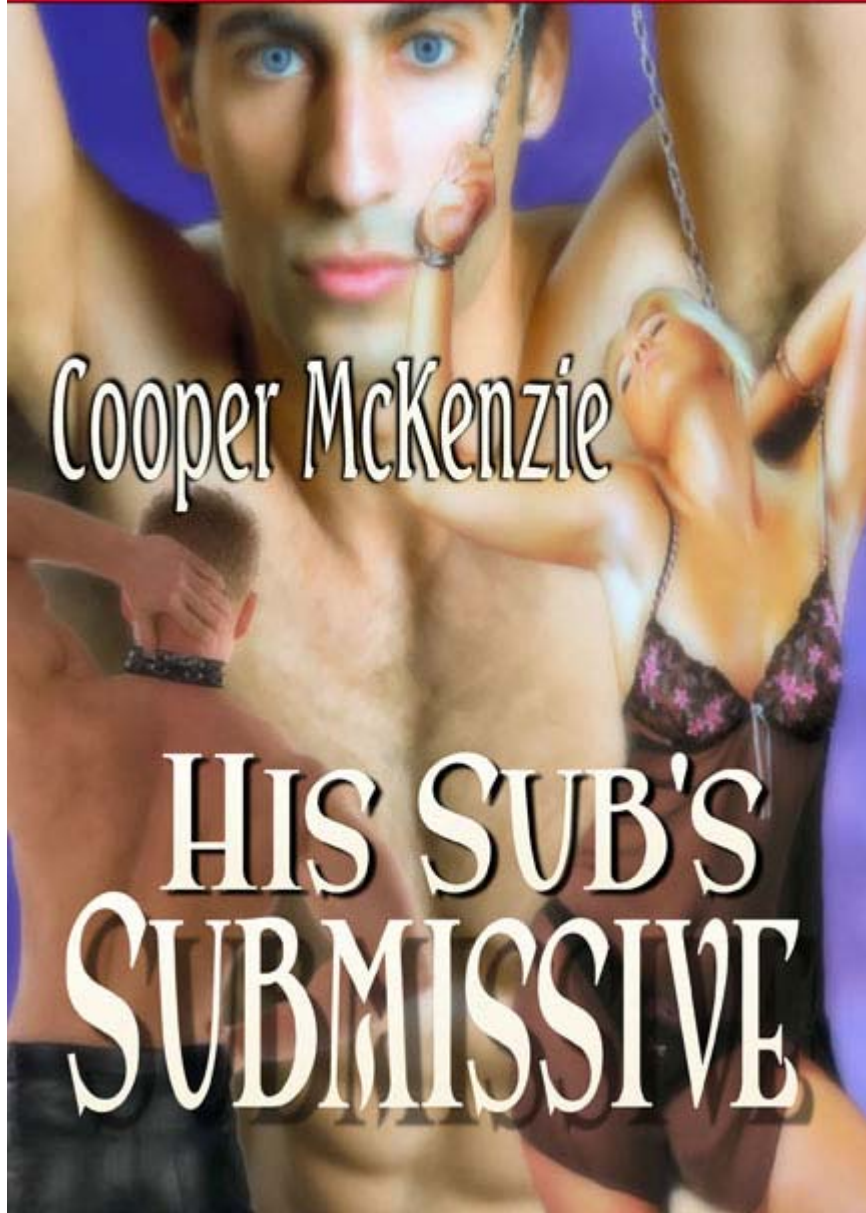


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HIS SUB'S SUBMISSIVE



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Club Esoteria

Cooper McKenzie

MENAGE AMOUR



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Letter from Cooper McKenzie

Regarding Ebook Piracy

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With deep gratitude,

Cooper McKenzie

DEDICATION

To all who believe in happily ever afters

HIS SUB'S SUBMISSIVE

Club Esoteria

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Prologue

“Hi, what can I get you this morning?” Sloan Newman didn’t look at her customers as she approached their table. Not until they didn’t respond to her greeting. Glancing up, she groaned silently but forced her smile to remain in place. “It’s awful early for you to be up and about on a Monday morning, isn’t it? What’s going on?” Crossing her arms, she waited as the threesome looked her over in horrified amazement.

She knew what they saw. The worn black jeans she’d picked up from the thrift store were two sizes smaller than the last time they’d seen her a month earlier. Her sneakers were nearly worn out, and the left one had strawberry jelly on the toe. Her black T-shirt was brand new and bore The Java Stop logo.

Their sharp gazes would also notice her hair was long past due for a trim and her last manicure had been more than a month ago. She really needed to find time to remove what little polish still remained. They would also see the exhaustion in her eyes and the stress knotting both her shoulders and her jaw.

“I think the real question is what the *hell* are you doing here?” Jenna Carter, Sloan’s cousin, answered with her own inquiry.

“I’m working,” Sloan answered as her face grew warm with

embarrassment.

The Java Stop wasn't in the best part of town, but they'd needed a waitress at the same moment she needed the job. They didn't even mind if she pulled out a notebook and wrote during slack times. She couldn't brag about the pay, but it brought in almost enough to cover what she was no longer earning from her other job as a self-employed medical transcriptionist.

"Your cell phone's been disconnected," Taurus Green, her other cousin, pointed out. His voice was soft, but carried an unmistakable thread of steel. Anger followed instantly by concern flashed in his eyes when she looked into them. Then he blinked and the emotion was gone, pushed down and locked away under his famous control.

Uh oh, not a good sign. Taurus always maintained control. Always. Jenna did, too, but right now one long, burgundy fingernail tapped steadily on the menu. Even Antony, Jenna's mate/slave, stroking her arm wasn't calming her. Sloan had seen his touch soothe her when nothing else could.

Yep, Sloan was in trouble. She wanted to ask how they'd found her, but she knew. Mrs. Nicholas, who lived in the other half of the duplex where she rented, no doubt had been happy to spread a little gossip.

"Sloan? Why is your cell phone disconnected? Why are you working here?" Taurus prompted.

Closing her eyes, Sloan took a deep breath. Then she blinked against the tears that blurred her vision. "My phone is turned off because I could not pay the bill. I'm working here so I can pay the rent and the utilities and maybe get the phone turned back on. Someday. With the new computer upgrades at the hospital, production has gone up, but my income has gone down by a third. Writing is going well, but it's not paying anything yet. So I took this job. Now, what can I get you?"

Sloan dropped her chin and stared at her order pad. She hated admitting she was failing, especially to these two. They had always

been successful at everything they touched. Three years before they'd joked about the need for a private BDSM club in eastern North Carolina. Just months after that evening, they'd taken their crazy idea and turned it into what had grown to become the most popular private club in the state. People drove for hours just to spend an evening at Esoteria.

"Why didn't you tell us you were having trouble?"

Jenna pried the pen from Sloan's right hand then held it. Taurus took the pad from her left hand before cupping her other hand between both of his.

Sloan sniffed at their show of kindness, unable to stop tears from overflowing and rolling down her cheeks. "I'm twenty-five years old. An adult. I'm supposed to stand on my own two feet and take care of myself."

Taurus swore softly. Pulling on her arm, he slid back on the booth's seat and forced her to sit on the bench next to him.

"Sweetie, your parents screwed you up by demanding you be strong and independent. That's not you. You were born an artist. And a submissive. You need a man to take care of you. Which is why we were looking for you in the first place."

"Huh?"

"We need your help. Esoteria is hosting an auction, and you'd be perfect."

"An auction? For what?"

"Our first annual slave/sub auction to raise money for charity."

Sloan knew what happened at Esoteria. She had researched Dom/sub relationships for a book she'd thought about writing but had never visited the four-story former warehouse that housed the popular club. She'd also never visited her cousins' apartments located on the fourth floor of the building. She wasn't sure if they were protecting her or if they didn't want to rub their success in her face. Whenever they got together, either they came to her tiny duplex or they met out somewhere.

“What would I have to do?”

Jenna leaned forward and spoke in a near whisper. “We want you to represent Esoteria. You’ve been asking a lot of questions and doing research about the lifestyle. This is your chance to live it. For one weekend you can find out what it is like to submit totally to a man.”

Though her first instinct was to screech “No way,” something stopped her. She looked from Jenna to Taurus and then to Antony. Each met her gaze with a smile meant to encourage her.

Antony even nodded and mouthed, “You’d be great.”

“When is this auction?”

“This weekend. Take Friday and the weekend off work,” Jenna said.

“We’ll even make up for the lost wages,” Taurus offered.

Sloan pursed her lips as she debated the wisdom of letting her cousins talk her into anything. All her life she’d been the follower. They’d led her, manipulated her, even bullied her to leave her comfort zone.

While fear shivered up her spine, she realized the weekend could be interesting and educational. And maybe she could use what she learned in some future book. She usually wrote from her daydreams and fantasies. Maybe writing from experience would be more appealing to the publishers.

Her curiosity had been building about the lifestyle her cousins led, but the memory of her father’s disapproval weighed on her. What would the good Reverend Newman say if he found out his only daughter had joined her cousins on the dark side? What would Jenna and Taurus say if she admitted to having had only one sexual encounter in her life?

She’d only had two serious boyfriends in the years since she’d moved out on her own four years before. The last one had taken her virginity after one too many margaritas right before she’d thrown up all over his back. Thus ended her virginity and their relationship. It had been more than a year and a half of keeping her head down,

working too hard, and writing about her fantasies since that spectacularly shitty night. Maybe it was time to try sex again.

Silencing her father's "you'll be going to hell for this" voice, she nodded. "I'll do it, but no whips, severe pain, or bodily fluids."

Chapter 1

“Tell me again. Why am I doing this?” Sloan looked at her cousin as Antony fluffed her freshly cut and styled strawberry blonde hair.

She tried not to think about the blood red chemise that left more of her bare than it covered. The nearly transparent slip covered her from a fraction of an inch above her areolas to a few scant inches below the apex of her newly waxed pussy. If she took a deep breath or raised an arm above her waist, she would be exposing parts of herself that only her doctor had seen in the light.

Instead, she focused on Jenna who was dressed in a gold velvet corset and mid thigh-length skirt. Her thigh-high black leather stiletto-heeled boots elevated her to tower over Sloan. With her long, wavy chestnut hair and gorgeous hourglass figure, she looked every inch the Domme she was.

Jenna circled her once before stopping in front of her. “Because you’ve always wondered what it would be like. Consider it research for your next book. After this weekend, you will know what it’s like to be dominated by a man in bed. You’re also doing a great, big, giant favor for your cousins who appreciate it more than you’ll ever know.” Jenna brushed a loose strand of hair from her cheek. “Relax and enjoy this. It’s only forty-eight hours. Now hold out your hands.”

Sloan swallowed hard as Jenna picked up something from the table. “Why?” she asked as she extended both arms in front of her.

“These aren’t real, but they’ll complete the look.” Jenna wrapped a soft length of shiny gold material around each wrist. “A collar would be too much, but these make you look like what you are, a submissive woman in need of a Dom’s loving care.”

Taking a step back, Jenna looked to the man who had, thus far, remained silent. “Antony? What do you think, pet?”

Sloan colored as Antony looked her up and down. “She’s beautiful, Mistress. I’ll bet she’s the top moneymaker tonight. Everyone, male and female, will want a chance to break in such a sweet newbie.”

“Mmm, I agree. And it’s time to see how high a price she’ll bring.”

Sloan moved to step into the black pumps she’d found in the bag with her slip.

“You won’t need those,” Antony murmured as he bent to pick them up.

“I won’t?”

“Subs don’t wear shoes. Antony will take them to the coat check area along with these.” Jenna held up a gold shawl and small black purse. “Your ID, cell phone, toothbrush and some money. And now, it’s time to join the party.”

Jenna held out her hand. Sloan took it and allowed herself to be led from her cousin’s luxurious apartment to the foyer where they joined Antony in the private elevator.

“Relax, sweetie. You’re going to have a blast,” Antony assured her as he pushed the button for the main floor of the club.

Sloan took deep, steady breaths as the elevator descended. She reminded herself this would be an adventure she’d never forget, no matter how it turned out. Then she began to worry that no one would bid on her and she’d be left standing alone and rejected on the auction block.

* * * *

Dane Bennett edged them closer to the front of the crowd. Then he looked from the five women and two men anchored at various spots around the stage to the man leaning against him. Merlin Gates

had held his heart, soul, and body for the last six years, and tonight, Dane wanted to give him something they'd discussed over the years, but had never actively pursued.

"Choose one, pet." He kissed the still damp temple of his lover, his submissive, the other half of his soul before nodding toward the stage.

"Master?" Merlin looked up at him with wide eyes.

Dane met his liquid brown eyes and smiled reassuringly. "Turning thirty is a milestone, and I want you to have something very special. We've talked about expanding our family over the years. Tonight we'll test the theory that three can be more fun than two. Choose yourself a toy."

"But you've already done so much for me," Merlin said, dropping his head and nuzzling his cheek into Dane's shoulder. "You've been spoiling me all week in the name of my birthday."

Dane smiled but didn't explain that the gifts were as much for himself as they were for his lover.

Maybe redecorating his new office at the pediatric clinic with soundproof walls and new, extra heavy duty furniture had been over the top, but Dane wanted his man comfortable while he worked. He also wanted to be able to stop by and fuck him after hours without worrying whether the furniture would collapse under them.

The new leathers he'd dressed him in earlier that evening fit his baby like a glove and highlighted his cute, tight butt and perfect-sized cock and balls just right. The fact that they snapped up the sides for quick removal was an added bonus.

Merlin was five inches shorter than Dane's six and a half feet, a lean, muscular package that fit into his arms perfectly. His golden blond hair was still damp, the curls tousled from their shower.

After the auction, Dane planned to take his sub and his sub's submissive upstairs to one of the rooms for a birthday flogging, followed by an intense three-way suck and fuck. His pet looked gorgeous, but Dane would not be denied an opportunity with a

woman, as well. Not tonight. Not when the thought of holding both his lover and a woman filled his shaft with blood and lust.

Dane ran his hand down the other man's muscular back. Reaching the top of his tight-fitting pants, he popped Merlin's right ass cheek. "Are you refusing my gift, pet?" Merlin's ass had to be tender from his pre-shower fuck.

Merlin whimpered and burrowed deeper into Dane's side. "No, Master. I'm sorry."

With two fingers, Dane lifted Merlin's face until he could kiss him. Tracing the outline of his lips with the tip of his tongue, he pushed between them and kissed his man. A moment later, he broke the kiss and looked into deep brown eyes. "I want you to choose us a woman, baby. I want to make you happy."

* * * *

Merlin Gates stared up at the man he loved more than anything in his life, even his ability to heal children, and fell in love all over again. From the moment he'd looked into those sky blue eyes that glowed with life and lust, he'd been a goner. He'd dated both men and women before meeting Dane, but since that first moment, he hadn't looked at anyone else.

Turning, he looked toward the stage. Seven people stood tethered with chains that ran from the handcuffs on their wrists to the floor. Each stood spotlighted. He dismissed the two men at once. Over the years they'd talked about trying a threesome, but their fantasies always included a woman, never another man. Turning his attention to the five who remained, he took a moment to examine each one. He went around the stage, then back. No matter how many times he looked away, one kept pulling at his attention.

Instead of a bikini or a leather harness that revealed everything, she wore a silky looking slip of a dress that barely covered her large, proud tits, slim body, and full, rounded hips. Her hair was shorter than

his, but on her it looked perfect. She was cute, feminine, wearing a timid, yet wistful, expression as she gazed over the crowd. It looked like she stood there in body, but her mind was a million miles away. Like the others, she stood with her feet planted shoulder-width apart, but there was something about her. An air of innocence, of fragility that called to him.

“That one, Master.” He pointed discreetly.

* * * *

Dane found the woman Merlin had chosen. She was full-bodied with hips and breasts. The two next to her looked like stick figures in comparison. The air around her seemed to shimmer. He could see that she was new to this and scared to be so exposed even though she was fully covered. Why had she agreed to this?

When she dropped her gaze to look over the crowd, and her eyes met his, Dane felt like someone had kicked him in the guts. He’d never had such a connection to anyone but Merlin. His heart contracted and filled with a spring-like warmth. His cock, the cock that he thought Merlin had tamed less than an hour before, slammed to attention. He watched as color filled pretty cheeks that only moments before had appeared deathly pale.

Dane kissed his lover’s temple while holding her gaze. “Mmm, very pretty. I’m sure we’ll have a good time with that one. A good choice, pet. A very good choice.”

Chapter 2

Sloan wondered if anyone would notice if she just quietly passed out. The nerves that buzzed as they'd descended in the elevator had blossomed into fear when a mean looking woman dressed in black latex took her arm and pulled her away from Antony and Jenna. Without a word, she hustled Sloan across the room and up a set of stairs to the darkened stage area. She'd stopped at the far side of the platform and picked up handcuffs that were attached to the floor by a chain. In seconds, Sloan found herself cuffed securely in place.

As her vision grew accustomed to the dimmer light, she looked around. Six other people were also chained to the stage. They didn't look around. Instead they stood with arms at their sides as they stared out into the room. They remained still as statues. She studied their stance and mimicked it before turning to look out over the crowd, as well.

When the lights came up onstage, she blinked, and her fear expanded at the same time her nipples grew hard and her cunt lips dampened. She focused on the far wall instead of studying the people. She wasn't sure she wanted to see who was in the crowd that gathered in front of the stage.

All at once, it felt as if someone ran warm hands over her skin. Her nipples tightened until they ached to be touched. Her clit puffed up, and her juices gathered and spread along her lower lips. Dropping her gaze from the back wall, she looked around without moving her head. No one stood anywhere near her. Glancing over the crowd, she met the assessing gaze of one of the most gorgeous men she'd ever seen outside a magazine.

He was a dark angel with military-cut short black hair styled to stand straight up, adding another inch to his impressively tall height. His eyes were pale though she couldn't tell if they were blue or gray. His face was strong, clean shaven, and sharp angled which only added to his masculine beauty.

His eyes darkened when she didn't look away at once. Finally, she dropped her gaze to his body and fought back a gasp. He was huge all over. Broad shoulders led her gaze to a body with more muscles than should be legal. It wasn't the overly muscular body of a bodybuilder but a man who was well toned and beautiful. An open, black leather vest was all that covered his chest.

Her gaze dropped further. He wore black leather pants and boots. So, he was a Dom. Raising her gaze back up his long, thick legs, she noted the growing bulge at his crotch. If a hard-on was any indication, he was interested. Would he place a bid? Would he buy her for the weekend? Would he be the loving Dom Jenna had promised?

She felt her cheeks grow hot. Then she noticed he had one arm wrapped around another person, a man almost as big as he was. This one was blond with dark eyes and a body that was leaner, but just as muscular, just as beautiful. The smaller man wore only black leather pants and a black collar around his neck. No vest. Bare feet. The big and beautiful Dom already had a submissive. A male submissive.

So why was he looking at her like he couldn't wait to get her alone?

Sloan lifted her gaze to the back of the room but watched them out in the periphery of her vision. The big man kissed the blond one's temple and then said something to him. The blond nodded in response and settled even closer into his master's side. It was an intimate moment between lovers, one that she'd dreamt of all week. She wanted a man to hold her close, to kiss her and murmur to her with that kind of intimacy. She wanted a man to love and to love her. Was she crazy to try and find that in a BDSM club?

Before she could panic and demand release, Jenna walked onstage

with the mean looking Domme following her. When Jenna met her eyes and smiled, her panic melted away. Okay, she was fine. She could do this. It would be an adventure she'd remember for the rest of her life, even if she didn't decide to continue beyond Sunday.

Jenna stepped behind the podium. The other Domme stopped two steps back and to her right. They waited until the room grew silent.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you for coming to Esoteria's first annual sub/slave auction to raise money to help build a new women's shelter," Jenna began. "Tonight we have seven offerings. Three slaves offering services and four subs, including a virgin sub who is in need of a firm, kindhearted Dom to introduce her to the joys of submissive loving."

Sloan tried not to blush at the description, but her cheeks burned anyway. Staring hard at the far wall, she listened as the mean-eyed Domme paraded each of the others around the stage. They turned circles at each corner and then were brought to stand in front of the podium. After a description of their wants, needs, and talents, the bidding began.

Too soon, Sloan stood alone on the stage.

The Domme unhooked her from the floor and led her across the stage as she had the others. The crowd murmured as Jenna introduced her as the virgin submissive and offered her body to the crowd for a forty-eight hour period. She followed as the Domme led her to stand next to the podium.

The Domme holding her chain jerked on it and spoke out of the side of her mouth, "Drop your eyes, girl. You're supposed to be submitting to these folks, not challenging them."

Sloan dropped her chin and stared at her bare feet. Now she understood why Jenna demanded she have a pedicure in addition to the manicure, waxing, haircut, and massage. Her cousin had dropped a bundle so she could look good and bring a higher price.

When Jenna finished her sales pitch, silence descended over the room. That few seconds felt like a lifetime to Sloan. Didn't anyone

want her? Would her worst fear come to pass and she'd be left here, alone and rejected by the crowd that Antony had assured her would go nuts for her? Then she remembered that Jenna hadn't opened the bidding yet. Maybe she wasn't completely hopeless yet.

"Because this is a beautiful virgin sub, a woman who I personally know has a warm heart and loving spirit, I'm going to open the bidding at five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand."

"Six."

"Seven."

The three bids came so quickly Sloan lifted her head to see who was bidding on her.

"Ten," came from an older man who looked hard and mean.

"Twelve," someone from the back of the crowd offered.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

Stunned silence dropped over the room like a bomb. Sloan looked at the bidder with wide eyes. It was the dark angel Dom.

Sloan stared at him then his partner who looked nearly as stunned as she felt.

Jenna cleared her throat and swallowed hard before continuing. "I have a bid of twenty-five thousand dollars. Anyone else wish to make an offer? Going once, going twice, sold to Master Dane for twenty-five thousand dollars." With that, Jenna dropped the gavel one last time as the crowd applauded. "Thank you all for your enthusiastic response to our first auction and for your generous support of the women's shelter. Enjoy your evening."

At that, the bright lights dimmed on stage, and the crowd slowly dispersed. Jenna took Sloan's chain from the Domme. "You didn't sign on for two men. Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

Sloan didn't look at her cousin. She focused on the pair of leather-clad men crossing the stage. "You once told me that two men were three times the fun. Since this is a weekend adventure, why not go all the way and live out all my fantasies at once?" Then she looked her

cousin in the eye. "It will be okay, Jenna. I'll be fine."

Jenna studied her for a moment before nodding. Then she turned to the two men. "Dane, you really are a crazy son of a bitch, aren't you?"

The Dom shrugged. "It's Merlin's birthday. I wanted to get him something really special."

Jenna laughed. "Well, I think you did. This is Sloan. Sloan, this is Master Dane and his partner slash submissive, Merlin."

Sloan went to offer her hand but forgot about the cuffs. They rattled, and her arms fought one another before she gave up. A small smile and nod would have to do.

"Master?" the blond said softly.

The Dom didn't glance at him. "Jenna, remove the handcuffs, please." Sloan watched as he pulled a pair of leather cuffs from his belt and handed them to the other man.

As soon as the handcuff was taken off her left wrist, Merlin took possession of that hand. He held her arm steady while he rubbed at her wrist where the metal cuff had chafed her skin. After a moment, he wrapped one of the wide leather bands around her wrist. He repeated the action with the other wrist. Once both bands were in place, he hooked them together.

Sloan looked up and met his chocolate brown eyes as he threaded the fingers of his left hand with the fingers of her right. Then he smiled down at her. The fear tightening her throat in a chokehold eased until she could swallow, though her mouth was still as dry as the desert.

"Relax. We'll take good care of you," he whispered, squeezing her hand.

Sloan nodded, and the knots in her belly loosened. Taking a deep breath and releasing it in a rush of air, she felt her shoulders relax as well.

Dane watched and nodded his approval. "Very good, pet. Let's have a drink and get better acquainted before we head upstairs."

“Yes, Master,” Merlin said

Sloan remained silent, not sure what her response should be. She was a birthday present for a submissive. That placed her even lower than the submissive, didn't it? A sub's submissive? In all her research about BDSM, she'd never heard of such a thing.

After one last smile to reassure Jenna, Sloan followed Merlin who followed Master Dane through the crowd toward a small table tucked away in a corner. While Master sat at the table, Merlin guided her to sit on a large pillow next to the Master's leg. Then she watched as he walked away.

Chapter 3

While Sloan was new to BDSM, she'd read enough to know that, as a submissive, she needed to keep her head down and mouth shut. Looking at Master Dane without permission was taboo. Asking any of the dozen or more questions fighting for release would earn her punishment of some sort.

Fear began to coil around her again, tightening her muscles and knotting her stomach. All at once, a sadness welled up, and she blinked fast to hold back the sudden tears pressing against her eyelids. What was she doing here? She should be home, trying to figure out how to make the ends meet that were slipping further and further apart.

She jumped when a large, warm hand curled around the back of her neck. Master Dane. She took a deep breath and tried to relax, though she wasn't sure it was possible to be at ease now. Lifting her hands from her lap, she wiped her face, trying to erase the worries, the sadness, before Dane, no Master Dane, could see. For this weekend, she would not think about the future or bills or how she could earn more money. For the next forty-eight hours, she would focus on experiencing.

* * * *

Dane could feel emotion rolling off the pretty little virgin in waves. It wasn't fear, but sadness. Had she been forced to offer herself? Or was something else bothering her? Wanting to make a connection to this woman who seemed to affect Merlin as strongly as

she had him, he wrapped a hand around the back of her neck.

She jumped at his touch then took a deep breath. He frowned when she lifted her hands and wiped at her eyes. Was she scared? Of him? Or of this situation?

“Look at me, little one,” he said as his hand shifted to her shoulder. Once she’d lifted her chin and her sage green eyes met his, he smiled. “Don’t look so worried. I won’t bite, too much. We won’t demand high protocol this weekend. You’ve got too much to learn before we deal with that. Right now, we’re going to talk and get to know each other. We need to know what your limits are, and you need to know who we are. We need to start building trust.”

Before Sloan could ask what high protocol was, Merlin returned with two bottles of water and something golden and bubbly in a tall glass. After placing the drinks on the table, he sank to his knees in front of Dane. His attention focused solely on the man in the chair.

“Pet, I was just trying to assure our new plaything that we’re not monsters that are going to attack her here and now. Give her a kiss to help her relax. Then we’re going to talk.”

He watched Merlin nod then turn to look at Sloan. Leaning up to reach her, he touched his lips to hers in a gentle, closed-mouth kiss. He backed away an inch before leaning in again and tracing the seal of her lips with the tip of his tongue.

* * * *

Sloan’s fear evaporated like smoke in the wind. A shivery thrill raced through her, igniting a sexual fire she’d never felt before. Her nipples knotted, her lower belly heated, and her cunt grew so wet she felt her thighs grow damp. All thoughts of money and bills and life beyond these two men fled. She was left with a need to kiss this man and more. Much more. Much, much more.

She parted her lips and leaned forward, following when Merlin tried to pull back. Then his tongue was between her lips, brushing

across her teeth, seeking entrance. With a soft sigh, she mentally prepared for his invasion as she dropped her jaw.

In the past, French kisses always tasted like beer and pizza and bad breath and were sloppy. She always ended up fighting off hands that were touching her in all the wrong places at the same time she choked and fought to breathe.

Merlin's kiss was gentle and exploratory. He tasted of mint and male. She enjoyed his tongue exploring her mouth thoroughly in a slow, easy, relaxed mating. When he retreated and invited her in to explore his mouth, she followed easily. By the time he gave her one last gentle lip-to-lip brushing before pulling away, all Sloan could do was wonder what else she could do with that mouth.

"Wow," she breathed. Was it possible to achieve an orgasm just from a kiss like that?

"Wow, indeed," a deep voice rumbled softly above them. "I'm not sure I can handle much more of that kind of display."

Sloan looked up, worried that Master Dane would be offended. He was smiling down at them, but his jaw seemed tight. Was he as turned on from the watching as she was from the doing?

"Come up here, little one. We need to talk. Pet, you may find yourself a chair."

While Merlin moved an empty chair around the table to be closer to Master Dane, Sloan stood. She didn't understand what he meant until he pulled her into his lap. She wanted to argue that she was too big, too heavy, but held her tongue as he settled her across his thighs. He'd learn soon enough.

Her eyes widened when he tilted her head back and threaded the fingers of one hand through her short hair. Was he going to kiss her, too?

Before she could finish the thought, he lowered his head and kissed her. When his tongue entered her mouth and began to duel with hers, she marveled at how two men could kiss so well and yet so differently. Merlin's kiss was gentle, almost playful, as he explored

her. Dane's was masterful, demanding, and controlled. Even in something as simple as this, he was in charge. His tongue swept through her mouth, an invader who thoroughly explored her mouth then sucked her tongue into his, demanding she do the same to him.

Sloan wanted to touch him, but his hand lay on the links connecting her wristbands, holding them trapped in her lap. When he finally released her lips, she was close to something explosive but wasn't exactly sure what. She was surprised to hear herself whimper as he pushed her head down to rest against his chest.

"Breathe, little one, slow, deep breaths. Control is essential, both in a Dom as well as a sub. You must learn to hold onto control in any way you can until you are given permission to let go. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Because this is an unusual situation, we have a name challenge. I would not normally do this as I have yet to earn your trust, but during our time together, you will call me Master, and you will call Merlin Sir. Otherwise it will get too confusing. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Pet? Do you understand? You will be Sir for the next two days."

"Yes, Master, I understand."

"But what shall we call you?" Master Dane looked down at her with eyes that had darkened to cobalt blue.

Sloan knew it wasn't a question she was supposed to answer, so she remained silent. She liked it when he'd called her little one, but was afraid that if she said so, he would change her name to shit or bitch or something equally unsavory.

"Pet? Do you have a preference?"

Sloan looked to Sir and found him studying her with eyes that had darkened to bittersweet chocolate. He looked so serious and so gorgeous.

"She looks like an angel sitting there on your lap. I also liked

when you called her little one. Baby would also be appropriate since she's a baby sub. Whichever you prefer, Master Dane."

"Angel, eh? Yes, I like that. All right, Sloan, for the next forty-eight hours you are our angel."

"Yes, Master."

Sloan shifted as the air conditioner kicked on and cool air blew down on her bare shoulders. Dane tightened his arms around her then began rubbing one hand up and down her bare arm.

Merlin picked up one of the bottles of water and unscrewed the cap. Then he offered it to her. She wrapped both hands around it, smiling her thanks. He nodded then opened the second bottle and began to drink. Sloan, suddenly feeling parched, lifted the bottle and drank deep.

When she lowered the bottle, she found she'd downed nearly half of it. She colored when a loud burp emerged from her lips. "Excuse me." She blinked and looked from one man to the other when they began to chuckle.

"You were thirsty," Merlin observed.

She nodded and dropped her gaze to her lap.

"Expected under the circumstances. You will finish the rest before we go upstairs. You, too, pet. Don't want anyone getting dehydrated." Dane smiled.

Sloan nodded again but didn't make a move to drink any more.

"All right, angel, confession time. What are you looking for out of this weekend?" Dane ran a hand up and down her back in a soothing motion. The heat from his hand spread through Sloan's body, filling her with a warmth she hadn't expected.

"I...uh...you see...."

"Maybe it would be easier if we offered choices, Master?" Merlin suggested when she fell silent.

Sloan glanced at him and nodded. How was she to know what to ask for when she had no experience?

"Do you want us to spank you, flog you, whip you until you come

screaming?” Dane asked.

Sloan shook her head as she cowered. “Um, no, Master. I don’t like pain.”

“Do you want us to tease your nipples and lick your cunt and fuck you until you come screaming?” Merlin offered.

Sloan’s eyes widened at his explicit language. She nodded slowly.

“How about if we tie you down? Kiss and touch and love you all over, but don’t let you come?” Merlin leaned close and spoke softly.

A soft whimper emerged before Sloan could process the visual she’d imagined.

“Would you like us to take you together? Merlin in your pussy while I fuck your beautiful ass?” Dane whispered in her ear.

Sloan shivered. Her lips parted, and she began to pant. She’d dreamt of all these things. She’d read about them in the erotic romances she’d spent way too much money buying and couldn’t wait to experience such a thing. The muscles around her cunt and asshole tightened as she imagined being stretched and filled.

“I’d say that’s a yes, Master.”

Sloan nodded. “Yes, please.”

“One last question.” Dane slid the arm that had been rubbing her back under her arm to cup her breast. “How many men have you fucked in the past? How much experience do you have?”

Sloan closed her eyes and dropped her head until her chin rested on her chest. “One, Master. One man and not much experience.”

She fought Merlin’s fingers when he tried to raise her head.

“Angel, look at Sir.” The order was soft, but the tone carried more than a thread of steel. Master Dane would not be denied.

Sloan lifted her head and looked at the man sitting right in front of her. Tears blurred his image but not enough that she couldn’t see the amazement in his expression.

Merlin asked the next question. “Sloan, are you telling us you have had only one lover?”

Sloan nodded, her bottom lip trembling.

“And how many times did you fuck him?”

“Once, Sir,” she said before biting her bottom lip.

“Tell us what happened.” Sir’s voice was gentle, soothing. His eyes were warm, though he frowned in concern.

“I’d gone to a party with my boyfriend, and he got me drunk. He took me home, and we made out and then he...” She paused a moment, floundering as she stared into his soft, dark brown eyes, unable to look away. “He fucked me. He came after about a minute, right before I threw up on him.”

Embarrassed by the story, Sloan dropped her gaze from his eyes to his lips then lowered her head until she stared at the half-empty bottle she held clenched in her shackled hands. Would they laugh at her? Would they leave her and go find someone more worthy of their attention? Would Dane demand his ginormous donation back since he’d bought a dud?

Chapter 4

Dane felt his heart stop and knot tight at the tale this beautiful angel had just shared. Looking from her bowed head to his lover, he saw that Merlin appeared just as shocked. She wasn't just a virgin sub. She was damned near a virgin. How the hell had she ended up on Esoteria's auction block?

Pulling her closer, he tucked her head under his chin and wrapped both arms tighter around her.

She lifted her head. "Please don't hate me," she whispered. "Don't take back your donation because I'm a dud. I'll do whatever you want. You can even whip me if you want." Tears glistened on her eyelashes, and Dane felt his heart shred.

"Shh, little one. No one is going to whip you. And you're not a dud." Dane pushed her head back down against his chest.

Merlin's expression and the growing bulge in his lap told Dane the other man didn't want to return their pretty little virgin sub, either. His own cock was painfully hard and begging to teach this sweet angel about men and sex. Didn't she feel it pressing hard against her hip? Seeing a passing sub trainee, he lifted his hand for her attention.

"Yes, sir."

"Please find Master T and Mistress J and tell them Master Dane would like a word as soon as they have a moment."

"Yes, sir." The trainee hurried off.

When the woman in his arms stiffened, he pressed his fingers into her skin. "Drink your water, angel. You, too, pet. We'll go upstairs after I speak with Mistress Jenna and Master Taurus."

"Don't tell them."

He didn't answer, just watched her until she lifted the water bottle and drained it.

Dane watched Merlin finish his, as well. Then his beautifully trained lover took the two bottles and carried them back to the bar. Upon his return, Merlin nodded from the woman curled in Dane's arms then toward the restrooms. Dane nodded and stood Sloan on her feet. He waited until Merlin took her hand before releasing his hold around her waist. "Go with Sir and use the restroom."

"Yes, Master."

Dane smiled as the two submissives headed to the restrooms. Though untried at anything, except what amounted to date rape, she was the perfect submissive. Though she had wanted to protest earlier, she'd paused, thought, and remained silent. To have her to hand over control of her body so easily was truly a special gift. A Master's dream come true. Would she yield to Merlin, as well? Was this little virgin the woman they'd talked about, dreamt about? Was she the woman who would make their dynamic duo into a sexy triad?

His musings were interrupted when Jenna and Taurus arrived at the table from different directions. Jenna sat in the empty chair while Taurus stood with his back to the room. Tall and broad, he made an effective wall, providing a semblance of privacy to their conversation.

"What's up, Dane?"

"Where the hell did you find Sloan?" Dane asked.

"What's happened?" Jenna leaned forward, instantly concerned. "Is she all right?"

"When I asked her about what kind of experience she had, she told us her one and only fuck was practically rape after she'd had too much to drink. Not only is she a virgin sub, she's might as well be a virgin. Now I want an answer. Where the hell did you find her?"

Dane watched as the two exchanged a look. They looked shocked, startled, and overly protective. They hadn't known.

Taurus shook his head. "I'll kill him. Whoever he is, he's a dead man."

“If she’d wanted you to kill him, she would have told us when it happened,” Jenna said before turning to Dane. “Sloan is our cousin. The sub we had lined up for this weekend backed out, and we talked her into it.”

“Why?” was the only question Dane could think to ask.

* * * *

In the empty restroom, Sloan gave her reflection a stern talking to as she spent longer than necessary washing her hands. She wanted to do this and no one—not Jenna, not Taurus, not even Dane himself—would talk her out of experiencing the sex life of a sexual submissive. The fact that two men would be in charge instead of one was just frosting on the cake. Not only did she want this, she needed to spend the weekend as Dane and Merlin’s submissive.

She needed to feel, even if only for a few hours, that someone cared. Cared for her, about her, gave a shit that she was alive. Monday would come soon enough, and it would be back to figuring out how to pay the bills and survive. For now, she wanted to forget her sad, pathetic life and learn about sex and submission from her two gorgeous masters.

Merlin waited outside the restroom when she finally emerged. He leaned against the wall next to the door as if he’d been there awhile. Had she taken too long?

Straightening from the wall, he extended his left hand. When she lifted both hands so he could reconnect the cuffs, he shook his head. “We’ll wait a bit for that,” he said, taking her hand in his. The slide of his fingers between hers sent shivers to her core, and at once, her pussy was wet. Who knew that the skin between her fingers was an erogenous zone? Her nipples poked at the silk covering them, pushing for freedom. He smiled down at her. His dark chocolate gaze didn’t miss a thing, from her silent gasp to the peaked nipples.

He bent forward until his head was at the level of her nipples and

took a long breath, as if he were smelling a flower. “Mmm, you smell delicious. I can’t wait to taste you. Soon, my angel. Very soon my tongue will be tasting your cream as you come. Then I’m going to fuck you until you scream.”

“Won’t Master Dane have something to say about that?”

“I’m sure he will. But it is my birthday.”

When he straightened, she saw an impressive erection pressing hard against the front of his leather pants. Between the visual his words created in her mind’s eye and the look of his hard-on, she lost the ability to speak for a moment. Everything in her wobbled with anticipation.

“Come along, sweet angel. Master is waiting.” Turning, he led the way back to their Dane.

* * * *

“She’s been interested in the lifestyle, asking questions, doing research, reading erotic romances and such. We thought she’d enjoy seeing the reality of a sub’s life. But we didn’t realize...” Jenna said.

“We thought she had more experience,” Taurus finished for her. “She never told us she’d only been with one man. Or that he’d basically raped her. She agreed to do this just like she always agrees to anything we ask her to do. She is submissive at heart, though I’m not sure even she knows how submissive.”

Dane nodded then smiled. “Since my purchase is more special than even you realized, I will be doubling my donation to the shelter fund.”

The club owners gasped. “That’s hardly necessary,” Jenna assured him.

“Why do I have to keep reminding people that it’s my money and I’ll do with it whatever I damn well please. I’ll just tell Kyle it’s a tax deduction. He’ll believe that,” Dane said. He watched Merlin and Sloan emerge from the restrooms, exchange a few words, and then link hands and head in their direction. “Now, if you’ll excuse me,

there is a virgin sub and a birthday boy in need of my attention. I'd like to lock Merlin in one of the stockades so everyone can get in a few birthday swats later, if that's all right with the management. Any and all Dom/Dommes can have five swats for health, wealth, wisdom, love, and luck, just like last year." He nodded toward the bar which had stocks at two corners and St. Andrew's crosses at the other two.

Taurus chuckled. "I think we'll be able to accommodate him."

After telling Taurus exactly how he wanted Merlin to be offered to the crowd, Dane walked away so the cousins could not upset angel. She belonged to them for the next forty-six and a half hours, and he didn't want her cousins to speak to her until after that. Always the planner, Dane decided they would to stay here for a couple more hours before going home where the real fun would begin.

"Follow me, pet, and bring your new toy," he growled as he brushed past the pair.

He stopped at the bar to retrieve his toy bag and the key to the room he'd reserved weeks ago. Without a glance to confirm the subs followed, he headed to the wide circular staircase in the back corner that led to the second floor. It was time to teach their angel how to fly.

* * * *

Merlin knew bravery would carry Sloan only so far and wasn't surprised when she faltered at the top of the stairs. She just stopped walking, pulling on his hand, trying to free herself.

"Master," he said.

Turning around, Merlin closed the small distance between them, taking stock as he did. She was too pale, and her breathing was too fast. He stepped around behind her so that her arm lay across her middle, their linked hands resting at her opposite hip. He wrapped his free arm around her body just above her breasts so his hand curled around her shoulder joint. When he pulled her back against his chest, he felt the fine tremors that passed through her. "You're freezing," he

observed.

“Angel? Is everything all right?”

She began to shiver in earnest. “I want this, I really do, but I’m not sure I can walk the rest of the way. Could you kiss me again?”

“Nothing will happen unless you want it. We’ll always talk out the basics of a scene before we start. Things may change or progress to something we didn’t talk about, so your safe word is ‘red.’ Use it only if you’re really scared or in so much pain you cannot continue. Use ‘yellow’ if you just need a minute to catch your breath or adjust to what we’re doing. Do you understand?”

Sloan nodded.

“He needs you to say the words. When playing, communication is key. Talking, sharing thoughts and feelings, is essential to all good Dom/sub relationships. Do you understand?” Merlin explained as Dane continued to stare at her.

Chapter 5

Sloan thought over Merlin's words. Communication was the key to any relationship. Was that why hers always failed? Because she couldn't share her feelings and needs and wants? Because she didn't know how to ask for what she wanted?

With these two, she didn't seem to have that problem. They learned more about her in the short time they'd been together than other men she'd dated learned after a half-dozen dates.

"Yes, Sir. Yes, Master. I understand. 'Red' to stop, 'yellow' to slow down." The shivers slowed. "But I'd really like you to kiss me again. Please, Master?"

"Well spoken," Merlin murmured as he bent and kissed his way up the side of her neck.

Dane didn't respond with words. He just lowered his head and kissed her. Instantly her lips parted, and she met his tongue and invited him in. He tasted so good, like mint and chocolate, man and power. She didn't want it to end. But eventually he pulled away. Then he leaned over her shoulder. She turned her head and watched him kiss Merlin.

While kissing Dane had heated her, watching the two men kiss shot her lust to a high boil. "Oh, wow," she breathed. "That is so hot."

Needing to be a part of it, she stretched up and kissed whatever skin she could reach on either man.

A moment later, Dane pulled back. "We need to continue this in private," he growled. He brushed another kiss on her lips then pulled back to study her closely. "Feel better now?"

Sloan nodded. "Yes, Master. Thank you."

“You’re quite welcome, little one. Now come along, our room is just down here.”

Merlin didn’t release her. He just began walking, pushing her forward with him. His erection pressed between the cheeks of her ass as they followed Dane the short distance farther down the balcony to an open doorway.

Dane entered and crossed the room without a glance to check on their progress. After dropping his bag, he turned and waited.

Merlin released her long enough to hang the “Do Not Disturb” sign on the knob before closing and locking the door. Then, before Sloan could stop him, he grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, leaving her naked.

“Hey.” She tried to fight for the scrap of a dress.

She froze when he swatted her ass cheek.

“Subs do not talk unless asked a direct question. We also do not wear clothes when alone with our Master.”

Sloan blinked and then nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

She watched as he laid her bit of silk over a straight-backed wooden chair near the door. A moment later, he pulled his leathers off.

When he turned back to face her, Sloan’s breath caught. Clothed he’d been beautiful. Without his leather pants, he was devastating. He had no tan lines to break up the long lines of golden skin that covered the lithe sinew and muscle of his torso, hips, and long legs.

Even his cock looked tanned with an angry-looking crimson head. He was so hard that his cock stood straight up his body, nearly reaching his bellybutton. Except in a copy of *Playgirl* magazine Jenna had given her as a joke for her last birthday, she’d never seen anything so beautiful or so big. How would he fit inside her when it came time?

Taking her hand, he led her to where Dane stood waiting. He pushed her to kneel then positioned her to sit on her heels with her knees spread wide and hands resting on her thighs. After tilting her

head so she stared at Dane's boots, he shifted away. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that he quickly assumed the same position.

"We are yours, Master," he said to their Master.

* * * *

Dane couldn't help but smile. His sub was posed so beautifully with his long, thick, erect cock jutting from the neatly trimmed patch of hair around it. His back was straight, shoulders relaxed and head bowed just enough to look submissive, but not so much as to appear as if he was cowering. He waited for whatever Dane might ask of him. He would sit like that all night if Dane wanted. He radiated peace and contentment with himself and his place in their relationship.

Shifting his gaze to angel, he felt his already granite-hard cock twitch in anticipation. While she held the correct position, she was too tense. Her shoulders were drawn up and fear emanated from her, nearly visible in the softly lit room.

He wasn't sure if it was the stress of waiting or worrying about what he might require her to do during the next hours, but she looked ready to shatter. Dane moved closer to stand in front of her. If possible, her muscles tightened even further. Laying his hands on her shoulders, he began to massage them.

"Relax, sweet angel. You're too tense. This is supposed to be fun." He kept his voice soft, low, and as non-threatening as a six-and-a-half-foot-tall man could manage. "Deep breaths. Slow, deep breaths."

It took several minutes, but finally he felt the muscles under his fingertips loosen. One last squeeze and Dane released her.

Turning to his toy bag, he unzipped it and pulled out several condoms, a box of wipes and a bottle of his favorite lube. He tossed everything onto the bed for convenience. Then he pulled out a supple leather glove, Merlin's favorite flogger, and a small butt plug.

As soon as Jenna told him about the sub auction and the virgin sub she'd lined up, he knew they would be here and the virgin would be theirs. Then he started making arrangements accordingly. He would start slow with angel's training, but before returning her Sunday evening, he would fuck her gorgeous ass while Merlin filled her pussy.

Once satisfied with his preparations, he turned back to the kneeling duo. He saw Sloan lower her head quickly, as if she'd been watching him, but did not call her on it. Serious discipline could wait. Right now, he wanted to play.

"What would a birthday be without a birthday game, eh?" He asked the rhetorical question as he moved to stand between his subs.

Trailing a finger down the side of Merlin's neck and across the top of his shoulder, he smiled when his blond god of a sub didn't flinch or giggle. Merlin was ticklish which made touching him like this somewhat of a challenge to the sub's control.

"Angel, get up on the bed. Lay on your back with your legs spread wide."

* * * *

Master Dane's dark voice held more than a thread of steel that sent shivers of lust coursing through Sloan. She felt awkward as she climbed onto the bed and crawled to the center. Rolling over, she settled so she was half sitting against the dozen or so pillows piled up against the headboard. She spread her legs until Dane nodded in approval. When she felt cold air brush over her wet, exposed clit, she blinked before looking away and shifting her legs closer together.

"No, angel, spread those legs wide open. And keep your eyes on us. When we are in a scene, you will look into our eyes. Now, lift your arms and wrap your hands around the bars of the headboard."

He waited until she complied. "If you let go of that headboard, I'll paddle your beautiful ass and then tie you into place. Do you

understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered.

Fear and lust warred for dominance, but her hunger for sex won out. She held her breath when Dane put one knee on the bed, and leaned over her. She was surprised when he kissed her again, his tongue exploring her mouth thoroughly. She couldn’t help but respond, though remained mindful to hold tight to the headboard.

Pulling back, he checked her hands. Then his eyes met hers, and he smiled and winked. “Very good, angel. Now relax and enjoy,” he whispered so only she could hear.

She watched as he took a deep breath and turned to Merlin who hadn’t moved a muscle. “Pet, lean over the end of the bed between angel’s legs, but do not touch her.”

Sloan watched wide-eyed as Merlin rose and moved to the end of the bed. He moved like a dancer, all controlled muscle and smooth movements. He positioned himself until his lips were just inches above her wet pussy.

She wanted to close her legs but couldn’t because of the broad-shoulders between them. Meeting his eyes, she smiled. When he licked his lips in anticipation, she swallowed hard.

“Now that we’re all in position, I’ll explain the game,” Dane stepped to the side of the bed, and Sloan turned her gaze to him.

“Pet, you will play with angel’s pussy. If you can bring her off before you come then, you win. If you come first, then I win. In either case, angel wins.”

“Master?”

“Yes, pet?”

“What’s the prize for winning?”

“Winner gets first fuck.”

Sloan gasped as the two men exchanged a purely masculine smile.

“To make this a little more challenging, I will be spanking you while you’re playing with angel. Not only is it your birthday, but you’ve earned quite a few punishment points this week for trying to

deny me the pleasure of spoiling you.”

Sloan glanced down in time to see Merlin's smile falter. “Yes, Master. I'm sorry.”

Dane nodded in acknowledgement of the apology as he opened the front of his leather pants.

Sloan squeaked when he reached in and fished out his cock and balls. Like the rest of him, his cock was huge. He was uncut and even longer and thicker than Merlin. His balls appeared as impressive as his cock. The head peeked out of the foreskin, dark purple and glistening. Sloan licked her lips, wishing she could taste him.

She hadn't realized she'd spoken her thought aloud until he smiled at her. “Soon, pretty angel, you will taste me, and I will fill your mouth with my cream. But right now, relax and enjoy our game. Just don't forget to hold onto that headboard.”

“Yes, Master,” Sloan whispered.

She watched as Dane pulled on a black leather glove and moved into position beside Merlin's right hip. Lifting the leather-clad hand, he smiled at her and winked again. “You may begin, pet.”

At the same moment she watched Dane's hand come down, she felt a fingertip slide between the lips protecting her clit. It started at the top of the split and moved down, pausing in its descent to circle her clit before continuing down to her entrance. The tip entered her as Dane's hand came down a second time.

Warm breath wafted across her wet slit just before Merlin's hot tongue traced the path his finger had taken. He pulled the finger out then returned with two. He began to gently thrust them in and out as he licked and sucked and teased her. His breath puffed out with his grunts as Dane's spanking grew harder and more intense.

Before she could recognize the tightening in her core that seemed to pull all her nerves into her center, Sloan closed her eyes and screamed. She exploded with Merlin nibbling her clit with his lips as he slammed three fingers into her.

Merlin stopped manipulating her and let her ride through the

storm that raced through her. As she came down, he began again to slide his fingers in and out as he swirled his tongue over her hot button. Her orgasm kept rolling for several more minutes.

When Sloan was able to pay attention to things beyond herself, it registered that the slapping sound had changed. Opening her eyes, she looked past Merlin to the end of the bed and gasped silently.

No longer was Dane using his hand on Merlin's ass. At some point he'd exchanged the leather glove for a black leather flogger which he slapped down in a steady rhythm against Merlin's lower back, ass and upper thighs.

Though she knew she'd made no sound, the Master met her gaze and sent her a reassuring smile. "Do you like what you see, angel? Do you like watching me give pet his birthday spanking?"

Sloan realized she did. "Yes, Master," she whispered.

Dane brought the flogger down on Merlin several more times before he stopped and tossed it away. Rubbing one hand down Merlin's back to his ass, he reached between his legs with the other. Sloan couldn't be sure, but from his moan and the look of stark hunger on Merlin's face, she knew he held Merlin's cock.

"You did well, pet. I'm very pleased that you could control yourself. And you've won our little contest. Do you want to take a break before you fuck our sweet angel?"

Chapter 6

Tempted to yell “Hell no!” and crawl over Sloan to slam his way into her wide open, wet cunt, Merlin nodded instead. He was too close to the edge to find words, much less utter them so anyone would be able to understand.

He looked at the angel lying on the bed, sprawled across the sheet, ready for him. Her green eyes were deeper, more moss and less sage as she watched him.

Reaching for a condom, he was surprised to find Dane’s hand holding an already open package toward him. He closed his eyes as he rolled the condom over his shaft. He gritted his teeth, hoping to maintain his own control and not come too soon. Once the latex sheath was in place, he pulled himself onto the bed. He took several deep breaths as he crawled up the bed until he was crouched over their full-figured angel.

She watched him with wide eyes. Both trust and fear shone from their depths for anyone to see. Her right hand released the headboard, but before she could reach for him, he shook his head and reached up. He returned her hand to the headboard and held it there. “Hold on tight, sweet thing. This is going to be a short, rough ride.”

Lowering his head, he kissed her, sharing with her the taste of her cream. He could easily become addicted to that sweetness. With a sigh, he canted his hips until the tip of his cock brushed through the wetness at her slit. Bending his elbows, he dropped his body so that his chest brushed against the peaks of her breasts.

Without releasing her lips, he brought the head of his cock closer and closer to her entrance, until the wet heat surrounded the tip. He

slowly edged farther in, trying not to hurt her as he tunneled deeper.

“Oh, oh, uhh,” she whimpered as he continued on until he was seated completely inside her.

He dropped his forehead onto the pillow beside hers, rubbing his cheek in her short, soft hair. Gritting his teeth, he tried to hold steady long enough for her to adjust to the fullness he knew she felt. But she felt so damn good.

“Oh baby, you’re so damn tight around my cock. You feel so good,” he ground out, raising his head and smiling down at her. “I don’t know if I’ll be able to last long enough.”

Sloan stared at him, looking confused. “Long enough for what?”

Merlin heard Dane growl even as he groaned at the little innocent’s question. Brushing a kiss on her lips, he smiled. “Long enough for you to come again.”

“But, I just, I thought...” Sloan started, but stopped when Merlin laid a finger over her lips.

“Darlin’ angel, the reason for sex is to play and have fun and reach orgasm. Ideally at the same time as your partner. The more orgasms, the better the fun. Since you have two of us, you’ll be coming twice as often.”

“Oh.”

He wasn’t sure Sloan’s eyes could widen any farther until Master climbed onto the bed with them. He knew without looking that he’d finished undressing so he could join them. That was one rule they’d maintained since the first night they’d been together—no clothes in bed. Ever.

Now that he was no longer a heartbeat from coming, Merlin first kissed Dane then turned and kissed Sloan. He eased out until only his head remained and then slowly pushed back in again. He forced himself to keep his rhythm slow and easy.

* * * *

Needing to be a part of their first coupling, Dane leaned in and kissed Sloan. His left hand slid across her chest to cup one breast then the other. When her breathing hitched at his touch, he tweaked her nipples.

She pulled back and drilled him with a mossy green, pleading look. "May I suck your cock, Master?"

Dane exchanged a startled glance with Merlin. His cock twitched, and he held his breath so he wouldn't shoot at her suggestion. He took pleasure in watching his subs but would never turn down the offer to feel this beautiful woman's mouth around his cock. He crawled up the bed and knelt next to her on the pillows. He hissed when she leaned forward and parted her lips.

Her breath was hot and wet and oh so sweet as it caressed the head of his shaft. Dane groaned when she licked his slit, pausing to savor the taste of him before licking it again. Then she parted her lips and took the large, broad head into her mouth and closed her lips around the shaft.

Instead of moving to take more of him, she just held the head and swirled her tongue around the smooth skin.

While Dane had had numerous blowjobs in the past, none affected him more than this virginal mouth licking at just the head of his cock.

"Sweet angel, you are a natural," he moaned.

Looking at her hands wrapped tight around the headboard, he realized she was determined to bring him off without touching him. Feeling the pressure building at the base of his spine, demanding release, he reached down and began to stroke himself.

"Angel, do you want me to come in your mouth?" he growled as his hand slid up and down his shaft faster and faster.

He groaned through gritted teeth as his orgasm pressed forward when she looked up at him and nodded.

* * * *

Watching angel suck on Master's cock, Merlin began to move his hips faster and faster. Shifting back, he pushed her legs to her chest which changed the angle of his penetration.

She gasped when his cock began to rub over her clit on every stroke. That soft sound sent him to the edge of control. His orgasm swirled through his body to collect in his balls. Looking to Dane, he cocked his head, his silent request for permission to come.

Dane gave him a half nod of permission before he looked down at Sloan. "Look at pet, angel." He waited until she looked at Merlin. "He's ready to blow, as am I. Can you come with us?"

Panting, Sloan nodded. In the next second she arched her back and screamed around Dane's cock. Her sheath tightened around his cock at the same moment. Signals of near pain flashed to his balls, and they contracted sharply, emptying themselves in the most powerful orgasm Merlin had ever experienced with either a man or woman.

He watched as Dane's hand flashed up and down the exposed length of his cock. Once, twice, and then his hips shoved forward, pushing more of his cock past Sloan's lips. She didn't gag, but he saw her throat moving as she swallowed Master's seed.

When the powerful tide of orgasm receded, Merlin collapsed on top of Sloan, while Dane slumped next to them. Merlin wondered if he would ever feel his toes again. After several minutes of trying to slow his breathing, he lifted his head to check on their woman.

She looked devastated. She looked shocked. She looked well satisfied. And her fingers remained wrapped tight around the headboard the entire time.

"Master, she learns quickly," he whispered hoarsely, nodding toward her hands.

"Mmm, she does at that, pet."

As Merlin eased out of her tight sheath, then left the bed to dispose of his condom, Dane reached for angel's clenched fingers. "You can let go now, sweetness. You did beautifully. I am very pleased."

Merlin watched as Dane pulled one of angel's hands from the headboard. He kissed her fingers then massaged her shoulder and upper arm before laying it down by her side. Then he repeated the action with her other arm.

Merlin returned to the bed just as Sloan curled into Dane's chest. He snuggled up behind her, caressing her, loving her, easing her back from the wonder of what had been indescribably great sex.

When she turned to face him, he held her close, grateful for the trust she showed to both of them. But her trembling didn't lessen as they returned from nirvana. Instead, her limbs began to shake, and then he felt hot tears splash on his chest.

"Angel? Sloan, what's wrong? Oh, God, did we hurt you?" he whispered into her hair as he snuggled her even closer to his body.

* * * *

Sloan shook her head where it rested against Merlin's chest. She couldn't speak though she knew she needed to assure him that he had not hurt her. They had just given her one of the most incredible experiences of her life. At that moment, she realized she really was a virgin in practice, though not in knowledge. Taking both of them at once in her first real sexual encounter was beyond overwhelming, and in that act, she'd fallen in love.

Tears overwhelmed her. She couldn't explain, even to herself, why she suddenly began crying like a baby.

"Shh, angel. It's all right. You just go ahead and cry." Dane's voice rumbled in her ear right before he took her earlobe to nibble on.

Somehow, receiving his permission to cry helped to regain control of the wild emotions zinging around inside her. As the tears stopped, so did the trembling, but neither man seemed eager to move away, so she allowed herself to relax.

* * * *

“Can we keep her?” Merlin whispered after he saw that the woman between them had fallen asleep. “Please, Master?”

“Don’t you think we should learn a little more about her?”

“We could turn the empty room next to your office into whatever she wants it to be—an office, bedroom, place to get away from us—though, I don’t know why she’d want to.”

Merlin knew he was more impulsive than Dane, but this felt right. Sloan hadn’t run from the room screaming when Dane began flogging him. She fucked him like a dream, and even he couldn’t suck Dane off as quickly as she had. She was the perfect third for their little family.

“You’re moving too fast, pet. Let’s see what the weekend holds before you start planning our wedding, okay?” Dane said. “Now rest. There’s one more surprise to get through before we go home.”

Merlin didn’t reply. He shifted a little closer to Sloan. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and smiled at the combination of citrusy, womanly smell of sex that filled his lungs. With a contented sigh, he settled in for a power nap.

Chapter 7

“Pet, I want you to go down to the bar and report to Master T. You will follow his instructions to the letter. Angel and I will be down shortly.”

“Yes, Master.” Merlin bowed his head and turned to leave.

“Stop. You’re not quite ready.” Dane crossed the room after his lover. Merlin hadn’t questioned him when he’d ordered him to dress again. Merlin never questioned his orders, which made him, in Dane’s eyes, the perfect submissive.

Merlin looked over his shoulder as he approached. His confusion turned to understanding when Dane unsnapped pants to the top of his each thigh. He pulled the front flap down and rolled a condom over his half-hard cock. After pulling the front back into place, he flipped the back down, exposing Merlin’s pinked-up ass. After clipping a strap through a hole on one side of the front of the pants, he stretched it across around Merlin’s back to the other side and clipped the other end into a hole there.

“All right, pet. Go downstairs to Master T. And leave your pants the way they are.”

“Yes, Master.”

Dane smiled as Merlin cast another questioning glance over his shoulder before opening the door and walking out. He pulled the door closed securely behind him.

Once they were alone, he turned his attention to the woman still reclining on the bed.

“Come here, angel. I have something I want you to wear.” He walked to the end of the bed and waited.

Angel slowly crawled down the length of the bed then knelt as Merlin showed her. Her form wasn't perfect, but she looked beautiful kneeling before him. His cock stirred as he reached out and ran his fingers through her short, spiky hair. It was surprisingly soft to his touch.

"Staying on all fours, turn around and move back so your knees are at the edge of the bed," he said, keeping his voice soft.

His breath caught when she responded, settling her legs on either side of his. This position spread the cheeks of her ass so beautifully. He rubbed a hand up and down her back to relax her. On his second stroke up, he said, "Now drop your shoulders and chest to the bed and stretch your arms straight over your head. Yes, just like that, sweet angel. Oh my God, that's beautiful."

Her ass cheeks spread even farther. Her back hole winked at him. Suddenly, his cock surged to life. There was no way he would be able to leave this room without fucking her. But first they would begin her ass training.

He slipped a condom over his hard cock before reaching for the lube. He prepared the small butt plug and laid it aside. Then he squirted a good bit of lube around the tip of his finger. "I want you to relax as much as you can. This will feel a little cold."

His finger moved between her spread cheeks and began to circle her pretty little pucker. Then he pressed just the tip of his finger against her opening.

He paused when she gasped, clenched, and started to move away. "Relax, baby. This won't hurt if you can feel the pressure through the bite of pain. It will feel a little strange until you get used to it."

* * * *

"What are you going to do, Master?" Sloan knew she wasn't supposed to speak but couldn't help herself. While she'd read a lot books, and even seen videos about anal play, no one had ever played

back there, not even her.

"I'm going to lube up your pretty little asshole and then put a butt plug into you. This will help to loosen your muscles up. We'll change them out every few hours, putting in larger and larger sizes until I can take your ass while Merlin fucks your pretty pussy. Now take a deep breath and relax."

Sloan took a deep breath as his cold, wet finger pressed forward. She couldn't help the high-pitched sound that emerged when he pushed through the rings of muscle. He pushed deeper and deeper until his finger was all the way inside her.

"Breathe, angel. Relax. I'm in."

She heard Dane murmuring to her. She felt his other hand stroke up and down her spine, but her focus remained on the thick finger invading her ass. She clenched against him and then forced herself to relax when he didn't pull out. He remained still until she relaxed. Only then did he begin to slide his finger out and then back in while twisting the digit from side to side.

A moment later, the hand on her back moved away.

"Okay, sweet angel, take another deep breath. Hold it." He paused before saying, "Now relax, and let it go."

The finger slid out of her, but before she could relax, something cold and smooth and almost the same size slid in to replace his finger.

"Oh," she cried as the plug slid completely inside her until a wider base rested against the skin around her back hole. She clenched against it, but the solid intruder remained in place.

She felt Dane lean over her back and kiss her shoulder. "Good girl. We'll keep that in until we get home, then we'll change it out for a bigger one."

"Bigger?" Sloan squeaked.

"Oh yeah. We're going to have to stretch you good before you can take me," Dane's voice whispered as he nuzzled her ear. "How do you feel?"

"Um, full. Forbidden."

She felt Dane as he smiled against her cheek. “Feels good, doesn’t it?”

Sloan shrugged, for which she received a swat on her right cheek. “Words, angel. Use your words.”

“I don’t know if it feels good or not. I’ll have to let you know.”

Dane chuckled as he straightened. Before she could move, he took hold of her hips. “Don’t move, pretty baby. I’m not done with you yet.”

Sloan felt his fingers trace the crease between her cheeks, over the end of the butt plug down between her legs to her pussy lips. Two fingers spread her lips, and she felt hot breath on her damp flesh. Then his tongue slide from the top of her clit to dip into her open entrance. He lapped at her several times before moving away again. Then she felt the broad, blunt head of his cock touch her entrance.

She took a deep breath and held it as he pushed deep. His cock stretched her even more than Merlin’s had earlier. She didn’t release the breath until she felt his short curly hairs brushing against her pussy lips and his tip push against her cervix in a pain that felt so good. Lord, he was huge.

“Good God, sweet angel. Now I understand why Merlin wants to keep you. You are perfection,” Dane murmured in her ear as he slowly pulled out until only the large head remained within her.

She brushed his words off about keeping her. She was too busy feeling. Every stroke filled her, stealing her ability to think. With the plug in her ass, she was doubly stimulated.

He set up a steady rhythm, filling her with every stroke until she wasn’t sure where she left off and he began. As his motion picked up speed, he reached around her hip and slipped one finger between her lips to cover her clit. He held the finger still, allowing their movements to move her against his roughened skin. The added stimulation sent her skyrocketing. In less than a minute, every muscle in her body tightened as she came.

Dane thrust into her once, twice, and then roared with his own

completion. He collapsed down on top of her for a moment before pulling away. He eased out of her core and then left the bed.

Sloan watched him dispose of the condom and then step into the bathroom. A moment later he returned with a warm, wet cloth and cleaned her up.

After tossing the cloth away, he lifted her from the bed. Her knees wobbled as she found her balance. With a contented smile, he kissed her cheek. "Get dressed, angel. We need to go down and check on Merlin."

Sloan nodded but didn't move. She wasn't sure her legs would hold her if she tried to cross the room to where her dress lay.

She watched Dane pull on his leathers and boots. When he saw she hadn't moved, he frowned at her. "Angel? What's wrong?"

"I think you melted my bones."

Chuckling, Dane retrieved her dress and helped her to pull it on. "There you go, all your pretty bits covered once again. Let me pack our things, and we'll head downstairs."

Sloan squeezed the muscles of her ass and shifted around, still getting accustomed to the feeling of the plug. By the time Dane zipped his bag and joined her, she felt like she might be able to walk without falling on her face.

"Master?"

"Yes?"

"What exactly is Sir doing?"

Dane chuckled as he wrapped one arm around her and reached for the door with the other. The bag hung from one broad shoulder. "Let's go downstairs and see."

* * * *

Merlin barely felt the slaps the first dozen or more Doms/Dommes applied to his ass. He stood relaxed in the stocks, his ass jutting out on display. He was present in body but not in spirit.

His thoughts remained upstairs with Master and angel. He fantasized about what other things they might do during the rest of their weekend together. Then his daydreams moved beyond the weekend.

What if angel did join their family? How would the dynamics change? Would she be willing to live with the two of them forever? Would she allow them to take care of her, love her, dominate her?

Then he wondered about angel and wished he knew more about the pretty virgin sub.

His thoughts were interrupted when a savage hand struck, hard and fast, causing triple the pain the others had. He stiffened as he counted the five strokes—health, wealth, wisdom, love, and luck. But then the Dom didn't stop until he'd applied five more in rapid succession.

Master T remained nearby and watchful. He stepped forward and chastised the Dom then blocked Merlin's ass from the next person in line.

"Give him a minute."

Merlin took several deep breaths. He wished he faced the staircase. Then he could see Master and angel come for him. They'd been up there alone for a long time. Of course his concept of time was skewed due to what felt like an endless birthday spanking. His ass had grown so tender even the lightest touch now burned.

When the tears began, he dropped his head and let go. This was the purpose of the endless birthday spanking—to get him past the "men don't cry" shit his father had instilled in him as a toddler. As a physician, he'd been taught to remain stoic no matter what. While others sobbed at sad situations, he remained dry eyed.

But confined here, forced to accept the public humiliation of his ass exposed and being endlessly spanked, here he could cry. Here he could release all the tears and all the sadness that had built up inside him since the last time Dane had offered his ass to the club for such a spanking.

This public punishment provided him the release he could not otherwise find. When they'd first gotten into the lifestyle, Dane had tried. He'd flogged him and whipped him, for hours, but Merlin could not let go of control. Not until Master had come up with the birthday spanking. Master understood his need for more than he was comfortable with. Master allowed him this emotional release once a year on his birthday.

Though he'd loved the other gifts Dane had given him this week, to Merlin, this was ultimate birthday gift.

The grainy, gray sadness that weighed him down slowly slid away. His cock hardened. The condom grew tight around his shaft. His hips began to move forward and back, which rubbed his cock against the leather covering it.

Closing his eyes, Merlin prayed that he could hold off his orgasm until Master arrived.

The sharp slaps began again, carrying him closer to ecstasy, but he would not find his fulfillment. Not yet. Only his Master's order and touch would send him over. But Master was upstairs playing with angel. He probably didn't realize how close Merlin had moved toward the edge of sanity.

Or did he?

Chapter 8

By the time they reached the main floor, Sloan once again felt steady on her feet. Looking around, she began to worry about what Sir would think when he learned what she and Master had just done.

“Master?”

“Yes, angel?”

“I don’t see Sir.”

She heard Master chuckle one time. “You’re not looking in the right place.” He pointed to one corner of the bar where a crowd had gathered. “He’s the center of attention, as any emotionally stunted birthday boy should be. Though by now, he probably needs some relief.”

Taking her hand, Dane led her through the crowd. Once there, he pulled her around to stand in front of him. She gasped when she saw that Sir was locked in the stockade, and some woman in a green latex corset and leggings was spanking him. Someone was crying, sounding so miserable that her heart pinched in empathy.

Without thinking of the consequences, Sloan pushed past two Doms waiting in line. Just as she reached the stocks, a hard arm came around her waist and pulled her back. She began to struggle, until she heard a steel-hardened whisper in her ear.

“Angel, stop. You don’t understand. But I think you’ll be able to help Merlin more than any of the rest of us.”

Dane carried her away from the bar before he set her down. Before she could move, he spun her around and clamped large hands down on her shoulders to hold her in place.

“Why? Did you really send him away while we had sex so he

could get beat raw? He's crying," Sloan said through quivering lips. "Are you really that heartless?"

She sniffed as she met Dane's eyes, surprised to see tears glistening in his.

"No, sweet angel. I did this so he *could* cry. Merlin was raised to be strong and to always control his emotions. He never cries. He hardly ever yells. He won't complain of pain or heat or cold. Even on his darkest day, he'll manage to smile. He was taught not to show emotion and most especially tears."

Sloan frowned. "But he's crying now."

"Yes, sweetness. He's crying now. Once a year on his birthday, I offer his ass to anyone in the bar who wants to give him five birthday swats, the harder the better. The humiliation of being bare assed in public and the endless punishment carry him past his father's training to give him the emotional release he cannot find any other way. He needs this. But there is a way you can help him heal a few of the holes in his heart."

Sloan frowned as she processed the information. "How?"

"Kneel beside his head and read these names. Then tell him that he is not God, and he needs to let them go. Then read the list again. Do you think you can do that?"

"Who are they?"

"His patients who died this year."

Sloan accepted the small card Dane offered. Five names. Five children who died in the last year. Looking up at Dane, she blinked away her tears and smiled though her bottom lip still quivered. "Yes, I can do this."

"Good girl. I'll be last in line and will give him a hard swat for every name you read the second time. Then we'll take him to that sofa," Dane pointed across the room to an empty sofa tucked in a private corner, "and give him some intense aftercare. After that, we'll head home."

With a deep breath for courage, Sloan nodded. "Yes, Master.

Sounds like a plan.”

“Just don’t touch him.”

Turning, she headed back to Sir, kneeling so her head was just inches from his. His sobs were heartbreaking in their intensity, and Sloan had to blink several times before she could read the list.

“Tevia Jenkins. Bobby Nichols. Amanda Smith. Rosemarie Amberton. Jamal Harker.”

“Again, angel. Read them again,” Merlin asked, his words slurred with pain.

Sloan read them again, then a third time as Merlin’s sobs became even harsher as he mourned the loss of five young lives. “Tell me about them, Sir. How did they die?”

“Tevia died in a car accident, one of three people who were killed when a drunk driver ran into her mother’s car. Bobby had a rare, aggressive form of leukemia. Amanda got into her mother’s drug stash and OD’d. Rosemarie and Jamal had asthma and then got the flu, but their parents didn’t bring them in until it was too late. Babies, all of them, just little babies.” Merlin whispered through hiccupping, gasping breaths as his tears continued to fall.

“They had a special doctor taking care of them.” Sloan raised her hand and brushed sweat dampened strands of hair from Merlin’s face. “But you are just a man. A doctor, yes, but still just a man. Dying is a part of life, the end of life’s circle. I wonder what those five little ones would think if they saw you like this. I know it’s cliché, but you are not God. You can only do the best you can. Then God and His angels step in.”

As she spoke softly, she watched as Merlin pulled the remnants of his shattered control back around him. His crying slowed, and he no longer gasped for breath. She looked over her shoulder at Dane who nodded. Looking down at the paper, she read the names one last time. With each name, Dane’s hand came down with a sharp crack, and Merlin cried out with the physical pain, not the emotional.

As soon as they finished, Dane released Merlin from his restraints.

When he couldn't stand on his own, Dane lifted him into his arms, cradling him against his broad, muscular chest.

"Come along, angel." He turned and walked the cleared path through the crowd.

"Take this." Taurus handed her a clean bar towel, a blanket, and three bottles of water.

Sloan accepted the supplies with a shy nod. She picked up Dane's forgotten toy bag and followed Master and Sir across the room. When she caught up with them, Dane had settled on a leather couch tucked in the corner and partially hidden from view by several large plants.

Merlin stood in front of him, looking as if he were in several types of pain.

Sloan handed Dane the towel and one of the bottles. She set the bag next to the couch with the blanket on top of it. Then she knelt in front of Sir.

"Is there anything I can do to make you feel better, Sir?" she asked, lifting her chin to look up past the erection pushing at the front of his pants to his face that remained tight with pain.

She watched as Merlin glanced at Dane who nodded. Then he looked down at her again. "Suck my cock."

"Yes, Sir," she said as she carefully unhooked the elastic from the left side of his pants and pulled the front of his leathers down.

His cock was long and hard with a deep purple head. Pinching the end of the condom covering it, she pulled it off, surprised when Merlin hissed at even that small contact.

"Be careful, angel. He'll probably explode as soon as you touch his cock," Master warned.

Sloan leaned forward and opened her mouth wide as she closed the distance between them. She covered Merlin's cock but didn't close her mouth around him until he brushed the back of her throat. Then she eased back a fraction of an inch. Closing her lips, she began sucking and swallowing on the big cock, massaging him with lips and tongue and mouth.

“Holy shit!” Merlin cried as his fingers threaded through her short hair and held her still. His hold was painful but added to her enjoyment of giving pleasure.

He’d barely spoken when the first jet of seed exploded across the tip of her tongue.

Sloan continued swallowing and sucking as he filled her mouth with wave after wave of his man juice. When he finished and released her head with an audible sigh, she licked him clean then sat back on her heels.

Dane reached for Merlin, who once again wobbled on his feet. Dane settled his man so he lay with his head nestled under Dane’s chin and his body draped across the rest of the couch. One hip rested on a pillow with his angry, red ass exposed to the room.

“Angel, in the pocket of the bag is an anesthetic spray,” Dane murmured as kissed Merlin’s head and neck while rubbing one hand up and down his back in long, soothing strokes.

Sloan nodded and found the bottle. Without instruction, she crawled over Dane’s feet so she could tend to Sir.

Wanting to give the man comfort, but not sure how, she laid a whisper-soft kiss in the center of each ass cheek. His skin was burning hot to the touch. She wondered if it was possible to get a black and blue ass. Pulling back, she began to spray the red hot skin.

She heard Merlin hiss when the icy cold spray hit his ass the first time. Then she heard him sigh as it went to work. She continued until her hand was tired from pumping the spray bottle and every inch of red skin was wet with spray.

“Cover him with the blanket,” Dane instructed in a whisper.

Sloan opened the blanket and carefully tucked it around Sir, working to keep it from brushing against his sore, raw ass. Once she was satisfied she’d done everything she could, she returned to kneel beside Dane’s leg.

As time passed, Sloan began to wonder how much love it took for Dane to allow Merlin to be spanked by anyone in the bar. Didn’t he

get jealous at the other Dominants who'd touched his man?

Wonder turned to envy as she wished she could meet someone who would love her enough to learn her innermost secrets. Someone who saw past the fleshy hips and rounded belly to see her heart. These two men had looked deeper inside her in the past few hours than anyone ever had before. But they were committed to each other. They wouldn't be interested in opening their love to include her.

She had no idea how much time passed when Merlin finally roused. Leaning up, he kissed Dane. It was a gentle kiss that was deep and hot and made Sloan squirmy just watching. Then she realized she wasn't supposed to be watching the men and dropped her gaze to the floor. Her cheeks burned.

"Thank you, Master," Merlin whispered. "It's been a wonderful birthday."

"Are you ready to take our angel home?"

"Yes, Master."

The two men then turned to look at Sloan. "Angel? Are you ready to leave? Or would you prefer to go back upstairs and play some more?" Dane asked, his voice softer, without the thread of steel his Dom voice carried.

"I'm ready, Master," she whispered, wondering for a moment how the rest of the weekend would go. She'd felt comfortable here, knowing that Jenna and Taurus were close by if she needed them. Would things change once they were away from Esoteria?

She watched as Dane helped Merlin to his feet then connected the snaps of his leathers together. She winced in sympathy when Merlin hissed as the leather rubbed against his raw ass. After handing Sloan the toy bag, Dane wrapped an arm around Merlin to steady him.

"Angel, go to the bar, and tell Taurus we're leaving. Tell him you will call him in the morning to check in."

Sloan stared at him in shock. How did he know she was nervous? Was she really that transparent?

Merlin smiled at her, looking tense and in pain, but he looked

more relaxed than she'd seen him all evening. "You're in safe hands, angel. The same rules apply at home as here. Use your safe word for pain or extreme discomfort, and everything stops."

Sloan nodded. "Yes, Sir. I'll be right back."

"We'll meet you at the door," Dane said.

Chapter 9

Sloan woke naked and alone with no memory of how she got to wherever it was she now lay.

The last thing she remembered was climbing into the passenger's seat of Dane's expensive SUV. Merlin had crawled into the back seat and lain down, hissing every time his leathers rubbed against his ass. She'd closed her eyes as Dane pulled out of Esoteria's parking lot, feeling surprisingly relaxed and sleepy.

Sitting up, she looked around the room, hoping to find a clue as to where they'd taken her. Obviously a bedroom. The bed was huge, the biggest she'd ever seen. The sheets were soft, the comforter thick and warm. The room was dark except for a sliver of light coming from a half-closed doorway to her left. There was no noise, except for a burbling, splashing sound coming from the room beyond the lighted doorway.

Climbing from the bed, Sloan looked around, but her almost-dress had disappeared, along with the shoes, shawl and purse they'd retrieved right before leaving the club. With a shrug and a sigh, she crossed the room. .

She paused in the doorway, all at once unsure. Would they be mad she fell asleep? Would they not want her now? Or were they so wrapped up in each other they'd forgotten about her?

Sure Dane had paid a lot of money for her, but that didn't mean they wanted anything to do with her here.

She slowly edged the door open and found herself stepping into a bathroom the size of her living room at the duplex. One wall held a mirror and three sinks. The glassed-in shower in the far corner looked

big enough to hold a party in, and the Jacuzzi tub next to it appeared equally large.

Merlin was alone in the tub, looking peaceful. He floated front down just under the water, with his red butt breaking the surface. His arms and shoulders held him in place. His rested a cheek against a towel on the side of the tub with his eyes closed.

Looking around, she found what she was looking for. Moving slowly and silently, trying not to disturb Merlin in his bath, she answered nature's call. She planned to head back to the bedroom and wait for someone to tell her what she was supposed to do next.

"You could join me."

Sloan jumped and spun around at Merlin's quiet offer. "I didn't want to disturb you."

She watched him open his eyes and shift around the edge of the tub until he could see her. "Sweet angel Sloan, you could never be a bother. Come and join me. I'm supposed to soak out the pain, but I'm not sure it's going to work. The hot water burns against my ass. My skin feels tight, like it's been sunburned."

"Do you have any white vinegar?" Sloan asked.

"White vinegar? Why?"

"It takes the sting out of sunburns. It might work on spanking burns, as well." She shrugged. It was an old folk remedy but always worked whenever she had a sunburn.

"Hmm, I hadn't thought of that. There might be a bottle in that first cabinet." Merlin pointed.

Sloan opened the cabinet and found a half full bottle. She also found a bottle of aloe gel which she put on the counter to use later. After standing, she crossed to the tub.

"Stand up, turn around, and bend over," she ordered gently. Her cheeks burned as she morphed into the bossy caretaker she always became whenever someone else was hurting.

"Why?"

"If the vinegar is poured directly on the skin, it works better than

if you just pour some in the water.”

Merlin grinned as he followed her orders. He didn't try to hide his erection as he stood, turned and bent over, presenting his angry red ass for her inspection.

“Ouch,” she said in sympathy. “This might sting,” she warned as she tilted the bottle.

Merlin sucked in a breath but didn't jerk away as the cold liquid poured over his burning skin. Sloan slowly poured the rest of the bottle over him, covering every inch of his ass.

“Stand there for a minute, and let it soak in. Then you can sit down again.”

“Only if you join me in the tub.”

* * * *

Merlin watched Sloan shift from foot to foot, looking like she wanted to run and hide. “Come on, sweetheart. Climb in. Dane's gone for snacks and drinks.”

“Dane is back with snacks and drinks,” the big man said as he pushed the door open with one shoulder since his hands were full.

He crossed the bathroom and set the tray on a small table next to the tub. Then he frowned at Merlin, sniffed, and made a face. “Why aren't you soaking your ass? And why does it smell like a pickle factory in here?”

Merlin chuckled. “We're trying an experiment. If it works, we'll have to write it up, although I'm not sure the medical journals will take us seriously. Now climb in. You, too, angel ours. If I have to smell like a pickle, so do you two.”

Merlin remained standing until the others settled in the tub with Sloan sitting in front of him and Dane to his left. Then he smiled down at Sloan. “Can I sit down now?”

“Not yet, I think it needs a few more minutes.” She gave him an impish grin before turning to Dane. “Master, may I?”

Dane nodded though he looked confused.

* * * *

Sloan shifted to her knees, which put her mouth at the same level as Merlin's hard cock. After warming her hands in the water, she cupped one hand around his balls and the other around the base of his cock. Opening her mouth just enough, she extended her tongue and licked at the slit, savoring the drops of pearly fluid she found there.

Merlin moaned, and his cock twitched as she gently slid her hand from base to tip and back again. She twisted her hand on the next pass, keeping her movements slow and easy, just enough to tantalize. She continued loving just the head of his cock, flicking the slit with the tip of her tongue, then swirling around the head before opening her mouth and sliding down over him. She took in more than half his length before she closed her lips and slid up and down his shaft.

"Oh, shit, that feels too good," Merlin moaned.

"Don't you dare come, pet," Dane ordered softly.

Sloan wasn't surprised when less than a minute later, Merlin pulled out of her mouth and stepped to the far side of the tub. She settled back into the water with a grin. "I think it's been long enough now. You can sit down now, Sir."

Dane reached for her arm, pulling her across the tub. He settled her on his lap. "Will someone please tell me what's going on?"

Sloan didn't fight when he positioned her with her legs spread to the outside of his. He wrapped one arm around her chest to hold her in place with a hand covering her breast. His other hand drifted down to settle between her legs. With a sigh, she relaxed against him.

"I'm treating Merlin's ass like a sunburn."

"Huh?"

"My grandma always used white vinegar to take the sting out of burns. I thought it might do the same for Merlin's ass."

"I think it's working. The worst of the pain seems to be gone,"

Merlin said as he shifted closer to Dane's right side before reaching out and cupping Sloan's breast. "We may just have to keep you around, little angel."

She dropped her head back and sighed as two of Dane's long, thick fingers played near her entrance. It felt good, right to be here, sharing a bath with these two men. If she wasn't careful, she would lose her heart before the weekend was over.

Who was she kidding? She'd already fallen in love.

* * * *

As Dane eased two fingers into Sloan's slicked-up entrance, he wondered if she would put up much of a fuss if they told her they weren't going to let her go at the end of the weekend. Though he knew nothing about her beyond her first name and that she truly was a virginal angel, he wanted to make her their third. Looking at Merlin, he knew without asking that the love of his life wanted the same.

As his fingers slid full length into her, Sloan shivered. Then the side of his hand brushed against the plug. He shifted his hand so that a third finger could push against the plug while he played with her pussy. He smiled when she moaned and stiffened against him.

"Relax, sweetheart. Take a deep breath and just relax, I've got you," he whispered in her ear before nipping at the lobe.

She responded to his request until Merlin leaned in. He kissed Sloan first, then Dane, before moving around in front of them. After pushing Dane's legs wider, which also spread Sloan's, he moved to sit facing them, his legs encircling both Sloan and Dane. Then he moved up until his cock brushed against the back of Dane's hand.

"How about another game?" he suggested as he leaned forward to kiss the pebble-hard nipple Dane's hand was not covering.

Looking into his sub's eyes, Dane saw the man was about to get the answers they needed before they could move forward with making Sloan their full-time partner.

"I'm not sure I could survive another of your games," Sloan moaned.

"You will this one. We're going to play twenty questions. I'll start. Sloan, what do you do when you're not being auctioned off for charity?"

She became still in his arms. Would she lie to them? Try to make them think she was something she was not? He shifted the hand on her breast down to lay just below it so he could feel her heart racing. As a Dom, he'd learned the truth came from the person's heart, not necessarily their mouth.

* * * *

Sloan tensed at Merlin's question, afraid to answer. She didn't want their pity. She just wasn't sure she wanted to let these two rich, gorgeous men learn that their weekend sub was so poor she'd had to accept money from her cousin just to keep her phone working. She felt Dane's hand shift down her body. Her heart began to race even faster, as if it wanted to pound its way out of her chest and into his palm.

She wanted to escape, but there was nowhere to go. Dane held her securely in his arms. Merlin's legs draped over theirs, and he now lifted her hands in his so he could kiss her palms and nuzzle them with his nose. The simple act was so sexy her cunt clenched and her breathing hitched.

Taking a breath and swallowing her fear of rejection, she answered simply, "I work."

Merlin chuckled at her answer. "You're not going to make it easy for us, are you? Dane, it's your turn."

Dane pushed his fingers in all the way, filling her. As he pulled them out until only his fingertips remained, he rumbled under her back, "How many jobs are you working right now, and what are they?"

"That's two questions."

"No, it's one question with multiple parts."

"Two jobs. I'm a home-based medical transcriptionist, and I work in a small coffee shop downtown." Sloan said.

"But that's not all you do, is it?" Merlin asked, rubbing her right palm against his cheek.

Sloan smiled. "Were you a cat in a former life?"

Merlin shrugged. "Could be. I've always liked to snuggle. Hug therapy is very important, especially with kids. And your skin is so soft. It feels wonderful. Now answer my question."

"I write, but it's just a hobby."

"Why is it only a hobby?" Dane asked, his fingers slipping back deep, making it hard to prevaricate.

Sloan shook her head but couldn't answer. She didn't want to burden these men with her problems. Though they had tasted her body and given her experiences she'd never forget, they were still strangers. They wouldn't care that she barely made ends meet and was stuck in a job, and a life, she hated.

"It doesn't matter. I don't like this game. Can we stop, please?"

Merlin leaned close enough that their foreheads touched. "I'm sorry we made you sad, angel. We just want to learn more about you."

Sloan tried to smile but knew she was failing. "I'm sorry, too. I didn't mean to bring down the party."

"Speaking of party," Dane leaned in and rested his chin on her shoulder, "I think it's time to move to the bedroom for snacks. I'm getting pruny."

"Pruny? Is that even a word?" Sloan asked as Merlin kissed the tip of her nose before standing and climbing from the tub.

"Don't know, don't care. Pruny fits the situation. Look." Dane lifted his hand and showed her his fingers.

"Yep, you're pruny." Sloan started giggling as her eyes flitted down to his cock and back up again. "And more than just your fingers."

Chapter 10

“So what happens now?” Sloan asked through a yawn as Merlin carried the now empty tray to the dresser.

Dane’s yawn followed hers by less than a second. “Now we snuggle together and sleep. It’s nearly dawn, and as much as I’d love to play some more, we need to rest. Tomorrow is soon enough. But first we need to change your plug.”

“Change?” Sloan didn’t like the sound of that.

“Yes, change. Pet, bring me the lube and the red plug.” In the blink of an eye, Dane shifted into Master mode as he sat on the edge of the bed. “Angel, come lay across my lap.”

Sloan met his gaze and then crawled across the bed. Merlin joined them, kneeling on the floor as Dane positioned her over his thighs. He pushed her legs wide apart, exposing both ass and pussy. He rubbed one hand up and down her spine.

“Comfortable?” he asked as his other hand smoothed circles over one ass cheek and then the other.

“Not really,” she responded, her face burning hot.

“Wrong question. Are you physically hurting?”

She thought about the question. Physically, she was comfortable. The room was warm, and she wasn’t twisted like a pretzel. Emotionally was another matter. She was embarrassed to be ass up over any man’s lap, mainly because her butt was big and flabby. Though she walked every day for exercise, she’d begun to notice that she was developing a secretary spread. “No, I’m not physically hurting.”

“Part of a Master’s job in a Dom/sub relationship is to push the

sub's limits, whether the limits are physical, emotional, or psychological. We've been testing your boundaries all night long, and this is just one more little nudge." Dane stroked her, his gentle touch forcing her to relax. His tone remained soft and hypnotizing. "I know you're not comfortable lying across my lap, though I don't see why. You have a beautiful ass, a beautiful body. Lush and curvy, just like a woman's supposed to look."

"I'm too fat," she muttered into the blanket, not surprised when Dane popped her left cheek.

"You are not fat. And you will not talk about yourself like that anymore. Ever." The thread of steel in his voice grew more prominent. "Now, relax and take slow, deep breaths."

Sloan tried to relax, but the plug being pulled from her made it difficult. She clenched, wanting to hold it in. Though it had felt strange to walk around with the equivalent of a large thumb up her butt, she'd grown used to the feeling of fullness.

* * * *

Dane pulled the small plug from her ass but didn't immediately slide the larger one in its place. He couldn't. He didn't want her filled with plastic. He wanted her filled with him.

At the thought of sliding into her dark passage, all sleepiness fled. His cock went from semi-hard to throbbing in the span of two heartbeats. The instant erection left him a little lightheaded as the blood in his head raced to his crotch.

Dane rubbed one hand up and down Sloan's back, feeling her slowly relax. Once she'd settled, he lubed up his left hand. It wouldn't be ideal since he was right-handed, but it would work. He could get her loosened up and ready for their angel sandwich.

Knowing one of his fingers was bigger than the plug she'd worn for the last hours, Dane slid one slicked up finger in and held it steady as her muscles clenched down around him.

“Master?” She sounded confused when his finger curled and twisted and tickled all the side walls

“We’re going to speed up your training. I’ve got to be in this ass tonight. Take a deep breath and relax,” he instructed. He pulled the finger almost all the way out and then added a second one on the down stroke.

“It hurts.” Sloan shifted on his lap, fighting his possession.

Merlin moved in and kissed her. “Deep breaths, sweetie. In, out. Relax. It’ll feel good in a second.”

Dane pushed the fingers in as far as he could and held them still. When her muscles relaxed around him, he began a slow twisting, sliding motion that always drove Merlin crazy.

He knew he had her when Sloan shifted her hips up to meet his fingers. She moaned, “Ooh, faster please, Master.”

Once she’d relaxed enough, he repeated the process with a third finger. He added more lube as he needed to get Sloan ready for her next big adventure as a sexual submissive.

“Pet, prepare my cock. Then flat on your back and prepare your own.”

Merlin scrambled for the nightstand where he pulled out two condoms. After licking and then kissing the head of Dane’s cock, he rolled the condom down the shaft as easily as he could. He crawled up onto the bed to lay behind Dane so his hips were beside angel’s head. Then he sheathed his own cock in latex.

“Angel, I want you to crawl around so you’re sitting on pet’s cock. But do not climb on. Move slowly so you don’t lose my fingers.”

“Yes, Master,” Sloan panted.

She crawled off his lap and positioned herself so her wide open, dripping cunt rested along the iron-hard length of Merlin’s cock.

Dane shifted and followed her onto the bed, kneeling behind her. “I’m going to slide in first, and then we’ll get Merlin in your pretty little pussy. Is that all right with you, angel?”

“Mmm, yes, Master. Please fuck my ass.”

* * * *

Unused to such play, Sloan found her lust and need spiraling out of control. She needed this and wanted both men to fill her. What kind of a slut did that make her? Or was she just a very lucky woman? The thought flashed through her mind as Dane pulled his fingers from her, immediately replacing them with the large, hard tip of his cock.

Taking a deep breath, Sloan focused on relaxing and pushing back against the intruder. Her breath caught when his head passed through the first ring of muscle. The rest of his shaft slid easily until his hips settled against her ass.

“How you doing, angel?” he rumbled as he leaned over and covered her back with his chest.

“F-f-fine,” she stuttered, as her muscles clenched around his giant cock.

“You’re not hurting?” Merlin looked up at her. She knew he saw the strain and locked jaw as she tried to adjust to the tree trunk up her ass.

“No, Sir. Just need a minute to adjust,” she said through clenched teeth.

“Take all the time you need, sweet angel.” He lifted his head and kissed her.

When he shifted his hips to slide his cock against her, she no longer thought about the cock in her ass, but the one that waited to enter her pussy. How would he fit? Dane was already stretching her, filling her to capacity. There couldn’t be room for Merlin down there, as well, could there?

* * * *

When Merlin saw her tight expression relax, he looked over her

shoulder at Dane and nodded. As his loving Master lifted the two of them, Merlin reached down and adjusted his cock to angle into angel's entrance. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as she settled over him, much tighter than before because of Dane's presence in her back hole.

The groan came from deep within him, a sound of true appreciation for this woman. She was their third. There was no doubt in his mind. He watched her eyes widen as she settled fully over him. The pressure was intense, and he found himself panting right along with her.

"Angel?" he asked again, not wanting to cause her discomfort. He already knew she would be sore in the morning even if they stopped right now.

"Um, stop? Wait? No, that's not it. Yellow, please, Sir?"

"Need a moment to adjust?" Dane asked, needing to clarify her intentions. "You don't want to stop, do you?"

"No, Master, not stop. I just need to catch my breath," Sloan panted.

Merlin looked up and met Dane's satisfied smile with one of his own. Oh yeah, Sloan was the woman for them. Now all they had to do was figure out how to keep her beyond Sunday evening.

"Deep breaths, angel. Relax and feel the pleasure in being full of your Master and Sir," Merlin murmured as he brushed what he knew was an involuntary tear from her cheek.

* * * *

Sloan heard his voice, but didn't understand his words. She felt his touch, but couldn't react. She couldn't do anything except lay between these two hot-bodied men and try not to scream. Her orgasm hovered over the bed like a thick cloud, ready to rain down on her.

All her muscles were contracting in anticipation, and she was afraid she might shatter before that release came. Finally, Merlin's

words began to penetrate. Slow, deep breaths, yeah, right, sure. How was she supposed to breathe slow and deep when her body felt like it was a single millimeter from being split in two?

Closing her eyes, she focused her breathing. Then she worked on relaxing. Once she could breathe without gasping, the need to come retreated just enough so she could speak. The fullness was no longer painful, but filled her with a deep sense of connection. She tried to shift, but their lower bodies were so close together she couldn't. She needed...

"More," she whispered as she opened her eyes and met Merlin's dark chocolate gaze. "I need more. Move. Fuck me, please."

She watched Merlin's gaze shift to look over her shoulder and nod. She sighed as Dane lifted from where he lay over her, skin to skin. As cool air wafted across her damp skin, his large hands wrapped around her hips.

He shifted her hips, showing her how to move so she would ride Merlin while stroking him as well. The men worked in tandem, one pulling out while the other pushed in. One long, hard cock always filled her.

She heard them murmur, to her and each other, but their words made no sense to her. Their warm and gentle tones were enough to assure her that they were pleased.

They became a sexual engine. Their movements gathered speed, but it wasn't enough.

"More. Harder. Please," Sloan panted as her lust built. She could feel her orgasm gather at the base of her skull then rocket down her spine, out to her fingers and toes then back again to gather in her pelvis. Just a little more, a little harder.

Dane's fingers pressed deep into her skin as he moved her faster, harder, shoving her over the peak of her sexual mountain. She screamed as the orgasm exploded, filling every atom of her being with sexual fire.

Dane's deep growl harmonized with Merlin's cry as they followed

her through the gateway of orgasmic bliss. She felt the added heat as their juices exploded from them and filled the latex sheaths separating their bodies. The knowledge that they'd all come together caused a second orgasm to roll over her, this one sending every muscle she'd relaxed into spasmodic clenching once again.

She rode it out, continuing to buck against the men. Finally, she collapsed against Merlin's chest.

Dane rested heavily over her for a moment, a hot, wet human blanket. She felt his heart racing against her back and Merlin's against her breast and smiled as blackness rolled over her.

* * * *

Once he'd regained his senses after the most intense sexual experience of his life, Dane wrapped his arms around both angel and pet and rolled them so they all lay on the bed. They remained connected though it was only a matter of time before spent cocks would drop from angel's hot, loving core.

He kissed angel's shoulder and neck. Looking at Merlin, he saw the same bone-deep satisfaction he felt. He also saw love in the man's eyes and knew he felt the same way. They'd found their woman. An adventurous angel who completed them. Would she believe their love was true? Especially since they knew nothing about one another?

Leaning over her, he kissed Merlin before gently easing from Sloan's back hole. With a sigh, he rolled from the bed. After cleaning up, he brought two warm cloths back to the bedroom. He handed one to Merlin before cleaning Sloan up. Once they were back in the bathroom, he brought the covers up over the figures in the bed before crawling back in himself. Sloan had rolled over in her sleep. Merlin snuggled against her back after Dane lifted her head to rest on his chest. As her breath softly caressed his skin, he allowed himself to enjoy the contented feeling that settled over his heart.

"She's incredible, isn't she?" Merlin asked, his soft words slurred

with exhaustion.

Chapter 11

By Sunday evening, Sloan was wonderfully sore and carried a secret—she had fallen in love. Not with one or the other, but with both men.

They'd spent the entire weekend naked, putting on aprons only to cook meals. They'd even played in the well-screened backyard in the buff. The men were attentive and loving but not overbearing in their dominance. Their playtimes were eye-opening and enjoyable, even when Merlin introduced Sloan to his favorite flogger while Dane held her stretched across the bed.

They'd even allowed her some alone time Saturday afternoon to write. They only demanded that she share what she'd written over dinner. The resulting story was far from finished but was hotter than anything she'd written yet, and by the time she finished reading, her juices were pooling on the chair beneath her. She was not surprised when she looked up and found both men stroking themselves. Which led to Sloan's next lesson in D/s lifestyle—being driven to and held just at the edge of orgasm for a long period of time.

After dinner Sunday evening, she climbed into Dane's SUV wearing more clothes than she had when she'd arrived. The weather had turned colder during the afternoon, so Dane had loaned her one of his white dress shirts to wear. The tails hung halfway to her knees, covering more skin than the dress had. The men wore jeans and sweaters and looked just as handsome and sexy as they had in their leathers, or in nothing at all.

The trip to Esoteria was accomplished in a weighty silence. Once Dane parked in front of the club, both men looked at her, their

expressions serious.

“Thank you for a wonderful weekend,” she said, blinking to keep her tears hidden.

How was she supposed to go back to her lonely, work-filled world now? She’d visited paradise and now had to walk away from it.

“Thank you for being such a wonderfully responsive subbie. Any time you want to play again, you know where we are.” Dane said.

Couldn’t she just check in with Jenna and Taurus and then follow them home again?

“Um, okay, I will.” Sloan fumbled with the door handle before it released, and she climbed out.

She closed the car door and waited for them to drive away. But the SUV didn’t drive away immediately. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the two men watching her intently. So they were gentlemen on top of everything else. With a sad sigh, she turned and headed for the club entrance. She wanted to throw herself in front of the vehicle and beg them to keep her, but they had only agreed to the weekend. It was time for her to return to her own life.

Pushing through the front door of Esoteria, she was surprised to find Taurus and Jenna standing just on the other side.

“We were beginning to worry about you,” Jenna said as she hugged her.

Once the woman released her, Taurus took control, holding her at arm’s length as he critically looked her up and down. “Are you all right?” He frowned when a single tear escaped her control to track down her right cheek.

“I’m fine,” Sloan lied. “It was an incredible weekend, but now it’s over.”

Taurus frowned but didn’t comment. Instead, he pulled her in and wrapped his arms around her. She shook like a malaria victim but focused on taking deep breaths. It was an effort, but she forced down the pain and sadness and love until she could think. How had she walked away from the best thing that had ever happened to her?

When she regained control, she lifted her head and pulled back. Thankfully, Taurus let her go.

“You want me to pay the bums a visit?” he asked in his best 1940s gangster imitation.

“No, Taurus. I want you to take me upstairs so I can change my clothes and go home.” Sloan tried to smile, but the effort fell flat.

“All right, but if you want me to beat them up, just let me know.” Taurus wrapped one arm around her and kissed her hair. They followed Jenna through the empty club to their private elevator.

Fifteen minutes later, after declining food, a night’s lodging, and the promised money for her time, Sloan walked out the service entrance alone. She climbed into her car wearing the jeans and Outer Banks T-shirt she’d worn to the club. It felt strange to wear her own clothes again, to drive her own car, to not have a man touching her in some way, even if it was just fingers combing through her hair or a hand resting on her thigh.

Though it had been only forty-eight hours, her weekend as a submissive changed her. Now she just had to figure out how to survive the rest of her life without Master and Sir.

* * * *

Merlin dropped his shoulders to the bed and relaxed his ass as Dane pushed his cock past the first ring of muscle. “I miss her. A lot.”

It had been six and a half days since they’d dropped Sloan off at Esoteria’s front door, and he wanted her back. Back in their lives, back in their bed, back in their arms.

“I miss her, too,” Dane admitted as he eased deeper. “I really thought she’d come by or call before now.”

“So what are we going to do about it?” Merlin looked over his shoulder at the man he loved more than life. “We both love her, right?”

“Yes.”

“We both want her here with us, right?” His words became breathless as Dane filled him to capacity.

“Yes.” Dane nodded as he canted his hips, trying to push his cock even deeper.

“We want to make her a part of our family, right?”

“Yes.” Dane leaned over until he could kiss Merlin’s neck.

“So why didn’t we tell her? Why did we let her walk away? Mmm, that feels so good.” He wiggled his hips. “Fuck me, Master. Fuck me hard and fast.”

Dane didn’t answer his questions until he fucked Merlin into silence and then to orgasm. It was a fast, hard fuck, and he followed Merlin over the peak before collapsing on him. They rolled together so they lay on the bed still connected. Only after he’d caught his breath did Dane finally answer.

“We let her go because she needed time to process. We showed her a whole new lifestyle, one very different than she’s used to. She has to make the next move, pet. All we can do is be patient.”

“But what if she doesn’t come back?” Merlin heard himself whining, but he missed his angel.

Dane didn’t answer at first. “You did give her one of your business cards, right?”

“No, I thought you did.”

“Shit.”

Merlin moaned when Dane jerked from his ass and rolled away. Knowing his Dom was now on a mission, he followed him into the bathroom to the shower. Five minutes later, they were clean, almost dry, and dressing.

“So where do we start?” Merlin asked as he zipped his blue jeans and then pulled a white T-shirt over his head.

Dane wore the same thing in black. “We start at the beginning. Esoteria. Taurus and Jenna have to know where she lives.”

“And if they don’t tell us?”

“They’ll tell us,” Dane assured him as he scooped up his wallet

and keys from the dresser. “They will tell us.”

* * * *

Jenna loved Sundays. Taurus closed Esoteria Saturday nights so she could fall into bed and sleep as late as she wanted. The phones were turned off, and Taurus knew his life was in danger if he disturbed her. Sundays were her time to unwind and simply be. Though she loved being his mistress, even Antony understood that on Sundays, Jenna needed loving care with no demands.

Sunday rituals involved sleeping until noon and then watching the women’s channel or the classic movie network while curled up on the couch or on the bed. She didn’t dress, she didn’t shower, and she didn’t care.

When the pounding came at the front door, punctuated by the piercing ringing of the doorbell, Jenna frowned. Who the hell had the balls to bother her before noon on a Sunday?

“Shall I answer it?” Antony asked as he headed toward the foyer, picking up the bath towel kept draped over the coat closet doorknob for just such occasions.

“You’d better. Sounds like they’ll be breaking it down in a minute. If Taurus ran out of coffee, you have my permission to kick him anywhere it will hurt the most.” Jenna turned toward the closet to find a robe.

She returned to find three large men in the foyer with Antony. “Taurus, what’s the meaning of this?” she asked her cousin who looked rather amused.

“These two woke me up demanding information about Sloan.”

“Oh? And why is that?” Jenna crossed her arms over her chest and leaned against the closet door.

She forced down a smile when Dane growled and took a step in her direction. “She’s ours, and we want her back.”

“So what’s stopping you?”

Merlin stepped in front of his partner before the bigger man tore the Domme in two out of frustration. "She never told us her last name. All we know is that she works at home and at a coffee shop downtown and writes under a pen name."

"Maybe she doesn't want you to find her." Jenna straightened from the wall. She read the love shining from both men's eyes but did not want to make it too easy for them. After all, they had disturbed her on her day off.

That statement had the two men exchange a glance before turning back to her.

"Then she needs to tell us that. We need to see her, talk to her, tell her things we didn't tell her before we dropped her off here last week," Dane said.

"Like you love her?" Taurus asked. "Or do you just want her as a subbie for another weekend? Someone for pet here to play with once in a while? If that's the case, I'll make it so you never find her."

This time Merlin growled. "What we feel for Sloan is between us and her. Please, just tell us how to find her. Give us her last name, phone number, address, something so we can see her, talk to her."

Jenna saw the love shining through his anguish and pain. A glance into Dane's bright blue eyes showed he felt the same way. After a look toward Taurus, who nodded, she sighed. Pushing from the wall, she crossed to her antique secretary's desk. Taking one of her business cards, she jotted down the name of the coffee shop where Sloan worked. Slipping the card into an envelope, she sealed it and returned to the foyer.

"Here. Don't open it until you're outside. And if you ever disturb me on a Sunday again, I promise someone will need first aid."

Merlin accepted the envelope then leaned in and kissed her cheek. "Thank you."

Dane kissed her other cheek. "We'll treat her right."

"Make sure you do, or I'll sic Taurus on you." She nodded for Antony to show them out.

* * * *

As soon as the elevator doors closed, Dane snatched the envelope from Merlin's hand and tore it open. He ignored Taurus' amused expression.

"She said to wait until we were outside."

"We are. Outside her apartment," Dane said as he pulled the business card from the envelope. He shoved the envelope in his pocket as he flipped the card over then turned it so he could read the back. "The Java Stop?"

He looked at Taurus whose smile broadened as the elevator stopped and the doors opened. "Might I suggest you go and have a cup of coffee?"

Gritting his teeth to keep from punching the other Dom in the nose, Dane nodded. With a low, throated growl, he left the elevator and stalked to the service entrance where they'd come in. He didn't look to see if Merlin followed. He didn't have to. His pet would be two feet back and just to his right, where he always walked, until Dane pulled him up to walk beside him.

As they crossed the parking lot, he pulled out his cell and called information. His dark mood deepened once he heard the address of The Java Stop. Why was Sloan working in one of the roughest neighborhoods in town?

"I've never heard of The Java Stop," Merlin said as Dane drove.

"That's because you live in the nice part of town."

Chapter 12

Twenty minutes later, Dane parked and turned off the engine. The two men looked across the street, then at each other.

“No way,” Merlin whispered.

The only thing that identified the coffee shop was the metal sign hanging drunkenly above the entrance. That was all that was left of The Java Stop. The walls and sidewalk were still wet from where the fire had been put out. No fire trucks, police, or other public services workers remained. Yellow crime tape had been strung across the front of the building. Except for the brick walls, the building had been consumed by fire. Thankfully, the fire had not spread to the businesses on either side of it, or the entire block might have been destroyed. The only sign of life on the block was a woman sitting on the curb in the middle of an empty parking space between an old pickup truck and a sedan.

The woman's face was hidden, resting against her knees, but Merlin recognized that hair. Strawberry blonde, short and flirty, he would be able to pick out their woman anywhere.

* * * *

Sloan didn't know how long she'd sat on the curb and couldn't make herself care. It was Sunday, and except for walk-in traffic, the street would remain quiet until after church let out. But today there would be no after-church crunch which often lasted through the lunch rush. No more Java Stop. No more job. How the hell was she going to pay her rent and keep her phone turned on now? She needed her

paycheck, even if the tips weren't the best.

"Angel? Are you all right?"

She stiffened as the deep, dark voice wrapped around her, offering comfort even in the horror of seeing her here at her lowest. She didn't answer. She didn't lift her head. She couldn't. She was too embarrassed, too humiliated, too weary from struggling just to survive.

She felt them sit, one on each side of her, then hands turned her body to the right and began to massage her shoulders. Only then did she realize her shoulders had knotted as hard as rocks. She tried to relax as the fingers dug into the muscles, but it was difficult.

"Tough day, huh?" Merlin asked, leaning forward and brushing a kiss on the back of her neck.

"Tough life," she admitted in a distinctly watery voice as tears continued to fall.

She didn't fight when a large hand worked its way between arm and cheek to cup her chin. She held firm when Dane tried to lift her chin. She couldn't face him. Not now. Not when she was losing everything.

"Talk to us," he ordered in a gentle voice.

"And say what?"

"Tell us how we can help."

The laughter burst forth before Sloan couldn't stop it. It was sharp and bitter, much as the remnants of her life that lay shattered at their feet.

"Can you turn the clock back ten years so I can take things seriously in school? Or how about seven years so I can choose to stay in college and get a degree in something that pays real money? Or how about three years so I can change my mind about going out on my own so I could spend more time writing and not so much time working? Or even to last year so I don't trade in my old car for a newer one that just got stolen with my purse inside? Or just twelve hours so Marcie could make sure to unplug all the electrical

equipment last night at closing so the coffee shop doesn't burn down? Can you do that for me?"

Sloan could feel herself growing hysterical, but couldn't stop. She couldn't fight the bitterness and self pity any longer. She couldn't even stop the tears that ran in a steady stream down both cheeks. This was it. Life had won. The challenge of simple survival had sent her over the edge. Now she would end up in a padded room somewhere. They'd talk about her as the woman who went crazy when life kicked her in the teeth once too often.

"Or maybe you and Merlin can...can..." Sloan broke down, unable to finish a crazy offer to prostitute herself. She couldn't do that. She loved what they'd shared with each other too much to ruin their relationship by putting herself in the middle.

She tried to push him off when Dane wrapped his arms around her middle. She tried to fight when he pulled her into his lap. She tried to remain strong when he cuddled her into his chest and Merlin moved closer to kiss her hair.

Problem was, she was tired of being strong. Tired of fighting to survive. Tired of scraping by, of struggling to get a little ahead only to be shoved back down again. She was just plain tired.

"Shh, sweet Sloan. Don't worry. We'll take care of everything. We'll take care of you from now on," Dane whispered softly as he nuzzled her temple.

Merlin murmured his agreement as he rubbed a hand up and down her arm then tangled their fingers together.

Their gentle kindness ripped away the last of Sloan's defenses. They were saying all the right things, but she could not give in and believe them. No one would step in and take care of another one for no reason, would they?

Sloan lifted her head. "Why?"

"Why what?" Merlin asked, looking at her with the dark chocolate eyes of an angel.

"Why are you here? This isn't anywhere close to your house.

What do you want? I don't have anything." She sniffed, trying to keep from crying any more.

If she kept this pity party up, she would make herself sick, and that was the last thing she needed.

"We're here looking for you, sweet angel. We've missed you so much this week, but you didn't leave us your name or phone number. So this morning we went to see Taurus and Jenna."

"You spoke to Jenna on a Sunday? And you're still alive?"

"She wasn't happy, but we left there unscathed. But she only gave us the name of the coffee shop. Which is why we are here," Dane continued to rub his cheek against her hair, reminding her of the dog she'd had as a child who loved to rub his face against her hand.

Merlin pushed in to lick a trail up her neck before saying, "I wouldn't turn the clock back for anything. If you'd changed any of those past decisions, we might never have met and fallen in love with you."

"That's right," Dane agreed. "Just think if we hadn't met last week... No, I don't ever want to think about that." He shuddered and tightened his arms around Sloan, pulling her closer into his broad chest.

"You love me?"

"Yes, Sloan, our sweet angel. We love you." Dane replied.

"But, we were only together two days."

Merlin smiled and licked a line up her jaw. "It may have only been two days, but I knew you were the one for us when you wrapped your pretty fingers around the headboard when we played at the club."

"Mmm, yeah, that was about when I knew, as well." Dane took her earlobe between his teeth and nibbled. "Do you feel anything for us, angel?"

Sloan swallowed hard before nodding. "I love you, too. Love you both. From the moment Dane pulled me into his lap right after you bought me."

“Will you come home with us now? Will you be our woman and let us take care of you? Let us be your Master and Sir?”

“Only if I can take care of you, as well.” Sloan smiled and took a deep breath, feeling the burden of surviving life alone drop from her shoulders. “I don’t have much, but I’m a hard worker, and I can get another job.”

“No,” Dane stated flatly.

Merlin stood and offered Sloan a hand. “We want you to spend your days writing. You are an artist with words and need to nurture your creativity. You will be a best-selling author if we have to buy ten thousand copies ourselves and give them away. We’re also willing to help with any inspiration you might need or research you’ll need to do.”

“Come, loves, it’s time to go home,” Dane said as he stood and wrapped an arm around each of his submissives. “I have a hankering to play.”

“Before we go, I have one last question for Sloan,” Merlin said.

“Yes?” she asked, wondering what else they could possibly want to know right now.

“What is your last name?”

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving.

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