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Trip My Switch

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# TRIP MY SWITCH

**Nicole Austin** 

Dedication

To Keith. Thanks for sharing your expert knowledge and years of experience with a

guided tour into your world. You are truly a gifted artisan and craftsman.

To the voices in my head. You keep talking and I'll keep writing.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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Dockers: Levi Strauss & Co.

K-Y: Van Horn & Sawtell Corporation

Velcro: Velcro Industries B.V. Ltd.

Author's Note

*Trip My Switch* incorporates only elements of Domination/submission and BDSM.

It is not intended to accurately portray a true BDSM or Dom/sub relationship. Use of

electrical toys is not recommended without great care and training. Liberties have been

taken with the design of the toys used in this fictional work. Play safe, be well.

### **Chapter One**

WANTED: Sex Slave - One Night Only!

Submissive men and women needed. Once in a lifetime opportunity for those brave enough to apply. Leave your inhibitions behind and prepare for a night beyond your wildest dreams serving as a sex slave for an exclusive Dominants' club.

Standing before the unremarkable yet forbidding industrial building, a carbon copy of every other white cinder-block structure on the block, I once again studied details of the advertisement from a local BDSM circular, unable to focus my thoughts. The sun beat down on me, relentless heat and humidity making the heavy air difficult to breathe. Rivulets of sweat trickled over my body, causing the cotton shirt to stick to my skin.

I felt as if I were standing on the edge of a high cliff preparing to leap into the abyss. Rationally, I understood the sex-slave position was for only one night. This knowledge did not stop the conflicting emotions tearing at my soul. And facts couldn't alter the desires that had driven me to this precarious point.

Chris, my last lover, had unleashed a hunger within me that still gnawed at my soul. He restrained me, took away all control and responsibility, beat my willing flesh. When he insisted my true nature was that of a submissive, I balked. No way was he right! I denied the possibility with fervor, refused to listen or believe. Somehow he still managed to break my will, my resistance never lasting long before I began to beg, agreeing to anything he said.

I've always been independent and in command of myself. Well, until Chris came along, but there were confusing times when I wanted to take the dominant role. Times when I longed to be the one commanding his body. To make Chris sweat, squirm and beg for my every touch. But he wasn't able to accommodate my conflicting desires. It made me feel like freakin' Sybil with two vastly different personalities trapped deep inside. The dichotomy scared me. I imagine it terrified Chris.

As I glanced back at the paper in my hand, a sense of desperation settled over me. The ad didn't provide much detail, but it sounded ideal since I hadn't had sex in longer than I cared to contemplate. I knew that in reality it was a job, even if they couldn't come right out and say so in the ad. I'd heard of people who'd lucked into similar gigs and were highly compensated for one night of "work". The job would provide cash I needed, along with another opportunity to try to determine my place in the D/s scene. God, how I wanted to find my niche, bringing an end to the constant tug-of-war weighing heavily on my heart and mind.

My primary disharmony — Chris ignited a firestorm within me by introducing me to BDSM. One he wasn't able to master, and my unquenchable need and desire to explore the limits of this newfound world had come between us. I'd spun into a crisis of identity, not even knowing the person I'd become. Since then, I'd made several attempts to reach sexual satisfaction. All had fallen short.

With a heavy sigh, I checked the address one more time, rang the bell and tried not to fidget as I waited for the mystery to be revealed. I waited...

And waited...

And waited.

What the hell? Was the ad some kind of sick joke? Was there a total jerk-off sitting inside getting his jollies laughing at the moron who'd shown up and was standing outside?

What was becoming a common indecisiveness waged a battle in my head. Ring the bell again? Wait a little longer? Walk away and forget the whole thing? It wasn't as if a night of serving as a sex slave for a bunch of rich yahoos would resolve anything. Hell, nothing else I'd tried had worked so why would this be any different?

"Fuck it!" There was no sense hanging around any longer and making an even bigger fool of myself. I gritted my teeth. Curious or not, I wasn't going to keep standing there, sweating under the hot midday sun, waiting for some practical joker to answer the fucking door.

Mind made up, I turned to leave. Poised to take the first step and walk away, I cringed at the sound of the door creaking open behind me.

Cocksuckers! The childish tactics pissed me off, but my intense curiosity required satisfaction. Clenching my fists, striving to remain calm and at least moderately submissive, I turned around if for no other reason than to satisfy my interest.

Nondescript is the only way to describe the man who stood in the open doorway. Medium height and build. Brown hair and eyes. Average shirt and trousers. Bland and forgettable. He stood silently, one eyebrow lifted in question.

Choosing to adopt the same attitude, I held out the newspaper with the ad boldly circled in black permanent marker.

Average Joe didn't speak and didn't reach for the paper. He barely glanced at it, stared at me for an excruciatingly long moment, nodded, then stepped back allowing me to enter the building.

Once inside, I glanced around the empty, cavernous warehouse. The windows set high in the walls didn't let in much light through their dirty panes. Paint was peeling from the drab walls and the floor was covered in grime.

"Follow me," Average Joe said.

Well hell. What did I have to lose?

*Nothing,* a snide voice inside my head pointedly reminded.

"Shut up, you bastard," I muttered under my breath.

Average Joe walked me to the center of the room. Looking down, I saw a black X made from tape beneath my feet. Before me was one of those two-way mirrors like cops

use for interrogations. The whole thing made me feel like a bug under a magnifying glass.

"Umm...what's the deal? This cloak and dagger shit is starting to wear on my nerves."

"Wait here."

That was all Average Joe said. He turned and walked away, disappearing through a door along the far wall.

Wait here, I sing-songed in my head. What a crock!

I stared at myself in the mirror, worrying about how I looked to whoever was back there. Since it was technically a job interview, I'd worn my best pair of Dockers and a button-down shirt. The pants cuffs were a bit tattered, and the shirt needed ironing, but it was too late. This was as good as they were going to get.

Finally, after what seemed like ten hours, a disembodied voice came from a wall-mounted speaker.

"Take your shirt off."

My first instinct was to tell Mr. Microphone to fuck off. Well, shit. I was at an interview of sorts to be a submissive slave for the night. This was not the time to get defiant. Not when I was being tested to see if I could give up control and follow orders. I needed the damn job, wanted the experience and would play the game—even if it killed me.

Averting my gaze from the mirror, as would be expected, I popped the buttons and shrugged the material from my shoulders, letting it fall to the concrete. Again I waited, struggling not to shuffle my feet. Imagination stirred my excitement for exhibitionism. I pictured dark eyes scrutinizing the thick, corded muscles on display and flexed a bit to make them ripple. I tried to see myself through someone else's eyes. I stood tall, letting them get a good look at all six feet from close-cropped light-brown hair to big, booted feet. I've been told that I'm handsome, not model handsome but rugged. Closing my eyes, I could almost see myself as if looking in a mirror. Warm green eyes framed by

laugh lines. Soft hair lining my pecs, narrowing to a thin trail over my abdomen and disappearing beneath my pants. A sensual thrill zinged through my veins. At thirty years of age, I was proud of the defined body developed from hard, honest work and hoped whoever watched appreciated what they saw.

"Now the pants."

To follow the orders, I had to first remove my boots. My knees popped when I squatted down to work the laces free. After kicking the heavy footwear aside, it was back to the assigned task. There was no sense in drawing it out. Kind of hard to seduce someone you can't see. Without fanfare, I undid the button, lowered the fly and pulled off my pants, adding them to the growing pile on the floor. It felt strange to be standing there in white athletic socks and white—hopefully clean—briefs, but the predicament didn't last for long.

"The underwear too."

My gaze shot to the mirror as I gritted my teeth. Knowing it was not possible to see the person behind the glass, I still latched on to the idea of detecting a dark shadow.

"Are you a submissive?"

*Fuck!* I'd been caught trying to make eye contact again. Instead of responding verbally, I dropped my gaze along with my underwear. Even though it was the middle of an oppressively hot and humid summer day—the kind of heat that air conditioning units couldn't keep up with—an expectant chill swept my body. My suntanned skin broke out in gooseflesh.

This waiting thing was getting old fast. I mentally went through the book titles on a shelf in my living room, counting the number of circles staining my coffee table from not using a coaster and cataloguing the meager contents of my refrigerator. Anything to keep my mind off the situation.

"Turn around."

Trapped energy made my movements awkward and fast.

"Slower."

His monotone, emotionless voice was professional. My chest tightened at the thought of him only being interested in viewing the goods to determine my worth. That made me feel exposed, more naked than simply being observed with my clothes off, with more than my body on display.

I tried not to think about my vulnerability or how many people might be on the other side of the wall staring at my hairy white ass. While the rest of my body is darkly tanned, I'm pale white from low on my hips down to my knees, the shape of my modest swim trunks. Kind of ridiculous for someone who lives in the sunshine state. Should have used one of those self tanners, but it was too late to worry about my imperfections, real or imagined.

When I completed a circle, Mr. Microphone said, "The doctor will be in to perform a thorough physical."

Okaaay. Did that mean I was supposed to get dressed? Continue standing there naked? Since an order hadn't been given, I remained in place through another indeterminable passage of time.

The doctor came in the same door Average Joe had disappeared through, pushing a cart. Room service maybe? Or better yet, a stack of cash. Ha! I should be so lucky. More likely it was something unappealing, considering how this "interview" had gone so far.

He was an older, distinguished-looking gentleman with gray hair and black-framed glasses. The white lab coat he wore over business clothes appeared clean and he exuded an overall confidence meant to gain a patient's trust.

It wasn't working for me when the first thing he did was slip on a pair of gloves.

Looking at the cart, holding God only knows what, covered by a white sheet and topped off with a clipboard had the opposite effect. Apprehension tightened my chest and made my heart pound faster.

What did he have in store for me?

He rolled the cart right up to me, unaffected by my nudity, and depressed the brake lever on the wheels. With a flick of his wrist, the cloth slid aside to reveal a stethoscope, blood-pressure cuff, alcohol swabs, needles and tubes for collecting blood.

Fuck it all, I hate needles.

Thorough wasn't quite the word I'd use to describe the examination. The doctor listened to my heart, checked my pulse and took my blood pressure. Then he bent over and examined my genitals, lifting my cock and balls, moving me this way and that. He stared at my anus as if detached from what he was doing. The doc wasn't really looking at me, just another wrinkled, flaccid dick. It was degrading, making me feel even more like the prize bull being evaluated for purchase. Oddly enough, his deprecatory treatment made my cock twitch with awareness.

When he picked up a tube of K-Y, I knew things were about to get worse.

"Bend over and hold on to the cart."

A cold dab of lube was spread over my hole before a thick finger was shoved up my ass and wriggled around against my prostate. Shit! I may have anticipated the invasion but had to bite the inside of my cheek to fight down my body's natural response to having my P-spot stimulated. My body reacted, even if his intent was not to turn me on.

"Cough."

Aw, dammit. I followed instructions, biting back a moan as the small gland slid against his finger creating a delicious friction. Trying to prevent my dick from getting hard, I mentally reviewed my budget and the long column of numbers written in red. Thankfully, he didn't dawdle over the task and was quick to pull out, allowing me to breathe again.

After he drew blood, the doc asked a gazillion questions about my medical history. The thorough interrogation made it feel as if I were applying to be a Secret Service agent rather than a disposable, one-time-only slave.

At the conclusion of his testing, I was instructed to dress and told someone would be along shortly. I swear an observer was moving around behind the mirror. My imagination took flight again, conjuring up images behind the glass. I'm not sure if I wanted or needed to see someone, but the barely discernable dark shadow was pacing. Must be nice. I was more than ready to move around to get rid of some nervous energy. The ever-present observer kept me antsy and wound tight.

Next to show up was the suit. Having the word "lawyer" tattooed across his forehead wouldn't have made it any more obvious than his cold, calm demeanor did.

"You are being considered for one night of employment as a submissive slave for a private group of dominants who shall remain nameless. If chosen, you will be required to sign a confidentiality agreement and a contract regarding the terms of service. In return for eight hours of your time, you will be compensated the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be electronically deposited into your bank account upon completion of your duties.

"For the course of the eight hours, you will be blindfolded and gagged. There will be no safe words or stopping until the designated time. You will receive and comply with the instructions of multiple parties, both male and female. Restraints, whips, floggers, crops, paddles and various other sexual implements may be used as seen fit by the group members. Your pleasure will not be a consideration."

The lawyer droned on endlessly, but my imagination had sent my brain on vacation. A contract to act submissive. How the hell did a contract cover subservience?

Ten grand. For one night. Hell, I could endure a whole lot for ten grand.

Blindfolded and gagged with no safe word. Giving up free will. This part was hard to swallow, even if I was being well paid. Jesus, these people were pretty damn far out there.

Multiple Doms was not a problem. I'd played with both male and female Masters before. I haven't ever fit into the neatly labeled categories of society or the D/s world. Not gay, straight or bisexual. Doesn't matter if it's a man or woman stroking my cock or

fucking my ass—nerves are nerves and will respond to any manipulation. Also not completely comfortable with the role of Dom or sub, if hired I'd soon find out about being a slave.

"Are there any limits you require be written into the contact?"

Hell yes! Of course I have limits. I bit my tongue to prevent an unwanted outburst and took a moment to consider before answering. There were only two things I objected to.

"My only hard and fast rule is no mutilation. Permanent marks or the severe pain acquired in obtaining them is not my cup of tea. Anything else, I'll live with."

The lawyer smiled, pleased with my response.

I felt like I was listening to a broken record. Once again, I was told to wait, which left me with nothing to do but stare in the mirror and think about everything that had happened so far.

The nameless, faceless people, as well as all the thought that had gone into such an elaborate set-up, stirred my curiosity. Obviously rich and influential but a bit...warped. How the hell did they plan on enforcing the terms of such an unusual contract? Any attempt at doing so could result in embarrassment to the ultra-private group. Surely the contract wouldn't really be legally binding.

Mr. Microphone was back. "We will only contact you if you're selected." Patience wearing thin, I waited for something. Several minutes later he said, "You're dismissed."

Well, la-dee-fucking-da.

Staying in the submissive role was difficult, but I kept my eyes downcast, turned and walked away with as much dignity as possible. Skilled Doms often use anticipation as a tool to increase a sub's pleasure. I wondered how long they'd keep me guessing if I was in or not. Then again, I had to remember that this wasn't about me, the potential slave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Finding a thick manila envelope in the mailbox two weeks later was a surprise. It had been so long, I figured I had failed their tests by not being submissive enough. For the most part, I'd all but forgotten the bizarre interview. Okay, not forgotten but forced the puzzling event to the back of my mind. It was too important to my future, having the potential to change my self-perception and entire outlook on life. Dwelling on the outcome would only have made me a basket case.

There was no postmark or return address, only my name typed on a white label affixed in the center—Sebastian Grant.

Talk about paranoid.

The three-page confidentiality agreement outlined the actions the group would take should I break the terms and was full of boring legal mumbo jumbo. There was also a nineteen-page contract. When reading this document detailing the group's expectations, I found it to be intimidating. Since sex for money is illegal, the papers that had to be signed didn't discuss the financial arrangements. Those were detailed in a separate document.

During our experimentation, Chris had been so certain of my submissiveness. I had my doubts. The leather, restraints and control were a definite turn-on, but where I got twisted up inside was the part of me being the one on my knees, quietly taking whatever was dished out. At times, I wanted to be in the power position.

One night wouldn't kill me though and I really needed the ten large. A tree had fallen on the roof of my house during a tropical storm a few months prior, and now it leaked in several places. The whole damn thing needed to be replaced. After several bad years of hurricanes, insurers had instituted storm deductibles on homeowners' policies that were higher than the cost of a new roof. Greedy fuckers! I wouldn't be able to get the repairs done until I came up with the funds because hell if I had six grand just hanging around.

It was stupid to sign something I didn't completely understand. I should have had a lawyer go over the papers, but no way would I take this particular contract to someone

I didn't know and trust. An instruction sheet told me everything had to be returned within twenty-four hours to the warehouse where I'd been interviewed. Desperation won out over common sense. I threw caution to the wind, took the envelope to the bank and signed on the bottom line under the eagle-eyes of the notary. Thankfully, her only interest was in certifying my signature on the last page and did not require that she look at anything else.

It felt as if a dozen pairs of eyes watched my every action when I went back. The fine hairs on the back of my neck stood on end as I pushed the envelope through the mail slot. The tension was so bad I actually startled at the loud echoing smack of the packet hitting the concrete floor.

Signed.

Sealed.

Delivered.

In two days, I was theirs to do with as they pleased.

Those were the longest two days of my life. Insane, vivid images of possible scenarios ran through my head constantly. Sleep was impossible. Forget focusing on my job at the factory.

Chris had operated under the traditional BDSM principle of S.S.C.—Safe, sane and consensual. Not this group. The acronym R.A.C.K. was mentioned several times in the paperwork and I decided to check it out online.

Risk Aware Consensual Kink.

Each word was broken down and addressed individually. Risk—any risk has been considered and assessed. Aware—participants are aware of what they are doing and the risks. Consensual—the exchange has been sought out and agreed upon. Kink—this one was self-explanatory—alternative sex. R.A.C.K. was more about awareness and informed consent rather than standard and accepted safety practices.

The philosophy stated that any activity between fully informed consenting adults is acceptable. It expanded on the S.S.C. creed to include elements of edge-play—sexual play beyond the traditional which might be dangerous. Things such as a total power exchange, anonymous rape and abduction scenes were mentioned.

The explanation certainly covered my understanding of what would be required of me. No safe words and no way out of anything a group member wanted to do. The part that freaked me out was reading edge-play might result in serious, even permanent harm—physical or psychological—from activities such as branding, body modifications and breath-play.

*Jesus Christ.* What the fuck was I getting myself into? This went way beyond typical BDSM.

There had been a section in the papers stating my refusal of anything with the possibility of altering my body or causing extreme pain. I remembered because I'd had to place my initials next to it, acknowledging my limits.

Would the group respect my limits?

There was only one way to find out.

## **Chapter Two**

By the time Saturday rolled around, I was a mass of nervous jitters. Arriving at the warehouse that morning, I found five other hired slaves milling around outside. At ten o'clock on the dot, the door swung open and Average Joe motioned us inside.

We were paraded past the mirrored glass then out a door I hadn't noticed on my first visit. Behind the building a nondescript panel van sat idling. Good, a vehicle with no windows in back would afford privacy. Riding around restrained with a hood over my head wasn't something I wanted witnessed. We stood in line like cattle, waiting to be loaded into the van. I watched as Average Joe fastened a black hood over each of the people in front of me and secured their hands behind their backs. This was getting very real and I decided it was time to speak up before it was too late.

"I want to talk to someone before we go anywhere. I've got limits to how far I'm willing to go that need to be addressed."

"Did you state your limitations to the attorney?" It was Average Joe who asked the question.

"Yes."

"Then accommodations have been provided for and will be discussed with you during your preparation."

At my nod, the hood was secured as someone bound my wrists. I was then guided to a seat and heard the safety belt securely click home. The ride was brief and before long we were taken into another building. Once the door was closed, our hoods and restraints were removed.

The huge space almost appeared to be a fancy day spa. There were padded massage tables, a row of sinks for washing hair and directly across from the sinks was a row of stylists' stations stocked with an array of hair products.

Maybe this wouldn't be too bad after all.

Average Joe stood in front of us. "This is the preparation building. You will be showered, waxed, groomed and dressed for tonight's event. You will also be prepared for the possibility of anal penetration by receiving an enema.

His gaze shot to meet mine. "As was brought up earlier, some of you have placed limitations on what acts you are willing to participate in. We have a series of colored armbands that will be used to reveal your limits to the group members since you will be unable to speak."

His brown eyes looked serious, his expression hard. "I personally assure your wishes will be respected and no group member will initiate any activity you've refused." He paused to let his words sink in. "Any questions?"

No one spoke up.

"Good! You have each been assigned attendants who will take you through the preparation process. When we're done here the hoods will go back on and remain in place for the rest of the night."

Average Joe's speech failed to convey how thoroughly we were to be "groomed". I was asked to remove my clothing. In silence, I watched as the attendant placed my belongings into a white plastic bag with my name on it.

First order of the day was an enema. After a hot shower, my hair was cut and styled while my fingernails were manicured. They even shaved my face. I don't know why they worried about anything above the neck since I'd have a hood on, but heck if I'd turn down a free shave and haircut.

Then came the waxing...

Before the waxing began, I'd thought of myself as a strong man capable of handling pain well. That misconception was quickly blown out of the water. They started with the hair on my ass. It felt good when the warm wax was applied and a strip of cloth smoothed over my cheek, but when the strip was pulled off, I screamed like a complete pussy.

Every strand of body hair, with the exclusion of my arm pits, was ripped away. I learned a whole new respect for women who pay to have this done as a beauty treatment on a regular basis. Those were some tough chicks. By the time they were done, I felt like a good portion of my skin had been peeled away along with the hair.

The subsequent step, however, was enjoyable. A pretty female attendant rubbed lotion everywhere I'd been waxed. Her magical hands massaged and kneaded, resulting in a distinct stiffening of my cock. Damn, it felt good. I lay on my stomach on the padded table, struggling to suppress pleasure-filled moans.

My feelings toward the attendant headed toward a rapid downward spiral after that.

The vile bitch stroked and rubbed until I was nice and relaxed, then startled me with a lubed finger. She repeatedly circled my anus, teasing and tempting with a shallow penetration. When I was pushing back against the digit, she worked it into my ass. I was fucking purring right up until the hard rubber tip of a butt plug probed my hole.

Having anticipated my reluctance, a male attendant moved forward and held me down while the woman plunged the thick plug deep inside. Then I was trussed up in a wicked pelvic harness. One strap separated my balls and another fastened snugly around the base of my shaft. I was placed into a chest harness with a large ring hanging from the center. A wide red band was situated over my left biceps to indicate my stipulated limitations.

My arms were pulled behind my back and bound with three heavy bands—above and below the elbows, and at the wrists. I was fitted with a ball gag, which was very smart of the devious bastards because the next item they brought out blew my mind.

The damn thing made me think of those old Chinese finger traps you got at birthday parties as a child, but with a few crucial differences. I was horrified to contemplate what they planned on doing with the intimidating industrial-looking device. But a part of me also longed for the experience of having the contraption used on me.

The attendants compressed it, opening the device wider, then stuck my dick into the wire cage. The gadget was longer than my nine inches, extending several inches past the head of my cock. A metal ring surrounded the end and there was a D-ring on either side. Held in a sensual grip, my cock was totally encased by the cage. If I got harder, the wires were going to bite into my tender flesh and leave an interesting pattern embedded in my skin.

I stared at my cock inside the trap and my mind flashed back to an incident from childhood. The neighbors had gotten a new puppy and I had watched it play on the other side of the chain-link fence separating our backyards. Longing to stroke its soft fur, I had pressed myself tight against the fence, wriggling my fingers over the dog, remaining that way until the he got distracted and chased after a butterfly. When I'd gone into the house, my mother was upset by the red waffle-like pattern I'd earned for my efforts.

The warm hand released me and I snapped back to the present. Oddly enough, with my dick wrapped tightly in the cage's firm grip, it felt secure, safe and nice.

They gave me only a few moments to catch my breath but weren't done with me yet. It appeared there was no end to their warped imaginations. The male attendant picked up a length of chain with a clip at each end. I groaned around the gag, irritated when my cock swelled in anticipation and bulged between the wires.

The woman lifted my cock, holding out the D-rings, which the man snapped into one clip. The other end was attached to the ring in the center of my chest, causing a light tension to be exerted. I discovered that bending my knees and hunching over slightly alleviated the strain.

The whole thing was surreal. Why the hell was I doing this? Sure, I needed the money, but cash was becoming a secondary consideration.

There wasn't any time for contemplation. It was a shock to realize the entire day had gone by and it was now time to go. When the slaves were all ready, Average Joe showed up to inspect us, making fine adjustments to bondage wear here and there. Finally he stood back, nodding his approval to the attendants.

"This is your last opportunity to back out. After this point, your will is no longer your own. All you have to do in order to end this now is step forward. For anyone choosing to leave, there will be no repercussions. There will also be no payment."

His gaze focused on all six of us in turn—three women, three men. No one moved a muscle.

"Once the attendants fit you into the hoods they will not be removed again until you are back in the warehouse. You will be driven to a new location where you will service the group members in any way they see fit for a period of eight hours. When you return home, do not forget the terms of the confidentiality agreement. Break it and there will be severe repercussions."

The hood was secured over my head and I was engulfed in darkness. The black cloth left the lower half of my face uncovered. I was then encouraged to step into a pair of flip-flops.

Bound, silenced and blinded. No turning back. It would be either the best or worst night of my life. My cock swelled with eagerness. My mind rebelled over the complete loss of control as well as the sensory deprivation. More than that, I struggled with the total insanity of putting myself in the hands of the anonymous group of Dominants who I meant nothing to. Giving up control to Chris had been safe because he cared about me. To these people I was nothing more than a slab of beef.

Led outside, I was seated and buckled into the van. This was a blessing and a curse. Sitting down released the tension on the chain, allowing the wire cage to relax around my throbbing cock. It also seated the plug deeper in my ass. With each bump, dip and sway of the vehicle, the anal toy teased and tantalized. In turn, this made my cock bulge against the confines of the cage. The same heaven and hell resulted when the drive

came to an end. Standing up eased the sensations in my spasming ass, but also reasserted the tension on my cock.

I lost track of the other slaves after we were moved into another building. The sandals were removed and a chill raced through me from the cold tile under my bare feet. Apprehension wrapped around my chest but failed to dampen my arousal.

Put on hold, I had no option other than to stay where I'd been placed and wonder. Was I being observed? Checked over? Or was I in an empty room where I'd be alone until a Dom desired to play? Attempts to contain outward signs of my increasing excitement failed. A muscle in my jaw ticked in time with my rapid pulse. My breathing became shallow and quick as I waited for something...anything to happen.

Hearing and smell were the only senses available to me, and there existed a decided lack of input. The sensory deprivation was slowly driving me insane. Not being able to take in my surroundings made my skin feel tight. The air conditioning added to the chill seeping into my bones. My inability to move made me itchy. I couldn't get away. I couldn't call for help, not that I'd be able to speak around the lump in my throat.

I stayed that way, in a state of near panic, until my nostrils flared, picking up the faint scent of a woman's perfume. The scent, light and sensual, was both comforting and arousing. Even though I strained to hear any indication of where she was, she moved through the room without making a sound.

Shocking me, soft leather strands touched my right shoulder then trailed down my chest and circled my nipple. The tip drew taut, tingles shooting through my chest, and I sucked in a harsh breath.

"Mmm...you're delicious."

Her voice was sexy as sin—a husky purr—and I wished like hell I could see her. While my other senses were heightened, I really did not care for the loss of vision. It occurred to me how important facial expressions were. They revealed myriad emotions—pleasure, pain, satisfaction, approval. Not being able to gauge her emotions left me with no way to work at meeting her needs.

The leather strips took a sensual journey over every valley and curve from my chest down to my abdomen. They brushed over my legs then around my flank to play over my backside. It felt good now, but I knew the burn that would accompany a measured slap from what I assumed to be the straps or falls of a flogger.

"I'm glad your serpent has been caged for me. The cock trap is one of my favorite toys." The falls slid over my erection. My super-sensitized skin was highly stimulated by the simple touch and my teeth clamped down on the ball in my mouth. "I love to have a cock captured and lovingly held at the ready for my attention."

Damn, this was some intense shit!

The gag let drool escape the corners of my mouth, rolling down my chin and embarrassing me. It was disgusting. I wanted to wipe the saliva away, hide the evidence, but there wasn't a damn thing I could do. She just ignored it and continued to heat up my body.

Leather falls landed on my aching, captive cock, gently stroking it. With great skill, she teased me to full awareness. My Mistress provided, but at her own pace, not mine. With each strategic placement of the falls against my skin, the tempo and strength built. A light tap on my cock delivered exquisite warmth that surged through my shaft and into my pelvis. Everything she did was warm and luscious, building my desire and need. My muscles quivered.

"Yes that's it. Lose yourself to my touch. Let the sound of my voice fill you. Give yourself over to me."

Oh yeah baby. Give me more. I wanted to beg—would have if I wasn't gagged. My cock swelled and the erotic pinch of the cage heightening my lust for her. I was hot, aching. I enjoyed the soft touches but longed for the burn. Then, without warning, she swatted.

"Take the pain. Let it in."

Fuck! That smarted, setting my body on fire. Sometimes she struck fast and firm, others slow and sensual. My shaft grew even larger within the cage, almost to the point of pain.

"The cage may seem cruel, but only to the extent I'm willing to allow. I won't let it harm you."

Until she spoke again, I had not been aware of another presence in the room but she was obviously talking to someone other than me since my arms were bound.

"Lube up my slave. Be gentle."

The command was issued in a harsher tone than she had used with me, warning the other person—a declaration of her protection. Chris had been cautious of my wellbeing, but this feminine sheltering was different, special. My mother had nurtured me growing up, but she'd died when I was twelve. It hadn't occurred to me how much I missed having a woman care for me. Having my Mistress take care in how I was handled stirred tender feelings of belonging I was not ready to explore. Her care made the session more personal, less of a job and more intimate.

Total power exchange. The words now held true meaning in my mind. I had absolutely no power. Not over my body, what would be done or how I would be handled. My only option was to feel and accept anything I was given. My Mistress would take what she wanted. I was a mere vessel, empty and waiting to be filled.

A thick liquid was dribbled over my shaft, oozing beneath the metal links. Slick fingers wrapped around my cock and began to stroke. My dick jerked and strained within its snug confines. The cage had heightened my sense of touch, focusing the feeling and sensations in an incredible way, enabling me to feel each stroke more intensely as it compressed and stimulated. With my other senses impaired, the attention was magnified a hundredfold. As the large, masculine hand moved, the metal sleeve slid back and forth, wickedly stimulating my cock.

Throwing back my head, I reveled in the magnificence of that hand pulling, stretching and stroking me to overwhelming pleasure. Why I was receiving pleasure was something to think about later. Much later.

"Spread your legs wider, slave," My Mistress ordered and I was quick to obey. Fingernails scored my back, adding a taste of pain to my ecstasy.

I felt a whoosh of air between my legs a split-second before the leather falls snapped against my balls. My sac tightened, drawing up snug under my cock. The erotic sting spread through my body, heating my blood. White-hot bolts of lightning shot down my spine, gathering strength for the impending climax.

"Stop!"

Immediately, the hand fell away from my cock and I teetered on the edge.

"You are not to come until I give permission."

My chest heaved and sweat ran over every exposed inch of skin. Grinding my teeth into the ball gag, I fought to control my body as she added to the torment. I heard a *smack* as the discarded flogger hit the floor.

"Such a good slave. I'm going to paddle this luscious ass until these cheeks are nice and pink." Cold steel slid over my ass. "Then, and only then, will you be permitted a climax."

A paddle? Fuck! I admit to enjoying a small dose of pain but a paddle went beyond my norm.

Air brushed my skin, followed closely by a hard smack across the top of both cheeks. At first there was nothing and then I was overcome by the stinging. It felt as though dozens of bees had plunged razor-sharp stingers into me simultaneously. My anguished cry was muffled by the gag. My body grew weak, legs trembling, knees threatening to buckle until firm hands at my waist offered support.

She assaulted my ass with a barrage of sporadic, resounding smacks as I struggled in an ineffective attempt to get free of my bonds, sputtering refusals against the gag.

The paddle slammed against the plug in my ass, awakening my prostate and all its tiny nerve endings.

When the paddling finally stopped, she rubbed her hands over my ass, spreading a blazing inferno.

"Pump his cock."

Oh God. Noooooo. It was too much. I was going to come.

No quickly turned into not only yes, but fuck yes.

Something vital inside me broke free as the anonymous hand closed around my shaft, squeezing and stroking. My Mistress began to massage my balls and it was all over.

"Come for me, slave. Come now."

Come for her? As if I could prevent doing so.

The hand continued moving. Hot cum rose up my shaft and splattered over my abdomen, mixing with my sweat, generating a heady, totally male odor. My body shook, knees buckling as my strength left on a southbound train. The already dark world spun on its unstable axis.

God, she was magnificent. I wish I could have seen her, but I was engulfed in an even more profound darkness as I lost consciousness.

### **Chapter Three**

Warm breath whispered over my cheek. "Are you ready for some real fun, slave?" The gravelly male voice created a zing of sexual awareness.

My arms had been released from behind my back, pulled straight and cuffed above my head, which was pinned between my biceps. I lay on what I presumed to be a padded bench of some sort. A strap across my abdomen held me firmly in place. My ass hung off the end, thighs spread wide and bound. They'd bent my knees and restrained my ankles to the bench's legs. The position permitted no movement whatsoever but granted complete access to the Dom.

"Such a shame you have a red armband. I'd enjoy piercing one of these responsive nipples." His voice sounded off, almost as if he were trying to alter its tone. The intriguing tidbit didn't distract me from his words though. Tugging on the bonds, I screamed into the gag. It was wasted effort. If he wanted to pierce me, there was not a damn thing I could do about it since I was completely at his mercy.

Something damp and warm slid over my left nipple, a tongue I think. The caress disrupted my thoughts. I flinched, trying to pull away.

"Or better yet," a finger tapped my cockhead, "a gold hoop here would be very attractive. You'd get so hard when it was tugged."

He wasn't the first Dom who'd suggested I would enjoy being pierced. Chris had wanted to adorn my body with his jewelry, but I cringed at the idea of someone coming anywhere near my dick with a needle. No thanks!

"Let's get this cage out of the way so I can play."

Oh yes. Thank goodness. It would be a relief.

His lubed hand gripped my semi-erect cock and gave a few hard strokes before slipping off the wire toy. Blood rushed to my freed flesh, which swelled to painful proportions. I saw stars and screamed.

"Ah, such a lovely pattern of red, criss-crossed lines. Beautiful."

Soft lips brushed over my abused length in a sweet kiss. "There, all better now."

Uh...not quite, but it was a good start.

"First things first. I'm going to plug this yummy cock. Can't have you ejaculating prematurely."

Plug my cock? No fucking way. I cursed and fought in vain as my dick wilted. It was no use. There would be no escape. No safe words to save me. I'd agree to this although I'd never heard of such a thing before. My Dom was about to introduce me to something new.

"Since you can't see, I'll describe the plug I've chosen for you. It's four inches long, stainless steel, and has four egg-shaped bulges. I'd guess the diameter at the widest point to be about a quarter inch. Not too big, but large enough that you're going to feel it. The tip is tapered so the farther I insert the plug the fuller you'll feel."

As he spoke, a latex-covered hand held my cock and I felt the cold, lubed tip circling my slit. Panic squeezed my chest and I continued to struggle.

"Shh," he soothed. "I take good care of my subs. There will only be pleasurable pain."

He balanced the tip against my slit and the words became a bit of a blur as every fiber of my concentration focused on what I was feeling.

"At the end there's a ball with a small ring looped through it." His voice had grown husky, and I knew this was affecting him too. "The ring is attached by a short bar that will press against your frenulum." His finger stroked the very sensitive area. "A larger ring positioned beneath the flared edge of your crown," his said as his finger circled the ridge and heat shot down to my balls, "will hold the plug in place."

I was pleased to hear his breathing had escalated to loud, rapid pants. "Enough details. Let's get you plugged. I'll only use a small amount of lube. We want you sealed up tight. Just a little pressure now." The words were hissed. He probably had his teeth clenched. "Gravity and the plug's weight will do the job."

I was not prepared for the overwhelming fire and ice sensation as it slowly slid into my dick. The first egg passed with relative ease, but the second was a different ball of wax. He let it pop back a fraction of an inch and then pushed it forward again.

The feeling of having my cock slowly penetrated and stretched was unbelievable. I was being massaged from the inside. Nerves that had never been touched were caressed by the hard steel. It was beyond anything I'd ever felt before, similar to ejaculation, and opened me to a whole new world of pleasure.

It was an unfathomable feeling, the stimulation extremely powerful. I was in ecstasy as it rubbed the inside of my cock and I had the hugest hard-on of all time. There was no denying my enjoyment. In fact, I loved having my cock invaded.

"Very nice. I do believe you're going to have a good time with me."

My Dom positioned the retention ring and to my disappointment, let go of my pulsing, needy cock. I heard faint sounds, but was unable to determine what was happening until he spoke again.

"Now I am going to remove this useless jelly butt plug and insert a nice stainless steel one. The plug I'll use is large and thick, weighing around two pounds."

He pulled the plug from my ass and the friction nearly made me come. The new plug was indeed heavy. I'd anticipated it being cold, but he must have warmed it first. It was both wider and longer, filling me, stretching sensitive tissues.

Once the plug was secured, held snugly in place with straps, my Dom hooked something to the base. What felt like a wire was snaked along the crease of my thigh, the other end hooked to the cock plug. I had no idea why he'd fasten the two together but without a doubt would soon find out.

Never in a million years would I ever have dreamed of being bound and gagged with both my cock and ass stuffed full of steel. Before I'd gotten myself into this, I'd considered myself to be worldly and experienced—jaded. I'd thought there was little left that could surprise me. I was so wrong!

"You will now return the favor of the delicious Domme who gifted you with such an explosive orgasm earlier. She is going to position her pretty pink cunt over your mouth after the attendant removes your gag."

A loud whistling sound was quickly followed by the stinging crack of leather against my upper thighs. Sonofabitch. The pain delved deep into muscle and I detected a welt rising on my skin.

"Pay attention, slave. As you've been informed, there are no safe words. You can shout and scream all you want. No one will release you or stop any activities. When the Domme is in position, you will eat her with lips, teeth and tongue until her juices gush down your throat.

"While you are pleasuring her, I will introduce you to another fun toy. Your cock will be stroked, your body teased for my amusement. I suggest you work hard to make her orgasm because you won't be permitted release until she has found hers."

Oh fuck. This was insane.

"I'm going to teach you about edging, the art of orgasm control and extension. Prolonged sensations will build within you and I'll maintain them with extended stimulation. I will manage your orgasm with the cock plug, not removing it and allowing release until you've accomplished the task of delivering your Domme. Your body, along with your pleasure, belong to me."

Jesus. I didn't know if I'd be able to take it. Of course, there was no alternative. I would be forced to take whatever was given.

"The wire running from one plug to the other is connected to a pulsed electricalsignal generator." The panic was back. My entire body was coated with sweat, my heart rate soared, and I was having a difficult time getting enough oxygen into my burning lungs. Crazy fucker was going to electrocute me. Apply a charge to the metal spikes in my cock and ass. And he expected me to suck my Domme to orgasm while he did it.

The panic took over and my mind went away—somewhere dark. Awareness returned with the musky scent of pussy close to my face. My mouth watered and I realized the gag was gone. Damn, she smelled good.

Slick feminine flesh pressed against my lips. I presumed it was the Mistress who'd already played with me, but it could have been anyone. When I tried to speak she rubbed her cunt against my mouth and the erect bud of her clit slid over my nose.

This seemed dangerous as hell to me. I could suffocate in her pussy before anyone realized I was no longer breathing. My words, muffled by her body, brought a deep moan from the woman fucking my face.

Fuck yeah. If I died, it was going to be as a happy man, my mouth eating one hell of a delicious pussy.

Not being able to see or touch brought about a greater awareness of my lips and tongue. Her entire pussy had been waxed smooth, which was wonderful. No choking on pubic hairs. My tongue glided over the softest innermost layers, devouring her heady cream. When the tip of my tongue played over the tiny head of her clit, she went wild, writhing against my huge grin.

She'd just settled into a comfortable, easy rhythm when all hell broke loose.

My entire body bucked against the restraints as the first jolt of electricity was delivered to my most tender flesh. Muscles I hadn't known I possessed contracted involuntarily. A simultaneous spasming began in my pelvis. If not for my cock being tightly plugged, I would have come on the spot. The seed shot a few inches up into my shaft and stopped.

Holy fucking shit. I kept thinking of the pressure build-up in a cola bottle with a cork stuffed in the end as it's shaken. I was convinced that the crushing force would

arrive at a point where it became uncontainable and the head of my dick would be blown off...literally.

My general philosophy used to be that I'd try anything once. Well, now I knew there were things I didn't want to even think about trying and needed to change my stance.

"Nice, very nice." My Dom's words of praise touched my heart and made me feel proud. Unfortunately, they did nothing for my anxiety.

The woman's thrusts against my face grew more rapid. A hand closed around my cock, two fingers searching out the deepest egg. He held on to that bottom egg and began a series of long, controlled strokes. This made the plug move, stroking me from the inside while his hand stroked the outside. Again I stupidly concluded this experience couldn't get any more intense. Again I was so very wrong.

My Dom tapped the ball protruding from my cock, likely with a metal object. Orgasmic sensations the likes of which most people will never feel slammed through my body as the internal pressure increased. He must have loosened the retention ring because the pressure pushed the highest egg out on each upstroke before it dropped back, hammering into my cock on the downstroke.

A maniacal voice trilled a warning in my head. He's gonna blow!

A kind of manic, euphoric state settled over me. I wasn't doing anything for the woman, but from her moans of pleasure and the flow of fluids, I knew she was having a good time.

With my body dangling at the edge of a massive chasm, my mind took a little trip in the deepest, darkest recesses of my soul, flipped on a bright light and looked around. I found some crusty old engrained notions that didn't stand up to the light of day. The things I'd been taught growing up, lessons that had been drilled into the very fabric of my being, were proving to be flat out lies and half truths. All that garbage parents of each generation dump on their kids about sex, sexuality and relationships in general. Crap about what's good and bad, normal and depraved. There wasn't a damn thing

wrong with enjoying things outside of what society considers acceptable. And I was starting to see how lacking my education in the art of D/s had been.

Goddamn, I was having my mind and body fucked simultaneously. There was too much to sort out all at once. I wanted to stay in the moment, suck every drop of pleasure achievable out of the night.

My curious soul-searching expedition came to an abrupt halt as my Mistress' body spasmed and she began to repeatedly sob, "I'm coming."

"Fly for me, slave. Fly for me, now." My Dom popped the ring that had held the cock plug secured in place and squeezed his fist tighter around my shaft. It only took two firm strokes before the plug shot from my slit, catapulted by a powerful, endless fountain of cum. I was engulfed in one hell of a massive climax that refused to quit. The amazing flurry of spasms ran from the base of my sac, up my spine, and produced an explosion of pure rapture at the back of my brain.

I watched myself from a distance, body having reached a level of pleasure beyond what it was capable of handling, mind busily reshaping itself. It occurred to me that the bigger lesson in all of this was balance. I had to find the right balance and learn to believe in myself before I could believe in any partner.

"Oh shit, Ba—" My Dom sounded astonished.

There was something about that voice—the inflection—but my Dom's mutterings were cut off by my Mistress' sharp reprimand. Was he upset and calling me a bastard? My detached thought processes weren't able to grasp what he'd been about to say.

"Watch your tongue!"

#### **Chapter Four**

There are some seriously sick motherfuckers running around in the world unsupervised and with way too much spare time on their hands. The wicked toy adhered to my ass convinced me of this. It took a warped mind to invent something this sinful.

Awareness dawned with the annoying clang of alarm bells in my head. My sex drive had been wonderfully sated and I felt physically and mentally exhausted from one hell of an insane night. All I wanted to do was sleep but rest wasn't even going to be an option.

I'd been moved again, and the gag put back in my mouth. Now I was restrained doggy-style on the bench. Thankfully the butt plug had been removed, but some wild device had been taped to my ass and was sucking voraciously at my hole. It felt as if thousands of miniature tongues were rimming, tickling and teasing my anus all at once. My rosette was filling with blood and swelling, my cock grew large and stiff. As sated as I had been moments before and impossible as it seemed, I was careening toward a massive anal climax.

Without warning the stimulation eased and slowed to a gentle fluttering, pulling me back from the verge. Shit! My Dom was edging me...again. The funny thing was it didn't seem like anyone else was in the room. The place had an empty feel about it. This led me to believe the crazy toy must be hooked up to some kind of remote control. But how did he know when to ease back? He kept cycling me up and down until my entire body trembled and was completely under his control before turning it off.

"The end of your night with us is rapidly approaching."

I was glad to hear my Mistress' voice but saddened by her statement. From my brief encounters with her, I found her to be a pretty amazing woman. Not many can take control in one scene and then allow another to take the reins in the next. I figured she must be a switch. The term was one I'd heard before but I had not realized people actually existed who could do this.

"We do still have time for a bit more fun though."

My Dom's voice sounded strained, making me wonder what had been happening when he'd been out of the room. With my other senses cut off, the subtleties of his voice took on new significance. A slight wavering made me think he was upset. I wished there was a way for me to help. In just a few brief hours, I'd developed affection for the pair and hated knowing he was under stress.

There was still the odd familiarity about him too. I felt like I should know who this masterful man was.

My thoughts were cut off as the device adhered to my ass was stripped away.

"We have a treat planned for you, Ba—"

What the hell? He kept cutting himself off in the middle of speaking. I didn't get it but was distracted by the sound of a heavy object being moved. I promised myself to think about it later, figure out what he kept trying to say, and why his voice made my chest feel tight.

"Your Domme is bringing over a little invention that I lovingly handcrafted in my workshop. It's quite the marvel of modern mechanics if I do say so myself."

"Mmm...I can attest to it being absolutely fabulous," my Mistress purred. Whatever it was must not be harmful since she'd survived it. My curiosity piqued.

My Dom moved in close to my side and leaned forward. I detected a devilish glee in his next words.

"While my machine fucks your ass, you'll be sucking my cock and our Domme will be playing however she wishes. You're going to enjoy my machine reaming your tight hole hard and fast. It can go up to three-hundred strokes per minute. I've fitted it with a thick, curved dildo with rotating beads in the head. Those beads are going to rub all over your sweet spot until you fly for me one more time."

The scene he described made me hot, but three-hundred strokes per minute? Fuck! A mixture of trepidation and eagerness sent shivers racing through my body. I got hard from simply listening to his description.

I was also depressed. This was it. One more scene with my dominant couple then it would be over. How the hell was I supposed to go back to the way things had been when I no longer felt like the same person? I hated the thought of never playing with them again. Never seeing their faces as they climaxed or hearing their passionate moans.

Dammit! I didn't want this night to ever end, but I could sense time slipping away with each revolution of the minute hand on an unseen clock.

They rolled the fuck machine into place behind me and the dildo slid into my stretched and lubed hole with ease. He set it to pumping at a slower rate as the sharp edge of my Mistress' nails scraped along my flank. She moved away and a moment later her nails abraded my swollen cock.

"You have fun with your machine, Sir. I've found a scrumptious toy of my own to play with," she said.

The sexy deepening of her voice pleased me. I pictured her sitting beneath the bench, legs crossed, licking her lips in anticipation of how I would taste. Before appearing her appetite, she tickled and teased my balls, which drew taut under her ministrations. She took first one, then the other, into her hot mouth, tongue sweeping over the twin globes. I tried to thrust forward but was held still by the ever-present bonds.

My Dom moved to the head of the bench and repeated his earlier warning before removing the gag. Wiggling my jaw around, I tried to work out some of the soreness then wet my lips. With my mouth opened wide, I waited for it to be filled, longing to taste him.

In a coordinated effort, her lips kissed my crown at the same time his cock entered my hungry mouth and the machine fucking me picked up the pace. It was all so damn good.

His heady masculine aroma coupled with his salty flavor captivated me. Sucking hard, I drew his cock down my throat until my nose burrowed into a soft nest of hair. On the next thrust, I carefully used my teeth to sensitize his velvety skin. I couldn't get enough of him. His scent, the taste of his pre-cum, his growls and moans—they all created a strong aphrodisiac that fed my lust.

My mind wandered back to Chris, as it had often during the night. This Dom was so similar to my ex-lover. His touch, scent and taste all triggering memories of our time together. Still, I wasn't able to focus my thoughts for any sustained period. Either my Dom for the night was actually Chris, or my desire for it to be him colored my perception. With my jumbled emotions, I couldn't be sure.

At random intervals, the fuck machine would change speeds. I didn't know or care which one of them controlled the device. My only concern was that it wouldn't stop anytime soon.

"Oh yesss," He hissed. "So good. You love sucking my cock. What a talented slave."

If my hands had been free, I would have made it much better for him. My fingers twitched as I thought about stroking his mouthwatering cock. I would apply the perfect pressure along the shallow groove behind his balls, massaging his prostate from the outside. Then I'd rim his pucker with a damp finger before sinking it deep. Strong muscles would clamp down on the digit, struggling to keep it inside. I'd match my Mistress, move for move.

Fuck, I could almost feel it, his imagined responses to my loving touch driving me mad with want. There was so much I yearned to share with both of them if only circumstances were different.

I still wasn't sure of the right place for me within the world of D/s but now knew it wasn't being a slave. Not that being pleasured by two Doms qualified as slavery. This night was teaching me a great deal about myself and opening up new desires, motivations and goals. By far, my strongest wish was for more with both of my partners. There was a definite symbiosis, a mutually beneficial association, growing between us that I pined to further investigate.

My Dom broke free of my mouth for a moment. The empty feeling made me whimper. Thankfully, he was quick to return. I greedily sucked him down my throat.

"It's a shame you can't see your Domme. Her legs are spread wide as she squats, riding a rather intimidating black dildo. Her back is coated with sweat, her face contorted in a mixed expression of agony and bliss, red lips stretched around your cock.

"And you, restrained for our use. I'd love to see your eyes glancing up at me. To witness the pleasure you derive from servicing me. Watch as the hunger takes over, turning your gaze glassy."

My heart beat wildly and I became breathless. Had my mouth not been occupied, I still wouldn't have been able to speak. How would he react to my longing to hold him tight and make love every night? Would he be troubled by how my heart ached? Bothered by my wanting to turn the tables and fuck his ass? Would he be willing to watch me fuck my Mistress' pussy? Share her with me?

A new dread bubbled up from the dark recesses of my soul. Could I reach out and accept the chance to love them if it were offered? Take the risk they might love me in return? Shit, what if I was right? What if it was Chris? Would he want to try again?

So many doubts and unanswered questions. I both feared and desired confirmation of my Dom's identity.

"I'm going to come, slave."

Please! I longed to taste his offering, but there was that word again. Slave. I hated the label. Society wanted to place neat and tidy tags on everything and everyone but most of those characterizations didn't fit the bill. People are complex, each one unique and individual. Having him calling me a slave was similar to those who wanted to label me as gay or bisexual. I didn't look at myself that way. For me it was all about what felt good and right. And this—being with them—was better than anything I'd ever been a part of.

"Me too," my Mistress cried.

"You will take my offering. Drink it down and give her yours. Come with us..."

My Dom's words died away, replaced by a rich moan. I swallowed reflexively. As my Mistress' body spasmed, her mouth held my cock in a smothering hold, throwing me over the edge and into an exquisite climax that was both heaven and hell. I saw stars, headed toward a place of sublime satisfaction. But knowing we'd reached the end of our time together tossed me into a dark, vile place.

It would have been a relief for my mind to vacate the premises this time, but I wasn't so lucky. I remained alert as my Mistress licked my deflating cock clean and the fuck machine eased to a stop. My body absorbed my Master's weight as he rested against my shoulder, his body heavy with satiation.

When recovered, they worked together to release my bonds. Moving me to a soft mattress took both of them. Climaxing more times than I'd been able to count had left me weak as a newborn kitten.

They failed to restrain my arms and I was finally free to touch but too afraid to do so. I had to keep reminding myself of my status. I was here as their paid slave for one night. No matter who they really were—these were not my lovers—they were my employers. To caress them would be inappropriate, even if my heart screamed for more. Yelled that I had to reach out, make this more than a one-night stand, but rejection was a very real possibility. One I wasn't ready to risk.

Life is seldom rosy and bright. Often there are insurmountable obstacles set in the way. I'd run headfirst into them too often to ignore the potential problems. Better to keep my heart safe than be sorry.

The only sound was harsh breathing as we sucked in air and strove to gather strength. It wasn't a physical strength I would require but an emotional fortitude. Soon I would be buckled back into the van and carried away before the first golden rays of sunlight kissed the earth good morning. When I was back at home, lying under a new roof, I'd muddle through and find a way to survive the heartbreak of the confused emotions tearing me apart.

## **Chapter Five**

The melodic sound of chimes filled the air, I presumed broadcast over a PA system, and the Dom lying next to me tensed.

"Time's up. You have to tell him."

My Mistress' voice held frustration and concern, sparking a sense of doom within me. It was almost time to go. To leave the two dominants who had managed to sneak under my radar and tear down my emotional shields in a matter of hours. I was conflicted. Part of me wanted to offer comfort. The other part wanted to stick my head in the sand and hide from whatever she thought my Dom needed to tell me.

"Fuck," he muttered and moved away. "He's not going to understand. Hell, I don't think he even knows what he is yet."

He stopped trying to disguise his voice and my heart seized. That voice. It sounded like— No. It couldn't be. I wouldn't let my heart go there. Down that road lies nothing but pain.

They were standing together off to my right, discussing me as if I couldn't hear or wasn't in the room. Although my hands were no longer bound, I was still blindfolded. But did I really want to remove the hood? It was a much safer choice to just lie there, pretending not to listen.

"You have to try. Damn it. You'll regret it if you don't. Take off the goddamn blindfold—"

"We're not supposed to. The number one rule of the group is not to reveal ourselves to the slaves."

"Since when do you follow rules? Is the blasted group really that important to you? More important than he is? When did you turn into such a sniveling wimp?" Her voice softened, filled with emotion. "Maybe I don't know you as well as I thought."

"Marissa," my Dom growled. "You don't know him. He'll run. He always runs."

I didn't know what the fuck was going on. Were they putting on an act or did my Dom actually know me? Was it him? How could that be possible? He hadn't even seen my face. I'd been promised anonymity by the lawyer. If this guy knew me in real life there might be some ugly repercussions. I'd lost jobs before when the boss found out about my alternative lifestyle and sexual tastes.

Yeah, and I did everything possible to avoid admitting what I now knew without a doubt—my Dom's identity.

My stomach churned, turning into a hard ball. Bile rose in my throat. I should have anticipated the situation getting fucked up. Just like the rest of my life. Everything was going to shit. I wouldn't get the money or be any closer to finding myself and this whole night would be a colossal waste.

He was right about me. Thirty years old and I had no clue who I was. Where I belonged. If I belonged anywhere. Angry words my father had spouted came rushing back with a vengeance. *Faggot. Deviant. Sick bastard.* 

My flight response kicked in and I was ready to run. I had to get out of here before my Dom listened to my Mistress. Before he removed the blindfold. Seeing them, having faces to go with the memories of tonight would only make going back to being alone even worse.

"If you don't tell him, I will." My Mistress sounded determined.

Time to bolt. But how the hell was I supposed to find my way out of here blind?

Screw it. I wouldn't look at them. I'd take off the blindfold and scramble out the door. It was a risk, but I didn't see any other option.

Sitting up, I reached behind my head for the ties holding the hood in place. No sooner had I found the knots than my fingers were brushed aside.

"Here, let me." My Dom sounded defeated, resigned. "Marissa is right. You need to know. We need to talk. I'd rather wait, but our night is ending."

My hands shook as I lowered them to my lap. He was hurting. In revealing himself to me, he was taking a big gamble. I wanted to scream at him to stop, but the gag kept me silent.

I felt his hands fumble as he worked the ties loose, removing both the hood and gag. Stubbornly keeping my eyes clamped shut, I rolled my aching jaw as he moved around to kneel before me. It was certainly a role reversal, the Dom kneeling before the slave.

"Where do I begin? I was wrong about you. You're not a sub, Bash. You're a switch."

Bash? Stop it! Why was he calling me that? The pet name had only ever been used by one person in my life, the one who'd left me the most confused and broken. The very man who had introduced me to BDSM, insisted I was a sub and then left me to find my own way.

No. It couldn't be. I held firm to the denial. Yet so much from the past several hours made sense now. How his touch and voice were so familiar at times...

"Marissa is a switch. I've learned a lot from her. It's possible to be both a top and a bottom. To switch roles with different lovers at different times—adapt to the situation."

His warm hands cupped my face lovingly. "I'm sorry that I didn't understand this before. That I tried to pigeonhole you into the role I wished for you to assume without seeing who you really are. I'd never met a switch. Didn't understand.

"Please tell me you still care. I'd like to try again, if you'll give me the chance. Marissa and I both want you, Bash."

They what? My eyes flew open and I squinted at the dark silhouettes of two people. Even though the lighting in the room was muted, my eyes needed time to adjust after existing in blackness for so long.

"There you are. God, I've missed you, Bash. Missed those glorious green eyes. I haven't felt complete since the day we went our separate ways."

I blinked rapidly as my vision began to sharpen. My fingers itched to reach out and touch his strong face, the square line of his jaw, the dark shadow of beard stubble. He'd let his silky black hair grow longer. It looked good, lying in styled layers over his head. But it was his eyes that had always done it for me. Those bottomless turquoise gems sparkling with life. Mmm. And his chiseled body that turned me on more than any other.

Chris.

Only a squeak escaped past the thick emotion clogging my throat. Looking to his side, I got my first glance at my Mistress.

Marissa. She was beautiful. Soft brown eyes flecked with gold set into a sweet oval face. Cotton-candy-pink lips spread into a warm smile. A riot of chestnut curls pulled back into a tail that trailed over a voluptuous body curved in all the right places. She was soft and feminine. The type of woman I'd always been attracted to.

The two of them crouched there holding hands, staring at me, waiting for... What did they want from me?

"I don't understand." The words were weak, so I cleared my throat and tried again. "You're obviously a couple, members of this elite BDSM group. What do you want with me?"

"A triangle," Marissa said.

"We want you to join us, Bash. Marissa and I share a committed relationship but still maintain our own lives. We each have our own houses and spend time apart, getting together two or three times a week. We have been looking for a third to form a triad.

"Right now it's all very casual, which is the way we want it since neither of us is ready for a total commitment. We are being safe and having fun. Eventually, if the relationship continues to grow, it will become more permanent.

"We care for each other but need more. Being with you tonight has led us both to believe you're the missing ingredient. The spice we need to tie everything together. Now that Marissa's had the chance to be with you...Bash, we both want you."

My head was spinning. What exactly was he suggesting? That I join them for sex a few times a week?

"Let's see if I've got this right. You're looking for a fuck toy who can bend to fit into whatever role you need for a particular night's play?" Saying it out loud pissed me off. "Is that it, Chris?"

His hand shot to his head, pushing his hair back from his face in a gesture I knew well. It meant he was nervous, feeling unsure of himself. Well, great. At least I wasn't the only one suffering in abject misery.

"I told you he wouldn't understand," he shot in Marissa's direction.

"Chris, take a walk."

Her voice had turned commanding, dominant. A tingle of awareness traveled from my balls and through the length of my cock, which began to harden. You'd think the randy beast would be exhausted, curled into itself, begging for mercy.

Nope! All it took was a bit of steel in a beautiful woman's voice and I was ready for more.

"Now!" she growled.

My cock jerked, swelling to its full length and bobbed in her direction. Traitorous serpent. Heard the lady snake charmer's melodic voice and jumped to get her attention.

Chris rose reluctantly and began to pace the playroom. I took my first look around. The padded bench was only a few feet away in a large room, the walls covered with a light-colored paneling. The floor was done in a hard slate tile, but the thick mattress I sat on cushioned my behind.

All in all, there wasn't much to the room. A few bolts in the ceiling, walls and floor for restraining subs. The bench was the only piece of furniture. A shiver raced through my body when I noticed the cart full of toys, including Chris' fuck machine. I wondered if we'd been in this same room the entire night.

We all glanced up at a speaker mounted high on the wall when the chimes sounded again.

"Fifteen minutes," Chris grumbled, his hand going for his hair again.

Marissa leaned forward and threaded her fingers through mine.

"I realize you don't know me, Sebastian, but I feel as if I know you. I've listened to Chris talk about you on many occasions. He cares deeply for you and was troubled by having to let you go-"

"He didn't have to," I interrupted.

"Yes he did. He tried to convince you that you were a sub, but the truth is, he was uncertain. And he saw the turmoil you went through trying to force yourself into a role that wasn't all you needed. No matter how much he wanted to keep you, he had to let you go. You needed space to figure out who you are before the two of you could have anything truly meaningful.

"I understand the agony you've gone through. You've never felt like you belong anywhere. At times you enjoy being submissive, giving up responsibility and letting someone else take control. Other times you feel dominant, longing to have a partner who gives you the power to ensure their pleasure. You enjoy BDSM play, but don't fit into a nice, neat little niche."

Holy crap. I felt as if she looked into my heart and soul, saw the real me. The man no one else understood or cared to see. Marissa understood because she'd been through the same heartache and confusion.

"Chris and I met a few months ago at a social for the group. Neither one of us is too involved in their extreme play. It's the rare event like this one that draws our interest, when we can play in our own way. We clicked immediately but aren't able to complete each other. Chris is all Dom. During the times I want to take control, he isn't able to

accommodate my needs. Just like he wasn't able to be the sub to your Dom side. But I can!

"We've been looking for a third since we met. Mistakenly at first, we searched for a submissive, but it never worked and we were left unfulfilled. We were blessed when you answered the ad. Being with you...it all makes sense. What we need is another switch. Someone who can challenge and satisfy both of our needs, as we can yours. What we need is you, Sebastian. And you need us."

It was amazing listening to her. Marissa understood. Really got me in ways no one else did. But I still wasn't clear on what they were asking. And I wasn't too keen on opening myself up to the kind of pain Chris was capable of inflicting.

"So what are you asking me? You two get together a few times a week and want me to be a plaything?"

She squeezed my hand and sharpened her voice, pulling my focus back to her.

"Not a toy. We want a partner. You will have equal say in our relationship. We don't live the lifestyle twenty-four/seven. It's something we reserve for the bedroom. Other times we go to dinner and the movies just like any other couple, on equal terms. We both maintain our jobs, homes and lives. One day we hope to move forward. Maybe we will choose to live together. Right now things are casual but perhaps marriage will become a factor at some point. Those things are all down the road and reliant upon finding a third partner who will bring us fulfillment we can't reach alone."

Chris stopped pacing and squatted next to Marissa again as the final chimes rang and the lights brightened, anxiety carving deep lines in his brow.

"We have to put the gag and mask back on before they come."

All I could do was nod. I was speechless.

Marissa helped him secure first the gag, then lower the hood over my eyes. I hated it, wanted to fight against being put into the position of a slave again, but I also welcomed the loss of speech and sight. It kept me from responding to the pleading in their voices and the hope in their eyes.

"Bash, I love you. Always have. Marissa and I both think you are exactly what we need. Please give us a chance."

"I know you'll need time to think this through." Marissa said. "Meet us in one week, eight o'clock Saturday night, at Portabella Café on the square."

She took my hand again, lifting it to those beautiful lips, and brushed the sweetest kiss across my knuckles. The rest of her words were rushed as the sounds of a key being fitted into the door intruded on the moment.

It was a lot to think about. My mind had yet to process my experiences from the night, along with my discoveries about myself. One thing was clear—I was not a slave. The rest would all have to be sorted out.

"Even if the answer is no, meet us for dinner, Sebastian. Please! You won't regret it."

## **Chapter Six**

The roofers had started banging and slinging roofing materials and nails first thing Wednesday morning. Peace and quiet were part of what drew me to my small cottage set back from the road off by itself. That was a thing of the past. By Thursday I had a constant headache. Of course, continually rehashing the events of Saturday night wasn't helping much either. The more I thought about Chris, Marissa and my night as a slave, the more confused I became.

Having the money to fix the roof wasn't all our night had been about. No matter how I'd tried to justify replying to the ad, I had not sold my body for money. That wasn't me. The justification was more about hiding the true reasons from myself—my need to figure out who I really am—Dom or sub.

Had Chris been wrong in his belief that I am a sub? And if so, how was I supposed to give credence to his new conviction of me being a switch? It was a foreign concept.

Marissa had understood. When she talked about being a switch, it was as if she'd taken a good, long look inside me, discovering all my secrets. But she didn't know me. We'd only shared a few hours together.

I learned so much in those precious hours. First and foremost, it is essential a submissive's trust in his or her dominant partner be absolute. My constant state of panic and fear revealed the vital importance of the rather simple word. To trust is to rely on the integrity, strength and ability of a person or thing. To place your confidence and expectations with someone else. Handing over the responsibility for your wellbeing, care and sexual gratification to another requires a huge leap of faith. I worried that my trust in Chris and Marissa was misplaced.

Another thing I learned was that power exchange went hand in hand with trust. The submissive willingly trades personal autonomy in exchange for the Dom's agreement to take responsibility. I thought again about who really had the true power and strength in such a relationship.

For about the millionth time, I wondered where I fit in. The submissive role didn't feel right, but neither did that of a Dominant. Maybe I was able to move back and forth between the two opposing roles.

Then again, maybe I didn't belong in this world at all. I wasn't real comfortable in either a position of control or one where someone else had the control. BDSM was what I wanted—but where did I belong? The further I searched within my heart and mind, pushing past prior experiences and presumptions, the more confused I became. My gut instinct said I was more of a casual player than a lifestyler.

I decided the experience needed to be tailored to fit my personality and desires for it to be satisfying. My idea of what constitutes a Dominant and submissive were realigning to better mesh with my personal needs. It was possible I didn't belong in any neatly packaged classification.

No matter what, I had to stop trying to be someone else, stop playing a role, if I ever wanted to find true happiness in my life.

Deciding it would be prudent to talk with some switches, I went in search of the elusive creatures online. I met one man in a chat room who was very willing to discuss the issue with me.

Many in the BDSM world view a switch with the same derision that might greet someone stating they are bisexual in certain areas of the gay community, he told me. The two concepts were actually very similar. A bisexual has strong yearnings for both sexes the same way a switch has cravings for being both a top and a bottom.

It made perfect sense. And since I desired both men and women, wouldn't it follow that at different times I'd want to take a dominant role, while at others I'd want to be submissive?

He warned that some would claim anyone who can switch roles is just playing at BDSM and doesn't understand dominance or submission. *Individuals are capable of a wide* 

range of experiences and responses, and some may wish to experience BDSM from more than one perspective, he stressed.

I also talked with a woman who told me she battled against her needs for many years before accepting the duality of her nature. When she finally tried switching roles, she found herself.

Experiencing BDSM from both ends of the spectrum gave me a better understanding and appreciation for the strength required of each role, she claimed. Being familiar with the psychological aspects of both gave me a better grasp of the dynamics of a power exchange, making me excel in both types of play. Better than the person who is familiar with only one part, in her opinion.

Yet another switch told me dominant and submissive are two facets of the same whole. I really related to what she said. We're all different and have diverse ways of reacting. Our emotions and beliefs are made up of intricate layers. While one situation can bring out strong dominant traits, another may spark innate submissive tendencies. The trick is finding the balance that works for you and not allowing the role you take on to become your identity.

You'll come across people in the scene who feel it's impossible to switch because their sense of who they are is totally wrapped up in their role as a dominant or submissive. The idea of switching threatens who they are the same way the suggestion of being bi distresses others.

It was interesting for another person to mention bisexuality in conjunction with switches. I was beginning to see the two were flip sides of the same coin.

I had some great conversations and met a lot of people who were able to enjoy D/s from more than one perspective. They all encouraged me to think about what turns me on—giving, receiving or both. The answer to that one was easy. Both get me hot, depending on my mind-set at the time. Sometimes I want my lover to relax and let me do all the work and others I want to be the one to kick back and just feel. There really could be something to this whole concept of being a switch as it seems to be a good fit

for me. In order for any relationship I entered to work it would have to adjust to accommodate my mood.

My mind was buzzing with all the information I'd received. I was restless and sleep would not come. Late Friday night I walked over to the neighborhood bar for a few beers. Playing several games of pool helped distract me for a while.

By Saturday morning I was a live wire full of anxious energy. I put on a tank top and cutoffs then went outside to work in the yard. Soaking in the warmth of the sunny, cloudless day helped settle me. The repetitive, mindless work of pulling weeds allowed me to focus my thoughts.

While not a hardcore BDSM fan, I did prefer the excitement it held over plain vanilla sex. Being charged with ensuring a lover's pleasure turned me on as much as letting another provide for my satisfaction. Each held equal appeal.

Perhaps the most important factor in my decision was Chris and Marissa themselves. Being away from them was hell. Having connected with Chris again after several months apart, I found myself thinking of him constantly. Add in the very beautiful Marissa, and the deal got even sweeter. The chance to enter into a relationship with the two of them was an irresistible pull. The fact that they wanted an exclusive yet casual alliance was the icing on the cake.

In reality, the decision had already been made when the offer was put on the table. There was no way I was going to pass up such perfect temptation. It was an opportunity to find myself while indulging in hot sex with two gorgeous lovers. The only drawback I detected was the potential heartbreak. I didn't know if I was capable of watching Chris walk away again.

Maybe this time things would be different and Marissa was the glue we needed to cement our bond. There was one sure way to find out. It was a huge gamble, but the potential payoff was worth taking a chance on.

My resolve to join them didn't last long. Doubts plagued me as I paced the sidewalk outside the café. I was about to walk in the place to face my former lover wearing my

heart on my sleeve. It was bold and stupid and inevitable. As impossible as it felt to open the door, it was just as difficult to turn away.

I was fifteen minutes late, but I knew they hadn't left. At least not through the front door. They would have had to walk right by me. I hoped they'd arrived early since I hadn't seen them enter the restaurant.

Taking a deep breath, I grabbed the door handle and charged inside before self-doubt took control. A wave of noise hit me when I passed through the entryway. The thick crowd and dim lighting made it difficult to spot them, making me worry. The place was your typical combination bar and restaurant, filled with people there to blow off some steam over the weekend.

I made my way toward the back, anxiously scanning the crowd of couples and families. I saw a woman with dark brown curls standing in the corner. My heart stuttered then beat triple time until she turned her head. Then the adrenaline coursing through my blood stream took a severe crash. It wasn't her.

Rocking up onto my toes, I peered over the crowd surrounding the bar. When my eyes locked on to Chris', my heart lodged in my throat and my hand reflexively shot up to cover the lump. The tender reassurance and acceptance in his blue gaze hit me from across the room, drawing me to his side.

He stood to meet me, wrapping me in a fierce embrace. Warm breath tickled my ear as he whispered, "I'm so glad you came."

Before I had a chance to recover, Marissa was there joining in the hug, enfolding us in her warm arms. "We missed you so much, Sebastian."

Tears of joy formed at the corners of my eyes. Their easy, unconditional acceptance was a precious gift. Their honest affection and delight in holding me close felt like coming home.

Marissa was the first to pull back. She wiped at my eyes with a cloth napkin and urged me into the center of the circular booth. When the two of them moved in on either side of me, I was surrounded by an intense wall of warmth.

I couldn't help but wonder if this is what it felt like to have a family. Since I'd never really had one, I didn't know.

They were very attentive and interested in my week and how I'd reached the decision to give their triad proposal a try. There was no pressure. Marissa and Chris joked and chatted about everything and anything. As the hours passed, I began to relax and found confidence in my decision. Being with the two of them felt right.

It also made me hornier than hell.

Chris' hand teased my thigh beneath the table, his touch ranging from a gentle brush of fingertips to firm squeezes. Marissa, I found out, was a very touchy person. She would stroke my arm, the nape of my neck and over my chest without even realizing she was doing so.

Growing bold as my desire rose, I slowly pulled her skirt up her legs. My fingers traced intricate patterns over smooth skin. When she spread her legs in invitation, I was delighted to discover the lack of panties and the slick heat of her arousal.

My dominant side surged to the forefront as I remembered her addictive taste. Leaning closer, I nuzzled her ear, taking a deep whiff of the light floral scent. "Stick your fingers in your pussy," I ordered. "Get them nice and wet. Then I want you to feed me your sweet cream."

She whimpered but did as she was told, her fingers tangling with mine then plunging into her body. She revealed a touch of shyness, glancing around to make sure she wasn't being observed, before lifting her hand above the concealment of the tablecloth.

I didn't open my mouth right away, mesmerized by the slick juices coating her fingers and the musky scent making my nostrils flare. Finally, no longer able to resist, I opened, sucking and swirling my tongue around her fingers, lapping up every delicious drop. She tasted even better than I remembered.

Chris' deft fingers found my zipper, releasing my cock from the confining denim. His strong hand felt good wrapped around my dick, exerting the perfect amount of pressure with long strokes. On each upstroke, his thumb slid over the crown, spreading my pre-cum.

My own hand delved back between Marissa's thighs and I thrust two fingers into the tight clench of her pussy. God, I wanted to be inside her so bad.

Chris leaned around me, making sure Marissa could hear him. "Let's get out of here. I want to suck on this big cock while Bash eats you and you go down on me."

The vivid images that popped into my head almost made me come. Realizing how close I was, Chris gripped the base of my shaft hard, pressing his thumb over a spot that prevented my spunk from escaping. With the thumb and forefinger of his other hand, he grasped the top of my sac and pulled down, effectively forestalling my climax.

Damn, it was going to be an incredible night. I was sure we'd go to Chris' house and visit the well-equipped playroom he'd built in the basement. The very room where I'd learned to crave bondage, Dominance and submission.

Tremors ran through Marissa's body and strong pelvic muscles clamped down on my fingers in an attempt to hold me inside. I didn't blame her. The thought of stopping held no appeal until I considered her body restrained to the St. Andrew's Cross, held spread open for whatever stimulation I chose to provide. Or better yet...

"Mmm...do you have a two-headed dildo for that fuck machine, Chris?" The gravelly quality of my voice wasn't surprising considering how worked up I felt.

"Oh hell yeah. Both jelly cocks are long and thick. Marissa enjoys having a big shaft ream her ass, don't you, baby?"

She was past the ability to speak and merely whimpered in response, sealing the deal.

The rush from public sex and awareness of possible discovery was driving me insane. If we didn't get out of the café soon, I'd be using my napkin to mop up a pool of cum off my belly.

"Let's go," I growled, zipped up my pants, then offered support to Marissa who appeared as shaky as I felt.

To say I was startled by the kiss she laid on me was a serious understatement. Normally, kissing doesn't do much for me. It's way too intimate and swapping spit is not my thing, but this... This was amazing.

Since she's about five inches shorter than my six-foot height, she had to push up onto her toes. Her hands speared through my hair, pulling my lips down to meet hers. It started as a butterfly-light brush, but then her tongue traced the seam of my lips and opened me up to a stunning sensuality I'd never imagined.

Our tongues twirled, teased and tasted. She tickled the roof of my mouth and tingles ran all the way down to my nipples. She cast a spell on me, melting away everything and everyone else as my mouth was devoured by the lips of an angel.

We remained locked together until Chris moved in close behind her, trapping Marissa between us, intruding on the almost spiritual moment. "We need to take this somewhere private." His voice was husky, filled with a need echoed in my throbbing cock. I longed to share a kiss with him too, but not in the restaurant. If we didn't leave soon the other diners were going to get quite a show.

"Now! We need to go now."

To hell with the fuck machine. This was a special night, the start of a new journey, deserving of being commemorated by something new. Just the thought of Marissa's sweet body sandwiched between our much harder ones had me so hot my shirt stuck to my torso.

# **Chapter Seven**

We piled into the SUV, Marissa and I in the back. Poor Chris was stuck driving, trying to focus on the road instead of the rearview mirror. My center of attention zeroed in on Marissa. Her sweet and tangy taste had haunted me during the past week and I'd been dying for a glimpse of her hairless muff.

"You have a flashlight in here, Chris?" The question was rhetorical. We'd been together several months and I knew damn good and well he wouldn't drive a car without first making sure it had certain safety equipment.

"Yeah."

He reached into the center console and produced one of those flexible lights. Perfect.

With her seatbelt still locked in place, I put Marissa's back to the door, locking it in case the latch got pulled. She watched me from beneath lush eyelashes as I positioned her. The leg pressing against the seatback was bent at both the hip and knee, her ankle hooked over the top. The other leg was spread wide and I propped her foot against Chris' headrest.

"When we get to the playroom, both of us are going to fill this delightful body, Marissa." My eyes snapped to the mirror, taking in the lustful blue gaze watching every move. "Have you ever had two real cocks penetrating you?"

She shook her head. "I've only experienced dual penetration with toys. I never found two men I wanted to share me before now. I held back, waited for the two of you." I wanted to throw my fist in the air, yelling out a triumphant *yes!* 

"We'll have to rectify that oversight later. Right now though, I'm going to play with your pretty pussy."

Wrapping the flexible flashlight around her thigh, I fiddled with it until the beam shone on her glistening folds. She was wet and quivering with need, but not for long.

"Damn, honey." The smooth skin of her outer lips was a creamy white, but upon separating her folds I found delicate salmon-pink layers. "Your pussy is beautiful—a ripe, wet paradise."

And I was powerless to resist.

Making myself comfy, I settled in for a lingering visit. By the time we reached the house, she had orgasmed repeatedly on my tongue and fingers.

Marissa being submissive to Chris and me could easily become an obsession. It was as good as, if not better than the night the two of them had been dominant with me. The three of us were stripping as we moved through the house, leaving a trail of clothing all the way to the playroom. My memories of the decadent room of hedonistic pleasure made me shiver with eagerness.

While there were a few new pieces of furniture, the room was just as I remembered. Not at all like the typical BDSM dungeon, the playroom was light and airy. The blue carpeting was plush and the walls were painted a rich shade of cream. Subdued lighting afforded a clear view of what was happening. Damn, I couldn't wait to get started.

There was desperation in Chris' stormy eyes. Mine were probably equally wild, reflective of the primal urges racing through me.

"Heads or tails?" I joked.

"You want to flip for it?" Chris asked.

"I don't care which end I get as long as I get in somewhere soon!"

Chris turned to Marissa. "What do you want, baby?"

Her eyes glazed over, but she didn't take long to consider the dynamics before answering.

"I want Bash in my pussy and you in my ass, Sir."

Oh hell yes. Sounded wonderful to me. Of course, Chris had to add his own twist to things.

"Okay, baby. Let's get you into the harness."

He took her hand and walked Marissa over to a series of leather straps with Velcro closures suspended from the ceiling on a motorized system of cables. Chris positioned her arms over her head with her hands gripping the bonds. Her legs were bent at the hip and extended wide apart with a thick band around her waist securing her in an upright pose. Then, using a remote control, he lifted her to the perfect height.

"That's some wicked shit," I said, truly amazed by his newest toy.

"Had it installed last month. Any body arrangement you can imagine is achievable with this little wonder."

"Bet it cost you a fortune."

"You don't even want to know," he said with a groan.

Gazing around the room, I wondered if there was a bondage implement in existence he didn't have.

"Umm, guys... Don't leave me hanging!"

Marissa's breathless whimper dissolved any thought other than pumping my cock into the hot clench of her body.

God she was gorgeous. With her arms raised, her full breasts were lifted, crowned by dark-red nipples that made me think of ripe berries. Tonight, her chestnut curls were unfettered, flowing over abundant curves.

Her head fell back and she writhed as Chris prepared her backdoor, stretching the narrow hole with lubed fingers. Whatever he was doing back there must have felt good. I watched her exposed pussy with wonder, able to see the muscles surrounding her entrance flutter and clench. A fresh wave of juices slid down her slit, making my cock jerk.

Just like a miniature penis poking out from under its foreskin, her clit lengthened, pushing past its protective hood. The tiny head seemed to beat with her rapid pulse, tempting me to touch it. Trailing a finger over her outer lips, I gathered some of her cream and circled her clit. She gasped, arching her back, setting her body into a gentle swaying motion.

"Chris," I grumbled. "Hurry the fuck up. I'm not gonna last."

"Almost there." His gaze remained locked on the spot where his fingers disappeared into her body. "Chrissakes! Her pucker is sucking at three of my fingers, drawing them in deeper."

Okay, that was it. Everyone has limits and I'd reached mine. Marissa's orgasmic expression and writhing body, combined with Chris' gravelly tone and words were killing me. Grasping the straps at her thighs, I moved in between, placing my crown at the edge of her needy entrance. With one firm pull, she swung forward, impaling me to the root.

She was so fucking hot and tight. As I drove into her body, Chris' fingers dragged along the thin tissues separating the two channels, inadvertently stroking my cock.

"Hey!" His voice was indignant. "Don't get all grabby and greedy. We're supposed to be sharing."

"Chris," I snarled. "Stop playing around and get in here. Marissa is ready. We're both ready."

His next comment was spoken under his breath, but I heard it anyway.

"Like him better as a sub."

In other circumstances, I would have laughed, but not with the walls of Marissa's pussy quivering around my cock, engulfing me in her heat. I found myself in uncharted territory, wanting things that had been too personal before. Most significantly her kiss. I had to have more of her beautiful mouth.

Holding her close with one strap, my other hand grasped the nape of her neck, drawing those cotton candy lips to mine. Incredible. Marissa taught me how she favored being kissed. Using my lips, teeth and tongue, I worshiped at her mouth.

Her thighs quivered, pussy hugging my cock in a stranglehold as Chris pressed into her ass. With the slow, steady penetration, his cock dragged along mine.

"Aw fuck!"

I needed to move but held on for her sake. Breaking the kiss, I sucked in huge gulps of air and bit the inside of my cheek in an attempt to hold back. I waited until the warmth of Chris' balls snuggled up close to my full, heavy sac. Then all bets were off.

His hands covered mine on the straps and we worked together, rocking her back and forth. I'd pull her onto my cock, feeling Chris slide from her ass, then we'd reverse the momentum.

"Sweet Jesus. It's like fucking you both at once." Chris muttered something else, but his words were intelligible.

Marissa was lost in her own world. She whimpered, gasped and moaned with her eyes clamped tight, head rolling. By silent agreement, Chris and I picked up the pace and began fucking her harder and faster.

A wild craving arose within me for both of us to fill her as we had at first, shafting into her simultaneously and filling her with our cum at the same time. Reaching around her body, I grabbed Chris by the hips, pulling him in tight. I clasped his hands in mine and guided them to the band at her waist.

"Together," I gasped. "Lift."

He nodded and we raised her up, relying on gravity to bring her back down. It was heaven and hell, bliss and agony, all rolled into one mind-bending package. My cock was smashed against his in the tight grip of her body, our balls slapping. Each slide of her body tormented my nipples.

"Yesyesyesyessess," Marissa screamed as her body began to spasm. I watched her face contort, seeing her pleasure for the first time as her expression morphed from passion to euphoria and finally complete satiation. Unable to suppress the seed rising from my balls, I threw back my head and roared. Chris and I erupted within seconds of each other. The sensation of his powerful cock jerking and spurting alongside mine brought me to my knees, literally.

My arms and legs gave out and I fell to the floor, the plush carpeting failing to cushion my hard landing. Chris wasn't far behind. We lay there in a tangle on the floor struggling just to breathe. Marissa hung lax above us, white trails of cum dripping from her pussy and ass, mingling together.

Damn if that wasn't the most exquisite thing I'd ever seen.

## **Chapter Eight**

Strolling the aisles of a discrete bondage-gear store, I sported a grin so huge my cheeks hurt. Over the past four months, I had turned into a total sap and damn if it didn't feel great.

Chris and Marissa had been very patient, allowing me to set a pace I was comfortable with. They stopped joining in the group's activities in favor of having quality time, just the three of us. Now I wanted to do something special for them.

After the roof repairs were completed, I had money left over from my night as a slave. Showering my lovers with presents sounded like a damn good idea to me.

Marissa had a penchant for leather outfits. I spent a small fortune on thongs, dresses, corsets, high heels and boots. I also bought a variety of nipple and clit jewelry to adorn her beautiful body.

Chris had talked about playing with a set of urethral sounds, but I was not buying him those. Sounds were made for medical procedures to dilate the urethra. Some subs may go for medical play, but not me. I found nothing sexy about a practice that was dangerous and could tear up my dick or give me an infection. The penis plugs were bad enough, but having ten or more inches of steel splitting my cock in half held no attraction for me. Quite the opposite, it scared the shit out of me. I wasn't even going there.

The violet wand on his wish list was another story. While I didn't share his enthusiasm for electrical play, I couldn't deny how wonderful he made each experience. The kit I bought came with several attachments, one of which was a Wartenberg pinwheel. Marissa had extolled the joys of the device, but I was shocked to see the thing up close. It was a stainless steel handle with a rotating wheel on the end containing wickedly sharp spikes. The salesman told me rolling it over the skin was great during

sensory play and would provide a prickly, pins-and-needles sensation. He offered to demonstrate its use, but I declined.

While I was at it, I purchased a book on Shibari, the Japanese rope art. The aesthetic splendor of intricate ties on a soft body, the eroticism of rope restricting her movement, I could picture Marissa in one of the elaborate designs. The salesman gave me a brochure for a studio in Tampa that held Shibari workshops. If Chris was interested, I'd sign us both up for the next available class.

After a brief stop at home to wrap the gifts, I went grocery shopping and headed over to Chris' house. The two-story Tudor home was elegant and stately, suiting the business executive well. Chris enjoyed the finer things in life. Thanks to an inheritance from his grandfather, along with a good salary, he was able to live comfortably.

Although he hadn't asked us to move in, he had given both Marissa and me keys to his place a few weeks ago. This was the first time I used mine. It felt strange doing so since he had no idea I had taken the day off from work and was planning a romantic evening. I'd told Marissa what time to meet us at Chris', but not what I was up to. Her curious lawyer's mind would stew over the possibilities and bring her to a high level of sexual anticipation.

The second key on the ring opened the door to his playroom. Even though the space was filled with erotic toys and furniture, it had an empty feel to it without my lovers there. Still, the smell of leather, coupled with the sight of all the various restraints gave me a major hard-on. I didn't take time to linger, though. After leaving the presents, I relocked the room and went into the large, state-of-the-art kitchen.

The walls were a sunny shade of yellow, the cabinets a blond wood, and white curtains hung over the window with a view into the landscaped backyard. The overall effect gave the feeling of being in a warm country kitchen.

Thankfully, I'd been smart enough to choose a simple menu. By now I was on an adrenaline high, which gave me a severe case of the shakes. After putting the ziti in the oven to bake, I prepared an antipasto salad and set up the garlic bread on a baking tray.

I didn't have the balls to set the table with the china on display in the huge mahogany hutch in the formal dining room, going instead for the everyday stuff in the kitchen cabinet. I wound up going on the internet to figure out the proper arrangement of silverware since it was a detail I'd never paid much attention to. The one liberty I did take, other than invading his home, was to use the sterling silver candlesticks. After lighting the candles, I surveyed the results, pleased with my work.

The sudden, shrill bleating of the oven timer in the quiet house almost gave me a heart attack. I raced into the kitchen, checked the ziti and turned the top oven on low. I placed the bread in the pre-heated bottom oven and set the timer.

If I remained so on edge, I'd ruin everything. A quick hand job would relieve the pressure. In the dining room, I unbuttoned my shirt and removed it, hanging it over a high-backed chair. My cock throbbed as I opened my tight leather pants, pushed them over my ass and sank down lower in the chair. Cum already leaked from my slit, rolling over the head and down my shaft. This wouldn't take long. I was hot, on edge and close. I took a firm grip and pumped. Damn, my fist felt good. The calloused skin rasping my sensitive shaft, and my fingers gripping tightly. Oh yeah!

As I looked out over the table, I got a wicked idea. Marissa had introduced me to hot wax. I loved it when she dripped it over my dick then used her hand, working me over with a burning friction.

The first drops to land on my cockhead made me hiss. I swelled even bigger from the heat and sensual jolt of pain. Several long trails of white wax drew a sharp contrast against my reddened shaft and balls by the time I was ready to get serious. Setting the candle back in its place on the table, I wrapped my fist around my cock, coming close to screaming from the intense burning sensations.

My head landed with a loud thud against the chair when I threw it back and began to pump my cock. With each stroke, I thrust my hips up into the motion. God, it was a meeting of pleasure and pain, driving my mind to that hard-to-reach place where the world blurred and I became a series of raw, exposed nerve endings. I panted, straining to cross the plateau but needed something more.

I licked the thumb and first finger of my other hand then began to pinch and roll my nipple. An electric zing shot from the small bud straight down to my balls, triggering a powerful release that went on forever and felt like it came just short of blowing the head of my dick off. Hot ropes of white seed splattered over my abdomen and chest as I collapsed. It took several moments for the ringing in my ears to subside so I could hear the sharp sound of applause.

Lacking any strength or coordination, I tried to hold my heavy head upright but my chin hit my chest. I glanced over the length of the table to find Chris clapping his fool head off. Marissa just stood there licking her lips. Damn, how I must look all sweaty and sated with pearly splashes of semen decorating my body.

"Would someone please go check on dinner? I don't think I can move." Even my words came out weak and sated.

The house was quiet for several minutes before Chris finally spoke.

"You've been a very bad boy, Bash. I do believe you've earned a punishment. What do you think, Marissa?"

It still amazed me how adept they'd both become at detecting my mood and needs. The same was true for Marissa. Chris and I easily read her state of mind and preferences. We'd all become highly attuned to one another.

"Yes our sinful boy definitely needs a punishment for coming without permission."

"Let's go, Bash. Leave your clothes here."

"But what about dinner," I complained without any true objection.

"Bash!"

*SMACK!* Marissa hit the table with the crop she held. I glanced at the red suede end, fashioned into a rose. For a split-second I recalled the way a lash from her crop sent fire racing through me, then my eyes snapped to hers.

"Chris gave you explicit, direct orders. Do you really want to question him?"

"No, Mistress." Lowering my eyes in a show of subjugation, I removed the rest of my clothing and followed them down to the playroom, confident Marissa had turned the temperature down on the food so it wouldn't be ruined.

"Do you know why you're being punished?" Chris asked as they bound me to the spanking bench.

"Yes, Sir. Masturbating without permission and talking back."

"What's this, Chris?" Marissa fingered the shiny gold-foil wrapping and bow on one of the boxes.

He glanced over to where she stood before an antique mahogany table. "I have no idea." His gaze turned back to me. "Perhaps Bash has been up to more than we realized. Attempting to distract us with presents?" One brow arched high as he watched my expression.

"No, Sir. I-I wanted..."

The gifts were supposed to express feelings I wasn't quite ready to speak aloud. To let them know how deeply I cared. How much they both meant to me.

"You wanted what, Bash?" Marissa's tone was patient and soft.

If my hands were free, I would have rubbed them over my face. Being restrained to the table prevented me from hiding. Clearing my throat, I made another attempt at articulating how I felt.

"I, um, wanted to do something. For both of you. A thank you for...everything. To let you know..."

God, there was a distinct tremor in my voice. It sounded weak. Why was it so hard to say a few simple words without my throat closing up? So what if I'd never said or felt it before? This shouldn't be so difficult now.

"Bash!" Chris' tone was firm, even a bit stern. "Spit it out. Now. You will not hold yourself back from us!"

The command in his words finally did the trick, loosening my tongue and giving me the confidence to just say it.

"I wanted to show you both how much I love you."

Dropping my gaze, I studied the texture and color of the rich blue carpeting until two hands cupped my face. A hard masculine touch on one side, and a tender feminine caress on the other. Together, they lifted my chin, forcing me to meet her eyes.

"Say it again," Marissa implored. The gold flecks in her eyes twinkled with happiness and affection.

"I-I love you. Both of you...so much."

"Oh, Bash!" A single tear slid down her cheek and I longed to wipe it away.

Chris dropped down to his knees. After wiping away Marissa's tear, he took my face in both hands, staring into my eyes for a long moment as if judging the sincerity of my declaration. His voice was husky and thick with emotion when he spoke.

"I've waited so long, Bash. Damn you. Don't you hold back from us again. I love you too."

He leaned forward and took my mouth in a fierce kiss of possession. It was a primal mating of lips, clash of teeth and dueling of tongues that took my breath away.

"Hey," Marissa complained. "I love you guys too and I want some of that."

She pushed her way into what became a consuming three-way kiss and breathing no longer mattered. A fine coat of sweat broke out over my skin and I was swamped under a heavy cloak of longing. My balls were heavy and full, my cock hard as a metal spike. Nobody had touched me below the neck, but I was ready to come again merely from their passionate enthusiasm, along with their pronouncements of love.

The kiss lasted a long time before Chris pulled back. "First your punishment, then dinner. We'll open presents later."

Sounded good to me. Marissa must have been in agreement because she didn't mutter a word as she rose and picked up the crop. Chris moved to his cabinet of whips,

paddles and floggers. I strained to see what he was doing, but Marissa was quick to distract me with the practiced snap of the crop against my hip.

At first there was nothing. The sting built slowly, followed by the rapid accumulation of heat. My ears picked up the swish of a horsehair flogger before the sensation of a coarse thud warmed my ass. In quick succession, Chris landed several strikes. When he struck with the tips, the sharp sting felt like I'd sat on a fucking cactus.

When he paused, Marissa's slender hands slid over my abused flesh, spreading the burning sensation through my pelvis. Pre-cum leaked from my slit and rolled along the head of my cock. Chris hummed as he selected another toy from his cabinet, damn him. The anticipation was killing me, but thankfully I didn't have to wait long.

He was well aware of how stimulation to my balls and prostate affected me and had gone out of his way to find special toys for me. Just the sight of the purple one he selected caused a huge spike in my heart rate.

There were two stretchable rubber rings in a figure-eight shape. One ring would be fitted around the base of my cock, and the other would go around my balls. Beneath the second ring was a bullet that would sit against my perineum, vibrating against my prostate from the outside. Attached to the end was a slender jelly appendage that would penetrate my ass to stimulate my prostate from the inside.

From past experience with the toy, I knew how intense this was going to be. It was more of a reward than punishment, but if I climaxed before Chris granted permission, another punishment would follow.

After strapping the device into place, Chris set the vibrations using a remote control and dragged a piece of bondage furniture I called "the trap" over in front of me. Then he turned his attention to Marissa.

"Come here, baby."

She went eagerly to lie back on the padded block with her ass hanging off the end and lifted her legs. Chris slid a stockade type of bar over her thighs and past her knees, locking it into place on wide bars at the end of the block. It held her legs spread and angled toward her head. Another bar with a half-circle cut-out clicked into position over her neck. Her hands were shackled next to her head.

The trap held Marissa with her ass and pussy open and vulnerable for whatever Chris wanted. The set of butt plugs he withdrew from a drawer made me gasp. Holy shit! She enjoyed having her ass reamed, but the biggest one was downright scary. It consisted of three mushroom-shaped bulbs of increasing girth, the largest about three inches wide. It was about ten inches long.

Her eyes widened at my sharp intake of breath, but she couldn't see what Chris held. I tried to offer reassurance with my expression, but the vibrations in the toy increased, distracting me from her situation.

Watching their activities took second place in my mind, but I did keep an eye on things as Chris started stretching Marissa with a medium-sized plug. Each plug he inserted after that was larger as he worked his way up to the big monster. When he had the biggest protrusion seated within her ass, she moaned and sobbed incoherently. My body tensed from imagining how tight her pussy was going to be with her ass stuffed full.

"You will not come before we do, Bash. Understand?"

Unable to respond to Chris' instructions, I nodded then groaned as he turned the vibrations higher. The damn probe vibrating against my P-spot was a mixture of pleasure and agony. My cock was so hard and filled with blood it pulsed with every frantic beat of my heart.

Marissa cried out when Chris slammed his cock into her pussy in one hard thrust. They were at an angle to me, and I could see with every thrust that his pelvis rocked against the base of the plug. She was delirious with pleasure from the dual penetration and I lost count of how many times she orgasmed.

Fuck, there was no way I'd be able to hold off much longer. Between their cries of ecstasy, the wet slapping of bodies and the multiple points of stimulation to my own body, I was ready to explode.

Watching my lovers fuck and not being permitted to come was torture. They were gorgeous in their pleasure. Marissa's creamy skin was flushed a pretty shade of pink, her eyes clamped shut, head thrashing from side to side—the only movement she was able to achieve. Chris' head was thrown back and thick tendons stood out along his neck as he pounded into her without mercy.

My cum began to rise in my cock, the band at the base no longer able to prevent me from coming. It would earn me another punishment but I didn't care. There was no stopping my impending climax.

"Come, Bash. Come with me."

Oh thank God! The command was issued a split-second before endless spurts of cum blasted in an arc over the plastic mat beneath the bench, hitting with a definitive splat.

Damn, my life is good. Having two lovers devoted to me, both capable of tripping my switch and catering to my needs. I didn't know what the future held for our unconventional triangle, but I was certain it would be one wild, fun-filled adventure and I didn't intend to miss a single moment.

#### About the Author

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be readily found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach while sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book. All those delicious romances combined with a vivid imagination naturally created steamy fantasies and characters in her mind.

Discovering Ellora's Cave paved the path to freeing them as well as manifesting an intoxicating passion for Romantica®. The positive response of family and friends to her stories propelled Nicole into an incredible world where fantasy comes boldly to life. Now she stays busy working as a certified CT scan technologist, finishing her third college degree, reading, writing, and keeping up with family. Oh yeah, and did we mention all the hard work involved with research? Well, that's the fun job—certainly a labor of love.

Nicole welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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