods, using his remaining strength to sit up a final time, his lips captured in another kiss by his master.

Halsin cups his cheeks, feeling Gale slide his legs out beneath him as he sighs against his lips. He presses his tongue into Gale’s mouth, and Gale gladly allows him, his warm palms holding Halsin’s broad shoulders.





“Do you want your reward, kitten?” Halsin hums, the sound rumbling deep in his chest.

“Yes, sir,” Gale replies, still kissing him, his hands tensing.

Halsin pulls back, his hand firm in Gale’s hair. He lifts his arm, and tugs Gale in, burying his nose in his sweaty, hairy armpit.

Gale moans instantly, nuzzling closer.

“Thank you, sir,” he whines.





[7]

submissive must be up with bed made no
later than 6am during the week.

On weekends and days off work, this
time changes to 9am.





Sunlight filters through the curtains, softly rousing Gale from his sleep.

He rubs his eyes, squinting over at his bedside clock. Half-past eight. Perfect.

He has another half an hour in bed, if he wanted it.

Gale rolls over, patting the empty space beside him. It's cold, and Gale knows Halsin's most likely already in the kitchen, preparing him his morning tea.

As much as he liked sleeping in, he liked waking up beside his husband more.

He scrubs his eyes, swinging his legs out of bed and stretching his shoulders. Making the bed felt like second nature at this point, Gale mindlessly tucking the duvet under the top pillows and positioning their throw cushions neatly back into place. He gives the sheet a tug to flatten out the creases, and finishes by pulling back the curtains on the bedposts and tying them off.

He shrugs on his dressing gown as Halsin calls to him from their kitchen.





[8]

submissive must greet Sir each morning
with a kiss, and bring Sir His slippers.





Gale picks up Halsins slippers from the foot of their bed.

Sir had finally fallen into a habit of taking them off there. The first few months of the rule being in place, Gale had to scour the tower to find wherever Halsin had left them. It wasn't on purpose, just Halsin preferring to wander around barefoot in the summer months.

He quickly changed his mind as winter settled in over Waterdeep.

Gale lays the slippers at Halsin's feet, holding them still as Halsin slides them on.

He stands with a smile, holding Halsin's waist as he places a warm kiss on his lips.

"Good morning, daddy," Gale hums.

"Good morning, little one." Halsin replies, "Sleep well?"





[9]

submissive is in-charge of picking appropriate clothing for work, excluding underwear.

Sir will present boy with chosen undergarments each morning (including any variation / combination of: briefs, jock, boxers, panties, diapers, plugs, cages.)

[a]

If Sir is unavailable to do this for any reason, boy must default to briefs.

[b]

submissive may request different undergarments but must provide a strong reasoning against Sir's word.

Failure to provide strong enough evidence will result in a demerit.





Gale hums to himself as he flicks through his wardrobe.

He had a meeting with the treasurer of Blackstaff Academy, and he would be damned if he didn't make himself look presentable. He wanted to wear something professional, but not too fine- something that showed he was serious about the subject matter but that he had an understanding of money. He had to argue his case for allocating more of the budget to aiding lecture materials, and didn't want to make a fool of himself.

He settles on a burgundy robe with a white undershirt, laying both onto the storage chest at the end of the bed.

Halsin had left his underwear of choice there too, folded neatly the way Gale likes. Gale's enchanted boxer shorts.

Gale smiles as he pulls them on. Halsin did like to tease that these were lucky. Gale knows it was his little way of wishing him well for his meeting.

Gale loves how seriously Halsin takes his role as his Master.





[10]

When outside of work, but not at home, submissive must lay out three outfits for Sir to choose from.

[a]

Sir may also override this rule and pick an outfit without giving submissive a choice.





Gale folds his hands in his lap, watching as Halsin admires the garments hanging from the handles of their wardrobe.

It was Blackstaff's annual gala, and Gale had made sure to have his best garments pressed ready to be worn. He watches as Halsin admires the details embroidered across the items, and scratches his chin.

"When picking these, did you have matching clothes for myself in mind?" Halsin asks, not turning around.

Gale nods, "I have a match in mind for each one, sir."

Halsin hums happily, "That's sweet of you." He draws his fingers down the sleeve of the mauve robe in the centre. "I do like this colour on you. What made you select this one?"

Gale can't help the warmth in his cheeks, "I know you like how I look in that." He says, "When I last had it on, we had sex twice in the same evening. Guests were wondering where we went." Gods, he loved that night. He wants nothing more than for Halsin to drag him aside and fuck him in the washrooms again.

"I remember that fondly, my heart." Halsin says, "Okay, it's decided. This is the one."

Gale stands, making quick work of tucking the other two garments away, "Let me get your doublet out too, sir. I'll help you into it first."

Halsin kisses his cheek, "Such a polite boy."





[11]

When at home, submissive is to be dressed in what Daddy provides him.

Including but not limited to: any variation of: nothing at all, any undergarments listed in [9], pyjamas, Daddy's overshirts, etc.)

[a]

If Sir is not home, submissive must default to briefs and one of Daddy's overshirts. Trousers are only allowed to be worn if opening the door.





Gale tucks his feet up onto the sofa, his book perched in his lap.

It was rare that Halsin wasn't home with him, but occasionally he would be called away back to Rethwin to check their rebuilding efforts. Gale missed him terribly.

He pulls the collar of Halsins shirt to his nose and inhales, feeling his muscles relax at the smell of his master. Halsin always smelt like grass and rain, and Gale had batted his eyelashes to persuade Halsin to leave him some worn shirts that had wonderful hints of body odor.

Gale had watched intently as Halsin turned over the soil in their vegetable patch in this shirt, and now it smelt exactly how Gale liked.

Like his husband.





[12]

submissive must wear his day collar
at all times, unless removed by Daddy
for play, or if a valid reason
is presented for removal.





Gale drops his satchel at the door, and shrugs off his coat.

Halsin had graciously agreed to remove his collar for a visit to his mother's house. He didn't need her prying into the new addition to his wardrobe, and he certainly didn't want her to see it and know what it represented. He didn't need that information about her, or her about him.

But Gale had felt *naked* all day.

That simple ring of metal that sat snugly around his neck had become such a comforting presence to him. He hadn't realised how much he used it to self-soothe. How often he would run his fingers along the thin stainless steel metal and take a breath to collect himself, or how often he would press his nail into the small, almost invisible keyslot and pick at it when he was thinking.

How often he touched it and thought of Halsin.

He wanted it back immediately.

"Sir?" Gale calls.

"Living room, my love," Halsin replies.

Gale follows the sound of his voice, quickly crossing the room and kneeling at Halsin's feet.

"Little one, what's the matter?" Halsin asks, sitting up from his place on the sofa, setting aside his book. He tilts Gale's chin with his hand, and Gale sags into his touch, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Please re-collar me, sir." Gale says, swallowing thickly. The absence of it around his neck is making his skin prickle. It's *all* he can feel, all he can focus on. "I miss it terribly. I need it back. Please."

Halsin smiles, ducking his head to kiss Gale softly. "Of course, my love. Stay here, I'll fetch it for you."





Gale stays in place as Halsin stands, heading to their bedroom. Gale unbuttons his shirt, pulling it away from his shoulders to give Halsin ample room. He throws his hair up into a ponytail for good measure.

The relief he feels as Halsin returns is immeasurable.

He lifts his chin, holding his head high as Halsin sits down in front of him again. He closes his eyes, catching his lip in his teeth as the metal ring is slipped back around his neck, and Halsin twists the tiny key to lock it.

“Gods, thank you, Master.” Gale hums, resting his head against Halsin’s legs. He feels whole again. The universe clicked back into place.

“Of course, my heart,” Halsin smiles. “It brings me joy knowing how much you love your collar.”

Gale hums, hugging Halsin’s legs, “I love you.”





[13]

submissive is allowed, and encouraged,
to touch himself, but he must ask for
permission from Daddy first.

Daddy can refuse this at His discretion.

Failure to inform Sir of masturbation will
result in a demerit.





Gale shifts awkwardly in his seat.

He's propped up against the pillows in bed, half way through the newest installment of the romance series he would rather die than admit he enjoys, lazily reading as the sun sets over Waterdeep.

The chapter had started innocently enough, the titular main rescuing another damsel from a dragon-guarded keep, but heat started to rise in Gale's cheeks as she was revealed to *be* a wyrm, and the knight had accepted her offer to mate.

His trousers tightened as the book continued, sparing no expense in describing her long, slithering tongue, working over his abs and between his legs, as he gave himself over to pleasure.

Gale flicks his gaze to Halsin beside him, lazily thumbing through a book himself. He doesn't appear to have noticed Gale's growing arousal, and if he had, he has graciously ignored it.

Gale clears his throat, "Sir?"

Halsin turns to him with a smile, "Little one?"

Gale tenses his grip on his book, pushing down his awkwardness. It was still so humiliating to ask. "Could I touch myself, please?"

Halsin chuckles, heartily, "Of course, my heart." He glances down at the page Gale has paused on, "Good book, hm?"

Gale nods, pushing his underwear underneath his balls, wrapping a hand around his prick, "Yes, sir."

He strokes himself feverishly, eyes skimming the pages as the knight fingers himself open, bracing himself against his own sword as the dragon princess mounts him, her cock unsheathing and resting heavily on the curve of his back. Gale bites his lip.





He can feel Halsin watching him, and he wills away his shyness, focusing on the vulgar descriptions of the dragon's length sliding into his hole, thick and wet as it works him open.

A whimper escapes Gale's lips as the book continues, detailing how the knight's stomach bulges as he's fucked, and Gale can't help but to imagine himself in the knight's place, his mind swirling with the visual, the memories of Halsin doing the same to him with their collection of large toys making the coil in his stomach tighten.

He dumps the book on the nightstand, gasping loudly as he orgasms, painting his chest and his fingers. His legs tremble, and he offers Halsin an embarrassed smile, trying to catch his breath.

Halsin smirks back, dragging a finger along Gale's belly and bringing it to his mouth to suck it clean.





[14]

submissive is allowed, and encouraged,
to initiate play with Sir.





Gale is upon him as soon as he opens the door.

Halsin had been gone for a tenday, helping a druid colony settle in Yartar, and Gale had made the mistake of re-reading his romance novel collection out of boredom, and as much as he knew he could find ways to break rule thirteen, the looming thoughts of punishment kept him steadfast in his celibacy.

The key turning in the door was all Gale needed to feel that white hot heat of arousal burn in his stomach once more.

He crashes his lips into Halsin's own, his hands coming up to thread into his hair.

Halsin meets him eagerly, tongue pressing into Gale's mouth, licking across his teeth.

"Please fuck me, sir." Gale begs between heaving breaths, "Gods, I've been waiting all day for you to return. Please don't deprive me a second more."

Halsin chuckles, hands quickly under Gale's nightshirt, "Are you ready for me?"

Gale nods, pulling off his briefs, "Yes sir," he kisses Halsin again, nipping at his lips. "I wouldn't dream of pouncing on you like this if I wasn't."

Halsin squeezes Gale's ass, his grip tight and possessive. "Such a good boy." He ducks his head to mouth at Gale's neck, his skin warm to the touch, a sharp contrast to the cold steel of his collar. "Was it your novels exciting you again, my heart?"

Gale whimpers with a nod, "Yes, sir."

"Which book this time?" Halsin growls, "The one where the knight pleasures the princess in front of her eunuch, or the one where he is teased by the king in front of the palace's grand mirror? I know both are your favourites."

Gale swallows thickly, feeling Halsin's fingers trail across his sensitive rim, "The-" he takes a breath, "The one where he becomes a broodmare for a minotaur."





The author described the long flared head slipping into the knight's hole perfectly- the wet pop as it slips in, how it stretched him open- Gale couldn't help but to imagine Halsin's fist penetrating him in the same way, as they had done so many times before.

Halsin smirks, "oh?" He sucks a bruise into Gale's skin, just below his collarbone, and Gale whines. "Would you like me to breed you like that?"

A high moan escapes Gale's lips, and he nods eagerly, "More than anything, sir. Breed me. Make me yours."

Halsin squeezes his ass again, knowing Gale will surely have bruises in the morning, "Bedroom." He growls, eyes shining with his barely-held-back bear, "Now."

Gale practically drags him there, tripping over his own feet as he spins around, falling back onto the bed and pulling Halsin on top of him. He hooks his ankles behind Halsin's back, fumbling his hand between them to free Halsin from his trousers.

"Guide me in, good boy," Halsin says, shoving his tongue into Gale's mouth.

Gale moans against him, his hand slick with conjured grease, lining Halsin's thick cock up to his waiting hole. Halsin presses forward, and Gale takes him easily.

"Oh fuck," Gale gasps, hands tensing in Halsin's hair. Halsin rocks his hips, and Gale's head tips back onto the mattress, "Gods, yes."

Halsin moans against him, breaths hot against Gale's chest. He feels Gale's thighs quiver around his waist, his desperate hands clawing at his back. He fucks into Gale faster, his heavy balls slapping against his ass, each thrust punching moans from Gale's throat.

"Gods, Gale," Halsin growls, his voice deepening, rumbling in his chest as fur sprouts across his shoulders, "Such a perfect cunt, always ready for me to breed, hm?" He buries his face in the nape of Gale's neck, sharp teeth nicking his skin, "Ready to fill you with my cubs. Get you so beautifully pregnant."





Gale nods frantically, toes curling, “Yes, sir. Yes, daddy.”

Halsin is so wonderfully deep inside him.

“Fuck, you’d look so perfect,” Halsin moans, his hips stuttering, “Everyone would know I did this to you. I bred you deep. I own you.” His voice becomes a dull growl, and Gale’s back arches up from the mattress.

Gale gasps, his hole tensing around Halsin’s cock, tightening almost painfully so. A moan rips from his throat, and Halsin follows, shuddering as he cums.





[15]

submissive must recycle and swallow all
of his cum unless told otherwise by Sir.





Gale's chest heaves as he catches his breath, face pressed against Halsin's sweaty shoulder.

"In through your nose, out through your mouth, my heart," Halsin says, also breathless. "There's my good boy."

Gale nods, following Halsin's instruction.

He lays back, his skin flushed and clammy. He takes another deep breath, and notices Halsin watching him expectantly.

Wordlessly, Gale drags his fingers across his stomach, scooping up his cum. He brings it to his mouth, keeping eye contact with his Master as he sucks his fingers clean, and Halsin smiles down at him.

"Such a good boy." Halsin coos.





[16]

submissive will be Sir's personal cumdump
and urinal, any time, any where.





The air is crisp in the forest as they walk, hands intertwined and arms softly swinging with each step.

Gale makes light conversation, pointing out the unique flora and fauna of Waterdeep as they hike, and Halsin hums in reply and offers his own acknowledgements of the nature surrounding them.

Then, Halsin squeezes Gale's hand and guides him off the path slightly, Gale raising a brow at their diversion.

"Sir?" He inquires, softly.

Halsin releases his hand, and starts to unlace his trousers, "I'm quite desperate, if you wouldn't mind, little one."

"Yes, sir," Gale nods, sinking to his knees without another word. He places his hands on his thighs and sits patiently as Halsin pulls himself free from his smallclothes.

Gale guides the tip of Halsin's thick, flaccid cock into his mouth, pulling back his foreskin ever so slightly. A soft moan escapes him as piss starts to dribble onto his tongue, and he bats his eyelashes up at Halsin as he swallows.

Halsin cards a hand through Gale's hair, keeping him in place as he guzzles down Halsin's urine, not spilling a drop.

"Good boy," Halsin says, Gale humming around his bellend and sucking lightly as he finishes.

He pulls off with a wet pop and stands without a word, smiling as Halsin kisses him.





[17]

submissive must no longer stand to piss.
No exceptions.





Their walk continues in peaceful silence, Gale enjoying the crunch of freshly fallen leaves at his feet.

Gale waits until they come across a spit with dense thickets to pull Halsin to the side himself, giving Halsin a soft, awkward smile.

“Sorry sir, I should have gone before we left,” He offers sheepishly, before unlacing his own trousers and squatting near the bushes.

He was still getting used to this rule, having been caught standing a few times already. Halsin had chosen to correct the behaviour by fitting Gale with a chastity cage fitted with a urethral sound, and the pressure and ache had helped Gale remember ever since.

Halsin only smiles, “Nature calls.”

He slips a hand under Gale’s chin, tilting his head up until their eyes meet. Gale bites his lip, blushing as he wills himself to piss, relaxing his core.

Urine hits the forest floor beneath him, puddling between his feet. Halsin strokes a thumb across Gale’s cheek, nodding approvingly.





[18]

boy must work on his personal research paper for at least two hours every tenday.

[a]

he must inform Sir if he needs to delay a week.





Gale sits up as Halsin knocks on the library door, popping his quill back into the inkpot on his desk.

“Come in,” he calls, smiling as Halsin nudges open the door with his foot, his hands full with fresh cups of tea. Gale kisses his cheek as he sets the saucer down, “Thank you, sir.”

Halsin hums, placing a kiss on his lips, “How is your research treating you today?”

Gale feels his face light up, “Wonderfully, I feel like I’m making good progress,” he says.

He had been working on a new use for the Simulacrum spell, attempting to modify the casting time and duration, adapting it to be used by clerics to examine foetuses whilst still in utero. His work was proving fruitful so far- able to bring the spell cost down to a pittance for a strong image of the infant. His next focal point is now the casting time itself.

“I was able to bring the cast down to an hour,” he says, gesturing to his notes, “And that’s a sizeable jump from where I began, so I’m certain I can bring it down further.” He takes a sip of his tea, enjoying the warmth of the cup in his hands.

“That’s fantastic, my love,” Halsin says, leaning down to kiss Gale’s cheek again, “This will help so many people. I’m so proud of you.”

Gale beams, kissing him back, “Once I’ve perfected it, you’re the first person I would like to teach it to, sir. If you’d like.”

“I would love to, kitten,” He says. He gives Gale’s hand a squeeze, “I’ll leave you to it. Would you like me to fetch you when it’s time for dinner?”

Gale nods, “Yes please.”





[19]

little one must repeat his affirmations
in the mirror each morning after getting
dressed for the day, circle breathing
between each line.

I am worthy of love.
I am capable of anything.
I am smart, and I am sensible.
I am loved.

[a]

Sir can request boy to repeat
these at any time, and failure to do so
will be a demerit.





Gale fastens the last button of his doublet, smoothing down the material with sweaty palms.

Halsin stands behind him, giving his shoulders a squeeze, “You look remarkable, my heart. You have nothing to be nervous about.”

Gale nods, swallowing thickly. “Yes, well. I wouldn’t want to underdress for the dean.”

Halsin leans forward, kissing his cheek. He catches Gale’s gaze in the mirror, and smiles expectantly.

Gale takes a deep breath in through his nose. He holds it for a few seconds, before releasing through his mouth, “I am worthy of love.”

It’s still a difficult one to say aloud. Some days it makes his chest ache. He knows that’s why Halsin makes him say it first.

He breathes in again, and hears Halsin in sync with him. He exhales, “I am capable of anything.”

Halsin kisses his cheek again, a reminder of his strength, needed for today.

He inhales again, slower this time, and exhales, staring at himself in the mirror, “I am smart, and I am sensible.”

Halsin has added that one recently, needing to ground Gale in his magic ability. He wanted to help Gale not rely on his magic so heavily, teaching him to be reasonable and rational with its use.

Gale breathes in again, placing a hand on his heart, feeling his expanded chest. He breathes out slowly, catching Halsin’s eye again, “I am loved.”

Halsin kisses his cheek once more, “Indeed you are. Would you like me to walk to work with you today?”

Gale nods, turning in Halsin’s arms to kiss him, “I would like that very much.”





[20]

submissive is allowed to call a 'Time Out'
whenever he chooses, and time will be
taken to reevaluate the contract.





Gale steps into the living room, nervousness pooling in his stomach.

They'd added a new rule, just as a test. Gale would- when writing- refer to himself in lowercase, and Halsin always capitalized. Gale had seen other submissives doing it, and- enjoying the idea of even in writing being beneath his master- decided to ask for it to be added to the contract.

But he *hated* it.

It was difficult to write that way, and when he did, all he could focus on was the grammar. It was small, but Gale's eyes stumbled on it every time he read his writings back. It stuck out like a sore thumb, and he regretted ever wanting to try it.

He clears his throat, and Halsin looks up from his place in his favourite armchair.

"Sir?" He starts, voice weak.

Halsin sits up, concern etching onto his face, "Gale? What's the matter, little one?"

Gale takes a breath, and Halsin stands, quickly crossing the room to be at his side.

"I want to adjust the contract, please." He says, willing his face into stillness.

Halsin sees right through him, "Oh, my heart, of course." He guides them to the sofa, "What troubles you?"

Gale holds Halsin's hand, "Our latest rule, the lowercase writing." He says, laughing softly as he speaks, "Gods, I hate it."

Halsin smiles, chuckling too, "Hate it, hm? Any reason?"

Gale can't help but to smile at himself, "It's not grammatically correct."

Halsin smiles too, "Hm, makes sense why you dislike it, my love. I'll strike it from the contract." He kisses Gale's cheek, "Would you like a little break, or was that the main worry?"

Kissing his lips, Gale smiles. "Gods, no. No break needed. That was all."





[21]

Contract will be reviewed once every three months, at which time, submissive must freely voice any concerns.





Halsin had drawn a circle on their calendar, marking nine tendays since their last contract negotiation.

Gale brews them both a tea, setting them both down in front of Halsin as he waits at their dining room table. Halsin takes his with a smile, kissing Gale's hand as he sits, opening their pot of ink and dipping his quill.

"Okay, my heart," Halsin says, "Is there anything that has particularly troubled you this season?"

Gale smiles. Halsin was always so attentive.

When Gale was struggling, he could rely on his Daddy to share the load. Gale never went without, he was satisfied both personally, and in the bedroom.

He touches a hand to his collar.

The metal was such a comfort to him now, able to ground him even with his deepest anxieties. He had hated being without it when visiting family.

"I'd like to get another collar," Gale says, hooking his finger into the loop, "Something subtle I can wear around my mother." Halsin nods, and Gale continues, "Being without it- it makes me feel incomplete. My connection to you gets severed."

Halsin holds his hand, giving it a squeeze, "With or without your collar, I'm with you, my love." He brings Gale's hand to his lips, and kisses his fingers, "We can add a clause about a back-up collar. We can head to the jeweler tomorrow and select several for you that would be appropriate, so you can have options."

"I would like that very much," Gale says.

Halsin dips the quill into the ink, and Gale watches as he writes out [a] submissive may also request to switch to a different day collar, for visiting family and events, and the request will be approved at Sir's discretion.

"Thank you, sir," Gale says, resting his head on Halsin's broad shoulder.





[22]

Any breach of the rules listed will result in a demerit, for which little one must be appropriately punished or reprimanded.

Agreed punishments are listed as follows:





[a]

Spanking, with hands, leather paddles,
vampire-bite paddles, whichever Sir decides
is appropriate.





Gale sinks his teeth into their pillow, arms wrapped tight around the goosefeather cushion.

Halsin had been gone for three days, entrusting Gale to stick to his meal-plan and look after himself as expected.

Three days is all it took for that to fall apart.

It was an accident, of course, Gale too focused on grading his students' papers to realise he had missed dinner. And then, since he had been up so late to finish them all, he slept in and missed breakfast too. It was downhill from there.

By the time Halsin returned, the state of their kitchen made it obvious that Gale had been eating cheap, fried streetfood for every meal. His master hadn't been impressed.

He holds Gale in place over his lap, one big hand across the back of his neck. He has a firm grip on the vampire-paddle as he swings down, striking Gale's ass hard. Blood pebbles the surface of his skin, and Gale yelps into the fabric, muffling himself.

Halsin flips the paddle in his hand, then striking Gale with the flat side, and Gale's toes curl.

He spanks Gale repeatedly, moving between the bites and the flat leather, until Gale's buttocks and thighs are a harsh red, little dribbles of blood running down his legs.

"There." He says, finally. Gale pulls himself away from the pillow, tears streaking his cheeks. "Have you learnt your lesson, kitten?"

Gale nods, wiping his face, "Yes, sir." he swallows, knowing Halsin will want more than that. "I won't neglect meals in the future, sir. I'll eat as you expect me to."

Halsin strokes a hand down his spine, "And why do I expect you to?"





“Because I deserve it,” Gale replies, “I deserve good food, and good sleep.”

Halsin nods proudly, “Well done.” He helps Gale stand, and wraps his arms around his waist, “Your bruised behind will remind you to be sensible in the future, when I’m not there to guide you.”

Gale nods too, his knees shivering, “Yes, sir.” He replies, simply.

“Good boy,” Halsin says, “You did so well.” He stands too, wiping Gale’s face with his thumb, “Let’s get you cleaned up.”





[6]

Throat training with approved dildo.





Gale's knees ache, his eyes glazed-over and cheeks wet with tears. A thick leather collar sits around his neck, chained tight to the wall.

The dildo sits on his lips even as he pulls back, unable to pull himself completely free of the impossibly long toy. He takes a shuddering breath, gulping back saliva.

"Three," Halsin starts, arms crossed, stood firm beside Gale. "Two..."

Gale takes a deeper, larger breath in.

"One," Halsin says, and Gale sits forward, swallowing the toy into his mouth. He's learnt to be good at not gagging, but the toy slithering down his throat makes his shoulders lurch.

He swallows it further down, not stopping until his nose is pressed against the wall. He shudders, squeezing his eyes shut.

His prick is painfully hard in his underwear.

Halsin rests a hand in his hair, "Okay, three..." He starts, taking a pause as he counts down again, "two..."

Gale gags, drool dripping onto his chest.

"One," Halsin says, allowing Gale to pull back and gasp for air. "Good boy."

Gale coughs, spitting to clear his throat, "Thank you, sir."





[C]

Sleeping at the foot of the bed,
or on the sofa.





Gale pulls the blanket up around his shoulders, wide awake as he listens to the monotonous sound of his grandfather clock ticking in the hallway.

His collar is cold around his neck, and he shivers, missing the warmth of Halsin beside him.

Mercifully, Halsin only sends him away for a night.

He remembers when they first introduced the rule, and Gale was instructed to serve a week at the foot of the bed. He had crawled to Halsin on the morning of day three, begging for forgiveness and to be allowed in the bed once more. Halsin had agreed, accepting Gale's tearful apology as a sign he had learnt his lesson for being too boisterous, too arrogant.

He'd kept the punishments to just one night since then.

One night away is all Gale needed to correct his behaviour.





[δ]

Extended periods in chastity cage
or belt of Sir's choosing.





Halsin had caught him masturbating.

He hadn't set out to break a rule.

But he was tired, reading on the sofa as the sun set behind him. His prick was twitching lazily in his briefs as he skimmed the pornography magazine he had purchased, enjoying their columns and reviews of leathersmiths and artisans across Waterdeep.

Absent-mindedly, he reached into his underwear to stroke himself, his dick plumping from the attention. Then Halsin walked in, and Gale was quite literally caught with his pants down.

The cage Halsin had chosen was snug, a firm and overpowering stainless steel, heavy between his legs. It shrinks his penis to an inch, the unrelenting metal squeezing him in place, making erections painfully impossible.

Halsin gives Gale's balls a playful squeeze as he twists the tiny key, securing him in place for the foreseeable future. He then hooks the key onto a chain, and hangs it around his neck.





[e]

Plug sits / plug retention,
with a plug of Sir's choice.





Gale was desperate to piss.

Their morning walk had dragged on, by the time they returned to the tower he felt ready to burst. He had dismissed the arcane lock and pushed past Halsin to run to the bathroom, urine already leaking from his prick.

He barely had enough time to free himself from his trousers before he stood in front of the toilet bowl, sighing in relief as he pissed, not catching his mistake until Halsin came up behind him and gave his ass a hard squeeze.

The plug he chose for Gale's punishment was big.

Easily the size of his fist at its widest point, before it tapers into a still-thick neck and surprisingly comfortable t-bar base. It's silicone, but not the softest, the weight of it apparent every time Gale stands up. Its firm neck is stretching Gale open unrelentingly, and Gale needs to clench and work to keep the heavy toy inside his hole.

Halsin had ordered him to wear it continuously for two days. Gale had to ask for permission for all toilet breaks, as a way to help him remember his bathroom rules. The humiliation of the act is burnt into Gale's memory.

His cock is hard every time he asks.





[f]

Ice on nipples and/or tongue.





Gale sticks his tongue out, drool spilling down his chest.

Halsin didn't appreciate arrogance from Gale.

There were *ways* to talk to his peers, and being needlessly cruel was never one of them. This was always Gale's punishment for unkind, thoughtless words.

His mouth is numb, his shoulders trembling as Halsin grips his cheek, placing another icecube on Gale's outstretched tongue.

He keeps it there, coaching Gale to breathe slowly- out through his nose- so he can't prematurely melt the icecube with his hot breath. Gale shivers, curling his fingers into his palm as more saliva drizzles past his lips.

The ache of the cold *hurts*, his lips painfully numb, tingling until it almost feels like burning. A low whine leaves his throat, and when Halsin removes his grip from Gale's face, he swallows thickly, mouth hanging open.

His teeth chatter as he looks up at Halsin from his place on the floor, "Thank you, sir."





[9]

Kneeling on thorns for time set by Sir.





Gale keeps his nose pressed to the wall, brow furrowed as he tries to breathe through the pain.

This was a special kind of torturous punishment, the sharp pins of the thorns digging into the tender flesh of his shins. His knees ache- an agony he is familiar with- but the longer he sits, the harder it is to ignore.

His body is tense as he fights to maintain position against the wall, trying to strain his ears to hear his grandfather clock again.

Halsin had said five minutes, one minute for each day he had forgotten his affirmations.

Gale can hear the tick of the clock, closing his eyes as he tries to count each passing second. *How long has it been?* He's lost count.

Instead he focuses on his breathing, working through his pain, his thighs starting to quiver. The edges of his brain are starting to fuzz, the soft warmth of his submissive headspace laying a warm blanket over his shoulders.

By the time Halsin retrieves him, helping him stand, Gale is under. He nuzzles his face into Halsin's soft pec, humming happily as Halsin kisses his head, praising him for taking his punishment so well.





[h]

Chores, like laundry, washing up, starching
Sir's denims, buffing Sir's leathers,
cleaning the bathroom, folding and unfolding
the bedsheets, dusting.





Gale rolls up his sleeves again, coating his horse-hair brush in a thin coat of saddle soap before softly lathering it on Halsin's leather jacket.

He works in patches, his collar jingling merrily around his neck as he buffs the material, cleaning the grime away. He switches to a damp cloth to pull away the soap, and smiles warmly as the deep, rich black of the leather shines back at him.

This was Halsin's way of helping Gale focus, if he hadn't been able to work on his research.

He knows the monotonous task helps Gale think, and work through any tough question he's found himself stuck on. Its good at making Gale eager to get back to his neglected papers, as he becomes aware of the time spent doing mind-numbing chores.

He wipes his forehead and cleans the suds from the brush, before reapplying the next coat of soap and starting again in a new spot. He repeats the process until the jacket is complete, and his arms ache from the work.





[i]

Nudity





Gale shivers, arms instinctively coming up to cover his chest.

He's naked, stood opposite his ornate mirror in their bedroom, the curtains drawn enough to hide his body, but still let in a slither of daylight. There's a coldfront over the water, seeping through the cracks in the brick of the tower, making Gale curl his toes against his oak floor.

Halsin steps up behind him, encouraging his arms away from his chest.

"Deep breath," Halsin starts. Gale nods, inhaling slowly, breathing into his stomach as Halsin had taught him. Halsin holds him here for a beat, "Exhale."

Gale does, his shoulders sagging. Halsin ghosts his lips across his neck, just above his collar.

"It pains me to see you treat your body so poorly, little one." Halsin murmurs, "I wish you could see yourself through my eyes."

Gale stays quiet, goosebumps rippling across his arms.

"You do understand why our rules say for you to eat well, to exercise?" He asks.

Gale swallows, "Because I am *valuable property*, sir," he repeats, knowing the exact wording of their contract.

Halsin smiles, but offers a shallow nod, "You are." He kisses Gale's skin again, "But there is more to it." He makes eye contact with Gale through his reflection in the mirror, "I'm quite selfish, you see."

"I would disagree, sir," Gale hums, bringing his hand up to Halsin's cheek, holding his steady gaze, "Far from it, I would argue. You're the most compassionate man I know."

Halsin kisses him again, "You're charming, my heart." He wraps his arms around Gale's chest, "Allow me to finish."





He sways their bodies gently, and Gale can see his eyes wandering across Gale's form; pausing at his freckled cheeks- his beautifully plump, lightly hairy stomach- his penis, pulled back into his foreskin by the cold- his strong thighs. He returns to Gale's face, "I want you here for as long as possible."

His voice is low, barely above a whisper, rumbling in his chest. Gale can tell he has thought about this a lot- their differing life expectancies.

"I want you to be mine until my last breath," He says.

Gale feels tears well in his eyes. "I want that too." He replies softly. "More than anything."

Halsin holds his waist, "The rules we set, our contract, I want them to benefit us both. Your health is very dear to me."

Gale nods, "I apologise, sir." He slips his hand into Halsin's own, "I will do better. For you. For both of us."

"That's my good boy."





thank you for reading!

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