

Jennifer Cole

A woman with blonde hair, seen from the back, wearing a corset and holding a string. The background is black.

Book Two Le Club d'Esclavage

A Toy for Two

LYRICAL  PRESS

A Toy For Two

by

Jennifer Cole

Book II: Dungeon Masters Series

A Toy For Two

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Blurb

Will Megan play it safe, or follow her heart and become a toy for two?

Megan Washington is the perfect daughter...as long as she keeps her wild streak hidden. Only after a trip to the Le Club d'Esclavage does she give free reign to her sexually adventurous spirit.

Troy Simon and Ransom Seager need the ideal partner, and not just any submissive will do. Their third must match their passions and indulge in the roleplay both men find so arousing. With trust building and temperatures rising, will Megan's powerful politician father destroy the growing bond between these three hearts?

Book Two Le' Club d'Esclavage Series.

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit sex, menage a trois, bondage, the use of sex toys, m/m, and nontraditional sexuality.

Mini Excerpt

Pushing the door open, his breath caught in his throat. Flames from dozens of lit candles flickered, creating a warm glow about the room. Combined fragrances of vanilla, musk and feminine arousal scented the air.

In the center of the room bound hand and foot to a St. Andrews Cross, was Megan Washington. Blindfolded, clad in a skimpy pair of violet panties with matching bra, stockings, and heels. She looked simply delectable.

Though several yards separated them, Troy caught her fragrance in the air, and he momentarily savored the sight of her heaving bosom. The sound of harsh breath told him she hadn't heard him enter.

Or perhaps she had.

On the ground to Megan's left Ransom knelt. The firm cheeks of his ass seated on his heels, knees slightly spread, hands rested palms up on the tops of his thighs, eyes lowered.

His lover had done well.

"Well, what do we have here?" Troy said and pushed the door closed behind him.

The sensual gasp of surprise slipping from Megan's full lips sent a shiver up the length of Troy's spine.

Troy delighted in the stiffening of her body as Ransom answered.

"I've brought you a present, Master."

Dedication

To everyone who enjoyed the first book, and especially those who kicked my ass to get this one finished!

Enjoy!

Author's Note

Although this title can stand on its own, the author recommends the previous book be read before this one, in order to become familiar with all the players.

Chapter 1

Earlier, Megan's best friend Dani had called to say she had the weekend off—the first in six weeks. The two of them planned to make tonight an event their other best friend Natalie would not soon forget.

At Dani's suggestion, they were taking Natalie to the hottest night club in the city to celebrate fun, friends, and freedom from the workplace. Le Club d'Esclavage had opened the year earlier, and its popularity grew every evening. By all reports, the BDSM club had been a bigger success than anyone first thought. Three months after opening night, management had already been forced to use guest list, and take reservations for the private playrooms on the second floor. If a customer didn't have an 'in', they could expect to spend hours in line waiting their turn to get inside.

Piled into a yellow taxi, the trio were on their way. Natalie had no idea what they had planned for her, and by the stoic expression of disinterest on her face, didn't particularly care. Megan knew Natalie had been pulling 24/7 days with a new client at the magazine where she worked, and would've been happier than a pig in shit to spend the evening alone catching up on her rest. Megan, however, was 'good time central', so with gentle but persistent encouragement from Dani, they'd talked Natalie into a girls' night out on the town.

Natalie was the sensible, level headed member of their trio. She'd had to study hard for good grades, worked several part-time jobs to put herself through school, and now dedicated every spare moment to her career.

Dani was the adorable, stereotypical blonde, which would be far more fitting if she weren't a brunette. She was fun loving, naïve and innocent to a fault. Her family didn't have the money to further her education after high school, so Dani worked the day shift at her parent's local coffee diner. She loved her job, and the customers adored her.

With Megan's lust for adventure and all things odd, and Dani's natural instincts to follow Megan's lead, it never failed the three would find themselves somewhere weird, and usually in trouble. Tonight would be no exception.

When Dani had suggested Le Club d'Esclavage for their evening entertainment, arousal had been Megan's first response. Although Megan didn't have a burning interest in the BDSM scene, she'd be lying if she didn't admit to being a mite curious. The fact her father had fought tooth and nail to put a kibosh on the club's opening fed her curiosity like gas tossed into an already roaring fire.

As the taxi carried them through town, thoughts of the articles she'd read regarding the club had her shivering with nervous excitement. Megan was aware of the private playrooms located on the club's second floor. She also knew as long as the sexual experience was consensual between the players, anything went.

The words of the club's manager echoed in her mind: "The owner would like to make one thing very clear. When you cross the threshold into Le Club d'Esclavage, it is your desire to participate completely in our manner of play, and such will be expected of you."

The thought of what went on in the risqué club had her pulse racing, and had made her panties damp on more than one occasion. Though curious, and somewhat intrigued, she'd decided there was no way someone was going to tie her up and beat her, just for kicks. Sexual or not.

As they neared the club, Megan wasn't the least bit concerned about what might happen once inside. Hell, it wasn't as if some hunk of man would toss her over his shoulder and cart her off to his dungeon of torture.

She just didn't have that kind of good luck.

Over the past few years, Megan's social life had become almost nonexistent. If it weren't for Nat and Dani, and of course her job, she'd have little reason to even leave her condo. The thought of someone 'choosing' her as their evening playmate tonight was absurd, in her opinion. It had become clear that she gave off the 'stay the hell away' vibe where the opposite sex was concerned.

She'd always been very particular who she shared her body with. Hell, the guy she gave her virginity to when she was twenty five thought her a freak. "Are you fucking kidding," he'd said. "A bitch as fine as you should be well broken in by your age." Their six month relationship ended that night.

She'd grown tired of inept fingers groping, and mouths slobbering all over her. If that was all sex had to offer, she'd gladly go without. It was sad, really. She'd never once achieved climax at the hands of a lover.

Believing the hurtful remarks her ex made about her being frigid, Megan had wandered into an adult novelty shop one day after breaking it off with the jerk, and purchased a vibrator. Sex toy in hand, she quickly realized she hadn't been the one with the problem. By herself, she found sexual release aplenty, yet knew there should be more.

She missed the caress of a lover, whether rough with urgency or tender and unhurried. Megan enjoyed the exchange of dirty talk with a lover—sensual spoken words to further stimulate the senses—but had yet to find a lover who could say the right things at the right moment. Was there something so terribly wrong with a man telling a woman what he wanted her to do sexually, or vice versa? Megan didn't think so. But her experiences so far had shown her that men just took what they needed. If she happened to get off in the act, so be it.

Besides the absence of a warm, muscular male body to hold her, something else was missing. Sure, she was getting off, but it wasn't enough. She knew what she needed was out there, somewhere. Megan desired to be with a man who took charge. Someone who wouldn't hesitate to take what he needed and wanted, yet be attentive and attuned to her needs in return. Megan was prepared and willing to give everything to the right man, but the reward had to work both ways.

At twenty-nine, Megan had convinced herself she'd never find a suitable lover. But she was far from ready to settle for a mediocre one.

Considering where she'd come from, it was no wonder her views of love, sex and relationships were rather deluded.

Coming from old money, Megan had never wanted for anything growing up, except perhaps structured guidance. Barton Washington the Fourth, a successful politician with no time for his family, had always *found* time for his many mistresses. Marilyn Dubois-Washington, the dutiful, supportive wife with no backbone, had a closet addiction to the bottle. To the outside world they appeared to be the picture perfect, all-American family. Inside the Washington home, however, was a different story.

Megan had learned early on that as long as she towed the line playing the perfect little girl Daddy expected her to be, she wouldn't feel his wrath. He'd never struck her—hell no, that would have required physical contact. The man never had any time for her outside of photo ops and public relation gatherings.

Unbeknownst to those who respected and looked up to him, inside the confines of their home, her father had a temper that would make his constituents wonder what in the hell they ever saw in him. No, in Megan's twenty-nine years her father never raised a hand to her or her mother, but more times than she could remember, they'd been relegated to clean up crew when he'd gone off on a tangent, destroying everything in sight.

In her father's opinion child rearing was the woman's job. He stood firm that he worked damn hard to bring home the bacon. So, it was the responsibility of the woman he'd married to raise his children, and run his home.

Megan always laughed at his campaign stance on 'treating women as equals'. If the public could only see inside the walls of their mansion on the hill...

Due to the farce of her upbringing, Megan always shied away from the high life. Instead she found comfort and support in Natalie and Dani. Through her best friends, she'd learned there was much more to life than money. Money could buy material possessions, but not the things that really mattered most. Emotional fulfillment and the love of her friends meant more to her than anything her father's money could ever buy.

With her father being a political powerhouse, it didn't take Megan long to learn her place as a politician's daughter. Over the years she quickly realized she could have a different date every night of the week if she chose. Yet Megan hadn't dated at all in more than three years. The men her parents insisted she go out with were usually only interested in who her daddy was, and how being with her could further their own agendas.

In a rebellious fit, she'd applied for, and got, a position in a clothing store in the local mall. Her parents were less than pleased. According to her father, her station in life dictated she carry herself accordingly. In their opinion—or her father's, truth be told—her only job be the doting wife and mother, with no valuable opinions of her own. Once she learned her place, a stable, willing man would keep her. *When* she learned her place, her father reminded her. Repeatedly.

Fat chance!

Megan had always been her own person, and intended to continue living her life as she chose.

Tonight wasn't about her, though, or Dani. Tonight was about helping Natalie reenter the world of the 'living'.

On the drive to the club, she and Dani chatted away while Natalie gazed absently out the window, not paying them any attention at all.

"Okay, Meg." Natalie finally broke into their conversation. "Where are you taking me?" Her expression was one of annoyance. Sitting on either side of Natalie, she and Dani giggled excitedly.

Dani grabbed Natalie's hand and gently kissed the back of it. "Nat, you really need to take a load off. You're going to get all wrinkly before you're thirty if you don't let go of all that stress."

Truth be told, Megan was anxious to work off a little stress herself. All day she looked forward to getting her groove on out on the dance floor. Something told her this night was going to be something sensational.

"Dani's right, Nat. Now that the Marsden project is finished and on its way to print, it's time you let those gorgeous curls down and cut loose! Hell, we haven't spent any time with you since you were assigned that account. So tonight, you are ours."

"Well, for a little while anyway." Dani wagged her brows.

"What the hell is that suppose to mean? Oh God, what are you two up to?" Natalie asked. Apprehension more than clear in her voice.

Neither one offered her an answer.

Five minutes later the taxi rolled to a stop.

"*Oooh* we're here!" Megan and Dani squealed in unison.

Megan paid the driver and followed Dani and Natalie out of the car. The expression on her friend's pretty face almost made her wet her pants with laughter.

"Oh...my...God," Natalie gasped. "We are not going in there." She stood shaking her head, gaping at Dani and Megan, giggling on either side of her.

Tonight is going to be fun, Megan thought. *Just wait until Nat sees the surprise waiting for her inside.*

"Damn straight," Megan replied as she and Dani linked their arms with Natalie and headed for the front door, bypassing those waiting in line.

"Hi, Mikey." Dani tipped her head coyly, greeting the large man at the door.

"Good evening, ladies. Welcome to Le Club d'Esclavage," he greeted the threesome and winked directly at Dani.

Natalie spun her head around to look at a moony-eyed Dani and stifled another gasp. "Dani, have you—"

"Maybe once or twice," Dani snickered. "Now come on. Let's get in there."

Dani pulled them through the door Mikey held open. He stopped them short. "I'll meet you in there shortly." He smiled suggestively at Dani as she giggled and they quickly made their entrance.

Natalie threw a speculative glance at her friend, and although Megan's curiosity prickled her skin, Natalie's expression was more than enough for the both of them.

* * * *

Troy Simon stood in front of the antique floor-length mirror, buttoning his black silk shirt. As he blew a dark curl from the middle of his forehead, the door to the adjoining bathroom opened, and his lover Ransom Seager strolled out.

The man was beyond sexy. A fluffy bath towel hung low on slender hips, taut, tanned flesh dewy from his shower. The blond waves atop his head gave him an innocent school boy appearance. From experience, Troy knew the man was anything but. Ransom's celery green eyes could pull the deepest secrets from someone's soul with a subtle glance. The fullness of his lips beckoned to be ravished by a mouth, or fucked by a cock.

It wasn't until their paths had crossed several years earlier that Troy first felt the twinges of attraction toward another man. Something about Ransom drew Troy. Despite his domineering nature, he'd found himself powerless to resist Ransom's charms.

When they'd met, Ransom worked construction, a job he'd taken after his shot as a first round draft pick for the NHL was shattered when he blew out his left knee in college. Though injured ten years earlier, he still walked with a slight limp when he'd done too much on his feet. Due to his love of the sport, Ransom now coached Pee Wee Hockey, and had landed a position in the office of the construction firm designing buildings.

Ransom's company had been awarded the contract to build Le Club d'Esclavage, and due to his diligence, they'd opened weeks ahead of the projected schedule.

The more time he spent with Ransom, the more he realized they were meant to be. Not only was the man the most compatible and fulfilling sexual partner he'd ever been with, Ransom completed Troy on a spiritual and emotional level as well. They weren't just buddies, or lovers, they'd become the best of friends.

Whether they were working, or playing Troy never tired of watching Ransom. The man moved with the grace and ease of a jungle cat. He exuded confidence and power, and hid it all behind a playful grin of innocence.

Troy felt as though he were the luckiest man on the face of the earth. Theirs was a relationship of stability and comfort, and most importantly, unconditional acceptance. Tonight, if things played out as they'd both hoped and half-assed planned, their lives were about to take a turn in a different direction. One equally as fulfilling as the path they traveled now, but in the end, there would be three.

As much as he enjoyed keeping his lover all to himself, Troy desired to watch his lover with another. Perhaps a residual kink from his days of training others interested in getting in touch with their dominant sexual sides.

In the height of enjoying the lifestyle, several friends and strangers alike requested his guidance and tutelage exploring the BDSM world. Bondage, the use of toys and implements and pain within reason were completely acceptable modes of play. Ones Troy highly encouraged, and participated in himself.

In the day, nothing turned him on like watching others engaging in coupling. The expressions which crossed a woman's face as her lover brought her to climax could make Troy come without even touching himself.

There were those who liked to watch and those who liked to be watched. Troy could be classed in either category.

Since he and Ransom decided to put this evening's plan into motion, Troy enjoyed mental visions of his lover driving himself into the tight heat of a woman's body. But not just any woman. They had someone special in mind. Bending her over a bar stool, or laying her out across the pool table. And after getting his fill of playing voyeur, he would get in on the action.

Troy was about to unload now just thinking about the experience, and the woman they would be sharing.

Ransom, finally feeling the weight of Troy's gaze, glanced up. With a playful grin, he hitched his chin at him.

Troy reached for the solid length between his legs, as it now ached.

"I don't want you wore out before the evening festivities," Ransom chided.

"No worries there," Troy assured him. "I'll be more than ready, willing and able to perform, and be entertained."

With slow confident steps Ransom closed the distance between them and replaced Troy's hand with his own. Leaning in, he pressed his lips to Troy's, slipping his tongue between when Troy opened for him.

Troy reached for the towel covering his lover, snatched it off, dropping it on the floor. His hand skimmed across the tensing muscles of Ransom's sculpted chest to pinch one tight, puckered nipple, then the other.

"How about a little something to take the edge off, babe." Ransom grinned. Dropping to his knees, he worked Troy's belt, snap and zipper free, and slid his leather pants down his hips.

* * * *

For the second time that evening Troy stood in front of the mirror, straightening his clothes. Despite the satisfying release his lover brought him, Troy was still sexually frustrated. Across the room, Ransom tugged a t-shirt over his head, and pulled a pair of faded denim over his slender hips.

"So, everything is in place then?" Ransom asked, racking his fingers through his blond waves.

"Haven't heard any different," Troy replied. After a few moments of silence he turned toward his lover. "Are you certain this is what you want?"

Ransom's face blanched for a split second before regaining his composure. "Are you having second thoughts?"

Troy shook his head, his nerves eating at his insides. No, he wasn't having second thoughts. He wanted this more than he'd ever wanted anything before. "I feel as though maybe I talked you into it."

Ransom chuckled. "That's never stopped you before, Master."

Troy's balls pulsed behind supple leather at Ransom calling him 'Master'. He loved hearing the endearing term spoken from his lover's lips. Though they shared a Master/slave relationship in their sexual relations, they generally left it in the playroom. The times it slipped into regular conversation caught Troy unawares, and tended to ignite his libido.

There had been one occasion in his past where Troy entertained a 24/7 arrangement, but he quickly discovered it wasn't what he wanted in a permanent relationship. He didn't want or need someone catering to his every whim, every moment of the day. Nor did he desire the responsibility that went along with it. He wanted someone to dominate sexually. It was as simple as that. In all other aspects of a relationship, he and his partner would be equals.

He'd found the person he needed and wanted in Ransom.

"This is a big deal, Ransom, and it has to be a decision that is mutually agreed upon."

Taking a few steps forward, Ransom wrapped his fingers around Troy's upper arms and gave a firm squeeze. "Rest assured, babe, my eyes are wide open. It's been a long time since I've been with a woman, but I think I still remember how to please one," he teased.

"Stop fucking around," Troy snipped. "This is serious."

"What's gotten into you?" Ransom asked. A concerned frown creased his brow. "All right, listen, if you aren't ready or think maybe this isn't something you truly want, I'll understand. Things are already in motion, so we need to be on the same page before we walk out that door tonight."

Troy threw his head back and drew in a deep breath. He allowed the silence between them as a time to collect his thoughts.

"You're right," he said.

"I usually am," Ransom countered.

"Such a smartass."

"Yeah, I know. Now let's get a move on, stud. Dani wouldn't let us down, Troy," Ransom said, releasing his hold on Troy's arms. "And after what the three of us have shared over the past few weeks, we shouldn't let her down either."

Chapter 2

Inside the club the bass from the dance music vibrated through her body. Glancing around the vast open area, Megan felt the energy of life pulsing within. The bodies gyrating on the dance floor moved as one in time to the throbbing bass. The majority of the patrons were scarcely dressed, displaying more than enough tits and ass to last her a lifetime.

Megan wasn't a prude, but did feel out of her element now inside the club. When Dani first suggested it, spending the evening at Le Club d'Esclavage had seemed like a great idea. However, now that she was inside watching the near-naked patrons, Megan wondered why in the hell she'd allowed Dani to talk her into coming here.

This is for Nat and Max, Megan reminded herself. She was going to help her best friend see that her true love worked in the office just down the hall from her.

In a few minutes Megan found herself moving to the beat of the dance music. A familiar song vibrated around the room and she began moving in time to the thrumming.

"This is awesome," she said, leaning between Natalie and Dani.

"I told you so," Dani snickered, and started dancing with Megan as the trio made their way toward the bar.

For an hour or so the girls continued to dance and chit-chat, and Megan found herself actually enjoying the atmosphere of the club.

As they stood with their backs to the dance floor, a hulking shadow blocked out the flashing lights. When they all spun around, Dani's expression tightened as she met the heated gaze of Mikey, the doorman.

Mike was tall with broad shoulders, and towered over Dani's petite frame. His domineering presence didn't seem to faze her at all.

"Are you finished for the night?" she asked evenly, her tone a complete opposite to the one she used with him a short time earlier.

"I'm all yours, my Mistress," he replied.

Mistress? Megan thought. Just as she was about to question Dani, her friend reached up and grabbed the silk tie dangling from Mike's neck, and gave a light tug.

"Enjoy your evening, ladies," he said to Megan and Natalie as he followed behind Dani.

Megan exchanged a look of 'what the fuck' with Natalie. Both replied to each other with a shrug.

"So, you having fun, Nat?"

Natalie smiled, but Megan knew her heart wasn't in it. It was okay. Max would arrive soon enough, and that alone would put a smile on her friend's face.

A comfortable silence settled between them, and Megan took to people watching. Glancing at the crowd to her left, she spotted a god seated on the other side of the bar looking in her direction. Megan grinned back, and casually peeked over her shoulder. When she turned back, his eyes were still focused on her.

Feeling a tad self-conscious under his scrutiny, she smoothed her hands down the torso of her blouse, and then pointed a finger to the center of her chest.

‘Me’ she mouthed.

He nodded, and flashed a smile so laced with sex she was positive she creamed her panties.

This night is getting even better, she mused to herself.

The soft notes of Natalie’s voice were barely audible over the sound of the music. The visions suddenly in the forefront of Megan’s mind were of the handsome stranger tying her to his bed, and then...

A chill raced up her spine and she shivered.

“Are you even listening to me?”

Megan reluctantly turned her attention toward her friend. She felt terrible for ignoring Natalie, but she just couldn’t take her eyes or her mind off the man across the bar.

As Megan opened her mouth to apologize, Natalie piped up, “Oh fuck it, just go.”

Megan sat stunned for a moment, and then seized the opportunity.

“Oooh, you’re the best! I love you!” Meg squealed and kissed Natalie’s cheek. “Have fun! See you later!”

Unable to resist the pull of the man’s gaze, Megan approached the handsome stranger at the bar, her body warm and tingly. She attempted to tamp the carnal thoughts swimming around in her mind, and then thought, *‘Hey what the hell, I’m a big girl’*.

Never before had she the desire to engage a stranger in a bar. There was something about the man that seemed to draw her.

“Hello,” she said. The huskiness in her tone sent warmth to the juncture between her thighs.

His sexy smile made her nipples tighten, almost painfully. The clean scent of subtle cologne exuded masculinity.

“What’s a pretty lady like you doing in a club like this?” he asked, in a low sultry voice.

Megan reached for the edge of the bar for balance when her knees threatened to give out. The deep, smoky timbre caressed over her like the touch of a lover.

“Bad cliché, huh?” His chuckle was nearly enough to finish her off.

“Yeah a little. But it’s all right,” she snickered. “Like everyone else, I’m just looking for a good time,” she heard herself saying in a tone sounding a lot like a come-on.

The blond grinned, giving her a thorough visual once-over. Her insides heated as his eyes traveled inch by inch over her body.

“Then you’ve come to the right place,” he declared with a confidence that curled Megan’s toes. “I’m certain I can help you with that. My name is Ransom.”

“Megan,” she replied, and shook his proffered hand. “And is that so? You showing me a good time?” she asked, batting her long dark eyelashes at him.

“Oh yeah. May I get you a drink?”

“I’ve already had a couple of drink-drinks, so a soda would be great for now. Thank you.”

Ransom gained the attention of the petite woman behind the bar, and ordered two virgin cocktails.

The close proximity of the handsome stranger made her belly flutter and her palms sweaty. Megan couldn’t recall any past experience where a man simply looking at her had turned her insides out. As they conversed, she found herself wondering what he would taste like. His skin, his mouth, his... What would his hands feel like as they explored her naked form? Would he be a rough or a gentle lover? She found herself wondering just what sort of heat Ransom was packing inside the lucky denim hugging his lower body.

After a couple of hours, Megan was surprised her comfort level had grown considerably toward Ransom. A little voice in her mind told her to go for it.

“So, when I first saw you, you were sitting with a friend. Girls’ night out?” he asked.

Megan giggled. “Yeah, sort of. Natalie, the girl I was with, has the hots for her coworker, Max. Max has the hots for Nat. But the two of them can’t seem to get their shit together and hook up. So Max approached our friend Dani a few weeks ago for some help in getting him and Nat in the same place together. One of them suggested this place, I don’t know which one, and the rest is history. I saw Max with Nat earlier,” Megan said, and scanned the crowd mingling around the bar. “But it looks like they’re gone now. Oh well, I know she’s in good hands.”

“And how about you?” he asked. “Do you feel as though you’re in good hands?”

A shudder jolted through Megan, and she knew Ransom saw her body’s reaction. She had no control over the trembling of her body, at the sensual tone lacing his words. If her nipples distended any further, they were going to explode right through the thin fibers of her blouse, leaving two tiny little holes in the material.

“Time will tell,” she heard herself respond, her breathless tone carried an invitation.

“Excellent call coming here then. I’m certain you will have the time of your life tonight,” he said, his blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

Reminding herself it had been so long since she’d felt the warmth of a man’s body against hers, she decided to give tonight everything she had. Her sex life up until now had been abysmal to say the least, but she’d never before been in the company of someone like Ransom. He exuded sex, confidence and power. And Megan had little doubt he knew *exactly* what buttons to push to help a woman achieve ultimate pleasure.

Hell, what have you got to lose, Meg? the voice asked her. *It’s not like anyone else is ringing your bell, or ever has.*

Inwardly, Megan cringed. The subconscious was correct. The only orgasms she experienced were ones she brought herself to.

As Ransom's eyes flickered with interest and promise, Megan realized she'd closed the short space between them. He didn't stop her when she slid her leg between his thighs, and stroked a finger tip along his bare forearm.

As if reading her mind, he leaned down, bringing his mouth close to her ear. The warmth of his breath caressed her cheek and neck, and her pussy grew wet. Ransom placed a hand on her waist, the heat of his touch a firebrand through the fabric of her blouse. Slowly his hand roamed up the length of her torso, his thumb brushing the side of her right breast.

"Will you allow me to take you someplace a little more private, my sweet Meg?" he asked.

Megan's head nodded by itself, and her body began to tingle.

"I've something very special planned for you," he promised. "Come," he said, taking her hand in his, and led her through the grinding bodies on the dance floor.

* * * *

On the way up the flight of stairs it was all Ransom could do to stop himself from pinning the woman following him up against the wall and ravishing her.

That was not part of the plan, though.

The throb between his legs was becoming hard to ignore, and now he wished he'd strapped a cock ring around his organ before leaving the apartment. But then, in his own defense, he hadn't expected Megan to send his body skyrocketing so easily.

When she'd met his gaze earlier, she'd looked back at him with interest, intrigue and willingness. The willingness was what he searched for, and he didn't have to look very hard. Dani had been right: her friend was a natural sexual submissive, and now she would be his. Troy's and his. And together they would show her just how fulfilling the life of a sub could be.

During the 'sessions' with Dani over the past few weeks Ransom had confessed to his lover that a woman to share would be a welcome addition to their relationship.

Troy was in complete agreement.

When Dani discussed Megan with them, neither man could believe their good fortune. Megan Washington sounded like their perfect complement.

The honey blond of her hair reminded Ransom of rippling wheat in a field. There was a sensuality simmering in the depths of her chocolate brown eyes, and Ransom was already picturing her looking up at him from between his thighs. As he spoke to her, he could have sworn he could already feel the fullness of her plump lips wrapped tight around the girth of his shaft.

Megan possessed curves which should have been outlawed. She was one hundred percent woman, voluptuous, buxom, and shapely in all the right places. He saw himself bending her at the waist, grabbing hold of her rounded hips, and sliding himself as deep as he could go. Ransom wanted nothing more than to lose himself inside her, and to take his lover along for the ride.

Then there would be the taste of her. He'd enjoyed the feminine scent of her skin when he'd leaned in to whisper in her ear. He knew once he slipped his tongue inside her, he would be at her mercy.

As they made their way down the corridor to his and Troy's apartment, Ransom chuckled to himself.

Before they made their exit, he'd spied Troy studying them. Despite the blowjob he'd given his lover earlier, Ransom knew the sight of Megan had Troy's cock standing at full attention, just like his own. He'd seen the flames of desire flickering in his lover's eyes.

Upon entering the suite, Ransom gave into his need. He had to sample her. As he turned and pushed the door closed behind them, he backed Megan against the wall, and lowered his mouth to hers. With gentle persistence he urged her to part her lips for him. Her taste was just as he'd suspected it would be. Pure, innocent, feminine.

In her fists, she gripped his t-shirt as if holding on for dear life. Soft womanly moans were captured by his exploring lips and tongue. It was then Ransom scented her arousal in the air between them.

Pulling back, he stared into her eyes, seeing his reflection along with need and desire.

"Will you put your implicit trust in me, my precious Megan?" he asked. "Will you allow me complete control to see to your pleasure?"

Though she hesitated to answer, desire and curiosity continued to flicker in her gaze.

"Let me show you what I have in mind. All right?"

This time she nodded. Taking her hand, Ransom led her across the living room and through a large set of double doors, where they entered the playroom.

When he flicked the switch beside the door, several lights came to life, casting dim light around the room.

* * * *

Megan gasped at the sight before her.

Ransom's hand pressed against the small of her back, urging her to step forward. A soft click announced the closing of the door.

Apparatuses and devises reminding Megan of things used to torture people in medieval times were arranged around the large room. The pungent aroma of leather tickled her nose.

"I assure you, baby," he whispered close to her ear from behind. "Nothing will happen without your complete consent."

Though intrigued, and very aroused, Megan was apprehensive. In silence she stepped forward toward the various benches and stands. Restraints dangled in different places from above and close to the ground.

Displayed on the shelves lining the walls were items Megan had never seen before. On one she spied an assortment of toys resembling her vibrator tucked in the top drawer of her nightstand. Instead of being cylindrical in their total design, they had flared bases, and two had multiple nodules in ascending sizes along their length.

As she stared at the toys she felt the heat of Ransom's stare.

"Butt plugs," he said quietly.

“P-pardon?” She spun around, startled to find him standing directly behind her.

He reached past her and took a medium-sized one off the shelf. “These are an assortment of butt plugs.”

“You mean, people stick them...” Her cheeks caught fire, and the tiny knot of nerves between her legs began to pulse.

“They are inserted into the rectum to prepare one for anal sex,” he said.

“Does it... I mean, do they hurt?”

“Not when administered properly. We would begin with a small one, and when you were comfortable with that, we’d move up in size until you were stretched enough to accept a cock.”

“What do you mean *me*?” Megan gasped. *Nothing* was going in her backside.

Ransom’s sexy chuckle made her nipples tighten. “I was speaking in general terms. As I told you a minute ago, nothing will be done without your consent.”

“Are you going to hurt me?” she asked, and although feeling unprepared for his answer, she took a step toward him.

“No, Megan.”

That was an instant relief. The scent of him had Megan stepping closer.

“Do you...want to hurt me?” she asked, studying his unfaltering expression.

“No, baby. I just want to show you pleasures you’ve never imagined,” he said. “Have you ever experienced a bit of pain with your pleasure?”

Megan shook her head. “To be honest, Ransom, I’ve never felt pleasure at the hands of someone else.”

His sexy smile broadened. “Then you are most definitely in the right hands. I can make you feel so good...”

His sentence trailed off as he pulled Megan against him and pressed his lips to hers. Her knees threatened to give out as his tongue slipped past her lips. The taste of this man set her on the cusp of spontaneous combustion.

When he pulled back, Megan whimpered, “Show me.”

Ransom’s smile melted away the last of her control.

“That’s my girl. Let’s start by getting you out of these clothes,” he kept his voice soft, like a caress, and reached for the buttons of her blouse. Slowly he worked them loose, and pushed the flimsy fabric off her shoulders, down her arms, and to the floor.

Strong hands stroked up the length of her arms, the contact of his skin along hers electric.

“You are beautiful, Meg. So beautiful. Now,” he said and lowered himself to one knee. “Let me see if your panties match your pretty bra.”

Ransom leaned forward, pressing his lips to her midriff, placing gentle kisses along the waist of her leather miniskirt. Around to her back his hands roamed. They smoothed over the supple material, and then cupped her rear in their palms.

Megan moaned, dropping her head forward, her eyes squeezed shut. Needing to touch him, her fingers raked through his blond waves, fisting and releasing, holding his mouth to her.

The sound of her zipper descending carried in the silence around them.

Ransom's touch was magical. Megan hadn't even realized the leather was pooled at her feet until his voice pulled her back into reality.

"Step out, baby."

She did, and when her heel slipped off, he pushed it back on.

"Let's leave the heels on, shall we? They're very sexy," he said.

Blushing, Megan nodded, and took a single step backward.

Ransom's eyes caressed every inch of her body, singeing her flesh with each pass. Before him she stood in bra and panties, thigh-high stockings with lace trim around the top, and heels.

The vision she pictured of herself was that of a starlet in a porn flick. At that moment, Megan didn't care. The man on his knees looked at her like she was the only woman on the face of the earth.

"W-will you tie me up?" she asked tentatively, and with eager anticipation. Did she really want Ransom to bind her, rendering her helpless?

"I would love to, baby. Come over here," he said getting to his feet and taking her hand.

He led Megan to an apparatus which resembled a giant X. Turning her back to the center support, he placed a kiss on her mouth.

"Before we go any further, you need a safe word," Ransom said.

Megan blinked in confusion, and then stammered, "A safe word?"

"Yes. It's a word for you to speak if what we do becomes too much for you to handle. It's a word that will make us stop immediately because you are uncomfortable with what we are doing."

"Why can't I just say *stop*?"

The smokiness of his deep chuckle, moved through Megan like molten lava.

"Because people sometimes say things they don't mean in the throes of passion. Like 'no' when they mean 'yes', or 'stop', and then pray their lover won't."

"Oh. Okay."

"Now choose a word that you will remember, and be able to speak if you need to, no matter what is happening," he said.

"Apple sauce," she blurted out. *Where in the hell did that come from?*

Ransom smiled wide, but didn't comment.

"It's the first thing to come to my mind," she said with a shrug.

"Apple sauce it is, baby. Are you ready?"

Megan nodded.

"From here on out, you must answer with words. Understand?"

"Yes. I am ready," she said.

"That's my girl."

* * * *

Troy Simon took the stairs two at a time toward his suite on the third level of the building, which housed the personal living quarters of a few of the staff.

The grin curling his lips brought back memories of an afternoon in junior high, when he and his best friend Davey got caught peeking into the girls' locker room.

For the first time since reaching puberty, Troy found himself on the brink of losing control of his libido. It had been a long time since a woman brought his body to total attention with just a smile. Hell, she hadn't even made eye contact with him. It had been her animated interaction with Ransom alone that stimulated him in all the right places.

The sight of Ransom speaking with Megan at the bar now had Troy's balls pulsing like never before. Despite him and his lover going "both ways", during their five year commitment neither had ever expressed a desire to bring a third into their relationship. Let alone a woman.

The waves of Megan's long sandy blond hair reminded him of strands of silk. Big brown eyes may have hidden a deep, dark secret from someone untrained to spot it, but Troy recognized it. Restrained passion. If he were to wager a guess based on the glimmer he saw, he suspected she repressed her sexual appetite. That was because Megan had yet to find the right men.

Written all over her delicate features, Troy read *sub*. Under the right circumstances, the beauty would give herself to a suitable Master, completely. Pausing outside the sound proof steel door to the playroom in his suite, Troy drew a deep breath, hopeful he would be awarded the opportunity to test the woman's sexual limits. If all went well with his lover...

Giving the knob a turn, he pushed open the door and his breath caught in his throat. Flames from dozens of lit candles flickered, creating a warm glow about the room. Combined fragrances of vanilla, musk and feminine arousal scented the air.

In the center of the room bound hand and foot to a St. Andrews Cross, was Megan Washington. Blindfolded, clad in a skimpy pair of violet panties with matching bra, stockings, and heels. She looked simply delectable.

Though several yards separated them, Troy caught her fragrance in the air, and he momentarily savored the sight of her heaving bosom. The sound of harsh breath told him she hadn't heard him enter.

Or perhaps she had.

On the ground to Megan's left Ransom knelt. The firm cheeks of his ass seated on his heels, knees slightly spread, hands rested palms up on the tops of his thighs, eyes lowered. Jutting proudly from between his powerful legs, his smooth, long, thick cock pulsed. Despite the distance, Troy's mouth watered as a drop of pre-cum trickled from the slit at the end.

His lover had done well.

"Well, what do we have here?" Troy said and pushed the door closed behind him.

The sensual gasp of surprise slipping from Megan's full lips sent a shiver up the length of Troy's spine.

Troy delighted in the stiffening of her body as Ransom answered.

“I’ve brought you a present, Master.”

Chapter 3

“So I see,” Troy replied drawing closer toward the pair.

His pulse raced, and the bead of sweat running down his lower back made him shiver.

“But, I—”

Troy cut her words off by pressing a fingertip against her trembling lips.

“Now am I to understand, slave, that *I* am to enjoy two playthings this evening?” Troy began and stroked a single digit from his other hand from the waistband of Megan’s panties to just under her left breast. “Or is this pretty package a toy for *two*?”

“You know me too well, Master,” Ransom replied, eyes still focused on the floor.

Removing his finger away from her quivering lips, Troy gently pushed a lock of hair behind her ear. Beneath his touch her body trembled. Feeding his hunger all the more.

“She is very lovely, slave,” Troy continued, and leaned into her.

Tighter her body coiled, yet the fragrance of her arousal became stronger.

Recognizing her waver, the Dom in him came forth, needing to push her past the limits of her comfort zone. Reaching out, he cupped her pussy with his left hand. The suddenness of his action and the persistent pressure used brought Megan to her tiptoes.

“Yes, Master,” Ransom said in agreement.

“My pretty slave girl, your panties are wet already, and we’ve barely begun,” Troy commented, pressing his middle finger against the heat of her center.

She gasped again struggling against the restraints.

“Wh-what are you d-doing?” she stammered. “Th-this isn’t what I h-had in m-m-mind.”

Troy leaned closer still, and after nipping the lobe of her ear, whispered, “You have your safe word?” He knew she did. Ransom scrawled the word *applesauce* on the notepad beside the door where he would see it before entering the playroom.

After a handful of seconds, she nodded.

“Would you like to speak it?”

Without hesitation she shook her head from side to side. “But, I—”

“Silence,” Troy said in an authoritative tone. “Your safe word is the only thing that will put a stop to our play. You entered the doors of this club of your own accord, my pretty, did you not?”

Again Megan nodded.

“Therefore,” Troy said in a softer tone, and then pressed his lips to hers in a tender kiss. “You are mine until I say we are finished. Do you understand?”

A jerky nod was her reply.

“Very well. Rise, slave, and rid our new toy of the fabric hiding her from us.”

When Ransom stood, Troy wrapped his hand around the back of his neck and pulled his mouth to his own. After thoroughly exploring each other, they pulled back and smiled. The simmering desire he found in his lover's eyes tested his control.

"You've done well," he said.

"Thank you, Master," Ransom replied.

"And for being such a thoughtful, slave, I'm going to share my gift with you."

Ransom smiled the sexy grin that Troy had fallen in love with five years earlier.

"Thank you, Master."

After leaning in for another kiss, Ransom turned and crossed the room toward a chest of drawers. Retrieving what he sought, he came back and stood in front of Megan.

She inhaled a sharp breath as the cold metal of the scissors in Ransom's hand slid under the hem of her bra between her breasts. Her body began to tremble.

With a snip, the lacy material rended and her breasts spilled free.

"So very beautiful," Troy said, reaching out to cup the amplexity of the left one.

Megan's breath quickened, and he could see the pulse in her neck beat at a rapid pace.

Dipping his head he licked the flat of his tongue over the rigid tip. His cock throbbed in his pants, an ache he wasn't sure he'd ever experienced in the past. In his left hand he massaged her right breast, turning his oral attention there.

Beneath his touch Megan's body stiffened and relaxed as he experimented with various pressures and techniques. Harder, then softer, he suckled. Gentle nibbles, followed by sharp nips made her cry out.

When her hips began to grind against him, Troy withdrew his touch and backed away.

Reaching between his legs he rubbed his cock, trying to sooth the vicious ache he felt there. His breath was harsh, raspy, and he neared the brink of being uncontrolled.

"The panties," he ordered hoarsely.

The heated desire burning in Ransom's eyes when their gazes met reflected his own, of that he was certain. Being lovers as long as they had, Ransom was well aware of Troy's limitations. And the grin he flashed him told Troy his lover knew his control was being tested.

"The panties, Master," he repeated, slipped the scissors along Megan's left hip, and cut. "Can you smell her sweet pussy, Master?"

"Yes," Troy croaked, knowing Ransom was baiting him in play. Well, two could play that game. "Would you like to be the first to taste her, slave?" Troy asked as the second cut sliced through the lace and silk fabric on the right side.

Ransom attempted to stifle a groan as the material fell to the floor from between Megan's legs.

"Oh God," she whispered.

What a sight she made. Bound hand and foot, blindfolded, her bra cut through the middle, straps hanging loosely on her shoulders, large, beautiful breasts heaving as she struggled for breath. Between her legs, the lips of her pussy were bare and glistening with her arousal.

Troy took several deep breaths of his own to squelch his desire. It did him no good. He was going to shoot his load in his leather pants, just watching the woman helplessly restrained before him.

"You are so fucking beautiful, Megan," he declared through a ragged breath.

Beside him, Ransom's body was peppered in a light sheen of sweat. Troy knew he fought to maintain his composure. The fat crown of his cock pulsed, angry purple in color, droplets of pre-cum flowing freely from the tip.

"Taste her," Troy commanded.

Ransom dropped to his knees, and buried his face between Megan's legs.

Megan cried out, sinking her teeth into her lower lip.

Troy reached a hand out to massage one breast, then the other. With his free hand, he unzipped his pants and pulled his cock free. Wrapping his fingers around his length he stroked himself, savoring the sight before him.

Megan's cries grew desperate, her hips thrusting against Ransom's mouth as best she could with his hands holding her still. From side to side she tossed her head, the scent of her arousal announcing the pending release.

"Do not come, slave girl," Troy ordered her.

Whimpering a valiant protest she arched her back, pressing her breast into his hand.

"P-please," she begged.

"Not until I say you can," he reiterated in a firmer tone.

"I-I can't..." she sobbed.

Troy waited several seconds before uttering a command. "Enough, slave," he said, and pulled his hand away from her breasts. At his feet Ransom sat back from Megan, both of them gasping for much needed air.

"Calm yourself, Megan," Troy groaned through his own calming technique. "Fight back your need to come."

She continued to take slow, deep breaths, her body trembling, clamoring for release.

Troy leaned over and using his finger under Ransom's chin, tipped his head up. His lips and chin were wet with Megan's essence. A look of determination flickered in his green eyes.

"You look as though you enjoyed her, slave," Troy stated the obvious with a grin.

"Yes, Master, very much. Our new toy is sweet, her taste addictive. May I have more?"

"Not yet. I want to sample her on your lips," Troy growled, and captured his lover's mouth in a fierce kiss.

Ransom was right, Megan's juice was delicious. Troy's head began to spin as he worked to clean her nectar from his lover's face. Fisting his fingers in Ransom's hair, Troy allowed himself one last taste before pulling away.

"Have you set a plug?" Troy asked, shooting a glance toward Megan, whose breathing was still ragged. He noticed her nipples harden considerably at the mention of the anal toy.

"No, Master," Ransom replied.

"Start with a medium," Troy ordered, and began unbuttoning his silk shirt. "I want her ready to take me, and soon." A soft feminine gasp drew his attention, and he smiled.

"Yes, Master."

Troy approached the woman bound before him and leaned down, pressing his lips to hers. With eagerness her mouth worked against him, her tongue fighting with his to dominate their oral exchange. He allowed her the moment.

From behind her Ransom appeared, a vibrant pink butt plug in one hand, tube of lubricant in the other. Troy caressed Megan's curves, savoring the silky smoothness of her flesh under his hands. She was perfect, so utterly perfect.

When he pulled his mouth from hers, she whimpered a protest.

"Fingers first," Troy told Ransom, over Megan's shoulder.

"Yes, Master."

Troy watched as Ransom lubed his long, thick index finger. Stroking down the length of her body, Troy's hands cupped her buttocks and spread them open. Ransom dropped to his knees, and grinned up at Troy.

When his eyes focused on the backside open to him, Ransom groaned. "What a very pretty pucker, Master," he said.

Megan gasped, and then her breath caught as Ransom slipped his finger in. From above, Troy could see the slow movement of his arm as he slid the digit in and out.

"Your new toy has a nice tight hole, Master," Ransom said, in sultry voice. "You will enjoy fucking her here."

A weak moan escaped past Megan's lips.

After a moment Troy ordered a second finger. Several times he stole kisses from her gapping mouth as Ransom continued to stretch her. Sweat peppered her upper lip and forehead. Troy was near ready to explode as he watched her mouth move, but no sound emitted.

"Now the plug," he said, and Ransom pulled his fingers free. "But first we need to take off the blindfold. I want to look into your eyes as my slave slides the plug up inside your snug ass hole."

Troy released her buttocks, massaging and caressing the globes before stroking his hands up her torso to cup Megan's breasts. He dipped his head to lave them with his tongue. Under his ministrations her body stiffened and she tugged her wrists against the restraints binding her.

Reaching up, Troy lifted the blindfold from Megan's face, watching as she blinked several times acclimating to the sudden light.

* * * *

Wide eyed, Megan looked up at him for a brief moment before dropping her gaze to his chest. Her cheeks caught fire, and her knees threatened to buckle.

The man before her was none other than Troy Simon, the club manager.

Until now she'd only seen pictures of him in magazines, yet was well aware of the reputation his name carried in the world of domination and submission. Now here she stood in front of him, naked, helpless, and bound for his enjoyment.

As her eyes lowered, she realized he too was naked. She attempted to avert her eyes, to no avail. Troy's finger caught her under her chin, lifting her head so she had to choose but to look at him.

Hypnotic gray eyes pierced into her soul.

The man himself, in the flesh, was stunning. Shoulder length, tousled dark brown curls beckoned her touch. Chiseled features denoted power, control, assurance, mastery.

Her body began to tremble under the weight of his stare.

The heat in his gaze sent her heart racing, making her erogenous zones throb. Seconds before, when she realized who'd been touching her, kissing her, she'd been startled. Yet now, reflected in the eyes of the man before her, she felt safe, protected. Desired.

In that instant Megan realized this is what was missing from her life. Not just Troy Simon, but his lover Ransom Seager, as well. To be dominated.

How was it possible to be attracted to two men? she wondered. She was so very confused.

"The plug," Troy repeated, and moved in close.

The stroke of his hands sliding over her skin had her moaning with need.

"Yes," she whimpered, and closed her eyes, reveling in his caress.

In the palm of his hands he gripped the cheeks of her ass, again separating them. The moment something cool and wet touched the sensitive entrance of her butt she tensed, and Troy spoke.

"Look at me," he ordered. "I want to watch every expression that crosses your lovely face as that plug slides in your ass."

Her lower lip quivered with anticipation, and curiosity.

"Will it hurt?" she asked, barely above a whisper.

"It will sting at first," he replied, holding her gaze.

Something blunt penetrated her anus. She stiffened at the foreign intrusion, but Ransom continued to shove the toy inside her.

Megan gasped and groaned, and began to struggle against the restraints binding her.

Troy wasn't kidding about the sting.

"Relax," he encouraged in a soothing tone, and she did.

His eyes continued to hold hers. Need, desire and reassurance brought her peace.

"Take a deep breath, sweetheart," Megan heard from behind.

The stinging turned into a sharp splinter of pain as she sucked in a breath and held it.

“Good girl,” the two men praised her in unison.

Blowing out the breath she’d been holding, her body trembled. “I pleased you?” she asked, hopeful. She couldn’t control her breathing, and her heart raced. The pleasurable discomfort in her backside added to her growing arousal as Troy’s eyes remained focused on her face.

The pad of his thumb rubbed across her lower lip, and she stuck her tongue out to taste him.

“Very much,” Troy replied.

With a grin, he slipped his length of his thumb inside her mouth. Closing her lips around the digit, Megan’s lids lowered and she savored his flavor on her tongue.

She needed more.

“You are putting my control to the test, baby,” Troy said, his voice hoarse.

Below, the soft clanging of metal buckles dropping to the floor announced the release of her ankles. Gentle, warm hands began to stroke her from her feet, up the length of her legs, to dip between. Higher they climbed, to cup her breasts. From behind, Ransom nibbled along her left shoulder, and nuzzled her neck.

“You accepted the plug with ease, baby,” he whispered against her flesh. “How does it feel?”

“B-burning,” she answered, releasing Troy’s thumb from her lips.

“Find the pleasure,” Ransom said. “It’s there, seek it out.”

Speechless, she focused on the pressure in her derrière, and warmth filled her. As the burning subsided, the tight ring of muscles squeezed the toy, sending jolts of need coursing through her system. As she concentrated on the new sensations stimulating her senses, she realized her vaginal muscles pulsed in time with her anus, and the inside of her thighs grew slick.

Remembering Troy’s statement that she wasn’t allowed to come, she drew deep breaths to bring her arousal in check.

“The plug will stay in your ass for a little while,” Troy announced. “And then we’ll swap it for one a little larger.”

Megan nodded, her pulse skyrocketing at the promise in his voice.

“Say the words,” Ransom reminded her.

“Y-yes.”

“Yes, Master,” Ransom whispered in her ear.

A chill raced the length of her spine.

“Y-yes, M-Master,” she repeated.

Fire flashed in Troy’s eyes.

“We’re going to untie you now, because I want to feel those sexy, full lips of yours wrapped around my cock,” Troy said, reaching for the strap binding her right wrist.

Once freed, he brought her hand to his mouth and placed kisses on her palm and wrist. Ransom tended to the strap on the left.

With her hand still in his, Troy took a few steps backward, putting some space between her and the cross.

“Now you will pleasure me with that sweet, sensual mouth of yours,” Troy said, and Megan’s heart leapt into her throat. “On your knees,” he ordered, and released her hand.

To the floor she dropped, more than eager to do as he asked. From the moment Megan heard his voice when he entered the room, she felt a burning desire to please him.

To please *them*.

On her knees, the thickest, longest cock she’d ever seen bobbed an inch from her lips. Her mouth watered to sample the solid flesh. Muskiess tickled her nostrils, feeding her arousal. As she shifted, Megan became more aware of the plug in her ass, and a strangled moan caught her unawares.

Reaching up to touch Troy’s length, he stopped her with his voice alone.

“No hands. Only your mouth.”

From behind, Ransom’s body pressed against her back, and he urged her head forward, though Megan required very little encouragement. With lips open, her tongue slid along the underside of Troy’s shaft, taking him into her mouth.

Closing her eyes, Megan inhaled his pungent musk deeply, and closed her lips around him. The taste of him made her head spin. *Power*, she groaned in silence. Moisture flooded the apex of her thighs, and her body began to ache.

“Very nice,” Ransom said taking her hands in his, laying them palm up atop her thighs.

The position of submission he placed her in brought Megan an immediate sense of contentment. The control they possessed over her elated Megan as opposed to demeaning her.

Megan pulled back slowly, prolonging the exquisite sensation of him filling her mouth.

Ransom’s hands began caressing and stroking over her heated flesh, fueling the need inside Megan. As she worked Troy’s shaft with her mouth her hips took on a mind of their own, grinding her ass against Ransom groin firmly cushioned against her from behind. His hands cupped her breasts, finger tips tugging on her nipples while Troy’s hands fisted in her hair.

“Hold still, baby,” Troy grunted. “Let me fuck your mouth.”

Ransom’s arms tightened around Megan, and as Troy plunged deeper, gentle words and soothing tone encouraged her. “Breathe through your nose, and relax your throat,” he said, massaging her breasts in the palms of his hands.

It was then Megan realized she needed the power and control they had over her. Relishing in the connection the three were sharing, Megan committed everything she had to the encounter. Though she’d been on the brink of orgasm several times without being permitted release, she didn’t care. As much as Troy and Ransom appeared to be taking, they were giving in equal amounts.

“Good girl,” Troy raised from above. “Just another couple of inches, baby.”

“Take all of Master, sweetheart,” Ransom growled hoarsely, one hand trailing down over her belly and between her spread thighs. “Take every delicious inch of Troy’s cock.”

Megan moaned around Troy's shaft as Ransom slid a thick finger inside her pussy, struggling to stay as still as she could. Her arousal was getting the better of her as a second finger joined the first, thrusting up into her. The faster her hips gyrated, the harder she pressed back against Ransom, creating exquisite contact with the plug in her ass. Each time his body jarred the toy, an erotic current pulsed through every nerve ending.

"Do not come," Troy ordered.

Megan craved their dominance. She decided she didn't want to live without it. After experiencing them, she wasn't certain she could.

When the sac beneath Troy's penis touched her chin, Megan thought she would gag. Stroke after titillating stroke, he pushed deeper until she thought she would pass out from carnal overload. Without warning he stopped, and pulled free from her mouth.

Megan sobbed out a protest and reached for him.

"You suck cock very well, slave girl," Troy ground out in a ragged voice.

"T-Thank you, Master," Megan heard herself saying.

"Now turn around and pleasure your fellow slave," Troy told her. "No hands, just your mouth."

Ransom's grip on her relaxed and she turned around in his arms. The sexy grin he flashed her made her lower belly spasm in need. Assuming the doggy style position, Megan waited for his direction.

Staying seated on his heels, thighs open, Ransom wrapped his hand around the back of her neck, urging her face toward his groin.

Once again, Megan found herself only too happy to oblige the man before her.

"Nice and slow, sweetheart," Ransom said.

"Keep that ass high in the air, baby," Troy's voice called in the distance. "It's time to change the plug."

A guttural groan came from above and Ransom's throaty chuckle made her grin.

"She likes the sound of that, Master."

* * * *

As Troy approached his lovers, the sight of Megan's head bobbing up and down between Ransom's thighs had his balls near ready to explode.

The entire time, Ransom held Troy's gaze.

The final thread of Troy's control was tested as he knelt on the flood behind Megan. Her ass, high in the air, round, firm, had his skin tingling. The base of the butt plug nestled between the pale cheeks taunted him to pull it free and replace it with his cock.

Troy groaned, reaching for the toy. His right hand caressed the pale globes of Megan's ass as his left gave a gentle tug on the plug.

"Relax, baby. Let it go," he said.

The sight of her muscles stretching to allow the toy to slip out made his mouth water.

To test her readiness, Troy lubed a couple of fingers and pushed them inside her ass.

"Oh yeah," Ransom growled low. "Our baby likes that, Master. Your thick fingers stroking inside her ass makes her suck my cock harder. That's it, swallow me down."

Feeling his control slipping, Troy wasted no time in prepping the new plug and positioning it. If he didn't get the toy in place and soon, he'd ram his cock inside before Megan was ready to accept him.

The last thing he wanted to do was cause her unnecessary pain.

"Here it comes, baby," Troy said, and slipped the rounded tip past the outer ring of muscles. "Relax."

The toy had been inserted half way when Megan tensed.

Ransom's fingers fisted in her curls, and his right hand reached under to massage her left breast. "Keep breathing, baby," he encouraged. "Relax and push out."

Troy's balls threatened to unload as he watched her hole pulse and flare. He heard Megan struggle for breath, and continued to slide the plug into place.

"Christ," he croaked. "Ah fuck. Just a little more."

Megan gasped around Ransom's cock. She pushed back, opening her rectum to accept the last half inch.

"Jesus, I don't know how long I can hold off before giving in to the need to shove my dick up inside you," he said.

Around the base, Troy watched her muscles throb. After a moment, he caught himself stroking his cock. *Control*, he reminded himself.

"Easy, Master," Ransom said, his eyes darting between Megan's ass and Troy's hand working over his shaft.

Needing to taste her pussy for himself, Troy spread Megan wider and dipped his head. Feeling like a pubescent school boy, Troy dove in, drilling his tongue as deeply as he could.

The heavy fragrance of Megan's arousal swirled under his nostrils, making his head spin. Now after sampling Megan on his tongue, he could die a happy man.

Regaining some control, Troy withdrew to take a few moments to visually enjoy the beautiful sight before him. The pink petals of Megan's intimate flesh fluttered, and Troy grew entranced as he studied her most private area. The smooth folds glistened with her essence and his urgency.

Again he slipped his tongue inside. His thumb pressed against her pulsing clit as his mouth continued to feast upon her.

As Megan's need climbed, her muffled cries echoed around the room. Pulling back, Troy wiggled the plug with a finger from his left hand, and slid two digits from his right into her pussy.

Wet, snug muscles gripped his fingers, clenching and releasing in time to his thrusting.

"No coming," Troy reminded her with a strangled voice, trying to keep himself in check.

Megan sobbed a protest around Ransom's cock a second before he pulled her head away from his shaft. "Jesus," he gasped, fighting to draw air into his lungs.

Troy caught the strained expression marring Ransom's face, and suspected he'd pulled free with nary a moment to spare.

Having spent the past five years with Ransom as lovers, Troy knew the man had stamina. Ransom could stave off his climax for a couple of hours when they played. Yet after shoving his own cock down Megan's throat, feeling the exquisite sensations her sweet mouth could create, Troy was amazed Ransom held off as long as he did.

Troy realized his efforts to maintain control were weakening by the minute. He needed to bury himself deep inside Megan, and very soon.

Wasting no time, Troy pulled Megan upright, and against him, lowering her to the floor. Meeting Ransom's heated gaze, Troy nodded. Ransom shifted onto his knees and covered Megan's body with his own. Without a word he thrust his hips forward, burying himself balls deep inside her.

"Ah fuck," he growled, and for a moment, stilled.

On either side of Ransom's slender hips, Megan's knees fell open as he pulled back and commenced a furious rhythm.

"Fuck, she's tight, wet, hot," Ransom rasped out.

Troy reached out, cupping Megan's bouncing breasts, squeezing, reshaping, massaging the supple flesh, savoring the vision of Ransom's cock disappearing and reappearing from the depths of Megan's voluptuous, sexy body.

"Tell me how hot her cunt is," Troy said, and Megan whimpered.

"My dick is surrounded by fire. Hot molten lava squeezing me."

Troy dipped his head, sucking the air from Megan's lungs as his lips crushed against hers.

Her hand wrapped around his neck holding him to her, and for a moment he allowed her the control. As the pressure of her hand grew more insistent, with reluctance he pulled away.

"Feel good, baby?" he asked, his finger tips tugging roughly on her distended rosy tipped nipples.

From side to side her head flopped, mewling whimpers of need slipped past her lips. Guttural grunts of passion reverberated from deep in Megan's chest. Heavy perspiration coated her flesh, and in an instant she gasped, struggling for air.

"P-p-please," she cried out.

"What do you need, baby?" Ransom said, through gritted teeth. His own pleasure threatened to push him over the cliff, straining his voice.

"S-st-" she choked out through a sob.

"Say the words," Troy said. "We need to hear the words."

"M-my s-safe w-word?"

Immediately Ransom stopped thrusting, and Troy ceased plucking at her nipples.

Ransom stared down at her, and when she finally opened her eyes, tears filled them. "Sweetheart?"

"Do you want to use your safe word?" Troy asked.

Jesus, things seems to be going so well. What the fuck had they done wrong?

Troy and Ransom exchanged a concerned glance. Beneath Ransom's weight, her body shook violently, as if she were freezing cold.

Megan shook her head. "N-no. No."

"Then what is it, baby?" Troy asked, and wiped away a falling tear. "Tell us what's wrong."

"I d-didn't want to c-come, a-and dis-appoint y-you both," she stammered, still trying to catch her breath.

As her words registered, both men chuckled, and Ransom dropped a kiss on her forehead. "Sweetheart, it's all right."

Troy stroked his fingers through her hair as silence settled between them. Ransom dipped his head several times, sipping at the odd tear that trickled from the corner of her eyes.

After a few minutes Megan appeared a little more composed. A couple moments later, she was able to speak. "I didn't want to come and disappoint you," she repeated.

Troy brushed the back of his finger along her flushed cheek. "Baby, we could never be disappointed in you."

A glint of uncertainty flickered in her eye.

Her reaction bothered Troy. After giving herself so freely to him and Ransom sexually, he wondered why his words caused her doubt.

Megan blew out an exasperated breath. "I don't think I understand how the safe word is supposed to work," she confessed.

"Is that was this is all about?" Troy asked.

"I don't want to use my safe word, but I didn't know what else to do. I really needed a minute," she whimpered, and another tear slipped free. "I was so close to coming, and you kept saying I couldn't."

"It's all right, baby," Ransom assured her. "Honestly. Please stop crying. I'm sorry, I thought you understood earlier, but it's okay. We'll clear things up now. You would use your safe word if one of us did something that didn't feel good for you. Something that hurt, or brought you unbearable discomfort," Ransom said. "Or if we did or suggested something that makes you uncomfortable."

"A little pain, pressure or discomfort is okay, baby. But if something ever hurts, you must tell us," Troy added. "Sex and our playtime together should never hurt."

"But how about like now, when you tell me not to come, and I'm so fucking close I can taste it?"

Troy laughed out, and then kissed her soundly. As he withdrew, desire again simmered in her eyes. His shaft jerked against his thigh, wanting its turn inside her body. First, Megan needed to be assured her consideration was paramount.

“If I tell you not to come it’s because I want to prolong the pleasure for all of us. Rest assured I will always allow you to come, but on my terms. When you feel stretched beyond your limit, and you haven’t been given permission, then it’s okay to say something. Just be sure you are as far as you can go, baby, because if you start yanking my chain, I’ll paddle that sweet little behind of yours.”

Her eyes danced with interest. Perhaps next time he’d introduce her to a flogging. The thought had the tip of his cock leaking.

Ransom pushed his hips forward, finding Megan off guard, and she gasped.

“Can we get back to playing? I think you’ve bought yourself enough cool down time,” he said.

“I think it’s time to reward my two slaves. Lie down,” Troy commanded Ransom, and he complied. “Now, climb up and slide your cunt down on his cock.” Troy sat back on his heels, watching as Megan did as he asked.

Grabbing the tube of lubricant lying on the floor beside him, Troy squeezed a generous amount into the palm of his hand. As Ransom’s shaft disappeared into Megan’s body, Troy wrapped his fingers around his length, and stroked long and hard.

“That’s it, baby, ride him,” Troy said.

On his knees Troy crawled toward his lovers, and settled himself between Ransom’s splayed thighs.

Reaching out he grabbed the base of the butt plug, and slowly eased it from Megan’s body. Not giving her body a moment to adjust to the emptiness, Troy pushed forward, slipping the broad crown of his dick inside.

Knowing a cock felt different from a butt plug or a dildo, Troy wasn’t surprised Megan’s ass tensed at the new intrusion.

With his hands, he caressed the pale cheeks he was buried between. When Megan pushed back against the pressure, Troy advanced a couple more inches.

“Jesus, baby. You should see your body taking me in. Your ass is flared out around my cock. Tight and pulsing,” Troy said.

From beneath Megan, Ransom’s hips pumped upward, driving him deep. Within the snug, warm confines of their lover’s body, the stimulation of their firm flesh brushing along one another sparked a barrage of new sensations.

Troy was instantly lost in the feel of Megan’s body. In an instant he was snapped back to reality as her ass began to convulse around him, and her body stilled.

“Megan?” he hoped his tone carried the warning intended.

“I-I d-didn’t,” she sobbed. “But, I-I’m so c-close.”

“A little longer, baby. Hold it for us a little longer,” he told her.

Troy met Ransom’s strained gaze, need dancing in his eyes. They shared a mutual nod, and a moment later Troy gave the final order of that session.

“Now, baby,” he growled hoarsely. “Come for us now.”

A keening cry burst from Megan’s lips, and her body trembled. Rivulets of sweat trickled all over her flesh.

Ransom’s triumphant call immediately followed Megan’s, his own body keeping time with her convulsive tremors.

Troy’s had never felt anything as amazing as Megan’s body around his cock, milking him dry. Her muscled gripped and pulsed with such ferocity Troy thought she may snap him in two.

Megan’s climax seemed to strengthen, dragging on, demanding his release. Once affirming his lovers were satisfied, Troy then allowed himself his own release.

As his body unloaded, he lost feeling in his legs, and he swore he blacked out for several seconds. His cocked seemed to jerk on and on inside Megan’s velvety snug ass.

Troy had no idea how much time passed, but the sound of Ransom’s voice calling to him, had the clouds fogging his mind dissipating.

“Troy? Babe, you okay?”

Realizing he’d collapsed on top of Megan, Troy raised himself on unsteady arms, and gently eased his spent shaft from her backside.

“I think,” he stopped and gave his head a shake. “I think I blacked out, Rans.”

“I know I did,” his lover replied with a chuckle.

“Meg,” Troy said, now concerned that Megan hadn’t moved once he lifted his weight off her.

Reaching for her at the same moment, Ransom rolled over, easing her to floor, Troy’s heart jumped into his throat. He’d hurt her. By losing control, he’d crushed her smaller frame between his and Ransom’s bodies.

“Meg,” he repeated, cupping her face in his hands.

“She’s out, Troy. But she’s okay,” Ransom said, and stroked a finger down her cheek. “Give her a minute or two, she’ll be right back.” He stood up and gave a stretch. “I’ll go grab a cold cloth for Megan. Be right back.”

Troy dipped his head, pressing a kiss to her lips.

“Come on, sweetheart, you’re worrying me. I’ve never had anyone pass out on me before,” he told her quietly.

“That’s because you weren’t with the right woman,” she whispered.

Troy chuckled as Ransom knelt beside them. He rubbed a cool cloth over Megan’s face and neck, grinning.

“You got that right, sweetheart,” Ransom said.

“Can we do that again?” Megan asked, her voice hoarse.

Both men laughed.

“Oh yeah, baby,” Troy said. “We’re going to do it again.”

Chapter 4

Following an adult shower the trio snuggled together on a king size bed in Troy and Ransom's room. Megan lay on her back, sated beyond her wildest dreams, knowing a stupid grin curled her lips. On either side of her, stunning men lay. She'd never imagined one could be so relaxed, and yet wired at the same time. Megan was thankful that she'd not encountered such an experience before now, or else she may not have had the opportunity to meet Troy and Ransom.

"You know, I've got to admit that was by far the best orgasm I've ever had," Ransom said, stroking the tip of one finger over the crest of her right breast. "How 'bout you, baby? Feel good?"

"No one has ever brought me to climax before," she confessed freely.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

She nodded. "I have very little sexual experience," she added. "But, that was beyond fabulous. I actually lost the feeling in my limbs. Is that normal?"

Both men chuckled, making her snicker. "That was dumb, huh?" she asked, relishing the feel of Troy's palm resting possessively on her abdomen.

"Not at all," Troy said.

"Have the two of you been lovers a long time?" she asked, wondering if she was getting too personal. While she was blindfolded, the sounds of Troy and Ransom sharing kisses had sent her pulse racing. As she lay nestled between them, she desired to see them love one another.

Maybe this encounter was simply a night of no-strings-sex for them, and in the morning, if not sooner, she'd be sent on her way. The thought of Ransom and Troy dismissing her had her heart dropping.

"Five years," Troy replied. "We were each other's first male relationship, and it's worked out well for us."

Did they have no room in their lives for another? What would the possibility be of them wanting to see where this experience may take the three of them?

"You seem very in tune with one another," she noted, and a question continued to needle her. "Do you, uh, share women, often?"

Ransom shook his head. "This is a first for us."

"Well you work together like a well oiled machine," she told them. "I know it's not my place to ask—" Megan stopped herself from posing her question. Though she knew very little about the lifestyle, she was certain a sub would never be permitted to question a Master.

"Never be afraid to ask us anything, or to speak what's on your mind, Meg," Troy said. "I mean it. We are equals."

"But you're a Master, how can we be equals?"

* * * *

Troy lowered his lips, and suckled the tip of her left breast thoroughly before answering. "I enjoy dominating my partners in sexual play only. I want to see how far my lovers can be pushed before their world splinters apart as they explode in climax."

He delighted in the shuddering of her body as she digested his statement.

"In all other aspects of life, we are equals."

"You treated me with such respect and consideration when we played. It was sort of like you were caring for me while taking what you wanted," she said, and then stopped to gather her thoughts.

"Yes," Ransom replied. "That's how we enjoy playing."

Troy watched her brow furrow as she considered Ransom's words.

"But I've heard and read that BDSM play can include name calling, and... Well, to be honest, actions that are just plain cruel to the submissive person."

"I have no need or desire to degrade or humiliate my lovers to make me feel good. I've always been a firm believer of anything going on between consenting adults is perfectly acceptable."

"Oh."

"There was a time years ago that I trained potential Doms in the lifestyle, but after—" Troy paused. Megan's introduction in the world so far had been incredibly pleasurable. She didn't need to know about the darker side right now. Though a part of him wanted her to use caution, and be aware of what was out there for those who craved it.

"After a rather unpleasant encounter, Troy gave up training, and focused on what he enjoyed in the lifestyle," Ransom added.

Concern for him filled Megan's brown eyes. "Someone hurt you?"

Troy shook his head. "Not in the physical sense. New clients, a man and woman arrived at my door for a session. I still don't have any idea how they came across me."

Troy glossed over the details as he shared with Megan the experience that changed him.

We ain't new to this, the man sneered as he'd walked into the playroom. In silence Troy recalled the man's words and tone of voice, and a jolt of anger speared him. *My old lady just wants someone to watch. Our friends won't anymore.* That information should have had Troy thinking twice.

At first, Troy thought he'd be in for quite a show. Despite the man's gruff exterior, he was certain their performance would be a genuine coupling. Something he'd get off on later as he recalled them.

The minute the man ordered the woman to undress, Troy detected something very wrong in his voice. After roughly tying the woman to a bench, Troy spied her hands and feet turning color from the lack of circulation. When he demanded the man loosen the bindings the man snarled, and nearly turned on him.

“The look on the woman’s face wasn’t one of fear,” Troy said, recalling the woman’s expression as vividly as if she were standing right in front of him. “Oh no, this experience wasn’t one that was new to her. She looked defeated, beaten down.”

In silence, she’d allowed her partner to do as he wished. Troy watched as the man withdrew a bullwhip from the duffle he’d brought with him. What happened next occurred so fast that at the time, Troy thought he’d been dreaming.

Over his head the man wielded the whip, bringing it down to strike the intimate flesh between the woman’s splayed legs. The piercing scream she gave angered the man, and he leapt on top of her, delivering a single blow to her jaw, rendering her unconscious.

“Without a second thought, I reacted,” Troy admitted, blowing out a sigh. “I took the son of a bitch to the ground, and with one shot, knocked him out cold. Once the police and paramedics left my home with the man in handcuffs and the unconscious woman on a stretcher, my life in the BDSM world changed.”

Those days were long behind him.

“That woman was very lucky to have crossed your path, Troy,” Megan said, cupping the side of his face in her hand. “You know that, right? God, to think of what could have been otherwise.”

Megan shuddered.

After that day, Troy had lost many nights’ sleep, agonizing over what could have happened.

“It’s my desire to assist my lovers in recognizing their sexual limits, and to push themselves past them,” Troy told her. “That’s what the lifestyle means to me.”

Megan seemed to consider what Troy had told her.

“You see, sweetheart, between responsible and consenting adults, anything goes,” Ransom said. “But only if all parties are willing. That’s why a safe word is important.”

“Didn’t the woman you were just talking about have a safe word?”

“With a man like the one she was with, a safe word wouldn’t have mattered,” Troy told her. “The man was into an abuse which had nothing to do with the lifestyle. He had no interest in his partner’s pleasure, or any concern for her safety.”

“That is so sad,” Megan said.

“Is it a very special gift a person can give another when they offer their complete trust regarding their sexual desires,” Troy added. “And that gift should be treasured by the person given it.”

A few moments passed before Megan spoke.

“All right,” she said. “I think I understand. Some people like to control, and others prefer to be controlled. Seems simple enough.”

“For some,” Troy said.

“Well, I like to be controlled,” she admitted. “By the two of you.”

“And you’re a natural,” Ransom told her. “But for others, the decision to submit is one which requires considerable consideration.”

"But you are submissive," she said, looking up at him.

"Yes, some of the time," Ransom agreed with a nod. "Well, all right, most of the time. But don't let my submissive nature fool you, baby. I can give just as well as I can take."

"When you're permitted," Troy teased. "Now what did you want to ask us?"

Megan's eyes began to dance, the color darkening as desire again sparked within her.

"I want to see you kiss," she said, her voice taking on a husky tone. "Each other."

Without words, Troy leaned across Megan, Ransom meeting him halfway. Their lips began a tentative exploration of pressure and restrained urgency before their tongues met.

A soft feminine moan sounded between, as they took their time tasting one another.

Megan brushed the softness of her lips against the crook of Troy's neck, bringing his body to immediate attention. He felt the loss of her touch as she pulled away, but the sound of lips kissing Ransom's flesh sent his pulse racing.

The harshness of her breath so near his ear had Troy turning toward her, capturing Megan's mouth with his. His tongue delved inside her sweet mouth, exploring, tasting. The sharp points of her fingernails dug into his forearm, shooting prickles through his body.

With reluctance, Troy pulled back allowing Ransom an opportunity to enjoy her.

"What else would you like to see, baby?" Troy asked, plucking a ripe nipple between his teeth.

Megan looked over at him dreamily, her eyes full of promise, curiosity, and trust.

* * * *

"Show me how you love each other," she heard herself say, surprised to hear the request leave her lips.

The look in both Troy and Ransom's eyes was one of desire, fiery need, and intent.

With the cunning grace of a predator, Ransom crawled over Megan pressing a possessive kiss on her lips, to then pin Troy against the mattress, their mouths meeting hungrily.

The musk of testosterone ignited Megan's arousal as Ransom nibbled a path along the definition of Troy's jaw line. When his tongue flicked out to lick along the pulse of Troy's throat, Megan's fingers stroked down her neck.

Lower Ransom ventured, leaving a trail of moisture as he tasted Troy's tight dark nipples, and down the ripples of a scrumptious six pack.

Glancing up, she spied Troy watching her with intent. Fire blazed in the depth of his gray eyes, and his chest heaved.

"May I kiss you," she asked, needing physical contact with him.

"Yes," Troy replied, but didn't move into her.

Confusion had her replaying his answer.

"Come to me," he commanded.

Megan readily complied. Rising to her knees, she moved in slow, gauging his reaction. His expression never faltered, but his eyes gave away his need.

Close enough, Megan slipped out her tongue, running it over his lips before sliding inside. A sensual sound from Ransom pulled her attention from the oral embrace with Troy.

Glancing down, Megan watched with wide-eyed interest as Ransom's lips closed around the head of Troy's shaft. Slowly, Troy's entire length disappeared.

"Oh God," she groaned, wanting to join Ransom in pleasuring Troy.

"You've felt his mouth on you. You know how good it feels, baby."

"Yes," she whispered.

Megan rested her head on Troy's chest, attention focused on Ransom sucking his cock. Harder her heart pounded against her ribcage. The longer she watched the harder she struggled to breath.

"I'm close, baby," Troy said against the top of her head. "This is what you asked for, so how would you like it to end? Do you want me to come in Ransom's mouth?"

Megan sat up and shook her head. "No," she replied. "I want you to come in mine."

"Come here, sweetheart," Ransom said, glancing up at the two of them.

Megan turned to crawl toward the foot of the bed, but Troy stopped her.

"I'm going to eat your pussy while you suck me off, baby," he said. After settling himself in a semi upright position against the pillows resting against the headboard, he reached for her hips. "Stand up and bend over in front of me," he told her.

Megan's cheeks caught fire, yet she did what Troy asked.

He held her hand as she rose to her feet on the mattress, and stepped one foot over his torso, leaving her backside to his face.

"Bend over. Let me see how wet your pussy is at the idea of swallowing me."

Glancing down, Megan saw Ransom stroking Troy's length in one hand, and his own in the other. "Come down here, baby," he said, holding Troy's shaft in offering.

At the waist Megan bent, leaving her ass high in the air. Troy's hands grabbed her hips firmly, holding her in place. The slide of his tongue along her exposed opening threatened to buckle her knees.

The head of his shaft bobbed before her, and Megan licked her lips before closing her mouth around him.

The combined sensations of giving and receiving had Megan teetering on the edge of climax within minutes.

Ransom's voice said the words she needed to hear. "Baby, you can come whenever you're ready this time."

She whimpered as she came against Troy's tongue. A moment later, Troy's release filled her mouth. The angle her head was at made it tough to swallow, but Megan gave it her all.

Before she had a chance to catch her breath, Ransom's cock brushed against her cheek. Turning her head, Megan barely had time to open her mouth to draw breath before he pushed himself inside.

Troy's hands still gripped her hips, and his tongue and mouth continued feasting upon her pussy.

Ransom placed his hand on the back of Megan's head, holding her in place while he fucked her mouth.

A few moments later he growled low. "Fuck, baby, here it comes."

When she released Ransom's cock Troy eased her hips down, and turned her body so she again lay between them.

"Rest, baby," Troy told her. "We'll be going back into the playroom."

* * * *

As Megan drifted off between them, Ransom watched as Troy's fingers threaded through her tousled blond tresses. The expression on his lover's face was similar to the one Troy looked at him with. Respect, consideration, desire, and love. Ransom also recognized what he himself was experiencing. Protectiveness.

The woman lying between them was theirs. She'd been delivered to them in the same manner they'd been brought to her. Each one of them had something to gain from another.

"The feeling is mutual," Ransom said quietly so as not to disturb Megan.

Troy's lips curled on one side, and despite the dim lighting flickering from the glowing candles throughout their bedroom, Ransom spied him blushing.

"It's that obvious, huh?"

"I just know you, babe." He returned his lover's grin. "I don't want this to end."

"It doesn't have to."

That was true, it didn't have to. "You are a very persuasive man when you set your mind to something."

Troy glanced up, his eyes aflame with need, desire, and want. "Nature has already taken its course. Megan is now aware of what had been missing from her life. It is now our responsibility to show her she's making the right decision in staying with us."

Ransom's brow furrowed and the flesh between his legs began to stir. As he stared into his lover's eyes, and then down at the woman he wanted them to spend the rest of their lives with, he wondered. Could it be as easy as that?

"You seem more confident than usual," he said.

Troy lifted his left shoulder in a half-assed shrug.

"That Megan will remain here, with us," Ransom added. He tamped down his excitement. He wanted nothing more than for her to stay. Hell, it had been a very long time since he'd felt so utterly complete, if he'd ever felt that way at all, and he owed it all to Megan.

Was it possible for them, all three of them, to have found fulfillment in one night? Megan had to feel the same electricity he and Troy were feeling. Didn't she? Ransom wasn't certain his heart would take it if she chose to walk away. The chemistry they shared couldn't be denied.

“A submissive chooses her Master, my love, not the other way around,” Troy said, and pressed his lips against Megan’s forehead. Her hand weakly swatted at it as if his contact interrupted her sleep, and Troy chuckled. “Our task now is to show our woman she has chosen wisely.”

Chapter 5

Megan felt herself roused from slumber by erotic sensations stimulating each and every cell in her body. The wet, warm heat of two mouths suckled, nipped and licked at her breasts. The heavy, possessive weight of masculine legs held her thighs apart. Thick fingers thrust a carnal, mind bending rhythm inside her pussy. Two different hands fisted in her curls, holding her head still using acutely different pressures.

She couldn't have moved if her life depended on it. Nor did she have any inclination to do so. When they were finished ravishing her, they would tell her. There was something about knowing her place, where she fit in with them, that brought Megan a sense of purpose. She was so lost in the exotic sensations ricocheting under her skin, Megan couldn't find her voice. A moment later she became fully conscious, and her body exploded, splintering into a zillion fragments of sexual release.

As she lay struggling to catch a breath, Troy's lips crushed against her, stealing what little air she had from her lungs. Only when her fingers dug into his shoulder did he pull back a fraction. His lips continued to brush against hers as he growled, "Playroom. Now."

Their weights lifted off her and Megan's flesh felt chilled. Just as she was about to protest and beg the two of them to take her right there, she recognized Troy's tone of voice had changed. The Dom had stepped forth, and was now calling the shots.

Immediately she caught the gleam of arousal flickering in Ransom's eyes before she lowered her gaze. Without a word she rose up off the bed and followed Troy toward the heavy double doors leading the playroom.

Directing her to stand in the middle of the spacious room, Troy and Ransom spilt off in two different directions. Megan kept her eyes focused on the ground, sensing them moving about.

Troy approached and stood in front of her. Megan watched him reach for her to drag the backs of his fingers from her public bone up to the underside of her left breast. Cupping the soft globe in the warm palm of his large hand, the pad of his thumb brushed across the distended tip. Megan arched her back, pressing her breast into his touch.

From behind, the prickled matting of Ransom's chest hairs tickled against her back.

"Arms up." His hot breath caressed over her shoulder and neck.

Megan did.

Troy stood in front of her, the thick pads of his fingers now plucking at the tight peak of her right breast.

A guttural moan worked its way from deep within her chest, and her body shivered.

Above her, Ransom grasped her small hands in his. The touch of soft leather being wrapped around her wrists made Megan lift her head to look up at Troy. Only for a moment, she allowed herself to gaze into his stormy gray eyes before she lowered her head.

Again she groaned as his attentions went back to teasing her left nipple.

“Give a tug, slave girl,” Ransom said, licking her earlobe with the wet tip of his tongue.

Megan did as asked, only to find he’d left no slack in the bindings.

“Excellent,” he purred, sliding his hands over her hips to cup the cheeks of her ass. “Now spread your legs a little. Just until you feel tension in your arms.”

As she slid her feet apart, her body shifted, and Megan emitted a soft moan at the sudden stretching sensation coursing through her limbs.

“Look at me,” Troy ordered.

Craving the tone of her Master, Megan’s body eagerly met his command.

Full sensual lips were drawn tight, his expression all business, yet his eyes betrayed him. Full of lust, desire, possessiveness, he studied her. To Megan, Troy seemed to be tempering his restraint. How could he be so close to the edge when he was the one in control of the entire experience?

Reading her thoughts, Ransom leaned closer and whispered in her ear. The look of need in Troy’s eyes told her Ransom was enjoying their visual exchange. “You test Master, slave girl,” he said. “Your sensual femininity. Your innocence,” he moaned, and pushed two fingers inside her pussy. “Your eagerness to submit to Master’s wants. You are looking at a Master on the edge, slave girl. I hope Master takes mercy on you.”

“I don’t,” she heard herself respond. “Please, Master.”

Troy cocked his head, his fingers tugging roughly on her now very sensitive, erect nipples. “Please what, slave girl?”

“Please, Master. Make me yours.”

Troy’s deep chuckle reverberated through Megan, sending shock waves of lust coursing through her. “You were mine the moment you set foot in my domain, slave girl.”

“Yes, Master.”

Yours, Megan sobbed inwardly. Beneath their combined touch she was found and lost. Fulfilled, yet so incomplete. *All yours*.

“Now, since you’ve been a good girl, I have a gift for you, our slave,” Troy announced, and held a pair of dangling jewels for Megan to see. “I purchased these just for you.”

Though the item she looked at somewhat resembled a clip on earring, Megan knew that wasn’t what it was.

“They’re gorgeous, Master,” she said. They sparkled as Troy twirled them between two fingers. His eyes continued to hold hers. “What are they?”

“Clamps for your pretty nipples,” he declared, releasing the twin gemstones. Between his fingers he held a fine chain connecting the two clamps.

Megan gasped and began struggling against the binding around her wrists. Christ, his rough attentions, though stimulating and erotic, had made her nipples sensitive. The thought of him attaching those tight, unforgiving looking clips to her tender peaks had her whimpering.

“Now, there’s going to be a slight sting as I clamp your pretty nipples.” His firm tone warned her to stop struggling. “But I promise intense pleasure will replace it. Breasts as beautiful as yours, slave girl, should be decorated.”

Ransom’s thick pleasuring fingers continued to probe her, as Troy brought the first clamp toward her left breast. Megan sucked in a breath as Troy released the end, and the rubber tip tightened on her nub.

The metal sparkled and the gem danced in the flickering candle light. As the cool chain brushed along her quivering belly, Megan gasped at the contact.

Once the second clamp was placed, Ransom withdrew his fingers from her body. Her pussy felt so empty, so neglected, and her nipples stung.

Troy grinned, examining his work. “I was correct,” he stated, and took the dangling length of chain in his hand. “Look at how beautiful your nipples are adorned with pretty stones.”

Megan glanced down at herself as Troy gave an experimental tug on the link of chain. Prickles of pain radiated inward from the tips of her nipples, and her lower belly clenched. Her lower lip dropped as if she were about to speak, but no sound could be heard.

Again he jerked the chain. This time Megan cried out, and moisture flooded her sex. Her nipples felt as though they were on fire, and her entire body warming. The effort it took to draw breath due to the onslaught of carnal sensations made Megan light headed.

“Now I want to watch you whip her, slave,” Troy commanded and released the chain he’d been holding.

That did it! Megan was about to pass out.

“Yes, Master,” Ransom growled, and released his hold on her.

* * * *

With wide eyed apprehension, Megan stared up at him. Troy read a flash of uncertainty, so brief he wasn’t sure he’d seen it. But he had. In less than a heartbeat, intrigue, curiosity and trust settled on her expression. Trust is what he searched for. Though perhaps nervous at the new game, Megan trusted Troy and Ransom to see to her pleasure, and more importantly her safety. And they wouldn’t let her down on either account.

The sight of Megan helpless and at their mercy bound to a suspension bar, legs parted, clamps dangling from her nipples, had drops of pre-cum dripping from the end of his cock. His own nipples ached as they tightened and distended.

I am in control, he growled to his betraying body.

Like hell, his dick laughed back.

There was no way in hell he was ever going to let the woman in front of him go.

Behind her Ransom appeared holding his favorite flogger in his right hand. Strips of black leather dangled from a polished stainless steel handle.

Troy recognized the glint of need and lust, desire and determination in his lover's expression, reflecting his own.

"Begin," Troy ordered, and Ransom's arm rose.

When the first strike of the leather straps connected with the pale flesh of her ass, Megan drew up on her toes and her eyes squeezed shut. A few seconds passed before she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"That didn't hurt," she said. "Well, not really."

"It wasn't supposed to hurt," he replied.

Without being directed, Ransom wielded the flogger again, and this time a groan caught in Megan's throat.

"Again," she whispered, and wiggled her ass.

Troy nearly shot his load right then and there.

When Ransom failed to strike her again, she opened her eyes, questioning without words.

A half nod of his head had Ransom swinging again.

Troy reached over and gripped the chain linking the clamps on her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, and tugged sharply.

Megan gasped and sunk her teeth into her lower lip.

"I call the shots," he reminded her.

"Yes, Master," she replied, and dropped her gaze to the weeping flesh sticking straight out from between his legs.

Several minutes passed as Ransom continued to use the flogger against Megan's ass and thighs. Louder her cries grew with each strike of the supple leather straps.

"Paddle," Troy said, his voice having grown hoarse.

"Yes, Master." Ransom's deep voice was laced with enthusiasm.

Ransom turned and walked away, only to return with a thick wooden paddle in hand.

The first crack of the paddle against Megan's left ass cheek made her knees visibly weak.

A second swat brought Troy's gaze between her quivering legs to spots of arousal glistening on Megan's thighs.

Again and again, the sound of wood smacking against Megan's ass and thighs bounced off the walls in the playroom.

Troy's balls tightened against his body, and he reached down to give them a sharp tug to stave off his orgasm, and realized his hand was stroking a furious rhythm on his shaft.

Now near dangling from the suspension bar on shaky legs, her body trembling, Megan sobbed, begging for release. Though he didn't tell her she couldn't come, it aroused him further that she awaited his permission.

Heavy sweat covered Ransom's taut flesh. Between his legs his cock so swollen, the end an angry color purple, Troy couldn't believe he hadn't blown his load already. His lover's shaft looked sore.

"Fuck her ass," Troy managed to utter hoarsely out at Ransom, his own climax threatening.

Without a word, Ransom dropped the paddle to the floor and reached for a tube of lubricant from beside his foot. The sound of the gel squishing out of the bottle had Megan moaning.

Troy watched her eyes widen as Ransom used his fingers to stretch her before shoving his cock inside.

Holding Troy's gaze from behind Megan, Ransom's hips pushed forward, and Megan cried out as he slid himself to the hilt.

Ransom's left hand wrapped around Megan, his fingers disappearing between her legs, and his right grasped a hold of the chain, giving a slight tug on the length.

Troy watched, rapt for several moments, and his two lovers moved together. Louder Megan cried as she held on for dear life to the last thread of her control.

"Now," Troy growled.

Needing only that one word, Megan blew apart. As her body became limp, Ransom's hoarse cries of release filled the room.

Troy approached the two, panting heavily struggling for air, and placed a kiss on Megan's damp forehead before dropping one on Ransom's mouth. As he unclipped the clamps from her nipples, she blew out a sigh. Above her he reached to unfasten the buckle around her wrists. Boneless, Megan collapsed against his chest, and with little effort he scooped her up into his arms.

After placing another chaste kiss on Ransom's mouth, Troy turned with Megan in his arms and left the playroom. Across the plush carpeting of the bedroom, he carried Megan, and placed her in the middle of their king size bed.

Without words he leveled himself over her quivering frame, and settled his slender hips between her spayed thighs. As she opened her eyelids and looked up at him, Troy slid his cock into her warm, wet depths, and sighed.

Heaven. He was in heaven. There wasn't a more beautiful, more welcoming place on earth than inside Megan's luscious body.

Beneath him she lay whimpering, mewling as he pushed her spent body higher. Again she would come, and this time her cunt would pulse around him. Milk him.

"Do you have any idea how incredibly sexy you are when you come?" he asked, grunting in between thrusts. "Any idea how fucking gorgeous I think you are at this very moment?" The tips of her fingers dug into his forearms as Troy withdrew and stroked even deeper.

Around his waist Megan's legs wrapped, hooked at the ankles, holding him against her.

The scent of her arousal taunted Troy's senses. The fragrance swirled under his nostrils, and he could taste her on his tongue.

"I can't get enough of you," Troy confessed, and pulled her left nipple between his lips. Releasing it with a *pop*, he drew the right peak into his mouth.

The bed dipped beside them as Ransom joined them.

Higher off the bed Megan's back arched, pressing her flesh against him. Megan's skin glistened with sweat, and Troy could no longer resist tasting the salty liquid.

He was so close, and needed her to reach orgasm at the same moment he did.

"You feel so fucking good, gripping my dick, Megan. Jesus, woman," he groaned. "You are so close, baby. So fucking close."

* * * *

"Yes, Master," she said.

"No, baby," Troy said, stilling his hips. "You don't have to call me Master when we make love. That is saved only for our time in the playroom."

Confusion creased her brow as she looked between Troy and Ransom.

"There is a difference, sweetheart," Ransom said, nuzzling her neck. "Think about it. Remember the sensations, the feelings, the emotions you experienced in the playroom?"

Megan replayed the visions of their encounters in the playroom. Inside the walls of the playroom, Troy and Ransom had been rough, demanding, controlling. Their actions and words had been possessive, authoritative, and beyond arousing. Her body responded to their requests and demands willingly, eagerly, with desperate need.

"It was so primal," she said, breathlessly. "Uninhibited. Surreal."

As her mind enjoyed its homemade x-rated movie, Troy commenced a slow, sensual stroking inside her again. Megan moaned, giving into the pull, the need to be loved by him.

"Tell us how this is different, baby?" Troy asked, kissing her with a deliberate and intense oral embrace.

Megan focused on the sensations, and the two men. Now their caresses were gentler, they were attentive, attuned to her needs and desires. Not that they weren't all those wonderful things in the playroom, but now the entire atmosphere encompassing them was...different. It was as if they were loving her. Making love with her.

Making love.

Their claiming was still possessive, and protective, yet unhurried. Troy and Ransom continued to take what they wanted from her body, but not until satisfied with her contentment.

Megan never wanted to be anywhere else.

Ever.

* * * *

It was important to Troy and Ransom, that Megan realize the experience they were sharing was one the two men took seriously. Both had hoped this evening would be the beginning of something beautiful and long term, if not permanent between them.

“Do you have any idea how much you mean to us?” Troy whispered against her lips.

“Please,” she whimpered, and thrust her hips to meet his. “Troy,” she said, and then looked at Ransom to her left. “Ransom.”

“Let go, sweetheart,” Ransom said, holding her gaze. “We’re here to catch you.”

“Always,” Troy told her. “Always, our baby.”

Megan’s body tightened around his pounding flesh. Faster Troy thrust, drawing her climax out. Before her clenching muscles subsided, he drove himself deeper, falling over the edge of the cliff.

All around him bright lights popped, glass shattered, as his throbbing testes emptied.

Exhausted, Troy collapsed atop Megan, and her hands caressed soothingly over the tensing muscles in his back and ass.

“That was amazing,” Megan sighed.

“I agree.” Troy pulled his semi hard shaft from Megan’s heat. Holding her in his arms, he rolled, taking her with him.

Across his broad chest, Megan drifted off to sleep.

Settling himself against her back, Ransom shifted, and pulled a blanket lying at the bottom of the bed up and over the three of them. “I love you,” he said, pressing a kiss between Megan’s shoulder blades, and then glanced at his lover. “Both of you.”

Chapter 6

As Megan edged closer to consciousness, the scent of Ransom under her nose conjured up the carnal images of the previous night. With his arms wrapped around her, she realized the experience she shared with Troy and Ransom had changed her. In a matter of hours she'd become a sexually liberated woman.

She couldn't believe how easily the two men played her body. It was as if she'd been made solely for them. The intense pleasure they'd wrung from her more-than-willing and eager body stunned her.

Megan didn't want anything more than to stay with Troy and Ransom. But would that be a possibility in the light of day?

"Good morning, sweetheart," Ransom said, tightening his arms.

Megan sighed, and snuggled in closer to him. "G'morning." Behind her the bed felt empty. That thought made her uneasy. Shifting, she glanced over her left shoulder, and her heart sank. It seemed Troy couldn't wait to put an end to their time together. She wondered how soon after she fell asleep that he bolted. "Where's Troy?" she asked, yet wasn't certain she was prepared for Ransom's answer.

"Making breakfast. We flipped for it earlier, and he lost. Or maybe you and I did. We'll have to see what he comes up with." Ransom chuckled and dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "The man can't cook worth a damn."

"But he's something else in the lovin' department," Megan said, and hoped Ransom caught the sincerity and need in her voice. She didn't care if she sounded desperate, she wanted them, both of them.

"That he is," he said in agreement, holding her close.

Megan needed Ransom and Troy. That was all there was to it. Together, they'd shown her what she was missing in her life. To be dominated was something she never realized she needed to complete her until she'd had a taste of it.

"All right you two," Troy's voice announced his entrance in the bedroom. "It isn't much, but I'm hoping you'll appreciate my efforts." He laughed.

Megan untangled her limbs from Ransom's and they sat upright. Finding herself confused, Megan wondered how in the hell she was going to make them see that with them was where she wanted to be.

Ransom took the serving tray from Troy's hands and placed it in the middle of the bed. The sheet covering them settled around her waist, and she left it there, leaving her breasts on display. Hell, it might work to her advantage.

The mattress dipped as Troy climbed on the bed, and he placed a gentle kiss against her temple.

“Hungry?” he asked.

Megan returned his smile with one she’d hoped was sexy and inviting, and nodded. “Famished.”

They took turns feeding her rubbery scrambled eggs and bites of toast that bordered on being burnt. As they ate, Megan continued setting herself up for being hurt. The more she thought of it, and watched Troy and Ransom interact, things became clearer. She realized the two men, lovers, didn’t have room in their lives for a clingy little rich girl who...

“Hey, what’s made you fall so quiet, baby?” Troy asked, pushing a lock of hair behind her ear. “Breakfast that bad?”

Megan let out a heavy sigh. There was no need in drawing things out. “Breakfast has been a really nice touch, but...”

“But what, sweetheart?” Ransom asked.

“We’re just prolonging the inevitable. The end of our experience.”

“The end?” Troy asked, and exchanged a glance with Ransom. “Oh, are we finished here?”

“Well—” she began, only to be cut off.

“Troy and I sort of thought this was a beginning,” Ransom said, meeting her gaze. “Not an ending.”

“This was...sex. Great sex. An unbelievable experience. An eye opener for me,” Megan said. “And as much as I want to st—” Dropping her gaze, she reached for a plump strawberry and popped it in her mouth before she said something really stupid, and made a fool of herself. “Never mind.”

Tense moments of silence stretched out between the three of them. Then Troy placed his finger under her chin, and lifted her head so she had no choice but to look at him.

“Last night was a first for Ransom and me. We are not in the habit of bringing women up here for the sake of sex, or any other reason, for that matter. Megan, you are the first woman we’ve wanted to share, and to share ourselves with.” The sincerity with which he spoke brought a tear to Megan’s eye.

“Oh, Troy,” she whispered.

“We’re not finished, baby,” Ransom said, gaining her attention. “We have no reason to lie to you, or string you along. Troy and I want you to stay with us. Hell, the three of us are an exceptional fit together. We love what we’ve learned about you in the bedroom, but there’s so much more to Megan Washington than that.”

They couldn’t be serious.

Megan laughed. “What if you guys don’t like the *dud* that I can be out of the sack?”

Troy shrugged. “Then we’ve always got the sex.”

“I’m a shop-aholic. And I never throw my dirty socks in the laundry hamper.”

“Whatever.” Ransom chuckled. “Neither do I, baby.”

"I think I might drool in my sleep."

"So? Ransom farts in his," Troy said.

Ransom shrugged, unconcerned at the off-the-cuff remark.

"And when I'm suffering from PMS I eat ice cream right out of the tub."

"I drink out of the milk carton," Troy said.

"Oh God, you do?" Ransom asked, feigning disgust. "I don't know if I can live with either of you now."

The three of them laughed.

"All kidding aside, Meg," Troy interrupted their playful banter. "Can you see yourself settling with a couple of bi lovers who desire to take care of your every need? Do you think you could be happy with us?"

They were serious.

The tears began to flow, and Megan let them. Never in her life did she want anything more. She could be theirs. They would share her, and she them.

"Do you mean it?"

"Haven't you learned anything from our adventure together? A Master is only as good as his submissive," Troy told her, wiping a tear from her cheek with the pad of his thumb. "Baby, I've lived this lifestyle a long time, and I'm not afraid to admit that you've taught me something too."

"Really?" She sniffled. "What's that?"

"Life is way too short," he said. "While you were snoring away—"

"I don't snore," she balked, narrowing her eyes at him.

On the other side of the bed Ransom laughed. "Oh yes you do, baby, but it's really quite cute," he said before placing a kiss on the tip of her nose when she turned to scowl in his direction.

"You are an ass," she snickered. "Both of you."

"Speaking of asses," he said, slipping his hand beneath her to squeeze the cheek of her backside.

"Knock it off, we're trying to have a serious conversation here," Megan giggled as she chastised. "Sort of."

"Maybe it's time for us to come clean," Troy said. "Baby, we have a confession."

"What's that?"

"Well, last night had been a set up, of sorts," he said.

"Some of it, anyway," Ransom added.

Confusion plagued her, and judging by the looks they gave her, it was evident.

"Last night wasn't Dani's first time at the club, and it was her and Max's idea to set something up with him and Natalie," Troy stated.

"What? Dani's been coming here? I guess that explains her goo-goo eyes with the doorman. What's his name? Mikey?"

“Ahh, it’s just Mike.” Troy chuckled. “Besides his mother, there’s only one other person who gets away with calling him ‘Mikey’.”

“That wasn’t all to last night,” Ransom said.

“Dani told us about you, and how she recognized the look of a submissive in your eyes. Don’t get me wrong. You exude confidence by the bucketful, but your need to be dominated, sexually anyway, is pretty clear. So, she wanted us to show you what it could be like,” Troy said.

The sudden anger and humiliation surging through her, exploded.

“Oh I get it now,” she snarled, reaching for the sheet to cover her breasts. “This was just some pity fucking then?”

“No,” they answered in unison, their voices raised.

“The minute you caught my eye, I was hooked,” Ransom told her. “But the rules in play were you had to come to me—to us. There is no way we would have taken you against your will, Megan. That’s not what this is, or was about.”

Although his admission brought her some comfort, there was still another body in the bed.

“And what about you? The big bad Dom—”

Troy silenced her by capturing her mouth with his, sucking the air from her lungs. Megan reached for him, needing him closer. Digging her fingertips into the muscles of his biceps brought a ragged groan from the depths of Troy’s chest.

When he pulled away she stared back into his eyes, gasping for breath, her entire body on fire for him.

“You’ve allowed yourself to get caught up in the rumors, baby. Allow me to put that to rest. I like to dominate in my sexual play, and only with my lovers. I don’t train people anymore, I told you that, except in a certain instance. I may be an astute business man, a real prick in a meeting, and I’m more than aware of the reputation I have out there. That’s as far as my ‘big bad Dom persona’ goes. I know what I like, and I take what I want. But always remember, taking doesn’t come without giving,” he said, and then kissed her once again. “Now, back to what we were saying. While you were *sleeping*, Ransom and I were talking.”

“‘Bout what?” she asked, attempting to gain composure.

“That we are looking for more in our lives,” Ransom said.

Megan shrugged with confusion. “O-kay.”

“As a couple, Ransom and I have decided another body in our lives would complete our family,” Troy added. “In our type of relationship, it is called a third.”

“Oh,” Megan replied feeling deflated. What the hell was with them? Building her hopes up, to then shoot her down. Did they have no idea what they were doing to her? “You were thinking about a puppy?”

“No,” Ransom told her. “We’re not getting a puppy. Well, not unless you want one.”

“You’re losing me,” Megan admitted. God, why were they torturing her?

“Honey,” Ransom said, seeming to study her confused expression. “We are going to prove to you, every day if necessary, that we mean every word we say to you. That you can count on every promise we make to you.”

“Listen, baby,” Troy interrupted, gaining her attention. Tucking a stray lock of her hair behind her left ear, his smile was full of promise. His eyes flickered with desire. “As in love as Ransom and I are with each other, there’s a piece missing in each of us.”

The room fell quiet. Megan’s raspy breath the only sound.

“That piece is you,” Ransom said.

Megan sat between Troy and Ransom, speechless. How was it even possible for them to lay their emotions and feelings toward her right out there in the open? They’d just met her. Okay, it didn’t matter that she felt the same way, but guys weren’t supposed to be so forthright.

“Do you believe in love at first sight?” Troy asked her.

Megan shrugged, noncommittally. “I sup-pose,” she answered.

“Well, we do,” Ransom continued.

Before Megan could speak, one of the cellphones on the nightstand began to ring.

Ransom reached over and scooped the two of them up. After glancing at the display screen, he handed one to Troy. “It’s Mike, from the bar phone downstairs.”

Troy narrowed his eyes as he flipped open the cover.

“Hey, Mike.”

While Troy conversed with Mike, Ransom leaned over and nuzzled Megan’s neck.

“No, no it’s all right,” Troy said. “What’s up?”

“Well, what do you think?” Ransom asked, urging her to lie down.

“That I don’t want you to stop,” she replied, as he leveled his body over hers.

He chuckled, and looked into her eyes.

“What can Troy and I do to persuade you into moving in here with us?” he asked, lowering his mouth to her exposed right breast.

You’re doing a fine job ! Megan sighed as his lips closed around her nipple.

“Move in?” Megan groaned in arousal. “Are you guys serious?”

“Mmm hmm,” he murmured against her flesh.

“I keep thinking I’m going to wake up, and this will all turn out to be a very pleasant dream,” she admitted.

“You’re not dreaming, baby,” Ransom said, pressing Megan against the mattress.

Ransom slid inside Megan’s body just as Troy ended the call. Megan’s back arched up off the bed.

Troy leaned over and placed a kiss on her quivering lips. Lower his mouth trailed to her left breast. After laving the tight tip with his tongue, he suckled the nub.

Fire smoldered deep in her belly as Ransom stroked teasingly along the fluttering walls of her pussy. She moaned as his tempo increased. “Yes.”

"Not yet, baby," Ransom instructed in a soft voice as she reached for orgasm. "Hold on a little longer for me."

"I'll try," she whimpered.

Megan's body continued to climb toward an explosive climax. She was powerless to stop it.

"Troy," she gasped, as his pressure increased on her nipple. "Ransom, please."

A moment later Ransom consented, and together they met a simultaneous culmination.

"That was beautiful," Troy commented, releasing her breast. "And I'm so sorry, but I'm needed downstairs."

"What's wrong?" Megan asked, and sighed as Ransom slipped from her body.

"It seems the daughter of our State Senator was photographed entering our establishment last night," Troy said as he rose from the bed.

Megan stiffened.

"Big deal. Just as many celebs as common folk walk through our doors," Ransom said.

"True, but this is a first where a father storms in, threatening to take us to task," Troy added, pulling a pair of blue jeans up and over his hips, sans boxers.

"Oh, good God," Megan croaked. "He's here?"

Troy nodded. "Fraid so, sweetheart. And he's none too happy."

"Interesting," Ransom said and left the bed.

Very interesting, Megan thought. As aggressively as the man had lobbied to prevent the opening of the club, Megan couldn't fathom him taking a single step through the front door.

"To what do we owe the displeasure of his presence?" Ransom asked, as he tugged on his jeans.

"Seems our beauty and her girlfriends made this morning's paper," he replied, smiling at Megan.

"You're *sure* it's *my* dad?" she asked in disbelief.

"The very same," Troy replied. Taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling, he studied her a silent moment before adding, "The man whose only use for women is to warm his bed."

Megan gasped. How in the hell did Troy know about her father?

Answering her unasked question, Troy said, "When he was making things difficult for us, I had a contact of mine crawl so far up your father's ass, I found out about his extramarital activities, among other things which I have no intention of sharing with you." His tone left no room for discussion on the matter. "When he first refused to back off, I threatened to go public with the information."

Megan realized she was grinning, yet felt far from happy. "It's funny, all these years he thought no one knew, or would ever find out. He has no use for women except when he can fuck them, or their votes can keep him in office." She folded her hands in her lap and glanced aimlessly around the room. "You know," she muttered. "You guys need a little bit of a feminine touch around here. There's a lot of testosterone in your current decorating."

Both men chuckled low.

Reaching over, Troy stroked the back of his finger across her cheek. “You are more than welcome to add your touch to anything around here, baby. Hell, if you don’t think you’ll be happy living here, we’ll buy you a house. Whatever you want.”

“I don’t need a house,” she replied. “Just need you guys.”

A heavy sigh blew past her lips and she leaned into his caress.

“When he *was* home, there was so much shouting, arguing. The berating, the belittling of my mom and me... I never understood why. It doesn’t matter what I ever do, I just never measure up in his eyes.” Now totally embarrassed at her confession, Megan dropped her chin to her chest. “I honestly can’t remember him ever bothering with my mom or me, unless we were needed for some PR stunt, or to throw stuff at us...”

“Oh baby, I’m so sorry,” Ransom told her, lifting her chin with his index finger. “It’s his loss.”

Megan nodded. “Yeah. I know.”

“Why don’t you stay up here, sweetheart?” Troy said. “We’ll sort things out with your father, and then—”

Megan leapt from the bed and raced across the plush carpeted floor toward the closet. “No way, I’m coming with you.” There was no way in hell she was going to allow Troy and Ransom to face her father without her. “You don’t know my dad. When he’s mad, he’s...” Flinging the doors wide, she rifled through the clothes hanging neatly on hangers until she found a t-shirt and a pair of sweat pants. With items in hand, she spun around and held them up. “Do you mind?”

Ransom shrugged and shook his head. “Not at all.”

Pulling them on, she finger-combed her hair and glanced back up at her two lovers.

“He’s pissed, baby,” Troy said. “I heard him cursing a blue streak when I was speaking with Mike. I don’t want you anywhere near him right now.”

“My dad would never hurt me, Troy. At least I don’t think he would.” Her tone sounded unconvincing even to her own ears. “Hurting me would actually involve physical contact with me,” she said. “But when I’ve done something that might tarnish his image, he gets really angry—”

* * * *

Troy read the determination on Megan face, and knew this particular battle wasn’t his to win. “Fine,” he uttered. “But stay close to Ransom or myself. Please,” he told her.

“He won’t hurt me, Troy. I promise.”

With a reluctant nod of his head, Troy took her hand in his, and led them down to the bar of the club.

The raised voice of the Senator carried into the corridor separating the common area of the club and the entrance to the private suites.

“Where is she?” they heard as they walked along the wide hallway.

“Oh Jesus,” Megan groaned.

“Yup, sounds like daddy’s rather fired up.” Ransom chuckled to lighten the mood.

As they opened the door and entered the common area, Megan’s grip on his hand tightened.

On either side of the belligerent politician stood four large bodyguards, two on each side, standing at ease.

“Senator, I’m going to have to ask you to lower your voice, please.” Troy said, attempting to interrupt the Senator’s tirade.

“If you think for one minute that you’re going to tell me what to do, young man, you’re out of your fucking mind. And *you*,” he snarled, pointing a shaky finger towards Megan. “How dare you sully my reputation in this manner? You selfish, spoiled brat.”

“What exactly is it that *our* Megan has done to ‘sully your reputation’, sir?” Troy asked, composure intact.

“What the hell were you thinking coming into a place like this? The reporter who shot this photo,” he hollered, holding a newspaper over his head, “said he sat out front for hours, and you didn’t come out. Do you know how many reporters are parked out front of this shit hole right now?”

“And?” Troy asked.

“And it sure as shit looks like she spend the night! Look at you! Did you spend all fucking night lying on your back with your God damned legs in the air?”

“That’ll be enough of that” Troy snarled. “You will not speak to Megan that way.”

Senator Washington shot him a look of contempt, and bared his teeth. “For Crissakes girl, what the hell did you do here all night?”

“That isn’t any of your business, Senator,” Ransom said in a calm tone.

The Senator turned his gaze of anger toward his daughter. After several moments, his face turned bright red. “You let these two fuck you, didn’t you? Do you have any idea how this is going to affect *me* once this gets out? You’re no better than a slut. You’re just a common *whore*.”

“Dad,” Megan gasped.

“Why you son of a bitch,” Ransom exploded, but Megan’s hand on his chest stopped him from advancing on her father.

Instead of taking a step forward to protect the Senator, each of the four bodyguards took a step backward.

Megan released Troy’s hand and took several steps toward her father. Troy and Ransom stayed close.

“Dad please, calm down—”

“You are a disgrace. A huge disappointment. To think I wasted my sperm creating you.”

Megan’s body stiffened and the color drained from her face. The hurt in her brown eyes infuriated Troy beyond words.

“Now you get your worthless ass out the back fucking door, and into my limo,” Megan’s father said through gritted teeth. “We’ll join my team doing damage control from home.”

The air stood still as if time had stopped. The anger, frustration and confusion radiating off Megan tore Troy up inside. Judging by Ransom's body language, he was doing his best to remain calm.

"We meant what we said, honey," Troy said, keeping his eyes on the angry man, berating his and Ransom's woman. "You don't have to go anywhere."

"Your home is right here with us, baby," Ransom added. The possessive tone of voice his lover used matched his own.

Following several tense moments, Megan pulled herself tall, and shook her head. "No Dad. I'm not going anywhere."

"Don't you dare back talk me, you hussy," the Senator snapped, and attempted to hit Megan with the newspaper in his hand.

Troy pulled Megan to him. Without argument, she placed herself behind his body.

With lightening speed, Ransom grabbed the Senator's wrist in mid air.

Again, the bodyguards remained in place.

"Whoa, old man," Ransom growled. The grip he held on the other man's hand had the Senator wincing as he lowered it.

"Are you four baboons going to do something?" Senator Washington snarled over his shoulder.

The man standing on his immediate left lifted his chin. "I don't think so, sir. These fellows have things well in hand."

"You were hired to protect *me*," the Senator roared. "And I expect you to do your job, asshole. Arrest them. Do something!"

The man stood his ground. "I don't know who the hell you think you are, but I'm not about to offer assistance to a political figure, or any man for that matter, who attempts to hit his daughter, and speaks to her like you just have."

"Why you bastard. You are fired!"

"Since you don't pay my wages, sir, that's not your call," the man replied calmly. "But I'm more than happy to put in for reassignment."

"Now, Senator," Troy said. "You will leave without further incident."

"I'm not going anywhere without my daughter."

The sound of the door to the private corridor opening, combined with soft feminine giggling, drew the attention of the crowd in the bar.

Max Renfrew, the club owner entered with Megan's friend Natalie on his arm. Max wore a pair of silk boxer shorts and nothing else. Natalie's upper body was covered with one of Max's t-shirts.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't expecting anyone to be down yet," Max said, and then took a moment to survey the situation. His eyes narrowed with concern. "What's going on here?"

"Natalie?" Megan said in surprise at seeing her friend.

“Meg?” Natalie replied.

“The Senator was just leaving,” Troy informed Max.

“The hell I am.”

“Senator Washington!” Natalie gasped, and stepped in behind Max, pulling at the hem of the t-shirt.

“Well, seeing *you* here does not surprise me,” the Senator said. “What the hell have you gotten my daughter into?”

“Now you wait just a minute, sir,” Max said, taking a step forward. “Senator, you will leave my establishment now, or I’ll be placing a call to the police and filing a harassment suit.”

“Max? You... You own this club?” Megan asked.

Max nodded in her direction as the back door opened again, and Dani’s voice stopped everyone cold.

“Where’s my super hunky slave boy at? Yooohoo, Mikey, baby. Your Mistress wants to *plaaayyy*.”

When she came into view, several startled gasps, and a couple strangled groans were heard.

Dani stood in front of everyone, feet apart, wearing a leather corset with holes in the center of the breast cups and her rosy-tipped nipples completely exposed. The scrap of black leather she was trying to pass off for panties left nothing to the imagination. In her right hand she held the handle of a riding crop.

“What the hell is going on?” she said calmly, yet curious. Her eyes settled on Mike. “I thought you came down here to grab us some water?” she asked.

Looking her up and down wearing a broad grin, Mike shrugged. “Something came up,” he said, thumbing toward the group of bodies she seemed to have forgotten about.

“I should have known you and the other tart were behind this,” Megan’s father said.

“Hey, who are you calling a tart?” Natalie screeched, stepping out from behind Max.

Tipping her head coyly, a sly, knowing grin curled her lips. “Nice to see you here without your usual disguise, Senator,” Dani said.

The Senator turned white as a sheet. “Why you smug little trollop!” he growled.

Troy had witnessed enough. Megan’s father or not, the man would not be permitted to berate and belittle Megan or her friends for what they’d done.

“This meeting is over,” Troy said, turning to Megan. “Sweetheart, you take Natalie and Dani up to *our* suite. *Yours*, Ransom and my home.”

“Troy,” she whispered.

“*Our* home,” he repeated.

Troy used the pad of his thumb to wipe away a single tear trickling down her cheek. “We will see your father and his escorts out, then we will be right up.”

Megan nodded, the look of complete trust in her eyes for him, set Troy’s body on fire. He would protect her and keep her safe to his dying day if she allowed him.

"I love you, Megan," he said for all to hear. "Now, go."

As she turned to do as he asked, Ransom grabbed her forearms and spun her around to face him. Holding the angry gaze of her father a moment longer, Ransom dropped his mouth to Megan's, kissing her long and hard.

When the Senator took a step toward them, the bodyguard on his right stopped him. "Don't even think about it," the man said.

Ransom pulled away and looked into her face. "I love you too, baby." Urging Megan to the door leading to the private suite, he released her.

Once the door closed indicating the women were gone Troy, Ransom, Mike and Max advanced.

Two of the bodyguards who hadn't said a word were young, very young, and clearly lacking experience, appeared to be sizing up the competition. Troy easily read their deduction.

Of the quartet on the club's side of the altercation, Max was the smallest in stature. Yet despite being clad in a pair of silk boxers, his six-one, two-hundred-fifteen pound presence was threatening. Mike was the largest in height and weight, standing six-five and tipping the scales around two-hundred-seventy-five pounds. Ransom was no slouch at six-three, two-hundred-thirty pounds. And Troy himself, had ten pounds on his lover.

"We are done here, gentlemen," Troy said. "Senator or not, and at this moment I don't give a flying fuck you're Megan's old man, you have ten seconds to get the hell out of this club."

"I'm not leaving my daughter with you two miscreants, in this dump that promotes your dysfunctional way of life."

"Get him out, *now*," Troy said, the warning heavy in his tone.

"Senator," the man to his right spoke. "Sir, my men and I are leaving...with or without you."

The Senator remained quietly fuming.

"Sir, last warning," the man said again. "Let's go."

"I am *not* finished with you," the angry politician threatened, pointing at each of them.

"Looking forward to seeing you again, Senator," Troy replied.

* * * *

Back in Ransom and Troy's suite, Megan paced, her mind racing. What the hell was going on downstairs?

"Sit down, Meg," Dani said. "You're going to wear a path in the carpet."

"Downstairs you said something about my dad," Megan said, coming to a halt and staring at Dani.

Her friend nodded. "I've seen him in the club area a handful of times since I started coming here. He wore the same lame-o disguise, which I could totally see right through. I knew exactly who he was the minute I laid eyes on him." Dani stopped talking and gave Megan a half shrug. "You know, I thought it sort of funny since he was such a prick about stopping this place from opening."

Before Megan could pose another question to her friend, Natalie interrupted.

"Any chance you could cover up your nipples?" Natalie asked.

Dani frowned. "Why? I've got great nipples," she grouched, pushing her chest out.

Natalie rolled her eyes.

"So, did you girls have a nice time last night?" Dani asked with a knowing grin.

The door to the suite opened and all four men entered.

"Well?" Megan asked.

"Let's just say I doubt the Senator will be sending the club a Christmas card this year," Ransom said, strolling toward Megan. Once close, he gathered her in his arms, and dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "You okay?"

"I'll be fine. I'm used to his tirades."

"You sure you're all right, Megan?" Max asked as he stepped through the door.

She nodded.

"Okay, well, now that that unpleasantness is concluded, the group of us has reservations at The Cove for brunch. A limo will be here in an hour to pick us up," Max announced, and crossed the room to Natalie.

"That's nice," she said, and accepted his hand rising to her feet. "What's the occasion?"

"We're celebrating the first day of the rest of our lives," Max replied. "Come on, move that sweet ass, Nat. I'd like to make love to you before we leave."

"Ah damn! An hour doesn't give me nearly enough time to punish, my Mikey," Dani said with a sassy grin. "That's all right, we'll do a quickie now, and then a longie when we get back."

"Sounds good to me, babe," Mike said, and picked Dani up, tossing her over his shoulder.

When the three of them were alone, Megan blew out a heavy sigh.

"What is that all about?" Ransom asked.

"Couple'a things. First, I'm thinking about my mom. And second, my being here has created such a mess for you guys. And Max," she said. "Maybe I should just go. If I stay, shit like this with my dad will happen all the time. You guys deserve better."

"If your mom is ready to get out, we'll help her, baby," Ransom told her.

"Your father isn't going to be an issue anymore. For you, or for our family," Troy said. Coming up behind her, he wrapped his arms sandwiching her between him and Ransom.

That sounded so perfect. A family, with Ransom and Troy. In the aftermath of the scenario with her dad, the prospect of a happily-ever-after family seemed just out of her reach.

"Listen," Troy said, placing a kiss on the top of her head. "Everything happens for a reason, sweetheart. We *need* you. Ransom and I *want* you. You don't have to go anywhere if you don't want to." After a handful of silent moments passed between the hugging trio before Troy asked, "Do you want to leave, baby?"

Without thought, Megan shook her head. "No. I want to stay right here, with the two of you. My life was so incomplete before I met you. Before we shared last night. Now I can't see my life without you. Either of you. I don't want to. Does that make me sound weak and pathetic?"

“Hardly,” Troy assured her, sliding his hand underneath the t-shirt she wore.

The brush of his warm, strong flesh against her belly, holding her with possession made Megan’s lips curl. Yes, this is where she was meant to be. Her body caught fire. Her nipples tightened, and her sex began to pulse. She was exactly where she wanted to be. Deliciously squished between Troy and Ransom, feeling loved, protected, and cherished.

Christ ! Megan suddenly realized something very important.

“Hey, all this talking is cutting into our hour,” she blurted out. “And right now, I want to be ravished by the two of you. In *our* bed.”

“Oh I like the sound of that. *Our* bed.” Ransom bent down and scooped her up in his arms. “I’m certain we can accommodate you.”

“Me too,” Troy said, following them into the bedroom.

“And then when we come back from brunch,” she giggled. “I want to do it again.”

“You got it, baby,” they said in unison.

About [Jennifer Cole](#)

Hey, fellow reading junkies! I'm a 'readaholic,' addicted to so many different genres my bookshelves are busting apart at the screws! Werewolves are my biggest weakness...and if only I could get my hubby to growl, I'd have it made! My hero and I have been deliriously happy for nineteen years, married twelve, and are the very proud parents of an Australian Shepherd named Elmo. I reside in a small city in south-western Ontario and just simply enjoy life!

After reading a ton of erotic romances, I got the bright idea one day that it might be fun to write one! I was right, it was a blast! Then I wrote another, and then another, and... When I'm not sweating over my laptop, feverishly tapping to keep up with my brain, I've got my nose buried in a book. I also enjoy cycling, shooting pool and spending quality time with my family and friends. A simple girl with simple indulgences, that's me! I love rock music, expensive cognac and oh, I've never met a cookie I didn't like! Now, I invite you to grab a naughty story and snuggle up with your knight in shining armor or your mistress of the dungeon and lose yourself in the seduction of erotic romance!

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