



Incognito: Owning Rachel

By Madison Layle

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Incognito: Owning Rachel

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Dedication

To my critique partner, co-writer of other Incognito stories, and dear friend, Anna Leigh Keaton. Thanks for all of the late night chats, last minute brain-storming, and most of all for believing in my writing. (I'd say I'm sorry to have corrupted you, but then we wouldn't have been able to share the journey that has become...INCOGNITO!)

Also, thanks to my editor, Susan, who put up with all my wild story ideas and bad writing habits. I couldn't have asked for a more talented professional to keep me in line and at "peak" performance. (I hope I got it right that time. *wink*)

And to the fans at Desires Unleashed, this one's for you!

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Chapter One

"I've tried everything to get them to stop, Doc, but nothing succeeds. Isn't there a sleeping pill, or knock-out drops that can prevent dreams? I must find something that works. I refuse to let them win."

Dr. Jonathon Sinclair scribbled on his notepad as he listened to his patient bemoan recurring fantasies his other female clients would give their eyeteeth to have just once in their lives. Hell, even he'd like to have them. "They're dreams, Rachel, not defense attorneys. Don't look at it like a competition. No one's on trial here."

Her right hand fisted in obvious frustration, the perfectly manicured nails biting into her palm. Her lips pouted in disapproval as he knew they would. They shimmered, a pale brown today. The ladies probably called the color *Man-Trap Mocha* or some other such nonsense.

"I know that, Doc. I'm not crazy."

"I didn't say you were," he responded calmly.

She sighed, her trim body sagging into the plush couch. "What I meant was that I refuse to fail. My career is important to me. I can't take much more of this. I'm not sleeping well. I can't concentrate. These dreams are invading my consciousness now."

"How so?"

"The other day in the middle of my closing arguments, a memory of one orgasm in particular came to mind. I broke out in a sweat, lost my train of thought, and couldn't catch my breath. I nearly died of embarrassment, but honest to God, I couldn't help it at the time. It just

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struck so fast. I had to ask the judge for a five-minute recess." She turned pleading amber eyes toward him. "If the evidence hadn't been so strong and clear-cut, I could've lost the jury's trust entirely. I might have ruined my chances of winning a conviction with that stunt."

He'd bet his life savings that Rachel Morrissey never failed at anything in her life, which explained why she was so rattled over her recent episode. She'd first come to him about six months earlier, dressed in a ruby-red power suit with a hip-hugging skirt that stopped just shy of her nylon-encased knees. Her coffee-colored hair was always impeccably styled and her makeup subtle. In conservative pumps that showcased some impressive legs, she had a walk that broadcast confidence, a handshake that testified to experience in a man's world, and a smile that could make a guy forget his own name. He'd wondered then what the woman could possibly need with him.

Most of his female patients were disillusioned housewives who needed help putting a spark back into their marriage beds, or feared their husbands had already discovered that spark with a younger woman. Few, if any, were successful, independent career women with fantasies that could make an adult film star blush.

"Was this orgasmic fantasy one we spoke of before?"

Her cheeks pinkened. The pulse in her throat doubled as the explicit daydream no doubt replayed in her mind.

"No," she whispered. Her hips raised a fraction.

He removed his reading glasses. Leaning forward to better watch her, he kept his tone smooth and encouraging. "What makes this one any different?"

"There were two." Her voice was soft, her eyes closed.

"Two orgasms?"

She shook her head.

"Two what?"

"Two men."

He sat back, silently drew in a large breath, and tried to prevent the images her words gave his imagination. He'd concluded months ago that Rachel was a sexual submissive who lived publicly as a dominant

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prosecuting attorney. Her fantasies of being forced to submit control of her body over to an imaginary male Dom was a clue even a Psych freshman at the junior college could interpret, but he hadn't seen this twist coming. He adjusted his position in the leather recliner.

"Doctor?"

He blinked, grateful for the notebook placed strategically in his lap. "Yes?"

"This isn't normal, is it?" She glanced at him briefly before turning her gaze toward the cream-colored ceiling. She quickly wiped away the single tear that spilled from the corner of one eye.

For some patients he would've offered a tissue. He didn't believe she'd appreciate the gesture, so he pretended not to notice.

"I've always been so in control. Driven. You know? I knew what I wanted, went after it, and I got it. These thoughts aren't like me at all."

"Maybe that's the reason."

Curious amber eyes turned toward him.

"You're a beautiful woman with an insatiable sex drive, which you've kept suppressed in favor of other desires. Your career, for instance. What you've done isn't wrong, just unbalanced. Subconsciously, your body and mind are telling you they need relief from the demanding lifestyle you've chosen. It can't be easy to always be in charge, to take on pressure after pressure without caving. At some point, you have to give yourself a break. Learn to relax and let others take some of the burden off your shoulders."

She snorted and stared at the ceiling.

"Do you want to stop these fantasies from controlling your life?"

She blinked at him. "Of course."

"And if I suggested that the only way to do that was to give in to them?"

A tiny line appeared between her delicately arched brows. "Give up, you mean. I can't do that." She shook her head forcefully. "I'm not a weakling. Women have struggled for centuries to be independent."

"And they've gained all the headaches and stresses that come with bearing the burden of that independence, without ever considering for

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one second that two can carry the load farther and longer than one can alone."

She sat up and gave him a look he was certain made many defendants quake in their boots. He smiled.

"If you're telling me I should turn in my attorney's license for an apron and spatula, you can think again."

He'd bet she'd look sexy as hell in nothing but an apron, but he forced that thought away and chastised himself. She was his patient, something he had to remind himself of repeatedly with her on his couch. His code of ethics prevented anything beyond professional dialogue and platonic observation. He'd never touched a patient, never crossed that line. Still, Rachel Morrissey tempted him.

"You expect me to throw away all I've worked for to grovel at some domineering man's feet. Not a chance, Doc."

"I didn't suggest—"

"I thought you were saying I needed a man."

She did, but he wasn't fool enough to announce it to her face when she was in what he called her cross-examination mood. "Not exactly."

"Exactly...what did you say then?"

"When was the last time you took a vacation?" At her blank look, he continued. "I thought so. When was the last time you had sex...with a living, breathing man, not a battery-powered toy?"

Her eyes widened before she hid her surprise behind a cool façade of indifference. "I don't see how that has anything to do with this."

He grinned. "You're having sexual fantasies to rival the steamiest erotic novels, and you think sex has nothing to do with it?"

She leaned back and crossed her arms. "I'm no virgin, Doctor. I've had sex plenty of times before."

"When was the last time, Rachel?" He put enough authority in his tone to make her answer.

She shrugged. "A year. No. Two...three? I don't know. I've been too busy to think much about it."

"That's your problem. Maybe it's time you did think about it."

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“‘All work and no play...’ Is that what you’re preaching now?” A teasing smile played at the corners of her mouth.

He maintained a serious expression, but the inside of one cheek would pay the price for the effort. “Rachel, you are a successful career woman. I’ll grant you that. But you’re still a woman with needs. When’s the last time you allowed yourself or someone else to meet those needs?” He didn’t bother explaining that those needs were as much emotional as they were physical. She’d just deny it. Still, no sexual relations for several years could only mean she’d also avoided any chance of an emotional commitment.

“I’ve been out with plenty of men. They didn’t give me anything that my vibrator couldn’t provide for a lot less trouble. Couple batteries, a few minutes of my time...”

“I don’t hear you fantasizing about vibrators.” That got her attention. She had a lot to learn about what men could provide a woman. Unfortunately, as her psychiatrist, he couldn’t be the one to show her, but maybe another man... “Submissives like you have often fought against their natures, substituting—”

Her laugh cut him off. “I don’t have a submissive bone in my body.”

“Then explain the fantasies of bondage, forced orgasms, dominate lovers—”

“I can’t explain them! That’s what I came to you for.” Exasperation turned up the volume on her words.

“What you are in your professional life is not all that you are.”

“I’m no weakling.”

“You’re stereotyping.” Her gaze snapped to his. “Weakness is a typical misconception. Submissives are not the weaker of true D/s couples. It takes great courage and strength to submit one’s mind and body to another. More so if one commits one’s heart. The relationship is a matter of trust—a consensual exchange—more than forcing one person to bend to another’s will.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

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He studied her face, read the skepticism in her eyes. "The issue here is that while you may be a domineering woman in the courtroom, you are having fantasies of submission, and that troubles you because you refuse to accept that part of your nature. We've concluded through our past sessions that your longings aren't the result of some past trauma."

"We have?"

"I have," he corrected. "You were never molested as a child, never sexually assaulted or raped. Even if you had been, that usually has the opposite effect on the victim. Your previous love affairs were consensual but lacked passion and frequency—"

"Hey, my sex life is just fine, thank you very much."

"You consider being too busy to think about it, or even remember when you last had sex, 'just fine'?"

"My sex life, or lack thereof, isn't the issue, Doc. Insomnia is. You tell me I need to think about sex, but that's the problem. I can't stop thinking about it. These damn dreams won't go away."

"Your dreams both arouse and appall you because you fail to understand them and refuse to even try. Until you face them with an open mind, they'll continue to torment you."

"There's a promising diagnosis. Thanks, Doc."

He ignored her sarcasm. "By your own admission, they have you shaken up. I might even venture to say they frighten you."

"I'm not—"

"Whether you admit it or not is incidental. When you're ready to deal with them, you will. Until then, there's nothing more I can do as your psychiatrist to help you overcome something that you can clearly handle without assistance." He closed his notebook and walked to his desk.

"Now wait just a minute. You can't turn me away." Honest anger infused her command. She was a woman used to getting her way, which was only part of her problem—although he was sure she wouldn't agree.

He turned to see her standing opposite him, his wide mahogany desk between them. "What I cannot do, Rachel, is continue to waste my time and take your money when you're obviously not ready to deal with your problem. In that, I've failed you, and I'm sorry, but I have other

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patients who also need my help. If you won't take my advice or even consider my professional opinion, then there's nothing more I can do for you."

She tried to appear contrite, but succeeded in looking panicked. "What if I take your advice, go out on a few dates and have a one night stand or two? Do you really think that will get rid of the fantasies?"

"If a person is frightened of something, the best way to overcome that fear is to face it head on. However, your fantasies are specific. I doubt a vanilla romp between the sheets will exorcize them. How many men do you know who are experienced Doms?"

"Doms?" One thin brow arched. "None that I know of. Any suggestions?"

He removed his reading glasses to stare at her for a long moment. His private life had never intersected with his professional life before. He'd prided himself on keeping them separate. His patients didn't need to know his sexual preferences as long as he was capable of using his knowledge and training to assist them with their sexual troubles in a professional, clinical manner. But if he said more, she would know...or at the very least, suspect. What she did with that knowledge could destroy his career and reputation.

He wasn't naïve enough to think that his preference for bondage and sexual domination wouldn't adversely affect his patients' opinions of him as a professional psychiatrist. All of the degrees and licenses in the world wouldn't help him with some of his straitlaced clients.

As much as Rachel fought against her own submissive instincts, he was unsure whether she'd be open enough to consider an alternative lifestyle. If he came right out and admitted his own experience, she might clam up—use his admission to disregard his opinion entirely. But there was a slight chance she might respond if he handled this correctly.

Taking the risk, praying he wasn't wrong about her, he pulled out a small piece of paper and wrote a number on it. "Entering the world of BDSM is potentially dangerous for the inexperienced," he warned, "but there are honorable people, experienced trainers, willing to introduce subs to an alternative existence."

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Her lips parted.

After a slight pause, he held out the slip of paper. "This is a cell phone number."

She stared at the number for several seconds before taking it from him. Suspicion wrinkled her brow. "Whose? Yours?"

He shook his head. "I meant what I said. As your psychiatrist, I doubt I can do more for you in this office, but if you're serious about dealing with your fantasies, then call that number. You need only say that you're ready. The rest will be taken care of."

He escorted her to the door, his hand placed on the small of her back. A warm tingle zinged up his arm.

"How do you know this will work?"

"I don't. That lifestyle is not for everyone. Many have found they were more comfortable with the fantasy than the reality, but you'll never know until you try." He pointed to the paper still in her hand. "Call it *only* if, and when, you're ready."

* * * * *

A month later Rachel sat in her office, staring at the number on the wrinkled slip of paper. She knew the number by heart, yet had not made the call.

With a brief rap on the door, Pamela poked her curly, red-haired head around the door. "So tell us, is the rumor true?"

Rachel set the paper upside-down on her desk. "Is what true?"

"That the ice queen is really, finally, taking a vacation."

"Yes."

"Ha! Pay up," she said with a glance over her shoulder at someone behind the door. A few seconds later Pamela came in with a wide grin. "Whoo-hoo!"

Her enthusiasm made Rachel smile. "That glad to be rid of me for a few weeks?"

"Nope, but I did just win fifty bucks."

"Against whom?"

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"Carmichael."

"That figures."

"You have to admit, history was on his side. I mean, you haven't taken a real vacation in... Who knows? At least since I met you as a legal intern." She leaned over the desk to peek at the calendar. "So, where are you going for three long weeks? Got any hot plans? A sexy stud waiting in a closet somewhere?"

Rachel shook her head. "I just had a break between cases and thought I'd relax a little."

Pamela snorted. "You, relax? You'll go crazy within forty-eight hours."

"Such a vote of confidence." She laughed.

Paula stood.

"Where are you headed to now?"

"I'm going to go catch up with Carmichael. Maybe I can convince him to go for double or nothing."

"Going to bet against me, huh?"

Pamela paused at the door, gave her a considering look, and then said, "You make it three weeks, and I'll split my winnings with you."

"Rigging a bet's illegal."

"Yeah, well, I figure it's worth jail time. It's about time you took a break, don't you think? Now, go get laid." With a wink and a laugh, she dodged a flying wad of paper and retreated.

Rachel could still hear her best friend's chuckles after the door closed.

Picking up the scrap with the phone number on it, Rachel pictured Dr. Sinclair. Seeing a psychiatrist hadn't been her first choice. She'd always plowed over any obstacles in the past and considered herself fully capable of handling anything life threw her way. But when the minor wet dreams turned into full-blown erotic nightmares, she knew she had to do something. What sane woman got turned on by being bound hand and foot and then fucked into submission?

So what if her love life had never really measured up to her expectations? The men she'd slept with hadn't all been that bad. They just

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seemed to rush toward completion, which often left her seeking climax later with her trusty vibrator.

She laid her head against the back of the high leather chair and closed her eyes.

She liked being in control, whether on the job or at home. Her life was well organized, even if a tad stressful. Okay, very stressful. Dr. Sinclair had been right about that. Sometimes she wished she could toss everything into the air and run. Let someone else pick up the pieces and struggle under the burden for a while. But as soon as the thought crossed her mind, she immediately discarded it as a sign of weakness.

If there was one thing she refused to be, it was weak.

Unfortunately, the dreams no longer hid in the darkness of the night. As the months passed, kinky ideas and risqué images plagued her mind day and night until she wanted to scream her frustration to the world. They left her body on edge and her mind exhausted. So she'd spilled her feelings of guilt, embarrassment, and need to a psychiatrist.

Pamela suggested the good doctor after going to him herself for what she called a temporary anxiety disorder. Rachel had thought of it as on-the-rebound depression. But after seeing the melancholy Pamela transform into the vivacious friend she remembered from their college days, Rachel decided to give the man a chance.

Now he was suggesting she submit her body to some sexual deviant to exorcise unwanted fantasies. Only she didn't understand how replacing the fantasies with a potentially worse reality could possibly help.

What if someone in the legal community got wind of what she did on her one and only vacation?

What if the memories of real sexual encounters disrupted her life more than the imagined ones?

What if she took the risk and discovered a sensual utopia?

She laughed at her own wishful thinking.

You'll never know until you try. His words challenged her as the memory of his chiseled features haunted her.

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The doctor may know her fantasies, but there was one aspect she'd kept from him. Before she first met him, the dominant man in her dreams was faceless. A masked man of mystery. But as she shared her thoughts with him, hearing his deep voice encourage her to open up her mind and soul at each consultation, the mysterious Dom morphed into the face of Dr. Sinclair, with his black-as-sin hair and mesmerizing blue eyes.

Could she do what he suggested and go to another man? Let a stranger lead her into an exploration of submission and bondage? Then again, he was the psychiatrist, trained and licensed to give unprejudiced clinical diagnoses. What could a little adventure hurt if that's what the doctor ordered? Maybe the solution was as simple as Pamela's earlier command. It had been a long time since she'd gotten laid.

She picked up her phone and, before she could talk herself out of it, dialed the number. A commanding baritone answered on the second ring.

"Hello?"

"Hi. This is Rachel. I'm ready."

"We'll be in touch. Soon." The line went dead.

She stared at the phone, dumbfounded.

What the hell did he mean by that? And who were *we*? Trepidation and exhilaration raced along her nervous system. How soon was *soon*?

She found out as she headed to her car that night. She'd left later than usual since she had a lot of loose ends to tie up before taking her vacation. Besides, until they—whatever *they* were—got in touch with her, she didn't really have any plans to speak of, so she needn't hurry. She'd pick up a DVD from the video rental store and scarf down a bowl of popcorn if they stood her up.

When she stepped off the elevator into the parking garage, a prickly sensation erupted across the nape of her neck. She glanced at the security camera in the corner and waved, reciting a silent prayer that George was watching from the guard booth.

Cautiously walking to her car, she noticed brake lights come on; they belonged to a midnight blue Suburban parked several spaces away. With no one else in sight she relaxed, knowing there was at least one witness should a mugger leap at her from the darkness.

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The Suburban's engine turned over, and the driver backed the vehicle out of the slot. Rachel hurried to her car before the only other human in sight could vanish around the corner. She reached her Jag just as the Suburban halted behind her car.

Thinking the driver meant to ask for directions, she paused and looked up. The last thing she remembered was thinking that the large truck blocked her view of the security camera near the elevator doors.

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Chapter Two

Rachel awoke to a pungent smell that made her jerk her head back. Thankfully, the odor of smelling salts soon vanished. Other sensations, however, didn't. Scared beyond any fantasy she'd yet to dream up, she realized she lay on her left side in a loose fetal position, her hands bound tight although not painfully behind her back. And everything was pitch-black dark.

Something soft—probably a pillow—propped up her head, but she couldn't be sure since she was blinded by what felt like a snug hood. She pursed her lips, moved her jaw, and blinked her eyes. All to no avail. She couldn't see, and the hood wouldn't give way. The mask covered her face and head completely, although there must be holes for her nose, since she had no trouble breathing. However, her fright did make the normally simple task more difficult.

She tried to move a leg and found her ankles also secured to each other. A wail boiled up her throat as fear clawed her spine. Squirming, she tried to loosen anything.

"Calm down, Rachel. You aren't hurt. That's not our intention."

She froze. She recognized the husky baritone voice, but that did little to soothe her nerves. He was the same man she'd called, but who was he? Where was she? What did he intend to do with her?

Would she survive the ordeal so that she could kill one prominent psychiatrist she'd been naïve enough to fantasize about and stupid enough to trust?

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The man's deep rumble of humor filled the room. What the hell did he find so funny?

"I can almost envision the questions churning in that pretty little head of yours."

Fully awake now, the realization that she was at the mercy of some stranger, who could take her life as easily as stopping up whatever air holes existed in her mask, sent a renewed panic through her system.

"Don't worry, Rachel. All your questions will be answered in time. With time comes understanding, acceptance, and we hope, mutual satisfaction and trust."

A warm hand on her shoulder made her jerk. The man's fingers curled over her shoulder, giving a brief squeeze of...reassurance?

"Feeling a bit jumpy is understandable." The baritone voice came from behind her, making her question the direction of the earlier caress. Were there two men in the room, or only the one? The man's tone said her reaction pleased him. Did he enjoy her fear?

The platform she lay on dipped behind her as he moved on what she now recognized as a bed. When a hand settled on her knee, she forced herself to remain perfectly still, even when it slowly moved down her calf.

"Remember, Rachel, you called and claimed to be ready. The method of extraction is one way of confirming a new submissive's readiness."

He considered abduction a test of readiness?

"Panic, helplessness, that's expected, but what about arousal? Lust?" The hand moved back to her knee and slipped beneath her skirt.

She bucked, trying unsuccessfully to dislodge it.

"Our pet still has some defiance left in her." Amusement tinged the observation.

She'd show him defiance. She'd show him the inside of a jail cell if she made it out of here alive. Sure, she called, but she expected to meet face-to-face first, openly discuss a plan, and take it slowly. Not get kidnapped, hogtied, and fondled on the first night. Or second...Exactly how long had she been out? Hours? Days? No, hours, she decided. She didn't feel rested enough for her to have been out for days.

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"Mmm, thigh-high stockings. I'm impressed. The hard-nosed, straight-shooting attorney has a softer, sexier side." His fingers started to force one of the nylons down. When she pressed her knees together, his chuckle was a warm bass rumble. "And a stubborn side, too, I see." He used two hands to accomplish his mission. The nylons bunched around her ankles.

The bed shook a bit as he moved around behind her. His fingers traveled up the outside of her right thigh, pushing her skirt higher. She squirmed so much that he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back to his front. The position pinned her bound fists against his denim-clad crotch. She could feel his heat and hardness. Maybe she could...?

"Don't even think about it," he warned as if he'd read her mind, or more likely guessed her intention when her fingers flexed. His left arm wrapped around her neck and made his point very clear.

She swallowed. Would he kill her if she pushed him too far?

He didn't choke her or even attempt to. He just held her in place while his right hand splayed across her abdomen, spreading warmth and a tingle she didn't dare acknowledge. His lips brushed her ear as he whispered, "You want this, don't you? That's why you called. Yet, your mind struggles against the one thing your body craves. Do you feel it, Rachel?"

She felt something all right, something she didn't want to feel, and hated herself for it.

Without sight, her hearing grew more acute, more attuned to the stranger's voice, tone and breathing. Every touch had more impact on her skin even through the barrier of clothing she still wore. Adrenaline pumped through her veins as fear waged war against arousal.

"Do you see how your body responds when touched in all the right places?" He pressed a kiss to the sensitive spot on the side of her neck, and she wondered how he knew.

A finger circled her nipple and, despite the thin silk of her blouse and bra, it pebbled in response to the attention. Then a hand cupped and kneaded her breast until, against her better judgment, she arched her back, forcing her breast farther into his firm grasp.

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"That desire deep within longs for you to surrender, to feel the pleasure that's only possible under the capable hands of a master...or two."

There *were* two men! Her mind caught up to what her body already knew. The one spooned behind her couldn't possibly be the one fondling her breast, not unless he had more than two hands. That thought sent shocking tremors reverberating through her body.

She should not be reacting this way, her mind screamed.

Fight! was her first thought. *Both of them, while trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey?* was her second.

The arm remained around her neck. The hand on her breast pinched her nipple while another lifted her skirt and discovered her long-kept secret.

"No panties, Miss Prosecuting Attorney? You surprise me."

She moaned, unsure whether it was from mortification or arousal. She chose the latter when his finger found her clit.

"What would the judge say about such naughty behavior in his courtroom?" He pressed a finger inside her. "Does your pussy throb every time he slams the gavel down?"

Two hands caressed her breasts, unbuttoned her blouse, and unfastened her bra.

His voice dropped to a sensual purr. "Does the thought of getting caught make you all moist and horny?" Another flick. A second finger. In and out, round and round, pushing her higher, closer to the edge.

The alluring baritone whispers continued. "Are you brave enough to experience the adventure, Rachel? Are you strong enough to submit?"

She didn't know if she'd survive the ordeal, but the two men were certainly starting to sway her opinion.

"You're so wet. Such a responsive little pussy. I wonder...do you want to climax now?"

Yes! She shoved her hips toward his hand. *Please*, she thought as the pressure built. It had been so long since she'd peaked without having to do it herself, and she was so close. This was so much better. But then he

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pulled away. The other's hands vanished as well, which left her wanting and confused.

"Not yet, my pet, but soon." He rolled off the bed.

She realized how quickly he'd played her. Like the master he professed to be, he'd coaxed her with words and, together, the two men had teased her body while remaining in complete control. Anger simmered until she noticed they were releasing her ankles.

They removed her stockings. She had no clue where her shoes were.

"Your response has earned you a boon."

One of them disconnected the cuff on a wrist and gently repositioned her arms above her head. She groaned as a dull ache tore through muscles that had grown stiff from confinement in one position for so long. A pair of hands spread her legs, and then massaged her calves and feet. Another pair proceeded to massage away the aches in her arms and shoulders.

Now on her back, she experimented with a tug on her arms only to find them re-secured to something, most likely a headboard. Her blouse hung open, her skirt remained hiked up above her hips, but none of that mattered as long as they continued to knead away the soreness from her tired body.

Her second captor had yet to say a word, which made him even more mysterious than Mr. Baritone. What did he look like? Could he talk? Did they use alternative methods of communication? she wondered, since their movements often complimented each other's.

Her body was a limp noodle when Mr. Baritone stopped with a chuckle. "Feeling better?"

"Mmm," was her only response.

"You've just had your first lesson, my pet. Please us, and reap the benefits."

That was fine by her.

His voice dropped. "Disobey, and face the consequences."

Uh oh.

"With obedience comes pleasure. With trust comes added liberty."

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The bed dipped as the men repositioned themselves on either side of her.

"You professed to be ready to experience the submissive lifestyle. You've now had a brief taste of it, but there's more to learn. More my brother and I can teach you if you are bold enough to submit both body and mind into our care."

She squirmed a bit, having trouble keeping her head aloft, and turned in the direction of his voice. The silent one placed another pillow beneath her head and back.

"Thank you," she mumbled, though the mask distorted and muffled her voice. His hand squeezed her hip in reply then settled on her abdomen, a warm reminder of his presence.

"Our rules are simple. We expect complete and immediate obedience, but we also understand that it takes time to develop trust between a sub and her masters." A finger drew a hypnotizing pattern of loops on her thigh as he spoke. "As Doms, we are here to command and train you, protect you, and provide for you. We can introduce you to your limits and help you reach beyond them, if you wish. We do not seek an unwilling slave, but a consensual relationship, which you have the power to end at any time. I will give you a safe word should either of us push you beyond what you are capable of enduring. Your safe word will be...*fantasy*."

She could hear the smile in his voice, and wondered how much Dr. Sinclair had told them.

"If you use it, whatever is happening ends right then." The hypnotic circling finger froze. "The adventure stops. We will release you immediately, return your clothing and take you home. You'll never hear from us again. Nod if you understand everything I've explained."

After a brief pause, she did. They rolled away and got up.

"My brother will remove the restraints around your wrists, but the mask remains for now." After she was free, they helped her up. "As you stand before us unbound, we must know. Do you wish to continue?"

The silence in the room was deafening as she pondered the answer to that loaded question. If she said yes, what would they do to her? If she

Incognito: Owning Rachel

said no, what would she miss out on? Did she trust them to keep their word and let her go if things got to be too much for her to bear?

"Your choice, Rachel."

His words, and willingness to let her make the choice, helped her decide. Hoping she wouldn't regret her decision, she nodded. A sense of relief flooded the room.

"Very well, my pet." A new pride or joy infiltrated the man's voice, and she knew he was smiling. "From this moment forward, you'll call me Master and my brother Sire. You must use these titles whenever addressing us once the mask is removed and you are able to speak freely."

Okay, that was a little high-handed, but what had she expected them to do? Announce their real names as if meeting for the first time on a blind date?

"Kneel."

Why did that have to be his first command? She gripped one man's hand as she obeyed.

"Spread your knees apart. Wider."

She had to slide up her skirt to comply.

"A little more. Yes, like that. Now place each hand palm-up on a thigh and bow your head... Good. When ordered to kneel, or whenever you are in a room we occupy, you'll take up this position at our feet. Understood?"

She nodded, wondering why the thought of such an act sent a thrill through her system. Her mind argued that she should be appalled, but the rest of her body refused to listen.

"The position with bowed head is one of respect," he explained. "The spread thighs are to show your acceptance of your body, a display without shame. The open hands represent your willingness to accept change, to comply with our wishes instead of your own."

A lot of symbolism for something she'd always viewed as groveling.

"Now, rise and remove your clothing."

Her head snapped toward his voice despite her blindness. Had she heard him correctly?

Madison Layle

"Get up, pet. Take off your clothes. Do not make me repeat myself a third time."

She rose shakily to her feet, took a step back and collided with the bed. A hand gripped her upper arm until she was again steady. A lump lodged in her throat, which she forced down, her swallow audible and revealing.

"Do you wish to use your safe word already?"

Did she? They'd seen and touched most of her body anyway, and brought her so close to a climax in the process. Didn't he mention something about accepting her body?

They'd have to call it quits. Not her. If viewing her in her birthday suit sent them packing, then so be it. She could return home to plan her revenge on one Dr. Sinclair.

She shook her head and pulled her blouse free of her skirt, which had fallen back into place when she stood. The blouse dropped to the floor. Next came the bra. She wished she could see their faces, but then again, maybe being blind was better. The skirt's zipper had the effect of nails on a chalkboard. Her nerves ripped apart her intentions, but the men weren't going to let her off that easy.

When she stopped, the silent brother...Sire...moved behind her, while Master murmured a soft, "Keep going." Sire's hands touched her waist and slid south, pushing the skirt until it fell at her feet. His palms, hot on her cool skin, stayed on her hips, holding her in place. Even blinded, she could feel their gazes explore her body.

"Beautiful." Master's whispered praise did a lot to settle her nerves until another natural urge made its presence known.

For once, she was grateful of the mask that hid her blush as she muttered, "Bathroom," and rocked onto her toes. She hoped they'd get the message soon, and they did. Sire's reaction was swift. He lifted her off her feet and carried her into another room. When she felt cool tile instead of plush carpet beneath her feet, she knew she was close. Her hands swept out to seek the toilet, but she needn't have bothered. Sire put both hands on her shoulders and pressed down, forcing her to sit with a muffled yelp.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Unfortunately, at that moment, her body decided that performing for an audience wasn't part of the program. She fisted her hands on her thighs. The urge to urinate evaporated.

Then Sire turned on the faucet. The sound of trickling water was more than her body could stand. The pressure inside popped. Her face flamed with embarrassment as she peed. Couldn't the man give her some privacy?

Maybe he did. She couldn't see whether he faced her or turned his back. Uncertain, she chose to believe the latter to save a small portion of her pride, but then even that was snatched from her grasp. Her hands searched for the toilet paper only to collide with an arm. She heard him tug several sheets free of the roll, and before she knew of his plan, he'd already reached between her legs and completed the necessary task.

She didn't bother to hide her mortified groan. Her pride sank with the sound of the flushing toilet.

She wasn't an invalid. If they'd remove the mask, they'd see that. Determined to show them herself, she reached for the mask and discovered laces and a buckle on the back. Before she could loosen either, Sire's hands grabbed her wrists and forced them away from her body.

Still sitting on the toilet, she stamped her foot in protest and tried to kick her captor.

"Ever the self-reliant one, aren't you, my pet?" Master's voice came from her right. He seemed amused by her show of defiance, but there was an underlying edge of authority in the question. "Do you think we are remotely attracted to urine? I can assure you we're not. There's nothing appealing about it."

Which was why I prefer to do it without an audience, she wanted to shout.

"However, peeing is a very natural bodily function. There's no need to act prudish about it."

How dare he! A prude? She was not the one wrong here. What was so asinine about demanding a little privacy? She tried to yank her hands free, but Sire's grip held firm.

Madison Layle

"My brother provided everything you needed just now, as is a master's duty to his sub. How do you respond? Instead of feeling grateful for his care-giving, you repay him with a deliberate act of disobedience."

She shot to her feet to give them a piece of her mind, but all thought was suspended when Sire again scooped her up and carried her back to the bed. Surprised by the move, she didn't even squirm until she found herself facedown across his lap.

With a quick grasp of the situation, she struggled in earnest, but was no match for their combined strength. Master sat beside his brother, pulled her halfway onto his lap and held her hands over her head. Sire pinned her hips in place with an arm across her back and left her legs to kick uselessly.

"We told you there'd be consequences for disobedience," Master said.

Swat. Sire's hand came down on one butt cheek.

That hurt! She grunted in fury, bucked, twisted or at least tried to, but escape proved impossible.

Swat. The sting of punishment spread heat across her ass as the hand came down again and again. By the fifth blow, she was flailing like a trout out of water. By the sixth, she was kicking like a rodeo bull and by the seventh time, she was whimpering in wanton frustration.

The spanking stopped.

"Will you attempt to remove the mask again?"

She'd die in the damn thing if that's what they wanted. She shook her head viciously.

"That-a-girl."

They rolled her over and turned their laps from a platform of punishment into a cradle for her body. Uncertainty made her spine tense.

"Relax, pet. It's over," Master whispered as he hugged her closer to him, his arms banding her in warm comfort.

Large hands that once restrained and punished now caressed and cajoled. They massaged her limbs into a subdued state of relaxation. The tension of her prior struggle slowly seeped away.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

While one strong arm supported her back, Master's other hand cupped her breast and thumbed the peak to pebbled hardness. Soon, his mouth joined his hand, causing her to throw back her head. Sire ran his palm up her thigh, slipping his hand between her legs to tease her clit and very damp pussy. Soon, a slow burn joined the sting as her body awoke in their arms.

With steady, reassuring strokes, they picked away at the iceberg that other men seldom scaled. She marveled at the response they drew from her. The pair worked with a synchronicity that enthralled her. Sire flicking and plumbing her pussy with his fingers. Master sucking and teasing her nipples with his mouth.

"Pain and pleasure." Teeth nipped her breast as thumb and finger plucked and pinched her clit. "Both come from your masters. Both are yours to experience and enjoy." The acute pain added to the carnal sensations.

Seeking more, her back arched, her hips lifted, and a moan rumbled from her throat.

"That's it, pet. Almost there."

Their cocks were hard beneath her, but they ignored the desire of their own bodies as they pleased hers.

"Come for us, pet." At Master's command, Sire's fingers pierced her pussy in a hard thrust that sent tremors throughout her body.

The mask muffled but couldn't silence her cry of fulfillment as the powerful orgasm ricocheted like a whiplash through her system. Her chest heaved with effort to take in more oxygen.

Fingers moved inside her, drawing out the climax until she thought she'd pass out. Lips continued to suckle with less and less intensity until they finally stopped.

"Good girl."

Her body collapsed across the men in sated relief as post-climax lethargy swept her into the first peaceful sleep she'd had in months.

* * * * *

Madison Layle

Rachel awoke to find herself lying on her back in the center of a human pretzel. The weight of arms and legs crisscrossed over her body, making it impossible to rise. After much work, however, she was able to extract one of her own arms. Her hand went to her face where it contacted the leather mask. Feeling her way, she discovered two holes rimmed by metal located just below the tip of her nose. No other openings existed. It covered her head completely and followed the curve beneath her chin, as if it had been custom designed to fit her face.

Temporarily blinded, she had no sense of day or night but assumed it was early morning.

"Still trying to remove the mask, my curious pet?" Master's baritone voice was husky with sleep.

She snatched her hand away and shook her head. He chuckled and adjusted his body along her left side into a more comfortable position. His movements brought a sleepy protest adorably muttered from the man on her right, the first sound she'd heard Sire make.

Beneath the mask, she smiled.

A gentle touch traced her lips through the supple leather. "In a few moments, I'll replace your current mask with one more to my liking. I want to see your lips, allow you to answer my questions with more than a nod or shake of the head."

She met the news with mixed emotions. She was excited with the idea of being able to speak freely again, something that the current mask made difficult if not impossible to do. But she'd hoped they would remove her mask and reveal their identities today. After all they were demanding of her trust, they weren't returning the favor. She longed to balance the scales, but then a part of her enjoyed the challenge and thrills the mystery offered.

"Come on. It's time to get up and shower." Master rose and lifted her to her feet. Taking her hand, he guided her from the carpet back to the tile. Unable to see where she was and unsure of what he expected her to do about it, she stood still and listened as he moved around her in the bathroom. A moment later, she heard water running in the shower.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

He grasped her shoulders and turned her to face away from him. "Close your eyes. Do not open them, or you'll face consequences much harsher than yesterday's."

Party-pooper. She squeezed her eyes shut and nodded her understanding.

He unbuckled the strap and loosened the laces. The mask pulled away and temptation to peek flooded her mind.

She sighed, but heeded his warning and kept her eyes closed. Next, she felt him place what seemed like a pair of goggles over her eyes, with loops that hooked over her ears. Curious, she reached to confirm her suspicions and opened her eyes. She saw nothing. The lenses were black as pitch.

"These are only temporary while you're in the shower. Afterwards, we'll exchange them for something else."

She frowned, but kept silent. He turned her again then placed a thin stick in one hand. She heard him turn on the tap in front of her, and awaited instruction.

"Go ahead. There's toothpaste already on the bristles. I hope you like mint flavored gel." The vigorous swishing of a second toothbrush told her he, too, wanted to remove all traces of morning breath.

Finding the situation somehow amusing, she brushed her teeth, and tongue for good measure, then leaned forward and spit, hoping she hit her target. He placed a paper cup in her hand for her to rinse out her mouth, which she did.

A click signaled the opening of a shower door. He moved her toward the origin of the sound. "In you go. Watch your step."

Easier said than done with goggles for blinders. At least the water was warm. She leaned her head back under the water and smiled. She held out her hand, expecting him to give her shampoo and soap as he'd done with the toothbrush, but he stepped in behind her.

"Hold still."

She heard him squirt something before he began working the substance into her hair. She loved a good head massage. Her eyes closed and her lips parted on a sigh.

Madison Layle

The door opened again and shut with a telltale click.

"You're late," Master said.

Sire snorted as he moved in front of her. She couldn't help her giggle.

"Our pet's in good spirits this morning."

"Why do you call me that?" she asked, mildly shocked by the sound of her own voice.

Master chuckled from behind her. "And still as curious as ever."

Sire's hands distracted her as he soaped up the front of her body and paid close attention to her breasts. For several minutes she luxuriated in their care, which took on an erotic allure as she blindly concentrated on the feel of four large, male hands sliding over damp skin. They scrubbed her body until she imagined her skin rosy-pink. Fingers cleansed and teased her from head to toe, inside her pussy, and all around her ass cheeks. She was so close to a climax she could almost taste it, and her condition didn't go unnoticed.

"Ready to climax, pet?"

"Yes," was all she could manage.

Abruptly the hands vanished. *So not fair!*

"Lean back. Let me rinse out your hair."

She did as instructed and felt the suds wash away along with some of her excitement.

Belatedly, she noticed he hadn't answered her earlier question.

"Why do you call me 'pet'?"

"That's what you are to me. I prefer to own a pet instead of a slave."

In her book, pets were animals and slaves were human. But in his book some other distinction must apply. "What's the difference?"

"Do not forget your place, pet. You must refer to us by title."

"Sorry," she said, then repeated, "What's the difference, Master?"

Master chuckled. Sire tweaked her nipple playfully.

"For some, not much. Both are submissive by nature. There are Doms and subs that enjoy role-playing as masters and slaves on a part-time basis. That's fine, but it's like fantasies. Unreal. For my brother and

Incognito: Owning Rachel

me, unsatisfying. A true slave is someone who gives herself over to enforced captivity twenty-four-seven. We know of several sold from one owner to another and another."

"That's illegal!"

"Not in the way you think. Slaves voluntarily enter the BDSM world when, like you, they respond to their curiosity and seek out instruction. Their trainers identify those who prefer the ultimate dominance of uncontrolled ownership."

"So they aren't really forced?"

"Not in the manner you envision. Consent and trust is vital in BDSM. If either is missing, then it's not true BDSM. Still, force is part of the allure. Slaves need it, and it's their masters' responsibility to provide it. Obedience isn't offered. It's enforced. A slave may have a safe word. Most do, but few ever use them as they're auctioned off to the highest bidder. Lengthy confinement is not uncommon, and a slave is required to not only meet her master's sexual needs but also labor in his house."

"Oh." A shiver coursed through her body.

"On the other hand, pets are like the domesticated animals often associated with the term. They submit to their masters' ownership willingly. Completely trust in their masters' ability to care for them. They aren't auctioned off like slaves can be, and they aren't forced to labor for their owners. Instead, they provide comfort and companionship in their own way."

His fingers combed through her wet hair as he spoke.

"Discipline is required, of course. Pets must be trained so they know and can adhere to their masters' wishes. The responsibility of ownership is stronger, more demanding for that of a pet than a slave, and the rewards far greater. Pets offer loyalty and obedience without regard to their own needs, yet they retain control."

"How so?" she asked, uncertain whether she believed the owned could have any control over the owner. "I mean, how so, Master?"

"Because they make the initial choice of who owns them. Just like a dog can run away from its owner or a parrot can fly the coop. A pet can

Madison Layle

end the relationship at anytime. Control is theirs to give, which makes it the ultimate gift for a master to honor.”

Put that way, she was glad he considered her a pet rather than a slave. She liked knowing she wouldn’t wind up the victim of some twisted form of slave trade, and he said she could end the relationship or his ownership anytime she wanted.

“Thank you, Master.”

He squeezed her hand and started to turn off the water.

“Wait...please.”

Surprisingly, they obeyed her request. She pictured single eyebrows raised in curiosity as they awaited her next move. The water continued to beat down upon them.

She turned about seeking the soap until one of the men guessed her intentions and handed it to her. She worked it between her hands until a good lather formed, then held it out so he could take it from her again. Tentatively, she reached out again until her hands collided with firm flesh. Curiosity swamped her, and she reveled in being able to see them with her hands.

“Master?”

“Yes.” The word hissed out from the man she touched and made her smile.

Her fingers slid over his large chest, following the curves of broad shoulders and muscular arms. Down and up, they returned to circle tiny hard male nipples. She took her time rubbing and wandering over his plains. Moving lower, she traced the shallow hills and valleys of six-pack abs.

A plop sounded as the soap hit the shower floor.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Chapter Three

Her fingertips brushed lightly across the hair above his cock. She heard him suck in a harsh breath and wondered if she'd find his cock as hard as his abs. Leaning forward, she pressed her wet body to his and reached around to rub down as much of his back and buttocks as she could reach.

Yep. His cock was rock-hard and ready. It rose proud and hot between them. His butt cheeks tightened under her hands.

"Rachel," he growled. A warning or a plea, she didn't know.

Savoring the thought of revenge, she left him hard and wanting as she turned toward Sire and reached out to repeat the torture. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest, the rapid pulse of his pounding heartbeat.

The men moved to stand side by side so, when she again stopped just above Sire's cock, instead of hugging him, she felt two hands—one from each man—grip her shoulders. They pushed down, their message clear.

Kneeling, she found the soap on the shower floor, so she soaped up again then placed one palm on each man's thigh. Feeling a bit mischievous, and loving the idea of having two men under her control, she avoided their cocks. She rubbed up and down each leg, hoping to draw out the anticipation. A couple times, the back of her hands brushed their sacs as she scrubbed the insides of their legs. Fingers dug into her shoulders.

Madison Layle

Finally, she cupped their balls then wrapped her fingers around each man's cock.

Master grabbed her head with both hands and guided her toward his cock. "Suck it."

Sire's fingers banded her wrist, holding her hand in place around him.

That quick, they'd regained command.

The soft tip of Master's cock touched her lips, and she opened to let him in. Her tongue barely circled the head when he pressed deep to fill her mouth. He reached the back of her throat, triggering her gag reflex. She tried to push away with one hand—Sire refused to release her other one—but Master pulled back himself. Then he bucked forward again in a shallow thrust she could handle.

Sire wrapped his fingers over hers and slid her hand from root to tip. After two pumps, he released her to continue the rhythm as instructed. Finding it hard to concentrate, she matched the movement of her hand to Master's cock as he slowly fucked her mouth.

"That's it, pet. Ah, yes. Suck harder."

Thin streams of water struck her back, butt, and legs like tiny whips as she knelt before the men. Master's fingers wound through her wet hair, holding her head in place for his thrusts. Sire's hips jerked forward in direct opposition to her movements, his body forcefully colliding with the side of her hand. She tightened her grip and heard him hiss.

She'd intended to tease them and leave them wanting as they'd left her, but moisture unrelated to the shower's spray collected between her legs. She wanted to please them, to know that she could bring two powerful men to an orgasmic precipice. She increased her suction on Master's pumping cock.

He jerked once, the tip lodged in the back of her throat, his fingers biting into her scalp. He groaned as salty cum pulsed into her mouth. She was so focused on swallowing every drop, her hand stopped moving and flexed around Sire's hard length. He yanked her hand away.

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Master pulled out of her mouth and turned her head, just as Sire pushed passed her open lips. She latched onto him without thought and sucked hard. His hands replaced Master's as he climaxed after just two hard strokes. Salty seed shot down her throat, and she swallowed it greedily. He moved in and out a few more times before he slid free, releasing her to sit back on her heels.

For a moment, she sat exhausted and panting. Her mind reeled at what she'd just done. Heavy male breathing registered on her senses, and she grinned. She'd done it! Excitement renewed her energy.

Without a word, they helped her stand, led her out of the shower and towed her dry. They rubbed lotion over her skin. The scent reminded her of honey and cocoa butter. Then they combed and dried her hair.

All this pampering could spoil her, she thought giddily.

"Close your eyes."

Crap. Here we go again.

The exchange didn't take as long the second time, and her replacement was more blindfold than facemask.

Master lifted her chin, murmured, "Very good, pet," and then kissed her soundly on her exposed mouth.

She enjoyed the feel of flexing muscle beneath smooth skin, and since he didn't complain, she let her hands roam. His hair was soft and his body firm. She had no idea what his face looked like, except that he was clean-shaven. He tasted of mint. Fresh and clean.

And oh, what a talented tongue he had. Her hands curled around his neck to prevent escape but he tore his mouth from hers. She gulped in much needed air as her equilibrium twirled out of control. Master spun her around and lips again devoured her mouth, only this time they belonged to his brother.

Sire pulled her against his chest, and she couldn't help letting her fingers explore the soft curls of hair that lightly covered the hard plains. Like his brother, he stood a head taller than she did, had broad shoulders, and sported no facial hair.

Madison Layle

His hands were possessive, his tongue demanding, but the hardness of his cock against her body held her attention.

If these two kept this up, she'd be a horny, groveling mess.

Moisture gathered between her thighs in preparation for what she hoped would be the climactic sequel to Sire's rapacious kiss.

Instead he released her mouth and held her at arms length. His abrupt stop bothered her. Only his heavy breathing and the memory of his hard cock testified to his approval of her kiss.

Denied the warmth of their bodies, she rubbed her arms as goose bumps erupted across her skin. Her legs were unsteady. Her lungs strained to fulfill the need for air.

"Come with me, pet," Master said, having obviously composed himself. His hand curled around the back of her neck. He walked her back to the room with plush carpet and a bed. Despite his guidance, she faltered, her hands stretched out in front of her.

"We must work on your trust skills."

Could she help it if she didn't like walking around in the dark?

"Kneel and wait here."

As she obeyed she wondered what he planned to do next. She didn't have to wait long for the answer. Judging from the sounds, they were getting dressed without her.

"Excuse me, but when can I get dressed?"

"When you learn your place. How were you told to address us?"

Recalling all too well her previous punishment for disobedience, she decided now was not the time to take a stand. "Sorry, Master."

Didn't a girl deserve a little leniency after what she'd just done for them? Instead they get her all aroused again with suggestive kisses then leave her kneeling unsatisfied on the floor while they get dressed. This hot and cold rollercoaster ride was driving her crazy. They definitely wanted her—their rock-solid erections told her that—and hadn't she already given them the green light by "submitting" to this wild adventure? What were they waiting for? *Here I am, one hot and horny woman in need!*

"Now that you're capable of unhampered speech, your training begins in earnest."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

What? Like roll over, speak, and play dead? No, better not think along that line.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean...what?"

She pursed her lips. "What do you mean, Master?"

"I believe you just answered your own question. Obedience training, if you'd like a name for it."

Since that made her feel too much like a dog, she decided to make up her own name for it, like Submissive Instructions, Compliance Course, Appease-the-Master Apprenticeship. That thought caused a giggle.

"I'm glad you find it amusing. I doubt you'll find it easy."

Was that a threat?

The silent one knelt in front of her. His fingers brushed her cheek in a soft caress. How did he look when he touched her like that? She feared she'd never find out.

"When do I get to remove this blindfold, Sire?"

Silence...

"Master?"

"When you've earned it."

"How?"

"Trust us and you'll see."

Could the man be anymore cryptic?

Sire took her hand and placed something in it. Leather. A buckle and a metal ring. It felt a lot like a dog collar.

"Oh, no. No, and double no." This was too much. She'd never fantasized about being treated like a dog.

As if he hadn't heard a word she said, Master said, "Unlike many slaves who are forced to wear leg, wrist, and neck shackles, a pet requires only one proof of ownership. Of course, they must don the collar willingly. That is a training collar. Do you agree to wear our collar, Rachel, while within the walls of this home or in any place we deem appropriate until such time as our ownership ends?"

Her mouth opened but no words came out, so she shook her head instead.

Madison Layle

"Do you give up?" He dropped the question like a challenge. "To quit, you must speak your safe word."

Give up? Quit? She'd never backed down from anything in her life. But a dog collar? How humiliating was that?

"The collar or the safe word, Rachel. It's your choice. We will abide by whatever decision you make."

Sire's fingers cradled her face, his thumb lightly moving across her cheek. Did he understand how hard this was for her? She hoped so.

Whatever the case, she wouldn't quit. *Couldn't* quit. Although their method of introduction left a lot to be desired, they seemed to sincerely care and hadn't harmed her. The spanking was only a mild, albeit humbling, annoyance better left in the past. And better still, she'd slept soundly for the first time in ages after spending one evening with these two. She'd see this thing through to its conclusion.

Taking a fortifying breath, she put the collar around her neck and murmured, "Thanks," when Sire helped fasten it in place. Afterwards, he surprised her with a chaste kiss on the lips. It affected her more than the voracious one he'd bestowed on her after their shower.

"I'm hungry," Master said in typical male fashion. "Let's eat."

A suspicious click sounded before each man grabbed a hand and pulled her to her feet. When they released her, she reached for her neck and found confirmation of what she feared. They'd attached a leash to the collar.

Sire's kiss had made her feel special. The leash irritated her. This was not the stuff of her fantasies. Well, the kiss was, but the leash was not. Hadn't Dr. Sinclair told them what she expected? Bound? Yes. Fucked senseless? *Absolutely*. But treated like an animal? Degraded, as if she were less than human?

Tears burned her eyes, but she squeezed her lids tight and bowed her head. A tug got her feet moving. She shuffled from the room, her hands hanging limp at her sides. If she fell or ran into something, it would be their own damn fault. In silence, she followed the pull of the leash until a hand at her navel stopped her.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"You're on the first step to a staircase that curves around to the left. There's a railing, but you won't need it." The men stood one on either side. Each took one of her hands and tucked it in his arm, then escorted her down the stairs as if formally presenting her to a royal court. At the bottom, they let her go, and the illusion disintegrated with another tug on the leash. She trailed behind the sway and pull of the leash until prompted to stop again.

"Kneel, my pet. I'll return shortly."

As she knelt on a pillow apparently placed there for her convenience, she heard his footsteps move away, then silence. He was gone so long she was tempted to take a peek, but she hadn't heard Sire leave and feared a trap. She would not disobey a direct order, but no one had said anything about keeping silent.

"Sire?" she whispered, then added, "Why won't you talk to me?"

No response.

Was he there?

The leash remained attached to her collar and hung away from her body. She gave in to curiosity and followed the braided cord to discover the other end looped over the back post of an unoccupied ladder-back chair.

"Sire, are you there?"

Silence, except for faint noises of food preparation in another room.

With a sigh, she scooted off her knees, sat on the floor closer to the chair, and propped her head up with an elbow on the seat.

"Tsk, ts, ts." The sound of Sire's disappointment came from directly behind her and made her snap straight.

At least she hadn't peeked, she thought sourly.

"Sorry that took so long," Master said, coming back into the room. The aroma of eggs and hot, buttery biscuits accompanied his return, and mingled with other enticing fragrances she was unable to distinguish.

"Are you allergic to any foods we should know about?"

Impressed that he would think to ask such a question, she answered, "No, but thanks for asking...Master."

Madison Layle

Remembering her earlier question, this time she posed it to the more vocal brother. "Why won't Sire speak to me, Master?" She didn't consider a tisking sound verbal conversation.

"He's a man of few words."

"Tell me about it," she mumbled.

"Watch your tone, pet." Master's warning came out more amused than angered. "I imagine he'll speak to you when the time is right."

He sat in the chair to her left, the wood scraping the floor as he scooted it toward the table. The sound echoed to her right as the silent Sire took the seat attached to her leash, and left her on her knees between them.

Something's definitely wrong with this picture.

"As our pet in this house, you'll eat only what you obtain from our hands. Understood?"

Let her recline on a chaise lounge while he fed her one grape at a time, and he had a deal. But kneeling like a dog begging for scraps from its master's table?

"Understood?"

No, but she nodded just the same then waited, her lips parted slightly.

"Good. Don't move."

Their knives and forks clinked as the men ate breakfast and ignored her.

She huffed out a frustrated breath, but otherwise, kept quiet. She recited the alphabet in her head, then the Preamble to the U.S. Constitution. She counted to one hundred then reversed back to zero, and allowed her anger to boil. The smell of a fresh, home-cooked meal made her stomach feel hollow. Could they not see she was starving? Her feet had fallen asleep, her knees hurt despite the pillow, and her nose itched. She flexed her hands, wrinkled her nose, and squirmed.

Finally, Master's chair moved. After several intolerable minutes that seemed like hours, one of her *owners* decided he knew of her existence after all. He tucked a finger into her collar's D ring and pulled her

Incognito: Owning Rachel

between his knees. She scooted forward on the pillow, still sitting on her heels. The arc of the leash hung higher against her arm.

"Are you thirsty, pet?"

"Yes...Master." She remembered to include his title and failed miserably in hiding her pique.

"I see."

A zipper sounded, his hand pressed on the back of her head, and his cock forced open her lips. Shocked, she hung suspended, her gaping mouth filled with thick male flesh. Her hands sought purchase on the floor, chair, and finally his legs. She prepared herself to claw her way free if necessary, but he just sat there.

"Tell me, Rachel, what is the first rule every submissive must learn?"

He wanted to test her now?

"We've given you plenty of time this morning to think about it...."

He pulled her back an inch or two and pushed home again. "Unless you were too busy worrying over your own needs."

Her needs had changed drastically in the past few seconds. Against her will, her body responded. Her parched mouth watered. Her tongue twirled around his erect length as if it were a treasured lollipop.

His cock withdrew, the soft tip still a temptation on her bottom lip. "Answer me."

"Uh...obey?"

"Not exactly." He pushed inside again. Two, three, four times then out for another pause. She got the picture.

"Okay...second guess... Suck cock whenever ordered?"

"Minx," he said with a chuckle. "Try again."

"I think I need a hint, Master." She licked a dollop of pre-cum from her lips and smiled until he pressed her mouth into service once more.

"You have all the hints you deserve, pet," he said, a bit breathlessly.

She sucked hard to keep him in, but he pulled free with a pop.

"Tell me," he ordered.

Madison Layle

“Seek to fulfill her master’s pleasure without regard to her own needs.”

“Good answer. Now drink your fill.”

He pushed on her head, but she needed no encouragement. Her hunger, sore knees and itchy nose forgotten, she focused on her “drink”. She licked and nipped and sucked with the hope of driving him wild.

Suddenly hands seized her hips and forced them higher. Sire shoved her knees apart and knelt behind her. His fingers roamed at will across her flesh.

She tried to stop, slow down, and take in what was happening around her, but Master retained dominion. With a firm grip, he controlled the tempo as he pushed her down on him repeatedly. She opened her mouth wider to take as much of him as she could.

The loose collar spun around her neck as Sire pulled the leash taut. The abrupt tug on her neck was a titillating trigger, an unexpected aphrodisiac that offered a new, unique stimulation.

The forceful urgency of their movements propelled her excitement. She’d dreamed of this, fantasized of having two men want her so badly that they lost control and weren’t afraid to show it. They had to have her as much as she needed the rush of desire.

Sire ran another hand up her spine. He reached around her side and pinched a nipple, which forced a moan from her throat that vibrated around his brother’s cock.

“Yes, pet. Yes,” Master hissed and the pace increased. “Fuck her.”

A zipper ripped open. Fingers flicked her clit, stroked her pussy lips, and jabbed inside.

Anticipating the pressure of a large cock, she sucked harder on the one in her mouth. Her short nails dug into Master’s clothed thighs.

He groaned. “Ah, fuck, yes. Fuck her now!”

Sire’s long, hard cock slammed into her, pushing Master’s dick farther into her mouth. Their hands clamped her head and hips as Sire pelted her pussy repeatedly.

Her head spun, her gut clenched, and orgasmic pleasure rocketed through her body until every muscle trembled uncontrollably. Still, they

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pounded in and out of her mouth and pussy like storm-tossed waves on a battered beach. The tension built inside her womb, a rising tide that burst forth like a blow hole onshore. With one last, fierce thrust, Sire reached new depths in her body. He filled her with seed as the moist, salty flavor of Master's cum shot into her mouth.

When they let go, she collapsed to the floor, her ass in the air as if she bowed before an ancient ruler. Sticky liquid trickled down her thighs. A drop of cum remained on her chin. She didn't care. She'd just had the best orgasm of her life and wanted to enjoy the moment a bit longer. So there she remained, panting in a sated lump, as the men cleaned themselves and righted their clothing, their ragged breaths pleasing to her ears.

The chairs grated when they resumed their seats. A tug on the leash forced her head up although she still couldn't see a damn thing.

"Sit up, pet, while we finish our breakfast."

Still tingling from a superb climax, she found the pillow, knelt, and placed her hands on her thighs, palms up. *What the hell.* She'd sit for hours while they ate as long as they promised to fuck her into submission like that again.

She heard one pour something. A second later, the rim of a glass touched her lips, and she smelled the citric fragrance of orange juice.

"Drink."

"I thought I already did," she teased, but drank the cool liquid as he tilted the glass and chuckled.

The men proceeded to take turns feeding her bites of eggs, a strip of bacon, and a biscuit with grape jam...A pill?

"It's your birth control medication," Master said, placing the tiny pill on her tongue. "The refilled prescription was in your car. Very helpful of you, by the way, or at least convenient timing. It saved us a trip to your place."

After the meal, they used a moist napkin to wipe away any crumbs from her lips and the dried cum off her chin. Then they cleaned her thighs and pussy.

Madison Layle

"Stay here," Master said. The clink of china and silverware told her he was collecting the dishes, before the sound of footsteps announce his departure from the room. She heard him in what she guessed was the kitchen, which made her wonder what their house looked like. She knew it was two stories at least, and the staircase seemed rather grand. Did they live together in this house, or spend time here only when they had a sub to train?

She frowned. How many subs had they trained? Did they own another pet? The bitter taste of jealousy surprised her. Why should she care how many they had, before or now? She was only here to learn what she could while on vacation, and then return to the real world.

The leash swung as Sire lifted the end off his chair. Did he lead another woman around by a leash? Did she offer him more pleasure?

He took her chin and turned her to face him. When his thumb caressed her bottom lip, she realized he'd noticed her frown. She could hear the unspoken question in his touch, but refused to offer any explanation. If he wanted to know, he'd have to ask aloud. She pasted on a tentative smile, though she doubted he was convinced. That doubt grew when he gave her another chaste kiss, as if he apologized for some wrong.

Master's footsteps approached. "Come, pet. Time for your next lesson."

Sire stood and led the way with the leash through the house. She held her hands out a bit, but found it unnecessary as they touched and turned her to avoid any obstacles. She went from the smooth floor of the dining room to carpet to what felt like polished marble tiles before the leash drooped and a hand signaled that she should stop.

A door opened to the melodic chirp of songbirds.

"Let's go, pet. We're taking you for a walk."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Chapter Four

The leash pulled taut and still she froze. A tug made her shake her head. She was naked except for a damn dog collar, and they wanted to take her for a walk on a leash like a pet Pomeranian. Outside? She had *not* signed up for this.

“Do you want to say your safe word?”

She nodded, but her mouth didn’t move.

“You either trust us to care for you or end this now by saying your safe word.”

Trust. There was that word again. Did she trust them? She thought she did until she heard the song of nature through the opened door. She listened for the whir and click of cameras catching one of the city’s prominent prosecutors in a most humiliating condition. But she heard only the cheerful sounds of chirping. She didn’t even hear any traffic in the distance. No car horns or sirens. Nothing that indicated she was even in the city at all.

“Rachel? What’s it going to be?” Master stood a few feet to her right.

She took a small step forward. Her heart leapt three miles ahead.

A thumb brushed across her cheek as she took another tiny step toward the door.

Master’s hand grabbed one of her fists. She latched onto him like a lifeline.

Madison Layle

"Watch your step. Across the threshold, there's a deck, then some stairs that lead down to a stone patio."

He continued to hold her hand as she made her way over the physical and mental obstacles on her first ever jaunt outside in the buff. After reaching the cool stone of the patio, she took several more steps before her toes met cool blades of grass.

"It promises to be a beautiful day. Only a few white clouds in the sky." He spoke in a casual manner, as if they strolled in a public park. Of course, *he* was fully clothed.

The blackness she saw behind the blindfold was brighter outside, but still scary. They continued to walk across the lawn, Master's hand offering more comfort than he could possibly imagine. The leash swayed in front of her, a constant indicator of Sire's location.

"Feel the heat of the morning sun on your skin, pet. Let it seep inside and warm your body."

The summer sun did feel good. His hand swung with hers as they kept up with the slow steady pace set by Sire. A balmy wind kicked up and played with her hair.

Master breathed deeply.

"Feel that cool breeze, pet? Yes, I see you do."

She turned her face toward him.

"Your nipples are hard, sexy little pebbles." His words made her chest rise involuntarily, her lungs filling with fresh air.

Her heart beat triple time. She squeezed his hand and concentrated on each step, the grass soft and plush under her feet.

"You like those cool gusts in the city, don't you? I bet they feel good lapping at your pussy as you walk around without underwear."

She stumbled, but he caught her.

He leaned closer to her and murmured, "Do you ever go to the park and lift your skirt as you sit on a bench?"

She shook her head in quick denial.

"We'll have to try it some time." Her jaw dropped in surprise, which caused him to laugh.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

As for her lack of underwear, what would he think of her if she told him the truth? She only did that because she didn't like the visible lines they created when she wore her form-fitted skirts. Too unprofessional.

The idea of public exposure was new. Although, he might not believe her if she told him so. She'd never dreamed of committing such a risqué action in the city park. None of her fantasies had taken place outside. As raunchy as they were, they'd always been in a safe, private bedroom. Maybe Dr. Sinclair hadn't realized that during their sessions, or maybe he just hadn't relayed that little piece of the puzzle to these guys.

Besides, she seldom went to the park; it a waste of time better spent in preparation of her latest case. Her only walks were twenty-minutes on the treadmill in her bedroom or the frequent treks from office to courthouse.

"Here we are."

Here? Where was here?

"Hold still, pet." She tried although the trembles were unavoidable as she felt him remove the leash. "Now take one step forward."

They didn't touch her anywhere, so her step was tentative.

"A little farther. That's it. Now stand with your feet apart. A little more. Good. Raise your arms over your head and don't move."

Curious, she raised her hands as if surrendering to a cop. One of the men locked her wrists together using soft cuffs of some kind. Then she felt an upward tug that turned into a constant pull until her arms extended straight up and she rose onto her tiptoes. When she moved her feet closer together to regain her footing, something swatted her butt.

"Ouch!"

"Quiet," Master said softly. "Spread your feet apart and don't disobey again."

Her feet inched apart until one of them grabbed her ankles, forced them wider, and attached a bar between them. She stood on tiptoes, exposed, unnerved, and much to her amazement...aroused.

A fingertip dove through her pubic curls to slip between her labia. One stroke and a flick of her clit made her twist and jerk on her bindings.

Madison Layle

"You're already wet, my pet." Master sounded pleased by the discovery, yet his finger didn't remain, at least not between her legs. "Taste," he said, then slipped the moist digit into her mouth. He held it there until she'd licked every inch.

"Feel how wet our pet is, brother?"

Sire used two fingers to stroke her pussy, collecting more of her juices and teasing her until she bucked against her bindings.

"I think our pet enjoys being naked outside," Master said to his brother.

"Mmm hmm," Sire murmured, surprising Rachel. "Again," came the softly whispered command as Sire finger-fucked her mouth.

Master said, "Suck 'em clean, my naughty little pet."

She did feel naughty, even shocked by her own actions, and so damn hot she thought she'd self-combust.

"Shall we see what else she enjoys?"

Uh oh. She strained to hear Sire's response.

Nothing.

"Don't go anywhere," Master said before moving away.

For a second, she almost laughed. Where could she go, tied up without clothing? She waited, anticipating his next words or touch. Several minutes passed, and she began to worry that they'd left her hanging out alone. Literally.

Then something soft stroked across her back. The light, almost ticklish touch moved down her spine and swiped over each butt cheek. Gently, it traveled down and back up each leg. It felt like a feather, and when it flicked her underarm, she was certain. More downy soft strokes fanned across her sensitive skin. She giggled helplessly and twisted, trying to get away from the delicate torture.

"Brother, she's so hot," Master said. "I don't think a feather will do."

The feather vanished, and something cold and wet replaced it. The chilly object touched the tip of one breast causing the breath to freeze in her lungs. She struggled to remain motionless. The cold touch circled her nipples, which became stiff, damp nubs.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"You like this, don't you my naughty little pet?"

She couldn't answer. Her breaths changed to pants.

Drops of cold water trickled down her body as Master continued to rub each tip with the melting ice cube. Her only moment of reprieve came when he stopped to grab a new, seemingly larger cube. He drew a figure eight around her breasts then ran it down to dip in her navel. The sun's hot rays rained down on her skin in direct contrast to the chilly trail made by the ice.

She grinned. He blew a cool breath of air across the damp trail adding more sensation. She sucked in her tummy, but couldn't escape.

He continued down to the edge of her curls. On reflex she tried to close her thighs, but the bar kept her legs apart. She hung before him, unable to stop him. Unsure whether she even wanted to.

Chilled fingers spread her open, exposed her to the cube, which drew closer. Unchallenged.

She shook her head, her bottom lip trembling, as she begged, "Please, no."

"Tsk, ts. You're forgetting the rules already, pet." He slipped the cold ice cube between her pussy lips.

"Master!"

Her thighs shook. Her inner walls clamped on his finger as he pushed it in. Shivers spread throughout her limbs. She gasped for air as every fiber of her being focused on the cube melting from her heated core.

He slipped in a second finger, shoved the cube deeper and pulled out. Her head tossed back, and her arms yanked against the ties that held her in place. The cube continued to melt inside, trickling small cold trails down her hot inner channel to drip from her pussy. She bucked her hips as if fucking an invisible cock in a vain attempt to dislodge the object that held her enthralled.

Then fingers returned, thumbs holding her open again. She moaned, fearing another cube, but instead hot breath bathed her cunt and a warm tongue lapped at the moisture.

"Do not come." Master's voice whispered the stern warning into her ear, and she realized Sire knelt between her legs.

Madison Layle

She held her breath, trying to fight the growing tension. The battle was lost as Sire's tongue toyed with her clit and sank deeper inside. Each lick pushed her closer to the peak. She bit the inside of her mouth, her nostrils flaring like a racing steed. Still, the pleasure built as more cold water tickled her inner muscles.

His mouth sucked hard, almost painfully, on her clit. She teetered on the edge of a climax. His finger rubbed her pussy, spreading the moisture between her legs. When he reached the puckered skin of her anus, he circled it, and fear lanced through the erotic haze.

She shook her head violently. She fought against her restraints to no avail.

His finger returned to gather more moisture, drawing it back toward her unused ass.

She screamed, "No," but he pushed in. The jolt of pain shattered her resolve as the orgasm took her by storm. *Yes!* Her anus clenched, yet he continued to move in and out with steady, gentle strokes. Her pussy gripped the cube until it disappeared completely, and Sire drank up the juices of her uncontrolled pleasure. *Oh, yes!*

Slowly, she returned to reality and hung listless as Sire stood up. A carnal haze engulfed her as little aftershocks sparked along her nerves.

"You disobeyed us." Master's voice was deep, hard, and brooked no argument, but she gave him one anyway.

"What? That's crazy."

"I did not give you permission to climax."

"I can't help it if he's so damned good at that." Over her shout, she heard one of them—probably Sire—chuckle at her off-handed compliment, which only made her bolder. "No flesh-and-blood woman could've avoided a climax after what you two just did to me."

"Maybe, but other women are not you, pet. Their pleasure and obedience are of no concern to us. Yours are."

"You pleased me just fine. Thank you."

"And you're lippy. Your punishment continues to grow."

She gulped. Maybe she shouldn't have picked a fight when she was hanging here like a slab of beef. "What punishment?"

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"Care to rephrase that?"

She took a breath. "What punishment, Master?"

"Better, but not enough to reduce the penalty you've earned. You disobeyed a direct order to not come. If we want to suck you for hours, that's for us to enjoy and you to endure."

He tweaked a nipple. When she tried to twist away, he pinched harder and hung on. She snarled. He released her nipple, moved behind her, then reached around and squeezed both breasts. An obvious show of possession.

"Your body belongs to us, to do with as we choose. Yet, you climax whenever you want without any consideration for our pleasure. When told of your transgression, you forget your place. You don't accept my word, but challenge it."

"Sorry, Master," she said, hoping to appease him. It didn't work.

"Sorry? Maybe sorry that you face an unknown discipline. Somehow I doubt you truly regret your actions, but we'll see." He let her go.

The ties that held up her arms lowered. Sire unhooked her cuffs, leaving her hands bound in front of her. He rubbed away any soreness from her arms without comment while Master unfastened the bar from between her ankles. Standing back up, Master reattached her leash and, with a murmured, "Follow me," he led her a few feet away.

He took her hands and guided them until she felt a padded beam in front of her. It was about six inches wide and positioned at about waist level.

"Lean forward until it runs down the center of your body from the hips up."

She did as instructed and discovered that the beam's padding stopped at her shoulders, while the beam itself extended farther than she could reach. Hands quickly separated the cuffs at her wrists and refastened them to wooden legs that extended away from the beam in an upside down V. She was on a modified sawhorse of some kind. Her ankles were also bound to a pair of support legs at the end.

Madison Layle

Trepidation set in. Why hadn't she yanked off the blindfold and ran when she had the chance? *What if the punishment was too much?* Was she strong enough to take it?

What was her safe word? *Oh, fantasy. That was it.* They'd stop if she used it, wouldn't they?

She trembled as she settled her right cheek on the beam and awaited her punishment.

"Raise your head." When she did, trying to look over her shoulder, he corrected, "No, turn your face so that your chin, not your cheek, almost rests on the beam."

She did, and he rolled something forward on the beam above her head.

"Sire will sit in this seat while you receive your punishment."

Sire took his position, scooted forward, and draped a leg over each of her arms on either side of the beam. His crotch touched her nose.

Well, isn't this cozy, she thought, tongue-in-cheek.

Her humor fled when something slapped her thigh.

"This is a flogger."

He slapped her other thigh, no more than a mild tap that offered little pain, if any. She could handle this.

"Have you ever experienced a flogging before?"

She muttered, "No," since Sire had her head pinned between his rock-wall thighs.

"No, what?" Another slap, this one a little harder and with a bit more bite.

"No, Master," she said with gritted teeth.

"You are to receive a whipping for your disobedience and for the disrespect you showed me with your tone. While I punish you, pet, you will hold Sire's dick in your mouth." On cue, Sire unzipped his fly and slipped his semi-erect cock past her stunned lips.

"Do not suck on him unless he is soft, in which case you'll lick and suck him until he's again hard and then stop. At no time are you to bring him to completion, unless specifically told to do so. If at any time you disregard my orders, he'll signal me, and I'll adjust the punishment

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accordingly." He trailed the flogger's ends lightly down her spine. "You let your mouth run away with you. We're going to put it to better use."

Sire nudged her mouth. She started sucking.

The flogger's touch vanished, but the icy fingers of uncertainty remained. She heard a squirting sound behind her that puzzled her. When Master put a hand on her back, she flinched, expecting the snap of the flogger instead of his warm palm. Just as she started to relax with relief, he slipped something cold between her butt cheeks. She jolted and tried to turn her head, but Sire's thighs and now-fully-erect cock held her head in place. So she wiggled her butt instead.

"Hold still. It's just anal lube."

Anal what?

"Relax, pet. This will go in easier if you do." Master rubbed his finger over her asshole.

She stiffened.

"I said, *relax*." He swatted her butt. Then while she concentrated on the sting, he slipped in a slick finger to coat the inside of her rectum.

"Gah!" She managed good volume, but couldn't say much more with Sire's dick stuck in her mouth.

Master pushed deeper, and her body jerked against its restraints.

"Settle down, pet. A lack of control is what got you into this situation in the first place."

No. What got her into this was trusting a no-account, good-for-nothing psychiatrist who refused to just take her money and let her chat away her hour while stretched out comfortably on his couch.

Master removed his finger, and she sighed in relief until she felt him squirt more lubrication inside her, straight from the tube. Then something else pressed forward to gain her undivided attention. It was wider than his finger and stretched her more as he pushed it in a bit then pulled back and tried again.

"Gaaahhh." The pain was not intolerable so much as it was unfamiliar, so she squirmed in retaliation, and earned a sharp five-fingered smack to the ass for her trouble.

"Aaaaw."

Madison Layle

Sire's cock lay hard and full in her mouth. His hand petted her head. He made no move to stop the torture that continued at the other end of her body.

In, out, a slight twist and then a final push.

"This isn't the largest butt plug we have, but it'll do for starters," Master said.

Behind the blindfold her eyes were as big as saucers.

"Besides, it has a feature I need for your punishment." He must have flicked a switch or something, because a slow vibration suddenly radiated from her ass.

In reflex, her lips and tongue closed in a tight suction around the cock in her mouth, and Sire fisted his hands in her hair.

With a swish, the flogger slapped her right thigh hard enough to smart...and make her release Sire. Master swung the flogger again, this time landing across her upper back.

"The vibrations are set to bring you to peak and then stop, leaving you unfulfilled. You are under a standing order to not come unless instructed to do so. If you disregard this order, you will remain tied up and left to the mercy of the vibrator for the rest of the day."

Another swat and another, seldom in the same spot. Rarely with the same force.

When Sire's cock softened a bit, he pushed against her as a reminder. She began to suck him and lost herself in the bliss of feeling him come alive. When she failed to stop soon enough though, the flogger fell with full force across her butt. She jerked, but stopped sucking.

The plug's vibrations did exactly what Master warned. They built in intensity until she thought she'd explode. Then the plug quit, leaving behind nothing but the full pressure in her ass and a few residual tingles.

More lashes rained down across her flesh, never breaking the skin, but leaving behind a warm pain that spread through her body. The combination of pain and pleasure mingled into a euphoric fog that disintegrated when Master stuck something solid, long, and thick in her damp pussy.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Startled by the unexpected intrusion, she sucked Sire's hard cock deeper into her mouth and received another sharp whack across her backside.

The object returned to press inside her pussy. Master pulled it nearly out and pushed home again. His thrusts joined the vibrations in her ass, which started up again.

"You like being fucked by the handle of my flogger, don't you pet?"

All she could do was moan and struggle against the building tension.

Again she reached the precipice. Again the vibrations ceased, but this time the thrusts into her pussy remained.

Master's fingertips trailed tenderly over the tiny stripes that crisscrossed her back. "Your skin is gorgeous when it bears my marks, but don't worry. They'll fade quickly."

The multitude of sensation nearly overwhelmed her. Hard cock, soft touch, rhythmic thrusts and erotic vibrations. Her hands fisted. Her legs pulled against their bindings. Her mind blanked.

Master shoved the penis-shaped handle in farther, withdrew and repeated the stroke. His thrust pushed her face into Sire's crotch, so she licked him and felt pre-cum spill onto her tongue.

"Your pussy is soaked, my pleasure pet. I must say you enjoy a little pain when you're fucked." He pulled the flogger free and rubbed her clit in a circular fashion.

The vibrations started again. She thought she'd faint. She couldn't explain it, would probably never understand it, but he was right. She did enjoy the mix of a little pain with a lot of pleasure.

Master ran the thin leather strips lightly all over her heated skin, keeping her body fully awake for the titillation that emanated from her ass.

The fine hairs around the base of Sire's cock tickled her nose as he pushed the tip to the back of her throat. She sucked huge amounts of air through her nostrils in a futile attempt to calm down. The scent of sex and man surrounded her.

Madison Layle

The sound of a zipper showered across her senses like Fourth of July sparklers. Anticipation and dread swamped her. She desperately wanted to come, and didn't know whether she could hold it off if Master entered her, or if the damn vibrator didn't stop soon.

And she couldn't ask for permission with Sire's cock lodged in her mouth.

Her back, butt, and thighs were on fire. Her asshole tingled. The vibrator notched up to another level at the same moment Master rammed into her with a fierce thrust. She screamed around Sire's cock causing him to groan, but she didn't come. Yet.

"Very good, pet," Master said huskily. "Hold off a little longer, and I'll give you what you most desire."

She didn't know if she could, but she'd try. God knows, she'd try.

Master moved back and, with a tight grip on her hips, powered into her.

"Suck him, pet. Suck him hard."

She obeyed, hoping she could concentrate on giving Sire pleasure and avoiding her own as long as possible. He held onto her head and slid the seat closer. She almost gagged, but forced herself to relax and take more of him. Deeper. Harder.

Master pumped his cock into her pussy with strong strokes that had his thighs slapping against hers. Each time he collided with her, his body nudged the plug in her ass. It was like being double-fucked. His thick dick combined with the vibrating butt plug to fill her more than she'd ever been before.

"That's it, pet. Damn, you're so tight."

He leaned forward and held her shoulders, enabling him to hammer harder into her soft body. Simultaneously, Sire increased his pace and the vibrator kicked up another notch.

No. I'm not going to make it!

"Ah, fuck, yes." Another thrust deep inside sent Master over the edge. His cum gushed warm inside her, and a second later Sire reached his peak.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

“Now. Come, pet.” Master didn’t have to say it twice. She was already obeying. Rachel swallowed all of Sire’s cum that she could, but some escaped to trickle down her chin. Her ass held the vibrator in a death grip, while her pussy clamped onto Master’s cock, and her whole body shook with orgasmic fury.

Master switched off the vibrator, but left it in place while she trembled uncontrollably. Another wave hit her, and the contractions continued. With a sated moan, Master rocked gently into her, then pulled back and slammed forward to the hilt once more. She passed out.

Madison Layle

Chapter Five

Rachel awoke to blackness, but instead of disturbing her like before, she felt soothed by its familiarity.

She had no idea how much time had passed, but she suspected a lot since she felt clean, refreshed, and lay on the plush softness of a bed. She stretched and was surprised that she didn't feel restraints. Neither did she experience any of the stiffness she usually associated with first waking up.

She relaxed into the pillows with a satisfied sigh and listened to her environment.

Male voices sounded from the other room, but they were too faint for her to successfully eavesdrop on the conversation. A short time later she heard the door open.

She smiled as she heard the men pad across the room.

The mattress dipped. "How do you feel, pet?"

"Renewed, Master."

He chuckled and, leaning over her, gave her a quick kiss on the lips. Simultaneously, she felt what could only be Sire's hand caress her calf.

"You were out quite a while. We were starting to worry."

"I'm sorry, Master."

"Don't be. I'm glad you got some rest. I understand you haven't been sleeping well over the past few months."

She frowned at the reminder. What would happen when her time here ended? Would her return to reality mean a return to insomnia?

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"I'm fine," she said.

"I know. I trust you'll tell us otherwise should the situation change." He and Sire took her hands. "Come. It's getting late. We've a dinner date."

She slid off the bed. "What do you mean, dinner date?"

She heard the smile in his voice. "We're going to wine and dine you in one of the finest Italian restaurants the city has to offer...in a cozy little corner booth."

"Like this?" she squeaked.

He gave a loud bark of laughter. "No, my pet. Not exactly."

Not exactly? She was beginning to hate that phrase.

Her nerves settled down, however, when they presented her with a dress and shoes. She couldn't tell what color they were, but the dress's material was soft and fluid. Before she could put it on, they gave her fifteen minutes in the bathroom without the blindfold to put on some makeup and fix her hair. She checked her back and found Master to be true to his word. He hadn't left a single mark. Any welts were gone and most of the redness as well. Before her time was up, she took a quick moment to relieve herself. Then she opened the door, holding the black silk cloth over her eyes.

"Got 'em closed?" Master asked.

She nodded.

"Okay. Hold still." She dropped her hands when he took the scarf and placed a pair of glasses on her. She could feel them wrap around her face like a sleek pair of sunglasses.

"Open up."

When she did, she saw black in front of her and to the sides, but if she looked down her nose, she could see herself and a little of the floor. The carpet was a deep, rich burgundy.

She scowled. "Master, when am I going to get to see you two?"

He laughed and leaned forward. "When you've earned it," he whispered teasingly in her ear. He took her hand and led her to the bed. There, he slipped the dress over her head and removed her collar.

She touched her neck. Funny how she felt naked without it.

Madison Layle

The dress fit her perfectly and a peek down told her it was fire engine red, one of her favorite colors. Thin spaghetti straps over each shoulder held it in place. The bodice dipped low enough in the front to display some cleavage and farther in the back to eliminate any doubt of whether she wore a bra.

She sat to let Master put on her shoes. Peeking, she noticed he wore a gold watch on his right wrist and no rings. His hands and forearms were tanned and sported a mild dusting of black hair. *So, Master's a left-handed, dark-haired man who enjoys outdoor activities.* She could attest to what type of outdoor activities he liked. She giggled.

"Are you peeking?"

Her giggles stopped. She shook her head.

"What's so funny?"

She wasn't about to admit to the lie, so she gave an alternative truth. "I just realized I've never had a man dress me before."

A long pause followed her statement and, for a second, she thought she'd been had, but then he stood and pulled her to her feet. The stilettos added quite a bit of height to her modest five-foot-five-inch frame, and they promised to kill her feet in record time. She hoped they parked close to the restaurant.

"To any observer, the glasses will appear to be those worn by the blind." Something silky wrapped around her neck. "This ribbon will temporarily replace your collar without drawing undue notice." He tied it in back and let the long ends hang free. "The loose ends will give you the illusion of the leash and remind you of your submission. Now, let's go. We don't want to be late."

As he escorted her down the stairs, she saw the risers were painted white with the treads a deep, rich cherry wood. Applause greeted her as she stepped off the last one.

"Sire approves, and I must agree. You look absolutely breathtaking, pet."

Their praise made her tummy flip and brought a wide grin to her face. "I'd say the same about you, but I'm not allowed to see for myself," she teased.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"Cheeky pet," Master murmured before popping her playfully on the behind.

Sire placed something in her hand, which turned out to be an evening bag that matched her dress. Something was inside, and she started to open it....

"You're peeking."

Her gaze lifted and her hands dropped to her sides. "Sorry."

"You're forgiven, this once," he said with unhidden amusement.

They escorted her through the front door and down a sweeping set of stone steps to a cobblestone driveway where another surprise awaited her.

"Good evening, gentlemen...and ma'am." She didn't recognize the stranger's voice at all and couldn't see a damn thing, so she had no clue how to respond. Hold hand out for a shake or just stand there and smile?

"Hello, Fulstrom. Pleasant evening, is it not?" Master asked.

"Indeed it is, sir. Your car's ready."

The vehicle turned out to be a black stretch limousine and Fulstrom, the chauffeur. Sire got in first and held her hand as she followed.

"Watch your head, my pet," Master said, keeping a protective hand over her head before joining them inside. The door closed and, a few seconds later, the engine roared to life.

Rachel settled in between her two lovers and tried to ready herself mentally for the very public dinner ahead. The limo was a nice touch even if she couldn't see the surrounding luxury.

"So, Master... Do you two rent limos for every dinner date?"

"It's not rented, my curious pet."

"Oh."

"It belongs to my company. We serve some very wealthy clients who expect the star treatment whenever they're in town. I find it more affordable and convenient to have a chauffeur on staff."

She paused, unsure whether he'd willingly share more information about himself, but how else was she to find out unless she asked? "What kind of business are you in?"

Madison Layle

"I buy and sell real estate."

"You're a realtor?" She was so surprised, she forgot his title.

He laughed. "More like a high-dollar real estate financier."

"Oh!" She pointed from him toward Sire and back. "So the house is...yours?"

"Ours, yes."

Taking a chance, she asked, "Sire, what do you do?"

He took her face between his hands and leaned forward until their noses touched. With a quick laugh, he gave her one heart-stopping kiss. When he let go, she heard Master laughing.

"Nice try, my pet, but enough questions for now," Master said.

"We have a few rules to discuss with you before we arrive."

Rules? A huge lump settled in her stomach.

"From the moment you leave the limo until you return, you are free to speak as you normally would. However, you will refer to us as 'sir' instead of the usual titles." Two hands tugged her knees apart. "At no time are you to cross your legs or sit with your knees together. Maintain a distance similar to the way they are now. When seated, you must lift your skirt so that your pussy is on the seat and not the material of your dress. This will remind you of your nudity."

As if a girl could forget with these two men around.

"Adjust your dress now."

With a hint of naughty excitement and a healthy dose of worry, she lifted her skirt out of the way and sat. The leather was soft against her skin. *This isn't so bad.*

"Good. Like that, the front of your skirt rides up to barely cover your pussy."

The large lump shot to her throat. What if the restaurant didn't use tablecloths?

"I want you to sit up straight at all times, chest out. They're lovely breasts, so don't be afraid to show them off."

He pulled her hands away from the hem of her skirt.

"Don't fidget. Also, for the purposes of this dinner date, you'll know our names as John and Jack Smith."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

How original, she thought and almost asked if she could be Jane Doe, but wisely held her tongue.

"Don't forget, pet. You are to refer to us as 'sir'. Obey us without question or challenge. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

"What is your safe word? Say it now."

"F-fantasy."

"Good. Use it only if you must. If you do, we'll call you a cab, pay for your fare home and send your things to you in the mail. You retain control over when our journey together ends, but we control the path we take on that journey."

As the restaurant drew nearer, her trepidation increased. What if they asked her to do something she couldn't possibly do? Would she have to use her safe word? What if she ran into someone she knew? What if that someone saw her skirt hiked up to her waist?

"Relax," he said. "Trust us." He ran a finger up her inner thigh. She opened for him without hesitation.

Sire grazed her neck and shoulder with the back of a finger, pushing the spaghetti strap off. As Master dipped a finger past her pussy lips, Sire dipped his finger lower to reveal one breast. Rachel's head fell back against the seat.

Sire used teeth and tongue to nip and suck the tip into his mouth. Master slipped a second finger into her channel to explore as deep as he wished, much to her contented delight. After a few heart-pounding minutes, the men switched places as Master took her other breast into his mouth, and Sire pinched and teased her clit.

Her hips lifted. Her hands pulled the skirt higher out of the way.

The climax neared, and the limo rolled to a stop.

Immediately, the men righted her dress and gave her quick pecks on each cheek.

"All set," Master said as the door opened.

Rachel wanted to jerk him back so he could finish what he started.

Madison Layle

He tugged on her shaky hand, and Sire's palms cupped her ass as they guided her out of the car. She listened for paparazzi cameras or the dreaded greeting from an acquaintance, but heard none.

Once standing, she smoothed her skirt and tried to settle her nerves. Her body made that difficult since it still hummed with unrelieved arousal and pent-up frustration. She could smell her arousal and feared others could, too.

"This way, my pet." Master took her arm in his and started forward. Sire's hand settled on her lower back, touching skin and the dangling ends of her "leash".

The maitre d' apparently recognized them because as soon as they walked up, he said, "*Signori...* Welcome. The booth you requested is ready. Right this way."

Master released her arm, giving her over to Sire's care, as they made their way through the restaurant. The lighting was dim. Maybe they relied on candles to provide a softer, elegant illumination for patrons. Fine for those sitting down but, for her, it made navigation damn difficult. Rachel kept her gaze aimed at the floor as she faced the gauntlet of tables, chairs and bustling servants. She prayed one didn't decapitate her with a serving tray.

Sire remained behind her, his hands at her hips or back, safely guiding her through the maze. "Almost there."

The shock of hearing his whispered words would've landed her flat on her face if he hadn't held onto her.

"You pick a fine time to talk, sir."

His chest shook silently against her back.

"Ah...Jack, good to see you." The unfamiliar male voice stopped Rachel in her tracks.

"Sorry we're late," Master said. "Have you been waiting long?"

"No, not at all." The answer came from a woman who was either very short or already seated in the booth.

"Olivia, you're as lovely as ever."

"And you're still the charmer," she said with a laugh.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"John..." The man's hand came into her limited view. Sire reached around her right side, his arm pumping as they shook hands. His left one remained on her back.

"And this must be Rachel."

Her eyebrows shot into her hairline, her lips parting. They used her real name?

The woman in the booth laughed. "Apparently we're a bit of a surprise." While the man had a foreign European accent, hers was All-American.

"Shame on you, *amigos*," said the stranger, although his tone was anything but disciplinary.

Master took his seat while she toyed with the idea of running for the door. "Sit, pet. I'll make the introductions."

Sire's hand held her in check. A slight nudge made her move forward, and she reached out blindly until Master took her hand. She scooted in beside him and found her only chance at escape gone when Sire sat on her other side.

With head bowed, she laced her fingers together on her lap. Bracketed by her lovers, the space seemed tiny. In reality, the circular booth provided plenty of room.

"Adjust your skirt, pet." Master kept his voice low, but that didn't prevent her face from flaming. She finished the task quickly, hoping the other couple was too far away or too busy to hear his command.

Her cheeks burned as two hands, one belonging to each man on either side of her, wedged between her knees and pried them apart.

"This is Dylan and Olivia Montgomery," Master said. "They're close, personal friends of ours. Rachel is our new pet."

The new pet wanted to kill her master. Instead, she said softly, "Hello."

"I can see Jack didn't tell you we'd be here," Dylan said. "He does like to test a person's limits. But if it'll set your mind at ease, Olivia belongs to me."

Rachel raised her head.

Madison Layle

"You couldn't ask for better owners," Olivia added. "They'll treat you well. Trust me."

She appreciated their words and tried to resolve her feelings of helplessness when ambushed by their presence. Master must have decided she'd faced enough for now since he changed the subject and steered conversation to more mundane topics.

The server stopped to take their orders. Master and Dylan spoke for everyone. Sire held her right hand beneath the table, his thumb rubbing her skin in a calm, hypnotic manner. Master's arm draped over her shoulders.

"Are you thirsty, pet?"

Her head snapped around, her eyes wide, as his question brought back memories of another time he'd used those same words.

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Chapter Six

He read her reaction accurately and chuckled. "I mean for some water." He took her left hand. "The glass is here."

Her fingers curled around the slick, icy goblet and a breath rushed from her lungs. "Thank you, Ma—I mean, sir."

She took a sip, which turned into a lengthy swallow. Trying to anticipate her owners' next moves was wearing on her nerves. Even the most innocent of questions sent her mind into erotic orbit. She was jumpy, not to mention still aroused from their play in the limo. Her palms were embarrassingly moist, and she'd no doubt leave a damp spot on the seat.

Thank God for the tablecloth.

The server arrived with the food. The pasta topped with Italian herbs and spices gave off a delicious aroma and made her mouth water. She found her place setting to the right of her plate and unwrapped it from the cloth napkin. Then, putting the napkin across her lap, she picked up her fork only to feel Sire's hand on her wrist.

She held her breath. Were they going to feed her here, too?

"That's no place for a napkin," Master said. The covering slid off her thighs. He folded it and placed it under her hand, next to her plate. "Enjoy the meal, pet, but never deny us the pleasure of such a lovely view." He and Sire scooted the hem of her skirt a little higher.

Her heart skipped, her breathing tripped, and the fork in her hand rattled against the dish.

Madison Layle

All around her, she heard people gathered to savor friendly conversation and gourmet meals, those at her table included. However, she sat frozen for several minutes, praying the moist signs of her arousal wouldn't leave a mark on the bench's cushion between her open thighs. Her pussy throbbed with unfulfilled need, for which she put full blame on the shoulders of the two men beside her. Knowing they could look at her...down there...only made the need worse.

"Do you wish us to feed you here too, pet?" Master's words yanked her out of her trance.

She shook her head and immediately leaned forward to take the first bite, using what little field of vision she had to guide the fork to her mouth. The sauce was heaven on her tongue.

"Mmm."

Sire chuckled and Master said, "Glad you approve. Eat up. You'll need the nourishment for later."

Refusing to let his prediction bother her, she dug in and was halfway through her meal before anyone spoke again.

"What do you do for a living, Rachel?" Dylan asked.

Thankful that she'd just taken a bite, she used the time chewing gave her to formulate a response. Should she lie? Tell the truth? If she did lie, would the men beside her call her on it? *Probably.*

"I practice law."

"Interesting. Would I recognize the firm?"

She hesitated again, unwilling to announce outright that she worked for the state as a prosecutor. "I...I doubt it's one you'd know." She held her breath, waiting for her escorts to reveal her fib, but they kept her secret.

"Hmm, well, no matter. Olivia here was a CEO."

"Was?"

"I retired after meeting Dylan," Olivia said in a cheerful, adoring tone. "He made me an offer I couldn't refuse."

"I had to have you, puss...."

Feeling uncomfortable and not understanding why, Rachel tried a change in subject. "How did you meet my...uh..." Although she realized

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she had begun thinking of them as her owners, she wasn't brazen enough to admit that publicly. "...the Smiths?"

"We went to college with Dylan and his brother," Master said.

"They were exchange students."

"And you taught us how wild you Americans can be."

"I thought I did that," Olivia said. The men laughed, including Sire. Even Rachel grinned.

"Ah, *mi amor*," Dylan said, "you showed me how it feels to possess the stars."

The soft sound of a kiss, combined with his words, poked a hole in Rachel's heart. Dylan owned Olivia. He'd said so, yet they spoke like life-long sweethearts. She'd never felt such love before, and didn't know how to react witnessing it now.

She bowed her head and concentrated on turning her fork to gather more noodles.

No one had warned her that a life like this could lead to such a strong relationship. She'd expected them to be temporary flings whereby each party received mutual physical satisfaction before parting ways. The life style offered great sex—a lot of great sex—but did training lead to love? Surely not. Dr. Sinclair said these two were experienced trainers. They must've trained plenty of subs only to release them out into the world of BDSM. Hadn't Master called her his *new* pet? Wouldn't that imply he'd had an old one?

She frowned.

Maybe she was getting in too deep. She shouldn't even be thinking of love. This was just her chance to live out a few fantasies before returning to the real world. She had a life beyond the collar and leash. Sooner or later, she'd have to return there. And unlike Olivia, she wasn't willing to give up a thriving career for life-long subservience to one man, let alone two.

Master's hand on her thigh made her jump. "Sorry, Master...sir."

"You're not eating."

"I'm full," she lied.

Sire interlaced his fingers with hers. She almost cried.

Madison Layle

Why was she suddenly so damn emotional?

"I think you have a lot on your mind," Master said. "Let's see if we can help you focus a bit."

Her spine stiffened. "What... What do you mean, sir?"

"Just relax."

In the background, muted conversations hummed amid the tinkling of utensils and the sounds of footsteps. All noise from across the table had stopped.

Oh, damn. How could she relax with an audience?

Sire released her hand and began stroking her right thigh. Master rubbed her left leg. She breathed easier. That wasn't so bad. It felt kind of nice, actually.

Master continued a casual conversation with Dylan, who responded in a voice laced with good humor. Rachel was too busy concentrating on where their hands went to listen to the exact words. Their fingers repeatedly moved closer to the apex of her thighs. Her head fell back against the seat.

The server stopped to ask if their glasses needed refilling. Only the fact that his voice came from Dylan's side of the table kept Rachel from sliding beneath it with mortification. Her tormentors' hands paused, but their fingers continued to move while Master answered.

"Yes, more water please. Lots of ice. Thank you."

Ice. Rachel bit her lip to keep from moaning, but a whimper still escaped.

"Is she okay?" the server asked, deepening her blush. She must be as red as her dress by now.

"She's fine," Master said. "Just a bit flushed. The ice water will help."

Knowing what he could do with an ice cube, she doubted that, but held her tongue.

When the servant left, she sat up straighter and tried to compose herself. "I'm all better now, really. Thank you, sir. Both of you."

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For a second their hands remained, and she thought they'd try to push her further, but then they released her. Taking a relieved breath, she retrieved her fork and took another bite of pasta.

"Have you never come in public before, pet?"

She damn near choked to death. Her eyes watered, her throat burned. Master gave her a napkin. Sire handed her the water glass.

Amused, Dylan said, "You've rather impeccable timing there, *mi amigo*."

"Kiss my ass, Dylan," Master said.

"*Gracias*, but I already own a lovelier one that's more to my taste."

The server stopped by with the refilled water pitcher and asked with some concern, "Does she need a doctor?"

Taking the advice of a doctor—a psychiatric doctor—had gotten her into this situation. Suddenly Rachel found the whole thing hysterical. Her coughs turned to peels of laughter, and tears ran down her cheeks. Her humor was contagious as the others at the table joined in.

Obviously stumped, the server filled the water glasses and excused himself. She wished she could've seen the look on his face.

Her gut hurt by the time her laughter subsided.

A thumb and finger lifted her chin and turned her face toward Master. "Feel better now?"

She grinned and nodded.

Sire's hand sat like a soothing heating pad across her thigh. She laced their fingers together and turned to give him a smile. He leaned forward and kissed her, a tender, all-too-brief touch of his lips on hers.

"Before you risk another bite or sip of water, pet...You haven't answered my earlier question."

Slowly she turned back toward Master and gave a quick shake of her head.

"After your tears, I think you may want to freshen up in the Ladies Room. Take your purse." That comment was unexpected. "With Dylan's permission, Olivia will accompany you."

"Granted," Dylan said.

Madison Layle

"Once you pass the door, you may remove your glasses. Put them on before returning. Also, when you get inside, you're to open your bag. You'll find a few items that I want you to put on...or insert under your dress. You'll know which orifice when you see it, but if not, Olivia can guide you. Don't return without all of them in place. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," she said softly. Her mind raced with curiosity.

Sire helped her scoot out, the skirt falling back into place the moment she stood. Her feet didn't move, however, until Olivia took her arm.

"This way, hon'."

"I can't see a damn thing," she whispered to her guide, who gave her a sympathetic pat on the arm.

"I know. Don't worry. They didn't give us a deadline, so we can take our time."

Grateful for small favors, she let Olivia lead the way until finally they passed through the door into the bright fluorescent lights of the restroom. Rachel yanked off the glasses and had to blink several times.

"The light's harsh after being in the dark for so long, isn't it?"

"You had to do this, too?"

"Oh, yes. Dylan blindfolded me for a solid week once when I chose to disbelieve something he told me." They headed for the mirrors on the wall.

Olivia didn't talk or look like a CEO. No monotone suit or conservative pumps. She was dressed in a sleek, black strapless dress that barely reached mid-thigh. Her high heels had long straps that crisscrossed part-way up her calves. Her ebony hair swept away from an oval face, and around her neck hung a silver choker with a padlock pendant in the shape of a heart, encrusted with a few diamonds. She had a pretty, white grin.

Rachel looked around to see they were alone. "What for? I mean, being blinded for a week seems rather cruel punishment for a minor infraction."

"On the contrary. Trust is the most important thing in this kind of life. There's a lot at stake when a sub puts her trust in a Dom. The masters know that, which is why they treasure a sub's trust so highly. It's a

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confidence each Dom must earn and constantly reinforce. Look at it this way. How would you feel if your masters betrayed you?"

"I'd take them to court and sue the pants off 'em until they were nothing but homeless, lice-infested beggars, crushed under my feet."

"Attorneys." Olivia laughed and rolled her eyes. "I think you get my point. When a sub doesn't believe her master, it's viewed as a major insult."

"I see." Still, she wondered. Would she be kept in the dark for a week or more?

A woman in a pastel dress came in.

"Here," Olivia said. "I should have some powder you can use to touch up your makeup. Tears of joy are nice, but they can leave you looking a bit streaky."

They spent the next few minutes primping and waiting for the other patron to leave. When she did, Rachel stepped into the handicap stall, leaving the door ajar, and opened the purse.

The contents were small, but she did know what to do with at least one of them. She left the bullet-shaped vibrator in the bag as she dug around for the rest.

"Here, allow me." Olivia cupped her hands together so Rachel poured out the contents. Two tiny rings joined the bullet. She looked at Olivia, who grinned. "Nipple rings. They're like clamps, but these conceal easily under clothing. They just make you look like your tits are constantly cold."

Rachel grinned. "Okay, how do they work?"

Olivia demonstrated how to expand them then stepped out of the stall to wait.

Rachel pinched and twirled a nipple to make it pucker, then positioned the ring and released the spring. Feeling its bite, she quickly did the other one before she lost her nerve. The sting lasted a while before numbness set in. When she replaced her dress, she keenly felt the rub of material against each tip.

"You got it, or do you need some help?"

Madison Layle

"No, I'm coming." Realizing what she said, she laughed. "Well, not yet, but soon."

She pushed the bullet-shaped device into her pussy, which was already damp. Concerned that it might fall out as she walked back to the table, she shoved it up a little higher and clamped her butt cheeks together. Why hadn't they let her wear panties or jeans? At least then she wouldn't have to walk through a busy restaurant as if she had a cornucob up her butt.

"Ready?" Olivia asked when the stall door opened.

"No. What if this thing falls out?"

"It won't. Hold in your tummy and squeeze your muscles together. You'll be fine."

The return trip was slower because Rachel refused to walk with a normal stride, but they did make it with the device still in place.

"I was beginning to think I'd need the Jaws of Life to pry you two out of that room," Dylan said as he and Sire moved out of their way to let them in.

"Cute, dear," Olivia said, "but as you know, perfection takes time."

Rachel was too worried to say or do anything but perspire. How had she allowed these two men to talk her into this predicament?

"What did you two chat about?" Master asked with an amused cheerfulness to his tone.

"About how marketable a cock-sized tampon would be," Olivia answered, causing Rachel to laugh in spite of herself.

"Would you mind putting your pet on a leash, Dylan? She's running a bit wild, don't you think?"

"With pleasure, *mi amigo*."

Rachel couldn't see what Dylan did, but Olivia gave a sharp yelp, a giggle, and said no more.

"Your hard nipples attract the eye, my pet," Master said.

"Wouldn't you agree, Dylan?"

"Indeed."

The tips tingled under their regard.

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"Tell me, pet. Did you feel the gaze of every man on you as you returned?"

She hadn't thought about it then, but she did now.

"You forgot something, my pet."

Her hands went to her face. The glasses were in place. The device was inside her. What had she forgotten?

"Your skirt, Rachel. Lift it for us."

"Oh. Sorry, sir." She made quick work of moving the material out of the way and noticed that while seated, the device felt almost nonexistent.

"We took the liberty of ordering another round of drinks...and dessert," Dylan said.

A glass touched her lips.

"Take a sip, pet." White wine spilled over her taste buds.

"Going to get me drunk, sir?" she asked as a joke.

"No, we're going to make you come...while we enjoy dessert."

Master almost accomplished his goal on the boldness of his statement alone. Her dress rubbed her nipples with each shaky breath she took. Her pussy was already saturated.

Sire leaned closer, his lips at her ear, and whispered, "Not a sound."

The bullet awoke inside her. She didn't know who held the remote. Not that it mattered one way or the other. Like a rifle scope, her focus targeted that bullet as its pleasing vibrations ricocheted through her body.

"Do you like dipped strawberries, pet?" Master asked.

"Hmm?"

"Dipped strawberries, do you like them?"

"Yes, sir." Her lips parted, expecting to taste a chocolate covered strawberry.

Instead, he took one of the fruits and ran it along her pussy, back and forth over her clit, until the berry was thoroughly soaked and she had lost her mind. Then, leaning close to her ear, he took a bite of the *dipped* fruit. "Mmm, so do I."

Madison Layle

She lifted her hips, seeking more of his decadent touch. Her thighs fell open as someone turned up the vibrations.

Sire took her right leg and draped it over his left thigh. Master did the same with her other leg so that she sat with knees wide apart, her hemline bunched around her waist, and her pussy fully exposed to their view.

Her hands pressed into the seat on either side of her hips, and she closed her eyes. The soft brush of the tablecloth offered a vague sensation across her bare thighs. Otherwise, she forgot where she was, who was around, everything except for the two men beside her and the buzzing inside her body.

Someone flicked her clit. Sire? Master? She didn't know and didn't care as her body responded with more wetness. Another flick, and she peeked down. They were again working in tandem, taking turns teasing her throbbing flesh with strawberries.

"You really must try the fruit, pet," Master said, lifting the tip of one to her mouth. "It's very good."

She bit into the berry. Its sweet flavor burst into her mouth, along with the taste of her own juices.

Master's finger entered her, followed by a second from Sire's hand, and the tension grew. They didn't go deep. They didn't have to. She was so close to the edge already. Her chest heaved.

She wasn't going to last. She felt a scream rising as the orgasm drew near.

Sire's finger withdrew, and he grabbed her chin, turning her face toward his. Master pushed deeper.

"No sound," Sire whispered again before taking her mouth to ensure she obeyed.

Master pulled out, rapidly plucked and rubbed her clit, and then said, "Come, pet."

She did, and the rush of arousal was like white water rapids. Whatever sound she would've made drowned in Sire's kiss, which didn't stop until after the last of the waves subsided.

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"Amazing." Dylan's voice—part awe, part unfathomable moan—was a wakeup alarm. Every muscle she had tensed. Her face flared hot as the sun's surface.

Master used her shock to his advantage. He reached inside her and took out the bullet before she could recover her senses. "If you're concerned about an audience, my pet, don't be. We chose this booth because it offers the right amount of seclusion."

"But Dylan and—"

"Dylan could only watch the look of pleasure on your face, which was quite remarkable, by the way. And Olivia...? He's had her too busy to see much of anything."

"That's enough, puss. You can get up now." At Dylan's breathy command, Rachel tilted her head, listened, and heard Olivia climb from under the table as she returned to her seat.

"I'll be damned," Rachel whispered.

The men laughed.

"I can't believe she did that."

"Any more than you can believe what just happened to you, my naughty pet?"

Master has a point there. Her wet thighs and soaked seat was enough evidence to convict her.

"Here." He gave her a cloth. "Wipe off your legs."

After she did, Sire pulled her onto his lap while Master took care of the seat. In her new position, she noticed that "John Smith" had a healthy hard on. He might be soft-spoken, but his body spoke volumes. She fought to contain her pleased grin.

Later they said their goodbyes to Dylan and Olivia, promising to meet for dinner again sometime. As Sire paid their bill, the maitre d' asked if they enjoyed their meal. Master replied, "The strawberries were delicious."

Rachel laughed all the way to limo.

* * * * *

Madison Layle

The next morning, Rachel awoke to the clink of chains.

"What the hell?"

"Good morning, pet." Another rattle accompanied Master's greeting.

She was again naked, since they'd made her remove her dress and shoes as soon as she entered the house the night before. Her original dog collar replaced the soft ribbon and the blindfold was back in place.

"Good morning, Master."

"Last night, you exceeded our expectations and ventured into public obedience sooner than we anticipated. We're very pleased with your training so far."

She couldn't prevent the proud thrill his words sent zinging through her body. "I'm glad."

"We think you're ready for the next stage."

Next stage?

In the first stage, she'd already learned a lot about her own sexuality, thanks to them. Even though she enjoyed the aggressive nature of the justice system, she liked being the recipient of an aggressive nature in the bedroom even more. There was something to be said for letting go once in a while, allowing someone else to take the lead. She better understood why her previous relationships with men seldom went beyond the first date. Few were able to identify her insatiable need to submit behind the ice queen façade of her professional persona.

What more could she learn?

Another clink made her ask, "Is that a chain I hear, Master?"

"Yes, my curious pet."

"What's it for, Master?"

"You'll learn that after you shower."

Giving him a grin, she climbed off the bed.

He led her to the bathroom, but stopped at the door. "You'll find everything you need inside. Your pills are on the counter. Don't forget to take one. Replace the blindfold before coming out."

"You and Sire aren't joining me?"

"Not this morning. Go on with you."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Puzzled by their absence, she hurried through her morning routine eager to see what they had planned for the next stage. When she stepped out of the bathroom, a pair of hands she recognized as Sire's silently led her downstairs then down another flight and into a room she'd never been to before.

"Put her on the table," Master said.

Rachel tried to back up only to collide with Sire. He forced her forward with gentle but firm hands. When he lifted her off her feet, she clung to his neck. He had to pry her fingers apart.

"Lie on your back."

"Master?"

"Trust me, pet. Lie down."

As soon as she did, they secured her arms above her head. Next, they put her feet in stirrups and attached cuffs to her ankles. She felt as if she was on a padded examining table about to have a pap smear. She hated physical exams.

"I see you didn't shave this morning," Master said.

She planned to and would have, but hadn't found a razor in the bathroom. "I was going to, but—"

"We're going to remove the unwanted hair."

She tried to get up. The restraints and two pairs of hands held her down. "Master—"

"Quiet, pet."

"But Master, I—" A ball in her mouth stopped her words. She tried to spit it out, but couldn't. The ball gag had a pair of leather straps that stretched from either side of her mouth and another pair that crossed between her blindfolded eyes and extended over her head.

Sire paused before fastening all four straps around the back, as Master drew near and asked, "Is this more than you can handle, pet? Do you want to use your safe word?"

For a silent moment, she waited, then shook her head. She felt the straps tugged into place, the buckles fastened.

"We want your pussy smooth and hairless." The snap of latex sounded as Master apparently put on gloves.

Madison Layle

She whimpered as someone fastened a belt under her breasts to keep her body in place.

Master's voice whispered soothing words of encouragement as male hands stroked her belly, the insides of her thighs, and fondled her breasts. They couldn't distract her from the heat of the wax. He began with her underarms then proceeded to do each leg. She fought her bindings every time he ripped the cloth strips away. They added other ties to secure her legs and hips when her movements became too troublesome.

"If you'd relax, this wouldn't be so difficult for you."

Then he should try it on his own body some time!

Drool spilled from around the ball gag.

He trimmed her pubic hair, and then used the wax on her bikini area. Tears streamed from her eyes to soak the blindfold. Still, when he asked again if she wanted to use her safe word, she shook her head. Other women survived a wax job. Some even paid to have it done, so why did she have to be such a baby about it?

Ouch, damn it!

"Almost over, pet. Just a little longer now."

Fingers spread her open. "Hold still now. I don't want to cut you with the razor."

Every muscle in her body locked up. Her teeth bit hard onto the gag.

"Good girl," he said with a chuckle. He rubbed something on her mound, then gently and slowly shaved her folds until all the hair was gone.

Fingers played with her nipples. A dry cloth wiped the drool from her chin and a cool cloth soothed away any pain from the waxing.

"See? That wasn't so bad was it?"

She grunted around the ball. Some of the restraints were removed from across her body, except for the belt just under her breasts. They also left her ankles attached to the stirrups and her hands secured over her head.

"You have a sexy pussy," Master said as his hand slid over her hairless mound. "So soft and smooth. Feel, brother."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Sire's fingers replaced Master's. "Mmm, wet," he whispered with a quick nip of her earlobe. If he kept touching her like that, she'd be flooded with moisture soon.

Master said, "Many women who keep their pussies bare feel more sensitive during intercourse. They say it heightens the experience."

Two hands stroked the inside of her thighs, brushing against bare flesh that was proving to be very sensitive indeed.

"I love a shaved pussy. Sire loves a shaved pussy." Master kept talking while Sire's tongue licked her delicate folds. "You don't mind providing us this one pleasure, do you, pet?"

She shook her head, fast and hard. She was bare as a newborn babe, and if that's all it took to make them do what they were doing now, she'd stay bald down there.

Sire's finger rubbed her clit as his tongue darted between her pussy lips.

Master's mouth sucked hard on her left nipple making her moan around the ball gag. He stopped, but Sire didn't. Master's hand lifted her head. Fingers unfastened the straps and pulled the gag out. He wiped away the saliva.

Sire sucked her clit forcing her to draw in a harsh breath.

"Rachel, whose breasts are these?" Master asked, his thumb rubbing one hard nipple.

"Mine," she said barely able to concentrate on the conversation.

"Wrong, pet. That's the lesson you've yet to learn." He pinched and rolled the nipple. "A submissive, whether pet or slave...bitch or slut...She belongs to her owners."

Sire fingered her pussy as he continued to lave her clit. She couldn't think when he did that. Master unfastened her wrists, and she immediately sank her fingers into Sire's hair until he pulled away from her, leaving her breathless, hot, and needy.

"Touch yourself, pet," Master ordered.

"What?"

"You heard me."

Madison Layle

Tentatively she obeyed, knowing they watched and feeling very wicked. Her skin was smooth. Moisture coated her fingertips.

“Fuck yourself, pet.”

She stopped.

“Push one—no, two fingers into that bare pussy. In and out, pet. You know how.”

She did know how, had masturbated countless times, but never with an audience. Neither man touched her, although she could sense their presence on either side of her. Reluctantly she obeyed, and noticed the sensations didn’t appeal to her as much as Sire’s touch had. She went from decadent to insecure in a split second. Her hand froze.

“I said, fuck yourself.” A swat on a thigh had her fingers moving again as ordered.

“That’s it.” He took her wrist and guided wet fingers to her mouth. “Taste yourself.” After she did, he put her hand back between her legs. “Keep going.”

She heard a chain rattle, felt a tug at her neck, then heard a lock click closed.

“The short chain locked to your collar will prevent you from sitting up or leaving the table.” He unfastened the belt beneath her breasts.

“Keep masturbating until you climax, pet. Use only the one hand.” He ensured her obedience by restraining her left hand in a cuff at the side of the table.

“But, Master—”

“You have your instructions, pet. You have only your body to please, so take care of its needs. Pleasure yourself.”

The tears began before their footsteps made it out the door. She didn’t want to bring herself to climax, wasn’t even sure she could anymore. What had happened to her?

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Chapter Seven

"You're taking a big risk, Jack. What if she's able to bring herself to climax?" Jonathon Sinclair sat in a plush leather chair in their office and watched the naked woman on the security monitor.

His brother glanced at the screen, finished pouring himself a drink, and then sat in the opposite chair. "It's a risk I'm willing to take."

Jon frowned. "That's obvious, but it's not my point."

"If she comes, then we have more work to do."

"It'll set her back."

"Maybe, but if this works..." He grinned. "I want her. All of her, and I know you do, too, or you wouldn't have even considered this plan."

Jon stared at the amber liquid in his own glass that reminded him of her eyes. He did want Rachel, had wanted her since she first stepped into his office—full of fire and ice. When he'd learned of her dilemma and the cause, his own fantasies had begun, which he'd shared with his brother. He'd never dreamed he'd fall for a patient, had always prided himself on keeping that cardinal rule. But the more erotic her fantasies became, the more he wanted to be the man—or one of the men—to bring them to reality.

He'd only held off as long as he did because he hadn't been certain she would be interested in having two Doms. Then, she'd admitted to that last daydream in the courtroom and he'd been unable to avoid his baser instincts any longer. So, he did the only ethical thing he could. He released her as a client to seek alternative treatment.

Madison Layle

He hadn't forced her to call Jackson's cell phone, a fact that soothed some of his guilt, but neither had he admitted her second trainer would be her former psychiatrist.

"Three weeks isn't much time," he said, "and we aren't even sure she'll give us all of that."

His biggest fear now was her reaction once she learned of his duplicity. Would it prevent him from achieving his primary objective? Could they still win her heart?

"The real problem is your secrecy," Jack said as if reading his mind. "I understood the reason for it at first. She needed to face her fears and desires without any interruption from a familiar face. But if we are to have any chance of succeeding in making her our pet forever, she must turn to us. That takes trust, and she's not going to give us that if we hold out on her much longer."

Jon took a large swallow of bourbon, let the liquor burn his throat. "We're not even sure she's in this for the long haul. You know as well as I that she only took a few weeks off of work. What happens when she returns to that career she's loved more than herself?"

His brother shrugged, but he could see his own insecurity mirrored in Jack's eyes. "If you love something, set it free...."

Jon sighed. "...If it comes back, it's yours."

"Exactly. If she's unwilling to stay, we can't keep her chained up. You don't want a slave any more than I do."

"Of course not." But that didn't help appease his doubts. He watched Rachel's head toss from side to side. Her fingers moved inside her pussy in agitated thrusts. "She has to accept both sides of her nature. She's already tried forcing herself to give up one for another. I can't do the same. It would destroy her. I just worry about whether my part in all this will ruin any chance we have with her."

Jackson laid a hand on his shoulder. "Better to know sooner than later. You knew of the risk when this began. We have to be willing to face her anger to win her love."

* * * * *

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Rachel was getting nowhere. She pushed three fingers in deep, but still the peak eluded her. Her arm ached. Her fingers were tired. Anytime she neared the edge, thoughts of Master and Sire made her efforts fruitless. She couldn't picture their faces, but she wanted their hands on her body. She wanted to hear their words and sounds of encouragement. She wanted to please them, feel them reach climax with her.

She didn't want to be alone, couldn't do this alone.

She no longer controlled her own body. It craved something more than she could provide.

"Master, Sire... Please!"

"What is it you need, pet?" The question came from somewhere near her feet, as if he stood between her spread legs.

She nearly cried at the sound of Master's voice, at the touch of Sire's hand on her shoulder. She vaguely wondered how long they'd stood by and watched her, but the reality of their presence made the thought irrelevant.

"I need you. I need Sire. Please." She started to reach for him.

Master gripped her wrist to keep her hand between her legs. "I told you to fuck yourself to climax, pet. Do you wish to disobey me?"

"No, Master." She shook her head to emphasize the answer.

They each took a breast in hand. She arched her back for more.

"Whose breasts are these?"

"Yours!"

A finger traced her lips. "Who owns this mouth?"

"You do. You and Sire."

"And this lovely pussy you're finger-fucking? Who controls it?"

"Both of you."

They released her from the table with lightning speed. The cold links of the chain remained attached to her collar and dangled freely between her breasts. After she slipped off the table, she dropped to her knees. She left her head bowed as she listened to them unzip their pants. The sound sent ripples of excitement expanding through her body. From now on, she'd always equate that sound with indescribable pleasure.

Madison Layle

"On your feet, my little pet bitch." Master made the word sound like a sweet endearment.

She scrambled to her feet. Her pussy throbbed with need. Her mouth watered. They'd turned her into an insatiable animal, but she couldn't fight the desire any longer. A hand grabbed the chain and pulled her forward until she leaned across the padded table.

"Lift your head," Master ordered with another tug on the chain. His cock touched her lips. She opened immediately, but he didn't move.

"Who do you belong to, Rachel? Who owns you?"

"You do, Master. You and Sire." His cock brushed her lips as she spoke.

"Can you speak without our permission?"

"No, Master."

"Eat without our permission?"

"No, Master."

"Wear anything without our permission?"

"No, Master. You provide everything." She licked the tip of his cock, but he refused to enter her mouth.

"Can you climax without us?"

"No, Master."

"Ask for what you need."

"I need you and Sire."

"What do you need? Be specific."

"I need you to fuck my mouth. I need Sire's cock. I need you both inside me. Please."

"Only from us, Rachel."

"Yes."

"Take what you need."

As she sucked him in, fingers dug into her hips, and Sire's large cock impaled her. Master twisted the chain around his hand and pulled her closer to his pumping hips. She slurped and licked his hard length. She stretched up on tiptoes, which gave Sire an even better angle for his deep thrusts.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

They took her hard and fast. The sounds and scents of unbridled sex filled the room.

"Take all of me," Master ordered pushing as far as he could go. "Just like that. Yeah. That's it. Now, finger your clit."

She obeyed without hesitation. Reaching between her trembling legs, she twirled the tiny bud. Her cunt contracted.

"Ah, yes," Master hissed. When Sire slapped her butt, his brother encouraged him. "Yeah, take our hot little bitch. Fuck her hard."

Sire pounded faster into her body, stretching her inner walls. His finger slipped between them, tangled with hers, collecting moisture. Then between two strong strokes, he pushed his damp finger into her ass.

"Aaaaahhh," she screamed. The trembles exploded as they filled her everywhere. Her legs gave way. Her body sagged on the table and still they pressed her climax on.

"Here it comes. Fuck, yeah." Master jerked forward, his cock throbbing as he ejaculated into her mouth. "Drink...all of my cum...pet."

Seconds later, Sire wiggled his finger in her ass and buried his cock as he emptied his seed into her womb.

For long moments, the three of them stayed there, sweat-slick skin connected. Sated.

She wasn't sure which one lifted her into his strong arms until he pressed a chaste kiss to her forehead. *Sire*. He always seemed to plant such kisses on her when her heart was at its weakest. The tenderness behind his actions warmed her heart as much as the dominating tone of Master's voice aroused her.

Still, their hidden identities disturbed her. She had a glimpse of their bodies and liked what she felt. But how could she feel the way she did with men whose faces she'd yet to see, whose real names she still didn't know? Would the attraction end when her blinders vanished? Was she that shallow?

She told herself it wouldn't matter what they looked like. She'd enjoy the short time they had together and would keep the memories close to her heart. That would be enough to get her through the rest of her life. It had to be.

Madison Layle

The men pampered her in a large Jacuzzi bathtub before presenting her with some clothing. Sort of.

"These aren't meant to cover up," Master explained, "but to enhance the view for our enjoyment."

They wrapped a garter belt around her waist then attached it to thigh-high stockings. Her pussy and ass remained bare.

"Hold your arms out."

She did while one of them took the bra from her hand, slipped it into place, and hooked it around back. The straps were thin, fine lace with tiny hooks that connected to her collar. The cups curved under her breasts to push them up and out while leaving her nipples and cleavage completely exposed. They reattached a pair of nipple rings like those she'd worn at the restaurant, only these had the added weight of what felt like tiny chains with little beads on the end. Like mini-floggers, they brushed against her areolas when she walked in her stilettos to the dining room.

There, the men fed her from their plates while she knelt in her usual position. Knees apart, chest out, palms up, and mouth open. Amazingly, she relaxed, unconcerned about what would happen next. Something inside told her they would take care of whatever need she had. It was a sense of comfort she didn't often experience. Most of her time revolved around the worries of her job, the stress of having to do everything for herself at home. She liked not having to bother with the finer details for once.

Every now and then, one of her owners would tug gently on her nipple rings, delicately stroke her neck, or tuck a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

After the meal, she followed the leash into another room, which she learned was their study.

"Although this is Sunday, we do have some work to do, since we both intend to be out of the office for the next several days." Master removed the leash.

"Because of me?" She'd knelt when they stopped and now turned her face toward Master's voice.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

They both chuckled, but Master answered. "Yes, my curious pet, because of you. I told you taking care of a pet could be very demanding. We intend to take very good care of you."

"Oh." She ducked her head, but secretly grinned. Having them take time off to be with her, even for only a few days, meant more than she would've guessed.

"We intend to take advantage of the time available and see that you're properly trained. For now, your lesson is patience. Get up." She did, and he backed her against a wall. "Turn around and spread 'em."

As she did, she heard Sire open a drawer nearby and then approach.

"Scoot your legs back some so you're leaning forward more. There. That's good." Master's fingers pulled her butt cheeks apart while Sire spread lubrication over her asshole. She couldn't avoid the jolt of mild pain when his middle finger pushed through the puckered opening. A couple pushes later and he withdrew. Then a larger object sought entry. She winced as Sire worked it into place.

"You okay?" Master asked. "How do you feel?"

Stuffed was the only word she could think of to describe the sensation. That, and pain. She bit her bottom lip in reaction to the hurt, which soon turned into a dull throb.

"I'm okay."

"That butt plug is a bit larger than the one I used on you before, but you'll adapt to its size soon. Come here, pet." Master tugged on her nipple rings to move her where he wanted. "Feel this large ottoman?"

Her hands touched a thick padded cushion. The wide, leather-upholstered ottoman was hard to miss. It had to be at least four feet square.

"I want you to kneel across it, knees apart, face on the cushion." He helped her into position, which left her ass in the air for all to see.

"Excellent. Stay there just like that. Keep quiet now, while we work. If you must speak about something urgent, ask for permission first. Otherwise, remain silent and let us enjoy the view."

Madison Layle

Why his words made her cheeks heat, she'd never understand, but they did. No doubt he could also see the fresh moisture his comment brought to her pussy.

Sire felt her ass, squeezing each cheek, before moving off to do some work—whatever that involved.

After a few moments, she heard computers power up, and then a lot of typing. Master made a few phone calls, most of which involved him rearranging his schedule next week to provide him with a few days off.

She crossed her forearms, laid her face on them, and relaxed into her bowed position. Her eyes closed behind the blindfold, and she waited. She'd nearly fallen asleep when a finger stroked once across her pussy lips.

"How are we doing, pet?"

"Fine, Master."

He twisted the plug in her ass, making her groan. "Good. We won't be much longer."

"Thank you, Master."

"For the remainder of your time, I want a different view. Sit on the very edge of the ottoman. Lean back on your elbows and let your head fall backward."

She followed his instructions. "Like this?"

"Beautiful. Spread your knees a little wider, arch your back. That's perfect." He ran another finger over her pussy.

She caught her breath.

"Stay."

She wasn't going anywhere. Knowing she was on display like a centerpiece for their pleasure excited her. She could almost imagine herself posing for an artist in the nude, something she never would've considered before meeting her owners. She pictured their frequent glances, and hoped their smiles were as big as hers was.

Soft music, slow and sultry, played in the background. The typing continued. Pages of a book turned. Another phone call made. And she stayed poised on a peak.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

A hand spanned her tummy below the navel. She raised her head and took a deep breath.

"Tell me, Rachel. Are you pleased with our ownership so far?"

She smiled. "Yes, Master."

"Are you willing to see how far this can lead?"

"What do you mean?"

Sire leaned on the opposite side of the ottoman. His finger drew invisible circles around her nipple ring.

"I think you are a natural submissive," Master responded. "We both do, but only you can decide whether this life is something you want to pursue fulltime."

She frowned.

"You have a career, I know. We're aware that you only took a little time off from work and intend to return to it in a few weeks. We aren't asking you to give that up."

"Oh. Okay."

"One of the reasons we've kept our identities secret is because of the temporary nature of our current relationship."

So they were just as uncertain about her intentions as she was of theirs. She'd assumed they'd train her then bid her farewell as they explored the challenges of training other pets, but the longer she considered that possibility, the more she wanted to tie them up until they agreed to remain her owners forever.

Something he said struck her. "You said 'one of the reasons'. What's the other reason?"

A long pause descended on them.

"Me," Sire whispered so softly she almost missed it.

"I don't understand," she said, but as the words came out, realization dawned. "Oh, God. I know you, don't I?"

He didn't answer. He didn't have to. That was the reason he never spoke above a whisper. He wasn't trying to be mysterious. He knew she'd recognize his voice.

She reached for the blindfold. His fingers banded her wrist.

Madison Layle

If he was Carmichael from her law office, she'd die. Or one of the many defense attorneys she went up against in the courtroom. Or a judge? God forbid!

Wait...she knew what his body felt like, had a good idea of how tall he was, and if he was like his brother, she knew he had dark hair. Who in her life fit the description?

Carmichael was out. He had a nice body in a suit, but he wasn't as tall as Sire. Attorneys...neighbors...

"It's time I trust you, Rachel," he said aloud. "I hope you'll continue to do the same toward us."

She knew that voice. "Dr. Sinclair?"

He released her wrist. She removed the blindfold, blinked several times, and then immediately covered herself as much as was possible without the benefit of clothing. The butt plug reminded her of its presence when she drew her knees up to her chest.

She buried her face and groaned in mortification. As much as she'd fantasized about the man, she hadn't expected to be this embarrassed.

"Stop that, pet." The words were sharp, authoritative, but they didn't come from Master.

Slowly, she raised wide eyes to Dr. Jonathon Sinclair...Sire.

"You hide your body from me as if you're ashamed of it." He took her arms and pulled them apart. "You deny me my pleasure because of a fear to face reality? I won't allow it."

"You won't allow it? You lied to me!" She couldn't hide her body, but she tried to hide her fear behind anger.

"I didn't lie to you, and you will address me with respect, pet, or pay the consequences."

She stared into his familiar blue eyes, sat up straight, and crossed her legs. Her arms folded over her breasts. The butt plug felt as if it were permanently stuck in her ass.

He knelt beside the ottoman to her left. She glanced to the right and saw matching sapphires peering at her from under a jet black head of hair. Twins? No, but definitely brothers. Different, yet very much alike. She looked away.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"You did lie to me," she said, too angry to heed his warning. Her gaze bored into the opposite wall. "You denied that phone number was yours. You said you couldn't help me, but once I was blindfolded, here you are."

Sire—no, Jonathon—took her chin, made her meet his penetrating gaze. "The number isn't mine. It's Jackson's, and if you'll recall my words correctly, I said I could no longer help you *in the office*. Both statements are true. I can't help you as a psychiatrist. I *can* help you as a Dom."

Without reading glasses perched on his nose or the notebook in his lap, he certainly didn't look like the all-business psychiatrist she'd come to expect of Dr. Sinclair. The top three buttons of his short-sleeve shirt were undone. His hair slightly ruffled, he looked adorably rumpled, virile, and very real.

Being blind had enabled her to deal with her sexual escapades as if she remained in a constant fantasy world. With those blinders removed, reality stared her in the face.

"The question," he said, "is whether you are still bold enough to complete your training."

She studied the many facets of his sapphire eyes. Determination. Uncertainty. Hope. All were there for her to see. Challenge also showed in the chiseled face. She heard it in his voice.

He may have spoken the truth, but he still lied by omission. Now what? Could she overcome her doubts about him and continue what they'd started?

"Pet." Master—Jackson took her hand. "You may say your safe word, and this will end. I hope you don't. I know Jon hopes you don't, but the decision is yours."

The word was on her tongue, but the emotion in Jon's eyes stopped her.

"Three weeks, Rachel. What's that in the grand scheme of things? Give us three weeks to show you that you were made for this life. Made for us."

"One week." The bargaining words that slipped out of her mouth were as much a surprise to her as the men.

Madison Layle

"Two," Jon countered with narrowed eyes.

"Ten days. No more." She held her breath.

He frowned, glanced at his brother. Jack nodded.

She stuck her hand out. Jon cocked a sinful brow, closed her hand in his, and gave a single shake. His gaze dropped to her chest, reminding her that she sat nearly nude while negotiating terms with two fully dressed men who could imprison her in their home if they wanted.

She tried to release his hand. He pulled her onto her knees and against his chest. The hug caught her by surprise. Her hands hung limply at her sides.

"Ten days. Such a short time to fit in a lifetime of memories." He cradled her upturned face in his palms. Her hands traveled up his shirtfront. As his lips approached, her eyes closed. "No. Keep them open. I want you to know who you're kissing, Rachel."

His kiss was not the possessive demanding invasion of her mouth or the chaste peck he'd often bestowed on her before. Instead his lips caressed hers, his tongue teasing her mouth like a seductive lure. Slow. Thorough. Infused with emotions she wasn't ready to contemplate.

His hands trailed down her body before falling away. He stood up, stepped back.

Her heart thundered under the palm she placed between her breasts. Her lungs labored for air. She turned at a tap on her shoulder.

Jon's brother knelt with his hand extended and a mischievous smile. "The name's Jack...Jackson Sinclair. I must say that it has been an absolute pleasure to officially meet you, Rachel Morrissey."

She blinked then burst out laughing. Rather than shake his hand, she gave him a big hug. He quickly took advantage, cupped her ass and kissed her senseless.

Afterward she sat back on her heels and grinned. "So, what do we do now?"

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Chapter Eight

"First, a tour of our home and a recap of the rules," Jon said with a tone that screamed Dominant. He reattached her leash and flashed a grin when she scowled at it.

"I don't think that's necessary any more. I mean, I was hoping we could move on now. You know...maybe reenact a few of my dreams." She smiled at the thought.

Jon didn't. "Let's go, pet."

She knew he used 'pet' to reestablish boundaries, which was fine, except those boundaries had been a lot easier when she couldn't see. Having her sight back meant her nudity glared at her like a neon sign. The difference in their dress unnerved her more now, since she could pretend they were all naked before.

Trying to ignore the fullness in her ass caused by the butt plug, she got up. Her hands positioned to hide her pussy, she followed Jon's lead.

He had a firm ass. His slacks fit like custom-made gloves. Jack's faded jeans and polo shirt offered a more casual vision. Slightly different haircuts and a tiny mole on Jack's left jaw line provided additional clues to their individuality.

"The house has three floors. Our office, the formal dining, kitchen and the great room are on the second, or main level. The bedrooms, five in all, are upstairs. There's a bathroom on every floor, with a few more expansive ones upstairs. We have a weight room on the lower level, among other rooms."

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They made their way past the grand staircase, her heels clicking on the marble floor. The décor was simple, tasteful and elegant. Nothing like the bachelor pads she'd visited in college. The brothers had done well for themselves, and it showed.

"You have a lovely home, as grand as I suspected."

"You were peeking," Jack teased with a tug on one of her nipple rings.

"I plead the Fifth." She grinned.

The leash dangled loosely between her and Jon since she could easily keep up with him now. He opened a door onto a downward staircase.

"What other rooms are down there?"

Jon tossed a lopsided smile over his shoulder. "You'll see." He descended with an uncompromising pull on the leash.

Dread raced through her veins until she saw that the space wasn't anything like a medieval torture dungeon. The stairs ended in a large room. Finished and well illuminated, it was a game room. A pool table held center stage. Nearby sat a card table. A mini-bar occupied one corner, to the left of a hallway.

Jack and Jon stood side-by-side facing her.

"What are you supposed to do upon entering a room we're in?" Jack asked.

She answered by kneeling.

"To review the rules, pet," Jon began, "you will address us by our proper titles. That hasn't changed, even though you can see."

"If you have a question, first ask permission to speak," Jack said. "Otherwise, remain silent unless spoken to."

"The only exception is your safe word, which you may say at anytime. You'll wear only what we provide, if anything. You'll eat only what we hand you. You're not to pleasure yourself unless told to do so, and you must obey our commands without pause or complaint. Are the rules clear so far?"

"Yes, Sire," she said without looking up.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"If you should break the rules, we will discipline you as is our right as your owners. The form we use is also for us to decide. You have no say-so." He lifted her chin with a finger. "There is no appellate process, Miss Prosecutor."

Her lips twitched at Jon's use of judicial jargon.

His pull on her leash made her stand. "This way." Down the hall, he opened the door to a dark room. His hand on her back, she entered hesitantly. "Kneel."

She did and Jack flicked the light switch. Across the room, she recognized the examining table she'd lain on earlier as he'd shaved her pussy. Around the room was a collection of other binding platforms, among them a large X-shaped object, a padded sawhorse, eyebolts and chains. A cage.

Shivers ran the length of her spine. They spread to her legs when Jon opened the cage.

"Get in, pet." His face showed no emotion. No smile of encouragement.

Without comment Jack unhooked her leash. The collar moved slightly. Rachel's body ached for his touch, but he was too careful. She glanced from him to Jon, put one foot on the floor, and started to rise.

"Crawl."

Jon's order tested her limits. His eyes were a hard challenge. His stance whetted her appetite.

She took his command as a dare, which helped her overcome the humiliation that settled in her stomach. She crawled across the floor, feeling pressure from the plug in her ass sway as she moved. Entering the cage, she winced when the door clanked shut behind her.

Bars enclosed her on all four sides and overhead. The cage, which was bolted to the floor, was tall enough for her to sit up, but not stand, and wide enough for her to turn around on her knees.

Jon locked the door and pocketed the key. His hand reached through the top and stroked her head. "How do you feel?"

"Strange." She couldn't explain the assortment of emotions that flashed through her. A part of her was terrified, but chasing the fear was

Madison Layle

excitement. Adrenaline pumped in her veins. Arousal pulsed in her pussy. Her lungs, however, inflated in a calm, steady manner.

She trusted Jon and Jack, didn't she? They'd take care of her, not bring her harm. At least not any harm she couldn't handle. She hoped her trust wasn't misdirected.

Humiliation argued with her need to obey. Sanity screamed for her to break free and flee. She gripped the bars with tight, damp fists, realizing any chance of escape was now gone.

"Good enough," he said. "I want you to understand your place, pet. Accept it. A moment ago you spoke to us as equals, and we allowed it. Despite your negotiations of a time limit, however, our ownership of your body will be complete. As long as you remain with us, you are ours to do with as we choose. Day and night, in this house or not, you belong to us. We can play with you when we want...or not, if that is our wish."

He walked out of the room.

"Wait!" She turned a pleading gaze to Jack. "Let me out. Don't leave me in here."

"Jon's right," he said. "We'll honor your desires and keep our promises, because as owners, that's our responsibility to our pet. But you must understand that this is no game. It's a chosen lifestyle, not a vacation from reality." He thumbed her cheek, wiping away a tear that had escaped her efforts to hold it back.

When he left, she screamed and rattled the cage. She yanked on the door handle, but the lock held.

"No! Let me go. Don't leave me here alone. Master! Sire! Please..."

Her shouts ceased when, her throat raw, she realized they wouldn't return because she demanded it of them. They were in charge.

The cage trapped her body, but her mind was free to wander.

At first, she let anger boil. How dare they treat her like this? She was a powerful attorney. She could land their asses in a jail cell if she wanted. If they ever let her out of here.

But hadn't she, of her own free will, crawled inside? They hadn't pulled her in by the leash, hadn't shoved her in physically. No, the decision had been hers even though the order had come from Jon.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Time stretched into the silence. Her confines became more acceptable, easier to endure. She sat without removing the butt plug, subconsciously knowing they wanted it to remain in place.

She pictured the faces of her captors...her owners. She'd begun to think of them as Jack and Jon, treat them as equals. She'd even started to view them as sexual servants to help fulfill her needs. But they had other plans and made them perfectly clear.

She was their property, theirs to do with as they wanted. They'd scared her a bit, but not frightened her to death. Tested her limits, but never pushed her beyond what she could endure.

Lying on her side, she made herself comfortable. More time passed. It must have been hours, although she couldn't track the passage of time.

They'd effectively taken command, allowing her to let go of the reins and enjoy the spontaneity of life. Her only requirement was to submit to their wishes. While with them, she had no other obligation, no other responsibilities to stress over. That helped her to relax.

She accepted that they'd return when they wanted to. Or when they perceived she needed something. They'd imprisoned her, but deep down she knew her release was only one word away.

With trust came understanding. She didn't want to say the word, fantasy. She realized why they'd chosen it. They picked the perfect safe word for her and taught a valuable lesson in the process. She didn't want to use the word because deep down she didn't want the fantasy.

She wanted the reality.

A small metallic sound prompted her to action. She opened her eyes, got to her knees, and watched. The key turned in the lock, the mechanism opening the cage door. Physically she was free now, but she willingly remained bound in mind and spirit with the man who held the key, and to the one who knelt down and slipped a finger between her collar and skin.

"Come out of there, pet," Master said with a tug on the leather.

She crawled out, stopped, and knelt by his feet. Her head bowed. Her hands lay palms up on her thighs. His hand settled on her head.

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Her new position awoke a pressure in her bladder. She squeezed her knees together.

Apparently noticing her discomfort, Sire said, "Follow me to the bathroom, pet."

She paused, uncertain whether he expected her to crawl or walk. His hand at her elbow decided for her. She stood and wanted to run to the toilet.

He didn't need to make her sit. She did that as soon as she saw her porcelain throne. Relief escaped on a sigh as she emptied her bladder. When she was done she looked up to find him watching her. Her cheeks warmed, but she met his gaze boldly and waited for him, which brought a pleased smile to his face. Instead of wiping her off, he nodded his permission for her to finish the task. She did, and found that it wasn't such a bad thing after all. It was part of life. Nothing to be ashamed of, especially with people who accepted her as she was.

She stood. He moved aside to let her wash her hands.

"Turn around," he said when she finished.

She did, and noticed Jack standing in the doorway. He moved into the room.

Jon turned on the faucet behind her again.

Jack gestured toward the toilet. "Bend over. Spread your legs."

Her body responded to his command like a spark that ignited a wildfire. She put her hands on the back of the toilet and widened her stance.

"Hold still." With one hand curved around her right hip, his other gripped the butt plug and pulled it out.

The men changed positions behind her. Then a warm washcloth touched her ass. Jon wiped her butt and between her legs, and she didn't feel the least bit uneasy.

"Go stand with Jack."

He was beside the door, so she went there. His hands turned her around, pulled her back against his clothed chest, and settled in a loose grip over her bare pussy. He didn't play with her, and she didn't think to

Incognito: Owning Rachel

care. She was too busy watching Jon set up an odd looking bench in the space between the toilet and the sink.

When he was finished, he looked up. "We plan to claim your body, pet. All of it."

In the bathroom?

"Does it belong to us?"

With a hard swallow, she nodded.

He put a hand on the bench. "Before we do, we want you as clean as physically possible. As we've said before, using the bathroom is a natural requirement of life, but we do not find it the least bit attractive. An enema will clean out any waste, and leave you refreshed and ready for our use. Come here. Lie down."

She paused until Jack propelled her with his hands on each hip. They removed her garter belt, stockings and shoes in a methodical manner. Jack positioned her so that her butt hung over the open toilet, her legs bent with her feet on the back of the toilet.

"Keep your knees together and your feet apart," he said softly. His smile helped her relax some, but the nervousness remained. He ran a soothing hand over her stomach, cupped a breast and thumbed her nipple.

She could hear Jon moving around, but couldn't see what he was doing until he knelt beside her. He held a full hot water bottle with an attached hose. He hung the bottle on a nearby towel hook and kept the hose pinched off as he positioned it under her legs. She caught a glimpse of a plastic, douche-like tip at the end of the hose.

"The solution is warm. As it goes in, you'll start to feel full. Don't fight it. Relax. When your rectum is full, you'll expunge the solution naturally." He slipped the bulbous tip past her sphincter and released pressure on the hose.

She closed her eyes and took deep breaths, until Jack kissed her. Together, the men effectively used caresses and gentle kisses to distract her, while ensuring her comfort during the procedure. Afterwards, they wiped her off and helped her up. As Jon cleaned up, Jack took her back into the other room.

Madison Layle

"How do you feel?"

She thought about the question and smiled. "Refreshed, Master."

He grinned. She started to kneel but he stopped her.

"Not yet." Handing her the black stockings, he said, "Put these back on."

With a mischievous chuckle, she turned her back on him, knelt on first one knee, then the other, to work the stockings up to her ankles. Then standing with her feet apart, she bent at the waist to slowly pull each one up her legs.

Master's hands settled over her butt, kneading the bare flesh.

"Our pet is playful," Sire said, walking into the room.

"Undoubtedly," Master agreed with a grin. He attached her garter belt after which she put on her shoes and dropped to her knees. The position felt so natural to her now.

Sire made a complete circle around her and stopped in front of her.

Her heart sped up. Her arousal rose like mercury during a heat wave.

"I think we'll give her something to play with," he said.

She fought the urge to look up.

"What do you have in mind?" Master asked with obvious amusement.

"Bring her here."

Master held her hand as she rose to her feet. Curious, she stood watching Sire run a rope from an eyebolt in one wall to another. The rope stretched across one corner of the room at about waist level. As he tied off the ends, she saw more eyebolts secured at regular intervals in a line up each wall from floor to ceiling.

Sire draped a folded strip of velvety cloth over the rope so several inches hung on either side.

"Come here, pet." He held out a hand, which she took as she stepped forward. "Bend over that."

She did. Her face was in the corner, her hands on the walls.

"No. Keep going until you can grab your ankles the way you did a moment ago."

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Oh. She bent her back and reached for her ankles. The rope was low enough that she kept her stilettos on the floor and knees slightly bent.

"Move your feet apart so you can see me between your legs."

When she did as told, she saw both men kneel. Each one cuffed her wrists to her ankles then pulled her feet farther apart to secure them to eyebolts in the wall. The spread forced her to put all her weight on the padded rope.

Sire rested a hand on her exposed ass. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Excellent." His hands moved to his pants.

Zip. The sound made her mouth water.

One finger flicked her clitoris. "Don't go anywhere." With a wide smile, he stood to remove his pants.

Another zip told her Master undressed, too. Like some upside down strip tease, the two men shed their clothes with slow, steady ease. Gorgeous tanned skin and impressive hard-ons filled her view. She pulled against her restraints, gulped in inadequate breaths, and felt her own moisture build.

Kneeling out of reach, but not out of sight, Sire laughed. He held his cock, his thumb stroking along one blue vein. "Do you see something you want to play with, pet?"

"Yes, Sire." She stretched her neck like a starving baby bird.

"Beg for it."

"Please, Sire. I want to suck your hard cock. Lick it, taste it."

"My cock is not your toy, pet." He inched forward. "You're mine."

Her eyes focused on his aroused dick so near, but not close enough. Pre-cum moistened the head, and she experienced a hunger like none she'd ever had before.

"Sire, please, take what's yours. Fuck my mouth. Let me pleasure you. I beg y—"

His cock cut off her words. She tried to lick him, but he pressed deep to fill her mouth. She gagged, making him pull back. Only a little bit.

"Yes, pet. Swallow my cock." He pushed forward again and this time, she fought the reflex to choke.

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With a tight grip on her hair, he moved her mouth up and down his hard length. She opened wide and let him control her head. After several thrusts she caught onto the rhythm and began to suck.

"Just like that...ah, damn. That feels so fucking good."

His fists pushed her onto his cock, causing a little pain at her scalp, but she loved it. She reveled in making him lose control. She sucked harder, longing for that moment when his control would collapse and flood her mouth with his salty flavor.

Another pair of hands trailed up and down her thighs, over her ass.

"Open her for me," Sire said.

Master's fingers pulled her pussy lips apart so Sire's mouth could latch onto her. As his tongue darted in to torment her own control, she groaned around his cock. The position in which they'd bound her provided the perfect exposure for their splendid torture. She gasped for air and fought the impending climax.

"Come for me, pet."

No problem. She went off like a rocket.

"Ah, that's it. This once, you can come anytime you wish. As often as you like. I want to see it, taste it, and feel it take over your body."

Abruptly, Sire pulled his cock out of her mouth, stood, plunged it into her pussy, and sent her spiraling over another precipice. She couldn't speak, couldn't move. He pumped into her with shallow movements, drawing out more aftershocks.

"I'm going to fuck you in every way possible, pet," Sire said between heavy pants and more forceful thrusts. His fingers bit into her butt cheeks. His thighs slapped against her sweat-soaked skin. "You're going to take it, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, Sire," she hissed. Her muscles pulled taut in anticipation.

As his cock slipped in and out of her pussy, he gathered her juices with his fingertips and rubbed moisture across her asshole.

"Then...it'll be Master's turn...to play."

She moaned, unable to form words.

"I need more lube," he said but didn't leave, his cock still tunneling deep inside her channel.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

She heard Master move away. A few seconds later he returned, and she felt something slick rubbed around her asshole.

"Who owns your ass?" Master asked, having knelt to peer at her from between his brother's legs.

Panting, she had to force her mind to concentrate on his words, to form a coherent reply. "You do. You both do."

"Damn right," Sire said and pushed his cock into her virgin ass.

She gritted her teeth, threw back her head, her eyes clamped shut.

The butt plug had done its job, prepared her for his invasion, but it wasn't as long as he was. Her muscles stretched to accommodate him. The pain radiated throughout her body, causing her legs to quiver and her arms to jerk against the cuffs. It wasn't unbearable, but instead turned into a sizzling, seductive lure.

His fingers held her butt in a bruising grip as he worked his cock in to the hilt. When he paused, she opened her eyes to see Master watching her closely.

He smiled, and she did, too. "She's fine," he said.

His words prodded Sire to action. He fucked her ass with long, steady strokes, his testicles slapping her engorged pussy.

Master scooted closer to reach forward and pinch one of her nipples. She heard a scream, vaguely realizing it was her own voice.

Deep in the throes of an intense orgasm, she gave up her body to their control. Sire pushed in several more times and with a shout, found his own release in her ass. When he pulled free, Master moved into place, easily entering her soaked pussy. In and out, his harder thrusts brought another orgasm. Her inner walls contracted around his length in a vain attempt to keep him inside.

"You're so wet." He slapped her ass.

She whimpered as another aftershock ripped through her body.

Master pummeled her pussy until she'd lost all track of time except for the steady cadence of his thrusts. When he slid out, he knelt before her face, his hand cupping the back of her head.

"Lick me."

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Her tongue came out and circled the circumcised head, tasting her own juices.

"You taste that?"

"Nnn."

"Lick all of me." He held the tip and moved his hips closer so she could lick him like an ice cream treat. "You're such a hot little pet bitch. So wet and eager for our dicks, aren't you?" He prevented any possible answer when he stabbed his cock past her lips. "Suck my dick."

Unlike Sire, he didn't guide her head, so she stayed still and sucked as much of him as she could into her mouth. He pumped his hips, shoving his cock deeper. His hands kneaded her thighs just above her stockings. The touch sent a new thrill straight to her core.

More cream trickled from her pussy. Her ass felt soaked, but she couldn't dwell on that with his cock diving into her mouth. He fingered her ass as his lips sucked her clit with hard nips that torpedoed her senses. She knew nothing that happened beyond the man who used her body for his own pleasure, and gave her unbridled pleasure in return.

After several deep strokes down her throat, he pulled away and stood. His hands on her ass spread her cheeks. His stiff cock pushed against the puckered flesh. Well lubricated, the tight opening was no match for his physical demand. He entered in a single thrust that buried him to the hilt.

Again she screamed as the pleasure-pain shot up her spine. Her flesh clamped around him like a fist. He halted briefly, his harsh breaths audible over her unintelligible sounds.

"So fucking tight. That's it. Grip me hard."

Her pulse thundered in her head. Her legs and arms hung limp. Her mind and energy centered on the cock that moved in her once more.

"Take it, my little bitch. Take all of me."

He drove her higher, stretching her flesh as he fucked her ass without mercy and annihilated her temperance.

Her self-imposed constraint shattered. She went wild, thrashing against her bonds.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Sire's voice penetrated the haze. "Very good, Rachel. Feel it rise. Let it out." His hand reached between his brother's flexing legs to touch her stomach, her navel, and her breasts. His tender caresses were a direct contrast to the vehement strokes that pierced her ass. Pain and pleasure. They gave her everything she needed and more. Tears rolled from her eyes unchecked.

"Who do you belong to?" Sire asked calmly.

"You," she shouted.

"What are you?" Master gritted out the words without stopping his powerful pace.

"Yours."

Hot cum shot into her ass as orgasmic tremors wracked her entire body.

"My what?"

"Your bitch!"

Chapter Nine

When she finally came back to earth, gentle fingers were unfastening her hands and feet. She hung motionless over the rope, her legs unable to hold her weight. A warm, damp cloth comforted her skin, wiping away cum and lubrication. Then the rope loosened.

“Careful,” Sire said, guiding her body to the floor. As weak as a newborn babe, she collapsed into a fetal position on her side. Hands kneaded her arms. Another pair rubbed her legs and removed her shoes. They undressed her completely while she lay like a rag doll. Subdued and sated.

Strong arms lifted her against a damp chest. Her head settled on his shoulder.

“Just rest, pet,” Master murmured in her ear. He moved through the house with Sire clearing the way.

Upstairs, he waited for Sire to fill a large spa tub then sank into the water with her on his lap, her back to his chest. Sire removed her leather collar before climbing in. While Master cleaned her torso, Sire lifted each foot and rubbed away the aches caused from walking in stiletto heels. Both men touched her with a tenderness that made her want to cry.

Her sore weakness turned into contented inertia.

After they finished, they dried her off and carried her to bed, settling her exhausted body between them. She closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep with feelings of peace, protection...and love.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

* * * * *

Over the next week, she refused to think about the love she'd felt that night. They'd never used the word, and she wasn't about to bring it up. She'd made her deal in good faith and wouldn't balk when it ended.

So she focused on making the most of her limited time and enjoyed the way her owners made her body come alive. She gave little thought to her life beyond their arms. Each day they challenged her to go further than she ever thought possible. Every limit she'd set in her mind gave way to their persistent influence. With each lesson her trust in their care grew.

They started feeding her in bed rather than forcing her to kneel at the table. While the collar remained, the leash had been retired, as her obedience earned her greater liberties, and she accepted their guidance by word alone.

Many times they cuddled with her and shared fun-loving stories of their childhood spent on a dairy farm of all places. The youngest two of six children, they'd kept their parents on their toes until college beckoned and they sought out the lights and joys of the big city.

She had also grown up away from the hectic pace of city life, although her childhood hadn't been as idyllic. The only child of a weak woman too afraid to leave an abusive husband for a better, if not richer, existence. Although he'd never raised a hand to her, Rachel witnessed his attacks, both verbal and physical, against her mother. She determined that she wouldn't become like her mother. She'd never be that weak, never give up her hard-earned independence for any man. Yet, here she was kneeling at the feet of not one, but two.

She learned that irrational physical abuse was not the same as consensual discipline wielded by one who cares. They proved that not all men were like her father, on an angry power trip. There was a difference between attacks that demeaned a woman, and dominance motivated by an urge to provide and pleasure.

They showed her the contrast of a lonely, self-imposed freedom and the strength behind submission. They hadn't forced her to labor in

Madison Layle

their home once, although they'd done chores together. Most often they seemed to revel in caring for her.

She'd asked them once what attracted them to this lifestyle. What did they get out of it?

Jon's response was, "A woman is a man's treasure. Sure, we like the power evident in controlling her, but the real attraction comes from knowing she's completely ours. Her needs, wants, and desires are ours to provide. With that responsibility, we're blessed with her faith in us and the pleasures of her body, mind, and..." He never finished his thought, but she'd never forget the tender longing in his eyes.

They showed her through both words and deeds that the real gift lay in providing for others. She discovered the rush of pleasing them without any concern for her own needs. With them, giving up her independence proved worth it as they fulfilled her sexual desires and comforted her lonely soul.

"Before our time is up, pet, we want to present you to a few of our friends." Sire sat on the couch, his booted foot across his right knee. "You've already shown great promise in public displays of obedience. This is the final step in the process of complete submission."

Her face heated as she remembered the orgasm in the restaurant. She kept her head bowed.

They'd since taken her shopping, fucked her in a dressing room, made her pleasure them in a movie theatre, and had her masturbate in the backseat of Jack's Suburban as they drove through rush-hour traffic. They long ago convinced her that it wasn't a game. It wasn't a dream, but it could be her reality.

She wanted this kind of life and all the daring thrills that went along with it. Her job and its daily pressures hadn't even crossed her mind as they kept her busy with more than great sex. Her career remained an exciting challenge, but she knew now that she needed a way to let go of her daily worries, surrender herself to someone she could trust to share the burden. Someone to share her thoughts, feelings, and private desires. They'd given her that. Shown her what was missing most in a life she'd believed was full but now found utterly lacking.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

How would she ever live without them?

Her head down, she closed her eyes to hold back the tear that threatened to spill over her lashes. It escaped anyway to drop on her thigh.

"What's wrong, pet?"

Damn. "Nothing, Sire."

Master's voice was sudden and stern. "We know better, and you know not to disobey us."

She looked up. He leaned down and fingered the tiny drop on her thigh.

Her gaze lowered. "I'm sorry, Master."

"You wronged Sire with your lie and will face your punishment from him."

"Get up and lie across Master's lap."

She did as told, making herself comfortable facedown across Master's thighs. He held her in place with a light hand on the small of her back and a firm grip on the collar's D ring at her neck.

"Do you know the reason for your punishment, pet?" Sire asked.

She nodded.

"Tell me."

She heard him cross the room, open a drawer and return.

"I lied to you when you asked me what was wrong."

The first blow was sharp, quick, and made her gasp.

"Have we lost your trust?"

"No..." The paddle fell again. "...Sire!"

"Yet, you lied to me?"

Another swat. "Sorry, Sire." After each slap, his hand gently touched the spot, making her keenly aware of his concern. And her arousal.

"Lying destroys trust." *Slap!*

"Yes, Sire."

After one final smack of the paddle, he knelt before her.

"Will you do it again?" His pained expression brought more tears to her eyes than the punishing blows.

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"No, Sire."

He kissed away the teardrops.

"Does the thought of meeting our friends frighten you?"

"I...I don't know if I can do it. I'm afraid I'll disappoint you."

Sire cradled her face in his palms. "You could never disappoint us as long as you remain true to your heart...and honest with us."

Another tear fell onto her cheek. His thumb wiped it away.

"You're ours, pet—if only for a little while longer—and we'd like to show you off. We believe you're ready. Do you doubt us?"

She shook her head. Her ass still stung like the devil from the paddling, but his words struck the more painful blow to her heart. *If only for a little while longer.*

Her self-imposed time limit was fast approaching, and once that time was up, she would have to return to the real world. A real world where polygamy was illegal and prosecutors remained on the right side of the law.

She could've had three weeks to build more memories with the two men who'd somehow wormed their way into her heart, but wouldn't that just make leaving them later more difficult? When the time came, she'd leave. After all, she'd negotiated the damned deal. Now, she'd have to live with the regrets.

* * * * *

Her last night as the Sinclair pet came all too soon. With each passing second her trepidation increased, as did the tension in the house. Her owners kept themselves busy and refused to share any details about the night's events. So she paced and worried and thought up all manner of possible things that could go wrong, her worst fear being somehow to let them down or embarrass all of them in front of their friends.

She took a long time to prepare, spent extra time on her nails, makeup and hair.

She turned at the sound of a knock on the bathroom door.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"It's almost time, pet," Master said. "We've something different for you to wear tonight."

Surprised and curious, she walked naked into the bedroom to see an unmarked box on the bedspread. Since she'd spent much of the past week with only the dog collar on, the idea of wearing clothes in the house was a bit of a shock. She wasn't sure whether she felt relief or disappointment.

"Close your eyes."

"Again, Master?" Disappointment won out. She really did not want to spend her last night with them blind as a bat.

"Only for a little while, so behave," Sire said with a grin as he stepped forward and removed her collar.

She frowned at the loss of its touch encircling her neck.

Both men were already dressed for the evening, Sire in dark slacks and a cobalt blue silk shirt with no tie. Master wore black pants and a burgundy shirt unbuttoned at the collar like his brother's. The rich colors brought out the brilliance of their sapphire eyes, complimented their bronzed skin, and made her want to rip the material off to uncover what was beneath. Alone, each man was attractive enough to turn any woman's head. Together they devastated her senses.

"Finished looking, pet?"

At Sire's amused question, her gaze shot from his crotch to his eyes. The temperature rose up her neck just as fast.

He touched her eyelids, forcing them closed. "No peeking."

She waited.

His fingers skimmed against her skin as he pulled something around her neck. A soft material draped like a whisper over her shoulders and fanned out down her back to flutter across her butt and the backs of her arms and legs. Then he lifted some of the material to let it settle over her head and brush against her face. With a soft click, he attached something else around her neck.

Fingers pinched and twirled her nipples until both were erect. Tiny loops slipped around each bud and pulled tight. A chain dangled between her breasts. Next she felt an unexpected pinch to her clitoris that made her

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hiss. Although the fingers released her, the pressure on her clit remained, and when she shifted her feet, she heard tiny bells.

Lifting her feet one at a time, he put on a pair of three-inch heels.

"Turn toward my voice, pet." When she did, Master said, "Open your eyes."

She couldn't believe the reflection in the full length mirror. "I..."

A sheer black cape hung across her back. It gave the illusion of cover while concealing nothing. The gossamer cape cascaded down her arms and framed her exposed front. Attached at the neck, it had an equally transparent hood that hung over her head and draped across her entire face like a see-through veil. Over the material around her neck was a beautiful silver choker with a clasp sealed by a tiny padlock.

Threaded through the loop of the padlock was a delicate silver chain that lead downward to nipple rings, from which dangled round diamonds. Between her legs were little silver bells attached to a silver clamp on her clit.

"You're breathtaking," Master whispered.

"I'm speechless," she said, making them laugh.

"We intend to push your limits tonight," Sire said, "as far as you're willing to go."

Attending a party dressed in little more than an invisible veil was already so far beyond any limit she'd ever considered before, it might as well be on Pluto.

"Um...exactly how many people are going to be here tonight?"

"A few couples and hired help. No more than that." Master tilted her chin up. "You aren't considering backing out on us now, are you?"

She'd thought about it, but this was her last night with them. She didn't want to spoil it by going timid now. If they thought she was bold enough—ready enough—to do this, then she would trust them.

"I didn't get all dressed up for nothing," she said, hoping her bravado would convince them, even if she didn't buy it for a second.

Sire grinned. "That's my girl. Remember, there are a few additional rules you must obey tonight. Unlike at the restaurant, you are not free to speak unless we tell you to, or one of the other Doms asks you a question

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directly. You will also keep your eyes downcast unless given permission to look a Dom in the eye."

"Yes, Sire."

"Obey us immediately and all will go well. We know you can do this. Make us proud, pet." He lifted the veil and gave her the type of chaste kiss that always punched her heart.

She did not want to—No. She *would not* let them down.

"One final thing." She turned to see Master lift a piece of black, cone-shaped leather with silver buckles.

"What's that?"

His smile was wicked. "Something guaranteed to heighten the suspense. Hands behind your back, pet. Arms straight, palms together."

He moved the cape aside briefly to slip on the unusual device. The leather was a sleeve that stretched from her wrists to a few inches above her elbows. It held her arms locked in a V-shape behind her back, forced her chest out, and definitely boosted her anticipation.

Apparently satisfied with her appearance and bondage, they took her downstairs and made her wait, kneeling on the ottoman, as guests started to arrive.

Rachel had no trouble keeping her gaze lowered. She was too nervous to look anyone in the eye. Fortunately for her nerves, the first to appear were Dylan and Olivia.

"What a beautiful centerpiece, Jack," Dylan said.

Her whole body tingled under their regard.

"We think so," Master agreed. "Pet, say hello to Master Dylan."

"Hello, Master Dylan." She didn't look up.

"You are even lovelier than the last time we saw you, Rachel."

A lot more naked, too, she thought. Her face warmed. A shiver vibrated up her back. "Thank you."

"Dylan, I believe you know Mistress Katriona," Sire said escorting the next arrivals into the room.

"Indeed. A pleasure as always, Kat."

Out of the corner of her eye, Rachel watched Dylan greet Kat with a kiss to the cheek. While Dylan wore a custom-tailored, blue-black suit that

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broadcast classic style, Kat appeared to have fallen into a vat of pitch latex. *Wall Street meets the S&M Dungeon Mistress*. The contrast was almost comical, but Rachel kept her lips sealed and head bowed.

Beside Kat was a man clothed in a pair of skin-tight, black spandex shorts and no shirt. He wore metal cuffs on his wrists, ankles, and around his neck with chains connecting each one to a belt around his waist. Olivia was in a form-fitting dress similar to the one she wore at the restaurant, only this one was hot pink, and she'd removed her shoes. She and the chained man knelt next to their owners. Seeing the subs clothed in more than she was increased Rachel's unease tenfold.

"You gentlemen remember Carl, my slave?" Kat popped him across the bare back with a small riding crop. He didn't even flinch, but he caught Rachel peeking through her lashes and grinned. What on earth would make a man want to submit himself as a slave?

"Greet our hosts properly, slave," Kat said.

Carl murmured a greeting to the men, which she didn't quite catch, and bowed until his forehead touched the floor. Kat petted his ass in approval. When the dominatrix stopped and suddenly approached her, Rachel forgot how to breathe.

"So, this is the reason the Masters of Sin have been absent from our little club?"

Masters of Sin?

"Mistress Katriona, this is our pet, Rachel," Sire said.

"Greet our guest, my pet," Master said.

"Hello, M-mistress." Unlike Carl, she didn't budge from her position on the ottoman. If her owners had wanted her to bow, she felt certain they would've instructed her to do so.

"Hello, bitch," Kat said, turning Rachel's downcast gaze into a glare. The dominatrix raised a brow as she circled the ottoman like a critic finding fault with a sculpture.

Master had called her that, too, but his tone compared to Kat's was like the difference between sugar and sand. One was palatable; the other wasn't. "My name is Rachel."

"Lower your gaze, pet. Now!" Sire snapped.

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She damn near hissed, but obeyed, catching a satisfied smirk on the latex witch's face before her gaze drilled a hole through the floor.

"Disrespectful bitch, isn't she?" Kat asked. "I can see why you've been away so long. Must have taken days to break her."

"She will accept her punishment for any disobedience," Master said.

Like hell! Not for something she didn't do.

"She knows who her masters are, Katriona. You should remember it as well when you use that tone of voice to address our property."

Yeah! Take that, asshole!

"I suggest you use her name," Sire added, "so that you don't risk offending us."

After a silent pause, Katriona said, "As you wish. No offense intended."

Master gestured toward the door as a servant in bondage attire entered with a tray held aloft. "Please, make yourselves comfortable while drinks are served, and we dispense with the necessary punishment. Afterwards, we'll adjourn to the dining room for dinner."

Punishment, my ass.

Her Doms took up book-end positions at her side as the others moved away. The uniformed servant went around the room in a manner so normal that she wondered how many other dinner parties he'd worked for clients with bondage fetishes. Was there a caterer who specialized in this type of thing?

Sire helped her off the ottoman.

Taking her place on the ottoman, Master sat with legs apart. He forced her to face him on her knees and then lifted her veil out of the way. "Do you understand the reason for your punishment, pet?"

She gave him a bold stare. "No, Master."

Sire stood off to her right. "Did you forget that you were given strict rules for this evening?"

She turned her face to him, her eyes wide.

"I see you recall my orders. Did you not directly disobey me?" His hand held the flogger Master used on her previously. He slapped it once

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against his thigh. When she continued to stare, he asked, "Do you not still disobey me?"

Damn it. Rather than trusting them to handle Kat's caustic offense, she'd reacted by speaking out of turn and looking up. She broke both rules in one fell swoop and played right into the hands of that latex witch.

She lowered her gaze. "Forgive me, Sire. I'm sorry."

Master fingered her chin to regain her attention. "You know what we do when your mouth gets the better of you?"

She nodded and watched him unzip his pants. She did love their form of punishment, usually, but the audience made this time daunting.

Since her arms remained bound behind her, they had to help her into the position they wanted. Her chin rested on the edge of the ottoman, her back parallel to the floor. The silver chain dangled from her nipples and choker. The tiny bells between her legs tinkled.

Master's semi-erect cock pressed for entry to her mouth. "Put your mouth to better use. Remember, pet. Hold, but don't suck to completion." As her tongue worked to arouse him to full hardness, she was grateful for his thighs which blocked out any view of the others in the room.

Sire parted her knees slightly so her pussy was exposed to the air, and no doubt the view of everyone else in the room. When he moved the sheer cape out of the way, she'd never felt so vulnerable in her life. Her heart leapt into action as moisture dewed on her labia.

Just then, the last guest arrived.

"Sorry, I'm late," the man said with a rich accent similar to Dylan's.

While she remained in a tenuous position, her owners greeted the new arrival as if nothing was amiss.

"Ryan! Glad you could make it. How was the flight?" Master asked.

"Delayed in Detroit. Just got in and came straight from the airport. Dylan told me about your new pet." He laughed. "I see you have her well in hand."

"*Hola*, brother," Dylan said, much to Rachel's surprise. "Welcome home."

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Ryan's footsteps moved toward his brother's voice. "It's good to be home, but it'll be better soon. Olivia, puss, where's my welcome?"

Rachel heard Olivia jump up with a gleeful squeal and kiss him soundly on the mouth.

"Welcome home, Master."

Olivia had two masters?

Several long seconds later, Ryan said, "Now that's what I call a homecoming."

The Doms laughed.

"Come, puss. Sit in my lap for a while. I've missed you too much to leave you on the floor." The leather couch sighed as they took their seats beside Dylan. "So have I missed much?"

"No," Sire said. "We were just getting started."

Rachel's back tensed in anticipation of the flogger's blow, but instead she felt the suede ends lightly brush across her butt, between her legs. The bells rang.

"Our pet forgot some of the rules tonight. We're reminding her of our preferred use for her mouth and tongue."

Ryan chuckled.

Master nudged her lips into action.

The flogger trailed up and down the back of each thigh, and then the handle rubbed her cunt. She expected a sharp blow across her ass, but instead she got a light flick of the flogger, the thin strips perfectly aimed at her pussy. With one mild strike, Sire shoved her to the edge where she teetered in shocked alarm.

If he strikes there once more...

She moaned a warning around Master's stiff cock and tried to look up. If she climaxed without permission, she knew the punishment would be more severe. But worse, she'd disappoint her owners in front of their friends. She didn't want to do that.

But the flogger's ends didn't return. Instead, the penis-shaped handle did. Sire pressed it slowly into her wet sheath, moving in shallow strokes that she could better handle. When he'd lodged the entire length

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inside her, he left it there. The suede strips hung out of her like a tail and tickled her thighs.

She started to close her legs and felt a sharp, five-fingered stop sign collide with her right butt cheek. "Aaaw," she said, although the sound was muffled by the dick in her mouth.

"Suck harder, pet," Master said. His hands forced her head to his preferred pace and intensity. "A little longer."

Yep, he was getting longer. She would've smiled if her lips weren't spread wide by his thick cock.

The flogger remained embedded in her pussy. The cape draped across her ass once more, but did nothing for her modesty.

Master pulled her mouth off him. Tiny lines of strain appeared etched in his chiseled features. "Are you thirsty, pet?"

Sitting back on her heels, she licked her lips and smiled. "Yes, Master."

He raised a brow. With a frown, he tucked his ramrod dick back into his pants and leaned close. His words were a husky whisper in her ear. "Then earn it."

She couldn't believe he was stopping. Not now. She'd brought him within seconds of climax. What did it matter who watched her? "Master..."

His hard look chilled the longing in her voice.

Her punishment was not the flogging she'd expected, but rather a denial of what she wanted. She eyed the tell-tale bulge in his slacks as he stood. Unfortunately, the knowledge that Master was forced to forego his own pleasure made the punishment that much harder for her to bear.

"If you need some relief, Master Jack," Kat said, "my slave is at your service."

Rachel seethed, but she'd bite her tongue off before she'd fail them again. She kept her head bowed and waited for her master's response.

"I appreciate the offer and will keep it in mind. Right now, however, I'm hungry for that delectable lobster I smelled cooking in the kitchen earlier. Shall we?"

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Sire helped her up with a whispered, “The flogger stays put...for now.”

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Chapter Ten

She held her breath as they walked her into the dining room. At least they hadn't made her crawl like a dog with a tail. A literal tail, since the flogger still hung out of her pussy.

In the dining room, she saw pillows on the floor and realized she wouldn't be sitting at the table. With a resigned sigh, she waited for orders, which came from Master this time.

"Kneel, pet."

The flogger was less noticeable as she took up her position between her owners' chairs. The table was glass, held up by two marble sculptures, so she had an easy view of the others as they took their seats. Except for Olivia and Carl, who remained on the floor like her.

As the meal progressed, Rachel was able to forget the flogger and noticed a difference between the Doms. Like her own owners, Ryan and Dylan fed Olivia from their hands. However, Carl didn't eat. He prepared Kat's plate, positioned her napkin, and essentially served her throughout the meal. Once, he dribbled a bit as he lifted a bite to her mouth. She made him lick off the spot then bow at her feet licking the top of her boot while she enjoyed the rest of her meal. Finally, after eating only about half her portions, she set the plate on the floor and allowed him to eat her leftovers.

Rachel found the whole thing appalling. As much as her owners had put her through, they'd never treated her poorly. A part of her questioned whether she was overreacting. Wasn't she doing the same by

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eating portions of her owners' meals from their hands? Maybe so, but at least the way they chose to feed her was more palatable. Then Carl glanced up from his plate and grinned at her. Apparently he enjoyed servitude to his mistress, so who was she to complain?

Conversation continued throughout the meal as Ryan caught everyone up on his business trip and the others reminisced about various moments shared over the years.

"How are things at the club?" Master asked Katriona.

"The renovations are complete since the last time you two were there. The Plexiglas panels are a big hit for our voyeuristic crowd. There are a few subs, however, who are lamenting your absence...Constance, for one."

Would they go back to the club after tomorrow?

If Rachel wasn't mistaken, Sire's response held a trace of warning. "I'm sure you're quite capable of finding others willing to meet her needs."

"When do you plan to bring your latest pet to the club for a...demonstration?"

Sire's hand caressed the back of her head. Master gave her a bite of lobster. "Not before she's ready."

Master's answer didn't show any doubt in her ability to someday face such an ordeal, but it was vague enough not to give away the fact that their relationship ended after tonight, which prevented any chance of a demonstration at the club.

"Permission to speak, Master?"

His gaze fell to hers. "Granted."

"What's the name of this club?"

"Incognito."

Katriona wouldn't give up. "Are we to be entertained with a demonstration tonight, then?"

Master studied her eyes as if trying to determine whether she was ready for what he had in mind. She met that gaze boldly. Challenges had always been her Achilles heel. She felt compelled to rise to the occasion, even if by doing so she allowed others to take pot shots at her.

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"Certainly," he said at last, lifting her veil back into place.

They all went downstairs.

"Feel free to use anything in the room for your own property," Sire said as the other Doms browsed the large room and its many contraptions of bondage.

Rachel knelt in the center of the room. Tension rose with each passing minute. Her owners stood nearby watching as the other Doms secured their subs.

"I believe you're overdressed, puss," Ryan said with a toothy grin.

"Apologies, my Master." Olivia stripped nude and wound up bound to the padded sawhorse, her head facing the center of the room.

Carl lost possession of his spandex shorts after Kat ordered him to a tall wooden post in one corner where she locked his wrists over his head. His attention remained on his mistress as she roughly dragged the shorts down his legs. Although not as well endowed as the Sinclair brothers, the slave still had an impressive erection.

Realizing what she was staring at and that she'd raised her head to watch, she quickly lowered her gaze. Neither Master nor Sire gave any indication that they'd witnessed her disobedience.

All five Doms gathered around her. She couldn't breathe. What did they have in store for her?

Master stood in front of her. "Stand, pet. Look at me."

As she did, the flogger slipped out of her pussy that had grown increasingly wet as the night progressed. Her tiny bells jangled.

"Leave it," Sire said from behind her. "Assist us, Doms?"

She tried to ignore the others' movements and stared at Master. His intense gaze didn't sway from hers.

Sire removed the collar, which released the chain attached at her nipples to slap against her tummy. Ryan lifted her veil over her head. Kat released the hook-n-eye fastening of the cloak. The material immediately fell in a puddle at her feet.

Her breathing became difficult.

Dylan, Sire, and Kat worked to unbuckle the straps of her leather arm restraints. Ryan removed her nipple rings.

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Her hands fisted behind her.

When Kat reached toward her crotch, the panic in her eyes must have shown.

"Wait," Master said. His hand reached out to stop the mistress. "Do you wish to say something, pet?"

She had no desire to have Katriona touch her between her legs. No woman, for that matter. The idea shattered every ounce of arousal and replaced it with anxiety. She'd tried to remain calm while the others stripped her body, because Sire had requested their help. Though their touches were impersonal and business-like, she'd grown increasingly terrified. Even Ryan's fingers on her breast unnerved her. She couldn't explain it, but she didn't want—couldn't stomach—anyone else's hands on her body. No one but Sire's and Master's.

She hated to disappoint them, had vowed to make this night memorable for them all, but they'd reached a limit she hadn't realized existed until this moment. She didn't want her time with them to end this way. Her nose burned as tears gathered in her eyes. One teardrop escaped to plow a wet path over her left cheek.

Master watched and waited, as did all of the rest circled around her.

"To feel another's touch is to me a...fantasy."

Master showed no emotion, no change in expression whatsoever, but the other Doms must have realized something had changed because they moved away. All except Sire, who walked around her to stand beside his brother.

She turned her face away in shame. She'd let them down. Ruined their last night together.

"We've reached your limit, Rachel?"

Her hands, now free, hung by her side. She closed her eyes, nodded, and let the tears fall.

"Before, we told you what we would do should your 'fantasy' overwhelm you."

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"I just...I can't...I'm sorry to let you down." Not knowing what else to say or do, she dropped to her knees. The tinkling bells brought more sadness than cheer.

Neither man touched her as she knelt before them, bare in body and spirit. So much time passed as they stood over her, she feared what would happen next.

"Get up, pet," Jack said.

She wiped her damp cheeks as she obeyed. Unable to look them in the eye, she kept her gaze lowered.

"Gentlemen...ladies," Jon began, "This room is at your disposal. You may continue to use anything here as you wish. Please, forgive us as duty to our pet requires we leave."

They left the room with her between them. She expected them to call a cab and toss her out the front door along with her clothes, but instead, they took her to their bedroom suite, watched her dress, and escorted her to the Suburban.

Jack drove through the dark streets while Jon sat in the back beside her. She fidgeted with her skirt's hem and stared out the window in silence.

As they neared her house Jon asked softly, "What's in your heart, Rachel?" He sounded again like the professional psychiatrist, so calm and interested. She nearly smiled, but her heart hurt too much.

"I don't want the night to end. I'll do anything for you, but...just you. Your touch, Sire...Master. My body longs for that, but..." Again the words wouldn't come.

"You need our touch?"

She looked at him. "No one else's."

"So that's the boundary..." He exchanged a glance with Jack's reflection in the rearview mirror. "...Your limit has more to do with not wanting others to touch you?"

She nodded and turned back to the black night out the window. "I failed you tonight, and I'm sorry for that."

"You didn't fail us, pet," Jack said from the driver's seat.

If she hadn't failed them, then why did she feel so pitiful?

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He pulled into her driveway and set the brake. Her home, a quaint bungalow, sat at the end of a cul-de-sac. Her Jag was in the driveway, which made her cast a questioning look at Jon.

"We took it from the parking garage that night so it wouldn't draw attention. Fulstrom drove it over here the next day for me."

She got out. Jon did too.

Jack opened the driver's door and handed her purse to her. "Your keys are inside."

Unable to speak, she nodded and stared at the bag. She wanted to ask them to come in, but knew they'd refuse. How pathetic would she be if they declined?

Jon took one of her hands. "Thank you, Rachel, for giving us the pleasure of your company...the gift of your trust...if only for ten days."

"You didn't disappoint us, pet," Jack said. "We understand that the use of your safe word tonight was only to avoid the touch of the other Doms and not a direct response to us. We accept that and respect your wishes."

Then why were they ending the night so soon?

"At the same time, we must keep our word and fulfill the promise we made to you should you feel it necessary to use that word."

But she wouldn't hold them to that! Not if it meant she could have a few more hours with them.

Jon said, "As much as I'd like to imprison you forever in my home, sometimes one must let go." He thumbed her cheek and smiled. "Know that for us, you became our pet the moment you called Jack. But we also know that you have another life that requires your attention. Go back to that life. Get away from all of this. Only then can you hope to find balance."

"Only then will you be free to decide," Jack added before he gave her a tender kiss on the lips and got in his vehicle.

"Go on," Jon said, giving her a brief kiss as well, his fingertips brushing her jaw line. "We'll wait to make sure you're safe inside."

Tears clung to her lashes. By the time she made it through the front door, they were streaming down her face.

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She knew Jon was right, and she hated that. They'd introduced her to another world, peeled away a layer of her own nature and forced her to face the consequences. Like forbidden fruit, that lifestyle was so different, tempting and totally incompatible with her other life.

Crawling between the cool sheets of her bed, she curled up fully clothed and cried. How could she ever hope to find balance when they'd ripped the scales from her grasp?

* * * * *

Several days later

"Damn it. You said three weeks, not two. I lost the bet. You're not supposed to be here!" Paula stormed into her office and froze. "What's that?"

Rachel stared at the words on the card. "Flowers."

"Right. What are they doing on your desk?"

"Carmichael brought them in a few minutes ago."

Paula's mouth gaped. "Carmichael?"

Rachel laughed. "No! They aren't from him."

"Oh. So who are they from?"

She held out the card. "What do you make of that?"

"If you love something, set it free..." Richard Bach

Paula's brow furrowed as she read the bold handwriting. "I've heard the saying before, but who's Richard Bach? You meet him on vacation?" She grinned. "Did you take my advice and get laid?"

Rachel smiled. "Bach is an American author who was born during the Depression."

"Uh...Okay...bit old for you isn't he?"

"He didn't send the flowers. He's the man who first coined that phrase."

"Oh." She huffed and dropped the card on the desk. "So who sent 'em? You fall in love with someone you put in jail?"

She laughed. "Not exactly." She bent to lift a box onto her desk.

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"What are you doing?" Paula narrowed her gaze. "What the hell's going on?"

"Packing." She put more personal belongings into the box on her desk.

"I see that. The question is, what for?"

She took a handful of books off a shelf. "I've resigned."

"What the hell for?" Paula's voice rose with her surprise.

"I'm going into private practice."

"All right, where's my friend? What have you done with her? You know, the Ice Queen?"

Rachel laughed. "I'm right here. I just want to try defending clients instead of prosecuting them."

Private practice offered her a higher level of anonymity. It allowed her personal life to remain private if she chose, and she did. The risk of having some reporter delve into her life became less likely when she was no longer a public servant on the government's payroll and answerable to the taxpayers. Despite how it looked to Paula, the decision to resign hadn't come lightly.

She'd tried for days to get over the Sinclair brothers, to push her experience with them into the past and get on with her life. Unable to stand the confines of her lonely home, she'd quit her vacation early on the off chance that would work. But when she caught herself lifting her skirt before taking a seat, the memories of Master's touch and Sire's kisses flooded her mind.

Then the flowers arrived.

She gave up any attempt to fight a losing battle and tracked down the number for Olivia Montgomery. They'd had a long talk which helped Rachel decide her next move.

"Rachel, are you sure you know what you're doing?"

She picked up the card. Read it again. "For once in my life, I do."

* * * * *

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Jon closed the door on his last patient of the evening and sank into his chair.

He had spent the better part of a week working himself to the bone, trying to get *her* out of his mind. He'd even slept on his office couch one night because he couldn't stand the thought of going home to find no sign of Rachel, and Jack pacing the floor like a snarling tiger.

His cell phone vibrated, but when he saw who it was, he ignored it.

He and Jack had never risked so much on a sub before. Many used the bondage scene to go from one sexual partner to another. They were more interested in the lure of the fetish world than in living it as a lifestyle with a full commitment to their masters. Kat's club, and others like it, enabled them to do that.

Although he and Jack had used the club to troll for subs, they always went there with the hope of finding one woman who'd willingly take that final step. Before Rachel, a couple seemed to fit the bill, but only for a little while. Both had wanted to explore their sexuality until it got hard, more demanding. Then the *game* was over. They both bailed. He hadn't lied to Rachel when he'd said BDSM could be dangerous. He just hadn't explained that the dangers were more than physical.

There were a few exceptions, like Dylan and Ryan. They'd been fortunate to find Olivia, but they'd discovered her far from the red velvet and steel cages of the bondage clubs.

So when he found Rachel outside the club scene, his and Jack's hopes soared. She'd responded so well to their training that she slipped past the guards they'd erected to protect their hearts. Now, as each day passed with no word from her, their hope plummeted and their hearts bled.

He pulled a black velvet box from his desk drawer and stared at the contents.

It became harder to not contact her as they'd promised. He secretly wished Jack had not told her she'd never hear from them again should she use her safe word. Judging by Jack's waspish attitude lately, his brother regretted that promise, too.

His intercom buzzed. "Jackson's here to see you, sir."

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"Thank you, Sharon. Send him in."

His office door opened a second later, and Jack walked in ahead of Sharon. Jack raised his dark sunglasses, perching them atop his head—a move that revealed the forlorn hollowness of his gaze.

"Hold my calls," Jon said, gaining a smile from his secretary before she closed the door.

Jack plopped into a chair, saw the large jewelry box, and asked, "Anything?" He didn't have to say more. They expected her to contact them through his office, if she contacted them at all.

Jon shook his head and heard Jack curse under his breath. He closed the velvet case with a snap.

The waiting drove them crazy. This morning it became unbearable, so Jon broke their promise and sent a bouquet of flowers with a cryptic message. It may have doomed them, but he prayed that wasn't the case.

"I sent her flowers."

Jack's gaze shot to him.

"I know. We aren't supposed to try to persuade her. I know we made a promise to let her make the next move, but damn it. Those tears of hers were real. The night we dropped her off...she felt something. She said she didn't want the night to end. Now she's just being stubborn."

"I know." Jack's voice was flat. He raised a hand to wearily rub the five o'clock shadow that marred his normally clean-shaven face.

"Then we have to do something. We should go after what's ours."

Jack started pacing. "Don't you think I want to go to her and drag her back home? Hell, Jon, I love her as much as you do, but if we chase her now, we'll be chasing her for the rest of our lives. She has to want this lifestyle. We can't force it on her. She must meet us half way."

Jon raked fingers through his hair. "Fuck. What are we going to do?"

"We're going to trust our pet to come to us. We don't have any other choice." His words preached patience, but his tone simmered as if he were ready to explode. After another lap across the imported Oriental rug, Jack stopped. "I hope like hell you at least sent her roses."

Jon smiled, and then laughed.

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The phone rang. He snatched the receiver. "Sharon, I said hold my calls."

"If she had, you'd regret it," Katriona said.

He rested his forehead in his palm. "Kat, I'm kind of busy right now. Can this wait?"

"No. Where's Jack?"

He punched the button for the speaker. "He's here."

"Hi, Kat."

"Finally! I need you both to get over to the club. ASAP."

Their friends had tried repeatedly to get them out of their slump. They just didn't get that this time, things had changed.

"Look, Kat, I appreciate the—"

"Jon, listen to me carefully. There's a sub here requesting the Masters of Sin."

"Find someone else. We're on hiatus indefinitely."

"She's not my slave to pass around. She needs you two."

"We don't need another sub, Kat."

"Damn it. She storms into my club like some dominatrix on a mission. She's not a member, has no collar, and won't leave. I've got things under control for the moment, but I don't know what else to do with her."

No collar?

"Kat, are you telling me Ra—"

"I gave my word. No names. But if you don't get here soon, you and Jack are going to have one pissed-off pet on your hands. She's been here over twenty minutes already, while I've called all over creation looking for you. Don't you ever answer your damn cell phones?"

They hung up and made it to Incognito in record time. Kat met them at the door.

"No one's touched her. Apparently she called Olivia before showing up and arranged to have Dylan and Ryan here. Smart girl. They're holding off the pack."

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When they reached the main room, the rumble of conversations snapped to an abrupt silence. The crowd in black leather straps, latex, and chains parted like the Red Sea.

Jon didn't know about Jack, but if his reaction was anything like his own, they'd both suffocate. And they'd damn sure die happy men.

Rachel knelt on a raised platform in the center of the room. Rose petals covered the floor. Her head was back with lips parted as she took steady breaths and held the pose. A soft spotlight fell on her face and creamy shoulders. Her ivory breasts were uncovered, except for the nipples. A single red rose petal covered each tip. Her hands braced her as she leaned back, no doubt to keep those petals in place, but with her hips and bare pussy lifted toward them the effect was the most erotic vision imaginable.

"Rachel..." Her name came out on a sigh.

Her mouth curved. Red silk covered her eyes, making her position even more vulnerable. On either side of her, Dylan and Ryan stood like sentinels in leather pants and expressions of total Dom intimidation.

Jon wanted to yank her into his arms and haul her gorgeous ass out of there for some more intimate play, but she'd chosen the club to make a statement. She could've submitted to him in the privacy of his office, or called Jack's cell phone and arranged a meeting, but instead she displayed trust in their friends by making her public declaration in the club. For now, he'd honor that decision.

After an exchange of nods, her temporary guardians moved over to Olivia, whose grin sparkled as bright as the platinum collar around her neck.

Jon walked toward Rachel, praying the vision didn't vanish like a mirage on a desert highway. Club-goers shuffled around them to watch.

He glanced at Jack. By silent agreement they circled their pet. Her breath hitched as she sensed their presence.

"Hello, pet," Jack said huskily.

"Hello, Master." Her voice was breathless.

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They'd not yet touched her, but her arousal was already evident. Hell, so was his. He expected the zipper in his slacks to give way any second.

"I see you received the flowers," Jon said, making her grin.

"Yes, I did. Does Sire approve of my use of his gift?"

"I do." He lifted a handful of soft petals, smelled their fragrance.

"But something's missing."

Her lips dipped into a moue.

He looked at his brother and pulled out the velvet case.

"Sit back on your heels," Jack said. God only knew how badly her legs hurt from holding that position as long as she had.

She sat back as told and put her hands palms up on her spread thighs. The petals fell off her nipples to flutter between her legs.

Jack untied the scarf around her eyes. She blinked repeatedly until her sight adjusted to the change in light.

"You came to Incognito without a collar, pet. We can't have that."

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Chapter Eleven

Jon opened the box. The choker was similar to the one Olivia wore all the time, which was to be expected since the same jeweler had designed the custom piece. The choker was subtle enough that it could be worn in public without drawing undue attention, while the tiny padlock pendant hung as a constant reminder to the sub of ownership.

He studied Rachel's face. "Do you accept our gift, Rachel? Will you wear our collar?" The answer he longed to hear shone brilliantly in her eyes.

"Yes. Willingly."

He removed the jewelry from its case and held it out to his brother. Jack pinned him with a questioning look. They had additional plans to bind her to them, but this time Jack would be the one to take ownership. He gave Jack a smile as he collared their pet.

Jon noticed he was careful not to touch much of her flesh as he did so, and knew what would come next. Looks like Kat would get that demonstration after all.

"Who do you belong to, pet?" Jack asked.

"You, Master. You and Sire."

"Who commands you?"

"You and Sire do, Master."

Jon signaled to Dylan to lower a rope from the pulley overhead.

"Raise your arms," Jack said.

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While Jack secured her hands with the rope, Jon obtained a spreader bar for her ankles from Kat.

"Do not try to stand, pet." The rope tightened, stretching her torso, lifting her off her knees. Her breathing became heavy.

While she hung suspended by wrists, Jack secured her ankles to the spreader bar, which held her ankles about four feet apart. Then Jon cranked the pulley to raise her farther off the ground. When his brother nodded, Jon stopped and helped him swing her legs forward until they could tie off the bar to the front of the platform. This left her hanging at about a forty-five degree inclined angle with the front of her body toward the ceiling.

Her head fell back between her arms. Her eyes were open and looking around. Even viewing the room upside down, she couldn't miss the rapt attention she drew from the club-goers, most total strangers to her.

As much as he knew public exposure could increase his sub's erotic response, he wanted Rachel focused solely on him and Jack. So he tucked a corner of the silk scarf previously used to blindfold her into her collar and let the rest fan out over her face.

Her body stretched out before them to view and enjoy. He wanted to touch every inch of her, lick her, kiss her, have her suck him...but not this time.

"You're so beautiful, Rachel," he whispered. He fisted his hands to fight the urge to reach for her. "I love seeing you spread out before me like this, unable to move, open for anything I want to do."

She moaned.

Jack leaned close to her other ear. "Your body longs for our touch, doesn't it, pet?"

"Yessss."

"You're already wet for us," Jon murmured. He didn't touch her. Neither did Jack. Instead they let the softly spoken words stimulate her mind. "We can see the cream glisten on your pussy. Everyone can."

The scarf fluttered as she expelled air in quickening pants.

Incognito: Owning Rachel

"Your nipples are so hard," Jack said. "They've missed our mouths on them, haven't they? They remember how it feels to have our tongues and teeth nip and play."

A whimper was her only answer. Jack smiled at him. Still, they didn't touch her, but both blew cool streams of air across the heated peaks. Her tummy sucked in as her chest expanded, a vain attempt to draw closer to the gentle caresses.

"Master...Sire...Please."

"What is it you want?"

"I want you, Sire. I want Master. Please, I need you in me now." Her words were urgent, strained, and pleading.

Jack shook his head. "That's not what you need, pet. Tell us what you really need."

Again Jack blew across her breasts, while Jon moved to where he could blow across the damp petals of her shaved pussy. Rachel's hips bucked.

"Come! Please, I need to come."

"Not until we give permission, pet. You can't come until then, can you?" Jack asked.

"Noooo." The word came out on a sorrowful groan.

Jon leaned closer to her ear again without actually touching her. "You know why, Rachel," he murmured. "Your mind thinks you can't come, because your body knows we haven't given you permission. We own you. We control your body. It answers only to us. Would you like us to prove it?"

"Yes...Take me...Please."

Jack didn't touch her anywhere. "We don't have to, pet. You don't need our touch."

"Yes," she hissed. "Yes, I do, Master. I do. Please, Sire. Please help me. I need to come."

"You'll come soon, pet, but only at our command," Jack said.

"You feel that tension inside?" Jon asked, letting his breath warm her ear. "We haven't touched you, yet your body winds up and ticks according to our will. The tingle in your pussy grows because I say it can."

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Her reaction was half-mewl, half-whine.

Still, he let his words paint the carnal pictures to which her body responded. "That tingle sizzles around your clit and teases those sensitive nipples of yours. I know. I can see them bead for me. So hard and tight. Feel it, Rachel. Feel your pussy throb with each heartbeat. The tension builds at the memory of each touch we've given you, every stroke and caress. Remember..."

Her chest rose rapidly, evidence of the stimulating effect their words had on her arousal.

"Yes, Rachel. I know you feel it," Jon continued. "Your body recalls every lick...every thrust...deep inside you...until you're ready to explode. You're on the edge, aren't you? Hanging over that precipice, because that's where we want you to be."

Jack whispered into her other ear. "You'll come when we say, pet. I want to see this luscious body dance at my command." Then raising his voice for those around the room, he said, "Come now."

Her body reacted with a vengeance. Her hips jerked. The tension seized her as the climax swept over her in waves. Her pussy was drenched with moisture.

As much as Jon wanted to power his cock deep inside and take her even higher, he held back, fully clothed, and watched the pleasure they evoked wash over their pet. As the trembling began to settle down, he said, "Show everyone who commands this delectable body, Rachel. Come again. Come for us."

She screamed as her body obeyed, overwhelming her senses with an intense explosion. Her thighs quivered. Her arms shook. She sucked in huge gulps of air.

He and Jack gathered rose petals in their hands as the orgasm subsided.

When her body hung motionless once more, Jon said, "Now you're truly our pet. Ours to play with when we wish. Ours to command in every way. Obedient to us alone. I want to see you dance again."

"Come, my pet bitch," Jack said as they let the rose petals rain down over her body.

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Whether her mind wanted to or not didn't matter. They controlled her body, so it erupted on command and continued as each petal traveled lightly over her skin. By the time the last one fell, her exhausted body shuddered uncontrollably, and she sobbed beneath the scarf.

Jon cradled her while Jack worked with Dylan and Ryan's help to remove the bindings. Once released, she curled into him as if she sought succor. Olivia stepped forward with a blanket, which he let her drape over his precious bundle. Kat offered them one of the more private rooms, but they declined. He carried her out of the club and into the back of Jack's Suburban. Ignoring the seatbelt law, he kept her sleeping form in his lap all the way home.

* * * * *

Rachel came awake in the familiar surroundings of Jon and Jack's master bedroom suite. After registering where she was, she recognized the warmth of the two men who lay on either side of her.

Slowly, she sat up to survey her surroundings. The covers had been shoved down sometime during the night so that Jack's chest and Jon's back were visible. With a wicked grin she toed the covers lower to reveal her master's flaccid cock and Sire's fine ass.

Jack stirred a bit, turning his face away from her.

Her hand crept to her throat. She fingered the silver choker and tiny padlock pendant.

She belonged to them. Instead of feeling offended by their domineering ways, she reveled in the knowledge that they wanted her, cared for her...loved her?

"If you love someone, set them free..." she whispered, paraphrasing the words on the card. Although they hadn't said it to her yet, she believed it was true, which is why she came back. "...If they come back, they're yours."

She'd come back, and they'd come to the club for her. So now she was theirs, but by the same agreement, they were hers. She grinned at that thought. They could command her body. They'd captured her heart. But

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she'd made them hers for all time. And it was time to show them that sometimes a pet can have ideas of her own.

Slowly she rolled to her knees so she could scoot to the end of the bed. From there, she eyed her men. Jon lay facedown, preventing her from reaching his cock, so with one hand she stroked his thighs and ass instead, letting her fingertip slip between the cheeks on occasion.

Jack's cock had hardened a bit while she moved, which made her look up to see if he was awake. His eyes were shut, his face softened in repose. Carefully, she bent over him and licked the inside of one thigh. He didn't budge. She licked again, just brushing the tip of his sex. The length flexed, but he didn't stir.

Jon moved, though, lifting one knee so his leg bent. This enabled her to reach his testicles, so she fondled them and returned her attention to Jack.

She ran her tongue from the root to tip before sucking him into her mouth. His cock became rock-solid in an instant. She timed her circular strokes on Jon's balls with the movement of her lips on Jack's cock, until a large hand settled on the back of her head.

"Mmmorning, pet." Jack lifted his hips to meet her downward stroke.

"A very good morning at that," Jon said rolling over onto his back. He brought her hand to his cock, which grew several inches.

Similar Cheshire-cat grins spread across their faces. Looking sinfully sexy with their whiskered faces and sleep-ruffled hair, they propped themselves up on elbows to watch her serve them. She redoubled her efforts, sucking on one a while and then switching to the other as her hands continued to pump both.

They were so hard she expected them to blow any second when Jack grabbed her wrist and Jon said, "Stop."

With an unhidden pout, she reluctantly obeyed.

"There's something we want to do," Jon said. "Something we haven't done with you before." Much to her satisfaction he sounded a bit breathless.

"I'm all yours," she said with a wide smile.

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"Yes, but we want you to be more," he said. "Rachel, would you marry us?"

She blinked. Stunned. "How...?" Her eyes felt like ping pong balls as her gaze bounced from Jack to Jon and back again.

"Legally, you can only marry one of us—" Jack started.

"I can't choose between you two. I won't!"

"You don't have to," Jack said. "We've already decided that for you, pet."

She frowned.

"As far as the courts and the public are concerned, you'll be the wife of Dr. Jonathon Sinclair, but in our home you'll belong to both of us. You already do." Jack fingered the padlock pendant at her neck. "We'll have a wedding as big or as small as you want so you can exchange vows with Jon. Afterwards, we can have another private ceremony for me. Maybe on a ship during our honeymoon?"

She wouldn't have to give either of them up. They'd figured out a way. She trusted them completely, so why should this matter be any different? "Make it a small wedding," she said then grinned. "Does this mean I'll never see either of you drop to a knee?"

"Minx," Jack said and pounced.

Giggles erupted as he and Jon tickled her senseless. Their roughhousing evolved into ardent touches and passionate kisses that made her heart race and pussy wet with anticipation.

Jon lay on his back and pulled her over him. "Straddle me."

Somewhat surprised, she paused a second before obeying him. They'd never let her be on top before.

"I told you there was something we hadn't done with you yet," Jon said as he ran his hands up her arms and over each breast. "That's because we reserved it until now."

Jack, who'd gotten off the bed moments earlier, now moved around behind her to kneel between his brother's legs. His fingers curved around her hips as he lifted her onto Jon's cock. Working her way down on him, she watched Jon's blue eyes go black with passion. He rose up on his

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hands, while Jack cupped her breasts. He kneaded and held them for his brother as Jon kissed and laved each peak.

Her hips moved in an urgent plea when he sucked hard on one tip. Jon released her to kiss a trail up her neck and capture her mouth. One of Jack's hands centered on her back and pushed gently forward. Jon pulled her down with him, never relinquishing his hold on her mouth.

Caught up in his thorough kiss, she was slow to react to Jack's persistent fingers, which readied her for his penetration. She tried to pull away from Jon's kiss as his brother's cock pressed through the tight ring of her sphincter muscles. Jon held her still and kept the kiss going. Jack's entry was slow and deep. She moaned into Jon's mouth as they filled her more than she thought possible.

Finally, with one last nudge, he embedded himself in her ass as far as his brother was in her pussy. Jack leaned over her back, and Jon released her lips. They surrounded her, filled her, overwhelmed her, and they weren't even moving inside her.

"We're one," Jack said, his sultry baritone showing the strain of holding himself in check. He pressed a kiss to that sensitive spot on the side of her neck. Then he lifted her left hand in his.

Jon gave her a mischievous grin that she'd come to treasure. His hand neared hers, and that's when she noticed the jeweled band he held poised near her left ring finger. It was platinum, with three Princess-cut diamonds, the center one slightly larger. She looked to Jon, whose gaze pinned her in place even more than their bodies held her immobile. The sincerity and love was all there for her to witness. Tears threatened her eyes.

"We love you, Rachel," they said in unison as Jack held her hand, and Jon slid the engagement ring onto her finger.

The End

Incognito: Owning Rachel

Author Bio

Madison grew up on a farm. No kidding. She did...a farm complete with cattle, chickens, a passel of kids, and rows of vegetables. So, when she wasn't dodging siblings, feeding animals, or pulling weeds, she was hiding away in her bedroom with a book.

With maturity came love and marriage, and a real understanding of why her parents kept their bedroom door locked. *wink*

Now, she's turned her love of books into a sensual journey through the steamy world of erotic romance. Or is that romantic erotica? Well, one thing's for certain, her heroes and heroines have a great time as they fall in love.

She loves to hear from readers, so please visit her at:
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http://groups.yahoo.com/group/desires_unleashed/

Madison Layle

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Incognito: Seducing Olivia by
Madison Layle and Anna Leigh Keaton © 2006

Olivia awoke slowly to the feel of a hot, gentle breeze on her neck and the safety of being cocooned within the warmth of someone's arms. She turned toward the soft breaths at her nape and opened her eyes, smiling when Dylan's face appeared. He lay along her right side, relaxed in peaceful slumber, similar to the way he had the morning she'd snuck away from the hotel in Madrid.

She had no intention of leaving this time.

Attempting to turn sideways and hug him closer, she lifted her left arm to discover her wrist bound firmly with a necktie to another wrist. And it wasn't Dylan's.

Adrenaline stabbed her heart as her gaze followed the male arm from that wrist to broad shoulders and...

Her scream would've registered a seven on the Richter scale had anyone been monitoring.

Like mirror images of one another, the men came awake instantly. Despite her panicked struggles, they faced her, pinning her down. Their legs draped over hers. Each one shifted onto an elbow, her bound hands going with theirs.

Her chest heaved as she fought for air and sanity.

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Trapped flat on her back, she was seeing double—feeling double—as each man placed a palm across her middle.

“Oh, God. Ohgod, *ohgodohgod*. No.” She snapped her eyes shut, opened them, and looked again. “This isn’t happening.”

“Shh, puss. Calm down.”

Her gaze shot to the one on her left who spoke. “Dylan?”

He grinned with that adorable dimple in his right cheek and bright caramel eyes. She looked from him to the other man and back. Two pair of eyes, identical in color and exotic slant, met her gaze boldly. But the one on the left... His hair was shorter, more like she remembered. Her heart continued to race, her mind reeling at seeing two Dylans in bed with her.

Lifting his unbound hand to her face, the man on her left brushed a thumb over her cheek and leaned down, his lips coming within a hair’s breadth of hers.

“*Beséme*, Olivia,” he murmured.

Kiss me, she translated the order, as he took her mouth in a thorough kiss. He’d said the same to her two years ago in the same seductive way. His taste, scent, and the feel of his lips on hers were like a dream revisited.

The touch of a hand on her breast made her moan into his mouth. Still, he held her face with his free hand, continuing the kiss while other fingers twirled her nipple. The other hand cupped her breast in a warm grip that declared he had every right to brand her as his own. Then a second mouth captured the tip.

Heaven help me. There are two of them.