



Loose Id

CUPID
SHOOTS,
SHE SCORES

CYNNARA TREGARTH

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Dedication

To Nik -- One of my best friends, and someone worthy of having the love of two men. I figure I owe you; it's why you got two males instead of one. Don't think I do this for just anyone. Thank you for being there for me. Without you and Shar -- I don't know how I'd have survived this past year.

To Lena Austin -- Because you helped me when I was stuck in the hospital and let me ramble for hours. Thank you for your friendship and your mentoring. This world came about because you believed in me and my dream. Thank you!

To Sinjin- Always have you been at my side, supporting my writing and helping to work out the kinks. You've been a blessing to me, and I appreciate you more each day. Thank you!

To Mom -- It's been a year, and I still miss you. I miss my cheerleader. But more than that, I miss the things we shared and the traditions you started. I love you, Mom. Give the others in Summerland a royal salute if they bug you about watching over us all.

A special thanks to Maroon 5 and Justin Timberlake -- You guys make the best sex soundtrack for me. Really, you truly do. Thank you for giving me music to write by.

Chapter One

February 12, 2112

*13 Baktun, 5 Katun, 0 Tun, 10 unial, 11 kin, 10 Chuen, 19 Kayab, G4 Lord of the Night
-- the New Mayan Calendar*

“Why is a rabbit vibrator hanging over my cubicle? Christmas is well past, is it not?” Trina Edwards asked her two personal assistants, the dark-haired, exotic-looking Ronin Traynor and his lover, the sandy blond-haired Jake Demaide. “I’m not amused; I really am not, even though it’s a lovely purple one.” Although she enjoyed working at Plotted Porn Productions, known worldwide as P3, there were times when the sexual aspects could get a bit overwhelming. Yet working here was a great way to make the best use of her talents.

Jake smirked at Trina, which raised her hackles. She resisted the urge to strangle the blond-headed genius of tracking shipments; it wouldn’t bode well for juggling the international schedules. That alone was the only reason not to beat him unmercifully until he begged.

“Consider it a reminder. Valentine’s Day is almost here, and you promised us that you would give us something special, especially if we passed our submissive tests.”

Every time she thought she knew her assistants, something new always popped up. For the last four months, she had been working hard with them to get them ready for the exhaustive mental and physical tests that were mandatory for anyone who considered becoming a professional submissive. They had come to her over eight months ago asking her to train them, and reluctantly, she had done it. Her friendship and working relationship with them had flourished with her taking them into House Seti as her students. Jake was correct, though -- she had promised them something special for the holiday. "I agreed to do something for you both, if you passed. Which, by the way, you did -- with fantastic results," Trina informed them. "In fact, I've been asked if I'll be putting the two of you up for auction once you've been rewarded, or if I'm keeping you. I told them I hadn't made up my mind yet."

The men glanced at each other, then at her, with matching shocked yet pleased expressions on their faces. She knew they were attracted to her, but having access to some of the world's best matchmaking computers, Trina also knew within her soul that she wasn't the one for them. They were a couple that needed a third who would not only understand their bond but would also enjoy their couple play along with pleasing her. There was someone who'd come to mind, but it wasn't until a month ago that she'd thought it was even possible. Sometimes, it was good to be an übergenius in both the computer and the medical fields. Now...now she had to decide -- could she make her shits-and-giggles idea fly, or would it crash?

There was no time like the present to find out, and only one person to call, though they didn't know she knew about their fantasy mistress ideal. Trina knew that the person in question was just as into Jake and Ronin as they were into her, but there were some issues to be worked out -- one of them convincing the woman to take them on. "Ronin, call Nikita over in film production."

"Sure thing, boss lady, but are you sure you're not forgetting to pay me and Jake our due?"

His deep, slightly accented voice sent shivers down her spine. The man had a talent for arousing a woman verbally, but she wasn't the one to take advantage of that skill. Oh yeah, she wasn't forgetting a thing, though it meant more time at House Seti in her future. Too bad it wouldn't be with her guys, though honestly, she was ready to move on to new horizons.

"Oh, I'm making sure this is one Valentine's Day neither of you will forget." Trina sauntered away, leaving both men wondering what she had planned.

She headed toward the main offices in search of her sister. Glancing at the giant letters on the side of the largest building, Trina blushed slightly. Although no one these days thought badly of pornography since it'd morphed into a proponent of sexual health, sometimes it was quite embarrassing when she saw the full name of the company on the side of the main offices. But that was then, this was now, and she had to figure out how to convince her sister to take on her two assistants. Time to contact my backups to make sure I can pull this off. This just has to work. They all deserve love and happiness, especially these three.

Chapter Two

Ronin finished making the call to Nikita Edwards in film production as Jake took down the vibrator. He waited until his lover stepped off the small ladder before asking, “Why on earth would Trina call Nik?” Ronin took the vibrator and placed it carefully in its packaging. “Does she know something we don’t? Do you think that Trina knows about our fascination for her sister?”

“She can’t know that since we’ve never told her or acted that way when Nik was present. And if we don’t tell her, she couldn’t know, now could she?” Jake placed a hand on Ronin’s shoulder. He squeezed it lovingly and reassuringly. “Let’s say she does know by some means, what then? Trina isn’t the jealous type, and if we were her specific type, she’d have said something by now. Remember, she had us completely investigated and tested before taking us on as her submissives. I think she might know what kind of woman is best for us and has been thinking of how to introduce us to a new mistress, if that’s what she’s wanting for us.”

Nodding, Ronin wrapped one arm around Jake’s shoulders. “You know how I feel, Jake. I adore both of those women, so it doesn’t matter to me. Yet, on some level, there’s something about Nik that arouses me both sexually and emotionally, more so than even

Trina. Remember that outfit she wore to the Christmas party? I thought I was going to cream my pants seeing her, especially when she walked up and bent over, pretending to relace her boots.” Ronin readjusted his dick, which had become aroused at that memory. “She had to know that any man would be aroused seeing her in that black leather and white fur trim.”

“Oh gods, that outfit had me so freaking hot I wanted to come right there.” Jake grinned. “But you have to admit, though, Nik was dressed to seduce. Trina instigating the Christmas Cock contest was just too much! The fact that she got Nik involved was just icing on the Creamsicle.”

“What do you think Trina has planned?” Ronin eased himself into Jake’s arms. “Do you think we’ll get our chance to be with Nik or not?”

“Perhaps we’ll get Trina, which would be great. But honestly, lover, I have no clue,” Jake responded, placing a soft kiss on Ronin’s cheek. “But we’ll find out sometime tonight. Valentine’s Day is almost here.”

* * * * *

“So Nik, you’ve seen them, heard them -- what say you?” Trina asked, stopping the direct feed from Nik’s office, so that the kiss between the men was the only thing on the screen. To Nik, it was as if her sister was trying to make a point, one that she was well aware of. “They want you, and we both know you want them. Are you willing to take them on, and perhaps make something special with it?”

Nikita Edwards stalked around her office while debating how much to share with her sister. Finally, there was nothing else but the truth. Trina wouldn’t let it rest until it was given anyway. Damn my sister and her empathic talent. “You know I want them. More than you do. You want them happy, and you’re willing to give them to me. Why?”

Trina shrugged, her expression giving away nothing. “They’re good men, and though I’ve had time with them as a Dominant, they’re not for me. Not long-term. Plus, you’ve seen them in my dungeon. You’ve wanted them since that night around Halloween. I’m willing to

give all three of you what you want, but it's got to be this way. Are you willing to give up on happiness just because it's going through P3 channels, at least in part?"

"Hell, Trina, that is the least of my worries. I'm a descendant of one of the original owners of P3, just like you, sister mine. I don't know how they'd feel about having their contracts switched from one Domina to another. You know how the channels have to be dealt with." Nik shook her head, sighing as a loose blonde strand flung against her cheek. "Have you approached them about giving their contract to someone else? It's not fair to not warn them."

Trina flipped a small computer chip in the air, then caught it. "Yes. I discussed the nebulous idea with them over a month ago when it came up before their testing, though I never said who would receive their joint chip. I figure that you might want them to get to know you as a Dominant before revealing your true identity to them, allowing yourself a bit of time to see if it's right for you on all levels. Remember, I've never had a sexual relationship with either of them, only a true Dominant relationship. They're not my sexual type..." She paused, a smile curving her lips. "Well, not completely. But they belong to you, just as you do to them. The tests don't lie. This chip is their ownership papers, duly signed and noted that they're now yours. I did it on the way over, since I thought you might not want to let them go to another mistress."

She set the chip in Nikita's outstretched hand. "Take care of my assistants, Nik. They need you more than they need me, this I know as both their Dominant and their friend. More importantly, I think they might be just the ticket for updating that old sex-movie classic you've wanted to do. Think on that for a bit." Trina walked to the doorway and then paused. "Consider this my anniversary gift to the company, the guys, and you -- take them to the film studio for Valentine's Day. I think you all might enjoy it." Then she walked out, not once looking back.

Looking at the chip, Nikita waited a moment. She wanted this, but could she take that one last risk to be really happy? Thinking on Trina's words, she knew exactly how to decide

if it'd be worth it, and it could be just the thing for the company as well. Quickly, she typed a memo to her department and then sent a private invitation to Ronin and Jake. Perhaps this was the best way to ring in a new year in P3 and her personal life -- with a new relationship filled with love and desire.

Chapter Three

Studio 10 at P3

Nikita checked the surroundings, her earpiece keeping her in contact with the AI, Tavi, on the set. She had to admit, it was easier dealing with the AIs than with humans most times. They did as asked and offered advice only when they'd analyzed the situation. Plus, she had a great relationship with this particular AI. "Tavi, what's the ambient temperature set at? Some of the actors today are a bit concerned that if it's too cold they won't perform as well as they'd like. As if I'd let the actors freeze their asses off or something." She chuckled, continuing to measure the lights and to calculate all the positions of the cameras in relation to the soundstage.

"It's set for seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit, as you requested, Nikita. I've turned on the infrared monitors to keep track of the actors. As for your plans for Valentine's Day, you mentioned that you wanted to do a specific role-play scenario with both Ronin and Jake. Do you have their profile chips so we can maximize the experience?"

"I do." Nikita took the chip that Trina had given her and slipped it into the chip holder at the entrance of the set. "Tavi, make sure you get as much information regarding what

turns them on and off with each other as well as with a female. This has to be such an experience as to overwhelm their senses and to bring them into subspace.”

“What about the film crew, Nik? Anything you need from them?” Tavi inquired with his slight British accent. “I mean for tonight, not your special project.”

Nik tapped her chin as she walked the length of the stage and gauged the holo-fields. “We’re using the AI crew, letting the humans have fun tonight, so we should be all right. As for my project, we’ll do the same. You direct them as you see fit, Tavi.” Nik turned at the edge of the stage, her gaze fastening on a slim metallic column. “But as for the scenery in my particular scenario, why don’t we start with a lush office look, and then when I give you the cue, we’ll fade it into a traditional BDSM dungeon scene for the boys?” A chuckle came out, her body shaking slightly in amusement. “What can I say; you can take the woman out of the dungeon...”

“But you can’t take the dungeon out of the woman,” Tavi answered, his tone approving of her thought process. “I have to admit, this idea of yours would work with what I’m reading from the information provided from Mistress Trina. Both men have boss-secretary fantasies as well as being submissives. Jake is the alpha submissive, while Ronin likes to be topped by both men and women. I’ve got their baseline vitals also. The only thing I need to do is contact Trina’s personal dungeon AI for specifics of what has been done and what would shock them to make this a success.”

“Since I have signed releases from the guys to do a film for release through P3’s amateur erotica film program, what we do for Valentine’s Day will also give them a chance to really push our boundaries.” Nik smiled. “I’ve got to go pick out my outfit, and I should go to the P3 toy department. Send a list to my PDA regarding what they’re used to having done to them, so I can choose appropriately. Tonight just might be the thing to kick me out of my lethargy.”

“I heard that Trina extended an invitation to play with the guys tonight at House Seti. It should be intriguing, as you’ll be masked. If you are willing to take some advice, go talk to

Grendel in Toys. He's helped Aislynn create some new stuff for next year, so perhaps having some tryouts might just get people worked up for the latest from Aislynn's department." Tavi lit the exit for Nikita as she strode through the darkness.

"Great idea, Tavi. See you later." Nikita walked out of the studio, her mind filling with thoughts about what the evening would bring. While she walked, she sent an e-mail to her sister, requesting that the males communicate with her via e-mail and IM for a while before learning who she was on Valentine's Day.

* * * * *

Tavi waited until Nikita was out of earshot and then dialed a number in his frequent caller database. "She's heading to see Grendel and Aislynn. I think you're right, Mistress. This was way overdue for the three of them. I'll also institute the programming you had me install last week. I think we might even be able to surprise Mistress Nikita as well." He paused a moment and listened to the person on the other end. "Yes, she's excited by this, even if she acts as if she's not affected. I know she's wanting them and some of what we produce -- the happy endings."

Chapter Four

Filling the afternoon orders kept Jake and Ronin from talking too much as they shipped out the latest video releases for various online and pocket players. Finally, during their break, both men were able to check their personal mailboxes.

Waiting for them were ancient-style invitations made of heavy papyrus paper. In traditional calligraphy, both men were invited to a special Valentine's Day party where they would be playing a role in a film for P3. They looked at each other in shock and pleasure. Both men knew this was the chance of a lifetime, one they'd dreamed of together, but how had anyone known? "Who would've known of our desires? We had given up on being picked by anyone in the film department," Jake commented, his finger tracing the engraved letters of the invite.

"Anyone who has access to our records," Ronin answered, a grin curving his full lower lip. "Whoever sent this knows of our application and signed releases to be called into filming. It says we'll know more soon about what is planned for us at the party. Do we go?"

"I don't see why not, but since Trina is due back, we better ask her." Jake placed his invitation in his briefcase. Someone had taken a lot of trouble to impress him, and he was.

Definitely impressed. This didn't seem like one of Trina's usual scenes, but then again, they had to find out if they passed with honors or not from the school.

Jake and Ronin turned toward their office door just as Trina strolled in. It was time to get some information from their illustrious leader on what her plans for them were. Jake cleared his throat, capturing his lover's attention as well as Trina's, then said clearly, "Did you get an invitation to a special Valentine's Day party, Ronin?"

"Why, yes. Yes, I did. I wonder who sent it." Ronin's gaze landed on Trina. Although they knew better than to tease her when she was busy organizing the shipments for the week, it was a game they knew how to use against their boss. One she knew they used but couldn't figure out how to get around, which provided them with incentive to continue using it. They would gang up on her and confuse her with questions from one, then the other, until they got the answers they needed from her. If she knew anything, it wouldn't take them too long to know it too.

Trina shook her head at them. "It wasn't me, darlings. However, we do need to have a small talk about a few personal things, including plans for tomorrow night." Trina gestured to her private conference room. "Go now, boys. You will assume your House Seti attire inside the room. Consider that an order from your mistress, not just your supervisor."

Both men jumped up from their shared desk space, rushing into the conference room. Quickly, they removed their clothing, knowing Trina would take her time, making them wait with anticipation. Jake looked at Ronin's golden-skinned, muscular, naked body; a rush of desire flooded him, something that hadn't gone away once Trina had taken them under her wing to train them as her submissives. She'd told them there was a good reason she prevented them from having sexual intercourse with each other for the past four months. Now he hoped to know why. Perhaps it was this feeling, this sensation of remembering how he felt beneath Ronin, or how it was when he topped his lover. Either way, the need to be possessed by his lover and best friend had grown into epic proportions.

Both men knelt at the foot of the table -- hands behind their backs, heads bowed -- as the door whooshed open, allowing Trina entrance, her boots clicking on the polished marble floor. The only things either could see were the tips of her dark brown leather boots. Her voice swelled over them, her hands sliding through their hair. Jake relaxed his shoulders as his body stiffened under her ministrations. Trina always knew how to get him to let go with just a touch, but he really wanted to know more about the invitation.

Her voice dropped lower, forcing Jake to listen closely. "You are both very good boys. And tomorrow, you will be receiving your reward for all your hard work -- from me personally, though you are invaluable here at P3."

Jake's dick thickened with intense arousal at Trina's sensual tone. He knew it was deliberate, just as were her actions of touching their backs in such a light, possessive manner. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Ronin's cock reacted similarly, standing out smartly from a bed of dark curls. Her husky voice caressed a man's insides, made him think of hot, sweaty sex that left him breathless. He struggled with his thoughts, trying to remember that he was to find out more about their new mistress. "Thank you, Mistress Trina. What will happen with us?"

"Well, Jake, it's like this. I've given your joint chip to your new owner, who would like to be known as Mistress Valentine until she reveals herself. This new owner is the one who issued the invitation for the Valentine's Day party. In fact, she asked me to remind you of the releases you signed about a year ago renewing the option to be pulled as actors for one of our videos." She paused, her hands still caressing them. Jake shuddered under her soft, reassuring touch. "How do you two feel about what's going to happen?"

"Will she care for us like you do, Mistress Trina?" Ronin asked, his voice a bit shaky to Jake's ears. "I know that this is a good thing, but will she care for us as much as you have? Does she know what we need and desire?"

"From my knowledge of this mistress, she's willing to go to levels that I've not. In fact, I can almost guarantee you both that, with the help of our greatest computers, you two and

she are a complete match on all levels,” Trina commented, kneeling in front of both men. She tilted up their chins so that they looked at her. “I will miss you both, my fine submissive males, but you need more than what I can give you. She will complete you like none other. But you won’t know who she is until then. I’ve extended an invitation to her to see your graduation tomorrow night.”

“As you wish, Mistress,” both men intoned, Jake shaking and noticing his lover doing the same. Trina reached out and touched their cocks. Her hand felt so good against Jake’s cock, he trembled at her possessive, loving touch.

“My last act as your mistress is for you both to take full advantage of the spa here at P3’s resort facilities on the thirteenth. Consider it my gift to you both for doing so wonderfully on your submissive tests. Buff up, clean up, and relax with the massage therapists -- and indulge. Your outfits for tomorrow night will be brought to the room that I’ve reserved for you. Then you’ll meet me at House Seti at the appropriate time.”

Trina continued stroking them in that deep, slow manner that drove Jake wild with need. “On the morning of the fourteenth, you’ll get treated to another spa session, this time focusing on prepping you both for your first production as actors. You know the time and where to show up that night, since it was on the invitation.” She caressed their cocks faster, making both men moan in pleasure. She continued speaking in her low voice, preventing them from reaching that all-important subspace. Jake just wanted to feel, not think, but no matter -- later on he’d make sure that this moment played over in his thoughts. “Thank you for serving me so well, gentlemen. I think that I’ve made the right decision in this, and I hope you’ll be kind enough to let me know in the next few days if I’ve made a wise one for you both.”

“We’d be honored, Mistress Trina,” Ronin responded, placing one of his hands on hers, forcing her to stop rubbing his engorged dick. “What would you have us do for you this one last time before we go?”

Dropping her hands to her knees, Trina smiled. "Nothing for right now. Though I am pleased you offered yourself to my pleasure at this moment. It's that kind of service that makes you both beautiful submissives. Now go, enjoy the rest of the day off once you clear your desks." She turned from them, sat at a desk in one corner of the room, and pulled up something on the computer.

Jake quickly dressed, his eyes darting back to Trina, who smiled encouragingly from her corner of the conference room. She had to know more than she was telling. How else would she have gotten to use the computers and the psychologists who helped to match people to those with similar interests and needs? You had to know the right people or be one of those scientists trained in finding the right combinations of people, and his boss worked in shipping full-time, not a research lab. He glanced at her again, and this time, she shook her head slightly, as if knowing what he was thinking. Trina wasn't going to reveal who their new mistress was, no matter what kind of blackmail he considered using against her. But there was something he could do -- the direct approach. It might just shock her into revealing a little something. He went to her side and knelt next to her.

"So will you tell us something of our new mistress?" Jake asked before kissing Trina's hand. "Share something that will show us why you chose her for us. I admit I'm curious to know about this woman you say is perfect for us."

"Her needs are like yours -- to serve and be served. To be truly herself and to have the joy of intimacy with two men who can handle her deep stamina and bow to her wishes of pleasure." Trina mussed Jake's short hair. "Mistress Valentine likes you both and knows of you both. She's seen you at my dungeon and at House Seti."

"So we have seen her at either place, at least without us knowing," Ronin inferred, kneeling beside Jake. "That narrows the list down since you don't invite just anyone to your private dungeon. I can only think of a handful or so since we began training under your guidance."

Trina nodded. Jake knew she was pleased by their perceptiveness. It made him warm inside that she explained what she could and tried to reassure them both. It showed just how much she cared for them as submissives and as friends. "This is true. Now go and get ready for tomorrow's graduation exercise. Be on time and be prepared to show your acquired skills to your new owner. I'll e-mail you a list of things I want taken care of before I arrive. We'll begin at our regular time, so I'll expect you both there, ready for a workout."

"As you wish, Mistress," Jake said as he took Ronin's hand. "Let's not offend Trina further."

"Thank you for everything, Mistress," Ronin said as he and Jake walked out the door.

"No, thank you both for trusting in my training. Now enjoy the rest of the afternoon," Trina called to them as they left.

* * * * *

Ronin's PDA beeped, warning of an incoming instant message. He pulled it up, wondering who'd contact him during work hours. It was strange enough to have received a Valentine's invitation to a private filming on one of the holo-stages. Now he'd received an unknown IM from someone who knew his work screen name.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Hello, Ronin. How are you doing today? You received my invitation for Valentine's Day?

Ronin_ShippingAsst: Yes, thank you, Mistress. How did you get my work IM?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: *laughs* Obviously, I work at P3, just as you do, darling submissive. The question now -- are you willing to handle being with someone who works in the same company, but a different department?

Ronin_ShippingAsst: I'm more than willing, Mistress. In fact, it makes it easier in some ways. However, I know you're not part of the House we've been trained at. Which house are you affiliated with? If I may ask? *bows head*

Mistress_Valentine_2012: It's an acceptable question. I have two Houses that share my allegiance -- House Sekhmet and House Aphrodite. Neither House minds that I share time with both places. In fact, though I find House Seti quite fun, it's definitely a place that emphasizes learning and creativity. It fits Mistress Trina quite well. Do you want to remain affiliated with House Seti? How does Jacob feel about this?

Ronin_ShippingAsst: Both he and I are grateful for having the House teach us how to properly serve. It's a comfortable, loving environment, though others would consider it quite strict in some areas. Mistress Trina has taken Ronin and myself to House Aphrodite before. She has friends there, and she enjoys the more sensual aspects within that house. I have no experience with House Sekhmet, though I know it's geared more toward those who are deeper within the Domination and submission, within a warrior-style classing. *pauses, then tilts head* Will we be making affiliation with both houses, Mistress Valentine?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: I will take care of all the arrangements. I just wanted to know if I needed to apply for permissions at House Seti as well, since it's your patron House

Ronin_ShippingAsst: Jacob is here now, and he would like to keep his affiliation with House Seti, just as I would. It's our first home, where we came to know our own needs and desires. Though we look forward to making new homes in Houses Sekhmet and Aphrodite, we would like to play at our patron house as well.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Then I shall petition for admission for part-time status there. As for you and Jacob, I have a request of you both, so I can get to know you better. I'd like to watch you via webcam tonight when you return to your apartment. I wish to question you via IM or microphone via webcam. I wish to see how compatible we are when I wish to play with you without being in a House or together. Will you two concede this evening for getting to know each other?

Ronin and Jacob looked at each other. "I don't see why not. It sounds kind of fun," Jacob replied, stroking his hand up and down Ronin's thigh. "What do you think?"

"I think it'll be interesting to see if our new mistress likes watching men get it on as much as participating in it," Ronin said thoughtfully. "Let's tell her yes."

Ronin_ShippingAsst: Yes, we would be honored to spend time with you in this manner. We normally get home about 6 p.m. Then we eat supper. Shall we be ready for you about 9 p.m.? I can set up a private webcam address so no one else can pick up the signal, in case you wish to speak directly to us via your own cam as well.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Tonight it's about seeing you, seeing you pleasure each other while I watch and inject comments. I want to see how you both work together in pleasure for each other. I know you're a couple and have been for a while. What I want to see is how I'll fit in dynamically. What do you want out of this forming relationship of ours?

Ronin stopped for a moment, his mind racing with various things and people. What did he want from all this? He knew that Jacob and he had a fascination with Nik, but it was unacknowledged as far as they knew. But from this woman, this mistress who trained hard to be a Domina, what did he want from her? *What I want...is it what Jake wants as well? Or are my desires such that I can have more than one woman in my heart?*

Finally, Ronin typed, not looking at Jake. He wanted his lover to understand him fully and his thoughts on this. "This is my response, Jake. Take it as you will, but she asked me, not you on this. This is my answer."

Ronin_ShippingAsst: I want it all. There is a woman whom my lover and I have adored from afar. Honestly, I'd love to be involved with her beyond this crush aspect we seem to be stuck at. But, that said, I wouldn't allow what can be between us be stopped because of that

crush. I'm willing to try with you, see where this ownership goes. I just ask that you be open and honest with us as well.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Then I think we both have the right attitude about this relationship. How does your partner feel on this? Let him type in his own answer, Ronin. I applaud your honesty, and I will say this up front -- I've known of you both for a while. Until Trina offered me this chance, I didn't think I'd ever find a way of approaching you both, as it's known that you are a couple, not necessarily open for a poly-relationship. *looks at Jacob* Well, Jacob, what do you want out of this relationship?

Ronin turned toward his lover and looked deep into his brown eyes. "This is your call. I was honest in my response, Jake. You know how I feel. I'm very flexible in things, and I believe we can find happiness wherever we wish to find it. The question is, where can we find happiness and love now that Trina has done the work for us?"

He watched as his lover flexed his fingers over the PDA's small keyboard. He wanted to know what was in the mind of his lover, but knew, as soon as the words were revealed, that they proved once again they were well matched in love and in essence.

Ronin_ShippingAsst: Jake, here. Mistress Valentine, I want what anyone wants out of a true BDSM relationship -- a way of living that brings both physical pleasure and also emotional happiness. That said, I'll be honest -- I have a major thing for Nikita Edwards, one of the owners of P3. I've had it since I met her, before I started working for the company. Since then, with everything I've seen her do and be for the company and herself, I've wanted her. If you are anything like her, I will adore you, Mistress Valentine. I'm open to love, and I know that Trina wouldn't hand us to just anyone, but to someone who is compatible with us on a level that will foster love and respect.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Then we are in agreement -- we take this as a chance to develop what is already there between us, that which the computers and the scientists have declared a solid match. I shall speak to you tonight, then. I must return to work, and if I'm not mistaken, Trina is probably searching for you both. Until later, think of me and what I've planned for us on Valentine's Day.

Chapter Five

Later that evening

Both men arrived back from their nightly workout at the local gym. After a short shower, they prepared the house for the webcam session. Once everything was in place, they ate supper, then cleaned everything up.

“What do you make of this, Jake? This definitely didn’t go like we planned,” Ronin commented while leaning over the kitchen sink washing the dishes.

Jake caressed Ronin’s ass as he answered. “I would walk away, but Mistress Valentine is matched to us. I know Trina; she spared no expense to make sure of the match for us with Mistress Valentine. Like I said, I want to explore this, and I think she might be the one for us.”

Ronin turned, wiping his hands on a towel. Reaching upward, he caressed the blond man’s face with a fingertip. “Is she right for us? I know that computers aren’t always correct, Jake. I want to know her better, and this way seems to help, but will it be enough to let us learn about each other?”

Jake smiled as he played with Ronin's shirt. "She seems to think we'll pleasure her by pleasuring each other. That alone is a change from Trina."

"Don't be rude about Trina. She had us remain neutral so we would learn the lessons before engaging intimately what we've acquired." Ronin brushed his lips against the pulse point on Jake's neck. "I wonder what she'll have us do?"

At that moment, their joint computer spoke in a voice that was completely sensual. That voice had been compiled from various recordings of Nikita Edwards. "Incoming message. Do you wish to receive?"

Ronin stepped back. "Yes, receive and read all messages. Turn on webcam per earlier transmission specifications." With a small smile playing around his mouth, he looked at Jake. "Showtime, lover."

Jake laughed as they walked hand in hand out to the living room area. They set up some of their toys within view of the cam. It allowed them some semblance of privacy while also showcasing part of them intimately. "Activate speech talk for IM."

"Speech talking activated," Nikita's voice said through the speakers. "Incoming message from Mistress Valentine. 'Good evening, boys. It's great to see you both. Please sit down and talk to me for a couple of minutes.'"

"Thank you, Mistress Valentine," both men stated, seating themselves on the small loveseat in front of the webcam. Jake held up one hand. He waited patiently, knowing that any mistress would not speak to him unless he asked for permission.

"Yes, Jacob?" Mistress Valentine asked. "You may speak freely here. Tonight is about learning about each other, not strict control."

"Please, call me Jake. Everyone else does. What are your plans for us tonight, if I'm allowed to ask?" Jake looked at Ronin, then at the camera. "We're not used to performing in front of anyone outside of House Seti. Plus, we've not seen your profile chip, though you obviously have gone through ours. What do you expect of us?"

Ronin almost imagined Mistress Valentine tilt her head as a sigh escaped her lips. “You pose a valid question, Jacob. And it is in your right to ask, since I have read your profiles and you’ve not seen mine. What do I want from you both? That’s the question. I want to see you both touch each other in intimate ways that turn you on, with or without the BDSM element. I want to see if there is room for me to play with you both.” Mistress Valentine sighed again, this one accompanied with a slight scraping noise in the background. “I want to see if my imagination is better than the reality of you both together and of us as a team.”

Ronin smiled and waved his hand. “I can understand that. It’s hard, though, when you’re not here to actually touch and be touched. Yes, we’re a couple, but we’ve realized that we’re missing something more. A woman’s touch that neither of us can imitate, nor wish to duplicate, is what we both crave. Trina says that you’re that woman, and I’m willing to take that chance. If you’d like to guide us, we’re willing to touch each other.”

“Then I’d like you to remove each other’s clothing as you face each other,” Mistress Valentine commanded softly. “Talk to each other as you prefer, addressing me only when I speak directly to either of you.”

“As you wish,” Ronin responded, rising to his feet. He held out a hand to Jake. “Let me peel off that polo shirt of yours and get you naked.”

Ronin grasped the hem of Jake’s dark blue shirt and pulled it quickly over the man’s head, enjoying the view of the lightly tanned skin and the play of the muscles as Jake worked at releasing his arms from the sleeves. “Damn you, Ronin, I will get you for that.”

“Yeah, yeah, keep dreaming, male.” Ronin quickly helped get the rest of the shirt off and then rested his hands on the khaki waistband. “You know, I think Mistress Valentine is interested in seeing just how huge your dick gets when you’re aroused like you are at this moment.”

Jake blushed while Ronin slid his hand down the front placket of the pants, before unbuttoning them. He loved touching his lover like this, arousing him in small ways. It was

wonderful that this new mistress seemed to enjoy the gentle aspect of loving and being loved as well. Ronin smiled at the camera as he pulled down both the pants and the black boxer briefs that snugly held Jake's large dick in place. "Mistress, do you like what you're seeing here of Jake?"

"Oh yes, Ronin. Thank you for showing me the view of Jake's luscious cock. It doesn't look completely excited at the prospect before it, though." Mistress Valentine's pout came through the speakers loud and clear. "Perhaps you should see if you can arouse it to the task at hand?"

Ronin smiled up at his friend while sinking to his knees. "I love how you taste, Jake. Do you like how my mouth squeezes your length when I take you in?"

"That's right, Ronin, take your lover's length in your mouth. Stroke it with your tongue. Jacob, darling, I want you to enjoy this. I love seeing your body shudder when Ronin touches you like this." Mistress Valentine's voice softly emerged, husky with desire and need.

* * * * *

Ronin grazed his tongue down the length of Jake's cock, making Jake close his eyes. The breeze cooled the wetted skin, arousing him further. A moan issued out of his soul as the light rasping of teeth trailed the underside of his dick, following the ridge. His body felt tight, desire straining at his insides and wanting out. "Damn you, Ronin. You know how to turn me on just by touching me like this."

"Yes, I do," Ronin quipped before moving back over the bulbous head. "Mistress did command me to make you hard. I bet Mistress is even touching herself with a toy or two, wondering what your cock tastes like, Jake." Enveloping just the head of the purplish cock with his mouth, Ronin sucked while his tongue traced it before taking him in deeper.

Jake fisted his hands in Ronin's hair and, flexing his hips forward, forced his dick deeper within Ronin's mouth. "More, Ronin. Please me, take me deep."

“I don’t think so, Jacob,” Mistress Valentine commanded. “Though I can understand your need to be pleased, there are a couple of slight problems. Ronin is still dressed, Ronin spoke before I told him to, and I specifically stated that you were both to be naked.”

Ronin’s mouth slowly withdrew from Jake’s thickening cock, and he moaned at the loss of warmth. But soon the two of them would be warm enough. “As you command,” Jake ground out between clenched teeth, while trying to get his urge to fuck Ronin’s mouth under control. “Ronin, stand up so I can remove your clothes.”

Ronin stood up, and Jake smiled knowingly at the bulge pushing at the zipper of the black chinos. Carefully, Jake allowed the camera to watch as he slowly unzipped the pants and slid them off to reveal Ronin’s commando status. “Notice how our lover doesn’t like to wear any undergarments, Mistress?”

“Yes, so I see. I also see that he’s semi-erect as well. What are you going to do about that, Jacob, my dear?” Her voice purred through the speakers, egged his libido even harder. He wanted to touch this woman, to ignite her body as her words were doing to him. “Why don’t you take one of those cock rings on the side table and help him a bit?”

“Good idea, Mistress.” Jake moved over toward the table and picked up Ronin’s favorite cock ring with a multi-vibrational button. The look of eagerness from his lover made Jake smile as he stepped toward him. Deftly, Jake wrapped it under Ronin’s balls, then over the top of the cock, snapping it into place. “There, Mistress. There are fifteen vibrational patterns coded into the cock ring. Pick a number and it’ll go to that pattern of stimulus while I tease him. When you want him to orgasm, you state the word ‘release’ and it’ll unbuckle enough to let him come.”

“Brilliant, Jake. Now caress him, make him hard.” The mistress’s voice sounded breathy, excited. “Do you realize how beautiful the two of you look at this moment to me? How excited and wet my pussy is for you both?”

A small video screen popped up on their computer monitor, showing a masked woman sitting naked on an oversize chair, one of her hands stroking her clit. "This is what you both do to me. Ronin, I want you to take one of those anal plugs on the table and prepare Jake for it."

Ronin moved away from Jake's personal space, leaving emptiness. "Jake, turn for our new mistress. Let her see your beautiful ass." Jake complied, bending at the waist while spreading his legs farther apart. "Mistress," Ronin said, his voice husky with desire. "If it would please your beautiful person, I'd like to insert this medium, vibrational anal plug in Jake."

Jake watched as the mistress slid two fingers deep in her pink, swollen pussy. He groaned as she answered, "Yes, push it in and set it on medium vibration. I'm very familiar with the properties of that unit."

He felt the slickness of the anal probe's force field being turned on. Part of him felt embarrassed being so exposed to a woman watching on a webcam, but mostly, he trembled at how intense this experience felt to him. "As my mistress wills, I shall accept within my power to do so," he said, speaking the creed of all trained. He felt the slight pressure as Ronin pressed the cool head of the anal plug against the rim of his ass. "Slowly, Ronin, I've not practiced in the past day or two."

"I will. You're doing fine, lover." Ronin slid it farther, then stopped. Jake knew his lover was allowing him to get used to the pressure and to allow the lubrication to lightly desensitize the area for the insertion. "He's doing well, isn't he, Mistress?"

"Definitely, keep moving it forward, Ronin. I'll control the size remotely," their mistress stated, one set of fingers tapping on a small computer board. "That should help our dear submissive to accept the plug a bit easier."

At that moment, Jake felt the anal plug engage deep within his ass, smaller than before, surprising him with how easily it fit. Then, without warning, it expanded to its full size,

filling him deeply. "Gods, you fill me, Mistress. Thank you." He groaned as he slowly lifted his head and chest to an upright position. "I see you locked it in place." A slow vibration started deep within his anus and slid upward toward his cock. "Oh gods, Mistress, please."

"Please what, Jake?" Her voice purred across the room and through him, emphasizing the vibrations in his body.

"Please, Mistress, I want to please you; I want to be pleased. Gods above, this is so intense. I've not had this setting before, ma'am." Jake grabbed Ronin and pushed his mouth against his lover's. Ronin tasted like mocha and divinity candy -- sweet, light, and yet filling. Jake brushed one hand down between them and grasped Ronin's thick, erect cock. He fisted his hand up and down with just enough pressure to make Ronin moan.

"That's right, Jake, caress Ronin with hard, firm strokes. Make sure you include the top of his cock in those movements," Mistress Valentine said in a calm, collected voice, though her fingers still played with her clit and pussy. "Number ten," she said. Suddenly, he felt the plug in his ass shift patterns. "Feel that, Ronin? It's like you're being double fucked with Jake's hand and with the cock ring. What do you want, Ronin? Tell me."

"I want to be fucked by you and my lover. For months, neither of us has been allowed to have intercourse. Only mutual masturbation, only to have the touch of toys in our ass." Ronin groaned and bit Jake's shoulder, bringing Jake closer to the edge. "I want to please you, Mistress. I want to be good enough to be fucked by you. What must I do?"

"Gods, what can we do to convince you that we're willing to please and serve you?" Jake blurted out as the anal probe pumped itself farther in and out, yet not disengaging itself from his ass. "You're trying to put us over the edge, Mistress."

Her laugh was full of promise. "Oh, Jacob, I'm wanting you just on that edge of pleasure and need where the only release is from me and me alone. Do you like being played with? Do you want to be fucked by me?" She tapped a couple of buttons and both toys randomized, increasing then decreasing the vibrations that both men felt as Jake's body

pressed against Ronin. “There, that should keep it interesting. The random patterns won’t allow you to fully reach subspace, but will keep you on edge for me.”

A noise from the monitor caught both men’s attention, as Jake watched Ronin’s head turn toward the sound. They both watched as Mistress Valentine spread her legs over the chair, exposing herself fully to them. She picked up a long, golden-colored, rabbit-style vibrator. They watched as she slowly inserted it into her pussy, her cream dribbling over its length. Jake licked his lips. “I want to taste you, Mistress Valentine. I want to taste you so badly.”

Mistress Valentine pulled the vibrator out, showed how her cum coated it, then rammed it hard and deep into her. “Do you now? I want to taste you too, Jacob. I want you to be able to make me come so that your tongue is coated with my sweetness. What I want is to feel both of you, my men, deep in my pussy and ass, so I feel the pleasure of being fucked. Can you handle that?”

Ronin answered first, his hips flexing in time with Mistress Valentine’s. “Yes, gods, I want to fuck you until you scream our names, Mistress. Please, let us come with you. Tonight, nothing but pleasure for us both, please, I beg you.”

Ronin reached down, fondling Jake’s cock, causing Jake to tremble. “Careful, Ronin. She’s not given us permission to come, and I’m so on the edge, I might explode.”

“Spank Jacob for being so close, Ronin. I command this of you.” Their mistress bucked her hips as she pressed two buttons on the small computer board that rested on one armrest. Ronin complied with two quick slaps on his naked ass that raised Jake up onto his toes. “Feel the sensations spiral upward? I have access to all the codes built into the P3 products. This little spiraling is a way to bring up all the sensations while allowing a bit of room to think. Lie down, my boys. I want you to touch each other so I can see you both come. But before you do, Jake, I want Ronin to wear the other anal plug while you put on the matching cock ring. I want you both so mindless with the need to fuck that my words direct your every move.”

Quickly both men complied as they watched their mistress continue to fuck herself with the rabbit vibrator. With each item added, she tapped a button or three and soon the sensation of being fucked and fucking were almost too much for Jake. "Please, I'm not going to last much longer, Mistress."

"Again, Ronin." Her words came out in quick pants.

Two slaps hit each ass cheek as Ronin complied with the stricture set out by their mistress. It only increased the pleasure felt by Jake. "Gods, no more, please, I'll come if you hit me again like that." He got down on his knees and bowed his head. "Please, Mistress. I need to come."

"Do as I say, Jacob." Her breath was coming in quick pants; she was just as turned on as they were. Jake and Ronin shared a look, and he knew that the goal now was to bring the mistress intense pleasure. They moved toward each other, reclining before the loveseat. They lay on the heavily carpeted rug, their gazes caught at the monitor with the beautiful woman watching them and pleasuring herself.

Slowly their hips moved toward each other, their cocks touching as they kissed. Tongues darted out, licking and touching each other's lips. Jake moaned and, tugging hard on Ronin's hair, brought the man closer to him. Jake pulled back first, before he leaned in to bite Ronin's shoulder. "I love the touch of your hand on my dick, Ronin. Touch me, feel me."

"Don't stop, Jake." Ronin arched into him, which set off more vibrations in both the cock ring and the anal plug. "I'm so close, but the damn thing won't let me come. I need to come, Jake. Make me explode, lover."

"Yes, make us explode, Jacob. Make us come hard, my sweet submissive." Mistress Valentine increased the tempo of her vibrator as her hips bucked harder and harder into the air. "Make me come, my males, make us a triad."

Ronin clenched on Jake's dick, the movement sure and with just enough pressure to bring extreme pleasure. Jake did the same to Ronin's dick. They'd spent many an hour

learning how to bring pleasure and orgasm without penetration. But with the cock ring and anal plug vibrating, forcing them to feel the sensation of being fucked while fucking, it was easy to fall into the now-rhythmic patterns. Up and down, thrusting against each other's hand. Their free hands played with each other's nipples, aroused Jake further as they teased unmercifully. It felt like multiple hands and dicks guiding him, possessing him, around his body, bringing him into a frenzied pace he hadn't experienced before this moment. His body was slick with sweat and his lover's touch. Yet he knew without a doubt that this moment was higher than any he had reached before. He was close, so close to orgasming. He needed release now.

Jake gasped as he bowed against his lover. "Oh gods, Mistress, I'm about ready --"

"No, Jacob, wait for us. More pressure on Ronin," Mistress Valentine panted as she turned up the notch on her vibrator. "Oh my lovelies, now. Harder, deeper, faster." She pressed a button, making the rhythms even and unbearably pleasurable. "I want to come for you and you for me. Come for me and only me, Jacob and Ronin."

All three moved simultaneously, upward and down, then thrusting hard upward as their orgasms rose to the point of no return. "Release." Their mistress moaned and shuddered as her orgasm overtook her. Jake felt the release of pressure from his dick sending him toward his orgasm. He felt wetness hit his chest as Ronin roared with the intensity of his orgasm.

For many moments, all that Jake heard was the roaring of his blood in his ears; then finally, as he came back down, there was nothing but gasps of breath. He removed the anal plug and saw that Ronin was doing the same. They placed the toys to be cleaned in a container that did the work for them. "That was --"

"Fan-fucking-tastic," Ronin finished, rising to his knees, grabbing two prewetted and warmed cloths. He handed one to Jacob. "That was so intense. I don't think I've ever orgasmed quite that way before."

“That makes all three of us, then.” Mistress Valentine chuckled as she placed the vibrator into a small container for cleaning. She shifted her position so that she sat upright in the chair once again. Her mask had never once slipped from her head, so neither man knew the true face of their mistress, though both realized just how open she had been to them via this means.

“We aren’t supposed to meet in person until Valentine’s Day, Mistress.” Ronin slid next to his lover, wrapping one arm possessively around Jake’s waist, which was definitely appreciated. What had happened between the three of them went way beyond what they had experienced with Trina emotionally.

“I know, but I also know that if we’re really meant to be together, we would find a way to do that for ourselves. And as for not seeing each other, you won’t know my identity until Valentine’s Day, but we will meet in some manner.” She smiled at them, blowing each a kiss. “I think it’s time for bed for us all. You both have pushed me to my limits in how much I want and need a couple like you. Thank you both.”

“Thank you, Mistress Valentine,” Jake said simply. “Sleep well and dream of us. I know we’ll be dreaming of meeting you in person.”

“Until tomorrow night then,” Mistress Valentine said, then cut the signal from her webcam.

Both men sat back, wrapped in each other’s arms. “Well, this has definitely been different.” Jake sighed, his mind still wrapping around how quickly their mistress had gotten them to the point of excitement that every submissive craved, yet withheld the needed subspace. “She’s definitely trained in how to read us.”

Ronin chuckled. “She knows how you are, definitely. She had you so wound up you’d have exploded on command if she’d asked.”

“As if you wouldn’t have?” Jake lifted one sandy brow.

Ronin blushed. "Okay, maybe I would. I know we've orgasmed for Trina before, but it never felt like this. Then again, I don't think we've ever come with Trina."

"No, we haven't. But that's another reason Trina says we're made for Mistress Valentine." Taking Ronin's hand, Jake stood up. "Come on, the mistress is right; we've got an early day at work if we plan on taking advantage of the spa treatment come the afternoon."

Both men placed every toy and other item away, and shut down the computer last. Then they crawled into bed, wondering what was in store for them in the morning.

Chapter Six

February 13, 2112

13 Baktun, 5 Katun, 0 Tun, 10 unial, 12 kin, 11 Eb, 0 Cumku, Lord of the Night -- G5 in the New Mayan Calendar

The next morning, the men woke up to a note on their vid-phone telling them that Trina had given them the entire day off to prepare for their graduation ceremony. A beep on Jake's PDA caught his attention. Picking it up, he opened it and spotted a message from Mistress Valentine.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Good morning, Jacob. I hope you and Ronin slept well.

Jake_AsstShipping: Yes. Did you sleep well, Mistress?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: For the most part. I admit that I miss the touch of human warmth as I sleep. I'm hoping, in time, you'll both choose to stay at night, once all barriers are gone.

Jake_AsstShipping: So far we seem to mesh. What is your hope in having two male submissives?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Companions who will both share my love and have a relationship where we are all equals. Others have found it tough when P3 has taken over sometimes. At least if I'm not there, you each would have someone till I got home.

Jake_AsstShipping: Would you love both of us equally?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Considering that I want you paired -- yes. It prevents jealousy. My hope is that you don't shut me out.

Jake_AsstShipping: It hurts -- being shut out. Hopefully, we can prevent it from happening, Mistress? But consider that we, too, have needs separate from each other, not just as one unit.

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Noted, Jacob. Perhaps I'll see you tonight?

Jake_AsstShipping: Mistress Trina has commanded one last time for Ronin and me at House Seti. She mentioned something about a guest. Would that be you?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: Perhaps. Would you like to see me before Valentine's Day?

Jake_AsstShipping: I would be honored. Is there anything I can do to make sure you enjoy yourself at House Seti?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: A pot of sweetened black coffee with no cream would be welcomed after the workout -- whether I participate or not. Beyond that, Mistress Trina is aware of my needs.

Jake_AsstShipping: As you will, Mistress. Ronin is calling me. We have a huge shipment going out overseas, and I'm needed. Will you excuse me?

Mistress_Valentine_2012: *nod* Have a great day. Know I'll be watching you both. Tell Ronin hello for me.

Jake_AsstShipping: Will do, and thank you.

With that, Jake shut off his PDA while telling Ronin the news from their mistress. Quickly, both men showered and dressed in casual clothes for their adventure on the resort side of P3.

The drive took them about fifteen minutes, but once they parked in the guest parking area, they walked hand in hand into the resort grounds. Within minutes, they felt like royalty and not just like valued employees.

Jake looked around. "Well, ain't this something special? We're guests today, Ronin. Let's go and follow what Trina's put together for our day here."

"Sounds good. The first thing on the list was to get our hair done." Ronin played with his long dark brown hair. "She trying to say my hair isn't pretty enough to impress our new mistress?"

Within moments, both men were whisked into Decadence, one of the most popular salons in the country. "Mr. Demaide, Mr. Traynor, welcome to Decadence. Miss Trina said to expect you this morning. She's booked you both for the full treatment, including lunch," said a cheerful young Asian woman. "My name is Aiko Ekido, and I'll be your coordinator for the day. If you need anything, just speak my name, and I'll either answer via speaker or come to where you are."

"Thank you, Aiko. Where do we go first?"

"Why, you're to go over to Michelle and Dawn, our best stylists. They'll get your hair washed and styled, then place you with the AIs, who'll dry and finish the look for your graduation tonight." Aiko kissed each man's cheek. "Congratulations, and it's fantastic to see fellow P3 employees not only graduate from a reputable BDSM school, but to have completed Mistress Trina's training as well."

Jake smiled. "Let me guess, you're one of her former students?"

Aiko lifted her loose-knit sleeve over her left arm, showing a small sword intertwined with ivy and orchids. "Yes, I'm one of only two who have made it through her rigorous programming. You two make us a total of four. I'm thrilled for you both."

"Thanks, Aiko. Show us where to go and we'll get started." Ronin took Aiko's hand, letting her lead the way for both men. "It means a lot that she'd assign us to someone who also spent time under her tutelage."

* * * * *

Two hours later at Decadence

Ronin reached over and took Jake's hand. "I can't believe Trina paid for all of this!" His lover was having his blond hair trimmed and styled as Ronin's deep-conditioning treatment on his long dark brown hair continued. "I know we were special to Trina, but to do this? We just graduated from her training. This is just so much...and to think she's also paying for tomorrow as well."

Jake patted Ronin's hand. "I know, lover, but she has always taken good care of us, ever since we came to her department. We know she does for all of the employees she oversees. Plus, since we were learning how to be good submissives, she wants to show us how much we mean to her. If it wasn't for the fact that she wouldn't be intimate with us, I think I could've fallen for her."

"Me too, but we both know that somehow she wasn't the one for us. She knew it before we did. Remember how she treated us that first night at House Seti?" With his thumb, Ronin stroked the soft skin of Jake's hand, gently arousing them both.

Ronin loved his best friend, loved him heart and soul, but both knew that they were to be ruled by another -- a female who would love and honor not only their hearts, but their bodies as well. Trina had offered her services to teach them how to serve a woman appropriately, and though it meant giving up regular sex with his lover, it brought a deeper

commitment to both men. They knew that she rarely took students who also worked at P3, but they hadn't realized how few until meeting Aiko.

"She has really thought us to look beyond the sexual, though finally our society has come into its own." Jake smiled at his lover. "But more than that, she showed us our core selves. I'm happier now than I was when she first saw us that night with me trying to dominate you."

The hair therapists who had been taking care of them interrupted. This time, both the adorable Dawn and the lithe and sexy Michelle came over to them. Michelle spoke, her voice low and erotic to Jake's ears. "It's time to rinse out the conditioning, dry the hair, then style it in the manner requested by Miss Trina."

"Sounds great." Ronin rubbed his hands together. This being treated like a guest was just so wonderful to the ego. "What is next, once our hair is styled?"

"Once we are done, you are to go to the massage therapy room for your next treatment."

"What will happen there?" Jake asked, reaching over to squeeze Ronin's hand. He knew how open the massage therapy rooms were, how sometimes spontaneous sex was the result -- part of the idea of relaxing the mind and body fully. He wondered what was in store for them.

"I believe the request for today included the full works," Dawn Montgomery responded. "We shall be done in five minutes. Now, remember, your boss ordered this for you on the fourteenth too, so we'll expect you here at eleven in the morning to get your hair perfect for your Valentine's party."

Before either man could question Dawn or Michelle, they were tipped back, and warm water began rinsing out the deep conditioners in Ronin's hair and washing away stray hairs from Jake's nape. After that, there was no time for questions as the drying covers came over their heads, thus preventing them from hearing each other or the stylists.

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Once they were in the massage room, Ronin and Jake stripped down, then lay facedown on the waiting massage tables. Normally, human massage therapists took care of the muscles while the AI took care of everything else. It included monitoring their vitals for any kind of stresses and pleasure. Yet today they were to be fully relaxed by human therapists with AI supervision only. A familiar voice sounded as someone entered the massage room, and both men wondered at their dumb luck.

“Who will be giving me my massage?” Nikita asked. “I do not want any AI today. This is just to prepare my muscles for the party I’ll be attending tonight.”

The AI for the massage area of the resort answered. “Not a problem, Nikita. Trevor will be here to do your massage while Eve and Menolly do the two other guests.”

Both men watched as Nikita stripped off her black pants and matching black silk tank top. Jake felt his mouth go dry as she stepped out of her matching underwear and bra, revealing her large breasts and a small tattoo near her nearly bare slit. He couldn’t make out the tattoo, but he knew he would never rest until he found out what it was.

Two women entered with a male therapist, all of them wearing dark green scrubs that designated they worked in the massage area of the resort. “Thank you for waiting patiently for us,” Menolly, the redheaded female said, placing herself at Jake’s back. “Normally, we’d have all of you separated, but since everyone is trying to get ready for tonight’s festivities, we’re having to group people together. You three don’t mind being touched sexually while the others watch, according to your med-chips, so all three of you will be receiving full sessions with Dana, our AI, watching the session.”

“Fine with me, I don’t know about those two, but Trevor knows my preferences,” Nikita answered as she placed herself on the last massage table. “Trevor, take care with my upper back -- it’s been aching lately, and I think I might need a slight adjustment to it as well.”

The muscular male therapist nodded as he stepped up to Nik's position. "Noted, Nik. Dana, play suitable relaxation music."

"As you wish, Trevor." Dana began playing a haunting melody that called to the soul while relaxing the body. Jake loved Dana's music and owned several of the AI's CDs.

His tension melted away at Menolly's expert touch, as he knew both Ronin and Nikita responded to their therapists. His mind raced with possibilities, watching as Trevor not only massaged Nikita but pleased her through the patented massage therapy developed by P3.

Menolly's hands slid between his inner thighs and cupped his dick, and Jake felt himself becoming aroused at the light, knowledgeable touch the therapist had about his body. He knew that Dana was giving each therapist insight from the chip everyone wore, providing preferences sexually, healthwise, and more, but somehow being touched in such a matter was something beyond clinical, but truly caring.

"I need you to lie on your back now," Menolly whispered in Jake's ear. "You look delectable tonight, you know."

"Thanks. I have to admit your touch is very pleasing," Jake remarked honestly. "Your touch arouses me, and yet it's relaxing."

"I know that you like the lighter touches from a female when it's for general pleasure and not in a sexual environment, or when it's not at a sex house," Menolly explained as he shifted his body so that his semi-erect dick aimed toward his belly. Her hands slid up his legs, avoiding his genitalia as she continued to relax his body. "I want you to concentrate on the music, on the sensation of my hands caressing across your body, Jake."

"Your hands feel fantastic, Menolly. Thank you."

He tightened with need as Ronin moaned in response to Eve's teasing his cock. Jake watched as Ronin arched in time with Eve's movements, and then he was distracted as Nikita moaned a demand to Trevor.

Glancing over, he watched as Trevor lifted Nikita's legs over his shoulders, then cupped Nikita's full breasts. As Trevor glided his mouth across Nikita's labia, Jake's lust increased, as well as his desire to be the one to pleasure Nikita. He wanted to taste her slickness as he excited her with his touch. He looked away, noticing that Ronin also couldn't take his eyes off Nikita. Although Ronin's hand was fondling one of Eve's uncovered nipples, both men knew what turned them on, and it was the woman being pleased in the same room.

Jake reached between Menolly's uncovered legs and his hand inched upward, touching her bare mons. "I need to touch, darling."

"Then touch as I take you to completion, Jake." He did as he was asked, carefully teasing Menolly's pierced clitoris with his fingers as she expertly stroked his cock first with her hands, then with her mouth.

But his eyes never left Nikita's table, where she bucked in time with Trevor's mouth and one hand, as he fucked her with it in hard, deep thrusts. Something about the way her body moved with him, moved in time with not just Trevor, but with both of them, sent Jake over the edge, his scream of completion mixing in with both Nikita's and Ronin's. More than ever, he hoped, he prayed, that Nikita would be their mistress, the one to bring them to happiness.

Chapter Seven

Later that night -- House Seti

Jake looked at the guards at House Seti, nodding at them. Although he was naked except for the collar given him by Trina, he knew the guards were taking his full measure. House Seti had a reputation of being one of the innovative leaders in the BDSM lifestyle, one of which many other houses were envious. He brushed back his bangs while he searched for his lover and their current owner.

The snap of a whip followed by a loud moan caught Jake's attention, allowing him to zero in on one of the side galleries. He watched as Trina took a heavy-duty flogger to the naked man on the modified St. Andrew's Cross. There were welts on Ronin's back, but no one could miss the evidence of arousal, either. Pain mixed with pleasure. Service mixed with protection. All that and more Trina had taught them. "Mistress, I apologize for my lateness."

"I do hope you have an acceptable reason, Jacob," Trina replied as she lashed her flogger against Ronin's lower back once more. "Your lover here has been making excuses for your absence. It does not take that long to do as I've asked of you."

Jake entered, his head bowed. He wasn't about to admit he'd been waiting, watching to see if he could spot their new mistress before she masked herself. "I was making sure that all of your requirements for aftercare were taken care of, along with the requirements you asked to be added for the night. I also made sure the guards knew about our guest." He knelt beside Ronin, not looking at his lover. "I submit myself to your punishment, Mistress Trina. I overstepped my rights in my eagerness to have everything ready. I should've known you'd have taken care of all the arrangements that I thought of."

A sudden jolt of pain flushed through his naked body as Trina's flogger landed squarely on his back. Then the numbness began to travel outward into his body. "I know you did, Jacob. I'm glad you took care of those things, but you knew I'd have taken care of everything else that I hadn't mentioned to you specifically. Your lover managed to get his assignment done and was waiting for me as he was commanded."

The thudding of the flogger hit his upper then lower back. Jacob concentrated on the tingling sensations as his body relaxed into his punishment. His body reacted with pleasure as the pain faded, while the thought of Trina leading and guiding him turned him on. Sometimes he had to disobey, if only to be made to mind. There was a certain synchronicity in that thought that made him harder.

The sound of boot steps distracted him. Then a whiskey-laced female voice intruded in the quiet room. "Don't you think I should be the one to punish the men, if I see fit? You did give them over to me, Mistress Trina."

Jake shivered as the low, husky voice carried through his body. It sounded familiar yet strange to his ears. He only hoped to hear more of her voice. He glanced at his lover, who glanced his way. His body, too, seemed to leap toward this new mistress's voice.

"I ask for your forgiveness, Mistress Valentine," Trina said, though he couldn't tell where either woman stood in relation to him or Ronin. Jake looked to his right and saw matching black boots to those Trina wore. "Would you like my flogger?"

“No, but let me make sure my servants are unharmed.” A soft, warm hand slipped over Jake’s back. “Are you okay, Jacob?”

“Yes, Mistress. It stung, but I’m unharmed. I do apologize for what I’ve done wrong.” He felt her hand glide down his back and through his parted thighs until it cupped his balls. The impression was commanding yet loving. Jake resisted the urge to moan.

“Good boy, asking for forgiveness. I overheard what you told Mistress Trina, so we’ll limit your punishment.”

He felt the touch of cold plastic on his semi-erect cock. Glancing discreetly down, he watched her nimble fingers attach the male chastity device around him. Part of him felt aroused at how she touched him, possessed his body; the other part rebelled at the idea of his cock being confined until her desires were fulfilled. “Thank you, Mistress.”

Her deep laugh shocked him, causing his dick to swell against the casing. “You lie. I saw how you jerked initially before accepting the chastity belt.” She teased the rim of his ass with her fingers. “You may submit to me, but part of you wants to fight it. Part of you wants to use that cock of yours to pleasure me, and you don’t like to have it under my direct control.”

“Yes, Mistress, you’re correct. I want to please you, but the idea that my dick doesn’t pleasure you makes me ache to show you otherwise.” Jake groaned as one of her fingers slid into his ass. He felt the finger force field expand against his inner sphincter muscles, and he tried not to resist her invasive yet welcome touch. Slowly, Jake exhaled, focusing on relaxing the muscles as she pushed forward a bit more. Suddenly, she withdrew her finger, leaving him bereft without her touch.

“You will please me with your lovely cock, but not until Valentine’s Day, lovely submissive.” Her voice enveloped his body as one of her hands cupped his chin and turned his gaze toward Ronin. “Look at your lover, look at him bound next to you, showcasing his lovely body for your Mistresses’ pleasure. Doesn’t it excite you to see him like that?”

Jake swallowed, trying not to whimper with need. Ronin was still bound on the cross and, admittedly, was a feast for the eyes and the body. “Yes. I want to touch him. May I touch him, Mistress?”

She turned his chin so they looked each other in the eyes. “I want you to touch him, Jacob. I want your hands to run up and down his body, touching his cock, feeling it grow at your touch. Kiss the tip, lick it, feel the salty goodness of his body. But no matter what, you are not to let him come. Understood?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jacob rose up and moved before the cross. Carefully, he placed his hands on his lover’s thighs and watched Ronin shiver in reaction. Stroking upward, avoiding the erection, Jake leaned in, using the cross as a way to control his own desires while arousing Ronin. Slowly raising himself, his hands grazed his lover’s chest, and he was startled to find that the piercings had been removed. “Ronin? Your piercings?”

“Given to me by Trina. I removed them in case our new mistress would like me to be bare.” Ronin groaned as Jake caressed the bare nipples. “Mistresses, please, I need more.”

Mistress Valentine stepped up behind the taller man, her body pressed against his skin. “Mistress Trina, if you would bring the piercings that I had made. I believe Ronin would like to have them.” She stroked over where Jake’s hands were, exciting both himself and Ronin. “And Jacob, I’d like you to use your mouth to engage Ronin’s nipples for me. Thank you, beautiful submissive.”

“As you desire from me, Mistress.” Jacob leaned forward, gently blowing where his and her hands caressed Ronin. His new mistress removed her hands and slid them lower down Ronin’s body, allowing him room to place his open mouth over one taut nipple.

“My Mistress, please,” Ronin whimpered, his body tightening against the restraints. “His mouth on my nipple and your hand fondling my dick is making me undeniably aroused. Please, insert the piercings quickly.”

She purred in response. "Do as he says, Jake." She handed him one piercing, and her gaze held his for a moment before he turned to his lover. Carefully yet quickly, he inserted the opal-studded piercing through the dark brown nipple. Jake repeated the teasing on the other nipple, then inserted the matching piercing. Once they were both locked, Jake tugged gently, causing Ronin to buck hard against the St. Andrew's Cross. "Gods, Jake, you know how that turns me. Oh, Mistress, please!"

* * * * *

Nik enjoyed touching Ronin's body, so very much. He was so strongly built, so much like a professional sports star, that it made her ache to have his long, thick cock inside her. But she'd made herself a promise -- neither would fuck her until Valentine's Day, when they knew it was she, not just Mistress Valentine. Carefully, her mouth enveloped the head of Ronin's cock as Jake tugged on his lover's repierced nipples.

Nikita took him in as she reached out and touched Jake's inner thigh. Sucking hard, she made Ronin groan again, causing her pussy to tighten in response. Gods how these men turned her on. Carefully, she rasped her teeth on the underside of the swollen cock before popping it out of her mouth. She stepped back, released Jake, and straightened. "Beautiful, Ronin. I like seeing you wearing my gems. I think Jake needs something as well."

Jake, looking extremely nervous, shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mistress, I couldn't have my nipples pierced, the pain was too much. I had a major panic attack and passed out."

Nikita smiled, restraining the urge to laugh. She went to the table where she'd placed the box with gifts for both men. "However, Jake, you do have your ear pierced, correct? Come here, now."

She stood waiting, her gaze never wavering from his. His training had him moving to her side before his brain finished thinking her words over. "How did you know?"

“Mistress Trina provided all necessary details, Jake. And I like my men declared in a subtle yet public manner that they’re mine. Each piercing and the earring have chips of ownership in them.” She took the backing off the earring. “Do you accept, Jacob Demaide?”

Jake nodded, his gaze lowering to the floor. “I’d be honored, Mistress Valentine. Thank you for wanting to show ownership.”

Carefully, Nikita approached, her fingers trembling slightly as she took the public step of ownership. She gently pressed the stem of the earring into the hole on Jake’s left ear and then placed on the backing. Once it locked, she tilted Jake’s head up so their eyes met.

“As your mistress, I own you and your lover -- your bodies are mine to possess, and your desires are mine to fulfill. I swear to you that I will honor my duties to you both in affection and hopefully, in time, with love. Your problems are mine; your joys are mine. My dreams are yours, and, just as you belong to me, I belong to you. I am *your* mistress,” Nik said, as she closed the space between them. Her lips hovered over Jake’s. “Kiss me, my male. Kiss me like you want me.”

His lips were warm; his taste was a mix of heated cinnamon and a hint of chocolate. As his tongue swept into her mouth, his hands pulled her close against his naked body. The heat between them grew as she gently raked his back with her long nails. *Gods, this man can kiss!* She rocked against him, and then slowly he pulled back, but not before nipping her bottom lip. “You taste wonderful, Mistress.”

“As do you, Jake. But I want you to take your place by your lover. Mistress Trina, if you’d help restrain Jake so that he is bound just like Ronin, I’d appreciate it.”

Trina guided Jake to the cross and bound him just as she’d been directed. “As you wish. Tonight, we honor their graduation from submission school and share the men one last time before they are yours fully, Mistress Valentine.”

“I’m honored at the gift, Mistress Trina,” Nikita responded, completing the transfer before an audience, thus making it official by House standards. She picked up a lightweight

rabbit-furred flogger. “And may I compliment you on training both men extremely well. You’ve let them keep their alpha maleness but enhanced their natural need to serve a woman. I am extremely pleased with these men.”

“Thank you, Mistress Valentine. Both men are ready to receive you as you wish.” Trina smiled at Nik, who grinned back. “I see you brought your collection of toys for them.”

“Not all; some are for our Valentine’s Day adventure. But tonight, I thought to introduce them to the floggers and some smaller things.” Nikita strolled so that she faced the backs of both men. Trina adjusted the double cross to make the men stand side by side for her pleasure. The mirror in front of them allowed them to see every move she made. She unbuttoned her overshirt, letting the black bustier show for them.

She flicked the flogger ends first on Jake’s back before hitting Ronin’s. In a figure-eight pattern, she did one then the other, until both moaned from the lightweight assault on their backs, buttocks, and upper thighs. “How are you both? Level, please.”

Jake moaned, “Green, Mistress.”

“Gods, more, please, Mistress,” Ronin rasped, his body leaning into his hits. “This is so arousing.”

Trina brought Nikita the black and red suede flogger with alternately weighted ends. “Good, boys, very good. Now I’m moving to another flogger. This is called Tainted Kiss. If you’re uncomfortable at any time, speak your level.” She carefully handed the rabbit one to Trina. Taking Tainted Kiss in hand, Nikita flogged Ronin first with a light hit, getting him used to the heavier impact of the tips before moving to his lover.

She watched as she continued the figure-eight pattern up and down their bodies. The men arched into and away from the hits, as if needing them and being overstimulated by the sensations. Her body tightened as she watched Ronin’s cock swell and Jake try to knock his chastity belt from his swollen dick. Nikita stopped her flogging. Swiftly, she crossed the distance to Jake and raked her nails down his back. Jake groaned, his hips pushing hard

against the cross. With a quick movement, she released the chastity belt. It fell to the floor while she caressed his thick cock.

“Did my slave need his cock free?” Nikita teased it with long, tight movements.

“Yes, gods, yes, Mistress. You own this body of mine. You make me want to come so hard, to please you until you scream for me to stop.” Jake gasped between pants.

Glancing downward, she noticed Jake’s erect, slightly leaking cock. “It seems you’re close to coming, Jacob. I don’t want you to come just yet.” She moved so she knelt before both men, then took Ronin’s cock in hand. “Seems your lover is just as close as you are.” She stroked both cockheads with her thumbs, spreading the precum down each head.

“Mistress, don’t stop,” Ronin begged, as he moved in time with her fists pumping their cocks. “I want to please you, but this feels so good.”

Nikita stopped touching, focusing on squeezing the base of both cocks until both men stopped moving. She held her hands there, waiting for them to regain control. “Good boys. Very good, but it’s not time for you to come yet. It’s time for you to pleasure your ex-mistress and your new one.”

Trina shook her head as she stepped up to one side. “I’m fine, Mistress Valentine. I would be honored to help with the men, preparing them with toys and such, but I don’t need to be pleased by them.”

“If you’re sure, then I won’t press you to accept. Could you please release both men while I connect the harness table into the correct position?” Nikita stood, ran both hands up the men’s bodies, and stopped just short of their nipples. “When you’re both free, you’re to find the labeled anal plugs and submit yourselves to Trina.”

Nikita moved to the harness table, stabilized by four wires that helped to tilt the surface according to the requirements. Nikita spoke telepathically to the AI, Nefermeri. *“Nefermeri, I need the table to be close to both men’s chest height once I’m on it. Are the straps in place?”*

"As you wish, Mistress Nikita," the AI replied in her mind. "I must say, I do approve of surprising the men with your identity. Their heart rates and reaction times are higher than normal, but not too high. I'd recommend giving them a slight break before stimulating them further by turning on the anal plugs. Right now, the levels are not quite at their maximum, but another session like earlier and they'll explode without your consent."

"Thank you, Nefermeri. I concur. Hold off on the plugs until their heart rates go to ten percent above normal. Then begin with patterns two and four; then continue on the patterns we agreed to earlier via Tavi."

"As you will, Mistress Nikita." The computer went silent, which allowed Nikita to think on her next move in the harness.

Nikita adjusted the straps for her legs and her arms, so they wouldn't be too tight but would allow her to move on the narrow table once it was lifted into the air. Turning around, she watched as Trina guided the green-and-blue-striped plug into Jake's ass. "Don't turn it on, Trina. Nefermeri says to wait it a bit for health reasons."

Trina nodded. "Agreed, both men are a little more flushed than normal. I think that you've got their numbers." She teased both men's chests with featherlight strokes. "She's gotten to you both, hasn't she?"

"Yes, Mistress," both men responded. Trina eased the blue and white plug into Ronin's ass. Nikita noticed how her sister took caution in insertion, taking care to keep the plug at its narrowest state with the force field before allowing it to open to full size. It was good to see such care taken of her men. *My men... when did they become mine? How could they not be mine since what happened last night? Gods, am I falling for them? Perhaps Trina is right -- they're mine as much as I'm theirs.*

"Come here, my men. Trina will watch and make sure that we're all safe." Nikita maneuvered to the edge of the platform, then mentally commanded Nefermeri to lift it.

Lying back down, she arranged her legs through the outermost loops so that her pussy hung slightly over the edge. "Come and touch my pussy; taste me."

Leaning back, she watched as both men strode to the front of the platform. "Nefermeri, raise platform to almost chin level," she spoke aloud.

"As you desire, Mistress Valentine," the AI's sultry voice announced overhead. "Commencing."

Slowly, the platform rose in the air, stopping at the collarbone height of Jake. Both men waited at her sides until the platform anchored at the height. She once again caressed their chests, enjoying the feel of their warm skin against her hands. "Now, my boys, I want one of you to kiss my pussy while the other plays with my breasts. That is a command. I'll let you know when I want you both to switch."

Ronin paused, quivering. "Mistress, I will give Jake the honor of pleasuring your pussy while I feast upon those breasts of yours." His large hands covered the bustier and massaged her through the stiff fabric. "Do I have your permission to uncover them?"

Nikita nodded. "Yes, please. Jake, I expect you between my thighs removing my skirt, or there will be hell to pay for you. If you do well, you'll be rewarded. Engage patterns programmed when ready, Nefermeri."

The AI's voice filtered lightly into the room. "Noted, Mistress. Levels are almost reached."

Nikita raised her head, noting that Jacob moved to the platform and worked at the fastening tab that held her lacy underwear together. "Mistress, may I?"

"I have commanded you to pleasure me. Yes, you may remove my garments." Nikita gasped as Ronin's firm hands unlaced the front of her bustier and exposed her breasts to the cooler room temperature. Within a second, Ronin's head bent forward, forcing her to lay her head back down as his mouth covered one large nipple.

His mouth closed tightly on one taut peak while his free hand reached over her rounded belly. As his fingers circled the free nipple, Nikita experienced a breath of warm air over her pussy, increasing the sensation of pleasure. Ronin's teeth gently nipped at her tender flesh as thumbs parted her outer labia, exposing her fully to Jake's touch. His breath fluttered against her damp flesh, forcing her to resist the urge to close her legs around his shoulders. Patiently, she listened to their breathing and enjoyed the sensations they were invoking within her body.

Light pinching on her exposed breast sent sparks of need zinging straight to her pussy, which was being teased with gentle touches by Jake. Had she ever doubted that these two gorgeous men could bring any woman ecstasy? *Gods, if they keep this up, I'm going to come before I'm damn good and ready! But how can I resist letting them pleasure me when they are ever so fucking eager?*

Lifting his head, Ronin tugged her already-tight nipple until it felt ready to explode. Watching them touch her like this sent shivers of desire throughout her body. Ronin's mouth popped off her nipple, leaving her feeling cold and empty. A needy whimper came out of her mouth as his hands roamed over both breasts, massaging his warmth into them, while his dexterous fingers teased the tips. Nikita moaned in gratitude, arching her back. "More, Ronin. I want you to touch them more."

"And me, milady?" Jake asked, his mouth hovering just over her mons.

"Place your mouth on me and fuck me, Jacob. What are you waiting for? Nefermeri, pattern five for Jacob, please," Nikita growled. She heard Nefermeri's internal laughter and agreement. Jake's sudden groan and whimper had her smiling. *Tease me? I think not. Ha!* "Do you now realize you can't win, Jacob? Now, if you behave, perhaps the vibrations in the anal plug will be more pleasurable."

Ronin gasped as she felt his body move hard against the platform. "Feeling some pleasure, Ronin?"

“Oh gods, yes. How are you managing to make it feel like I’m being fucked throughout my whole body?” His voice was a low groan. Quickly, he bent over, his mouth kissing her flesh between her breasts. “You make me feel like I’m fucking you yet being fucked at the same time. Gods, I want this to continue, yet it’s so intense.”

“Good. It’s a toy that Aislynn at P3 developed specifically to amplify sensations.” Nikita moaned as Jake’s tongue traveled the length of her cunt from front to the rim of her ass. “More Jake, slide your tongue deep within my pussy.”

His mouth covered her opening as his tongue darted in and out of her. She shifted her hips in time with his thrusts and let out a growl when his teeth lightly raked her clit. Ronin’s fingers tugged at her nipples as his mouth began teasing her neck. So many hands, so many sensations filled her body. This was what she’d needed for so long -- to be worshipped and loved by people she trusted. “I need more, Jake. I’m so close to coming, but I need more.”

His mouth lifted, but the emptiness was soon filled with two long fingers delving deep in her pussy. The rhythm he set was hard, deep, and quick -- just the way Nikita loved it. His fingers curled slightly in her, urging her to lift her hips in time with his rocking motion. Ronin’s mouth glided over one nipple, biting it in time with each upward thrust. The zinging in her breasts crashed into the full sensation rocking her lower abdomen. Nikita panted with pleasure and with need, her moans filling the room.

Before she could whisper anything, both men growled, their bodies rocking hard against the slightly lowered platform. Nik’s body rocked in time as both men continued pleasuring her and rocked their bodies against the platform. Back and forth, up and down, over and again, until Nikita couldn’t take it anymore. “Jacob! Ronin!” she screamed as orgasm after orgasm racked through her body.

She arched as both men continued their simultaneous onslaught to pleasure her until finally, in a whisper, she begged, “Enough, you have done enough, my lovely men.”

"Mistress, your rates are slowly coming down, but the men are gearing up; I've instituted the patterning you programmed earlier. I don't know how much more they can take considering what you've put them through. I'd recommend having them experience release as soon as you can for their optimum health benefit."

"Thank you, Nefermeri. Institute the secondary actions of the anal plug, pulsating against the base of their prostate glands." Nikita moaned as both men drew their hands up her body, touching her everywhere.

"Boys, I want you to help me off of this platform, please." She sat up, allowing the men to undo the straps securing her safely on the small space. Offering her hands, the men helped ease her down. She kissed each one, enjoying the different taste and style of kissing. "Now, I want Jake to place himself on the straddle horse, back down. Ronin, I'd like you to strap him in place." Nikita walked to the rounded yet well-cushioned apparatus. "Once he's in place, Ronin, I want you to let him suck you off. Jake, I will be returning the pleasure you gave me."

Within moments, Nikita found herself kneeling on a cushioned stool provided by Mistress Trina while holding Jake's long, aroused cock before her. Inhaling deeply, the scent of desire and sex filled her senses. She loved how emotions mixed so easily with scent, letting her know just how much she affected both men. "Jacob, you must please your lover. If at any time I think you're not doing your job, the anal plug in you will go to that pattern that taunts but doesn't please. Understood?"

Jake looked at the long, light brown cock before him. "Oh, yeah, Mistress. I want to make my lover come as hard as I made you." He leaned upward until the head of Ronin's cock entered his mouth.

"Good boy, Jake. Ronin, let him guide you on how deep to take him. Though I warn you, your anal plug has been programmed to mimic as if you're being fucked." Nikita chuckled as she cupped Jake's balls while the other clasped around the base of the cock. "Begin, Nefermeri, with the Prima in the music and pattern ten-twenty."

“Indeed, Mistress. Pattern ten-twenty activated with incremental increases in time within their tolerances.”

Nikita brushed the top of Jake’s cock with her tongue, enjoying the taste of it. Slowly, she opened her mouth and allowed the taste of musk and male to fill her senses. Jake groaned as her mouth covered the bulbous head before she slowly took him in, lightly squeezing the rest of his cock with her free hand. His hips moved up as her mouth swallowed him. When he tried to increase the pace, Nikita slapped his ass with the flat of her hand.

Her gaze watched as Ronin fucked his lover’s mouth, the contrast of their skin emphasizing how well they blended -- Jake’s light tan against Ronin’s Islander golden coloring. Nikita hummed in desire against Jake’s cock, enjoying his reaction to her teasing. His hips bucked and she shoved them down again, squeezing lightly on his balls, emphasizing whose pace they were following.

Within a couple of moments, Nikita sensed the change in the rhythm of the anal plugs, increasing the friction of her mouth against Jake’s cock along with the tempo, until it mimicked the age-old rhythm of good sex. Her hand worked the area she couldn’t take in her mouth, while her other hand cupped his balls, her fingers gently massaging the perineal area.

Rocking into the rhythm, Nikita focused on pleasuring the male before her, concentrating on the moments of pressure and release that built up the need to orgasm. Nefermeri warned her with a small beep that Ronin would come first. Following the gentle, low beeps, Nikita sucked harder, with her mouth gliding faster up and down Jake’s length until his hips thrust upward and he stiffened. Ronin also stiffened, moaning his release as his hips thrust once, twice, thrice, into Jake’s waiting mouth. Nikita slid back just enough to give Jake’s hot seed room to hit her mouth and allow her to swallow the slightly salty liquid quickly.

Slowing her rhythm, she helped ease the transition from orgasm to something lighter, less intense. Mentally, she sent a message to Nefermeri, *"Begin cool-down protocol alpha. Instruct two AIs to bring in drinks for both men and myself."*

"I've contacted them, and they should arrive in the next three minutes. Mistress Trina has put in an order for warmed blankets for the three of you. They'll be available on your left. Transporting sequence initiating."

"Thank you, Nefermeri." Nikita caught her breath as she released Jake's semi-erect dick from her mouth. Pleasing these men felt good to her, more so than any other men she'd played with recently. The more time she spent with them, the more she realized how much she liked and needed them. "Relax. Ronin, undo Jake's restraints. Then sit beside us." Grabbing two heated blankets, Nikita adjusted herself so she leaned against Jake.

She covered Jake first, and then, as Ronin sat on her right, Nikita covered him as well. She stroked both of their faces, urging them to release their emotions to her safekeeping. Simultaneous sighs were the result, making Nik smile.

"The AIs have brought some drinks for you both and items to wash with when you've recovered," Mistress Trina said, kneeling in front of them. "What a fantastic scene, Mistress Valentine. I've never seen both men react so intensely before."

Trina left the room, letting the men and her have some quiet time as the AIs delivered the warm, cocoa-based refreshment. Nikita wrapped her hands around the mug and sipped the drink. "You both performed wonderfully tonight. I am pleased."

Jake responded first, placing his head against her shoulder. "You are fantastic in person. I never thought any woman would be able to read my needs so easily as you have."

Nikita chuckled. "Actually, Trina has you both mapped out completely. Little do you know that your boss has a doctorate in sexual psychology, among other degrees, and, for fun, handles the shipping department."

Both men gaped at her. She laughed harder. It didn't surprise her that her sister hadn't told them her true qualifications. Ronin raised a finger slightly to catch her attention. "You mean that Trina's one of those doctors who does the testing to determine sexuality and emotionality?"

"She's one of the doctors who created the tests we use in this century," Nikita replied. "It's why it's a huge honor for her to take anyone to train. She knows more about people than they know about themselves, which is why when she offered you two to me; I knew she had done the work involved to make sure we were compatible."

"Makes sense. She kept herself to a bare minimum of involvement. Were we just test subjects to her?" Jake's voice hardened slightly.

"Never. Trina's not like that. Because she does involve herself with those she trains, she never practices her side job as a doctor while training. And honestly, if she hadn't taken you both under her wing, I'd have never seen you with her." Nikita tapped Jake's nose. "Don't be angry. Trina did the right thing in what she did for you both and at the same time, kept herself separate. In time, she'll find her match and have a hell of a time reconciling it."

"I'd give anything to see that happen," Ronin said with a chuckle.

"Me too," Jake added.

Nikita nodded. "Perhaps we will one day. Now, once we clean up, it'll be time to head home. Tomorrow is the big day. I know now just how compatible we are. If you are willing, I'd like to offer you both collars. Take time to think on it. I know it's fast for us, but last night and tonight have shown me that Trina didn't lie. I care for you both, and I'm finding the more time I'm with you, the more I want to be with you two."

They spent some time talking, sharing parts of their pasts and of how Ronin and Jacob met at a science fiction convention a few years back. It had been instant attraction and bonding on first sight. The computers only confirmed that, then informed them that they were in need of a female dominant to be happy. Nikita laughed and revealed how she had

been told that she couldn't be satisfied with only one male but would need at least two to keep an even keel in her life.

Shortly after, an AI entered the room, offering to help clean the room while they took care of themselves. Slowly the men withdrew the anal plugs, then handed them over to the AI for cleaning. Nikita instructed the AI what else needed to be dealt with.

Before she could leave, though, Jake took her hand, kissing the palm. "Mistress Valentine, tonight I've felt something that I didn't think possible -- the flicker of our dreams being realized. Thank you for accepting Mistress Trina's offer."

Ronin pressed his forehead against her mask. "Thank you, Mistress. You are a goddess to us, and this time has reinforced that you mean to be a part of our life, not just for sex. I willingly serve you and am grateful for your presence."

Nikita smiled softly. "And I am grateful for your presences. I'm happy for the first time in ages. Until tomorrow night then, my newly beloveds."

With that, Nikita rushed out of the room, hurrying to the changing room, where she knew her sister would have prepped everything so she could leave for home. For once, she was grateful for her sister's empathic ability. She had to think, especially experiencing these feelings of need and love that had so often eluded her. Had she really offered them collars? She needed to think without them near her. The world had changed again, this time offering her just what she wanted. Would she take the offer?

Chapter Eight

February 14, 2112

13 Baktun, 5 Katun, 0 Tun, 10 unial, 13 kin, 12 Ben, 1 Cumku, Lord of the Night -- G6

Ronin and Jake arrived at Decadence and found Michelle Hasker waiting patiently. “Morning, gentlemen. Great to see you both on this celebrated holiday. Before we do your hair, the schedule has you seeing the sauna rooms, followed by a massage.”

“Full?” Jake asked, wiggling his brows.

“No, this is for muscle preparation only.” Michelle chuckled. “The goal is to prep your bodies for tonight’s filming, not to blow your load before it’s time.”

Both men laughed. “Okay, point made, Michelle,” Ronin answered. “So off to steam ourselves clean?”

Michelle pointed toward the sauna cottages. “Off to the steamer. I’ll see you both in three hours.”

Both men sauntered to the series of beach cottages farther along the resort area. It amazed them at how pleasure was truly found at P3’s luxury resort in Florida.

Within moments of their arrival, a tall, mocha-colored man, Bruce, ushered them into a slightly larger cottage.

"I'm here to ensure we keep to the traditional sauna techniques, using heated rocks and water," Bruce said. "You'll be monitored the entire time. Special herbs will be released into the air during your thirty-five-minute treatment."

"Do these herbs do anything?" Ronin asked while disrobing.

"None used will irritate you. They'll open your pores, encourage sweating, and at the same time moisturize." Bruce tapped a series of commands into the computer. "After this, you're to go into the rinse pool for ten laps."

Jake nodded. After grabbing a waist towel, he wrapped it around himself. "Thanks, Bruce. Anything else?"

Bruce smiled. "That should be it. Enjoy the music and feel free to take a nap. I'll see you in thirty-five minutes."

The door closed them in the room, leaving both Ronin and Jake alone. Each chose a slotted wooden bench, arranging herbal pillows under their heads.

"Definitely different," Jake commented, stretching his body out as woodsy-scented steam slowly rose from the center of the room.

Ronin glanced around, his body tight as he tried to get into a comfortable position on the right bench. "A traditional sauna using heated rocks, water, and herbs, and yet it's like we're playing a part."

"We are, Ronin. For today, we make our first movie, and we get to unmask Mistress Valentine."

"No shit, Jake. But more so," Ronin pointed out, "this preparation is like they do before they implant the temporary memory block for the actors."

"Good point. But we're not regular actors, are we? I doubt we'd receive the memory blocks for this. Relax, Ronin. They would've told us by now." Jake's body tightened as he

stretched out fully. Ronin admired his lover's naked form for a moment before following suit.

Ronin lay back, closing his eyes. Jake was correct, but suddenly, this getting ready wasn't as fun. "I thought we were special."

Jake laughed. "We are, but Mistress Valentine is going to use the methods that work to get us ready to be filmed."

"Okay, okay. You're right." Ronin relaxed against the polished wood. "I'm taking a nap."

"See you when we wake up."

* * * * *

One hour later

Both men held hands as they walked to the foyer of the massage facility. Aiko greeted them with a smile.

"Hi, guys. Welcome back." Her gaze traveled down their near-naked bodies. "I see you had Bruce's special treatment."

Jake lifted a brow. "That obvious?"

"Hades, yes," Aiko replied, stepping toward them. Her hand brushed his chest. "Your skin here is glowing, while here" -- she examined Jake's face -- "your pores are tightened and the skin looks fresh, not oily." Aiko led them through a set of double doors. "Bruce's special treatment is not cheap. What you received, not even our best actors have access to."

"Guess we *are* special," Jake replied, squeezing Ronin's hand. "Numbnuts here thought we were given the same treatment as the others."

Aiko paused. "In the execution, it's the same formula. However, you're getting perks reserved for our major guests or the executive staff. You *are* special to your owner." She gestured them inside. "Same as before, just no orgasms today. After this, back to Decadence."

"Thanks, Aiko," Ronin said and kissed her cheek. "You're fantastic to reassure me."

"Anytime. Now go; you're on a schedule." She shooed the men toward the massage area. They laughed as they did as she asked.

Both men entered the private massage room, only to stop dead. Before them lay a naked Nikita, once again being massaged by Trevor. She moved sinuously as his fingers stroked down her belly.

As one unit, both men converged on either side of Nikita. Jake's hand rested lightly on Nik's left thigh, while Ronin touched her right one. Her eyes fluttered open. "Touch me, both of you, please," she begged.

Jake didn't need to be told again. Touching her thigh, he lowered his mouth over one nipple; Ronin mirrored him.

As one, they teased and suckled her nipples. Nikita's movements became more frantic as their hands joined together on her clit and Trevor thrust his fingers into her pussy.

"Gods, yes! Make me come, all of you," Nikita cried, her back bowing upward.

Jake concentrated on exciting her clit in time with his mouth tugging on one large nipple. How this woman made him want to pound his dick into her! She moved so sexily, so uninhibitedly.

Lifting his head, Jake whispered, "Let go, Nikita. Let us pleasure you."

She trembled as he and Ronin gently bit her nipples.

"Yes! I'm going to come!"

Nikita stiffened and then jerked as a low moan emerged from her mouth. Neither Jake nor Ronin stopped touching her until her orgasms shook her from head to toe.

Carefully, they moved, gathering Nik into a group hug. They whispered wordless reassurance as she panted. Finally, her breathing slowed, and her grip on their arms loosened.

“Th-th-thank you, Jacob and Ronin,” she stammered before kissing each on the cheek. “An unexpected pleasure, but deeply appreciated.”

“It was our honor,” Ronin countered. “Are you feeling better?”

Her smile lit up her face. “With your help, very much so.” She looked at the massage therapist, smiling. “This was my last time with Trevor. I thought I’d be able to relax completely, but I couldn’t reach an orgasm without further help.”

Her gaze dropped to their waists in turn. “Seems I’ve gotten you both aroused. Perhaps I could remedy the situation?”

Trevor held up a hand. “Miss Nikita, both men are participating in filming tonight. They’re not allowed release.”

Nikita sighed. “Oh, yes, a rule I enacted. Perhaps another time, then?”

They helped Nikita up, neither of them turning away as she rinsed off, then dressed in a pullover robe. She kissed their cheeks again.

“Thank you, Ronin and Jake. Hope to see you soon.” Nikita left, allowing both men to groan.

“Gods, I need to come,” Ronin growled.

“You and me both,” Jake agreed. He flung himself onto a nearby clean table. “This changes everything, Ronin.”

Trevor excused himself as Ronin lay on another table. Two new therapists entered and started their therapy session.

Jake grunted, “We promised.”

“Yes, but Nik said --”

Jake turned his head, "Don't say it. I think she meant it."

Ronin's brows lifted. "It rang true?"

"Yeah." Jake tried relaxing, but his mind worked furiously. "How do we deal with this?"

Neither man spoke for a while. Jake knew that Ronin was mulling over the actions and consequences of any scenario, just as he was. Once their massages were almost complete, Jake spoke. "There's only one thing to do."

Ronin looked at him. "What?"

Jake brushed his body with a nearby hand towel. "Tell Mistress Valentine everything. See what she thinks would be best."

Ronin's voice rang out in the room. "Fuck!"

"Exactly. But it's all we've got." Jake shrugged. "I don't think we have any other option, lover."

"Hopefully she won't kill us for pleasuring someone other than her." Ronin sighed. "Gods help us."

* * * * *

Early evening in the holo-studio

Nikita stood in her dressing room looking at her choice of outfits. She wanted to have that boss look that was so popular now, the one with the pin-striped suit with matching pumps and such, but she also wanted to wear her leather. She liked the way she looked in good, supple leather. Further, she knew her two new submissives would enjoy it as well. Perhaps there was a way of having both. "Tavi, do we have an office suit for a female that is a bit more dominant in color and fabric?"

“What were you thinking, Nikita?” Tavi broadcast a hologram before Nikita, showing her what outfits were in stock.

“Perhaps some leather for the suit coat and the skirt, though keeping the pin-striped pattern. Make the shirt more of a corset with lace trim. The pumps can stay, but add thigh-high stockings with seams and garters to hold them up. Is it doable on such short notice?”

Tavi paused a moment, then hummed. “I think, perhaps...yes, Nikita. What do you think of this outfit?” He brought up the hologram of the outfit, complete with garters and pumps. Done in black with red pinstripes, it was exactly as she had been thinking. Sometimes, Tavi was a genius. It was why she loved having him in filming and refused to let anyone else have him.

“Perfect. Is it in my size, though? I’m not your typical thin woman.” Nikita looked down at her double-D breasts and her rounded belly. “I might be somewhat in shape, but I’ll never lose those last thirty-six pounds to hit my goal weight.”

“You are beautiful, Nikita, and yes, the outfit is in your size. I’ll have one of the remote AIs retrieve it and bring it to you. Did you speak to Aislynn or Grendel about toys?”

“Already done, and one of their AIs should be bringing the toys over to you for your approval and to upload the links into your systems within the next few minutes.” Nikita fingered the black silk panties she planned to wear. “Do you think I’m doing the right thing, Tavi? Taking on both men, I mean?”

“Though I’m not human, I’ve spent time in the AI mobile forms, Nikita. Dana and I have a ‘relationship’ as you might term it. I think these two men are compatible for you. More importantly, I think that perhaps, just perhaps, they might give you exactly what you need on a deeper level. You’ve bitched and moaned about them when you’ve seen them perform for Trina, and I’ve done the initial scans for the three of you.”

“Let’s have it then,” Nikita said, as a knock sounded on the door. In entered a mobile AI, which deposited the boss outfit into her outstretched arms. “Thank you.”

The AI nodded. "You're welcome, Nikita." The AI left, leaving Tavi and Nikita alone.

"Continue, Tavi, while I get dressed." Nikita smiled while admiring the garments' balance of leather, silk, and lace.

"Both Jake and Ronin are well matched. In fact, they're grumbling about their clothes, though both are registering low levels of excitement according to my sensors." Tavi paused, then began again as Nik stripped out of her robe. "Yet both admit needing a woman in their lives, one who will love them and give them what they need -- discipline, affection, and to love them in tandem. You want more than one man; you know that it takes more than one to fulfill you on all levels. You need men you can trust, who are willing to take you in command, occasionally overthrow you, but also give you what you need -- men to rely on in the way that lets your best side come out." Tavi paused for a moment. "How am I doing so far, Nik?"

"So far, so good," Nik agreed, arranging the deep red corset around her chest, then tying the ties in the front. "Continue. I can't refute one word you've said yet."

"Further, their medical health is clear, as is yours. They have undergone and passed their submissive training exams, which Trina hasn't told them yet. She's only told them they're getting a gift for taking the tests. According to the match center and your sister, the three of you are a ninety-nine-point-six percent match. The point-four percent give, plus or minus, is the usual, since we can't ever be one hundred percent sure. I think they're what you want and need, Nikita. How many films have you done of late dealing with ménages, specifically two bisexual males and a dominant female?"

Nik sighed. It was tough to argue with an AI programmed by your own family. "Damn you, Tavi. You're right. They've fascinated me for the past two years, but once they began training with Trina, I knew...I wanted them. They're smart, strong, aren't afraid of letting a woman be the boss, but there's something else there too. They know who they are inside. They're not afraid of their essence. That appeals to me." Nikita finished pulling on the

leather pinstriped suit coat. “What do you think?” She stepped into the three-inch-heeled black patent leather pumps.

“I think that you’re going to make them into hard cock statues, Nikita,” Tavi responded with a laugh. “You look like the true Domina you are. The set is ready, and we’ve prepared the after-chamber as well for aftercare.”

“Thanks, Tavi. After the surprise massage session this afternoon, I know they’ll accept both me and the mistress. I just was afraid to voice it.” Nikita slid her earpiece on and tested it softly. “Let’s continue this from the earpiece, if you please.” The last thing she put on was the crimson mask that covered most of her face.

“As you wish, Mistress Nikita. Now go capture your men,” Tavi encouraged in her ear.

Chapter Nine

In the editing room at the P3 studios

Trina watched as Ronin and Jake walked onto the soundstage, both looking at the cards they'd been given in their dressing rooms. They were told their new mistress wanted to do a boss-secretary scenario with them, both of them being the secretaries. The scene setting was that they were tired of the sexual innuendo that their female boss dished out to them. They were to be polite as they met her, but then give her hell for her behavior. It was a scenario often done with men in charge and the woman being the secretary, but this time...this time it was all about the woman boss.

Trina sat back in her chair with a happy sigh. "Who realized my Valentine's Day would be spent playing Cupid for one of my sisters with the men of her dreams?"

A voice interrupted. "Me. You should have warned me before an hour ago," said Carin, their other sister. "I'd have paid big money to see you pull all this off in less than three days. Granted, Nik warned me what you were doing. I wondered when you'd tell me."

"There was good reason not to. You'd have stopped me or tried to help. This I had well under control -- this time." Trina hugged her sister before ushering her into the waiting

chair. “Well, now you’re here, and Tavi’s running the feed from the cameras to the editor’s booth for us.” Trina gestured toward the live feed from holo-studio fifteen. “So, editing guru, go to it.”

“Gods, the things we do to help those we love.” Carin chuckled. She fiddled with a couple of buttons, grabbing various camera feed from the studio. “Turn up the volume; it looks like Nik’s coming in. If I’ve got to edit this, I definitely want to listen in.”

* * * * *

Holo-studio 15

Nikita saw the men first and, adjusting her mask, stepped onto the stage. At that moment, she was no longer Nikita, but Mistress Boss, the sex-starved woman who wanted both of her secretaries.

Her pumps clicked on the marble floor as she made her way toward them. “Good evening, gentlemen. Sorry to interrupt your Valentine’s Day plans, but I needed some work done by you both.” She gave them a slight leer, while knowing that as she leaned forward slightly they were getting a good look at her cleavage. *Sometimes it’s good to be me. Their faces betray just how much they like this. Fantastic!*

Jake stepped forward, his dark brown leather tuxedo showcasing his fit body. “It’s not fair, boss, that you make us work the holiday when no one else does.”

His voice possessed just the right timbre of fear and anger, arousing Nik’s dominant nature. “Are you saying it’s not in my right to make my secretaries work if I’m working?”

“We should be allowed to enjoy the holiday like the others,” Ronin grumbled, pulling at his bow tie. He looked uncomfortable in the leather tuxedo, though to Nik’s eyes they both were delectable. “We’re dressed for Valentine’s Day, and yet here we are stuck working instead of going out and having fun.”

Nikita lifted one brow. "Fun? You think you deserve fun?" She gave an indelicate snort. "You haven't even offered your boss some fun, so why should you get to have any?"

Jake's jaw dropped open; then he shut it quickly. Nik hoped that Tavi caught the stunned look on Jake's face. It was priceless. His voice came out as a threatening growl. "Are you hinting at something, *boss*?"

"I'd like for you both to serve *my* needs, yes," Nikita crooned to them as she sat on the corner of the ornate desk, her legs separating to allow them a glimpse up her short leather skirt. She watched their gazes before deliberately crossing her ankles. "I think that you two secretaries could do for me and perhaps, if you do well, I could do for you. Of course, it depends on how well you please me."

Fidgeting, Ronin tugged at his tie before dropping his hands in front of his stomach. She watched as his hands flexed repeatedly. "Some might call that sexual harassment, boss lady."

"Perhaps. Or some might call it a win-win scenario for all parties involved. I view it in that manner." Nikita licked her lips and undid the buttons of her suit coat, letting the red corset show. "Perhaps one of you boys might help your boss out of her coat. She's getting a bit too hot looking at you two gorgeous men in your tuxedos for her enjoyment."

Tavi whispered in her ear, "Core body temperatures are rising for both men. They're also trying to prevent their arousal from being noticeable from your view. Jake's leaning forward slightly to hide his erection."

Standing, she waited until both Ronin and Jake moved forward, each waiting for the other to take off her coat. Finally, Ronin placed his hands on her arms and helped her remove her jacket. He eased it until it was halfway down her arms. With a quick movement, he tightened his grip, preventing her from moving her arms. "Did you really think we'd serve you sexually without taking our own fun and pleasure from it?"

His mouth nibbled on her neck as Jake's hands glided over her bare shoulders and upper chest. The moist kisses combined with the light touch made her pussy clench in desperate need. "You've teased us long enough, boss. This time, we're ready for you. You're going to serve *us*." His mouth landed squarely on her parted lips, taking away her retort.

His mouth was warm, minty, and he was well experienced at subtle teasing as his tongue darted along hers, then backed away as she tried to become aggressive. With Ronin holding her arms at her sides, she couldn't grab Jake's short, wavy hair to show him who was truly the boss here.

Finally, he broke off the kiss and flashed a devilish smile. "I think our boss might need someone to teach her who's really the boss in this threesome." Jake panted. He pointed toward her mask. "Ronin, remove our boss's mask. Let's see just who our new sexual slave is."

"Do *not* touch my mask, Ronin. Not until I command it so," Nikita ordered while reveling in how the two sets of hands on her bare arms aroused her so much. What they shared was more than sexual compatibility; this was deeper, something that her sister would define as the beginning of love. *Dammit, I never meant to fall in love. But, if this is how it's meant to be, I guess my sisters aren't suckers to seek it in their own lives.*

"Lady, you might be our boss at the day job, but when it comes to the night, we're the ones in control of what happens," Ronin whispered in her ear as his hands caressed her bare arms. Carefully, he lifted off the mask, and though her eyes were closed, she heard them both gasp as they recognized her. "Lady...Mistress...Nikita." His tripping over her name amused her as she opened her eyes and gazed openly at both men. Ronin continued speaking, his head lowered slightly. "You do us an honor tonight. But you're still at our mercy unless you can win the right to rule us. You know the rules of House Seti that we uphold."

"Oh, I will win you both over to my way of doing things before this night is over, trust me," Nik responded. She worked more of the coat down toward her wrists. Although the buttery-soft leather didn't bend well, this lightweight version bunched up nicely. Before

they noticed her movements, she slipped out one hand and then the other, making sure that the only thing that moved was her chest, emphasizing it with deep inhalations and exhalations. She looked up, only to catch Jake's chocolate brown eyes looking directly at her.

"I think not, my lady," Jake commanded as he skimmed his hands over the deep crimson corset and caressed her nipples.

Nik bit back a moan as her nipples tightened under his ministrations. She saw the devilish look in his eyes when Tavi's reminder hit her ear. "He's the alpha submissive, Nik. Remember, he'll push you and will top from the bottom if you let him."

Knowing the AI was correct, she waited until Jake edged closer, then snapped her hands forward, grabbing his erection through the lightweight leather pants. "I *know* so. Your cock's stiffening up. Guess we know who the real boss is, don't we?" She glanced at Ronin, whose hands hung at his sides. "Good boy, Ronin."

Standing straight at her full height of five feet two inches, Nikita used her free hand and grabbed Ronin's chest. Her fingers clung to one of the opal rings she'd given Ronin the night before. Tapping the top of the gem, she felt the light vibrations rock against his nipples, catching Ronin off guard. She stepped back, snapped her fingers, then pointed toward the floor. "Now, I want both of you to get on your knees before your new mistress and lover."

Both men sank, albeit reluctantly, to their knees. Nik released Jake's cock as he slowly lowered himself. Quickly, she whipped out a chain and attached it to Ronin's piercings. She placed one foot on his chest and tugged the middle of the chain. "Feels good, doesn't it," Nik whispered as Ronin's body jolted from slightly slumped forward to straight up, exposing how his cock tented his leather pants. "I like seeing my men react well to little gifts." Shifting her position, she forced Jake's chin up. "You enjoy seeing your lover so aroused for me, don't you, Jake?"

“Yes,” he spat out as Nik ran her long red nails down the front of his tuxedo shirt. “I like seeing what pleasures his mind and body. We knew the piercings were a bit larger than normal, as if they were made to be attached, but we had no idea they vibrated.”

“No, Aislynn created the piercings to my specifications. They only need my touch to activate them.” She tugged on the piercing and enjoyed Ronin’s whimpering and growing arousal at the light level of pain and pleasure. “I know I left a special gift for you in the dressing room, Jacob. Did you wear it for me?” Nik asked. Her free hand grazed down until it squeezed his balls. The slightly thicker, studded cock ring rubbed against her hand. She tapped two studs, activating the built-in vibrators. “How does your gift feel now?”

She watched as he shifted and knew that his movements tightened the ring a bit more against his balls. He trembled in response as Ronin moaned when he tugged the chain on his piercings. They were slowly falling into the frame of mind she wanted them to achieve -- arousal with obedience. Using her direct mental link to Tavi, she asked, *“How are they both doing? At their limit of arousal?”*

Tavi, his accent vibrating against her earpiece, replied softly, “So far, both are in normal limits. However, that said, they’re very aroused and their serotonin levels are slowly increasing. I do believe you’ve got them where you want, for the most part, Mistress Nik.”

Nik smiled as she focused her attention on her waiting men. “Good boys. Now, your safe word is ‘Christmas,’ and your warning words are ‘Will Robinson.’ Got it?” Nik crooned as she glided her hands up their chests until they stopped at their nipples. As she spoke, she gently tugged, reinforcing her words. “I own you; you are mine. You will pleasure me, and I will make sure that you won’t ever regret giving yourself to me, understand? I know that you are surprised that Mistress Valentine is me, but know this -- I’ve wanted you both badly since the moment I saw you training with Trina.”

“We were wondering how to tell you about our moment in the massage area with Nikita...I mean, you.” Ronin lifted his hands and captured one of Nik’s hands against his chest. He leaned forward, his mouth opening for a warm kiss. Twisting one of his piercings

until he sat back, she waited for him to call it quits. When he didn't, she spoke softly. "You ask, you don't demand, Ronin. Didn't Trina teach you anything in your time with her?"

"I want you, Nikita... I mean, Mistress Nikita. I want to taste you like Jake has. Please," he begged, ducking his head in shame.

"I do forgive you, Ronin. That's good that you're honest with me. For that, you may kiss me." She lifted his chin with her free hand and leaned forward until their lips met. Where Jake was warmth and mint, Ronin was musk and desire as he plundered her mouth and she plundered back. She was happy to allow him full access to her mouth while his hands remained on her upper arms, not preventing her from whatever she wanted to do to him.

Finally, she broke off the kiss, giving Ronin a smile. "Good boy, Ronin. Thank you for letting me take over. That's a good submissive; something you'll be rewarded for. As for you, young man," Nik said, her gaze going to Jake, "you've been a bad, bad boy. You thought you could top a Domina when you are only an alpha submissive. Tsk-tsk-tsk. You're going to be punished for that thought. Ronin, take Jake to the corner where the St. Andrew's Cross is. Tavi, run program two."

Nikita watched as Ronin led Jake from the desk area to the corner, where the hat rack suddenly transformed through holograms and force-field programs into a medieval-style St. Andrew's Cross. She noted how Ronin tried to calm Jake down by soft pats on the arms and a caress along the cheek.

That kind of intimacy was created over months, not just hours or even the couple of days she'd had with them, yet somehow Nikita felt part of that closeness. Whatever she might think of her sister's matchmaking ways, she owed Trina. However, now was not the time to think on how to pay back her sister. Now was the time to enjoy two beautiful men who deserved to be pleased in the way they liked best.

“Ronin, remove Jake’s clothing, all except the cock ring. As you undo the shirt, I want his hands pinned to the cross, then the same with his feet. Once that’s done, I want you to remove your clothes as well and then kneel between his feet.” Nikita waited on the throne that had been created from the desk chair. She commanded Tavi to have another AI shift its location so she had a fantastic view of Ronin’s ass and Jake’s arousal as his lover removed his clothes. Suddenly a flash of pink and red caught her attention. She looked closer at her men, which started her laughing in amusement.

Jake had worn black boxer briefs with bright red and pink hearts throughout the fabric. “Gods, too much.” Nikita chuckled. “That does give you some extra points, Jacob. But that underwear still has to go! Continue, Ronin.”

As the strip show continued, Nikita allowed herself a moment to relax. This is what she craved, men to care for and be cared for by. Seeing how what she created pleased them, so that they could do nothing but please her in return. She noted Ronin’s increased breathing. Mentally, she signaled Tavi. *“Tavi, how goes it?”*

He whispered quietly in her ear, instead of responding in her mind. “It goes well, Nikita. Both men are obviously aroused, as well as a small increase of adrenaline hitting their systems. Their bodies are reacting as both Trina and her AI have filed on the chips. Their unique scents are being emitted into the air. I’ve got the air filtration system negating their pheromones while heightening the concentration of yours.”

“Good, continue the program as we went over.”

“Oh, I like your moves, Ronin,” Nik called out as she eased her panties to one side and touched her damp folds with one red nail. “Do you see what the two of you do to me? Do you see how damp I am watching the two of you strip naked for me? Do you two have any idea how many fantasies I’ve had of the two of you at my mercy, demanding sex, demanding you give it all to me?”

“You look aroused, Mistress,” Jake said, his body stretching as Ronin finished locking his feet into place. “Am I a tempting morsel for my mistress, who owns my body? Am I displayed for your pleasure, Mistress?”

“Very much so.” She continued stroking her folds before slowly sliding the moisture from her wet pussy onto her clitoris. “I love how Ronin looks to your comfort while still doing my bidding. Good boy, Ronin, for undressing while facing me. Now, I want you to suck on your lover’s cock. Do it.” Nikita lay back in the chair as the arms shifted so she could place her right thigh up, exposing her to both men and yet being in a comfortable position.

Ronin’s mouth covered the top of Jake’s plum-shaped head while Nikita pressed one finger deep in her pussy. Nikita then rubbed her clitoris with her other fingers, going in time with Ronin’s soft, tentative motions. “That’s right, Ronin, take him deep within your mouth. Taste Jake’s saltiness and feel his dick get aroused at how your mouth sucks at him.”

Ronin’s tempo increased, taking Jake’s long cock deep in his mouth, and Jake’s hips pumped to encourage Ronin to take him deeper. Even Nik, fascinated at how the men reacted to each other, experienced tingling deep within her pussy and streaming upward to all her extremities. “Nikita, the boys are getting close to orgasm. You might want to rein them in.”

Nikita sighed but stopped touching herself. Grabbing the flogger set that had been placed next to her by one of the AIs, she placed it into the holster on her outfit. *“You’re right. There’s only one way I want them to come, and it’s not on each other.”*

“Enough, Ronin, stop.” She noticed Ronin slowed but continued his ministrations. After rising from her chair, she strode toward both men, then jerked on Ronin’s hair, forcing him to let go of Jake’s thick cock. “I said stop. When I say to stop, I demand instant obedience, Ronin.” She removed the flogger from its holster at her hip. With a quick wrist flick, the studded leather flogger landed against Ronin’s back. “Now, back off from Jake while I inspect your handiwork.”

Nikita placed herself between Ronin and Jake as the taller man scooted on his knees backward. Satisfied with her position between the two men, she gestured to Ronin. "Help me remove my panties, slave."

"Yes, Mistress." His big hands smoothed up her outer legs until they were flush with her lacy panties. With a slight push of his thumbs, he tugged the silky panties down her legs until she stepped out of them. Bowing his head, he asked, "Where should I put them?"

"You may inhale their scent and then toss them to the side." As she watched him obey her command, a wave of need hit her hard in her lower abdomen. How did she come to deserve such fantastic alpha submissives such as this? Relishing her power, Nikita readjusted her position, enjoying how both men watched her every move. "While I inspect your lover's cock, I expect you to use that tongue of yours on my pussy, understand? If you fail to arouse me as you aroused him, you will take his place on the cross." Opening her stance, Nik bent slightly toward Jake, allowing Ronin open access to her wet pussy.

Moist, warm breath coated her already-damp folds before his tongue flicked down the slit. She gasped softly, using her hands to cup Jake's balls and cock in reaction. Ronin's tongue thrust deep in her pussy; Nik squeezed Jake's cock in response, sharing the thrill of the moment. "How are you enjoying this, Jake? Are you willing to take punishment from me?"

"Yes, Mistress, I'm willing to be punished for my disobedience." He gasped. "Please help me to become a good submissive to you. We've wanted you for so damn long. Then we thought we had to choose. We felt we had to confess to Mistress Valentine that we still had feelings for you, Nikita." He panted as she squeezed him lightly along his cock.

"Continue, Jacob." Her voice cracked slightly. This meant something to them and to her. It deserved to be said aloud.

"Then we discover our biggest fantasy, our greatest desire, is the mistress we've been given to. I'm filled with happiness, and, honestly, I'm beginning to fall in love with you,

Mistress Nikita.” Jacob shivered. “I think I’ve loved you since the moment we first saw you at Trina’s party.”

Ronin spoke, quietly, but loud enough. “I’ve wondered if Mistress Valentine could match the fantasies we’ve had about Nikita, but now...now I know that the reality is much better. I’m yours, Nikita. My heart and soul are yours to do with as you want.”

“Then touch me, Ronin. As I command, while I punish our lover,” Nikita whispered quietly. She leaned a bit more, giving Ronin full access to her body.

Nik gasped as Ronin’s hot mouth covered her exposed labia. Bracing one hand next to Jake’s hip, Nikita guided her mouth over the purplish head. He tasted just as good as she remembered, if not better, having been prepared with her favorite herbal mixtures.

The gentle rocking motion provided by Ronin’s tongue trusts aided her teasing. When it eased back, Nik’s mouth eased up, allowing her tongue to lick the slit, which oozed a generous amount of precum.

Ronin’s insistent tongue urged Nik forward, allowing her to take in most of Jake’s length. Shifting her grip slightly, Nik gently squeezed Jake’s balls, which earned a whimper.

The threefold rhythm continued until Nik trembled. On the verge of an orgasm, she popped Jake’s cock out of her mouth. “Enough, Ronin.” She panted.

The men paused, Ronin with his hands securely on her hips. “Ronin, I’d like you to open the chest in the corner. Inside are various toys I’ll be using. Pick out one.” They waited while he retreated to the chest, which sat about four feet away.

Nikita stood gazing directly at Jake. It was time to make him admit his feelings and the nature of their relationship. If Jake admitted to it, Ronin would follow. Everything in their chips talked at how Ronin followed Jacob on this one point. “You’re mine. Admit it. Tell me who you serve,” she said encouragingly, trailing her fingers down his chest.

He visibly swallowed. She noted the increased rate of breathing and the rapid pulse at the base of his throat. “You *are* my mistress, my owner, my lover. I choose to serve you,

beautiful lady. You own me, body and soul.” He looked down past her, only to have her move his gaze back to hers.

Nikita kissed his chin, then followed it up with a quick, teasing kisses to each nipple. “Good. It pleases me that you’ve admitted the truth here.” She smiled up at him. “Now, I want you to believe this. I will care for you and Ronin. I am yours. *Your* mistress, shared only with your lover.”

She looked to where Ronin knelt, a pile of discarded sex toys to one side. He looked at each one and then placed it on the slowly growing pile. “Do any meet with your approval?” Nikita asked, holding back a smile.

“I found one for use on Jake,” Ronin called back, lifting a snakelike device with bulbs running the length. “But for me” -- he gazed at her mischievously -- “I’d prefer your touch alone.”

“Now, why am I not surprised, Ronin? There’s a small box that you’ve not removed yet. Could you bring that and the lubricant with you, please? I also want you to pick out something for yourself, perhaps the automatic wrist cuffs you keep eyeing?”

“How did --”

Nikita laughed. “I’m blonde, not dumb. Now hurry. This is a special toy for both of you.” She waited until Ronin walked to her and presented her with the fifteen-inch-by-eight-inch-wide onyx box. “Thank you, Ronin. How do you feel about being owned by me?”

“It’s an honor and a pleasure. Where my lover goes, so do I. But more than that, now that I know you and Mistress Valentine are one and the same, I feel as if all my personal dreams have come true,” Ronin replied, kneeling before her. He took one hand and kissed the open palm. “You own me, body and soul. I’m falling for you, Mistress, and I hope that I can earn your love and respect by serving your needs well.”

“You already have, Ronin. I own you body and soul, and you are mine. Just as I own Jacob, I have you. But by the same token, I am yours. Your mistress, your owner. No one else

except your lover can make that claim, ever.” Nikita leaned forward and kissed Ronin’s forehead. “Thank you, Ronin.”

Turning from the beautiful man, Nikita gestured, and a small table appeared to her right. She placed the box on the table before opening it. Both men looked in. “What the fuck is it?” Jake demanded. “It looks like a freakish version of a strap-on!”

Laughter bubbled out of Nikita. “Yes, it is. Based on the *hentai* stories that were so popular in the early twenty-first century, Aislynn created this to pleasure two men at once, or to fuck one while stroking his cock, or even to double penetrate a woman.” Nikita caressed the short, thick, bluish green tentacles attached to a waist harness. With each touch, they grew longer and wound around her wrist.

“Are they responding to your touch?” Ronin asked, stepping forward.

She nodded. “Yes, this is the latest in the link technology that P3 has developed. This is my personal toy, one that responds to my commands alone via the link-chip I have. So, my darling men, I can fuck you both at the same time.” Stunned faces stared at her. “Oh come on, you don’t expect me to not fuck you both, right? Ronin, untie our male. Then I want you both to go to the kneeling station where you’ll line up side by side.”

Both men moved toward the throne, which transformed into a cushioned kneeling post. Nikita used the special silicone lubricant that activated the force-field protection. Once that was in place, she pulled up the harness around her waist and let it self-adjust to her body. The small nub that was in the inside of the harness lengthened as her body warmed it. Walking over to the men, Nikita gasped slightly as the smaller tentacle dipped inside her wet pussy.

“Good boys. Now, open your legs a bit wider. Don’t worry; the kneeling bench will adjust to you both.” Nikita’s hands rested on their backs, her mind mentally cueing the tentacles to stretch toward the intended targets. “You’ll feel a bit of pressure at your opening,

but since I know both of you followed protocol for prepping yourself for this scene, it won't cause much trouble."

The tentacles separated, intent on the tight rosettes on each man. The one on the left pressed softly against Jake's ass first, and then the other entered slowly in Ronin's. "Good, very good, my boys," Nikita crooned, continuing to trace nonsensical patterns on both men's backs. "Just relax and bear down slightly, that's right. Good...almost there. That's right, I can feel the sensation of what it's like to enter you both using this strap-on."

"Gods in heaven, I know it's thin, but it's pulsating!" Jake bit out past clenched teeth, his hips pushing back against the tentacle. "How big does this fucker get?"

Nikita leaned forward. "As big as you can comfortably handle. I've programmed it for the lowest setting on the anal plugs you've used." Easing back, she waited a second before pressing forward, sending both tentacles deep within their bodies. "Now, enough technical; let's have some fun."

"I agree, Mistress," Ronin answered, his body moving into her thrust, then pushing away, only to push harder into the tentacle, which widened slightly. "Oh, gods, it's like this thing is alive."

"Oh, yeah," Jake moaned. "Will we be able to come, Mistress?"

"Hell, no," Nikita answered, picking up the tempo set by the thrumming tentacle in her pussy. How good it felt to be in her men, to experience what they did when they fucked. She liked this being in power, this taking control, but there was something missing. "Do you like this, my beautiful men?"

"Yes, Mistress. Please, harder. This feels so damn good," Jake groaned, his head pressed against the headrest before him. He arched in time with Ronin. Both moved forward, then back onto the tentacles with increasing need and rhythm.

“Be warned, Mistress, both men’s rates are soaring. I think I’ll notify Grendel of the success, but you’ll want them to stop before they come. The filming is being sent directly to the editing room. So you won’t have to worry about it.”

“Thanks, Tavi. This has great potential, but you’re right, I want them to fuck me before they come.” Nikita slowed the rhythm while gently shortening the tentacles until they finally popped out of each ass. The men groaned their disappointment. “Enough, I want you both, and I want you now. Up, and head for the bed in the corner.”

Slapping their asses hard, she jarred them out of their zones. Jake shot her a look, which made her stick out her tongue. “I’m the boss. So there.”

“Yeah, for right now. But I bet Ronin and I can make you scream in pleasure before you can make us come.” Jake shook his ass deliberately at her as he moved toward the bed. She shed the last of her clothes before reclining onto the dark green velvet sheets.

“You wish, male.” Nikita grabbed Ronin, kissed him hard and deep, and ignored the look of shock on Jake’s face. Ronin tasted of malted chocolate, mint, and something indefinable. As she pressed against him, his arms surrounded her waist, pulling her closer as they toppled onto the bed. Then she felt Jacob cover her back, his hands easing up her inner thighs. The tingling she experienced at their hands before returned with a vengeance. She gasped against Ronin’s lips. “Oh, gods, this is what I need...two men to press me close --”

“And to fuck their mistress senseless,” Ronin replied, his hands moving over her breasts, bringing them together so his mouth could encompass both nipples.

Urging Ronin to do more than tongue them, she fisted his hair. “Suck on them,” she ordered him while Jacob’s hands pushed her thighs farther apart. “What are you doing, Jake?”

“Something I’ve wanted to do for a while now,” Jake answered just before his mouth hit her wet slit. She whimpered as his tongue and two fingers rammed deep within her. “Gods, Nik, you taste so damn good.”

“If you keep fucking me with your tongue and your fingers, I’m going to come,” she spat out between tightly clenched teeth. Her fantasy was coming true and the intensity surprised her. “I want you both to fuck me at the same time. Now. I’m asking you as your lover, not just as your Dominant.”

Ronin lifted his head. “Both in your wet, soft pussy or full double penetration?”

“Double penetration. Activate protection fields, lower cock ring levels,” Nikita said aloud.

With swift movements, Ronin’s arms reached down and pulled Nikita’s legs apart farther, until they were almost on his forearms. One hand grazed down his belly, grasping his dark cock toward her cunt. Carefully, she allowed herself to rock against him, taking him inside her.

A poke in her rear reminded her that Jacob waited. With care, he moved slowly against her ass, teasing her soaked rosette with his cock. Jake pushed slowly, letting just the head enter her ass, giving her time to adjust. “Gods dammit, Jake, more, now!”

“Are you sure?”

“Just do it, dammit,” Nikita moaned as she shifted back, encouraging his cock to go deeper. Jake complied, easing forward slowly, but consistently. When he was hilt deep, all three sighed in completion. “This feels so good. Both of my males, deep within me.” Nik blew kisses at them both.

Slowly, they moved in a halting rhythm -- Jake, then Ronin, pushing deeper, each taking turns filling her full before easing almost completely out. In, out, in, out, with a rhythm that both excited her and created a loving sensation deep within her. Suddenly, the men changed the tempo, so that they both plunged in her deeply at the same time. Nikita screamed her pleasure as one of their hands flicked at her sensitive clit.

Their bodies slammed hard against each other, their breaths coming fast and hard. Nikita tugged on Ronin’s chain, earning her a moan and a nip on her breasts while Ronin

slapped her ass. "Gods, Nik, I love this. I love being so deep in you that I can feel my lover as well."

She placed one hand behind her and wrapped it around Jake's hip. "I like it too, you know. I want to come, and I'd like for you both to join me." She moved forward before shifting her position backward and taking the men deeper in her. Both men's fingers intertwined over her clit, rubbing it harder as their movements grew more frantic, more intense.

"Mistress, please say we can come soon," Ronin begged. "I'm not sure how much more I can take."

She kissed Ronin, tugged hard on his nipples, enjoying how he shuddered at her touch. She felt a sharp pain, then a tingling pleasure sensation as Jake bit her on one shoulder then the other. Nikita jerked forward, only to have Jake pull her back slightly.

"Release us fully, Mistress Nik. I need...I need to come," Jake begged against her ear. "My love, my Mistress, my heart, please let me come."

"Come for me, my loves, come hard," Nikita crooned, stiffening as she felt the crest of emotion and sensation collide. Over and over, the men continued to fill her, to tease her until the orgasms rocked her body from head to toe, her muscles clenching as she milked both men. Jake, then Ronin, growled her name as they orgasmed too, none of them stopping their rhythm, just slowing it down a minute amount with each thrust until they were all spent.

Harsh breaths filled her ears as Jake withdrew from Nik's ass, then eased her away from Ronin's sweat-slicked body. Curling up between both men, she signaled to Tavi to turn off the protection on their cocks. Both men placed their free hands over her hips, forming an X over her belly. In that moment, Nikita realized what she had been given. "Happy Valentine's Day, Jacob and Ronin."

"Happy V-Day, Mistress Nik," Jake said and kissed her cheek.

“Happy Cupid’s Day,” Ronin responded and kissed her other cheek. “May we have many more.”

A voice out of nowhere shouted, “Cupid shoots, and once again, she scores!”

Nikita sat up. “Trina Renee Edwards, I’m going to kick your ass! There was to be no one else around!”

Laughter fluttered through the stage. “Well, it’s just me and Carin; no one else would dare watch this smoking-hot filming. Carin should have it edited by morning, babe. Happy Valentine’s Day to all three of you. I’ve also submitted your word of binding to the proper authorities, so you’re officially handfasted for a year and a day, in the old style.” Trina chuckled, with the sound of lighter laughter joining in. “Congratulations, you’re officially a triad.”

“Congrats to you all,” Carin added. “This film is going to fly off the shelves once it’s done, Nik. You did good, sis mine. We’ll go now and let you three have some private time. We’ve shut down the cameras. Only Tavi will be online in case you need anything.”

“Go away, both of you. I’ll get even with you two later. Much later,” Nikita yelled toward the speakers. She then settled back with her males. “If you want me to pull tonight’s filming from going before the marketing office, I will.”

Both men shook their heads. “Those who buy it will think it’s an act, but we’ll know it’s the night we were made whole,” Jake said thoughtfully. “Was Trina telling the truth about registering our oaths?”

Nikita nodded. “Knowing my sister, yes, she did. Considering she called herself Cupid, I know she wasn’t lying. She doesn’t take the gods lightly. But are you both okay with being handfasted to me?”

Jake lifted one of her hands to his lips and kissed it lightly. “It’s fine. The only problem is we’ll have to go hunting for matching bands tomorrow. I’m not letting anyone think you’re free to go hunting for more male submissives.”

“Damn straight; you’re ours, and no other man gets to touch you,” Ronin added.

“Fine. In that case, why don’t we enjoy ourselves for the rest of the night, and then we can talk about how to work the logistics in the morning?” Nikita said, stifling a small yawn. “I’m thinking a small nap, then more play?”

Both men decided to change her mind on the nap, causing Nik to laugh out loud at their playful antics.

Epilogue

Two months later...

The phone in the Honeymoon Suite rang. Nikita lazily reached over Ronin's naked body to answer it. She hit the Mute Video button. "Hello?"

A voice she'd thought she wouldn't hear from for a while came through. "This is Trina. I don't want to interrupt, but I have a question for you."

"Shoot. What do you need?" Nikita yawned. It had been an intense night after her wedding to her lovers. "More importantly, what are you up to?"

"Carin. She's upset. Jeff left his job at Synergy Electronics and broke up with her. She's devastated, even though she knew they weren't perfect for each other," Trina explained.

"Oh, gods, you're going to do to her what you did to me and my males," Nikita said loudly, waking both men.

"What's Trina doing?" Jake asked fuzzily.

"She's wanting to do an evaluation on our sister, Carin." Nikita gently caressed Jake's newly pierced nipple. It had taken pain control and a psychic healer, but finally both men had matching piercings. "Trina, what do you want from me?"

"I want a holo-studio when it comes time. You know who her match is, and you have to admit, he's waiting for her still."

Nikita smiled. *Gods, this should be good, if Trina's right about Carin's match.* "You want to run the tests --"

"Have them. Will you help?"

"Count me in." The men elbowed her. "Count *us* in. The guys want to help too."

Trina laughed. "Great, operation Labor of Love goes into effect in two months. Thanks, you three. Enjoy your honeymoon. See you when you get back."

Nikita cut the transmission. She lay back on the pillow for a moment, reviewing what they'd just agreed to do with Trina. "Gods, my sister needs a life outside of matchmaking."

"Well, are we really upset by it?" Ronin asked while caressing her naked breasts.

"Good point." Nikita kissed him on the forehead. "But one day, it'll come time to get even."

"When that day comes, we'll be there," Jake said, interrupting her. "But until then, how about we show our bride how much we love her?"

"Come and show me," Nikita said, a smile creeping across her lips. Who knew that the old customs of Valentine's Day would bring her the happiness and love she craved? Thanking the gods and her family, Nikita turned to her husbands and showed them just how much she loved them.

 THE END 

Cynnara Tregarth

Currently living in the state that resembles one of her favourite male body parts (otherwise known as Florida), Cynnara Tregarth learned early how to read, write, and entertain. Due to her mother, Cynnara spent way too much on books, but then again, it sent her on the quest for immortality.

Early in 2003, she found that route by getting her books published. Since then, she's learned even more about love, life, sexuality, and how to annoy gods, goddesses, and siblings of all kinds.

When in doubt, you can find her superhero alter ego hanging around at www.leagueofamazingwriters.com or www.cynnara.com. Or if you feel the need to find her in one of her most favourite time periods, check her out at www.avalonreturns.com

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