



SILK ROPES

by

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Dedication

I would like to thank my readers
for their continued support of my work.

Chapter 1

Justine hurried around trying to grab the last few things she was going to need for her trip.

"Mom, it's Dad," Crystal said as she handed Justine the phone.

"Don't you dare tell me you can't make it." She tried to cradle the phone against her shoulder as she shoved her PDA into her purse.

"I'm just going to be a little late."

"God damn it, Andrew, I told you I have a plane to catch."

"It can't be helped."

"Fine...when are you showing up?"

"In about an hour."

"Marie will be here. I have to go. You better show up."

"Of course I will."

"I've heard that before." Justine slammed the phone down.

"Dad isn't coming, is he?" Crystal asked.

"He said he was."

"He's said that before."

"Marie," Justine called out. She thanked God everyday for Marie. Hiring her was the best thing she had done in awhile.

"Don't worry, Justine. I will get them ready for their father. If he doesn't show up, I will go to plan B."

"Thank goodness for plan B." Justine chuckled.

She couldn't believe it had been a year since her divorce. Though she had to admit it was long overdue. Her three children were the only good things to come out of her twenty-year marriage to Andrew. Andrew Junior, was seventeen, Crystal was sixteen and Christopher was fifteen. Her three treasures she always called them. And now that Andrew Senior was out of the picture, everything seemed so much more relaxed.

"Do we have to go with Dad?" Andy asked.

"You know you have to."

"When I turn eighteen I don't."

"Come on, kids, let's let your mother get ready. You know this book signing is important."

"You will do great, Mom," Christopher said.

"Thank you, honey."

Justine kissed everyone goodbye then headed for her car.

It had been scary leaving Andrew after all those years of being together. She almost didn't have the courage to do it. Catching him with his little whore was probably the best thing that could have happened to her family. Strange to think something like that, but it was true. She often wondered if she would have had the courage to leave him if she hadn't caught him cheating.

Justine wrote tales of romance. Funny seeing as how she had such little romance in her real life. But it was her stories of love and lust that put food on the table. Andrew was always belittling her work. The more her stories sold, the more he would criticize. Well, that's the magic of divorce—his words meant nothing now. His lack of spending time with the kids was the only thing that got under her skin, even though the children seemed indifferent

to whether he showed up or not.

Justine drove to the airport and went through all the security hoops. She hated flying. She settled into her seat and gazed out the window as the flight attendant went through the motions of informing them about the emergency procedures.

Justine had just turned forty. Age never bothered her—it bothered Andrew though. He went through a ten-year mid-life crisis. Justine could feel the anger starting to build. Every time she thought about that man she got angry.

A part of her was mad at herself for staying with him for so long. She looked over at the pleasant-looking man who was obviously flirting with her. It had been so long since she had felt the warmth of a man's touch. After the hell Andrew had put her through, she was in no hurry to rush into any kind of relationship.

She politely smiled at the man then turned her attention back to the window.

Luckily, the flight went smoothly and she was able to check into her hotel room right away. Her publisher had set up everything for her, so all she had to do was show up at the signing. Once she freshened up, she grabbed her things and headed to the event center.

The book show was a wonderful chaotic experience. She got to meet with her readers and fellow writers. It was a long, busy day for her. When it was over, she crashed on the bed in her room and reached for the phone.

"Marie, how is everything?"

"Justine... Andrew never showed up."

"That fucking bastard." Justine sat straight up. "Let me talk to the kids."

Justine talked with each one, relieved to hear their lack of disappointment.

"Don't worry, Justine, we had fun today."

"Thank you, Marie."

Justine hung up the phone and lay on the bed for a moment, then dialed up Andrew. He gave her the same song and dance as to why he hadn't picked up the kids. There was always a meeting or something to that effect. She was too tired to argue with him.

She had a long day scheduled for tomorrow.

* * * *

Barett sat in the lobby of the hotel. His meeting had gone on longer than he had thought it would. Las Vegas had never really appealed to him. He wasn't much of a gambler. He wanted to go home to Germany. It had been a long two weeks. With his business he was often traveling. Being the owner of a successful company took a lot of commitment.

He watched the ladies hustling through the lobby. There was some kind of book convention going on. He smiled at a couple of the women. Some even mistook him for one of those cover models.

Barett was a handsome man. He stood six-foot-four and had shoulder-length, sandy-brown hair. He was quite muscular due to his love of working out. His eyes were a deep blue and his smile was breathtaking. But it was his deep accented voice that really got a person's attention.

As he waited for his limo, he finished up some business calls. It looked like he was going to be in the States for a little longer than he had expected.

His breath caught when he saw a petite woman hurrying through the lobby. She was busy looking at her PDA as she navigated her way through the crowd. He was instantly drawn to her. She was a pretty woman with shoulder-length brown hair that seemed to have a mind of its own. She appeared to be in good shape, though the business dress she wore revealed little of her body. It wasn't her appearance that drew him to her. It was the aura around her. His heart skipped a beat when she laughed. Her laughter was contagious. Everyone around her smiled.

Barett had seen his fair share of strikingly beautiful women. Hell, he had dated many women who were but fantasies to other men. Yet, this pretty little woman enthralled him and he hadn't even spoken with her yet.

Barett made his way over to her. He had to meet her, had to find out if she was married. A crush of people entered the lobby and he quickly lost track of her.

"Damn it," he muttered.

He went to the main desk.

"Excuse me."

"Yes, sir." The young desk clerk instantly perked up seeing Barrett.

Barrett barely noticed the feeble attempts of the young woman's flirting. He was forty-two and any woman younger than thirty-five just didn't capture his attention.

"What is this convention that is going on?"

"It's the romance author convention. Here is a list of authors that will be attending the book signing today, if you're interested."

"Thank you."

Barrett took the flyer from her and looked it over. His eyes stopped on one picture. "Justine Meyers," he said softly.

When his driver arrived he instructed him to wait. He was going to meet this Justine Meyers. There was no way he could leave without doing so.

* * * *

Justine happily signed book after book. She loved meeting her readers. Putting faces to names was always so nice.

"Hello, Justine."

Justine looked up to see the owner of such a sexy voice. Her eyes locked with the most gorgeous man she had ever seen.

"My name is Barrett Depenau and I must have dinner with you."

"Excuse me?"

"I saw you in the lobby and was instantly attracted to you."

Justine was taken aback by Barrett's bluntness. This was obviously a man used to getting what he wanted.

"I will be more than happy to sign a book for you, Mr. Depenau, but..."

"Are you married? Seeing anyone?"

"No."

"Then please join me for dinner. We can go to this hotel's restaurant if you like."

Justine didn't know what to say. There was no way this gorgeous man was asking her out. She must be daydreaming.

"I will meet you at eight tonight in the lobby." He reached down and gently grabbed her hand, then bent over and kissed it. "Until tonight, Justine."

Justine couldn't move for a moment.

"Wow, what a hottie," the author next to her said.

Justine snapped herself out of it and went back to signing books. She didn't know if she was going to meet the mysterious stranger this evening or not. He could be a fruitcake for all she knew. Yet, she couldn't deny her body's response to him.

Should she, this once, throw caution to the wind? After all, they were just having dinner—nothing more.

* * * *

Barrett spent the afternoon in meeting after meeting. In between meetings he read an eBook of one of Justine's novels. She knew how to tell a story, he gave her that. But what interested him the most was the subject matter of this particular story. A Master and his slaves, but more to the point was that this Master was bisexual. A spark of hope flickered in him. If Justine could write about such things maybe she was open to this lifestyle in real life.

Barrett lived this lifestyle. He was a Master and had a male submissive. He had been through relationship after relationship looking for a woman open-minded enough to accept him as he was. Yet each time, when it came time for him to tell a woman about his submissive Derek, they would be repulsed or just call off the relationship. Maybe he was fooling himself. Maybe there wasn't a woman out there who would love him for who he was.

Barett was bisexual and needed to be with a man and a woman. Derek was also bisexual, but leaned more toward being with men. Barett loved Derek. Hell, they had been together for over ten years. He would find a woman who would accept Derek and his lifestyle. He had to. He wanted a woman he could love like he loved Derek. Whether or not she wanted to be his submissive mattered little. The only thing he wanted was for her to love him as he was.

Barett waited in the lobby for Justine. He really hoped she was going to show up. He smiled when he spotted her walking toward him.

“Good evening, Justine.”

“Good evening.”

Barett offered her his arm and led her to the restaurant.

Barett can't be real. He was charming, handsome and very smart. No, there was no way this man was real. What was the catch?

After dinner, Barett took her for a walk down the Vegas strip. The lights illuminated everything and the wide variety of people was fascinating. She felt safe being with him. They talked and walked forever, then finally, he brought her back to the hotel.

“I want to make love to you,” he whispered softly in her ear.

“I don't know you well enough. I'm not the kind of woman...”

He pressed his fingertips to her lips.

“Then I shall wait.” He smiled at her. “I want to see you again.”

Justine gave him her cell number. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her like she had never been kissed before. She melted into Barett's embrace and surrendered to his sensuous kiss. He literally took her breath away. She was unable to say anything when he released her.

“I will call you later, Justine.”

And just like that, he was gone. She stood there for a moment, wishing she had for once let go and made love to him.

Justine went into her room and sat on the bed. She could hardly believe what had just happened to her. Did she really spend time with Barett or was she just daydreaming?

Her cell phone rang.

“Good night, Justine.”

“Good night, Barett.”

That's all he said. She cradled the phone in her hand for a moment. He was real. Oh sweet Jesus, he was real.

Chapter 2

“Master!” Derek said excitedly into the phone.

“Looks like I will be gone longer than I thought. Tell me about your day.”

Barett listened with much delight as Derek talked about his day. Derek drew comics for a living. His best work was a yaoi series he was doing for a Japanese company. He didn’t tell Derek about Justine. When the time came, if it did, he would tell him.

* * * *

Justine sat through the brunch her publisher was hosting. She tried to stay focused on what was going on, but found it terribly hard to keep her mind off of Barett. Last night was so beautiful. She reached up and softly touched her lips. The memory of his kiss filled her thoughts.

“Are you thinking about your next storyline, Justine?” Diane asked.

“Oh...sorry, I guess I should really be paying attention to what’s going on.”

“I’d rather have you cooking up another great book.” Diane laughed.

Diane was easy to work with and Justine was happy to have such a nice editor.

She refocused and concentrated on the event.

When the brunch was over she headed back to her room. On her way through the lobby she saw Barett sitting, reading a newspaper. Her heart began to pound hard. He looked up and spotted her. His smile practically made her melt.

He walked over and grabbed her hand. He lifted it to his mouth and gently kissed it. “Are you busy now?” he asked.

“No,” she said softly.

“Good, then allow me to keep you company.” He offered her his arm, then led her to his limo.

“Whoa, I guess your business is doing well,” she said as he opened the door for her.

Justine sat on the seat and glanced around the limo. She felt kind of awkward. Barett sat next to her and motioned for the driver to go.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“Los Angeles.”

“What?”

“You do have time to accompany me?”

“I don’t have anything else to do at the conference today.”

“Good, then you will come with me.”

They drove for four hours. She listened to him talk about his company. She knew little about what an international trade broker did, but regardless, she just loved hearing him talk about himself. He seemed to love what he did.

When they arrived in Los Angeles, Barett took her to a spa.

“Oh...I can’t accept this,” she said, looking over the posh spa.

“I have arranged this for you. Please accept my gift. I will be busy for a couple of hours and I don’t want you to get bored.”

“Mr. Depenau,” a pleasant-looking older woman said as she rushed out to greet them.

“It’s always a pleasure, Mimi.”

“I take it this is the special lady you were referring to.” She smiled at Justine.

"Yes. Please take good care of her. I will be back around seven to pick her up."

"Where is Derek? I was hoping to see him again."

"He is still in Germany."

Barett gently stroked Justine's cheek. "Relax and enjoy."

"Mr. Depenau, we must leave now if you want to make your meeting on time," the driver said.

Justine watched Barett get back into the limo.

"Come on, sweetie." Mimi gently grabbed Justine by the hand. "No offense, honey, but you sure aren't what I expected."

"Excuse me?"

Mimi led her to one of the rooms and handed her a robe. "Please put this on. Leave on only your panties."

"Wait, what did you mean by I wasn't what you expected?"

"It's just that Mr. Depenau...well, it's none of my business. Let's get you ready."

"Hold up, finish your thought."

"I should have never brought it up. But since I have...Mr. Depenau has come here with some really beautiful women before. I don't mean cute cheerleader type, I mean drop-dead gorgeous women. Not to say that you are not attractive."

"Oh, I see. Who is Derek?"

"He is Mr. Depenau's friend, I think. The only thing I know for sure is that Derek is one beautiful man. Anyway, get yourself ready and I will send in our best masseuse."

Justine got ready for the masseuse, but what Mimi had said was bothering her more than she cared to admit. Barett was a very handsome man, who obviously had money; of course he would attract beautiful women. That made Justine start to wonder why Barett was with her.

She had always thought of herself as reasonably attractive, but certainly not drop-dead gorgeous. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the masseuse's skilled hands.

Barett showed up at seven just like he had said he would.

"She got our best treatment," Mimi said to him as Justine entered the lobby.

"Thank you," Barett said.

He walked over to Justine and gently grabbed her hand as he led her out of the spa. He opened the door to the limo and helped her in, then signaled to his driver to go.

"What is wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing. I guess I'm just a bit sleepy."

Barett grabbed her hand and moved closer. Justine looked into his beautiful face when she felt the heat of his gaze upon her.

"Forgive me, but I must taste your sweet lips." He pulled her close and captured her lips. His hand wandered over her body as he held her.

Justine felt her body respond to his touch, and for a brief moment, she lost herself in the sensation of it. After a couple of moments, while she still had some control left, she gently pushed him away.

"I can't," she said softly.

"It is okay. I will wait."

They sat in silence for a few moments. Barett tried desperately to calm his body's need for her and Justine was focused on trying to get what Mimi had said out of her mind.

"I take it you go to that spa quite often," she said.

"Whenever I go to Los Angeles." Barett saw sadness flash in her eyes. "What did Mimi say to you?"

"She didn't say...well, she told me you...it doesn't really matter."

"Yes it does." He placed his finger under her chin and gently lifted her gaze to meet his. "There is a sadness in your eyes. Tell me what she said."

"I'm just being stupid. She said you usually have beautiful women with you."

"I do. I don't understand why this would make you upset."

Justine moved away from him a little. "Well, I'm no beauty and at most I'm kind of cute."

"Oh, I see now." Barrett grabbed her and pulled her closer to him. "You are beautiful, Justine."

"No, I'm not. Like I said, I'm just being stupid. I will get over it in a minute."

Barrett grabbed her hair and gently pulled, forcing her to look at him. "To me, you are beautiful." He kissed her with so much passion she melted in his arms.

She wanted him so badly her body ached. Still, she had only known him for a couple of days.

"I want you," he whispered against her lips.

He lifted her up onto his lap then positioned them so that he was lying on top of her. "I want you, Justine." He kissed her again. Barrett felt her legs wrap around him and her hands go through his hair. He reached down and started to unbutton her pants.

"No...we can't." She tried to sit up. "I'm sorry, Barrett."

"I will wait." He took several deep breaths trying to calm his body. Damn, this was going to be a long drive.

When they arrived at her hotel Barrett walked her into the lobby.

"Forgive me for not walking you to your door, but...a man can only take so much." He smiled at her as he ran his fingers through her hair.

"Thank you for everything."

"I want to see you again tomorrow."

"Okay, I will have the afternoon free."

"I will come by around two."

"Alright."

Her smile lit up her whole face. Barrett wanted to grab her and make love to her right there. He watched her walk over to the elevator. Once she was out of sight, he headed back to his limo.

Since he had stayed longer than expected, he needed to book another room at the hotel down the road. He told his driver to go.

Once he was inside his room, he called Derek.

"Master!"

"Umm, my beautiful submissive," Barrett purred. He slowly removed his pants and lay on the bed.

"Master, I want to feel you."

"Tell me what you would do." Barrett grabbed his cock and slowly started to stroke it. He needed release so badly. His need for Justine was sweet torture.

"I would lick every inch of your body, slowly, then I would linger over your glorious cock. My tongue would bathe you."

"Pleasure yourself."

"Yes, Master."

"Stroke that sweet shaft of yours as you picture tasting mine."

"Master..." Derek's breaths became shallow.

"I can feel your tongue dancing over the head of my dick. My hand strokes your hair as I watch my cock disappear into your beautiful mouth. Can you taste me?"

"Yes...Master."

"Oh come, my submissive." Barrett stroked his cock faster and faster as he listened to Derek's moans. "Let me hear it, come now."

"Master!" Derek cried out.

Barrett dropped the phone as his orgasm hit. He stroked his cock a couple more times, then slowly picked up the phone.

"Mmmm, you made me come so hard."

"Oh, Master."

* * * *

Barett found himself eagerly awaiting seeing Justine again. He had rearranged his meeting to make sure he was free. He walked into the lobby of her hotel, sat down and waited. After a couple of minutes, he spotted her.

His gaze lingered over her. She wore a light blue dress that revealed more of her body to him. She was talking to an older woman and hadn't spotted him yet. His gaze slowly wandered over her body, her legs looked so yummy, especially with the four-inch spiked heels she was wearing.

"Barett," she said as she headed toward him.

He stood up and waited for her to come to him. Damn, did he want her. She hugged him tightly. He inhaled the scent of her, enjoying the feel of her body pressed against his.

"Where would you like to go today?" he asked softly.

"It doesn't matter."

"Let's go to your room."

He felt her embrace loosen then she stepped back.

"I can't promise you anything."

"We will see where the day takes us."

Barett followed Justine to her room. He watched every move she made. His cock strained to be free of its cloth confinement.

"I have to call my children."

He poured himself a drink then sat on the bed. He listened to her talk with her children. He didn't have children, though someday he wouldn't mind having a couple. He removed his shoes then leaned up against the headboard. Everything about her felt so right and it frightened him a little.

"I'm sorry. I didn't have a chance to call them this morning before I went to the events today."

"You needn't apologize." He saw a strange look come across her face and he didn't like it. "What's wrong?"

"I will be leaving tomorrow and..." She walked over to him.

"We have tonight."

"It's just that I'm...I do want you...but..."

"We don't need to make love, Justine." He stood up and took her into his arms.

"My divorce is still fresh in my mind and..."

"You don't need to explain." He felt her tighten her embrace. "However, we better leave your room. I do want you, Justine. Being here, alone with you—"

"Oh, I understand." She released him and went to the bathroom to freshen up.

She looked at herself in the mirror. What the hell was wrong with her? This beautiful man wanted her and god knows she wanted him. Why was she hesitating?

"Damn you, Andrew," she muttered under her breath. She checked herself one more time then went back into the room. Barett was ready to go. He was being so patient. Still, tonight was going to be their last night together. She didn't want to think about it. All she wanted was to enjoy being with him.

"Would you like to go dancing?" he asked.

"Dancing?"

"Yes, do you not like to dance?"

"I love to dance; it's just been a long time."

"Good, then it's about time you went. I know this great club. It's more for people our age."

His smile was so beautiful and genuine. He reached out his hand and she eagerly took it. He led her to his limo.

"Can we take my car this time?" she asked.

"Of course." Barett instructed his driver to come back in a few hours.

Justine walked over to the valet and handed him her ticket.

"I know it's not a limo, but isn't it cute?"

“Yes, it is.”

Barett opened the driver-side door for her then went over to the passenger-side of the red Mercedes. He gave her instructions on how to get to the club.

As they entered the club, he reveled at watching the look on Justine’s face—a mixture of excitement and a little nervousness. He grabbed her hand and led her out onto the dance floor. A sexy song with a sultry beat began to play.

Justine felt awkward at first, but as soon as Barett started to move she was compelled to join him. The rhythm filled her body and the sight of him moving so seductively aroused and inspired her. She let go and let her body move how it wanted. It had been so long since she had felt the freedom that dancing gave her.

“You move very well, Justine,” Barett said as he pulled her closer. Their bodies moved in perfect time.

Justine lost herself in the dance. To her, it was just the two of them out on the dance floor. After a couple of minutes the song changed to a slow beat. She felt him pull her closer as their bodies swayed to the music. She followed his lead and moved with him as they drifted across the dance floor.

His heart skipped a beat when she laughed. Her laughter felt so warm and uplifting.

They spent several hours dancing at the club. Barett could see how much she was enjoying herself and he loved every moment.

“I’m starving. Let me take you somewhere to get something to eat,” she said.

“Alright.”

Justine picked a Japanese restaurant. “You do like Japanese food, right?”

“Yes, I do.”

They sat eating and talking for the next hour, then went back to her car. She drove back to the hotel. As she pulled in, Justine spotted Barett’s limo parked out front. A sadness began to fill her. This was their last night together.

“No need to feel sad, Justine,” he said as he opened her door.

“But...this is my last night here and...”

“Here, this is my cell phone number.” He handed her an elegant-looking business card.

She stepped out of the car and looked at the card.

“You can call me anytime.”

Justine reached up and grabbed a hold of him. She held him tightly. She could feel his hard cock through his pants as he pressed against her. She should let go and make love to him. He was the most wonderful man she had ever met.

A gasp escaped her lips when he kissed her. The need, the desire he had for her, she could feel it in his lush lips. She was surprised when he let go and stepped back.

“I will see you again, Justine.” He stroked her cheek then walked over to his limo.

Justine wanted to stop him, to take him to her room and make love to him, but she couldn’t bring herself to do so.

Barett turned around and waved goodbye. She waved back as tears began to pool in her eyes. *Stop him.* However, her fear wouldn’t let her.

She watched his limo pull away. A sinking feeling engulfed her. Would she see him again? She looked at the business card he had given her, then safely tucked it into her purse.

* * * *

Barett knew Justine was already gone. He had gone by her hotel hoping to see her again before she left. He headed back to his limo, picked up his phone and called Derek. Hearing his beloved submissive’s voice eased his pain.

The next day seemed to drag on forever as Barett went to meeting after meeting, trying to lose himself in his work.

He called Derek the moment he returned to his hotel. They talked for awhile. Barett missed him terribly. He

already missed Justine. He felt as though the two of them belonged together. He feared if she rejected him because of his lifestyle it would hurt far worse than it had from the others.

Strange, he barely knew her, and yet, he felt as though he had known her forever.

His phone rang startling him. He quickly answered it.

“Barett.”

“Justine.”

There was a silent pause.

“This is going to sound crazy. I really don’t know why I called you.”

“Tell me what’s on your mind, Justine.”

“I miss you already.”

“Tell me where you are and I will come to you.”

“Why would you do that? We only spent a few days together. This is what I’m talking about. I mean, I loved spending time with you while we were together, but...”

“Where are you, Justine?”

“I’m at home.”

“Tell me how to get there.”

“You are busy. Geez, I must sound like a desperate woman.”

“Tell me how to get to your home.”

Justine gave him the directions.

“I will be there as soon as I can.” That’s all he said, then he hung up. He didn’t give her time to talk herself out of it. She had to feel the same connection he did. She must.

Barett canceled his appointments for the next few days and flew out to where Justine lived. He had to rent a car from the airport. She lived too far to just take a cab. He drove down a secluded road and started to wonder if maybe he had taken a wrong turn somewhere, when he spotted a house up on the hill. It looked just the way Justine had described. It was nice, simple, yet very elegant. More importantly, it looked like a home. He and Derek had always lived in apartments. As long as he was with Derek it didn’t really matter where they lived.

Barett parked the car and headed for the door. His eyes looked over the beautiful flower arrangements that flanked the entrance. The sound of a wind chime filled the air.

“You actually showed up,” Justine said as she opened the door.

“Of course I did.”

“I want to apologize for...”

“There is nothing to apologize for.”

“Come in.” She stepped aside and let him in.

Barett wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her until her lips swelled from his sweet kisses, but that unsure look on her face stopped him.

“Your home is very nice,” he said as his eyes took in everything. Her home felt like a home. It was warm, welcoming, not overly adorned, yet the essence of her family was everywhere.

“Thank you.”

“Justine.” He turned to her. He was surprised when she hurried to him and took him in her arms. Her kiss was urgent and filled with desire. He wrapped his arms around her tightly and crushed her against him.

“I want you,” she said softly against his lips. She couldn’t deny her body’s demand for him any longer.

He lifted her up into his arms. “Where is your bedroom?”

“Upstairs. The room at the end of the hall.” She gasped as he hurried up the stairs straight to her room. He gently lay her on the bed and started to remove his clothes. She quickly removed hers. Her eyes looked over his chiseled body.

Justine quickly placed her hands over her breasts, all of a sudden self-conscious of her body. He was sheer perfection—she probably disappointed him.

“Don’t cover yourself. You are beautiful.”

His deep rich voice sent shivers through her body. But it was the look of lust in his eyes that eased her fears of disappointing him. She had worked very hard over the past two years to lose all the weight and tone her body. It was very fit and curvy in all the right spots, and yet she was still self-conscious about her appearance.

“So beautiful,” he purred as he climbed onto the bed and laid his body on hers.

His hard body felt so good and his hands felt heavenly as they wandered down her legs. His kiss was delicious. Her body ignited with passion. She had to have him inside her now.

Barett shifted slightly so his hand could reach her pussy. “Mmm, you are ready for me.”

Justine moaned loudly as his cock filled her. It was so large, it stretched her almost to the point of pain. He thrust in a slow steady rhythm. She could feel every inch of him moving in and out.

“You feel so good.” His German accent grew heavy. “So good.”

Justine wrapped her legs tightly around his waist and moved her body in time with his. His thrusts became faster and harder.

“Yessss,” she hissed. She felt her orgasm begin to build. When it finally exploded, she thought she might die from the pleasure of it. Never had she felt something so exquisite.

“Justine,” he purred as he drove faster and faster into her. Needing, wanting release. “Justine, sweet Justine,” he cried out as he climaxed.

Stream after stream of his cum filled her. When he finally came down from his pleasure high, he slowly withdrew from her. He lay next to her with his arm draped lazily over her breasts.

“The kids are with their father for the next two days.” She gently stroked his arm. “Can you stay with me while they are gone? I understand that you are busy and...”

“I will stay, Justine.” He pulled her to him and kissed her deeply. His cock began to harden again. “I will stay, beautiful Justine.”

* * * *

In the morning Justine prepared breakfast. She went into her room to wake Barett. She stared at him for a moment. The sheet barely covered him and his hair was disheveled. He looked so peaceful and beautiful.

She went to the bed and ran her hand up his well-muscled leg. He stirred a little, but didn’t wake up. She removed the sheet and gazed at his cock, watching it grow harder the longer she touched him. She leaned over and took it into her mouth. He tasted so good. His hand gently went through her hair as she continued to suck on him.

“That feels so good,” he said with a heavy accent.

Justine took more and more of him into her mouth until she could feel it going down her throat. It was so large that she had trouble taking it all in. She had to take quick breaths when she licked at the head. As she sped up her rhythm, she felt his hips start to rise off the bed.

“I’m going to come,” he warned her.

Justine sucked more greedily wanting his sweet elixir. She felt him clamp onto her head holding her in place. Stream after stream of his sweet cum filled her mouth. He slowly released her head.

“Good morning.”

“Mmm, what a wonderful way to wake up.”

“I have breakfast ready.”

“I know what I want to eat.”

He grabbed her and laid her down on the bed, then kissed down her body. He gently spread her legs and buried his tongue into her pussy. He took his time learning how she liked to be licked.

“Barett,” she moaned loudly as her first orgasm hit.

He buried his tongue deep into her slurping up all of her sweetness, then went back to licking at her clit. He made her come over and over until she begged him to stop. He kissed her pussy then climbed back up her body until his cock was at her opening.

“You want me?” he purred.

"Oh God, yes," she moaned.

He drove into her and proceeded to ride her hard and fast until they both came in a fiery explosion of pleasure.

Barett climbed out of bed and put his clothes on. Justine did the same. "Now, about that breakfast."

"It's probably cold now."

He pulled her to him. "But I liked the appetizer," he said as he placed his hand on her pussy.

"I will make us something else to eat later," she said as she fumbled with the zipper to his jeans.

He grabbed her hand and helped her to remove his pants. He lifted her up and leaned her against the wall, then pulled her dress up. With one quick thrust, he rammed his cock into her.

Justine had written this very scenario several times in her books. She had always wanted to be fucked like this; feeling his strength as he held her up was wonderful.

Barett's moans heightened her pleasure.

"I want you to come, please come," she begged.

This sent him over the edge. Barett arched back as his orgasm washed over him. Justine watched every nuance of his climax, which made her come so hard her body shivered. He pressed her against the wall as he enjoyed the aftermath.

"I have worked up quite an appetite." He chuckled as he set her down.

"Then I better go get breakfast ready...again."

* * * *

"Oh, you go, girl," Stacey said.

"Is it too soon? I mean..."

"Justine it's been a year, besides, Andrew mentally left your marriage a long time ago."

"Yeah, you're right."

"You deserve a little happiness. It's long overdue."

Stacey was one of Justine's best friends. It had only been since the divorce that Justine had really gone out and made friends. She was so glad she had joined the gym for women. She had met several really nice women there.

Justine, Stacey, Mary and Debbie were all going through divorces at the same time, and this common bond really brought them together.

Justine went on about Barett. She couldn't stop herself. Being with him alone over these past two days was a fantasy come true. He indulged her every sexual whim. His desires were so intense, so imaginative—even after twenty years Andrew had never been capable of such desire.

When Justine finished talking to Stacey she went straight to her office. Her muses were alive. She suspected it was thoughts of Barett which fueled her creative fire. She wished he didn't have to go, but he had to get back to Germany, plus her kids were coming home.

Justine's fingers flew over the keyboard as she began writing her newest book.

* * * *

"Master!" Derek hurried over to Barett and went down to his knees before him.

"I have missed you," Barett said as he stroked Derek's silky mane.

"I have missed you, Master."

"Show me."

Derek reached up and unzipped Barett's pants. He helped Barett to step out of them, then removed his briefs. With long, wet, strokes Derek licked every inch of Barett's cock.

"I have missed you so much, Master," Derek purred as he took Barett's shaft into his mouth.

Barett moaned loudly. There was no one better at sucking cock than Derek. He looked down and watched as Derek swallowed every inch of him. Derek never gagged and always looked as though he was in heaven sucking on his Master's cock.

"Oh, you have missed me." Barett wrapped Derek's long dark hair around his wrist, then pulled hard making

his cock pop from Derek's mouth. He watched as Derek quickly took it back in. Barrett did this over and over until Derek mewled with frustration. Barrett released Derek's hair then cupped the back of his head.

"Make me come. I want you to drink it down," Barrett growled.

Within seconds, Derek brought Barrett to an intoxicating orgasm.

"That's a good boy. Oh yes, so good."

"Remove your clothes and bend over the sofa."

"Yes, Master." Derek quickly obeyed and positioned himself like his Master commanded.

Barrett slowly walked over to him as he stroked his cock, coaxing it back to life. He could see his submissive's eagerness. The way Derek's body slightly trembled showed his Master how much he needed to be fucked. Barrett stood behind him as he stroked his now hard rod. He grabbed the bottle of lube and generously slathered his cock and two fingers. He slowly inserted his digits into Derek's ass. He smiled as Derek's body trembled.

"You ready for me?" Barrett asked as he slowly removed his fingers.

"Always."

Derek moaned loudly as Barrett's cock filled his ass.

"That feels good, Master."

"You may come when you want."

Derek waited for his Master to come first, then allowed his own orgasm to release.

"Master," he purred as Barrett kissed down his neck.

After Barrett cuddled Derek for a few moments he pulled out his dick and went over and sat on the other end of the sofa.

Derek quickly got Barrett a glass of wine then sat down by his feet.

"I have some news, Derek." Barrett lovingly petted him.

"What is it Master?"

"I think I have found the woman we have been looking for."

"Have you told her about me?" Derek looked up into his Master's face. He liked what he saw. His Master was beyond happy.

"No, I haven't."

Derek saw the light dim in Barrett's eyes.

"Master, don't tell her about me. You look so happy."

"You make me happy, Derek."

"You look like you have found the last piece of the puzzle. I don't want to be the cause of you losing it."

"Listen to me. I love you. I will always love you. You are my submissive and I swore to care, love and protect you. Justine will accept you or I will have to let her go."

"The others didn't."

"I will tell her about you when I see her in person again."

"What does she do for a living?"

"She is a writer. So she is creative like you." Barrett smiled at Derek. God he hoped Justine was different. He needed a woman in his life, and Derek needed a woman too.

"I love you, Master." Derek laid his head down on Barrett's leg.

"I love you, my submissive."

Chapter 3

Justine felt like a giddy schoolgirl as she readied herself for Barrett. When he had called earlier and said he was coming over she had felt her excitement begin to build. She had been away from him for only a week, but it was too long without feeling his hands on her body. The intense feeling she got when she was with him, or even thought about him, frightened her. How could a man she had known for such a small amount of time do this to her?

She told her kids that she was dating Barrett and was surprised when they seemed happy for her. She was a bit nervous letting Barrett meet them. She didn't want the kids to like him and invest emotional capital if their relationship wasn't going to work out.

Andrew actually picked the kids up on time, so it gave her plenty of time to ready herself for Barrett.

She looked at her image in the mirror. She felt beautiful. It had been so long since she had felt this way. She suspected it was Barrett that made her feel so desirable. A panic washed over her.

"Oh my God, I'm falling in love with him." The realization of her true feelings about him scared the hell out of her. What if he broke her heart? What if he turned out to be like Andrew? Ah, the 'what ifs' were driving her mad.

Justine almost jumped out of her skin when she heard the doorbell ring. She took a second to center herself, then hurried to the door. She smiled when she saw Barrett standing there, holding a dozen red roses in his hand. He was dressed in a black dress shirt and jeans. Damn he looked good.

"Justine," he purred.

"Come in."

"You look so beautiful." He handed her the flowers.

Justine wore a simple silky black dress. She hadn't had time to put her shoes on yet.

"Thank you," she said quietly as she took the flowers from him. She went into the kitchen and got a vase for them.

"What's wrong, Justine?"

She placed the flowers into the vase then set them on the table. She stood there quietly for a moment.

"I'm frightened."

"Of what?"

Justine couldn't look at him.

"Tell me, Justine."

"Of you and how you make me feel. After what happened with Andrew...I had no intentions of giving another man my heart, and yet, you have stolen it." It was like a dam burst and a flood of emotions came rushing forth. "All I think about is you. It's like I can't breathe when you are not here. I can't wait to touch you, to see you, to smell you. It's so silly to feel like this already."

Barrett slowly walked over to her. "I feel the same about you, Justine."

"That, right there, you always know the right thing to say. You are always bringing me flowers; you act like such a gentleman. I'm not used to this."

"You will get used to it."

"Andrew treated me like an object. He was always first, and when he wasn't he made me pay. There were times when he was so cruel with his words. Then he would be so kind. Over and over, in this same cycle we would go. I found myself enduring the cruelty just to get to the kindness. What if you...do the same?" Justine fought back her tears.

"I would never treat you cruel. What he did to you was wrong, Justine. When you love someone you try

never to bring them pain.”

“What if I can’t get over what he did to me? What if I take it out on you? I don’t want to do that to you.”

“You have been wounded, Justine. I understand it will take time for you to trust again. I will wait. But...there is something about me that you may not so easily accept. Please, sit down.”

Justine slowly sat down on a dining room chair.

“I want to tell you everything. I was going to wait, but since you are being so honest about your feelings I want to do the same.” Barrett didn’t know how to tell her. He was so afraid of losing her. Yet, she needed to know. It wasn’t fair not to tell her. “I don’t know where to start.”

“Are you married?”

“No.” Barrett sat down across the table from her. He was quiet for a moment. “Your books, the stories you weave—”

“I don’t understand.”

“The lifestyle you tell about in many of your books. I live that lifestyle.”

Justine looked at him for a moment. “You are a Master?”

“Yes. I have lived this lifestyle since I was twenty-one. I can’t live any other way.”

“Do you have a submissive?”

Barrett felt his heart go in his throat. “Yes.”

“How long have you been together?”

“Ten years.”

“What’s her name?”

“His name is Derek.”

“So you’re bisexual?”

“Yes.”

Justine was quiet for a moment.

“I will understand if you wish to stop seeing me.” Barrett felt a sadness build.

“Why would I stop seeing you?”

Barrett looked at her puzzled. “Every woman I have ever told about Derek stops seeing me.”

“I admit that I wasn’t expecting that. I figured you were going to tell me you were married or something. You have been with Derek for ten years. I mean, everything I have read about your lifestyle tells me that finding the right submissive or Master is hard. I would never ask you to give that up. That wouldn’t be fair of me.”

“Could you be part of my lifestyle?”

“I don’t know. I just know I won’t stop loving you just because you are a Master. I will need time to let this sink in, and of course, if it’s alright with you, I would like to meet Derek. I have to see if Derek likes me first.”

“You want to meet Derek?” Barrett felt like his heart was going to burst from his chest.

“Of course. What if we don’t get along? I can’t promise you that I will be your submissive. I don’t know if I could take someone telling me what to do all the time.”

Justine was surprised when Barrett bolted at her and took her into his arms. He hugged her so tightly she could barely breathe.

“I can’t breathe, Barrett.”

“You have no idea how happy you have made me.” He slowly set her down. “You accepted me without hesitation.” He kissed all over her face then reached back and took out his wallet and handed her a picture. “This is Derek.”

“Whoa!” Justine looked at the picture of the unbelievably beautiful man. She remembered what Mimi had said about him. This Derek had to be the same one she mentioned at the spa. “Damn, he is prettier than me. Where did you meet?” Justine handed Barrett the picture. She was still a bit shell-shocked, but surprisingly, she was okay with everything.

“In a club. Not very romantic I know, but finding people who live my lifestyle is not easy. Plenty of people

play the Master/submissive thing, but very few really live the lifestyle.”

“He is younger than you? He looks like it.”

“He is thirty-five.”

“So he was twenty-five when you met and you were thirty-two?”

“Yes.”

“Were you always the Master?”

“Yes, I can’t be a submissive. It’s not my nature. Derek has always been a submissive. When I met him, he was some other man’s submissive. It didn’t take much to steal him away.”

“Love at first sight?”

“No, more like lust at first sight.” Barrett played with a strand of Justine’s hair. “You however…” he smiled at her, “it was love at first sight.” He grabbed her hair and pulled her to him.

She was shocked by his roughness, yet turned on by it.

“I like to play a little rough at times. If I do anything that makes you uncomfortable, tell me right away.”

Justine couldn’t speak as he pulled her arms behind her back and bent her over the table.

“Are you ready for me?”

“Yes,” her voice wavered.

She heard him unzip his pants then the sound of fabric hitting the floor. She moaned loudly when he rammed his cock deep into her. He pulled her hair with each thrust. He held her arms so easily behind her back with just one hand.

“Let me know if I hurt you, Justine.”

Barrett pulled her hair harder as he thrust more violently into her. Justine loved every moment of his roughness. The more she moaned the rougher he became. He let go of her hair and started spanking her as he continued to ride her. She came over and over again, and purred with contentment when he howled out his orgasm. He leaned his body over hers as they caught their breath.

They spent the entire night enjoying each other’s body. When she finally fell asleep from exhaustion, Barrett slipped into the bathroom and called Derek.

“Master,” Derek purred into the phone.

“I told her about you.”

“And?” Derek held his breath and prayed.

“She wants to meet you.”

“What?”

“I have called the airline and have bought you a ticket. I will rent an apartment around here while you two get to know each other.”

“Master, she accepts me?” Derek’s voice broke as he tried to hold back his tears.

“Yes, my submissive. She did so right away.”

“Master…” Derek couldn’t stop his tears.

“Shh, don’t cry. Wipe those tears. I don’t want tears staining your beautiful face. Pack our things. I will have movers come and collect them.”

“When is my flight?”

“In two days. I will pick you up at the airport.”

“I will have everything ready. I love you, Master.”

“I love you, submissive.”

Justine stood there listening to Barrett talk to Derek. He did love him; she could hear it in his voice. She didn’t intend to eavesdrop, but she couldn’t stop herself. She hoped Derek was nice. He sure was sexy. She slowly headed out of the room and went to the kitchen to pour herself some water.

This was so surreal. Barrett was a Master, and was bisexual, and sexy as hell. Shit she couldn’t write a better story than this. Still, would she really be able to handle sharing Barrett? Could Derek handle sharing Barrett? Would

she even like Derek? What the hell were the kids going to think? There were so many questions swirling around in her mind. Yet, even through the cloudiness of her mind one thing rang through—she loved Barrett. Oh God, did she love him.

* * * *

Barrett watched as Derek walked out of the airport. He smiled as he watched men and women turning around and checking Derek out. His submissive was so beautiful and Barrett's pride of having such a beauty showed. Derek was always immaculately groomed. He did this for his Master.

Derek smiled when he spotted Barrett. He was oblivious to the countless eyes watching him. His Master was the only thing Derek saw.

"Master."

Barrett opened his arms and Derek rushed into his embrace.

"You have done well, submissive. Our things arrived at the apartment this morning."

"Thank you, Master."

Barrett opened the door and let Derek into the limo. He instructed the driver to take them to their new apartment. Once Barrett settled into his seat, Derek started caressing his body.

"Greet your Master," Barrett said as he lowered Derek's head down to his lap. Barrett leaned back and gently caressed Derek's hair as he sucked his cock. It didn't take long for Derek's talented mouth to get Barrett off. After Derek thoroughly licked Barrett's shaft clean of every last drop of cum, he laid his head on his lap. He enjoyed Barrett's caresses as the car drove on.

After a couple of hours they arrived at their apartment.

"This apartment isn't as lavish as the one in Germany."

"It doesn't matter, Master. As long as I'm with you I don't care where we live."

Their apartment was at the very top floor of the building. Barrett watched as Derek looked around. He had hired a maid to keep things clean. She had done a wonderful job of unpacking everything.

"The last door on the left is your studio."

Derek hurried down the hall and entered the room.

"Is it acceptable?"

"It's perfect, Master. There is plenty of light and space."

"Freshen up. Justine will be here soon."

"She is coming here, now?"

"Yes."

"I will hurry."

Barrett walked out into the kitchen and opened some wine. He could see Derek was nervous and he had no doubt Justine would be too.

The doorbell rang. Barrett walked over and answered it.

"Justine."

"Is Derek here yet?" She slowly entered the apartment.

"He will be out in a minute."

"Wow, you really spruced up the place."

"I'm afraid I will have to give my maid the credit. Please, sit down."

Justine sat down on the leather sofa. She couldn't stop fidgeting with her hands.

"Derek, come." Barrett's deep voice rumbled through the apartment.

Justine was awe-struck by the handsome man as he entered the living room. The picture Barrett had showed her did him no justice. God, Derek was a beautiful man. He was smaller than Barrett. He had to be only five-foot-eight. Barrett was quite muscular, while Derek was trim and well toned. Derek's dark hair was long and went down the length of his back. But it was his big crystal-blue eyes that were the most intoxicating.

Justine slowly stood up.

"Hello, Justine," Derek said shyly. His voice was soft and had a heavy German accent.

"You are so pretty," Justine said.

"Thank you. So are you."

Derek looked at the petite woman standing before him. She was pretty, but not a striking beauty like Master's other women. Of course, he had only seen photos of those other women. Yet, there was something so beautiful about this woman standing in front of him. It went beyond mere surface beauty. There was warmth that radiated from her. She had a genuine kindness to her.

"Let's have some wine."

Derek quickly went over and grabbed the glasses of wine.

"Sit, Justine."

Barett sat on the sofa and she sat next to him.

Derek handed out the wine then sat down by Barett's feet. Barett instantly sensed Justine's uneasiness.

"Sit next to me, Derek."

"Yes, Master."

Barett got them talking. They talked about Justine's books and Derek's artwork. He enjoyed watching them. He could see in Derek's eyes that he liked her. And the way Justine relaxed; he could see she liked Derek too.

They spent the afternoon with each other. Derek prepared them a delicious lunch. And after a while, Barett took Justine home.

Derek looked around his new home. A wonderful sense of peace filled him. Justine made Master happy, he could see it. That would have been enough. He would have endured anything to make his Master happy. It was a bonus that he liked her too. She stirred not only his intellect, but she also stirred his desire. The thought of her sharing his and Master's bed turned him on so much his cock ached. Yet, he couldn't relieve it. Master had told him not to pleasure himself and Derek never disobeyed his Master.

Chapter 4

"You are kidding me," Stacey said. "This sounds like a plot from one of your books."

"It does, doesn't it?" Justine handed Stacey a drink. "The only thing is I don't know what to do or how to act around Derek."

"Be yourself, stupid."

"I know that. It's just..."

"Oh, you are wondering if you get to fuck Derek too."

"No."

"Come on, girl, that's what I would be thinking. If this Derek is as hot as you say then I would have jumped him already. My body is getting all tingly just thinking about him and Barrett together. You are one lucky girl. Hell, having a man like Barrett alone makes me jealous of you. Knowing that he has a hot male submissive on top of everything else, damn, girl, I wish I was you."

Justine laughed.

"Justine, you have a guest," Marie said as she came out on to the patio.

"Whoa!" Stacey exclaimed. "If that's Derek I'm punching you."

Justine looked over at the patio door. "Yep, that's Derek. I wonder why he is here."

"You bitch." Stacey playfully punched her. "Oh damn, look at him."

Justine motioned for Derek to join them.

"Hello, Justine. Master commanded me to see you today. I hope it's alright that I'm here."

"You are welcome to come over anytime you want. This is my friend Stacey. Stacey, this is Derek."

"Hello, cutie." Stacey walked over to him.

"It is a pleasure to meet you."

"Oh, this is Marie," Justine said as Marie came back with a glass of iced tea for Derek.

"Hello, Marie."

"Please, sit down." Justine motioned to the chair next to her.

Stacey talked Derek's ear off and flirted with him shamelessly. He didn't seem to mind at all. After about an hour, Stacey reluctantly left. She had to pick her kids up from their father's house.

"I wish my kids were here to meet you," Justine said as her and Derek headed into the house. "They are at their grandmother's house for a few days."

"I was worried about them being here."

"Why?"

"I didn't know if you had had time to explain things yet."

"I haven't told them about you and Barrett's relationship yet. I'm not quite sure how to. Don't worry, I will think of something."

"What would you have told them about me if they were here?"

"You were Barrett's friend."

After she said goodbye to Marie, Justine gave Derek the tour of her house. She had spent the past year renovating it to fit her and the kids' needs. She wanted to add on to it some more next year, but they needed a break from having the workmen coming and going all the time. For now, the house looked wonderful. She was proud of it. Derek could see it in her eyes.

"What did Barrett want you to do while you were here?"

"He just wanted me to spend time with you."

Derek moved a little closer to her. He was so aroused he couldn't stand it. Master had said if Justine's kids weren't home that he could make love to her once she was relaxed around him. Barrett wanted to know if Justine and Derek could be together sexually.

Justine looked into Derek's beautiful eyes. The look on his face was turning her on. He couldn't possibly want to have sex with her. Could he?

"Master wants me to make love to you. If you don't want me to that's alright."

"Do you want to make love to me?"

"Yes," he purred.

Derek oozed sexiness. Every movement he made heightened her arousal.

"It has been a while since I have been with a woman." Derek pressed her against the wall with his body. "Please forgive me if I'm clumsy."

Justine couldn't say a word. His hands caressed her body so expertly as his body crushed up against her. He removed her clothes effortlessly, then his own without skipping a beat.

"Justine," Derek moaned as he lifted her up so that his cock rubbed against her pussy. "You are so wet already. I like that."

Derek carried her to the sofa. She wrapped her legs around him tightly. Slowly he laid her down onto the sofa. His hands touched all the right spots and his cock rubbed up against her clit bringing her to the brink of bliss. His kisses alternated from passionate to sweet as his long silky hair fanned out over her body.

"I can't wait any longer. Forgive me," Derek said as he rammed his cock deep into her.

"Yesss," he hissed. "Your pussy is so wet and warm. It's been too long since I have had the pleasure of having my dick buried deep in a woman."

His hands continued to caress her as he thrust in a precise rhythm, not too fast or slow, just enough to keep her right on the edge of orgasm.

"You look so good with that look of pleasure dancing across your face," Derek moaned.

He kept her on the edge for what seemed like an eternity.

"I need to come," he moaned. "First, let me see you come."

Derek moved his hips ever so slightly as he thrust.

"Yes, oh yes," she moaned as her orgasm ripped through her.

Derek arched up and slowly let his climax build, until finally he came. He lay on her for a moment then kissed down her body.

"I'm going to suck my cum from your sweet pussy."

Justine grabbed the sofa arm the moment his mouth touched her opening. He licked and sucked until he brought her to another amazing orgasm, then he stuck his tongue deep into her, moving around and around. Justine's body quaked from the pleasure of it.

Derek kissed her pussy lips then moved back up her body. He kissed her lips driving his tongue deep into her mouth. He groaned when she started sucking on his tongue.

His cell phone rang causing him to quickly find his pants.

"Master," he said the moment he flipped his phone open. "Yes...oh yes. She is lying here naked on the sofa, looking so sated. I will, Master." Derek walked back over to the sofa stroking his cock as he came closer to Justine. "Please suck me."

Justine took Derek's rod into her mouth and started sucking on it. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Derek had lowered the phone so that Barrett could hear her so she exaggerated the sounds.

"Master...oh, Master, please let me come," Derek cried out.

"No, Derek."

Justine's body trembled at hearing Barrett's voice.

Derek lifted the phone back to his ear. He moaned loudly then latched his hand onto her hair.

“Please...Master.”

Justine felt Derek’s hips start moving. She took all of his cock into her mouth.

“I beg of you, Master, let me come.”

Derek pulled Justine’s mouth from his dick then lowered the phone down. He released her hair and started to stroke himself.

“Open your mouth, Justine,” she heard Barrett’s voice say.

Justine looked up at Derek as she opened her mouth.

“Please, Master,” Derek begged.

“Come, Derek.”

“Oh yes, oh yes, ah!” he cried out as his cum filled Justine’s mouth. “She is drinking all of it, Master.”

“That’s a good girl, my good girl, my sweet Justine,” Barrett purred.

Derek put the phone back up to his ear. “Yes, Master, I will make her scream with pleasure.” Derek handed her the phone then came down to his knees. He placed his head between her legs and started licking at her pussy.

“Let me hear your pleasure, Justine,” Barrett said. “I want to stroke my cock and come as I hear your ecstasy.”

Justine moaned and mewled as Derek expertly licked her pussy. Every word Barrett spoke, every sound he made heightened her arousal. Derek made her come and come until finally she begged him to stop. Derek quickly leaned against her and pressed his ear to the phone. Justine felt Derek’s body quiver when Barrett groaned with pleasure.

“My cum has splattered all over the floor. That was so good,” Barrett moaned.

“Master,” Derek whispered as he nuzzled against Justine.

“Come home, Derek.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Justine, sweet Justine, mmm, you are not to pleasure yourself in any form until I see you again. Do you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“If you do, I will know and I will spank you. Do you hear me?”

“Yes, Barrett.”

“Until later, sweet Justine.” With that said, he hung up.

Derek got dressed. Justine did the same. She just stood there, unsure of what to do next. This should feel wrong, but it didn’t.

“Thank you, Justine. That was very pleasurable.” Derek softly kissed her. “Are you alright? I don’t like that look on your face.”

“I’m just confused at the moment. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Did you like it?”

“That’s the problem. I loved it. Should I have?”

“Of course you should. If it felt right, then it was right. That’s all there is to it.” Derek kissed her hand. “I’m honored to share Master with you. I hope in time you will feel the same way.”

Justine just smiled at him as she watched him leave. She didn’t know what to think at the moment. Her body felt so deliciously satisfied. *Thank goodness Marie and the kids weren’t here.* Sooner or later they would have to know that Derek was Barrett’s submissive.

Oh God, how was she going to explain this to them?

* * * *

Justine lay on her bed. Her body so aroused by what had happened earlier this afternoon. Her hand went down to her clit as she slowly began to rub it. Barrett had told her not to pleasure herself, but she couldn’t stop. Besides, how was he really going to know?

When she was finally sated she slipped on her robe and went to the kitchen. She fixed herself a sandwich. After gobbling it down, she then went back to her room. She was tired.

Just as she was ready to climb into bed, the doorbell rang.

“Barett.”

“You have pleased yourself,” he said in a stern voice.

“What?”

“I told you not to pleasure yourself.”

She was overcome with shock when he grabbed her arm and dragged her into the living room. He sat down and threw her over his knee then pulled up her robe and spanked her ass with his bare hand.

He paid no attention to her protest. He could tell it was turning her on. He would have stopped immediately if he had thought her protests were real.

“I told you I would spank you if you pleased yourself. I always say what I mean, Justine.”

Barett looked at her pink ass cheeks. He rubbed them gently for a moment then swatted them again.

“You like this, don’t you?”

She said nothing.

“Don’t you?” He swatted her ass harder.

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“You want my cock now?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, please.”

Barett pushed her from his lap then quickly removed his pants. Before she had time to get up, he pushed her to the floor pinning her underneath him. He lifted her hips just enough for his shaft to enter her pussy. He rammed into her so hard she lurched forward. He wrapped his arm around her waist holding her in place.

“Tell me if I hurt you,” he purred into her ear.

He slammed his cock into her over and over until both of them reached orgasm. He released her and sat back.

“Come here, Justine.”

She sat on his lap and cuddled up against him.

“Promise me something, Justine. Promise me you will tell me if you don’t like what I do to you.”

“I promise.”

Chapter 5

Justine paced around the kitchen nervously. She had to tell her kids something about hers and Barrett's relationship. How in the world was she going to explain Derek?

She greeted her kids and listened to their adventurous tales about their time with grandma. But before she had a chance to explain anything to them the doorbell rang.

Justine hurried over and answered it. She was surprised to see Derek.

"Have I come at a bad time?" he asked.

"My kids have just come home."

"I can come back later if you want me to."

"No... I think this may be better. Did Barrett send you?"

"Yes. I can go home if you want."

"No, no, come in."

"Whoa, you are pretty," Crystal said when Derek entered the kitchen.

"Kids, please sit down." Justine grabbed Derek's hand. "I want you to meet Derek. He is with Barrett. Derek, these are my children. This is Crystal."

"Hello," Derek said nervously.

"This is Andrew."

"Hello."

"And this is Chris."

"Hello."

Derek looked over the three teenagers. He hadn't expected Justine's children to be this old.

"You have the same accent Barrett has, but yours is heavier," Andy said.

"I'm from Germany, just like Barrett."

"Are you Barrett's friend?" Crystal asked.

Derek looked over to Justine before he answered.

"Okay, this is what I wanted to talk to you guys about. There is no point to not telling you everything."

"I will leave you alone for a moment," Derek said.

"You can help me with making lunch if you want," Marie said.

"It would be my pleasure."

Justine led the kids into the living room.

"What's going on, Mom?" Andy asked.

"Barrett and Derek lead a different kind of lifestyle..." Justine proceeded to tell them about Barrett's lifestyle in a way they could understand without going into too much detail.

"Are you happy, Mom?" Andy asked.

"Yes."

"Then that's what matters."

The other two agreed.

Justine was relieved that they seemed to understand. Still, it felt awkward. She wondered how they were going to act around Derek, or for that matter, how they would act around Barrett now that they knew about their relationship.

"Let's get some lunch."

They went back into the kitchen. Derek and Marie already had lunch ready. Justine watched as the kids talked with Derek. He was at ease around them. Andy was thrilled to learn Derek was a fellow artist.

They spent a wonderful afternoon together. Justine was beyond happy about how Derek and the kids got along. She was also proud that her kids had such an open mind. She had tried to raise them to be that way.

Justine went out to Derek's car to grab his sketch pad for him. Andy had wanted to see some of his work.

"Nice car," Justine said. Barrett had bought Derek the best Mercedes available. She grabbed Derek's sketch pad. She looked at the very expensive red automobile for a moment. It had never really dawned on her that Barrett was wealthy, until now.

She quickly looked toward the end of the driveway when she heard a car pull up. It was a black Mercedes and she knew right away it was Barrett.

Her heart pounded harder in her chest. A warm, peaceful, happy feeling engulfed her.

"Justine." Barrett smiled as he got out of the car.

He wore a well-tailored suit and looked positively amazing.

"Barrett." She rushed over to his opened arms. When he held her tightly to him, she felt safe—loved.

"I see Derek is still here."

"He met my kids."

"I didn't know they were back yet. I'm sorry, Justine. I should have been here when they met him."

"It's alright. I told them everything, well a PG13 version of everything."

"By the smile on your face I'm guessing they were most understanding about everything."

"Yes, they were." Justine stepped out of Barrett's embrace.

Barrett looked down at Derek's sketch pad. "Andy wants to see Derek's work?"

"How did you know it was Andy who wanted to see it?"

"Andy is an artist. He talks just as passionately about his work as Derek does."

"You remembered that?"

"Of course I did. I remember everything about you and your children. Now, let's go join them. I'm most eager to see them talk with Derek."

Justine and Barrett went into the house. Barrett stopped short at the entryway to the living room. He smiled seeing Derek talking with Justine's children. They accepted Derek as easily as Justine had. A warmth filled him like he had never known before. The sound of laughter intensified the feeling.

Derek's face lit up when he spotted Barrett. He rushed over, but didn't embrace his Master.

Barrett gently stroked Derek's cheek then turned his attention to Justine's kids.

"Here is your sketch book," Justine said as she handed Derek the book.

"Thank you." Derek handed the book to Andy.

"Go, enjoy talking with a fellow artist," Barrett said to Derek.

"You look really nice," Crystal said to Barrett.

"Thank you, Crystal."

Barrett walked into the room and sat down on the sofa. Justine sat next to him. He grabbed her hand and gently held it. He was content just sitting there watching Derek with her children.

After a few hours, Barrett and Derek left to go back to their apartment. Justine helped Marie clean up.

"I don't mean to pry..." Marie said as she rinsed off the dishes, "but...you really need time alone with Barrett and Derek."

"Why do you say that?"

Marie stopped what she was doing and looked at Justine. "Can you really share Barrett with someone else? Is their lifestyle going to work for you? What if it can't? Will Barrett still want to be with you or you with him? I see how much you love Barrett, but if your lives don't mesh together you are going to get hurt or he will get hurt. You need time alone with them to see if your relationship is going to work out. You really do."

"I can't just pack up and leave the kids. Besides, it involves them too."

“No, Justine. This is about you. Your kids are almost grown and you see that they are pretty much open to anything as long as it makes you happy. You need to know for certain that you want Barrett, that you can handle his different lifestyle.”

Justine was quiet for a moment. “You are right.” She went over to the kitchen table and sat down. “Plus, I don’t want the kids to invest a lot of emotional capital if our relationship isn’t going to work.”

“Precisely.”

“You have your vacation coming up, so who would watch the kids?”

“Andy is seventeen, and Chris is fifteen. I think they can take care of themselves. But I know you would worry.”

Marie went to her purse and pulled out some brochures, then handed them to Justine.

“What’s this?”

“I was thinking about you and Barrett’s relationship. I don’t think I could handle it. So I was starting to worry that you may not be able to either. That’s when I came up with this plan. These are brochures for summer camps. Each is about a month long. Andy can go to the artist camp, Chris to the computer camp and Crystal can go to a ranch. She loves horses and this camp is made just for girls her age. They will have fun and you can have the time you need to explore your relationship with Barrett.”

Justine stood and hugged Marie tightly. “What would I do without you?”

“You are like a sister to me and I only want the best for you and the kids.”

“I will see what the kids think about these camps. I want you to have fun on your vacation too, Marie.”

“How could I not have fun. You are sending me to Hawaii.”

“You have more than earned it.”

Justine went to find her kids. Marie was right; she needed this time to see if she could really handle Barrett’s lifestyle. God knows she loved him, but could she deal with sharing him?

Chapter 6

Justine stood nervously by the door to Barrett's apartment. She had told him what Marie had suggested. He was all for the idea. However, he wanted her to stay with him and Derek for the month. He wanted nothing distracting her. And if they stayed at her house, her mind would be on the children.

Justine had said goodbye to the kids that morning. Each of them loved the summer camp they were going to and jumped at the chance to go.

Justine was frightened to knock on the door. A myriad of doubts filled her mind. What if she couldn't handle sharing Barrett? Was she really doing the right thing? Why mess up the good thing her and Barrett had going already?

"Master," Derek called out. He saw Justine standing in the hallway through the security monitor.

"What is it?"

"Justine is here, but look."

Barrett looked at her standing there. He didn't like the look on her face. She was frightened and unsure. He wanted to run out and hold her in his arms and tell her everything was going to be alright.

"Is she alright?"

"She is nervous. This is very understandable. Let's give her the time she needs."

Barrett continued to watch her through the monitor. After a couple of minutes, she finally knocked on the door.

"Go help Justine with her luggage."

"Yes, Master." Derek hurried to the door.

"Hello, Derek," Justine said when he opened the door.

Derek grabbed her luggage and escorted her in. "Master has given you your own room for now." He led her down the hallway.

"Whoa," Justine said, looking over the very nicely decorated room.

"Do you like your room?"

Justine turned around and dropped the suitcase she held in her hand. She hurried over to Barrett's open arms and held him tightly.

"The room is beautiful."

"We will give you time to settle in." Barrett kissed her softly then left the room. Derek followed behind him.

Justine smiled when she spotted the area set up for her to write. Though she doubted she was going to be able to get much work done. She unpacked her things then lay on the bed. The silk sheets felt nice against her skin. She laid there for about thirty minutes, then left and went to the living room. She had been there only once before when she first met Derek. Everything had such a masculine feel to it. She went to the kitchen to get something to drink. Everything had Barrett's touch.

Justine wanted to look around, but decided she better wait for Barrett to give her the tour. *Where is Barrett?*

She heard his moan coming from the room at the end of the hall. Curiosity and sexual tension made her go closer to investigate.

"Master," Derek purred.

"Take all of it. Oh yeah just like that. Very good, my submissive."

Justine's body tightened with arousal. A mental image of Derek kneeling in front of Barrett filled her mind.

"Suck harder. Oh yes," Barrett moaned loudly.

Justine went back to her room. She just couldn't open the door and interrupt them. She was so aroused, yet so

confused. She lay on the bed and pulled up her dress. She let her fingers slip into her panties. She rubbed her clit frantically needing the sweet release of orgasm. Suddenly, she heard her door open, yet she couldn't stop rubbing her clit.

Barett's familiar scent filled the air and she knew he was watching her. This only heightened her pleasure. Just when she was about to climax, Barett grabbed her hand and made her stop.

"Not yet, Justine."

She felt him lift her arms over her head then the softness of silk ropes around her wrists.

"Mmmm, you look so beautiful," he whispered against her lips.

He removed her panties then moved his hand to her pussy and let his fingers dance over her clit.

"What has aroused you so, Justine?" He slowly rubbed her.

"I heard you," she said in a rush.

"Why didn't you come in and join us?"

"I didn't...know I could."

"Of course you can. My body is always ready for you whenever you need me. Do you need my body now, Justine?"

"Yes."

"Tell me."

"I need your body." She moved against his hand and then groaned when he removed it from her pussy. She quickly looked at him when she heard his pants unzip. Her eyes wandered all over his perfect body then settled on his hard, bulging cock. Her pussy ached to be filled.

Barett climbed on the bed and positioned himself between her legs. With one hard thrust he filled her.

Justine cried out in pleasure as her orgasm ripped through her body.

"Oh, you did need me," he purred. "Your pussy is so wet and warm." He thrust faster. "Do you need more of me?"

"Yes, oh yes, please yes." She tried to move her arms, but couldn't. He had done a good job of tying her to the bed.

Barett teased her by slowly pulling out his cock then slowly pushing it back in. Inch by inch. Slowly, so very slowly.

"I want you to feel every inch of me."

After a few moments he pulled out. "You want more, Justine?"

"Yes, please."

"You want it hard, fast, and relentless?"

"Please, oh please."

"Oh, I love it when you beg."

He shoved his cock into her pussy and rode her hard and fast, pounding into her over and over until she screamed out in ecstasy.

Barett leaned forward and grabbed the headboard as he continued to drive into her, his orgasm building higher and higher. He held his breath as his climax exploded. He buried his shaft into her pussy as it pulsed from his exquisite orgasm.

After a few moments he climbed out of bed and looked at her lying there. Her legs were still open. Her pussy glistened from a mixture of their juices. She looked so sated lying there, waiting. What a beautiful sight. He enjoyed looking at her for a few more moments then reluctantly untied her.

"Whenever you need me, just come to me." He played with a strand of her hair. "I want you to join me and Derek later. I want the pleasure of having both of you at the same time. I will understand if you are not ready."

"I want to do this for you."

"Do you really want to do this?" He stroked her cheek gently.

"I want to do whatever makes you happy. Seeing that smile on your face is nirvana to me."

Barett smiled then put his pants back on.

"I must finish some work. Feel free to wander around. This is, after all, your home now too."

Justine just nodded her head as she watched him leave the room. She couldn't think about anything right now. She rolled over and saw the silk ropes lying on the pillow next to her. She reached out and took them into her hands. The light blue color of the ropes shimmered in the sunlight that cascaded through the window. She rubbed the silky fabric between her thumb and finger. How could two pieces of cloth symbolize so much to her? But they did. They were the symbol of her submission to Barett. Soft, gentle, beautiful, yet strong, these silk strips of fabric symbolized everything about their relationship.

She clutched the fabric to her. He had left them here for her. Did they mean the same thing to him? It didn't matter. She was going to keep the two pieces of beautiful fabric. Her silk ropes. She went over to her dresser and carefully placed the fabric in the top drawer. She lovingly patted them then closed it. She wanted to take a shower, then look around.

Strangely, she wasn't nervous thinking about her encounter with both Derek and Barett. No, she wasn't nervous; she was excited. She allowed herself to feel that way. She was only going to enjoy.

* * * *

Justine anxiously readied herself. She wore only a red silk robe. Barett wanted to be with her and Derek. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. She hardly recognized the woman staring back at her. For too many years she hadn't liked her own reflection. Andrew had a way of making her feel inadequate, especially when she gained the extra weight. Never mind the fact that Andrew had developed quite the beer gut over the years. It was her weight that he had focused on. He had never made her feel beautiful.

She opened her robe and ran her hand over her now flat belly. She had worked hard to lose the weight. Her eyes followed the path her hand made. The thousands of sit-ups she had done over the past year showed. She ran her fingers over the light muscle lines of her stomach.

"It figures, after we are divorced, you lose the weight." Andrew's voice echoed in her mind.

Her eyes traveled up to her face. Her eyes sparkled with life. She ran her fingers over her full lower lip. Everything was different. Barett made it that way. She felt so beautiful, so sexy—she felt like a woman.

"You are so beautiful, Justine," Barett's voice filled her thoughts. He had told her that so many times. She felt beautiful.

Justine closed her robe and headed to Barett's room. She was nervous, excited, turned on, hell so many emotions swirled around inside of her.

Barett was standing by the door to his room.

"Are you sure you are ready for this?" he asked.

"Yes."

Barett opened the door and let her in. Derek was already lying naked on the bed.

"I want to watch you and Derek kiss," Barett said.

Justine didn't hesitate. She would do whatever Barett wanted. She had to. His happiness was now her need.

She climbed onto the bed. Derek took her into his arms. He was so soft and smelled so good. His lips tasted sweet and she lost herself in his erotic embrace. She could feel Barett's eyes on them. This excited her more than anything else.

"You look so good together," Barett said.

Justine felt his weight on the bed, then his hand stroking her back. She must have held her passionate kiss with Derek for what felt like a sweet eternity.

"Come to me now."

Both she and Derek released each other and like a well-rehearsed ballet they positioned themselves on either side of Barett, each feeling him, tasting him, wanting to please him. They stroked, kissed and made their way down to his delicious cock. Justine watched briefly as Derek took Barett into his mouth and started nursing. She lowered down and caressed Barrett's balls with her tongue. His delectable moans made them intensify their efforts. In a

well-timed erotic dance of their tongues and mouths, Derek and Justine alternated between Barrett's cock and balls, increasing his pleasure and delaying his release.

Justine's pussy dripped from excitement. The second Derek's hand touched her clit she exploded in a passionate orgasm. Her body rose up as she cried out in pleasure.

She felt Barrett's hand tangle in her hair, lowering her head back down to his cock. She opened her mouth and let him guide her as he thrust. She sucked hard. She could feel Derek's soft hair brushing up against her chin as he licked feverishly at Barrett's balls. When Barrett's hips rose up higher, both intensified their efforts, both wanting to bring their Master over the edge of bliss.

Justine felt the rush of warm, salty cum splash at the back of her throat. She sucked deeply, wanting to drain him of its precious elixir.

"Take her, Derek. I want to see you take her."

Justine felt Barrett's dick pop from her mouth. Derek gently positioned her on her hands and knees. Her pussy clamped down on Derek as he impaled her.

"Master..." Derek moaned. "I can't stop it."

"Don't come, Derek, not yet. Ride her hard. She wants it, she needs it. I will help you fill her full." Barrett pulled her up to him so he was now underneath her. Derek still kept fucking, not skipping a beat.

Both Derek and Justine moaned loudly when Barrett slid his cock into her pussy, stretching her almost to the point of pain.

"Don't come, Derek."

Barrett rammed into her over and over. He could feel Derek doing the same. He watched Justine's face as she came again and again.

"Master, please," Derek begged.

"Come now."

Derek moaned so loudly it made Justine's body quiver. She looked down at Barrett, wanting to see the moment he came. Damn, did he look good in the throes of passion. She watched every second of his euphoria.

"Mmmm, that was so good," he cooed. "But the night is still young."

Justine's body felt so deliciously used by the time the night was over. She lay contently in Barrett's arms as they all fell asleep.

* * * *

In the morning, Justine awoke alone in Barrett's bed. She rolled over to see what time it was.

"Damn, it's ten already." Then it dawned on her, she had no set schedule this month. She laid there for a moment going over what had happened the night before.

Something in her head told her this should be wrong, but it didn't feel wrong.

She climbed out of bed and went to her room. Everything was so quiet. Were Barrett and Derek there? Did they go into town? She popped into the shower and then got dressed. When she came out of her room she saw Derek in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Justine." His smile was so welcoming.

"Good morning. I thought you and Barrett had gone out, it was so quiet in here."

"Master is in his office. He is not to be disturbed while he is working." Derek paused for a moment. "Although...I don't know if you are not allowed to disturb him or not."

"I will ask him later. I wouldn't want to interrupt him while he is working anyway."

"Master works very hard to provide for us."

Derek felt awkward. Last night was hot, but in the light of the morning he really didn't know how he was supposed to act around her. It was much easier when they were at her house, but being there in his and Master's apartment, he felt kind of awkward around her.

"Do you need my help with anything? I'm a pretty good cook."

"You can make the salad if you want."

Justine began chopping the vegetables for the salad. She could feel Derek's uneasiness. Hell, she couldn't blame him, she felt uneasy too.

"Derek, you don't have to change how you and Barrett do things just because I'm here. I mean, I really need to learn about your lifestyle."

"To be honest, I don't know how to act around you. Up until now, it's just been Master and me living together."

"Well, like I said, do what you would normally do. After all, it's me who has to fit in."

"But that wouldn't be fair."

Justine stopped chopping the green pepper and went over to Derek. "I need to see your lifestyle. We will worry about what's fair later." She gently grabbed his hand. "We do have one very important thing in common."

"What's that?"

"Our love for Barrett."

Derek smiled and squeezed her hand.

"Anyway, we need to get this awkwardness out of the way. So do what you would normally do, okay?"

"I will try."

They talked about Derek's latest yaoi manga comic. Justine was very interested in his work. She had written some storylines that later became yaoi mangas. Derek had even read a couple of them before.

"Good morning," Barrett said as he entered the kitchen.

Derek hurried over and went to his knees before Barrett. "Master."

Barrett stroked Derek's hair. He gestured for Derek to get up. "It smells wonderful in here. I'm starving." He walked over to Justine and kissed her.

Barrett could feel his submissive's awkwardness. This had to be just as hard on Derek as it was on Justine. Still, there was little he could do to ease it. Justine and Derek would have to find a way to ease the awkwardness themselves.

"Barrett," Justine said quietly.

"You may speak to me about anything, Justine. So don't hesitate."

"I don't know how to act. I mean...oh I don't know what I mean."

"Derek is a true submissive and therefore I don't expect you to do what he does. However, I believe he should serve me the way he has always done. There would be no purpose served on him modifying his behavior. The same is true for you, Justine. You do what is comfortable for you. If in time you feel you want to be my submissive, then Derek can train you. However, if you don't wish to be my submissive then we will just be lovers. It is all up to you."

"What about you two?"

"What about us?"

"Why should you two make all the concessions?"

"The mere fact that you accept us for who we are is enough. In my opinion, you are the one who has to make the most adjustments. Be who you are, Justine. And we will be who we are. Honesty is the basis of any good relationship."

"What happens if we can't mesh our lifestyles?"

"We will cross that bridge when or if we come to it. Now, I must get back to work."

"Am I not to disturb you when you are working? Derek said he is not allowed to."

"If you need me, I'm here for you, sweet Justine." Barrett stood up. "Derek, come."

Derek hurried over and went to his knees before Barrett.

"Yes, Master."

"You are free to be with Justine in any way you want, providing of course, she wants to be with you."

"Yes, Master, thank you."

Barrett left the room and Derek rose up to his feet.

"Does it bother you to kneel before him like that?" Justine asked, then felt bad for asking it.

"Don't ever worry about asking me anything. I'm sure you have a lot of questions and I'm more than happy to answer them." Derek paused. "As far as how I feel about having to kneel before my Master...I love to do it. I want to serve him and show him my submission. I would do anything my Master asks of me and I would do so happily."

"What if he asked you to do...umm..."

"Please don't be afraid to ask me anything."

"What if he asked you to do something humiliating?"

"I would love it." He saw the shocked look on her face. "If it brings my Master pleasure I will do it, no matter what he asks of me. I know it's hard to understand if you are not a true submissive."

"So, you are telling me if he asked you to say...suck his toes in public, you would do it?"

"Yes, and I would do it with much gusto." Derek smiled. "I remember Master having me suck his cock in public. Oh, it turned me on so much I came the moment he moaned."

"I don't know if I could do that."

"Master wouldn't ask you to. He knows I enjoy those sorts of things and he would know you don't. Master is a good master and only commands me to do things I enjoy, unless of course he is punishing me."

"Punishing you?"

"When I have disobeyed him, he will punish me. But I rarely disobey him. Again, he wouldn't do that to you, unless of course you decide to become his submissive."

"I have written countless stories about the Master/slave lifestyle, but still I have much to learn. To be honest, I don't think I would make a good submissive."

"You don't have to be Master's submissive. I fill that need for him. All you have to do is love Master for who he is. And if I'm lucky, you will grow to love me too."

"Well, you are making it easy to love you." Justine smiled at him.

"I must go do the shopping. Will you come with me? I would enjoy having your company."

"I would love to come with you."

"I will go tell Master we are leaving."

Justine honestly didn't know what to think right now. The realization about Barrett and Derek's relationship was hitting her hard. They had ten years of history together. She knew in her heart if she couldn't live their lifestyle or fit it into hers Barrett would leave her. He would never live without Derek. Their bond was too strong.

Derek came back into the room. He had such an aura of happiness about him, she couldn't help but feel it.

"Master told us to have fun together this afternoon."

He grabbed her hand and led her to his car. He opened the door for her then went around to his side.

Justine smiled at him. She liked him already. This gave her hope that maybe, just maybe, this three-way love story would work out. Oh God, she hoped so. The thought of not being with Barrett was something she didn't want to think about.

Derek and Justine spent a pleasant afternoon together. She couldn't help but notice the countless eyes looking at Derek. He seemed oblivious to their stares. Derek oozed sexiness, and he didn't do it on purpose either. It was just the way he was.

"Do you notice all those people looking at you?" Justine asked when they were driving home.

"No."

"It would bug me to have people staring at me all the time."

"If someone enjoys looking at me I don't have a problem with them doing so."

Justine found herself looking at him a lot. He was a very beautiful man. She felt herself becoming aroused on the way home. His scent was so heavenly.

She sat up when Derek pulled the car over to the side of the road.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"You have need of me, don't you?" His voice was so sexy.

He positioned his seat so it was as far back as it could go, then he began to unzip his pants.

"You can have me if you want," he said.

Justine couldn't stop herself. She removed her panties then climbed over the seat. She lifted her dress and positioned herself so that his cock eased into her pussy. She sighed when it was completely encased inside her.

"Anytime you want me you can have me," he moaned before he licked her lips.

She rode him with total abandon. She didn't care if anyone driving by saw them or not.

She accidentally hit a lever which caused Derek's seat to recline all the way back. The motion forced his cock deeper into her pussy. His hands reached up and cupped her breasts as she continued to ride him. Her body quivered from her orgasm. She felt Derek's hands on her hips as he helped her to move up and down.

"Faster...please faster," he purred.

The sound of their bodies smacking together permeated through the car. The smell of their fucking filled her nostrils, making her come again.

"Come, I want to hear you come," she cried out.

Derek moaned loudly and said something in German she couldn't understand. She felt his cock pulsate deep inside her.

Justine climbed off of him and slipped her panties into her purse.

Derek moved his seat back into an upright position, pulled up his pants, then adjusted it so he could drive.

"If you need me you can have me," she said softly.

He smiled at her and drove home.

Justine watched Derek hurry to the wine cabinet and pull out a bottle then quickly grab a glass. He kept looking at the clock.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm going to be late with Master's wine. He wants a glass brought to him at five in the afternoon."

She moved out of his way as he hurried to Barrett's office.

Derek knocked twice then went in. He hurried over to where Barrett was sitting and went down to his knees. He held the wineglass up and offered it to his Master.

"Good, boy," Barrett said as he took the glass from him. "Did you have fun with Justine?"

"Yes, Master."

"I can smell her pussy on you."

"You said I could..."

"Shh, it's alright. Tell me, where did you fuck her?"

"In my car."

"Really? Why?"

"She wanted me. I could feel it."

"Did it feel good to bury your cock in her warm pussy?"

"Yes."

"Justine!" Barrett bellowed. His body became instantly aroused when she rushed into the room. Her eagerness for him showed.

"I want to watch you and Derek fuck."

Derek quickly rose up to his feet.

"Did you not hear me, Justine?"

She slowly went over to Derek. She watched as he undressed.

"Derek is so beautiful, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said quietly.

Barrett walked over to Justine then went behind her. He reached down and pulled her dress up and over her head. She wore nothing underneath.

"Barrett..." she moaned. "I want you."

"In due time. I want to watch you fuck Derek."

Justine hesitated.

"Don't you want him?"

"Yes."

"Fuck him. Obey me!" Barrett growled.

Justine felt an erotic shiver race over her. She went over to Derek then bent over Barrett's desk. Derek grabbed her hips and drove his cock deep into her.

"Don't you come, boy."

"Yes, Master."

Barrett walked behind Derek then reached around and grabbed Derek's nipples. He pinched hard, knowing Derek loved it.

"Don't come."

Derek bit his lip trying to hold back from exploding.

Barrett released Derek then walked over to the side. He watched Derek's cock disappearing into Justine's pussy.

"Stop!"

Derek immediately stopped and pulled his dick from Justine.

"Stay just like you are, Justine."

She was compelled to obey him. She heard him unzip his pants, then she felt his hand on her hips. She moaned loudly when his large cock filled her. She could hear Derek moaning behind her.

"Come, Derek," Barrett moaned.

Justine felt a warm sticky fluid on her back. Her body trembled when she felt Derek's tongue lapping it up.

"That's it, lick your cum from her back," Barrett said as he continued to thrust harder into her.

Justine came so hard it almost hurt.

"Kneel beside me, Derek. I want to feed you," Barrett said.

He thrust a few more times into Justine then pulled out his cock.

She heard sucking sounds. When she went to get up, Barrett pushed her back down.

"Stay like that, Justine. Come on, Derek, suck harder. I want to feed you."

Justine's body trembled when she heard Barrett moan.

"Oh fuck yes!" Barrett cried out. "Come here."

Justine felt the heat of Barrett's body leave then felt a tongue starting to lap at her pussy.

"That's it, lick her. Does his talented tongue feel good, Justine?"

"Yessss," she hissed. She felt Barrett's hand in her hair. He pulled hard forcing her head up. He rammed his cock into her mouth and started to move his hips back and forth, forcing more of him into her mouth. He continued to pull her hair with each thrust.

Justine became dizzy from the orgasm Derek's tongue gave her.

"I see Derek made you come. Look at me." He pulled her hair harder.

She looked up at him as he slowly inched his cock deeper down her throat.

"A little more, take it all, Justine, oh...yes...ah!" He arched his head back as his cum shot down her throat. He pulled her hair harder, forcing his dick to pop from her mouth, then he leaned back onto the desk.

"Master," Derek purred as he knelt down by Barrett and began licking at his balls. Barrett opened his legs wider and lay back on his desk.

Justine watched as Derek buried his tongue into Barrett's ass. She stood up, her gaze unable to leave them.

"Climb on this desk and sit on my face, Justine," Barrett growled.

She did as he commanded. Once she had positioned herself over his face, he grabbed her hips and forced her to sit. He moved her hips back and forth as he rubbed his face against her pussy.

"Barrett!" she cried out when he stuck his tongue deep inside her.

She leaned forward and took his cock into her mouth. Between Derek's talented tongue and her sucking, it didn't take long to get him off.

Justine climbed off the desk then grabbed her dress.

She looked up and saw Barrett kissing Derek. Her body instantly became aroused. Damn, her pussy couldn't take much more of this. Still, seeing them in such a passionate embrace aroused the hell out of her.

"Come here, Justine," Barrett purred.

She hurried over and groaned when he kissed her the same way he had just kissed Derek. She felt Derek's body pressing against her back. Barrett alternated between kissing her and Derek until both of them couldn't stand it any longer.

"You both can go now," Barrett said as he stepped out of their intimate embrace.

"What?" Justine cried. Her pussy ached to be filled with his glorious cock.

"Both of you leave my office."

Derek grabbed her hand and led her out of the room. He closed the door then led her into the living room. He pulled her to him and kissed her with the same fiery passion he had just given Barrett.

"Fuck me, fuck me now," her voice begged.

He pushed her onto the sofa then climbed on top of her. He lifted her dress up then plunged deep into her. He thrust wildly, needing the same release she did. Within a matter of moments both of them came. Derek lay on top of her for a few moments. His body so deliciously sated.

* * * *

Justine took a walk in the morning. She needed a little time to think. The sex between the three of them was amazing, still there had to be more to a relationship than just sex. She was so confused. Still, having Barrett treat her so well after being treated so badly by Andrew—she was just waiting for the other shoe to drop. She walked for what seemed like hours, then headed back to the apartment. Barrett had made her a key so she could come and go as she pleased.

Justine went to the kitchen to get herself some water, then headed to the living room. She stopped in the doorway. Barrett was reading a book and Derek was sitting at his feet with his head on Barrett's lap. Barrett gently stroked Derek's hair as he read.

Derek looked so content.

Barrett looked up and saw Justine in the doorway.

"Oh, I didn't mean to disturb you two." She started to walk away.

"Justine, come here. Sit next to me."

Justine slowly walked over and reluctantly sat down next to him. Barrett was still stroking Derek's hair.

"Listen to me." He reached over and gently grabbed her hair. "Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Good. You are never interrupting us. If we are sitting like this, feel free to come sit by me. If Derek and I are making love, join us, if you want. If you want to talk to me, hold me, make love to me, all you need to do is ask."

"You two must want some time alone."

"If we do, I will tell you. We are one." He gestured to all three of them. "One...do you understand, Justine?" He reached up and gently stroked her cheek. "I want us to be one. To me, we already are. I know you will need some more time and I understand. Tell me what you need and I will provide it."

"What about what you need?"

"I have all that I need." He stroked both hers and Derek's hair. "No man could be more blessed."

"What are you reading?" she asked as she snuggled next to him.

"One of your books." He showed her the cover. "You are such a wonderful storyteller."

"Thank you."

"What would you like to do today, Justine? I have the whole day off."

"There is an art show going on."

"Really?" Derek asked.

"I saw the ad for it when I was walking."

"Then we will do that today. Go get ready." Barrett watched both of them hurry off to their rooms.

* * * *

Barrett went to Derek's room. He needed to talk with him.

"Master," Derek said as he started to go down to his knees.

Barrett gestured for him to stop. "I want to talk with you." They sat on Derek's bed. "Tell me what you think of Justine."

"I like her."

"I want the truth. After all, this whole thing concerns you too."

"Master, I really like her. I think she is the one we have been waiting for."

"I'm going to ask her to live with us. I wanted to make sure you were happy with this arrangement."

"Oh, I am, Master."

* * * *

Justine sat in her room. She stared at the computer screen. She was going to do some writing, but she had too much on her mind.

She loved Barrett, there was no question about that. But, she couldn't be the kind of submissive to him that Derek was. She looked at the two strips of silk fabric she had laid out. Barrett had tied her up with those silk ropes the previous night. The way that man could dominate her in the bedroom was so delicious. And in the bedroom she had no problem submitting to him. Derek gave his submission to Barrett all the time. Yet, the more she thought about it, the more she knew she couldn't do the same.

She held the silk ropes in her hand. Barrett and Derek's lifestyle wasn't that hard to work around. That wasn't the problem. If she couldn't give her total submission to Barrett...damn, would he be okay with that?

She placed the silk ropes back on her desk. There was no way she was getting any writing done. She had too much to think about. Barrett must have sensed her frustration because he took Derek out somewhere for the evening to give her some time alone.

* * * *

Derek adored Justine, this made Barrett very happy. Yet, he could tell Justine wasn't comfortable with being his submissive. She could never be like Derek. Could they work around it?

Barrett sipped his morning coffee and watched Justine out on the balcony. She was deep in thought. He had to talk to her. He had to know. Was she going to give their relationship a chance? Or was his lifestyle too much for her?

"Justine." He felt his heart literally skip a beat when she turned and smiled at him. She loved him, it showed on her pretty face.

"It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes, it is. I want to talk to you."

She returned her gaze to the horizon.

"I know this has been tough on you."

"It's nothing I can't handle. But..."

"Talk to me, Justine."

"I love you so much it hurts." She felt his hand on her shoulder. "I know I can handle sharing you with Derek. That isn't the problem. It's just that I can't be your submissive. I can be your lover. I can play submissive in the bedroom. But I can't totally give my submission to you."

"I know."

She turned to him. "What do we do?"

"I will love you whether you are my submissive or not."

"What about Derek, my children?"

“Derek loves you, I can see it. So he will not have a problem with sharing me with you. Your children...I will love them as if they were my own. They are a part of you. I will abide by however you want to handle our relationship.”

“I want us to live together. All of us. But...is this realistic? I don't know.”

“We don't have to decide everything right away. We will see what works. I just need to know one thing. Do you love me enough to make this work?”

“I love you so much I would go through hell for you.”

Barett took her into his arms. “Then we will find a way to make this work.”

“What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Can you love me without me being totally submissive to you?”

“I will love you no matter what, Justine. Derek fills my need to be dominant. You allow me to dominate you in the bedroom. This is enough for me.” He felt her hold him tighter.

Chapter 7

Six months later...

Justine sipped her coffee as she read over what she had written that morning.

"Hey, Mom." Andy came in. "Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know you were writing."

"That's okay. I'm done for now. What is it?"

"Derek and I are leaving for the art festival."

"Okay, have fun. See if you can find something to hang on the living room wall. It looks kind of bare."

"Okay."

"What is it?" Justine saw the strange look on her son's face.

"Nothing, it's just kind of cool having Derek here. And what Barrett did for Crystal was awesome. Especially since Dad didn't bother showing up for her dance."

"Barrett loved taking her to the father/daughter dance."

"Crystal has been going on about it for days now."

"Yeah, she has."

"I better go. See you at dinner."

"Okay, have fun."

It had been six months since Barrett and Derek moved in. Everything was working out so well, she could hardly believe it was real. Barrett was gone a lot on business, but she was growing used to it. She and Derek kept each other company while Barrett was away. Besides, she found herself in love with Derek too. He had told her the other day that he loved her. When Barrett was with them it felt perfect. They were one, all three of them.

Justine had to add on to the house again to accommodate Barrett and Derek. They needed their own space to be together.

Strange, this odd family was working better than when she and Andrew were together. She had never been happier. Hell, everyone had never been happier. Barrett treated her children as if they were his own and Derek got along with everyone.

Justine looked back at her computer screen. She still needed a title for her story. She opened her desk drawer and smiled when she spotted the blue strips of fabric lying there.

"Perfect," she said as she typed the title.

"Yeah, it is perfect." She saved her work then left her office. She saw Barrett out on the patio. She went out and wrapped her arms around him, snuggling her face up against his back.

"I finished my story."

"What did you decide to name it?"

"Silk Ropes."

"I would love to read it."

"Once I edit it you can."

"Well, we will have to get some wine to toast your new book."

"That sounds great."

She breathed in his scent and held him tighter.

She was so glad she had taken a chance and loved Barrett.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Justus Roux has written over twenty erotic romance novels. Her books have earned numerous outstanding reviews. Her work ranges from the paranormal to BDSM and everything in between. Her website www.justusroux.com showcases her work. She lives in the beautiful state of Michigan with her husband, three children, and a zoo of pets. She welcomes email from readers at storyteller36@msn.com

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