

A Firm Hand and A Gentle Touch: Jude Bonus Scene

My heart pounds hard in my chest, my head spinning with the familiar sights and sounds of being backstage before a show—the dull roar of the crowd filling the arena, the scent of booze and sweat from the greenroom, roadies and god knows who else bustling around and making my head spin.

I take a deep breath, tilting my head back and closing my eyes. My teeth are clenched so hard I wouldn't be surprised if I cracked a molar, my hands balled into fists so tight my knuckles are aching. There's a familiar itch under my skin—the need to score, to lose myself in the blind euphoria of being high out of my mind.

I've been doing so well with Daddy Archer and Bennett out in California, I've barely thought about drugs since the night I almost slipped, which was *months* ago. But being here, backstage, about to perform, it's like a tripwire went off in my brain and now all I can think about is getting high.

"Jude." A firm hand in my shoulder startles me, nearly causing me to jump out of my skin as my eyes fly open.

Bennett stands in front of me, all six feet of broad muscle and authority, his arms crossed over his chest, concern written in his eyes no matter how stern his face is. My heart rate starts to slow, a sense of calm washing over me at his presence.

"I need you," I whisper, hoping the other guys won't hear. My eyes flick over to Daddy Archer, standing near the rest of the band with a smile on his face. I wonder if there's a way I can get his attention without letting everyone else know how badly I'm struggling right now.

"Come," Bennett says, crooking his finger at me before turning and heading down the hallway toward the back exit. I don't hesitate to obey, not only because doing what he tells me never fails to light my body up and settle my soul, but because if I don't get the fuck out of here right now I might just go out of my mind.

I cast one more glance at Daddy Archer and find him watching me. I shoot him a pleading look. I need Bennett, but I sure as hell need Archer too. They balance me out, they take care of me, they make me whole.

I don't have to see Daddy Archer follow me to know he is as I hurry down the hallway after Bennett.

He walks a few paces ahead of me and I allow myself the distraction of watching his ass flex with every step he takes. Biting Bennett's ass when he isn't expecting it has become one of my favorite ways to earn punishments, and as grouchy as it makes him sometimes, I have a feeling he likes my little game too. My muscles loosen as I walk, my jaw unclenching. Thoughts of home and real life are helping to cut into the cravings. Getting fucked up used to be all I had—going home to an empty apartment, loneliness that ate away at me relentlessly, the

desperate need to be seen by *someone, anyone*. Now, I have so much more. I won't throw everything away for a little bit of coke.

Bennett pushes through the backdoor and the smell of diesel fumes from the tour buses reaches my nose as we step outside, Archer only a few steps behind us. We step onto the empty bus and Bennett takes a seat on the couch, Daddy Archer joining him. I don't have to think about where I should be, where I *need* to be. I drop to my knees in front of both of them, shuffling forward so I can lean my cheek against Daddy Archer's knee. He runs gentle fingers through my hair and I close my eyes, a relaxed sigh puffing past my lips.

"Tell us what's wrong," Bennett says.

I nuzzle against Daddy's thigh, my eyes still closed. "I didn't know it would be this hard," I confess, afraid to open my eyes and see disappointment on Bennett's face.

"You're itching to score?" Bennett clarifies, and I nod, holding my breath and clenching my eyes tighter. "Open your eyes, brat," he says gently.

I wrap my hand around Daddy's calf and slowly blink my eyes open so I'm looking at Bennett. Instead of disappointment in his eyes, I see...pride?

"I'm sorry, Sir, I'm trying really hard," I say in a near whisper, licking my dry lips.

"I'm not surprised you're having cravings, being back in the environment you're used to using in. Your brain is wired to expect it before a show. I thought about talking to you about what to expect beforehand, but I thought if you were bracing for it, it might make it even worse. I'm proud of you for telling us."

His words of praise wash over my soul like a soothing balm and I let out another happy sigh.

"Is there anything we can do, Ben?" Archer asks as Bennett reaches out and runs his thumb along my cheek in an uncharacteristically gentle gesture. Don't get me wrong, Bennett is loving and sexy in every way I need him to be, but usually the gentle things are Daddy Archer's department.

"I think there's something we can do for our boy," Bennett says, and I shiver at the heat that creeps into his voice. I nod in agreement, not even needing to know what he has in mind to know I want it. I always want what Bennett and Daddy Archer have for me, even the punishments because I know it means they love me. My heart aches with all the love I have for them sometimes, like it's too much to hold inside one person. It's the most incredible feeling in the world.

"Please, Sir," I beg, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

"We're going to take care of you," he assures me, leaning forward and pressing a kiss to my lips. "Pants off and get over my lap," he instructs as soon as he releases me.

I scramble to do as he says, kicking off my shoes and taking my pants and underwear off. My cock tries to harden against the cool metal of my cock cage as I climb onto Bennett's lap, and a thrill of denied pleasure ripples over my skin. The rough denim of his jeans rub against my thighs and goosebumps start to form on my skin in anticipation of what's to come.

“Such a good boy for us,” Archer praises, his hand softly caressing the curve of my ass, running down to the back of my thigh and up the other, making my cock give another attempt to grow hard, instead just becoming sensitive, my balls tingling from the sensation.

“This isn’t a punishment,” Bennett says, his voice deep and calm, easing me into relaxation. “You did the right thing by talking to us, and by letting us know you were struggling. This spanking is to help you focus. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy,” he says, squeezing my ass cheek, kneading it in his large hand and then doing the same to the other. I let myself relax on his lap, all of my tense muscles loosening as I melt into him. He caresses my skin, every so often I can feel a third hand and I know Daddy is enjoying me as well, and I let my eyes drift closed again.

I’m not expecting the first stinging slap that connects with my skin, the sensitive spot where my ass meets my thigh, making my eyes fly open and a moan to fall from my lips as all of my nerve endings wake up at once.

The next strike is softer, and then they start to come in rapid succession in varying locations and intensities. I rock against Bennett’s lap, gasping and groaning as each blow sends pleasure up my spine and between my legs. I don’t bother to pay attention to how many times his hand lands on my flesh, making it burn and tingle, all of the thoughts that had plagued me when we were inside float away as if they never were. I don’t need coke because nothing gets me higher than *this*.

I can feel tears dampening my cheeks but I can’t be bothered to wipe them away.

When Bennett stops and his touch becomes gentle again, I let out a whimper.

“It’s okay, sweet boy,” Archer says and I hear the *snick* of the lotion bottle being opened. Even though I’m expecting it, I still flinch when the cool, soothing lotion touches my skin. “It’ll feel better in a second,” Daddy promises, and it does. He rubs it in, his touch as soft as ever, his hands and my skin warming it as he works it over my flaming flesh.

When he’s finished, Bennett maneuvers me into a sitting position, placing me directly on Daddy’s lap. I curl myself small and press my face into the crook of his neck as he uses his fingers to wipe the lingering tears from my cheeks.

I can feel Bennett against my back, his lips pressing a kiss to the back of my neck and every last shred of darkness and temptation blows away like wisps of smoke, unable to find anywhere to live inside me when I’m so full of love for my Daddy and my Dom.

“All better, right, brat?” Bennett says.

“Yes, Sir,” I answer easily. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Always.”

I cuddle between them as long as possible until we have to get back inside or risk me being late getting on stage. Daddy helps me put my pants back on and I get a kiss from both of them before we all walk back inside hand in hand.

The same noises and memories assault me as we step back inside, but this time I can handle them. As long as I have Archer and Bennett at my side, I can handle anything.